

Molly's Two Black Masters

By JJ Argus



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Molly's Black Master 2

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

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I'd always had a bit of an ego thing. As a nerd, I had always thought I was smarter than most girls. There I was building computers while they were spending their time on makeup and gossiping about Hollywood celebrities. I had also thought myself smarter than most boys who were obsessed with sex and sports.

And it didn't hurt that I spent most of my time with nerdy guys who were obsessed with me. Not that I thought, objectively, I was that great a beauty. I was pretty, sure, and had a pretty nice body. But I didn't have the long legs and the giant breasts guys seemed to go nutty over.

But as a nerd, I spoke their language. They saw me as one of them, only a lot better looking. That meant unlike the tall, busty Playboy types, they saw me as a lot more available, a lot less likely to laugh at them, a lot more likely to put out. And there were a lot more nerd boys than girls. So I had pretty much always been the subject of guys panting after me, wanting me, wanting to touch me, to see me naked.

You would not believe how many hacking attempts I had defeated on my computer, a lot of them trying to hijack my web-cam in hopes of seeing me getting undressed! If I announced I was going swimming, half the guys I knew would be down there with binoculars and cameras with telephoto lenses!

So all of that had kind of been an ego thing, despite the fact I wasn't really that into guys. Oh, I had lots of sexual fantasies, for I was always a pretty imaginative girl, but those were things which I couldn't possibly experience in real life. Or at least, I hadn't thought they were.

Being a sex slave had kind of been one of those fantasies, sort of, though not exactly. I had had fantasies about being dominated, being forced, by big, powerful, muscular men. And like a lot of white girls in America I had that cultural thing which was partly racist, about a Black man doing me. Though to be honest, I'd been even less impressed with most of the black guys I knew than the white ones. Sexist bastards, I'd thought.

But there was sexist an then there was... Mr. Blake. His view of me as a sexual play-toy, his casual assumption that he could order me to do anything I wanted, and punish me for failing, was quite simply breathtaking in its degree of

outrageousness. He was so outrageous that his belief simply could not be true. Therefore, it was a persona, an act. But he did it so well...

Sex was okay, or had been, but sex with Blake... sex with Blake blew my mind. Almost literally. In fact, maybe it was literal. I felt different after one day with him. I felt like a changed person, as if the incredible stress and shocking pleasure had fractured something in my mind, had broken something down which used to be there.

I felt more sexual, felt more attractive, more sophisticated for what I'd been through. None of the girls I know had ever done anything that wild, that shocking, after all. No girl I knew had allowed herself to be used like a sex slave, tied up, spanked, strapped, roughly used, and all by a man I barely knew!

A man I had only just met, a man I knew literally nothing about other than he was a new vice president at the insurance company where I worked tech support. I knew he was big, tall, broad shouldered, good looking, smart, and strong-willed. Those were all pretty good traits, I guess. Once at his place to install his home PC link I had learned that underneath his tailored suit he was a Black Conan the Barbarian!

And that had basically taken my breath away, given all the wild fantasies I'd had about powerful barbarians and their 'swords'.

He hadn't asked me if he could do anything; he'd just done it!

I'd wakened the next morning in his bed, my arms shackled together under me, my collar chained to the head-post, wakened with his mouth on my sex, his incredible tongue driving impossibly deep into my body, a body which was already, by the time I wakened, in the throes of arousal.

Then he'd climbed atop me and driven his big cock deep into my body and rode me hard and fast, even violently. It had hurt, but that hadn't stopped me from coming.

He'd dropped me off at my place, thankfully, finally giving me an opportunity to get my head straight – mostly. I hadn't been able to think around him! But even at home I'd been rushed to get ready for work. Yoga pants and a long, loose sweater. I was too sore to want to wear more.

There were bite marks on my breasts, and I felt sore inside from the powerful pounding of his big black cock. But no one at work was going to see those. Likewise, no one was going to see what he'd insisted I wear from now on, including to work. And that was a butt-plug.

So he could fuck me in the ass any time he wanted!

I had never had anal sex, nor ever wanted to. Blake hadn't cared, and he'd made me come anyway. And it had felt so intense and so... sensual, to feel his slick cock sliding in and out of my ass! God! My whole attitude about sex was different, had been changed literally overnight!

And to remind me, I had a black butt-plug up my ass at work.

Only the small, coin shaped, flat base protruded. But I could feel the rest of it inside me, and I knew it was there, and why. And that made my mind squirm with a kind of dark, forbidden sense of arousal and excitement.

I wasn't wearing any underwear. He'd ordered me not to. Oh, I had a bra, because I was big enough that it would be noticed if I didn't wear one. I had no panties, though. And the soft, stretchy fabric of the yoga pants rubbed gently against my naked pussy as I moved. My pussy lips still felt sore and swollen, for they'd been stretched so very wide around his thickness.

I felt like a slut, but instead of shame the idea filled me with excitement, and even a little pride, for that was a concept of myself I'd never had, and would have dismissed with a laugh. I was so boring, after all, a nerd girl into computers. Me, a slut? Ha!

I slid into my cubicle just a few minutes late. Nobody really cared around there, though. IT was pretty relaxed. As long as you took care of your share of assignments they wouldn't bug you about things like lunches and breaks.

Over the next few minutes a lot of the other IT guys found a reason to stop by and say hello. I wasn't the only girl in the group but I was by far the youngest and, okay, don't think I'm a narcissist but, the hottest. Not that I generally used to think of myself as all that hot.

I felt a little kinky as we chatted, and felt a bit smug, for if any of them knew I had a big black butt-plug inside me they'd have had raging hard-ons. If they'd

had the faintest idea of what had gone on yesterday they'd have come in their pants! Just thinking about it made my nipples hard!

I didn't usually wear any jewelery, but I had a clunky silver watch my father had given me one Christmas on one wrist, and a layered leather and silver bracelet on the other, both to disguise the red marks on my wrists from the ropes Blake had used to tie me up.

The sweater covered my wrists, of course, but they would peek out from time to time, and better not to give these guys any more fantasy material. Bad enough someone had photoshopped my picture onto a naked Playmate body, copies of which had been found in the printer a few months ago!

I couldn't escape the memories all day, as I went from office to office, taking care of various software and hardware issues. I felt very sexual the whole time. I was, at times, giddy with the memories, shocked by them, and embarrassed about them. They were so far from my previous sexual experiences!

But every memory was surrounded by a kind of flavor or background feeling of deep, wild excitement and pleasure. That tended to add to the shockingly exciting nature of the visuals sweeping through my mind.

Still, I had work to do, and I did it. I was just a little more ... preoccupied, you might say, with other things while I did it.

And at noon I got an email, not on my computer at work, but on my smart phone. The email was from Your Master, and the subject was Sex Slave Gets Pounded by her Black Master. I gaped at it, looked wildly around, then opened it. Inside was a link. Heart pounding, I clicked on the link, and waited anxiously until the site opened.

A video came on, and the blood left my face so fast I felt faint.

The video was clear, sharp, brightly lit, and taken, apparently, from the foot of his bed. It showed me on my face and knees, as he pounded me from behind. He was only visible to the waist, but you could see that huge black cock ramming into me, could see my body shaking and jerking, could see my face and hear my cries of pleasures as he used me, as he pounded me, as he yanked my head up and back by the hair and pounded me some more.

I was like a rag doll! The contrast between his big, powerful, muscular torso, and my own slim, pale, white body couldn't have been greater!

I had had the sound off, but I hurriedly plugged in the earphones from my Ipod, just to check, and yes, there was sound, as I listened to myself crying out in pleasure, and heard my voice cracking and breaking as I came explosively!

I slumped in my seat, shocked, horrified. Imagine if the guys around here saw that! OhmyGod! I hadn't even seen a camera! I quickly sent back a message, a shocked message, demanding he delete it and demanding he show it to no one.

I'll show it to anyone I want to, but that won't be anyone you know, he replied. And your ass is going to get punished for your trying to give me orders.

If anyone here sees that video I'll have to quit!

Do you think I'm an idiot, he replied. Do you think I'm going to put it on the internet like some juvenile white boy showing off to the world? My brother, on the other hand, will appreciate it. He loves blondes.

My heart was still pounding!

What if he shows it to people, I demanded. What if he sends it to people and it winds up on the internet!?

You ought to be on the internet, he replied. You could make a lot more money putting videos like this up than you make at your job. But don't worry. I've decided that isn't in your interest or mine.

That wasn't entirely reassuring!

I went up to the top floor but his office door was closed and the light out. He wasn't even there!

Where are you, I demanded.

You're forgetting your manners, sex slave, he replied. Master is the word you want to use.

I was impatient with that just then, but I went along with it anyway.

Where are you, master, I typed.

In a meeting. You better have that plug inside you. I'm going to ream you out later.

Fuck!

Now Blake wasn't, as he said, some stupid young guy. He was twice my age (as well as more than twice my weight). He was a serenely confident, intelligent, suave and sophisticated man – or maybe it was just his British accent that made me think that. But surely he'd be smart enough not to want that video out! I mean, he was in it too! Well, not that he was identifiable, of course...

His brother?! The thought of him showing that to anyone made my face burn!

I was even more preoccupied the rest of the day! But I managed to convince myself he wasn't about to put it on the internet. That was a huge relief. I was still anxious, though, about him showing it to other people, whether I would ever see them or not!

A couple of hours later I got another email from him.

I had to leave work early. You can find your way here after you get off, he wrote.

That was just as well. Yesterday he'd made me get naked and then drove me home hog tied in the trunk of his car!

Mind you, his assumption I was coming, even though he hadn't even asked, was... well, it should have been outrageous, but wasn't. I had to go! I had to talk to him about that video! Were there more?! God! The bastard! How dare he!?

My thoughts about confronting him, though, were doubtful ones. If it was any of my previous boyfriends I'd have screamed accusations, maybe even hit them. But Blake, well, in addition to being a vice president, was a huge, powerfully built, and extremely intimidating man. He hadn't done a thing to threaten me but I'd felt completely... dominated by him almost from the start.

I left work early, claiming an errand, took the subway, then walked quickly, mind swimming with thoughts and scenarios. I could refuse to have sex with him unless he promised to delete them, for instance! But I was doubtful I could make

that stick. The thought of not having sex with him was not... pleasant. I wanted more of that hot, nasty, kinky, wild pleasure!

Like I said, it had done something to my mind!

I went up to the door and pressed the intercom, waiting, wondering if he'd be wearing a shirt this time. That flashed to the thought of his incredible chest, so muscular, right down to the waistband of his shorts, and below. The skin gleamed like it was too tight across all that muscle!

The door opened and he looked down at me and I was suddenly breathless and voiceless. He was well over six feet tall. I'm five foot three. He's built like a bodybuilder. I'm just basically a normal, kind of skinny girl who can shop in the petite section for everything but tops (because of my breasts).

“Come inside, Rice,” he said, backing up.

I hurried inside, flushed, words tumbling end over end in my skull. I turned to confront him but he gripped my shoulders and turned me around again.

“Into the living room,” he said, giving me a firm but gentle push.

I marched into the living room, ready to turn and confront him again, but froze at the entrance as Blake looked up at me from a chair. I gaped at him, then my head twisted around to gape at him again, standing behind me. I turned back to gape at the one in the living room.

“This is my brother Stephen,” the other Blake behind me said.

They were twins. And Stephen was just as muscular as Alex, and grinned at me in a knowing way which had my face burning. OhmyGod! Had he already seen that video!? OhmyGod!

“Hello, Molly,” Stephen said. “My brother has been telling me how incredibly cute you are, but he has, as ever, understated the matter.”

He had a British accent too, I thought dazedly.

“Stephen is into tech more than me,” Alex said.

“Actually, I have a little company which has recently expanded into the states,” Stephen said with a smile. “I understand you're in tech support.”

I was just... staring.

I felt a sharp, brief tug on my hair from behind.

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

Maybe he didn't know! Maybe Alex had just been bluffing! Or maybe he was thinking he might show it one day but hadn't yet! I couldn't know!

I felt myself pushed forward and then guided down onto a kind of ottoman, a thick, square stuffed stool in front of the chair where Stephen sat. Then Alex moved past me and sat in the chair next to him, and both of them looked at me.

I felt my insides quiver, felt a hot thrum of energy spike up through my chest. The two of them! I couldn't not suddenly be filled with the idea of having sex with both of them! The idea was terrifying and... and scaldingly hot!

Alex was wearing a sweatshirt while his brother had a white shirt with blue stripes. They were both drinking something dark in small glasses as I sat there squirming.

“You have lovely hair, Molly,” Stephen said.

“Stephen has a thing for blondes,” Alex said.

I gulped!

Stephen smiled. “I think a lot of Black men have a thing for blondes,” he replied.

“Lot of White Brown, Red and Yellow men too,” Alex said, and both chuckled.

“Those bangs are very cute,” Stephen said.

I felt another rush of anxiety and heat!

“Her hair should be longer,” Alex said. “I like to get my fist around a girl's hair.”

I flushed, knowing what he meant by that and pretty sure Stephen would too!

“Her hair's not that short,” Stephen said. “But I agree, it would look even better hanging down her back.”

“She's gonna let it grow,” Alex said.

I opened my mouth to contradict him for I'd said no such thing. Nor had he even suggested it! But looking at those dark eyes, I closed my mouth again, feeling another buzz of anxiety and tension.

There was quiet in the room, and I felt another jolt of frantic fear that Stephen had seen the video.

“Alex is one of those type-A personalities,” Stephen says. “He likes to be in charge all the time, make all the decisions.”

“I make the right decisions,” Alex said.

“It was my idea to take up body building,” Stephen said.

“I didn't say I'm the only one who ever made a good decision,” Alex replied with a shrug.

He looked at me “Building up your body requires discipline, and discipline is the heart and soul of success.”

“You think Molly has discipline?” he asked, looking at me.

“No, as a matter of fact, Ms. Rice seems to lack that quality,” Alex said, also looking at me.

Stephen grinned at me. “Molly is a babe, though. Babes don't need discipline.”

I felt a weird mix of indignation at him calling me a babe, and a kind of pride in the compliment. I'd sure never referred to myself as a 'babe', before! I was a nerdy computer girl!

“Her body could still use some building up,” Alex said.

“That looks like a pretty fine body under there. Dunno how much building it needs.”

“You haven't seen it and felt it.”

I flushed hotly.

“Hard to believe there's much more it needs,” Stephen said, looking me up and down.

‘Oh it's easy on the eyes, certainly. But it's soft.’

“Babes are supposed to be soft, brother.”

“Soft as in not much muscle tone.”

“You think she needs more exercise than you're giving her?” Stephen asked slyly.

I flinched nervously!

“I've only known her a day, brother,” Alex said.

“But still, the more exercise that body gets the finer it will be,” Stephen replied.

“We think muscle tone is important, Rice,” Alex said.

He stood up and then peeled his sweatshirt up and off to bare his chest! My eyes widened and my pulse began to race.

“You see the muscle tone here? You think that didn't take work?” he asked, looking down at me.

Stephen was wearing a button-down shirt, with the first button undone. Now he stood up and undid the second button, then peeled the shirt up and off to bare his own chest. He was almost exactly the same as Alex, though perhaps very slightly smaller.

“I think I'm toned better than you are, brother,” he said.

“I think you're imagining things, brother,” Alex replied, the two big black man looking at each others for a minute.

Then their eyes turned on me and I forgot to breath.

“You don't want a babe with muscles like this,” Stephen said.

“No, definitely not,” his brother agreed.

“Don't mean she shouldn't exercise.”

“It would be a shame if she got flabby,” Alex said.

“Do you exercise, Molly?” Stephen asked solicitously.

I stared at him.

“You forgot how to talk, Rice?” Alex asked.

“I uhm, n-no,” I gulped.

“No, sir,” he said.

“No, sir!” I gulped.

They had moved closer, so they were kind of standing in front of me, but slightly angled, one to the left, one to the right, and that filled my eyes with a huge amount of Black Conan! My face was right about crotch level, and I was desperately trying not to look there!

“You have very nice breasts,” Alex said.

My face heated and the sexual tension filling my chest grew more powerful!

“But they aren't small.”

“She seems pretty small to me,” Stephen said.

“She's not a big girl anywhere, but her breasts are nice. Be a shame if they started to sag.”

“Clearly needs to build up her chest muscles then,” Stephen said.

He took that body builder type pose, holding his fists up on either side of his head, making his biceps bulge.

“Yeah, we should introduce you to a proper exercise regimen, Rice,” Alex said.

“Be a shame if really nice breasts got ruined,” Stephens aid. “I like really nice breasts.”

I was breathless as they stared at me together.

“Get down on your knees, Rice,” Alex ordered.

I gulped, mind spinning, but didn't really have time to get to think about what or whether I ought to obey because he put his hand on my shoulder, kind of pulling me forward off the ottoman and pressing me down until I was kneeling in front of them both.

“You ever do a push-up, Rice?”

I shook my head, a little dazed.

“She can't exercise in that sweater,” Stephen said.

“You're probably right, brother.”

Both of them reached for me and caught at the loose sweater at the same time, then pulled up. The force of that pull forced my arms upward, and before I could get my dazed mind to function well enough to even realize what they were doing they'd pulled it right off!

I squeaked, covering my breasts with my arms, eyes wide and face red.

“Get down on all fours, Rice,” Alex ordered.

Again, a hand behind my head pushed me forward so I had little choice, and had to jerk my arms away to catch myself.

“You're forgetting she's a girl, brother,” Stephen said.

“I can't forget that, brother,” Alex replied.

Stephen looked at him and Alex nodded, then walked away, leaving me there on my hands and knees as Stephen looked down at me.

Alex is going to get an exercise ball for you, honey,” he said.

Were they really talking about exercise!? I couldn't figure out what was going on! I strongly suspected it was all sexual, and yet Alex returned with a medicine ball and put it on the floor in front of me!

“What you do is you grab that ball and hold on, and then push your arms straight.”

I stared at him.

“Get to it!”

I gasped and then awkwardly grabbed the ball.

“Straighten your arms. Hold your body straight out,” he said, dropping to his knees beside me.

I did it, utterly confused.

“Draw your belly in,” he said, and then his hand slid under me, running up and down along my belly and abdomen!

“Keep that belly tight, and then slowly bend your elbows and lower yourself,” he ordered.

It was clear now that whatever else was going on he was actually serious about this exercise shit!

“Body in a straight line,” Stephen said.

I mean... WTF?! But I did it, slowly bending my elbows, feeling the increasing tension as I did so.

“Keep your belly firm,” Alex said, again rubbing his fingers along my abdomen and belly.

Exercise was pretty much a foreign concept to me. I had never had an issue with my shape, partly because I didn't eat much and partly because I danced a lot, if only by myself. I'm kind of hyperactive, you see, and like to move.

“Girl's got arms like spaghetti,” Alex said in disgust, as I trembled with the effort of pushing myself back upright.

“It'll come in time,” Stephen said.

“Again,” he said, slapping my butt!

“That is one fine ass, by the way,” Stephen said. “You shouldn't be abusing it.”

“That is a fine ass,” Alex said, “And I like to abuse it.”

The two men chuckled and I blushed even more!

“She needs dumbbells too,” Stephen said.

“We're gonna give her a workout, don't worry,” Alex replied.

“Belly straight,” he ordered, slapping my butt again.

“Nothing I like more than a firm, tight belly on a girl,” Stephen said

“Give this a feel.”

Stephen knelt on my other side and my pulse kicked up another notch as he ran his hand up and down across my belly.

“Yeah, it's flat but not much muscle there,” he said.

His hand slid lower, his fingers pushing in under the waistband of my yoga pants! I gasped and started to tremble as they slid firmly down inside them and his fingers brushed my clitoris!

“Nice shave job there,” he said.

“Nothing beats a good laser removal job,” Alex replied.

“True enough.”

I gasped as Alex unclipped my bra, and let go of the ball, dropping onto my knees, arms across my chest again. I felt stricken as he tugged at the bra, then felt Stephen reach up to unclip the other strap behind my neck. His fingers then

slid through my hair.

“This is sooooooft,” he said.

“Yeah, you know what else is soft?”

Alex yanked the bra away and I gaped.

“Everything about her?”

Stephen slid his hand down my back as Alex gripped my head and pulled it forward. He pulled it right in until his lips were against mine, and held it there as his tongue began to explore my mouth!

I still had my arms across my breasts even as I felt Stephen's hand slid down into my yoga pants, and felt his fingers against the outer base of the butt-plug.

“What's this here?” he asked.

“That's so I can get into that tight little ass of hers whenever I want to.”

“You always were a man who planned ahead, brother,” Stephen said.

I squeaked as I felt the yoga pants being peeled down my hips, but my mind was feeling even more wildly confused, anxious, excited, and and more than slightly freaked out, and all I could do was loosen one arm and grab at it ineffectually.

“Very nice little ass,” Stephen said in delight.

Alex pulled his lips off mine, but his huge hands still held my face between them as he stared into my eyes.

“You wait till you feel it wrapped around your cock, brother,” he said.

OhmyGod!

I moaned helplessly and he jerked me forward, kissing me again, rougher this time. I felt a big hand slide down between my squirming thighs, covering my pussy, sliding up and down over it as another hand pushed up around my ribs and forced my hand aside to cup my breast.

At that point inevitability crushed any thought of resistance I might have had as my incredibly hard nipple crackled with heat against the palm of his hand.

Then Stephen's hands eased away, and he seemed to disappear for a long moment until I felt something sliding around my neck, something leathery and ... and as he drew it back behind me and closed it I realized it was the collar Alex had put on me just yesterday! He fastened it behind me, then gently but firmly took my right arm and drew it back, sliding another strap around it and buckling it tightly.

He drew the other arm back, buckled the other leather restraint around it, then clipped them together behind my back while his brother continued to kiss me hard! When he was done, Alex released my hair and stood up, then pulled his cock out of the fly of his sweatpants and reached for my hair again.

“Show your master what you're good at, sex slave,” he said.

His words fried my mind! Especially with Stephen watching, and I shuddered as he pushed himself into my mouth and almost immediately began to harden further.

“How is she at that?” Stephen asked.

“She's still got a lot to learn,” Alex replied. “But she loves black cock.”

I gurgled as his thickening cock pushed down my throat, my wrists jerking instinctively against the restraints. Stephen moved in closer, his hand sliding down my belly, then rubbing up and down against my pussy as his other hand kneaded my breast.

“Think she's gonna make a good little sex slave?” he asked.

“I have no doubt about it,” Alex said.

Stephen stood up and unzipped his fly, then drew his own cock out, which was already erect. He pushed it in against my cheek and Alex pulled his cock back out of my mouth. I gasped for breath, eyes wild, and then Stephen pushed his cock into my open mouth.

“Show me what you can do, baby girl,” he said.

He took my hair in his hand now, drawing me in as I instinctively sucked and licked at him. My mind was spinning wildly and my body was being consumed by wild, crackling sexual heat. My pulse was racing and my heart was pounding and my pussy burned hotly! But I was also flushed with incredible embarrassment and my mind squirmed in discomfort at what was happening!

I gurgled weakly as Stephen pulled me further forward and my lips slid all the way down his long, thick shaft.

“Oh yeah,” he sighed.

“Feels good, doesn't it?”

“You know it, brother. She's a real find.”

He pulled back and I gagged a little, then gulped in air as he pulled himself free. But with hardly a hitch, he released my hair and Alex gripped it and turned me to my left, then pushed his cock into my mouth.

“Suck me, slave girl,” he said in a low voice.

“Your cock barely fits in that sweet little mouth, brother,” Stephen said in amusement.

“I love the look of her face as she swallows me,” Alex replied.

“That's a pretty face,” Stephen said.

Alex pulled me forward and his cock pushed down my throat all the way, my face jammed against his sweatpants. I rolled my wide eyes up and him to see him looking calmly down as he held me in place, and my heart pounded as my chest began to burn from lack of air.

He finally pulled back on my hair and I slid off him, inch after inch emerging from between my straining lips until he pulled free with a wave of saliva. I coughed and gulped in air, then felt them hand me off again, as Stephen gripped my hair and turned me to my right. I had been peripherally aware of him moving around, but now I saw he'd removed his trousers and shorts and was naked.

Heat assailed me as he pulled me onto his cock and then all the way down. He

started pumping slowly in and out then, using my throat as I gurgled weakly and my head pounded from lack of air. Then he pulled out again and Alex turned me to my left. He was naked now too, and pushed his own slick cock into my mouth and down my throat.

“Every man should have a sex slave,” Alex said.

“Especially a hot little blonde girl,” Stephen replied.

“White girls love Black cock,” Alex said.

He pulled slowly out and then both of them dropped to their knees. I gasped as he jerked back on my hair, then cupped my breast. Stephen cupped the other one and slid his other hand between my legs, rubbing my clitoris.

“Tell Stephen you love black cock, sex slave,” he said softly.

I shuddered and he twisted his fingers in my hair so it stung.

“I-I love black cock!” I gasped.

He pinched my nipple and I squealed in pain.

“Master,” he said.

“I love black cock, master!” I exclaimed weakly, still gasping for breath.

“Tell Stephen you're my sex slave.”

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

“What a dirty little girl she is,” Stephen replied, his finger rubbing along my sex, then twisting and angling up to push into my body.

“She is a dirty little girl,” Alex agreed.

“Nasty little blonde slut,” Stephen said, his finger pushing deeper, twisting and pumping in and out.

“Tell us you love black cock, sex slave,” Alex ordered.

“I love black cock, master!” I cried weakly.

“A girl this nasty ought to be punished,” Stephen said.

“Now that you mention it, she is in need of punishment. She was trying to give me orders earlier.”

“What? Your sex slave was trying to tell you what to do?” Stephen asked in amusement.

“She told me I couldn't show you that video of her.”

“That was one fine video, brother,” Stephen said. “You really got her to sing for you.”

“She's gonna do a lot of singing today,” Alex said.

They stood up, and he pulled me with him by his grip on my hair, then as Stephen pulled a hard backed chair from the side he bent me over the back. They unclipped the two restraints around my wrists, then each man pulled my wrist forward and down towards the front of the seat.

I'm not a tall girl, and so as they pulled me across the back of the high-backed chair I moaned, forced up onto my toes as it jammed into my abdomen! Each of them pulled my wrist down towards the front legs of the chair, then drew a strap which was already attached there and clipped it to the leather restraints around my wrists!

“This is one fine view, brother,” Stephen said as he straightened and moved behind me.

I felt his hand caressing my buttocks, then squeezing them. His fingers brushed up and down against the coin shaped base of the butt plug, then dug in and pulled slowly. I moaned as the butt plug began to pull back, began to force my back opening to spread wider and wider.

“You think this will be enough to let me slide in there without working hard?” he asked.

“She is a little thing,” Alex said. “She probably needs a bit more.”

I whimpered and moaned as the butt plug sank back into me again. I felt Stephen's hand push between my thighs and start fingering my pussy as Alex left the room. He came back quickly, and I felt the two men spread my legs. That lifted them right off the floor, and I gasped as my weight came down on my abdomen!

I felt the butt-plug pulled back again even as something else pushed against my pussy!

“Oh! Oh! Wait!” I gasped.

They ignored me. The butt plug pulled out completely, but was replaced almost immediately by a dildo, maybe the same one Alex had used on me yesterday! Another one was pushed slowly up into my hot, well-lubricated pussy, both of them twisting and turning as they worked deeper.

They released my legs, letting me get my feet under me again – or my toes anyway, then I felt a strap going around my ankles!

“She ready for punishment?” Stephen asked.

“I think she's about read,” Alex said.

Crack!

Shit! It felt like that leather spatula thing he had used to spank me the other day! It was sort of rectangular, like a thick strap, but with holes in it, and then a handle!

“Ah!” I cried at the sharp pain.

“That's an interesting device you've got there, brother,” Stephen said.

Crack!

“You think?”

“Oh!”

“You don't have like a riding crop or something?”

Crack!

“Ah!”

“A riding crop would leave welts across his fine little ass,” Alex said.

Crack!

“Oh!” I cried.

“You're right,” Stephen said.

Crack!

“Ah!”

“Write that on the palm of your hand, brother,” Alex said.

“Seems to be getting a response,” Stephen said.

Crack!

“Oh I know it's stinging that little white ass just right,” Alex said.

“Think you can train her with just that strap?”

Crack!

“No. I've got other means. I don't want to mess up a work of art, though.”

Crack!

“It's sure changing the color of that art.”

“Only temporarily.”

Crack!

My ass was burning! But I was so hot all over that it didn't seem to matter that much! My pussy felt so hot, so wet, that I feared my inner juices might be oozing out around the dildo they'd pushed up inside me!

Crack!

“Tell me you love black cock, slave girl,” Alex – I think it was Alex – said.

“I love black cock, master!”

Crack!

“Tell me you're my sex slave.”

“I'm your sex slave master!”

Crack!

“Are you going to be a good, obedient little sex slave?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I croaked.

Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

“I'll be a good, obedient – ,” Crack! “Oh! ... obedient sex slave, master!”

“You want to try?”

“Yeah.”

There was a pause, then the strap snapped across my bottom again and I squealed, head jerking up and back.

“Not too hard, brother,” Alex said, coming around in front of me.

“But she's such a nasty little girl,” I heard.

Crack!

Alex gripped my hair and jerked my head up, then plunged his cock into my open mouth.

“She is that,” he replied.

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

Stephen swung the strap down across my upraised bottom again and again, until the flesh not only burned but seemed to crackle with stinging pain! My cries had become little more than moans now, though, with Alex driving his cock deep into my throat and pumping it slowly in and out.

“You mind if I fuck her ass?” I heard.

“Sure. Take it.”

I gurgled as Alex slid his cock down out of my mouth, gulping in air as saliva flooded over my lower lip and down my chin. He jerked my head up harder, my eyes glassy as he looked down at me.

“Beg for it, slave girl. Beg him to fuck your tight ass.”

I was nearly beyond speech! He twisted his fingers in my hair, though, and dug his nails into my nipple, pinching and twisting it until my mind was dragged out of its dazed stupor far enough to respond.

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

I shuddered as I felt my ankles unstrapped, then felt a pull on the dildo in my ass. It slid back out, leaving me feeling vacant, then something else pushed into me, and my mind started to fry again.

“She's nice and tight,” I heard.

“Shove it deep, brother. Make her eyes pop.”

I gasped as he pushed deeper, then felt his hand cupping one breast, squeezing and kneading it as Alex did the same to the other. Alex pushed himself back into my mouth, and I felt Stephen's other hand slide down to finger my clitoris.

He pumped in and out, pushing deeper and deeper as his fingers rubbed my clitoris, and the orgasm swept through me like a storm. My head, pulsing from lack of oxygen, seemed to explode as the sensations built higher and higher and higher! I screamed nearly soundlessly, breathlessly, my body trembling violently as Stephen thrust harder and Alex pumped in my throat.

“Little bitch is really tight!” Stephen gasped.

“She is that.”

“Her ass sucks and squeezes on me even better than her throat!”

Alex unstrapped my wrists, and the two men lifted me off the table, which was a tremendous relief as my abdomen was aching from the pressure against the hard back of the chair. My wrists were locked together behind me again and then they put me back onto the ottoman instead. Stephen knelt in front of me, lifting my ankles up and back – and back.

Alex knelt on the other side, pulling me a little closer to him, so my shoulders were just over the edge and my head fell down upside down. Then his cock pushed into my open mouth as Stephen drove himself down into my ass. Alex gripped my breasts, kneading and squeezing them as Stephen slid his hands down behind my knees, spreading my legs wider and jamming them down hard to elevate my butt.

I was just a ... a container, in a way. I mean, the way they'd been talking about me the whole time was almost like a non-person, or as if I wasn't there. Sometimes it was like I was just some thing they had, like a TV or a car, and my mind drifted in a strange dark way, as if I wasn't really a person at all, not someone capable of talking or interacting or making decisions, but just a... a sex slave, like they called me!

It was a weird thought, a wild thought, but a strangely comforting one too, since it basically exempted me from any responsibility for what was happening. If nothing was my decision, then how could I feel shame and blame?

But it was also really, really hot, because it turned it all into a dark, kinky fantasy game, a game for which I had no rules and no guidelines. Given how lost, how dazed and out of control I felt, that was just about right, too.

The world narrowed in focus to sensations, to the feel of Stephen's big cock churning up and down in my belly, and his brother's pumping in and out of my throat and mouth. Stephen's felt better, but my attention was yanked back to Alex's whenever my air began to really run out, and that happened a lot.

My head pounded as I stared, upside down, at Alex's balls, and the sight of his glistening black shaft moving in and out of my open mouth. I was also light-headed from repeated lack of oxygen. My entire body was now shaking as Stephen thrust harder and his hips hammered my upraised buttocks.

He released my legs, then and seized my hips. My legs fell onto his shoulders as he leaned in, his strong hands jerking me up hard and fast against him as he

thrust into me. His hips struck me even harder, and his cock speared deep into my aching belly with hard, furious thrusts!

“Oh yeah!” he gasped. “Oh yeah! Fuck! Tight fucking ass!”

He gave a final flurry of thrusts and then halted, gasping a little, his fingers loosening around my waist.

“Empty yourself in that tight little ass, brother,” Alex said. “Let it milk you.”

The two brother laughed softly as both drew slowly back.

I moaned as the dildo was pushed back into my ass, then I was lifted off the ottoman and put on my knees on the floor, moaning, panting, dazed. My chin was against the rug as Alex stood over me.

“Are you my sex slave?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes... m-master!” I gasped, chest heaving.

“Nasty little slut,” Stephen said.

“Show me you're my slave girl,” Alex ordered.

He pushed his foot against my face, rubbing his toes against my lips.

“Suck,” he ordered.

I moaned weakly.

Crack!

I gasped at the blow to my still red, sore bottom.

“Suck, slave girl.”

I obeyed, sucking on his big black toe as he pushed it into my mouth. I felt hands on my thighs, spreading them wider, then a buzzing sound and vibrations against my pussy. I moaned weakly, flinching, gasping, as the vibrator was moved up and down against my clitoris.

“Lick me, slave girl,” Alex demanded.

I licked along his bare foot, moaning, gasping, yelping on occasion as Stephen pumped the dildo in my pussy and ran the vibrator over my clit.

“Lick, sex slave.”

I licked, running my tongue up and down his foot, up around the ankle, whimpering and moaning as Stephen made my insides churn and froth, my mind caught up in a dark flaming sexual fever once again.

“Whore. Lick my foot, whore,” Alex said.

I kept licking, gasping, moaning and ignoring how degrading it was... or maybe that was part of the rising fire within me. Because it wasn't really degrading, not in the context of this 'game' they were playing where I was a slave girl.

I cried out at a tight grip on my hair, and Alex jerked me upward on my knees, then guided my mouth onto his balls. I sucked and licked at them as he twisted his fingers I my hair, then swallowed his cock as he pushed it into my mouth and down my throat.

“You going to come in her face?”

“No, I want her cunt,” Alex said.

He pulled me off his cock and dragged me to my feet. I stumbled and staggered as he pulled me across the room. He pushed me briefly against a low, narrow table set against the wall, then jerked back on my hair. One or both of them worked a ball-gag through my open lips, filling my mouth with it, then buckling it behind my head. Then my wrist restraints were unclipped again. Not that that really meant anything. A hundred and ten pounds of me could do nothing against four hundred pounds of black muscle even if I was minded to so so, and I wasn't.

I was twisted roughly around and shoved back against the table. It was perhaps a foot deep and two feet wide, but they lifted me up until I was sitting on it, back against the wall. Stephen raised my arms above my head and pushed them back against the wall, and I wasn't surprised to find them locked in place there.

Then Alex lifted my legs up and back, and the two brothers strapped them to the

wall to either side of my wrists. They stood before me, looking at me, slight smiles on their faces. Alex began to pump the dildo in and out of me, pushing it deep each time, deep enough to ache, deep enough to hurt, then grinding the nose against the back wall of my pussy.

He pulled it free, then laid his cock along my abdomen, sliding it up and down, letting the shaft caress my naked, overheated pussy before drawing back and thrusting into me. He didn't restrain himself much. He pumped hard and fast, and then pumped harder and faster.

My mind was melting under the heat and shock. Still breathless, still dazed, all I could do was stare at that cock pushing into me, and feel it pumping deep within my body. It drove me over the edge very quickly, and I began to spasm and shake and twist in helpless paroxysms of heat and pleasure. My head thrashed and my body shook and that hard, aching pounding continued.

I sagged, gasping, drooling around the ball gag, and he kept pounding into me as my insides seemed to flare and bubble like a cauldron of lava! I came again, sobbing dazedly, grunting and gurgling in animal pleasure, my mind hardly able to do more than wallow in the dark, terrible pleasure as he pounded against me.

By the time he finished I felt... hollow inside, numb and hollow. He pushed the dildo back into me to help fill that hollowness, then he and his brother dragged the table away to leave me hanging on the wall like some pornographic work of art.

And there they left me, chuckling softly. They got into their clothes, then, talking to themselves, left the room, leaving me hanging there, still gasping, my bottom still red, my body drained, and my mind dazed. I heard their voices coming from somewhere else in the house now and then, but had no idea what they were doing.

I just... hung there, my mind slowly clearing to the point I could think again, think about something other than hot, nasty sex, that was.

But it never stopped thinking about hot next sex. How could it? My wrists started to ache, and so did my back, and my insides felt battered and bruised and sore. But I still felt a shimmering sexual haze around my mind and body. My breasts still felt swollen, and my nipples were hard little pebbles in the center of each of them.

After maybe ten or fifteen minutes, one of them, Alex, I think, returned. He had a blindfold, and put it over my eyes, fixing it in place behind me. A moment later I felt earphones pushed into my ears and heard my own voice again.

“I love black cock! I'm a sex slave!”

And then after some work, I felt something pushing against my pussy, right above where the dildo was jammed, right against my clitoris. And then it started to buzz, revealing itself to be a vibrator. I moaned helplessly and began to squirm.

I was emotionally exhausted, but that sexual energy seemed to still be quite resilient. No one was holding the vibrator, but he'd somehow fixed it in place, and through using the muscles in my arms and legs I was able to move against it a little, to grind myself against it just a little.

It never occurred to me to think about whether they were watching or not, or to think that might matter. I was locked in a world of sensation now, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but my own voice, and it only took a few minutes for the first orgasm to set me to jerking and shaking and trembling through the wild muscle spasms and convulsions.

It was very hard to put a time on what happened after that. I sank back limply, gasping, moaning, dazed, and then the vibrator slowly drove me back up again towards the peak – and pushed me over the edge.

I don't remember how long that took, or how long until the next orgasm, or the ones after that. I was alone with the aching fullness in my pussy and ass and the grinding vibrations against my clitoris.

At one point I felt hands on my breasts, kneading and caressing them, felt something cool against my nipples, then sharp, stinging pain to each nipple, though it only lasted a second. After that my nipples ached and burned and throbbed, and felt – wrong somehow, as if they were distended or stretched. That didn't stop the orgasms, though.

I became more exhausted, my muscles aching more, and more dazed. I remember being lifted off the wall and carried somewhere, though I didn't know where or by whom. But I knew it was upstairs. And then I felt increasing weight on my wrists as my body was straightened, until, with a moan, I realized I was

hanging by my wrists.

There was a feeling of relief, though, for my back had been bent sharply for ... some time, and being able to stretch out felt wonderful! Except I was stretched sooo much. My toes wriggled, searching for the floor, but not finding it, then my ankles were pulled apart and tied in place.

I felt a tongue against my clitoris, and hissed, moaning at the sensation. The vibrator had been buzzing away at it for ... a long time! It felt sore and swollen and hypersensitive! But the touch of a soft, slick tongue was entirely different, and didn't cause my insides to quiver the same way.

Big hands cupped and kneaded my buttocks as whoever it was licked me. They were in no big hurry, their tongue circling slowly, sliding across my hot little button, then his lips closing to kiss and suck softly and rhythmically.

It was an entirely different sensation to what had been grinding against me now for an endless time, soft, delicious, sensual, almost relaxing. I writhed slowly in place, moaning into the gag as my pussy pulsed warmly.

I felt the dildo sliding up and down in my ass, and since both his hands were on my buttocks I knew it was the other one. Then that came free, and a moment later a hard cock pushed up into my belly again. I moaned dazedly, weakly, but a part of me welcomed it, loved the deep penetration and the knowledge it was real, not silicone.

He fucked me slowly, pausing at the deepest part of his stroke to push his hips into me hard, to grind himself against me and force my hips forward into the mouth of his brother. But as my body began to writhe and twist more excitedly, as the pleasure built up within me, he stroked faster and harder, and I came with him pounding himself into me with hard, bruising, aching force as the other one sucked hard against my clitoris.

*

I slept on Alex's bed again, the same way I had the previous night, with my wrists bound behind me and the collar chained to the headboard. I woke up in much the same way, too, with him licking my pussy to make my body burn, then, as waking to find him spreading my legs and pushing himself into me, to fuck me hard and fast.

His heavy black body nearly crushed me beneath him as he rammed his cock into me for a lazy morning fuck. Then he slid off with a sigh and unchained my collar. He got out of bed, pulled me up, and unlinked the wrist restraints.

“Crawl to my brother's room and wake him up with your mouth,” he said. “No talking.”

Crack!

I gasped as he slapped my ass, and scurried out the door on all fours.

Wake him with my mouth and no talking? I had a pretty damn good idea what that meant!

The only thing I didn't quite understand was why the fuck I was doing it!

I was sore in a lot of places, inside and out, not the least of which were my nipples. That stinging pain I'd felt while blindfolded had been them piercing my nipples! Now a pair of stainless steel rings dangled from them as I crawled.

That didn't anger me at all. In fact, I thought it was wickedly exciting! If I was asked now I'd have said no, but with the pain behind me, well, I thought it was neat. I crawled across the hall and into the other room where his brother slept, then rose next to the bed and eased the covers back.

He slept naked, but wasn't a deep sleeper. I had no sooner begun to tentatively lick at him when his hand came down and grabbed my hair, jerking me up and back sharply so that I yelped in pain.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he said. “My brother send you in here?”

“Yes, master!” I gasped.

Which startled me on several levels. One, I had said it almost instinctively. Two, he wasn't the one saying he was my master, that was Alex, and third, Alex had told me not to talk. Was I going to get punished for this!?

He swung back on my head, sending me rolling off to the side as he sat up, yawning. He swung his legs out of bed and grabbed my collar, literally dragging me to the edge of the bed and off. I tumbled to the floor as he stood up.

“Come on,” he said.

I was already kind of on my belly, and raised up onto all fours, then crawled after him as he left the room. He checked in his brother's room, but Alex wasn't there, so then he walked up the hall and into the bathroom. I crawled in hesitantly behind him.

“Sit on your heels, knees wide,” he ordered, looking at me.

I obeyed, flushing a bit, and flushing more as I watched him urinate into the toilet, then flush the plug. He went to the shower stall and turned on the water, adjusted the heat, then motioned me forward. I crawled to him and he dragged me to my feet and pulled me into the shower stall, then slid the door closed.

Standing so close to him reminded me – again – how fucking big he and his brother were! I was looking almost mid-chest on him as he turned under the water. Then he handed me a bar of soap as he turned it off.

“Soap me up, slave girl,” he said.

Gulping, I obeyed, for the first time able to run my hands up and down across his chest, over his arms, up across his shoulders, down along his abdomen, his skin wet, my fingers slick and soapy. The tactile sensation made my pussy burn as my hands moved back and forth over his muscular body, soaping up his back as he turned, and then... going lower.

Soaping up his cock was another experience entirely. I hadn't held either of the brothers in my hands before, mostly because my hands were usually behind my back. Now my soapy hands massaged his balls and slid up and down his rapidly hardening cock as he stood before me.

He took the soap from me and soaped up my body in turn, paying particular attention to my pussy!

“Tell me you love black cock, baby,” he said.

“I love black cock, master!” I gulped.

He turned on the water, and it poured down around us as his arms swept me in against him. He kissed me, having to bend over to do it, and his hands slid up

and down my body, then down onto my ass. His fingers dug into my buttocks and he lifted me into the air so he didn't have to bend over again. My legs automatically swept around him as my hands slid over his shoulders.

Then he held me in one hand as his other hand gripped his cock, positioned it against me, and pushed it up inside my aching, burning pussy.

“Oh! Oh God!” I gasped, as I wriggled in his hands. “Oh!”

“You love it, sex slave.”

I groaned as it pushed up deeper, and he started kissing me. He wasn't as good a kisser as his brother, but he was enthusiastic. My legs were splayed wide around him, and his cock drove slowly deeper as he cupped my ass and pulled me in against him. It ached, and I felt bruised inside, but the heat was swirling inside me again and I wouldn't have pulled away if I could.

“It's so big!” I moaned.

“That's what you need, baby. Blonde girls love big black cock,” he said in amusement.

He started to work his hips slowly in and out, his hands on my ass working me in and out at the same time, and our lips met in a hot, eager embrace as he fucked me.

And then the glass door slid aside and Alex stood there. The two looked at each other.

“Hey,” Alex said.

“Hey,” said Stephen.

“That's a pretty big washcloth,” Alex said.

“Soft and warm, though,” Stephen said.

Alex was dressed in a golfing shirt and shorts, which I thought was a bit odd since today was a work day.

“Nice looking ass,” he said, which I thought was odd, too.

“You want it?”

“I wouldn't mind.”

Why was Stephen asking Alex if he wanted my ass?”

I was confused as Alex quickly stripped. It was a big shower, and he came inside, his cock already hard. I wondered at that, too since he'd only fucked me maybe ten minutes ago, but I didn't wonder that much since I felt his hand on my ass and Stephen started fucking me again.

Alex drew away a bit, then I felt his finger against my back opening, slick and slippery with something, pushing up into me slowly, then pumping in and out. I felt a rising heat, a skyrocketing heat as I wondered in shock whether he was going to fuck me at the same time, and how!

His finger pumped in and out, then a second was added, and I shuddered in Stephen's arms as he drew me in and out, his cock moving inside me. Alex moved up and I whimpered as I felt him pushing his own big cock against my back opening. I was already filled with black cock and didn't know if I had room for more!

It hurt, at first, but I was rapidly overheating, just from how dark and kinky and shocking and outrageous this all was! The way I was positioned in Stephen's hands and arms drew my buttocks tight, and exposed my back opening perfectly for Alex to slowly drive his own big cock up inside me.

It felt stunning! The deeper Alex got his cock, the deeper his body got to mine, until I was crushed between the two big Black men, between their hard muscular chests! Alex slid his hands up under my breasts, squeezing and kneading them, while he and his brother worked to pull me in and out on their big cocks!

I squealed and gasped and moaned and tried to cope with the rush of sensations coming from inside me as two big cocks pumped in and out of my small belly and churned it into a volcanic pit of steaming lava! God, it ached, but it felt so incredibly intense, there was such an amazing rush that I didn't care!

They switched hands after a bit, with Alex cupping my buttocks, or really,

gripping my thighs right below my crotch, and holding me up as he drew me in and out while Stephen thrust into me harder, working his hips faster. It was an amazing sensation! The heat just rolled off me in waves!

They easily raised me up and down, moved me in and out, and held me up in the air with my legs spread wide as they churned my insides to mush and swept my mind clear of any thinking that wasn't focused on the dark, seething sexual hunger and pleasure they'd raised within me!

The weird thing is, as I can say now, is it never entered my mind that I had any choice in what they were doing. Not that I would have stopped them, don't get me wrong. But looking back, it was like I had almost assumed the persona Alex was creating for me as the sex slave girl, and was reveling in it!

So I writhed and twisted in their arms, gasping and moaning and crying out as they manhandled me in the fullest sense of the word, and struggled to cope with the wild dark heat as they impaled me front and back and used me as their sex toy.

“Talk about an Oreo cookie,” Stephen said with a grin.

Alex chuckled in amusement.

“Hard and black on the outside, and so soft and sweet in the center,” he added.

And talk about filling! They were filling me up with their big cocks! It was tearing at my mind! And the more excited they got the faster they thrust and the hotter I felt, until the sweltering heat was finally too much and I started bucking and thrashing as the orgasm sent my muscles spasming and my mind spinning away into the wild, glittering brightness of another incredible orgasm!

*

That was a day of strangeness. Alex made me... well, told me.. to call in sick. I guessed he had done the same because he and Stephen stayed with me all day teaching me to exercise. First of all, the exercising was done naked, which was strange enough with two fully dressed men watching and instructing me.

Second, while some of the exercising was of the regular type, like pushups and using dumbbells and the like, some of it was more in the nature of nasty, obscene

yoga! It was a nervous kind of yoga, because what would happen was they would put me into a position, and then have me come out of it, and then they'd tell me to assume that position again.

Which doesn't sound like it would be very nervous except they had both found these thin little sticks, very thin, which stung whenever they hit me, and they used them to 'correct' me whenever I got the position wrong, or to 'encourage' me whenever I was too slow in assuming that position.

And the positions, like I said, were clearly sexual in mind. Sitting back on my heels, for example, with my knees spread wide and my hands behind my neck, sticking my breasts up and out. Okay, I got to stretch my back, but that wasn't the point of it I knew.

The one where I raised my butt in the air and spread my knees to the sides, then let my chest and belly press against the floor with my arms stretched up ahead of me. That was pretty familiar a position, actually! It was one I'd been fucked in the other day!

And then laying on my back, gripping my ankles and drawing them back as far as I could, back, and apart, while they looked down at me, yeah, you can guess what was going through our minds during that one!

But it was exercise, I'll have to admit that. And since I had to scramble to assume every position or get bit by those damn little sticks, it soon had my heart pounding and my chest heaving with the exertion involved.

And it had me turned on, of course, the whole time.

They didn't use my name, either, not all day. They called me "Slave girl" whenever they wanted me to do something! What was truly wicked and wild about it is I got used to it!

I was basically writhing around in the middle of the floor (mercifully on a good soft carpet) naked wearing the collar and matching leather restraints around my wrists and ankles, while these two big black dudes barked orders and hit my ass whenever I didn't obey them quickly enough to suit them!

Why would any girl get off on that? Why wouldn't they!?

It was a big enough room that they could even put a chain – a leash – on my collar and make me crawl back and forth as if I was practicing proper crawling! Was that kinky or what!?

Oh yeah, it turned me on enough. And then things got even dirtier and nastier!

Stephen brought in a big black dildo and made me sit straddling the coffee table. It was a narrow stone coffee table, and I had no difficulty sitting on it with my legs on either side, right near the edge. Then he placed the dildo on its base.

“Hold it up against you,” he ordered.

I blinked and then gasped as I saw the camera in his hands!

“I don't – .”

‘Nobody asked your opinion, slave girl,” he said. “Do it!”

I bit my lip anxiously, but given the video they already had I guess I figured I was already at their mercy if they decided to put any of it on the internet. I was still really nervous, though, as I held the big dildo up, pressed against my belly. He knelt in front of me and snapped several pictures.

“Now rise up and put it in,” he ordered.

That made me even more nervous! But it also made me hot. I rose off the table until the thick head was pressed against my sex, then slowly began to let my weight down. I was already wet. I had been wet for seemingly the whole morning! Even so, I gasped as it slowly pushed the lips of my sex in and back, then began to slide up inside me.

Stephen took more pictures as I slowly worked my way down. And he wasn't satisfied until my buttocks were flat against the table and my insides ached from the pressure of the thing jammed up so deep!

“Good,” he said. “Now do it again, but turn around.”

I had to stand, step off, then straddle the table with my butt towards the edge. Then I sat down again very carefully, and then, gripping the dildo base, slowly rose up as he took more pictures.

“These are going on the internet,” he said with a grin.

“You can't!” I gasped.

“Oh I can,” he said. “I want to show some of my buddies what a hot little white girl I'm sinking my black dick into nowadays.

“But – !”

“Are you arguing with me, sex slave?” he demanded.

I gulped helplessly.

“Get down into punishment position. Now!”

Moaning, I slid onto my knees on the floor, then dropped my chest and belly low and reached back to grip my own legs, sliding my arms around them.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I winced and gasped and moaned as the little switch snapped stingingly across my taut buttocks.

“You need to learn better obedience and respect, slave girl,” Alex said. “Get your little ass over here.”

I unfolded myself, my bottom hot, and twisted around to crawl over to him as Stephen left the room. Alex was wearing a suit for some reason, and shiny leather shoes. Now he crossed his legs and tapped one shoe with the switch.

“Let me see you cleaning my shoes,” he said sternly.

Fuuuuck! I felt a churning in my lower belly as I crawled closer and then began to lick his shoe. Well, it was easier than sucking his toes! His shoe seemed very clean, and I lapped at it as I rolled my eyes up at him.

“Long licks, slave girl,” he said. “I want you to clean every inch of that shoe.”

I laid long licks along his shoe, up along the sides to the ankles, then across the top, and finally, feeling a hot little shock of heat as he lifted his foot, I licked along the bottom too!

Then he had me do the other one!

“Now get back up on that table, lay back, and spread your legs,” he ordered.

Panting, I obeyed, rolling over on the cold stone table, and letting my legs fall wide.

Stephen had left, but he'd left the camera there, and now Alex picked it up.

“Now start masturbating.”

I moaned. I felt a rush of disbelief, of embarrassment and anxiety and an urge to refuse. But I also felt another wave of heat at how nasty it was, and reached down to start fingering my clit. I gripped the base of the dildo, slowly drew it out, then started pumping it in and out as I fingered my clitoris.

Believe me, I didn't have to fake! I was soon gasping and flushed and moaning as Stephen returned to the room, and he gripped my shoulders and dragged me along the table until my head hung over the far edge. I thought he was going to have me suck him but he didn't do anything else.

I quickly came, and with my head being upside down my skull almost exploded with the sensations that tore through me! I writhed and bucked and cried out again and again, my cries getting louder and wilder as the pleasure seemed to step up from second to second. My legs were spread wide, jerking and rising as my hips bucked up violently against the dildo and my own fingers!

“That should go on the internet, too,” Alex said.

“Definitely,” Stephen replied.

I understood then, or thought I did, that they were just messing with my mind, and moaned as I slumped back, gasping, chest heaving.

They took a ton more pictures and videos of me that day, or at least they said they did. I wasn't even sure they were doing it, or just pretending to. Not then, anyway.

They took turns feeding me big dildos, sliding them in and out, giving me “practice” on swallowing black cocks – while they took pictures, of course, then

had me go back and do more exercises. It was really exhausting!

I had lunch on my knees, with my wrists strapped together behind me, licking from their fingers. Then Alex fucked me hard, in that belly-down position, with my ass raised high. He almost pulled my fucking hair out while he did it, though, and slapped my breasts and ass hard enough to hurt!

I still came like a whore, though.

In the afternoon they made me clean the kitchen floor with a bucket and sponge – on my hands and knees. Then I had to lick the floor all over to demonstrate that I'd done a good job!

And then they brought me to the toilet! It was the one in an unused bedroom they'd had me drinking from before, and my job was to clean the whole room so well I wouldn't mind putting my tongue anywhere!

Now, the place looked freaking pristine to begin with, but even so, I blanched at the thought of putting my tongue certain places, like anywhere near the toilet! But again, though I was anxious and reluctant, it never really occurred to me to refuse.

I started on the toilet. I scrubbed that thing, inside and outside, to within an inch of its life, then I did the floor, crawling along on it and into the shower to wash that floor too. When that was done I started in on the sink and counter, did the baseboards, then washed the toilet again!

It was tiring work! Especially since you better believe I scrubbed hard!

Then Alex came in, wearing his natty suit, arms folded over his big chest.

“So, slave girl. Do you think you've done a good job in here?” he demanded.

“Yes, master!” I gulped.

I wasn't surprised when he pointed to the base of the toilet.

“Let me see you give that a tongue bath,” he growled.

Fuck!

I was outraged and aroused at the same time because of how nasty his order was! But I had cleaned it really, really well, way beyond any other cleaning people would have given a toilet. So, heating up, I bent over, on my hands and knees, lowering my face to the base of the toilet, my bottom in the air as I began to lick around it.

“Don't forget to get in there against the bolts,” he ordered.

I leaned in further, my breasts on the floor now, licking at the bolts and along the enamel.

“Now up the sides.”

I felt my chest tighten as I licked my way up the outside of the bowl, then along the rim! I gasped as he gripped my hair and pushed my head into the bowl, licking along the insides, then drinking from the toilet bowl!

After that, I had to lick along the floor, then along the floor of the shower and up along the walls!

“We need to get that tongue of yours in shape, slave girl, need to get it exercise so you can start licking Black pussy,” he said.

I felt a jarring blow at the words, a breathlessness, but was doubtful he meant it. Surely he was just messing with my head again!

But when he led me, crawling and leashed, out of the toilet and down the stairs, it was into his office, where he put a laptop computer on the floor and showed me a web site. And there were pictures of me there taken that day!

I almost had a heart attack, but then realized that none of them had my face in them. There was even a video of me masturbating on the coffee table, taken by Alex, but only the part with my head hanging over the far end so it was effectively invisible to the camera.

But there was the entire rest of my body, arching and humping and grinding against the big black dildo I was pumping in and out of my glistening pink pussy! Fuck!

There was a series of pictures, the first ones he'd taken, with the dildo against my

belly, then showing it disappearing inside me, a few inches at a time. Already there were reply posts telling them how hot the pictures were, and what a fantastic body I had, and how they'd like to... to ... do things to me!

And there was the video of Alex fucking me from behind too! He was only visible from the hips down, of course. I was entirely visible, but he'd kept his hand against the back of my neck much of the time, with my cheek pressed against the floor facing to my left. The camera had been on my right, or sometimes behind me.

“Lots of guys are looking at these and jerking off at how hot you are, slave girl,” Alex said.

I flushed at the thought, my mind spinning! But I still felt incredibly anxious! Imagine if anyone saw this and knew it was me! But of course, how could they? Even so, it was freaky weird being on the internet in such graphic pictures and videos!

He picked up the laptop and put it on the desk, then tugged on the leash and led me, crawling, from the room. But we didn't go far. It was back to the living room and a kind of rough wooden box they'd put in place. I looked at it nervously as Stephen approached and worked a ball gag into my mouth, then the two pulled me forward and sat me on the low box.

I was soon laying back across it, my head falling over the edge as it had earlier. My legs were spread wide and chains went over them, fed up through holes drilled in the box. The chains went over my thighs just below my groin, pinning me tightly. More chains came out of other holes, one going across my chest above my breasts, two more across my upper arms and two more across my wrists.

My ankles were drawn up and back and chained to the sides, and then a final chain went over my neck, preventing me from raising it. I still had the dildo in my pussy, but another was pushed into my ass, and then the vibrator was pressed against me again. I whimpered and moaned, already physically exhausted and sore, but the two went away and left me there for the remainder of the afternoon.

The vibrator seemed to be pressed against my clitoris by something which was strong enough to hold it down by itself, but not if my hips ground up against it. That was intensely frustrating, for my hips kept bucking, trying to press my

pussy harder against the thing, and failing.

Not that I could move my hips much, of course, with those chains pinning my thighs down. But the sexual energy lent me strength and certainly filled me with need, and so I writhed and bucked and sobbed and moaned and gulped in air as sweat began to bead on my forehead. I came and came, twisting and writhing and overheating as my pussy burned and the conflagration repeatedly spread up to my mind.

They didn't seem to mind how exhausted and sweaty, I was, though, for when they finally came for me it was to pull me off the box, pull the dildos from my body, and then have me straddle Alex to sink my pussy down onto his hard cock.

At least, I thought it was Alex. Did it really matter any more?

Stephen pushed himself into my ass, and my brain was so fried I just gurgled and moaned and reveled in the hot thrusting of two big cocks inside me again.

Until someone gripped my hair and turned it up and to the side, and another black cock was pushed into my mouth. I moaned and sucked automatically as it pumped in and out. I rolled my eyes upward, seeing Alex there... or was it Stephen? Not that it mattered I thought as the two cocks inside me pumped in and out.

I gurgled as he pushed his cock deep into my throat, grinding my face against his groin. Lack of oxygen added itself to my dazed state as the three cocks pumped in and out, and it was a while, maybe a minute, before I actually realized there were three cocks. That produced a shock-wave of anxiety, but it was almost immediately overcome by a wild surge of heat.

Then I came, screaming almost soundlessly around the cock in my throat.

They were triplets.

Alex had actually gone to work that day. I had stayed home with Stephen and Jackson – Jack.

It had been Jackson who had joined Stephen and me in the shower that morning. That was how 'Alex' had got himself hard again so quickly.

I was indignant, to a degree, but not as embarrassed as I should have been because, well, I had been with Jackson all day. He'd fucked me several times and, well, it just wasn't as easy being mortified about it given he wasn't as much a stranger as he'd otherwise have been.

I felt a part of my mind was vindicated, though, because I had kind of thought 'Alex' had been acting a little odd, his behavior rougher, his voice harder.

But now I knelt naked, wrists locked behind my back, facing three large black men sitting across from me, all staring at me, all thinking of what they were doing to do to me next!

“You're going to enjoy your evening, blonde girl,” Alex said.

“We're going to teach you how to be a proper little sex slave,” Jackson said.

Fuck!

I stared at them with wide eyes, anxious but... what was I supposed to say? No, I wanted to go home and do my laundry? That was about all I had planned. Oh, my friend Shannon might come over and we might watch a movie if her boyfriend had to work.

Right. That was way more fun than this!

Fun? Probably, that's not the right word to use. This was raw edge excitement of a kind I had never experienced before. This was seething, raw, animal sex of the kind very few women ever did more than fantasize about. It made everything else in my life seem dull and bland and gray by comparison.

I was going to abandon that and go home and do laundry?!

I was a little tempted to do so, in fact, but not because I preferred doing laundry. I was anxious about all this slave stuff. Yes, it was intense and exciting, but I never knew what was going to come next, only that I'd have no say in it. These big men would do things to me that would make me scream, and probably take pictures of it too!

I had never been a girl comfortable with the idea of living on the edge; far from it! But I knew I couldn't refuse, couldn't insist on going home. I was on a wild,

thrill ride, and I was going to see where it took me. There'd be time to jump off later if I had to.

Three huge black men with Conan the Barbarian type bodies and me! Fuck! What was happening to my mind!? And what would an evening with three big black men do to me!?

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