

Molly's Three Black Masters

By JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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

Cover image courtesy of Restrained Elegance

Working tech support used to be pretty easy. I mean, I wasn't doing the complicated stuff anyway, just going around from cubicle to cubicle taking care of small installations and the occasional unplugged device.

I mostly dressed pretty casual, which was fine by me. I liked wearing football jerseys and sweaters and yoga pants. And since I had to crawl around under desks a lot, well, it was perfect. High heels? Forget it! I wore tennis shoes! I didn't understand those girls who liked to get all dressed up!

That didn't mean I liked to be naked in public!

It was raining outside. It was hot, and it was drizzly, and Alex decided that was a good time to go for a walk, all four of us.

Alex Blake was a new vice president in the insurance company where I worked as junior tech support. He was over a foot taller than my five foot, three inches, and over twice my weight. He and his brothers were triplets, and they all had broad shoulders, and very well-muscled chests.

And they'd been using me as their little fuck toy all day!

So the idea of going out for a walk... with all three of them... filled me with more than a little anxiety, especially since Alex was into dominance in a big way, and I had fallen under his sway, helplessly enthralled and excited at his kinky dominance and submission game.

Alex and his brothers all had long raincoats, the kind older, successful businessmen might wear outside. I was wearing a plastic poncho they'd found somewhere.

And I had on nothing beneath it. Not only that, but I wore a studded leather collar around my throat, matching restraints around my wrists, and my wrists were bound back behind my back. Alex had also been thoughtful enough to stuff a pair of large dildos into my pussy and ass.

So as I walked along the sidewalk next to Alex, I felt more than a little exposed! My nipples ached since they'd been pierced only that day.

Thankfully, the streets weren't crowded, but every time we passed anyone they looked at us oddly, seeing this short, slender blonde girl surrounded by three really big, broad shouldered black guys. It didn't help that I looked younger than my twenty years, and that they were thirty nine.

I was nervous about having no clothes on under the little poncho, and even more nervous wondering what they might have in mind other than just walking!

But Alex had told me I was his sex slave, and I wasn't allowed to speak unless spoken to.

It turned me on to no end, as surreal as it was, to think of boring old nerdy me, Molly Rice, as anyone's sex slave! But to be the sex slave of a big black Conan the Barbarian man, wow, that was just unbelievable!

Not that I was a sex slave, of course! I'd only met him yesterday morning! But it was this dark, nasty game he was playing, and it had really caught at my imagination, making my blood race and my body burn as he, and then his brothers, had manhandled me!

Of course, no way I would sleep with three guys! I didn't even know Alex had any brothers until I was confronted by Stephen, and then the thought of doing them both had just blotted out my mind with a wall of heat. Then Jackson had entered the story and I had gone out of my mind!

Which was how I'd wound up having sex with all three at the same time, in the wildest, kinkiest, most thrilling sexual experience of my life! If my friend Shannon... but no way could I tell her! Not even Shannon would be able to accept what I'd done without thinking I was a slut!

Which I was, I guess. I just had never known it before!

Three guys at once! Oh! My! God!

My friends would be stunned! My family would be horrified!

Three BLACK guys at once! Three BIG black guys at once!

And you know what, they were big all over!

They chatted amiably as they walked, about baseball, about work, about family and friends. I was just walking along with them, trying to make my short legs keep up while walking funny. The dildos they'd stuffed into my body weren't fully inside, you see. They stuck out an inch or two, and that meant one was kind of rubbing between my buttocks and the other between my thighs as I moved.

I wasn't paying that much attention to the stores we passed. I was mostly keeping my head down, anxious, stomach fluttering, chest tight, staring down at my bare legs and black tennis shoes. When someone took my arm and we abruptly swerved into a shop I felt my heart skip a beat.

I didn't want to go inside where it was bright and there were people!

It was a fairly big store, and way too brightly lit, and I wasn't sure what it was at first. There looked to be a bunch of bottles up front on shelves, of lotions and stuff, and we headed past them and down the aisle on the right before we stopped in front of a tall black woman.

“May I help you?” she asked.

“This little blonde would like a pair of boots,” Alex said.

I blinked in surprise, and flushed as the woman looked down at me.

“This way, gentlemen,” she said.

I looked at Alex like – I didn't say I wanted boots! He ignored me, guiding me forward down the aisle, and as I turned to look at the shelves, I blanched. First there was a whole pile of dildos, then a whole pile of vibrators – and I mean dozens of different kinds! Then there was a bunch of leather stuff, like what I was wearing around my neck and wrists!

We were in a sex shop!

I was in a sex shop with three black men!

Virtually naked!

My heart was hammering as I rolled my eyes around, face already turning red. I knew every customer would look at me, look at them, and think of what a whore

I was!

“Did the young lady have a preference for – ?”

“Leather stilettos,” Alex said. “Thigh high.”

I gaped at him and my face felt even hotter!

The black woman, who was in her late twenties from the looks of her, seemed to have schooled her features by the time we got to the boots.

“What size were you looking for?” she asked.

“Try a seven,” Alex said.

I gulped as the woman plucked a pair of ridiculously long boots from the rack, with ridiculously long heels!

I felt a hand grip each of my arms to steady me as Alex sat down.

“Give me your foot, blonde girl,” he ordered.

I raised my foot and he took my ankle and removed my shoe, then slid my foot into the boot. I blushed under the woman's eyes as he slid the boot up my leg, up past my knee, up along my thigh, pushing the already short poncho back further and further as my face burned even hotter.

The fucking boot didn't stop until it was completely up my leg! The top was maybe an inch from my pussy! So I knew, even though I looked down so as to not see her face, that the woman would have noticed I had nothing on underneath, and probably seen the dildo sticking out of me too! I was mortified as Alex zipped it up.

“How does that feel, blonde girl?”

I gasped as someone pulled on my hair, forcing my head up.

“I-I don't know,” I gasped, only just barely stopping myself from saying “Master!”

I thought, well, we're in public, but he looked at me sternly. “Is that how you're

supposed to address me, slave girl?”

I cringed and my face felt as if flames were literally burning up my skin!

I tried to drop my head but someone was holding my hair behind me.

“Well?”

“N-No... master,” I mostly whispered.

“Louder, slave girl.”

“No, master,” I breathed, face burning, not looking at the black girl.

“Give me your other foot, sex slave,” he said.

I flushed anew, but obeyed, cringing under the embarrassment I felt as he slipped the other boot onto my foot, then slid it up my leg. This time he casually lifted the bottom of the poncho to my waist as he tugged the boot up to my crotch!

He bent and zipped it all the way up, still holding the poncho up as I burned with humiliation!

“That looks sexy,” Stephen said.

“Makes her taller,” Jackson said. “Easier to fuck her standing up.”

Again I cringed! Was it possible to die of embarrassment!?

Alex let go of the poncho, finally. “Now try to walk around.”

That was easier said than done! It was hard enough just to stay standing still! And my wrists were still locked together behind me! I took tiny steps, feeling weird and off balance on the high stiletto heels, but the boots fit... as far as that went.

“Do you have earrings that go with these boots?” Stephen asked. “Most of the time the boots will be up next to her ears after all.”

I cringed again!

“How about nipple rings?” Jackson asked.

“I wonder if her nipple rings should match her earrings,” Stephen said.

“Well, er, since most people aren't going to see them at the same time,” the black woman said, hesitantly.

“No, she doesn't get to wear clothes, so they'll be seen at the same time,” Stephens said.

I got that they were deliberately embarrassing me, but that didn't make it any less embarrassing!

“We like her to stay naked all the time,” Jackson added.

We moved further down the aisle, with me still wearing the boots, and stopped where there were a selection of rings, both earrings and nipple rings, as well as rings for belly buttons and, well, further down. But Alex moved past almost at once as something else caught his eye.

“Now this is nice!” he said enthusiastically.

“These are stainless steel,” the woman said, “Very highly polished.”

“I'd like to see her in these,” he said.

As Jackson pulled me forward by the arm I saw he was looking at a collar, a stainless steel collar with a big ring in the front. There were four smaller versions with it, which I knew would be for wrists and ankles.

“I like the thought of cool, hard metal against her warm skin,” Alex said.

And with that he gripped the poncho and pulled it completely off me!

I gasped in horror, trying to twist away, to hide myself, but Jackson had a firm hold on my arm, and there was nowhere to hide! Alex unbuckled the studded leather collar and removed it, then replaced it with the stainless steel one under the eyes of the fascinated store clerk, who showed him how to fit it and adjust the size.

“That looks hot,” Jackson said.

They turned me around and replaced the leather restraints with the metal shackles, and the woman showed them how to link a chain to the rings in the restraints and pull my wrists up high, snapping the short chain to a D ring in the back of the collar.

There weren't a lot of other shoppers in the store but we were attracting attention! Though the four tall Black people around me tended to shield me to some extent, I was still naked in the middle of a store aisle, and people noticed! I was so deeply flushed I felt faint!

“I like the metal look,” Alex said.

“You should try this, then,” the girl said, handing him a stainless steel chain. “The length is adjustable with this small screw, and what you do is fasten it to her collar..”

She clipped the end of the chain to the ring in the front of my collar, and then dropped it down between my breasts. I looked down, and saw the chain split in two, and she took one of them and drew it to my nipple ring, then clipped it in place, and tightened it, before fitting the other one to my other nipple!

“As long as you get the length proper, they will tug against her nipples as she moves and her breasts move,” the girl said. “That is, they look like real breasts and will move – .”

“Feel em and see,” Stephen offered.

And she did! I gasped as she casually cupped my right breast and gave it a squeeze.

“Yes, they are, so they'll move as she does, and tug against her nipples,” she said. “We have a lot of stainless steel objects you can try out as well. For example, I notice that she often lowers her head. If you didn't want that you could use this, and attach it to her hair with a chain..”

I couldn't see what she was talking about because Alex and she had their backs to me.

“That would work better if she had longer hair,” Alex said. “She's going to grow it but – .”

“Oh, her hair is long enough,” the woman said.

She turned to me and turned me around roughly enough I almost fell, then drew my hair back together, twined it into a very short pony tail, then tied something to it. I didn't even know what she was doing!

“Oh, well, of course, that will have to come out,” she said.

I gasped as fingers drew the dildo out of my ass, inch after inch of it.

“My, that's a long one,” she said.

“She likes big cocks inside her,” Stephen said.

“Well, this isn't as long, but we do have a longer version...”

I gulped, turning my head and saw her with a strange object. It was like a long, stainless steel cock someone had bent in two. She picked up a second one, only this one was longer after the bend, then she turned and her eyes on me were – hungry, excited. I gulped as she pushed me and then I felt the cold metal against my back opening.

“Spread your legs, slave,” Alex ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed as I was bent over, and then the stainless steel cock pushed up into my ass. About seven inches or so, maybe eight, pushed up into me until the curve caught on my tail bone. The woman attached a chain, and then drew back on my hair until suddenly I felt them joined. I could no longer lower my head because it was tied to the hook thing she'd pushed up my ass!

“I like that,” Alex said. “And we'll need to replace the other one, too.”

“This would be ideal, sir,” the woman said, showing him a long, thick stainless steel cock.

“You see if you turn this base...”

A kind of ring pushed out from the cylinder about an inch from the bottom, getting wider.

“This will prevent her from expelling it,” she said.

“Spread your legs, slut,” Alex said.

I gulped, obeying, standing with my legs apart and arms up behind my back as the woman pulled the dildo out of me and then inserted the stainless steel one in its place. The three brothers looked on, but they weren't alone. Two or three other men were looking over from nearby aisles, and I moaned helplessly, burning up with embarrassment!

I gasped as she pushed the metal cock deep into my warm, moist pussy. She jammed and ground it against me, forcing it deeper, then began to twist the base until I felt the ring pushing out from the cylinder into the soft flesh of my insides, getting wider and wider until the thing was locked in place.

“Might I recommend this, as well?” she said demurely to Alex, showing him what looked like a small, U shaped piece of metal.

“What does that do?”

“It's made to work with the vibrator inside her.”

Vibrator?

She bent and attached it to the base of the dildo, and the U-shaped thing pressed up firmly against the top of my pussy – against my clitoris.

“This is the remote,” she said, handing a small box to Alex.

He grinned and turned it on, and I felt the vibrations both from the thing inside me and from the little hook pressing against my clitoris!

“I like it. We'll take all of them,” Alex said.

But they weren't done. We moved back and the woman and Stephen talked about nipple rings and wound up buying four, two to go through my nipples, and a matching two to go through my ears. All of them were perfectly round, without

the little ball clasps nipple rings normally had, thick gauge, and as big around as silver dollars.

Then we moved further down the aisle and the woman found a ball gag – of stainless steel metal, which she was able to work into my mouth, and buckle around my head. Then came a leash, which Alex held, leading me along.

Everyone in the store, mostly men, was staring at me now!

We moved on to a collection of whips and flogs, but Alex didn't want anything which would mark my skin up. The woman did recommend several straps, however, and a short flog with thin, light thongs which would sting but not break the skin or leave welts.

“This would be excellent for punishing her breasts,” she said with a smile.

There were at least six men following along with us in the aisles on either side, staring at me. They probably all had big hard-ons too! I had never felt so incredibly exposed in my life! I felt like dying! But it continued as we moved around the store and then back towards the front, where the woman tried to sell Alex various lotions and lubricants, before we wound up at the counter, with her counting up the cost of the things he'd bought.

Only then did he pull the poncho over my head and lead me out into the street again. I was never so grateful for darkness and rain!

“I hope you're grateful for all the pretty things I just bought you, sex slave,” Alex said.

I was ... dazed, but now that I was away from those people, from their staring eyes, the heat began to fade a bit and I became more aware of myself, of the dildos and the curved thing in my ass and my nipples, which were aching more than usual since my breasts naturally moved as I walked, and tugged against the chains attached to the nipple rings.

I walked awkwardly along, trying not to fall on my face, and unable to reply anyway with the ball filling my mouth. We were headed back to his house, as far as I could tell. I couldn't look down, like I had on the way out, but I didn't recognize things anyway.

We passed a dark, empty little park, though, and Alex suddenly veered off the sidewalk, with the other two following. The poncho hood was up, and rain was spattering against it as we walked under trees and in past benches.

Then Alex pulled the poncho off me!

“On your knees, sex slave,” he ordered.

I moaned around the gag as he pushed down on my shoulder, and I half fell to my knees on the ground. Someone undid the strap around my head, and Alex pulled the metal ball out of my mouth, then unzipped his fly and drew his cock out. He was hard, and pushed himself immediately into my mouth as cars drove past maybe twenty yards away.

Rain fell on me as I sucked, as his cock pumped in and out of my straining lips, as the vibrator buzzed between my legs. I gurgled as he drew my head in tight and his cock pushed into my throat, sliding all the way down until my face was jammed in against his crotch.

He pulled me back and I gasped and coughed as my head was immediately turned to the left, and another black cock was stuffed into my mouth and then down my throat. He pumped in and out, jerking on my hair faster and faster, then pulled out and, gasping for breath, I felt my head turned in the other direction as another big black cock pushed into my mouth!

“Nasty little blonde slut,” Alex said.

“She's a sex slave,” Stephen said. “Of course she's a slut.”

“All blondes are sluts,” Jackson said.

“And she loves black cock, don't you, slut?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I gasped weakly.

They twisted my head from one side to the other, each taking their turns stuffing their cocks down my throat and fucking me for a few seconds before ceding possession of my mouth to the next. I was light-headed, my throat aching, and was drooling as they kept stuffing their cocks deep, then pulling them out. The rain was getting harder, though, soaking me as they continued to trade me back

and forth.

They arranged it so they would all come at about the same time, come on my face, of course, but I was swaying and dazed by then and could hardly care. They had to drag me to my feet afterward and lead me out of the park, a big black hand on each of my bound arms.

It wasn't until we stepped onto the sidewalk I realized they hadn't put the poncho back on. It was dark and rainy, and they walked alongside me, hiding me from the occasional car which drove past, as I walked, naked and chained, up the sidewalk, in front of closed shops and then the lit windows of other houses, rain pouring down on me now.

*

There were more pictures that night, and more videos of me stripping, masturbating, sucking on cocks or dildos, and doing other disgraceful, demeaning things, and then they let me sleep at last, in a dog cage! The only thing in there with me was a pillow, a blanket, and a dildo. And that was how I spent the night, sleeping naked in a cage!

Since the next day was Friday I thought Alex might tell me to call in sick again, but he didn't. I had to fuck all three of them before leaving for work, of course, and I had to wear that metal dildo vibrator thing inside me!

Yes! I went to work with a big vibrator inside me! And I wasn't even sure how to get it out since it required twisting something down at the bottom of the base in order to retract those ring things which pushed out to keep it in place. Since I couldn't see what I was doing without stripping naked and pulling my ankles back behind my head, that was a bit difficult.

I wasn't wearing that big thick tube thing that hooked over my tailbone, but I did have a big butt-plug stuffed up inside me.

I wore no underwear, either. Alex had already ordered that the other day. Today, though, I wasn't allowed to wear a bra either! I'm only a C-cup, but that's still too big to go around with a bra in public. It would be obvious, I protested. That got me a strapping, and he refused to let me wear my yoga pants either!

I was allowed to wear a hockey jersey which hung down around my thighs and

nothing else!

Needless to say I was kind of freaked about that! I mean, being exposed to strangers at the sex shop had been bad enough without my doing it at work! But it was hard to argue with a guy as big as Alex, especially when he was the Vice President of your company!

The only things I had going for me were that it was hot outside, and that the guys at work were used to my wearing sports jerseys with leggings or yoga pants, or sometimes even shorts underneath. So they would think I had something on under it.

I was really self-conscious on the way in. Alex didn't drive me, insisting I take the bus and subway, and believe me that was fraught with anxiety! I tried to keep my arms folded across my chest as much as possible!

I was able to sit down with the dildo inside me. Even though about an inch pushed out between my pussy lips my body had adjusted enough to its size that it actually could push all the way inside me, and did whenever I sat down. Of course, when it did that the nose was kind of grinding against my cervix, but I could cope with a little pain.

When I got to work I grabbed a roll of masking tape and hurried into a bathroom, then pulled the jersey up above my breasts and carefully tore off several long strips that I could tape against the side of my ribs, draw across my chest just under my breasts, and tape against the other side of my ribs again. That would keep my breasts from bouncing around too much!

For good measure, I put a couple of pieces across my nipples, which were still sore, and which I did not need poking out against the jersey, especially since Alex insisted I keep the rings in and not substitute smaller barbells. The rings were, of course, quite noticeable without a bra.

With that done I made my way to my desk and sat down, turned on my computer, and started to catch up on the emails I'd missed when I was off 'sick' yesterday. As usual, the other guys in the IT section dropped by to chatter and to look at me.

I'm not being an egotist or narcissist when I say that. The IT section has very few young women in it, and even fewer who aren't overweight. I'm a pretty blonde

and only twenty, so of course, they liked to look at me. It's something I've gotten used to. I've even resigned myself to the fact a lot of them probably masturbate at home thinking about the things they'd like to do to me.

Yes, sometimes it feels icky, but at other times it is, I admit, a bit of an ego thing, all those guys salivating over me (politely, of course). It's the same wherever I go at work. Most employees are middle aged, and most of those that are women are frumpy, dumpy and fat. So I get looked at wherever I go, even though I never wear revealing outfits, but mostly oversized jerseys, sweaters, and leggings.

I've considered doing something with my hair, but while I have really thick bangs that virtually hide everything above my eyes, my hair is generally not very long, not going much past my collar. I can't, for example, pull it all back into a bun or something like that to make myself look less attractive.

I had worn shorts before to work, though not often. So the guys wouldn't really think I was naked under the jersey, but it still made me feel extremely self conscious. I mean, I had worn this jersey to bed as a nightie on occasion, so it was like I was wearing a nightie to work!

And you know the metal vibrator thing inside me, the one with the remote control which would turn it on? Well, it seemed you could set it to go on and off intermittently, and that was what Alex had done!

Fortunately it wasn't noisy enough for anyone else to hear, but I certainly heard it! And that made me cringe horribly whenever it came on, checking everyone to see if they seemed like they'd heard something!

And then there were the sensations themselves, the vibrations, particularly of the small hook part which ran up from base and across my clitoris. At first it had very little effect. I mean, when I was on the bus I was too anxious to get turned on. When someone was talking to me it was the same. But when I was alone in my cubicle reading the computer, well, that buzzing started to have an impact!

I did my best to ignore it, but having my mind ignore it didn't mean my body did. It was starting to make me wet, starting to turn me on, and I squirmed there in my chair, my chest getting tighter and my stomach starting to flutter.

Then it went off. That was a relief! I settled back to work, but then after a while it started up again, and it took less work before it heated me up this time. It got

me hotter and hotter, then stopped, which was a relief and also frustrating.

Why was I subjecting myself to this!? I kept distracting myself from all my emails with that question. Yes, the sex, the whole sex game, submissive slave girl thing was incredibly, amazingly, intensely exciting in a nasty, wicked, deliciously thrilling sort of way. I'd had more orgasms, and more intense orgasms, over the past two days than in the whole rest of my life combined!

I wasn't ready for that to stop. I did not want Alex or even his brothers, to leave me alone and go away. Nope. I was really hot for this nasty slave girl stuff. But it was a game to me, and I wasn't taking it seriously, however hot it made me. I was me, Molly the tech support girl, the nerd> I was even missing my favorite video game, which I had been uncharacteristically absent from the last two days.

And this stuff at work was... well, under the influence of the vibrator it was starting to appeal to me more, in a daring, thrilling sort of way. But I was not a daring girl! Taking chances was not really my thing!

My cell phone buzzed, and I reluctantly picked it up. I gulped as I saw who the text was from, but I couldn't stop myself from opening it.

It was a picture of my face with come all over it, and three black hands holding three black cocks which were spraying it on me. I immediately felt my chest tighten and my breath leave me, and deleted the picture before putting the phone away.

It wasn't the first such picture he'd sent me that morning. One of me in the cage, where he'd caught me masturbating with the dildo before bed, had been the first.

It was flatly impossible to forget what had happened the past two days anyway. I felt like a different person! But I was terrified anyone else would realize just how different! No way did I want any of the other tech people to see any of those videos the Blake brothers had taken of me!

Stephen, of course, had put a bunch of naked and graphic pictures of me up already, as well as videos, but my face wasn't in any of them. The thought of guys all over the planet downloading them and jerking off looking at me was really freaky, both hot and embarrassing. But at least I had never met them and never would.

It was nearly noon, and I had done my best to handle everything I could at my desk, without going out of my office, when my supervisor dropped by.

I was a bit frazzled by then, what with the off-again, on-again heat the stupid vibrator (and all the dark sexual thoughts and memories which kept filling my mind) was pumping into my body. Even when it was 'off' I was frazzled because I was feeling the sexual frustration of being repeatedly aroused, then denied any sort of climax.

“That new VP is having trouble with his blackberry syncing with his account.” he said. “He wants you to come fix it.”

“Okay,” I gulped.

“Shit!”

Blake had only been here three days, and still didn't have an administrative assistant out front. I walked to the door of his corner office and knocked, and he looked up from his desk, then stood up and crossed the floor to me. He looked past me but no one was there, so he nodded his head for me to come in, then closed the door behind me.

Right away I felt his big black hand grasp the back of my neck. I gasped, my heart rate leaping up at once as he guided me towards the desk, then released me, gripped the jersey and peeled it up and over my head in one smooth move.

“What is this?” he demanded, turning me around and gazing at the tape.

“I uhm, I didn't want anyone to notice I wasn't wearing a bra... master,” I gulped.

He frowned. “This seems very much like disobedience to me, Slave girl.”

“But I'm not wearing a bra!”

“You forgot to say master,” he said.

“I'm not wearing a bra, master!” I protested, feeling like a whiny little girl.

“What you've done is constructed a makeshift bra. I suppose it's not a directly disobedient action but I believe you should be punished regardless.”

He peeled the tape off my breasts, then pulled it away from my nipples, which stung as the tape stuck to the rings. Then he went around me and opened one of his desk drawers, drawing out a ball gag. I gulped, eyes widening, as he gripped my hair and tilted my head up and back, then slowly worked the gag into my mouth, pushing it deep, then strapping it behind my head.

He bent me forward across his desk, my breasts pillowing out against the cool wood, and the vibrator turned on and began to buzz against my clitoris.

“Arms out to your sides, palms flat on the desk,” he ordered calmly.

“Do you know why I'm punishing you, slave girl?”

“I – .”

“Because you're a blonde whore, and blonde whores need to be punished. Isn't that correct?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I gulped.

I had gotten used to his nasty words, but they still made my pussy thrum because they were so outrageous. I knew that was why he said them, though, so I wasn't particularly insulted by them. It was still just... weird, having a guy say stuff like that, let alone making me repeat it, as was often the case!

Crack!

I squealed, though of course, the gag blocked most of the sound, and twisted my head around, half rising before he pushed me back down again.

“I didn't say you could move, sex slave,” he said sternly.

He went back to his drawer and came back with a leather strap of sorts, drew my arms back behind me, crossed at the elbows, then wrapped the strap around them and pulled it tight. I gasped as my arms were neatly and tightly pinned back behind me, my hands free, but useless, sticking out over opposite hips.

“Now I'll have to punish you for directly disobeying me by moving,” he said.

“Nasty little slut.”

He had spanked me before, and used a kind of leather paddle on my butt, as well as small switches, but this one seemed to sting more than most. It was mostly silent, for being so slim and flexible. It made a kind of paper tearing sound as it cut through the air, then hit my bottom with a surprisingly light touch – followed almost immediately by stinging pain!

“I want you to say you're a sex slave after every blow,” he said.

I rolled my eyes up at him, heart thumping, stomach churning.

“Yes, I'm aware you're gagged, and don't expect the words to be particularly clear. But I want to hear you saying the words because then I'll know you're thinking the words.”

Crack!

I squealed again at the sharp sting across my upraised buttocks.

“Say it, slave.”

“I'm a sex slave!” I moaned, though as he had said, the words were basically unintelligible given the ball gag in my mouth.

I knew what they were, though...

Crack!

“I'm a sex slave!” I gasped, at another sharp stinging blow.

Crack!

“I'm a sex slave!”

Crack!

“I'm as sex slave!”

Crack!

“I'm a sex slave!”

I was starting to perspire, and my bottom was hot and aching as he stood behind me, but the vibrator was still buzzing and still filling me, and after my initial anxiety and shock I was starting to feel a dark wave of outraged heat at being naked in his office, naked and bent over and being... switched, being beaten, being punished!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Each blow was careful, methodical, with time for me to moan that I was a sex slave into the gag. My bottom began to burn hotly!

He stopped, leaving me gasping, moaning into the gag. I felt his big hands gripping my thighs, almost encircling them, jerking them apart. Then his fingers began to caress my taut pussy lips as he gripped the vibrator and pulled it back. It caught, at the ring, and he did something to the base, then slid it out of my body.

I moaned as he let the shining stainless steel slide wetly up and down against my pussy opening, then set it down on the desk beside me.

His thumbs pressed in against the edges of my pussy and pried my pussy lips wide and I felt his tongue against me, pushing deep, twisting and turning and lapping at my the mouth of my pussy. I felt a deep sense of relief, for it meant the punishment was over. Besides, while his tongue wasn't as big as his cock it was pretty big, and pretty talented.

The vibrator had heated me up again and again without giving me any release, and now his tongue was twisting its way into my pussy! I moaned helplessly as he spread me open and tongued my pink flesh, then slid his lips lower and began to lick and suck at my clitoris. The sensations that sent into my body quickly overwhelmed any kind of resistance or inhibitions I might have felt, and I began to twist and writhe and whimper at the waves of pleasure flooding my mind and body!

“Beg me to fuck you, sex slave,” he ordered.

“Please fuck me, master!” I moaned into the gag.

“Keep begging and you might get what you want,” he said.

I kept begging, moaning and writhing, my hips grinding up against his licking tongue and sucking lips as the heat churned through my mind and swept me up into that dark sexual fever he and his brothers had raised so often in me the last three days!

And then, suddenly, his mouth was off me and I felt a desperate eagerness as I felt him sliding his cock up and down against my entrance. I whimpered and moaned, trembling at the heat he had roused within me, then shuddered in something like incredible delight as I felt him pushing his thick cock into me, stretching me out, and driving deeper!

I was literally trembling with the intensity of the sexual pressure filling my head and body! And when that thick cock plunged deep inside me I just let go! It was, even by the standards he and his brothers had raised so high, an intense climax. I lost control, twisting and screaming – literally, screaming in mindless animal release as he thrust hard and deep into my aching, burning pussy!

It seemed to go on and on and on, like a series of rail cars rolling over my body as my mind spun in continuous circles, my awareness limited to the hard impact of his hips against my buttocks and his long, thick cock spearing deep into my tight, aching pussy!

His heavy body came down on my back, squeezing my breasts even more heavily against the desk, and his hand came around to encircle my throat as he drew my head up and back. His breath was hot against my cheek as he began to roughly kiss and suck and lick and even bite at my throat and the side of my face, his hips still pounding hard against me.

“Whore,” he growled. “Nasty little blonde whore! You're my sex slave. You're a hot, slutty little fuck toy every man is going to use to spill his come in!”

His words sent my mind tumbling anew as he squeezed my throat and pounded into me, and I felt myself getting light-headed, saw black dots in front of my eyes until I finally remembered to breath!

He finished, straightening up, leaving me twitching, trembling, gasping for breath, eyes glazed over.

‘You'll come back at two so I can teach you your place again, blonde girl,’ he said in that deep, calm, British accented voice. In the meantime, I want you to

install a little application on your own cell phone.

*

Despite what he said I immediately taped over my nipples, and taped my breasts up again once I was away from his office. The intense orgasm left me feeling dazed and drained for a while, stumbling along, but I made my way to my desk and tried to hide in my cubicle as I recovered.

The app he'd had me put on my smart phone was a simple one. I'm not sure what it's original purpose was, but it would buzz at odd intervals, sometimes five minutes apart, sometimes ten, sometimes one, and you had to immediately type in whatever words it sent, and then send them. It would record how long it took you, and whether you missed any.

The words were always nasty, like "I'm a slutty little blonde sex slave" or "I love big black cocks inside me."

Typing them in was almost as strange as saying them aloud, but it still produced a kind of charge, especially with the damned vibrator back inside me – with fresh batteries.

At two I had to return to his office, where, after stripping, I had to spend time licking his shoes, up and down and all around, including the bottom, pausing only long enough to say things like "I'm a cock loving blonde slut" or "I'm a nasty blonde whore" or "Blonde girls always love black cock."

He read through some papers as he sat back, as I licked his shoes clean, then he pulled me up by the hair and I spent half an hour licking and sucking at his testicles and massaging his cock while begging to be allowed to suck his cock. When he relented, I swallowed it, bobbing up and down the full length as he continued to read from some file folder.

I swallowed his come, but this time there was no orgasm for me. He simply sent me on my way, wearing just the little jersey. That left me quite frustrated at the end of day, and filled with sexual fantasies and hunger as I made my way back to his house.

Vice Presidents worked longer hours than mere mortals, but his brothers were still waiting for me. I was immediately collared, shackled, and fucked hard by

both of them, crying out in wild, nearly crazed pleasure as they crushed me between them, something they'd done the other day. Riding Jackson, with Stephen pumping in my ass, drove me nearly insane!

*

After the tiring day I'd had, a nice, relaxing bath was exactly what I needed.

God knows I had put enough effort into cleaning the tub!

But then, being told you were going to lick whatever you cleaned to prove how clean it was definitely had an impact on how much effort you put into it.

Back at my apartment, I wasn't all that into cleaning. I mean, I wasn't a pig or anything, but I wasn't a clean freak either. My mindset was more into 'good enough' than 'perfect' as far as cleaning went.

It would have been nice to have the bath time to focus my mind and figure out how I'd gotten here. I mean, it was something of a cliché to be seduced by your boss, but it happened. Alex Blake wasn't exactly my boss, though, but my several times removed boss.

Kinky sex games were new to me, and had thrilled me to the core! We'd had a pretty freaking hot night Tuesday. When I'd come back Wednesday I'd found out he was a twin. That had been incredibly intense! The two of them had used me like their whore, like their sex slave! And I had really gotten off on it! And then Thursday I'd booked off work to stay home with them only to find out Alex had actually gone to work.

The guy I'd thought was Alex was the third brother – Jackson. My mind felt blasted! It was so much to try and wrap my mind around! My whole sense of self had shattered!

I'd always been a kind of quiet nerdy computer girl who, okay, loved to dance and move. But I'd always been kind of modest, and no great experimenter as far as men. Now I was spending every day naked and being used and abused by three big black men who were like fifteen years older than me!

But it was a little hard to try and think, even in the bathtub, because I wasn't alone. I was, in fact, sitting across Jackson Blake's lap. He didn't seem to be

particularly aroused, maybe because he'd been seeing and touching me since yesterday and had already fucked me twice that day, but his fingers moved nearly continuously over my body as if he simply enjoyed the feel of my pale skin against his black.

“Our father was a doorman at rich man's apartment building,” he said, his voice the same low, rumbling, accented English as his brothers. “But he was determined. That man had a will of iron. My brothers and I spent every spare minute studying, and he supervised us closely to make sure we got top marks. He promised all three of us were going to go through university and make something of ourselves or he'd strangle us.”

He was a big man, like his brothers, so there was a lot of lap to sit across, and a lot of chest to lean against. And to be absolutely honest, I was enjoying sliding my hands up and down his chest as much as he seemed to be enjoying kneading and caressing my breasts. His skin was soft and warm, and now slick, but there was hard, rippling muscles underneath – everywhere.

I was... fascinated by the feel of it against my fingers.

Not that I was particularly aroused either. I'd just come like a crazy woman with two giant black cocks inside me. But I was a much more sexually charged girl than I'd been before Alex had first introduced me to his tongue, and it seemed like my body was never very far from arousal.

I was wearing the metal collar and shackles, but my hands were free.

“We needed to get scholarships, though, and while we had excellent marks, well, so did a lot of young men. So my father decided we should try for athletic scholarships. Cambridge offered scholarships for wrestling, so we started to train and to build up our bodies. And I have to admit, we became addicted to working out.”

I gasped as he pulled my hair back slowly but firmly. My hands jerked up, but then down, as I allowed my head to be tilted back, my chest pushed out.

“Are you bored, blonde girl?”

“No... master.”

He snorted and released my hair.

“Don't you think that master thing is more than a little silly?”

I bit my lip uncertainly. I did, but on the other hand, it was hot and nasty too.

“It was sir at first,” I said. “But then Alex changed it to master.”

“Alex has a thing for history, especially the history of slavery. You might have noticed all those antique chains and shackles in his office. I don't like to wallow in the past of our race, myself. I'm a successful man now, and people call me sir.”

He looked down at me and grinned.

“Call me sir, slave girl.”

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

“I have to admit,” he said, cupping and fondling my breast, “that it is kind of a hit having a gorgeous little naked blonde calling me sir.”

His hand slid down my belly and into the water, and I gasped, shifting my legs obediently apart as his big fingers sought my clit and began to gently rub it.

“Alex has always been the kind of guy who wants his way and wants everyone to do what they're told,” he said. “And I can definitely see the attraction where you're concerned.”

Despite being maybe half an hour past a wild climax, and despite how sore and tired I was, his fingers rubbing at my clitoris were having an effect. My clitoris had felt sore, too, as if it had been overused, but that also made it more sensitive, and I began to squirm on his lap as he continued to rub me.

He moved his hand up my belly, though, and fingered my new nipple rings. I winced a bit, looking down at them with a kind of fascination. I'd never thought of myself as one of those type girls, you know, the kind who would get tattoos and piercings, especially not there! But they had just done it themselves the other day while I was out of things!

“That is a thick ring,” he said, tugging on it.

I gulped, not really knowing what to say. It wasn't like I had a lot of experience in how thick nipple rings were!

“Surprised he didn't put one down below,” he said, his hand sliding back down to finger my clit again.

His finger ran up and down the length of my sex, then slid into me slowly.

“Bet you had a lot of stuff in you the last few days,” he said.

I gulped and nodded.

“You had a lot of experience before this?”

“N-Not really,” I gulped.

He closed the finger inside me against the one rubbing against my clit, rubbing them in opposite directions, and I moaned helplessly.

“Call me sir again,” he said with a smirk.

“Not, really, sir!” I gasped.

He laughed softly, clearly finding the whole master and slave thing to be amusing. At the same time I didn't think he was lying when he said he liked the idea of having a naked blonde girl saying sir to him.

As with his brothers, my hundred and twenty odd pounds was nothing to his big muscles, and he suddenly kind of lifted me and turned me towards him. I obediently slid my knee around so that I was straddling him rather than sitting astride. I flushed a bit more as I faced him, and he slid his hands up and down my back, then pulled me in closer so he could suck and lick at my nipples.

He pulled back, looking up at me.

“Say you're a whore,” he said.

I flinched, but felt a surge of heat.

“I'm a whore,” I said.

“I'm a little blonde whore who loves black cock,” he said.

“I'm a little blonde whore who loves black cock,” I gulped.

He grinned. “Did you like it earlier, when you had a big cock in every hole?”

I flushed again, remembering. It had been the first time I'd understood there were three of them, and even then I was so deep into a sexual fever of hunger and heat that I had hardly even understood at first.

“Yes... sir,” I whispered.

“You ever had more than one guy at a time before?”

I shook my head as he rolled my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

“And now you've had two and three at once. What's next? Ten at once?”

I gulped anew. “You can't have sex with ten guys at once,” I said.

He snorted. “You know better than that. They can't all be inside you at once but they can be all gathered around waiting their turn. You ever wonder what it'd be like to be gang-banged?”

I felt my chest tighten at the thought, and butterflies swirl in my stomach.

“Say, I want to be gang banged by ten big black guys,” he said.

“I want to be gang-banged by ten big black guys!” I said, stomach fluttering.

He laughed softly.

“Say, I want to be a stripper and a prostitute.”

“I want to be a stripper and a prostitute,” I said.

“Nasty little blond,” he said, fingering my nipples. “Stephen's got a girlfriend who's bi. I bet they'll want to see you two together,” he said with another grin.

“You stay around Alex and you'll be experiencing a lot of firsts, little slave girl.”

He drew his knees up and then pushed me back against them, his hands moving up and down my body, cupping my breasts and squeezing them together. I felt him hardening below me and looked down, gulping as he reached down and drew himself out, then pressed his shaft up against my abdomen.

“You're hard again?” I asked.

He laughed in amusement. “How often do you think a man comes across a girl like you he can do anything he wants to?” he asked. “Anything, and doesn't even have to ask or be polite.”

He rubbed himself against me, getting thicker and harder as he did, and I felt the heat swirling up through my abdomen and belly.

“Get up,” he said.

I sat up and raised myself on my knees as he positioned himself underneath me, then sank slowly down, gasping as I felt the pressure, moaning as it spread me slowly apart. He was thick, like his brothers. They were the biggest anything I'd ever had inside me! But I was coming to love the sensation of such deep, thick penetration!

I slid down the length of him, groaning as I felt it rising higher into my belly, gasping a little as it pushed achingly deep. I sank down all the way, and he pushed me back against his knees, where I sat, breathing more heavily, impaled on his cock.

“I must be practically up to your chest,” he said in amusement, his hands sliding up and down my belly as if he could feel his cock through the skin. “How old are you, baby?”

“T-Twenty, sir,” I gulped.

“Haven't had a twenty year old girl in more than ten years. Feels warm and tight in your pussy.”

His hands squeezed my breasts and rubbed the nipples again.

“Tell me you love black cock, blonde girl.”

“I love black cock, sir!” I gasped.

“Nasty little slut. Tell me you're a nasty little slut.”

“I'm a nasty little blonde slut, sir!” I moaned, wanting to ride him.

“Dirty little white girl,” he said, plucking at my rigid nipples.

His right hand slid back down under the water, to where he entered me, and began to rub my clitoris. A rush of heat swept up my body and I moaned aloud.

“You ever sell this pussy, blonde girl?”

I stared at him in confusion. “No! I mean, no, sir,” I said indignantly.

He laughed. “Just like a silly little white girl to be upset at the thought of making men pay to do what she likes so much. You ever consider stripping?”

“No, sir!”

“You don't like the thought of a room full of men looking at you, wanting you, paying money for you to grind your pretty little white ass against them?”

Given the rising state of heat within me the idea sent a rush of excitement through my mind. Of course I'd thought about stripping! I mean, not seriously, but what girl hadn't imagined she was a stripper, dancing before her bedroom mirror, imagining the crowds of men throwing money and wanting more?

No way I had ever considered it as a serious career option, of course!

I tried to lean forward but his hand pushed me back. So then I started to kind of grind myself against him, and use my leg muscles to rise and fall a little on his cock, but he stopped me from doing that too.

“You just sit there, you little slut,” he said with a grin. “Sit on my Black cock until I decide to fuck you.”

He pulled me forward again so he could suck and chew on my breasts, then jerked back on my hair, forcing my back to arch, my chest to bow out as he made little bites across the taut surface of my breasts.

“Tell me you want to lick pussy,” he said.

“I want to lick pussy,” I gasped.

The bathroom door opened and one of the others looked in.

“Dinner's ready, man.”

“Already? Shit. I'm just about to fuck slave girl's brains out again.”

“She'll wait. Besides, Alex likes her hot and horny. She's easier to train that way.”

“I suppose that's true. You think you're easier to train when you're hot and horny, slave girl?” Jackson asked.

I gulped and looked up at Stephen, then down at him.

“I don't know,” I said.

“Sir,” he said.

“I don't know, sir.”

“Puts her in the right frame of mind,” Stephen said.

He reached down and gripped my hair, and pulled. I gasped and moaned as I scrambled to my feet, sliding up off Jackson's thick cock until I was on my feet.

“She's wet in more ways than one,” he said in amusement.

“She's a horny little slut,” Jackson said, standing up, water dripping off him and his stiff cock.

Stephen didn't bother to dry me. He pushed me down to my hands and knees, attached the leash to my new collar, and then tugged. I crawled out the door, with Jackson laughing in amusement from behind us.

“You hungry, sex slave?” Stephen asked.

“Yes, master!” I said.

It was true. I didn't have a lot of fat on me, and I was used to sitting around most of the day at a computer. I'd been doing a lot of high energy stuff all day, though. I was physically exhausted and sore in too many places to even consider, some of them inside me!

And I was crawling along like an animal again! The first time Alex had me do it I thought it was weird and even goofy, if kinky. But now I was starting to think it was a really nasty, wicked thing to be crawling along naked leashed like someone's bitch!

Crawling down stairs was a lot harder than crawling up them, but Stephen held the leash taut, preventing me from overbalancing and falling, as I carefully crawled down the stairs, then into the kitchen where Alex was putting food on the table.

“You could have at least dried her off,” Alex said in annoyance.

“She's wet, you know,” Stephen said, grinning.

Alex rolled his eyes.

“Get on your face, slave girl,” he ordered.

I dropped my front low, letting my breasts press against the floor, wincing at the pressure against my newly pierced nipples, and raised my bottom high into the air, spreading my knees apart.

I wasn't surprised to feel a thick object pressing against my pussy, and moaned softly as Alex slid one of those big black dildos deep inside me. A moment later the second one, lubed nicely, was pushed into my ass. They weren't as big as the brothers' cocks, but they were big, and almost as thick, and they made me feel incredibly full as he forced them so deep they were almost buried inside me.

Panting, I pushed myself up off my chest and sat back on my heels, spreading my knees wide apart before he could demand it. Alex bent over me, pulled my wrists back behind me and locked the metal restraints together, then removed my leash before joining Stephen at the table.

A minute later Jackson came in and took a third seat at the table. I looked on, stomach rumbling, but still fuzzy with sexual heat as well. This was so nasty and outrageously kinky, after all! I was hungry even though I still felt aching full inside! My pussy lips strained, sore because of how often they'd been stretched that day. I felt cramps from the dildo in my ass, and groaned weakly as Jackson came in and took his chair.

I was still wet, inside and out, and my hair, though short, was still dripping water slowly down onto my shoulders, which then trickled slowly down my chest and belly or back. I felt another wave of dark excitement at how surreal and unbelievable this was, and dropped my head to stare down my body at my pierced nipples and the half inch of dildo which stuck out of my pussy.

“You hungry, slut?” Stephen asked.

I looked up. “Yes, master!” I gulped.

He threw a piece of steak onto the floor in front of me!

I looked down at it, but he was already cutting another piece to feed himself. I felt a... a breathlessness, for this was even worse than the other day when they'd made me eat out of their hands. I dropped low, grunting with effort, my breasts pillowing out against the floor again, then eased forward to lick the piece off the floor.

This was so nasty!

The steak was good, though.

With my wrists behind my back it wasn't easy moving around, but I slid back up onto my knees, spreading them and looking up at the table as they ate.

They started talking about people I didn't know, who was getting married or who had lost their job or who was thinking of moving to the US from England, where they were from. Stephen started talking about the tax advantages of incorporating in the US instead of the UK.

And Alex threw a piece of steak on the floor off to my left. I rose on my knees, kind of crawled a bit towards it, then bent over until my breasts were against the floor before sliding down further and licking it off the floor.

I rose up again and Jackson grinned at me and held out his hand. I crawled over to him and he let me lick it out of the palm of his hand.

“... the City isn't as full of lawyers, but I'm tired of big skyscrapers anyway,” Jackson said. “I'd like to live somewhere warm.”

Stephen tossed me another piece of meat and I crawled over then bent over, licking it off the floor.

“You know what you get in warm places like California, Hawaii, Florida and Arizona?” Alex said, tossing another piece of steak onto the floor, “Huge bugs. Masses of them. They don't talk about them in the tourist brochures but they're there.”

I licked the piece of steak off the floor then gasped as a foot pushed hard against my butt, throwing me fully onto my belly. I turned my head to look up and saw Alex looking at me.

“Crawl on your belly from now on, slave,” he said.

God, that was nasty!

But it was what I had to do, I had to wriggle on my belly over to where Stephen threw another piece, then wriggle over to Jackson to lick a piece he'd put on his foot off, then wriggle under the table and over next to Alex's chair to lick another piece of steak off the floor. I tried to wriggle more on my sides because my nipples were aching, but it was almost impossible to move without sort of rolling my weight from side to side across my breasts!

“What do you plan on doing with this little whore?” Jackson asked finally.

“I'm going to see how far she can go,” Alex said calmly.

“He's going to brainwash her and turn her into his living fuck toy,” Stephen said with a grin.

“Looks like she's already there,” Jackson said.

They all laughed.

Jackson held out another piece and I licked it from his fingers. Then he gripped my hair and dragged me forward and up off my belly, literally lifting me to my knees by the hair before I could scramble to get my knees under me. He lifted me further, though, making me stand and then pulling me back to sit straddling him the way I'd done in the bathtub.

Only backwards, and before he did, he pulled the dildo out of my ass, and pushed his own cock into me, then made me sink slowly down onto it until cramps rippled through my belly!

“This little slut has a nice tight ass,” he grunted.

“She does that,” Stephen said.

“Blonde girls are built for fucking,” Alex added.

“This one sure is,” Jackson sighed.

I moaned helplessly!

“You like that black cock up your ass, blonde girl?” Alex asked.

“Y-Yes, Master!” I gasped.

“You our sex slave?”

“Yes, master!”

“Say it, slave girl.”

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

That was the way I spent the rest of dinner, sitting on his hard-on while they talked over me, and he occasionally fed me bits of food from his fingers or rubbed at my clitoris, keeping me constantly aroused. Sliding his fingers over my body seemed to be enough to keep him aroused – based on the thickness and hardness of the cock in my ass anyway!

Near the end of dinner, though, I guess he'd had enough of holding back.

“I have to fuck this little whore,” he said, his voice sounding strained.

“You want to fuck her at the kitchen table?” Alex said in disapproval.

“She's good to eat,” Stephen said slyly.

“This little ass has been squeezing my cock for too long!” Jackson said, standing

and pushing me forward across the table.

“Wait one,” Stephen said.

In addition to steak they had corn on the cob on the table. Stephen picked up one and stood up, coming over to our side of the table. Jackson kind of raised me up and Stephen shoved the corn on the cob in against the edge of the table, then they bent me over, pressing me down so my breasts pillowed out against the wood.

I gasped as my lower abdomen and pussy pressed down against the corn on the cob. My pussy was still filled with the black dildo, so that my pussy lips were hard and taut as they circled it. They jammed down against the corn on the cob as Jackson spread my legs a little.

Then he began to thrust into me.

My ass had loosened up around him, even though he was pretty thick, but I still felt a deep ache, a kind of cramping, every time he thrust deep, and he made every thrust a deep one! Worse than that, his insistence on forcing every inch of cock into my body meant his hips pushed hard against my upraised buttocks every time, and that ground my pussy – and my clitoris – across the corn on the cob!

The sensation was bizarre! But it was also wild and nasty and hot as he thrust into me again and again and again, and I gasped and moaned and shuddered as his big cock reamed me out! I gasped and moaned and began to cry out as his thrusts got harder and harder!

The corn was... soft, yet it was attached to a hard core underneath, and grinding the top of my pussy back and forth over it ached, given how sore my pussy was from its harsh use the past two days. But that didn't seem to matter to the heat which flooded my body. I'd been in a state of simmering sexual excitement for too long, and the feel of Jackson's big cock moving in and out of me was too darkly exciting!

His hips slapped my body harder, the whole table shaking now as he drove himself into me! I cried out as he seized my hair, lifting my head up and back sharply, raising my chest up so that my breasts just lifted off the table to hang there as he continued to pound into me.

“Tell me you love black cock, slave,” Alex said, still eating.

I just cried out again and again, gasps of heat, pain and pleasure as Jackson pounded into me.

“Tell me you love black cock, sex slave,” he said, raising his voice.

“Ungh! I... Ungh Ungh Ungh... love... ungh ungh... b... ungh ungh black... ungh ungh ungh.... cock!” I gasped.

“Nasty slut,” Jackson said, squeezing one of my breasts hard, then shoving my face down against the table again as he pounded into me even harder.

I came, crying out in helpless, wanton pleasure, jerking and bucking and sobbing as my head thrashed and the flood of sensations hammered through my mind! I couldn't keep still and couldn't think, not about anything but pleasure anyway, as Jackson continued to pound himself against me and the climax continued to tear my mind into pieces!

*

My ass hurt.

But it was a dull ache. My pussy ached a bit, too, and my nipples stung. It had been a long day, and I was sore in a lot of places, but I was still turned on. I mean, shit, I was crawling around naked with a collar around my throat and dildos in my pussy and ass!

Alex and his brothers were fully clothed, though, watching a basketball game on Alex's big flat screen TV. I wasn't doing much watching myself, which was okay since I wasn't a big fan. I was the one who got them fresh beer and snacks, for which I got groped and fondled and slapped on the ass a lot.

It was a very strange experience! At least for the first, oh, hour or so. Then it got stranger, because the doorbell rang, and Alex went to get it. When he returned, he had a black woman with him! It was Stephen's girlfriend, apparently, because he got up and went over to hug and kiss her.

Her eyes weren't on Stephen, though, they were on me, and they were more than a little hostile!

I was kneeling next to Alex's chair, naked, of course, with the metal collar around my neck, and others around my wrists and ankles. I had managed to brush out my hair, so thick bangs covered my forehead, but they weren't long enough for me to hide behind!

My face flushed red immediately and I tried to kind of hunch in on myself as Stephen led her into the room.

“This is my sex slave,” Alex said a bit smugly.

“Fuck off,” the woman said.

“Sex slave, this is Leona,” he said. “Leona, this is Sex Slave.”

“You're a pervert,” Leona said in response.

“All guys are perverts,” Jackson said.

“Say hello to Leona, Sex Slave,” Alex said.

I cringed, head still down, but he jerked back on my hair, forcing my head back.

“H-Hello!” I gasped.

“Fuck you, slut,” she said in annoyance. “Where the fuck did you get this bitch?”

“I found her at work,” Alex said. “She does tech support.”

“Very good at plugging things in,” Stephen said.

Leona glowered at him, then at me again.

“How much you pay this bitch?”

“She's a volunteer,” Alex said.

“Slut,” Leona observed.

“What's your point?” Jackson asked with a smirk.

Stephen put his arm around her shoulders to guide her away and she shook it off, glaring at him, but she did let him lead her out of the room as he whispered quickly into her ear. She was a tall woman, slender and pretty, with long black hair, wearing a nearly knee length black dress. And she gave me one last glare before they left the room.

“Women don't like the thought of other women giving it away too freely,” Jackson said. “They like to ration it to make it more valuable so they can get more for it.”

“There's some truth in that,” Alex said.

“There's a lot of truth in that, brother, and you know it.”

“She seemed mad,” I gulped.

“Yeah, but she'll come around. She knows all men are pervs.” Jackson said.

“It's you she'll be mad at,” Alex said.

“Yep, for betraying the sisterhood,” Jackson said with a nod.

“And in my experience, Black women tend to not be too happy with white girls who sleep with Black men anyway.”

“What they're really not happy about is Black men who like to fuck white girls,” Jackson said.

“Yeah, there's that too.”

Alex pulled me up across his lap, and I gasped as my breasts slid across him and then I was bent over, my legs falling over the side of the sofa as his hand caressed my buttocks.

“How's your ass feeling, slave girl?” he asked.

“F-Fine, master!” I gulped.

“That's good. Little spanking doesn't leave anything permanent. I like the looks of this ass.”

“You think maybe Leona likes the looks of that ass?” Jackson asked with a laugh.

“Just so she doesn't do it any harm,” Alex said, fingers squeezing my buttocks.

Alex worked his fingers down between my thighs, and I eased them apart as his fingers found my clit and stroked across it. He began to pump the dildo a little in and out, and my mind squirmed with fear Leona would come back and see him at it!

That anxiety kept me from really getting aroused, at least for a while, as I kept listening for sounds of her returning even as he turned me over and sat me back against his chest. He started to rub my clit with one hand while he pumped the dildo in the other, and I groaned as Jackson looked on, feeling more and more slutty and hot as the outrageousness of it all appealed to the dark side of my mind.

And then she returned, with Stephen, and I squirmed but couldn't move! Alex had already locked my wrists together behind my back, and he had his arms around me! All I could do was drop my burning face as she and Stephen sat down on the sofa across from us, Leona glaring as Alex masturbated me!

“So this little blonde slut does anything she's told?” she demanded.

“Yes, and I can do anything I want to her,” Alex said, driving the dildo deep, achingly deep, making me gasp and moan, even if it was more in pain than pleasure.

“Fucking whore,” she said.

“Yes, that she is.”

“You got any whips you can take to her pussy? I'd like to watch that.”

“No whips as such,” Alex said. “I don't want my property getting messed up.”

“Your property?” she said in disbelief.

“She's my sex slave, so I own her,” he said. “I don't want my breasts to be marked up. I don't want my ass getting cut or my little face getting bruised.”

His little face? Alex was six and a half feet of muscle! But of course, he meant me, which was weird. My body did not belong to him! I wasn't going to say it, though. I wasn't going to say anything! I was too mortified as I sat back against his chest with my legs spread and he continued to rub my clit and pump the dildo slowly in and out.

“You don't own her, you pervert. She's just letting you do whatever you want because she's a slut.”

“The effect is the same,” he said.

“She'll probably let anyone do anything they wanted to her.”

“She hasn't before now,” he said. “Now she obeys me, and anyone else I tell her to obey.”

“She probably wants a raise,” Leona sniffed.

“I might buy her something nice, if she keeps being an obedient little slave girl,” Alex said with a smile.

“Keep your knees wide, slave girl,” he said suddenly. “Let Leona see what a nice pussy you have.”

I flushed hotter, but spread my knees apart.

“Some of us are trying to watch the game,” Jackson said.

“Oh well, then, suppose you take her to your room, Stephen,” Alex said, thrusting the dildo deep again.

“That sounds like a plan,” Stephen said.

I gulped, and my eyes flitted to Leona, waiting for her to yell in outrage. Instead she just folded her arms across her chest and glared at me.

Stephen took my arm and led me out of the room while she just watched. We went upstairs, to the room he was using and he walked me to the bed, then yanked the pillows away.

“Lay down on the bed and spread your arms and legs,” he said.

I nervously obeyed, and he quickly produced straps which he attached to my wrist and ankle shackles, then attached to the corner posts. I still had the dildo in my pussy his brother had been using on me as he grinned down at me and then climbed into bed.

Then Leona came in, the same look of contempt on her face as I lay there helplessly. I felt my heart beating louder as Stephen ran his hand slowly up and down my body, fingering my nipples and stroking my clitoris. He turned and grinned at Leona, then turned back to me, his thumb working against my clitoris.

Leona walked over and stood next to the bed, looking down at me as my blood raced faster, embarrassed, anxious and filled with nervous anticipation as Stephen stood up. He started to take off his clothes, and my eyes flitted nervously between him and his girlfriend, who just stared at me with this really dark, intense look.

When Stephen was completely naked he climbed into bed between my legs. He wasn't hard, though, but ran his hands up my body, then moved higher, straddling my hips, then my chest, then leaned in to rub his cock over my mouth.

“Suck me, slave girl,” he ordered.

He pushed his soft cock into my mouth and I started sucking and licking as his girlfriend looked on. He moved higher, then, rubbing his cock over my face, then pushing his balls into my mouth to suck. I started to get, despite my embarrassment and discomfort, turned on by how nasty and kinky this was. Clearly he wasn't worried about his girlfriend's reaction, so what did that mean for me?!

He hardened quickly, and drove himself deep into my throat, leaning forward, tilting my head back, and plunging downward until his balls were pressed against my chin. I gurgled weakly, jammed against his groin as he sighed in pleasure, then slowly drew back out.

He eased back and I saw that Leona had sat on the edge of the bed. She reached out, gripped my hair, and pulled sharply, forcing my head back as I cried out in pain.

“You like sucking my man's cock, bitch?” she demanded as Stephen slid backwards.

I didn't have any idea what to say to that, so just gasped and said nothing.

She slapped my face and I cried out.

“I asked you a question, whore! You like sucking my man's cock!?”

I felt a wild surge of anxiety, for how could I answer that question!?

“Say yes, slut,” Stephen said.

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

“Yes what, bitch?” she demanded, jerking even more sharply on my hair.

“Y-Yes, I-I do!”

She slapped my face again.

“You say yes, mistress, slut. Say it.”

“Y-Yes, mistress!” I squeaked.

“Dirty little blonde whore,” she growled.

The brothers had been using words like that the last few days, but they'd said them almost in a conversational tone, almost as a calm, descriptive term. Leona the words at me with a snarl.

She turned to Stephen. “Fuck her! Fuck this whore! Fuck her hard! Make it hurt!”

Stephen pulled the dildo out of my pussy, then positioned himself and thrust into me. I let out a gasp, and a moan, but the dildo had already prepared me, and I was already wet. It still ached, though, as he pushed himself deep.

And then he started to pump, and it wasn't gentle. It wasn't hard enough for Leona, who kept demanding he fuck me harder, but the big bed was shaking as the big man drove himself into me hard and fast, and I was gasping and moaning

and crying out with every deep stroke, half afraid, half thrilled with the dark excitement of it!

“I think she likes it too much,” Leona said. “I think the filthy little blonde whore gets off on a black cock in her pussy no matter how hard she gets it. You should fuck her ass instead! Go on, fuck her ass!”

Stephen eased back onto his knees, pulling free of me, then turned around and unclipped the straps from first one ankle, then the other, before lifting them up and back above my head. Leona still sat there, glaring down at me as Stephen pushed my feet right back against the headboard. Then she leaned in and gripped his cock in her hand, pulled the butt-plug out of my ass, and pushed him against me.

I cried out as he thrust into my ass, and Leona sneered at me.

“Yeah? You don't like that, slut? You got a problem with a big black cock in your tight ass?!”

Stephen's big hands slid down my legs to my ankles, forcing them down further, jamming them so far in and back that he was able to cross my ankles above my head. Then his hips started to really work, thrusting in and out using the long, full length of his big cock, his hips pounding down into my upthrust buttocks with every deep, aching stroke!

Leona leaned in so her face was in close to mine.

“Nasty little white girl,” she growled in a low voice. “You think you can just fuck a woman's man any time you want? You're going to get worse than big black cocks up your ass, slut!”

The words, though, were mere background. Most of my attention was on that big black cock she was talking about, pounding deep into my belly, making cramps ripple through me every time he ground his big, muscled hips against my small, round ass.

He didn't hold back, and I felt as though I was being punched in the belly – from the inside! But the aching, however bad it got, couldn't outshine the wild, dark, almost animal nature of what was happening. And I'd had an audience before now, was getting used to it. Her presence was both embarrassing and

intimidating, but it couldn't stop the heat rolling through my body as Stephen used me hard and fast.

It slowed it down, though, which was the only reason I think I didn't come while he was atop me, crushing me, ramming himself into me. It was the only reason I had any breath left when he groaned as he poured himself down into my ass and then eased slowly back.

“You didn't even make the whore come,” Leona exclaimed, looking at him. “What a sorry excuse for a black man you are! You fuck a little white whore and she didn't even come!”

“She usually comes. I think it's you kind of turning her off, Leona,” he said.

“Oh I turn her off, do I?” she said indignantly. “I turn you off, you blonde whore? Well, maybe we can do something about that!”

She turned and glared at Stephen. “We don't need you no more.”

He shrugged and then got dressed as she got undressed. I gulped, my eyes rolling anxiously between them, but then Stephen left and she closed the door after him, ostentatiously locking it.

“Now you're mine, white girl,” she growled, peeling off her panties.

She climbed onto bed, cat-like, and crawled over me, then gripped my legs, bending her head low. She slid her tongue up along my inner thigh, then closed her teeth and bit me.

“Ow!”

She slid her tongue over the bite, then slid her mouth higher as I felt my heart pounding against my chest. She closed her mouth over my sex, rolled her eyes up at me, and closed her teeth painfully, until I began to quiver and twist and cry out.

She raised her mouth up, sliding forward, licking along my belly, then biting me softly, then harder a little above, then she reached my breasts. I pulled helplessly against the restraints as her mouth closed on the center of my right breast, and her teeth followed, biting into my soft flesh.

“Ow! Oh! Don't!” I squealed.

She raised her mouth up and back, then slapped my face.

“You don't tell me what to do, white girl,” she growled. “And if you want to beg me, you call me mistress!”

Slap!

“Do you hear me, slut?”

“Yes, mistress!” I cried.

She bent and licked at my other breast, then bit me again, hard.

“Ohw! Please! Please, mistress!” I cried, twisting and straining against the shackles.

She moved higher, then settled her body down against mine, her soft black skin against my own pale flesh, her breasts, smaller, but very firm, pillowing out against mine as she seized my hair and jerked my head up and back. I gasped as she bit into the soft flesh at the nape of my neck, then sucked... hard... long enough to, I was sure, produce a hickey.

She pulled free and then crushed my lips with hers, kissing me hard, her lips bruising mine as her tongue shot into my mouth.

She pulled her lips back, twisting her fingers in my hair.

“Are you ready to lick my pussy, slut? Are you?”

“Y-Yes, mistress!” I gasped.

Well, it's not like it was a surprise. I'd suspected it would happen since Jackson had mentioned Stephen's girlfriend, and certainly since she had arrived. I wasn't looking forward to it. I was... uncertain about this girl on girl stuff which I saw in the media so much. I had never felt a lot of interest in trying it out.

But now I didn't have a choice!

She rose up above me, high above, looking down at me as she slid her knees

higher. Then she was straddling my upper chest like her boyfriend had, and I stared at her neatly shaven pussy with less than excitement as it eased closer and closer to my lips.

“You know how to please a woman, slut?”

My eyes flicked anxiously up at her.

“Because you really want to please me. You really do,” she growled.

Her pussy was suddenly pressed down against my mouth, and I moaned into it, staring at her from inches away, feeling distaste, but also the first flickers of interest in... I don't know, the challenge, say, of learning how to do this... But there was some heat, too, and it wasn't coming from the thought of licking her pussy but from... from being chained down and made to lick her pussy!

I was thoroughly intimidated by her, even though she wasn't a big, muscular person like the triplets, and as she leaned in and gripped my hair, I started to tentatively lick at the flesh she's stuffed into my mouth.

“Ignorant white slut,” she said. “Do I have to teach you how to lick a woman's pussy? You so focused on black cock you never learned that!?”

I started licking at her clit as she eased up a bit, and she ground herself into me as my mind worked frantically to remember exactly what Alex had done to me when he licked my pussy, for he was definitely the best I'd had by far. I started to flick my tongue at her, to caress her clitoris with my moving lips, sucking in passing, not continually.

She ground herself into me, calling me a whore and a slut and a slave bitch, and I licked harder, moaning as I felt the first roll of excitement at how depraved and nasty this was, my legs together, thighs grinding against each other as I sucked at her clit now in a rhythmic way.

“Dirty little sex slave,” she said, her voice more breathy now, ragged with passion. “Filthy little fuck toy.”

I sucked harder, my tongue licking hard, using my lower lip to add pressure as she rolled her hips against me again and again. Her breathing was becoming harsher, and she groaned low in her throat as I licked and sucked her, and then

she jammed herself hard, bucking against me in a series of furious little grinding motions as she came.

Slowly, she eased up and back, then looked down at me between her thighs.

“You like licking my pussy, slut?”

“Y-Yes, mistress!” I gasped.

She slapped my face, and I gasped in pain.

“No, you love licking my pussy. Say it, slut!”

“I love licking your pussy, mistress!” I exclaimed.

She swung her long leg off me and then stood up next to the bed. I felt a sense of relief, at first, but she didn't go to the door. Instead she went to the closet, the walk-in closet, and disappeared from view. A minute or so later she emerged, with... with straps around her hips and between her legs and a huge, curved black cock sticking out from between her legs.

“I'm going to fuck you, white girl,” she said, walking back to the bed.

She glared at me. “Roll over onto your face, slut.”

I anxiously obeyed.

“Raise your ass up, slut.”

I raised myself up on my knees.

Crack!

She slapped my ass sharply.

“Spread your legs, you white whore!”

I moaned and obeyed as she climbed into bed behind me. A moment later I felt the nose of the dildo rubbing up and down against my pussy. I gasped, panted, moaned and then began to hiss as she slowly forced it into me.

“Oh! Oh! Please! Please, mistress!” I gasped.

“You love black cock, whore,” she said, slapping my ass sharply and pushing harder.

I clenched my teeth, wrists pulling at the shackles, moaning as she forced the monster cock even deeper. It filled me even worse than the triplets did! I moaned as it stretched my pussy out, as she slowly worked it in and out of my tight opening. I felt utterly impaled on it as she forced it in and out, deeper each time, making me squeak and cry out as the head drove far too deep into my belly!

“You're going to come for me, you white whore,” she said. “Dirty little blonde slut. I'm going to make you come like the brainless whore you are.”

She slapped my ass again.

She worked the dildo in and out, slowly forcing me open, allowing her to push deeper and deeper. As the aching tightness eased I began a slow, seeping sense of dark arousal once again, and again, it wasn't her, but the situation. The weird thing was, the nastier she was to me, the hotter I felt!

She ran her hands roughly up and down my body, then gripped my hair and jerked it up and back, slapping my ass while she fucked me.

“What are you, slut? Say it!”

“I-I'm a slut, mistress!”

Crack!

“What else?”

“I'm a whore, mistress!”

Crack!

“What else?”

“I-I'm a bitch, mistress!” I cried.

Crack!

“What else!”

“I'm a dirty blonde slut, mistress!” I cried.

Crack!

“What else!? You know what you are, slut! Say it!

“I'm a sex slave, mistress!”

Crack!

“That's right, slut. You're a sex slave. Say it again!”

“I'm a sex slave, mistress!”

Crack!

“Filthy little cock loving whore,” she said.

Crack!

She drove the dildo deep, then ground her hips against me, then pulled back for a series of short, fast thrusts before grinding her hips into me again. She drew back, thrusting with longer, slower motions, now, her hands caressing and kneading my buttocks, but slapping them from time to time.

Crack!

“Beg me to fuck you, you whore.”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Beg harder, sex slave.”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” I cried.

Crack!

“Nasty little whore. You wait until I bring my brothers over to pound you.”

She thrust harder, faster, jerking on my hair, slapping on my ass. Then her hand slipped under my belly, long fingers finding my clit as she leaned over. I felt her breasts, nipples as hard as pebbles, against my beck, her breath against my neck.

“Dirty little whore,” she growled. “I'm going to see you get all the black cock you can handle! I'm going to see you get gang-banged so you're drowned in black come!”

She bit at my earlobe, her breath hot against me as her hips worked in and out and her fingers rubbed hard against my clitoris.

I twisted and writhed, crying out weakly with each hard thrust, my insides aching, my body thrumming with sexual heat that grew worse with every thrust. I felt my hips jerking convulsively against her rubbing fingers as the sexual heat consumed me. Again and again she pounded her stiff black cock deep into my belly, until with a convulsive shudder I felt the orgasm sweep over me.

And it didn't matter that it was a woman riding me like a whore. In fact, in some ways, it was hotter that way, more degrading, more shocking, more wicked. I came like the whore she called me, crying out again and again as my pussy burned and exploded with sensations around the hard, deep silicone cock she kept driving into me.

Convulsions wracked my body, and I spasmed again and again, eyes wide, lips drawn back, gasping for breath as the orgasm tore through my mind, and that hard cock continued to thrust deep into my aching pussy! It seemed to go on forever, until I wondered if I could even survive it, then slowly it receded, and I was left twitching and trembling and moaning as she slowly drew back.

“Whore,” she said.

She got rid of the straps, but left the dildo jammed deep inside me. Then she picked up the other dildo and shoved that up my ass before ordering me off the bed. She led me downstairs, crawling on hands and knees, panting, moaning weakly, her tugging on the leash until we were back in the living room in front of the brothers.

“Lick my shoe, slut,” she ordered.

Dazed, I stared at her black high heels, and then yelped at a stinging blow to my buttocks! I jerked my head up to see she'd acquired one of the switches, and then yelped as she hit me again.

“Obey me, slut.”

I bent hurriedly and started licking at her shoes!

“That's it, sex slave,” she said. “You learn to obey or else.”

I kept licking, moaning, gasping, flushed with heat and embarrassment as the brothers looked on. It was more degrading having to obey her, having to lick her shoe, then it was with a big, powerful, muscular man. But I did it, and I did everything else she told me, that evening, shifting from position to position, the same ones the guys had had me do, but with her giving me orders and using the switch on my ass or hips or thighs, or even on my breasts, whenever I was slow.

It never even occurred to me to say no, to refuse. I just did whatever she told me, including crawling over to suck Alex's cock, then to lick Jackson's shoes and suck his cock.

I slept in the cage again that night, and despite how anxious and wild I felt about the day's events, I tried to sleep, for I knew the next day would be – wild. It was Saturday, and I'd be with all four of them all day – all weekend. And I had no idea what that would bring except – heat, arousal, and orgasms.

* * * *

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