

# The Bad Girl

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

I am a bad girl. And I always have been. Being a bad girl is fun, and you get more stuff. You also get out of doing unpleasant things you're supposed to be doing.

I learned how easy men were when I was a little girl. They all thought I was so sweet and innocent, and I could practically get away with murder just by smiling at them. As I grew older it became even easier to manipulate them, especially after I discovered sex.

Or rather, the promise of sex. I didn't actually have to do anything more than when I was young, which was to smile and look pretty – well, look sexy. Sexy will get you more than pretty, even from men who know they don't have a ghost of a prayer with me.

I'm afraid I became something of a narcissist. I enjoyed the way people looked at me, the way they watched me, the way they liked seeing me. From my early teens, whenever I came up to a group all heads would turn to me.

Boys would babble and stumble over their tongues and girls would pout because I was prettier than they were. Still, they wanted to be like me. They were envious of me, and I liked that too.

Still, I was mainly focused on boys, and on how I could flirt with them. I learned how to pitch my voice, how to lower it into a whispery, breathy tone, or act flirty and coquettish, licking my lip and smiling, flattering them so their chest swelled with pride.

Idiots.

Boys and Men are simply so weak, so easily manipulated, so easy to please. How could I possibly learn to respect them? All I had to do was pose my body in a certain way to run their mental trains right off the tracks and make their hearts beat faster.

Unfortunately, while the promise of sex got me a lot, actual sex got me comparatively little. I learned fairly early in life that if I wanted to feel pleasure out of sex I'd have to do it myself. Boys, even when they grew into men, were simply not very good at pleasuring me.

Don't get me wrong, there is pleasure for me just in watching how they turn into panting, salivating animals at the sight of my naked breasts, pleasure in seeing what incredible effect I have on them, pleasure in making them explode with climax and sag into gasping, panting exhaustion.

Physical pleasure? Not so much of that. Oh, I really loved being penetrated for some reason. I mean, I recognize it's not supposed to be a great physical pleasure, but to me it's an incredible emotional and psychological turn-on to be deeply penetrated by something thick and hard.

Guys generally don't stay hard for all that long, unfortunately. In fact, I have to tone down my highly developed oral sex skills just to get them inside me before they explode. And soon, I learned that just giving them oral sex was usually enough.

I am very good at it, after all. I watched videos on the internet, and I practiced. I knew sexuality was going to be an important weapon for me, and I wanted to hone mine to a fine point. Oral sex is a skill just like any other, and you need to practice it to get better.

When I was in high school I was already pretty enough and sexy enough, that a little flirty talk and pouty sad look could get my marks bumped up if the teacher was male. By the time I got to college I was starting to trade blow jobs for the increase. What the hell, it only takes a few minutes, which is way better than spending hours studying.

Sometimes those better marks came from flirting and offering wide eyed, pouty looks, and sometimes from blowing my teachers or teaching assistants, or sometimes from blowing more studious guys who would write up assignments for me.

I was a cheerleader in high school mostly because it was a fun way to exercise, because the uniforms were cute and sexy, and because guys loved cheerleaders. I was a cheerleader in college for the same reason. I have great legs, and I like to dance, so why not?

Okay, sure I get to hang around football players, who were big, hunky guys with broad shoulders. But guys like that aren't all that hard to find anyway. And though they were kind of easy to manipulate. I didn't think much of them. And anyway, it's not like they could do anything useful for me.

But one day I was walking along the sidelines during a practice, on my way to join the girls for cheerleader practice. I was small, low riding cutoffs, and a little white halter. Now the halter had a round neckline, but also buttoned up the front, and I had left a few of those buttons undone. And no, I wasn't wearing a bra.

So, with my long blonde hair half up, half down, and sporting a pair of dark glasses, I strolled casually down the sidelines, and was well aware that every guy who saw me turned to watch. I knew what was on their minds, too, which made me purr with satisfaction.

Yeah, you all want me, I thought smugly. Too bad for you. Suffer!

Even the coach turned as I approached, and I paused as I approached, and smiled.

'Hi Coach!' I said, in a melodious kind of voice.

I pulled my sunglasses down, making sure my big brown eyes were wide as I smiled at him. I'd practiced that look in the mirror years ago.

"Hi Tammy," he said, smiling.

"Boys workin' hard?" I asked with a smiling draw.

"I make sure they do."

He tried very hard to keep his eyes on my face, at least when I was looking at him.

Russel Forbes, standing beside him, made no such effort, of course, staring at my breasts.

"I bet you could make us work harder, Tammy," he said, grinning at me.

The coach elbowed him in the stomach and Russel grunted and stumbled back a half step. He hoped to be starting quarterback someday but he was only a frosh.

"This is Mister Bradley," the coach said, nodding his head towards a large black football player type standing next to him.

I had kind of ignored Bradley. I figured him to be some kind of friend of Coach's or maybe someone's dad, but he wasn't anyone who could do anything for me. He was a nice dresser, though. I admired his suit. It said 'money'.

“Good day to you, Mister Bradley,” I said with an enthusiastic smile.

He was wearing a pair of gold rimmed sunglasses, which, unless I missed my guess, were very expensive. That kept his eyes hidden, which was kind of... I don't know... menacing looking. I mean, he was big and black (and you know how violent they are) and I couldn't see his eyes. I was betting they were staring at my breasts, or what he could see through the open buttons (which was a lot).

“Girl,” he said in a low, rumbling voice.

He didn't seem all that impressed, and I scowled on the inside, but didn't let it show.

“Got to be off to practice, coach,” I said, strolling on.

I knew their eyes were on my ass while I walked past. I didn't have to turn to watch. I smirked to myself as I slipped my dark glasses back on and made my way down the line before turning into the dressing room where the girls were waiting.

Practice. Gah. Oh well, it was good exercise, and I wanted to keep my body in top shape.

\*

I chose to walk back from the stadium. It's a really pleasant, tree-lined road which leads to the west and then all I had to do was turn down a nice path lined with more trees and benches to take me to the quad where I could stop in to see my friend Jody.

I noticed the car drawing up beside me out of the corner of my eye. It was moving way too slow so I prepared myself to ignore some smart ass who might call out suggestive things to me as he came alongside. But the car was highly polished black, and as more of it came into view I rolled my eyes to the side and realized it was a limo.

I have a great deal of respect for limousines. Or at least, for the people in them. They can do all sorts of good things for a girl. This one had deeply tinted windows, and I couldn't see anyone through them. I eyed the car doubtfully as the passenger window came alongside, but it didn't stop and the window didn't roll down.

Kind of... uhm, strange. It made me frown at the car, then turn my head away and walk a little faster. It sped up a little, then drove forward and stopped and the rear window slid down. I frowned suspiciously as I came alongside it. It was probably a perv, but a rich perv was still rich. And besides, all guys are kind of pervs, really.

I recognized him right away. The black guy, whastisname, Bradley. I sniffed. So he had been impressed, despite his low key greeting. Ha! Knew it!

I raised my eyebrow.

“Care for a ride?” he asked.

“No thank you,” I said sweetly. “I'm just going a little ways.”

“I have something for you, girl.”

Oh, I'll bet, I thought smugly.

He held up what was unmistakably a dollar bill! At first I felt my jaw drop indignantly. Then I realized that it wasn't a normal dollar bill. The fat, bald man on it was Benjamin Franklin. I recognized him easily enough. Then I saw it was a hundred dollar bill.

Bradley moved his fingers, and it turned out he was holding a whole bunch of them, because they sprayed out like a deck of cards in his hand. There must have been a couple of thousand dollars there.

I stared at him in confusion, uncertainty, indignation, and I admit, no small amount of calculating lust.

For the money, not for him. I had little interest in black boys with their big lips and big noses and snotty, macho attitudes. The black football players on the school team tended to call girls 'ho's' and 'bitches'. Well fuck you, niggers.

So I was trying to figure out if I should say something snotty and insulting to this guy waving money in my face, or should I be nice and hope maybe I could manipulate him into giving me some.

I mean, what did he think I was, some kind of prostitute!?

I decided to use my 'stupid voice' which was pitched higher than usual, but always said with a smile.

“Is there something I can help you with, Mister Bradley?” I asked, as if not even noticing the money.

He pushed open the door of his car.

“Get your fine ass in here.”

Now I don't like getting orders, particularly not from men, especially some jumped up football player type who's all arrogant because of his broad shoulders. Even one arrogant because he could flash money at me was a turn-off. I didn't approve of arrogance in men. They have so little to be arrogant about, after all.

Especially, let's face it, niggers.

“I'm sorry,” I said in that high pitched, friendly voice. “I have an appointment to keep.”

And I walked on.

The limo drove up ahead and stopped, the back door opened, and he got out. I slowed, wary. I mean, he was a nigger, and you all know how violent they can be. He was a big nigger, too. I mean, I'm not exactly short for a girl but my head came to about the middle of his chest.

“Mister Bradley,” I said in my patently sadly reproving voice.

“Girl,” he said. “You got what I want. And I got what you want. Seems to me we can do something about that.”

“I'm trying to be polite, Mister Bradley,” I said. “But you waving money and talking like that makes it seem like you think I'm some sort of prostitute. And

that's just not true. So maybe you should take yourself off to where the Black girls hang out and wave your stuff at them.”

“Had lots of black girls,” he said, undeterred. “Now I want a hot, sexy blonde girl.”

“Well and who doesn't?” I said, my voice getting a little sarcastic finally. “Unfortunately, you can't always have everything you want.”

He showed me that wad of bills again, fanning it out so I could see how many there were.

“A thousand dollars,” he said.

He slid them together, folded it in half, and then, somewhat to my outrage, reached down, gripped the waistband of my Levi's, and tugged it out enough to stuff the bills halfway in.

“Mister Bradley!” I said, shocked, actually at how brazen he was being. “I am not a hooker!”

I actually was shocked. I wasn't used to guys being so up front about what they want and about being willing to pay for it. I was also insulted and annoyed. On the other hand, I'm not a rich girl by any means, and a thousand dollars is a whole lot of money to me!

“For a blow job,” he said. “And if you're any good, I'll give you five thousand for more.”

I stared at him, taken aback. Five thousand dollars! Was he joking!? Who paid five thousand dollars for sex!?

“You ... I'm sure you can call yourself up an escort and have her do whatever you like for this much money,” I said, taking the bills out of my waistband and thrusting them back at him.

“I'm sure I can, too. I don't want a hooker. I want a college girl.”

“And if I took the money I'd be a hooker,” I said sarcastically.

“Yeah, but only for me.”

He reached into his high priced jacket's pocket and pulled out I swear, a whole bundle. I mean, I used to work in a cash office at the stadium and you put one hundred bills into each bundle and wrapped them in elastics. So that looked like ten thousand dollars this big black guy was waving at me.

Still, how low class! I mean, you don't just thrust money at a girl and tell her you want to fuck her! These black guys had no fucking manners!

“Forget it,” I said.

“How about we sweeten the deal?”

“No.”

I started to walk past and he got a couple of fingers into one of the loops at the back of my waist and pulled me back, swinging me around so I stumbled against the side of the car, then his big body was blocking me there!

“I either make you scream in pleasure, or there's no sex, and you still get to keep all this,” he said, showing me the bundle.

I gaped at him. I was kind of intimidated to start with, given how he'd yanked me back and was blocking my way. I mean, I wasn't exactly afraid, since it was a limo. It wasn't like he was some cheap ass punk college boy who was likely drunk.

In fact, he spoke smoothly and calmly the whole time.

“You are out of your mind!” I exclaimed.

“A thousand dollars to let me lick your pussy. And if you don't scream in pleasure you get ten thousand and walk. If you do scream in pleasure, you do whatever I tell you.”

It was so ... bizarre! I mean, a thousand dollars for a blow job was bad enough given I gave those out in exchange for favors, after all. But a thousand to let him perform oral sex on me!? Was he crazy!?

And how do I know you don't just force me to do whatever you want once I'm in your car?" I demanded. "And then keep the money anyway!"

His lips curved up into a small smile for the first time.

"You think I couldn't do anything I wanted to you right now, girl? You think I couldn't shove you into that car and do you and then toss you out if I was minded to do that? What would stop me?"

"I'd call the police!" I gulped.

"Exactly."

I sniffed derisively. "Unless you kill me!"

He snorted. "Girl, you look like one fine little piece of white ass, but I ain't about to give up all I got for a few minutes between your legs. And if I was gonna kill you I sure as hell wouldn't be seen standing next to you in broad daylight on a busy street. I didn't get as rich as I am by being as dumb as a fucking street nigger gang boy.."

There was some truth in that, I supposed, but I was still sort of caught. I mean, the idea of a thousand dollars just to let some guy like my pussy was a ridiculous and amazing offer. But while I had traded oral sex, and even sex for various favors in my life I'd never outright traded it for money before. That was just so... nakedly obvious that it made me, well... you know what!

There was just no way I could out and out say yes to a crude offer like that!

And then he put his big hand on my chest, my upper chest, and shoved me back into the open doorway of the car!

I gasped and squealed indignantly, but he was so big and strong! And my lower legs hit the side of the car and the rest of me fell backwards. He gripped me by the waistband of my cutoffs, sliding his big black fingers in somehow, and lifted and heaved me further in, then got in and closed the door.

"To the hotel, Cooper," he said.

"Yes, Mister Bradley," a man's voice said.

I was squirming on the floor, so didn't see him or anything.

“Hey! Let me up! Let me go!” I cried.

He put his big foot down on my stomach to pin me to the floor of the car.

“We're going to the Grand,” he said. “You and me are going to be seen walking in together by a lot of people. So if anything happens to you I'm gonna be in big, big trouble.”

“I didn't say I would go anywhere with you!” I exclaimed.

“Yeah, but you want to. I could tell. That's how I make my money, knowing what people want to do and helping them do it.”

“I do not! I'm not prostitute!”

“I know, that's why I want your white ass.”

“Well you're not getting it!” I cried, slapping at his foot angrily and trying to shove it away.

“That will ultimately be your choice,” he said calmly.

“Let me up!”

“I like my women obedient,” he said. “You're fine where you are.”

“I'm not going to obey you!” I shouted.

“You're going to do what you want to do,” he said.

I didn't have an argument against that.

“So my job is to make sure you realize that what I want you to do is what you want to do.”

“It isn't!” I said desperately.

“It will be. I know your kind.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” I demanded resentfully, still trying to push his foot off my stomach.

“You want things,” he said. “You got no money, but you want things, lots of things. You use your body to get them.”

“I do not!” I said, though I was a little chastened to realize that he had me pegged so well.

“I'm a sports agent,” he said. “All those muscular young men I represent are the same as you. They want things, and they got no money, so they use their bodies to get them. In their case, they use their muscles, and speed, and in your case you use your beauty and body. Ain't a lot different between you and them so far as I can see.”

He moved his foot suddenly, then reached down and grabbed my halter, using it to yank my upper body up off the floor. I gasped and grabbed at his wrist so my halter didn't tear as he leaned over to look down at me.

“I used to be one of them, see,” he said. “One of you, so I understand. But I got smart. Using your body to get what you want wears you out, so you gotta make as much as you can as fast as you can, then use that money to move into something else profitable.”

He let go of my halter and I gasped as I fell back onto the floor.

At least it was a wide and nicely carpeted floor. But he didn't have his foot on my belly any more, so I kind of scrambled to my knees and turned towards him. That was when his big legs came in and trapped me between them, and I found myself on my knees, between his legs as he grinned at me.

“L-Lemmie go!” I gulped.

He fanned out the hundred dollar bills again, then put them on the seat beside him before reaching forward and grasping the front of my halter again. I gasped as I was yanked forward, my hands going out to grab at his thighs as he pulled me in closer. Then he gripped the back of my head and pressed my face right into his crotch!

“This is how you make a change to your life, baby,” he said.

He didn't hold me there, and I was able to push myself up and back, glaring at him.

“This is a man's weakness. A man will pay a lot of money, will do an awful lot of favors to make this happy.”

Like I didn't know that! Still, it kind of amazed me he said it since it was kind of my own philosophy.

“But you been acting like them Indians who gave away their land for cheap beads. What you got is worth a lot more than the shit you been trading for it.”

“I don't know what – .”

‘You been trading what you got for what? Movies? Restaurant meals? Better marks at school? Maybe little gifts like perfume and shit?’

He picked up the money and slapped my face with the bills.

“I'm a player representative, girl. That means I make sure my boys make a pile of dough for selling their bodies.”

“You sound like a pimp!” I said.

His teeth gleamed. “I am, in a way. Except that I negotiate way better deals for my boys than they'd get otherwise. So we both profit. A pimp just takes a rake off what a girl would make herself anyway. How's he help?”

“I don't need any help,” I said sullenly, trying to push his legs away from me.

“Sure you do. You're in your prime money earning years and you're making chocolate and free meals.”

He shook his head in amusement, then slapped the bills in my face again.

“Quit it!”

“That's a thousand bucks, girl. And that's just the start. You could make this every day, maybe two or three times this.”

“And how much would you get?” I demanded.

He grinned. “No money. I take my share in flesh.”

And then he unzipped his pants. That immediately jolted me, and I dropped my eyes as my chest tightened. He reached in and pulled out his cock, and I have to admit I gasped aloud. I mean, he wasn't hard, but he wasn't entirely soft.

His cock lay like this ... black snake along his thigh, and then it twitched a little.

“See? It likes you. A thousand bucks, girl.”

I glanced around behind me for the first time to see a dark glass partition between the front and back seats.

He reached out again, his big hand slipping behind my neck and pulling me down and in so my face was pressed against his cock.

“Do it, girl!” he growled. “Let's see if you got any skill or talent.”

I glared up at him as he drew back his hand. What an arrogant bastard! I felt a need to show him, to demonstrate just how good I was!

And, well, a thousand dollars!? Seriously!? I mean, sure it might sort of be prostitution, but people looked down on that because you got like twenty or thirty or forty dollars for something like this. Not a thousand dollars!

I reached out and slipped my fingers around his cock, giving it a squeeze, wondering what he'd do if I bit it. I abandoned that thought as I looked at those dark glasses and those big hands. I would show him all right.

I lifted his cock up and back, and then started to slowly lick my way up the shaft. I did it slowly at first, using long, slow licks along the underside, not even touching the head. I mouthed him, sideways, massaging the shaft with my lips, sucking on it, sliding my lips up and down, sideways.

I could feel it hardening in my mouth. I pressed it back again and reached in to undo his pants, then pulled them down further. I would show this arrogant nigger.

I licked along his thighs, then squeezed his cock, sliding my hand up and down to stroke my thumb against the underside of the head. As I did that I leaned in

further, licking at his balls, then sucking them into my mouth.

He had big balls!

I pursed my lips and then sucked them gently, slowly into my mouth, one at a time, sucking and massaging them within my oral cavity, then both together, lips and tongue working as my hand pumped slowly up and down his still hardening and lengthening shaft.

I slid back slowly, letting them ooze out between my pursed lips, then turned back to his shaft, licking my way slowly up the shaft.

It had grown since I'd last seen it! Wow! Just in the time I had his balls in my mouth it had hardened, thickened and gotten longer. Well, I'd always heard niggers had big cocks, so I wasn't all that surprised. It was a bit intimidating, though. I mean, there was something raw and animalike about this big black guy and his big hard cock!

And that, well, was kind of a turn-on, to be honest. I flushed as I licked up the long length of his cock, holding it in both hands at the base, licking it like a Popsicle as I rolled my eyes up to meet his solid, unemotional face, eyes still hidden.

I tilted that big black cock towards me as I felt my pulse speeding up, then pursed my lips again and pressed them against the top. I rolled my blue eyes up at him once again as I let my lips press in firmly, then pressed down so that his helmet head slowly forced them back and he slid up into my mouth and along my tongue.!

I started sucking low and in a rhythmic way as I took the head into my mouth, then slid lower. I bobbed back, then slid down, bobbing up and down on just the first few inches, letting him think this was all I was going to do. Ha!

The truth is that's all a lot of girls did. But I knew I was better. I was going to impress this arrogant nigger. I slid my lips down further, then, taking him deep into my mouth as I sucked, my tongue working non stop. I began to bob up and down on the top half of his cock now.

Even then the thing was so long the head pressed in against the back of my mouth, threatening to gag me. But I had subdued my gag reflex over the years

with ruthless practice.

I could feel my heart beating faster as I worked, could feel myself getting turned on. I wasn't much for sexual fantasies, but I felt myself slipping into one, a kind of masochistic fantasy where I'm completely dominated by some big, hulking cave man type, like Conan the Barbarian.

I pulled my lips off him and licked my way down to the base, sucking and licking on it, then sliding my tongue back up. I let it pierce my kiss again, forcing apart my puckered lips, and this time I slid down until I felt the head entering my throat.

He was thicker than usual, thick enough to make it difficult, but I did it, swallowing him and forcing my lips down further. I felt a sense of conquest, of elation, of triumph, as his slick cock slid deep into my throat.

It ached, but I could handle it as I slid my lips down to the base and held them there. Yeah! That'll show you, boy!

Then his big hand came down on top of my head and held me there. I panicked a bit, but this wasn't that unusual. Guys loved it when I deep throated them, and half the time they exploded right away. When they didn't, they acted like they never wanted me to come back up again.

I rolled my lips against the base, sucking and moaning around it, turning my head a little from side to side, then he let me up and I slid slowly back up the length of him, inch by slow inch, until my lips popped out and I could breath again.

“Not bad,” he said.

Not bad!? I felt insulted! That was fucking great!

I licked my way down to his balls and sucked at them as my hand pumped his cock, then I rubbed the head over my lips and cheeks as I gave him my patented coquettish flirty look. I licked at the head again and then took into my mouth and slid my lips all the way down.

This time I bobbed up right away, but only halfway, then slid back down again. I bobbed up and down several times rapidly, then pulled free to gulp in air.

He gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back.

“Breath control,” he said. “All the best athletes practice it. It makes them much better at what they do.”

Then he gripped my halter, which was half opened anyway, and yanked it down sharply. Because it was half opened and he was real strong he was able to yank it right down over my shoulders and pin my arms at my sides.

Then he pulled me forward onto his cock again. I gurgled a bit, surprised, but sucked him in, and then swallowed him as he pulled me down all the way.

My arms were trapped at my sides, though. I couldn't push back or do anything as he held me tightly against him. My heart pounded faster and faster as he held me there. Then he pulled me up, then shoved me down, then pulled me up, then shoved me down, harder and faster as my head pounded and my arms struggled against the halter pinning them against me.

The car stopped moving. I kind of noted that, but not with any special attention or care. My lungs were burning and my head pounding and I was starting to see little black dots in front of my eyes as I gurgled wetly.

He pumped my head up and down fast and hard, then shoved me down all the way and held me tightly in place as he gasped in pleasure. I couldn't feel him shooting his load inside me but I figured that was what he was doing, pouring it down into my stomach as he held me firmly locked in place.

His cock started to soften as he pulled me up and back, and I was gasping and gulping in air dazedly, my vision swimming as grunted in satisfaction. He grabbed the front of my halter and tore it off, then yanked me forward again so I fell sprawling across his lap.

I was too busy gasping for breath to care about much else. I felt his hands on my arms, pulling them back behind me, then wrapping the halter around them, tying them in place. I just didn't care.

He jerked back on my hair and I cried out dazedly, back arching as he looked down at me.

“Nice,” he said, reaching out to grope one of my breasts. “Nice titties. Nice

shape. Nice and firm.”

He yanked me roughly forward across his lap again and slapped my bottom, then yanked my cutoffs down over my hips and slapped my bottom again. He pulled me up further, sliding my cutoffs down my legs and off, then rolled me onto my back.

I gasped, chest still heaving, eyes fluttering as he turned towards me. The back seat of a limo is a lot bigger than most cars, and the one I was sprawled across was gleaming leather. He gripped me under the arms and jerked me up and back so that at least my head and shoulders were propped up against the corner, then he got on his knees in front of me and spread my legs wide.

“Now let me show you what a pro can do, white girl,” he said.

He pulled his sun glasses off at last, and I saw his fierce dark eyes as his big hands spread my thighs wide. He licked up the line of my sex, licked in a long, slow lap much like I'd started with his cock. But his tongue was so much... bigger! I mean, wow! He let his thumbs spread me apart and his tongue licked along the cleft between, then licked up across my clitoris.

I felt a hot jolt of energy and dark heat at that, and again as he did it again. Then he thrust his tongue inside me, and I felt a shock at how it felt, at how thick and deep, at the feel of that slick tongue pumping in and out of me such a long way!

At the same time his big nose was grinding against my wet clitoris, and it was on purpose, I was sure, as the heat inside me flared hotter.

I was still gulping in air, and just starting to come to terms with what was going on. I stared at the window behind the driver, but I could see now that no one was there, not even a shadow. The car had stopped somewhere and he'd gotten out!

We were in... we were in some kind of parking garage!

And then my attention was yanked back to Bradley, as his tongue slid out of me and he started to lick at my clitoris.

I hadn't had an awful lot of experience on the receiving end of oral sex over the years, but boy, he sure seemed to be a lot better than anyone else who had ever tried! His big tongue licked in hard, swift movements, first up and down, then

from side to side. Then his lips moved in and he sucked on my clitoris before licking again.

I realized, gasping, that I was, like, tied up. I mean, bad enough I was naked, but what he'd done was to tie my arms together behind me with the halter. Now my body was on top of them, which really reinforced how helpless I was.

And that turned me on. It added to that dark thrill of being overpowered and dominated by a big black savage! Poor, helpless little me was was helpless prisoner of this lusty beast!

I can't say I'd ever really felt much of a sense of masochism, but that fantasy really turned me on, and with what his tongue was doing between my legs that arousal deepened quickly.

And then one of his big fingers slid into me. His fingers were as big as some of the cocks I've had inside me! And just as long! I gasped as one slid deep into my overheated pussy, pumping in and out, but unlike a regular cock, it didn't just pump, it pressed up and back against the top wall of my pussy, inside me.

I groaned at the strange, dark, liquid rush of heat that brought, and then cried out weakly as he added a second one! It was like having two cocks inside me! He sucked on my clitoris as his fingers pumped inside me, and then his other hand slid up my body to fill itself with my right breast, kneading and squeezing it as he started licking again.

This was so fucking hot! I was in a limo tied up naked and helpless and being tongued by this wild, black beast man!

Mostly, when I have sex, it's like, well, a purely mercenary thing. I rarely got very excited. So this kind of arousal was a shock to me. I didn't fight it, though. The sexual energy seeping through my muscles and bones and muscles was like a sweltering heat gripping my mind.

I felt myself falling under its spell, as if I was feverish, moaning and gasping and writhing beneath him as he licked and pumped me. I was gonna come, and come big.

Or I was until he stopped and slid onto the seat, then gripped me bodily and lifted me up to drop me belly down across his lap.

*Crack!*

His hand slapped down across my bottom with a stinging blow.

“Ah!” I cried.

*Crack!*

He slapped me again.

“Tell me you're a bad girl,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Don't!” I blurted.

*Crack! Crack!*

“Tell me you're a bad girl,” he growled.

“I-I'm a bad girl!” I exclaimed.

His fingers slid into me and I shuddered as they pumped in and out.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Do you want to come, girl?” he asked.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Please!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say please sir. Say it.”*Crack!* “Say it.”

“Please, sir!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“Hot little slut. Do you want to come?”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Don't!” I whined.

*Crack!*

“Do you want to come for me, slut?”

“Yes!” I cried.

*Crack!*

His hand slapped down sharply and stingingly and I wriggled and writhed helplessly.

“Say it. Beg me to make you come.”

*Crack!*

“Do it!

*Crack!*

“Do it!”

“Please make me come!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“You forgot to say sir. Say it again.”

“Please make me come, sir!” I cried.

I squealed as his thumb pushed into my ass! He already had two big fingers in my pussy, and his thumb, while shorter, was even thicker than them!

“Again.”

“Please make me come, sir!” I exclaimed.

His left hand slid under to roughly grope my breast, then he slid it up and gripped a fistful of blonde hair, using it to yank my head up and back so my back arched violently.

I cried out as he leaned in and kissed me roughly, his fingers pumping inside me as his tongue shot into my mouth! And I couldn't do anything because my arms were tied together behind my back!

I mean, not that I wanted to push him away or anything. In fact, if my arms had been free I think I would have grabbed him, almost instinctively, to kiss him back. But the awareness of my bound arms made the heat inside me burn that much hotter for some reason.

He dropped me and slapped my bottom.

“Tell me you're a bad girl,” he ordered.

“I-I'm a bad girl, sir!” I gasped.

He grabbed me and flung me up and around as if I weighed nothing! I landed heavily on the seat on my back again, body sprawled out as he turned in against me once more. His mouth attacked me! His tongue pumped in and out of me as his nose ground against my swollen clitoris, and I cried out in helpless dark pleasure, hips starting to roll and buck up against him.

He pulled his tongue out of me and thrust his big fingers in again, then he started to lick my clitoris with short, furious motions, letting his tongue press against his lower lip for added force.

The orgasm swept over me in a towering wave and then collapsed. I cried out, back arching, head thrashing, my hips bucking up against his mouth as he licked me hungrily, as he licked me violently, as he sent the heat spiraling out of control and the orgasm screaming through my nervous system!

I cried out again and again, the pleasure a searing wall of sensation that overwhelmed my mind and drowned it in pleasure. I lost myself, lost my mind, felt myself tumbling and turning in the midst of the rushing flood of pleasure, not caring about anything else.

I came down slowly, gasping, moaning, eyes slitted, hardly noticing as he sat up

and pulled his pants up, fastening them together and doing up the zipper. He undid his belt, though, pulled it free of the loops of his pants, and then slid the tongue into the buckle and dropped it over my head, letting it fall to my shoulders before pulling it tight.

I gasped as the belt tightened around my throat, staring at him.

“We got more business to do, girl,” he said, pulling his sun glasses on.

He opened the car door and started out, pulling on the belt – which was looped around my neck. I gurgled helplessly as I was literally dragged sideways across the seat to the door. Then he reached in to grab one of my arms and yanked me out.

I was in an underground parking garage, a public area, and completely stark naked! I gasped wildly as I looked around, but he was walking away, and with the belt around my throat I had little choice but to stumble after him!

He'd knocked my shoes off when he'd pulled off my cutoffs so I wasn't even wearing shoes as I staggered along behind him, the belt tight around my throat and getting tighter whenever I tried to pull back. He opened a door and led me into a hallway in front of several elevators, and then pushed a button.

“Are you crazy!?” I cried, finally. “People will see! They'll call the police!”

He smirked, looking at me through those dark glasses again.

“This is my hotel, baby. I own half of it anyways.”

The elevator door opened and he walked in. I gurgled as the belt tightened around my throat, then staggered after him!

He turned and stuck a key into the elevator panel, then pressed a button, and the elevator rose straight up. Then he turned to me and yanked me in against him by the belt. His other hand gripped my hair and he jerked me up so he could kiss me roughly, my naked breasts pillowing out against the expensive fabric of his jacket as his tongue thrust into my mouth!

“You and me are gonna have some interesting time, girl,” he said, pushing me back.

The doors opened and he walked out, pulling me along behind him. We were in a very narrow hall, not the traditional long corridor at all. He opened a door marked P1, and led me into a very large and luxuriously furnished suite.

About then I managed to work an arm out of the halter he'd twisted around me, and reached up to grab at the belt. He snorted and then grabbed me, lifting me up and dropping me, belly-down, across his shoulder. He slapped my bottom sharply, stingingly, then walked through the suite to the bedroom doorway, into the bedroom, and over to the bed, where he threw me.

I squealed as I fell heavily, then tried to scramble away from him only to have him grab my ankle and yank me bodily back.

'On your knees, girl,' he ordered.

He followed that up with a stinging slap to my bottom that made me squeal again, then seized my hips and jerked them up.

“Kneel, face down,” he ordered.

His big hand pressed down firmly against the back of my head, jamming my face into the bed as he gripped my thigh to jerk my leg open.

“Keep your head down,” he barked when I started to rise, shoving down hard again.

He arranged me on my knees on the edge of the bed, my face and chest on the bed, my legs apart, all ready, obviously, for him to make use of!

He moved back, then, as if to study me, before turning and opening a dresser. He took some black rope out of the dresser, then tied it around my right ankle. He cut that with a knife, then tied another length around my right ankle!

I was... overwhelmed and appalled and nervous and embarrassed and uncertain and, well, intimidated.

“Wh-what are you gonna do to me?!” I gulped.

“Make you scream with pleasure,” he said. “And then make you rich.”

Well, I have to admit neither of those things sounded bad...

He grabbed my right wrist and jerked it down alongside my body, down sharply, until he could tie it to my right ankle with the rope there. Then he reached for and grabbed my left wrist, jerking that down alongside my body, too. I gasped as he forced it back further, bending my body even more, and raising my bottom higher.

He tied it to my left ankle, leaving my belly pressed in against my thighs, and my back bent sharply up by the bed against my chest. My heart was thumping in my chest, and I felt a sense of jittery anxiety as I pulled my wrists against the ropes in amazement.

Behind me, he was stripping, and then he came around to the rear of the bed so I could see him. I gulped as I saw how broad his shoulders were, how powerful his chest, and... how hard he was again already!

“I’m gonna fuck your blonde brains out, white girl,” he said with a leer.

He had a ball in his hand, or so I thought, and then he got onto the bed on his knees and gripped my hair in one hand, jerking it up and back.

I cried out as my scalp stung, as my head was forced sharply up, and he took the opportunity to shove the ball into my mouth! It was black and rubbery, but had some give in it as he jammed it past my teeth.

Well, some of it. It was so big it filled my mouth from top to bottom, pressing down on my tongue, and preventing me from closing my mouth. And it had a strap which he pulled around the back of my head and buckled in place. I felt another sense of shock and wonderment as I recognized it must be a gag, like those ball gags I’d seen on the internet!

He moved behind me, but then surprised me by dropping to his knees. And instead of ramming his hard cock into me his big hands gripped my buttocks in a surprisingly gentle grip as he began to slide his tongue up and down over my tight, narrow opening.

I stared at the far wall, panting, moaning, gripped by a sense of wonderment at what was happening, but I had no way of influencing it, really, as I felt his tongue licking at my clitoris, then his lips take hold of it and start sucking.

All I could do was gasp and moan.

He peeled the lips of my sex open and his tongue began to work on me in between. His tongue was big and long and very agile. He started thrusting it deep inside me, twisting and turning it around, then working it out and up across my clitoris.

I groaned as I felt his finger sliding into me. It slid deep and pumped slowly in and out as he sucked on my clitoris, and I began to feel that dark sexual sense of thrilled heat gripping me once more. This was so darkly kinky and wicked and yet glowed with a wild sense of heat and eroticism!

God! I could hardly believe I was tied up like this while this big ape licked my pussy!

But the heat was rising inside me, despite that, and when he added a second finger I groaned at the thickness as they pumped in and out. His tongue was amazing! I felt my hips grinding back at him in helpless wanton need as my belly and crotch began to throb and burn with hunger!

My body began to tremble with the sexual pressure within. I felt hot all over, inside and out, and that dark sexual fever began to sweep over me again, drowning me in sensation and arousal. I shuddered and moaned and grunted as his fingers thrust into me and his tongue licked me harder and faster.

And then he stood up and I felt the head of his big cock sliding up and down very firmly against the line of my sex. I shuddered and my hips ground against it as the thing rubbed up and down against my clitoris. Then I felt the pressure, felt the mouth of my sex starting to ache with the pressure, starting to burn as he pushed harder.

I groaned heatedly as the pressure slowly spread me wider and wider, until at last the fat head managed to push forward into my body! It was easier then, and I was sopping wet, but the more elastic walls of my sex still clung tightly to that fat head and shaft as it slid remorselessly into my body inch by inch.

But the feeling, the sensation of being filled up by that mighty cock was beyond description. I shuddered and cried out again and again, and then an orgasm swept through me as I shuddered and trembled and jerked, my hips grinding back against his big cock as it slid deeper.

The orgasm was massive, and after long, long seconds of shaking, trembling and sobbing with pleasure I slumped dazedly, gasping for breath as his big cock slid back out again. He knelt behind me once again, licking up and down along my opening, then licking gently, at first, then harder, against my clitoris!

My eyes were slitted and my body was still a storm of sensation as he rose and then entered me again. It was easier this time, but I still ached. I groaned as he slid deep, reached the halfway point where he'd stopped before, then pushed deeper still!

It felt ... incredible as that big cock filled me up, as it pushed deep, deep inside me and made me feel as if I was being split apart! His big black hands slid up and down over my buttocks, then down along my back and into my hair. I groaned as he twisted and jerked on it, then began to pump.

This was like nothing in my experience, and I was swept away on the rising tide of heat and pleasure as he pumped steadily, forcing the last inch inside me so that his hips could begin to slap against my buttocks.

The impact rocked me forward but his hold on my hair made sure I jerked immediately back again to meet the next thrust, and the next, and the next. As he thrust harder, the impact was greater, but he just yanked back harder on my hair to compensate!

Meanwhile his big cock felt as if it was thumping into the back wall of my pussy with every stroke, and my insides were churning with growing heat and violent passion as the pure, thrilling sensation of it drowned me in a sense of erotic euphoria!

I came again, screaming into the gag, trembling and jerking as convulsions

wracked my helpless body. But I couldn't really move much because of the rope and his hold on my hair. I could only kneel there and take it, take those powerful thrusts against me, let myself be impaled again and again!

God it was amazing! I came again and then again and again as he thrust harder, as he used me like a whore, like his bitch, like an animal! The sexual heat burned my mind and flayed my body so that all my nerve endings crackled like live electric wires!

I was intoxicated by the sheer overwhelming power of pleasure that he kept pouring over me, my body flaring white hot with the uncontrolled burst of sensation as he used me like... like a savage! Like an animal! And there I knelt helplessly, being brutalized, being pounded, being used!

In the midst of it I felt his finger pushing into my ass, his big slick finger! It hooked under my tailbone, and tugged up as he thrust, his finger pushing in and out as he used me. Then, dazed, panting and exhausted, I moaned, glassy eyed, when he finally finished.

I didn't move, though. I just knelt there, groaning, panting for breath through the gag, my body aching, but aching in a delicious way as he moved around behind me. I wasn't even sure he was finished yet, for then I felt him entering me again, or at least I thought he had, at first. Then I realized it felt... different.

I groaned as something slid into me, something thick, though not quite as thick as him. But then it got thicker, stretching me wider before narrowing. I felt something similar pushing against my ass, something round and slick that slid into me, like a ping-pong ball. Then a second, then a third, only they seemed to be melted together.

Each little ball was wider than the one before it, and stretched my ass out more as he pumped it slowly in and out. He pushed it deeper and deeper, and I groaned helplessly, breathlessly, as it filled me up.

And then he came around the other side of the bed and sat down. He had a beer in his hand and was still naked. He grunted as he propped himself against the headboard and took a drink from his beer. Then he looked at me.

“I want you to consider what just happened, girl,” he said. “You just had a lot of fun, and didn't have to do a lick of work. And I'm gonna give you thousands of

dollars for it. Why? Because I'm a busy man. I don't have time to search out and seduce beautiful girls. Why should I when I can just rent em for a short time?

He took another sip of his beer.

“Why did I tie you up? To teach you a couple of things. First, you don't have to do a damn thing to make a pile of money. And it can even be a lot of pleasure for you if you have the right attitude.”

He took another drink and licked his lips.

“You couldn't even move, couldn't talk, didn't have to fake anything. And you still made thousands of dollars off this rich boy.”

He reached out and slid his fingers through my hair.

“You know what a good stripper makes in a quality strip club? Maybe two thousand bucks a shift.

That's a four hour shift. And she can do that every night. You want to do what with your life again? Work in some office, where you'll make as much in a year as that stripper makes in three or four weeks?”

“Course, you don't have to be a stripper,” he said. “This is even easier, isn't it? You got to develop your talent and skills a little is all, and then there's all kinds of men – and women – I know, who'll be glad to pay you five thousand dollars for a couple of hours time.”

He tugged at my hair a little and I winced in pain.

“And there's specialties in that business you can take advantage of. You got that sweet little face to go with that body. Lots of men want to spank cute little girls like you, want to do all kinds of nasty things to you. They'll pay even more, and all you gotta do is kneel there, or lay there, or stand there, while they work out their fantasies.”

He took another sip of beer.

“Why pay? Like I said, rich men are busy, and they'll pay for convenience. A few thousand bucks is chump change to a guy like me. And I know lots of guys

like me, guys who are rich, safe, not crazy, clean, and have kinky thoughts about sweet looking blonde girls they ain't about to share with their wives.”

He got up off the bed and moved around behind me. I felt his fingers caressing me, felt him toying with the... toys inside me, both of which stuck out a little. Then I heard a buzzing sound, and a moment later a round headed vibrator pressed against me.

I moaned helplessly, pulling against the ropes, but I couldn't do a thing as the round vibrator slid up and down across my clitoris and began to set my inner juices bubbling and boiling again.

“Rich men who work in offices all day,” he said. “They're surrounded by politically correct laws and rules and don't dare say anything to a pretty girl. They'll pay to be nasty and rude and say things to them, to call them sluts and whores and order them to suck their dicks. They'll pay big time.”

I moaned as he gripped the dildo and started to pump it slowly in and out.

“And here's the kicker, baby. All you gotta do is nothing. All you gotta do is let them. All you gotta do is what comes natural, and what turns you on anyway. Sheeeit, you ought to be paying me for this.”

My hips began to roll and grind back as the heat rose, but then he turned off the vibrator, buried the dildo inside me, and walked away again. When he returned he'd put his pants back on. Then he untied my wrists.

I felt... breathless and oddly disappointed as he removed the rope from my wrists and ankles. But my back sure felt relieved as I slid forward onto my belly with a groan of relief.

He held onto my ankle, though, and lifted it up and back. I turned my head and saw him putting some kind of strap around it, some kind of uh, little belt. It was leather, and had studs, and a big ring on one side.

He dropped my ankle, and put a similar thing on my other ankle, then knelt on the edge of the bed and put one on each of my wrists. Finally, he pulled my head up by the hair, forcing me up and back onto my knees, then put ... a collar around my neck!

I gasped as I realized what it was, and my hands darted up to it, but then froze, not sure what to do. He buckled it behind my neck, then gripped my arms and pulled them together behind me to lock the things around my wrists and then lock them together.

I gasped as he took my arm and yanked me off the bed, then marched me across the room to the walk in closet, opened it and had me stare at myself in the big mirror. I felt a rush of emotions at the sight of myself naked and collared and helpless, but the biggest emotion was a dark, wicked heat.

“How many rich men would be willing to pay thousands of dollars just to touch this,” he purred, his hand cupping and kneading my breast.

He undid the buckle of the gag thing and pulled it out of my mouth. I blinked up at him, licking my lips anxiously as he unhooked the wrist restraints from each other, letting my hands drop free.

“You ever give a man a lap dance?”

I hesitated, then nodded.

“We're gonna see how good you are.”

He turned on some music from the wall speaker, then pulled a chair out from the desk and sat down.

“Dance.”

“But... but you just came,” I protested feebly.

“You think I can't get hard again, bitch?” he demanded. “I can't get hard again it's your fault. Now give me a lap dance.”

So I gave him a lap dance. Or at least I tried to. It became quickly clear that Bradley had gotten lots of lap dances, and considered himself a connoisseur. He slapped my bottom or jerked on my hair fairly often as he corrected me and guided me into doing it the way he wanted.

It was a very strange experience! I mean, there was nothing really erotic about the way he was acting, or shouldn't have been. But I was aroused anyway, naked

and collared, and grinding against him. I was more aroused, I think, than he was!

And his rough corrections did nothing to cool my ardor. In fact, his harsh words turned me on as he called me 'bitch' and 'slut' and 'whore' and especially 'slave girl'.

Because I knew it was like he was saying, that men would pay money just to be able to use words with me they didn't dare use with others. And it also made me feel... intimidated but hot, really, really hot, at how wicked and kinky this was.

And the weird thing was I wasn't really even thinking so much about what he said, about doing this for a living, about doing it with a lot of men and getting rich. I mean, I was and I wasn't. I was fascinated by the idea, and what he was saying, but I didn't think for a moment that I could, well, be a prostitute. I didn't even think the word!

I was too busy doing what he told me, learning to give him a lap dance the way he wanted, grinding my naked body against his groin and rubbing my hard nipples up and down his chest.

And I did manage to get him hard again, but then he locked those wrist restraints behind my back again as he had me lick my way up and down his thighs, and rub my face and cheeks against him. He tugged and pulled and twisted my hair as I mouthed him and then began to bob up and down the full long length of his gleaming black cock.

Then he pulled me up and had me straddle him. He pulled the dildo thing out of my ass and then had me sink down onto his glistening cock, taking it deep in my ass! I moaned as I rode up and down, as he fingered my clit, sucked and chewed on my nipples, and drove me into multiple orgasms again.

From there he made me kind of pose and move my body as he ordered, dropping to my hands and knees to crawl on the floor, then do really nasty stuff, like lick his foot and stuff! It was wicked and kinky and outrageous, but I was starting to think of that money now, and seriously starting to think about whether I could make more money by doing this stuff with other guys.

Then he hauled me across his lap, locked my wrists together again, and spanked me while he fingered me and pumped the dildo in and out. That was less pleasant, but despite the hot pain in my bottom, there was a sharp, glittering edge

of dark, thrilling erotic heat to it.

And then he sent me home, with the ten thousand he'd promised.

“You won't make that much every time,” he said. “I needed to persuade you, to open your mind to the possibilities. Now you kind of understand the sort of money you can make.”

Which was a lot!

The next day I went back, and I made another five thousand for doing pretty much the same things! And I came multiple times, too! And the next day the same thing! The money was unbelievable!

I practiced my dancing, and he made me change how I gave blow jobs, to slow it down, and he made me crawl around and call him master or sir a lot, which was wicked and nasty and, while kind of degrading, also very hot.

The next day we were at it again. I was naked, collared, with the restraints around my wrists and ankles, kneeling, sitting on my heels with my knees spread wide and a ball gag in my mouth. The two dildos were deep inside me, and he was playing with my mind, like he did a lot, telling me what a hot, sexy sex slave I was, and calling me his slut and his bitch.

And then he had a visitor, another big black guy, an ex-football player like him with, I guessed, lots of money given how he was dressed. I was shocked, even mortified when Bradley brought him into the room. My eyes went wide and I squealed and twisted around to try to hide myself as he laughed.

“I didn't say you could move, bitch!” Bradley growled.

He came over and grabbed me, roughly pulling me to my feet, turning me around, then jerking back on my hair.

“Head back! Stick them titties out for us to see!”

I knelt there, mortified as the stranger looked me over, grinning.

“Nice looking little white slave girl,” he said, reaching out to fondle my breasts.

My pulse was racing, my face burning as his hand slid down between my legs to press up against the dildo almost impaling me. I gasped as he pushed it up, and then felt his thumb stroking against my clitoris.

“Obviously a very bad girl,” he said.

“Oh yeah, she's bad,” Bradley said with a grin.

He shoved me into the man, who picked me up, dropped me across his shoulder, and then carried me into the bedroom, closing the door behind him.

I gasped as he flung me on the bed, feeling a strange sense of the surreal in how closely this resembled what Bradley had done to me only a few days earlier!

This man sat on the bed, though, and then grabbed me and dragged me up across his lap.

*Crack!*

His hand slapped down against my bottom sharply, and I yelped in pain.

“Nice ass,” he said, his fingers kneading my buttocks before sliding down between my legs.

He gripped the dildo inside me and pulled it slowly out, then pushed it back again.

“Nice and tight,” he said.

He pulled it out all the way, then inserted it again, thrusting it deep enough I cried out, my head jerking up and back as I felt the nose hard against the back wall of my pussy.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

His hand slapped down on my bottom three times in quick succession.

“You know what happens to bad girls?” he asked.

His other hand roamed my body, sliding under my chest to roughly knead my breast.

*Crack!*

“They get a spanking,” he said.

I was still aghast at what was happening, even though, as I told myself, I had never contradicted what Bradley was saying about how I could sell myself to other rich men. I mean, I hadn't said I would, but hadn't said I wouldn't, and I had gladly taken the money he had given me.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I gasped and yelped as the man began to spank me. My bottom jerked again and again as his big hand came down, sharp, stinging jolts of pain hitting me even as my bottom began to warm.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I cried out at each blow and moaned into the gag, feeling relief only when he paused to pump one or another of the dildos in me instead, and finger my clitoris.

“Blondes are all born sluts,” he said. “It's what they're made for.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Nothing hotter and wetter than a blonde girl.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My ass was getting hotter and hotter, and more sensitive as his hand kept slapping down! Bradley had sort of introduced me to spanking, but this guy was spanking harder, and faster and continuing it for longer!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Stop wiggling.”

*Crack! Crack!*

“You know you're a bad girl.”

*Crack! Crack!*

“You know you deserve a spanking.”

*Crack! Crack!*

My embarrassment had faded as the spanking had continued. It turns out pain is WAY more important in my mind than embarrassment, so the sharp stinging and burning had pushed my concern about my pride to the bottom of things I considered important.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Hot little blonde slut,” he growled.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Gonna give you what you deserve!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I was shuddering and moaning, my eyes tearing up from the burning and aching in my bottom! I was gulping and gasping and crying out through the gag, getting kind of more and more desperate for it to stop.

So when he jerked my head up and back roughly by the hair and glared down at me and said “Are you gonna be a good little white girl?” I nodded my head frantically!

*Crack!*

“Answer me, slut!”

“Yes, sir!” I cried, or tried to.

Obviously the gag kind of kept what I was saying hard to understand. It seemed to satisfy him, though.

I felt an enormous relief when he dumped me onto the floor, though then I yelped as he yanked me in and back by the hair as he stood up. He unzipped and jerked his black cock out to rub it up and down against my face as I knelt there

shuddering and moaning weakly.

“Dirty little blonde slut,” he growled.

He undid the gag and pulled it loose, then shoved his cock into my mouth.

“Suck that black cock, white bitch,” he growled. “Suck it all down, you hot little blonde slut!”

I moaned around it, trying to bob up and down, but he gripped my hair hard, not really allowing me to move as he started pushing in and out. He thrust deeper with every stroke, until he was pushing it firmly down my throat as he pulled forward on my hair.

Only when my lips were wrapped around the base did he stop, holding me firmly in place.

“That's the way every blonde should spend her day,” he growled, “With her lips wrapped around the base of a black cock!”

He pulled back and then thrust forward, then did it again and again, fucking my face roughly as I gurgled and gagged weakly, dazed and moaning. I was getting light-headed from lack of air as he thrust in and out, as he pulled me in and out, before he finally pulled free.

I sucked in a deep breath of air as he slapped my face, then yanked me forward and flung me onto the bed. He quickly shrugged off his clothes as I lay on my back, chest heaving, then climbed on and grabbed my legs, forcing them up and back hard.

“Hot, dirty blonde whore!” he growled.

He entered me and then leaned forward, forcing my legs back further and further, crushing me beneath him as he sank every inch of his cock into my belly.

“Yeah! Yeah!” he growled, grinding himself against me.

He forced my ankles back over my head, forced them down hard, which kind of elevated my buttocks as he began to thrust in and out. His big hips pounded against my buttocks as he used me hard, and all I could do was continue to gulp

in air with grateful need.

He was ... rougher, than any guy I'd ever had sex with, and that wasn't even counting the spanking! He cursed me and hammered down into me with gleeful, almost vengeful delight, crushing me in two and making no effort at all to be gentle.

He finished, thankfully quickly, gasping and cursing and then easing up and back.

I groaned dazedly, relieved as my legs were able to unfurl and the pounding stopped. But he wasn't nearly finished.

He rolled over onto his back, sitting up against the headboard, and then yanked me over by the hair.

“Get me hard again, white girl, so I can fuck that pretty ass of yours,” he ordered.

So I had to lick and suck at his cock and balls, and rub my face over him until he got hard again and his long black shaft stood up hard and thick. He forced me down all the way again, repeatedly, but then pulled me up and back.

“Gonna fuck that tight ass of yours, blonde girl!” he growled.

I still had that dildo in me, of course. He put me on my face, yanked my hips up and back, and then pulled it free, before ramming his own cock deep inside me.

“Hot tight blonde ass!” her exclaimed, slapping my bottom.

“You like that cock, blonde girl? You like that black cock inside you?”

*Crack! Crack!*

I moaned helplessly, and he leaned in and put one foot on the side of my face, jamming the other cheek into the bed as he thrust into my ass. It was an utterly degrading and submissive and helpless position, being abused, being demeaned, being used.

And, I know you'll think this weird, it started to turn me on. The embarrassment

had faded, after all, and the spanking had made almost anything that happened afterward seem not so bad. Now this dark, nasty, animal-like treatment of me was so... outrageous, that it provoked a strange sense of masochistic heat.

I was being so horribly treated! And it was so... kinky and hot and perverted!

So even as he rammed himself into my ass, and slapped my buttocks and cursed me and yanked on my hair, my body began to burn hotter and hotter and hotter. And when one of his hands curled down under my hip and began to roughly rub my clitoris the heat turned into an all out furnace inside me!

It wasn't so much what he was doing to my body felt so good as that what my mind was feeling was so incredibly erotic and deliciously nasty! It was the spark which exploded inside me, and a part of me exulted in how cruel and shocking and mean he was being to me!

I cried out in pain when he yanked my hair up and back and slapped my bottom.

“Tell me you love it, slut!”

“Ah! I love it!” I cried helplessly.

He slapped my breast! I cried out in shock and outrage.

“Say master!”

“Master!” I cried.

He slapped my breast again, stingingly!

“Beg me to fuck you, white girl! Beg for more nigger cock!”

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried desperately. “Please fuck me with your nigger cock!”

“Yeah! Yeah! Dirty slut!”

*Crack!*

“Beg for it, white girl!”

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I cried.

And he did, hard and fast, and the dark heat burned hotter around my head so that when he rubbed my clit again I came, shuddering, too breathless to scream, jerking and twisting and writhing as he continued to pound against me and yank at my hair and slap at my ass.

He got dressed without a word, and left me there panting and groaning. A few minutes later Bradley came in, grinning.

“Your first happy customer,” he said. “Five thousand bucks has been deposited in your bank account,” he said. “And all it took was half an hour of you doing nothing.”

“My ass hurts,” I groaned.

“It'll heal quick.”

“He was a bastard,” I complained.

“Yeah, so? His money is good. And racist Black men who want to get their hands on sexy blonde girls and resent having to act polite are not a rarity in my experience. They love treating them like bitches and cursing them, cause they can't do it in real life.”

He sat down and kneaded my breast.

“It's all about fantasy, baby, and you don't get thousands of dollars for half an hour of effort without catering to that fantasy in a way they can't do easily. That guy only has to snap his fingers to have women. But he can't treat them like shit unless he wants to worry about dealing with the police.”

I glared at him. “Why do men want to treat me like shit?”

“Because you got what they've wanted since they were twelve. And all that time they've resented that you got it and won't give em some. Even if you will, you make em beg for it, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, make em buy you things and take you places and suck up.

“I do not!”

“Girls and women have all their lives. Plus now they're hemmed in by rules that say they can't even say anything like how hot you are or stare at your tits. Add in that Black people have an added resentment of Whites, and the hunger Black men have had for blondes for so long, and you're a walking wet dream to guys like him.”

“He's still a jerk,” I grumbled.

“If you met him in real life he'd be nice and polite and smile at you like a gentleman. You wouldn't have any idea what he was thinking. You don't think lots of guys you meet in your life wouldn't give their left nut to do to you what he just did? Baby, if you do, then you don't know men.”

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He had sprung that guy on me so I couldn't say no, I thought. On the other hand, my butt stopped hurting pretty quickly, and I still had all that money. And it wasn't all bad, really. I mean, so he spanked me, so?

Maybe it was because the memory of what had happened was kind of clouded with the dark eroticism of it all, but I was willing to do the next one, a real customer. I mean, actually go somewhere to have sex with someone for money! Like a, okay, I wasn't going to think hooker, but maybe, uh, escort? Call girl?

A high priced call girl! I could do that!

I had to dress up for the next one. I had to wear a business suit, complete with skirt, and I had to wear lacy white bra and thong underneath. That was the order. Also, I had to carry a file folder, knock on the client's door, and say “I have the Cooper file for you, Mister Johnson.”

I guessed that was to disguise for anyone who was around that I was there for anything other than business, since it was in a big office building.

Unlike the previous case, where I hadn't even known anything was going to happen, I knew I was going over the line here, that I was deliberately going somewhere to offer up sex to a stranger for money. That filled me with self-doubt, but at the same time the thought of the money was really exciting.

And I had this picture of myself as this sophisticated, high priced call girl,

maybe living in a really fancy penthouse apartment, riding in my own limousine. Still, I was nervous as I signed into the building and then went up in the elevator to the top floor.

Even as I went down the hall, checking numbers on the doors, I was filled with uncertainty. I mean, was I really gonna do this!? Really!? God!

I saw the number, and my heart thumped. I licked my lips, then knocked, but there was no answer. Now what!?

I knocked again, then tried the door and saw I was in an outer office, with an empty desk in front of a leather covered inner door.

I slipped inside, closed the outer door, then went to the padded door and knocked. I had to knock hard since it was so heavy and padded.

“Come!” a faintly muffled voice said.

I pushed open the door, pulse racing, and saw a black man behind a desk in a big office.

“Uhm, I have the Conway file for you, Mister Johnson,” I said.

“Get your ass in here, bitch,” he growled.

I gulped, then went in.

“Close the door, and lock it!” he growled.

I did as he ordered, and walked nervously over to the desk.

“You're late.”

“Uhm.”

“I wanted this yesterday, you incompetent bitch!”

I gulped uncertainly.

“Uhm, I'm sorry.”

“Sir,” he said, slapping his hand on the desk. “You call me sir!”

“I'm sorry, sir!” I exclaimed.

“Sorry don't cut it, white girl.”

He got up and came around the desk, glaring, and I had to forcefully remind myself that this was like, a fantasy thing. I mean, he'd called me an incompetent. Huh?

“You think you can get by on your pretty looks?” he demanded.

Then he roughly grabbed me by the back of the neck and shoved me forward and down across the desk. I gasped as my breasts were squashed beneath me.

“Fucking blonde slut!” he snapped.

He yanked my skirt up and slapped my bottom hard, and I yelped in pain.

“Think the sun rises and sets on you, don't you? Arrogant little bitch!”

He gripped the thong and ripped it right off me, then slapped my bottom sharply again!

“Spread your legs, slut! Spread em!”

I moaned, spreading my legs, and he kicked them wider.

“Now that's what I see when I see you, a cunt,” he snapped.

God, this was so nasty!

“I got something for you, bitch,” he said. “Don't fucking move.”

He went around to the front of his desk, and pulled open a desk drawer, glaring at me.

“What the fuck are you looking at, white girl?” he demanded.

“Nothing!” I gulped, dropping my eyes anxiously.

He gripped my hair sharply and yanked my head up and back.

I cried out, grasping at his hand.

“Sir,” he growled. “You call me sir, white girl.”

“Sir!”

He released my hair, then grabbed my jacket and yanked it over my head, flinging it on the floor. A moment later he grabbed the frilly white blouse under it and tore it up and over my head too.

“Fucking, arrogant white bitch!”

He tore off my bra, and then tied my wrists together, fed the rope over his side of the desk, and down underneath, and tied it in place. Then he walked around to the other side. He was holding something but I couldn't see what.

My heart was really pounding and my pulse racing! I mean, he was cursing at me and yelling at me like he was really angry! I had to keep reassuring myself that he was just playing a role, that he was pretending. I mean, he didn't even know me! We'd never met!

“Tell me you love Black men's cocks, bitch,” he ordered.

“I-I love black mens' cocks, sir!” I exclaimed.

I felt pressure against my sex, something thick and hard, but not him, I was fairly sure. It wasn't warm enough and didn't feel real. It was a dildo, a black dildo, and he'd at least oiled it up. Still, it ached as he shoved it into me, cursing me as he did, slapping my ass and calling me all kinds of nasty names!

When it was almost buried in my aching belly he made me close my legs, then tied them together.

Then he started in with the strap!

The strap hurt more than the spanking I'd gotten the other day, but on the other hand, as I found out later, it caused less damage, no bruising, and faded faster.

But it stung! I yelped and cried out again and again as he whipped it down against my ass until it was burning hot!

And all the while he cursed me and called me nasty, racist names and made me apologize for being a nasty, racist white whore!

My ass was on fire and I was crying before he finished. Then he yanked the dildo out, buried his cock inside me, and fucked me hard and fast!

And just as with the spanking, I felt such a tremendous sense of relief, of peace, of relaxation when the strapping stopped, that him fucking me was a wonderful, delightful thing. And as the sharpness of the pain in my bottom faded I started to heat up inside at how nasty and dirty and outrageous this was.

Even worse than before. I came three times as he fucked me, and yanked on my hair and slapped me and cursed me and called me names, and then he promised me I'd get the same if I was ever late with an assignment again.

I left, walking a little funny, if you get my meaning. I kind of ached inside from that hard fucking, and my butt was on fire. But within a half hour my butt was fine, really, just a bit tender, and I was sort of dazedly congratulating myself.

The next day I had another customer, another angry rich black man, I guess. This time I met in a hotel room, and I was wearing a nice dress, and pretending it was mine. Then he came in and started acting like he was my butler or something.

And I had to call him boy, and be snotty to him, and say things like "Can't you niggers ever do things right?" and "Put that away, and don't steal it, boy. I know how you niggers like to steal things."

And, of course, then he tore my clothes off, spanked me, fucked me hard, made me suck his cock, spanked me again, and fucked me again, leaving me aching again

And richer again.

Apparently Bradley knew a lot of angry Black men with money. And none of them seemed to know or care that what they were doing was pretty much what the others had done, which was treating me like shit in revenge for... for what, slavery? How mean white society was to them? I had no idea, but since they

were all rich I cynically thought they hadn't been all that mistreated.

Fucking whiny niggers.

Yes, I know you might think it's ironic, that this white girl who doesn't think too much of Black men sells herself to rich Black men ever day. I've kind of suggested to Bradley that lots of White guys would like to have sex with me, and probably wouldn't need to spank me too, but he just laughs.

“Baby, there's lots of white guys who'd like to do worse to you than these guys. And remember, this is a niche market. You want to be just another escort? You gotta lower your price, cut it in half, at least, maybe cut it by two thirds. Beautiful blondes aren't that hard to buy.”

A week later I had my first female client – Black, of course. First her husband treated me like shit and fucked me, tearing my clothes off and calling me names, then she 'discovered us' and pretended to be outraged.

She treated me even worse, calling me every name in the book as she tied me up and then took a belt to my ass while her husband looked on. Then she made me lick her, and after watching for a while, he got into bed behind and did me hard while she tore at my hair, called me a dirty blonde slut, and jammed my face into her pussy.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, slut!” she demanded, yanking at my hair. “Say it, slut!”

“Ah! Please! I love nigger cock!” I cried.

“Call me mistress, bitch!”

“I love nigger cock, mistress!” I cried.

“Lick my pussy, you dirty white whore!”

I licked, while he pounded me from behind.

Yeah, it was dirty and nasty and... an incredible thrill ride. I came and came again, especially when she started fingering and licking me!

When Bradley moved back to New York I moved with him, abandoning school for now, moving into a Manhattan apartment. There were a lot of angry Black men in New York with money, and soon Bradley started finding me other angry men, like Angry Latinos and Angry Asian men, all wanting to make a pretty blonde white girl grovel before them while they used her body hard.

I suppose a shrink would have something to say on all this, on what a statement it makes about the anger that lies just below the surface between races and sexes, but all that really matters is the size of my bank account keeps getting larger and larger.

And, I admit, I am finding it a weird, dark, nasty thrill to be abused and treated so shockingly badly! I don't know if other call girls have multiple orgasms with their clients, but I sure do! So it's kind of hard to say I'm sorry about letting myself be 'exploited' by Bradley, or mistreated by my nasty clients.

I'm a blonde, after all. I love money, and I'll do what it takes to get men to give it to me.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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*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