

Molly's Black Master

By JJ Argus



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

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I don't dress up for work. Sometimes I wish I could get all dressy, but the kinds of outfits which are acceptable at the insurance company I work are pretty boring anyway. It's not like I could get away with wearing a mini or something. Not that I wear minis, of course. I mean, there's nothing wrong with them; they're just not me. High heels? Forget it!

I do like a good pair of tennis shoes, though. I like them to have a lot of spring to them too! I have a pair of orange and white Air Jordans and I can bounce around a lot wearing those suckers! And I'm a high energy person! I took gymnastics through to college, and I can still do cartwheels with the best of them, all these years later!

All these years being defined as "1".

Yes, it's been a year since I graduated from New Jersey tech and got a job working for the state of New York in IT support. Okay, I know what you're thinking, and maybe IT Support isn't exactly the most prestigious job on the face of the earth. I'll accept that. And maybe there are a lot of nerds and losers in the job.

Well, I may be a nerd (I AM a nerd) but I'm no loser!

And I don't even wear glasses (so long as I have my contacts in)!

Fact is, though, the only reason I had to go to Jersey Tech was to get the paper to prove I knew what I was doing. I've been taking computers apart and putting them back together since I was ten. But without the paper, that wasn't worth a lot. So now I work in a huge building full of ... old people.

Okay, okay, maybe I'm being ageist. Forty and fifty isn't technically old, though it seems like it to me at twenty. But it's not just the years under their belts, it's the weight under them. These are people who don't get out much! They don't do sports. They don't dance. They don't exercise. They don't walk. The only reason the stairwells aren't overgrown with cobwebs is because the cleaning staff goes in there to smoke pot.

And uh, maybe some IT people do sometimes.

Not that I'm much into pot personally. But I once read some Tolkien while smoking pot, and it really put a new kind of spin on things! I wouldn't have thought I could get any more insight into Lord of the Rings since I've read it like ten times already!

Anyway, not long after I got hired and showed up, I got promoted to senior technician. The pay is only a little better, though, and the reason wasn't so much my brilliant technical abilities as my size. A lot of the IT guys are – chunky – to put it mildly. A lot of them don't really get along all that well with people either, and then there's that whole hygiene thing...

Anyway, the boss decided that given a choice between me and Lloyd, who weighed three hundred and seventy pounds and needed a special chair, I would be more efficient at crawling under desks to hook up wires and stuff. The “Senior” IT people are the ones who do the physical work outside the IT office. That is, we're the ones who go and see people at their desks.

That was fine with me. I LIKE people! Maybe I find the people here a bit fusty and musty and dusty, but getting out and moving around appeals to the hyperactive in me.

Anyway, being IT, and having to crawl around under desks and stuff, we have a 'relaxed' dress code. Basically, we wear whatever is comfortable as long as no one will be offended by it. What I was wearing this Monday morning was a pair of white yoga pants and a green New York Jets football jersey which hung over my butt.

You don't want to be wearing yoga pants without something over them around here! Not unless you want everyone to be staring at your butt! Actually, that probably goes for anywhere. But I didn't want a bunch of old geezers staring at my butt and getting hard-ons!

It has a big number 69 on it, because that was Trevor Canfield's number, but that's my little joke, and I doubted any of the old people would get it, or if they did, think I knew about it. Nobody ever looked at me and thought I might think thoughts like that, which was sometimes kind of irritating, you know?

I mean, nerds not only can have sex, but we have imaginations! We have very vivid imaginations! If my mother had the least idea the kind of sexual fantasies I had, well, her hair would turn instantly gray! But let's not go there. This is about

Monday.

So, there I was, bopping along up to the top floor with a box under my arm, listening to Walk Off The Earth on my Ipod, headed for some big shot's office. He was a new big shot, just arrived. His computer had been mostly set up Friday, but I needed to sync his new Blackberry with his account, and show him a few things about it.

Room twenty nine, eighteen. And there I was. It was a corner office, and there was an empty desk outside it, so I moved right past, poked my head in, and gave a little rap to the door.

“Hel-loo,” I said. “I'm from IT. Here to set up your Blackberry.”

As I was saying it I was seeing it, him I mean. BIG fucking black guy! I mean, tall and wide! But he had one of those shiny suits on him, and it fit like a second glove. Shiny ... you know, like, you know it's expensive? I don't know what it was made of or anything, but no cop was gonna stop this guy on the street thinking he was a nobody.

And by 'wide' I mean wide shoulders, chick chest, football player type wide, not fatty type wide, like most of the guys around here. It was hard to judge his age. There was no gray in his hair, though. He had a kind of square jawed face, good looking, with wide brown eyes. My guess is he was younger than most of the bosses, but couldn't say which end of forty he was on.

He was already standing. He nodded at me and I moved forward, going around the desk. The closer he got the bigger he got and the smaller I felt. By the time we were both within touching distance I was staring into his chest and had to cock my head back. Hey, I'm only five foot three, but even so, it wasn't often I came across guys that made me feel so... little.

He looked down at me with this solemn sort of face. Or maybe it was just not showing anything, then said “I'm Alex Blake.”

Mostly, what guys do when I say I'm from IT, is get out of their chair and leave me be. They didn't go in much for greetings or feel the need to introduce themselves. I know who you are, dude. Your name is on the work order.

“Uh, hi.”

He had a weird accent. Or maybe I should say it sounded weird coming from a Black guy. It wasn't Jamaican, it was British type English. And not the low class type like from Coronation Street, but the high class stuff like from Prince Harry.

He looked at me, looked down at me, then held his hand out. It was a very big hand! I couldn't really do anything but put my own hand out, and it pretty much completely disappeared in his. It was like an adult shaking hands with a child.

And he still looked at me with those solemn eyes, raising this weird rush of emotion in me that was partly nervousness, and partly a kind of, well, sexual thing. I know when a guy looks at me and likes what he sees. I know when a guy sees me and wants me. His face didn't change a bit, but I was suddenly getting that vibe off him, and it left me a bit breathless.

The thought came to me, unbidden, just out of the blue, that I wouldn't want to be on the bottom if this dude was doing me, you know? Like, crush city!

Did I mention those fantasies of mine? One of the hottest ones I had was Conan, not the Arnold version, either. The Jason Momoa one. He was just so freaking tall and hot and muscular in that movie and the thought of being his little sex doll totally hotted me up! Blake didn't have that long hair but I was suddenly curious about whether he had muscles under his suit.

He was still holding my hand.

“You went to university?” he asked doubtfully.

I do sometimes look younger than I am. That's partly psychological. Shorter girls tend to be thought of as younger, while tall ones tend to be given more years. But I also have a very smooth complexion, and a hair style which my girlfriend Shannon recommended.

It's blonde, which I like. I mean, I'm already a blonde. But I'm a dirty blonde. The dye in my hair made it a lighter, more golden shade. It has heavy bangs in a fringed look which basically hide my forehead entirely. But it's short on the sides, curling in just under my chin.

You ever try and work on a computer's guts with your hair falling down into the box? It's a pain in the butt, especially since I don't have the greatest vision so had to lean way over.. So I wanted short, not lesbian short, but short, and cute, and

modern

That's me: short, cute, modern Molly!

“New Jersey Tech,” I said, a bit intimidated.

It wasn't just that he was a humongous black guy. It was the slick suit and the corner office. Whoever he was he was someone up there, and I sure didn't need complaints from big shots on my record.

He finally let go of my hand and folded his in front of him, but he didn't move away.

“You've done these before?”

“Yeah,” I said, a bit confused.

I mean, what was this, some kind of job interview?

“I'm new here, as you can see,” he said in that soft, deep, accented voice. “I intend to take every opportunity both to get to know the staff, and to get to know something about their history and qualifications.”

Which kind of made sense, I suppose.

He moved out of the way and then pulled his big leather chair out for me. I gave him a bit of a nervous nod and sat down, but since the chair was set for someone who, at a guess, was six and a half feet tall, my feet didn't reach the floor. Normally I'd have lowered the chair, but some people get ticked at you for doing that since they spend a lot of time getting everything just perfect.

And he was a humongous black guy! And a big boss! And he was right there!

So I turned my attention to the computer.

“This is my Blackberry?” he asked, opening the box I'd set on the desk.

“Uh, yeah,” I said.

He looked at me and his eyes seemed to narrow a bit.

“I realize IT tends to be more relaxed about such things, but if you would address me as sir, I'd appreciate it.”

“Uhm, okay, sure. Uh, sir,” I said.

Dick, I thought.

“Your last name is?”

“Oh, uh, Rice.”

He nodded slowly. I wondered how much that big head weighed.

“And is that the way IT people generally dress here, Ms. Rice?” he asked.

“You don't like the Jets?” I asked with a nervous smile. “They're New York but they play in New Jersey. See I'm from New J – .”

“My appreciation for your outfit is not related to the football team it represents,” he said, interrupting me. “I was thinking more of proper work attire.”

I shrugged. “My manager seems to think it's fine. We have to do a lot of crawling around after wires and stuff,” I said. “Can't do it in skirts and dress pants.”

Here's the thing. I'm sitting down on his chair, okay, and he's standing next to me. Which means every time I turn to look at him my face is basically in his crotch. That started feeling weird, especially him being like this giant black guy hovering over me.

I wondered if his unit matched the rest of him, and that gave me a hot, nasty, dirty little fantasy sequence which I studiously ignored as I took out the smart phone and turned it on. I reached for the sync pod.

“This is your pod,” I said. “You just drop your Blackberry into it, and it will not only keep it charged but it allows data flowthrough between the BB and your network and PC. It will show as another drive, and you can move data back and forth through it much quicker, cheaper, and more securely than over the air.”

Oh, and I'll need you to log out so I can log in,” I said.

“Sir,” he said softly.

I almost rolled my eyes. “Sir,” I said instead.

Arrogant prick.

Maybe I was a bit anxious to demonstrate that 'crawling around' stuff so he wouldn't be making a fuss downstairs, but anyway, I set up the pod first, which I don't usually do, and since his PC was on the floor I had to feed the wire into the desk and then slide in underneath to then pull it aside and put it into the PC.

I eased the side of my jersey up a bit to grab the little penlight there, then held it in my teeth as I stuck the cord into the appropriate USB port. And while I was doing that he sat down on his chair to log out of his account.

He didn't push his chair in, of course, since I was under there, but he had to move it at least a little forward. Which meant, as I turned away from the PC and around and started to crawl back I was, well, as you can imagine, on my knees in front of him staring at his crotch again.

There was room to crawl out, but only just, so I had to do it slowly, easing past his legs and chair.

“Is there significance to the number on that jersey, Ms. Rice?” he asked, turning away from the monitor and looking down at me.

I froze momentarily, and felt my face heat.

“Uh, it's Trevor Canfield's number, sir,” I gulped.

“Who was signed as a free agent, played sparingly, and was released the same year, a few years back, wasn't it?”

I stared at him in surprise, still on my knees.

“Uh, yes, sir.”

He looked at me, then leaned over a bit. “I like it when you say sir, Rice,” he said.

I gulped, then scrambled to my feet. Given how big he was I still felt like a kid next do dad's chair, though, as he raised his eyes.

“But if sixty nine is a favorite number of yours, so be it,” he said, getting to his feet.

I blushed, and felt a strange, almost giddy thought about him and me and sixty nine. Which was that it would be flat out impossible!

Wouldn't it be? Okay, a lot of his extra height was in leg, but even so...

I sat down and he moved to stand beside me again, his crotch in my face.

I was getting flustered. I wasn't entirely sure if he had said anything that you could actually say was sexual in nature, and that confusion was partly what was flustering me. I didn't feel threatened or anything, but I definitely did feel a kind of sexual tension as I signed into my account and started pulling up menus to make the BB work with the PC and network.

“Can you see through that hair, Rice?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” I said.

He wasn't the first to ask that.

I picked up the Blackberry and made some adjustments, logging in and setting up the proper network protocols

“So you like yoga pants, Rice?”

“Uhm, yes, sir,” I said awkwardly.

“My daughter wants them. I won't let her wear them. I think they're entirely too tight.”

“They're fine so long as you wear something over them... sir,” I said.

“So are underwear, Rice.”

Which was kind of true, I suppose.

“They're very comfortable.”

“Sir, Rice.”

“Sir.”

“Nothing would be comfortable too, wouldn't it? If you had nothing on under that jersey, would that not be comfortable?”

“Uh, it'd be a little cold... sir.”

Was he thinking about me being naked under my jersey?! You never knew with guys. They were all perverts and they seemed to have this little porno TV in their mind they ran constant videos in, often enough starring the girls around them!

That wasn't new to me, of course. I'm dead certain I've starred in a bunch of them before, but this guy... he was so big, and strong and, well, he was a big boss type, and not really that old, you know. I mean, I don't mean I found him hot exactly, but there was something about him, a kind of scary hot, if you know what I mean, a kind of that-would-be-so-fucking-wild-and-nasty kind of thing.

I set up his PC and Blackberry, though, and then slid out around him.

“And you'll be setting up the sync at my home office?” he asked.

I looked at him in surprise. “Uh, it's not on the work order, sir.”

He frowned. “The name of your manager, please.”

I gave it to him and he called up Ted, who told him it was going to be done once they set up a time with him. He said tomorrow, and suggested me! Ted, being the wuss he was, took whatever the big boss suggested as a great idea.

But at least I got to leave. Strange visit. Believe me, that was way more excitement than I usually got around there.

That evening, I thought about what he'd look like naked. He had a very firm, flat looking front. I was sure he worked out. I'd never done it with a Black guy, but the thought, the fantasy of doing it with Kong, well, it as wild and dark and nasty and hot!

As a sexual fantasy, I mean. I had no intention of doing anything with him in real life. But in the shower, my fingers stroking up and down against my pussy, yeah, it brought me pretty strongly.

*

Most people don't get home offices unless they have some kind of disability. But big shots, well, they're different, you know.

Blake lived in a walk-up brownstone in the West Village. It was a pretty nice part of town, way beyond my means. The cab let me off in front of a small iron fence, and I opened the gate, walked up a few steps and paused before a snazzy looking double door with gold letters and a knocker. There was an intercom on the wall next to it and I buzzed.

And buzzed.

And buzzed

I checked my phone for the time. Okay, I was a little early. I had allowed for way more traffic, not wanting those big dark eyes on me if I was late, but the cab had moved really fast and caught all the lights.

I was wearing a nice dark blue button-down shirt today, though it wasn't tucked in. Underneath I had gray cargo pants, which I loved because of all the pockets. I had brought a few small tools, just in case, though I didn't expect to need them.

And finally the door opened, and I sucked in a deep breath of air into my suddenly tight chest.

It was him. And he was wearing sweatpants, and nothing else! In fact, he had a wet towel in his hands, and was glowering at me.

"You're early, Rice."

"I-I uhm, sorry, sir," I gulped.

He nodded me brusquely past and I scurried in as he closed the door behind me.

"Through here," he said, pointing.

I turned through an ornate doorway and found myself in the living room. It was black leather and dark wood, but through it was another room with a large dark wood door which stood ajar. It was an office, and I hurried into it, nervous as he followed.

The room was sunny, with a big double window letting in the light onto a huge desk.

I turned around to find him rubbing his hair, then sliding the towel around his neck.

Oh shit!

He had a very, very broad chest. And it was very clear that he worked out. A lot! The muscles were etched across his black skin, from low down where his gray cotton sweatpants hung on his hips, up that washboard stomach, to the big pectorals and huge shoulders above. He wasn't Conan but boy, he was... pretty nice!

“Okay if I turn this on?” I gulped.

“It's on. It's just sleeping.”

I patted the keyboard and the computer came to life.

“And you forgot to say sir again, Rice,” he said.

“Uh, sorry... sir,” I gulped.

He was moving closer as he talked.

“Sir is what is termed and honorific, Rice. It conveys respect. Do you not respect me?”

“I-I ... yes, of course! I mean, yes, sir!” I gulped.

“Does it bother you that I'm black, Rice?”

“No, sir!”

He moved closer, and I found myself staring into his black abdominals!

He leaned over. "You're not feeling threatened by me, I hope."

"No, sir!" I gulped.

"You shouldn't be. It would take a very nasty kind of miserable excuse for a human being to want to harm a little girl like you, Rice."

"I'm not a little girl," I said automatically.

He brought his face close enough to mine I leaned back, feeling my anxiety level spike.

"Sir," he almost whispered.

"S-Si - ."

"Say it after me, sir."

"Sir," I said anxiously.

"Again."

"Sir," I said.

"Good girl."

He straightened, then his hand came down on top of my head. It was a surprisingly light touch, though, given the size, and he kind of stroked my hair, or petted me, I guess. People, especially guys, had been doing that to me forever. Mostly I batted their hands away, irritated. It was kind of paternalistic and annoying.

I didn't bat his hand away, though, just licked my lips nervously.

"I apologize, Rice," he said. "I shouldn't treat you like a little girl. You're right."

"Uh, that's okay."

He leaned over suddenly.

"Sir," he said.

“Sir,” I said, blushing.

He straightened up again, leaving me with that wall of shiny black skin stretched tautly across his muscles.

“Do you know black women don't generally allow anyone to touch their hair,” he said. “They've got so many things tied in there that they freak out if you touch their hair.”

I looked up at this piece of sudden information, like, wondering why the fuck he was saying it.

“You have very soft, silky hair, Rice.”

He didn't say it like it was a compliment. He said it like he was saying the rug was brown or something.

“Uh, thanks.”

He leaned over again.

“Sir!”

“Do I have to put you across my knee to teach you respect, Rice?”

Holy fuck! What the fuck do you say to that!?

“No, sir!” I gulped.

I jerked my head around, and my eyes flickered to his black skin, then dropped. Okay, I dropped my eyes. There was nothing unnatural about that. Except that brought my eyes on his crotch, and it seemed like either he wasn't wearing underwear, or they were the loose boxer short types because he just moved a bit and I saw this... outline briefly.

I jerked my head away, starting to feel a bit sweaty. No, I wasn't precisely afraid of him. I mean, I wasn't afraid he was going to grab me and make me do anything, but I was getting kind of breathless about all this shit.

I focused on the computer, on getting my shit done, but there was lapse time in

the connection between here and work, so there were periods of like, twenty seconds, where I had nothing much to do. To avoid looking at him I kind of scanned the room.

Weird room.

It was a big room, and had wood paneling along the wall, which you rarely saw these days, though it looked kind of classy, and a stuffed lion in the corner. I mean an actual, life size stuffed lion! Where do you buy shit like that anyway!?

There was a big chart on the wall, some sort of family ancestry diagram, and sitting on a shelf, on a row of small velvet stands were what looked like old shackles and handcuffs and stuff, with chains between them. You know, like in old movies about slaves and stuff.

“You see the shackles, Rice?”

I blinked and looked up. “Uhm, yes, sir,” I said.

He moved over to stand next to them.

“My little collection. The first pair, these are iron cuffs used on early American slaves.”

I pursed my lips, deciding there was no good thing to say about that to a black guy.

“These, more ornate shackles,” he said, picking them up, “Are from the middle east. They would have been used on a more valuable slave, say, one who worked in the palace, maybe even a slave girl from the harem.”

He put those down. “I put on the American shackles on occasion just to remind me, to get a sense of history and how far I've come,” he said.

I gave a helpless little nod. But again, didn't want to say the wrong thing.

“Have you ever tried on a pair of shackles, Rice?”

I blinked. “Uh, no, sir,” I gulped.

“Women have often been enslaved, you know. black men were the most popular slaves through the years, but women, of whatever color, have been enslaved and often are to this day.”

He put the shackles down and came back around the desk and I focused on finishing the sync job for him. It was hard to look at the monitor, though, knowing how close he was to me. My heart was beating a lot faster than it would normally be just setting up someone's computer!

“You study much history, Rice?”

“No, sir.”

“In this day and age, in America, women are free, but there was a time a girl like you, Rice, would be taken by the strongest man in the area and made his possession,” he said.

I didn't answer that either!

“Of course, I think there's something in us that finds that sort of thing almost instinctive. There's something in men which calls for them to possess beautiful women. And there's something in women that looks for strong men to take them and make them theirs.”

“I never thought about it, sir!” I squeaked, then slid off the chair and under the desk.

I pulled my flashlight and plugged in the sync base, then sat up – there was a lot of room to do that under the desk, then slid forward onto my hands and knees to crawl out. Of course, Blake was right there! I kind of had to ease up carefully, grasping the chair arm to avoid him, and the chair moved, setting me off balance.

I stumbled, and his big hand came out and grabbed my arm, pulling me back, but I was already moving back on my own so I was off balance again in the other direction. My other hand came up automatically to keep from falling against him and my hand landed on his very bare, very black, very muscular chest.

The touch sent a double shock of anxiety and a kind of breathless thrill through me, especially since he still had me by the arm and was holding me in close.

I jerked my hand back like it was scalded, and jerked my head back, staring at him. His face was as calm as it always was.

“S-Sorry!” I gulped.

He reached out and grasped my other arm in, and just as easy as that, lifted me straight up in the air until we were almost eye to eye!

“Sir, Rice.”

“S-sir!” I squeaked.

“Say it with me. Sir.”

“Sir!”

“I like it when people treat me with respect, Rice. Say it again.”

I was literally hanging in mid-air! My toes were like a foot off the freaking floor! Mind you, I wasn't afraid exactly. I mean, I was shocked, intimidated, sort of, but more by him being a boss than being a big guy. No, it wasn't fear, it was a kind of dark thrill of anxiety and anticipation and uncertainty.

“Sir!”

“Let's try mister Blake,” he said, still holding me there as calm as if I weighed nothing!

“Mister Blake!” I gasped.

“Sir,” he said.

“Sir.”

“Mister Blake.”

“Mister Blake!”

“You're a very pretty girl, Rice. Do you know that?”

I stared at him, my mind spinning, with no idea what to say!

And then he freaking kissed me! On the lips! Holy shit!

I was so stunned I didn't do anything, at first. I mean, it wasn't like I could pull away! But I wasn't even thinking about it! I just hung there in his arms while he kissed me, and... to be honest, he was a heck of a kisser!

He turned with me in his hands, and I felt the edge of the desk against my thighs just below my buttocks. Then he pushed me and I wound up sitting on the edge of the desk, with his lips still on mine!

Holy fuck!

That was all that was echoing through my stunned mind! Holy fuck!

And then his hands released my arms and slid around me. They were huge and muscular and powerful and enveloped me, pulling me in against his body as he continued to kiss me! He'd sat me on the edge of the desk but my legs were apart and he was between them, and as he pulled my slim body against his I felt his groin pushing into me, and could feel a hardness there!

The hardness became more and more noticeable as he continued to kiss me, and I just sat there in dazed disbelief, overwhelmed by it all and without a clue what to do! I mean, this was shocking, but on the other hand, it wasn't like I wasn't... well, liking it. My mind was spinning like a hamster wheel, though, with no idea what to do.

But I felt a thrill running up through my middle, and along with that a sort of overwhelmed feeling, like he was so big and his whole body blotted out the world, with his big arms drawing me in securely. And by 'securely' I don't mean like I couldn't get away. I mean, almost protectively, in a weird sort of way.

His fingers slid up my back and through my hair, and I gasped as they tightened and drew my head sharply up and back. Then his lips were finally off mine, and instead on the nape of my neck. I gasped as he bit into the soft skin there, and started to kiss me.

But really, what tore my attention down was his other hand sliding up my side. His hand was so big that as his hand caressed my ribs the fingers slid up across my breast! OmyGod!

In the meantime, he was chewing and kissing down along the nape of my neck, and I felt his other hand slide across my breast, then felt the next to top button undone, then the one below it (the top button was already undone). I felt another shock-wave, and felt my thoughts torn apart once more, unable to decide what, if anything, I should be doing or saying!

I started to say something, though I have no idea what it would have been, and his mouth slid up onto mine once more as his hand in my hair pulled me in against him. I was literally trembling, and light-headed with the shock of it all, and, I have to admit, a rising sense of dark, seething anticipation.

He pushed my blouse back over my shoulders, and another rush of excitement swept through me!

My hands started to rise but suddenly he grasped the shirt in both hands, jerking it in tight against my arms, pinning them to my sides as he pulled his head back a little. Flushed, gasping, I stared at him as he looked down at my chest and smiled.

“You like black, Rice?” he asked in a soft voice.

I stared at him, not knowing what the fuck – .

Then he kind of jerked back on the shirt and abandoned it. But jerking back jerked me back so I almost fell onto my back on the desk. Before I'd even hit, though, he'd grabbed my cargo pants and undone them, and I just had time to squeak in alarm when his big hands jerked them down, pulling my legs up and out as he yanked them off and tossed them away!

“I love black lace,” he said.

“W-wait!” I cried.

I wriggled wildly, managing to sit up and slide off the desk, half turning away, but he grabbed the shirt and yanked it down my arms and off. I half turned away and his big arms came around me, drawing me back against his body as he sat down. He wound up pulling me up across his lap!

“I want your body, Rice,” he said in all seriousness.

I gaped at him.

“I want to hear you scream in pleasure,” he said.

“I – !”

His big finger pressed against my lips to silence me, then slid down so the pad of his finger was rubbing along my lower lip. I was still totally dazed and shocked, but sitting across his lap in my bra and thong I was feeling a wild, wild rush of something intense that was making my insides churn!

His finger caressed my lower lip, then angled up and in, and before I could close my lips his finger slid through and along my tongue. My eyes widened again.

“Close your lips, he ordered.

I stared at him, trembling, and then obeyed.

“Suck,” he said softly.

I moaned weakly. His finger was big and thick and ... fuck!

I began to suck it, transfixed by the sight of him and his calm face looking at me.

“Would you like to be my little slave girl, Rice?” he asked softly.

Fuck!

He slid his finger in deeper along my tongue.

“Let me feel your tongue move,” he said softly.

I moaned again and licked at his finger. He started to pump it slowly in and out, his eyes on mine as I squirmed helplessly. He drew his finger back out, caressed my lower lip, then slid it back in, along with another one. I moaned around them, still staring at him, though now my eyes flickered back and forth between his face and fingers.

“I want to own you, Rice,” he said, a sort of low, rumbling growl in his voice now.

What!? What!?

His left arm was behind me, propping me up, but now it slid back a little, and a moment later I felt the clasp at the back of my neck give way! I jerked my hands up across my chest as his fingers slid down my spine. Then the other clasp gave way.

He pushed his fingers deeper and I almost gagged.

“Do you know how to deep throat a man, Rice?”

My eyes got even wider, if that were possible!

The truth was... I did. I had seen it as an achievable goal and set out to master it. I'd used various things, including a Popsicle, and whether by talent, or simple logical application and testing, managed to work my way up so I could use my own dildo easily.

Not that I did it much. Why deep throat your own dildo once you've figured out how to do it? And it wasn't like I had this amazing sex life either. I didn't fuck guys on a first date. I needed to get to know them first, needed to learn to trust them, to find out if we were compatible, if ...

So why was I sucking on Blake's fingers now!?

With other guys, there had always come this moment when I made the decision. You know the one. I'd decided that, yes, I was going to sleep with him. I hadn't made any such decision about Blake. Yet it felt like I had. I knew I was going to. It was like some part of my mind, my subconscious, had already made that decision for me.

“Put your hands down,” he said.

It wasn't a suggestion either.

I flushed red as I dropped my hands, and my bra started to fall away! He gripped the straps and pulled them over my shoulders and down my arms, his eyes flicking between my face to my breasts.

“Cross your wrists together in front of you,” he said.

I couldn't ask why, not with his fingers sliding along my tongue!

But of course I did it. I had to do what he said. Why? I don't know. I don't understand why I even thought that. I wasn't afraid of him, like, afraid he would make me do anything. It was just like... like the decision about sex. It was like some part of my subconscious had already decided I had to do anything he told me to do!

He reached out and opened a drawer, taking from it a narrow length of rope. He pulled his fingers out of my mouth, finally, then wrapped the rope carefully around my wrists as I stared in disbelief. I didn't try to shift my wrists away, but felt a numb kind of amazement along with another wild rush of dark excitement.

He pulled the loops tight, then looked up at my face as he drew my now bound wrists up behind my head, then back behind my neck.

My nipples were as hard and sharp as pebbles, and the moment his lips closed around one I felt an incredible shock of heat roll through me. A jerked helplessly, and he pulled my wrists down further behind me, forcing my back to arch more.

His other hand, the one which had been in my mouth, slid into the front of my little thong and right down over my clit.

My hips jerked violently and I cried out.

“Soft,” he said, “Like your hair. Are you a natural blonde, Rice?”

He gripped my thong and pulled hard, jerking it down under my buttocks and down my legs.

“Can't tell,” he said, his fingers probing along my sex.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered, his voice harder.

I gasped and jerked my legs apart, feeling another wild rush of heat as his fingers moved up and down against me, caressing my throbbing clitoris, and stroking along the lips of my sex!

“Please!” I gasped.

I don't even know what I wanted him to do!

He ignored my plea, his fingers stroking me, then pushing against me. I moaned and squirmed as one big finger penetrated me and slid slowly into the hot, tight, moist mouth of my sex.

“You're tight, Rice,” he said. “I'm going to have to work on you before I can get my cock inside.”

Another shock rolled through me at his words, even as his finger pushed deeper and his thumb began to stroke back and forth across my clitoris!

I was naked! This was fucking crazy!

But my body now felt such an incredible pressure, a sexual hunger and need, that I was shaking against him, gasping and moaning softly, head back, back arched as he bent in and began to suck and lick at my hyper-sensitive nipples!

The orgasm swirled up and around me and I jerked violently.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” I cried, hips bucking against his fingers.

He thrust his finger into me hard, pumping it rapidly as my hips bucked as my head jerked and I cried out in shocked release!

He bit into the soft flesh of my breast, making my breast burn and ache. His lips closed around where he was biting, sucking hard as his tongue stroked back and forth over my nipple! I gave a helpless sob of mindless pleasure, arching and shaking with the force of the orgasm, then fell back, gasping for breath.

He pulled his mouth off my breast.

“You're going to be my bitch, Rice,” he said.

He scooped me up and dropped me onto the desk, and I fell back, gasping, as he moved around to the other side of the desk. I felt him grasp my arms and moaned as he pulled my shoulders to the edge of the desk, pulled my arms down.

I had no idea what he was doing, but then he stood up and moved around and I

discovered my wrists were locked in place, that he'd tied the rope to something! He stared down at me and grasped my thighs, spreading them wide – and wider! I moaned as the tendons in my thighs ached, then he let go, reaching for the drawer.

I stared as he wound a rope around my left ankle, then drew it out towards the far corner of the desk. He fed the rope over the edge, tying it to one of the legs, I guess. Then he turned to my other leg. My chest was heaving, and my eyes were wide as he spread my legs wide, making it ache, stretching the tendon, making it burn until I cried out.

He tied that ankle too, then ran his big, warm hands up and down my body. He squeezed my breasts in from the sides.

“For such a skinny little white girl you've got nice breasts,” he said, mashing them together.

Then he pulled his chair in and sat down as if he was sitting down to dinner. Which was appropriate, in a way, because he was leaning in and staring at my exposed pussy. A moment later his big thumbs were caressing the lips of my sex and then pulling them apart as his tongue pushed into me.

I have a great imagination, like I said, and I live in the age of porn. So of course, I had been shaving for years. There was nothing to obstruct my vision, then, as I jerked my head up and gaped at the sight of his mouth enveloping my sex, then his tongue pushing into me.

He had a big tongue, a fat tongue, and it pushed almost impossibly deep inside me! I'd never felt a tongue that big, and certainly never felt it pushing that deep! I squeaked and moaned and .. .pulled... against the ropes.

And I couldn't move.

This was something new. I mean, I'd never trusted a guy enough to play around with bondage before, more out of fear of them gossiping about it than any real fear of what they'd do. But now I was naked and tied and helpless to do a thing. I could grind my hips or arch my back but my wrists and ankles were locked tightly in place.

And that felt fucking wild!

In fact, there was so much about this which was totally wild! I am not really a very meek or submissive girl but I felt totally dominated by him, even aside from the ropes! I mean, his size, his age, that he was some sort of vice president at the company, and of course, how smooth and confident he was about what was going on.

While I was a freaking basket case!

I'd never had sex with a guy this old, or a black guy, or a guy this big, or a guy at work, much less a boss, and I'd never done bondage and ... and I felt totally overwhelmed by it all!

His nose was grinding against my clitoris as his tongue seemed to be trying to reach the very back wall of my pussy! I was gasping and moaning, heart pounding wildly and my neck aching as I kept jerking it up to stare down the length of my trembling body at him.

I felt his thumbs pushing into me, felt them pulling, squeezing, stretching me open as his tongue caressed the insides of my sex, as it twisted and squirmed like a slick, warm, snake! Then his thumbs drew back and his index finger pushed into me instead, sliding deep.

At the same time, he drew his tongue back out and up across my clitoris, and my hips bucked helplessly.

The rush of sexual electricity had built right back up again, and I was moaning and gasping, and grinding my hips as best I could, but it didn't take very much tonguing before my entire lower belly was burning with pressure and heat. Then it exploded and went rushing up my spine.

“Oh! Oh! OH! Fuck! Oh! God! Please! Please! Please! OH!” I cried, arching and bucking against him as another intense orgasm swept through me.

My head was twisting and rolling as my body went into this super tight, taut trembly thing where I didn't dare move, or even breathe, for fear the incredible rush of pleasure would subside! And his lips caught hold of my swollen clit and started to suck hard!

I let out a breathless sob of pleasure, gulping in air, hips grinding frantically against him as the orgasm swept me up to a still higher level, then dropped me

gasping onto my back on the desk. Fuck! Fuck!

I moaned weakly, eyes closed, as his lips and tongue moved up and down my thighs. Then I felt his mouth moving up my abdomen, circling my naval, then sliding still higher. I opened my eyes to see him rising up like a mountain above me, his mouth finding my nipples, sucking and licking as his hands moved up and down my body.

“You have such soft skin,” he half whispered, turning his head to rub his cheek and the side of his face against my left breast.

I gasped as his mouth found my nipple again, and he nipped at it with his teeth. He pinched it, bit it softly, then ground his teeth in opposite direction until my nipple burned and ached. His tongue comforted it, and he started to suck in a soft, rhythmic fashion before abandoning that breast, and turning to the other.

He took a mouthful of my breast into his mouth, biting down, though not hard. He moved over a bit, and bit into the soft flesh again, and then again, harder, this time, so I gasped. He shifted to the center, and bit in harder still.

“Oh! Please!” I gasped, arching and twisting.

He eased up on the biting, licking and sucking at my nipple instead, making it burn and throb. Then he slid lower again, and started to work on my pussy once more. His finger pushed into me, pumping slowly in and out, and a second joined it. They were big fingers! I gasped as he started licking and sucking at my clitoris again, the heat seeming to envelope my body so it was hard to breath!

His fingers pumped harder and faster, and I gasped and moaned and squealed as he began to pump them in hard enough and fast enough to hurt, well, to hurt a bit. The wild dark thrill overwhelmed the pain, though, and when he started licking furiously at my clit I came again, twisting and writhing and thrashing against the ropes as the orgasm tore my mind apart!

I regard myself as a sexual person, but holy jeeze! My sex before this had been fairly routine, and I had never come gangbusters like this before, let alone again and again!

The whole situation just had my freaking mind burning up!

The orgasm had my hips bucking wildly into his mouth once again, impaling myself on his fat, sausage fingers as my clitoris burned and my insides crackled with sexual pleasure! My ankles and wrists were jerking continuously against the ropes as I sobbed and gasped and cursed in breathless wonder, and when it was over I just kind of lay there, gasping, sprawled helpless, dazed by the force of it.

I moaned weakly, hardly aware of what he was doing as he untied my ankles, then moved behind me and undid my wrists. He carried me in his arms like I was a baby, out of the office and then up a set of stairs and into a bedroom with a big, king sized brass bed.

He set me down on the bed gently enough, but then rolled me roughly over onto my belly and drew my wrists back together behind me and crossed them. I moaned and started to feel another roll of excitement as he tied my wrists together. Then he dragged me off the bed and onto the floor.

“Spread your legs,” he growled.

Gulping, I obeyed, of course.

“Keep your back straight. Head up. Shoulders back,” he said.

I obeyed and he looked down at me, then slid his sweatpants off.

OH shit!

I sucked in a deep breath of air as I stared at him. His well-muscled abdomen went right on down, hard, tight, and no pubic hair to hide his long black cock. It was only half hanging down, kind of semi hard and pointed at me as I knelt there, and it was already bigger than any other cock I'd ever seen in person!

His thighs were well-muscled too. He stood there over me like a black Conan, and I felt the breath catch in my throat.

He leaned in and combed his fingers through my hair, then gathered it up. I don't have very long hair, but it was long enough for him to pull on. I gasped in pain as he forced me up on my knees and held me there. My wrists pulled anxiously against the ropes, reminding me how helpless I was in front of this black mountain of a man!

He gripped his cock in his other hand and then rubbed it slowly back and forth across my face as I stared up at him.

“I am going to shove every inch of my cock down your throat,” he said in a calm, but determined voice.

I gasped, staring at it, feeling it hardening already, seeing it lengthen and thicken!

“And then I am going to make you come so hard that your little blonde brain will explode,” he added.

He shoved his cock into my open mouth. And even though he wasn't completely hard yet I had to stretch my mouth wide to accommodate his thick girth! I moaned and rolled my eyes up at him as he pushed it through, as it slid heavily along my tongue and scraped past my tautly stretched lips. I gurgled weakly as he jerked a little roughly at my hair, then pulled me forward.

I could almost feel him hardening in my mouth as I started to lick and suck. He pulled me back, then forward by the hair and I sucked and moaned and sucked again, until he let go of my hair.

Then he spread his legs a little apart to lower himself, folded his powerful arms across his chest, and looked calmly down at me through those dark brown eyes as I started to work my lips up and down on his shaft.

Fuck, he was big! I was feeling a dawning realization of just how big as he grew to his full, hard length! I was working on his head and the front of his shaft, sliding my mouth back and forth, and with the head threatening to go down my throat I was like a third of the way along at best!

I looked cross-eyed down the long length of his fat black shaft, and moaned around it.

“Yeah, bitch,” he said. “Every inch is going down your throat.”

My eyes rolled up at him.

“Yes, I said it,” he said. “Bitch. You're my bitch, Rice.”

My mind was already flustered enough without trying to understand what that meant! I mean, I kind of knew what it meant, sure. But I didn't understand in what context he meant it. We weren't even dating, after all!

“Don't make me shove it down your throat,” he said. “Move your lips down further. Do it!”

I felt a jolt of anxiety, and moaned as I bobbed up and down, bracing myself. I'd never taken anything this thick down my throat before! I was working myself up to it, getting into the right frame of mind...

He pulled back, reaching for my hair at the same time. He yanked my head up and back and I gasped and cried out, then felt a slap... to my breast! It stung, and he jerked my face up against his again.

“When I give an order, I expect it to be obeyed immediately,” he said in a soft, demanding voice.

He jerked my head forward then and fed his cock into my mouth. I felt another wave of anxiety, something like panic, and pushed my lips down, sliding past the slick area which showed what I'd already taken. I felt the fat head pushing into my throat and gagged a little, but forced myself further, a wild wave of scalding heat sweeping over my mind as I gulped down inch after inch of his shaft!

Oh my God! I felt it inside me! It was so thick as it filled my throat and slid down into my chest! I forced myself forward until my lips were wrapped around the base, until my face was jammed into his groin. Then his hands came down, his giant hands, closing over my head, crushing me in place.

“That's it, bitch. Swallow it. Work those throat muscles, you blonde slut.”

His words... his words tore at my psyche, but not in the way you might think. Sure they were insulting and demeaning, but my mind was tumbling through a whirling firestorm of wild, churning heat and excitement, and a lot of it was... how dark and nasty and wicked and kinky this shit was! Him calling me his bitch didn't insult me, it turned me on! Him calling me a slut was more of the same!

He'd slapped my breast! Fuck! What the ... fuck!?

But even that didn't insult me. Instead it just gave me another hot thrill at how... dangerous, I guess, you could say, he was.

I had never actually gone out with, much less slept with, a guy anyone would term 'dangerous.'. Oh, I'd had fantasies about them, but my dates were with kind of nerdy guys with narrow shoulders who were pretty polite (practically to the point of being MY bitches). I mean, most of the guys I know were soooo eager to please me in hopes I'd show them a little...

But not this guy. Not Blake. No, he was this wild, growling, savage black Conan! And he was a take charge and do-what-the-fuck-I-say guy!

And it was making me fucking insane!

Of course, it was also, at the moment, making me more breathless than I had already been. His thick cock filled my throat, throbbing and aching, and I couldn't move as he held me in place, showing me that he was the guy who made all the decisions. I felt my chest starting to burn and my head pounding. I moaned almost soundlessly around his black shaft, starting to tremble from the desperation to breath.

Dots danced before my eyes, and I started to feel faint. And only then did he eased his firm grip on my hair, pulling me back smoothly and evenly so that a long, thick, glistening wet shaft of black cock slid out of my mouth, inch after inch after inch!

I cried out as he used his grip on my hair as well as my bound arm to yank me off my feet and throw me into bed. He yanked back on my leg, then.

Crack!

His hand slapped my ass sharply, and I cried out dazedly.

“Get on your knees, slut,” he growled.

Crack!

“Raise that ass in the air!”

Crack!

Gasping and panting, I hurriedly, raised my hips up high, and he positioned me at the edge of the bed, my ass raised high, the rest of me, most of it, flat on my chest and face. I moaned as I felt his slick cock sliding up and down against my opening.

“It's time, Rice. It's time for me to pound you. It's time for me to ride you like a bitch in heat. It's time for me to shove this cock so deep into your hot little pussy it pops out between your teeth.”

Crack!

“Ah!”

“Do you hear me, Rice?”

Crack!

“Do you?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Sir, Rice.”

“Yes, sir!”

Crack!

“Nasty little blonde girl.”

I squirmed wildly and he seized my hips and positioned me again.

“Don’t move that hot little ass.”

Crack!

“You hear me?”

Crack!

“I asked do you hear me?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

I felt his finger pierce me and slide deep, twisting and squirming as I knelt breathlessly in place. My wrists pulled feebly against the ropes and my breasts were pillowed out beneath my chest.

“Nasty little blonde.”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“You want my cock inside you, don't you, girl.”

Crack!

“Don't you?”

“Yes, sir!” I cried.

“Are you my bitch, Rice?”

Crack!

“Ahh! Yes, sir!” I cried.

Crack!

“Say it aloud!”

“I'm your bitch, sir!” I gasped.

He added a second finger, thrusting them in and out hard enough to ache, twisting them around inside me.

“Dirty little blonde girl,” he said.

His fingers pulled back and then I felt the spongy head of his cock pushing against my entrance. I moaned weakly as his big hands gripped my thighs just below the buttocks, spreading them a bit wider, holding them tightly in place as the pressure against my pussy mounted.

I was already sopping wet, and his fingers had been working on me, but I could feel the sharp tight, ache in my pussy lips as they strained to admit him. I groaned aloud, gulping in air as his cock pushed against me remorselessly.

“Oh!” I cried as the pain grew sharper.

But he had succeeded in spreading me wide enough for his cock-head to push through into the mouth of my sex. He began to push harder, alternately holding in place, then pushing, and his cock slid slowly, deeper.

“Oh God!” I moaned.

“You can think of me as your god, Rice,” he said.

His cock pushed deeper and deeper, burrowing forcefully through the soft, elastic tissue of my sex, spreading it achingly – and deliciously wider as it drove deeper.

“I'm going to use your body like it's never been used before,” he promised me.

He started to slide back, then push forward, slowly pumping inside me. It ached, and the ache varied all the way up to some actual pain until my body began to slowly adjust. But when it adjusted he pushed deeper still. It was... difficult. It took some time, but when he was fully inside me I felt this sense of ... I don't know, nirvana!

He started to move in and out, and the feel of him inside me, so big, so thick, moving in and out, deep, deep inside me... it just blew my mind! The sexual heat which had been pushed back by the pain of his initial entry rushed back and redoubled. I started to gasp with every thrust, and the gasps became louder and louder.

It ached still, but it ached so... wonderfully! The long, long, long deep penetration turned my mind giddy with sexual heat! Every single one of them! That huge cock driving into me, his hips starting to slap against my buttocks, overwhelmed my mind and turned it to mush.

I started coming, and I wasn't sure if could ever stop! The orgasm tore my mind apart, and set my body to writhing and twisting in animal heat, convulsions tearing me apart as I cried out, as I screamed, as I sobbed.

His hand grasped the back of my neck, pinning me in place. His other hand slapped at my ass while he called me his bitch and his slut. He just fucking rode me like a whore! And my mind rode the wild, churning waves of it through a monster orgasm like none I'd ever experienced!

It was relentless! Or maybe it wasn't just one. Maybe it was one after the other after the other. It did have its calmer moments when I could breath, when I could almost think. Then it would scream higher and I'd scream along with it as he pounded himself against me with savage force!

I cried out as I felt him grab my hair. My head was yanked up and back, and then the force of the sharp, stinging pull on my scalp actually lifted my chest and shoulders up off the bed! He held my torso up by the hair as he pounded into me, and my body and the bed beneath me shook as his heavy hips pounded against my aching buttocks!

Slap!

I gasped as he slapped one of my breasts.

“Nasty blonde slut,” he growled.

Slap!

He slapped it again, and I whimpered and moaned, eyes glazed over as his big cock continued to ram deep into my belly again and again!

Slap!

“You're going to learn to obey your black master.”

Slap!

“Aren't you, slut?”

Slap! My breast stung!

“Oh! Y-Y-Yes, sir!” I cried.

His big hand enveloped my breast, squeezing it tightly.

“Say yes master,” he demanded.

“Yes, master!” I cried.

He released my hair and my face and shoulders and chest fell back onto the bed as he gripped my hips, his big hands almost encircling my waist, and redoubled his pounding assault. I squealed and cried out at every hard, penetrating thrust, and then spiraled off into another massive orgasm!

I might have actually lost consciousness. I'm not sure. I was just so blitzed that I

suddenly was staring at the bed beneath my chin, staring at the wet spot where I'd drooled, and felt my mind starting to waken.

He put something around my neck, then untied my wrists, and placed something else, like straps around them. I didn't care. I just lay on my belly, moaning, stunned, still trembling with the aftermath of the incredible sexual firestorm which had lashed my senses.

Then something was pulling at my throat! It was the... the belt around my neck! I gurgled, rolling and turning on the bed, until my head was towards the edge, instead of my ass. Then I saw he was holding a kind of chain and it was attached to the thing around my neck as I slid right over the edge of the bed onto the floor, hands and belly first.

“Come on,” he ordered.

I gasped, scrambling to push myself forward, as he pulled on the chain, and got to my hands and knees. I started to rise but he shoved me back down, then pulled again so that I crawled along towards a doorway. He opened it wide and I saw a walk-in closet. On the back of the door was a large, full-length mirror.

I stared at myself, at him. Shit. The thing around my neck was a studded black collar. I'd never seen one in person but I knew what it was. I had matching leather restraints around my wrists, though they weren't doing anything to lock them together at the moment.

I stared at myself on my hands and knees, my breasts hanging under me, my face a mask of astonishment, flushed skin appearing even more red in the light as he stood over me like a black God.

“On your knees, slut,” he said, calmly.

I was already on my – .

Crack!

“Ah!”

His hand slapped my bare ass, then shoved down so I was sitting on my heels.

He sank to his knees behind me, his knees sliding around me as he leaned over me. He gripped my arms and drew them together behind me, then did something with the restraints that locked them together. He looked at me in the mirror, then pulled back on the leash so my body was against his.

His other hand reached around me, roughly cupping my breast, squeezing it.

“Are you my bitch, Rice?” he demanded, leaning in, biting at the side of my throat.

“Y-yes!” I moaned.

He pinched my nipple sharply.

“Ah!”

“Sir,” he growled.

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it!” he ordered, grinding his fingernails into my aching, burning nipple.

“I'm your bitch, sir!” I cried. “Oh! Please!”

“Again.”

“I'm your bitch, sir!”

He eased his grip on my nipple, his fingers sliding down my body instead as he jerked back on the leash, sliding between my legs to caress my clitoris.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, sir! I'm your slut, sir!” I gasped, dazed at it all.

“Do you love black cock, Rice?” he asked softly.

“Y-yes, sir!” I gasped.

“Say it, slut.”

“I love black cock, sir!”

“Again.”

“I love black cock, sir!”

His fingers were rubbing in a circular manner over my clitoris, but eased down to my pussy lips, stroking along the taut, aching, moist opening to my body.

“Nasty, dirty little white girl,” he growled. “You need black cock inside you, don't you? Don't you!?”

“Yes, sir!” I cried weakly.

“Say yes master.”

“Yes, master!” I gasped.

Fuck! He was such a pervert! But all this nasty kinky shit was turning my pussy into a volcano!

“Tell me you need black cock inside you.”

‘I need black cock inside me!’ I moaned.

He jerked back on my hair and I cried out.

“Master,” he said. “Say it.”

“Master!”

“Say you need black cock inside you, bitch.”

“I need black cock inside me, master!” I gasped, the words so scaldingly hot and nasty my pussy burned as his fingers stroked across it!

“Dirty girl,” he said.

And then he reached behind him for something he'd apparently placed ready at hand. I moaned weakly, staring at myself, my body pale in front of his big black frame. I saw his arm reach around, and my eyes widened as I saw what was in it.

It was a dildo, a black dildo, and a big one!

I moaned as I watched him place it against my pussy, gasped as he rubbed the nose up and down against my opening, then gurgled in a mixture of dark excitement and pain as he pushed the head hard against my opening.

“Sit down on this, slut. Sit down on it. You know you want it inside your slutty body,” he growled, his voice soft, deep, his breath hot in my ear.

He pulled down on the collar and I whimpered at the additional pressure against the fat black cock. But the pressure forced me downward, forced my pussy to strain wide around it and then slide aching down its length.

“Oh! Ow! Oh! God! Please!” I gasped.

He pulled me down relentlessly, forcing my heels out from under me! I squealed, and gulped in ragged breaths of air as I sank lower and lower and it pushed deep into my aching pussy!

“Nasty, slutty blonde girl,” he said in a deep growl, his fingers stroking my clitoris as he continued to push down.

It wasn't something I'd ever thought of myself, quite the contrary, but now a part of me reveled in the thought!

“You want more black cock, don't you, slut? Yes, you do. I can tell,” he purred. “Beg for it. Beg for more black cock.”

“Please!” I moaned dazedly.

He jerked back on the collar.

“Beg your master for more black cock,” he breathed.

Holy Jesus God this was wild!

“Please,” I gasped. “Please give me more black cock, master!”

He pulled his hand away from my pussy and reached back, and then there was a second black cock in his hand! I moaned helplessly as he rubbed the head back

and forth over my face.

'Open your mouth, white girl,' he ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, and he slid it into my mouth.

“Suck that cock, blonde girl. Suck that black cock,” he ordered, leaning in and kissing the side of my throat again.

He pushed it forward deeper into my mouth and I sucked dazedly, even licking at it out of something like instinct! He pumped it in and out as I sucked, pushing it deeper, making me cock, then forcing it down my throat!

“Dirty little white girl,” he said, biting into my throat.

He pulled the big dildo back up my throat and out of my mouth, and I coughed and gasped for breath, saliva drooling over my lower lip as he pulled the thing away. He shifted, gripping my hair, and forcing me up off the floor, then placed the other dildo down below and pulled me down. I moaned as I felt it pressing against the entrance to my back passage.

“Oh! Oh God! Please! I-I don't...”

“You have a gorgeous little ass, Rice,” he said, his voice, as it had been throughout, soft and deep. “The first time I saw you crawling on my floor I told myself that little ass needed a big black cock up it.”

He pulled me down and I cried out, eyes wide, moaning helplessly, wrists pulling against the leather restraints. He didn't pull me down firmly and smoothly as he had before, but eased up repeatedly, then pulled down again. The dildo pushed up into my ass in fits and starts, but always it pushed deeper.

I already had a big thick cock in my pussy. Having another in my ass at the same time made me feel so stuffed, so full that I might break open! I had never gone in for anal sex, thinking it would not only be disgusting but it would hurt. The cock pushing up into my ass did hurt, but... not as much as I had thought it would.

He was rubbing my clit as he pulled me down onto it, and my mind was swept by wave after wave of sensation, trembling, jerking, spasming as I gasped for breath.

“Tell me you need more black cock, Rice,” he growled, chewing on my ear.
“Beg for more black cock.”

I moaned helplessly and he jerked back on my hair.

“Beg.”

“Please! Please can I have more black cock!?”

He jerked sharply on my hair and I cried out.

“Master. Say master, slave girl. You're gonna be my little white slave, Rice. My nasty little blonde sex slave!”

I whimpered and moaned, body trembling at the kinky, nasty words.

“Say it.”

“Please give me more black cock, master!” I gasped.

“Dirty girl,” he said.

But he didn't have another dildo. He turned me a little to the side, then stood up and, holding my hair, drew my face in against his groin. His cock had recovered surprisingly quickly, but it was far from hard. He drew me in sharply, pulling up his cock, guiding my lips onto his balls.

“Suck my balls, white girl,” he growled.

I obeyed, taking them into my mouth and sucking them, my tongue licking at his scrotum, then up and down the length of his cock until he lowered it and pushed it into my mouth. I sucked and licked at it, my body thrumming with intense sexual power, my mind getting dazed as he hardened and then began to fuck my throat.

It was hard enough taking him deep, but he just pulled my head in and out as he thrust his hips and his cock used my throat as if it was my pussy! My eyes went glassy and I gasped light-headedly, gulping in air whenever he pulled out to rub himself against my face.

“Dirty girl,” he said several times. “Nasty little white girl.”

He pulled out and threw me back and I tumbled onto my back, gasping, flushed, dizzy, only to feel myself dragged back by the ankles, then flipped onto my belly.

Crack!

I yelped as he slapped my ass hard. Then his big hands jerked my hips up into the air and positioned me with the mirror on my left.

Positioned me exactly. He reached down and gripped my head, turning to face the mirror, wanting me to see myself there, breasts pressed against the floor, bottom raised high, the two dildos protruding from my body as he knelt behind it.

“Are you ready, white girl? Are you ready for more black cock?” he demanded.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Are you?”

Crack!

“Yes, master!” I cried.

He gripped the dildo in my ass and pulled it slowly out, then pushed it back in again, twisting and turning it.

“Beg me to fuck your whore ass, Rice.”

Crack!

“Beg me!”

“Please!” I gasped. “Please fuck my whore ass, master!”

“Dirty little blonde girl,” he replied.

Crack!

“Beg me again.”

“Please fuck my whore ass, master!”

Crack!

“Again!”

“Please fuck my whore ass, master!”

He pumped the dildo in me a few more times, then pulled it free. I shuddered as I watched him position his own cock against me, watched it pushing in, felt it pushing in. It was... the knowledge it was real, that it was a real cock, the sight of it, caught my mind and eyes and I stared in a state of wild disbelief – and heat, as he slid into me, as he pushed deeper, achingly deeper!

“Oh! Oh! Ungh!” I gasped, squirming.

Crack! “*Dirty girl,*” he said.

“Please!” I gasped, squirming.

Crack!

“You forgot to say master, slut.”

“Please, master!” I cried as he drove himself so deep cramps rippled through my belly.

I stared at him in the mirror, felt him deep within me, and came, trembling and shaking and thrashing below him as he began to pump in and out.

“Filthy, nasty little white girl,” he said.

He started pumping harder, riding me through the orgasm and out the other side, but he was far from finished, himself. He pumped steadily into me, taking his time, working my ass open until he was able to get the full, long length of him buried inside me.

He had to kneel with his knees wide apart, practically sitting on his heels because of our height difference. But now he gripped my waist and drew his knees together, sitting back on his heels and lifting me up and back onto his lap with the dildo jammed balls-deep in my ass.

I gasped and moaned and squirmed as he pulled back on my hair, my body pressed against his.

“Dirty girl,” he growled into my ear.

His right hand slid down my body and gripped the base of the dildo still in my pussy, gripped it with the palm of his hand with his thumb angled up so that as he began to pump it, his thumb stroked across my clitoris every time he jammed it deep.

He used his other hand to pull my hair back, bending his lips until they were next to my ear.

“Tell me you love black cock,” he hissed.

“I love black cock!” I gasped.

“Again.”

“I love black cock!” I moaned.

“Again! Keep saying it. Keep saying it!”

“I love black cock!” I gasped. “I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock!”

“Dirty girl,” he growled. “Keep saying it, slut.”

“I love black cock!” I moaned. “I love black cock!”

“Filthy white girl. Keep saying it.”

He pumped the dildo in my pussy, rubbing my clitoris, as he worked his hips in and back, working his cock deep in my ass. The sensations were indescribable, and his wild, nasty words – and my own – had my mind bathing in wicked,

nasty, slutty heat! I came again, sobbing and squirming and bucking atop him and his big cock, impaled by it!

He dumped me on the floor again afterward, raising my hips again, then really started to fuck me hard! My body shuddered to the blow of his hips against my upraised buttocks as he drove his thick black cock deep into my ass with hard, deep, terrible, wonderful strokes before finally coming deep inside me.

*

He drove me back to work. Yes, that incredible, shocking sexual liaison had taken only about ninety minutes! He was dressed in another 'shiny' suit, done up beautifully, looking like the man of means he was. I was dressed the same way I had been on my way out, except that I had no panties.

He had pushed butt plug up my ass, a black one, in order to, he said, make sure his black semen stayed inside me all day! God! What a disgusting man!

That wasn't the only reason, though, as he explained.

“You have a gorgeous little ass, Rice. I want to be able to fuck it whenever I want without having to take too much time to open it up.”

We pulled into the garage, into the executive side, and he turned to me.

“Put your earphones in your ears, Rice,” he said.

I licked my lips nervously, but obeyed.

I want you to meet me at my car tonight at six. You're coming to my place so I can continue to teach you your place.”

I stared at him, open mouthed. “But I finish at – ”

“At six tonight,” he said, his stare flat and determined.

“Turn it on now, and keep that Ipod on all day. Don't play anything else on it.”

I flushed, but obeyed.

“I love black cock!” my own voice cried.

Yes, he'd recorded it!

“I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock!” my own voice repeated relentlessly, my own voice, wild, excited, dazed, moaning.

“I love black cock!”

I had no frame of reference for any of this! The sex had been shocking and outrageous! Even his words to me had been shocking and outrageous! But I had come like I had never come in my life! Even as I made my way back to my cubicle with my own cries of wanting black cock in my ears, I thought about what he would do to me that evening.

Again! This was impossible!

I didn't even begin to think of him as a, well, boyfriend or anything like that! I mean, that was ridiculous! What was he then? Why should I meet him tonight!? Just because he'd ordered me to!? I could just quit and find another job!

And go home and eat a TV dinner, and watch TV, and surf the internet, and maybe play a video game. That would surely be a lot better than getting my brains fucked out by the black Conan, right?

You see my problem? I was really uncomfortable with what had happened, my mind squirming around it, but at the same time it was so fucking hot and kinky and exciting! It was the most excitement I'd ever had in my life!

“I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock!” my own voice said in my ears.

Well, you know what, no matter what he said I wasn't going to listen to that all day! Besides, suppose someone heard it!?

I switched it to music, shaking my head, and then sat down – gingerly. My ass was sore! Not only had he slapped it a lot but he'd reamed me out with his big black cock! God!

I tried to concentrate on my work, but that was flat out impossible. I agonized over whether or not I was going to meet Blake at his car – even though I knew I was going to. And the closer the end of the day came, the more butterflies took

flight in my stomach.

The place began to empty out at four. We had variable hours, but most people preferred to get in early so they could leave early. By five thirty, almost everyone was gone, and my heart was thumping in my chest. I got up at ten to six and headed down to the garage. Ninety percent of the cars were gone, but the area with the bosses cars still had a lot there.

I kind of hid in the shadow of a big stone pillar, waiting for him, chest tight, stomach churning, trying to hide whenever anyone else was within sight. When I saw him I came out of hiding and went to his car, which was backed in against the wall, with an SUV on his left.

He looked at me without speaking, then clicked his key fob so the car doors unlocked. But the trunk rose, as well, and he gripped my arm and led me to the rear of the car.

“Take off your clothes,” he ordered.

I gaped at him. “H-Here!? But – .”

‘Now,’ he growled.

I gulped nervously, head looking around, then did as he ordered, pulling off my shirt, then sliding off my cargo pants. He helped pull off my bra, then lifted me into the trunk!

“But!”

“Shut up.”

He pushed me onto my belly and drew my wrists back together behind my back, then tied them together. An instant later he gripped my ankles, holding them in one big hand, and forced them up and back against my buttocks. He wrapped the same rope which was tying my wrists together around my ankles and bound them tight, pulling them up high until my back bowed!

He tossed my clothes in, then jerked back on my hair and stuffed something into my mouth. It was like... a ball, but with a strap through it! It filled my mouth, and was so big I couldn't close my lips again because it wouldn't all go in!

He tossed my clothes and purse in, then picked up the Ipod and turned it on, listening.

“You don't have it set to what I told you, white girl. You'll be punished for that.”

He searched through it, found what he wanted, set the Ipod to repeat, then put it into the trunk and put the earphones into my ears. Then he slammed the hood, leaving me in the dark. I felt the car shift as he got in, felt and heard the door close, then the engine came on and the car started moving.

“I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock! I love black cock!” my voice moaned into my ears.

I moaned, rolling onto my side, staring at nothing, my body bowed tightly, shoulders forced back, a feeling of wild, heated disbelief gripping my mind as the car pulled onto the street and headed for his place.

Or at least, I assumed that was where we were headed! We could be heading anywhere!

I felt how hot and swollen my breasts were, how stiff and tingling my nipples were. I felt wet between my tightly closed thighs, and cursed myself as a slut and a whore, a crazy one at that! This was insane! He could do anything to me!

“I love black cock! I love black cock!” my voice groaned in my ears.

What an arrogant bastard he was!

But men were all perverts. Why wouldn't he do as much as he could get away with?

No, it was me who was the sicko, letting him do this! It was me who was weak and slutty for not saying no, for not complaining to HR, for not having pulled away and left his house because of the way he was acting! I shouldn't have even gone inside with him half naked like he'd been!

But despite the recriminations, there wasn't a thing about what he'd done to me that day that I would have not wanted to experienced. There wasn't a thing I could honestly wish hadn't happened! God, it had been the experience of a life! And now? Now I had no idea, but it wasn't going to be like watching television!

It was bumpier in the trunk than it was sitting on a seat! It was hotter, too! The sun was beating down and I was in a black metal trunk! I started to sweat, panting, moaning around the gag in my mouth. I squirmed, trying half-heartedly to pull my wrists or ankles free of the ropes, but of course, failing.

By the time the car stopped and the engine turned off I was soaked in sweat, dazed, glassy eyed, and breathing in ragged gasps. The trunk opened and I looked up at him, eyes blinking back sweat.

He said nothing, but reached in and untied me. I groaned as my body was able to straighten out at last, or mostly anyway. He then placed a collar around my neck and buckled it.

“You're going to crawl into the house,” he said.

He attached a chain to the collar and then, gripping my arm, half dragged me out of the trunk.

We were in a small garage, one with a tiled floor, not the normal concrete.

“Hands and knees, he ordered.

I moaned weakly, the ball still in my mouth, but knelt as directed, then stumbled forward as he tugged on the ... chain? Leash?! I crawled past the car and in through a door onto a mercifully carpeted hall, then up a flight of carpeted stairs into the house I recognized from earlier that day. My thoughts of how much the place cost took a quick leap upward. Houses with garages in Manhattan were way expensive!

He had me crawl into the living room, then fastened those leather restraint things around my wrists, and clipped them together behind my back. A moment later he dragged me by the hair up across his lap, belly down, ignoring my squealing complaints and wriggling attempts to ease the pain to my scalp.

Crack! His hand slapped sharply against my buttocks.

I squealed again.

I felt something pushing against my pussy, and shuddered as he worked that black dildo up inside me once again. The house, unlike the trunk, was air

conditioned, but I was heating up just as rapidly as he jammed that thing deeper and deeper.

“Now you're going to learn that slave girls do as their master orders them,” he said, his hand covering my bottom. “I ordered you to play your voice all day and you disobeyed me, deliberately. So you deserve the punishment that's coming to you.”

Slave girls!?

Squirming, moaning, I saw him pick something up from the coffee table. It was like... how to describe it, sort of like a very flat spatula, with holes in it, made of black leather, with a narrow handle.

What?

Crack!

I squealed in pain, head jerking up and back as the 'spatula' slapped down against my buttocks.

Crack! I squealed again, twisting and writhing in his grasp.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Quit wriggling around. You know you disobeyed. If you're going to be a sex slave you have to learn to obey,” he said firmly.

A what!? A sex slave?!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Bad little sex slave,” he said. “Nasty little sex slave.”

My ass hurt! The leather thing snapped down with stinging force, and produced sharp, stinging pain! My flesh began to turn pink, then red, and began to burn and throb as I sobbed and twisted and yelped in pain.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Dirty little white girl,” he said. “You're going to learn to obey your master.”

He was relentless! And I could do nothing, for he held me firmly in place as he brought the thing down against my ass over and over again! My skin was flaming hot and every new blow sent a stinging burst of pain into my body!

But then... it was like, even though he didn't hit any less hard, the sharpness of the blows began to go dull, almost as if that throbbing heat of my bottom shielded or screened it out.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

God, my bottom was flaming hot!

But he was easing up on the spanking, and suddenly he jerked me up and back by the hair, his big hands repositioning my body as if I were a rag doll. He set me down straddling his lap, facing him. I whimpered and moaned, tears in my eyes from the pain as he gripped my upper arms.

“You have to learn that punishment is for your own good. Sex slaves need to have discipline and need to obey their masters.”

He slid the dildo out of my pussy, then made me rise on my trembling knees, pulled his own erection out of his pants, and had me sink down on it.

Sink.. down... down... down... oh God... Oh! Oh God! Deeper! Down! Down!

I shuddered as the head lodged deep in my belly and he began to suck and chew and lick at my breasts.

“Dirty little blonde sex slave,” he said in between chews and licks. “Ride my black cock, you filthy little white girl.”

Shuddering, I looked down and saw the base of his cock, so thick, so.. fat! God! I stared at how tight my pussy was around it, then cried out as he jerked back on my hair so all I could see was the ceiling.

“Ride my cock, bitch,” he ordered.

Gasping, I started to ride him as best I could, moaning and gulping in air as I worked my leg muscles. He let go of my hair and cupped my breasts firmly, using them as levers to pull my chest in so he could suck and chew and lick at

each nipple in turn. Then his hands abandoned them and cupped my ass, and his strength began to power my movements so that I rose and fell faster and faster, impaling myself on his big black cock!

I bounced up and down until my eyeballs started to roll! My head was rolling up and down, up and down, as my brain rattled around in my skull!

“Yeah. Ride my cock, you little white slut. You love that black cock inside you,” he growled. “You know you do!

And God help me I did! My body was as hot as my ass, and my insides were thrumming with an incredible sexual tension, a want, a need, a lust that was so all encompassing it was like I was drunk on it, like I had a fever, a sexual fever!

I screamed into the gag as I started to come, and he pulled a hand off my ass so his thumb could stroke rapidly across my clitoris, redoubling the intensity of what was already soaring up to be a massive climax! I screamed again, writhing and bouncing frantically as the sexual fever threatened to consume my mind!

When the orgasm finally ran its course I would have collapsed bonelessly, utterly drained, but he rode me up and down a few more times before dumping me to the side. He dragged me, literally dragged me off the chair by the hair and onto my knees on the floor, then pulled the gag from my mouth and plunged his cock deep into my throat.

He fucked my throat as hard as he had my pussy, then pulled free and came, pouring himself over my face in gushes of frothing white semen, then let me fall bonelessly to the floor.

He sighed and did up his pants as I lay there gasping, chest heaving, then unlinked the restraints and slapped me onto all fours. He had me crawl into a huge toilet, one damn near as big as my apartment! There was a raised tub and he made me crawl up a couple of stairs, then down into it as he turned on the hand shower and soaked me.

Still kneeling, I caught my breath slowly as he soaped me up, lathered my hair, then rinsed me off. When he was done, he rinsed me off, then had me crawl out and kneel next to the long vanity while he dried me and blow dried my hair. Then, still in a state of almost surreal disbelief, I crawled back through the house to kneel in the kitchen while he made dinner.

Every now and then he turned to look at me, and at first, would bark out a word like “Shoulders back! Head back! Chest out! Knees spread!” until I made sure that I stayed in the position he wanted me in.

The phone rang and he picked it up. He had a cordless, and moved around, still preparing dinner as he talked. Before long, I realized he was talking to a woman, a girlfriend of some kind, because he said “I miss you too, baby,” at one point.

What a bastard! He was cheating on his girlfriend even as he talked to her!

When he hung up he walked out of the room, then returned with a pair of dildos. I gulped as he positioned them under me and ordered me to rise. He pulled the butt-lug out of my ass, then had me sink down on both at the same time!

When they were well inside me he moved back to the counter saying “Make sure you sink all the way down.”

I did, though it took a couple of minutes. But then I was practically impaled on them as I knelt there, legs wide, feeling a renewed sense of dark heat and excitement.

I wondered how I was supposed to sit at the table with these things in me!

The answer, it turned out, was I wasn't. He pulled the gag from my mouth, but clipped my wrists together behind my back and had me kneel next to his chair. Then he sat down and ate. It was a couple of minutes before he turned to me and offered me some meat, a piece of stake, in his fingers.

I stared at it, then up at him, then licked it from his fingers.

That was how I ate that night. I ate from his fingers, or the palm of his hand. I drank milk from a bowl he set on the floor, with my breasts crushed against the marble tiles, my ass in the air and my knees spread wide. Then I crawled into the bathroom so he could brush my teeth before crawling back into the living room.

He had me straddle a chair, my legs out across the arms, then drew my ankles up towards the top corners of the back and tied them there, leaving me sort of perched awkwardly on the small of my back, with my ankles up high and pressed firmly back against the sides of the back.

He held a small box before me.

“Tell me you're a sex slave,” he said.

I stared at him until his eyes narrowed, then spoke hurriedly.

“I'm a sex slave,” I gulped.

“Again. I want more passion in it.”

“I'm a sex slave.”

He shook his head, then reached for something on the side table, and reached down between my legs, rubbing something which began to buzz across my clitoris. It didn't take a genius to figure out it was a vibrator, and given my situation, well, it didn't take very long before I was writhing and moaning either.

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

“I'm a sex slave!” I gasped.

“Again!”

“I'm a sex slave!”

“Again! Keep saying it!”

So I kept saying it, breathlessly gasping out the words, moaning out the words as he used the vibrator to turn my head to mush.

Before I could come, he stopped, pushed the ball gag into my mouth, then went away. He returned with my Ipod, and sat it down beside me, then put the earphones into my ears.

“I love black cock!” I heard myself moan. “I'm a sex slave! I love black cock! I'm a sex slave! I'm a sex slave!”

He sat in the chair next to me and turned on the TV.

He watched the cable news for a while, his head turning to look me up and down every now and then, then slid out of his chair and knelt before mine. He leaned

in, his hands stroking up and down the backs of my legs, and began to lick my clitoris, which, by then was already hot and swollen. Within two minutes I was coming, writhing and jerking convulsively as the power of the climax tore through my body and mind.

Then he returned to watching TV.

A short time later, maybe half an hour, he did it again, and his powerful, skilled tongue made me climax again in very short order, while his hands crushed my breasts and pinched my nipples.

And that was how I spent what was left of the evening.

When he turned in, he snapped the chain ... the leash... to the collar and had me crawl upstairs. We crawled into what looked like a guest bedroom. I mean, there was no personal stuff anywhere. We crawled through it and into an attached ensuite bathroom.

“Are you thirsty, slave girl?”

“Y-yes,” I gulped.

Crack!

“Ow! Yes, master!” I gasped.

“Drink then,” he said.

I blinked at him and looked around. I started to rise but he shoved me back onto hands and knees.

“There,” he ordered, pointing at the toilet.

I gaped at him and he smiled softly.

The toilet was sparkling clean, but even so, there was no way I was drinking out of a toilet!

That led to another spanking with the leather spatula, while I was bent over the toilet, with my head in the bowl! He promised the spanking wouldn't stop until I

drank. My ass burned like fire, and... and I leaned in and drank.

“Good girl,” he said, petting my head. “Keep drinking.”

Whimpering, I drank for long seconds until he pulled me back. We crawled out of the room and out of the bedroom, then up the hall to the bedroom he'd taken me before. There he locked my wrists behind my back, put me on my back in the bed, chained me to the headboard by the collar, then stripped and straddled me.

He pushed his balls into my mouth, had me lick and suck him hard, then slid down, lifted my ankles up and back, and basically... just pounded me. I was surprised he hadn't torn me apart inside! He crushed my ankles back to the bed on either side of my head and his big black body slammed down against my upraised buttocks until the whole bed felt like it was bouncing.

I came repeatedly, almost lost consciousness, then finally fell asleep beside him, chained, shackled, with the Ipod next to me and the earphones in my ears.

“I am a sex slave! I love black cock! I am a sex slave! I am a sex slave!”

The Molly's Black Master series

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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