

Molly's New Black Master

By JJ Argus



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Molly's Black Master (5)

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

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Molly's New Black Master

I looked out the window at the New Jersey turnpike, not really seeing anything of interest as rain battered against the windows of the bus. I wasn't quite sure what I was doing or even where I was going. My mind was so fucked up that I could hardly think straight.

It had been a very, very strange couple of months.

It was astonishing to think of how much had happened during that time, how I had changed, or been changed, really, by others. I had kind of liked who and what I was before, but no one had asked me if I cared. They had taken me and twisted my mind into an image that would give them pleasure.

My Black masters.

Alex had started it. He was an important man at my company, and a big, powerful Black man, black as the ace of spades. He was six and a half feet tall with a football player's body. It had been a wild thrill to let him take me, to submit to him, to be used by him, to be... fucked by him, fucked hard.

It had been the most astonishingly wild moment of my life, but it had only marked the beginning. I had allowed myself to be... seduced... by the pleasure and heat and thrills, to be turned into his bitch, his sexual toy, his virtual slave girl. Then his two brothers had joined in, all of them eager to dominate a blue eyed blonde girl almost half their age.

What an innocent I'd been! But before long they'd had me crawling and calling them 'master', and introducing me to every manner of depraved sex. Then they'd made me into an internet whore, selling me on a web site, letting their friends come and visit me and use me – and punish me.

Don't get me wrong here, it had all been... exhilarating. But they had drawn me into it by stages, to the point where I could hardly believe the things I was doing. By the end I'd been little more than a caged sexual animal, used and abused by

them and their friends as casually as you'd make use of any toy or 'thing'.

I had become a slave, but more to the sex than to the Black men who used me. The sex had become like... like a drug, and I an addict. I had been conditioned, both body and mind, so that when I was given my fix the incredible pleasure had given me a sense of desperate euphoria I would do anything to get again... and again... and again.

My mind, even now as I tried to focus on what to do and where to go, kept flickering back to mental images, like pictures lit by flashes of lightning, dark, erotic pictures which made my pussy thrum and my nipples tingle.

The images were all of me, of me in freeze-frame positions and situations, outrageous ones, degrading ones, shocking ones which would probably horrify most women. But to me, they just drew up a sense of hunger, hunger to do it again, to feel that wild dark thrill and sense of euphoria again!

I hadn't planned what to do, how to leave, or even when or why. It had been building up within me for days, weeks, that I had to get out before I lost myself entirely and became nothing but an animal, like a bitch permanently in heat, always craving sex, always wanting a black cock inside me.

Lenora felt contempt for me. I'd always known it. She hadn't bothered to hide it. And on many levels, I not only easily understood but agreed. I had become something contemptible, giving up my freedom to others, letting them use me any way they wanted.

Now I was trying to leave that behind me, but those flashing images in my mind kept sending pulses of excitement and need down through my body. The problem was I didn't really want to leave it behind. I wasn't sure what I wanted, but I knew I still wanted a big black cock inside me, still wanted the thrill of being roughly used, even punished.

I had developed a strong, masochistic streak, or they had developed it inside me. More of that conditioning, I guess. So even running away, even now on the bus, I had a butt-plug stuffed up inside my ass, because I was used to it, and because whenever some black guy wanted to sodomize me he could do it without much effort.

My nipples were pierced, had been pierced, months ago. Most girls who have

pierced nipples keep studs in them most of the time. My nipples had never known studs. They had rings in them, big gold rings, a thicker gauge than most girls get, and the diameter of silver dollars.

Alex had put them in himself, and they were special rings. They were perfect circles. They opened by slowly bending the metal apart, and then closed into an almost seamless circle. Alex had put crazy glue on them so that after they closed that time they could not be opened again.

A month after that Lenora, the girlfriend of Alex's brother Stephen, had pierced my tongue. Then she'd worked to stretch it out, to strengthen it. Alex had made me do exercises to firm and tone my body. Lenora made me do exercises to improve my oral sex skills.

The ring in my tongue, at least, was a stud, but a special kind of stud. It could be unscrewed on the top, and a flat, wide kind of pad screwed into it so that it really (or so I'd been told) added to the sensations when I licked a cock or a pussy.

Then Stephen had arranged for my clitoris to be pierced, or rather, the hood over it. I held a thick barbell, which, like the nipple rings, was glued in place so it couldn't be removed. Attached to the center of the bar bell was a tiny spiked ball which dangled over my pussy.

The ball made it virtually impossible to wear any kind of pants without the little ball constantly rolling against my clitoris to produce a wild mixture of aching heat and arousal. If, on the other hand, I wore nothing, the little ball would bounce lightly against my clitoris as I moved, tormenting me.

The idea was to keep me in a state of heat almost all the times, and between the four of them, that had mostly worked. Even when I was at work Alex was able to use remote control vibrators on my body, and make me do stuff to affect my mind, like constantly text him nasty, degrading messages.

The last couple of months had been so wild, so intense, that I think my nipples had often gone for days without softening! It had turned me into a sexual animal, into a beast, a pet, if you will, for Alex, crawling around on the floor, licking food from their fingers, and begging for sex.

Atlantic City, I thought. That was where I was going to go. Fading as it was, its casinos still held a glittering attraction.

Not that I was looking very glittering just then. I hadn't been able to really prepare for leaving. The whole house was covered in cameras so men could watch me doing anything and everything. I hadn't had any money, though I was sure the web site had a lot of customers. That money had gone to Alex and maybe his brothers.

So with little but the clothes on my back I'd taken the train to Jersey, to my old apartment, grabbed a few clothes, cashed in my bank account, and caught a bus headed south, not even sure how far I was going to go.

Who was I? That was the question. I was Molly the tech girl, geeky graduate of Jersey Technical College, who loved and lived for computers and high tech toys. That was who I was. I was NOT Molly the sex slave, the wildest, masochistic slut in the state. That was what they'd turned me into.

I was only twenty years old. I was not ready to turn off my brain and become someone's fuck toy forever, however much heat that brought me. And besides, they had stuck me in a house alone, letting strange men use her, both over the internet, and in person. Even though they often came over to fuck her it had been, to be honest, lonely.

Because it was like she wasn't even a person, just a sex toy, a body they could lust over and use and abuse, then leave alone.

The bus ride only took a couple of hours. That wasn't long enough to sort out my screwed up brain.

I got off the bus with one suitcase and a backpack. I didn't have a cell phone. I didn't have a laptop. I'd sold the laptop, knowing it could be traced. I didn't want to be found, at least, not just yet.

Atlantic City was... not much of a city compared to New York, or even Jersey City, where I grew up. It had a lot of unemployment, a lot of slums, and the only eye-pleasing part was the coast, the boardwalk, and all the big, shining casinos which mostly paralleled them.

The casinos caught my eyes, of course. They were glitzy and high-tech, and just walking around in them made me feel like I was in another planet. It was an overload of sound, light and color, almost enough to make me completely forget why I was there.

Why was I there?

I was there... to become my own master, or mistress, anyway. I was there to clear my head, to shake off my addiction, or at least, to gain some control over myself. I didn't want to be an animal who belonged to someone else. I wanted to own myself.

At the same time, I had been changed. What I want, what I think, how I acted and reacted, had been changed. For one thing, if I'd come to Atlantic City two months ago I'd have been wearing loose jeans and a sweatshirt, or maybe a football jersey and yoga pants. I'd have been dressed for comfort.

The black hooded crop top was comfortable, to be sure. It was thin, and cool in the warm air outside, but I wasn't wearing a bra with it and that was awfully – obvious, especially inside, where it was air conditioned and my nipples hardened. The nipple rings were reasonably obvious, too.

The jean shorts I also wore were very low on my hips, leaving a long length of naked flesh between the waistband and the crop top. I was proud of that naked flesh, though. Alex had set me to exercising, and I knew I was toned and tight.

And... I liked people looking at me, guys, I mean. I liked being noticed, being wanted, being appreciated. That hadn't been the case before, but now... now it gave me a sense of pride and self-confidence. And it's not like I was very shy any more, not after so many guys had seen me naked, and... so much more, both in person and on the internet.

So if guys were scanning my ass while I walked by, or licking their lips as they zeroed in on my smooth belly or my breasts pushing out against the crop top, hey, that was fine with me. I was a very sexual being now, and almost took such attention for granted.

And, of course, that little spiked ball was grinding against my pussy as I moved. It ached a bit, but turned me on, and I knew that when I finally took off my pants and got my fingers against my swollen clitoris it would be so burning and super-sensitive that I'd explode into orgasm in less than a minute.

It all made me feel a little guilty. I mean, that was the sort of thing I was supposed to be getting away from, after all. I was Molly the Geek, not Molly the Slut!

Except I was a slut now. There was just no denying it. I was a very sexual creature who loved sex, and wasn't all that particular who gave it to me. And besides, how was I supposed to get the rings off? I'd have to find some guy and explain it to him, and while I wasn't exactly shy any more the idea of that was awfully... embarrassing.

Anyway, the way to find decent jobs was to check the internet. To check the internet I needed a computer. I felt, pardon the pun, almost naked without one. I didn't have a lot of money, though, and I wasn't about to overpay for some piece of corporate junk. So I went to the library, used their internet, and found a local cut-rate computer repair shop.

It was in a run down storefront in a crumbling mall well back from the shore front. I took a bus there from my motel room, early in the morning, and found it mostly empty – which was what I'd hoped. There was only one guy there. He was young, if not as long as I was, short and black, and wore glasses.

Needless to say, he did a double-take when I came in. First, it was a poor area, which meant mostly Black, with a sprinkling of Hispanic. Only a quarter of Atlantic City's population is white, and New Jersey is kind of a tribal state.

I was wearing a tight, scoop necked tank top and short, low riding white shorts. And no, I wasn't wearing a bra. And this time, it was deliberate. Computer places were full of geek men, and most geek men would do just about anything a pretty girl wanted, given the right encouragement.

My blonde hair was loose and nicely blow dried into a rich mass tumbling over my nearly bare shoulders. I had used to keep it shorter, and vowed again to cut it, but for now it was useful.

“Hi,” I said.

“Uh, hi,” he said, hurrying up from the desk where he'd been working on a computer.

“I need a computer, desperately,” I said, leaning forward and looking him in the eyes.

“Well, uh, we mostly just do repairs here and – .”

“But you have a few laptops that nobody claimed, or that you picked up somewhere as a project, and just haven't have the time to fix up, right?”

He seemed surprised, but nodded, fighting manfully not to lower his eyes to my chest. I turned my head to look around at the workshop behind the counter to give him the opportunity, then I looked back intently. “What's your name?” I asked.

“Uhm, Jeff,” he said.

“Jeff,” I said, looking him in the eye again, “I bet I could help fix something up. I know quite a bit about computers, and I can pay for parts.”

Jeff – short for Jefferson – couldn't find it in his heart to say no to that. He was very helpful, as men are wont to be, producing a battered looking old Samsung, explaining what it needed, opening it up for me, and even fetching parts while I pulled out a defective motherboard.

Aside from dropping things a lot he was very helpful. The fact he stared at me like a dog at a milk bone was a little disconcerting, though. The men who had been around me of late were men who were strong, dominating, even cruel. He was like... an eager kid, a puppy, and reminded me of some of the guys I'd met in tech college.

It was frankly a relief to talk computers with him, to talk about the advantages and disadvantages of different brands of hard drives, chip sets and motherboards. Despite how he obviously wanted to pounce on me he was polite, and he wouldn't let himself be argued out of his particular brand choices.

He reminded me why I like geeks. Sure, they'll do disgusting things to you in their minds every day for months, but in person, they're polite, and oh-so-helpful. I thought that sweet given the arrogant, domineering men I'd had around me of late.

At the same time, though, well, I was still an addict, and being around a black man was making my body thrum with anticipation. He wasn't a powerful, older Black man, but he was cute enough. His body wasn't buffed up but it was lithe enough, and far stronger than me, of course.

So as he hovered around me, fixing this, and pointing out that, I started feeling

that now familiar sense of sexual tension and hunger. But I kept waiting for him to do something, forgetting, of course, that he was a geek. He wasn't about to grab me and bend me over the table or anything, not unless I told him to anyway. Anyway, he was too gentle. He wasn't the kind of guy I was looking for.

And yet... I knew, core deep, that I would have let him do anything to me he wanted to. Anything! If he'd torn my clothes off and bent me over the table he could have fucked me and made me come like the whore I was. I wouldn't have fought or even protested against it. I would have just ... come.

*

I found the casinos fascinating. I was drawn to them like a moth to a bright, shiny light. And that was where I wanted to work. Of course, half the population of Atlantic City wanted to work in the casinos, but I was a pretty blonde with a nice body. And nobody said life was fair.

The casinos were all about image, all about overawing the sensations with sound and flashing, multicolor lights, with rich, luxurious furnishings and making themselves into an adult Disneyland. They had huge shopping concourses, multiple restaurants, souvenir shops, and everything else you could need to never have to leave the hotel.

The Conquistador had openings. It had thousands of rooms, plus all those shops and restaurants, so it always had openings. But I was hired on the spot, and not for a restaurant. They put me out on the main casino floor in a kind of black tuxedo jacket, with collars covered in sequins.

There was no shirt to go with the tuxedo, but it had a built in bra which gave me a lot of cleavage while ensuring I didn't fall out of the jacket. A pair of glittery hot pants went with it, along with five inch heels. It also had a black bow tie which went around the neck, and reminded me of the collars I'd worn previously.

I had this little change thing around my waist, so that people playing the slots who ran out of chips could buy more from me rather than going back to the cashier. And I'd walk around the place, smiling, always smiling, waiting for someone to call me over.

Of course, wearing those tight hot pants made my pussy burn something awful! I even gave some thought to getting a pair of pliers to cut off that damn spiky ball.

I didn't, though, but what I did do was to masturbate several times a day, sometimes even in the bathroom at work.

I had even brought a small ball with me after the first day. It was a stress ball, as anyone could see if they noticed it in my locker. But I had become... pretty loud in my climaxes since the triplets had started in on me. So I would take the ball to a bathroom, work it into my mouth, wait until I was alone, then masturbate frenziedly.

It never took more than a minute, and then I would writhe and thrash and buck violently against my fingers as I tried to keep from screaming. It left me dazed and moaning, but relieved much of the pressure, at least temporarily, and kept me from flirting too dangerously with everyone I met.

The first few days it was way cool! Working in that kind of environment was great, and I was staring around me like a hick in the big city for the first time. I got a lot of lewd comments, of course, and a lot of lewd looks because of the cleavage, but that didn't really bother me. I was going to be a good girl!

I did my shifts, then went home to this little room I'd rented, masturbated with a big black dildo, and played with my laptop, while building another one I planned to eventually sell for extra money. It wasn't exactly exciting, not like going home to being a sex slave in collar and shackles, but at least my brain was functioning on an actual human level.

The job at the casino began to get old fairly quickly, though. My feet hurt from standing on them all day, and the majority of the people who played the slots were, to put it kindly, not overly attractive or sophisticated. They were fat Jersey housewives, and fat retired guys, and grannies, and they were rude and obnoxious more often than not.

And then I ran into Chris Dalton. The first sight I had of him kind of took my breath away. I mean, it had been almost a week since I'd had sex by then. Oh, I'd masturbated every night, and every morning, but that was just me and my dildo. I hadn't had a guy in a week!

And like I said, I was kind of an addict now. I kept telling myself I went months without sex all the time before. But I wasn't the same girl as before! I knew just how intense sex could be, and I missed that wild dark rush that my lack of control, that my helplessness lent it!

Anyway, Chris Dalton was seven feet tall. He was stolidly build and muscled, though his shoulders weren't as broad as Alex, there was just so much of him! He was strong in more of a lithe sort of way, as opposed to the bodybuilder Alex and his brothers were.

He was wearing flashy diamond earrings, dark glasses, which gave him a kind of sinister look, and a tuxedo jacket with lots of sequins. He stopped before me, looked down at me, and his lips curled up into an amused smile.

“We're like twins,” he said in this deep, rumbling voice.

I stared up at him a bit breathless from the sudden shock-wave of raw sex which suddenly rolled through me..

“Except you got a shirt on,” I said.

He smirked. “I like that outfit without a shirt. I bet I'd like it even more without the tux.”

He handed me three hundred dollar bills he pulled from a wad in his pocket.

“Gimme some quarters to play with, baby,” he said.

I knew he didn't mean ten cents. The casino used chips and special little slugs for the machines. Quarters were twenty five dollar chips. Very few people wanted them. Mostly I sold pennies and nickels – ones and fives. But I had twenty five dollar chips, and pushed down on the little lever at the bottom of the dispenser to pop one out. It rarely got used, and I blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

“It's kind of stiff,” I said.

He smirked again. “I bet lots of stuff gets stiff around you,” he said.

Then he reached for the machine, put his enormous hand over it, which, incidentally, let his fingers press against the soft skin of my belly, and used his other hand to press the lever down quickly again and again until he had three hundred dollars in 'quarters'.

“Thanks, baby,” he said, dumping them into his pocket.

Then he pulled out another hundred, and slid it into my cleavage. He actually folded it in two, then slid it in sideways, so the tip of the bill slid across my nipple.

“Keep the change,” he said.

I stared after him as he sauntered away, then, heart thumping, pulled the bill out and folded it in half before sliding it into my pocket.

“That's Chris Dalton!” Suzanne Conway said, easing over to me.

Suzanne was another change girl, and stared after him with wide eyes.

“Who's Chris Dalton?” I asked.

She gave me one of those looks.

“Well?”

“He's in the NBA!” she said, as if I was dull witted.

“Yeah? Well, he's tall enough.”

I had fantasies about Dalton for most of the remainder of my shift, but that's all they were, and I told myself that I had to do something to ease the growing sexual tension and hunger inside me or I'd wind up throwing myself at some black wino shuffling along on the boardwalk!

But then I told myself I wasn't a slut any more, that I was a geek, and that I would be able to soon get a job doing tech support again. In fact, I'd spoken to Jerry Tollins, the guy in charge of maintenance on all the machines, and he'd promised to let me take the next course they gave for new maintenance hires.

Slot machines are computers, you know, and filled with chips and motherboards and software.

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Jerry kept his word. I took the class, and was a whiz, and so I was able to transfer over. Now when I went out on the casino floor I wore black pants and a

black polo shirt with the Casino's name across the left breast pocket.

Two months into my stay in Atlantic city and I hadn't had sex with a guy! I was starting to lose that sense of being a sexual creature, starting to lose that sense of needing a big black cock inside me (not counting my dildo), and starting to feel like my old geeky self again.

Keeping all those machines running was a neat, new challenge. They had a lot more moving parts than regular computers, so I had to do more mechanical repairs than before. The light repairs I did out on the floor, but for more complicated ones we had to take the machine back into the workshop.

I had cut my hair, so that, like before, it was about shoulder length, curling in towards my throat, with lots of bangs over my forehead. I was feeling less tension and less stress, and starting to think about ways to develop my own slot machine, and how it might be different from what I was working on.

And then I ran into Chris Dalton again.

I had read up on him some since the last time I'd seen him. He was one of those bad boys, constantly getting in trouble with the league and with the police. He'd been arrested a bunch of times, mostly for punching people out. He'd also been arrested for going a hundred and sixty in his Porsche.

The last I heard he had been ordered to take a course in anger management by the league after being suspended for elbowing some guy in the face.

I could hear his angry voice as I headed towards a broken machine. One of the floor managers had put in a call to have it repaired forthwith so a customer could continue to play.

This didn't really surprise me. Some of the regulars got really attached to certain machines. They could get pretty pissy if their machine was out of order. The angry voice I heard, though, was awfully deep, and as soon as I turned the corner into that aisle of machines I recognized him. He was tall as a fucking giraffe, so of course he stood out.

Paul, the floor guy, dressed in his black suit was trying to placate him while Dalton hovered over him, glaring, eyes covered by those dark glasses again.

“... said I want this fucking machine, not any other one? Do you have a problem with the English language?” he demanded scathingly.

“Of course not, sir. I apologize,’ Paul said, smiling. “I simply wanted to offer you alternatives to waiting.”

Dalton must lose a lot of money, I thought. The more money you lost here the nicer they were to you. Of course, there was the celebrity status thing, too. Casinos loved having celebrities play there since it gave ordinary people the illusion they were in select company.

“So, what seems to be the issue?” I asked with my best customer relations smile.

Paul looked relieved. Dalton looked... interested. I felt that little thrill of heat run through me again as I looked at the machine.

“It ain't working,” he said shortly.

“The coin slot doesn't seem to be activating the machine,” Paul added.

I nodded and took the special key I carried, unlocking the front of the slot machine. It was one of the higher end models. Like all the others except the cheapies – which took real quarters – this one took only slugs, and only five dollars and above. Of course, that meant the payouts it gave were significantly bigger, too.

“I'm sure Molly will have it fixed in no time, Mister Dalton,” Paul said. “She's a real whiz with these machines.”

Suck-up, I thought, inspecting the inner workings.

“Didn't you used to be a change girl?” Dalton asked.

“Yep,” I said. “I got promoted.”

“I liked your old outfit better,” he said.

“Lots of men did,” I replied without turning around.

My nipples were starting to tingle within the cups of my bra, though.

“Can I get you another drink, Mister Dalton?” I heard Paul ask.

“Yeah, you do that,” Dalton said, his voice more subdued now, less angry.

Paul scurried away and I snorted in amusement, checking the wires attached to the coin recognition slots.

“So that's your name, Molly?”

“Yep,” I said, still not turning around.

I'm a geek, not a slut!

“You got a nice little body there, Molly,” he said.

I realized he'd had a few drinks already.

“Thanks,” I said dryly.

I pulled a screwdriver out of my pocket and then a small air can from the tool-belt I wore. I blew air through the coin slots and across the recognition chips, thinking they might have picked up some lint or dust after having all those coins pass through them. It often happened.

“You blow. Do you suck, too?” he asked.

I turned and looked at him, feeling that hot little thrill again, but frowning anyway.

“That's rude,” I said coolly.

“Sorry,” he said. “I had a few drinks. My shrink tells me that makes my antisocial nature come out of hiding.”

“Don't drink then,” turning back to the machine. “I had a guy show me how important self-discipline was once,” I said, still talking, and still feeling that warmth rising in my body.

“Yeah? I think that's what my anger management shrink is trying to do.”

“My guy wasn't a shrink,” I said, closing the door of the slot machine, then

putting a slug through to test it. It worked and lit up.

“Hey, cool!” he said, looking at the machine.

“My guy was a dominant,” I said, my eyes catching his. “You know what a dominant is?”

He looked at me, off-guard.

“He teaches you self discipline through pain,” I said, winking at him and then walking away.

I was... teasing him, taunting him, tempting him, whatever you want to call it. I was paying him back for that suck and blow comment. At the same time, though, I felt a kind of sexual charge at saying it out loud, to a guy I didn't even know.

But I didn't intend for it to go anywhere. It was just a kind of in your face kind of thing. I'd seen him twice in two months so figured I wouldn't likely see him again any time soon anyway.

When I came out of the employees door into the mall outside the casino floor, though, there he was waiting for me. I was wearing jean shorts and an off the shoulder tank top which left half my abdomen bare. And he seemed even bigger as he moved to cut me off. I halted, staring at him, as he looked down at me, his eyes still invisible behind the dark glasses.

“I want to have dinner with you,” he said.

Well, that was direct enough, but I hesitated. I even blushed just a bit, given what I'd told him. But what else was I going to do that evening but go home and work on my computer?

It gave me another little rush that I'd thought something similar once upon a time with Alex and his brothers.

And then, feeling a hot rush I looked up at him and blurted “You just want to fuck me.”

His lips curled up a bit. “Baby, everyone that sees you wants to fuck you.”

I flushed.

“But that ain't all I want to do.”

“Uh huh,” I said warily.

I should have said no, but I was feeling breathless, and so I shrugged, as casually as I could, and he grinned and jerked his head to one side as he turned away. I walked after him, then alongside him. I had to walk quickly even though he was kind of strolling, since his legs were way longer than mine.

I guess we made a bit of an odd pair walking along. I'm not especially short for a girl, but my face was about at the height of chest. And, of course, I was a fair-skinned blond girl and he was a big, black, tattooed, vaguely menacing looking man.

I couldn't help thinking of Alex as we walked along, even though Chris was much closer to my age than he and his brothers had been.

“You watch basketball?” he asked.

“I'm more of a tech geek,” I said. “I like machines, computers, software, the internet.”

“Yeah? What kind of computer you got?”

The question ... surprised me, to say the least. I mean, okay, maybe I was being racist or at least prejudiced, but my attitude had more to do with my geek judgment of 'jocks' than my white girl judgment of black guys. And it was – has he ever even used a computer?

Geeks don't generally think much of jocks, if you don't know. Mostly we think of them as cavemen with clubs and sloped foreheads who are lucky if they can tie their own shoes. Yes, it's often untrue, but it's as generally valid as the cliché's about geeks.

We reached an elevator and he pushed a button. I wasn't really and truly paying a ton of attention to where we are. The place was a labyrinth.

“I'm running an Asus M6589 with an Intel I7-7899,” I said casually, almost in

amusement.

“Yeah? What kind of graphics card you got?”

“An Nvidia GeForce Titan,” I said, vaguely surprised he even knew to ask.

“I got the GTX-8000, myself,” he said. “And an AMD 9590.”

I looked up at him, surprise evident on my face. He smirked.

“You think I'm some big, dumbass jock who doesn't know anything about computers?”

“Yeah,” I said.

“I spent four years at Penn State, little girl.”

I shrugged. “Who did your work for you there?”

He glared at me. “You got a mouth on you, don't you?”

I felt a tightness in my chest, and that hot thrumming between my legs caused by the spiked ball was getting more intense.

I stuck my tongue out at him. Way out at him, showing him the ball.

“You know what they say about girls who get their tongues pierced?” he said.

“Yeah,” I replied. “They say oooooooooooooohhh! Ahhhhhhh!”

He snorted in amusement, and the elevator stopped, and I stared. My head had been swirling a lot, so I hadn't been paying that much attention but... this wasn't one of the public floors. This was... we were in the hotel! And what I was looking at was a single door in a narrow hall!

“Uh... I didn't know you meant your hotel room,” I said.

“Blondes ain't that smart, I understand,” he said, sliding an electronic card into the lock.

I gulped uncertainly, but given what I'd gone through in New York, what exactly

did I have to fear?

He led me into what turned out to be the penthouse, and holy shit, did it ever impress me! I'd never been in a penthouse before, and while Alex had money, well, Chrisw was a multi-millionaire. This place was fucking fabulous! It even had a huge eternity pool looking down at the towers around us.

“Niiiiice,” I said, looking out over the railing.

“That's what I say about my view,” he said, from behind me.

I turned to find him sitting back on a large lounge, grinning at me.

I smirked and turned to face him.

“I thought you said dinner,” I said.

“Didn't say what you'd be eating.”

I felt a hot little thrill of excitement, energy, of heat and wariness, spike up through my belly.

“All I got to do is call room service,” he said. “They'll send me up a fucking banquet if I ask.”

“Something wrong with restaurants?”

“Yeah, everyone fucking stares at me.”

“People stare at me all the time too.”

“I wonder why,” he said with that smirk again.

“Because I'm hot.”

“Me too.”

“What you are is one big fucking Black dude,” I replied in an ironic tone.

He snorted, then removed his glasses. “It's because of who I am, not that I'm a big nigger.”

“Oh? Who are you?” I asked casually.

“You know who I am, Molly baby. Everyone knows who I am?”

“Geek girl,” I said, walking back to stand in front of him. “Although, to be honest, some girl did tell me who you were last time.”

“You didn't know?”

“How would I know? I don't watch basketball. I play video games.”

“What kind?”

I laughed.

“What's funny? You don't think black guys play video games.”

“The statistics would say a much smaller percentage of them than of the white or Asian population,” I said.

He made a face. “Now you sound like a geek girl.”

That spiked ball was making my pussy burn something fierce! And the tightness in my chest was getting to the point where I was finding myself a little breathless. Just being here alone like this in this fabulous hotel room was making me long for a 'fix' to feed my addiction!

“I am a geek girl.”

“Who lets guys teach her discipline with pain, right?”

“Black guys.”

He stared at me.

“His name was Alex. He was a big black guy. And he had two brothers. They were triplets.”

He continued to stare at me.

Weirdly, I felt myself almost wanting to be honest with him, like... like he was

just about the first person here I could actually relate to.

“I was doing technical support at a company. Alex came from England to be a Vice President. He was a very... take charge kind of guy.”

He still stared at me, but I noticed the crotch of his pants was starting to bulge.

“He tied me up and made me call him master,” I said, enjoying the affect I was having, getting turned on by him getting turned on.

He licked his lips slowly, still staring at me through those dark glasses.

“Then he introduced me to his brothers.”

“This is bullshit, isn't it?”

I shook my head. “I ran off because he was turning me into a ... a nympho. I was afraid I was going to become nothing more than a sex toy.”

I moved closer and then threw a leg across him, across the lounge and sat down on his erection.

“I'm like an addict,” I said, my voice now more breathy, more ragged. “I needed my fix all the time, and it was driving me crazy.”

I ground myself against him, gasping softly, for my pussy was incredibly hot and sensitive as I put my hands on his shoulders.

“And what were you addicted to, baby?”

“Big, black cocks,” I replied in a helpless, breathless voice.

His big hands rose and gripped the front of my shirt, then casually, very casually, as if it was made of tissue, tore it open down the front and pushed it back over my shoulders. He jerked my bra down to bare my breasts and then stared at them for a long moment before hooking his fingers up through the rings and tugging.

I gasped, forced forward.

“H-He put crazy glue on them so they can't come off!” I gulped.

He pushed me back – hard, but drew his legs up at the same time, so that as I fell back my back hit his thighs and held me in place, then his hands slid down and gripped the waistband of my cutoffs. The button popped free, and he jerked the denim open down past the zipper, then ripped it completely open with one sharp pull.

I sat there trembling, my shoulders arched back over his knees, chest rising and falling rapidly. I moaned as I felt him tear my thong off, then began to gurgle and shudder as his thumb carefully explored my pussy, and brushed across my clitoris.

And then I came, my hips bucking up helplessly as I arched and twisted and cried out in breathless pleasure, buttocks bouncing against him, eyes rolling back in my head as the pleasure tore through my mind and body.

His lips were curled in a smirk, or maybe a sneer. I didn't know nor care. He let his hands circle my waist, then slide slowly up my body, kneading my breasts, pinching the nipple as I slowly stopped shaking and moaned low in my throat.

“Sensitive little slut, aren't you,” he said.

He reached up and tore off the remnants of my shirt, as well as my bra, then ripped off the remains of my shorts, even pulling off my shoes.

“You need to tie me up,” I gulped.

“Why? You think you can stop me doing anything I want unless I do?”

“I don't – .”

He slapped my face!

I gasped, thrown back across his knees again. It wasn't a hard slap. A hard slap from a hand as big as his would have probably knocked me onto the floor and left me half unconscious. So for him it was a soft slap, but it still stung, startled me, and left me gasping.

“I don't need to tie you up to make you do anything I want, baby.”

“Bastard,” I gasped.

He slapped my face again, and again I was startled, the sting a shocking thing, throwing my head and shoulders back across the top of his knees.

“Bitch,” he said.

“Nigger,” I said intensely.

He slapped me again, but this time I was ready for it, or thought I was. He slapped my right cheek, and that sent my head sharply to the left, for I was ready... but then his other hand rose and slapped my left cheek, throwing my head back to the right, and then he slapped my right cheek, and then my left, leaving me dazed and gasping.

“I been called that by a lot of people in my life,” he said. “And all of them meant it more than you do, bitch.”

But then he closed one big hand around my throat, drawing me in closer as my eyes fluttered dazedly. I couldn't breathe as his fingers tightened, and gurgled helplessly, squirming atop him, grasping at his enormous wrists as he kissed me. His lips crushed mine, forcing them open, his other big hand coming around behind my head like a soft shovel, holding me in against him as his tongue pushed into my mouth.

But I still couldn't breathe! He wasn't exactly crushing my throat, but I couldn't breathe, and was starting to get panicky. I struggled more and more, while all he did was kiss me and hold me easily in place. My chest burned and my head pounded and I saw black dots dance before my eyes as my vision blurred.

And then he opened his hand and I gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air while he reached down and picked up my shirt. He carefully, and easily, tore it into long strips, then jerked me forward against his shoulder. I was still dazed, still gulping in air, as I felt my arms pulled back behind me.

I felt something, the shirt, the torn shirt, or at least, a long strip of it, wrapped around my right arm, then my left, then felt it pulling in, like a loop tightening. I groaned, then gasped in pain as it forced my arms back closer and closer together. It was not around my wrists, but nearer my elbows, and he ignored my squirming moans and gasps of pain to force my elbows back together behind me before tying the thing off.

He shoved me back violently so that my head and shoulders fell back over his knees again, then slapped my face, first the right cheek, then the left.

I moaned, slumping back, gasping, face hot and sore as he undid his pants and drew his cock out. I moaned as I felt his big shovel hands sliding under my thighs, spreading them apart, then lifting me up. My back slid up along his elevated thighs, my upper torso arching back across his knees even more.

Then he eased me down and I felt his heat against my sex. I was hot, and I was wet, and I was hyper-sensitive as the weight of my body pressed down against something that felt too big to fit inside me.

“I got a nigger cock for you, blonde girl,” he said. “I bet you're gonna fall in love with it.”

It... hurt. But it hurt in a crackling, burning way that brought back a wild rush of memories from before I'd left New York, and I shuddered and moaned as I felt the lips of my sex being slowly pushed in and back, forced wider and wider. I was used to a big, thick black dildo. His cock was thicker still.

I dazedly drew my shoulders and head up and forward, wanting to look down, and that got my face slapped again, sending my head rolling back across his knees once more.

“You like nigger cock, slut?” he growled.

Oh God! Those words! They twisted and tore at the scab over that wild sluttish addiction, and the feel of him spreading me achingly wide had my pussy suddenly burning again, despite having just climaxed. Then I felt him pushing into me, stretching me, straining me, forcing the thin elastic walls of my pussy to stretch out wide as my weight forced me down further and further.

“You're gonna take every inch of this cock, baby,” he said. “Most girls bitch and whine. They don't wanna do it. It hurts. You know what? I like that it hurts. And I like that you're gonna take it all, whether it hurts or not!”

Inch by slow, aching inch, I slid downward, as his hands slid up my body to roughly squeeze and knead my breasts. Then he grabbed my head and jerked me forward, crushing my lips against his again, his tongue driving into my mouth with hunger and anger, as if using it as a weapon!

Oh my God he was big! I didn't know if he was bigger than Alex and his brothers or if it had simply been too long since I'd taken them. But he ached as he pushed into me, and I felt this incredible sense of fullness, of being over-full, so that I ached, but it was a dark, sizzling, erotic feel, despite the ache!

I slid lower, and he pushed deeper, and I couldn't do a lot but gurgle and moan into his mouth as I kind of tried, feebly, to keep from sinking so far, even against the downward pressure he was exerting on my head. I was dazed and bleary, though, and anyway, despite the pain, my body wanted him inside me! Deep inside me!

He threw my head back sharply, and again, it and my shoulders rocked back across his knees as his hands returned to my breasts. I moaned, my head lolling briefly, then drew it up and forward, only to get slapped in the face again, twice, before his hands gripped my thighs.

He raised me up a bit, lifting my body as if it weighed nothing, then lowered me. The sensation made me cry out, for his thick cock pulled back from the intense pressure it had been putting on my pussy, then resumed its upward journey, thrusting through my weakening muscles.

“Call me nigger again, blonde girl,” he said, his voice husky.

“N-Nigger!” I gasped.

I rocked back at the slap to my cheek.

“Again!”

“Nigger!” I gasped, drawing my face forward to get another slap that rocked it back.

“Hot little slut!” he growled.

He lifted me up again, and several thick inches of black cock slid out of me, then he lowered me again and I shuddered as I slid down its length. My head lolled forward, and now I saw him, saw him impaling me, gaped at the thickness of his cock as it stretched the lips of my pussy apart.

Oh My God!

He slapped my face, rocking my head back again, and then released my thighs so that I slid down the remainder of his cock. I cried out in pain as the nose jammed up harshly against the back wall of my pussy, squirming and half sobbing against the aching, cramping, painful penetration.

I was impaled on his thick black cock, trembling and moaning as he reached down and began to rapidly rub his big thumb over my clitoris. He'd rub fast, up and down for a few seconds, then quickly shift his thumb to the spiked ball, and make it grind into me as he rubbed from side to side. Then he'd switch back to rubbing up and down.

And as his other hand closed around my throat again, I came. I came, screaming, until his hand closed tighter, then gurgling and gasping and moaning, my body shaking and thrashing against him as the sensory hurricane swept over me and blew my mind to shreds!

“Yeah,” I heard him say, “Yeah. You're a hot little slut!”

I almost passed out from the tremendous force of pressure in my skull. Him squeezing my neck as the orgasm hit me had made my head pound, and intensified the sensations to the point I was woozy and dazed as he finally let me breath again. I groaned, falling back across his knees again as his hands moved up and down my torso.

“Soft skin,” he said. “Soft hair and soft skin, and I bet you're soft inside, too.”

He tumbled me off his lap, and then grabbed me by the hair. It had been shortened, but was still plenty long enough for him to yank me up onto my knees – my arms still being bound tightly behind me, and head for the door.

My face was hot, my eyes fluttering, my chest fluttering, and I was light-headed. Now my scalp burned as he pulled on my hair, and, gasping in pain, moaning, and begging him to slow down, I was forced to crawl along at his side, if you can call it crawling when I was only on my knees.

“Oh! Wait! Ow! Please!” I gasped.

He ignored me, strolling casually along, my hair filling his hand. He went inside. I had no idea where we were going. My flustered mind could only cope with the frantic effort to knee-walk along as hurriedly as I could to minimize the pull on

my scalp!

The pull intensified, and I cried out in pain, forced up onto my feet. He hadn't allowed me to rise before, but it was only temporary, as he shoved me, belly down, across a table.

“So this black dude taught you with pain, huh,” he said.

He had a doubled up belt in his hand, and swung it in and down, striking my buttocks dead center. I cried out in startled pain, half jerking upright as the shock of the stinging blow crackled up my body. He shoved me back down again.

“Don't move,” he growled.

“What are you – !?”

Crack!

I cried out again, another sharp stinging explosion of pain flooding my system! But... it was a pain that was bringing back not only memories but, a kind of physical reaction, as if my body had become conditioned to this by Alex and his brothers – which I suppose it had.

Crack!

“Ohh!” I cried, gulping in air.

Crack!

“Ahh! A-Chris!?” I cried.

Crack!

The belt snapped in against the underside of my buttocks, just at the juncture of my thighs, and I squealed in pain.

Crack!

“I ain't trying to train you or nothing,” he said.

Crack!

“I just like this shit.”

Crack!

“It turns me on.”

Crack!

My bottom was flaming already! I was gulping in air, moaning, the sharp stinging blasts of pain starting to bring tears to my eyes!

Crack!

“It ain't that I hate women.”

Crack!

“But you all sure can be fuckin' annoying sometimes.”

Crack!

“Ahh! Please!” I moaned.

Crack!

“And it ain't often a man has the chance to put you in your place.”

Crack!

“And white girls are even more snotty”

Crack!

“Even the whores.”

Crack!

I shuddered and moaned as the belt cracked down across my now very-red skin, my bottom throbbing hotly with every beat of my heart!

“You know how frustrating that can be?”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“Always got to be polite. Always got to say please. Always got to ask.”

Crack!

“I don't like asking. I like to take what I want when I want it.”

Crack!

“I like to be the man.”

Crack!

“You now what that means? It means the guy who says what goes. It means the boss.”

Crack!

“Ahh!” I cried.

“Spread your fuckin' legs.”

Whimpering, moaning, I obeyed, and gasped as I felt his big, rough hand cupping me there, covering me, rubbing and squeezing. I moaned as his big thumb pressed against my back opening, twisting and pushing down inside me! Then two, or maybe three big fingers thrust in between the still moist, swollen lips of my sex, trying to cam themselves through the mouth of my sex.

I gasped in pain as they forced me open wider, Chrisw showing little patience, his thumb almost as big as a normal man's cock, pushing down into my ass while his big fingers squirmed and twisted up into my pussy

I was... I was anxious, fearful, because I didn't really know him, gripped by a sense of anxiety about what he might do to me! And yet, some or all of that together just made that dark heat grow and intensify in my mind! I realized it was that total uncertainty about what might be done to me, the sense of... call it danger... which had been a big part of the thrill and heat I'd felt with Alex and his

brothers!

It made me feel like.. like everything was out of control, like I was on a roller coaster ride without knowing where the tracks led! I was completely helpless!

His fingers... hurt me. But as before, the ache only served to make that new, masochistic side of myself flare hotter with excitement. And the deeper they pushed the more full I felt, which aroused me even more!

“White girls always think they're pussies are made of gold,” he said.

Crack!

He slapped my ass hard with his other hand!

“But you all gotta have yourself a nigger, at least once, just to say you did.”

Crack!

“Just to show how liberal you are.”

Crack!

He squeezed his fingers and thumb together inside me and my eyes bulged as he chuckled softly, using his grip on me, like a bowling ball, to jerk me from side to side and up and down against the table.

“Hot little blonde whore,” he said.

And I felt a sudden breathless insight, so that almost without conscious thought I said.

“Get your fingers out of me, you dirty nigger!”

Crack!

“You watch your mouth, bitch,” he said.

“Stop touching me, boy!”

Crack!

“Snotty little white whore! I'll touch you where you'll fucking feel it!”

I pretended to try to rise and he grabbed my hair tightly, shoving me forcefully back down so that my breasts pillowed out against the hard wood.

“Let go of me, boy! You're not putting your dirty nigger cock inside me!”

“The fuck I ain't, you whore!' he growled excitedly.

His fingers pulled out quickly, and he jerked his cock out of his pants. I couldn't remember if he'd come inside me already but I didn't think so. In any case, he was hard as a rock as he jammed himself against my opening! Thankfully, his fingers, and the earlier ride on his cock had opened me up considerably.

Still, he was big, and it hurt, but it hurt soooo good!

“Stop it!” I gasped. “Get that nigger cock out of me!”

Crack!

“Bitch!!”

“Bastard!”

He forced his cock achingly, wonderfully deep into my quivering, burning belly!

“Whore!”

“Nigger!”

Crack!

He jammed himself into me to the balls! God it felt incredible! I was stuffed so full the pain almost overshadowed the heat!

He jerked back on my hair and slapped my ass and rammed himself into me in a way that was so wild and violent that despite the arousal the pain made it impossible to do more than gasp and more and cry out as I fought to cope with the furious assault!

His legs must have been pretty wide to get himself into me given the difference

in our heights, but I guess he managed, because his hips were pounding against my already burning bottom as he speared his big dark cock into the depths of my belly, impaling me again and again!

His left hand jerked my hair up and back as his right alternated between slapping my red bottom and shooting in to roughly grope and crush my aching right breast!

“Yeah! Take that cock, bitch!” he growled. “Take that nigger cock into your lilly white pussy!”

“B-bastard!” I cried.

“Slut!”

I was getting close to orgasm! If he'd just been a little less violent I would have come already! But then he was so hot he came first, shuddered and half falling atop me, his body crushing me into the table as he jerked on my hair and leaned in to bite hard on the side of my throat.

I groaned weakly with him atop me, sweating, panting, moaning, as his cock deflated inside me and he slowly stood up. It took me a minute to recover my breath, though I could hear him breathing hard, too. But I was still hot, still hungry, and still gripped by that dark, masochistic sense of excitement.

“Y-You call that fucking?” I gulped, panting. “Maybe I need to get my dildo to finish the job.”

“You are one fucking nasty little bitch!” he said, but he sounded more admiring than angry.

He jerked up on my legs, gathering them in his arm, then in one big hands, folding my ankles back against my butt. I felt something circling them, looping and then pulling in tight. It felt like... the belt he'd been using on my ass!

But then he drew the end of the belt up around my arms and somehow managed to tie it there, effectively hog-tying me.

Then he picked me up and put me on the floor. I was still breathing hard, and looked up at him above me as he peeled off his shirt, kicked off his shoes, and then slid his trousers down and off. I started raptly as he slipped off his underwear and fisted his flaccid cock. All he was wearing was those dark glasses.

“What's the matter, boy? Can't get it up?” I gasped.

He laughed down at me, then reached down and filled his fist with my hair, then dragged me up onto my knees. Of course, the difference now was I couldn't balance myself because my feet were jammed up against my ass.

“You'll just have to help me get it up, you little blonde slut!” he growled.

He held me there as he rubbed his cock against my face, up and down, along my forehead, over my cheeks, across my lips, and down under my chin.

“I'm gonna shove my whole cock down your slut throat, white girl!” he growled.

“That little thing won't even reach the back of my mouth!” I gasped.

“Don't worry, bitch. It'll grow on you.”

“Bastard! Stop rubbing your nigger cock against me!”

“Make me, bitch!”

He raised it up along his belly and pressed his big balls against my mouth.

“Suck my balls, you skanky blonde hoe!”

He stuffed his balls into my open mouth and I moaned around them, sucking and licking, my scalp aching, my knees aching, my bottom still burning, my insides throbbing as he jammed my mouth in against his groin and my face against his cock.

“Yeah, you suck those balls, slut. Maybe I won't beat you too bad,” he growled.

His hands were roughly combing through my hair, holding it up and tight, but exchanging grips, like he wanted to feel it sliding between his hands again and again as I sucked his balls.

His cock, which he'd held up along his belly was pressed against my face, up along my nose and forehead as he held me in against him, and I was shocked at how little time it took for it to start to twitch against me.

He drew back a bit, gripping his cock with one hand, my hair with the other.

“Lick it, slut!”

I moaned, my tongue licking up and down against the underside of his cock as he held it tightly, stretched out against his own body.

It started to harden, and he jerked me in against it, twisting my head to side. I shuddered, mouthing the shaft from the side, sucking, licking, sliding my lips up and down it. Then he turned me and shoved himself into my mouth. He slid along my tongue as I closed my lips around him, continuing to thicken and harden as I sucked and licked.

“Every one of you blonde sluts need a big black cock in your mouths,” he sneered.

I rolled my eyes up at him, and scowled, pretending to try to shake my head.

“Suck my cock, white girl!” he growled. “Get it nice and hard so I can shove it down your fucking throat!”

I did just that, and he did just that. I trembled with heat as the long, fat length of him slid down my throat, but I had long practice in this kind of thing and I coped easily. What I had less practice in was him using my throat, fucking my throat – hard! I found it way harder to deal with that as he jerked me in and out, his hips pumping, his cock thrusting hard and fast in my mouth and throat!

I was gurgling and gagging and gasping, unable to get much air at all, getting light headed again as he jammed my face into his groin again and again and again. There was no way I could suck anything! He was literally fucking my throat!

When he pulled out I could only moan, slack jawed, saliva pouring over my lower lip as he rubbed his spit-wet cock against my face.

“Dirty little white girl!” he growled.

He threw me back onto the floor – which fortunately had a thick rug on it, and then dropped to his knees before me. He gripped my legs with his enormous hands and ripped them wide, despite the pull on my ankles from the belt. That, of course, pulled down sharply on my wrists, which forced my back to arch!

He leaned in, leaned down, and jammed his thickness into my throbbing, burning pussy.

“No!” I gasped dazedly. “N-Niggers aren't allowed to fuck me!”

“Fucking whore!” he growled.

I was buried under a thick mass of black flesh, crushed beneath it as he drove himself into me. His hands were shoved down below me, gripping the underside of my buttocks, or my thighs just below them, holding my legs wide as he rutted into me like a wild animal!

I'd been fucked by a lot of men over the past few months, and believe me, I knew a guy who was out of control! He was all but salivating himself as his hips lunged into me with frantic hunger, his cock pounding into my aching pussy as his chest crushed down against my face!

“Nigger!” I cried, my word muffled by his chest. “Dirty nigger!”

He fucked harder, and I shuddered and shook and cried out again and again, then exploded into an incredible, intense orgasm, one that had me screaming at the top of my lungs as the power tore apart my mind! It was... it was.. .rapture! I was overwhelmed by the sheer ecstasy of that wild, euphoric flood of intense pleasure!

I was hooked again.

*

Chris was weird afterward. It was like this mixture of giddy happiness, nervousness, and embarrassment. He kept asking if I felt all right, if I was in pain, if I was okay. Part of it was, I think, actual worry he'd gone overboard in his heat, and damaged me physically, and part was he was nervous I'd go screaming to the authorities over his rough treatment.

I was definitely sore, but it was a good sore. I'd already reassured him a dozen times. Still...

“Chris, you ever hear the phrase bull in a china shop?” I asked.

He made a face. “I keep forgetting how... fragile some of you skinny chicks are.”

“I'm not skinny,” I said in annoyance.

“You sure ain't fat. You ain't no big girl.”

“I know you black guys like them big,” I said with a smirk.

He shrugged helplessly. “It ain't a lie. But I ain't one of them dudes. My mother and sisters are all big women. I never grew up associating 'big' with 'sexy'.”

I was naked, since he'd ripped my clothes apart, but that was okay, since we were enjoying the pool. He was naked too. We were standing right at the edge, which was made of strong, clear plastic, and looking out at the lights of the city spread around and below us.

I was feeling relatively content for the first time in a while. We'd had an excellent dinner, which I'd again eaten naked, and then wandered out onto the terrace and pool deck. I felt very comfortable with him, weirdly so, given how

short a time we'd known each other.

He'd talked about his mother (he had no idea who his father was) and sisters and brother, and basketball, and how he'd gotten selected in high school, drafted, went through college, where he had gotten a degree in systems analysis. He'd laughed when I seemed surprised.

“Most of us did go through college and graduate, you know. And no, I know it happens, but they didn't just let me pretend to be going. No way I was gonna let that happen. If I didn't get into the NBA I damned well wanted something to fall back on. Besides, I liked computers”

He was right behind me, his arms around me, casually cupping my breasts, his soft skin pressed in against me while my arms were propped up over the edge of the pool. It made me nervous looking down, thinking it was only this thin plastic between me and a huge fall to the pavement below.

“You ever think what'd happen if this plastic broke?” I asked, looking up and back over my shoulder.

“Danger is the spice of life, baby,” he said, rubbing his cheek into my hair.

“Yeah,” I agreed.

And here's the weird part. We started talking about software. He talked about C# while I talked about PHP, what I wanted to do with it in developing web sites. We talked for thirty minutes like that with him pressed up comfortably against me and his hands mostly cupping my breasts, but sometimes sliding up and down my body.

We paused about fifteen minutes in for him to focus on masturbating me, but that didn't take too long. He started to get semi-hard, but after I came he settled down again, and we swam back to the deck to continue our conversation while sitting down.

“I fucked a lot of white girls,” he said, “But none of them were as crazy as you.”

I smirked. “And I never got fucked by a wild ape before.”

“I liked the bull image better,” he said dryly. “Or maybe a stallion.”

“Any old wild animal will do,” I said with another smirk.

The bell rang. We could hear it through the huge open wall, and he pulled himself to his feet and went inside, grabbing a robe as he did. It was room service with the dress he'd ordered from one of the store catalogs.

Hotels like this weren't just hotels. They were resorts, and in addition to all the restaurants it had a lot of stores.

He came back onto the deck with the box and tossed it to me.

“That ain't the way you deliver a package, boy,” I said with a scowl.

“You ain't no good tipper anyway, bitch,” he said with a grin.

I pulled open the package and held up the dress, then frowned and looked down again.

“What about the bra and panties?”

“I decided you didn't need none of them.”

I scowled at him.

“I like you as near naked as can be.”

“I work in this hotel, Chris!” I protested.

“So we'll go to another one.”

“I don't know. I have work tomorrow”

He snorted.

“Hey, not all of us are millionaire athletes,” I said.

“Yeah, yeah. I'll get you in bed early,” he said with a straight face.

I sniffed and pulled on the dress he had picked out on the internet.

It was a short, flirty white dress. It had a loose, pleated hem, was tight across the

waist and chest, and would have been considered reasonably modest were it not so short, and if the upper part, starting halfway up my breasts, wasn't made of mostly sheer lace.

"I'll have to do my hair," I grumbled.

"I like it the way it is. It's got that just fucked look to it."

I rolled my eyes.

"Your hair couldn't look bad if you tried, baby," he said, running his fingers through it again.

"Are you, like, a frustrated hairdresser or something?" I asked.

"Nope, frustrated Black man."

"You can't possibly be."

"We don't get to touch Black girl's hair, you know."

"Why not?"

"For one thing it don't feel like this. For another thing they put so much time and shit into it if anyone touches it they freak out. They got all these things woven into it to make it look longer you don't know if you're touching girl hair or polyester."

"This dress will not go with my shoes."

"So we'll buy you another pair," he said with a shrug.

"Must be nice to be rich."

"You bet your ass it's nice to be rich," he said with a broad grin.

We went downstairs where I bought a pair of sexy white high heels. Room service sent my own shoes up to his room while we took a car to the Bellagio and watched the fountains dance, then went inside and gambled (with his money, of course) for a while, before heading on to a nightclub for some wild dancing.

We got back to his place around two in the morning, and there just wasn't time to go home if I wanted to get to work the next morning. Then again, he tied me to the bed and licked and fucked me for an hour and a half, so it wasn't like I got a lot of sleep.

I got like three hours sleep before jumping into a pair of jeans and a tank top I'd had him order for me, and running downstairs to head back to work, leaving him asleep behind me.

You better believe I was dragging my ass that day, and it was all I could do to get through it before heading home and crashing.

But I had a background buzz as I went through the day, working on the repairs and upgrades to the slots, remembering how wild and nasty the previous night had been. And any time I stopped thinking about it for long my aching pussy or throat would remind me! God, he had fucked me hard! He'd been like a wild animal!

As before, in New York, most of my fellow employees were kinda geeky, and the great majority were guys. I'd been a target for furtive glances and incompetent come-ons since I'd arrived, and I didn't need to wonder how these guys would react if they had had the slightest idea of what had happened.

In fact, one of my fears was that Alex would release those web site videos and pictures that had been on that small, very closely held web site they'd been running. There was a lot of porn on the internet, of course, but if that stuff got out it would be posted and reposted again and again. It was... uhm, pretty good.

I mean, I've never been a fan of porn. It's all so plastic, and so fake. No one can act, and most of the women, no offense, looked like whores. Their hard faces, phony moans and groans and tattooed bodies were a far cry from the real sex videos Alex and his brothers had taken of me. I knew. I'd seen them. And I'd masturbated to them. They were hot!

And I worked in an area full of geek boys, who, I strongly suspected spent a lot of time checking out porn on the internet. What if Alex or one of his brothers, acting out of revenge, started posting some of the juicier, nastier videos onto more public web sites and one of them found it?!

Well, I guess I'd come into work the next morning to a room full of wide eyes.

Then I'd probably have to find another job. Management would find some reason to fire me. They had girls in hot pants and bras dancing around poles in the casino but they still liked to act all prudish and conservative.

Anyway, I went home, having eaten something at work, and had a quick shower, then put on the little satin nightshirt I usually wore around the house. It was a kind of pinkish white, and was actually just the top for a pair of pajamas. I wasn't even sure where the bottoms were any more. I watched a little TV, then went to bed early, not even checking my phone or email messages.

It was mid-afternoon when I got a call from Jerry, one of the floor bosses, to come out and fix a slot machine. It was an odd call. I mean, Jerry's voice sounded odd, sort of nervous, confused, and a bit dishonest, so I wondered what the heck was going on.

I put on my tool belt and went out onto the casino floor and found Jerry – with guess who sitting in front of one of the cheaper slot machines. It was the kind of that took quarters, and I don't mean the slugs. I stared at him while he glared at me.

He was wearing a silky black tailored Armani suit with a diamond tie tack, diamonds dangling from his ears, and wearing those dark, wraparound glasses again. He looked, I have to admit, pretty hot, and again, not being able to see his eyes made him seem like some dangerous kind of gangster, especially in that suit. Well, actually, the suit was too fine for that. Maybe he looked like a banker, which, come to think of it, wasn't that different from a gangster.

“Ah, you're here,” Jerry said.

I turned my head to him, still kind of startled.

“Mister uhm, Mister Dalton is upset his favorite machine isn't working,” Jerry said. “He asked for you specifically because you repaired another machine a few days ago which broke.”

I turned back to look at Chris, who was glaring at me still, then moved to the machine and looked at it. It was an old-fashioned type of machine. Some had a button to push, but a lot of people liked the mechanical arm instead, and it was obvious it was bent.

I looked at Chris again.

“The handle's bent,” I said.

“Smart little geek girl, aren't ya,” he said sarcastically.

I scowled back at him and put my hands on my hips. “Did you break it?”

Jerry gulped beside me. Again, you have to realize how much the casinos suck up to guys like Dalton.

“If I broke it then it must have been pretty shitty quality,” he said.

“Or maybe you just yanked too hard on the arm because you were having a temper tantrum!”

Jerry hurriedly jumped in between us.

“She didn't mean that, Mister Dalton!” he exclaimed. “Please forgive her! She's not trained in customer relations!”

“Well maybe someone ought to train her, then!” Dalton said with a sneer.

“And maybe you should watch your strength and control your temper so you don't break stuff!” I shot back.

Jerry was trying to push me back, telling Dalton over his shoulder that he would call for another repair tech, but Dalton wasn't having any of that.

“I don't want another tech. I want that one!” he said, raising his voice.

Jerry reluctantly eased aside, giving me a glare, and I tsked and moved past him to the machine, shaking my head.

“I'll have to get a new arm to replace it. You can't fix it.”

“Maybe a thicker arm,” Dalton said with a smirk. “Longer and thicker, so you can wrap your hand around it.”

“A normal person wouldn't have trouble with this handle,” I said.

“You saying I ain't normal?”

“I'm saying you're a big giant boy who breaks things because he has a temper.”

“You calling me boy?”

Jerry squeaked and started to lunge forward again.

“What are you doing here, Chris?” I demanded.

“Maybe if you'd answer my phone call I wouldn't have to come here,” he replied.

“I didn't know you'd called me. I went home last night and crashed. I was tired.”

Jerry was looked back and forth between us in confusion.

“Oh, is that right? And here maybe I thought you were playing hard to get.”

“You really need a beating,” I said.

He snorted.

“You broke this machine just because I didn't return your phone call? Do you know how much these things cost?”

“Chump change,” he said. “Send me a bill. In the meantime – .”

“In the meantime you will lower your voice, control your temper, and when I get off work, which is in another hour and a half, I'll go home and check my messages and see if someone called me I might want to answer.”

“I'll wait here till you get off.”

“Not on this. I'll have to take this in the back to get it fixed.”

“I don't give a shit about the machine, babe.”

“Then amuse yourself without breaking anything till I get off.”

“Just take the rest of the day off.”

I glared at him.

“I’ll pay.” He turned to Jerry. “Hey, how much to rent her for the next hour and a half?”

Jerry stared at him. I scowled.

“You are not renting me, you big ape.”

“You comparing me to an ape, you nasty little bitch?”

I snorted and shook my finger at him. “Don’t you even go there or you’ll make me mad. Button your lip till I’m off.”

With that I turned and stalked back to the repair shops, somewhat annoyed but also somewhat flattered that he’d gone to this trouble just to get my attention. Oh, it wasn’t exactly super mature, but then I already knew he wasn’t the most patient guy in the world.

Of course it didn’t take long for it to get around the shop that Chris Dalton was my boyfriend. That made the geek boys stare at me even more. Jeremy Thompson even had the nerve to mention it just as I was getting ready to leave.

“So you going to meet Chris Dalton?” he asked with a kind of a knowing smirk.

“I guess,” I said.

“He your boyfriend?”

“I know him is all,” I replied.

“Doesn’t seem like your type.”

“He actually has a degree in systems analysis,” I said.

“Yeah?”

I leaned into him and smiled, lowering my voice. “And he has a huge cock,” I said.

I couldn’t resist. I walked out, leaving him staring at me, open-mouthed.

I found Chris at the roulette wheel, collected him, and headed out.

“You know everyone's asking me if you're my boyfriend now,” I said.

“Tell them yes,” he said with a smirk.

I rolled my eyes up at him. “I've only known you for like one day,” I said.

“Yeah, but what a day. It's not like it was a quick date to the movies and then I brought you home and gave you a peck on the cheek.”

I had to admit that was kind of true.

“So what message did you leave for me?”

“An obscene one.”

“Well, that ain't no surprise,” I said with a snort.

“Telling you I wanted to fuck your beautiful blonde brains out again as soon as possible.”

“Lots of guys want to fuck my beautiful blonde brains out,” I said with a careless shrug.

“Yeah, but I can do it.”

I shrugged again, thought I was starting to get a little hot down below.

Hotter than usual, I mean. I still had the ring and spiked ball.

“I bought you something else to wear.”

I turned and tsked. “You shouldn't be buying me stuff, Chris! I mean, except to replace what you tore up.”

He put his arm around me, or at least, as best he could. More like he put his huge hand on my right shoulder, with the rest of his arm angling along my neck and upward given how tall he was.

“What would you like for dinner?” he asked.

I looked up at him again.

“Is this a restaurant dinner or a your penthouse dinner?”

“Babe, you ain't dressed nice enough for the restaurants a guy of my high quality goes to,” he said with a kind of arrogant smirk.

“Quality?” I asked.

“Quality!” he said.

“You know my pussy and throat are still sore, you fucking animal.”

“You comparing me to an ape again?”

I thought about it a minute. “Well, you spearchuckers are kind of just out of the trees,” I said.

He snorted and guided me into an elevator car. There were two very obvious gay guys there, and they looked up at him doubtfully.

“You know, calling me a spearchucker could be construed as racist invective in some quarters,” he said in a kind of neutral voice.

“I thought I was being complimentary. Calling you a spearchucker is better than calling you a darky or something, isn't it?”

The gay guys looked on aghast.

“Not so much,” he said.

“Well, negro is old fashioned, right? And calling you a nigger is considered a little rude?”

“Just a little. I've been known to lay a beating on folks who use that word”

The gay guys were looking scared now, like the big black guy was going to go crazy and get violent right there in the little elevator. They started edging towards the door.

“What word? Nigger? What's wrong with nigger? It's a nice, descriptive word,

isn't it?"

The doors opened and they hurried out. I saw a big smile appear on Chris's face.

"You like shocking people, don't you?"

"Sometimes," he said.

"I thought so."

"You get me."

"I do?"

"Yeah. Not many people get me. Even fewer chicks."

"White chicks or black chis? Cuz it might be hard for white girls to understand you nigger types."

He cocked an eyebrow at me. "I may have to make you pay for that if you keep using the word."

"You're the one with all the money, boy. You must sell a lot of drugs."

He snorted, then put his big hand on my head. But all he did was kind of let it slide back and down.

"Careful of the security cameras," I said.

"Been there, done that."

The elevator opened and we got out and went into the penthouse suite. He turned and slipped his hands around my chest, right under the arms and lifted me right up off my feet, shoving me against the wall.

I gulped, looking down at him.

"The air is warmer up here," I said.

"You think so?"

“Yeah, so set me down, you big fucking nigger.”

He let me drop almost to the floor, then tore my shirt open – again.

“Oh shit!” I said.

I didn't say any more because his mouth was on mine so hard it hurt, and his big body was crushing me against the wall. Then his hands grabbed my ass and lifted me into the air again until we were at more or less the same height.

He jerked me up over his shoulder then.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Racist little bitch,” he said.

“Get your hands off me, you spearchucker!” I yelled, kicking at him.

He turned and headed for the bedroom, yanking my trousers right down at the same time, pulling them off and sending my shoes flying.

“Hey!”

“Why you wearing panties?” he demanded, slapping my ass again. “I don't want you wearing no panties.”

With that he tore my thong off, making me squeal with startled pain as it temporarily dug up into my pussy before the thin waistband tore.

“You dumb bastard! Stop wrecking my clothes!”

“I'll buy you better clothes,” he said.

He literally threw me onto the bed, then grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, tearing off the remnants of my blouse, then removing my bra as I struggled weakly. He grabbed my ankle then and dragged me off the bed! He dragged my naked ass across the floor with me yelping and twisting helplessly along, then raised my ankle up high as he came to one of the dressers.

“What the fuck are you doing, you big coon!?”

“Whatever the fuck I want,” he said. “Ain't it beautiful?”

He was putting something around my ankle! It felt metallic but I couldn't see it. I was upside down, my head pressed against the floor! He had hold of one ankle, but the other leg was kind of splayed down until he bent and grabbed it. Then he had both legs pinned between his chest and his arm as I felt his hand on the other ankle.

“Let me down, you dumbass!”

“You better learn to show more respect for your master, bitch.”

Master?! The word sent a hot thrill through me!

“You are not my master, you big... dumb nigger!”

“Keep it up, baby. Keep it up. You'll get it in the end, and I do mean end.”

He dropped my legs and my body tumbled heavily to the floor, startling me. Then he grabbed my hair and I yelped as he dragged me up to my feet again. And there on the dresser was a black box with a velvet interior. There were two empty round sockets and two with gold looking shackles in them, plus a big one with a gold collar.

I stared at them as he took one of the shackles out and then shifted his grip to my arm, jerking it up and slipping the thing around it.

“Where did you get these?” I gasped breathlessly.

“Bought them today for some kinky little white girl I know.”

The shackles were smooth gold metal, though they were way too light weight to be real gold. They shined, and had a kind of ring on one side and a clip on the other. There was a metal snap catch which closed to lock the thing, and a small hole, which I guess was for a key to open it.

He dropped my arm and I raised it again to look at it as he took my other arm and put another of the metal restraints on it. Then came the collar. I just stared at

him a trifle breathlessly as he slid it around my neck, combed my hair out from under it, then fastened it behind my neck.

“Used to be your people put this shit on my people,” he said.

“And you deserved it,” I said, chest tight, stomach churning hotly.

He grabbed me by the back of the collar and led me over the closet, then opened the door so I could see myself in the mirror.

The collar and shackles matched the rings in my nipples and pussy.

“Now that's how a blonde should be dressed,” he said. “And I'm talking twenty-four, seven.”

“I'm sure the guys at work would love that,” I said.

He shoved me towards a small, hard-backed chair in the corner.

“Sit down, slut,” he growled.

I gulped, but obeyed and he looked down at me.

“No one ever showed you how to sit down, bitch?”

I rolled my eyes up at him but before I could say anything he picked up something which made me gulp and stare.

Alex had had a riding crop. It had a long, slim, flexible rod, with a small flat leather tip called a 'slapper'. The name of the tip should tell you its purpose clearly enough. This thing was sort of like that except the rod was much shorter and the slapper part was about four inches long.

“Spread your legs, slut,” he barked.

I gulped and obeyed.

“Hands behind your neck.”

I put my hands behind my neck.

“Arch your back. Show me them titties, bitch!”

I arched my back, feeling a rising sexual tension.

“Spread your slut legs wider. Raise your feet onto your toes.”

He slid his fingers through my hair several times, then tightened them and slowly drew my head back farther and farther, bowing my back until the top of my head was pressed against the back of the chair.

“Keep your feet on the floor, slut!”

I obeyed, my body straining as he looked me up and down.

“Now what was it you called me earlier?”

“A-A spearchucker!” I gulped.

Slap!

I yelped, but didn't shift my position, as he brought the slapper down against my right breast, right over the already very hard, sensitive nipple.

“What about that other word?”

“A nigger, sir!” I gasped.

Slap! He snapped it down across my left breast!

“Sir. I like that. Sir,” he said. “I think a cheap little blonde slut like you should speak respectfully to a man like me.”

“Yes, sir!” I gulped, a dark heat rolling up through my bell.

He let the slapper slide back and forth over the taut, warm skin covering my breasts.

“Bet you had a lot of black cocks in that tight little pussy of yours,” he said, sliding the slapper down my body, rubbing it against my pussy.

“Y-yes, sir!” I gulped.

“But you like black cock, don't you.”

“I love black cock, sir!” I gasped.

Slap!

“Cuz you're a whore.”

Slap!

“Yes, sir! I'm a whore, sir!”

Slap!

“A dirty little racist blonde whore!”

“I'm not a racist, sir!”

Slap!

I gasped, my breasts starting to feel sore and hot.

“You arguing with me, slut?”

“No, sir! I'm not a racist! I just don't like niggers, sir!”

Slap! Slap! Slap!

‘Nasty little bitch.’

Slap! Slap! Slap!

He alternated breasts, slapping one, then the other. They were both stinging, starting to throb hotly, the nipples tingling and burning!

“I should drown you in black come, you little whore.”

“As long as it's white, sir!” I gulped.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

He started slapping the thing really quickly along the underside of my right breast, then up along the center, then shifting to the other breast as I trembled and moaned and gasped in pain.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

“Dirty little blonde slut. Every blonde is a slut, ain't that right.”

“Yes, sir! Every blonde is a slut!”

He let the thing slide down between my legs again.

Slap!

“Oh!”

That stung!

“And some of them never learned their manners,” he growled.

“I-I don't need no darky to teach me manners!”

Slap! He brought the thing down against my soft, naked pussy!

Eeww, that stung! But God, it made me burn! Especially since he then rubbed it up and down against my pussy, against my clit, rubbing that spiked ball against me!

“Gonna teach you to have a civil tongue in your mouth, slut.”

“F-fuck you!” I gasped.

Slap! Slap-slap! Slap!

“What was that you said, white girl?”

Slap!

“I – ,” Slap! “I said – !” Slap! “Oh! I-I said – !” Slap!

He was moving the slapper around, snapping it against my breasts, then against

my pussy as I sat there, arched back.

“Dirty little white bitch,” he said, bringing it down hard against the center of my right breast.

Slap!

“You need discipline. You need to be taught manners.”

Slap! Slap!

“Stuck up blonde whore!”

Slap! Slap! Slap!

He dropped the slapper and grabbed me by the hair, yanking me forward, sending me sprawling onto the floor, then dragging me by the hair for half a dozen feet before I got my feet and knees under me. Then we were at the bed, and I cried out as he yanked on my hair again, forcing me to my feet.

The bed.

It was a huge, four poster bed with, like a crossbar overhead. The foot board of the bed had this long, thick round horizontal beam across from side to side. It was the size of a small tree, only it was highly polished with these carvings going around it.

Chris pushed me against it, grabbing my arms and yanking them up above my head. He pressed my wrists together and locked the shackles in place, then, holding my arms just above the wrists in one hand, he lifted me into the air, reaching up to a chain he had hung from the center of the crossbar.

My feet flailed as I dangled from his big hand, but then I cried out as he let me go, for he left me hanging by my wrists!

I had been hung by my wrists before, but then it was with padded leather restraints. These were metal! And it hurt!

The bed was big, and high, and now that I was hanging a foot or more above the floor, the thing was pressing into my abdomen. That kind of pushed my bottom

out, which I guess was what he was intending. I was scrambling to ease the pain to my wrists by grabbing the chain with my wrists while he moved back and returned with a belt.

This was a thicker belt than he had used the other day, and didn't look like it was meant to go around anyone's waist. It looked purpose made, if you get my drift.

Crack!

I squealed at the sharp pain from the blow, but it was just the first of many.

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

He swung the belt hard, though I'm sure he could have swung harder still. Each blow cracked down across my pushed out bottom with a sharp, stinging blow that had me squealing and yelping and crying out again and again as my body twisted and shook and the pain and burning mounted!

He paused, and I could hear his heavy breathing even over my own. Then I felt his big hand cupping my overheated bottom.

“Tight little assed white girl,” he growled.

His big hand shoved in under my buttocks, and as he had the other day, his thumb forced its way up into my ass.

“I'm gonna fuck your ass, bitch!” he growled in an angry voice.

His thumb pushed deep, twisting around in my ass while I shuddered and moaned and stared up at my shackled wrists.

“You got nothing to say to that, white girl?”

He pulled his thumb back.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I asked you a question, bitch!”

I yelped and moaned, my bottom stinging hot!

“I-I don't... want... you're dirty nigger cock in my ass!” I cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt swung hard and fast against my burning ass, then stopped, and his hand shoved in beneath my buttocks again. This time I felt something cool and slippery and liquid as he shoved his thumb up my ass, then pulled it back.

Now another finger pushed up my ass, then was joined by a second finger.

“G-get your nigger fingers out of me!” I moaned.

“Whore!”

“Nigger!”

“I'm gonna fuck your ass, white girl!”

He pulled his fingers back and then I felt the fat blunt head of his cock jammed against me. I moaned weakly, and he yanked back my hair, his teeth moving in along my neck above the collar.

“I'm gonna shove a foot of nigger cock up into your white belly,” he growled, breath hot against my neck.

He drew back again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt lashed my bottom until tears began to fill my eyes, then he aimed higher, and it cracked down across my bare back again and again as I yelped and moaned, cried out, and finally began to sob dazedly.

He cursed and his fingers pushed into my ass again, pumping in and out, slick with something as he yanked back on my hair again. He pulled them free and then it was his cock, slowly forcing in against me, harder and harder, until my sphincter was slowly forced far enough apart for him to get into me.

He slid up more slowly, while his teeth moved hungrily over my neck and throat and his hands mauled my breasts and fingered my pussy. Even with me hanging

from my wrists I was still shorter than him, and he had to spread his legs and lean over to get his mouth on me, but that hardly mattered. He was angry, hot, filled with passion and hunger, and inch by inch his cock was driven deeper into my ass!

His hands moved down the front of my body and gripped my thighs, yanking them wide apart, and he pushed deeper, making me tremble and shudder and moan.

“Gonna pound your little blonde ass, slut!” he growled, panting.

The wild roar of sensations and emotions tearing at me had caused me to forget to hold onto the chain, or maybe my sweating fingers had just slipped off, but I was hanging freely from my wrists now. My wrists ached fiercely, so a wave of relief eased over me as he took much of my weight in his hands, and my body bowed outward as I groaned and his cock moved up inside me.

“P-Please, sir!” I gasped. “Please don't fuck my ass!”

“Fuck you, bitch!” he snarled.

I moaned helplessly, thrilling to my own abuse, my chest so tight I could hardly breath, my mind on a wild dark high as I felt his big cock filling me from behind!

“Ohhh! It's too big, sir!” I gasped.

“You love big nigger cocks, white girl!”

God, it was big! I ached! But he was already pumping in and out, slowly, but surely working my muscles into submission.

“Please, sir!” I moaned, letting a whimper fill my voice which was not entirely feigned.

“Every Black man you show your ass to wants to shove his cock up inside it, you blonde slut! And I'm the one gonna do it!”

I moaned helplessly, awash in a masochistic sense of victimhood, my insides churning wildly as he worked his cock in and out of me harder and faster. He

shoved himself deeper, and then deeper, as my body began to adjust to him, and finally his hips were able to slap against my aching red buttocks as he drove that big black club of a cock up into my aching belly!

I was beyond speech by then, my head lolling helplessly as he drove himself up into me again and again. His big hands held my thighs right next to my pussy, forcing my legs up and apart, and now he brought the thumbs in against me, one sliding into my pussy, the other rubbing crudely against my clitoris!

The long, hard, thick length of him slid in and out of me in an unending stroke that took him from having just the head inside me, to grinding his hips against my buttocks again and again. It felt incredible! My mind was swamped by sensations and heat, by passion and dark, thrills!

And then my lower body burned hotter and hotter, and an explosion of raw pleasure tore through my mind! I rode a wild wave of euphoria, of ecstasy, and every hard, powerful thrust of his cock stabbed deep into my aching belly and send another rush of dark heat through my body and mind!

I was impaled on his massive shaft, and glorying in it, my head lolling back as I shuddered and moaned insensibly, basking in the misuse and abuse of my own body by the powerful black man behind me, exulting in the masochistic passion of being roughly, even violently used!

*

The weird thing was how great Chris and I got along. We chatted casually and easily about everything under the sun, well, except sports, which I knew nothing about. He could hold his own in geek talk, though he wasn't as geeky as I was, and aside from sex, he was actually kind and gentle and considerate.

Of course, when it came to sex he became an angry man that lived on the dark side and wanted to punish dirty blonde girls, but hey, that was what turned me on!

When his suspension was over he went back to work. He played for New Orleans, but they had casinos, too, and after he put in a good word with one of them they hired me to basically do the same stuff I was doing in Atlantic City. I'd never been that far from home before, but New Orleans sounded like an awful fun town.

And two third of the population was Black...

End

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

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