

Molly's Rich Black Master

By JJ Argus



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

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This is the story of a weird, freaky girl: me. I became a weird, freaky girl about three months ago. That was when I went into this guy's office to work on syncing his Blackberry with the office email system.

My name is Molly. I was working tech support at an insurance company, courtesy of my diploma from Jersey Tech. The guy was a new Vice President. He was big, and Black, and within a couple of days he was treating me like his sex slave and making me call him sir. Since he was also giving me the most mind-blowing orgasms and an incredible thrill ride of a sexual experience, I was perfectly fine with that.

He and his brothers, for they were Black men from England, and triplets, did their best to turn me into a sex slave from the inside out. Oh, I don't mean they actually ever tried to keep me a prisoner or anything. No, they instead worked on conditioning me, on brainwashing me. They used pain – and pleasure.

A lot of pleasure.

A freaking, giant, incredible ton of pleasure!

And the more degraded I was, the more humiliating I had to act, the wilder and more intense the pleasure had become. They turned me from a nerdy computer tech into a bondage slut who craved hot, nasty sex the way junkies crave their drug of choice.

They almost broke my mind, almost took away who I was, which was Molly, and made me into this sexual animal girl who would just crawl on the floor and beg for sex, like a bitch in heat. And the scariest part was that I was loving it, would have gone on loving it.

But I wouldn't have been me any more.

So I ran away, ran from Manhattan to Atlantic City. I got work in a casino there and tried to shake myself free of all that conditioning. I might have, if I'd had more time, but then I met Chris.

Chris Dalton is a professional basketball player who has a degree in Systems Analysis and a lot of anger inside him. He's Black and seven feet tall, which can

be a bit awkward for a girl who's five feet three, and he and I communicate on multiple levels in a weird and complicated kind of way. We sort of 'get' each other.

The thing is, he wants me to be sort of a girlfriend, but when I was with the triplets, Alex Blake and his brothers, they took a lot of videos and pictures of me, and started a special web site for high paying clients. If I was to be Chris Dalton's girlfriend I'd probably get into the papers, and then maybe those pictures and videos would resurface.

Or maybe Alex would show up. He's the possessive type. He wasn't seven feet tall but he's a big guy, and so are his brothers, and they all thought I belonged to them, that I was their sex slave.

God knows I told them I was often enough. They'd make me say it over and over and over again, then tape record my voice and play it back to me while they drove me crazy with vibrators.

Sometimes Chris has me tell him about some of the stuff they did to me in graphic detail. It gets him really hard, and sometimes he does the same thing to me. He has anger issues, but isn't nearly as imaginative as the Blake triplets were about how to vent that anger on blonde white girls.

But he's learning.

As for me, I have my own issues, many of them courtesy of the Blake brothers. When you're tied up and blindfolded and have headphones in your ears telling you how much you love Black cock – for hours and hours – while a vibrator drives you crazy, well, that leaves an impression.

I do love Black cock now. I've been conditioned to love Black cock. I've been conditioned to get breathless and hot when a Black guy looks like he's gonna get rough with me.

And Chris, like I said, has anger issues. When he takes me, it's rough, even violent, but God it's incredibly hot!

When he got traded to New Orleans, I left my job at the casino and went with him, but not as his girlfriend. I just went. I wound up getting work I was familiar with; tech support. Only this was for an outfit called Nerds On Call. They made

visits to homes and small business to fix computers.

The only real downside was the uniform. It was deliberately nerdy. Flat black shoes, black pants, a white shirt, and a bow tie. Oh, and the mandatory Harry Potter glasses we had to wear! They weren't really glasses, if you didn't need glasses, which I didn't, since I wore contacts. Then they were clear glass. But you still had to wear them.

It was stupid, but they paid well.

And besides, I could wear some sexy lingerie underneath to remind myself that I was now a very, very sexual person. I had the slinkiest, sexiest lacy silk and satin thongs, G-strings and bras to wear under those nerdy clothes. And believe me, I did. Blake and Chris had both kind of banned me from wearing any underwear at all, so this was a bit of rebellion in itself.

Besides, have you ever seen a skinny girl who's five foot three and has a thirty-six inch C cup without a bra? Even though I was only twenty years old my boobs would bounce too much, and be way too obvious under that white shirt. Especially since my nipples were pierced.

Gold rings pierced my nipples, not studs which were less noticeable, but large rings. They didn't have the traditional little ball to lock them and unlock them. They were just perfect gold rings which Alex had crazy-glued together to form a seamless whole. I'd need tools to get them off. And I kind of liked them now, liked how they made me feel.

Just before I'd left Atlantic City I'd also had my clit pierced. Well, not my clitoris itself, but the clitoral hood. This was again a ring. The ring hung so as to kind of frame my clitoris, and there was a little spiked ball dangling from the top which would gently brush and press and, if was wearing something loose, bounce against my clitoris all day.

I was also wearing a butt-plug, more or less all the time. Chris wanted to have anal sex, but he was so big that we'd have to spend half an hour getting me ready for that to happen. The only way around it was to kind of get me used to the feeling of having something back there.

I had done this with the Blakes too. I started out with a small one, then once my body got used to that, with a larger one, then a still larger one. It had allowed me

to have anal sex without much pain when they wanted me, and I was sure it would do the same for Chris.

It turned me on having it inside me, though, and the idea of anal sex was seriously hot too, because, I guess, it was kind of degrading in a way that appealed to the dark side of my nasty, kinky mind. So anyway, now I wore it most of the time, partly for that, and partly because, like I said, it turned me on.

All that left me feeling hot all the time. I don't mean I was like, super aroused or anything. That would have been frustrating. But it was an ever present reminder that I was a hot, sexy, sexual person – which was something Alex and his brothers and those others they let use my body had left me with no doubts on.

That was another part of how they'd changed me. I'd been a fairly normal girl, for a nerd, before then, but after them, well, when so many people get so incredibly horny just from seeing you naked, when they get all bug-eyed at the thought of touching you, you have to be pretty solidly convinced people think you're hot.

And since I'd never really thought I was that hot before it kind of made me, well, kind of smug, in a way, even a little giddy with the thought. I hadn't become a total exhibitionist yet, but it did turn me on and stroke my ego when guys looked at me that way now. I was kind of reveling in my new found status as sex kitten, I guess.

Getting back into the tech support role would be good for me, I thought, and keep me from losing my mind again. I even cut my hair. It had gotten kind of long since the Blakes hadn't allowed me to cut it. I had it cut back to the way it was before I met Alex, into a kind of long bob, with the ends curling in a bit just below my chin and a lot of thick bangs across my forehead.

I liked the look. It didn't make me look like a brainless bondage slut. It reminded me I was a computer nerd who had always been fascinated with the insides of those shiny boxes. I wanted to retain that part of myself. I had always liked who I was, and now, well, now I would just be the same Molly, except maybe, a sluttier version who loved being roughly used by big Black men.

Chris had literally torn my clothes off the first couple of times we'd met. That had been an incredible turn-on! Of course, it had pissed me off, too, but he'd replaced them. He had millions of dollars, after all.

And he was more than willing to buy me, too. That was something I was avoiding. I didn't want to be 'his' girl, or 'his' bitch. I was my own person. I belonged to me.

It might seem boring to drive around town, knocking on doors, and going in to fix computers, but I had always liked it. There was something new at every call, but usually they fell into a few categories, and almost all of them had the same fixes. Most of the people who called us had little knowledge about computers, so thought we were sort of wizards.

One of the reasons I liked Chris was that we could talk about computers as easily as about anything else. He wasn't quite a nerd, being a basketball star and all, but he was into computers a lot.

Of course, he wasn't happy with me working. He wanted me available whenever he wanted me, and to him, the money I earned was literally chump change. He would tip more in a day than I earned! So he was willing to pay me more than my job did just to be at his beck and call.

I said no. That pissed him off. Which was good. I liked Chris pissed off. It made the sex hotter and nastier, and provoked him into punishing me.

New Orleans didn't have many tall buildings, not like Manhattan. And I had not yet gotten a call to one, in two weeks of working. Mostly the places that operated out of big buildings had their own tech support. So I was mildly surprised when I got a call to one late in the afternoon on an emergency call.

When I got into the lobby I saw there were more than a dozen names on the wall of different companies, so I figured that explained why they were calling me, cuz they were a bunch of little groups without tech support. I rode the elevator up to the fifth floor and then walked down a narrow corridor, glancing at numbers and names before pushing through a glass door.

The place was called Anderson Representatives, whatever the hell that was. It wasn't a big place, just a half dozen or so offices, without even a receptionist. I was met by a balding, middle aged guy who said one of their computers wasn't working, and he had no idea why.

He showed me into a very large office, where a huge brown desk sat in front of a wall of bookcases. A huge brown man sat, or more properly, slouched behind the

desk, and I frowned as I walked up to the desk. He gave me a smirk and I frowned back at him.

“Let me guess, you drooled watermelon juice into the keyboard.”

The white guy was aghast, of course, but the big Black guy only smirked more.

“This is Chris Dalton!” he exclaimed indignantly.

Chris started to speak. “I don't think –.”

I held my hand up. “Please, sir. I don't talk to darkies.”

I then deliberately turned to the white guy, whose eyebrows had climbed almost to his receded hairline.

“Did you like, let the coon play with your computer?” I asked.

“How dare you use that kind of despicable racist language!?” he exclaimed.

Chris got up and walked around the desk as I gave the man an innocent look.

“What do you mean? It's not like I called him a nigger or anything,” I said.

Chris passed me by and put his hand on the older man's shoulder and led him to the door.

“That's okay, Allan, I'll deal with this girl,” he said.

Allan was given me an indignant look, interspersed with uncertain looks at Chris, then he started urgently whispering to him as Chris led him right to the door.

“Don't worry about it,” he said, kind of pushing the man through and closing the door behind.

He came back to me and I frowned at him, my head cocking back further and further as he got closer.

“Racist little bitch,” he said.

His big, shovel hands gripped my waist and lifted me up to sit me on the edge of the desk.

“I think he's worried I'm gonna slap you around.”

“Like you'd ever do that,” I said dryly.

He grinned lewdly.

“Is this really your office? I didn't know you could read,” I said.

“It's his office, but he works for me. I'm a rich man, remember?”

“I heard that somewhere.”

“This is some kind of outfit,” he said, sliding his fingers through my hair.

“You don't think it's too nerdy?”

“It's so fucking nerdy it makes my dick want to pop.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“Baby, it's one thing to fuck a whore, but something else to fuck a librarian.”

I stared at him confusion, not really getting the reference as his hands went to my breasts.

“Do not rip this shirt!” I said sternly.

“You don't want to walk out of here naked?” he asked with a grin, his big fingers somehow quite nimble as they undid the buttons down the front. He left the top button in place, though, along with the bow tie.

“I doubt Allan wants you fucking someone on his desk,” I said doubtfully.

“With what I pay Allan he'd let me fuck him on his desk,” he said, his hands sliding up under my shirt. “Thought I told you not to wear underwear.”

“You don't own me,” I said, a bit breathless as he leaned in and kissed me.

His hands moved up my back and undid my bra, then slid around front and cupped my breasts, squeezing them together so the nipples tingled and burned and threatened to explode. Then they moved down and undid my trousers.

He jerked them down, gave me a push that dropped me back on my back on the desk, then jerked them down and yanked them out from under my hips. I gasped as they slid down my legs, popping off my shoes, but not my black socks.

“Fuck,” he sighed appreciatively, hands sliding up my thighs. “You should be a stripper, baby. You got the body, the talent and the attitude.”

“But then I couldn't be a librarian!” I gasped.

He gripped my arms and jerked me upright into a sitting position again, then grinned and took something out of the pocket of his sports jacket. It was a slender black rope. I gulped as I stared at it, my blood pressure rising, my heart beating quicker.

Alex had fucked me once in his office, but that was after work. The idea of doing it here in the middle of the day in a busy office was... nasty! It was hot, and it was dangerous. Had they even locked the office door!?

He slid his arms around me, and looped the rope around my arms high up near my elbows, then slowly drew the loop closed. I felt my pulse quicken, and our eyes were locked together as my arms were drawn back behind me. I sucked in a deep breath of air as he kept tightening the loop, feeling the ache in my shoulders.

It was a fairly familiar ache. My arms were forced all the way back so that the elbows were actually pressed together, my arms literally crossed behind me. He reached around my slender body, easily looping the rope around a few more times, then tying it off.

‘I know what gets you off, slut,’ he said as he drew his arms forward and hooked his little fingers through the rings in my nipples.

I gasped in pain.

“Let go of my rings, you nigger!” I gasped.

He leered at me.

“Think I'm gonna steal your gold rings, white girl?”

“You niggers are always robbing us hard working white people!”

He chuckled throatily, then shoved me back hard again. I grunted as I fell onto my crossed arms, and his hands seized my thighs, jerking them up and apart. Wide apart.

He had another piece of rope, this one longer, and he tied it around my right ankle, then fed the rope to the side, over the edge of the desk. There was a heavy overhang in front to impress people, I guess, so he had no trouble running the rope down under that overhang, along the length of the desk, then back over the other side.

He gripped my other ankle, slowly spreading it out to the side, until I was achingly spread open, and the tendons in my thighs began to burn and strain. I was pretty limber, in no small reason because of how he and the guys before him had liked to position my body, but I began to gasp and moan as he stretched me even wider.

I wasn't quite doing the splits, but I wasn't as far from that as I usually was!

His hands moved up and down my body, which was flushed and starting to tremble, and kneaded my breasts again before he pulled in a visitor's chair and sat down.

Chris Dalton had the longest tongue of any man I'd ever met. He could touch his nose with it. Do you have any idea what that can do to a girl!?

“Y-You're getting charged for my time!” I gulped.

He only chuckled softly as his tongue began to trace the line of my sex, his thumbs stroking the swelling lips as he spread them slowly apart. He ignored my clitoris, his tongue twirling and pushing deeper and deeper as I stared up at the ceiling and tried to control my breathing.

His big black hands slid up and down my thighs as his tongue delved deep within the tightness of my sex. He pressed his lips against me, sucking as if he

was going to suck the juices out of me!

Then his hands slid up my slender body to cover my breasts, kneading and squeezing them as his tongue twisted and pumped within me.

I shuddered helplessly, blinking up at the ceiling through the stupid glasses, the bow tie and collar feeling tight against my neck as my hips began to slowly grind up against him. The sexual pressure began to build immediately. Heck, just being tied up had me breathless, but what his tongue was doing had my mouth open in a soundless moan as I gulped in air.

Then he drew his tongue upwards and began to flick it across my clitoris!

“Oh! Fuck! Oh! Oh!” I gasped, hips flinching from every flick of his tongue.

He stood up, licking and kissing his way up my body as his fingers pushed into me, Two big long fingers sliding deep inside as his thumb rubbed against my clitoris!

His mouth found my breast, and his teeth began to close, taking in big chunks of flesh and growling as he bit into them, as he left bite marks across my breasts and pumped his fingers in my sopping pussy!

“Fuck! Oh! Fuck! Oh! Ow! Don't! Bastard!” I gasped.

He rose and moved around to the other side of the desk.

“Got something to shut up you, baby,” he said. “Can't have you screaming and bringing in a bunch of white guys to rescue you from the nigger.”

He opened a briefcase of all things.

“W-why do you have a briefcase?” I asked, panting.

“You think I don't have stuff to put in a briefcase, bitch?”

“You can't fit watermelon in there!”

“Racist little bitch,” he said with a broad grin.

Then he showed me a black dildo. It was long and thick and curved a little, and

had a fat round base. He gripped my hair, tilting my head back, and shoved the dildo into my open mouth. I gurgled weakly as it slid across the roof of my tongue, over my tongue, and then into my throat!

He slid the dildo deep into my throat, then squeezed the round base until he was able to fit that past my straining jaw as well. He left it here like it was a very large ball gag, then moved around in front of me and sat down again.

It's hard to breath with a big cock filling your throat. But it's not impossible. I had had a lot of practice with big cocks being shoved down my throat over the previous few months, by big guys who didn't much care if I could breath properly. I had learned how to breath. You have to relax your throat, which in itself isn't easy, and then draw the air in long, slow breaths.

But like I said, it's not easy, especially with a big cock. And the silicon dildo was thick. Meanwhile, Chris had shoved two very large thumbs, which together were probably as thick as an average man's cock, inside me and pulled the lips of my sex apart. At the same time, he lifted the ring off my clitoris and was licking in quick sharp strokes.

The little spiked ball which presses against my clitoris with the ring kind of leaves it feeling perpetually raw and sore. The feeling of his soft, slick, warm tongue was... incredible, after that! Every lick sent a wave of sensation through my groin, and the sensations became more and more powerful as my clitoris began to swell and burn and my nervous system became more and more attuned to it!

I was crying out every bit of air I managed to suck in now, my body writhing and rolling on the desk! My legs were kind of pinned, by the rest of me wasn't, save for my arms. My hips bucked up against him and my upper torso twisted and thrashed as the pressure became more and more intense!

Then he drove three black fingers deep into my sex. And these were Chris Dalton's fingers. Have you any idea how big the fingers are on a seven foot basketball player? He started pumping them rapidly in and out as my pussy began to spasm violently!

He laid his tongue against his lower lip so he could exert even more pressure and licked faster.

I screamed, or tried to. I couldn't really make much noise with a nearly foot long black dildo buried in my throat, not to mention that big black base filling my mouth. My head snapped back so hard I should have broken my something!

My back arched up and dropped, my hips bucking wildly, then my back arched again, so hard I rolled up and back on my head, hips jerking convulsively as the world exploded behind my eyes. Not being able to breath much only seemed to increase the incredible blast wave of pressure and sensation filling my skull!

“Bitch like you make any man feel like a man,” he said with a tone of smug contentment.

He had stood up and was kissing his way up my belly and then onto my breasts as I lay panting weakly, light-headed from lack of air as he closed his lips around my nipples, one at a time, and sucked hungrily.

He moved around to the other side of the desk and I heard the soft zip of his zipper coming down, then the somewhat bulkier sound of his pants hitting the floor. I wasn't paying a lot of attention, though. I was dazed, and every muscle in my body felt as though it had been spasming non-stop.

I groaned weakly, eyes slitted, as he pulled on my hair. He wasn't trying to pull my head back over the top of the desk, so I had no idea what he was doing – at first.

But as my mind kind of returned to me I could feel him doing something with my hair, and I rolled my eyes up and back and around, moaning into that big black ball, and realized he had wrapped my hair around his erection!

Well that was a new one on me. Then again, he'd long been effusive in his praise of my hair. It seemed that black women didn't let men touch their hair much. It was a carefully constructed thing with weaves carefully laced in place, and woe to any man who dared to so much as stroke it.

My hair, on the other hand, was hair which he described as softer than silk, and he always loved running his fingers through it. This was the first time he'd ran his cock through it, through.

He didn't stick with that, though. He moved around in front of me again, and then grinned at me, laying his big cock down along my belly. I moaned as I

looked down between my breasts. He slid in and out, up and down, just to let me know how deep he was going to go.

It wasn't the first time he'd done this, and I moaned, feeling the rush of emotions and excitement and heat as his shaft slid across my sex, across my clitoris. He had let the ring fall down again, and was deliberately grinding the ball into my clitoris. Then he lifted it up and gripped the head, just rubbing it from side to side against me.

“Gonna fuck you hard, white girl,” he said.

I moaned helplessly.

“Gonna make you scream, bitch.”

The black dildo felt thick in my throat, and I struggled to breath, laying my head back as he chuckled and pressed himself against me.

I groaned as I was stretched and stretched, as I felt the excitement and ache, as the nose of his cock pushed into the mouth of my sex, then slowly forced its way deeper.

He pushed deep, deep inside me, and I cried out weakly, back arching again as I felt the thickness of him driving achingly far inside my abdomen. He couldn't fit, not all of him. He never could... at first. But he would batter his way in eventually. My body would somehow accommodate him as it had before.

Now he began to slide back, then push forward, his hands kneading my breasts roughly as he stood there and let his hips work in and out.

“Kinky little slut,” he said. “I'm tired of my hot little slut not being available when I want her. I bought you a condo.”

I stared up at him, then shook my head.

“You can rent it, bitch. I'll come around to collect the rent often.”

He gripped my hips and lifted them up, raising my buttocks off the desk, jamming me back against him as he thrust harder, as he thrust faster, jerking my hips up and down as though I weighed nothing.

“Fuck, you're hot. Do you know that, baby? Do you know how fucking hot you are?” he demanded, hands sliding up my body again and squeezing my breasts. “Fuck!”

He leaned over me, and I shuddered as even more of him pushed inside. His hands seized my hair roughly on either side, and he bent way over, chewing and licking and sucking and kissing his way up and down the side of my throat.

“Kinky little slut,” he said. “I know what a kinky slut like you needs.”

I cried out as he thrust in deep and harder, his cock battering away at the back wall of my sex, demanding it move back and make room. The thickness of his hard, warm slick shaft made for an incredible sensation as it moved in and out of my body!

And then he pulled back, slid all the way out, gasping, trembling a little, and I felt a sense of ego gratification even amid the rising heat. He'd had to pull out to keep from coming too soon, I thought, even thought that had never been a problem for him before.

It was because I turned him on so much! It was this... this tying me up like this, using me, calling me names, the kinds of things he couldn't do with most girls.

He moved around the side of the desk, bent over and then rose with something in his hand. He returned to the other side of the desk and stared up along my body, holding it in his hand.

It was a flog!

I moaned and twisted on the desk, my upper torso rolling from side to side as I stared at it, my heart beating faster.

The Blakes had kind of used something like that on me once! It – hurt!

And then he swung it down! The flog had a short handle which his hand almost covered, and a dozen or more thin leather laces which were about fifteen inches long. They were fairly light weight, but even one would still sting, and there were a lot more than one! They spread out as he swung it down, so that when they landed the laces snapped into the skin all across my chest!

I cried out, hips bucking, back arching as the stinging laces bit into my tender breasts. His teeth drew back in a grimace, though, one I had come to recognize! He was loving this!

The flog swept down again, and again, and again, and again! The laces snapped and stung at my breasts and belly repeatedly, then between my legs! I screamed and twisted and thrashed as he flogged me again and again!

Then he threw the thing down and jabbed his erection at my opening. He fumbled at it, his hands trembling, but then found the angle. Even in his excitement, though, he didn't just ram it into me. He was too big and whatever his anger, he knew something like that might tear something.

He pushed in hard, though, thrust in deep, and then when he was almost buried, he leaned over me and started to thrust hard and fast, harder, and faster, and then his hands enveloped my head as he fucked me with more and more violent strokes as I screamed and cried out again and again.

An orgasm tore through me, and that brought him too, even as his hips began to strike my thighs with full force.

He was buried in me now, and he cursed and lowered his upper torso, his hips worked furiously as he drove his mighty shaft up into my quivering, burning, churning belly like a long, black spear!

Fuck it hurt! But it hurt so good!

*

I was walking unsteadily when I left the office. The white guy was looking anxiously at me, like he was going to have a lawsuit on his hands now. Meanwhile, Chris was slouching at the desk behind me, all his nasty tools back in his briefcase... and his pants.

I thought of saying something, you know like maybe commenting on how big the nigger's cock was, but I was drained and sore and just wanted to go sit... well, maybe lay down.

He had kept my panties. I had never had sex with him that he hadn't torn them off, so he'd decided to keep them. I was too exhausted to argue. My throat ached,

not just from the thick dildo but from screaming myself hoarse.

In my pocket were the keys he'd given me to the condo he'd bought for me.

To rent.

My initial thought was to not use it, but my place, the place I could afford, was kind of out on the south side, and if I had a place right downtown I'd be a lot closer to him and then... then he'd get to do nasty things to me more often.

And the nasty things felt sooooo good!

Even if they did leave me limping a little.

I had to sit down gingerly in the little car and spread my legs, kind of slumping. God, he was big! And the whole of the front of my body was pink from the thin laces. That had hurt!

Okay, it had been wild and nasty and kinky and thrilling, too. And from the way it had affected Chris I had the feeling he was going to get into that sort of thing more often now. Had he been on the internet? There was a lot of things to be learned from the internet.

I completed my day's assignments, and then instead of taking the bus home I walked five blocks to the condo building. New Orleans is not Manhattan. It's not a place of fifty story buildings. That's not to say there aren't any tall, modern condos, but most of them were in older buildings which had been heavily renovated.

This one was a two story walkup, a U-shaped building with a courtyard filled with fountains, plants and stone benches. There were balconies running the full length of the second floor on both sides, kind of like in a motel, except the wrought iron rails were very stylish.

I climbed the stairs and unlocked the door. There was an alarm panel just inside, and it started to beep as I closed the door behind me. I punched in the code Chris had given me, and then walked forward. There was a huge arched doorway to the left.

The hardwood floor was so highly polished it was practically a mirror. The high

ceiling was angled overhead, with exposed beams. A large fireplace was against the wall, surrounded by comfortable looking leather sofas.

The front wall had a pair of double doors leading onto the balcony, and the glass doors had windows above, so that it was all arched, just like the doorway into the room. That was a theme which ran through the apartment.

It was furnished, of course, and the furniture was current, modern, and comfortable. The TV in the den was eighty inches wide, and had another big sofa in front of it. Chris didn't go in for that nouveau riche thing of buying antiques to impress people.

The kitchen was gorgeous, and there was a very large bed, a four poster bed in the bedroom. The posts were carved in the shape of naked women, and there were already leather handcuffs dangling from them! I opened the door to the walk-in closet and found my clothes already on the poles! My shoes were neatly set along the shoe shelf, and there were mens clothes on the other side.

It was like I was already a kept woman! I wasn't too happy about that, but on the other hand, this place was freaking gorgeous!

In the second bedroom, well, what can I say. It had a stripper pole in the middle, on a two foot high stage. I had told him about the Blake brothers and Lenora teaching me how to be a stripper, just for them, and of course, the web cam crowd.

Chris loved lap dances.

The room was big enough that the stage only took up part of it. The right side of the room had a long table along the wall with a top of the line computer there, and a variety of plugs, wires and tools.

“Rich bastard,” I said ruefully.

There were no cameras around anywhere that I could see, and I looked. After all, the last time a man had bought me a condo it had been Alex, and the purpose was for me to put on web-cam shows which made him money.

But Chris didn't need that. Mind you, he'd expressed an interest in seeing some of those videos.

I wandered back to the kitchen. The cupboards were stocked with food. Everything I'd had in my kitchen was here, only more of it. And there was other stuff besides, like lots of steaks for Chris.

It wasn't a huge place, but it was still three times as big as my apartment, and way nicer, and way better located. I wondered how much the rent would be...

But since I was already moved in, there was no point in fighting it. I stripped out of the nerd girl outfit, wincing a bit as I removed my bra and looked at the bite marks on my breasts. I ran my fingers over my stiff nipples, feeling the familiar thrill as I looked at my bite marked breasts, the familiar heat of excitement.

My skin was pale again, with only a few light pink lines showing where the flog had hit. I traced one line with my finger as it crossed my breast, remembering how wild and nasty that had felt, right there in someone's office in an office building!

My hand slid down my belly and I pressed the little ball against my clitoris. I was going to take a shower, but then instead I padded naked into the other room and looked at the pole. It had been exciting, and very, very good exercise. Nothing toned your body better! Especially your upper body!

I'm generally petite, but my boobs are nice and full. Without good exercise they wouldn't be nearly as perky (well, as perky as a 36-C cup gets) as they are. I also like my nice, toned belly and abdomen and wouldn't want to be without them.

I licked my lips, then climbed onto the stage. I hesitated, then dropped back down. I looked, found the stereo, turned it on, checked the DVD and the drawer opened to reveal a DVD already inside. Stripper Music, it said. I pushed it back in and turned it on, then walked back to the stage and climbed on.

The music started to play and I gripped the pole and started to ... exercise. Yes, pole dancing is an exercise, you know, a very good one. It doesn't necessarily have to be about stripping.

Of course, it was with me, and doing it naked made sure of that. I swung around the pole. I danced, and rolled my hips, the movements coming back to me even though it'd been a few months. My arms weren't as strong as they'd gotten, but with practice they'd get stronger again.

I swirled and twirled nakedly around the pole, and began to get more and more turned on. In part, that was because I still had the ring on between my legs, the one with the dangly spiked ball. Every time I clamped my thighs around the pole and ground myself into it I was grinding that spiked ball into my clitoris!

I finished, panting, sweating, and stumbled off the stage, then through the apartment to the bathroom. I didn't have to climb into the tub here. There was a glass walled shower stall. The tiles on the floor and wall behind it were black, so I didn't notice the dildo till I was actually inside.

Then I laughed loudly.

It wasn't sitting on a shelf or anything. It was stuck to the wall! It stuck up and out at a sharp angle! I could just imagine the workmen he'd had putting that up! I wrapped my fingers around the dildo. It was firm, but it could bend down. Fuck! I felt like calling him up and laughing. Was it a joke or did he really think I'd use it?

Because, damn it, I was going to!

It was not as big nor as long as Chris, but it was big and long and thick enough! Giggling at first, I backed against the wall, gripped it, and bent it down, then bent forward and guided it against my pussy. After the stripping session I was hot, both inside and out. I moaned softly as I leaned over, rose on the balls of my feet, and pushed myself back onto it!

It felt goooood going in! I moaned and wriggled my hips back further and further, groaning as the dildo angled up, sliding my buttocks back further until they were pressed against the cool marble tiles! I was impaled on the thing, and loving it!

I groaned, closing my eyes, and then, slid forward again, having an idea. I turned on the water, set it to the right temperature, angled it towards the rear wall, then slid my pussy back down the dildo until I could stand there, back against the wall, groaning, the water pouring over me as my pussy thrummed around the thick dildo up inside me.

I rolled my hips a little, slowly, grinding my buttocks against the smooth tiles, then slid off again and tilted the shower away before picking up the soap. I sank myself back fully on the dildo then began to soap up my body.

When I was completely soaped up I ground my soapy bottom against the wall even harder, then reached down and began to stroke my fingers across my clitoris, staring excitedly at the thick dildo which protruded from the swollen lips of my sex. I was becoming more and more breathless as I looked at it, as I bent forward and stared, watching it disappearing inside me, then reappearing again!

My bottom began to slap against the wall, harder and harder, jarring the butt plug still inside me. I felt the nose of the thing punching against the back wall of my sex softly and insistently. It wasn't quite as long as Chris, but I was still a bit sore there, and so the thumping feeling made me ache wonderfully!

And then the orgasm tore through me with enough force to make me cry out in a long, gurgling wail of pleasure. I arched up and back sharply, fingers stroking wildly across my clitoris as I slapped my soapy bottom back against the tiles again and again!

I halted, panting, moaning weakly. I groaned as I leaned against the wall, reaching downward, my hand sliding around the base of the thing just outside myself. Then I eased my bottom out and away, my fingers around the thick, slick dildo as it emerged from deep inside me.

I stumbled a bit as I came completely off, aching nicely and rubbing my pussy as the water poured over me.

Did this mean I had initiated the place? Probably not. Probably Chris would want to do that.

“You're such a fucking pervert, Molly,” I groaned, reaching for the shampoo.

After I was all rinsed off I wrapped myself in a very soft towel, dried myself off, then pulled on a short, black silk robe which had been waiting on the hook outside the shower. I had no silk robe. Mine was terrycloth. But this fit and felt good against my skin. I tied it loosely, then, not bothering to dress, went to the kitchen to make dinner.

I was almost done when I thought, well, shit. I'm not a silk robe kind of girl. And I don't want Chris making me into one. I went back to the bedroom, checked for one of my own nighties, tossed aside the robe, and pulled on a T-shirt nightie, which was pink and had a picture of the South park gang on the chest.

It was also kind of old and kind of worn, kind of short, and kind of tight across the chest (because then I could get away without wearing a bra and still not bounce too much). But I was used to it. I felt more me in it than in a silk robe. That was too, I don't know, mature.

Not that I'm immature, exactly, but even at twenty I was a bit uncomfortable thinking of myself as a 'adult', except in the technical sense. I thought of myself as a girl, not a woman. Women were married, with children, and lived in nice houses or apartments, and went to the PTA and stuff.

I wandered out into the condo, shaking my head with admiration as I moved around. I worked the remote control for the gas fireplace, and got it to turn on, then went back to the kitchen. I ate in front of the fireplace, thinking pretty good thoughts. I'd had great sex today, thrilling sex, had gotten in some good exercise on the pole, and was in a really nice freaking condo which was now mine (at least for a while).

I wasn't expecting Chris to show up since he'd gotten his ashes hauled already, and was in the second bedroom exploring the computer when I heard the sound of movement coming from outside the room. It scared me in the way anyone who thinks they're alone in a place would be scared, and I jumped up in alarm, then blew out a sigh of relief when Chris ambled through the door.

“Hey, don't you knock?” I demanded.

“I own the place, baby,” he said with a smile, coming over to me.

“I'm the tenant! The landlord doesn't just walk in! He could scare the shit out of the tenant!”

“Sorry, baby girl,” he said, sliding his big hands around me.

“Love the nightie,” he said.

It was tight enough across my chest, and threadbare enough my nipples were kind of visible through it.

“I wasn't expecting company,” I said.

“That's okay. I can get you ready for company, real easy.”

He gripped the hem of my nightie and peeled it up my body and off, the strong tug of the material forcing my arms up as I gasped in startled surprise.

“Hey!”

“Look even better this way,” he said with a leer, his hands sliding up and down my back and down onto my buttocks.

“I already paid the rent,” I complained.

He snorted in amusement.

“What'd that guy say when you came out?”

“He was afraid he'd be having to explain me to the cops.”

“And you told him I was just some blonde bimbo who naturally fell at your feet the minute I saw that black monster of yours?”

“Something like that,” he said, smirking.

“Blondes are not sluts, you know!”

“You are,” he said.

With that he bent way over, his arm going around my back and simply lifted me right up – way up – across his shoulder. I gasped, belly down, my upper torso and arms dangling down his back, grabbed at my glasses, which had almost fallen off. I had, of course, taken my contacts out for the shower.

“Hey!” I said, slapping at his back.

“Behave, slave girl,” he said, slapping my butt sharply.

“Ow! Hey! I was working on the computer!”

“We can do that later. I been thinking about you all day.”

“You already got your sex for the day!” I complained as he carried me down the hall and into the master bedroom.

“For the day? Bitch, you think sex once a day is good enough for a man like me?”

He dropped me on the floor in front of the walk in closet and opened it.

“It's better than like ninety nine percent of the men in the world get!” I protested.

“I'm part of the one percent, baby,” he said, looking at the stuff in the closet.

I had kind of noticed that in addition to my own clothes there was some other stuff there. Now he pulled a couple of hangers across to inspect the contents.

“Who put all this stuff here?” I demanded. “And who put that big nigger cock in the shower?!”

He laughed in delight. “You use it yet?”

“You think I'm some kind of nympho!”

“Hell, yes!”

“Asshole,” I said, slapping his ass hard.

He grabbed me by the arm and yanked me into the closet, spinning me around so my back was pressed to him, then put his humongous arm across my chest, his hand actually clasped across the left side of my ribs.

“Hmm, yeah, I think this ought to be about right.”

He took down a hangar and handed it to me.

“Put this on, baby.”

“You actually want me to get dressed?” I said with a snort.

“Only for a very short time,” he replied.

It was a white blouse with a high, lacy collar which buttoned down the middle. It came with a knee length black skirt.

“Don't forget to wear underwear.”

“What is this supposed to be for?” I asked, bemused.

“It's supposed to be about doing what your man tells you to do.”

I snorted and stuck my tongue out, and he yanked me up over his shoulder again, taking the outfit and me out and tossing us both onto the bed.

“Get dressed, white girl, and don't forget to wear underwear.”

“Really?”

“I got a visitor coming over. Should be here any minute.”

“Oh, shit! Why didn't you say so!”

I rolled off the bed, yanked open several of the dresser drawers, and found my lingerie. With a white blouse I'd need a white bra, and I liked to match my top and bottom, so a white thong too. Everything I wore was sexy, though some sets were more comfortable than others. I quickly pulled on a bra, then yanked up the thong.

“Who is this person?”

“Guy I went to college with.”

“Why do I have to wear this?” I asked, making a face.

“Because I want you to look respectable.”

“You saying my clothes don't make me look respectable?” I demanded, glaring.

“You got any long skirts?”

“I can wear pants!”

“You got any pants that ain't tight?”

“I have a nice ass!”

“Yeah I know. Put on the skirt, slut.”

I snorted, then pulled on the blouse.

“And this!?”

“Do it.”

I shrugged and buttoned it up, all the way to the neck. Then I pulled on the skirt and zipped it up. I went into the closet and found a pair of high heels which weren't very high, and slipped them on as the doorbell rang – the first time I'd ever heard it.

“Now you look like a librarian,” he said with a grin, poking his finger at my glasses.

He took my arm and hurried me down the hall to the front door, then opened it and did that complicated black guy hand thing with another large, black guy who was too short, I thought, to be a basketball player, and way too – thick.

“This is Elton,” he said, turning back to me and introducing him.

“Hey,” I said, giving a kind of negligent wave of my hand.

Elton was almost a head shorter than Chris and probably twice as thick.

“Elton was on the football team when I was on the basketball team,” Chris said.

“Yeah, I met the skinny dude in the gym,” Elton said in a surprisingly soft voice.

He took my hand, and his was – huge. I mean, Chris' hand was big, this one was like a bear paw! The fingers weren't as long but they were sure thick!

“You are a cute little thing,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said with a bit of a smirk.

Okay, I didn't think of myself as this mature, sophisticated woman but I still thought guys saying I was a 'cute lil thing' was sort of, I dunno, not super respectful of my equality, which I know sounds dumb. Either of these guys were easily twice my size, and from the looks of the Rolex on Elton's wrist, ten times more successful than me.

“Let me show you one of the great things about Molly,” Chris said.

And before I understood his intent, he had gripped his friend's hand, raised it up,

and was pushing it against the back of my head, sliding it up and down against my hair.

“Hey!” I said, batting it away.

The two men laughed, and then Chris slid his long fingers through my hair.

“I can get a hard-on sometimes, just touching this hair,” he said.

“As I remember it you can get a hard-on seeing a cloud float by in the sky or hearing a car horn going off ten blocks away,” Elton said.

I couldn't help laughing at that.

“So you can imagine what happens when I see Molly,” Chris said.

I blushed as the two of them laughed.

Chris led us into the main room and asked him if he wanted a drink, which he did. I didn't really even know where everything was, but I had seen the beer in the fridge, so I went to get a couple of beers while they talked about college stuff.

I was still a bit puzzled about why Chris had dressed me so modestly. In my experience with him I would have expected a tight tank top and a miniskirt – with no underwear. He liked to show off what he had, whether it was gold and jewel encrusted necklaces and rings, expensive sports cars, or pretty girls.

Mind you, the skirt was tight around my butt and waist, and the shirt was tight against my breasts, but even so, it wasn't his usual preference.

I went back out into the front room with the beers, and handed Elton his first.

“The man of the house should get served first, woman,” Chris said in a pompous voice.

I snorted and gave him the finger, which made Elton laugh, then handed him his beer.

His long, long arm shot up and his hand grabbed my ass, jerking me forward. I

gasped, almost falling across his lap, but catching myself by grabbing his shoulder.

“Kiss too,” he demanded.

Blushing, I kissed him chastely, but his fingers were kneading my buttocks, and still pulling me in.

“That ain't a kiss, baby,” he said softly.

I felt a little lurch inside, and kissed him again, and he put his beer down and let his other hand slide up behind my head, into my hair as he held our lips together and his tongue slid into my mouth. Chris was a pretty good kisser, and I clutched his shoulder as I stood there, bent way over, wondering what Elton was thinking.

He let up and I straightened, giving him a reproachful look as he grinned back.

“Molly's into computers,” he said to his friend.”

“Yeah, her too, huh? You were always kind of into that.”

“Kind of? It was my fuckin major, man.”

“But now you've got your own tech support for that,” Elton said with a grin.

“Yeah, that's her job, too. Tech support,” Chris said with a laugh.

“No shit?”

I sat down next to him and nodded.

“I like it. It's like one problem to solve after another, but I'm good at it,” I said.

“What do you do?”

“I work for ESPN doing commentary at football games.”

“Cool!” I said.

“Running off at the mouth is what he's good at,” Chris said.

“Not all the time,” Elton said with a grin.

I had to lean forward to see around Chris, especially since he was kind of leaning forward a bit too, what with his beer sitting on the coffee table in front of him. He noticed and then grinned and turned, sweeping me up in his arms and then sitting me across his lap facing Elton.

“She looks like a doll sitting on your lap,” Elton said in amusement.

“She is a doll, man,” Chris said, his hand gently caressing my head and hair.

“I’ve been called worse,” I said with a shrug and a smile.

“All she needs is a little string to pull out of her back,” Elton replied.

“I got one of them too,” Chris said.

He pretended to pull a string and said.

“Say my name is Molly.”

“My name is Molly,” I said with a smile, rolling my eyes a bit at Elton.

Chris pretended to pull a string in my back again.

“Chris is one hot hunk of black man,” he said.

“Chris is one hot hunk of black man,” I said, giggling a bit.

He did it again.

“Chris makes me hot every time I see him,” he said.

His hand slid up behind my neck, then and tilted my head towards him.

“Chris makes me hot every time I see him,” I said, just a tad breathily now as I felt a kind of rising sexual tension.

He kissed me and I kissed him back, and his left hand dropped onto my leg, then began to stroke gently up and down atop the skirt.

He pulled his lips away and smiled.

“Chris has a cock that I can't keep my hands off,” he said in a taunting voice.

“I bet you can't,” I said.

Elton laughed, but Chris slid his left hand down over my knees, then up under the skirt, and I gasped, feeling a sudden wild rush of energy, mixed with embarrassment and a jolt of sexual awakening as Chris jerked back on my hair.

“What was that, dolly? I think you meant to say what I said,” he growled.

“Chris has a cock that I can't keep my hands off!” I gasped.

His left hand had slid right up under my skirt, his wrist forcing it up along my legs, and his long, strong fingers pushed in between my thighs, forcing my legs apart as they began to rub me through my panties. I didn't think Elton could see anything under the skirt, but there sure wasn't any doubt about what Chris was doing!

I blushed hotly as Chris kissed me hard, as his lips pressed against mine with bruising force and his tongue darted in and out of my mouth.

He pulled his lips back.

“I'm Chris' bitch,” he growled.

“I-I'm Chris's bitch!” I gasped, as his fingers rubbed harder against my clitoris, against the ring and the spiked ball.

“I love his cock,” he said, sucking lightly on my earlobe.

“I love his cock!” I gasped, face red.

“I love having it inside me,” he said next, his fingers curling around the crotch of the thong to rub my clitoris directly.

I gasped, wriggling helplessly on his lap, his fingers flipping the little spiked ball and ring up to rub my clitoris directly, then letting them fall back and rubbing them into me too.

Suddenly, his hands came free. He let go of my head, and he picked me up easily

in his arms, turned me around and leaned over to sit me across Elton's lap facing him.

“Feel what this hot little blonde has up under her skirt, bro,” he said.

My eyes widened, and my heart, which was already beating rapidly, skipped a beat as a shock-wave rippled through me. Elton's big hand pushed easily up under my skirt, and I stared at Chris as I felt the fingers reach my thong and rub against it.

“What's this I feel?” Elton asked.

His fingers curled under the thin crotch and rubbed against the ring and spiked ball.

“This don't feel that comfortable,” he said questioningly.

“Yeah, but she's a kinky little thing,” Chris said as he watched the man's fingers rubbing my clitoris and twirling the ball.

“She don't look like she's kinky,” Elton said.

“Trust me on that, bro.”

“Oh!” I gasped, grasping Elton's arm too late.

His fingers had straightened, and one had pushed through the swollen lips of my sex. I could do nothing to stop it though, and my grip on his wrist was like nothing to the big man as his finger slid deeper into the hot, moist depths of my pussy!

“She's fuckin' tight,” he said.

“You bet she is, front and back,” Chris said smugly, watching me.

I was feeling sort of anguished. On the one hand, I was embarrassed. On the other hand, I wasn't sure what Chris wanted. If he thought I was going to be able to just ignore this because the finger inside me wasn't his he was going to be disappointed! But no, he'd worked me up first to make sure I would be hot, so that couldn't be it!

The skirt had been forced up along my inner thighs, and my legs were parted as his thumb stroked against my clitoris and his finger pumped inside me. I sat there, trembling, gasping, flushed, and without any idea what was going on!

Other than the obvious, of course.

Elton, like I said, had thick fingers, and he added a second, making me groan as they stretched me, as they slid in and out.

“Hot little slut,” he said.

“The hottest,” Chris replied. “But she don't like black guys touching her white skin.”

He looked at me and I saw how hot his eyes were, saw the wild tension of excitement in him.

Elton laughed.

“I don't see no sign of that, man.”

“You hate niggers, don't you, white girl?” Chris said.

“Y-Yes!” I gasped, the rush of sexual heat building up into an incredible sense of pressure in my skull.

“Say it.”

“I-I hate niggers!” I gasped, rolling my eyes up and to the side, wondering what Elton would think of that.

“That so?” Elton said ponderously.

“You gonna let that darky paw you like that, white girl?” Chris asked.

I felt a spiraling sense of kinky dark hunger and heat sweeping over me, and I kind of twisted away from Elton, but with his hand up under me, his fingers in me, my movements were blocked.

“G-Get your nasty black hands off me!” I gulped.

Elton smirked. Chris looked hot!

I twisted more energetically, as if I was trying to pull free, though those fingers felt awfully good against my body!

“Get your nigger hands off me!” I cried, finally managing to throw myself off to the side and pull away.

“That ain't polite language to use on my friend Elton, babe,” Chris said.

I scrambled to my feet, gulping in air.

“He's a nigger! I hate niggers!”

Elton was starting to look a little irked, but only a little.

“You gonna take that shit from this white bitch, Elton?” Chris asked.

I cried out as Elton yanked me back, and I fell across his lap, only this time on my belly.

Crack! His hand slapped against my upraised bottom!

“Ow!”

Crack! Crack!

“Nasty little white bitch,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I yelped and cried out and wriggled and twisted against him as his hand slapped down sharply.

“Think you're better than us?”

Crack!

He yanked my skirt up over my buttocks and revealed my bare bottom and the tiny thong.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Please!” I gasped.

“Nasty little blond racist,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You show her, bro,” Chris said.

Elton's big hand slid down my burning skin, and then tugged the thong aside. He laughed, his fingers rubbing against the base of the butt-plug.

“Kinky little bitch. Had no idea she was wearing that,” he said.

“She loves a big cock up the ass,” Chris said. “She wears that so she can take them any time.”

“My kinda woman!” Elton said enthusiastically.

“I'm not your woman, you spearchucker!” I gasped.

Crack! Crack!

“Little racist slut,” he said.

I felt two fingers sliding against the narrow opening of my pussy, then pushing through, wriggling and twisting and driving deep into my sex as I shuddered and moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

His left hand slapped against my bottom as his right fingers pumped slowly in and out, twisting and turning, all while Chris watched intently.

The heat inside me was mounting almost as rapidly as the heat of my buttocks, which felt as though they were fairly glowing, radiating heat!

I let out a cry of pain as a big hand twisted my hair into its fist, and yanked my head up and back. I saw Chris standing there, and he pulled me so hard it slid me right off Elton's lap and onto the floor!

“Come and see what the little blonde gets up to when no one's around,” he said over his shoulder as he moved towards the hall.

He still had my hair filling his hand, and I was jerked up onto my knees, grasping at his wrist, but couldn't rise as he simply walked forward, half dragging me by the hair as I stumbled along on my knees!

My glasses had fallen off somewhere as he dragged me down the hall and into the second bedroom, then over to the stage. He lifted me to my feet and then up onto the stage.

“Dance, baby,” he growled in a harsh voice.

I gripped the pole just to keep from falling over, my fingers combing the hair out of my face as I stared at the two men.

Even on the stage Chris was as tall as me, and Elton almost as tall.

He grinned and moved over to the corner, and the stripper music started to play, then he walked back and sat down on one of the chairs facing the stage. Elton sat down next to him, grinning. I could feel their hunger, though, and both of them had erections!

“Dance, slut!” he shouted.

I jerked back, and then started to dance. At first I felt a bit self-conscious, though of course, I had done this before for the Blakes, and then for cameras. But I hadn't done it in a few months, and Elton was a stranger!

I danced to the music, the wild, churning heat gripping me again and rising up once more. My bottom was hot and sore, but my nipples were almost painfully hard, and the seething hunger in my lower belly had only briefly subsided and now was growing more powerful!

I began to get into the dance more naturally, less jerky, less awkward, though I felt a bit dazed. I pressed my chest against the bar, facing them on the other side, letting it push into the blouse, in between my breasts, and I kind of slid up and down against it.

I reached back and unclipped the skirt, then unzipped it, then swung around the

pole to put my back to them. I reached up, grasping the pole high, and rolled my hips as the skirt slowly slid down over them, then down my legs to pool around my feet. I stepped out of it and kicked it back off the stage at them, then swung around the stage again.

The shirt was down to my thighs, so they couldn't see a lot from there, especially with my thong on, but I started to undo the blouse as my upper body rolled and my hips ground against them. I let the shirt fall open, then pulled it back over my shoulders and off.

That sent another hot little jolt through me as I danced and swung around the pole in front of Elton in my lingerie. Chris was staring at me hungrily as Elton grinned and leered, and I reached back and undid my bra, then slipped it off.

“Oh fuck!” Elton said with a sigh. “Those are fucking nice!”

“They are,” Chris growled.

I reached up high, pulled myself up the pole, then fell back to clutch it between my thighs and hang upside down. I slid down so my hands were right at the level of the floor, then gripped the pole and arched my back sharply, then again, my body kind of undulating.

I swung my body up, and believe me, this is really good to tone your abdominal muscles – gripped the pole above my head, and then pulled myself up again, letting my legs slide down until my feet hit the floor and could help me rise.

I swung my hips out, rolling them back, letting them see my ass with just the thong covering it.

Then the thong went!

I was heat from head to do, partly embarrassed but mostly aroused as I swung around the pole again and danced back and forth. Elton was practically drooling while Chris stared fixedly at me, like a coiled spring ready to explode!

“Elton wants a lap dance,” he growled.

“I don't touch niggers,” I gulped breathlessly.

“Do it!” he snarled.

I gulped and climbed down off the stage, then, still dancing to the music, I spread my legs apart, straddling the chair Elton sat in, sliding in and over his legs as I gripped his huge shoulders for support. He was staring at my breasts as I lowered myself, and wriggled my buttocks against him. I could feel his hardness pressing against the crotch of his pants!

Then his hands slid up my front and filled themselves with my breasts! He squeezed them from the sides, making them bulge out, the nipples throbbing! He leaned in and rubbed them against his face as I shuddered and trembled helplessly.

“These are nice fuckin' tits!” he exclaimed.

He held them just in front of his face, staring at them, then leaned in and began to lick and chew at the nipples as I yelped and moaned and ground myself against him!

Chris moved, and a moment later I felt my arms pulled firmly back behind me, yanked back behind me! I felt something going around them, looping around them and pulling in tighter. It felt like the black rope from this morning!

I felt several loops going around my arms just below the elbows, forcing them back painfully sharp, until they were physically touching, as they had earlier that day! Then several more went around my arms a bit higher, just above the elbows! My shoulders were burning as Chris carefully tied them off and froze my arms in place behind me!

Elton was still licking and chewing on my nipples, which were on fire! But now Chris gripped my hair again and yanked me roughly backward off his lap and onto the floor! I gasped helplessly as he held me up by the hair, my body trembling.

“You want a blow job from this slut, man?”

“Wouldn't say no to one,” Elton replied.

He undid his pants and pulled his cock out. It was big, though not as thick and long as Chris. Chris jerked me forward by the hair, and then sat down again,

watching intently as Elton took over control of my hair.

He pulled me down and my mouth opened wide around his cock, then closed, sucking and licking as I slid down its length.

“Fill the little white slut with that black cock, man!” Chris growled.

Elton did just that! He pulled down on my hair, on my head, and his cock pushed into my throat as my breasts pillowed out against the chair before him. I gurgled weakly as my lips slid down the length of his shaft until every inch was buried inside me and my face was jammed into his groin!

Crack!

I jerked, eyes rolling up and back wildly at the sharp stinging blow to my bottom!

It wasn't coming from Elton. No, Chris was holding a long strap in his hand as he watched intently. He swung it again!

Crack!

I gurgled and twisted wildly at the pain to my bottom as Elton held me there.

Crack!

“Slut!” Chris said.

Crack!

“Look at her sucking on that black dick!

Crack!

“Blonde whores all like that black cock!”

Crack!

Elton pulled me back by the hair, then down again, then back, then down, jamming my lips into his groin with every pull

“Choke her with that black cock, man!”

Elton worked my head up and down faster, rougher, and I gurgled helplessly, struggling to suck a bit of breath in around it!

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” he gasped, jerking my face up and down his cock.

Crack!

“White slut!”

Crack!

“Swallow that black cock, bitch!”

Crack!

“Cock sucking little whore!”

Crack!

The strap was stinging! I was jerking violently with every blow, even as Elton forced my mouth up and down his cock!

Then the belt was looped around my throat and jerked so tight my eyes bulged! He yanked me up and back so I sprawled on the floor! Then he dragged me over to his chair by the strap and pulled, so that my legs scrambled desperately to help support myself as he pulled me up onto his lap!

He jerked his pants open and pulled out his big monster of a cock.

“You're getting every fucking inch inside you, white bitch!” he snarled.

I trembled and moaned as I felt him pushing against my sopping wet entrance. Then he pushed in and I slid down, down, down, down, crying out soundlessly, the strap still choking off my breath!

He loosened it enough for me to breath, and I drew in desperate, ragged breaths as he worked me in closer and down further. My insides ached as he filled me!

Chris held the strap just under my neck, his other hand crushing my left breast as

he worked his hips slowly up and down!

The sexual electricity began to crackle up and down my spine as I felt that now familiar glory of his thick, slick cock caressing the tight, clutching lips of my sex! Then Elton moved behind me and I felt his fingers at my ass, felt him clutching the butt-plug and slowly prying it out of me.

My eyes widened as I understood, and I stared wildly at Chris as he jerked me in and kissed me savagely!

Elton's cock pushed against my ass, then slid inside. My eyes grew wider, and Chris pushed me back a bit, staring into my eyes, his own hot and red and filled with lust as he watched me, as he stared into my eyes, as his friend slid his cock deep into my ass and my mind began to melt into chaos!

My jaw trembled and my body shook, and Chris' lips pulled up in a hungry leer! I felt the first shock-wave of orgasm rolling through my body, and cried out in helpless pleasure! Then my eyes rolled up and back in my head as the orgasm swamped my mind, and Elton began to thrust in and out of my ass while Chris drove his own huge cock up into my belly from underneath!

“Take that black cock, bitch!” he growled. “Love it! Come for us, you slut! Come for us, you fucking, skanky ho! Come with two nigger cocks stuffed up your belly!”

He squeezed my left breast repeatedly as Elton mauled my right, his hips striking my buttocks harder and harder now as he rammed himself into me from behind!

I gurgled and cried out again and again, my insides a maelstrom of fiery heat and wild passion, my nervous system overloaded and mind flayed by the overwhelming power of the climax!

*

They left me tied up on the floor and went back to the other room. I was dazed and my eyes were glazed, and I was still trembling and twitching for a full minute afterward. I lay there for another minute or two before, with a groan, rolling onto my side to ease the pain on my arms. Then I lay there for a few more minutes.

It was about ten minutes later when Chris returned. He dragged me up by the arm, then untied me without saying a word. He then stepped onto the stage, lifting me up with him and gathering my slender wrists together in front of me to lift up and around the pole.

I was still kind of numb, and didn't say anything, as he raised my wrists high on the other side of the pole, then tied them there. He drew the remainder of the rope off in the other direction and tied it to a ring set in the wall, and I moaned weakly, half collapsed against the pole as he jumped down.

He moved around behind me and his big hands gripped my thighs, jerking my hips up and back and spreading them apart. Then his mouth enveloped my aching sex and he began to suck and lick with a surprisingly gentle movement.

I moaned, chest and cheek pressed against the pole, my breasts pressed to either side of the cool metal. I couldn't fall, quite literally, with my wrists tied up tight and my thighs in his hands. I sort of slumped, moaning a bit, gasping, for I was sore down there.

But his mouth was warm and soft and wet, and... well, I'm a nympho, I guess. Because even though that orgasm had shattered my mind, my body still began to respond to that tongue, that long, delicious tongue. I was soon jerking my hips back against it, my blood starting to boil once more as I moaned and groaned and closed my eyes against the rising pressure.

I was most of the way towards and orgasm when he stopped. I opened my eyes, gasping for breath, and started to turn my head around.

Crack! The strap struck across my bottom sharply, stingingly, hurling my hips forward against the bar.

“Ah!” I cried helplessly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ah! Oh! Ow! Ahg! Don't!” I cried.

“Slut.”

Crack!

“Whore.”

“Crack!

“You'll fuck anything that wants you, won't you!?”

“Crack!”

“Please!” I cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

My ass was on fire! He was hitting hard!

Then he tossed down the belt and gripped my thighs again, yanking them apart, his mouth shooting up and seizing my entire sex in it, sucking and licking, his tongue shooting into me, then starting to ravish my clitoris!

The heat in my bottom was still there, but now the heat in my belly started to churn my insides into a wild cauldron of flaming need and heat again!

He drew back, and I gasped for breath.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I cried out at the fresh blows, twisting and writhing, dazed as my bottom stung desperately!

Then his mouth was at me again, his tongue stroking furiously across my clitoris!

I sobbed weakly, my front half literally hanging from my wrists.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I sobbed for real now, crying, my bottom flaming hot and hurting like hell! As Chris swung the belt hard and fast!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Then I felt my thighs yanked apart yet again. This time it was his cock pushing

into me, hard, angry, forced deep inside as I whimpered and moaned and hung limply from my wrists. It spiked deep into my belly and started thrusting wildly in and out!

The two foot rise in the stage was perfect for him. It allowed him, despite our difference in height, to use me fully, thoroughly, to pound himself into me while he stood behind! He let go of my thighs, his big right hand shooting in around my right hip and down to push back against me. His fingers started rubbing my clit hard!

His left hand gripped my right breast, crushing it as he leaned in and began to chew and suck hungrily on the nape of my neck.

“Gorgeous fucking babe!” he moaned. “You're the hottest fucking girl I ever knew in my life!”

His hips pounded into me as he bit into my throat, and the sexual firestorm came over me in a rush so that I shook violently, thrashing and twisting between him and the pole, crying out again and again as the incredible storm of sensations tore at my mind and body!

*

After that brutal sex Chris untied me, carried me into the bathroom, and bathed me gently, kissing me often, then put a soft leather strap around my wrists to hold them together behind me. He carried me back out front and sat me across his lap while he watched TV, and I kind of leaned my head against his chest, exhausted and drained.

Every now and then his hands would caress me, tweaking and rolling my nipples and lightly stroking my clitoris. But it was all very soft and relaxed, though I did come three times more that evening like that.

He slept over, the first time we'd slept in the same bed, and my wrist stayed tied together. In the morning, I gave him a blow job, and then I sat across his lap at the kitchen table as he fed both him and me, my wrists still tied together. Oh, and he brought me off with his fingers again.

Then it was time for him to go to practice and me to go to work.

Only I went to work in a BMW.

“I can't drive a BMW to work,” I said doubtfully, as he was showing it to me.

“You got a parking space in the garage just up the street,” he said with a smirk.

My butt was still a bit tender the next day, by the way. He'd strapped me good and hard! But the overwhelming memory was of that massive volcano of fiery sexual heat going off inside me! God, that had really felt like I was being torn apart!

“Are you gonna be bringing more friends around to enjoy me?” I demanded.

He grinned. “That wasn't for him, baby, that was for me, and you.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“You know you loved it.”

I flushed.

“And I loved watching you, loved watching how hot you got, loved watching how hot he got just touching you and looking at you.”

“Horny nigger,” I grumbled.

“You know it, baby.”

He gave me a kiss on the top of my head, then wandered off to his Porsche and took off.

I sighed and looked at the BMW. It was a nice looking thing, and what was I going to do, take the bus? I slid in, gingerly, because of my sore butt, then played around with the controls a little. My eyes widened at one button, and I turned on the cooling feature for the drivers seat.

Just what my overheated butt needed just then!

The papers in the glove compartment said the BMW was mine, not his. He'd put it in my name. I shook my head. We were going to have to talk about this.

But I have to admit, dating a rich guy, whether you could call what we were doing dating or not, was not so bad a thing.

A rich man's bitch? Was that what I was? Or maybe his kinda, sorta slave girl?

I felt my nipples tingle at the thought. Chris Dalton's sex slave!

Time would tell.

I closed the door and headed to work. There were computers to be fixed.

*

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

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