

# **THE RACIST**

## **Argus**

Copyright resides with author  
Available from [bdsmbooks.com](http://bdsmbooks.com)

## Chapter One

A day at the shore was a day of opportunity for Emily. It gave her the opportunity to get a little sun away from her boring time at school and her boring evening job. It gave her the opportunity to be with her friends, the opportunity to meet people, the opportunity to have fun. And, of course, the opportunity to show off the tight, lithe body she worked so hard to maintain at the gym.

She was a small, neat, trim girl barely over five feet. At work and school she displayed a quiet, efficient manner which left others with the impression she was quite reserved and studious. But away from work and school, Emily was a party animal, and had never quite lost the fascination she had first felt when younger, and her then blossoming body had first begun to attract male attention.

Emily liked being looked at. Not always, not stared at rudely, but on days like this, when the sun was shining, the air was warm, and the promenade was full, there was just something special about wandering idly along in her small, thong bikini, her pert young breasts tightly clutched by the small, half crescent bikini cups, pushed together and out as if on display to any man who passed.

Because the top was black, it was more difficult to tell just how hard and erect her pink nipples were. She had deliberately chosen black for that reason, because it always turned Emily on to be half-naked in public. She always felt wicked and sinful – but in a deliciously exciting way.

Her full, firm breasts were clasped tightly in the small cups, the pale skin glistening from the tanning lotion she had spread over her chest – and the half of her breasts which were exposed to the sun.

Emily's legs were short, but well-sculpted, and the high-cut thong bottom, its thin strings angling up across her hips, made them seem longer. Her bottom was plush and firm and round, with the thin line of the black bikini sliding down between her buttocks to press tightly against her soft shaven mound and the tight, neat little slit between her legs.

It delighted Emily to be dressed in such a revealing fashion, and yet be considered respectable – at least by most. She never dressed immodestly at school or work – quite the contrary. But the shore was a place for very little clothing, and so while many looked there were few disapproving scowls, and most of those from older women.

Her shoulder length blonde hair was pulled back in a loose pony tail which bobbed along as she strolled up the promenade, headed for the refreshment booth up the way. Her bright green eyes were covered by small, chic sunglasses which leant her a feeling of anonymity while allowing her to monitor the faces of the men she passed, delighting in each admiring or lustful stare.

She reached the booth and waited amongst the crowd a tad impatiently, the sun beating down on her bare head. When she reached the counter she smiled up at the young man there, who fought to keep his eyes on her face and not her revealed breast.

“A cherry ice pop, please,” she said.

Having the ice pop served two purposes. It was cool and tasty, which, of course, was the main purpose. But it was also a rounded pop, and sliding it in and out of her mouth was a way to tease the men passing by even more – well, the good-looking ones, anyway.

There was just something about suggestively sucking on an ice pop, pushing it in and out of her mouth as a man looked at her. It was even better with teenage boys, who

got so helplessly wide eyed, and sometimes got very obvious erections just from looking on. That was both embarrassing and deliciously, wickedly fun, and a big boost to her ego.

She paid him and moved away, backing out of the crowd. Things were so noisy – with the music being played by the booth, and more music – foreign music of some kind – coming from nearby, that she could hardly hear herself think, and moved more hastily than normal, pop in her mouth, as she walked away and went around the side of the booth.

She knew what was there, after all, a nice, neat wooden fence with a wide top beneath the shade of the trees perfect for sitting and watching crowds go by.

She actually ran into the man before seeing him there, and stumbled aside, grabbed by another man to stop from falling.

And suddenly, everything changed. The bright sunlight of the promenade had given way to the shade under the trees, and she was surrounded by men – dark men, Black men, she realized with a rising sense of nervousness. The loud foreign music she'd heard was coming from a radio sitting on the fence. Several men were sitting along the fence, and others on the bench beneath it. Others were standing around. There were at least a dozen young men altogether, and they looked at her with varying expressions of lust, hostility, and resentment.

“Oh! Excuse me,” she said, startled, starting to back away.

She backed into a man, however, and squealed, leaping forward as she felt his hands on her bare bottom. The other men laughed and she whirled around, glaring, but anxious. More of them were leering at her, and her way back into the sunlight was cut off.

“Excuse me, please,” she said more firmly.

“What’s your name, girl?” the man asked with a leer, his voice heavily accented.

She tried to ease past him but he stepped aside to block her.

“Don’t you want to tell us your name?”

“She’s a slut,” she heard one of the others say, his voice also accented.

“Give me a kiss and I’ll let you by,” the man said, stepping forward, forcing Emily to step back.

“No. Please get out of my way,” she said firmly.

She was frightened, but there were people nearby, after all. There were limits to what these men could do to her. Or so she thought.

He stepped forward again, and again she was forced to step back, gasping as she found herself back against the fence. One of the men sitting there spread his legs and drew her in between, gripping her upper arms.

“Let me go!”

The other men moved in close in front of her, and took her hand, the one with the ice pop, taking the ice pop from it and pressing it against her mouth.

“Show me how you eat your ice pop, cuiz,” he said, leaning in above her.

There was a ripple of laughter from the men surrounding her as he pushed the ice pop into her mouth. Emily was more frightened now, and tried to twist away from the arms of the man behind her. But he squeezed his knees in against her sides and held her upper arms as the man before her forced the ice pop into her mouth.

“Suck on it,” the man ordered, his eyes growing hard. “Suck on it, English slut!”

Whimpering, tears starting to fill her eyes, the helpless young girl began to suck on the ice pop as the men surrounding her looked on and leered. The man before her smirked and drew the ice pop back, then pushed it in again, slowly, as Emily sucked on it.

“Do you like sucking on things, little girl?” he asked in a low, menacing voice.

“English bitches are all sluts,” a voice said.

“All white bitches are sluts,” another said.

She heard a ripple of other voices, saying things in a foreign language.

Emily twisted her head and struggled to break free, but then a man standing next to the one in front of her leaned in and she gasped in terror as he produced a knife, pressing it against her chin. She froze, heart pounding, and he grimly slid the knife up across her mouth and then beneath her nose.

“You want me to cut your nose off, English slut?” he asked harshly.

There was another ripple of laughter, and jokes and words in a foreign tongue. Then the man on the other side reached in and roughly squeezed her breast. The man before her took the other, and large male fingers kneaded and roughly fondled Emily’s breasts as she stared frozen in terror.

There were more words in a foreign tongue, and more laughter, then another knife slid between her breasts and cut the string of her bikini between the cups. They sprang away, baring her breasts, and she felt a shockwave of humiliation roll over her as the men laughed and jostled to get in closer, their hands mauling and squeezing her breasts as the knife was held beneath her nose.

The man in front of her leaned in. He was a massive Black man, with broad shoulders, a blunt face with a wide nose, and large, full lips. He bared white teeth as he leaned in before her. “Are you going to be a good girl?” he demanded.

The ice pop was pulled out of her mouth and she whimpered, gulping in air, trembling.

“I asked you a question, bitch.”

“Y-Y-Yes,” she squeaked.

He reached for her pony tail and yanked her forward, then down, forcing her to her knees before him. She could see sunlight through the legs of the men before her, but they were clearly blocking all sight of what was happening from anyone walking by. Emily could see glimpses of movement not more than ten yards back, but no one was paying attention to the group of Black men – most likely they were giving them a wide berth.

And then she gasped anew, another wave of shock and fear washing over her as the man undid the buttons on his swim trunks and brought out his cock, glistening hard and black, rubbing it in her face as he held onto her pony tail.

“Suck this instead, white girl,” he ordered.

“Please!” she whimpered. “Please let me g – urgh!”

He shoved his cock into her mouth, and the men crowded around, leering down at her as the music wailed. She sucked weakly on the man’s cock, her lips spread wide. Her hands rose, pressing against his hips, trying to push him back, but a moment later the torn remnants of her top were pulled back over her shoulders. Then her arms were yanked back and she felt something tied around her wrists, locking them behind her back.

The man above held her hair tightly, forcing her lips forward along the fat, hard length of his black shaft, and Emily sucked dazedly, gurgling uncomfortably as the uncircumcised head pushed towards the back of her throat. She tried to ease back but the hold on her hair was remorseless. The cock gagged her, and then drew back, pushed forward to gag her again, then drew back, as the men surrounding her chattered and laughed in their incomprehensible language.

Her mouth was pulled forward again, and though she tried to twist and pull away, he was very strong. She gagged as the head of his cock pushed into her throat. Then her eyes went wide, and she tried to scream, tried frantically to twist away, and fought nausea as his cock was jammed down into her throat.

The men’s laughter and comments rose in volume as the man put another hand behind Emily’s head, and forced her remorseless down the length of his fat shaft until her nose was buried in his groin. Then he held her there as the other men applauded. Emily was twisting and writhing, her chest hot, her stomach threatening to turn over, her skull throbbing and pounding from lack of oxygen.

“Fuckeng English whore,” the man said with a sneer.

Black dots danced before Emily's eyes, and the world began to swim around her as he drew her head back. The big black cock came free of her mouth amid a gush of saliva, and she coughed violently and drew in deep, desperate breaths of air.

The Black men were all around her, on all sides, hemming her, their black cocks held in eager hands, pointing menacingly at her face. Her head was pulled to the right, and another cock was shoved into her mouth as the first one rubbed against her cheek.

"Suck it," a man growled in heavily accented English. "Suck it, bitch!"

She sucked on another big, uncircumcised cock as the first one rubbed his slimy, sopping cock back and forth against her cheek and face. Again she was pulled in by the hair, the black cock forced into her throat so that she choked and gagged and struggled frantically. Her nose was jammed into his groin and then pulled back.

Her head was yanked back to the other side, and another cock was pushed into her mouth as the men crowded in eagerly around her. This cock, too, was shoved down her throat. Then a man gripped her head from behind, holding her by the hair and the back of the neck, and the man in front began to thrust in and out, fucking her mouth and throat in hard, deep strokes that made her tremble and choke and gag helplessly.

Emily was frantic, desperate, and prayed that someone discover them. But her mouth was yanked from one black cock to another, and the lack of oxygen each time their cocks were rammed down her throat was making her head woozy. She swallowed a slimy warm liquid, then did it again, then again, as the men thrust their cocks into her mouth and the minutes ticked slowly by.

She was pulled to her feet by the hair, and it was painful enough to scream, but she had no air, and felt drunken and light-headed as they spun her around. Then her head was being bent forward and one of the men sitting on the fence, eyes gleaming, gripped her head and forced her mouth down onto his cock. The men on either side reached in, groping and roughly squeezing her breasts.

A hand squeezed her buttocks, then the thong was yanked abruptly down and a big hand thrust between her thighs, cupping and squeezing her bare pussy. There were more loud, raucous comments and jokes in a foreign language, then she felt her hips pulled backwards, her legs spread. A finger pushed at her sex, jammed into her painfully, twisting and thrusting.

The finger pulled back, and something else rubbed against her, a hard, uncircumcised black cock. The man behind spat down onto his hand, and those on either side did the same, and he rubbed it against the mouth of her sex, then his cock before shoving it into her.

Emily jerked in pain, but was held down tightly, the Black man's hands on her head, forcing her down the long length of his prick, jamming her face in against his groin as behind her the other man worked his cock deeper in her aching pussy. The man behind clutched her hips, while others leaned in on either side, their hands fighting to squeeze and pull and maul her breasts, and to twist and pinch her nipples.

Emily was no virgin, but the cock being forced slowly up into her pussy was the thickest and longest she'd ever felt. She sobbed in pain and anguish as the gleeful men pawed and fondled her, and tears spilled onto the lap of the man whose cock was shoved into her mouth as the man behind began to rut wildly against her.

There was no finesse to any of it. Her head was squeezed in a pair of large male hands, forced roughly up and down on a thick black cock which gagged and choked her. Behind her, the man's hips slapped roughly against her outthrust bottom as he rammed his cock up into the soft pink sheath of her belly. Her breasts were twisted and squeezed and fondled continuously as the men laughed and jeered at her.

After a minute or two of hard thrusting, the man behind pulled away, and another drove his cock into her. Then the man before her came in her mouth and she was pulled aside to the next man sitting on the fence, and then the next, and the next.

The sun moved slowly across the sky as Emily's nightmare continued. And still the Black men gathered around her, jabbering and laughing and pawing and fondling her bare body. She was forced aside again, this time to where the men sat on the bench. This time they made her straddle the first man, holding her hair and arms and guiding her into position over his stiff cock. Then his hands drew her down and she was impaled on another stiff black cock.

The man sucked and chewed eagerly at her nipples. Then her head was pulled forward over his shoulder to a man standing behind the bench, and he shoved his cock into her mouth. Hands moved along her back and buttocks, squeezing, stroking and fondling. Fingers rubbed at her pussy and prodded her rosebud opening. Her bottom was slapped, and slapped again, and the man below cursed her, pinching at her nipples.

They made her ride up and down on his cock, and called her a whore when she did. Then she felt a finger forcing its way into her rectum and twisting around. A thick cock followed, and she screamed in pain into the cock filling her mouth. It rammed down her throat to further silence her as the cock behind thrust and pulled back, thrust and pulled back, forcing its way up higher into her belly.

The air seemed to cool, the sky darkening, as Emily rode the second man on the bench, then the third, gasping and sobbing as cocks thrust up into her bottom even as she rode the stiff cocks below her. A man's scrotum was pushed into her mouth and she was made to suck and lick on it. Then he rammed his cock down her throat, thrusting with unrestrained violence as her body was rocked by the hard thrusting of the cock up her bottom.

There was no longer any sunlight, the shadows lengthening as evening approached. The men were less eager now, just lazily cocky and smug as they raped and abused her. And as the day darkened she found herself on her knees again, bent over, a hard cock ramming into her arse as another thrust down her throat. Then that too passed and she was held swaying, dazed, numb, on her knees, held up by her pony tail as another cock was pushed into her mouth. This one was soft, though, and as liquid spurted into her mouth the knife pressed against her nose once more.

"Swallow, English bitch!" the man hissed.

The hot liquid gurgled down her aching, numbed throat as the men laughed down at her. Then her pony tail was released and she swayed dazedly as streams of urine began to spatter against her face and breasts and belly. She fell backwards to lay gasping, the liquid still pouring over her, the streams moving up and down her body to soak her in urine.

And then she was being lifted, was flying through the air. She cried out as she landed in the midst of thick bushes, and lay there sobbing dazedly as the sounds of the men's voices and laughter began to ease and then fade away.

Darkness began to settle around her as she lay in the bushes, trembling, twitching, whimpering, staring sightlessly at nothing, urine dripping slowly from her face as come trickled out of her anus and pussy.

Hours passed, and she lay there, numb, aching, and as the moon rose she feebly began pulling at the bindings around her wrists. At first they stayed put, and an hour passed before she regained sufficient control of her mind to work at it in earnest, tugging the thing against the small branches of the bush she lay beneath, slowly forcing it down and off her wrists.

Freed now, she rolled over and lay for another time, whimpering, then struggled slowly out of the bushes to stand swaying weakly in the darkness beside the closed booth, staring out at the dark waters. Naked, she stumbled out onto the empty promenade, and then, slowly, not even sure what she was doing, she made her way down along the beach to the ocean and into it.

The cool water rose up over her, the salt stinging her numerous cuts and scrapes, and she ducked her head. A part of her considered opening her mouth, drowning herself,

but then she was walking out of the water again, dripping naked, gasping, her arms going around herself as she hugged her chest.

She made her way up the promenade to the changing pavilion, dialled in the combination to the little locker, and drew out her clothes, then pulled them on around herself and set out down the long dark road to the nearest town. There were no buses out here this time of night, of course, and she wasn't certain she could face the sight of people just yet anyway.

She was still half-dazed from the enormity of what had happened, and ached everywhere. She especially ached between the legs, of course, and she shuffled slowly, legs apart, gasping when her thighs came too close together. Her throat ached so badly she couldn't swallow, and coughing hurt terribly. She had to fight the urge to just lay down beside the road.

She kept walking, however, and by morning she reached town, and the train station, where the early morning workers were already lined up at the station. She felt self-conscious, as if everyone would know, but no one appeared to notice her. She got on the train like everyone else, found an empty corner, and sat down very gingerly indeed, gasping in pain as she did so.

Her body throbbed and ached everywhere, and she didn't even want to know what she looked like as she huddled silently in her corner and tried not to think about anything.

Should she call the police? The idea was far too humiliating. She had no intention of relating the story of how she spent half the day being gang raped, of describing every single thing which had been done to her, of medical examinations, prodding and probing. No, no, no! She dismissed the idea with barely an instant of consideration.

She reached her stop and grunted as she pulled herself to her feet. It was still early, and she slipped out onto the street, rejecting the buses, and walking slowly along. Her flat was only a few blocks on anyway.

It had never looked or felt better.

She closed and locked the door behind her, turned on all the lights, turned the music on softly, and then stripped and went in to shower and bathe.

Two hours later, she felt slightly more human, drank some fruit juice, took some pain medication, then crawled into bed and fell into a deep, exhausted sleep.

## Chapter Two

Over the following weeks and months, Emily tried to put the event behind her. And she was a strong girl, and had some success. Yes, she had been gang-raped, but the physical harm healed quickly. And, oddly, she did not feel the deep-seated trauma and terror that she knew other girls had at such events. Perhaps it was because she had been so close to the promenade, that all the time they had been raping and molesting her, she had had it in the back of her mind that nothing really terrible could happen, that they would certainly not kill her or such, and leave her for everyone to find.

In fact, after the first few rapes, all she could remember was pain and discomfort. Even the humiliation had gone away, along with the fear. All she remembered feeling after that was anger and a desperate wish that it would end so she could go away.

Well it had, and so she tried not to look back at it. When she did, she felt a burning anger at the men who had so cruelly and casually raped and abused her. She knew who they were now: Somalia's. She felt outraged that the stupid politicians had let such people in, and even more outraged that these people had then assumed a smug sense of superiority over her and other British girls.

She had always known, of a sort, that the Muslims thought all other women were whores, that only those who behaved chastely and wore their silly bed sheets over their heads were appropriately modest. Bloody backward idiots!

To have such backward people looking down on her, sneering at her for being a slut, just because she was a British girl, made her stomach churn and her mind burn with anger and indignation. Fucking immigrants! She'd never given them much thought before, but now she felt a genuine hate against them all, and against all the simpering fools who catered to them and allowed more in every year.

Call her racist, now would they? Let them fucking try!  
Bastards!

It was fortunate that in her daily life she rarely encountered them. At college, there were few, if any (too stupid for it, she thought disdainfully) and the upscale lingerie store where she worked never attracted their like.

But she had to control her expression when in public, when she saw them on the buses and underground. She felt like scowling murderously every time someone spoke with an accent. But along with her anger was a sense of wariness, of being prey to ruthless predators. The way men looked at her now took on a different tone, and she felt a sense of nervousness as their eyes skimmed over her, wondering what they were thinking, of what they would say or do. Did they want to grab her, molest her, rape her?

Outwardly, there was little sign of a change in Emily, except insofar as she became even more studious and intent on her studies – in engineering, as it happened, and that she spoke even less to others without purpose. She marched from class to class, from place to place, with a determination that certainly did not encourage casual conversation. She did not meet anyone's eye as she marched from place to place, and locked herself tightly up in her flat each evening.

At home, she studied, or watched TV. She did not go out, and had no interest in dating. Dating or sex. The thought of sex did nothing for her except bring to mind laughing, jeering, sweaty black men, and the endless thrusting of their cocks into her every orifice.

She had nightmares about those cocks, and their endless, repetitive plunging in and out of her body; one, two and three at a time.

It was not at all out of place that she began to feel a sense of victimhood, as well as a kind of paranoia about men, especially Muslim and Black men. They all wanted her. They wanted to grab her, and hold her down, and... and fuck her, and fuck her, and fuck her!

She also felt a sense of self loathing. How stupid she'd been! How could she have just walked in amongst them like that!? Why hadn't she screamed to draw attention!? Why had she not simply shoved them aside and screamed if they refused!? How could she have been unable to attract anyone's attention when there were scores of people only a few meters off? She knew the police would have asked that if she'd reported what had happened. Everyone would have asked that. Then they'd have looked at her oddly. As if perhaps she had wanted it.

At the very least they'd think what a stupid little weak bitch she was. And Emily found it hard not to think that of herself. She was lucky those animals hadn't killed her.

Maybe they should have! Maybe she'd deserved it! Or at the very least deserved to be beaten up. Stupid cow! Stupid slut! Watch where you're going next time!

\* \* \* \* \*

Emily looked at herself in the mirror, her eyes bloodshot. She was swaying a little, for she'd had more than a few to drink that evening. She scowled at herself as she swayed, and gripped the edge of the sink to hold herself steady.

"S-stupid bitch!" she said to her image.

She was wearing nothing but a thong, and for a moment tried to remember why, then remembered spilling her drink onto her nightshirt. That was why she was here, she thought, to – to clean the liquor off her chest...

She looked at her breasts, and saw them covered in black hands again, thick fingers digging into the soft flesh, teeth biting into her white skin as hot mouths sucked at her. Her mind was filled with the clamour of their chatter and joking and babbling, and the images of them all around her. She shook it off, glaring.

"Sh-shtupid... b-bitch," she said.

On impulse, she slapped her breast. It stung and she gasped in pain.

Served you fucking right, she thought fiercely.

She slapped her breast again, making it jiggle and bounce, then slapped the other, gasping and crying out softly in pain. Her breasts felt hot and sore, and she slapped them again, staggering back, wincing. She reached down for her thong, gripped the waistband hard, and yanked – hard. The material jammed up into her sex painfully, dug up between her labia, strained and pinched and sawed against her, then ultimately tore.

Fucking whore! That was what she was!

She bent herself over the counter, pushing her ass back, raising it openly, invitingly, spreading her thighs.

Fuck me! Go ahead! Rape me! I'm a fucking whore and I deserve it!

She imagined them leering and jostling to get into position, imagined their cocks thrusting into her, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting as they had before.

She'd deserve it, too!

She reached back and slapped her bottom, gasping at the sting of it against both bottom and hand. Then she slapped herself again, and again.

Bitch!

She spanked herself, gasping at the hot pain to her hand and buttocks, wincing and cursing as she slapped at her bottom. It hurt and yet – and yet there was a strange sense of rightness, and something she hadn't felt in quite some months: arousal.

Emily made her drunken way back into her bedroom and seized a thin leather belt from the closet. She bent over the bed and then swung the belt back and across at her bottom, crying out at the stinging blow.

Whore!

Another blow, and another. It hurt! But she deserved it!

She slashed the belt across her bottom and back, crying out in pain at every blow.

Why did the pain feel so good?

She straightened, gasping, red faced, panting for breath. Her mind spun about for something, and then she staggered into the kitchen, caught by an idea. She opened the refrigerator and bent, tugging at the lower drawer. And there it was.

It wasn't black – but green, and cold rather than hot. But it was large, long and very thick. She pulled out the cucumber, along with the butter, and stuck the end of the long cucumber into the butter. She squatted down right then and there on the floor, gasping as she squatted above the cucumber and brought her soft, moist sex down against the fat round end.

She rubbed and ground herself against it, pushing harder. She knew it would hurt, wanted it to hurt, wanted to hurt herself. She groaned as the butter mashed into the mouth of her pussy, gasped as the thing began to force open her sex lips. She rode and twisted, reaching up and back, gripping the door of the refrigerator as she settled herself down on the cucumber.

She felt a steadily building ache, and then, slowly, ever so slowly, the lips of her sex stretched wider, and then still wider, and the cucumber began to push up into her body. The pain grew and she moaned. The pain was like heat, heat burning at her pussy. And she thought of how her pussy had burned as they had raped her again and again. She had the thing well and truly lodged inside her now as she gulped in air. She reached up with both hands, gripping the door of the fridge, stretching her body out.

Slowly, she began to sink. The wider body of the cucumber forced her sex lips even further apart, and she cursed and moaned and rolled her head, eyes closed, as it pushed deeper into the narrow sleeve of her pussy.

So big, it was so fucking big!

It hurt, and she forced herself lower, taking the cold, hard cock up deeper into her aching belly. It was thick and full and she felt crammed solidly, more than half of it inside herself now as she gripped the fridge door with white knuckled fingers.

Her pussy began to adjust, the pain fading, and she cursed and let herself sink down more.

The pain bit into her. “Unnghg,” she gasped. “Fuck!”

She sank lower, clenching her teeth as the thick green cucumber pushed slowly up into her gut, rasping through her taut sex lips.

She let go of the fridge door to sink lower, and then a trembling hand dropped between her legs, rubbing at the entrance to her pussy, at the slick, slippery lips wrapped tightly around the green cock. She rubbed at them, and her finger traced up along her sensitive clit. She began to rub, gently at first, then faster and harder, gasping, moaning, eyes closed as she jammed herself down onto the substitute cock and masturbated.

The orgasm crashed down around her, massive and intense, and she cried out, blown away by the force of the pleasure tearing through her.

She fell forward onto hands and knees, gasping, panting for breath, overheated, overwrought, and still quite drunk. She reached down between her legs, rubbing at her clit, and then raised her bottom and pushed the base of the cucumber back against the door of the refrigerator, rolling and thrusting back with her quivering bottom, jamming the thing deeper as she frantically fingered herself.

It was almost all inside her now, and she ached inside. Something made her crawl back to her bedroom, to crawl like a whore, like a bitch, like a girl being ridden hard, being fucked doggy style. She crawled up to her bed and took the belt, then slashed it back across her bottom again and again.

Then she found an easier target. She had only to swing the belt straight back over her shoulders and it would whip down between her buttocks, across the bit of cucumber

still protruding from her grossly spread sex lips, and then onto that most sensitive portion of her anatomy at the top of her pussy.

Again and again, gasping and sobbing and crying out, she whipped the belt back and down, and it struck at her clit again and again, pain clawing at her mind until another massive orgasm howled through her and she collapsed forward onto her face, sobbing weakly and moaning in pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Emily was disgusted with herself, angry and filled with self-loathing. She hated Blacks, especially Black men. She wanted to hiss “Nigger!” at every one she saw.

And yet she could not repress the lurid images in her mind of stiff black cocks thrusting into her mouth, into her pussy, into her arse. She could not escape the shuddering carnal lust that swept through her as she thought of how they had gang raped her, how they had degraded her, sodomised her, even urinated on her.

How could she feel aroused at the thought of fucking those filthy animals!? What was wrong with her? She was a sick, demented pervert!

Maybe she should see some kind of psychiatrist?

But no! How could she!? How could she possibly tell anyone what had happened to her? How could she explain it when she couldn't even explain it to herself? She was so weak! She hated herself for her weakness!

She was sore after her drunken encounter with the cucumber, very sore, and that soreness stayed with her through the day, reminding her of her perversion, and, despite her best efforts, reminding her of the raw, animal heat and pleasure she had felt as the big cucumber had slid up into her aching body.

She determined even more to put her mind into her studies, to think of nothing else which might cause her to remember that terrible day, which might pull her mind into dark, ugly fantasies of herself being pawed by those – those apes!

She worked hard, and walked very quickly, head down, between home and school. She pushed quickly into her apartment and then felt a shockwave run through her at sight of the large black man in the lobby. But then her fear eased as she saw the uniform on him. He was a postman, just then finishing up putting letters, magazines and packages into the boxes. She glared fiercely at him. Bloody nigger! What business did he have having a decent job!? He should be cleaning floors!

She brushed past him, opened her box, and felt another little shockwave of guilt, anger and shame as she saw, along with the magazines, the package jammed into the small box. It was too large to fit, but the postman had jammed it in so it fit anyway. The box had cracked, and part of the paperback books inside was exposed. She felt her face flame as she snatched them out and hurried into the apartment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abdi Muhammad watched the blonde girl disappear with a purr in his mind. Lovely little slut, he thought. He loved blondes, loved sinking his cock into their tight pussies, loved having them kneel and suck him. The African girls would never do that, but they weren't sluts like the British girls were. They had dignity and pride.

Abdi had come to the UK as a visitor, and then stayed illegally. At first he had sold drugs, but then he had married a white woman and put in for British citizenship. His parents had been outraged but he had assured them that the marriage was not real. It had only been held in a Christian church, after all. And once he had his citizenship he would get rid of the Christian whore and get a proper Muslim wife. More importantly, he would, as a citizen, be able to bring his parents and uncles and aunts and cousins and brothers and sisters over.

After he had gotten his citizenship that was exactly what he had done, and last year he had travelled back to Nigeria to get a proper Muslim wife who would know her place and produce fine Muslim children.

But he still liked getting his hands on the fine soft hair of blonde women, loved making them degrade themselves for him, loved making them act like the whores they pretended not to be.

He had seen this blonde bitch before, for of course, he noticed blonde women in particular, especially ones with such an abundance of what was obviously real blonde hair, the white blonde of a Nordic girl. He had licked his lips at her narrow hips, at her exposed belly, at her firm breasts. But he had also seen the way she glared at him with contempt. Dirty white racist slut, he had thought, wishing he dared to teach her her place. But this was an ignorant, heathen country where women ruled, where you could go to jail if you looked at one cross wise.

He had known that the package contained paperback books. There was nothing unusual about that. But the package, despite having no identification as to its origin, was familiar. He had known that it came from a pornography outlet. That outlet used a particular type of box and he had delivered a number of them over the years. It had been an impossible temptation to resist, and he had decided that bending it harshly enough to get it into the box might give him some idea what the slut was reading.

The box had, unfortunately, been quite resilient. It had been necessary to tear at it somewhat more to work the top open so he could sneak a peek at the contents. That peek had made his lips draw back and his teeth gleam. Blonde slut! Oh yes, they all wanted Black cock! He knew that! This one was no different! One of the books had been called Gang Bang Slave, and he had seen a picture of a group of black men surrounding a white girl on the cover. The other had been called White Slavery, and been much the same.

So the little slut was going to diddle herself fantasizing about Black men raping her and enslaving her, was she? How typical of blonde sluts! They all wanted Black cock, even if they couldn't admit it!

He felt a throbbing in his groin as he thought about the blonde whore and her tight white ass encased on those tight jeans. Maybe he would give her what she wanted. And maybe he would teach the filthy white slut her place at the same time.

## Chapter Three

Emily woke to the feeling that something was wrong. Her eyes fluttered open and she sat up groggily, or tried to. Movement to one side drew her eye and then abruptly left her as a shockwave rolled over her. She gaped, unable, at first, to believe her eyes, shock and horror mounting within her holding her frozen for long seconds.

There was a man standing by her bed, a black man, a naked black man, well-muscled, with broad shoulders, his cock stiff and thick and uncircumcised, thrusting up and out from a thick mat of black pubic hair. His white teeth gleamed as he smiled broadly at her, his thick lips drawn back. He wore a balaclava, a ski mask, but that was all she wore, and she gaped in horror.

Then she recoiled, scrambling back on the bed as he moved closer. She started to scream, and he raised his arm and for a moment of intense fear she thought he had a gun. Then he fired, and she felt a stinging pain in her side. Then her body began to writhe in convulsions as an electrical shock ran through her. She gurgled and wailed, her voice warbling, rising and falling, but without the breath or ability to raise it to the level anyone outside the flat would hear.

Her body thrashed and twisted as the electrical shock continued to run through her, bouncing and twisting as though she were having an epileptic fit. And then, finally, it stopped, leaving her gasping and dazed, eyes bulging.

The Black man chuckled, and then tore off the sheets of her bed. He grasped her leg, and she felt the strength of his big rough hand on her soft ankle. He yanked her downward and then climbed into the bed, still grinning broadly.

Dazed, she could only whimper weakly as he tore open the front of her nightshirt to expose her breasts. He gave a little bark of amusement, then tore the shirt all the way down, ripped it right off her.

Emily raised her hands weakly, pawing feebly and ineffectively at him, and his lips drew back in a snarl. He slapped her face hard, making her ears ring, then gripped her wrists and shoved them back together above her head. He straddled her, sitting heavily atop her belly as he leaned forward and bound her wrists together tightly to the headboard.

Then he was on her, like the animal he was, his big lips crushing hers, his rough hands racing roughly over her body, pawing, groping and squeezing her as he forced a fat tongue into her mouth. He lay almost fully atop her, crushing her into the bed with his large, powerful body, her legs stuck out to either side, exposing her helplessly.

“White whore,” he hissed, yanking back on her hair to expose her throat.

She cried out as he bit into the nape of her neck, as he growled and dug his teeth into her soft flesh, his lips closing, sucking fiercely. Her wrists pulled feebly against the rough rope binding them and she sobbed in terror and humiliation.

He attacked her, biting and sucking, groping and pinching. He bit at her tongue, hard enough to draw blood, then his big head darted down and he bit at her breast, bit her breasts repeatedly, bit at her nipples as he sucked them frenziedly.

Emily sobbed weakly, twisting and writhing beneath him as he moved slowly down, his big hands squeezing her breasts as his tongue and lips slid lower. She cried out in pain as he bit at her side, as he bit at her belly. He was like an animal devouring her, she thought in terror, his teeth digging into the soft flesh of her belly, then her abdomen.

His hands slid down to her thighs and he forced them painfully wide, making her cry out again as the tendons in her thighs were painfully stretched and strained. His mouth and tongue moved lower, sucking and licking and biting at her lower abdomen.

And then he was between her legs, his tongue licking wildly at her shaved pussy, thrusting in between the tight lips of her sex. His tongue plunged deep, slurping and licking wetly up and down the length of her pussy, thrusting into the tight, narrow whole and squirming around, then sliding upward as he sucked at her rapidly hardening clitoris.

And then he settled down, calming, his forearms on her thighs, holding them spread wide, his hands under her buttocks, kneading and squeezing as he tongued her clit.

Emily's initial terror began to wane, and her ragged breathing began to come under some control. Still, a sense of shock still gripped her, and she gulped in air, chest heaving, as he licked and sucked at her pussy. His fat, rasping tongue licked again and again and again across her clit, and Emily felt a new horror as her body began to respond.

No! No, she wouldn't! She couldn't! She twisted and strained against the bonds, her back arching, her head thrashing from side to side. "No! No!" she sobbed.

He went on licking, like a lion cleaning its paws, licking again and again and again, calmly, methodically, as Emily began to weep and moan in denial. She began to perspire, because of the terrible strain inside herself, exhausting herself by pulling against the ropes repeatedly.

"No! Stop it!" she gasped. "Stop it!" she cried more loudly, head thrashing as she gulped in air. "Stop it!"

He licked relentlessly, his mouth pushing heavily against her sex, his tongue thrusting into her, his fingers kneading her buttocks.

"Stop it!" she sobbed.

His hands slid upwards, big hands, strong hands, warm hands, work-roughened hands, sliding up the soft pale skin of her belly, her lower chest, and then settling over her breasts to knead and squeeze them as his tongue lapped at her clit.

"NooO!" she sobbed. "Nooo!"

She felt the dark, throbbing heat growing between her legs and her fear became despair. Her nipples were hard and pulsing, her breasts swelling under his black fingers. She heaved and twisted and strained to no avail as his mouth threatened to devour her whole. She felt wet, and intensely aroused as his tongue lapped with growing hunger at her oozing sex.

And then he drew back, and she gasped weakly, panting, gasping. He reached aside, reached down to the floor next to the bed and his teeth were white again as he showed her an immense black dildo. Emily whimpered as he pushed it against her, as she felt the pressure against her sex, felt her pussy lips slowly forced in and back, spreading wider and wider.

"NoooO!!" she sobbed as he slowly forced the big black cock inside her.

Her pussy ached and strained, the ache growing worse, and yet the intensity of the hunger within her sharpened, as well. She arched and twisted, trying to pull free, but he placed his hard black knees on her thighs to pin them, and then worked the dildo into her inch after inch after inch.

It ached! She was stretched horribly. And yet she felt the dark hunger swirling with ever greater strength.

He thrust it in hard, and she grunted heavily as the nose punched into what felt like the back wall of her sex.

He pulled it back, then thrust inward again.

"Whore!" he hissed in a low voice as he drove the dildo deep.

"Unggh!"

"Whore!" he hissed again, thrusting it in a second time.

"Unggh!"

"Whore," he growled as he rammed it into her again/

"Unggghh!"

Oh God it hurt! The pain rose and she embraced it desperately, hoping to stave off the awful guilt of the dark heat and lust and hunger gripping her.

“Whore!”

“Hungghh!”

“Whore!”

“Hgunggh!”

She wept as the pain tore at her insides. The big dildo was twisting and churning in her belly, pounding her in a savage, bruising thrusting that was growing worse and worse as the Black man snarled out the same word again and again.

“Whore!”

“Hungghh!”

“Whore!”

“Unhgungghh!”

He released it and then bent again, reaching for something else at the side of the bed. It was more rope, and he looped it quickly around her left thigh, then yanked it tight, the rope digging painfully deep into her soft flesh. He pulled the rope aside, forcing her leg wide, and then slid it under the sideboard of her bed. After tying it there he fed it back across the bed to the other sideboard, then up and back over her right leg, forcing it wide, as well, then looping the rope tightly around it and binding it. It took only a minute, and then he was leering down at her as she strained helplessly.

“Whore!” he sneered, his hand lashing out and cracking against the side of her face, throwing her head to one side.

“Whore!” he snarled again, his other hand slapping her hard on the other side of the face, throwing her head back again.

He laughed jovially, then gripped the dildo and thrust it in hard, dropping forward to her as he did to crush her mouth and swallow her cry of pain.

His lips crushed hers, his tongue thrusting into her mouth and swirling and twisting around inside. His left hand clawed at her breast as he thrust the dildo into her again and again, snickering against her as the blonde girl twisted and writhed and cried out in pain.

He drew back, sitting upright, and slapped her face again, and Emily tasted blood, then cried out as he slapped her again – and again – and again, her head thrown violently from one side to the other and back again.

He leaned in over again, both big hands closing around her slender throat, but not squeezing, not yet.

“Say nigger,” he taunted in a low hissing voice. “Say it.”

Emily moaned weakly.

“Say it,” he hissed. “Say nigger. Say it.”

“N-Nigger,” she gasped.

“Again!”

“Nigger. Nigger!”

He squeezed his fingers together, slowly, making her eyes bulge, his lips drawn back in a grimace of pleasure as she twisted and bucked beneath him.

Emily felt her chest burn, her head pound, and was becoming light-headed as she struggled to draw in air. Sweat beaded on her forehead and the world swirled around her.

And then he laughed and released her throat, swinging out of bed. He turned and picked up a thin leather belt, then stared at the girl on laid out helplessly on the bed, her chest heaving, her breasts taut and round on her slender chest.

He swung the thin belt down overhand and cracked it across her breasts.

Emily cried out, but without breath, and again, and again, writhing and twisting, gulping in air as the belt lashed her breasts with stinging jolts of pain. She sobbed weakly, her mind tumbling with shock, pain and confusion. The belt sent shockwaves of agony through her body as it cracked across her breasts, then her belly. Then her cruel tormenter brought the belt slashing in against her pussy, laughing as she sobbed in pain, her body thrashing and shaking.

“Eeengleesh whore!” he taunted her, swinging the belt down again – and again – and again.

He threw down the belt and leapt onto the bed, tearing the fat dildo out of her as he thrust himself in instead. Emily shuddered as his big hips crushed her, as he fell atop her, his fingers digging into her buttocks. His own hips began to rise and fall, rise and fall in faster, more powerful motions as he rutted into her.

His cock was not quite – not quite – as thick as the dildo he had used to rape her, and the feel of it within her, slick with his sweat, and hers, was far less painful. Certainly the rape was far less painful than the beating he had just given her with the belt. The tension in her began to slowly fade and dissipate. She was in a dazed state and the pain was all she really cared about. With it eased she felt a great sense of relief, of easing. In that state the plunging movement of his cock was almost benign.

She deserved to be beaten anyway. She deserved to be raped. Wasn't this justice? Didn't this serve her right, her and her sick fantasies? He was right to rape her, to use her, to call her a whore.

Yesssss, she moaned within her mind, her body crushed by his, crushed and mashed beneath him as he rutted into her again and again.

Yesssss. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. I'm a whore and I deserve to be raped. Rape me harder.

Her eyes were glassy as she stared up towards the ceiling, grunting and gasping as the black man thrust his cock into her body repeatedly, feeling the thick prick churning up and down in her aching sex tunnel as she was so rightly raped, so properly and deservedly raped.

Rape me, she thought dazedly. Rape my whore body. Rape me harder. Rape me!

He lifted his upper torso and propped himself on his elbows, leering down at her as his lower torso rutted wildly up and down, ramming his prick into the slender white girl again and again, sneering at her as he exultantly stared into her dazed eyes and felt the victory of conquest.

“Eeengleesh whore!” he panted, thrusting hard and fast, the bed shaking and bouncing beneath them.

The big male prick pistoned in and out of her and Emily wept dazedly.

Rape me! Rape me, she thought dazedly. Yes! Yes!

A dark hunger spiralled up from the far recesses of her mind, a hot masochistic lust which fed on her own pain and shame and helplessness and degradation.

She was being raped by a – a dirty black savage! His big animal cock was impaling her, rutting wildly. How filthy! How horribly demeaning! And how right! How proper, that a whore like her should be so punished, so humiliated.

She felt a throbbing and heat between her legs, felt the slickness of her pussy as it began to lubricate, as the movement of his cock became easier, more pleasurable. She grunted and gasped and moaned and sobbed weakly as he raped her, and that dark hunger in her revelled in it, gloried in it, excitement spreading through her body as she was so cruelly used.

Her mind was filled with savage delight at her own predicament. You're a dirty whore, she thought to herself. This is what you deserve! Do you like it!? Do you like that nigger cock inside you?! Do you like being raped!? It's what you dreamed about!

He collapsed atop her, his fingers yanking her buttocks upward hard as he jammed every last inch of his prick into her writhing body, his thrusts becoming shorter and faster as he approached his come. He was panting and grunting even as she was, yet her face was crushed into his chest as he rode her, and the overwhelmed girl could only gurgle weakly as the intensity of the throbbing became almost unbearable.

She had no breath to scream as the orgasm hit her, an orgasm which was terrible and wonderful, an orgasm which sent a crackling storm of sensory overload flooding through her body and tearing through her mind. Her head snapped back and she gurgled,

wide-eyed, her muscles spasming, her back arching and hips bucking as the black man's cock rammed into her again and again and again with unrestrained force.

The orgasm thundered through her like an out of control freight train, rolling her mind over again and again and again and sending her body into convulsions. And in the midst of it he came as well, his seed spewing down into her belly as he gasped and grunted and cursed in pleasure.

Emily forgot to breath, could not think to do so, could only lay there trembling and shaking and gurgling in wondrous pleasure as the orgasm went on and on and on.

And then the black dots spread out before her, thickening until her vision was blocked, and leaving her motionless and limp on the bed, unconscious.

## Chapter Four

The sense of masochism within Emily grew day by day. She had no idea why or what to do about it. Her mind was filled with fantasies of her being abused, always by Black men, cruelly used, humiliated, dominated, beaten – raped. Every time she masturbated, and she did so often, it was to violent fantasies of her abuse at the hands of Black men.

She despised Black men, hated them, loathed them, thought of them as miserable, disgusting animals, barely more than hairless apes just out of the trees. She could barely restrain her glare of contempt whenever she saw one.

There were very few Blacks in her neighbourhood. There were a lot of them a few blocks down, however, near the council houses, the city housing developments for the poorest of the poor. The council houses ran along James Street, a busy thoroughfare which had a number of small stores along both sides.

Emily was jogging. On James Street. She was dressed in short cotton shorts and a midriff baring tank top which hugged her breasts tightly. Her hair was pulled back into a loose pony tail, and she had an ipod in her hand, the wires sending music pounding into her head.

James Street was not a pretty street, not nearly as pretty as others to the north, but she could window shop as she jogged – or so she told herself stubbornly. The shorts were a little short, having been small to begin with and shrinking in the wash. But wasn't it her right as a woman to dress as she saw fit? Who would dare comment on it to her!?

She jogged down the street, and saw the Black man approaching from the other side. She glowered at him as they moved closer.

Nigger, she hissed to herself. You want me, don't you! Bastard! You want to rape me and shove your nigger cock into me!

She jogged past. The man didn't turn around and she gazed ahead of her. She jogged up one side of James Street and down the other, passing numerous Black men, glaring coldly at all of them, and each time a little ripple of fear swept through her as she came close, and with it a horrid little throb of dark excitement as she imagined them throwing her down and raping her right there in the street.

She knew, of course, that she was perfectly safe here on James Street. It was a busy thoroughfare. None of the niggers would try anything here! Oh they looked at her, all right. She could see the lust in their animal faces, the hunger, the desire to tackle her and ram their big black cocks into her! But they dare not here! Bastards!

Lines of Blacks waited at the bus stops and she glowered at them as she approached and passed, her heart pounding with anxiety – and excitement - at her nearness to so many Black men.

Her nipples were hard as pebbles within her bra, a thin cotton athletic bra which did little to hide the fact.

She jogged back to her flat. Once inside she quickly checked the closets and under the bed, behind the sofa, and even in the kitchen cupboards, where one of them might have hidden. Feeling a sense of relief at her safety, she stripped off her tight top, bra, shorts and thong, and stepped into the shower, turning the water on hot as she backed into the corner and spread her legs.

She let her pubic muscles bare down, and felt her sex lips beginning to bulge out and spread open. Then the base of the thick dildo she had stuffed completely up her pussy began to emerge. Her other hand rubbed at the soap, then soapy fingers stroked across her clit as she grasped the dildo and began to pump it in and out. She gasped and moaned,

back arched, trembling with growing excitement as the sexual tension which had gripped her for hours burst over her into a powerful orgasm.

But it was only the first, and as she kept thrusting, kept stroking, her legs trembled and shook as a second, then a third, then a fourth orgasm roared within her, until, gasping for breath, she sank to her knees and let the water pour down around her as she groaned weakly and fought to repress sobs of disgust and self pity.

Afterwards, she threw the dildo at the corner of the room and soaped up. Yet she could not feel clean. She rinsed off and towelled off, putting on a clean silk thong, and a tight little silk tank which squeezed her breasts. No need to wear more around the house, after all.

She was always, of course, a sexual being. What person wasn't? Yet the initial gang rape had made her far more aware of her sexuality, of her status as a target, a goal, a victim of all those hungry, lustful men – especially Black men – who looked at her. She was a walking sex doll to them, that was what she was, she thought. And a part of her revelled in the thought of herself as some kind of incredibly sexual, sensual woman of desire, a woman so sexual and beautiful that men would turn into frenzied animals to get at her.

She felt like a sheep living among wolves, as though every time she passed one they turned their slavering eyes and mind upon her, drooling with the thought of devouring her.

And that dark, masochistic side of her gloried in the thought of being devoured, despite the fear and anxiety the rest of her felt.

She was aware of the tightness of the thong pressing against her sex, aware of the tightness of her top squeezing against her breasts and her hard nipples digging into the soft fabric. Every movement reminded her of her own sexuality, of her newly realized status as a sexual object of great desire to men. To Black men.

They all wanted her, those niggers, because she was beautiful and blonde. They prized White women, but it was blondes they really lusted over, the ultimate symbol of decadent, sexually free Western woman. All those third world types lusted after blonde girls. And they were all brutes, barbarians, savages. Give them half a chance and they'd be all over her, drooling on her, groping and grabbing at her, their pricks hard. Bastards!

Her eyes skimmed over the trash can by the door, the one she put junk mail in. But there was more in there now. The first package had come a few days ago, just the day after her rape at the hands of that filthy Black bastard who had broken into her flat. It had been a dildo, a big black dildo. She had stared at it and then flung it, red-faced, into the trash can.

Two days later had come another package. It was a paperback book, a pornographic novel about a blonde girl being enslaved and subjugated by a Black man. She had flung it into the trash, as well, but she had taken it out several times since then, glaring at it, at the wrapping, wondering where it had come from, who had bought it. Was it him, the one who had raped her? It must be. That meant he was still out there, still watching her, still lusting after her.

She kept the doors locked, nervous, afraid, but that dark, masochistic side of her felt a squirming, fright-filled sense of anticipation and lust, as well.

And each time she had examined it she had flipped through a few pages of the book, feeling anxious, frightened and excited at once. Was this what he wanted to do to her? The picture showed a blonde girl standing spread-eagled, wrists and ankles spread while a Black man whipped her.

What would a whip feel like? The nigger bastard had brought his belt down on her breasts and the pain had been intense. But the memories filled her with a terrible dark lust.

She rose and picked it out of the trash again, flipping through it, finding a page with dialogue. He was cursing her, calling her names, making her – Emily swallowed as

she read. He was making her crawl before him, to crawl like an animal, to lick his feet! The idea of doing something so horribly degrading and humiliating made her pussy burn with excitement, yet she flung the thing in the trash again, filled with revulsion and guilt and shame.

She needed a psychiatrist. There was no question. She was going to have to get one, and soon, she thought as she walked away and picked up the remote for the television.

What if he made her do that, she thought anxiously. Oh my god! That would be so degrading! So horrible!

But her insides squirmed at the thought.

Should she call the police? But no, then she'd have to tell them everything! It would be too humiliating!

They would look at her and listen to her, and smirk, and think of how exciting it must have been, and maybe even get erections as they thought about her being raped.

Men were all pigs.

\* \* \* \* \*

She felt a pulsing sense of anxiety, of fear as she walked to the bus stop.

This was idiotic! What was the matter with her!?

She wore the same schoolgirl outfit she had worn up until graduation last year. And her face was quite young seeming. She had no difficulty passing as a schoolgirl.

Her hair was brushed out, and her skirt was rolled up so that it was quite short. But then, lots of schoolgirls did that on their way to and from school.

It was mid afternoon. It was the time schools let out. And she knew just the bus she wanted to board. It was usually fairly empty during the day, and as she boarded, she climbed up into the top and made her way to the rear of the bus.

The rear of the bus was always where young men wanted to ride, as far from the driver as possible.

She sat herself in the back, mostly alone, heart pounding, cursing herself. Yet her nipples were almost painfully hard, and her pussy felt slick, her sex lips swollen with heat and anticipation. Fear gripped her as the bus moved further up the street. She looked out the window and saw the school, and her insides squirmed and twisted as fear almost forced her to her feet.

The bus stopped, a thick crowd of young men and women from the upper forms of the school gathering around.

Almost at once she heard the thumping on the stairs as they came up. Those who wanted to avoid trouble would stay downstairs. It was always safer. The ones who came up were unafraid. They were the ones others walked wary around. Them and their friends and girlfriends.

They appeared at the top, and Emily was almost frozen with fear. Others were not. As the other passengers realized who was crowding in and throwing themselves so heavily and loudly into the seats they began to shift, to rise and move quietly forward, or down the stairs entirely.

The back seat was the most prized, by the window. It was the one she was in. If she was a boy they would have bullied him out of it. Even if she was a black boy the toughest and meanest would have forced him out. They might have been more polite to an older man, an older black man, perhaps. Or perhaps not. They were half feral, these young men, from one of the worst, most violence plagued schools in the city. They were the young Black men other young Black men – to say nothing of Black women - crossed the street to avoid.

Niggers. They were niggers, she thought to herself, stiff with fear as she looked out the window, pretending not to notice them.

Of course, they noticed her, the pretty white girl in her schoolgirl outfit, her legs showing pale and lovely under the short skirt.

“What’s your name, girl?”

She ignored the words, spoken sneeringly from up close. They were all around her now, jammed into the bus, filling all the seats top and bottom. Someone had turned on a portable stereo and it boomed out hip-hop music as laughter and loud, raucous conversations filled the bus.

She stared out the window, heart pounding, stomach churning. Why had she done this? What had she expected? To taunt them, to bask in their lust? She hated herself for being there, for having brought this one. What was the matter with her? Was she insane?!

“What school you from?” he asked, his voice accented.

Fingers slid into her soft blonde hair, caressing it, and she reached up and pushed his hand back, still looking stiffly out the window.

“She don’t like you, man,” another young man said with a laugh.

“You not being very polite, girl,” the guy said in a slow drawl.

It was loud, all around them. The bus pulled away from the curb, its motor growling loudly, the babble of laughter and conversation filling the metal box, the music pounding.

“You got a boyfriend?”

Fingers slid along her bare leg, stroking up and down, and she ignored them. The fingers continued to caress her leg, sliding in along the inside of her thigh now, rising up under her skirt until she pushed it back, still without looking.

“What’s the matter? You don’t like Black guys?”

She still had not looked at the one on her right, the one squeezing her into the corner of the seat, against the side and window. She knew there were others close, and in fact, a large, grinning guy was sitting sideways on the seat in front of them, smirking at her over the back of his seat. Others hovered nearby, a crowd of them.

The fingers slid along her thigh again, and the one beside her leaned in further, so she could feel his hot breath on her cheek. “I bet I could make you come,” he said tauntingly.

Others nearby snickered and laughed.

“You can’t even make your own girlfriend come. Leave the white bitch alone, Jerome,” a caustic female voice called from nearby.

There was laughter and obscene comments thrown back and forth from a half dozen voices, and for a few seconds Emily was left alone. Then the fingers were back on her thigh, stroking up and down, up and down as he leaned in towards her.

“Why don’t you spread your legs, baby, and I’ll show you what my fingers can do to that fine pussy of yours?”

She closed her legs tightly and shoved his hand away.

Fear and embarrassment pulsed within Emily. She knew now that this had been an insane thing to do. But she had no idea how to get away from them. She should pull the cord and get up and get off. Yes! She should do that right away!

His fingers plucked at her blazer, pulling it back as he leaned in to stare at her chest.

“It looks like you got some nice little titties in there, girl.”

She grasped his hand and dug her nails in and he cursed and yanked it back.

“Fucking bitch scratched me!” he said in outrage.

Laughter was all that greeted his complaint.

Emily reached up and pulled the cord, then rose, or tried to. Now she couldn’t help seeing him. He was her own age, large, black, with shaggy hair, and he hemmed her in.

“Excuse me,” she said firmly.

“Excuse you what, bitch?”

“I’m getting off here.”

“What if I don’t feel like moving, bitch?” he demanded lazily.

The others smirked at her. At least a dozen were observing the little drama, and none seemed particularly alarmed – or friendly.

She tried to push back and then gasped as the guy in the seat in front of her reached in and gave her bottom a squeeze. She whirled at him, as laughter rang out around them, and then the guy on her side did the same. The bus slowed to a stop, and she heard people getting off, but she couldn’t push her way past the young man before her.

“Tell you what, bitch, I’ll let you off if you give me a kiss,” he said.

“No,” she said with growing alarm, heart thumping, pulse racing.

“Come on, baby. You want to get off the bus, don’t you?”

His hand slid up her leg and up quickly beneath her short skirt, and Emily gasped as she felt his fingers almost reach her panty covered pussy. She stumbled back, slapping at his hand. “Get your filthy black hands off me!” she snapped.

The atmosphere in the rear of the bus abruptly became colder, and Emily felt a wave of fear, then another – a pulse of heat between the legs.

“You got something against black hands, baby?” he asked lazily, his hand rising again, even as the guy in the seat before her reached up and slid his hand under her blazer to grope her breast. She slapped at both their hands, twisting away.

“Why don’t you go back where you came from?!” she demanded. “Filthy niggers!”

“Fuck you bitch!” a voice cried from nearby, echoed by a dozen more, all shouting abuse.

Hands pawed at her and she twisted and slapped at them, forcing herself past the one who had hammed her in, but he grabbed her from behind and she squealed as she sat down heavily on his lap, legs akimbo. The music was still pounding, and loud laughter and shouts filled the bus as the motor growled. No one in the front had any idea anything unusual might be taking place in the rear.

“You don’t like niggers, baby?” he demanded.

He yanked back on her hair, even as other hands reached for her. She felt hands thrusting under her skirt, yanking at her arms, forcing them to the sides as she twisted and writhed and cursed at them. She half slid off him, and he half turned, crushing her lips with his suddenly as the others laughed and taunted her. Hands groped at her breasts, and then her blouse was torn open, buttons popping to expose her black silk bra.

“Get off me, you dirty niggers!” she cried, or tried to, as his lips crushed hers.

Those nearest heard, and growled angrily.

“Fucking white whore!” they called back.

Strong black hands yanked down her bra to bare her breasts and shrieks of laughter and delight covered her own cry of humiliation and fear. Black hands fought each other to squeeze and grope her as more were thrust between her legs. She felt her thong gripped and torn free, and someone waved it around in the air to great applause.

Her hair was abruptly gripped tightly and she cried out as she was bent sideways, forced to bend over, her face jammed into the groin of the black guy on the other side. He laughed and mashed her face in against his groin and she could feel his erection through the fabric of his trousers.

Hands gripped her blouse and blazer and yanked them back over her shoulders even as more hands were thrust between her legs, groping at her pussy, and others slapped and pinched her buttocks. Hands groped her bare breasts painfully, and she sobbed weakly as she twisted and writhed and thrashed in their grip.

There were at least twenty or so looking on now, most leering and shouting. She heard a few female voices calling for her to be let go, but they were drowned out by others, more cruel.

“Fuck the bitch!”

“Tear her clothes off!”

She writhed and twisted as she was roughly pawed and groped, her clothes torn, and then, under the encouragement of the others, the guy was grinding her face into his crotch reached down and unzipped, then pulled his stiff Black cock out. There were hoots of laughter and delight from those watching, and then he forced Emily’s mouth down onto it.

As if some last restraint had been overcome the crowd growled with anticipation, and Emily’s blouse and Blazer were pulled completely down her arms and off. Then her skirt was undone and yanked over her buttocks, pulled down her legs as she fought to tear free. She yelped as a hand cracked down painfully, stinging on her buttocks, then another, each slap greeted with laughter and jeers from the crowd of young Black men and women watching.

Fingers thrust at her pussy, pinching her pussy lips, trying to force their way inside her. Her breasts were mashed and crushed and squeezed. And then she was naked and sobbing as the guy beside her rammed her mouth down harder on his cock and she choked and gagged.

“Suck that cock, bitch!” he snarled. “Suck it!”

Strong hands were under her hips, gripping her thighs, lifting her onto her knees on the seat. Strong hands pulled her outside leg apart as one of them moved into place behind her. She shuddered as she felt herself being penetrated, heard the laughter and shouts of derision falling around her as the Black youths watching sneered and taunted her.

Hands grasped her arms, pulling them back behind her, big hands pinning them easily together as the cock punched deeper into her belly. Then her mouth was jammed down fully on the prick beneath her and she gagged as it went into her throat.

Raped! She was being raped! She was being gang raped! By Blacks!

She sobbed in shame and helplessness as the dark, masochistic lust rose powerfully and began to assert its hunger. Hips slapped repeatedly against her buttocks now as she was fucked, and she gagged repeatedly as the guy forced her up and down by the hair. She knelt along the long, rear seat, her head forced up and down, her bottom raised as the other guy thrust into her, and the others went more silent, growling with approval as they saw her degraded.

The nearest black youths growled with excitement too, seeing that smooth, unblemished white skin, and that soft, rich looking blonde hair. They licked their lips at sight of her round bottom and those firm, soft breasts.

They crowded closer, hands reaching out, groping and fondling wherever they could as her body jerked and shuddered to the hard thrusting behind her.

She gagged again, and then the guy who was raping her throat came inside her, spewing his seed into her belly. He pulled her back by the hair, shoving at her as he did up his trousers.

Then the one raping her finished with a flurry of thrusts, and pulled back.

Emily twisted and writhed, trying to batter away that forest of hands, but they seized her and forced her back onto the seat. Her next rapist moved in and she found herself pressed back into the back of the seat, her slender legs lifted up high and forced back above her head as she sobbed weakly.

He leaned into her, thrusting his cock deep, jamming her knees back over her shoulders, grunting with effort as he began to pound into her with a savage, furious stroke. Emily wound up slumping low, almost laying on the narrow seat, head propped forward, feet pressed against the top of the seat back, spread wide as he rammed himself down into her.

The others continued to laugh and joke and sneer and call out obscene comments as they watched the cruel rape and urged her rapist on.

The steady pounding against her upraised buttocks, the steady thrusting inside her, was doing dark, terrible things to Emily's mind. She felt the sexual pressure grow into a terrible, consuming force, felt intoxicated by it, unable to think coherently, unable to know what to do except grunt and moan at each deep, hard, aching thrust.

She was mortified at being raped like this so publicly, before so many snickering faces, utterly humiliated. And somehow that twisted her mind onto a hot, animal path of lust and uncontrolled need.

She felt the orgasm rising within her, and sobbed weakly, then stiffened and trembled as the orgasm tore through her nervous system. No one, in that clamour and with the hard, violent thrusting being given to her body, would have guessed, but the orgasm battered heavily at her mind, and she gurgled weakly as it shook her like a rag doll.

She went limp in the afterglow, her eyes slitted, barely conscious. Yet her body continued to jerk to the hard thrusting of the guy above her, his movements forcing her ankles back again and again, causing her bottom to rise to meet his thrusts. Her chin lolled forward on her chest as her head was rocked against the back of the seat back, and slowly, as his thrusting continued, she began to come out of it.

Just in time for him to finish, grinding his pelvis into her, groaning, and telling her he was breeding a Black baby on her.

He laughed and released her ankles, pulling back, and Emily almost fell off the seat. She gasped and scrambled to a seated position, dazedly trying to cover her breasts with her arms, to close her legs.

A hand gripped her hair and yanked her head back across the top of the seat back. Then other hands reached in, a forest of them, as she twisted and cried out. She was turned around, lifted up, and the guy eagerly undid his trousers, pulling out his prick. They sat her atop it and she moaned and sobbed as it slid up into her pussy.

"Ride me, bitch! Ride that cock, slut!" they shouted, slapping her bottom stingingly, pinching her breasts. "Ride it! Ride that cock!"

They cursed and threatened her, and she whimpered in fear and began to ride, her knees straddling the guy, pressed into the seat on either side as she gripped the back of the seat over his shoulders, and began to ride up and down on his erection. Behind her, the others all laughed and shouted and stared while she sank her aching pussy down onto his erection again and again and again.

He began to suck and chew on her breasts, and especially her nipples, and his hands cupped her buttocks, lifting her up and down as she rode him.

It was wickedly, horribly shameful, all of them watching, staring, as she rode the guy's Black cock, and Emily was horrified at doing it. Yet she was too frightened to refuse.

And that awful dark hunger began to rouse once again, the shame fuelling its lust as she grunted and moaned and sobbed weakly, riding the stiff black cock, plunging her tight pussy up and down its length while they all looked on with broad grins.

Oh God it felt good! Oh God! She was getting wetter and wetter, and felt a terrible anxiety that he would notice and point it out to the rest, to jeer and laugh and taunt. She rode up and down, gasping, whimpering, crying out as he bit her breasts, as his fingers on her buttocks jerked her up and down with painful force and speed. He was impaling her again and again, and each hard, deep thrust was battering away at her sanity as that masochistic lust grew more powerful.

The cheap plastic under her bare knees, the hard, rough fabric of his trousers against her thighs and buttocks, his jacket against her breasts, his mouth sucking, chewing, licking. The sensations were simply overwhelming her. She was becoming drunk on sensations, dazed and confused as she plunged up and down, up and down, the crowd behind watching, laughing, jeering as they saw her tight pussy sliding up and down on the hard, stiff Black cock.

“Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!” she grunted as she rose and fell again and again.

Ecstasy spilled into her mind and over her body, and she shuddered and jerked as her muscles spasmed and convulsed. But no one noticed. Her head lolled back and forth as the guy beneath thrust up, laughing, gleefully, his hands jerking her up and down. Her sudden thrashing movements were taken as a feeble attempt to escape, and he thrust even harder.

She didn't even know he had come inside her. She groaned dazedly as she was yanked off, pushed sideways onto the seat, onto her belly until someone slapped her bottom and her head, and yanked on her hair. Hands dug into her flanks, raising her to her knees, though her face was still pressed against the seat, eyes glassy. And then a finger pushed at her anus, and she trembled and wept as it thrust in. A cock followed to more raucous laughter, hands digging into her flanks, holding her bottom raised high as she was sodomised.

And even that forced a small orgasm through her, as her breasts pillowed against the seat, as her face was jammed into the corner, as the laughter and taunts rained down on her. And then they were done, or at least, almost done. Others were urged forward to take their turns, but declined, and her legs slid down until, gasping, she was laying along the seat on her belly, face pushed into the corner, hiding from them all.

More youths were urged to take her, but no one wanted to come forward. The crowd was clearing anyway, and half the top deck was now empty.

“Put your clothes on, whore,” a black girl snapped, throwing her skirt at her.

Face hot, she sat up slowly, groaning in pain at her new bruises. She slipped the skirt up her legs and then pulled on the blouse and blazer, pulling them close as the rest of the gang fled down the stairs and out at the next stop. No one was within a dozen rows of her now as she huddled in the rear seat sobbing quietly, holding her tattered blouse against her bruised and bitten breasts, her pussy aching and throbbing.

## Chapter Five

Her second terrible gang rape had done nothing to ease the fire within Emily's mind. Quite the contrary. She was awash in her own sexuality now, her nipples never far from hard, her pussy always hungry, her mind filled with ghastly images of perversion and wickedness. She never thought about ordinary sex, only painful and humiliating sex, forced sex, rape and abuse, and always at the hands of Black men with sneering lips and deeply accented voices.

But she could think of no particular way of wreaking her vengeance on Black men. She was not, after all, physically strong, even for a girl. And they were all big apes, gorillas, animals. They would easily overpower her. And so, late one night, after some drinks to build up her courage, she went out into the night and up towards James street dressed in black jeans, a black turtleneck, and a black hoodie. Beneath the hoodie were a pair of spray cans.

She sought out an empty place where people would pass often in the daytime. There was a busy bus stop next to a pharmacy, but by then the buses had stopped for the night so it was empty. Heart pounding, she edged up to the pale wall just within the shadows, looked around repeatedly, then drew out the spray can and started spraying racist epithets.

She hurried away, sweating, heart pounding, searched out another such place, and repeated the spray painting. With each message left she felt a tremendous sense of empowerment, delighting at the thought of them being sent the next day, and how angry the Black men - yes and their bitch women would be.

Wonder of wonders she did not get caught, and returned to her flat, panting, trembling with excitement, almost clapping her hands in glee as she stripped out of her "night gear" and then masturbated furiously to orgasm after orgasm, thinking of how angry they would be, and what they would do to her if they caught her!

The next morning she took a casual walk down that way, hoping to see Black people angrily glaring at her night's work. She was more than a little shocked to see police cars there, and news photographers. And then she had a vague memory that there were actually laws against painting on people's walls - and much stringent laws against racial epithets.

A little alarmed at all the fuss she returned home, chastened, at first. But as time passed and she realized that her nasty words would even make it into the media, and even more Black people would be outraged, she felt a growing sense of delight at her accomplishment, and a desire to repeat it.

The city and a variety of do-gooders earnestly cleaned up and painted over all her nasty words and remarks that day, and she returned that very night and repeated them, this time outdoing herself with insults to Black manhood and comparing Black women to bitches in heat - and ugly ones at that.

And why shouldn't she after the way those bitches had treated her in the bus!?

She giggled at the even bigger fuss her second night of vandalism created. Oh those do-gooders were all in a tizzy of self-righteousness! And the darkies were fuming! Oh she was having such sweet revenge! Of course, she might be caught, if she kept it up, and who knew what those dirty animals would do to her then!

\* \* \* \* \*

Abdi Muhammad rubbed his groin in anticipation as he prepared to enter the white girl's building again. He had paid close attention to things after his earlier delicious

raping of the white whore, and he had been quite happy to discover to his satisfaction that she had not reported it to the police. Perhaps the slut was too ashamed. Of course, that would assume that white bitches were capable of knowing shame at anything.

But then, ahead, was a form he could hardly mistake for another. Yes, it was her! And she was, to his disappointment, coming out of the building. Damn! He followed her, hoping he could get her alone somewhere. That had its own dangers, of course, but there were all kinds of possibilities too. If he could keep the bitch from screaming and drawing a crowd.

But he could think of ways to do that. Oh yes, like shoving his prick down her dirty little whore throat!

He had to be careful, of course. She mustn't see his face. And he must keep as quiet as possible lest she someday hear him speaking to someone in the lobby and recognize him. But he didn't need to tell her what to do. He could make her do what he wanted without words!

She pulled the hood up over her lovely blonde hair as they reached the James Street area, and he frowned, looking around, wondering what she was doing here. The stores were closed and the streets were mostly empty. What was a blonde girl doing in this neighbourhood? It was actually dangerous here. She could wind up getting robbed – or raped, of course, and he smiled at the irony of that, for if she'd stayed home he'd be spreading her legs and mounting her even now.

She sat down in a bench and it looked from a distance as though she were searching for something. Abdi Muhammad was quite puzzled. Yet even though there were no signs of people, the street was too wide, and there were too many windows looking down on it. He dared not attack her here, where a single scream could bring a dozen eyes, and then a call to the police.

He laughed lightly as he saw her get up and then turn down a street which led into the council housing development. The girl was insane! Even he was afraid to go in there by himself! There were gangs of vicious black youths in those areas which would attack anyone on sight, just for the fun of it.

He crossed the street after her anyway, and as he came to the bench he saw the wet paint there. "Send the niggers back to Africa!" the writing demanded.

He gaped at the message. He had heard something about such messages on the radio, the last few days, but now he'd seen one and – could it really be that stupid little blonde slut!? The wheels in his brain turned rapidly and he almost giggled. Was she really doing this because he'd fucked her so good last week? That was hilarious! He thought about calling the police and reporting her anonymously, but what fun was there in that?

He hurried after her instead, keeping to the shadows, and looking for the kind of young black men who would be far more infuriated than he was at finding such graffiti on their walls – and take action at the one responsible.

There was some risk to him, of course, but he knew the kind of arrogant, stupid pride in these worthless punks. They were the kind who'd knife a man to death for bumping into them in a club, who'd beat a man half to death – or all the way – for any imagined slight.

And what would they do to a white girl they found spraying racial epithets on the walls of their neighbourhood? Nothing good, that was certain. Still, he didn't want the girl actually killed. That would just be a waste. And it would create far too much of a fuss.

There! There was a small group! Just four! If they were the right sort he'd have his little vigilante mob!

"Oy!" he called in a harsh whisper.

Four sets of gleaming eyes turned his way, and he swallowed his fear. They were so similar these punks, all young, athletic looking, with short hair.

He knew he had to talk fast, but he had already rehearsed in his mind what he needed to say.

“You know those racist words someone is spraying on the walls around here!?” he growled. “I found the white girl doing it!”

They appeared surprised, clearly having expected something else, most likely an offer of drugs.

“I followed her here. I suspected it was her! She hates Blacks! She’s always saying racist things about Blacks! And she’s right on the next block now spray painting ‘Niggers go back to Africa’ on the walls.”

“Some white girl is spraying that shit here?” one of them demanded in disbelief.

“A real pretty one, too, but she hates Black men. You must have seen it in the papers the other day (fat bloody chance these types ever read the papers) he thought.

“My aunt said something about seeing that shit,” one of them said.

Which was all the confirmation the rest needed.

“I think we should teach the snotty white girl a lesson about staying home and minding her manners,” Abdi Muhammad growled.

There were growls of agreement from three of them, but the fourth one held up a hand.

“How come you don’t teach her no lessons yourself?” he demanded.

“She knows me,” he said. “Not my name but she knows me and if she saw me she’d have the police on my ass.”

“You scared of the cops?” one of them said with a sneer.

“Don’t wants to go to jail if I don’t gots to, now does I?” he growled.

“Why don’t we find this white girl and see what she wants?” one of them said.

The others shrugged. They were bored anyway. It wasn’t like they had to get home and get some sleep before work tomorrow. They’d never worked a day in their lives and likely never would. So they trailed Abdi Muhammad up the street suspiciously, and they spotted the figure moving around a corner ahead and followed.

Abdi was looking around carefully, and spotted the message across the street.

“Look over there,” he said.

“Bring back slavery,” it said. “Give the darkies something to do!”

“See? Wet paint,” he said.

They growled angrily and hurried their pace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Emily paused to consider what to spray here. The first can was almost empty, but she had two more. What would outrage them the most, but be different than she’d already written? “Black men = pimps” she sprayed on the wall, and then “Black women = whores”.

“That ain’t nice.”

She squealed in shock, dropped the paint can and sprinted for the street. But there were several of them, and they ran to intercept, clawing at her, cursing, dragging her down, pulling her into a weed-covered vacant lot. She twisted and writhed desperately, heart pounding, terror filling her, yet she felt a surge of dark angry heat as well, and hatred at her own stupidity for doing this. It hadn’t been good enough to do it on James Street. She’d had to come right into the council housing area. What a stupid, stupid bitch she was! She deserved everything she got!

She gasped as one of them slapped her face hard, sending her staggering back against another.

“You like saying nasty things about Black people, bitch?!” he demanded.

“Get your hands off me, you filth!”

Someone punched her in the stomach and she gasped and folded over, but a sharp pull on her hair forced her up and back against the man behind her. The other two paint cans tumbled out from her belt and one of them picked up a can, pointing it at her face.

“Naahw!” Abdi Muhammad said. “You’ll get it on us too!”

He tore open her hoodie and laughed as he showed them that underneath was nothing but a tiny black bikini top. Four wide mouths turned up and white teeth shone. Then the top was ripped free and Emily squealed as she twisted and turned in their grip. But they were on her like wolves, now, grabbing at her, laughing, sneering, clawing at her clothes and tearing them from her body.

Abdi himself took her belt and as her arms were held at her sides, wrapped the belt around her to pin them tightly in place. Laughing, he bent her over towards one of the gang, jamming her face into his groin. He leered and seized her hair, unzipping and pulling his cock free, forcing her mouth over it as the others fought over the rest of her.

Abdi stood back, knowing he was low man on the totem pole here, that he would have to wait. But that was fine with him. He rubbed his hard cock and watched with delight as the first of them stuffed his cock into her shaven sex even while the second pumped his cock in her mouth, choking and gagging her.

They pawed and groped at her breasts and slapped at her ass. They pulled cruelly at her hair and pinched and twisted her nipples, laughing at her cries of pain. She fell to her knees and they rode her down, kneeling in front of and behind her, rutting and thrusting in delight. For as poor Black men in council housing they rarely got a close look at white girls of this sort of quality. Why this bitch could have been a model, could have been on television!

They used their cocks as weapons, ramming them into her again and again, revelling in her obvious pain, in the shame and humiliation they were inflicting on her. Each of them took her at least twice, leering in conquest as they rutted wildly, as they speared her with their stiff black pricks. Abdi took his turn, of course, yanking on her hair as he forced himself down her throat, smirking in delight as he raped her, as he used her, as he roughly groped and twisted the soft flesh of her breast.

He was the last to use her, and the four were gathered around watching as he forced his big cock down into her arse and used her thoroughly, all of them leering at the sight of the pretty white girl on her knees, her face in the dirt, getting sodomised by the Black man. When he finally spurted, pouring his cream into her ass and pulled back, one of them flicked open a knife and reached down, seizing her hair and yanking her head up and back.

“What you doing, man!?” Abdi growled, grabbing his wrist.

The four glared at him dangerously. He was still an outsider, someone they didn’t know.

“We goin teach this bitch a lesson!” one of them said.

“You don’t teach no bitch a lesson by killing it,” he said. “You want to teach white bitches a lesson you give them a lot more pain.”

He picked up one of the paint cans and smirked at them. “This bitch brought these into our neighbourhood, so she can use them and take them home again.”

He grabbed Emily by the hair and bent her over again on her knees, then grinned at the four angry young men and pushed the thick can against her anal opening. The four glowering men suddenly leered and laughed in delight, and Abdi knew he had them on his side again. He held the girl easily as he jammed the thick paint spray can into the girl’s already well-ravaged bottom.

Even though he had just used her roughly, as had several others, the paint can was considerably thicker than their cocks, and the girl began to cry and howl in pain as he forced it into her ass. One of the youths jammed his foot down against the back of her neck to hold her in place, while another clamped a hand over her mouth, and Abdi slowly forced the paint can up her ass.

Deep.

Emily's eyes bulged white and she trembled and shook as her anus was spread agonizingly wide, as the paint can was forced deeper and deeper. But the pain grew as they forced the second paint can up her pussy. The pain was so great this time that she almost lost the terrible dark hunger, heat and lust which had been crackling like wildfire through her body since she'd been caught, since the raping had begun.

Oh God how it hurt!

But she deserved it!

Laughing, sneering in contempt, they forced her head up and back, and then as she cried out in agony they shoved the third paint can against her mouth. She screamed in pain as it threatened to knock her teeth in. Somehow she managed to open her mouth wider, and still wider, and then the paint can slid into her mouth, filling it up. Laughing in delight, the young black thug holding it, and holding her head, pushed harder, and still harder, and Emily gurgled as it was jammed into her very throat!

They threw her down, laughing, standing around her. One of them put his foot against one of the paint cans sticking out of her pussy and pushed hard, and she screamed soundlessly. Another did the same to the one in her mouth. Then one took off his belt and brought it down across her breasts with a vicious blow.

The others looked on, eyes gleaming, as he swung again and again, the belt cracking against her belly, against her breasts, against her thighs. Emily twisted and writhed, gurgling weakly, and the other four took off their own belts, doubled them in their fists, and began to swing.

Five belts slashed down across the writhing, twisting girl's body, cracking across her breasts and belly, her back and bottom, her legs and even her feet. The belts flailed down across her body so fast she couldn't react, couldn't think, couldn't cope. She couldn't breath, either, not around the thick paint can filling her aching throat, and so after convulsions had wracked her and she had twisted and rolled and writhed and bucked again and again.

She tried dazedly to stand, but every time she got her knees under her that pushed her bottom up and out and a dozen blows drove her screaming forward into the dirt. Her mind was blasted by the crackling shockwaves of pain as the five belts lashed her furiously all over her body, and finally, with black dots dancing before her eyes, unable to breath past the paint can shoved into her mouth, she fainted.

She woke in darkness, alone, her entire body aching. She could breath again. The paint can in her throat had been pulled back though it still filled her mouth and held her jaw open wide.

She was stunned, dazed, and lay there for some time staring at the sight of a crumpled fast food cup sitting a few inches from where she lay in the dirt and weeds. She twitched, jerked, trembled, and occasionally moaned dazedly, and finally, she began to move with some semblance of thought. Her eyes fluttered and she groaned aloud as she tried to sit up, and failed. She slowly managed to pull her arms out of the belt, and then collapsed, gasping.

Her next major effort was to pull the paint can out of her mouth, which she managed easily enough, though her jaw ached as it was finally able to move. Her throat was on fire. It had never hurt so badly! She rubbed it and moaned in pain, tears filling her eyes.

She lay on her back in the weeds and her trembling hands reached down for the paint can shoved into her pussy. It was so deep! It hurt so bad! She felt a shock at how deep it was inside her, almost all the way up to the base! She whimpered and seized it, slowly tugging, trying to pull it free.

She groaned exhaustedly and collapsed, chest heaving. She whimpered as she brought her hands slowly up to her breasts. They had been badly whipped with the belts,

and ached fiercely, the nipples hot and throbbing. And hard. She groaned aloud as she ran her hands over them, squeezing, staring up at the dark sky.

She drew her feet slowly inwards, lifting her knees, then spreading them wide as a trembling hand eased down between her legs. She shuddered as she felt the thickness of the paint can, felt how stretched and taut her sex lips were. Her clit was a hard little bump pushing out into the night and she stroked her finger across it, hissing in pain – and pleasure.

Got what you deserved, bitch, she thought dazedly. Hope you're happy! Covered in semen, beaten and raped and sodomised. Oh how it hurts!

She whimpered and stroked her finger across her clit, reaching down with her other hand, seizing the paint can – and shoving it in harder.

“Ungh!” she cried, arching back at the pain.

But the dark hunger flared wildly, and she gripped the paint can again, pulling desperately as she stroked her fingers wildly across her clit.

The orgasm screamed through her and she writhed and bucked and cried out again and again and again as she thrashed and twisted in the dirt and weeds.

## Chapter Six

“I understand how you feel, sister,” the man said.

Emily gave a hesitant half-smile. The man seemed so – greasy, so strange. She had come here hoping to find some reassurance that she wasn’t insane, that her hatred of Black people, and especially Black men, was entirely justified. This was, after all, the “headquarters” of the National White Pride Alliance, and from what she had seen in the media they hated Black people even more than she did.

Most of them, including what few women were around, seemed to favour heavy boots and shaven heads with T-shirts. She wasn’t sure what kind of fashion statement that was meant to be but it was making her distinctly uncomfortable. They all seemed fairly rough speaking types, too, the kind she moved away from in normal circumstances

“We’re gonna throw all the niggers out of Britain,” the man before her assured her with a growl in his voice. “Send the whole fuckin’ lot of `em back to Africa where they kin hang from the fuckin’ trees again!”

He was a tall man, though stoop-shouldered, slender, but pugnacious, with a shaven head and a narrow, scowling face with a too-large, too-red nose. He held up a fist and shook it at her. “This’s what the niggers that don’t get the message will get instead!”

Not feeling charitable towards Black people, Emily nodded her head rapidly.

“And the fucking Jews can go right after them!” he said. “Not to mention the fuckin’ Indians and Pakis and all those other fuckin’ Mooslims and their fuckin’ bedhseet wearing women!”

Emily, thinking some sort of answer was expected, nodded uncertainly. The black men who had gang raped her that first time had been Somalians, and thus Muslims, so she didn’t have a problem with much of what the man said.

His eyes narrowed as he looked her over. “In fact, you could help us a lot with that,” he said. “I bet you could help us a whole lot, be a hero to your race.”

“Uhm, how?” Emily asked, beginning to think this was a bad idea.

He looked around suspiciously, though there were only two other shaven headed people within earshot.

“Come with me,” he said, taking her arm and leading her into a back office.

He closed the door behind and leered at her, causing Emily to draw back. But he passed by her and snatched up a picture from the desk. “See this man!?”

The Black man in the picture was middle aged, well-dressed, with one of those odd, perfectly done hair styles that one rarely saw except on politicians and television news presenters.

“His name is the Reverend Paul Everett,” he said. “He’s the leader of the Colour Coalition, a bunch of niggers, pakis and nigger lovers who lobby for more and more immigration, and try to get white men fired from their jobs so black men can be hired instead. He’s on the news all the time defending niggers every time they kill one of us, defending the pakis every time they riot, yelling at the police every time they arrest some darky. It sure would be nice to get rid of him.”

“What can I do?” she asked uncertainly.

“Oh you can do a lot. If you want to defend your race! Do you want to defend your race, Emily?”

“Well, uhm, yes.”

“Are you willing to sacrifice for your race!?”

“I-I guess so.”

He looked down at her, his eyes feral. “You’re a very pretty girl, Emily.”

He reached up and ran his fingers through her hair.

“Beautiful blonde hair – .”

He stroked her cheek and she eased back.

“Lovely Aryan skin.”

His eyes dropped lower. “Firm, shapely body.”

Emily eased back a step, but he followed. “We thought about killing him,” he said, “But that would just make him a martyr. We want to destroy him instead. And you’re just the girl to do that, Emily.”

“Uhm, how?” she asked, backing up again.

He followed again, and she found she had backed against the desk and had nowhere else to go.

“It would be a big scandal if he was caught with a white woman,” he said, his hand sliding up and down her side and hip.

“Uhm, you want me to sleep with him?” she asked.

“We want you to fuck his nigger brains out, and then tell the police he raped you!”

“H-How do I do that?” she gulped as his hand eased in and up beneath her breast.

“You’re a beautiful white girl. No nigger can resist you. All you have to do is go there and volunteer, say the right words, and let the Reverend get into your pants. Then you hurry outside and we’ll drive you to the hospital. You can get tested for his semen and he won’t be able to deny it!”

His fingers were softly kneading Emily’s breast and she squirmed uncomfortably.

“Get him to be rough,” he said with a leer. “Some bruises and scrapes would be real nice for the police to see.”

“I-I don’t know,” she gulped.

“Don’t you see what a great victory that would be for us!?” he exclaimed. “He’d be destroyed, and all his backers would run like the dogs they are! We’d be proven right about how dangerous it was to let these animals into Britain!”

He leaned in and bit lightly on the nape of her neck. “It would make every nigger in Britain cry!” he sniggered.

Emily liked that idea, liked it a lot, and surely a reverend wouldn’t be as dangerous as those thugs she had been courting. Rough? Would she be able to entice a religious man into making love to her roughly? She felt a surge of excitement at the thought. What a shameful, nasty, wicked thing to do!

A few hours later she nervously walked through the door of the Colour Coalition, wearing the outfit the WPA had found for her. It was basically a schoolgirl uniform, but the skirt was awfully short, barely below her buttocks. They had taken a number of pictures of her in it before driving her over here, supposedly so everyone could see how sweet she was and have sympathy for her after her brutal “attack” at the hands of the awful Black man.

Well people should have sympathy for her! After all she’d gone through! In fact, she rather liked the idea of everyone feeling outraged on her behalf because of the evil, violent lusts of cruel Black men.

Still, it made her nervous entering the place, as it was full of people who weren’t white. There were men with odd haircuts and turbans, and women in odd clothing, like the bed sheets Jerry, the guy at the WPA had referred to. Emily had a clipboard, and tried to look earnest as she claimed she was from a local secondary school and wanted to interview Reverend Everett for the school newspaper.

The Reverend smiled benignly when she came into his office.

“Uhm, hi, I’m Emily... Smith, and I’m from St. Bridget’s Secondary School. I was hoping to interview you for the school newspaper, Reverend.”

“But of course, my child,” he said, in an oddly throaty voice. “For the education of our youth is God’s greatest task upon us.”

HE rose from behind his large desk and came around to take her hand in his, squeezing it warmly as he looked down at her. "Are you a Christian, child?"

"Uhm, yes, father, I mean, Reverend."

He chuckled throatily, and patted her head, incidentally running his fingers through it.

"Do you believe the righteous shall inherit the earth?"

"Well, I can't say that I've given it much thought, Reverend."

He gave her hand a squeeze and went to the door, closing it behind her. "Please, come over here and sit down," he said, ushering her towards a leather sofa.

"We are not the meek here, Emily," he said. "It is not our place to be meek. It is our place to be righteous, and to prepare a place for the meek, to make this world a better place so that the meek can thrive, and when God calls them home, they will be here in all their legions!"

He sat down next to her and took her hand again. "We do God's work here, Emily. It is a sorrowful, difficult and agonizing chore, but we do our best to live up to the Lord's desires."

"Uhm, that's... good," she said uncertainly.

He took her hand and placed it against his chest.

"Do you feel my heart beating, Emily?" he asked, using his other hand to stroke her head. "It beats with the strength of the Lord, with His will, with His mission. For all people are His lambs and I am their shepherd."

He sighed heavily. "It is a mighty task, and tiring. Sometimes I wonder if I am up to it, wonder if I can continue in His mighty task. It is lonely and trying."

"It must be... difficult," she said as his hand stroked her cheek and slid down her throat.

"Oh it is, child. It is. Sometimes I don't know where I will find the willpower to continue. But then I see a girl like you, Emily, a lovely... innocent young girl, a white girl with all the advantages of your race behind you, and yet you come here seeking enlightenment."

"Um, yeah," she said.

"This is a racist world, you know, Emily. The power structure in this country is occupied by racist white men whose heels are on the throats of the downtrodden people of colour who yearn to be free!"

"I thought they were free," she said doubtfully.

"There is more to freedom than elections, Emily, my sweet, innocent child," he said, his hand caressing her knee. "Real freedom means being treated equally, having the jobs and power and wealth to live life as God means us to!"

"Uhm, okay."

She squirmed a little as his hand began to slide up and down her leg. He was as greasy as Jerry, the guy at the white pride place, and she was more than a little disapproving of how quick he was to slide his hand up her thigh. He was supposed to be a man of God after all! Still, it was her job to get him to make love to her so she certainly couldn't complain at how easy it was going.

"It must be – very hard for you," she gulped.

"It's very difficult: very difficult," he said with a dramatic sigh. "I cherish any small moments of comfort, small moments that lead me to believe my work is not in vain. If you, a lovely young white girl raised with all the sense of racial privilege your race is known for can bear the touch of a Black man, of my skin against yours, then I know I'm succeeding and this world has hope!"

He was turned towards her on the sofa, his left hand in her hair, caressing her forehead, his right sliding up and down her leg. Now he leaned further into her, his left hand tightening in her hair, gently forcing her head slowly back across the top of the sofa as he leaned in.

“Does it revolt you to think of a Black man’s lips on you, Emily?” he whispered.

“N-No,” she gasped as his lips neared hers.

His right hand slid up her thigh and his fingers traced the line of her sex against her thong as he kissed her gently.

“Such a lovely girl,” he whispered. “You reaffirm my faith in humanity, Emily.”

His lips pressed harder against hers, his tongue sliding into her mouth as his right hand slid up and then shoved down into the narrow V of her thong. She moaned and her legs shifted apart, her hips grinding up as his fingers stroked along her slit and over her clit.

He rubbed her there as his tongue slid in and out of her mouth. Then his hand came up and he quickly unbuttoned her blouse, pushing it open and tugging down her bra. She moaned again as he mouthed her breast and sucked on the nipple, growling and moaning as he did so, whispering softly about how she was “reaffirming his faith” as he licked and sucked and chewed on her nipple.

“Oh! Oh yes!” she gasped. “Bite me, Reverend. Ohhhh!”

He bit her breast, digging his teeth into her soft flesh, and she winced and groaned. “Harder!”

He bit harder, his fingers kneading her breast, then sliding down into her thong again. He rubbed at her clit and hooked a finger inside her, and Emily ground her hips up, gasping and moaning. Then he pulled back suddenly, unzipping. She gasped as he yanked her head forward and bent her over his lap. She opened her mouth to take his cock into it and sucked and licked as he groaned and fondled her breasts again.

“Yess, yes, my child,” he groaned. “Show me how little the colour of my skin matters to you! Show me how open minded you are! Suck me with that beautiful mouth of yours!”

Emily bobbed up and down on his glistening shaft as he groped her breasts and played with her hair. He worked a hand into her thong again, rubbing at her clit, and she grunted and moaned as she sucked and licked, gasping as he came in her mouth and filled her with his juice. He only softened a little, though, and under her steady sucking and licking he hardened right up again.

He tore her thong off and spread her legs wide, bending and licking frantically at her clit as Emily rolled her hips helplessly and grunted in pleasure. Her own orgasm was not long in coming, and she cried out in bliss as his sucking, licking mouth brought her over the edge.

But then he stumbled to his feet, gasping for breath himself. “Let me – let me find a condom,” he panted.

She couldn’t have that. She panted weakly, and then sat up herself.

“I-I’m leaving,” she gasped.

He whirled around in shock. “What!?! But you can’t go! Emily, my sweet child! Don’t destroy my faith in humanity!”

She pulled her shirt together and glowered at him. “Faith in humanity my ass, you fraud,” she said, panting for breath. “I’m not letting you stick your nasty black cock in me.”

He gasped and his jaw dropped open in shock.

“My pussy is for white meat only,” she said, putting a sneer into her voice. “I just wanted to see if it was true, that you darkies are so eager for blonde girls you wouldn’t be able to keep your hands off one if she walked into your office.”

She smirked and looked at his erection. “You’ll just have to find some nice Black whore to service your cock, Reverend!”

“You little bitch!”

“Nigger!”

“White whore!”

She spat at him and he slapped her face, spinning her around and throwing her against the desk.

"I should have known no spoiled, racist little white bitch would be interested in sharing God's bounty with a Black man!" he snarled.

He grabbed her hair from behind and yanked her head back roughly, then forced her over the desk. "But what the Lord will show you the bounty you reject! The Lord will punish you for your racist ways!"

"G-Get off me, you... you nigger!"

"Dirty little white bitch! All you blonde bitches need Black cock inside you!" he growled, forcing her legs apart.

"No! No, get off me, nigger!"

He rammed his dripping black cock into her moist pink pussy, his hand clamping over her mouth as she cried out too loudly.

"You like that, white bitch!?" he hissed. "You like the feel of this nigger cock up inside you!?"

He thrust hard, jamming his cock deep inside her, snickering at her moans and cries as he began to pump himself in and out.

"Take that cock, you little white bitch!" he growled, ramming into her again and again, making the desk rock from the violence of his thrusts.

"Ungh! Ungh! Oh! Ungh! Ahh!" she gasped as his hips rammed against her upraised bottom.

"Dirty bitch! You're probably a fucking Jew too! Dirty little Jew bitch!" he snarled, slapping her bottom with a sharp crack of flesh on flesh.

He yanked on her hair, forcing her head up and back, laughing at her cry of pain, and roughly groped her breast as his hips pounded down against her.

"All you white bitches are whores," he panted, "You all want black cock!"

"Ungh! Ohh! Unggh! Stop! Ungh! Ohh!"

"Take that Black cock, white bitch! I'll fuck a Black baby into you and see how you like that!" he chortled gleefully. "Are you a Catholic!? You can't get an abortion, can you, bitch! You'll have to have my nigger baby!" he laughed, pounding violently against her.

Emily was getting aroused, despite her pain, getting hot, getting high, her mind twisting and churning in black hunger as the reverend raped her hard and fast and roughly.

But before she could climax he finished, groaning and cursing her as he shot off inside her, biting at her neck and throat, at her ear as he dug his fingers hard into her breasts.

"White whore!" he panted. "White bitch! White slut! Go back to your school, whore and have my black baby!"

He stumbled back, panting for breath, grabbed Emily by the hair, and yanked her off the desk, then, holding her down, forcing her to crawl towards the back door, he dragged her along and threw her outside into the alley.

She groaned weakly and staggered to her feet. She pulled her blouse and blazer together and stumbled up the alley to the street, standing there swaying uncertainly for a minute wondering what to do next. Then a Black car pulled to a stop and the door opened. Jeremy reached for her and pulled her inside, and they drove away.

"Well? Did you get him to do it?" he demanded.

"Y-Yes!" she gasped. "H-He raped me!"

"Bloody marvellous!"

That wasn't exactly the sympathy Emily had been hoping for.

They drove only a few blocks, then turned into a garage. The door closed and he got out, pulling her after him.

The drive got out, too, a large, beefy man named Rupert. And a shaven headed girl about her own age came over to meet them.

“Let’s see your body,” she said eagerly.

Emily clutched her blouse against herself.

“We want to see if there are bruises!”

“I – I don’t know. I mean, he squeezed my breasts hard and – he slapped me once.”

“We want marks!” the girl growled. “We want people feeling sorry for you!”

“But I - .”

“Let’s see. Don’t be shy.”

Rupert and Jeremy pulled her arms back and the girl unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her bra down. Emily blushed redly as the three examined her breasts excitedly and tried to decide if the bite marks would be able to last long enough for the authorities to take pictures.

“Wait!”

The girl, her name was Rhonda, took pictures of her topless, and then Rupert and Jeremy stripped her naked.

“It’s for your race! Don’t be selfish!” Rupert growled.

“Stupid bitch!” Rhonda snapped.

“We can make this story even better,” Jeremy said. “She should have more bruises.”

“And rope burns on her wrists. People will love to read about that! It’ll get them all excited at the thought of a pretty blonde being raped by a big nigger!”

“Wait!”

“This will hardly hurt! Don’t be stupid!” Rupert snapped.

They tied rough rope around Emily’s wrists, then after some debate, threw the rope over a low hanging beam and lifted her off her feet. The pressure against her wrists was horrible and she cried out in pain as the ropes dug deep into her soft, tender flesh.

“It’ll leave very obvious marks!” Rupert said. “No one will doubt your word after we’re done with you! They’ll want to murder that filthy nigger!”

“Tie her ankles too!”

Panting, moaning, her wrists on fire, Emily could do nothing as they spread her legs wide and tied more rope tightly around her ankles. Then Rupert produced a large, thick black dildo and showed it to the others. “This should leave a few bruises!”

The others chortled, and he moved behind her, then pressed it against her wrinkled little anal opening.

“Oh! No! Please! Oh no!”

“Don’t worry, slut, it will fit,” Rupert said with a low, throaty chuckle.

“No! Wait! Y-you could at least use some lubricant!” she gasped.

“Shove it up her whore ass!” Rhonda snapped. “Stupid bitch! We want it to bruise you! We want the bruises and damage to show up when you go the hospital. Jeremy! Get another one and ram it up her pussy. Rape her hard, leave bruises!”

“I can use my cock instead,” Jeremy said with a leer.

“Stupid bastard! We don’t want you juice inside her when they do the tests!”

Emily cried out in pain, her voice rising louder and louder as she twisted and writhed frantically. The two men raped her violently with the black dildos, pumping their fists rapidly, ramming them in deliberately hard to tear at her soft flesh, to bruise her tender skin.

“Yeah, the report is going to make the Reverend look like an animal,” Rhonda chortled, taking out a slender whip and smiling coyly at Emily. “Don’t worry, dear, you’ll be a hero to your race. Your pain will blot out the shame you must feel for having had a Black man’s cock inside you.”

She swung her arm out and the whip cut across Emily's breasts with a sharp, violent snap of pain. She screamed and twisted violently, her eyes bulging, her muscles pulling violently against the ropes holding her in place. Again and again the whip sliced into her soft, pale flesh, cutting across her smooth, unblemished breasts, leaving dark, ugly welts as they set fire to her senses.

Behind her, Rupert had both hands wrapped around the base of the big dildo in her bottom, and was ramming it up again and again, impaling her, punching the nose deep into her bowels so that her cries of pain became louder and louder and they were forced to gag her.

"Harder!" someone growled. "We want her bruised inside when they examine her."

The dildo rammed up into her ass so hard it almost lifted her weight off her hands and she shuddered and cried out into the gag. They pried her legs wide, and the dildos in her pussy and ass were rammed up into her again and again and again as she howled and writhed and twisted in their grip.

Jeremy slapped her face, hard, throwing her head to one side, then backhanded her even harder, so she tasted blood. He slapped her again and again, her head thrown from side to side, coloured dots filling her vision as she became dazed and bleary.

"Let me strangle her," she heard. "It'll look like he tried to kill her."

"Not with your hands, idiot! They'll be able to measure the fingers."

Her vision blurred and then she gurgled weakly as a belt tightened around her throat. Her eyes bulged and she gasped helplessly for air, trying desperately to draw a breath.

"Maybe we should just let her die. We could send an anonymous message implicating the Reverend and they could test for his semen," Rhonda said as she began to black out.

"Just as well, she's so filthy now that a nigger has used her no man will ever want her again," Rupert said.

Her vision darkened and then the pain went away.

## Chapter Seven

Emily was almost surprised to waken. For a time she had no idea where she was, but then the white sheets, the bright lights, and the off yellow curtains around her – not to mention the antiseptic smell, told her she must be in a hospital. She seemed to be in a private room, and she could see nothing beyond the closed door, though from time to time she heard the murmured sound of an intercom of some sort.

Then the door opened and a heavysset nurse bustled in, smiling coolly when she saw Emily's eyes on her. "Ah, awake I see. That's good. We can get some information from you."

Emily blushed. This all seemed like such a dumb idea now. She wanted to just get up and leave.

"There'll be some police in to see you soon, dear. Don't you worry. You're perfectly safe here," she said.

She pulled back the sheet and Emily gasped, trying to cling to them.

"Now don't be shy, dear. I've already seen every bit of you there is to see. I'm just checking to see if your bruises and welts are doing well."

Blushing, Emily looked down at her nude body. There were welts across her breasts, and gouges and bruises where the Reverend's fingers had sunk in. There was evidence of a bite mark or two, as well. Her inner thighs were red and bruised, too, and there were bandages wrapped around her wrists. She was sore inside, and ached deep within her belly.

"These are – coming along – nicely," the nurse said in a low voice, tracing the line of one welt across the soft, curving surface of Emily's breast. "Does that... hurt... dear?"

"A-A little," Emily gulped as she watched the nurse's pudgy finger stroking back and forth along the dark line on her breast.

"Men are so cruel," the nurse said. "So brutal. Why, a young girl like yourself, so helpless, what could she do to defend herself?"

Her finger traced another welt, this one directly across one of Emily's pert nipples. Emily gasped, and the nurse smiled. "Does that hurt, dear? Don't you worry, your nipple will recover fully."

She stroked her finger slowly around and across Emily's nipple, and the blonde girl dug her fingers into the sheets below as her nipple throbbed and pulsed with pain.

"Men are so cruel," the nurse whispered, letting her thumb and forefinger gently pinch and rub the throbbing, erect nipple between them. "You must be so traumatized, you poor dear."

She bent her mouth towards Emily's breast. "Why don't I just – ."

"In here, gentlemen," a voice said from out in the hall.

The nurse jerked back and pulled the sheets up as the door was pushed open. Two men in suits and long coats entered the room, both middle aged, speaking in that special, pinch faced voice of the English public school, their hair cut short. They were of a similar medium height, their suits bland and dark, their hair dark but greying.

"My name is Inspector Prestyn-Fortwick," the first one said. This is Sergeant Milworth-Foster. We are here to investigate the circumstances surrounding an alleged assault which took place the other day. And your name is?"

Emily hesitated. "Emily... Foster," she lied.

The Sergeant took notes, looking down at a notebook clutched in his left hand.

"Now then, Ms. Foster, can you tell us what, if anything, happened to you?"

Emily found the wording odd, but said that she had gone to volunteer with Reverend Everett and he had attacked her.

“Isn’t it possible,” Prestyn-Fortwick in the soothing voice adults might use with children, “That it was actually someone else you encountered?”

“No, I recognized him.”

“Don’t you think perhaps you might simply have fallen and are confused,” he suggested.

She frowned at him. “Fell and raped myself?”

“We don’t know for a fact you have been raped,” he said with an obsequious, apologetic smile.

She held her bruised, bandaged wrists up.

“Could have done that anywhere,” he said.

“We did find semen samples in her mouth, anus and vagina,” the nurse said.

Prestyn-Fortwick scowled at her. “Of course, she could have had sex with anyone, with her very white boyfriend, for example.”

“I haven’t got one,” she said.

“But you have had sex with white men, haven’t you?!” Prestyn-Fortwick pounced, pointing his finger accusingly.

“Well – yes.”

“So perhaps you had sex with Reverend Everett willingly.”

“She’s very badly bruised inside,” the nurse said, scowling, “And has bite marks on her breasts.”

Prestyn-Fortwick waved his arm airily. “Many women like their lovemaking rough.”

Emily was confused. “But I – .”

“Perhaps it was a white man that raped you,” Prestyn-Fortwick said eagerly. “Perhaps you merely mistook him, in your confusion, for Reverend Everett. You did pass out, after all.”

“After I was strangled!”

“And everyone knows Reverend Everett is a man of peace,” he said benignly.

“What is it you’re doing?” the nurse demanded.

Prestyn-Fortwick frowned at her. “We do not want any racial incidents, nurse, racial incidents which will be exploited by hate mongers to incite violence and disorderly conduct.”

Which, of course, was exactly what the WPA wanted, of course, but Emily found herself getting angry that the police detective apparently didn’t care whether she was raped and beaten or not.

“You mean you don’t care if he raped me?” she demanded.

“Don’t be absurd,” he said indignantly. “Of course, if he broke the law he should be taken before a court. But we don’t want a man of such noble aspirations dragged through the mud over something trivial.”

“He didn’t seem that noble to me!” she flared.

“Reverend Everett has been doing his best to combat racism and bring Britain’s different racial and ethnic groups together for many years,” he said with a smile.

“He said all dirty white bitches need to have black babies bred in them!”

“I’m certain you’re mistaken,” he said placidly. “Such a fine man would never say such words.”

“He said it a bunch of times!”

Prestyn-Fortwick moved closer to the bed and his eyes hardened. “Are you a troublemaker, Miss Foster? You know, troublemakers do nothing to make society better.”

“Now just a minute,” the nurse said.

“Sergeant, would you see the nurse out, thank you.”

The sergeant put down his notebook and pushed the protesting nurse out of the room, then closed the door on her and put his back against it. Prestyn-Fortwick sat on the edge of her bed and clasped her hand.

“Now then, Miss Foster, suppose you tell us exactly what happened.”

In as quick a voice as she could, looking down at the sheets, blushing, Emily told how he had pressured her to have sex, and the words he used. She did not tell them the words she used to goad him when she finally pulled away, of course. Then she described how he had raped her – much of it true, some of it not. She had to look down as she spoke, her face flaming. It was very embarrassing to be talking like this to two men, after all.

“Perhaps we could go into somewhat more detail. For example, how big was Reverend Everett’s penis?”

“Well... uhm, pretty big, she said, blushing.

“Eight inches, nine, ten?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t have a measuring tape!”

“But when you had it in your mouth,” he said. “You surely must have been able to form some judgement as to its length and width.”

She blushed. “Maybe ten inches.”

“And how wide did you have to open your mouth to envelope his penis? Was your mouth very, very wide? Perhaps you could demonstrate for us.”

She stared at him. “I’m not going to demonstrate!”

“How thick was he?”

“Thick!”

“So your mouth was forced very wide, is that correct? Your lips were spread wide open?”

“Uhm, yes,” she said.

“And you felt every vein on his penis as it slid in and out, is that right, as it slid in and out through your lips?”

Emily blushed furiously. “I guess,” she gulped.

“And when it slid across your tongue, back and forth over your tongue, did it taste like anything in particular?”

“I-I didn’t notice!”

“What about when it went down your throat. Did it go deep into your throat?”

“Y-Yes!”

“All the way?”

“Yes!”

“And so with his cock buried in your throat and your nose pressed against his pubic bone, was your nose hurt in any way? Was it hurt being crushed against his pubic bone like that?”

“I-I don’t remember!”

He smiled benignly. “How about when he achieved orgasm. He did achieve orgasm, did he not?”

She nodded numbly, face flaming.

“Did he ejaculate into your mouth or into your throat?”

“I-I ...”

“Perhaps you could tell us much much heejaculated. Did he ejaculate into your face? Did you swallow his ejaculation?”

“I-I uhm, some,” she gulped, mortified now as the two men leered at her.

“And were your hands tied at this point? They were. So let me see if I’ve got this right. You were naked, on your knees, your wrists tied together behind you, and Reverend Everett was standing over you, pushing his long, thick, black penis in and out of your mouth and down your throat. I imagine he held your hair as he did? Yes, so he was holding you by the hair as he raped your mouth and throat, jamming your nose

against his pubic bone repeatedly. Did he reach down and fondle your breasts as he did this? Yes, of course, and so after he ejaculated into your mouth, what then? Did you continue to lick his penis?"

"S-stop talking like that!" she gulped, shaken, her entire body burning with embarrassment.

"But I'm simply trying to relate what happened, Miss Foster," he said in a soothing voice. "And you'll have to get used to it for you'll have to testify in exact detail like this in front of the court, the stenographer, all the press and jury. And of course, Reverend Everett's attorney will do his best to question your statements. For example, when you were on your knees with your buttocks raised, and Reverend Everett was thrusting into your vagina with such vigour, did you enjoy it at all?"

"Of course not!"

"Not even a little? You do enjoy sex, do you not, Ms. Foster?"

"Well... well yes but - ."

"And Reverend Everett is a handsome man with an excellent body. You don't have anything against Black people, do you, Ms. Foster?"

"No! But he - ."

"So you were on your knees naked, your buttocks raised up and knees apart, with a handsome, virile man mounting your, thrusting into your vagina again and again. You didn't like that even a little?"

"No!"

"Don't you have fantasies which involve men thrusting into you hard like that?"

"Well I uhm, I guess sometimes but - ."

"So this was like a fantasy come true. You didn't feel any sexual pleasure out of being mounted by this virile, handsome black man with his big cock? I'm only asking, of course, because his solicitor will do so in open court. Very insensitive, those solicitors."

He turned towards the door "Sergeant, get Ms. Foster a drink, would you?"

The sergeant left, and Prestyn-Fortwick smiled as he leaned forward, brushing the blonde hair back from her forehead.

"If we were to arrest Reverend Everett there would be riots in the streets," he said.

"But I - ."

"And we don't want that, now do we?"

He tugged the sheet back away from her breasts and she gasped and tried to cover herself with her hands.

"We'll need pictures of course," he said. "Pictures of the bruises and marks so we can check them against Reverend Everett. They'll have to be shown in open court."

He tugged the sheet away completely, leaving her naked, and she squealed and tried to cover herself entirely.

"Need pictures of everything, in fact," he said. "Do you really want to go through that? So what if you had a bit of in and out. I'm sure you get that all the time. I'm sure Reverend Everett was simply under too much strain and you provoked him in some way"

She gaped at him, and he gripped her sore wrists, forcing them up against the top of the bed, then drew out a pair of handcuffs and locked them to the metal post.

"Wh-what are you doing!?" she gasped.

"You're obviously suffering from delusions," he said, as he pressed his fingers against the sides of her jaw and forced her mouth open.

She squealed in pain and he stuffed a wad of cloth into her mouth, then used hospital straps to pin her ankles down as she stared at him, wide-eyed.

He leaned over and smiled cruelly. "The metropolitan police do not want anyone causing riots. The government doesn't want anyone instigating racial trouble and causing it headaches."

He took out a black box and fiddled with it. “This is a taser. You fire these two small darts on the end of thin wires, and it transmits electricity. Of course, you don’t have to fire the darts. You can simply pull them out.”

He pulled out two tiny, sharp little darts attached to thread thin wire and smiled at her, then looked down at her tautly bound body, and carefully pressed the darts into the very centre of each nipple.

Emily squealed and twisted and thrashed as the needle-sharp darts were slowly pushed into the centre of each nipple, her body writhing and straining against the handcuffs and straps.

Then he pulled the trigger and the electricity shot into her. She arched violently back, eyes bulging, body straining and quivering like an epileptic in a fit.

The power stopped and she dropped flat, gasping dazedly.

“It would be nothing but trouble for everyone,” he said. “And cause all manner of discord and stress to our Black community.”

The power came again and once again Emily strained up and back, screaming into the gag, body shaking violently as Prestyn-Fortwick held his finger on the trigger.

Then he released it and she dropped limp again, gulping in air.

“Now you might find this attitude somewhat cold and unfair. You might believe that you deserve better and are being treated unjustly.”

Again the power came, and again she arched up and back painfully, screaming.

“But the authorities must do what is in society’s overall best interest,” he said as she twisted and writhed and shook.

He released the power and she dropped, moaning, chest heaving, skin covered in sweat, muscles trembling and spasming uncontrollably.

“You can, of course, choose to complain about any perceived mistreatment to the Metropolitan Police, or even the Independent Police Complaints Commission,” he said with a cool smile. “But really, do you think anyone would believe such a story? I mean, it’s simply inconceivable that a respected police inspector like myself would be so brutal with a rape victim.”

He pressed the button again and Emily thrashed madly.

He let it go and drew the darts back out of her nipples, then bent over her, and put his hand over her throat, firmly but without squeezing. He bent in closer and spoke in a lower voice. “You will not pursue this story about Reverend Everett. You will say you were raped by a white man,” he growled. “And if you don’t then more severe measures will be called for.”

He closed his fingers and she gurgled weakly.

“Do you understand?”

She nodded frantically and he smiled and removed his hand.

“Good.”

He drew back and brushed at his jacket. “It’s true that from time to time Reverend Everett has small... incidents... with young, blonde girls. But we all have our weakness, and he is a great man who is helping to promote multiculturalism and mutual understanding for all.”

He uncuffed her and then unstrapped her and drew the cloth out of her mouth.

“I will write down the incident just as described,” he said. “And you will sign it.”

The sergeant returned, and had with him a “Transcription”, he said, of what she had related. It stated that a white man with red hair and a Scottish accent had accosted her after seeing her come out of Reverend Everett’s storefront headquarters, had said racist things about Black people and Muslims and Indians. He had dragged her into an alley and raped her, then been chased off by several Black men who happened to walk past the alley and heard her cries.

Emily was just grateful when they left. As soon as she was alone she searched in a closet, found her clothes – the schoolgirl clothes – and snuck out of the hospital. She had

to move very slowly, limping and gasping with pain at every motion, but made it out of the hospital, and up the street to the underground.

## Chapter Eight

It took many days for the welts to fade from Emily's pale skin, and longer still until she stopped hurting inside, until her voice, usually light and high, stopped sounding sore and gravely, like she had a terrible cold. For two weeks she could hardly speak, and walked with a limp because of the pain between her legs. Then her body began to recover, and she began to think more and more clearly about her situation.

Of course, thinking clearly was probably not an apt description of her capabilities these days. And no doubt others could have found a better term for it.

Black men were simply too dangerous for her to be near. She was lucky she hadn't been killed. She was too slight, too weak, and if she wasn't careful one of those apes was going to break her limbs or worse.

And yet her body caught fire every time she thought of being raped and abused, every time dark flashes of memory appeared in her head, of the awful things which had been done to her, not just the last time, but all the times she had been gang raped.

No, she needed help, she needed a therapist of some sort. And she had a pretty good idea what kind of therapist, too.

The most shameful possible person she could have found to confess her slutish, insane thoughts, fantasies and lusts for Black men to – was a Black woman. And so of course, she found a Black female therapist. Her name was Raeni Simpson, and she was Jamaican.

She was so ashamed, and in such anguish over the thought of confessing, however, that she cancelled her first visit, and rescheduled, then cancelled the second, and failed to show up for the third. It considerable begging and pleading with the receptionist to get a fourth appointment, and that one she showed up for, at last, dressed in a long, pleated skirt, heavy sweater and oversized dark glasses. She was nervous and anxious and had no idea how to begin, how to confess to this stern looking Black woman gazing at her from the nearby chair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Raeni Simpson frowned at the young woman sitting across from her. Most of her patients were Black and came recommended by other patients. This girl had appeared out of nowhere and insisted on seeing her, then backed out of several appointments. Raeni was more than a little irritated, though she did nothing to show it. The girl looked like one of those pampered British princesses who was all wrapped in anguish because they hadn't gotten all the toys they'd wanted for Christmas. Why the hell didn't she find a nice downtown therapist to whine to?

To top it off she was not feeling particularly charitable towards white women, nor ever had. Particularly blonde ones, and most especially pretty blonde ones.

Raeni had just ended a four year relationship with a Black man who had left her for some blonde slut, and she and her girlfriends had discussed at length, and with a lot of bitterness, the fascination so many Black men had for lighter skinned women.

Raeni was a handsome woman, tall, with narrow face and high cheekbones. She had very short hair, and her skin was very Black. All her life she had known that it was the lighter skinned girls, the ones with traces of Arabic or white in their bloodlines who drew the men. The lighter the skin, the more men the other Black and brown girls could wrap around their fingers.

As for white women, well, the cultural prejudices of Black men were so glaringly obvious, especially in terms of blondes, that there was no point in even trying to fight it.

They were all brainwashed to think that if they had a pretty blonde on their arms they had somehow made it in life.

And here was this lovely young blonde girl sitting across from her, taking up her time, having wasted a lot of it already. No, Raeni was not feeling at all charitable.

“Emily,” she said briskly, “You are going to have to start talking and telling me why you’re here or we’re both wasting our time.”

“I-I need help,” Emily said.

“You’ve already said that. You need to get beyond that and give me some information.”

“I-I have this thing about.... About Black people,” she said.

Raeni looked at her with fresh interest.

“What kind of thing?” she asked slowly.

“I-I hate them!” she exclaimed, dropping her eyes.

Raeni felt a rush of indignation and anger, and scowled at the blonde girl, but her mind moved past the words. Why would she come here to see her if she was simply a racist. She’d be better off joining some kind of white pride group.

“And why do you hate Black people?” she asked in as neutral a tone as she could find.

“I was raped.”

Raeni suddenly found she had some sympathy for the girl, but there was something more there alongside it. A certain measure of grim satisfaction, a certain sense of “serves you right, you filthy blonde whore,” which she knew was very wrong.

“Not by all Black people, I assume,” she replied. “I’m sure white people have mistreated you in the past, too.”

“It was – a very shocking thing,” Emily said, her face flushed. “There were a – lot of them.”

“Tell me about it.

Emily did, feeling more and more embarrassed.

Raeni felt more and more appalled, and yet, that dark, grim satisfaction rose even higher. Little white slut was parading around her pale body and some Black men took it to play with. Well, it served the slut right!

Of course, as a woman she felt appalled., but the problem was that what had happened to this white bitch was almost like one of Raeni’s favourite masturbatory fantasies. And as the girl spoke, and Raeni imagined what had happened, got a mental picture of the little white slut surrounded by powerful Black men, ramming their pricks into her, she felt something other than sympathy. She almost wished she had been there instead, surrounded by those big Black men, sucking their cocks and feeling herself being penetrated, being used, being manhandled!

God, what a rush it would have been to be so thoroughly dominated and used!

Of course, that was merely a fantasy. She had no illusions about the pain and fear and humiliation she would have felt had she actually been victimized like that.

Still, the fact it was one of her favourite sexual fantasies was influencing her thinking, as was the fact she didn’t like blonde girls. And her eyes narrowed as the girl continued speaking, and she noted the tone of her voice, and the words the girl was choosing to use, making the word pictures so crystal clear, she began to have a suspicion this girl was not merely relating a horrifying past event.

And then when she described her second rape, and then the gang rape on the bus, Raeni felt herself staring incredulously. Was the girl telling the truth or had she made all this up? Then came the third gang rape, and Raeni shook her head and rolled her eyes. Surely this was nonsense. The girl was making it up. The question was why was she making it up?

“So why do you think you subject yourself to such violent sexual attacks?” she asked.

The girl's eyes rose for a moment, as if startled. "I-I don't."

"You deliberately sought out those last attacks. You invited them. You might not have stripped and thrown yourself at the nearest group of black men you came across but you clearly wanted them to gang rape you."

The girl shook her head anxiously.

"Of course you did. You haven't said so explicitly, but let me ask you. Are you aroused by thinking about these events? Were you aroused when they were happening?"

She doubted they had ever happened but still, she saw by the girl's reaction she had hit the nail on the head. She thought about the cultural cliché's of black men and wondered if this girl were feeling the same sort of attraction to Black men as Black men felt for blondes. Oh it wasn't on the same level of course. Black men sought out white girls for prestige. White women sought out Black men because of sex, raw, wild, animal sex their wimpy white boyfriends wouldn't give them.

At least that was the cultural cliché.

"Does it arouse you, thinking about being used, being dominated by handsome Black men?" she asked.

"I-It's not that!" Emily said anxiously, wringing her hands. "It-it's not that they're handsome. I don't think they're handsome at all! I think they're – they're animals!"

"And are you aroused by the thought of copulating with animals?" Raeni asked a trifle snidely.

"It-it isn't the sex!" Emily exclaimed. "I mean, it's sex but it's not... that's not..."

"Do you feel shame when you are thinking about being raped by Black men?"

"Yes!"

"Humiliated?"

"Yes!"

"And that arouses you? Being shamed and humiliated? Being dominated, being used and victimized?"

"I-I .... Yes!"

"And so you crave humiliation, like a masochist, and you found it very humiliating to be used by Black men in particular, so that is why you find this more arousing than giving yourself to White men to use. Is that correct?"

"I-I never thought about it like that," Emily said.

"Well think about it. When you have these fantasies you feel aroused and ashamed, you feel excited and degraded. Is it the degradation that arouses you? Do you find it arousing to be victimized, to be used, to be degraded?"

"I – I don't know. I – maybe."

Raeni felt her indignation rising. This stupid blonde slut was a masochist who got off on being humiliated and used. Now that wasn't so shocking and unusual a development. But she was fixated on it being Black men who would "rape" and abuse her because she saw Black men as being so inferior, being such animals and primitives that this was far more humiliating to her than being used and abused by a White man.

She felt like striking her!

That would be unprofessional, of course, but then, it wasn't like Raeni had any kind of credentials to fear losing. She had a masters degree in psychology, and had set herself up as a therapist, needing no credentials, nor licence. In fact, she hadn't even needed the education in psychology. Anyone could call themselves a therapist, and did.

"But – it's very dangerous," Emily said anxiously. "I could have been killed by those men the last time! I think one of them wanted to cut my throat!"

Oh if only, Raeni thought acidly.

"Do you see Black people as inferiors?"

"Yes," Emily said, dropping her eyes awkwardly.

"As savages? As nearly animals?"

“Yes,” she gulped.

“So it is more shameful and wicked for you to fantasize about being raped, about being mobbed by nasty Black men than if they were white.”

Emily looked up, startled. “But they aren’t fantasies!” she said. “I really was gang raped!”

Raeni looked at her.

“They whipped me with their belts!”

I’d like to do the same, she thought angrily. Stupid little racist bitch.

“Do you ever fantasize about sex with Black women?” she demanded.

Emily shook her head. “I’m not a lesbian.”

“That has nothing to do with it. Surely Black women are savages, too. If it’s sexual humiliation and shame that gets you off then it doesn’t matter if it’s Black men or Black women, right?”

“I-I don’t think – .”

She decided to confront the stupid little bitch.

“Take off your clothes.”

Emily raised her eyes, startled.

“Strip.”

“B-but why?”

“Well, if you have no sexual interest in women, and yet I shame you sexually and you still feel arousal, then we’ll know that your real desire is not for sex but for shame and humiliation. There are easier, less dangerous ways of satisfying such a craving other than going into the middle of a council housing area and spray painting racist slogans on walls.”

“Stand up,” she ordered.

The girl stood slowly, uncertainly.

“Strip. Now!”

She didn’t expect the girl to actually do it, and knew she was on shaky ground here, that she was allowing her own dislike of blonde girls in general, and this little racist bitch in particular to cloud her judgement. She was faintly surprised when her trembling fingers began to slowly undo the buttons on her skirt. It slid to her ankles, and Raeni looked to the door, a bit nervously, checking her watch. But her next patient wasn’t do for some time.

She felt a little quiver of excitement herself as the girl peeled off her sweater. She had no real interest in women, but she was feeling a thrill of power as the girl obeyed. And to have power over one of those beautiful blonde bitches she’d always, she admitted, been jealous of, and resented, was a delicious feeling.

“Take off your underwear. I want to see you naked.”

The girl obeyed, her face beet-red, and Raeni felt another stab of resentment at her perfect body, her firm young breasts, her flawless skin, and with that resentment came a determination to punish her, to punish this racist slut.

“Get down on your hands and knees. That’s it, just like a bitch in heat. Do you want me to beat you? Go on, down. Now crawl.”

Emily looked at her, startled, her face flaming.

“Crawl over to the door, bitch.”

The word shocked her, but she obeyed, feeling her humiliation grow worse as the Black woman stared at her, scowled at her, glowered at her. She crawled awkwardly to the door, then turned, and crawled back again.

“Do you feel ashamed?”

“Y-Yes,” she gulped.

“Do you feel aroused by your shame?”

Emily shook her head weakly.

“Perhaps your humiliation isn’t shameful enough, or perhaps it’s not sexual enough. Lay back on the floor on your back, spread your knees wide”

Her stomach churning, Emily obeyed the woman, her chest heaving.

“Now masturbate.”

The word shocked her, and she visibly jerked in surprise.

“Do it! Masturbate in front of me!”

Emily’s face was already on fire. She couldn’t do that! She simply couldn’t!

Yet she felt her hand creeping, in fits and starts, down her body, down between her legs, and as soon as her fingers began to stroke against her clit she felt her body’s wild response, felt her clit engorged, felt her senses being overcome by a tremendous storm wave of arousal. She shuddered as her fingers stroked against her clit, as the Black woman sitting across looked at her and she masturbated.

The woman rose and turned away, and Emily faltered, but then she returned and tossed something heavy to her. It was a plastic tube of hair gel. It was certainly long and thick enough to serve the function she knew it was intended for, and she felt her heat getting worse, felt her entire body aflame now as, humiliated, she pressed the cap against her pussy and slowly pushed it into her body.

The black woman looked on, almost as if bored, watching as she fed the tube deeper into her pussy and began to pump it in and out. Her chest was rising and falling furiously even as she began to moan and gasp and whimper in pleasure. She pumped the tube faster, her eyes locked on the woman as she watched.

“Are you excited? Are you aroused?” the woman demanded.

“Y-Yes!” Emily gasped breathlessly.

“Very much?” the woman’s voice sounded doubtful.

“Y-Yes!” she moaned.

“Stop then!”

Emily halted, and the woman stared at her, as if troubled.

\* \* \* \* \*

What a sick little bitch, Raeni thought. But she felt a surge of awe and delight at the same time. Look at the power she had over this girl! She hadn't even touched her and the girl was – was like that! She was splayed out on her floor masturbating, humiliating herself while Raeni simply watched.

She wondered what else she could get the girl to do, what else she could get away with. She had a fleeting thought of demanding the girl perform oral sex on her. She had little interest in women, but oral sex was oral sex, and she was becoming aroused at her sexual domination of this weak but beautiful girl.

She fought to keep her face neutral, her voice steady. She got up and looked around, then went to the little kitchenette. There was a bottle of soda in the fridge. She took it out and walked back, handing it to the girl. "Put that into your bottom."

The girl blanched, but took it and stared at it as if mesmerized. Then she brought the narrow neck against her bottom, drawing her knees back and, red-faced, slowly began to work it into herself.

Raeni got her some butter, and the girl smeared the cap and neck with it, then pushed it into herself again, gasping and moaning as she lewdly splayed her legs, as she brought her knees back, exposing herself and shoving the bottle into her anus.

Raeni looked away a little, not thrilled with the sight of the girl's naked privates, but she could not keep from looking, for the sense of power was setting her insides to vibrate. She could get this stupid bitch to do anything!

This was wrong, she knew, very wrong, but she was being driven by her own inner demons now, her own long-held anger and repressed jealousy and violence.

"Get on all fours," she ordered. "Do you feel like a bitch in heat now? Do you feel ashamed?"

The girl knelt on all fours, breasts hanging down, the bottle and the base of the tube sticking out of her.

"Y-Yes!" she moaned.

"Reach between your legs, masturbate."

The girl did, and again Raeni felt a surge of heat at her power. She took off her own belt and moved to stand behind the girl, then swung it down to crack across her bottom. The feel of the impact was an especial thrill, and she felt that impact twist something inside her as the girl cried out in pain.

"Does this arouse you? Doe sit? Slut? Whore!?"

She swung the belt down again, and again the impact made her mind and body squirm even as it left a red line across the blonde girl's bottom. She stared at the fat bottom of the bottle sticking out of her straining ass, at the thick tube sticking out of her pussy. What on earth am I doing, a part of her wondered in horror. But another part of her felt a gleeful sense of vengeance as she swung the belt again, and then again while the blonde girl rubbed her fingers frantically across her clit.

"Does this feel good, you racist bitch?" she demanded, cracking the belt down across the girl's back so hard the girl sagged and groaned.

It sure makes me feel good, she thought, elated.

"Cheap white whore," she said, slicing the belt down across that pert white bottom again.

"Do you want me to round up some Black men to come and rape you, slut? Do you?" she growled, cracking the belt down across the girl's back again.

Emily sobbed weakly, bottom raised, both arms between her legs, one hand desperately pumping the purple tube in and out of her pussy as the fingers of the other stroked raggedly across her clit.

The orgasm came, loud, powerful, intense to the point where she cried out again and again, the blows landing across her back merely adding to the heat and excitement.

## Chapter Nine

Emily stared at the clothes on her bed, feeling a strange sense of trembling heat combined with emotional detachment. She hadn't known what to expect from a therapist but it hadn't been THAT! Still, the woman clearly knew what she was about for she'd found out Emily's problem right away, and Emily could hardly argue with it. The woman made absolute sense. It was the humiliation she craved, the sexual humiliation, not Black men.

And because she so despised Black men, because she thought they were so inferior, her humiliation at letting them dominate and abuse her was far worse than if they had been White men.

And the rush, of course, was far more heady, far more exciting, far more thrilling.

She wondered if the woman was a lesbian. Yet she hadn't touched Emily, nor sought sex with her at all. Still, she had sexually humiliated her, and unless Emily missed her guess completely, had enjoyed it on more than simply a professional level.

But she had then given her a "prescription" of sorts, to begin her cure, to break her of her fascination for Black men.

It was a severe plan, a daunting plan. She felt a great deal of reluctance at the thought of carrying out the woman's orders. But at the same time she felt a hot thrill of excitement at the thought of carrying out the plan. It would be so humiliating! So shameful! So mortifying!

But at least she would be fairly safe, in no danger of being torn limb from limb by those Black apes she had been giving herself to.

Raeni had ordered her to get a schoolgirl uniform – ironic since she had not told her about the incident with Reverend Everett - . She was to do her hair in pig tails, wear a collar which said "slut" on it, and go into a lesbian leather bar – any one would do, she said, check the internet. She was to wear no bra, and no panties. She was to wear leather restraints on her wrists and ankles which would make it easy to bind them together, and carry inside herself a thick pair of dildos.

And she was to submit to the will of anyone who came across her, do anything they wanted, allow them to do anything they wanted to her, publicly or privately.

It would have been a daunting order for a lesbian, for a woman who was completely heterosexual it was a shocking and fearsome task. The idea of letting women touch and molest her was gross and revolting. She'd never had sex with a woman, nor wanted to. Now she was being ordered to – in order to humiliate her, in order to sexually shame her in the way she had been sexually shaming herself with Black men.

But at least they were men, a part of her wailed. Even if they were savages. She wanted nothing to do with sex with women.

But perhaps Raeni was right, and if she got used to being sexually humiliated by other people she would stop seeking out Black men. Maybe she could find a white man to humiliate and fuck her. That would at least be an improvement. Or maybe her sick mind would get used to being dominated, being degraded, and it would lose its tight hold on her.

Finding a lesbian leather club was not the least bit difficult. As Raeni had suggested, the internet listed a lot of lesbian clubs, and a number of them were into that sort of thing. That didn't unduly surprise her, for though she knew no lesbians, from what she'd heard on occasion, they were all sluts into dirty, kinky things.

She was extremely nervous about the whole thing, her stomach filled with butterflies. She tried to think of it as therapy, and tried to tell herself that at least these

women would be far safer than the crowds of Black bucks who had been raping her of late, or those low-class trash with the White Pride Association. But she still felt grossed out at the thought of having to have sex with women.

What would they make her do!? Lick their pussies, she bet. She had never licked a pussy before, though of course, she'd had her own licked. She knew what gave a woman pleasure, but she'd be lucky not to get sick at the thought of licking a women's pussy!

Fortunately, alcohol made it all seem much easier. With enough in her she swayed a little on her feet, and cared much less about having to kiss women – and worse.

The sight of herself in the mirror was somewhat pleasing. She looked so sexy! Bending over and easing the dildos up inside herself was more difficult, but she managed without too much trouble. A little lubrication, and a little excitement, and she got the two thick dildos deep. She'd chosen them for their size, because they were so thick they would stay in with little effort, and short enough for her to get them almost entirely inside her, so she'd be able to sit if necessary.

Carefully.

She felt full, though, stuffed, and aroused because of it. She wore a long thin jacket to cover her schoolgirl outfit, the wrist restraints were easily hidden under the sleeves, while the ones around her ankles were under the white socks she had pulled up.

She felt kinky and slutty and nasty, and a part of her wanted to find a gathering of Black men, maybe a bar where they gathered – the savages. But the thought of humiliating herself with women was also attractive, for some reason. Perhaps the thought she would be safe, despite giving control of her body to others, for women wouldn't hurt her. They weren't cruel like men, especially Black men.

She took a taxi to the club, or rather, to the store across from it whose number she gave the cabbie. Then she paced back and forth, stealthily watching the entrance, building up her courage before she could go inside.

Maybe no one would pay any attention, she thought anxiously. Maybe she would have a few drinks and walk out and tell Raeni that she'd done as ordered and nothing much had come of it.

Her face was already hot when she stepped through the door, grateful it wasn't very bright, but flinching at how bright it was. Too many faces turned her way, which she ignored, as she walked into the place. There was a long bar ahead. It looked much like any other bar she'd been in, except there were no men, and she needed another drink rapidly.

The women were not naked, at least, but a number of them looked very – dangerous, butch, with leather corsets and vests, and slicked back or cut short hair. Others were simply wearing thin T-shirts with muscular arms showing.

Most did not have the length of hair Emily did, and she knew she was drawing eyebrows. Could they know just from looking at her that she was not a lesbian!? Would they order her out?!

There was a place to hang up her jacket, and she flinched, feeling eyes upon her, feeling more and more exposed and embarrassed as he unbuttoned it and, heart pounding and stomach churning, slipped off the coat and hung it on a hangar before turning towards the bar.

Oh God, she thought, aware of many eyes upon her. She reached the bar, but already women were boldly examining her, and one, easily twice her age, and a half foot taller, moved to the bar beside her.

“A-A-A vodka straight,” she gulped.

“Let me get that,” the woman said.

Emily gulped and jerked when she felt the woman's hand on her arm, and turned involuntarily, then dropped her eyes away.

“Are you all right?” the woman asked. “You seem kind of nervous.”

“I-I’m not,” she gulped.

Then the woman reached out and ran a finger along the front of Emily’s high, obvious collar. “So are you really a slut?” she asked.

“I-I – n... yes. I mean, I don’t know. I guess,” she gulped.

Another woman moved up behind her, slender, but strong looking, perhaps five or six years her senior, and Emily gasped as she felt her hand slide down along her hip, then across behind her to cup her bottom through the pleated skirt.

“I haven’t seen you in here before,” the older woman said.

“N-N-No,” she squeaked. “I’m not – I d-don’t come here.”

“That’s a very nice outfit,” the woman said as Emily stiffened and fought not to slap away the hand of the woman behind her.

It was kneading her bottom quite outrageously, yet she did nothing. And now the woman before her pulled the side of her blazer out and examined her breasts straining against the thin white shirt.

“I think I’d have noticed quality like this,” she said. “So what are you doing in here tonight, honey?”

“What’s your name, baby?” the woman behind whispered, putting her lips in against Emily’s ear.

“E-Emily,” she gulped.

The woman squeezed her breast through the shirt.

“Are you really a slut, Emily?”

“I-I – yes,” she gulped.

Another woman was now pressed against her from her other side, and Emily’s eyes were wide and anxious as she jerked head from side to side.

“We like sluts here,” the woman on her right said as another hand slid in to cup her other breast.

“We like to tear their clothes off and fuck their brains out,” another of them said in a throaty chuckle.

“I-I... I don’t – .”

She gasped as a hand slid beneath her skirt and rubbed her crotch, then felt the dildo.

“What’s this?” the voice said with a leer that made Emily’s already red face burn with heat.

The hand squeezing her buttocks found the dildo in her bottom, as well, and hands were now all over her, pawing at her clothes, pulling at the buttons, pushing the dildos in and out and stroking at her clit, squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples, pulling at her hair and arms and tearing at her jacket.

She grasped ineffectually at some of the hands which were squeezing or pinching too hard, but could do little as her blazer was yanked off, then her blouse. She was lifted bodily into the air by all four limbs as her skirt was pulled down and off. Then she was dropped heavily onto her back on a narrow round table as women of all ages eagerly gathered around her, a sea of gleaming teeth and leering faces.

Her legs were spread, and there was laughter and growls as her flailing limbs were pulled down below the table and then the restraints around her wrists and ankles were locked together. Hands were all over her as someone’s pussy moved in over her face and her hair was yanked up by the pigtails, her face jammed up against a hot, musky groin.

Eager hands were grasping the dildos, pumping them in and out repeatedly as fingers stroked at her clit and groped at her breasts. These were white women, rather than Black men, but there seemed no difference in their eagerness to revel in the tactile pleasure of running their fingers over her soft flesh. Some were soft, their hands stroking gently across the contours of her body. Some harsh and demanding, clawing and squeezing and pinching and groping.

“Lick me, slut!” a voice growled from above, as hands tugged on her pigtailed.

This was not a place for soft and tentative explorations, not a time for the display of artful sexual expertise, even if she possessed any. She licked wildly, gasping, moaning, body stretched out and straining, back arched and chest thrust up against the eager hands, and now mouths and lips and teeth and tongues of the women gathered around the table.

Loud music was playing in the background, and there was a loud hubbub of voices and conversations beyond the immediate circle of jeering laughter and obscene, excited remarks, comments and suggestions. But Emily could see nothing but the women’s pussy over her face, and so she tried to concentrate on that, though the task of licking at it was more than a little revolting.

Her concentration was broken again and again, however, by sudden jolts of pain or pleasure as a dozen hands mauled and massaged her body, as the dildos were pumped in and out and a tongue with considerably more expertise than her own set to work on her clit.

Still, she licked, and licked as her face was jammed against the woman’s pussy, until suddenly that woman staggered back. But then another took her place, and once more her face was jammed up into a shaven pussy and her hair was pulled and the order given to lick.

It was all so bizarre, and Emily was overwhelmed by the sensations and the whiplash emotions of humiliation and excitement, of pleasure and pain, of delight and disgust. Her body bucked and twisted and shuddered repeatedly as the expert hands upon it forced shockwave blows of pleasure into her dazed mind, and she cried out in animal pleasure, pain, fear and alarm, confusion and shock, her words muffled by the pussy jammed into her mouth.

An orgasm washed over her, and she lost herself in its sweeping power, thrashing and shaking as it tore through her nervous system and battered at her already dazed mind.

Fingers twisted in her hair. “Lick, bitch!” a voice commanded.

Dazedly, she licked.

And licked, as her body continued to buck and twisted and jerk in response to the hands and lips upon it. Another orgasm welled up and flashed over her, and another, and still she licked. Pussy after pussy straddled her face and her mouth was pulled up against it by strong grips on her hair. And still she licked, drunk on sensations, overwhelmed beyond her ability to cope, so that she became an almost unthinking creature of animal responses.

Barely conscious, she was carried from the front room and into a small, dingy back room where she was settled on a low cot, her wrists locked to the top bar, her ankles to the bottom. There she lay in quiet for a time, moaning weakly, exhausted in mind and body.

There was a shadow in the dim light, then a woman, her face too dark to see, stepped forward, straddling her and the cot, setting her pussy down over her mouth.

“Lick, slut.”

Moaning, she licked.

She licked until the woman was satisfied and left, then lay in near darkness, jaw slack, aching, sore. After a time, another woman entered, straddled her face, and ordered her to lick. And she did, until that woman left, as well.

One after another, they came into the room, and used her mouth to bring themselves pleasure. It seemed to go on for hours, but there was enough quiet time in between sessions for her to recover some energy – and sanity. Then two women came for her, grinning, both old enough to be her mother. They unlocked her, then helped her stand, immediately drawing her wrists back together behind her back, where her wrist restraints were fastened together again.

Their hands pawed at her, groping her breasts, pinching at her nipples, and pushing at the dildos to make sure they were still buried deep. Then they each took an arm and led her forward and out the door, up a narrow hall, and back out into the bar.

The club seemed closed now, but there were still women there. The bartender was washing up, and another employee was lifting chairs onto tables. But a half dozen women were gathered around one table, still drinking, and the two led her towards it.

Emily blushed anew as her bare feet padded on the sticky tiles of the floor, as her breasts wobbled nakedly and the cool air of the vents played across her naked skin. She dropped her eyes, unable to meet their eyes as she was led up in front of the table.

Then a harsh fist gripped her tangled blonde hair and yanked her head up and back.

“So what have we here?” one of the women asked.

“A slut, just like its collar says,” another replied.

“I hate to look a gift horse – or bitch – in the mouth, but this just seems too good to be true,” said the first woman. “A hot little slut like this just walking into the club and giving herself to whoever wants her?”

“Works for me,” said another.

“Do you have a mistress, slut?” one of the women asked.

Emily had no idea how to answer that, and then the women clutching her hair in her fist yanked back again sharply enough to make her cry out in pain.

“What’s your name, slut?” another of them asked.

Suddenly, Emily didn’t want to say. It was as if – she were anonymous, a non-person, just a – a thing, a body, a sex object with no identity. Somehow that made it bearable.

“She doesn’t speak?”

“She has better things to do with her tongue,” another joked.

“I don’t think that tongue has had much experience,” one said. “I think she’s het.”

“Het? You’re kidding?”

“You think she’s here on a dare or something?”

“Some kind of sorority stunt?”

“What’s your name, girl, and why are you here?” one of the women asked sternly.

“Maybe she won’t speak until she’s tortured,” one of them said with a smirk and a gleam in her eyes.

Emily felt a jolt that almost took her breath away, and fear filled her eyes briefly, but somehow, she still couldn’t bring herself to speak.

“An interesting idea,” said another of the women.

She was abruptly yanked around then slammed, belly-down, across the table next to where the women were gathered, her breasts pillowing out beneath her against the cold table as fingers traced the tight circle of her pussy lips where they were clutched tight around the base of the dildo there.

“Very thick,” a voice said. “Maybe she is a breeder bitch used to lots of man-cocks.”

“Doesn’t mean anything,” another voice said. “A lot of mistresses use big dildos on their sluts.”

Fingers pressed against the base of the dildo protruding from her anus and she let out a brief cry as the nose was jammed up inside her even harder.

Then, abruptly, there was a crack of noise followed almost instantly by the feel of the impact against her upraised bottom. A split second after that came the sharp pain which jolted another cry from her open mouth. Her face was already red, and now it burned as chuckles filled the room behind her.

“What a nice white ass,” a voice said.

“Turning red now,” another answered.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The belt slashed against her bottom as the women looked on, and each blow made Emily cry out, caused her body to jerk in response as her bottom became more and more heated and pain began to gnaw at her belly.

Fingers stroked at her clit, and prodded the dildos, and she whimpered and grunted and moaned, a whirlwind of emotions mixed in with pleasure and pain within her.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! The belt fell at slow, precise, measured intervals as the women looked on. Emily gasped and moaned and cried out, but still did not speak, had not even thought about speaking.

She cried out again as her hair was jerked up and back, lifting her up off the table, turning her around to face the women. She swayed weakly, panting for breath, chest heaving as the two women who had brought her out flanked her again. They undid the restraints, but then lifted her arms up above her head and locked them together again. There was a rope there, now, one someone had thrown across a low beam, and they tied it around the link between her wrist restraints.

She whimpered excitedly, fearfully, shamefully, as two women pulled on the rope, and she felt the pressure against her wrists raise her to the balls of her feet. Then one of the women moved up at an angle before her, and she had a short whip in her hand, a whip with long, thin leather laces.

Emily gulped in air, frightened, excited, anxious. And then the woman swung her arm and Emily jerked her head up and back as the thin laces lashed her chest. They landed with a scattering of bee-stings that made her cry out again and stagger backwards, almost losing her feet.

“Yeah!” someone growled.

“Whip the slut’s tits!” another said excitedly.

Another blow cut across her chest, the thin laces biting stingingly at her tender breasts. And then one of the women moved up on her other side, her hand sliding down to squeeze Emily’s buttocks, then take the dildo and twist it within her. She began to pump it, to thrust it up hard, deep, fast, as the whip lashed her breasts a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth.

The rest of the women simply sat in place watching, their eyes fixed excitedly on Emily’s naked body as she twisted and jerked and swayed under the slow, measured whipping.

Then she felt the pull against her wrists grow worse, and she gasped as she was lifted entirely off her feet, to hang, swaying, her toes a scant half inch off the floor. They turned her body so her back was to the table, and then the blows began to land on her bare back.

“Fuck, this is making me hot!” a voice growled.

Then someone was kneeling in front of her, fingers kneading her buttocks as she licked and sucked on Emily’s clit. The new sensations surged up through her groin and belly and she began to tremble and shake as the sharp, stinging blows continued to fall across her back and shoulders. She writhed in mid-air, her mind tumbling and twisting in the grip of the whiplash sensations of pleasure and pain surging back and forth within her mind and body.

An orgasm tore through her, leaving her breathless, gasping, and still the blows fell. Tears filled her eyes, and then another orgasm washed over her, and set her to flopping and jerking and thrashing like a fish on the end of a line.

Finally, exhaustion took her into darkness. She awakened, partially, to feel herself being carried, put into a vehicle of some sort, still naked, driven somewhere. Then she was waking, staring dazedly at a large house as she was driven into a garage. The garage door closed and a woman opened the drivers door, got out, and came around for her.

Emily’s eyes fluttered weakly as the woman opened the door.

“Awake again, I see. Come with me, little slut. I won you at cards, and I think I’m going to keep you for a while.”

Emily stared at her, not quite understanding. Won her at cards?

“Got a name yet? No? Then we’ll just call you slut.”

She pulled on Emily’s arm and the naked blonde slid out of the car, an SUV, as it happened. Her legs were weak, but after a wobbly few moments she was able to stand up. The woman, perhaps in her mid thirties, tall, slender, and with shoulder length red hair, led her across the garage, then in through a door. “Welcome to your new home, slut.”

The carpeting was thick, the air warm and fragrant against her bare skin.

“As it happens,” the woman said. “I’m not a lesbian, just very bi. The other girls thought that was appropriate. Those who think you’re a breeder because you’ll like it, those butch bitches who hate the idea of men, because they think you’ll hate it.”

Emily didn’t understand until the woman led her around the corner of the house and into the front room. A large, muscular black man stood up from where he’d been watching a football game on the television and leered at her.

“So this is our little bondage slut, is it?” he growled.

Emily stared up at him, stupefied at first, then as he came closer, the woman pushed he to her knees and she moaned weakly as the man drew his thick black cock out of his trousers.

‘Let’s see how good the little slut is at sucking Black cock,’ he said.

Home, Emily thought weakly, her mouth opening wider and wider. Yes. This would be a good place to stay.

She moaned as the thick cock slid through her lips, and rolled her eyes up towards the leering, hungry face of the Black man standing above her. Her pussy throbbed, and she relaxed her throat and pushed herself forward, taking him deep.

Perfect, she thought weakly.

End