

Molly's Many Black Masters

By JJ Argus



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

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Have you ever woken up in a cage? Have you ever woken up in a cage, naked, with a collar around your throat, your wrists and arms shackled? I'm guessing not. I haven't asked anyone about it, of course. How would you go about asking that!? I'm sure I'm not the only one, but I doubt there's many of us who have had that experience.

The cage was a dog cage, built for a big dog. But the bars were no less a cage to me, for all I had hands, for the door was locked and padlocked. I was living a strange, dark, thrilling game, but in part, it was real. The cage was really a cage, and I really was locked into it.

There was a soft kind of rug on the floor of the cage, so it wasn't all that uncomfortable, but I couldn't stretch my legs out. And I couldn't get out.

There was a thick, stainless steel collar around my neck, and matching restraints on my wrists and ankles. They weren't fastened together at the moment, but I couldn't have removed them if I'd tried. They were locked in place. And they were all I wore, unless you counted the nipple rings. They were stainless steel too.

My name is Molly and I'm in tech support.

No, I don't answer phones from my cage. But tech support is what I do at the Alavent Insurance Company. And my life was pretty much normal, in a boring, nerdy sort of way, up until this past week. I lived alone in a small apartment, with a nice TV and a really nice computer. Those were basically my entertainment, my life outside of work.

Not that I had no friends, but I've always been a bit of a geek, and not a lot of girls are really into computers. As for the guys, well, I had been fending them off for years. When you're a reasonably cute blonde girl and you go to school with geeks (Jersey Tech) you become the fascinating object of all their masturbatory fantasies.

That was kind of icky, but I'd sort of learned to cope. It was even a bit of an ego thing, in a way, cause the minute I walked up to any table everyone was eager to see me. It hadn't really changed when I'd gone to work as junior tech support at Alavent, except most of the other tech guys were older – and fatter.

That was how I got to be senior tech support in only a few months. Because I was slim and nimble and could crawl around under desks connecting wires and stuff. And that was where I'd met the new VP, the new Black VP, the new Black VP who was built like a football player.

Only he was from Britain! He had this cool, soft British upper class accent, but his voice was very deep. And one day after I'd been sent to his office I found myself naked, tied up and being fed the biggest cock I'd ever seen in my life!

And one day later I met his twin brother Stephen, and one day after that I discovered he wasn't a twin but a triplet, when Jackson showed up.

Sure, I'd had lots of sexual fantasies in my life, some of them kind of kinky, but I'd always minded my manners around the nerd crowd that I knew. Now I was naked and tied up and having sex with three big black guys who kind of casually, kind of jokingly, and sometimes not, treated me like I was their sex slave!

Which was how I came to wake up in a cage naked. On Saturday morning. All three of them were here now, and so was Stephen's girlfriend Leona, who had introduced me pretty forcefully to lesbian sex yesterday evening!

So why was a nice little nerdy blonde girl like me putting up with all this? I honestly had no idea. I think it's like turning the water up bit by bit so you don't notice just how hot it is. I mean, if someone had tried to get me to have sex with multiple guys at the same time, and I didn't even know them, no way would I have agreed!

But when I'd met Stephen, and he looked just like Alex and... it had taken my breath away. It had made my insides burn, and I had been overcome with this kind of sexual fever. In fact, the last few days I'd had more orgasms, and more intense orgasms, than ever in my life!

Okay, I admit it's a huge change, a wild, kinky, obscene change! But the dark thrill of this kinky sexual game they had dragged me into was way more exciting than going back to my boring old apartment and surfing the internet!

Plus, I didn't have to worry about them telling anyone. I mean, none of them knew anyone I knew. And Alex had a position, as Vice President, at a fairly conservative insurance company. If pictures of him got out his job would be gone.

Which was reassuring given all the graphic and obscene pictures and videos they'd taken of me.

But I had become a changed girl. I was way more of a sexual person now than ever before. I was more aware of my sexuality, and of my... well, it sounds a bit egotistical but... of my hotness. It wasn't that I hadn't been aware I was cute, and that I had a pretty good body before.

I mean, you can't not be aware of that! But, the way they talked about me, the way they acted around me, these men – and they were men, not guys, these men in their late thirties – made it clear they thought I was like this fabulously hot babe!

And so I kind of felt like one! More than that, I think, is that my orgasms were so intense that I wanted more. I wanted more and more and more! Well, the more you enjoy something the more you want it, right? So the more powerful, more incredible the sexual experiences, well, the more I wanted more of them!

So they were kind of turning me into a whore!

Mind you, if any of the people I knew had any idea the kinds of things I'd let these three guys do to me they'd have called me a whore, flat out, right then and there. And to be honest, I'd have said the same thing. Only I didn't really think of myself as a whore. Not really.

I guess my standards have changed...

So there I was laying on my back in the cage, with my knees apart because I couldn't stretch my legs out. I looked down the length of my body, at my newly pierced nipples, at my naked sex, and I felt a sense of pride and pleasure and need.

I never masturbated in the mornings, at least, I hadn't used to, but the one thing they left in the cage with me before locking it was the dildo, a big black dildo. I picked it up and let the head slide up and down along the tight, narrow opening to my sex, feeling my stomach starting to thrum again.

It took very little time to work it deep inside myself, feeling my chest tighten as I did, as the sexual hunger spread up my body. But then I kind of just lay there, my chest rising and falling a little faster as I stared at the base of the dildo

protruding from the tight, clutching lips of my sex.

What a slut!

Stephen said Alex was making me into his obedient little sex toy. And the implication to that was that sex was what I was for, like a robot, like a machine. That was what I was built for. A toy was something you played with. It wasn't a person, really, however much you liked it and liked playing with it.

But a toy didn't have any sense of morality attached to it. It didn't feel guilt or shame or have inhibitions. It wasn't responsible for whatever happened. If I was his little sex toy, his sex slave, as he called me, then I was like, completely not responsible for anything. I just did what I was told.

The idea of being a sex slave was kinky and exciting! I mean, as a game. I didn't take it seriously, and I didn't really think they did either. Jackson preferred I called him 'sir'. He thought that was more of a turn-on.

Alex had started with 'sir' and now it was 'master'. Jackson said that was because Alex had this big historical interest in the slave days.

I reached down and gripped the base of the dildo, then kind of pushed it downward, angling the front of the dildo up as I slid it slowly back out. I shuddered slightly, feeling the nose rubbing across my G-spot, then pushed it back into me. I was getting slicker, hotter, for the whole sex slave game was a huge and deliciously nasty turn-on for me.

Even the parts I didn't like so much, like getting spanked.

Getting punished made me feel helpless, like a real sex slave, and that was just so hot!

Even if it did hurt.

I knew pleasure would follow, and lots of it.

I pushed the dildo deep and lay my hand against my pussy, kind of catching my swollen clit between two fingers, closing my eyes and groaning softly as I rubbed them up and down while pressing the tips of my fingers against the base of the dildo.

I turned my head abruptly as the door opened, and gasped as Alex walked in. He was wearing gray sweatpants, and nothing else. His skin was very dark and very heavily muscled as he came up to the cage. He squatted down, looked at me, and I felt the flush spreading down my chest.

“Nasty little girl,” he said, as he unlocked the door.

He slid the door open and stood up, then stepped back, snapping his fingers at the floor in front of him.

I turned onto my side, then up onto all fours, leaving the dildo buried in my pussy, I slid low to crawl through the door, my bottom higher until I was threw, then on all fours, crawled a few feet forward to where he stood, heart thumping and pussy squeezing hungrily on the dildo.

“Are you happy to see me, slave girl?”

“Yes, master!” I gulped.

“Are you my sex slave?”

“Yes, master!”

“Say it.”

“I'm your sex slave, master!” I gulped.

Yeah, I know, it was silly, and cliched, but you know what, every time I said it I felt this dark surge of heat and excitement!

He pointed down and I flushed, for he was pointing at his foot. I lowered myself onto my elbows, keeping my bottom raised, then lowered myself further, letting my breasts and ringed nipples press into the floor as I brought my mouth lower.

I licked a long, slow lick up his bare foot from his toe to his ankle. And then I did it again, sliding my long, pink tongue up across the arch of his foot, then back along the other side. I licked down along his toe, and then back and forth across his black skin, my bottom raised high as I did, my knees spread wide.

God, it felt so nasty! So wicked!

He had a chain in hand and bent to attach it to the back of the collar around my neck, then tugged to lift me back up onto my hands, and turned for the door. I crawled – crawled! – after him, naked, my breasts wobbling a bit under me as I moved across the floor and into the hall. He paused at the door only to pull the dildo out of me and toss it back into the open door of the cage, then led me up the hall.

Into the bathroom.

“Face down,” he ordered, “arms forward.”

A dark, steaming sexual heat was within me as I obeyed, dropping the front of my torso low so my breasts pillowed against the tiled floor. I raised my bottom high and spread my knees, feeling the skin tightening across my buttocks, and the air cooling around my pussy as I spread my thighs wide. This was a position I had come to understand he liked because it was so utterly submissive.

From my point of view, I liked how kinky and outrageously... well, yes, submissive it was, for it went against the grain so much, kind of jarring me out of the notion of who I was. But I also liked it because he or the others could slide themselves so deep inside me in this position!

I wasn't surprised to feel his finger against my wrinkled back passage, to feel him spreading lube on it, and felt my pussy thrum a little more powerfully. His finger pushed lightly through my opening, then drew back, and a moment later something else pushed into me instead.

It was surprisingly narrow, and I wondered at that, until I felt the liquid. I was startled, and jerked my head up and around.

Crack! His hand slapped down sharply across my bottom!

“Ow!”

“Face on the floor, sex slave,” he growled.

I dropped my chin down again, staring forward, but felt a little rattled now as more warm water entered my bottom. This was not something he'd done before, nor even spoken of, and the more of it that entered me the fuller I felt! I groaned aloud as my insides started to feel bloated, began to ache.

“What – .”

Crack! His hand slapped against my bottom again!

“No talking.”

Having the water going in was way less embarrassing than having it coming out! But again, it wasn't like I had a choice! I had no choice but to urinate while he watched, nor could I object, or even speak! Then he had me crawl into the tube and washed me, soaping me up, shampooing my hair, and doing it all in a clinical way, as if he was washing the family dog!

It was... weird! I mean, it felt weird in exactly that way, because it sort of felt like I was a dog or animal or pet or something!

But that was outrageous enough to make it kinky, and the new me found that hot!

When he had patted me dry, and blow dried my hair, he showed me two black dildos. They were new, long and thick, but with these really fat sort of wedges, like small donuts, an inch from the base. Bending me over, he pushed both of them into my body, first into my ass, then into my pussy, pushed them until the wedges were forced through, leaving just an inch or so protruding.

Then it was time to give him a blow job. I rose on my knees, pulled up by the chain, or leash he'd attached to the collar, and he pulled down his sweatsuit. His cock sprang up thick and black and hard, and I gulped, hands reaching out to cup his balls and massage them as he rubbed his cock against my face.

I licked up the length of his shaft, turning my head to the side to mouth him like a flute, sliding my lips slowly along it until I reached the head. I licked teasingly at the underside, then grasped the shaft, drawing the head into my mouth, sucking it and licking, bobbing up and down on the just the first few inches.

I pulled it out again, sliding it over my cheeks and face as I rolled my eyes up at him, feeling a tightness in my chest and a heat spreading through my body. I drew him into my mouth once more, sucking, bobbing deeper, taking him almost into my throat, but not quite, my tongue moving rapidly.

I felt his fingers tightening in my hair and knew I had better hurry, or he would

hurry me, so I slid forward, taking him into my throat, moaning softly as my lips slid down further and further. I stared at his shaft, disappearing before me as I felt the thickness move down my gullet, and then my lips were wrapped firmly around the base, straining wide to encompass his girth.

I felt a wild moment of fulfillment, of victory, staring up at him with his entire long cock jammed deep inside me, my tongue licking at the underside, and then I slid slowly back, eyes dropping to the glistening shaft appearing before my eyes.

I was hoping he would fuck me now, and let him slide out of my mouth so I could rub him against my cheek again while I gulped in air, but he didn't seem to be interested. I licked at him teasingly, then forced my lips wide to take him inside my mouth again, sliding and bobbing, deeper with every forward movement until he was buried in my throat once again.

“Hands behind your back, slave,” he ordered.

I dropped my hands away, then drew them behind my back, clasping my hands together as his fingers tightened in my hair once more. He shifted his fingers to either side of my head, gathering my hair out to either side, then holding tightly.

I felt a surge of anxiety and uncertainty as he drew his cock back slowly, inch by inch, then pushed it deep once more. He ground himself against me, then pulled back, and pushed forward, moving faster, and then still faster. I gurgled and gasped and fought against gagging as his cock began to pump faster and harder, holding my head tightly in place as he fucked my mouth, fucked my throat.

I couldn't breathe at all like this, could barely cope with the rapid movement of his thick, slick cock, and my head began to pound, my chest burning from lack of air. My fingers twitched wildly as I fought against the instinct to jerk them loose and push him away, but somehow I fought it and kept them behind my back even as I began to feel light-headed, and black dots began to sparkle before my eyes.

He was fucking me harder and faster, jerking my head forward now to meet his thrusts, and just as I was about to lose it, and jerk my hands around, desperate for air, he jerked himself back, pulled himself free, and then came, spraying a thick wad of come across my face, my cheeks and into my open mouth.

I didn't care, though no one had ever done that before. I only cared that I could

breath, and, dazed, I gulped in air, heart pounding and chest heaving, as he calmly got a wet face cloth and wiped off my face, then released me.

I sagged weakly down on my knees, then bent forward, still gasping for breath as he drew his sweatpants up. I gasped as I felt a sharp jerk on the collar, and then he was pulling me forward, half dragging me till I got control of my limbs and began to crawl after him.

Leona was in the kitchen, and she gave me an evil look as Alex led me through the doorway, then rolled her eyes at him. Leona didn't much like me, and had taken considerable pleasure in showing it, and in making me perform oral sex on her the other night.

Her boyfriend Stephen was sitting at the table. I knew it was Stephen, somehow, though he and Alex and Jackson all looked almost exactly alike. But Jackson was more laid back, and Alex was more, pardon the pun, stiff. Stephen was less mature, I thought, more boyish, though of course, they were all the same age.

I sat back on my heels, legs spread wide, hands on my outer thighs as Alex had taught me, and didn't say anything. No one talked to me anyway. The food smelled good, but I figured I would, as before, have to eat it off the floor. That was kinky and weird and degrading, which made it kind of exciting, in a dark way. But it also sort of made me sigh mentally. My knees were getting sore from crawling and kneeling.

I was more than willing to endure it, though, for the pleasure I was sure it would ultimately bring. This sort of nasty game could even make something as routine as eating breakfast a turn-on.

Jackson came in, then, and looked at me as he entered, in a way which signaled I would not have to go all that long without sex. I kind of liked Jackson. I knew all of them thought of me as a sex toy, but while Stephen went no further than that, and Alex thought of me partly as a project for his kinky submission games, Jackson had more of an interest in me as me, not as 'hot blonde chick'.

Still, they were all way older than me, not quite twice my age, but nearly, so I hadn't entered this... would you call it a relationship at all... with romance in mind. The thing was Alex and me had started out as hot, nasty sex for its own sake, and that was pretty much where it still was.

Stephen was more into tech, and I suppose he and I had more in common, but he already had a girlfriend, obviously, one ten years older than me, and besides, he had shitty taste in music. Jackson was an odd one. Sometimes he seemed interested in me for more than sex, and other times he was even more into the 'domination' stuff than Alex.

Leona put the food at the table and the four of them began to eat, speaking about sports, about business, and about people they all seemed to know. I just knelt there, smelling the food but not doing anything. I was fairly sure that at some point Alex would offer me food, tossing it on the floor or having me lick it from his fingers as he had the other night.

“Aren't you gonna eat, sex slave?” Stephen asked.

I blinked at him uncertainly.

“Leona went through all the effort of making you some nice gruel and putting it into your doggy dish,” he said with a smirk.

I frowned in confusion, looking around, and there in the corner was a doggy dish, one of those double bowled plastic things you set out for dogs, with water one side and food in the other. Only this one had what looked like milk on one side and... something else white on the other.

“Eat, slave,” Alex said.

I let myself fall onto my hands a bit nervously and then crawled across the tiled floor to the dog bowl. It was milk on the left side and on the right... oatmeal. I looked over my shoulders then began to lower my lips.

“Is that the position you were taught to kneel in, slave?” Alex demanded.

I flushed, then spread my knees wider, raising my bottom and dropping onto my elbows and forearms. I was sure it wasn't a coincidence that my back end was pointed right at the table as I looked at the oatmeal, but I was no longer embarrassed about that sort of obscene display. Instead, it kind of turned me on.

Although I have to admit, with Leona there, I did feel a strong element of self-consciousness about it, and wariness. My bottom was very vulnerable, so was my pussy. And all she had to do was reach out to slap her hand against the base

of the two thick dildos jammed into me, which she was quite capable of doing.

The oatmeal, I discovered, was actually hot, which was a surprise. I licked at it testingly, and again found, to my surprise, that it was reasonably tasty.

“Leona put some nice brown sugar in there for you, sex slave,” Stephen said. “You like brown sugar, don't you?”

“Yes, master,” I gulped.

“Say thank you to Leona.”

“Thank you... mistress Leona,” I said.

“Dumb slut,” Leona replied with a sniff of disdain.

And so that was how I had breakfast, my nipple rings brushing against the floor as I slurped from the two dishes, the hot oatmeal and the cold milk, while the others sat around the table behind me and continued to talk.

In that position, one in which I had come to associate with hot, rough, wild, nasty sex, my pussy was continually thrumming hungrily as it squeezed down around the thick dildo. My breasts were swollen, my nipples tingling and stinging (they would sting for a while given how recently they had been pierced).

After breakfast, the guys starting taking more pictures and videos. I knelt or lay in the middle of the rug in the living room while they discussed different pictures and videos they'd like to see of me. That was how I came to have to lick Leona's pussy again, once more with my legs spread wide, while Stephen moved around me taking video.

Leona was harsh in her hair pulling, which made me anxious to do the best job I could, believe me! I licked anxiously, sucking on her pussy lips, pushing my tongue as deep as I could into her pussy hole, sucking on her clitoris as she sneered down at me and twisted her long black fingers in my blonde hair.

My breasts hung below me, or pillowed against the edge of the chair as I licked, until Jackson knelt behind me and began to finger my pussy. I moaned helplessly, the heat rising fast as he began to pump the dildo in and out of my

pussy. When he pulled it free and thrust himself into me the heat intensified, and became a sweltering thing that drew me into that familiar sense of uninhibited sexual passion where nothing mattered but the heat and pleasure.

Stephen continued to move around taking videos as Jackson pounded into me, his powerful hands sliding up and down my body and groping my breasts. And when I came, well, it was pretty obvious to them all as my cries filled the room.

Yeah, I know, I could have been home watching TV.

When they showed the video on the big screen I flushed both with heat and with embarrassment. There was no hiding my face in this video. There was no question it was me, in clear, sharp, brightly lit color! The camera panned up and down my body, often focusing in tightly on my face licking Lenora's pussy, or on my own pussy as Jackson's big cock drove into it.

But he had been careful not to show them above the chest. They were just an anonymous black woman and an anonymous Black man. There was no doubt the blonde slut between them was Molly Rice.

I had to lick Lenora's feet, then lick Jackson's feet, while Stephen took more video. They tossed little bits of chocolate onto the floor and I licked them up, again, while Stephen took video, and then Lenora took my 'leash' and made me crawl up the hall and into another room, one I hadn't seen before.

What it had been, I couldn't say. But it was clear things had been moved out to make space. It was not a big room, but big enough. The only thing in it were a few chairs around the walls, and a stripper pole in the middle.

“You're going to learn to dance, slave girl,” Leona said.

I was dubious, but it wasn't like I had a choice, and a kind of tingling sexual hunger was still gripping my mind, as it had almost since the first time Alex had touched me. Lenora had me put on lingerie and a schoolgirl outfit, then taught me how to strip, how to dance while I stripped, and then how to use the pole.

She certainly seemed to know a lot about it.

“Were you ever a stripper, uh, Mistress?” I asked.

She glared at me. “Do I look like a stripper, bitch?”

I wasn't sure what a stripper ought to look like, so said nothing.

“You think every nigger girl is a stripper?!”

“No! I didn't say that! You just seem to know a lot about stripping!”

“Bend over and put your skinny white arms around your legs, you little slut,” she growled.

I opened my mouth to protest, but then did as she ordered, grunting as I put my arms around my legs and pressed my breasts against thighs.

Crack!

It was a ... belt or strap, and it snapped sharply and stingingly across my taut buttocks!

“Ow!”

“When you need to know something... “

Crack!

“Oww!”

“... someone will tell you.”

Crack!

“You don't need to be asking questions.”

Crack!

“You need to be doing what you're told.”

Crack!

“You nasty, filthy little white slut!”

Crack!

“You listening to me, slut?”

Crack!

“Ow! Yes, Mistress!” I cried.

Crack!

“Are you a filthy little slut?”

“Yes, mistress!”

My bottom was on fire already! Each blow sent a sharp explosion of pain through my buttocks, the pain racing up my spine!

“Say it, slut!”

Crack!

“I'm a filthy little slut, Mistress!” I cried.

Crack!

“Are you a cock-hungry blonde whore?”

“Yes, mistress! I'm a cock-hungry blonde whore!” I cried.

Crack!

“Now get back on that pole where you belong, you whore!”

I gasped, trembling a little, gulping in air as I straightened, blinking back tears. I saw Stephen in the doorway, camera in hand, and blinked my eyes rapidly, turning away.

Swinging around the pole was not easy. My fingers were kind of strong from dancing on keyboards all day. My arms and legs were not. I didn't do a lot of exercise, after all. I was in okay shape, but, well, most of my time was spent in front of computers.

After it was clear I couldn't do much more on the pole because my arms were so sore and tired she had me practicing lap dances – on her, and on Stephen, until my thigh muscles ached as much as my arm muscles did!

After that, Stephen took a bunch more videos of me masturbating with dildos, black dildos, in different positions and in different ways, but they always wound up with me coming, whether it was a real or a fake one.

They'd taken videos before, but now it was like they wanted a ton of them. And they wanted nasty ones. Like in one I had to crawl up to where Jackson sat on the sofa and lick his feet, begging to suck his cock, whining and sniveling and saying “I love nigger cock, master! Please can I have some nigger cock! Please!”

Of course, you still never saw him above the shoulders, but the videos of me and my face were crystal clear, and they were starting to make me nervous. Mind you, the first one Alex had taken, without my even knowing there was a camera in the room, would have been enough to ruin me anyway, so I told myself it didn't really matter that much.

But the videos weren't just sex now, not just nudity. Like the one with my crawling and begging Jackson for 'nigger cock'. Another one had me all dressed up, and kind of saying into the camera how I hated niggers and how dirty they were and how I was with the Ku Klux Klan and hated black people.

That was awkward! I mean, saying that in front of black people! Even if they told me to do it!

Right after that they had me strip again and put on the stainless steel collar and shackles. Then Alex attached a chain to the back of the collar and drew my wrists up to attach to the chain just under my shoulder blades. He bent me over a narrow table set against the wall, and attached another small Y-shaped chain to my nipple rings, then tacked that to the wall.

That made me lean forward across the table, which pushed into my hips. First he used a vibrator to make me squirm and twist and moan in heat, then he locked my ankle restraints together, leaving me on the balls of my feet, bent over the table, and strapped me again while Stephen took videos!

God, my ass was on fire! But even so, when he unlinked my ankles and pushed his cock into me I came like a whore, my nipples burning as they pulled against

the chains!

And then Alex put a laptop on the coffee table while I knelt in front of it.

“I want you to build me a web site, sex slave,” he said.

“Wh-what kind of web site, master?” I gulped.

“It's gonna be a porn site. It's going to be called Molly's Many Black Masters.”

I blinked and flushed.

“See this folder? It's got all those videos we've taken so far. And this one has pictures. Create me a nice, nasty web site featuring you as the star, sex slave. Make it good, make it professional.”

“But – !”

“You want another strapping?”

I'd had several that day and I sure didn't want another, so I shook my head rapidly.

“Then get to work.”

So that's what I had to do for much of the day. I had to make a porn site featuring me! I had to go through all those wicked, nasty videos and pictures and put them on the web site.

Now if you don't know anything about web sites, you should be aware that you can build them on your own computer, but nobody is going to see them until you upload that to an internet server. So having them in the form of a 'web site' wasn't really any different than having them in folders. But it felt really... nasty and exciting and wicked and dirty and stressed me out.

And it wasn't like I had complete freedom either. All of them had 'ideas' which I was required to include, like a written confessional which started with “Hi, my name is Molly Rice, and I'm a filthy blonde slut that works technical support for Alavent Insurance. I thought you'd all like to see what a whore I am and how much I love nigger cock and am willing to do anything to get one inside me.”

Do you have any idea how weird it felt to be building that web site!?

I had been working on it for a couple of hours when I was interrupted by being dragged back from the table by the hair and set on my knees in the middle of the floor. Then my metal wrist restraints were locked together behind my back as all three guys stripped naked.

I have to admit, the sight of those muscled black bodies made me instantly feel a thrill of hunger even as Lenora took up the camera again. The three guys stood in front of me, with Alex directly in front, and Stephen and Jackson beside him, though kind of angled in on either side.

“Suck cock, white girl,” Lenora ordered.

They were all soft, or semi-soft, but I started with Alex, licking and sucking at him, unable to use my hands, of course. Still, even so, he was soon hard. I turned to Stephen and sucked him hard, then turned back to Jackson and did the same, then returned to Alex, who had started to soften. They undid my wrist restraints and then I got to grab Stephen and Jackson in my hands and pump their slick black cocks while I worked on Alex.

Lenora moved around me taking videos, moving in close for full face shots.

Then, with me gasping, they recreated what they'd done the previous evening. Alex lay down on the floor, and I mounted him, bent forward so that Stephen could push himself up my ass, and Jackson could grip my hair and pull me down and to the side to slide his cock into my mouth and down my throat.

It was wild and kinky and hot and the way it left me breathless, sometimes literally, as Jackson buried himself in my throat, made the orgasm incredibly powerful when it arrived!

I incorporated the new videos into my web site, of course.

After that, they had me crawl into the garage and into the trunk of Alex's car. Once I was laying down Alex clipped my wrist restraints together behind my back, then drew my ankles up and back and fastened the restraints around my ankles to the ones around my wrists. He pushed a ball-gag into my mouth, and strapped it behind my head, then stuffed the narrow plastic body of a vibrator between my thighs, with the thicker, round ball end pressed up against my pussy,

turned it on, and slammed the trunk.

I felt so incredibly weird! I felt anxious, wondering what they were doing to do and where I was going, but also felt darkly thrilled, for this was all a wild, kinky game which filled me with passion and heat and pleasure.

The two dildos were still stuffed up inside me, and with the vibrator pressed against me I was soon groaning and wriggling there in the dark trunk of the car. There were bumps in the road that shook me, turns, and the sound of traffic, but it was all outside, and it just added to how surreal it felt.

I wondered where we were going, and wondered what would happen when we got there!

I had three orgasms on the way there, and by the way, it was freaking hot in the back of the trunk! So that meant by the time Alex opened it up I was sweaty and bedraggled as I blinked up at him.

He lifted me out of the trunk and set me on my belly on the cold stone floor of another garage. Then he squatted down and unlinked my wrists and ankles so they came apart. I groaned weakly into the gag as he tugged on the leash and pulled me up onto my hands and knees, then crawled out of the garage into a narrow hall.

Right to the left was a flight of stairs, and he had me crawl down them, tugging on the leash to keep me from stumbling forward. We were in a very nice finished basement with a high ceiling (for a basement). There was furniture, a big TV, a pool table and other things to the left, but he just had me crawl past them through a door.

Now it was cold concrete. On the left was another room, the laundry room, I saw as we passed. Then the furnace was on the right, and we went past that. There was a toilet on the left, and a room with shelves full of stuff on the right. We passed them all.

And then into a final room, empty, with a stone floor and cinder-block walls.

“Raise your hands,” Alex ordered.

I held them out and he removed the metal shackles.

“Put the palms of your hands together.”

I did so, and I saw he had a black rope in his hand about as thick as my index finger. He wrapped it around my wrists and tied it, then laid loop after loop after loop alongside it. The rope was soft, but firm as it tightened around my wrists. I wondered how many he thought he needed since even one would have kept me firmly bound.

Finally he drew the rope down between my wrists, and then circled the loops around my wrists a few times, to tighten them even more firmly.

Only when he pulled me to my feet could I really look around the room. There didn't seem to be much there except some odd looking metal stands, a couple of chairs, and then, set against the stone wall, a really big full-length mirror. It must have been six feet wide!

Alex raised my wrists high and reached up above me. I cocked my head back instinctively, though I didn't need to, since I could clearly see him in the mirror stretching my wrists towards a hook which hung from a chain. Stephen moved in and the two actually lifted me up to slip the ropes around my wrists over it.

Then they let me down. Only... there was no floor. There wasn't enough Molly to stretch from the hook all the way to the floor!

I gasped into the gag as the ropes tightened around my wrists, as my bare toes wiggled and twitched just above the floor. My body felt taut and stretched out, and, looking at myself in the mirror, I could see that I was, the skin taut against my chest.

Stephen took more pictures and video, and then they left, closing the door behind them.

I stared at the closed door, then stared at myself in the mirror.

Shit!

The first thing I felt was the pain in my wrists. Yes, the ropes were soft, and there were a lot of loops around my wrists, but they still burned as the ropes carried all my weight. But the image of myself in the mirror, hanging by my wrists like that was so... darkly exciting! I moaned softly into the gag filling my

mouth and just stared with breathless and growing excitement.

Wow!

It was hard to pinpoint what my thoughts were, for they flashed around wildly through heat and hunger, pain and anxiety, passion and resentment. Yes, resentment. I mean, I hadn't done anything. I hadn't broken any rules. Even if I was a sex slave there was no reason to punish me! Then again, I supposed, if you were a sex slave, your master didn't need a reason.

I felt oddly disconnected with my legs, as if they were just dead weight dragging me down. But I was newly aware of the dildos protruding from my pussy and bottom, for with my legs hanging down together the bases were squeezed in tight between my thighs and my buttocks.

My nipples were stiff and tingling, and I moaned as I watched myself, saw my blonde hair mashed back against my arms, my eyes blinking against the sweat. I had been perspiring pretty freely in the car, in the trunk, that was, and now I was sweating again. The basement was warm and my system was flooding with adrenaline.

I swayed slowly, turning as I hung there, moaning into the gag which held my jaw and lips so wide. I waited, sure they would be back any moment to do whatever it was they intended doing to me, probably with cameras viewing it. I had no idea where I was, or why they had brought me here instead of just hanging me up at Alex's place.

Was this Stephen's house? Or Jackson's? Was it Lenora's? I hoped not!

I looked at the pale gray cinder-blocks along the wall, then, as I continued to slowly sway and turn, I saw a small, narrow window high up near the ceiling, looking out out at greenery. I looked down the length of my body, and my toes wriggled again, as if thinking I could just stretch just a bit and help support my weight.

By the way, if you've never been hung by your wrists, it's not exactly relaxing. It's actually quite draining. Even breathing required effort, and my wrists were burning!

It was an odd position to hold my head. I couldn't hold it straight because my

arms were behind it. They were in exactly the position my head should be in, so I could either force my head back through my arms, and let it hang back, or I could let it hang forward. Hanging forward was easier.

But then I began to drool.

It was the ball gag in my mouth. It filled my mouth and kept my jaw apart, but it also made my mouth fill with saliva, which I had to keep swallowing. But the longer I hung there the more tired I got, and the less I cared about it. After a while, and I was starting to lose track of time then, it just pooled against the ball, and then began to seep out around it, between my lips.

By then I was starting to feel very sorry for myself. I mean, yes, this was a wild, dark, kinky, thrilling game, but the discomfort level was growing more severe with the passage of time, and that was dousing my inner heat. I wanted one of them to come and fuck me and take some pictures and let me down. Crawling around on the floor was a lot better than this!

The door opened and I jerked my head up, flushing, anxious, and now embarrassed, as Lenora came through. I didn't like Lenora. I was actually coming to hate the woman, and I hated her seeing me like this, sweating, drooling and bedraggled. I hated the smug look on her face too as she set up a tripod with a camera on it and plugged it in.

The camera was in the far corner, to my left and front. She left the room and brought in a second one, this set into the corner behind me to my right.

Even hanging by my wrists she was still taller than I was, as she swaggered over.

“How is our slutty little sex slave doing?” she purred.

I glowered at her but she just smirked, then I felt her fingers at my clit, and felt a jolt as they began to rub against me.

“Such a nasty little sex slave you are,” she said sweetly. “You're even drooling at the thought of some Black man coming to fuck your little blonde brains out.”

I wondered what would happen if I kicked her. I didn't think it would be good, and I would be helpless to stop whatever retaliation she decided to deliver.

Then she drew a vibrator from her pocket and pressed it against me down there, rubbing it slowly back and forth as I mentally squirmed. But my resentment of her wasn't enough to diminish the heat the vibrator began to rouse. I wanted that heat, that pleasure, that arousal, for it was a solid distraction from the discomfort, from the pain.

It made the pain and discomfort unimportant, in fact, as my eyes began to narrow and my pulse started to race.

“Spread your legs, slut,” he ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, though it was not easy. My legs felt so heavy! But I spread them out to the sides as she gripped the base of the dildo in my pussy and began to thrust it in and out. She positioned her hand over the base so that every time she thrust it up deep her thumb, which extended up past the base, would slide over my clitoris, then back, while she held the vibrator to the side and rubbed it across me!

“Your little cunt likes this doesn't it, you nasty little blonde girl?” she sneered.

“It looks like she does,” another voice said.

I jerked my eyes open and gasped into the gag, staring at the black man standing there. It wasn't any of the three brothers! He was a complete stranger! I felt a shock-wave of embarrassment roll through me, and my legs jerked closed, as I instinctively tried to cover myself from his dark eyes!

And he was dressed... if you can call it dressed, in this weird leather collection of studded straps crossing his otherwise bare torso, and a kind of leather g-string! He wore a black mask over his eyes, one of those Zorro masks, but his face was slender and black, and definitely not one of the guys. His skin was black, very, very black.

Alex and his brothers were “Black”, that is, African in origin. But their skin was sort of chocolate brown. This guy's skin was as close to black as anyone I'd ever seen. And in with those straps and leather rings crossing his body he looked like some kind of African savage!

He was muscular, but not as broad shouldered as the guys.

“This is Kofi,” Lenora said.

“As in, I like my Kofi black,” the man said with a smile.

His accent was definitely Jamaican!

He put his hand on my breast! I wasn't as full there as usual since my breasts were drawn tautly by the way I was stretched out, but his hand caressed my stiff nipple as the other snaked around me and squeezed my ass!

“So, you are the girl who calls black people nigger,” he said.

I gaped at him.

“We will soon make you into an obedient sex slave,” he said with a flash of white teeth.

Oddly, his words didn't so much embarrass me as make me feel relieved. I mean, it was obvious he was part of Alex's silly sex slave game, and since I considered that kind of, well, cliched and not to be taken seriously, I felt less threatened. I still felt horribly embarrassed, though, as his eyes and his hands roamed over my body, but that was fading.

Because I was horny, and because the embarrassment I would have felt with a stranger seeing me naked wasn't anywhere near what it would have been only a week ago. Being kept naked, the only naked person in the room, sometimes, with four people I didn't really know that well had done something to my thinking on that subject.

That's not to say I wasn't still horribly embarrassed and uncomfortable, but last week I would have been catatonic! I would have had a heart attack or something!

And the way he was running his hands over my body made him, I don't know, a participant, rather than a stranger who was just a spectator. I don't understand why that made it less embarrassing, but after a minute I was feeling less shocked.

He dropped to his knees and looked up at me, then he stuck his tongue out... and out... and out, and then it curled slowly up and back and touched the tip of his nose!

Holy shit!

He chuckled throatily, then began to lick at me. Lenora moved away, back behind the cameras, adjusting them, and I gulped anxiously, staring down at the man as he began to lick me and suck on my clitoris! He pulled the dildo out and dropped it on the floor, then lifted my thighs up and apart and drove his incredibly long tongue into me, twisting it around like a slick, soft snake!

He sighed happily, drawing his mouth back as I gulped in air and stared.

“The lovely taste of blonde teenage pussy,” he said with a chuckle.

I felt the urge to correct him, because of course, I was twenty, but with the gag in my mouth there wasn't a lot of chance of that. Then he thrust the dildo back up inside me – hard, and I cried out as it punched into the back wall of my pussy

He made up for it, though, by licking and sucking at my clitoris again.

Which distracted me for a bit, as another man entered the room. I jerked my head up, gasping, panting, moaning, and stared at him without understanding at first, heat and hunger swirling inside me. And then I realized I didn't know him! It was another stranger! And like the one kneeling in front of me, he was virtually naked, dressed in metal rings and leather straps, with a Zorro mask over his eyes!

He stepped forward and I dropped my eyes, face burning as he watched. I moaned, fingers pulling against Kofi's hands to no avail. I could do nothing to affect anything!

The man moved away and I raised my eyes, but he had moved behind me. I felt a frantic anxiety, jerking my head around, or trying to. Was he going to fuck me!? I didn't even know his name!

While I was jerking my eyes around, trying to watch him, Lenora left and closed the door behind her! I don't know why that hit me as hard as it did, because I didn't even like her! But suddenly I was naked and tied up at the mercy of two men I didn't even know!

“I do not like her like this,” the other man said.

“You wish her more spread out, yes?”

“Yes.”

I grunted as they each grasped one of my ankles and pulled my legs to the sides. I was still wearing the metal restraints, and they found rope to slide into the rings, then drew the ropes out to either side and tied them in place to rings set in the floor. Now I was even more helpless! My wide eyes jerked back and forth from one to the other as they came in against me from either side!

Kofi, on my right, reached between my arms and gripped my hair, then forced my head back through my arms! His other hand moved down between my legs, gripping the dildo and thrusting it up and down into my dripping pussy. Like Lenora, he let his long thumb stretch up along the base of the shaft so that as he pumped it in and out his thumb stroked across my clitoris!

The other man gripped the other dildo and began to pump it slowly in and out of my ass! Then he leaned forward and started to suck at my nipple. Kofi leaned forward and did the same with my other breast!

This was fucking unbelievable! I squealed and moaned and gasped and trembled as the men moved their hands and mouths over my body, doing whatever they wanted to me. I began to slip into this strange sort of sense of unreality, my mind dazed by it all, not knowing how to react or what to think!

And then they both stopped touching me. Kofi moved around in front of me, his brown eyes on my blue ones.

“Such a pretty little blonde girl,” he said. “I like pretty blonde girls.”

And then I felt this sharp stinging blow across my back. It was a light blow, lighter than the straps that the guys had used on my bottom. But it still stung! I twisted my head around, trying to see, and caught a glimpse of the other guy behind me, but standing to my left, holding... a whip?

It wasn't a thick whip, but it had a solid handle and then about five feet of long thin... whatever it was! I gaped as he swung it again, then screamed, more in anticipation than pain, just before it cut across my shoulders!

Kofi reached out and caught my head in his hands, holding it so that I was looking directly at him.

“You must be trained so that you become the proper sex slave for Black men,” he said.

It took me a moment to understand him. He wasn't talking like he had when he'd first entered the room. He didn't have a Jamaican accent any more. Now it sounded... I don't know, really foreign, like, well, African, maybe.

“You white girl, you love black cock,” he said, in that same exaggerated accent and tone. “You learn to beg for African cock for you be our slave, our prisoner!”

And then I got that he was playing for the camera, but it didn't make me feel any less shocked as the whip cut across my back again, this time lower down. I squealed and jerked against the ropes, for it hurt! It stung, and then left a kind of burning sensation behind!

“You learn to obey, white girl,” he said. “You learn that black man your master!”

Crack!

The whip cut across my back again, this time diagonally! I cried out, back arching, hips jerking as my ankles tried to pull free of the ropes.

Crack!

“You be sex slave now,” Kofi said.

Crack!

“You service black men.”

Crack!

“You serve their black cock!”

My back was starting to burn! And I was writhing there in mid-air, my hips jerking and twisting against the tight hold on my ankles!

Kofi let go of my head, and his hands moved down my breasts, then left my body entirely. He undid the black leather thong covering his groin and it dropped away, and my eyes jerked down as his cock unfolded and, no longer squeezed tightly, began to quickly harden.

“It excites me to see white girl beaten,” he growled in that weird accent. “It is proper! It is right! For you must be punished for your wickedness!”

His cock was big and long and pointed straight at me! But instead of using it on me he dropped to his knees, gripped my thighs, and began to lick my clitoris! I continued to twist and jerk and flinch and cry out as the whip cut across my back, but then he moved closer, and the whip sliced down around my rib and curled around my body to snap across my breasts!

I screamed at the sharp sting of the blow, feeling a shock of panic, but also another flood of unreality! This couldn't be happening to me! I was ... I was a nerd! I was a geek! I was tech support! Things like this didn't happen to me!

Crack!

The whip cut around my side once again, slashing across my breasts with a hot, stinging blow!

Crack!

It snapped around my other side, curling up diagonally across my belly until it sliced into the soft flesh of my right breast!

Kofi stood up and seized my head between his big hands again.

“Do you wish him to fuck you instead?”

I frantically nodded my head!

“Then you must beg him to fuck you. You must offer your whorish blonde body to him for his lust instead of his anger. Beg him to fuck you.”

I moaned into the gag, eyes wide, and he reached behind my head and undid the strap, then pulled the gag out of my mouth. I gulped in air, moaning, whimpering as the whip cut across my back again, and then Kofi slid back down to his knees and began to tongue my clitoris.

“Please!” I gasped in a choked voice.

Crack! The whip curled around my left side and up across my right breast.

“Please fuck me!” I cried.

Crack! The whip cut across my shoulders.

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried.

Crack! The whip snapped around my right side and across my breasts.

“Please!” I gasped. “Please fuck my blonde whore body!”

Crack!

“Please fuck me with your wonderful black cock!” I cried desperately, my back on fire now. “Please fuck my whore – !” *Crack!* “body!” I cried. “Please fuck my filthy white whore body with your beautiful black cock, master!”

The next blow failed to fall, and I felt a wild swirl of hope, then, as he came forward and gripped the dildo in my ass and began to pull it free, a surge of desperate relief! I groaned as he pulled the dildo free, hanging dazedly there from my wrists as Kofi tongued my clitoris. I moaned helplessly, staring down at the red lines criss-crossing my breasts with a sense of disbelief.

Then I felt the other man's cock pushing up into my ass! I moaned as it slid deep. Again, I could immediately tell the difference between a dildo, between silicon, and hard, hot skin! I groaned as it drove deep into my ass, then cried out as his big hands moved around me to cup and fondle my sore breasts!

Kofi pumped the dildo in my pussy as the other man worked his thick cock slowly in and out of my ass using long deep strokes. My flesh burned at back and chest, but I began to relax at last, in a strange kind of way, for the anxiety the continued whipping and rising pain had caused had seeped out of me, leaving me gasping and limp.

I groaned, though, as his cock pushed deep enough to cause me cramps, as his warm black skin pressed in firmly against my pale white buttocks. The heat began to rise slowly, this time, but then Kofi rose up before me, pulling the dildo out of my pussy. I dropped my eyes, staring at his hardness as he stepped forward, and watched him grasp the base and aim it at my opening.

I moaned in resignation, but also a strange, almost fascination. I gasped and gurgled as he pushed up into me, and then I was sandwiched between the two of them, their cocks deep in my belly!

I felt another wave of unreality, of 'this can't be happening' thoughts, as their cocks began to work in and out of me. Kofi was leaning in to chew and suck on the left side of my throat, while the guy behind seemed content to grasp my hair and jerk my head back at an angle to force my back to arch.

I felt all my emotions, my fears, anxieties and embarrassment, melting away in the face of the tremendous physicality of what was happening. It was like my mind had no room to think of anything but processing all those sensations pouring into me as twenty fingers moved over me, and two big cocks moved inside me.

Heat rose higher and higher, but it was a strange kind of heat. It wasn't as sharp edged, but was more all-encompassing, a heavy dark tide which rose up around my mind to submerge me completely in the sensation the two men were forcing upon me. I moaned helplessly, too tightly bound to even consider actually doing anything, and because of that my mind simply floating there, taking in the sensations.

That sexual fever I had experienced for the first time with Alex built up within me again, and I became a sexual animal, caring about nothing else, a wanton whore with no inhibitions writhing in the grip of pleasure. The two big cocks pumped inside me as their hands raced over my body, and I shuddered and moaned and cried out again and again as the fever built to an incredible level.

And held there! It wasn't like the sharp buildups I'd felt before, which peaked and then faded. This was as though it were holding just below the peak, even as intense as the pleasure was, as I gurgled and gasped and moaned and trembled in the throes of a feverish lust!

It lasted an impossibly long time, and then suddenly rose still higher, the intensity of it drawing a long, warbling cry of animal pleasure from my open mouth! And then it rose still higher to peak, in an incredible orgasm, the power and intensity surpassing anything I'd ever experienced! I cried out again and again, until I had no breath to cry out with, and writhed and twisted in the throes of convulsions, my muscles spasming again and again as though I were being torn apart from the inside!

*

Do you know how someone can be so traumatized by having something awful happen, something shocking, that it twists their minds somehow, and affects them for a long time afterward? When I found myself on the floor, having briefly lost consciousness, I guess, I felt like that. Only, it wasn't that I was traumatized by something terrible happening, it was more like I was shell-shocked by how incredibly intense and powerful the pleasure and heat and passion had been in the violent, churning storm of my orgasm!

When my shattered mind fit itself back together again I found myself on the floor, two men adjusting things on my arms and legs. I groaned as my elbows were forced closer and closer together, and felt my hands up high between my shoulder blades. Ropes were bound around my arms, forcing them back closer and closer together, looping around my wrists as well.

And I wasn't alone with Kofi and the other man. The triplets were there too, also dressed in leather straps and metal rings, also wearing masks. It was, I was pretty sure, Alex, adjusting the ropes, big hand on my right shoulder, fingers massaging the muscle as other hands forced my elbows even tighter together behind me!

I could feel the back of my neck with my fingers!

My shoulders ached, and I moaned anxiously as they surrounded me, winding rope around my arms, and then pulling it around my body in front. I gasped as I felt the rope tightening around my breasts, right against my ribs, squeezing them out hard and taut. My mind was still dazed, and I had no idea what they were

doing to me or why!

Finally, they eased back, leaving me alone, panting, moaning into the gag. I noticed the dildos had gone back onto my pussy and up my bottom, but I didn't remember when that happened. And I was becoming so used to being deeply penetrated and full that I hardly took notice of it.

They formed a kind of half circle, facing me, and I looked up, eyes wide, at all that male flesh surrounding me, that black male flesh, as I knelt helplessly before them. My breasts throbbed, and I dropped my eyes to note how taut they were, kind of pulled a little to the outside, away from each other, but the rope looped around their base. The nipples were hard and tingling, and I felt the weight of the rings pulling down.

And then Lenora moved in from the corner. Like the men she'd put on this collection of leather, like road warrior stuff, only hers had a bikini top, so she wasn't showing much. Her face had a mask, too, and more importantly, she was wearing a bottom, while the men had all lost theirs. Even more importantly, she was wearing a big, black strap-on.

She moved behind me, and knelt. I gasped as she seized my hair and forced my head up and back, then shoved forward, bending me over. I felt her fingers at the dildo in my pussy, felt it being pulled back, then out, until I felt empty. A moment later a thicker dildo pushed into me, and I moaned into the gag as she slowly forced the oversized cock deeper and deeper into my quivering belly!

She pulled me back against her, then abandoned my hair to grasp my thighs, pulling them apart, sliding my pussy back onto her dildo as she knelt behind me. She drew me up and back until I was straddling her thighs, the dildo achingly deep inside me, then shifted her grip to my hair again, pulling it up and back.

“You love black cock, don't you, blonde girl,” she said.

I felt her other hand at my hair, but then the strap holding the gag in my mouth was undone, and her hand reached around to pry the ball out of my mouth. I gasped aloud, finally able to breath properly through my mouth, to gulp in air, but then she jerked my head back even more sharply and I felt a sharp slap against the center of my right breast!

“Ow! Don't!” I gasped.

“Do you love Black cock, slut?”

“Yes!” I gasped.

Another slap, and I saw now that she had a short little belt in her hand, no more than a foot long and perhaps two three inches wide.

“Yes, mistress,” she corrected me.

“Yes, mistress!” I gasped.

“Say it then.”

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

Crack! The belt slapped against my breast stingingly again!

“Nasty little slut,” she purred.

But she pushed my head forward once more, and directed my open mouth onto someone's cock. I didn't even know who it was until I rolled my eyes upward, and even then I wasn't sure because of the masks, and because the triplets all looked virtually identical. But it didn't really matter. The cock was hard and it filled my mouth as much as the ball gag did, more, for it pushed deeper and deeper.

I gurgled and licked at it, sucking dazedly, but she allowed little time for me to work, pushing my head firmly forward as one of the triplets, I think it was Alex, pushed his hips forward as well, driving himself down my throat.

“Swallow that black cock, nasty little slut,” Lenora purred, jamming my head forward until my face was pressed against his groin.

She held me there for long second, then pulled me back and completely off so that I gasped loudly, coughing a little.

Crack! The strap slapped against my breast again!

“Do you love black cock!?”

“Yes, mistress!” I croaked. “I love black cock, mistress!”

She shoved my head forward again, onto the cock of the guy standing next to him, one of the other brothers, and then kind of worked my head in and out, as if fucking me on the man's cock, until she pushed firmly forward and forced it down my throat.

“Nasty slut,” she said as she pulled me back. “Tell me you love black cock.”

Crack!

“Tell me.”

“I-I love b-black cock, mistress!” I gasped breathlessly.

She shoved me forward again onto another cock.

Every time she pushed me forward, it lifted me up along the thick cock she had jammed into me, for I was practically sitting on her thighs now, my legs wide, hers tight together, impaled on that thick black dildo. Every time she pulled me back, of course, I sank back down all the way, impaled on the thing, so that my insides ached.

She shoved me onto one cock after another, pushing me forward, off the cock inside me, then drawing me up and back onto it, always finding a reason to slap at my breasts with the small strap.

“Nasty slut,” she purred.

She shoved me forward onto a cock, and at that point I was light-headed, dazed, lacking air from having black cocks deep in my throat again and again. I gurgled weakly as she pushed me in and pulled me back, pushed me in and pulled me back, fast and hard – which again, rode me up and down on her dildo.

Then I felt a buzzing sensation between my legs, a vibrator, though I didn't see it and didn't really think about it. I was too dazed. My body was being shoved up and down, forward and back, and my head was spinning as cock after cock buried itself in my throat and then fucked me hard – or was I fucking it hard – or a combination...?

I didn't know. I didn't care. I gasped and gulped and coughed and gagged occasionally, saliva spilling over my lower lip as cocks drove deep into my

throat again and again, and my vision was filled with black cocks, black flesh, even as I rode up and down on Lenora's black cock.

They stopped – at some point – but my mind was kind of foggy. I grunted and moaned dazedly as they manhandled me, as I was lifted and turned and then found myself hanging upside down from the ankles, hair dangling on the floor, legs spread wide. I was blindfolded, and I felt something penetrating me.

It was a cock. I was fairly sure of that. It wasn't a dildo. It moved in and out of me as hands grasped my buttocks, fucking me, and I just stared into the blackness and moaned dazedly.

But then hands grasped my hair and I felt my head drawn backwards, back and then up. I cried out weakly at the pull against my scalp, but then a cock was shoved into my open mouth and then straight down (up?) my throat until it was buried there. A moment later he started thrusting in and out, hard and fast and deep, fucking my face even faster than whoever was fucking my pussy up above.

Lack of air made my head pound again, even worse than before because of being upside down, and my chest burn, and made me light-headed once more, though I hadn't really had time to recover my senses anyway.

Hands were on my body, fingers caressing, sometimes pinching, sometimes groping, as cocks thrust into me, sometimes one a a time, sometimes together, but I just hung there, dazed, blinded, and eventually they all seemed to go away, leaving me like that.

I might have hung there for hours. It was hard to get a good sense of time. It was hard to get a good sense of anything! For example, I wasn't happy, but my mind wasn't functioning well enough for me to form a coherent thought such as “I don't like this. I want to be let down,” or anything similar.

It was as if I was just experiencing what was... existing in the moment, without a past or future, not entirely unthinking, but close to it.

I felt someone touch me. I heard sounds. I moaned weakly, unable to speak, for the gag was in my mouth again. When had that happened? I didn't remember.

I felt a new fullness inside me – up there. Then a buzzing. Then I heard a voice speaking. I didn't recognize it at first. It was my voice, and I was moaning or

crying out with pleasure, and yelling about how I loved black cock and I was a filthy whore and a slut and stuff like that.

My memories of it all are kind of foggy, but I know that I had a number of orgasms. They weren't huge orgasms, because I think they were more just a physical response to the stimulation, as opposed to others which involved my scandalized imagination more. My imagination wasn't doing a whole lot just then.

They left me down there all night. I hung there in a semi-conscious daze, sometimes, if not sleeping, at least dozy. I grunted weakly as I was carried somewhere. That was my first really conscious thought. Then I was placed into warm water and bathed. I was still tied up, though, still gagged, still blindfolded.

Then I was out and dry, and my mind was... if not fully awake, a lot more than it had been. I was aware of who I was again, and, sort of, what was happening. When the gag was pulled from my mouth I started to speak but someone jerked back on my hair sharply and I felt the strap slap down several times on my right breast.

“No speaking,” Lenora growled.

I moaned dazedly as she released my hair. Then there were fingers against my mouth and my lips parted. There was honey on the fingers and I licked at them as they slid into my mouth and over my tongue, sucking on them. After that came what turned out to be a strawberry, then several more. I had no idea whose fingers they were, nor did I really care.

I was hungry, after all.

No one was doing a lot of talking, which kept me in a state of uncertainty and anxiety. I didn't know who was there, nor, for that matter, where I was. When someone began to caress my pussy I just gasped, but didn't otherwise react. Hands caressed my breasts and fingered my nipples, but I had no idea whose hands.

“Stand up, slut.”

I gasped at the pull to my hair, scrambling to get my legs under me. I swayed and staggered, and someone grasped my arm to steady me, then released it. My

hair was released, and then I let out a small squeak of pain at a pull on my nipples. It wasn't a familiar pull at all. It was as if the rings piercing my nipples suddenly had a mind of their own, and I had to jerk forward to keep the pressure from hurting.

I didn't really understand it, but had to move wherever the pull led me. It didn't feel like anyone was touching me, but as if something, a chain, perhaps, had been attached to my nipple rings. I stumbled forward, gasping, alone in the world, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, feeling nothing but the remorseless pull on my nipples which I had to follow!

And then suddenly it was as if a door opened and I heard voices. They weren't distinct, but a hubbub of conversations which all seemed to stop as my nipples pulled me forward. Then they started again. There were whistles, there was laughter, and there were comments, a dozen or more at once! It was clear there were many people here! Like, dozens of them, maybe!

I gaped around, then gasped as the rings jerked me forward, then stopped. Finally I felt a hand on my nipples, then an easing of the weight of the rings, as if chains had been removed from them.

I was guided forward slowly, until my knees hit something and I almost fell. Hands grasped my hips from in front.

“Spread your legs,” Lenora ordered.

I obeyed, as hands guided me forward, then down. I felt a cock pressing against me, and moaned as I sank down onto it. But it wasn't a really big cock. It wasn't one of the triplets, that was for sure. It didn't feel like Kofi's either, nor the other guy who had been with him.

But then, it didn't matter. My mind kind of shrugged it off in exactly that way. What did it matter? It was a cock. And it was inside me now. I felt a mouth sucking and chewing at my breasts, hands on my buttocks pulling me up and forward.

Mostly male voices seemed to surround me, talking about me, about my body, about my breasts and bottom and pussy and hair, but they were all a strange background static as the sensation of the cock inside me and the mouth on my breasts drew most of my attention.

I was straddling someone who was sitting in a chair. I grunted and moaned, riding slowly up and down on his cock. It was probably a decent size, but it didn't feel very big because of all the giant ones I'd had inside me of late. Yet it marked the person as someone completely unknown to me. That should have caused me more anxiety than it did.

In fact, it caused me none. I guess I was still kind of dozy, for all I thought of was that it was a cock, and of course, I had gotten quite used to the feel of them over the past few days.

Then I felt hands in my hair pulling my head forward and down and to the side. I moaned, and a cock pushed into my mouth. I spread my legs wider, sucking and licking as I continued riding the cock beneath me.

“Look at that little slut!”

“She loves that black cock.”

“I want me a piece of that tight ass.”

“I want my cock up that hot little pussy.”

“What a whore.”

“Blonde girls are always hot for Black cock.”

All around me were people saying things like that, all men, as far as I knew. It felt like I was surrounded by a crowd of men! It was a crowd that was watching me, leering at me, taunting me, wanting me, lusting over me.

Black men, I presumed.

I rode the cock under me until it softened, then I was turned and bent over a table. The cock in my mouth came free, then pushed in again... or maybe it was another one. Then another cock pushed into my pussy from behind, and started fucking me. The cock in my mouth softened and I swallowed, then another pushed in to take its place.

I was lifted up and turned so that I lay on the table, draped across it on my back, head hanging over the far side, then someone fucked me while someone else

fucked my throat. I was lifted up and off and set down to straddle another man, this one sitting on a sofa, and rode him as someone else turned my head to the left and pushed his cock down my throat.

Then I was on my back on the sofa, ankles pressed down against the arm above my head, someone fucking my ass hard. Then I was straddling someone again, his cock deep in my pussy, while someone else fucked my ass and someone else took me orally.

No one was overly rough or anything, but no one was particularly gentle, either. I found myself lost in a world of physical sensations, cock cocks pushing into my body, and hands moving and groping, squeezing, caressing, pinching and slapping, male voices laughing and making obscene remarks.

And it seemed to go on and on and on forever, until I was so exhausted I could hardly move, and my pussy and bottom ached, my throat gravelly and sore.

And then I woke up in a cage again.

The sorest part of me was my shoulders, and my arms ached so that I winced as I moved them. But I could see, at least, and though the metal shackles were on my wrists and ankles, and the collar around my throat, I was free to move as I wished – within the cage, at least.

I groaned, inspecting my body, my throat still aching as I ran my fingers over the more tender parts of my anatomy. There was a kind of water tube on the side of the cage, kind of like those things you find on hamster cages, but bigger. Anyway, I was able to put my head down and suck water from it, which helped my aching throat.

My wrists were sore, and had rope burns, but there was no sign of any red lines or marks or welts from the whip they'd used. My mind was awake now, but kind of shell-shocked by what I'd been through, and still not entirely sure about what all had actually happened.

What day was it? I didn't even know that!?

Finally, someone arrived to let me out. It was Alex. I looked at him doubtfully, my mind kind of swirling with mixed emotions now, for I felt misused, if you will, mistreated.

“On all fours, slave girl,” he said.

And I was starting to get impatient with the slave girl stuff.

I crawled out, though, and looked up.

“How long – .”

“No talking,” he ordered.

“But – .”

Crack!

I gasped at the sharp pain which rose across my bottom! He was holding a thin, short... whatever it was. It was thin as a pencil, and maybe eighteen inches long!

“No talking. You'll get answers later. Now just obey.”

I bit my tongue, for the thing had stung! I crawled down the hall to the bathroom, where he gave me an enema again, then washed me and my hair, dried me, and inserted a butt-plug into my ass. Then it was more crawling, downstairs to the kitchen table. No one else was there but us, and though I looked around questioningly, I was hesitant to speak for he still held that little... switch or whatever it was in his hand.

We had breakfast, as we had before, with him feeding me by hand, then he took me into the downstairs bathroom and brushed my teeth before putting the ball-gag into my mouth. I glared at him but he didn't acknowledge it as he led me, crawling, into the living room.

There was something new in the room.

It was like a very low, rounded ottoman, with a dildo sticking out of the center. He had me straddle it, then sink my pussy back down onto the dildo. As I was sliding down its length I saw a kind of lump near the base. It was round on the outside, flat on the inside, and there was only a small distance between it and the base of the dildo.

I sank down fully, gasping, as the dildo pushed high inside me, and that jammed

the top of my pussy in between the base of the dildo and the other thing, which began to buzz like a vibrator.

Alex knelt and pulled my ankles back and then strapped them to the rear of the thing I was straddling. It was now, that I thought of it, something I'd seen on-line at some point or other. It was flat on the bottom, against the floor, and rounded, like a tree log cut through the center. Only it was a lot shorter, perhaps three feet long.

And then the big screen right in front of me lit up.

It was me. It was the video they had taken of me the other day! I stared at it, eyes wide, a flush spreading down my body as I watched!

Ohmygod it was so hot! I would have gaped, even if my mouth wasn't forced wide by the gag.

I found myself squirming and wriggling there on the low padded stool, gasping as I watched the man using me, watched myself being whipped, watched my body writhe and twist! A hot flood of desire moved up my body and then quickly deepened into a wild kind of sexual fever as I watched myself.

And then, it got worse. For reliving what had happened, well, that was hot, but watching what I'd never seen with my own eyes, that was... stunning. Alex had left me alone, but I was hardly aware of it as I stared at myself being led along by a chain attached to my nipples. The chain split in two halfway along it, as Lenora led me forward.

I looked so... so helpless, so dazed, so incredibly sexual! I stared at myself as she led me up to a door, and then it opened and there was a room crowded with Black men! I shuddered as she led me in amongst them, as I watched myself being touched, being pawed, watched their faces leering and lusting!

As I watched, my hips squirmed with more and more violence, grinding myself against the vibrator thing, trying to ride the dildo despite how my ankles were bound down. The scenes before me were so shocking, so raw and intense, that when the first orgasm came I threw back my head and howled like an animal, twisting and writhing and bouncing atop the dildo as a massive wall of sexual pleasure swept through me and swamped my mind and senses!

It was so.... strange! It was like I was watching a pornographic movie that featured someone else, except I knew it was real, and the someone else was still me! I gaped at the way I was positioned, turned, used, fucked, sodomized... I came, and came again, and again, grinding my pussy against the vibrator, sobbing with breathless arousal as the images burned themselves into my retina, so shocking, so impossibly wild and animalistic!

That I had seen none of it when it happened made it a surreal experience, but it also intensified the dark eroticism of it. I had never seen anything so incredibly, shockingly exciting and arousing in my life!

I writhed amid a raging, feverish fire of sexual passion, gasping and moaning and sobbing in hunger and wild-eyed excitement at the sight of myself being taken again and again, being manhandled, roughly turned and positioned, ridden, fucked, pounded, by a group of two dozen or so men I had never seen before in my life!

It seemed impossible, yet I had lived it, and now my mind was blasted by the dark images of my submission and abuse, by the sound of my own moaning and gasping, all accompanied by the vibrator buzzing away at my pussy as my body almost unconsciously at times, rode the dildo!

It... did something to my mind. I mean, having experienced it, yes, that did something to my mind, as well, but now, having seen it, having relived it, only this time in bright, shocking color, my mind was simply stunned by the force of it!

It was like I was scarred for life – but not in a frightening way, not in a way which made me feel bad, but in a way which made me so very deeply aware of my sexuality, of the wild, fierce heat and passion which existed inside me. It didn't exactly turn me into a new person, but it made me feel as if that sexuality, that eroticism, was who I was, maybe not entirely, but very much a part of me.

And it wasn't just the sex, either. It was the helplessness, it was being acted upon by others while helpless. It reinforced, as much of what Alex and his brothers and friends had been trying to do, I was sure, how incredibly intense my pleasure could be while submitting to their desires.

I stared at the scenes, and I rode the dildo until my thigh muscles wouldn't work any more. Then I ground myself helplessly against the vibrator, until I was

exhausted and could barely move.

Alex sent me home, then, though with a data stick containing all the videos and my 'web site'. He was going on a business trip and would be away for a week, so it was time to get back to my life.

My... boring life. I found I had less interest in computers than I had once had. I watched that video again and again, masturbating wildly with the black dildo Alex had given me as a parting present. My first problem, though, was that I had gotten used to being... very expressive, what with being gagged a lot.

I had to buy a ball-gag. It was a bit embarrassing, but given what I'd gone through with the three brothers taking me to a sex shop already, well, I managed it okay. That allowed me to not worry that the neighbors in my apartment building would hear me screaming in pleasure.

I went to work as usual, and I didn't change how I dressed on the outside. On the inside I wore very lacy, slinky, sexy lingerie, but that was my secret. For in the world of geeks and nerds, of computer and my job, I was still Molly the tech support girl. I didn't change, though sometimes it was hard.

For what I was... what I had become, that was my secret, and it was a secret I didn't share with ordinary people. I knew they'd judge me harshly if I did, even the nerds who were so hot for me. I was a slut, practically a nymphomaniac! I masturbated every morning when I got up, then again in the shower, then when I got home, then at least once during the evening, then again at bed. Every day.

And my mind was filled with dark images, many from the videos, of me, tied up, shackled, being strapped, being fucked by big men whose dark, muscled bodies crushed me between them.

Five days later a package was delivered to my place. It had the metal shackles and collar. There was a butt-plug in there, too, along with another big black dildo. The note was unsigned, and it simply said "Be ready".

What did that mean? Well, it seemed to me, as I stood there, feeling a trembling sense of excitement, that someone was coming over to fuck me. I didn't know who it was, really, though I figured it was Alex. But it hardly cared. I had kind of gotten used to wearing little or nothing around the apartment anyway. Now I put on the shackles and collar each evening when I came home and wore nothing

else right through until I got ready for work the next morning.

I often had the butt-plug inside me. Sometimes I slid the dildo into my pussy too, and would just watch TV, or surf the internet, or work on some software I was doing, like that. It was oddly reassuring, even while also being highly sexual, and keeping me in a sort of low simmer, as far as arousal went, the whole time.

And then one day my door opened and Alex was there. I gasped, instinctively trying to cover myself, though not against him, as he stood there in the open doorway. He smiled and closed the door behind him and I relaxed. Or at least, I stopped worrying about who might see me.

“You're back,” I started to say.

He swept his big hand around behind my neck, grasped it, turned me and roughly shoved me down across the back of the sofa, then kicked my legs apart.

I didn't protest, not with the rapidly rising liquid heat burning its way through my mind and body! I moaned as he thrust himself into me, and then gasped and cried out as he fucked me hard and fast. He yanked my hair up and back, then dropped it, then grabbed my wrists and drew them up and back behind me, fastening them together.

Then he grabbed my hair again, pounding himself into me as I moaned and sobbed and gasped and then screamed into the palm of his hand as he quickly slapped it over my mouth, the orgasm tearing through my body as his stiff cock pounded me into a burning, wailing, trembling mess of overexcited nerve endings.

“Are you my sex slave, blonde girl?” he demanded.

“Yes, master!” I gasped.

“Are you everyone's sex slave?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I moaned.

He jerked me upright by the hair and I staggered until he jerked my hair sharply back, forcing me to arch back.

“I have a plan for you, blonde girl. Would you like to hear it?”

“Yes, master!” I gasped in a choked voice.

He looked around the room and made a face.

“It starts with a new place for you to live.”

I gulped anxiously, my heart pounding, for I wasn't sure what that meant except... I was worried about the thought of moving in with him. I mean, yes, this slave thing was incredibly hot, and it had changed me, but if I became his slave full time I was afraid I would lose myself entirely!

It was conditioning. Do you know what it means to be conditioned to something? It's like that rat in the maze. It came to be taught that if it rang the bell it would get a treat. My mind and body had become conditioned to the fact that submitting to Alex and his brothers and friends would give me immense sexual pleasure.

And so I wanted it, a lot. I mean, I was becoming an addict, thinking about it all the time! The pleasure was so intense, so powerful, that I would do almost anything to get more of it, no matter how degrading!

*

Alex's plan called for moving me into a nice house. It was an older house, with high ceilings, and way more room than I'd had before! How could I afford it? Alex had loaned me the money, of course. He'd even loaned me the money for some nicer furniture.

But he'd paid for the cameras himself.

There were high quality HD cameras in the bathroom, the bedrooms, the attic, the kitchen, the living room... basically everywhere. And I had to incorporate them into the 'web site' which featured me. One of the bedrooms contained a large cage, where I would be sleeping from now on – under the watchful gaze of the camera, of course.

I would wear no clothing around the house. Alex and his brothers would have keys, and they could give keys to anyone they knew. Anyone who came there

could do anything he wanted to me, whether I knew them or not.

Anything.

And what about the web site? That went live, but my picture wasn't on the front, not on the outside. It was a highly restricted web site. Only Alex and his brothers and whoever else they gave the password to could use it.

And there were several devices installed which I would have to use whenever anyone on the web site ordered me to do so.

It all made my stomach flutter and clench from the moment he told me about it. It only got worse when I moved in. Oh, I loved the house. It was in a great location that would let me just walk two blocks down to catch the train to Grand Central Station and my tech support job. And it had a great view.

But let me explain what happened the very first night.

There was a beeping sound, and I knew, because Alex had explained it, that I had to go to the computer, that someone was on-line, and was summoning me. I had to go to the computer room and sit in the special chair in the middle of the room.

Hello, slut, the words on the monitor said.

“Hello, master,” I replied aloud.

Do you love black cock, blonde girl?

“Yes, master. I love black cock,” I said.

I didn't even know who I was typing with, but my stomach felt fluttery anyway, imagining someone staring at me over the computer, looking at me through the several cameras in the room.

I gulped as I felt something pushing up against me. The chair had a big dildo in its seat, you see, which would self-lubricate. The person on the web cam could operate it. Now it pushed up against my pussy, and I spread my legs apart, gasping as I felt my pussy lips being spread wider and wider.

The dildo pushed up inside me, inch by slow inch.

Tell me what a slut you are, the monitor said.

“I’m a filthy little blonde slut,” I gulped, a bit breathless. “I love to be fucked hard by big black cocks!”

The big black dildo pushed deeper and I gasped aloud.

What a nasty girl you are, the monitor said. You clearly need to be punished.

“Yes, master!” I gulped, impaled on the black dildo.

Spread your legs wider, slut. Now masturbate for us.

Us?! I had no idea how many people might be watching! I had no idea how many passwords Alex had given out! My chest tightened further as I spread my legs and leaned back, fingering my clitoris and running my other hand up and down over my breasts.

Are you a whore?

“I’m a filthy whore, master!” I gasped.

God! Imagine of any of the techs I worked with hacked this web site! I’d simply die!

I moaned helplessly, though, rubbing my clitoris as the black dildo pumped up and down, up and down inside me.

“Tell us what you think of Black men, blonde girl.”

I hesitated, but I knew what I was supposed to say. I shuddered a bit.

“I hate niggers,” I said aloud. “Dirty filthy nigger bastards. They’re like monkeys from the trees. They should all be slaves again.”

I flushed as I said the words, for I was fairly sure it was a black guy watching me.

Dirty little racist, the words on the monitor said. You definitely need to be

punished. Go to the whipping room.

I gulped helplessly as the dildo slid back down out of my now thrumming pussy. I had not been in there yet, for I had just moved in. I mean, I had looked at it but... not used it! It was in the attic. I went upstairs and into the attic, where the machine had been set up.

The whipping post was just that. It was a wide post in the center of the floor. It had metal cuffs hanging from a chain near the top, but they were controlled by the computer. I simply had to put my wrists through them. I waited, heart pounding, and the clamps closed around my wrists.

They were metal on the outside, but had soft leather on the inside. But they were also controlled by whoever was on the web site, and not by me. I could not get loose. I pulled at them anyway, feeling more and more anxious.

The whole thing was operated by the guy on the web site. And now a narrow portion of the post pushed out, like a lever. It rose up between my thighs, about three inches wide and a foot long, pressing into my sex at a sharp angle, coated on the top with silicon.

Behind me was a round mechanical post, and it suddenly spun sharply. The whip attached to it swept out and cut across the center of my back, and I cried out at the sharp sting of the blow, jerking forward against the post!

I jerked instinctively against the cuffs, trying to pull free, even though I knew I couldn't!

The guy on the web site could control where the whip went, and it sliced into my buttocks next, making me cry out, jerking my hips sharply forward! The next blow landed across my upper back, then the next and the next and the next cut into my soft flesh in the middle and lower back.

I could do nothing about any of it! And so I had that incredible sense of helplessness, of being victimized, of being... I don't know, a submissive sex slave, a helpless, abused sexual slave!

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

The turning wheel swept the whip across me with sharp, stinging blow as I cried

out again and again, and was jerked forward against the post. Of course, the movements also jerked my pussy forward against the angled silicon covered lever, effectively grinding me heavily against it.

At first, the pain was too much of a distraction. It wasn't a heavy whip, but it still stung! But the more I was whipped, the more my back heated up, and throbbed and a sort of general burning sensation began to dull the sharper edges of each fresh blow.

The whip began to focus on my bottom more and more, and my hips jerked forward helplessly at each blow as my buttocks began to flame hotly! But there were flames within me, as well, as I moaned and swayed on my feet, half hanging by the wrists as each fresh blow snapped across my overheated flesh.

My pussy ground in and out, up and down against the angled lever, and began to do so even without the impetus of the whip. Again and again it cut into me, as I sobbed weakly and ground myself against the lever. Cameras watched on all sides.

The orgasm exploded up through my body and I screamed, arching my back, grinding frantically against the lever as the whip continued to cut across my shoulders and back and bottom. I bucked and jerked and trembled through violent convulsions until the orgasm finally subsided. Then I sagged in the handcuffs, gasping for breath.

The whip stopped.

I swayed weakly, sweating, gasping, flushed, with thin red whip marks across my skin. The cuffs slowly opened and I stumbled, grabbing the post for support.

“I think you need a black cock inside you, blonde girl,” a voice said.

It was a hidden speaker, converting his typed words into a stilted, but understandable spoken voice. “Go to the fucking machine.”

Panting, I gulped and wiped sweat out of my face, then stumbled across to the machine by the wall. I straddled it and got down on all fours, moaning helplessly as I lowered my hips across the padded bar. I lowered my chest to the base, where two hollow depressions waited. They sank into the round depressions until my ribs were flat against the base. Then the top of the depressions began to

narrow, squeezing my breasts.

At the same time, I thrust my hands into another pair of cuffs, and my ankles into two more, which closed around them, locking me in place. I felt a tingling sensation against my nipples as the cups into which I had lowered them began to squeeze in and out, with a small electrical pad right at the bottom.

And then the guy on the web site – assuming it was a guy, sent the thick black dildo on the end of the pipe deep into my pussy. I was angled up, as was Alex's favorite position, my upper body low, and my knees wide, as the thing began to thrust into me. It fucked me hard, and it fucked me deep, as a vibrator pushed up and began to grind against my clitoris.

And again, I had no choice or say in how long it went on. I had no say in how hard the thing fucked me, or how deep. In this case, it varied, as whoever was on the web site played with the controls.

The vibrator was powerful, and my mind was flooded with heat and dark excitement. Orgasm after orgasm flooded my mind and body as I cried out with the intensity and power of my body's pleasure. The dildo eased, then another pushed forward into my ass, and sodomized me. After a while, the other vibrator started pumping at the same time.

The person on the web site didn't need to stick around for this. The machine would continue until he told it to stop. And it continued for... some time. I was a sopping wet, sweating, exhausted, aching, moaning, barely conscious mess by the time he finally halted it and let me go.

I collapsed on the floor, chest heaving, and my pussy aching.

And that was my introduction to the house.

The next day Stephen came over, with Lenora, and I sucked his cock while she strapped me. The next day it was Jackson, who fucked me hard and repeatedly.

The day after that I didn't even know who he was! I looked up as the door opened and a black man came in. I had no idea who he was. He didn't introduce himself and didn't talk a lot. He looked at me with hard, hungry eyes, then grabbed me by the hair, forced me to my hands and knees, and then made me crawl through the house and up the stairs to the bedroom. There he threw me

onto the bed and fucked me hard. When he was done, I sucked him hard, and he fucked me again, then again.

And then he left.

It was a... bizarre existence. During the day I was a tech support girl, solving problems (which I really like, by the way), and, I now understood, being ogled and the subject of sexual fantasies by most of the men who saw me, especially the ones I worked with closely.

Then I took the train home, got inside, stripped naked immediately, put on the shackles and collar, and made dinner. Just like any other working girl. Sometimes I'd watch TV, and sometimes I'd surf the internet. Sometimes I'd chat on the phone with my mother or father.

But at least once or twice every night, either someone, usually one of the triplets, but sometimes some other Black guy I didn't know, would come over to fuck me, or I would be summoned by the computer and either fucked or ordered to masturbate with a variety of implements, or whipped, or strapped (another machine) or fucked by several machines Alex had installed.

It was a while before I came to understand that while Alex only gave a key to a few people he knew well (and knew were healthy) the password was actually available to anyone who paid a very, very steep monthly fee. The only restriction was it had to be a Black man.

So I was living a kind of a normal life, at least during the day, but at the same time, I had all these guys, these Black guys, who wanted to be my master, who wanted to punish me and fuck me, and see and hear me scream in both pain and pleasure.

And then during a trip to Japan, Alex met a Japanese man and let him become a member. The membership soon grew and grew, even though Alex raised the rates many times. There were too many members, and I had no time to do anything at night, even sleep! So Alex changed the rules again. The only ones who could operate the machine were Black men he knew.

The Japanese only got to watch.

When Alex bought me a Lexus I suspected there were a lot of Japanese

watching. When he canceled the loan and simply gave me the house I was sure of it. But it didn't really impact me. I mean, it's not like I had much in the way of inhibitions left, so if hundreds or even thousands of Japanese guys were watching me shower or masturbate, or be fucked by Alex and his friends, well, that really didn't matter to me.

As long as they stayed over there and I stayed over here.

And during the day, well, I was still Molly the tech support girl, even if I was a little tired and sore some days, because of what had gone on the evening before.

*

The Molly's Black Master series

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[Molly's Two Black Masters](#)

[Molly's Three Black Masters](#)

[Molly's Many Black Masters](#)

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

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