

Olivia's Day Out



By JJ Argus

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

Olivia yawned as she rolled over and snuggled into the sheets. They were very soft sheets, made from bamboo. Atop them was a soft down comforter. It was chilly in the room, but beneath them she was warm, despite being naked. She rolled her shoulders, then yawned again, rolled onto her back and stretched mightily.

Her hand slid up and out from beneath the covers to the headboard, where they fumbled for the remote. It was where she left it – where she always left it – right next to the lamp. She pulled it down and yawned again, then briefly examined the remote before activating it.

The blind – built into the window frame – rose like a curtain on a new play. In this case, the new day, although it was not so very new as all that. The sun was high overhead, after all. It was a brilliant and beautiful day in California. But then, weren't they all?

Another button opened the glass wall, panels sliding aside until the entire length of the wall from floor to ceiling was open to the balcony. Warm air swept in, filled with the tang of the ocean, and she pushed the sheets and duvet aside as she sat up and swung her long legs out of bed.

She stood up and padded across to where the window had stood, then out onto the deck, squinting in the bright sunlight. The deck was made of some white, gleaming stone, carefully laid so that hardly a seam shone. But Olivia was oblivious to the care taken as she went to the rail and looked out on the ocean.

Waves swept ashore in slow succession, washing up onto the beach below. There was no one in sight save for a couple a hundred yards further up. She looked down and saw the gleaming waters of the pool, and the surrounding deck and flower beds, then turned and padded back inside.

The ceiling was twenty feet overhead, the floor of marble, half covered in an elegant Persian rug. She padded across it and into her bathroom. The bathroom had a similar floor to ceiling window, making the pot-lights above redundant, but they turned on anyway, detecting motion.

She brushed her hair briefly. It didn't take long. Her dark chestnut hair was well-disciplined. Parted in the middle of her forehead, it flowed down around her head to dangle just at her shoulders in the front, but halfway down her back further back.

She grabbed one of the robes off the hook behind the door and walked out, slipping it over her shoulders, then pulling it closed as she reached the hall door. She swept the belt up around her waist and tied it as she opened the door, then padded down the hall.

There was a glass stairway ahead to the left, but a glass elevator was just past it, and she pressed the button and stepped inside, then let it sink down to the lower level before stepping out. Everything was very bright, very white, just as in her room, as she padded across the floor and then into the kitchen.

“Buenos Dias, Seniorita,” Angelina said with a smile.

“Buenos Dias, Angelina,” she replied sleepily.

“Tu Madre ha salido,” she said.

Olivia nodded. Her mother was not one to hang around the house long unless someone was there to entertain her. She took the glass of orange juice Angelina took from the refrigerator, thanked her, and padded out of the enormous room, then through the dining room and eating room to the great room. She hit the button by the door and, like the wall in her bedroom, the glass wall here slid aside to open the room to the outside.

She stepped out onto the deck and sat down on one of the soft chaise lounge chairs there, facing the pool and also the beach and ocean below. She sipped from the juice glass and set it down on the nearby table. She was in the shade here. The sun didn't rise over the house to cover this area in sunshine until after one in the afternoon.

Still, it was warm. She considered having a dip in the pool. Then she looked beyond to the ocean. She would really rather wander down onto the beach, she thought, regretting not having worn anything. She didn't want to go all the way back upstairs for a suit, nor impose upon Angelina.

She took another sip and considered what to do today. Her freedom was unaccustomed, and she was enjoying it. Her life had been heavily regimented, organized and scheduled through high school, with a variety of tutors, coaches, and others seeing to her after-school time.

She spoke Spanish fluently, and Mandarin reasonably well. She could play guitar and piano, and was as graceful as years of ballet and dancing classes could make her. Her body was toned and fit courtesy not only of the large in-house gym but the private trainer who came by regularly to oversee her exercise sessions.

She was an excellent equestrian, good swimmer, capable tennis player, and performed reasonably well with a golf club.

Not for Olivia, laying around playing video games or wasting her time on Facebook. Not when she could instead be learning to discriminate between different wines, or the difference between the Raphaelites and the pre-Raphaelite painters and artists. And of course, she must learn the proper poets and great writers of past centuries.

Between St. Anne's Girl's Academy, which charged \$50,000 a year tuition, and the numerous classes and coaches her mother had seen her given over to she was an extremely well-rounded young lady for her age. And was now in a brief interlude – at her own demand – before moving off to university in the fall.

For yet more education.

Seven more years of it, first at Cornell, then Harvard Law school.

It was all arranged, like the rest of her life had been, thus far.

Not that it had all been drudgery, of course. There'd been the mandatory trips to Europe, to expose her to Paris, Rome, and London, not to mention European fashions and mores. The French Riviera had been enlightening. It was there she'd first gone topless among other people.

That had been an experience. It was only last year, and it had left a rather lasting impression.

All her life, after all, Olivia's wardrobe choices had been restricted. Her school had a uniform. Her mother selected her dresses for any other occasions.

She had no jeans. She had no shorts. She had no t-shirts.

Such things were not deemed ladylike.

Olivia had spent virtually no time away from her mother, or teachers, or tutors or coaches or babysitters up until the Riviera, and had only been allowed out alone then because her mother had developed some sort of nasal thing.

She'd met a French girl named Cecile, who seemed, to Olivia, everything she was not; free, sophisticated, and knowledgeable about the world. The real world. Cecile had worn only a thong, and, desperately daringly, Olivia had done the same.

She knew her mother would have had a cow but her mother wasn't there. And so for a blessed afternoon, she and Cecile behaved like teenage girls, giggling, getting into trouble, and basking in the lust and admiration of the men and boys around them.

It was a revelation, and had done astonishing things to Olivia's self-

image. Instead of believing herself a cultured, refined young woman with superior knowledge, she'd come to think of herself as a sheltered greenhouse flower, with little acquaintance of the real world.

And even less of boys. In fact, her opportunity to acquaint herself with boys was done with, over. She needed to look to men now. This created a dilemma for Olivia. In the fall she would be away at Cornell, and finally out from under her mother's observation. Unlike St. Anne's, there would be men there, and Olivia had never so much as dated a boy.

She was not entirely naive about men. She was well aware of the eagerness with which they sought sex. Her mother had done her best to wall off her internet access, but Olivia had gotten around it fairly easily, and learned a lot of eye-opening things her mother would likely have preferred she remain in ignorance of.

Unfortunately, she had only been able to practice those things alone in her room. She had succeeded in getting a mailbox last year down at the local post office. Buying anything her mother wasn't aware of was difficult since her credit card was on her mother's account.

However, she'd used her credit card to sign up for an online Paypal account. Her mother had little idea what that was, and when Olivia told her it was something to be used to make online payments for things like books and music she quickly lost interest.

Thus Olivia now had several dildos hidden in her room, and had learned, teaching herself, with the aid of online videos, to deep throat, using the latter. She'd also learned that she adored penetration – deep penetration – preferably by something quite thick.

And it was now time to take herself out and see what the real world made of her. Before she wound up at Cornell and became the subject of jokes and ridicule from the sophisticated men she thought she was likely to meet there.

And now that she didn't have classes every single hour of the day she had some time to consider how to learn – other things. How to go about it, though, that was the question. She certainly couldn't risk damage to her reputation, couldn't risk word of any indiscretions getting back to her mother.

She could simply go to a club and pick up some handsome man, but her mother was often home in the evenings and would demand to know where she was going and with whom. In the daytime, her mother was often out visiting friends or going to gallery openings, eating brunch or lunch at expensive bistros and cafes, or shopping.

She could simply put on a bathing suit and wander up the beach, but there weren't a lot of people around here. The beaches, by law, were open to the public. But Malibu had done its best to not make it very convenient. The millionaires who owned beach houses liked their privacy, and liked to think of the beach as theirs. They didn't want it filled with plebes.

She did not have a drivers license. Her mother had not felt there was any need to teach her that. Allan could drive them in the Mercedes, wherever they wanted to go. But she didn't want Allan to know where she went, for it would get back to her mother.

She stood up and slipped off the robe, then, naked, walked to the pool and slipped in. She swam slowly from one end to the other, then back again before laying back on one of the half-submerged chaise loungers there.

Her breasts made small hills above the water as she folded her hands behind her neck. Much of the rest of her was under water. She wasn't particularly worried about being seen anyway. Angelina had changed her diapers, after all, and had been a constant in her life. And no one else could see into the pool area.

Where could she find men interested in sex in the middle of the day? Older men who would be more knowledgeable and teach her a few things?

Safely!

She was not about to simply throw herself at some handsome man. He could be any sort of person! Including crazy! Besides, she was rather intimidated by the male gender. She wished she'd dared to indulge some of the girls at St. Anne's who had expressed an interest in her body, but she had been worried about her reputation.

A couple, perhaps? She'd read of such things. But where to find them? She could probably find something online, on one of those dating sites. But that seemed rather cold and almost like scheduling her other 'classes'. She wanted something more spontaneous.

But... first, she needed a wardrobe.

She was eighteen now. She hadn't made a big deal about that to her mother, but she was now prepared to make the argument she ought to be able to select her own wardrobe. That included her own lingerie. She needed something less... utilitarian. And she needed dresses which were sexy and would show off her long legs, not to mention her breasts.

She had developed a thing about her breasts since that day in France. All the people staring at them had made them something of the center of her

sexual fantasy life. The idea of exposing them to people again, to men, played a role in many of her fantasies and daydreams.

The thought of men touching them, fondling them, squeezing them, and even sucking and licking on them excited her to no end!

So after swimming, she went back inside, went to her room, showered, did her hair, and then changed into comfortable slacks and a top. Then she called an Uber, and told Angelina she was going out. Though not until she saw on her phone that the car was almost there.

Angelina did not take it well.

“With who?”

“By myself,” she replied crossly. “I’m an adult, you know, Angelina.”

“But your mother...”

“Is out. I am going out, too.”

“But where – ?”

“Shopping,” she said curtly.

“I can call your mother – .”

“I’m perfectly capable of riding in a car to the shopping center, Angelina, without my mother there to hold my hand,” she said crossly.

She wouldn’t entertain any further discussion, but went out the front door and sat on the bench there to wait. Fortunately, it took less than a minute. She quickly went over to the car and got in. And looked at a middle-aged Middle-Eastern man behind the wheel.

“Yes? You go where?”

“Plaza Dume, please,” she said.

“Of course!”

And that was easy, she thought, pleased, as the car pulled away and headed up the road.

As long as her mother didn’t cancel her credit card, of course...

The car deposited her at the shopping center, and she examined the shops as she walked along, then quickly found one which interested her.

It sold lingerie.

Her high heels clicked on the warm stone beneath. Her steps were short, quick and economical. She opened the door and felt a small surge of excitement as she cast her eyes about. Her mother had long dismissed underwear as simply that, and of no consequence since no one would see it.

That had been embarrassing at school. She had eventually succeeded in persuading her mother to at least abandon the sort of 'granny panties' that she

had previously purchased. But the best she'd managed were bikini panties and unlined bras.

Now she saw a sea of color before her, not to mention the kind of styles she'd seen on the girls at school and... much, much more!

She made her way through the store, looking at everything, occasionally reaching out to touch fabrics, wanting to get a full catalog of what was available before making any choices. Off in one corner the soft color turned dark, for here were leather outfits which made her eyes widen. Leather panties and bras, leather bustiers and vests and skirts and dresses!

It all looked intriguing, but she didn't think there was much opportunity in her immediate future to wear any of it anywhere. The bustier looked ... interesting, though. And then, on a shelf, were what she first took to be leather chokers, but at second glance turned out to be collars. This confused her. Why would they sell animal collars here?

Then, of course, she put them together with some of the things she'd seen on the internet and her cheeks colored slightly as she imagined herself wearing one of them! Wouldn't that outrage her mother!?

She glanced below it at a bustier which laced up the front of a mannequin, leaving ample cleavage, and imagined herself wearing something like that. It was a delicious thought, but while she hoped to be able to defend her purchase of colorful and somewhat provocative lingerie, she didn't think she'd succeed with this sort of thing!

But it did strike a chord somewhere within her. For all her internet viewing Olivia was profoundly inexperienced sexually, and fully recognized this. Whoever she found to give her that experience was going to have to be fully in charge of her, and she would have to be the one submitting to their will to see what she could learn.

Even though the mere thought of trying them on struck her as awfully daring!

She moved on and then decided to try several sets of bra and panties. But, feeling a little awkward about it, also snatched up a couple of more conservative nighties and pajamas for cover. Then, almost on impulse, and since no one was looking, she grabbed the collar, bustier and thong, carefully jamming them under the pajamas and nightie!

Her pulse was racing as she made her way to the change room, relieved that there wasn't a lot of customers and the saleswoman seemed busy examining papers at her desk.

She slid the curtain closed on one of the fitting rooms and then placed all her treasures on a shelf. That done, she removed her own clothes, stripping naked. That left her feeling a little uneasy. There was only a curtain between her and anyone who might barge in, after all. But then, no one was likely to be doing so, and only women generally came here anyway.

She picked up one of the thong and bra sets and slipped them on, posing admiringly for the mirror. The bra seemed somewhat tight, but the thong seemed fine. She removed them and then, feeling daring, decided to try on the bustier.

Laces went all the way up the front. She decided the best thing to do was to pull it down over her head and shoulders, then adjust it and pull the laces tight. She did this, but it seemed rather tight across her breasts. She slipped off the thong and pulled on the leather G-string, then picked up the collar and put it around her neck.

She looked at herself in the mirror with a feeling of delicious, even narcissistic pleasure. She looked so hot and sexy! Was there some way to buy these and hide them, she wondered.

Then the curtain was drawn aside!

She gasped and turned to see the saleswoman there. The woman seemed surprised.

“Sorry,” she said, closing the curtain again. “I wasn't aware anyone was here.”

Then she pulled the curtain back again and frowned.

“We do not permit more than three items in the fitting room at once, Miss,” she said sternly.

“Uhm, oh, I'm sorry,” Olivia said, face coloring. “I wasn't aware of the rules.”

The woman continued to frown as she looked at her, then stepped into the room and closed the curtain.

“You're not wearing that properly,” she said, her face softening.

“I-I'm not?” Olivia gulped.

The woman smiled. She was in her late twenties, quite short and petite. She was Hispanic, but had no accent, had short hair and small glasses. The name tag on her chest said ' Nicole'.

“No, dear. You've never worn one of these, have you?”

“Uhm, well, no,” Olivia said as the woman untied the laces down the front.

“Well, for one, you're wearing it much too high. The job of a bustier like this is not to squeeze your breasts in against your chest, but to display them.”

“Uh....”

Olivia felt her face color more, both out of embarrassment at her own ignorance and at the growing amount of her flesh that was pushing into view.

“This type of garment is not for your comfort, dear, but to entice and arouse a partner,” she said.

She tugged the thing down further and further, until Olivia's nipples pushed out into view, then tugged it up again just a bit.

Olivia felt her pulse racing, but didn't dare object for that would further demonstrate what a silly and ignorant girl she was!

“About here,” Nicole said.

She began to tug the laces tight – much tighter than Olivia had, which made her gasp.

“It's supposed to be tight,” the woman said. “Not as tight as corsets once were back when fainting couches were spread around in case ladies fainted from lack of oxygen, but still tight.”

The woman was indeed pulling the laces tight, so that the leather squeezed in around her middle, not to mention her breasts. But that had the effect of making the part of her breasts not being squeezed puff up and out quite noticeably.

The woman tied the laces less tightly as they came up between her breasts, so that a considerable amount of cleavage showed between the two sides.

“There. That looks very sexy,” she said, putting a hand on Olivia's shoulder and turning her to the mirror.

Olivia stared at herself with wide-eyes. Her breasts looked huge! She felt her mind squirming, partly with delight, and partly with embarrassment as the woman looked at her in the mirror.

“Wow!” she said involuntarily.

“This does look good on you,” Nicole said. “You're in shape, so showing off your flat tummy works well with the low G-string. Plus you have great legs.”

Her hand stroked briefly across Olivia's stomach and abdomen.

“You missed the restraints that go with the collar, though,” she said.

Olivia blinked as the woman left the fitting room, hardly having understood what she meant. She gazed at herself with a degree of delight,

turning and posing and then trying to give herself a sexy look, sliding her tongue along her lower lip.

Nicole returned with what looked like two small leather versions of the collar, then casually slipped them around Olivia's wrists and buckled them in place.

"There," she said. "Very sexy slave girl," she said.

Olivia blushed anew, but brought one of her hands up to view it in the mirror. That did look hot!

"Have a boyfriend who's into bondage?" the woman asked, "or a girlfriend?"

"Oh no!" Olivia said, her cheeks coloring more deeply. "I'm not... I mean, I don't have a boyfriend and... I was just... curious," she said.

"A lot of girls are curious about this sort of thing," Anna said with a smile. "It's the forbidden nature of ceding control of your body to another. Letting them control you and do whatever they want to you in a sexual way. It excites the imagination of many women."

"I don't think leather looks best on you, though these are sexy. You have very delicate features, and I think your body was made for lace, more than leather."

She looked through the other things Olivia had brought in.

"No, I don't think black really flatters you," she said. "You're nicely tanned, and I think hmm cassis, perhaps, and ruby..."

She left, and Olivia unlaced the bustier, feeling a sense of relief as it stopped squeezing against her middle and breasts. She slid it up over her head, and the woman returned with red and purple versions of sets Olivia had selected.

Olivia flushed at being topless in front of the woman. She wasn't used to anyone seeing her topless or naked, well, except Angelina when she was in the pool. Still, Olivia knew she had a fine body and no doubt the woman had seen lots of bare breasts in her job

The woman handed her the bra, and Olivia put it on as the woman watched, feeling very squirmy and self-conscious despite telling herself how perfectly normal this was.

The woman frowned and reached over to tug on the bra, sliding her fingers into the tops of the cups – and incidentally, against Olivia's breasts.

No one had ever touched Olivia's bare breasts with even this degree of intimacy, and she felt a sudden jolt of emotion inside her she ruthlessly

repressed. The woman was simply being entirely businesslike, after all!

“Have you ever been measured, dear?”

“P-Pardon?”

“I'm not sure you're wearing the correct size. Most women don't, you know.”

She pulled a tape measure from her pocket.

“Take that off,” she said.

Olivia reluctantly removed the bra. It had been a clear directive, after all, and the woman seemed to know what she was doing. The woman slipped the tape measure around her chest right at the base of her breasts, then did so again right across her nipples.

Olivia felt her cheeks warming again, but determinedly showed as little reaction as possible, despite the woman's fingers lightly touching her bare breasts.

“You're a 36C, dear, not a 36B,” she said. “You have lovely breasts. They deserve the right type of bra.”

Olivia was startled, but then realized she shouldn't have been. It had been ages since her mother had measured her. And she'd done it over the bra she'd then been wearing.

The woman took most of the lingerie out and returned with others, including another bustier.

“Here. Try this,” she said.

She had Olivia put on a purple bra, though she called it cassis. She helped her adjust the straps and cups, which again involved sliding her fingers into the cups to tug and measure, and then almost casually held up the thong.

Olivia gulped, but slid the leather G-string down and off, then stepped into the thong and slid it up her legs.

“Very sexy!” Nicole said.

“Do you think so?”

“Oh yes. And the color flatters your skin tone. Turn.”

That was again a directive, and Olivia obediently turned as the woman examined the rear of the thong. She gripped the little inverted triangle at the top of her buttocks and tugged it out a bit, then up a bit, measuringly.

Olivia stood rock still, but felt very swirly. She was only in a thong, after all, her first, and the woman was right behind her!

“Turn,” the woman ordered.

She obediently turned, and the woman slid her fingers along the waistband, which dipped very, very low to the small crotch of the thong!

“Here. Try this again now that it's the right size,” she said.

She had Olivia strip naked, which again filled the younger woman with a strange, breathless feeling, then swept the bustier around her and began to tie it up. It squeezed in against her middle even more, enough that Olivia almost felt as if her insides were trying to bulge out, up and downward.

She pulled it in tight against her breasts, then adjusted Olivia's breasts quite casually so the nipples were covered – though just barely!

“That feel better?”

“Uhm uh... it...I... I guess!” Olivia gulped.

“Here.”

She handed her the leather G-string again. Olivia didn't really think she needed to try that on again, but it felt very odd standing here in just the top with nothing on beneath so she gladly slid it up her body.

“The only problem with wearing this,” Nicole said, sliding her fingers along the waistband of the G-string, “is it can chafe as you move. We sell a skin lotion for just this problem.”

She disappeared while Olivia stared at herself in the mirror again, holding up her banded wrists, and letting strange, swirly images pass before her eyes.

Nicole returned with a little bottle and then opened it and without asking tugged the G-string down a bit, so that it hung just slightly below her sex.

“This is made in Italy,” she said softly. “It softens the skin and removes friction from where the leather touches it.”

Olivia hadn't even imagined what the woman intended, not even as she squeezed some of the cream onto her fingers. When the woman slid her fingers down onto Olivia's skin, just above her sex, she stiffened with a wide-eyed, almost inaudible gasp!

“It provides a lovely scent for your lover, too,” Nicole said in a casual but friendly voice.

“I-I...”

Olivia was frozen. She wasn't sure how to react! She was used to demurring to adults who knew what they were doing and who were demonstrating or teaching her something. And Nicole had quickly slipped into that role. Yet now her fingers were gently caressing Olivia's body incredibly low on her abdomen, the fingers sliding gently up and down on

either side of the tight, neat line of her sex!

“Does that feel good?” Nicole asked with a smile.

Her fingers brushed lightly along Olivia's sex, and she felt another sudden jolt that left her breathless, then the fingers rubbed smoothly and softly up and down against her, sliding in between her thighs, the fingers spreading out to palm Olivia's sex.

The middle fingers, however, pressed in more firmly, and Olivia felt a wild rush of sensation and emotion as they pushed between the lips of her sex and slid up between them and over her already swollen, pulsing clitoris!

“You have a beautiful body,” Nicole said. “It's important to treat it right. Your skin is very soft, too.”

“I-I... I don't... I...”

“Would you rather do it?”

“Yes!” she gulped.

She smiled and squeezed some more cream into Olivia's trembling hand and then guided it down between her legs, then guided Olivia's fingers up and down against her sex!

She let go and untied the laces of the bustier, then pulled it open and off.

“Work it in good, dear,” Anna said softly, noticing Olivia had halted.

She gripped her hand firmly but gently, and continued to slide her fingers up and down against her sex!

Then she squeezed more of the cream into her hands and slid them up beneath Olivia's breasts, cupping and gently squeezing them, then stroking her fingers up and down and from side to side, spreading the cream over her!

“It's important to protect our skin,” Nicole said as her fingers glided over Nicole's breasts.

Olivia was red faced but still locked in indecision. She was fairly sure this wasn't right. But not sure how to accuse Nicole, who had been perfectly proper and polite thus far! And the feel of her fingers gliding over her body, especially with the softly scented cream easing the way, was bringing a flood of unfamiliar but delicious sensations that threatened to overawe her mind!

Nicole gripped her hands and raised them up beneath her breasts, having her cup her own breasts and caress them, then her hand descended between Olivia's thighs, rubbing her again, causing more sharp, rushing jolts of energy and a dark, seething sense of breathless anticipation.

Then one of her fingers curled in and pushed, and it sank slowly between Olivia's lips, and squirmed up inside her!

Olivia knew this was definitely out of line with the sales woman's job! But it felt so... wonderful, that she couldn't draw breath enough to protest!

The finger turned and twisted and pushed deeper, warm and slick, and then a second joined it as Olivia's legs began to wobble.

"I-I... y-you... shouldn't!" Olivia gasped.

"Are you having trouble standing, dear? Here, this will help you," Nicole said.

She drew Olivia's wrists up above her head and pressed them against the wall, then released them. Olivia's wrists stayed up, and she twisted her head up and back to stare in astonishment! The little wrist restraints were now clipped together around a high hook!

Dark heat slid through her as Nicole leaned in and took the center of her left breast into her mouth!

"Oh! Oh! Please!" she gasped.

Nicole's fingers pumped slowly in and out of her, while her thumb rubbed faster against her clitoris even as her teeth chewed softly on Olivia's flesh!

Olivia's eyes were enormous, her mouth wide with astonishment, dark heat and wildly powerful sensations rolling through her astonished mind as the woman began to suck on the center of her breast and her tongue licked hungrily across her erect nipple!

Olivia stared at the mirror behind Nicole, gaping, mesmerized by the image of herself naked and bound, with a collar around her neck, as Nicole fingered her and sucked her breasts!

Olivia had rubbed herself many times down there, but it had never felt like it did now, with another's fingers stroking and caressing her! She felt a flood of powerful sensations and emotions churning through her body like liquid heat, and moaned helplessly.

"You're such a sexy and beautiful girl," Nicole said, her fingers twisting and pumping, her thumb stroking rapidly.

"Would you like to have an orgasm?" she asked.

The word jolted Olivia further! She couldn't bring herself to breathe, much less speak!

"Come for me, baby. You know you want to," Nicole purred.

She straightened and gripped Olivia's hair, jerking her head sharply back.

"Oh! Please!" Olivia cried, even as the woman leaned in to suck and chew on the nape of her neck.

“Please? Are you begging?” Nicole asked.

She kissed her on the lips, hard, her body pressing her back against the wall even as she continued to grip her hair tightly. Her right hand was between her legs, three fingers thrusting up into her well-oiled, overheated sex as her thumb stroked rapidly across her clitoris.

Olivia was having trouble breathing! She was gulping in air as the woman jerked back sharply on her hair again, causing her to cry out.

“Beg, little slut,” Anna growled. “Beg me to make you come!”

Her fingers thrust up hard and fast, and it... hurt... ached, but a wild, screaming pressure was twisting and writhing through Olivia's mind and body! Her buttocks were grinding and slapping against the wall as her hips bucked helplessly

And then the orgasm swept over her, swept around her and through her. Olivia cried out, her head jerking back violently, back arching as her buttocks slapped hard and fast against the wall, riding the woman's thrusting fingers. Her mouth was wide as she wallowed in the storm of sensation and passion howling inside her!

She could feel her sex spasming wildly, sending waves of raw, overpowering sensation radiating out through the rest of her body. The air sobbed through her throat and the woman continued to plunge her fingers up inside with rough, determined thrusts while rubbing her clitoris quick and hard!

She laughed as Olivia writhed and twisted, following her movements with her fingers, relentlessly thrusting and rubbing until the girl's thrashing, twisting motions eased.

She pulled her fingers out and slid them into her mouth, licking as she looked at the panting, gasping girl.

“Such a tasty little girl,” she purred. “But a bad girl. You came without asking like I told you.”

She gripped her hip and twisted her around so that she was facing the wall, then her left hand slid down her belly and in between her legs, the heel of her hand pushing in to force her hips backward. She cupped the still panting girl's sex, catching her clitoris between two fingers.

“Are you sorry for being such a bad girl?” she demanded.

Her right hand caressed Olivia's buttocks, stroking and kneading softly. But then it pulled back and slapped down sharply.

Crack!

“Oh!” Olivia gasped.

“Bad girl,” Nicole chided her. “You mustn't have an orgasm without permission.”

Crack!

“Oh! P-Please!” Olivia gasped.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Please what?” Nicole demanded.

Crack!

“Please forgive me?”

Crack!

“Was that what you wanted to say, slut?”

Olivia was... bewildered. Everything had happened so fast! And it had all been so startling, and was all so far beyond her experience! The orgasm had been amazing, and she was still somewhat breathless from it! And now this woman was slapping her bottom and... what was it she wanted anyway?!

“Bad girl.”

Crack!

“Ow! Please! I'm sorry!” she gasped.

It was a sort of automatic apology. She wasn't sure what she'd done wrong but apparently she'd displeased the woman... somehow?

“Say I'm sorry!” Nicole demanded.

Crack!

“Oh! I-I'm sorry!” Olivia gasped.

Crack!

“Say I'm sorry, mistress,” the woman demanded.

“I'm sorry, Mistress!” Olivia yelped.

Her wrists were tied.... mistress? Olivia was reminded of things on the internet she'd seen. And something sort of clicked in her mind, giving her a degree of insight and understanding at last. She was still confused and overwhelmed by it all, but at least she now had some sort of frame of reference – albeit only what she'd seen on the internet.

Crack!

“Say you're sorry for being a bad girl!” Nicole demanded.

“I-I'm sorry for... for... being a bad girl..., mistress!” Olivia gasped.

Her bottom was hot! The sharp little smacks stung, and were warming her skin unpleasantly! On the other hand, her movements were grinding her

against the woman's other hand cupping her sex, and her clitoris was being ground between her fingers every time her hips jerked forward!

“Push your lovely bottom out further, slut,” Nicole purred.

Slut!?! Olivia felt a strange, twisted surge of emotion at the accusation! It was patently ridiculous given she was a virgin! On the other hand, the suggestion she was some sort of loose and thus experienced woman made her feel wildly sexual!

“When you want to come, you have to beg my permission.”

Crack!

“Understand, slut?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” she squeaked.

This was all so outrageous! So absurd! She owed nothing to this woman! How dare she even ask, much less demand that Olivia ask her for anything!?

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Please!” she gasped.

“Dirty little girl,” Nicole growled. “Imagine coming on my fingers like a common slut! And without even begging permission!”

Crack!

The woman flipped her around again and threw her slender body against her, kissing her passionately, her hand sliding up and down the front of her body to knead her breasts and then stroke her oiled sex.

“Dirty girl,” she purred, pulling back.

She sank down onto her knees before the wide-eyed girl, gripped her thighs, and jerked them wide, then licked a trail up the inside of her left thigh, up her right thigh, and then mouthed her sex, sucking and licking as Olivia stared down in astonishment!

Her hands forced her thighs wider, and then she began to lick up the line of her sex in long, slow, light licks of her tongue. The licks got harder and faster, and her small hands slid up to the apex of Olivia's thighs, her thumbs reaching out to spread the lips of her sex.

Her tongue focused on Olivia's clitoris, then, licking strongly as Olivia trembled and moaned and whimpered in helpless dazed response to the new flood of sensation which swept up through her body!

How had this happened? And what was she to do about it!?

The woman sucked and licked, licked and sucked, and the churning vortex of sensations within Olivia's lower belly began to twist and churn faster and faster, spitting off wild rushing waves of heat and pleasure to

ripple up through her body.

“Oh! Oh, God!” she moaned. “Oh, God! What are... what... are you... doooooin!?”

Nicole didn't reply. She continued to lick and suck, and Olivia shuddered and felt spasms rippling through her body that made her hips buck and her belly muscles spasm. She moaned and gasped and cried out in dazed, bewildered heat, head laying back as waves of pleasure and dark sexual electricity swept up her through her body and crackled along her spine.

“Please!” she gasped. “Oh my God! Oh, God! Oh, God!”

The wild surge of pleasure in her lower belly built up into a hotter fire, making it impossible for her to keep still. The muscles in her hips and belly and legs and pussy spasmed again and again as the woman licked hungrily, and Olivia felt helpless either to do anything or to even know *what* to do!

But she knew she was going to have another orgasm!

“You are not allowed to come without my permission,” Nicole said sternly. “only a slut would come without her mistress' permission! Do you hear me, girl!?”

The words confused Olivia. What did she even mean!? And whoever heard of such a thing anyway!? Nor did she care, as the dark rush of heat flooded up through her body and she cried out again, twisting and bucking against the woman's mouth even as she felt her fingers penetrate her thrust up into her hard and fast.

“You're making too much noise.”

The words came from a tall Black woman who pulled aside the curtains and looked in on them.

Olivia gasped, but in the midst of orgasm, the sudden intrusion wasn't enough to draw much of her attention. She knew the woman was there, and staring at her and knew this was horrible, but her hips jerked and bucked and her buttocks slapped back against the wall as the orgasm spilled its energy through her veins.

The explosive release of pressure tore up through her like an explosive force, and her back arched violently as she cried out, head twisting and rolling as her hips sought to impale her on the woman's fingers.

Then the Black girl was there, her hand over Olivia's mouth, suppressing her cries as she smiled coolly into her wide eyes.

Olivia felt her breast squeezed and kneaded as the orgasm slowly faded, and then the Black woman eased back and folded her arms as she continued

to observe.

“She's very responsive,” the Hispanic woman said.

“Obviously you found yourself a little slut, Nicole. Congratulations. Care to share?”

“I'm always generous,” Nicole said. “Find something to gag her with.”

The Black girl laughed and walked back through the curtains even as a flushed and dazed Olivia went limp against the wall.

“Such a bad little slut,” Nicole said. “You came again without permission. You'll have to be punished, you know.”

She began to lick at her Olivia's clitoris again.

“P-Please! I-I don't... understand!” Olivia moaned.

“All you need to know is that you must obey your mistress, slut,” the woman said.

The Black woman came back into the room, and Olivia flushed more deeply, dropping her eyes before the woman's amused gaze. Then the woman was right there against her, gripping her hair and forcing her head up and back.

“Oh! Please!” she cried.

The Black woman forced something against her mouth! It was... a ball! It was a red ball! And the pressure against Olivia's perfect teeth forced her to open them and admit it! It slid through into her mouth, pressing down against her tongue and then up against the roof of her mouth!

The thing had a slim leather band through it, and the Black woman drew this behind Olivia's head and fastened it together, leaving the ball in place, filling her mouth and yet so large it prevented her from closing her jaws!

She was sure she had seen similar on the internet, and stared at her image in the mirror, astonished and filled with a wild sense of disbelief and anxiety!

“Got something else for this one,” she said. “She looks like a cock lover to me.”

“Definitely,” Nicole said.

The tag on the Black woman's vest said Jasmine. She had very dark black skin, a slender face, and long hair in dreadlocks. And when she brought her hand up before the dazed girl's eyes, she had a long, thick black... thing in it.

“Got this for you, white girl,” she said in a purring voice. “Isn't it pretty? Everyone knows how you white girls love black cock!”

Olivia focused her eyes and stared at what looked very much like an erect black penis. It was a dildo, of course. She had several, though none

were black. She gaped at the sight of it, hardly believing that the woman was holding it up so brazenly before her!

“She needs to be punished,” Nicole said.

She drew back and the two turned the moaning girl to face the wall again, drawing her hips back and out.

Crack!

“Dirty girl,” Nicole said.

The petite Hispanic woman dropped to her knees, but then slid in between Olivia's body and the wall, pushing her thighs backward to force her bottom out further. Then she leaned in and began to lick at her sex again.

Olivia felt something pushing against her sex, something thick that slid back and forth, then pushed harder and harder. She moaned and gasped as she felt the pressure mounting, felt the lips of her sex forced in and back, then felt something thick and hard slowly pushing through!

This is insane, she thought dazedly. She felt a wild, desperate sense of anxiety and embarrassment, but with no idea what to do, how to react or respond! She could hardly believe this!

But it was happening nevertheless! The Hispanic woman was licking hard and fast against her clitoris, her hands on her thighs forcing them out and apart, while the Black woman slowly worked the dildo up into her body!

It was quite a thick one, too! She moaned and gasped helplessly. Even as oiled up as she was, it ached as it was slowly forced deeper and deeper. But with the Hispanic woman licking her, it was a dark, deliciously sensual aching! She felt wild-eyed and gripped by astonishment and shock, yet her body thrummed with an intense, powerful, irresistible sexual heat!

She moaned and gasped and yelped as the Hispanic woman licked her and the Black woman twisted and turned and pumped the dildo. She could feel it pushing deeper and deeper! It was filling her up to overflowing! She felt the wild, delicious sense of being stretched out, that same sensation which aroused her so much when she was at home masturbating!

But she wasn't at home alone in the privacy of her room! And this was so much more intense!

“Oh! Oh! Oh please!” she cried.

Her words, of course, were muffled by the gag, and her hips jerked and twisted as the Black woman forced the dildo still deeper! Olivia felt the head deep inside her, jammed high in her belly as the thing twisted and turned.

“Bad girl,” the black woman said.

Crack!

Olivia gasped, for that wasn't a hand! She twisted her head enough to the side to look at the mirror! It showed a twisted vision of her leaning forward at the waist, her lower body pushed out by the Hispanic girl, whose face was jammed up into her groin! Meanwhile, the Black girl was holding... a belt!

Crack!

She yelped as it cut across her bottom with stinging force!

“Bad girl!” The Black girl said sternly.

Crack!

Olivia writhed and trembled, but Nicole gripped her thighs in strong hands, holding them out and apart as her mouth locked tightly to her swollen, overheated pussy! Her tongue stroked wildly across her clitoris and waves of pleasure were rolling up through Olivia's body!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Bad little slut,” the woman named Jasmine said.

She gripped Olivia's silken hair and abruptly yanked her head up and back.

“Dirty girl. You want me to fuck you with my black cock, don't you,” she growled.

She drew back and then wrapped some kind of leather thing around her hips. But Olivia hardly paid her any attention, focused once more on the way Nicole was licking and sucking at her clitoris, and even the feel of her swollen breasts as they throbbed and pulsed!

But then the Black woman gripped the dildo and slid it halfway out, diverting her attention once more. She groaned in relief, even as it seemed to kind of twist and jerk a little, as if it were being adjusted. A moment later Jasmine's gripped her hips and jerked them back further. The dildo slid deep, and Olivia shuddered at the incredible rush of eroticism which swept through her!

It pulled back and then thrust in and up again, pulled back, and thrust into her, then again, then again. Then she felt Jasmine's hips smacking against her buttocks. Her hips smacked against her again and again, even as her hands slid up Olivia's slender body and under her ribs to cup and fondle her breasts!

It was clear that somehow or other the dildo was attached to Jasmine as if it were a real cock! Jasmine was fucking her the same way a man would be doing! Olivia trembled and her insides churned wildly as the big black cock slid up into her overheated belly again and again and again!

And then the orgasm arrived and she twisted and writhed and bucked in the helpless grip of a massive wall of sheer pleasure. Her entire lower body felt aflame with the storm of wondrous raw sensation. She gurgled and gasped, and trembled, surrendering herself to it, wallowing in something like rapture as the two older women mauled her body and used her as their sexual plaything.

*

Naked, dazed, the dildo stuffed up inside her aching, burning, sopping pussy, Olivia offered up no resistance as they pulled her linked wrists down from the hook and then helped her stagger out of the change room, across the store, and into the back room.

There was a cot, there, and they threw her on it, then chained her wrist restraints to the top post.

“What did you put on the door?” she heard Nicole ask.

“Closed for 30 minutes,” Jasmine replied.

Jasmine threw herself down between them, licking long slow licks up along the swollen lips of her sex where they were locked tightly around the dildo. Nicole knelt beside the bed, tonguing, licking and sucking on her breasts as her hands skimmed across her body.

“Such a nasty, dirty, slutty little girl,” she purred. “You keep coming without permission! Bad little slave girl!”

Slave girl, Olivia thought dazedly. This was all just so shocking, and she couldn't keep up with the rush of events. Her mind couldn't decide on what to do about one thing before something else happened to shock it! The only constant was – shock!

And a dark, outrageous, staggering level of heat and sexual excitement! She had been sexually curious for some time, after all, yet never before had she been able to experience that which she had only ever heard about or read about or seen on the internet!

It made her deeply uncomfortable to be naked and sexually exposed like this before strangers, yet the wild thrill of it all made up for that – mostly.

Nicole's fingers were now working on the gag thing, and she gasped in relief as she pulled it out of her mouth.

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?” the Hispanic woman demanded.

Since she had just gripped the hair behind Olivia's head and jerked it back sharply as she glowered down at her, Olivia had only one answer.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” she squeaked.

“Are you sorry for being a disobedient little sex slave?” the woman asked next, her free hand kneading Olivia's tender breast.

“I-I.... but... I'm... I'm not a – Ohhh!”

The hand kneading her breast suddenly tightened fingers against Olivia's hard little nipple, pinching it sharply!

“Are you being bad again, little girl?” Nicole demanded, her voice turning harsh.

“Oh! Oh please!”

The fingers pinching her nipple twisted it to one side.

“You forgot to say mistress, slut.”

“I'm sorry, Mistress!” Olivia squealed. “Please, Mistress!”

The fingers relaxed their painful hold.

“Are you sorry for being a disobedient little sex slave?” Nicole demanded.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” she gulped.

“Then what are you going to do to make it up to me?”

Olivia looked up at her helplessly.

Nicole snorted and then released her hair. She reached down and peeled her top up and off, then removed her bra. A moment later she pushed her trousers and panties down and off and stood up naked! She climbed onto the bed, straddling the wide-eyed girl, then moved her body upward further and further.

“You have an opportunity to please your mistress, slut,” Nicole growled, straddling Olivia's head. “So do so.”

“Oh! But... please, I don't know how!” Olivia gasped.

“Learn,” Nicole snapped.

She sank down until her naked sex was pressed against Olivia's mouth, then gripped her hair and began to tug and twist it in her fingers.

“Lick, slut!”

Gasping, Olivia obeyed.

She tried to lick as she'd seen on videos, and as Nicole herself had licked her earlier. The Hispanic woman wound slim tendrils of her long chestnut hair around her fingers and tugged sharply whenever she was dissatisfied as she directed Olivia's efforts.

Meanwhile, Jasmine was pumping the dildo in her aching, burning pussy and licking and sucking at her clitoris!

Dazed, Olivia began to lick in the same way Jasmine was licking her,

moaning and panting as the Hispanic woman ground her pussy against her mouth. Trying to concentrate on what she was doing distracted her from the growing heat Jasmine was rousing within her once more, but that heat began to make itself felt as the sensations seeped up through her body.

Soon her mind was swimming in the liquid lust flooding through her body. She writhed as a steamy, intoxicating cloud of sensual stimulation overloaded her nervous system and sent waves of pleasure rolling up her spine.

She was close to climax, her mind swimming in dazed lust, passion and heat, when Jasmine abruptly halted. She focused on Nicole's pussy for a long minute, with little else to distract her. Then she felt Jasmine return, felt her hands on her ankle, felt them putting something around her ankle, then the other ankle.

She grunted as her legs were lifted up and pushed back.

“Grab these,” Jasmine said.

Nicole reached back and gripped Olivia's legs, drawing them forward in front of her as Jasmine stood up and gripped her left ankle. She forced it back against the metal bar at the head of the cot and Olivia saw there was one of those leather restraints around it.

Jasmine attached the thing to the metal bar with a short chain, then scurried around to the other side of the cot and took her other ankle, pushing that back against the bar and chaining that in place, too.

“Keep working, slut!” Nicole ordered, rubbing her pussy against her mouth.

Olivia gasped and obeyed, then felt fingers against her back opening! One of them pushed into her, slick and slippery, and pumped in and out. Then a second pushed into her as other slippery fingers rubbed her clitoris.

Then another dildo pushed into her ass, worked in slowly, pumping in and out, going deeper and deeper as Jasmine leaned in past Nicole to grin down at her.

“Gonna fuck your ass, white girl!” she said in a taunting voice.

And she did just that, thrusting the dildo in deeper and deeper. Olivia trembled and moaned and cried out as she was forced to keep licking Nicole even as she felt the thick dildo pushed deeper into her roiling, churning belly!

Soon Jasmine was thrusting steadily, her hips slapping against Olivia's upraised buttocks as she fucked her with what Olivia could only presume was another dildo that she'd strapped to her body. Those hard thrusts also drove

her against the base of the dildo sticking slightly out from the straining lips of her sex, delivering a jarring jolt to the back wall of her pussy!

Meanwhile, the Black woman reached down and fingered her clitoris at the same time.

It was all simply too much for Olivia! She could hardly grasp the enormity of it all amid a torrent of raw sensation drowning her dazed mind!

Another orgasm exploded within her, and it felt so good, soooo good! It melted away all other thoughts, all inhibitions, all hesitation and concern. She embraced it, reveled in it, sobbing with dazed pleasure as the strength of the orgasm made her body flare with intense pleasure over and over again!

It took her breath away. It stunned her! She felt shell-shocked by the strength of it, even as it faded.

“Lick, whore!” Nicole demanded.

She repeatedly jerked on the beleaguered girl's hair until Olivia started to lick again, and soon the Hispanic woman was gasping and moaning and grinding her sex hard against Olivia's mouth as her own orgasm rolled through her.

“I better check the front,” she groaned, stumbling out of bed and grabbing her clothes.

“If my boyfriend shows up, send him in here,” Jasmine said.

Olivia gasped, and the black women leered at her.

“You thought I was a filthy dyke, little white girl? Well, I'm not. I just like fucking the brains out of slutty little white sluts like you.”

Her hips began to move again, and now Olivia could see the dildo sliding into her body, into her ass! In fact, staring down at her groin was astonishing since it also showed the first dildo all-but buried in her belly, as well as the second, glistening with oil, as it pumped in and out of her!

“Do you like being fucked in the ass, slave?” Jasmine demanded.

She leaned in, and her hands went around Olivia's throat, squeezing.

“Do you, slave girl?”

Olivia gurgled as the hands squeezed her, then relaxed.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” she gasped.

Jasmine leaned in further.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, slut!”

“P-Please fuck my ass, Mistress!” Olivia whimpered.

Jasmine did just that, her body still slapping against the base of the other dildo. She reached down and fingered the moaning girl's clitoris again as well

while gripping Olivia's hair.

“This is what little white sluts of you were built for,” she said, “To be fucked hard by Black folks!”

“Oh! Ungh! Oh! Unggh! Hhhnng!” Olivia grunted as the Black woman thrust into her repeatedly.

Jasmine halted, reaching down and detaching the straps from her body. She swept her own top up and off and then, naked, she shifted herself forward so she was straddling Olivia's face.

“Lick your black mistress, sex slave!” she growled.

Panting, gasping, moaning, Olivia obeyed, her tongue licking frantically at Jasmine's smooth, glistening pussy.

“Lick me, slut. Lick me, whore. Lick your mistress, sex slave. Lick that black pussy, white girl!” Jasmine growled, riding Olivia's face.

She reached back to pump first one dildo, then the other, while fingering Olivia's swollen clitoris and slapping her bottom.

“Dirty girl! Dirty little slave girl!” Jasmine growled, her voice low.

She leaned forward, gripping Olivia's head between both hands, grinding herself faster and harder.

“That's it. Faster. Faster, slut! Make your mistress come!”

Her mind and body were wrapped in overheated coils of crackling sexual electricity and desperate heat, but Olivia obeyed as the Black woman ground her pussy furiously down against her mouth. When Jasmine came it was with a gush of liquid which squirted into Olivia's mouth and over her face, startling her, shocking her!

Jasmine shuddered and ground herself down furiously until her own waves of pleasure faded, then she grunted in satisfaction and slid back.

“Dirty little sex slave,” she said, taunting the dazed girl.

She undid the chains from the ankle restraints and Olivia gasped as her body was finally able to unfold, her legs dropping back to the cot.

Jasmine knelt next to the bed, leaning over it, licking and sucking and chewing on Olivia's breasts, then licking her way down her body until she began to lick at her clitoris again.

Olivia lay there in stunned emotional exhaustion, still reeling from everything and her body still throbbing and thrumming with sexual pressure and hunger.

Jasmine straightened, then shifted to Olivia's head, gripping her hair and yanking painfully back.

Olivia cried out, back arching.

“Spread your legs, slut!” she purred.

Panting, Olivia obeyed.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” she demanded, her voice still soft, fingers rubbing Olivia's clitoris.

“I'm your sex slave, Mistress!” Olivia cried weakly.

“Tell me you love black pussy.”

“I love black pussy, Mistress!”

“Tell me you love black cock!”

“I love black cock, Mistress!” she gasped.

“What a slutty little white girl,” Jasmine said. “Roll over onto your belly, white bitch.”

Panting, gasping dazedly, Olivia obeyed.

Crack!

“Raise that ass high, slut!”

“Oh! Please, mistress!”

Olivia scrambled to pull her knees in under her and raise her bottom.

Crack! Crack!

“Higher, slut!”

Jasmine was standing up and ran her hand over Olivia's buttocks, pushing in against the base of the two dildos protruding from her aching belly.

“How is our little slut?” Nicole asked from the doorway.

“Learning to obey her black mistress,” Jasmine replied.

Nicole chuckled.

Olivia gasped as her hair was gathered in and pulled back, forcing her mouth wide. Jasmine pushed the gag back into her mouth and strapped it in place, then drew back.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Bad little slut. Spread your legs wide!”

Gasping, Olivia obeyed, and then heard a buzzing sound. A moment later something began to rub against her clitoris even as she felt pressure against the dildo in her sex.

It had to be... must be... a vibrator, she thought dazedly!

She had been about to buy one. She'd been fixated at the idea of getting a dildo to penetrate herself with at first, getting just the right size. She hadn't quite bought a vibrator yet. Now she felt one rubbing firmly back and forth across her clitoris as the dildo in her pussy began to pump and twist and turn.

The result was not instantaneous, but it built up rapidly, so that she began to feel her sex starting to quiver and vibrate as if in tune with the device. Then the vibrations moved inward, resonating through her abdomen, and up through her belly.

The heat flowed up her spine and through her nervous system and her mind began to drown in sensation once again as her hips spasmed involuntarily!

“Come for me, slut. Come for your black mistress, sex slave,” Jasmine ordered.

Olivia obeyed. She could do nothing else. The pressure built up into an explosive force and then released, shattering her mind. She cried out as her body bucked violently back against the vibrator and the plunging dildo, her mind rolling over and over again as the waves of dark, sensual pleasure swept through her!

The orgasm left her mind-blasted, yet the vibrator continued to grind against her, the dildo to pump inside her, and her body was still gripped by a pulsing, throbbing sexual storm of sensations! Another orgasm tore through her, and then a third, as the Black woman laughed and taunted her!

Olivia wondered if she would go insane, or even die! But those were minor thoughts of no real importance. Nothing mattered but the rush, nothing was important compared to wallowing in the overwhelming passion, heat and pleasure!

“Slut.”

Crack!

“Whore.”

Crack!

“Sex slave.”

Crack!

“Dirty girl.”

Crack!

“Filthy white girl!”

Crack!

She heard Jasmine's words, and felt the sharp sting of the slaps she delivered to her upraised bottom, but her mind remained fixated on the bubbling, boiling cauldron of lava filling her lower body.

Until a new voice tore apart the focus on herself and her pleasure.

“What da fuck?” it said.

It was a deep voice, a male voice.

“Leon. I got you a white pussy to fuck,” Jasmine said.

“Ho-ly shit!” the male voice exclaimed.

Dazed, Olivia turned her head and saw the large black man coming forward, staring at her.

She gasped, turning her head away as something far too powerful to merely be called embarrassment jolted her!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Don't you dare close your legs, slut!” Jasmine growled.

Crack! Crack!

“Spread your legs! Now!”

Whimpering, Olivia obeyed.

Crack!

“And raise that ass higher!”

Olivia obeyed, mortified!

“That is some ass,” the man said. “Some kind of pussy, too. What you got in her?”

“Couple of our favorite dildos. She loves black cock.”

Crack!

“Ain't that right, slut?”

She jerked back on Olivia's hair, and Olivia gasped in pain.

“Say it, slut!”

“I-I...I... I... d-do!” she moaned into the gag.

Jasmine's hand slapped down sharply against her bottom again.

Crack! Crack!

“Tell me you love black cock, slut!”

“I love black cock, Mistress!” Olivia cried, her words mostly unintelligible around the ball in her mouth.

And then she felt a much larger hand on her bottom! She felt a wild psychic jolt as she realized it must be the man! She held her breath, eyes wide, face pressed against the cot, as that hands kneaded her bare bottom and then slid down to rub the lips of her sex wrapped tight around the dildo!

“Wow. What a body on this white girl!” he said.

She squeaked as she felt a large male finger on her clitoris, idly rubbing it.

“She'll make a great sex slave,” Jasmine said.

“Hot damn, I'll say!”

Olivia's head was a wild clamor of emotions! She remained mortified! But she was also filled with wild anxiety! What was he going to do?! He was touching her!? His hands were all over her! What was she going to do!? Should she scream and demand he stop!? But she was gagged! She couldn't make much noise!

And the feel of that big male hand – and now another – sliding over her naked, trembling body was sending scalding rushes of heat through her nervous system! It was a man! A man was touching her! A man was seeing her naked and touching her! Wasn't this what she set out to accomplish?! Wasn't this what she wanted!?

She gasped as she felt the dildo drawn back. Just knowing it was him doing it and not Jasmine made it seem more shocking and wicked and wild and outrageous!

Everything that was going on was outrageous! Jasmine's every word was outrageous! But they were so outrageous Olivia didn't think she actually meant any of it. She was taunting her like the Hispanic woman had taunted her. They were... playing with her, teasing her.

And it was working.

Olivia felt as if she were wrapped in a dark, glittering web of sexual abandon, as if she had found a place where she could experience anything without fear of her parents or peers discovering.

The dildo pulled out completely, and she grunted, then her hips jerked in response to the feel of male fingers rubbing up and down the line of her sex. Those male fingers then pushed slowly into her body! They were clearly male; much bigger and thicker than Jasmine's!

She kept her face down. She didn't want to look back as if somehow with her face hidden she could remain anonymous! For this was soooo humiliating!

But those fingers pushing into her, big male fingers, were turning her body to one large, pulsing organ that dripped with desire!

Crack!

She cried out as her bottom was slapped, and this wasn't by Jasmine but by the man! The slap was harsher, and so was his voice.

“Raise that ass higher, slut!” he barked.

She shuddered, her mind writhing in the grip of the deepest embarrassment! But despite that and the wild anxiety gripping her, she felt a dark thrill of breathless excitement.

“You gonna be my slave girl, baby? You gonna call me master?” he taunted her.

Olivia's mind squirmed as his fingers slid deep inside her, and her body began to do the same as he pumped them in and out and rubbed her clitoris.

“Sexy little fuck toy,” he growled, slapping her bottom again, and adding a third finger!

“Do her!” Jasmine growled. “Do the bitch! Feed her your cock, lover!”

The fingers pulled back and then something else pushed against her entrance. It was certainly thicker, but it felt softer. She was sopping wet, not to mention oiled up, and she felt herself stretched wide as it slid into her, inch by inch by inch.

And as it pushed into her she felt a crackling, burning rush of almost shocking sexual heat! It was a real cock! It was a real cock and it was penetrating her and going soooooo deep inside!

It filled her up, and then some, and when she felt the soft skin of his abdomen against her upturned buttocks and thighs she almost came. Big hands seized her hips and he started to thrust, and she did just that.

It only took a couple of strokes, and then she was jerking her hips back violently as the orgasm thundered through her mind and body! She cried out again and again as he thrust deep and hard, his hips smacking bruisingly hard into her bottom as he thrust his black spear of flesh into the depths of her belly again and again and again!

Rapture!

Olivia's eyes rolled back in her head and she felt herself floating up into a wild, swirling churning vortex of pleasure and passion. It seized control of her mind and body and swept aside all other cares or concerns, all higher orders of thought. All that mattered was the incredible storm of pleasure filling her body!

“Ungh! Man! Fuckin' tight little white bitch!” the man gasped as he thrust into her.

“Harder! Give it to her, baby!”

Olivia cried out as a big hand gripped her hair and jerked it up and back. Another big hand folded over her right breast, squeezing hard, as his hips continued to slap against her. His thick cock pummeled the back wall of her sex as he cursed and rode her hard and fast! The cot shook as he jerked back on her hair and rammed his hips forward.

And then a smaller hand with softer fingers pushed in under her hip and

found her clitoris, rubbing furiously.

“Come for him, white bitch!” Jasmine ordered. “Come for your Black master, slut!”

Another wild surge of raw sensation tore into Olivia's body and mind and the orgasm which had just subsided took on new life! The pleasure burned deeper and hotter and then exploded once again as the air sobbed out of her lungs and the man using her hammered into her with wild, savage strokes!

That big cock of his punched deep into her body with every stroke, turning her insides to a throbbing jelly that was hot as lava! And still, he thrust, while those small fingers rubbed her clitoris!

Then they were replaced by the vibrator.

Olivia's eyes crossed, and then her body began to buck and shake and jerk violently as convulsions tore through her. She heard their laughter as the big cock continued to punch into her again and again, but all she cared about was the massive rush of pleasure sweeping through her!

She almost lost consciousness, and fell into a near stupor, drooling around the gag, eyes slitted, grunting at his continuing thrusts as the orgasms finally faded and he finished.

“Yeah, drink that black come, white girl,” Jasmine taunted.

“She's a nice tight ride,” the man said.

“Then you'll have to give her another one.”

Olivia grunted as her wrists were unlinked and then pulled around behind her and linked together once more. She was lifted up and back on her heels by the hair, eyes still glassy and slitted. Hands undid the straps around her head and fingers pulled the gag from her mouth. Then something large and black moved in front of her.

It was him!

Her eyes fluttered, then widened as he leered at her. He was large and very black. His head was shaved, and he had thick muscles across his chest and running down his arms.

“You gonna get your master hard again, slave girl, so he can fuck you?” he demanded.

He sat at the head of the cot, leaning back against the wall, and pulled down on her hair, forcing her to bend over again.

“Suck my black cock, white girl,” he ordered.

He jerked on her hair, and she gasped in pain.

“Suck that black cock, slave,” Jasmine ordered, slapping her bottom

sharply.

Moaning, panting, still dazed from the orgasm, Olivia began to lick. It was only slowly that her mind woke to the fact of what she was doing, and to the sight her eyes were taking in, the sight of a man's black cock and balls in front of her.

Olivia felt a sense of anxiety and uneasiness then, along with embarrassment, but their hands and orders left no room for delay or argument.

“Suck cock, slut!” Jasmine ordered, slapping her bottom.

“Suck it, white girl,” the man ordered, jerking on her hair and mashing her face against him.

Olivia tried but he was soft, and he laughed at her ineptness.

“Start on my balls, white girl,” he ordered.

Then she felt the thick dildo being worked into her pussy again from behind.

Crack! Crack!

“Keep your ass high, slut! And your legs spread!”

Moaning, gasping, panting, she sucked on his balls as he ordered, her tongue licking and caressing them.

The vibrator turned on again, and she jerked helplessly as it rubbed against her clitoris.

She licked up and down his cock and over his balls, and as he hardened she began to take the head into her mouth, then more of it, sucking and licking.

So this is what it's like, a part of her thought in fascination.

He hardened further, and she marveled at how big he was, and that it had all fit inside her! It was bigger than any of her dildos!

Then his big hand forced her down hard, and she gurgled, her eyes bulging as that big cock pushed into her throat! She instinctively tried to jerk back, unprepared, but he forced her down as a hand slapped sharply against her bottom.

“Swallow that black cock, slave girl!” Jasmine ordered. “Swallow every inch!”

Olivia gurgled and trembled as his cock slid deep into her throat. She had thought she had mastered this with her dildos, but the real thing was much more difficult! And he was thicker than the ones she'd practiced with!

On the other hand, her mind and body were boiling over with heat, and

Jasmine was providing lots of distraction by slapping her bottom, pumping the dildo, and rubbing the vibrator against her!

The hand in her hair pulled her up again, and she coughed and gasped for breath.

“Hot little white slut,” the man said.

He jerked her up and forward by the hair and then crushed her lips with his, his other hand kneading her breast hard as his tongue plunged into her mouth! Then he drew her back and up.

“Sit on my cock, slut,” he ordered.

Crack!

“You heard your master, white girl!” Jasmine snapped.

They dragged her forward until she was straddling him, and then Olivia shuddered as her throbbing pussy slid down his long black cock.

His big hand came in around her neck and choked her, and she gasped as her eyes bulged.

“Ride my cock, slut,” he barked. “Ride your master's cock!”

Her eyes were starting to bulge as she forced herself up and then down and then up and then down his cock as his big hand enveloped her throat. His grip loosened and she gasped for breath.

“Keep riding that cock, white girl,” he ordered.

Anxious, fearful, and gripped by a relentless heat, Olivia obeyed. His hand rode up and down with her, still gripping her throat.

He halted her and she gurgled.

“Call me master,” he demanded.

“M-Master!” she croaked.

He grinned and loosened his grip.

“Tell me you love my cock, white girl.”

“I-I... I... I-love your cock, Master!” she whimpered.

“I likes the sound of dat,” he said.

He had her ride up and down some more, while he held her throat in one hand. The other hand alternated between kneading her breasts and fingering her clitoris.

Then he leaned forward, and rose, her throat in his grip, forcing her easily up and back and then down onto her back on the bed.

“Ride her, baby.”

Jasmine straddled her face as the man spread her legs and entered her again.

Moaning, Olivia licked at her pussy as Jasmine ground herself against her. Her boyfriend thrust hard and fast, then, as the two used her body with ruthless passion and heat!

Then they got off and changed places, with Olivia being dragged around by the hair by the Black man. They put her down on her knees straddling Jasmine's head, and Jasmine reached up to grip her buttocks, pulling her sex down against her mouth.

“Bend forward, slut.”

Moaning, she obeyed, then he moved behind her, and as Jasmine licked her clitoris, he drove his cock deep into her pussy again!

Her mind was rolling in slow, languid jelly, unable to focus on anything but the pressure sizzling through her flesh and bone. With Jasmine licking energetically at her clitoris and her boyfriend driving his big cock into her pussy it was more than she could take, and she came again, crying out in helpless, dazed pleasure, gripped by an animal heat that was melting her brain!

Then she came again, trembling and shaking, her insides roiled and her nerve endings crackling and snapping like live electrical wires.

Laughing, the man pulled his cock out of her and buried the dildo in its stead, then pulled the other one out of her ass and slid his own thick cock into her there. It didn't matter to her. The steady pounding of his hips against her buttocks remained the same. The feel of his thick cock sliding through the hot, oiled folds of her body remained more or less the same.

And the hot, hungry mouth licking at her clitoris certainly remained the same, except now Jasmine was pumping and twisting the dildo in her pussy too!

Orgasm after orgasm rolled Olivia's mind until she was barely aware of her name, much less anything else around her.

She was lost in the midst of an unending storm of animal heat and raw, overpowering sensation, drunk on a sexual high like nothing she had ever imagined.

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She sat primly in the back seat of the car as it headed back home. Next to her were several bags brimming with lingerie and silk pajamas, nighties and teddies.

And inside her were two large dildos, filling her, stretching her, making her ache.

She got out at her house and let herself in, looking anxiously around, then walking unsteadily towards the stairs. It was very... odd moving with the dildos inside her. They weren't entirely buried. The one in her bottom was so deep it gave her cramps, but the base was still preventing her opening from sealing behind it.

The other one was jammed up high inside her pussy, but the lips of her sex were still stretched wide around the base so that her thighs rubbed against them as she walked.

“Olivia!? Is that you?” she heard her mother call out.

She gasped and hurried her pace.

“Yes, Mistress!” she called back.

“What?”

“Yes, Mother!”

“Come down here!”

“In a minute!”

She walked to her bedroom as her mother called impatiently behind her, and she knew the woman would be following. She hurriedly tossed the larger bag into the closet and closed it. It contained the more... provocative... of her purchases, the ones she was sure would make her mother's eyes bulge!

She had barely set the other bag down on her bed when the woman came into the room, scowling.

“What do you mean going out by yourself?” she demanded.

Olivia turned to face her, frowning. “Mother. I'm not a child.”

“Just because you're eighteen that does not mean you're an adult!”

“Yes, Mother, it actually does. I can join the army now.”

Her mother stared at her in disbelief. “Don't be preposterous!”

“Well, I can. I'm an adult and I felt like going shopping so I went shopping.”

“And just what did you buy?”

“I went to a lingerie store. I bought some pajamas and a couple of nighties and some underwear.”

Her mother snorted and reached for the bag, upending it and sending a mass of colorful lingerie onto the bed.

“What on earth is this?”

“Modern lingerie, mother,” she said firmly. “I'm tired of wearing things from the nineteenth century. We're in the twenty-first, after all.”

“These things are disgusting! They don't even have a bottom on them!”

“That's the fashion, mother, and what everyone else at college will be wearing. It's not up to you to dictate my lingerie choices.”

“Oh no? I'm the one paying for them!” her mother snapped.

“Well, technically, daddy is.”

She knew that was a low blow and her mother reacted indignantly. All her money came from her divorce settlement, after all.

“And if you want to refuse I'm sure daddy will give me a credit card,” she said.

“Now don't be hasty, dear. I said nothing about refusing,” her mother said placatingly.

Olivia normally avoided playing off her parents against each other, but perhaps, she thought, it was time to start.

“I'm just concerned with your innocence, dear and don't want you corrupted by a depraved society. Your father is a degenerate, after all.”

“I'll take care of my morals, thank you, Mother. If your teaching hasn't made me a moral person by now it's too late.”

It was ... odd, arguing with her mother with two dildos buried inside her. But invigorating, as well. Her mother had no idea just how depraved she was already! And if she had even a clue about what had happened at the lingerie shop she'd keel over dead from a heart attack!

Olivia had nearly had one herself!

Even now, memories of what had taken place mad her chest tighten and her pulse race.

God! That had been wild! They'd been like animals!

And she'd felt like one too!

And it had been... glorious!

She'd never felt more alive in her life!

Afterward, Leon, the man who had taken her (technical) virginity, told her she ought to try stripping. He'd shaken his head in admiration at her body and promised her she'd make a fortune at it.

After her mother left she stripped, and slowly worked the dildos out of her body, groaning in relief as she dropped them on the floor of the bathroom. Then she posed for the mirrors, rolling her hips a little, imagining herself on a stage before a baying crowd of eager, lust-filled men, baring her body to them, displaying her breasts and bottom and pussy!

That would be so intense!

It was a preposterous idea, of course. Nor had she any need of the

money. But the idea was darkly thrilling.

She was, she thought, overdosed on sex. She'd had the most incredible series of massive orgasms! And now... now she knew she needed to feel that wild, animal hunger again! No matter what it took, no matter the danger! She needed to feel like a wild, sexual beast once more!

And she would.

Leon had a friend. And Leon had suggested they would both take her on, both do her together!

It was going to be a wild summer, she knew. She was going to explore this world of dark, violent, depraved sex for all it was worth before she found herself among the more genteel ivy league set in the fall. It might ruin her for normal sex ever again, but she didn't care. If that happened, well... she'd become a sex slave!

Now wouldn't that outrage mother!?

END

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand", then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend

April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them