

The First Date

A close-up photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace blindfold over her eyes. She has bright red lipstick and is wearing a multi-strand pearl choker necklace. Her right hand is raised to her chin, with her fingers resting against her jawline. She is wearing a black sleeve with a silver buckle. The background is dark and out of focus.

By JJ Argus

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A close-up photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace blindfold that covers her eyes. She has bright red lipstick and is wearing a multi-strand pearl choker necklace. Her right hand is raised to her chin, with her fingers resting against her cheek. She is looking down and to the left with a thoughtful expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

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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.

Melissa Andersson was a good Jewish girl, notwithstanding that her mother had married a Swede who thought religion was silly. Her mother wasn't exactly extreme in her beliefs either, but to keep peace with her family, who thought otherwise, saw to it she went through the proper rituals of life in the Reformed wing of New York's Jewish community.

She did her best to take it at least somewhat seriously, but her father's amused comments throughout her life often made her question the validity of much of what she was taught. Nevertheless, she embraced the idea of being Jewish, despite the irritating habit of people she met to state her most disliked phrase.

“You don't look Jewish.”

What exactly was a Jew supposed to look like, she wondered. Was she supposed to have a particular kind of face or nose, like the caricatures in the media over the centuries? Her facial features, though, tended to come from her father, while she inherited her mother's eyes and high cheekbones and breasts.

She was quite grateful for both of these, just as she was that the DNA from her father's thin blonde hair had fought it out with her mother's dark curly haired DNA and reached the compromise of thick, rich, soft dark brown hair she loved so much, and which spilled down well past her shoulders like a fall of silk.

Her mother and her family stressed the need for education, and so that had always been extremely important to her. Happily, she was able to apply herself at a series of elite private schools, and got straight-As.

That, in turn, translated into her acceptance at Harvard University this summer. The fact her mother and grandfather and great-grandfather had all gone to Harvard were, of course, also a consideration.

There wasn't much doubt about what she would take there, either. Her mother and father were both lawyers. So she applied for pre-law.

When she moved into her dorm room last week she had brought with her a number of things which reminded her of home, including a variety of small stuffed animals, as many clothes as she could fit in her small dorm closet and dresser, her parents advice, and an air of societal responsibility.

Her parents were both very liberal, and they believed in equality, feminism, inclusiveness, and the need for people of good will to fight against poverty, sexism and racism. In fact, she had attended her first demonstration when she was four years old, brought along by her mom to an anti-nuke protest.

Over the years her parents had attended pro-choice demonstrations, demonstrations against racism, demonstrations against global warming, and, of course, against corporate greed and globalism. They felt it was their duty as parents to bring her along, to see to it she embraced their ideals of good citizenship, and recognized what harm their patriarchal, sexist and racist society had done to others in the past.

It was no surprise, then, that given the constant efforts of her parents, and their constant companionship (helicopter parents probably described them well) that her political and social beliefs now mirrored theirs. Fortunately, such beliefs were welcome and widespread at Harvard, so she felt quite at home.

She threw herself wholeheartedly into her studies from the first, but despite the time she spent on reading and studying, she found herself feeling oddly adrift. Her parents had been quite attentive all her life, after all. She wasn't used to being alone, or to making her own decisions.

It was her mother's idea, then, for her to join the appropriate clubs on campus, like the Anti-racist action committee, which worked at eliminating racism on campus, and the Safe Space Coalition, which sought 'safe spaces' where women, minorities, and disabled people could gather free of criticism, disapproval or offensive commentary from others – like white men.

It was at a meeting of the ARAC that she met DeShawn. He didn't actually attend Harvard, but he worked there, and the committee felt any minority who worked at Harvard had a legitimate interest in the subject of eliminating racism. That they weren't as economically entitled as most of the students was beside the point. In fact, it made them even more likely to be the victims of racism!

DeShawn was a tall, husky, broad shouldered young man of twenty seven who worked as a groundskeeper. That meant he cut grass and trimmed brush and trees in the summer, and plowed snow in the winter, in addition to a variety of other handyman jobs.

That he was nine years older than her did not, of course, influence Melissa's

thinking when he asked her out. She, after all, was certainly not an ageist! That he was Black, however, caused her considerable trepidation.

It was not, of course, that Melissa had any conscious racist thoughts. Although she accepted that as a white person she was entitled and thus benefited from white privilege, and in turn, was guilty of racist cultural assumptions and values.

It was, instead, her anxiety over saying or doing something improper in front of this very black man, and thus causing him offense. The thought of giving offense to a Black person was a daunting thing to Melissa, and so a date with him would be filled with stress for her.

Nevertheless, turning him down was not an option. He might think she did it because he was Black, or poor, or both!

She was so anxious about it, in fact, that for the first time ever, she didn't tell her parents about her date in advance. She knew her mother, in particular, would have a lot of advice on the subject. She had proudly told Melissa that she had dated black men when she was younger.

But Melissa was afraid things would not turn out, and then her mother would wonder if Melissa had done something to cause him offense, and be disappointed in herself for perhaps not imbuing her daughter with the proper degree of inclusive beliefs.

At the same time, Melissa was secretly just a bit anxious about the date. It wasn't like she was an innocent, of course, for she'd been on any number of dates in her life, and had sex before, with a couple of guys. They were both nice Jewish boys, though, that her mother approved of. And they were polite and well-behaved and respected her body and mind.

Melissa was, of course, completely inclusive and embracing of different cultures and beliefs, but she thought that from what she'd discerned Black men could be somewhat more... demanding, and perhaps expected more from a girl than she was used to.

There was no way she was going to be judgmental about that, naturally, but she was anxious about disappointing him, especially if he might suspect it had anything to do with him being Black! She reconciled herself to the need to allow him a little more slack if things got physical between them.

His culture didn't necessarily have the same rules of behavior as hers, and it would be oppressive of her to expect him to abide by the values and culture of a Eurocentric society.

She usually preferred to wear a nice blouse, knee-length skirt, and cardigan at school. This made excellent sense to her since it allowed for different temperatures in different buildings and classrooms, and she could remove the cardigan if it got too warm.

She didn't think this was appropriate for a date with DeShawn. He didn't have much money, and would probably take her to someplace that wasn't very dressy. She wore jeans, instead (carefully pressed and pre-faded, of course), and sleeveless cream silk blouse under a nearly see-through, green button-down shirt.

The green shirt was basically see-through except over the breast pockets, which, of course, were over her breasts. The silk blouse underneath would provide the modesty, but to the casual view it would look like she was wearing the shirt without anything beneath. She thought that would look very sexy.

DeShawn was to pick her up in front of her dorm at seven-thirty. Her dates were usually prompt, which was the way Melissa liked it. DeShawn, however, was not. She told herself not to be impatient, even after ten minutes waiting, and wished she'd researched Black culture better. Perhaps they, like many African cultures, had a different concept of time-keeping.

Maybe she should take a course in African culture? That would please her mother!

DeShawn drove up in front of her fifteen minutes late, and honked his horn. Taken slightly aback, Melissa fixed a smile on her face and hurried over, then opened the passenger door of the Ford Escort and got inside. She was pleased to see he was wearing just a black t-shirt and black jeans, so she'd guessed right about her wardrobe.

“Hi!” she exclaimed.

“Hey, babe,” he said, in his low, throaty voice.

And then, startling her, his big hand swept around behind her neck and he pulled

her in closer as he leaned towards her, kissing her on the lips! It wasn't a gentle kiss, either! Her eyes widened and she did little to respond, mostly too startled to think straight. By the time she did he had released her and was sitting back.

“Thought I'd get that over right at the start, save us feeling awkward later,” he said with a grin.

Melissa laughed awkwardly, feeling a little tightness in her chest. The kiss had been... not rough exactly, but very... thorough! And she wasn't used to being manhandled like that! But on the other hand, she wasn't used to being kissed by men as large as DeShawn either.

He probably didn't even know his own strength!

He put the car in drive and accelerated away from the curb and Melissa squeaked and quickly did up her seat belt.

“You don't have your seat belt on,” she said.

He turned and grinned at her. “I like to strap my girls down, baby, not get strapped down myself.”

Melissa was a bit confused about this remark, at first, but then blushed as she sort of realized what he'd said. She gave a little laugh to cover her embarrassment as she felt a rising sense of uncertainty. She was pretty sure he was talking about some kind of kinky sex stuff! He didn't really do that sort of thing, did he?!

Most likely he was just kidding, she thought.

“Nice shirt,” he said, giving her a grin.

“Thank you,” she said. “The color goes with my hair.”

“I like your hair. It's nice and long.”

He reached out his hand combed his big fingers through it, startling her again.

“A man likes hair he can hang onto,” he said before drawing his hand back.

Melissa frowned at that, not sure what he meant.

“Gonna be hot where we're going,” he said, turning to eye her again. “You didn't need to wear two shirts.”

“Uhm, oh, well... the uh, inside one is just silk,” she said.

“You don't need that,” he said, leering. “The outside one is fine.”

“It's practically see-through!” she exclaimed.

“Naw, it covers what got to be covered.”

“Not well enough!”

“Well enough for me,” he said.

She snorted. “I'm not about to go around in a see-through blouse in a public place!”

“Maybe I'll take you somewhere private then,” he said suggestively.

Melissa blushed again.

“I bet you'd look pretty sexy in that shirt with nothing underneath.”

“DeShawn!” she protested, blushing.

“What? I can't say what a hot looking babe you are and what a fine body you got?”

He looked at her and made an appreciative sound which made her blush again.

Melissa was finding herself on uneven ground with him. She would have thought his open ogling of her body pretty rude coming from most boys. But then again he was older and Black. And he wasn't well-educated and so hadn't been taught about the proper respect a man should show a woman. And she reminded herself not to judge him by her elitist values.

At the same time it brought a different kind of flush to her cheeks, because DeShawn was a big, powerful and very, very male guy, with his broad shoulders

and powerful chest. Melissa had never dated athletes, nor thought much of jocks, since they tended, in her mind, to be egotistical. She generally preferred intellectual men.

She wasn't used to being with a guy who was so powerfully built, much less one which showed such rude open interest in her body! She would generally have had some pretty cutting remarks for one who did, but somehow DeShawn being Black made it all right. That was, he didn't realize he was being rude, she thought, so his unintentional rudeness was easily forgiven.

Black men tended to be more upfront in that way, she thought. She'd heard that. They were more direct, which could be said to be more honest, when you thought about it.

And then when they were stopped at a red light that big hand swept up and behind her neck, closed on it, and turned her around, pulling her forward as he kissed her again! This time the kiss was longer, and though she was startled at first, and a part of her thought it awfully inappropriate for him to be kissing her without even asking, she found herself kissing back.

They way he'd pulled her towards him made the seat belt press in sharply between her breasts, and then dig into the side of her right breast as his tongue slipped into her mouth. Melissa felt her breast throbbing, and felt her nipples tightening inside the cups of her bra.

DeShawn let her go and she fell back with a gasp.

“You are one hot, sexy girl!” he said admiringly, accelerating.

“Give a girl a little warning!” Melissa gulped, combing back her hair with her fingers.

He laughed. “Baby, when you're with DeShawn, you better be ready for a wild ride.”

Melissa had no idea where they were going. DeShawn had just invited her out dancing. But they didn't, as it turned out, go far. There was a large old white Victorian home just ahead with a lot of cars pulled up onto the big lawn. DeShawn turned off the road, drove over the sidewalk, and pulled up behind one.

“This is the place, babe,” he said, turning off the car and getting out.

Melissa looked up at the place uncertainly. It looked like a very rich house, or the kind which had once been very rich, a century ago. Now it was brightly lit, and music was thumping in the darkening air as DeShawn opened the door and reached in for her.

She undid her seat-belt, then gasped as he took her arm and half lifted her up out of the car, which threw her off balance so that she wound up pressed against him.

He closed the door and then to her surprise slid his big hands up to cup her face as his body pressed her back against the side of the car.

“You're gonna have some kind of fun tonight, baby,” he said.

Melissa had her hands against his chest, his big, warm, very well-muscled chest, but that didn't stop him from leaning in and kissing her hard again. This kiss was even longer than the last one, and she moaned helplessly, feeling a spiraling sense of some deep, dark heat as her breasts were pressed to his chest.

His mouth was... ravenous, and practically eating at her own mouth, as she moaned into it and gasped in surprise. Then he released her head, his big hands sliding down over her shoulders and arms and then around her. It was only seconds later that they dropped lower to squeeze her buttocks.

He was so much bigger and heavier and more powerful than her that Melissa felt like she was as unsubstantial as a butterfly! He leaned into her, his mouth hungry and demanding, so that her head and shoulders bent back across the roof of the car!

Then his right hand slid up her side and cupped her breast through her shirt! Melissa gasped helplessly into his mouth, pushing at his chest more as she felt his big fingers kneading her breast! He laughed softly and drew back, gripping her arm and pulling her forward.

Melissa staggered a little, gulping in air, but his strong hand steadied her as they headed up to the house. Inside she was reeling. The way DeShawn kissed was certainly not like the way most of the boys she'd known in her life kissed! He was so much more... passionate! And his hunger was so raw!

It made her feel breathlessly uncertain, awkward and uneasy, but at the same time gave her a very strange dark thrill! His kissing was so... animalistic, after all!

She felt instantly remorseful of such a thought. Was she dehumanizing him!? Was she applying her own racist assumptions on how a man should behave!? On what was normal!?"

There were an awful lot of black people inside, she noted in passing. In fact, almost everyone there was black. It made her feel very odd. She'd never been in a place before where most of the people were visible minorities, and she felt a little self-conscious about it.

She was, after all, a member of the oppressive ruling class, a lifelong beneficiary of white privilege. Some of these people might resent or dislike her, and she could hardly fault them for it.

It was very crowded, and DeShawn had to push himself between people, gripping her hand firmly to pull her along behind him. She yelped as someone grabbed her bottom firmly, and DeShawn turned and glowered at the guys they'd passed.

"Hey, man, keep your hands off my bitch!" he growled.

But he continued on, pulling her along into another, larger room where the music was so loud she could hardly hear herself think. The lights were dim, and there were disco ball things flashing lights in places as people danced to hip-hop music.

Melissa felt a sense of anxiety, once again. She didn't think she could dance nearly as well as a room full of Black people! Fortunately, DeShawn pulled her through this room and to another, smaller one next to it, where there were tables filled with cups and bottles and kegs.

He got her a cup of beer, and had one himself, and they moved on to still another room where there were a lot of sofas and chairs along the walls. It was slightly quieter here, but still dimly lit. There were a number of people sitting along the walls, most of them couples, and, while it was dark, it wasn't dark enough to hide that most of them were making out.

DeShawn sat down in the corner, and then pulled Melissa in atop him so she was sitting across his lap! Melissa gasped and almost fell, but had to focus on keeping control of her plastic cup of beer. That distracted her enough for DeShawn to settle her across his lap without her protesting.

“DeShawn!” she finally protested uncertainly.

He had an arm around her, keeping her from moving much.

“What? There ain't a lot of chairs, baby. And I got a nice comfy lap for you.”

He leaned in and began to lightly chew along the nape of her neck, and Melissa gulped and took a long drink of beer.

“So you're gonna be a lawyer, huh?” he asked, drinking from his own cup.

“Well, some day. My parents kind of expect it. It's like the family business.”

“My family ain't got no business,” he said. “Except giving other people the business.”

Melissa wasn't sure what he meant by that, and took another gulp of beer.

“You could take classes,” she said. “I mean, the university offers them free to employees, don't they?”

“They ain't free,” he said. “They just give you a discount.”

He slid his free hand up into the thick hair spilling down her back and Melissa gasped as he gripped a thick chunk of it and pulled her hair back. At the same time, he leaned in to kiss and lightly nibble along the nape of her neck.

Melissa gasped again, her heart beating faster, her mind starting to spin anxiously as she wondered what she ought to do! DeShawn was making it awfully obvious that he expected more from a first date than a peck on the cheek!

What was more she was starting to feel an unaccustomed sense of... arousal! She was sitting on his lap, after all, and the side of her breast was pressed against his big chest! And he was so... so male!

He released her hair and she took another anxious gulp of beer, staring around her at the other couples. The light was low and the music was loud, but she still saw that a lot of these black girls were letting their dates do way more to them than DeShawn had done to her!

Did that mean she had to let him do the same!? She didn't want him to think of her as some kind of prudish Jewish girl, after all!

And then he put down his beer and his hand cupped her breast again! At the same time, his other hand pulled back on her hair and he leaned in to kiss and nibble his way up along the nape of her neck.

“D-DeShawn!” she gasped, grabbing at his wrist.

He pulled her hair forward, tilting her head in and down and kissed her again, his mouth just as hungry and passionate as before, causing her to moan helplessly into it as his fingers kneaded her throbbing breast!

He pulled back and laughed, taking a sip of beer. Melissa did the same, eyes wide.

“Wanna dance, baby?”

“Y-Yes!”

He stood up, actually lifting her up with him in his arms! Then he let her down and led her back through the previous room and around the corner into the dance room. Fortunately, it was dark and crowded, which limited her options and movements. She tried to imitate what the Black girls were doing as much as possible.

Or at least, what she dared to imitate! Some of the things they were doing were outrageous, and totally slutty! They were also dressed in totally slutty outfits, none of which Melissa would ever have worn in public!

Observing the other dancers, it wasn't so much of a shock as it might have been when DeShawn pressed himself into her from behind, grinding himself into her buttocks. His hands slid up and down her hips and ribs, then up through her hair and over her cheek, turning her head so he could kiss her again.

It was very hot in the room with all those dancers, and Melissa was starting to perspire. For that matter, she was starting to become afflicted by heat from within as well as without. And then to make matters worse another guy turned and pressed himself against her from the front, dancing against them.

She was trapped between the two black men, who ground their bodies into her in time to the music, and was breathless with anxiety and a strange thrumming sense of excitement that was building inside her.

DeShawn led her back into the other room, collecting another beer on the way, and sat her down across his lap once more. Melissa was panting and breathing hard as he chuckled, took a deep drink of the beer, then held it to her lips. Melissa drank from it without thinking.

Of course, afterward she worried about how sanitary that was...

DeShawn took another drink and set the beer down.

“You're not a bad little dancer, baby,” he said.

He kissed her again, hard, and she moaned, her hands against his chest, his big, broad chest. His own hands slid through her hair and kneaded her breast as they kissed for long minutes. He drew back, and she gasped for breath, gulping in air as he took another drink of beer, then handed the cup to her.

“Fuck it's hot!” he said.

He reached down and peeled his t-shirt up and off, then took the beer back from her and had another drink before setting it down and resuming kissing her. This time Melissa's bare hands found his bare chest, and a jolt of sexual electricity ran through her as they ran up and down his soft, arm skin.

She had never actually seen a chest this... big, this heavily muscled, not up close, and certainly never touched one! Melissa was finding the tactile sensation more than slightly overwhelming as her hands moved over his bare skin.

When his hand rose and squeezed her breast this time she felt a surge of sensation and heat there that made her moan helplessly. She rolled her eyes outward to make sure no one was watching, but the others in the dimly lit room were occupied with each other.

Again, he gripped her hair, jerking her head up and back even more sharply than before, so Melissa cried out. She felt his tongue and lips moving along her exposed throat, and a rush of eroticism and dark thrilled excitement swept through her.

He was so... forceful, so strong, so determined, so confident, it roused something instinctive in the back of her mind, a wild, carnal need which began to seep into her blood and muscles and bone and fill her with a sense of heat and sexual tension.

She was hardly aware, as he jerked her head forward and crushed her lips with his, that his other hand was undoing her belt, and then the clasp of her jeans. Only when his big hand began to push down inside did she realize what he was doing.

Melissa's eyes widened and she gasped, trying to pull her lips free of his, but already his big, warm fingers had pushed down into her panties, and with surprising gentleness, found the line of her sex, then rubbed against it, against her clitoris.

Melissa jerked her hair against his grip, but he held it tightly, his tongue invading her mouth as her hands, grabbed at the wrist of his hand. It was soft and warm but steel underneath, and she had no hope of moving it as his fingers rubbed against her!

Her eyes rolled wildly, again trying to see if anyone was watching. Her mind swirled with confusion and heat. A wild rush of sensation began to rise between her legs, growing rapidly so that a delicious thrumming pleasure pushed up through her belly.

The sexual pressure grew incredibly intense, flooding her mind and body with need and melting her inhibitions, drowning her higher thinking processes in a seething, churning rush of lust and desire. She cried out weakly as he jerked back even harder on her hair, so that her head was almost upside down behind her, her back arched sharply.

His fingers were rubbing her inside her panties, but now one finger, as it rubbed up and down the line of her sex – and over her clitoris – curled inward, the tip pressing against the entrance to her body, finding it moist, and slick, and pushing in.

Melissa was gulping in air as she felt his long, thick finger slide all the way into her, and her hips bucked helplessly, then began to grind up and down, her legs kicking out, her back arching, as the sexual hunger wrapped itself around her mind.

She felt his mouth on her breast through her bra and blouse, his teeth closing on her soft flesh with almost painful force as he tried to suck her hard nipples through the fabric. Then he jerked her head up and forward, his mouth again crushing hers as she moaned helplessly.

Quite abruptly, he sat up, lifting her again, then sort of threw her up in the air and dropped her belly-down across his left shoulder. Melissa gasped in confusion, head upside down, staring at his back as he walked further into the room, then into a hallway and up a flight of stairs.

“D-D-DeShawn!” she gasped dazedly.

He slapped her bottom sharply and she yelped at the blow.

“I'll give you something for that tongue to do in a minute, babe,” he said.

Melissa wriggled, trying to push herself up and back, but that got her another slap to the bottom that stung and made her yelp in pain.

Then they were going into a room, and he swung her around as he turned to close the door. He swung her around again as he walked forward, and then she felt his big hand go into the waistband of her jeans.

They were already unbuttoned and the zipper was half down, and now he simply yanked on her pants and panties. Melissa squealed as they came over her hips and down her legs! Then she felt herself swung violently up and back to land heavily on her back on a big double bed!

He yanked her pants and panties off her ankles, then, with enough force her shoes popped off, then climbed into bed, gripping her legs and spreading them wide, achingly wide as he dropped his head low and licked his way up her sex!

“Oh! Oh! DeShawn! Wait!” she gasped in alarm.

But DeShawn wasn't waiting for anything! His big hands had a steel-like grip on

her slender thighs as he forced them back and apart, and his tongue was licking hungrily at her sex! Melissa pushed feebly against his head, but he ignored it, his mouth opening wide so he could envelope her entire sex!

He sucked hungrily, his dark eyes looking up at the wide-eyed girl as she gaped down at him.

Then he growled.

Melissa felt a shock-wave roll through her, her body reacting both to the sensation of his tongue and lips on her clitoris and the strength and determination of the big man between her legs. He was like... like an animal!

Such was the heat which rolled through her Melissa wasn't even able to care if that thought was racist. She shuddered helplessly, moaning and grabbing at his head, her upper body twisting and turning as she arched her back.

Her hips began to grind up against him in helpless convulsions as a roar of heat tore through her! And then the orgasm hit, an orgasm far more intense than anything she'd ever felt in her life! She cried out, arching her back, sobbing as her hips jerked desperately up against his hungry mouth!

The orgasm was like a storm in her skull, a storm which sent lightning and waves of thunder rolling through her body! It went on and on, lashing her with waves of sensory overload as her muscles spasmed again and again!

“Hot little bitch!” DeShawn growled.

He rose above her like a black mountain, his teeth white, then leaned in and gripped her silk blouse, shoving it up over her breasts, then forcing her arms up as he yanked it and her shirt up and threw them off.

He undid her bra and yanked it off too, and even in the stunned aftermath of the most incredible orgasm of her life Melissa felt a wild surge of emotion as she realized she was now completely naked beneath him!

He dropped his heavy weight atop her lower body, his mouth taking the center of her left breast into it and chewing as he sucked rhythmically. His tongue licked furiously at her tingling nipple, and Melissa was battered by sensation flooding through her body.

His teeth were chewing at her flesh! It ached, but his mouth was sucking and his tongue licking, and heat swept through her!

“P-Please!” she gasped breathlessly, not even knowing what she was begging for.

Her hands pushed at his head and he drew back, then flipped her onto her belly and quickly gripped her arms, jerking them back together behind her. He reached down and gripped something, then pulled it up sharply. It turned out to be her jeans, and the belt which went through the loops.

He pulled the slender belt free, then wrapped it around her arms just above the elbows. She gasped as he tightened the loop, pulling her arms back closer and closer together so that her shoulders ached.

He rolled her roughly onto her back once more, then dropped atop her, his heavy body practically crushing her beneath it! His big chest pressed her breasts back against her own ribs, rubbing against it as his body moved. His lips found hers as he gripped her hair roughly once more, and he kissed her passionately!

His other hand squeezed her breast, then slid down between her legs fingering her exquisitely sensitive clitoris, and Melissa cried out dazedly, the words lost in his mouth as his tongue shot into her again. She was overwhelmed by it all, by the shock of what he was doing, and the torrent of dark excitement, heat and pleasure sweeping through her.

He jerked back on her hair and she cried out again as his mouth came off hers, and then bit and sucked and licked and kissed his way along her throat. At the same time, she felt his finger pushing into her, squirming through the tight heat of her sex all the way to the knuckle! It pumped in and out, and then a second finger was forced into her, stretching her deliciously!

“Tell me you're my bitch,” he growled, pulling his lips off her throat and staring at her.

Melissa was open-mouthed, her eyes glazed, and he jerked sharply on her hair, making her cry out again.

“Say it. Say I'm DeShawn's bitch!” he growled.

“I-I... I – “

He jerked sharply on her hair and she cried out again.

“Say it, bitch!”

Melissa whimpered helplessly, and he jerked her head up and forward, his eyes inches from hers.

“Say it!” he growled.

“I-I'm... D-DeShawn's bitch!” she moaned.

He undid his jeans and pushed them down, and his cock sprang out, thick and hard. He released her hair and rose onto his knees, gripping her legs behind the knees and roughly forcing them wide.

Melissa gaped at him, at his powerful black body, and at his cock standing out from his groin like a spear, thick, dark and hungry! She had, of course, heard the cliché's, but dismissed them as racist attempts at dehumanizing Black men and making them seem like sex maniacs.

But now she stared at a cock that was far larger, thicker and longer than anything she'd ever seen in person before, and twin rushes of emotion swept through her – of anxiety and anticipation. She whimpered as he used his knees to force her legs wide, then pinned them in place.

He gripped his cock in his hand and let the thick, spongy helmet head rub up and down against the line of her sex, coating it in her slick juices.

Melissa stared, horrified and entranced, watching as he pushed forward, as she felt the pressure against her, felt it grow more intense, watched the mouth of her sex forced back, then slowly spreading wider and wider around his thick black spear of flesh.

“Oh God! Oh Fuck! Oh! Oh! Please! Oh God!” she whimpered.

It ached! But the raw heat which rolled up her body was far more pleasure than pain, as her mind was burned by a fiery sense of hunger and need! She stared at the sight of his massive cock as it began to push into her, feeling a sense of

absolute disbelief that something that big could even fit inside her body!

He leaned forward, his hands coming down on her breasts, fingers kneading and mashing her breasts together. Then he slid forward, his big body coming down atop her. He gripped her hair again, jerking her head back, and once again his lips came down on hers.

Just as his hips pushed forward with relentless force.

Melissa cried out as his thick cock slid deeper and deeper into her body! The pain mounted as his thick log stretched and strained the tight elastic sheath of her sex, and pushed deeper than anything had ever gone into her before!

She tried to jerk her arms up to push him back, but of course, they were bound beneath her and her weight was pressed down against them, leaving her completely helpless! Helpless with this huge, hungry brute of a man above her and between her legs! Fear, and a dark, wild rush of something raw and carnal swept through her!

He pulled his mouth off her, shifting it down along her throat.

“Please!” she gasped. “Please! It hurts!” she whined.

“You'll like it in a minute, babe. Nothing you Jewish bitches like more than a big, nigger cock inside you.”

He pulled himself up and back and then gripped her legs, lifting them and shoving them back against her body, raising her bottom as he drew his hips back a little. The pain eased within her, and Melissa trembled dazedly.

Then he started to pump, slowly, and using only the front half of his big cock. She moaned as she stared at it entering her, for he had forced her knees back against the bed on either side of her chest, lifting her lower body up so she had a perfect view of his penetration.

She stared at it, spellbound, watching his thick, glistening shaft as it moved in and out of her. She grunted and gasped as he shifted his iron grip down past her knees to her ankles, then forced them back sharply against the bed above her head. That actually raised her buttocks off the bed as he held himself above her.

The pain began to ease, and a dark, terrible hunger built rapidly within her. She watched his shaft moving in and out, watched and felt it pushing deeper, and then still deeper, and cried out at the overload of sensations flooding through her.

She rolled her eyes up at him with a sense of disbelief and shock, whimpering as his dark eyes looked down at her. His hips rose and fell, harder and deeper, and she cried out with every thrust. The pain mounted, then faded again, and she felt a sense of almost numbness.

That lasted only until his hips began to strike her buttocks, and then the repeatedly deep thrusts of his cock drove her over the edge into another massive orgasm!

He thrust harder, his hips slamming down against her upraised buttocks and forcing them back against the mattress, which then bounced them up to meet his next thrust! His cock was shockingly deep inside her, tearing up her abdomen! But wave after wave of pleasure tore across her frazzled mind so that she was reduced to an animal state of carnal heat and hunger.

Nothing else mattered, nothing but the heat and passion!

Now his big chest was pressing against the backs of her legs, for he had shoved her ankles right back behind her head! His black body blotted out the world as his hips rose and fell, rose and fell, driving his thick cock into her again and again!

Melissa thought she was losing her mind! All she could do was sob and moan and cry out as the pleasure and sexual electricity tore through her. She had nothing to do, and nothing to think about doing. That left her mind free to float on the towering waves of pleasure, lust and animal heat rolling through her.

He stopped, buried inside her, his weight crushing her down.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

Melissa just gurgled dazedly.

He pulled up and back, letting her body unfold. His thick cock slid slowly out of her body, and then he gripped her arm and used it to yank her into a sitting position. He gripped her hair in the other hand, and she cried out as he forced her

onto her knees before him while he stood on the bed.

He released her arm, but wrapped her long hair around his fist, then slapped her face.

Melissa gasped.

“Say it, bitch.”

Crack! He slapped her face again.

“Say it, slut!”

“I-I'm your... your bitch!” she gasped.

Again he slapped her face, though lightly. “Say you're DeShawn's bitch!”

“I'm DeShawn's bitch!” she cried.

He jerked her head forward and his big cock went right into her open mouth.

“Suck my cock, bitch!” he growled.

Melissa had always taken pride in her oral skills. She was also reluctant to go too far with a boy too early in a relationship, but oral sex wasn't real sex. And she could use it to, so to speak, disarm her dates so they didn't ask for more.

But this... this was not like any kind of oral sex she'd ever had. That was carefully done, almost an art, where she would use her hands and lips and flirty expression to turn a guy on so that she barely needed to touch him with her mouth before he would come.

She had no hands or arms here, and DeShawn thrust his big cock deep into her mouth, deeper than she felt comfortable with. Then he began to pump in and out as she gurgled and gasped and tried to suck and ineffectually lick him.

He pulled out, slapped her face, which slightly stunned her, then shoved himself back into her mouth, deep. Her eyes bulged as he gripped her head in both hands and pulled her forward, and felt the fat helmet head of his cock push into her throat and then slide all the way down!

“Swallow my meat, white bitch!” he growled.

Melissa was stunned at feeling her throat filled with hot, warm flesh! She found her lips abruptly wrapped around the base of his shaft and her face jammed against his groin as he held tightly to her hair and head!

She tried frantically to pull back, but her face was locked in place. Her lower body twisted and rolled but her head was immovable! Her skull pounded and her chest burned!

“This is what white bitches were made for, for swallowing black cock!” he growled.

He held her easily in place, ignoring her struggles, ignoring her gurgling, gasping sounds as he stared down her with a scowl. When he suddenly pulled free it was too quick for her body to react by gagging. And she was too desperate for breath by then to do anything more than draw in deep, ragged, shuddering breaths of air as he slapped his spit-wet cock against her face repeatedly.

“This black cock is what you worship, bitch,” he growled. “This black cock is what you love more than anything in life.”

He flung her violently back onto the bed, then grabbed her thighs and flipped her onto her belly.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom sharply, stingingly, then he seized her hips and yanked them up high before slapping them sharply a second time!

“Bitch!”

She felt him pressing against her from behind, but was too occupied with gulping in air. She shuddered as he pushed into her, pushed deep, and then his hands were on her hips and he was thrusting into her as she cried out breathlessly, gasping, eyes glassy, whimpering at the avalanche of sensation rolling through her shell-shocked mind.

As she got control of her breathing, though, her mind recovered a little, and she felt a sense of amazed heat that she had actually, well, deep throated him! That was a feat that she never expected to accomplish, the sort of thing only very sexually skilled girls could do.

She gasped and grunted as he thrust into her. It hurt less than the first time, and now she felt a rising sense of amazed excitement at every stroke. It felt like every hard thrust sent a wave of liquid heat rolling through her body ahead of it!

Like an animal, she thought dazedly.

Crack!

“Ungh!” she moaned.

“Hot slut!”

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom stingingly.

“Oh! Oh! God!”

Crack!

“Ah!”

His hips slapped against her with a steadily rising beat, then he gripped her hair again, jerking it up and back as a feverish heat began to melt her brain. Melissa whimpered and gasped, gulping in air, shuddering as his hips continued to slap against her upraised buttocks.

It felt soooo, soooo good to have that big cock inside her, to feel it moving so savagely in her body! Yes, he was being outrageous in the things he said, in his roughness. But she deserved it! She was a member of a racist white society, an entitled Jewish princess!

Why shouldn't he be resentful? Why shouldn't he be angry? Why shouldn't he treat her as badly as white people had treated black people?! She certainly couldn't blame him for the things he was saying! He was entirely justified to feel anger! And if she was a sacrifice... a sexual sacrifice to the anger of this powerfully built... incredibly hot Black man, she was willing to martyr herself!

And then he stopped and pushed her roughly over. This time he yanked the belt out of his own jeans, and then wrapped it around the panting, moaning girl's neck. He yanked up as if it was a leash, and Melissa gurgled as it closed tightly around her throat, forcing her up onto her knees again.

He stood over her, towering over her, and her mouth was open as she gasped for breath. He gripped the belt in one hand, her hair in the other, and drove his cock into her mouth, then straight down her throat!

Once again she was shocked, and this time he pumped in and out, jerking on her hair and the belt, his hips working his cock up and down in her throat as she gagged and gurgled and her body instinctively tried to twist free – to no avail.

He pulled out, and a flood of saliva poured over her lower lip as she gulped in air. Her eyes were glazed, her face flushed, and she was sweating as she gasped for breath. The slap to the face hardly meant much more than a sting, as did the slap to her breast.

“Bitch! You're my bitch, remember! You're my white bitch! Say it, slut!”

She gurgled as he yanked on the belt, tightening it around her throat so she couldn't breath, then loosened it.

“Say it, slut!”

“I-I'm... you-you're... bitch!” she gasped.

He slapped her again.

“You're DeShawn's white bitch! Say that!”

“I-I'm DeShawn's white bitch!” she gasped.

She whimpered as he shoved his cock back into her mouth, then pulled her forward, jamming himself down her throat again and pumping in and out.

She gagged weakly, but her mind had been dazed before he'd started depriving her of oxygen, and now she was light-headed, as well. That made her almost less-aware of what he was doing, or at least, less caring – except that she couldn't breath, of course.

She'd had a girlfriend once who told her the gag reflex wasn't really a reflex at all. If it was, you'd gag every time you swallowed food. The gag reflex was all about your mind's decision as to whether the thing pushing into your throat ought to be there or not. If it thought it shouldn't, then you'd gag.

But Melissa's mind wasn't up to much, just then, but a dazed hunger for air. The thick, slick cock pumping up and down in her throat wasn't letting her have any. That was the only thing her mind cared about. The discomfort was irrelevant.

He pulled free and she gasped for breath as he threw her on her back once more, then spread her legs, lifting them up and pressing them back against her chest. He drove his cock deep into her belly and let his entire body down atop her, his chest crushing her legs back as his hips began to thrust himself in and out of her trembling body.

All Melissa cared about for a minute was that she could breathe, and did so, as the pounding in her head began to lessen. Her glassy eyes cleared enough to look up at him, at the man above her, atop her, crushing her, and she became more intensely aware again of his cock thrusting into her.

She whimpered and moaned, grunting at each thrust as he rode her, her body aching as his hips beat down on her upraised buttocks and she felt his wrists against her ears, and her ankles behind her head.

Again and again and again his cock drove down into her, his heavy hips pounding and battering away at her, and Melissa's world began to narrow to just that, to her own helpless state of submission beneath him, to the feel of him driving into her and the dark sense of wonder and heat that rose rapidly to fill her mind and body.

She began to sob dazedly, crying out at every thrust, heat beating at her mind and searing her body. The passion and pleasure rose to levels she'd never felt in her life save for an orgasm. But an orgasm was over in seconds, and this just continued on and on, so that her mind was like something set in the midst of a bubbling, boiling pot of water.

The pleasure overloaded, and she cried out again and again as the orgasm tore through her in a long, merciless wave of pleasure so intense she thought it might drive her out of her mind! And still he pounded down into her, still he impaled her, still his body crushed her, until the orgasm finally faded, and beyond.

The world was this. She had no ability to think beyond it, hardly caring who or where she was as his hips pounded down against her. And then he cried out, cursing, giving a final flurry of hard, deep thrusts before stopping and rolling off her.

Melissa felt... hollow inside. She shuddered, her knees wide, wondering if she were torn up inside but not really caring.

“Nice,” he said, reaching over and casually groping her breast. “Nice piece of tight white ass.”

His words should have shocked her, for they were outrageous and sexist and even, she supposed, racist on some level, except, of course, that only white people could be racist. But her mind was still blasted by the incredible intensity of what she'd just gone through.

He yawned and stood up, then left the room, leaving Melissa laying on her bound arms naked, still groaning and gulping in air. She was just starting to get her mind fit back together, and contemplating sitting up, when he returned. She noticed he was wearing his jeans again.

“Come and dance some more, babe,” he said, holding a beer in his hand.

Melissa had just had the most incredibly intense experience in her life. Dancing was not something she had a lot of interest in.

DeShawn put down the beer and grabbed her ankle, dragging her to the edge of the bed, then flipped her over and undid the belt which had been binding her arms back for... for so long, then picked up her shirt, the green see-through one.

“Get dressed.”

She was confused enough that she actually pulled the shirt on and started to button it before realizing that she didn't have her bra or the silk sleeveless blouse on underneath.

“I... I... need my bra,” she said, her voice something of a croak, her throat sore.

“Fuck that. You don't need that shit. In fact...”

He picked up her jeans, made a face, then went to the night table and pulled out a long, vicious looking knife. He slashed the legs off her jeans, then tossed them in her lap.

“Put that on.”

Melissa gaped at him. Had he just done that!? Those were designer jeans and – !

He impatiently grabbed her arm and yanked her to her feet.

“DeShawn!” she whined.

He buttoned up the shirt, then made her pull up the jeans – jeans which were now cutoffs. They had been low riding jeans before. Now they were low riding jeans which were cut off so high that part of her buttocks showed!

“I can't wear these!” she whined, pulling her own belt off her neck and starting to put them into the loops of her jeans.

“Don't worry, babe. Everyone is dressed the same. The Ho's downstairs ain't gonna complain.”

He marched her to the door, and she twisted in his arm, alarm rising as she turned to stare at her bra and blouse on the floor. Not to mention her shoes!

“DeShawn, wait!”

But he ignored her, pulling her out into the hall and then downstairs, slapping her bottom when she tried to protest.

Melissa was horribly aware of just how thin the shirt was, and that much of it was see-through. She looked down anxiously at the larger solid green pockets covering her breasts, realizing, of course, that they didn't entirely cover them!

Oh, they covered them from directly in front, but not from the sides, and her breasts moved as she moved, jiggling inside her shirt. Then there was the suddenly shortened jeans, which partially exposed her buttocks!

She had just started to recover from the sexual tsunamis which had swamped her mind and nervous system and now she tried anxiously to cover herself as DeShawn led her in among crowds of people!

That those crowds weren't paying her any particular attention helped. That so many of the women were dressed even more revealingly than she was, helped, as well. Beer helped, too! But Melissa still felt extremely self-conscious, and terribly grateful for the dim lighting.

That left her mind able to think back over what had happened upstairs, and fill itself with shock once more at how... animalistic it had been! She'd never been manhandled like that in her life! On the other hand, she'd never felt such an intense rush of heat and arousal! She'd had so little time to adapt to it, though, no time to understand what was happening!

Nor was she given a lot of time now, either! He pulled her into the other room to dance, and they were soon moving to the pounding beat, in among the crowd of others amid the flashing lights. He ground himself against her again, as before, only his hands were more free with her body than before!

That made her blush hotly and jerk her head around anxiously to see who might be watching. But again, it didn't seem that different from how everyone else was acting, and nobody seemed to be paying a lot of attention to her.

It was still horribly hot in there, even in her barely-there shirt and shorts, and she moved awkwardly, sore inside, down there, and with her breasts unrestrained and wobbling if she moved quickly.

And she was, to say the least, distracted by everything that had happened, including the searing memory of his big cock sliding down her throat. God, had she done that!? She had really taken that huge cock so deep into her throat!? So deep into her body!?

She was amazed her throat didn't ache more! Beer helped, though.

She gulped as DeShawn ground himself into her from behind, one of his hands on her hip, the other on her breast. She looked around anxiously again, and felt grateful when his hand moved away from her breast. But then she realized it was merely to unbutton a couple of her buttons. Then his hand slid into her shirt to fondle her bare breast!

“DeShawn!” she gasped, grabbing at his wrist.

“You're my bitch, baby,” he growled into her ear.

His other hand moved off her hip and grabbed her between the legs, squeezing her and pulling her buttocks back against him harder! But then he pulled away, taking her hand and leading her back into the other room. Panting, she followed happily, grateful for the chance to stop and catch her breath.

He sat down and pulled her across his lap again, and Melissa reached down to button her shirt again.

“Don't do that,” he said, knocking her hand away.

“DeShawn!” she whined.

“You got fantastic tits, baby. Why you wanna hide them?” he demanded.

She blushed, looking furtively around to see if anyone had heard over the music.

“You should show a little cleavage,” he said.

And then he undid the second button down from her shirt, then the third, pulling the thin fabric to either side to see how much showed.

A lot, as far as she was concerned, but he slapped her hands away again, and then grabbed a thick handful of hair behind her neck, jerking her head sharply back again.

She gasped, her hands jerking up to grab at his wrists instinctively.

“Put your hands down,” he growled.

Gulping anxiously, Melissa did, head bent back, back arched.

“You're my bitch, remember. You do what I say. An if I wanna show off your tits, I will.”

His hand slipped into her half open shirt to fondle her breasts openly as Melissa gulped in air and her face reddened.

“Hot, sexy little white girl,” he said.

She felt him undoing her cutoffs and his hand pushed inside. She had no panties now, and his fingers rubbed her insistently as he kissed and sucked and licked and mouthed her throat, then licked his way down into her now exposed cleavage.

“Oh!” she moaned. “DeShawn! Don't!”

He jerked her head forward and to the side to kiss her passionately, and she moaned into his mouth, her hands finding his bare chest and sliding up and down. His hand pushed deeper into her cutoffs, forcing them halfway down her hips, and she grabbed at them, gasping helplessly, as two of his fingers curved in and penetrated her, sliding deep.

Melissa gasped at the sharp gush of liquid heat which swept into her belly, even as her mind blanched with embarrassment and anxiety at him doing this in a public place. Yes, it was dimly lit, but it wasn't that dark! Someone looking would see!

“Hot, sexy bitch,” he growled, jerking back on her hair again.

“Hey, DeShawn, what you doing?” a guy asked, as two young men stopped before them.

“Whats up, Tyrone?” DeShawn said, pulling his hand out of Melissa's pants to bump fists with the speaker.

“Who's the bitch?” the man asked.

“This is Melissa. She's from the university.”

“Nice tits,” the man beside Tyrone said.

“Yeah, man, they're fine,” DeShawn said proudly.

And he reached into her half open blouse to firmly squeeze her right breast as he talked.

Melissa gasped, blushing hotly, and grabbed at his wrist.

“Put your hands down!” he barked, jerking sharply back on her hair so she cried out.

“Oh!” she gasped, dropping her hand.

“You gotta teach these white bitches how to behave,” DeShawn said.

With that he undid the other buttons on her blouse and pushed her shirt open to bare her breasts to the two men!

“Tha's nice,” Tyrone said, reaching down and squeezing her left breast.

The other man squeezed and kneaded her right.

“Nice tits,” he said.

“Bitch is making me hard,” Tyrone said.

“Well, like I said, you gots ta teach these white bitches how to behave,” DeShawn said with a laugh. “You wanna help school her on pleasing a Black man?”

Tyrone grinned and opened his zipper, then pulled out a semi-hard cock as DeShawn jerked sharply up and forward on Melissa's hard, pushing her face against it.

“Lick!” he growled. “Lick!”

Melissa whimpered and gasped, and the man's semi hard cock pushed into her open mouth, then slid along her tongue. Her eyes widened as she stared at it, and saw it swelling and hardening before her eyes!

“Suck that nigger cock, baby,” DeShawn ordered, his other hand pushing into her cutoffs again.

Melissa gurgled around the man's eager cock as it pushed in and out. It was long

and thick, but not as thick as DeShawn, and then DeShawn pushed forward on her head from behind as the man pushed his hips forward, and his cock drove into her throat!

Her eyes bulged and she struggled weakly, but the cock slid deep into her throat, all the way, until her lips were pressed against his jeans as the three men laughed in approval.

“That's it, baby. That's how you do a Black man!” Tyrone growled.

“She got the makings of a proper ho,” the other man said, still groping her breast.

Melissa was frantic, though mostly at the thought of other people seeing what she was doing. She consoled herself that since the two men were facing them, they were blocking off the sight of what was going on from most of the room.

Then, of course, her big worry became breathing, as Tyrone began to pump in and out, fucking her mouth and throat, while DeShawn held her hair firmly in place and drove his fingers up into her pussy.

He pulled out at last and she coughed violently, gasping for breath, as the other man began to unzip his own jeans.

“Hey, man, take that white ho somewhere else!” a woman complained.

“Fuck you, bitch,” DeShawn said.

But he pulled his hand out of her pants and stood up, holding her tightly by the hair.

Melissa staggered, gasping for breath, face flushed, horribly embarrassed in front of the eyes of others along the wall, who now were looking at her, and was grateful that DeShawn quickly marched her out of the room!

She pulled her shirt closed and wiped her mouth as he pushed her up the stairs ahead of him, and then back into the room where they'd come out from only half an hour earlier.

And then she realized that Tyrone and the other man had come in with them!

DeShawn jerked her shirt open and shoved it back over her shoulders, pulling her in against him as he kissed her violently. She squealed as someone gripped her open cutoffs and jerked them down, baring her entirely. Then a hand was thrust in beneath her buttocks, palming and squeezing her sex!

DeShawn pushed her and she stumbled back into Tyrone's arms. He turned her around and leered at her as his hands cupped her buttocks, pulling her in tight. Then he kissed her just as savagely as DeShawn did. When he pulled back it was to push her so she staggered back into the arms of the third man, who also turned her around and kissed her hard!

She was trying to find the words to object, but kept being startled and staggered, and then Tyrone stripped off his shirt and then his pants, and his cock sprang up hard and hungry! He grabbed her by the long hair, grinning at her as he sat on the edge of the bed, and Melissa was forced down onto her knees in front of him.

“Show me what you got, baby,” he said, pulling her mouth onto his cock.

Melissa gurgled as his cock slid deep into her throat, and pushed against his hips with her hands. But she found her arms pulled back behind her by DeShawn, this time tied together at the wrists!

“That's it, baby. Suck that black cock,” Tyrone sighed, shoving her all the way down his thick shaft.

She felt a slap on the bottom, then another, and then hands jerked her hips back, slapped her bottom again, and forced her legs apart.

DeShawn knelt next to her, and she felt his hand cupping one breast as Tyrone cupped and fondled the other. Then a hand slid up between her legs, fingering her clitoris as another hand pushed against her, fingers sliding into her body!

“You know you love that nigger cock, baby,” DeShawn said. “All you white bitches do.”

Tyrone jerked back on her hair so that her head rose up, his cock sliding out of her throat and mouth, and she coughed violently, gasping for breath.

“Lemmie show you how to warm up a white girl,” DeShawn said.

He grabbed her and threw her on the bed, then roughly rolled her onto her back and jerked her legs wide before dropping to lick at her pussy.

“Man, all I need to warm up a bitch is to show her my dick,” Tyrone said.

“You gotta train white bitches,” DeShawn said.

Melissa whimpered and moaned, chest heaving, gulping in air as DeShawn's tongue lapped at her clitoris. Then Tyrone and the other man, whose name she still didn't know, lay down on either side of her. She cried out as someone gripped her hair, forcing her back to arch. Then both men leaned in to suck and lick and chew at her breasts!

Melissa's mind was rocked again and again by savage emotional blows that sent it spinning in confusion! First had come that insanely animalistic sex with DeShawn which had practically fried her mind, then her semi-public exposure, and now this!

And yet... there was clearly nothing she could do about it. As that thought sank through the churning confusion of her mind it gave her a strange sense of calm.

And in that calm she felt a very politically incorrect thought. None of these men knew her friends, and weren't of the type to be hanging around with them or communicating with them in any way, so what happened her needn't be known to anyone she knew.

It would not, then, cause any great damage to her reputation or make her seem like a filthy whore to her classmates or family or friends. It was merely an interlude in her life which no one else needed to know about. That meant it didn't really matter that much, at least, not on the level of how people saw her, which she considered so very important.

And that left her naked and bound on her back while three powerful black men used their mouths as if they were feeding hungrily at her body! That lent her a powerful surge of thrilled excitement, for it made her, in a sense, a victim, and her entire outlook on life was sympathy and championing for victims.

But at the same time, she wasn't a real victim, for she didn't feel particularly traumatized or in any kind of fear, and it wasn't like any real sense of injustice gripped her. Instead she felt almost like a martyr, but one who was willingly

sacrificing herself on the alter of the injustice white society had meted out to Black people for centuries.

If they wanted to take revenge on her, they deserved to be allowed to do that. As a privileged representative of the White race and a beneficiary of racism she deserved to be punished!

She shuddered as their mouths sucked and chewed at her soft, sensitive body. Her nipples were rock hard and throbbing in their mouths, and now DeShawn had two fingers thrusting deep into her sex as he licked at her swollen clitoris!

Her hips were starting to roll up against him as her breathing became more and more ragged, a dark flush spreading down her body as she gasped and moaned and her body began to burn. She cried out as DeShawn drove a third finger into her, her hips rolling as his tongue licked hard.

“Please!” she gasped. “Please! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh God!” she half sobbed, the heat becoming suffocating.

Suddenly they moved back and she was thrown over onto her belly.

Crack!

A hand slapped her bottom sharply, then big hands gripped her hips and jerked them up.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Hot little white slut,” Tyrone growled.

He knelt in front of her as she felt a hard cock pushing into her from behind. At first, she thought it was DeShawn, and trembled as the heat baked her mind. Her mouth was wide as Tyrone jerked her head up, lifting her upper body off the bed, and fed his cock into it.

“Swallow that nigger cock, white bitch,” he growled.

Melissa almost felt as if she was floating, but floating on a swirling, churning

miasma of liquid heat. She cried out as she was penetrated, as a thick cock drove deep into her belly and warm flesh pressed against her buttocks.

Then Tyrone drove himself deep into her throat, and started to pump in and out as DeShawn rode her from behind.

Only it wasn't DeShawn, she realized, as he moved around to the side, holding up his cell phone as if... he were taking pictures!

Yet two big cocks were pumping inside her, hard hips slapping against her buttocks as hands raced over her body, squeezing and groping her breasts.

And then someone got their fingers under her and rubbed at her clitoris, and her head seemed to explode with the force of the orgasm that crashed down upon her! Tyrone pulled his cock out of his mouth then and she cried out again and again, her voice rising in dazed, desperate passion as the pleasure rolled her mind again and again.

The man riding her cursed, slapping her buttocks, grabbing her hair and yanking her back as she twisted and bucked through the wild muscles spasms which tore through her. Then Tyrone silenced her by shoving himself down her throat again and pumping hard.

“Tight fuckin' cunt!” the man behind gasped, his hips slapping violently against her.

“Probably hardly ever been used!” Tyrone laughed.

“Fuckin' Jews guard their pussies like they was money,” the man said.

“It is money if you know how to sell it,” DeShawn said.

The man gave a series of hard, deep thrusts, then stopped, panting, releasing her hair. Her upper body dropped to the bed as Tyrone's cock slipped out of her mouth, and the man stumbled back with a groan.

“Man, that's all the time you last, Darnell?” DeShawn sneered.

“She's fuckn' tight, man!” the man protested.

“Gimmie that ass,” Tyrone growled.

He moved around behind her and slapped her bottom before jerking it up even higher. Then he reached forward to grip her arms, jerking back sharply so her abdomen folded in against her upright thighs.

Melissa moaned dazedly, gulping in air, panting, her mind still blasted by her own intense orgasm. She whimpered as she felt fingers rubbing at her over sensitized clitoris, and her hips jerked helplessly under the sensations which the touch sent pulsing through her abdomen.

“Hot white slut,” Tyrone said, slapping her bottom again.

His cock pressed against her back passage, something she didn't quite understand, at first. Then she gasped, moaning in denial, and trying to pull away, as the pressure mounted and he began to push into her.

Crack! “Hot slut.” Crack! “Spread those legs!” Crack! “Nasty ho!” Crack!

Melissa yelped and gasped at the sharp, stinging slaps, and then discovered that, like her gag reflex, her sphincter muscle could be distracted, too – by the slaps she was getting. He was able to slide half his cock down into her and pump in and out before her body even tried to clamp down on him!

She felt a bare foot on the side of her cheek, pressing her face against the mattress, as he pumped harder, pushing deeper and deeper into her ass.

Melissa had never been sodomized before. But realizing what was happening did not produce a sense of horror, but a sense of wonder and dark, thrilled excitement. For this was a fresh kind of victimization, and she was being martyred anew for the way her white privilege had led to the exploitation of Blacks!

“Hot, dirty whore,” he growled, slapping her bottom again.

“You know how to make a whore love it up the ass?” DeShawn asked.

He came forward and then the gasping, moaning girl heard a buzzing sound. A few moments later something slid down her abdomen, and she felt it pressing and rubbing against her clitoris.

It was, she thought, wonderingly, a vibrator. She had never felt one before, but it couldn't be anything else! And the affect on her swollen, overheated clitoris was first to produce a horribly uncomfortable overload of raw sensation that made her cry out.

But then that sensation began to morph into something else again, and a thundering rush of raw heat and lust swept through her as her clitoris burned like fire!

Her hips jerked and her body twisted and writhed as she began to cry out at the stunning roar of sensation! But she was helpless to resist it, much less to move away from it! And Tyrone's hips were now slapping against her buttocks as he drove himself balls-deep into her ass again and again!

A feverish sexual heat swirled within Melissa's mind, much like the one which had swept through her earlier, only even more intense. She felt her mind baking under the heat, and her every breath was a cry of dark wonder and pleasure as his cock drove into her with hard, steady thrusts.

A tremendous orgasm tore through her mind and body, leaving her unable to speak, making dazed, gurgling animal howls of pleasure as Tyrone cursed and rammed into her hard.

“Oh man! Her ass is suckin' me dry!” he cried.

His strokes slowed, and then he moved back, cursing and panting for breath, as the vibrator was pulled away from her clitoris. Melissa fell over onto her side, squeezing her thighs together, curling into a fetal position, her body trembling with the remnants of orgasm as she rubbed her thighs together and whimpered.

“You can make a lot of cash off this ho,” Darnell said.

“Yeah, man. Lotta guys pay big for that tight white ass,” Tyrone agreed.

Melissa didn't hear what DeShawn answered, and in truth, didn't even process the statements. She was only half conscious, adrift in the afterglow of her massive orgasm.

She groaned as she felt hands on her, then felt her wrists untied. DeShawn half lifted her up and back, and sat down in a hard-backed chair he'd pulled out from

a desk, settling her on his lap. Unlike downstairs, she sat straddling him, facing him, not across.

Her hands went onto his shoulders almost instinctively as he softly mouthed her breasts and sucked lightly at her nipples. His big hands caressed her body lightly, moving up and down her hips and ribs, up and down her back.

“Oh God!” she moaned, as her mind began to fit itself back together. “I can't believe I did that!”

“You didn't do shit, baby, cept what I told you to.”

He chewed his way along her throat and up under her ear, and she moaned helplessly.

“Lemmie see you dance,” he said.

Melissa was confused, and only sharp tugs on her hair brought her mind awake quickly enough to understand.

“I want a lap dance,” he said.

Of course, the music from downstairs pounded through the walls and floorboards, and it wasn't like the idea of a lap-dance was one she hadn't ever considered. She started to grind herself against him, awkwardly at first, but improving under his directions.

Grinding her naked sex against his jeans, against the bulge inside his jeans, soon began to have an affect on her body, despite, or perhaps because of what she'd just gone through. A sense of eager sexual adventure and excitement began to grow inside her.

Melissa had never really considered herself to be all that sexy. She wasn't blonde, didn't have that sway to her hips, and didn't act flirty or provocative. She was also somewhat of a prude, or had been, at least so far as doing overtly sexual things.

After all, a woman who wanted to be respected as an equal did not exploit or display her body or her sexuality too openly. So she was a bit nervous and self-conscious, at first, trying to act like that most sexual of all women, a stripper,

and grinding herself against DeShawn's lap.

She started to get into it, though, as her body began to pulse with heat again, and DeShawn's hands began to slide up and down her body.

He let his hand slide down to his crotch, and thrust two fingers up inside her, leaving them in his lap as she rode up and down on them, moaning in heat. She gasped as he closed his thumb on her clitoris, riding harder as the sexual heat grew more intense.

Then the door opened and another Black man came in. He was a complete stranger to her, and she gasped, frozen for a moment, then trying to pull away until DeShawn gripped her tightly to hold her in place.

“Hey, DeShawn,” the man said. “Tyrone said you was in here.”

“Jamal,” DeShawn said.

“Who's the white ho?”

“Someone new,” DeShawn said.

He gripped Melissa's hair, jerking it so far back she was almost staring at the wall behind her, gasping helplessly as he ran his other hand over her breasts.

“Nice tits,” Jamal observed.

“Yeah. What you want?”

He pulled Melissa forward by the hair again, then released it, slapping her bottom.

“I didn't tell you to stop dancing, bitch,” he barked.

Melissa gasped, and then, horribly embarrassed, resumed grinding herself against him.

“You comin' to the game on Friday?” Jamal asked.

“I ain't decided,” DeShawn said.

“Motherfucker, you're the center,” Jamal said.

“Yeah, so? You can be the center.”

“I ain't got the fuckin' height, man.”

Crack!

“Move that ass, bitch,” DeShawn barked.

Melissa squeaked, then rolled her hips more, leaning in and trying to hide as much of her body against DeShawn's big chest as she could.

“This ho gonna be your moneymaker?” Jamal asked.

“I ain't decided yet. You want some?”

“Yeah.”

He unzipped his pants and stepped closer, and Melissa gasped as DeShawn gripped her hair and twisted her head to her left.

“Swallow that nigger cock,” he growled.

Melissa gurgled as Jamal pushed his cock deep into her mouth, reaching out with her left hand to grab the base of his cock as she started to pump her lips up and down.

Crack!

“I didn't say to sit still, bitch,” DeShawn snapped.

Gasping again, she resumed grinding herself against him, and then he jerked her hand down to her side so Jamal could push himself deep into her throat.

“You don't use your hand on a black man's cock, white girl,” DeShawn said.

“You swallow it whole.”

“Got that right,” Jamal said, pumping in and out of her mouth and throat.

“Bitch got a lot to learn,” DeShawn said as Jamal buried the last inch of cock in

her mouth and throat and held himself there.

“Like gotta learn to hold her breath,” Jamal said in amusement.

“Gotta learn to do what she's fuckin' told,” DeShawn said.

Jamal pulled back and she gasped dazedly, then moaned as DeShawn pulled back on her hair to force her back to arch again.

“Now turn around,” he ordered.

She moaned, assaulted by a fresh wave of humiliation and self-consciousness, but DeShawn would not be denied, so she had to turn and then straddle him again, this time with her back to him, grinding her bare buttocks against him while the front of her body was completely exposed to Jamal's hungry eyes!

Jamal laughed, gripping her hair and forcing her head back again. His right hand slid down her bowed body, and his fingers found her sex, then pushed up inside, pumping in and out as Jamal looked at them.

“Nice,” Jamal said. “She's got a fine body.”

“You can say that again,” DeShawn said. “This is one fabulous fuckin' body.”

He pulled his fingers out of her sex and let her sit up more, then pushed those fingers into her mouth.

“Suck, baby.”

She moaned as his fingers slid deep into her mouth, closing her lips around them, face dark red as he pumped them in and out. Then he pulled them free again, dropping them between her legs to rub her clitoris.

Jamal stepped in front of her and gripped her hair, pulling her mouth onto his cock as DeShawn cupped one breast and fingered her with the other hand.

“Keep grinding that white ass against me,” he ordered.

Dazed, she obeyed, gurgling as Jamal pushed his cock deep into her throat and pumped it in and out.

Jamal pulled back and she coughed and gulped in air as DeShawn lifted her and threw her on the bed.

“Lay on your back,” he ordered.

She did, gulping.

“Shiiit,” Jamal said, shaking his head.

“Pull your fucking knees up, bitch,” DeShawn said in annoyance. “Now spread them wide. Wider!”

He sat on the edge of the bed and sank two, then three fingers into her as Melissa moaned helplessly. He pumped them in and out, his thumb stroking across her clitoris as the two men watched her reaction.

His other hand slid around her throat and squeezed lightly.

“Say you're my bitch,” he said.

Her face hot, Melissa gulped anxiously.

“I-I'm your bitch!” she half whispered.

He squeezed tighter.

“Louder, bitch.”

“I'm your bitch!” she gasped.

“You're DeShawn's bitch. Say it.”

“I-I'm DeShawn's bitch!” she gasped anxiously.

“Roll onto your belly, bitch,” he said, pulling his fingers free.

Panting, she obeyed, and gasped as he slapped her bottom again.

“Raise that ass high, bitch.”

She obeyed, and got another slap.

“Spread your legs for black men, bitch.”

Again she obeyed.

“That's it, face and belly down, ass up and ready for me,” DeShawn growled, his fingers finding her sex and pushing into her again. “Dirty little slut.”

She gasped and moaned as his fingers pumped in and out while Jamal looked on.

“Put your hand between your legs, bitch,” he ordered.

He pulled his fingers out and Melissa hesitantly pushed her right hand down under her belly and up against her sex. She felt him gripping it, rubbing her fingers against her clitoris, then thrusting them inside her body.

“Finger fuck yourself.”

Melissa's face burned but a dark, feral heat was rising inside her as she obeyed, as she thrust her fingers into her sopping, overheated opening while the two men watched.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I-I'm DeShawn's bitch!” she gasped.

Jamal laughed.

DeShawn handed her something. It buzzed.

“Use that on yourself.”

Melissa felt another jolt, but obeyed, rubbing it up and down against her clitoris, then sliding it into her body and pumping it in and out.

This was so utterly shameless, so horribly slutty, that she was almost overwhelmed with the sense of being outrageously over the edge! She was acting like a whore, like a man's plaything! She was betraying her gender!

But it felt so incredibly hot, the sensations rolling through her body so that her muscles spasmed nearly continuously.

“Do her,” she heard DeShawn say.

She shuddered as Jamal moved in next to the bed behind her. His cock pushed against her opening and slid deep, and she cried out at a starburst of heat as he laughed and slapped her ass. He thrust into her hard and fast while she rubbed the vibrator over her clitoris, and in seconds she was coming again, sobbing into the mattress and bucking her hips back to meet his every thrust.

He pounded against her until she almost lost her mind, and then he was gone, leaving her alone, laying on her belly, twitching and gasping for breath.

She groaned as she felt DeShawn fill his hand with her hair, and then pull her up. He climbed into bed, standing there as he yanked her to her knees and pulled her face in against his crotch.

”Hands down,” he snapped.

Panting, she dropped her hands as he rubbed his thick, hard cock over her face, then pushed it into her mouth. Her eyes were glassy as he pumped in and out of her mouth, then roughly thrust himself into her throat.

Again her hands came up to push against him, and he yanked on her hair.

“Hands down!”

Her hands dropped to her sides as she dazed stared at his glistening shaft moving in and out of her mouth.

He threw her forward onto her face.

“Lift your ass, white girl and spread your legs,” he ordered.

Gasping, coughing, she obeyed, and he slapped her bottom again stingingly.

“High, slut!”

She whimpered, raising her hips higher, and then felt his big cock penetrating her. It was bigger than the other men, and she groaned in delicious dark heat at how it ached, how it stretched her! He moved deeper and deeper, his hand gripping her hair and roughly yanking it up and back.

“Tell me you love my nigger cock, bitch,” he growled.

She shuddered and cried out at the pull on her hair.

“Say it, slut.”

“I-I love your cock!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Say it, slut!” he ordered, yanking savagely on her hair.

“I love your black cock!” she cried.

Crack!

He slapped her bottom again, then filled his right hand with her right breast, squeezing and twisting until she cried out, twisting her hair to force her head up and back.

“Say it!”

“I love your nigger cock!” she cried.

“That's what I wanna hear,” he said, releasing her aching breast.

He started to pump in and out, using the long length of his thick cock, and she fell forward onto her elbows as he released her hair, then onto her face as he pumped harder and deeper, grunting dazedly at every thrust, moaning at every withdrawal.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Tell me you love my nigger cock.”

“I-I love your nigger cock!” she moaned.

He thrust harder, and she shuddered as his hips slapped against her buttocks. Then she cried out as he seized her hair again, jerking it up and back, slapping

her bottom, twisting his fingers in her long hair as he rode her harder and faster.

The raw animal heat swept around her mind, building into a wild, burning sense of sexual fever that caused her to sob and moan and whimper as her body was rocked by the hard pounding of his hips. It went on and on, melting her inhibitions, frying her sense of pride, or any care for anything other than the terrible hunger and pleasure twisting her mind.

Crack!

“Whore, bitch. Say it again!”

“I love your nigger cock!” she cried dazedly.

Crack!

“Say master. Say you love my nigger cock master.”

He yanked on her hair and she gasped dazedly.

“I love your nigger cock, master!” she cried.

He released her hair, then gripped her wrists, jerking them back along her hips. That pulled on her shoulders sufficiently to lift her upper body off the bed, and jerked it in and out as he thrust, as he pumped, as he pounded into her.

She sobbed dazedly, brokenly, head bobbing up and down bonelessly, hair a tangled mass half covering her face as he rode her harder and harder. She hung for a shockingly long time on that place between wild sexual arousal and the overwhelming, explosive pleasure of orgasm.

And then she tipped over, screaming, sobbing, her head thrashing as he rammed his big spear deep into her belly with every hard, brutal thrust, his hips pounding against her with bruising force as the orgasm shattered her mind.

He jerked her wrists in and back together, crossing them behind her and holding them with one big hand, then he gripped her thick dark hair and yanked it up and back again, cursing as he rode the wailing, sobbing, screaming girl, his cock slicing through the hot, spasming depths of her overheated body as he did his best to hang on, to not come, to keep ramming into her until the the raw heat

baked her mind sufficiently to be his.

Finally, he could hold out no more, and came explosively, pouring his heat into her trembling body, letting her hungry sex swallow every drop before pulling back and letting her fall, barely conscious, on her face on the bed.

“You're my bitch now, white girl,” he said, chest heaving. “You're just starting to learn what that means.”

Melissa barely heard him. She lay on her belly, on her face, slack jawed, eyes glassy, panting dazedly, still wrapped in the deep, delicious afterglow of the massive orgasm.

He picked up a belt and doubled it in his hand, then slapped it down across her bottom.

“Oh!” she squealed, twisting to roll onto her back.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

Chest still heaving, she obeyed, drawing her knees up and spreading them wide as he stood next to the bed.

“Now on your belly with your ass in the air again.”

Anxiously eyeing the belt, she obeyed, raising her bottom and spreading her legs.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he said.

“P-Please fuck me!” she gasped.

Crack! The belt snapped down across her upraised bottom and she yelped at the sting.

“Master. Say it.”

“Please fuck me, Master!” she cried.

“You're gonna be my slave bitch,” he said with a leer, “My nasty little white slave bitch.”

Crack!

She gasped and whined and he laughed softly.

“Turn around, get on your knees.”

She obeyed, grateful to pull her bottom away from the belt. To her surprise, he handed her the belt.

“Put it in the buckle.”

She looked down uncertainly, then fed the tongue through the buckle to form a loop, before looking up at him.

“Put it around your neck.”

She sucked in a breath of air, then put it over her head and pulled it down around her neck, eyes wide.

“Tight.”

She pulled the loop tight, though not tight enough to cut off her breathing.

“Now hand it to me.”

Her hand trembled as she reached up towards his, holding the end of the belt. He took it from her, and his eyes seemed both hot and cold. He jerked on the belt and she gurgled, eyes bulging, dragged off the bed and onto the floor at his feet as he backed up.

“Hands at your sides!” he snarled, as he grabbed at the belt.

She obeyed, moaning, whimpering, unable to breath. He loosened the belt a little, and she gulped in air.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I-I'm your bitch, master!” she croaked.

“You say it, and when I'm done you ain't gonna be able to forget for a second.”

Melissa shuddered dazedly, but a wild, dark sense of shocked excitement rolled through her body. She felt her mind squirming with heat and anticipation, enough to push back the sense of anxiety and fear which also pulsed strongly.

But the dark pleasure was like nothing she'd ever experienced in her life! And she wanted more!

END

The First Date

[The Second Date](#)

Coming Soon. The Third Date

*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? 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!

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