



The Second Date

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

Melissa was gripped by an uncomfortable sense of anxiety and stress. For a girl who was usually very self-confident and quite sure of herself, her actions, and her place in the world, that was entirely unfamiliar. She prided herself on her sense of doing what was right, and thinking what was right. And that meant she never had to worry about what she thought or said or did.

She had expected that to be challenged once she got to university, but not in the way it had been!

It hadn't been her classes at Harvard, where the parents had gone, where her grandfather had gone, where she was now comfortably ensconced, which had led to her sense of unease. No, instead it had been her first date with DeShawn!

DeShawn was a Black man! He was her first Black man, in fact, which, she thought, was something she should probably be ashamed of. Had she unwittingly ignored the many attractive Black men she had encountered previously, turning up her nose in an unknowing sense of racist white privilege?

Melissa's parents were extremely liberal, and they had raised her to be one, too. She believed in being inclusive and tolerant and accepting of other people's different cultures as well as sexual and gender preferences and choices.

She prided herself on her openness and tolerance for everyone (well, except for conservatives and other bad people, of course) and it really shouldn't have taken her so long to have a date with a Black man!

Her previous serious dates, though, had always been with what her mother referred to as 'good Jewish boys', which meant, of course, boys from good families with good prospects and morals, and in good standing at their local temple.

That had the unintended consequence of her dating only White boys, and she felt a great deal of angst about that now as she considered whether, in retrospect, she had been racist in her choice of dates!

That was a horrifying concept!

Melissa had been attending left wing demonstrations with her parents since she

could walk! Her parents were proud of her being a politically aware and culturally sensitive person! The idea she had been excluding non-whites from consideration as dates was almost enough to make her question who and what she was!

But there was even more cause for her internal confusion and anxiety.

DeShawn acted in a way which was... well, very macho and dominant. She understood that Black culture was entirely different from that of what she recognized to be a fairly pampered liberal Jewish girl, but even so, he had subjected her to the kind of... shockingly sexist behavior which would have outraged her if he hadn't been, well, Black.

She understood he didn't mean to act as, frankly, misogynistic and crude as he had. He didn't mean anything badly by it, of course. And it was certainly not for her to question sexual roles of men and women within a minority community!

Especially one which had been subjected to vicious and brutal racism for generations! For centuries! No doubt that was the cause of the rough, even, somewhat barbaric way he had treated her. She didn't blame him for it, but blamed the racism of White society.

Which was all well and good, but the problem really, was how she had reacted, how she had responded to his... rough... behavior.

It had inflicted a seething, burning heat upon her which she had never known in her young life! She had quite literally never felt anything like it! She had never even imagined such a degree of sweltering heat and passion was even possible!

In comparison to what she had done with DeShawn, her previous sexual experiences had been tame, boring, unexciting, dare she say it 'pale' events lacking the wild, shocking thrill of what she and DeShawn had done!

And yet, she was a feminist! She was a proud and determined feminist who absolutely insisted on equal and respectful treatment from men! DeShawn had done nothing of the sort! He had... he had manhandled her! And roughly so! He had used her sexually without ever even asking her!

Making love was supposed to be a partnership, a soft, gentle, mutual dance of pleasure. DeShawn had no interest in her wishes or wants, but had simply used

her like... like a whore! And he had called her one, too!

Oh, she understood he didn't mean that in a pejorative way. She did not approve of the way Black men called Black girls 'ho' but she certainly knew what it meant. And again, she was not about to judge within the context of a deprived minority, how they related and interacted.

So in a sense, he had simply treated her like a Black girl by calling her his 'ho' and his 'bitch'.

But the feminist in her rebelled against such shockingly sexist behavior and words! She ought to have stopped him and corrected him very firmly! And instead... instead she had been so awash in the lush, liquid hunger and passion she had been helpless, fever-struck!

She had left him do anything he wanted to do to her as if she were his... his slave!

She blushed to remember that he had even called her that! In joking, of course. He had said she would be his 'slave bitch', which was outrageous, once again, even though he was joking. On the other hand, it was part of his way of repudiating her white privilege, of turning the tables on her, and even of punishing her for that lifetime of privilege.

She could understand and sympathize with his desire to do so. She even felt a vast sense of justice in the act, in pretending she was a slave to him, in order to show her, perhaps, to demonstrate what powerlessness was like for generations of Black people at the hands of white society.

Melissa was more than willing to sacrifice herself in order to help make up, in some small way, for the guilt she felt at being the beneficiary of all that white privilege. But that should be an intellectual acceptance, and not something which made her burn with a terrible and irresistible lust

Why, then, had she been so overcome?!

It surely could not be that some dark, nasty corner of her mind reveled in such brutal treatment, in being manhandled, pushed around, even tied up by a MAN! Because what would that make of her sense of feminist equality!?

Worse, she felt an even bigger sense of guilt over the memory of the strange feverish heat which had gripped her as he and his friends had looked at her and made her pleasure them with her mouth. Because that heat had at its basis, the thought, the emotional sense, that she was being cruelly used by... by animals! By savages!

And that was a horrifyingly racist thought on her part! What kind of a person was she to have such feelings!? DeShawn was not an animal! He was a human being!

He wasn't exactly like the nice Jewish boys she'd dated before. For one thing, he was poor. He was also much older than her, and rougher. He didn't attend Harvard, like she was, but was a groundskeeper here.

So on top of her racism, she began to suspect some of her feelings were due to her patronizing thoughts about him for lacking her privileged position in society. He was poor and she was, well, if not rich, certainly well off, with both her parents being successful lawyers. So was she now discovering she was a snob in addition to being a racist!?

It all made her mind spin!

And if that wasn't enough there remained the memories of what DeShawn had done to her, memories so laden with shocking, wicked, wild, even perverted sexual heat that her nipples tingled and hardened within the cups of her bra every time she thought about them!

It was as if she had been so traumatized by what had happened she now had post traumatic stress disorder! Well... sort of. She wasn't so much traumatized as enthralled. The incredible explosion of heat, passion and pleasure had shocked her mind to the point where she could hardly think of anything other than, well... wanting more of the same!

Desperately!

She needed to see him again, to feel his lips on hers, his hands on her body! She needed to feel him inside her!

Of course, next time would be different. With his initial passion spent he would certainly be more amenable to a discussion about the nature of their relationship,

and that need for him to respect her equality.

Though her throat was still very sore...

Melissa had never deep-throated a guy before. She was aware such a thing existed, of course, but had presumed only the most experienced girls (sluts) would ever be able to do such a thing. Certainly she had always previously limited herself to the first few inches of a guy's ... thing.

But so wrapped in that cloud of pulsing heat had she been that when DeShawn had pushed his enormous thing down her throat all she could do was stare in shock! She'd hardly even gagged! He had pushed himself up and down in her throat effortlessly, ignoring her gurgles and gasps and occasional gags as he had used her like... his bitch!

She was quite indignant about that, but also, now that it was done, rather proud of herself, feeling a heady sense of accomplishment. She had certainly had no previous beliefs in the cliché about Black man having large... things, but in DeShawn's case, that had certainly been so! His was the largest she'd ever seen or felt in person!

And yet it had slid right down her throat to the base! And he'd pumped it in and out and in and out, so that the memory of his slick flesh stroking across the inside of her throat still lived within her mind, making her feel a sense of dark wonder every time she thought of it.

And now that she had done it, now that she knew she had done it, she knew she could do it again. That didn't mean she was exactly eager to do it again, for it had been kind of scary not being able to breath.

The sight and feel of his thick black cock pushing into her mouth and down her throat had been incredible, though. And even now, the memory made her mind and body squirm!

She cringed, remembering how he had made her use the N-word! Of course, that was to remind her of what an entitled person she was, and then he'd made her call him master! That had been to put her in her place, and she agreed with it entirely.

He was showing her what it meant to be under the control of another person, and

be forced to bow to their will, even to say the demeaning things they ordered her to say! No doubt he knew that his own family had been ordered to do the same in the past.

She didn't at all mind that part of it, for making amends, in her small way, for the injustices and mistreatment he had probably met all his life, was her... her duty, her responsibility. And Melissa Andersson was a responsible young woman.

She hesitated in an agony of indecision, and then finally worked up the courage and resolution to call DeShawn at the number he had given her.

“Yeah?” he answered.

“Uhm... D-DeShawn?” she gulped.

“Yeah. Who's this?”

“It's... it's Melissa,” she gulped.

“Huh, little white girl. You missing my cock, baby?”

She flushed even alone in her room.

“Uhm, I thought, well, that we might get together again.”

“Sure, baby. You was a good ride. I want to feel that pussy of your squeezing around my cock again.”

Melissa cringed a little, and then licked her lips nervously.

“I uhm, well, thought we might uhm, go to dinner.”

“I pick you up in an hour.”

She started, looking at the clock. It was barely three.”

“I uh thought...”

“Be downstairs at four.”

He hung up, and she bit her lower lip anxiously. Well, four wasn't so very early.

They could talk for a little while, and besides, by the time they got to a restaurant and then ordered and the food was brought to them it would be close to five.

She rushed to her closet and spent most of the next hour trying to decide what to wear. Should it be demure and sweet, or hot and sexy? Or perhaps, something more restrained, something to demonstrate that she was an intelligent and capable person, and equal?

Yes, that seemed like a good idea!

An hour later she was out front clad in gray dress slacks and a green, button-down shirt which accentuated her soft, chestnut hair.

Melissa had always been proud of her hair. It framed her face nicely, and spilled down her shoulders in a tumbling wave. It was longer than was perhaps fashionable, but she was blessed with strong, thick hair which was, despite that, silky soft.

And DeShawn had certainly loved her hair! He had barely kept his hands off it the whole... time.

Thinking of that reminded her he had also used it to yank on as he had ridden her from behind, and that made her nipples tingle and swell within the cups of her lacy white half bra. She looked down anxiously. Her nipples got very long and pointy when they were hard, and the last thing she wanted was for DeShawn to see them and get the wrong idea.

Or rather, the right idea.

They needed to negotiate a satisfactory agreement on the boundaries of their relationship, after all, to ensure it was one of mutual respect and appreciation. Of course, he was considerably older than her, probably by ten years or so, and that left her feeling rather... junior, so to speak, in terms of their equality.

Besides which she had been told what to do all her life, by her parents, who were ever present in her life up until this month, and her uncles and aunts, and her teachers, and coaches, and babysitters. She was used to having adults tell her what to do, and used to obeying them.

The fact she was now an adult was an intellectual concept that her emotions had

not quite caught up to.

DeShawn was almost on time today, as his battered Ford Escort pulled up to the curb in front of her dorm..

“Hi!” she gulped.

“Get in, gorgeous.”

She pulled open the door and hopped inside, and then gasped as his hand immediately went to her neck, jerking her over to kiss her in a long, powerful, and deliciously passionate way that had her heart pounding as their lips and tongues slid together!

“I'm just getting off work,” he said, as he released her and pulled away from the curb. “Not like you college people who come and go as you please.”

She flushed guiltily, feeling the strange urge to apologize.

“Nice shirt,” he said with a grin, looking at her chest. “It covers too much up, though.”

She flushed a little, her pulse starting to race as her chest tightened.

Her breasts were always something of a mixed blessing, as far as Melissa was concerned. They weren't huge or anything, but they were larger than normal, and were quite... noticeable. Since it was entirely inappropriate for anyone to notice her for her body parts, much less for her to take pride in such notice, she usually greeted anyone commenting on them with a steely look of disdain.

Of course, that didn't include DeShawn, for they were, well, dating, and she had already allowed him (admittedly after the fact) to see and touch them all he wanted.

“Miss me?” he asked.

She flushed. “Uhm, kind of,” she said in a coquettish fashion.

“Miss my dick?”

She flushed even more.

“Well... kind of,” she gulped.

“Only kind of? Maybe I need to do a better job of making you familiar with it.”

“The thing is,” she gulped, “I uhm, kind of wanted to talk about... about some aspects of uhm, what we did the other day.”

He laughed and shook his head. “You do, huh? You wanna talk about some aspect of what we did?”

She blushed.

“Like, uhm, you uhm, showing other guys my... body and uh, letting them touch me and stuff,” she said hesitantly.

“You came, didn't you?”

She pursed her lips.

“Came like a whore, I recall.”

“It's... I mean, uhm, it's about well, about respect and uhm, privacy and – .”

He stopped at a light, reached out and gripped her by a thick mass of hair behind the neck, this time, and Melissa gasped as he yanked her halfway across the center console, kissing her passionately once more. This time his other hand cupped and roughly fondled her breast through the blouse, as well, and her nipples began to burn.

He released her and she fell back, reeling, gasping for breath, her heart racing.

“Hot little slut,” he said with a grin. “I know what you want. You want more nigger cock inside you.”

“I... that is.. no, I mean... I mean, it's not that – .”

“Let me hear you say it.”

“Wh-what?” she gulped.

“Say, I love that nigger cock.”

Melissa cringed at the word and dug her fingernails into the palms of her hands helplessly. Of course, DeShawn was allowed to say it, but it was still a terrible word, and now he wanted her to say it!

“I... don't like to say that word,” she said anxiously.

“I bet you said it often enough in the past.”

“Never!” she exclaimed in shock!

“Little Jewish girl like you never thought of us as niggers?”

“My family is very liberal!” she exclaimed. “There's no way anyone would ever use such a word!”

“What word do Jews use anyway? Something like Schwartzes, ain't it?”

She bit her lip.

“Well, my father's not Jewish. The term is uhm, schvartzes. It's Yiddish. It means, uh, Black.”

“Uh huh, and it's not insulting, right?”

“It is but my family never use such words!”

He turned the corner and pulled over, then gripped her hair again.

Melissa gasped as he dragged her bodily over onto his side of the car so she was awkwardly draped on her belly across him, her feet on the floor and her face inches below his.

“Tell me you love nigger cock,” he said in a soft, deep growl.

Melissa gulped, her heart pounding.

“Say it!” he snapped, jerking her hair so that she cried out.

“I-I... I love... n-n-nigger cock!” she gasped.

He dragged her up by the hair and then twisted her around so she was sitting across his lap, then kissed her roughly again. This time his left hand held her hair while his right kneaded her breast.

Melissa moaned helplessly into his mouth as his tongue invaded hers, as she responded to his kiss, her pulse racing. She felt his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her breasts as they kissed, and felt a rush of heat sweeping over her body.

He undid the buttons down the front of her blouse before she was even aware of what his nimble fingers were doing, then jerked her bra down to expose her softly rounded breasts!

“Oh!” she gasped, eyes rolling wildly as she looked around them!

He bent and took the center of her left breast into his mouth, his teeth chewing at her flesh as he sucked and licked!

“D-DeShawn!” she gasped.

He chuckled throatily, then released her hair, jerking her blouse over her shoulders and down to pin her arms to her sides.

“Tell me you love nigger cock!” he ordered in that hard voice again.

Melissa stared at him through wide eyes.

“I-I love... nigger cock!” she squeaked.

He roughly jerked her blouse down further along her arms, then undid her bra. She blushed furiously, her head swiveling as she stared around her worriedly, watching for people who might see.

He pulled her shirt off then her bra, leaving her breasts to push out free, still amazingly firm at her young age, given their size.

“DeShawn!” she whined.

He let her put her top on again and she did so quickly, but then he stopped her from buttoning it, instead taking the two sides, rolling it up, and then tying them

together beneath her breasts so the blouse cupped and squeezed very tightly around them.

“I like to see my bitch showing off what she's got,” he said, rolling her stiff nipple through the thin fabric. “I like men who see her with me knowing what a hot, sexy bitch she is and get jealous of me.”

He grinned, then mouthed the center of her breast, chewing it through the material, sucking on it as she trembled and moaned helplessly. He laughed and opened the door, then got out. She felt a rush of heat at how strong he was, that he could stand up with her in his arms!

He set her down before him, and she looked around, then up at him, her heart pounding.

“Wh-where are we?” she gulped.

“My place, baby. I wanna fuck that tight Jewish pussy of yours again.”

Melissa flushed anew.

“I uhm, I thought we were going to dinner.”

“I'm gonna be eating and so will you.”

He closed the car door, put a big arm around her and led her up to a grubby looking brown brick low rise building.

Melissa reminded herself not to be judgmental, and not to look down on his more humble home. He hadn't had the advantages she had, or, for that matter, her parents had.

He led her in through a broken door and two older men sitting on a bench inside the lobby looked at her, then stared at her breasts with interest, making her blush with embarrassment as DeShawn led her past.

He led her to a steel walled elevator, and inside, then turned once they were inside and threw her against the wall, kissing her ferociously, his big body pressing her hard into the metal wall as his mouth caught hers! He was practically feeding at her mouth as Melissa cried out in alarm, at first, then

moaned breathlessly.

His fingers slid down to roughly knead her buttocks through her thin dress slacks, and he ground himself against her belly in such a way she realized he was already erect!

“I'm gonna fuck your Jew brains out, baby!” he growled, his hands leaving her buttocks and kneading her breasts almost as roughly.

The elevator doors opened and two black teenagers got on. DeShawn spun around, then grinned at them.

“Willie,” he said to one.

“Hey, DeShawn. Who da white bitch?” one of them replied.

“This is my Jew ho,” DeShawn said.

He swung her around in front of her so she was facing the two, then put a big arm around her waist – which also trapped her arms at her sides before pulling back on her hair and lightly chewing his way up the nape of her neck.

Melissa blushed hotly as the two stared at her breasts.

“She got nice tits,” Willie said.

“Yeah. Have a feel.”

Melissa squeaked as the two boys reached out and eagerly fondled her braless breasts while DeShawn pinned her against him!

“Niiice!” Willie said.

The elevator doors opened and DeShawn pulled his arms back, pushing her ahead of him out of the elevator.

“DeShawn!” she gasped, as they moved up the hall.

“What?”

“You shouldn't do that!”

“Do what?”

“Let other guys... touch me!”

Crack!

She yelped as his big hand slapped her bottom sharply, sending her jumping forward.

“A man does what he wants with his woman,” he said.

He grabbed her arm to yank her back as they passed a narrow steel door, then unlocked it and drew her inside.

The apartment was... small. It was a bachelor apartment, with a kitchenette on one side, and then a sofa-bed which was currently unfolded and unmade facing a large, flat screen TV.

DeShawn picked up a remote from the bed and turned on the TV, then pushed her against the wall, kissing her hard as his hands came up to fondle her breasts through the thin shirt.

Melissa moaned into his mouth, her hands tentatively sliding up onto his shoulders, and gasped as he undid the knot holding the shirt together and her breasts spilled into his hands.

“Love these tits,” he growled, his fingers lifting her breasts up and mashing them together as his thumbs stroked across her already erect nipples.

He drew back and then turned her roughly around, yanking the shirt back over her shoulders, but not all the way down her arms. Instead he yanked the material in together from opposite sides, and Melissa gasped as her shoulders were forced back.

“D-DeShawn!” she moaned.

He chuckled throatily as he tied the fabric together, binding her arms behind her. Then he roughly spun her around again and undid the clasp of her slacks. His big left hand suddenly closed around her throat as she started to protest, pressing her head back hard against the wall, while his right hand was thrust down into her

pants and panties.

“I know what white bitches need, baby,” he said, leaning in to kiss her parted lips.

His fingers were rubbing at her clitoris, which was already swollen and hot, and Melissa gurgled breathlessly as a wave of dark, crackling sexual electricity rolled through her belly.

He eased his grip on her throat and she gulped in air as he kissed her again, but his hand still enveloped her slender neck as his other hand buried itself in her pants. She whimpered and moaned at the feel of his fingers rubbing at her clitoris, and then cried out as she felt one curl in and up, and work its way into her pussy.

“D-DeShawn!” she gasped.

“Call me master.”

His hand closed tightly around her throat, making her eyes bulge, then loosened again.

“Say it, bitch.”

“M-Master!” she gasped helplessly.

He pulled her head forward by the grip around her throat, then pushed it back against the wall again, grinning at her, his finger pumping in and out of her sex. Her pants slid downward, and he pulled his hand away from her sex to shove them down, then used his foot, pressing them against the floor so she could step out of them one leg at a time.

He pulled both hands back, leaving her gasping and wide eyed, then undid the belt around his waist and pulled it free.

He slipped the tongue into the buckle to form a loop and then dropped it over her head, tugging it tight around her neck.

“Like my bitch dog,” he growled, “On a fuckin' leash.”

He jerked forward and Melissa gasped as she was pulled away from the wall. Then he shoved her forward and she went sprawling into the bed. She squealed as he gripped her hips, jerking them upward, then slapped her bottom sharply.

“On your face, with your ass in the air, bitch,” he growled.

Crack! He slapped her again and Melissa gasped, scrambling to obey.

“Higher,” he ordered.

Crack!

He gripped her waist and pulled, then pushed on her buttocks so that her belly was folded in as tight as possible against her upright thighs.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Crack!

“Oh!”

Melissa jerked her knees apart, and then gasped as she felt his fingers roughly stroking up and down against her sex.

“Nice and tight and wet, like a good little Jewish girl should be when she's getting ready to have a Black man give her his cock,” he growled.

Crack!

“Oh!” Melissa gasped at the stinging slap to her bottom.

“Beg for it, slut. Beg me to fuck you.”

Crack!

“Oh! DeShawn! Don't!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Beg for it.”

“Please!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Beg, Jew girl.”

“Ow! P-Please fuck me!” she cried.

Crack!

“Master. Don't forget the master.”

“Please fuck me, Master!” she moaned.

His fingers were stroking up and down the line of her sex and across her clitoris, and then she felt his other hand slide through her long hair where it trailed along her back, gathering it together. She gasped as he jerked it back, forcing her head back. But his fist was pressed firmly in between her shoulder blades, pinning her chest to the bed.

“Hot little Jew slut,” he said.

She gasped as a finger pushed into her, a long, thick finger. It twisted around inside her, then pulled back, and two fingers pushed into her warm, hot body. They pumped in and out, thick and hard, and then a third was added.

That made the thickness considerably bigger than most of the cocks she'd had inside her in her life, excepting DeShawn of course! Melissa gasped and moaned as they pumped in and out, and then she cried out as he brought his thumb under to stroke her clitoris as the others moved.

“Hot little bitch,” he said. “I love how wet you get.”

She gasped helplessly, her mouth open because of the pull of her hair on her scalp.

“Beg me to fuck you, bitch!”

“P-Please fuck me, DeShawn!” she moaned.

He jerked sharply on her hair.

“Master! Call me master!”

“Please fuck me, Master!” Melissa cried.

“Tell me you love nigger cock.”

Melissa moaned but when he twisted and jerked on her hair she cried out and obeyed.

“I love nigger cock!”

He jerked even harder, making her cry out again.

“Master, bitch! Say it again!”

“I love nigger cock, Master!”

He released her hair and pulled his fingers out, then peeled his shirt up and off as Melissa gulped in air, face pressed to the dirty bed sheets.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“You want my nigger cock, bitch?”

“Y-yes, Master!”

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Beg for it.”

“Please fuck me with your nigger cock, Master!” she moaned.

She felt the dark helmet head rubbing up and down against the line of her sex, then pushing int, forcing the soft, swollen lips apart as it moved up and down.

“Dirty little Jew. Tell me you want my nigger cock up your Jew pussy.”

Crack!

“Please!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

Crack!

“I-I want your n-nigger cock up inside my Jew pussy!” she whimpered.

He was rubbing harder, the nose pushing into the mouth of her sex, and Melissa felt herself stretching and stretching, wider and wider, in a dark, delicious, sensual way! Then it forced its way into her body, and she cried out helplessly, a wild rush of heat sweeping through her as his thick, hard cock pushed down through the tight elastic folds of her sex.

“Nice and tight,” he growled.

Melissa gurgled as he suddenly gripped the belt and yanked, tightening it firmly around her throat and forcing her chest up and off the bed. Her arms pulled helplessly against the shirt tying them together behind her and she gasped for breath, her face reddening as his cock began to pump in and out, pushing deeper and deeper.

Her back was now arched back, her face lifted up towards the far corner of the ceiling as a big hand slid under her to grope her breast. She could breathe, but not easily, and only by keeping herself in an awkward, bent over position as DeShawn pumped his hips in and out.

His cock was like a thick hard, spongy log filling her abdomen! It felt incredibly long and thick as it moved in and out of her, and soon his hips began to strike her buttocks, the head jammed high inside her as she whimpered and moaned and gasped in dazed heat.

Crack!

“Tell me you love my nigger cock, bitch!”

“I-I love your nigger cock, Master!” she gasped dazedly.

Her body was rocking in and back now as his hips struck her buttocks with more authority. Every time they drove her forward the belt tightened around her throat so she couldn't breathe, which made her jerk back again – just in time to meet the next stroke.

The repeated loss of breath was making her light-headed, on top of the wild sexual high gripping her from being impaled by his thick, hard, warm cock! Melissa's mind was twisting and churning in dazed shock and heat, her inhibitions melting under the dark passion gripping her mind.

He was... punishing her, she thought, in a strange, almost masochistic way. He was punishing her for her being a privileged member of the white elite. And that was absolutely something she deserved to be punished for! She reveled in the sense that some of her guilt was being burned away in the fires of his harsh judgment as he slapped her bottom and his thick cock speared up into her belly.

Like a ... a prisoner, tied and helpless, and being cruelly used, she thought in enthralled passion, like a sacrifice, a willing sacrifice, on the alter of interracial understanding!

Her eyes got glassy as his hips struck her bruisingly, her body rocking to and fro, her face flushed as he used her, as he rode her, as his big cock thrust hungrily into her belly, as his hands mauled her breast.

“Tell me you're my whore, bitch!”

“I-I'm your whore, master!” she gasped dazedly.

And then, her eyes rolled to the side, and something caught her attention, perhaps because it was so large and bright and colorful, perhaps because it was somewhat... familiar.

The television on the wall was showing... her! It was a live video of what was happening to her, taken from her left, from a camera on top of the TV.

Two emotions struck her like twin thunderclaps. One was shock, with a sense of anguish about whether someone else might see the video. The other was also shock, with a white hot thrill of passion and arousal at the sight of herself being so... so roughly, so cruelly used!

Melissa felt her sex spasming around his big cock as she stared at herself, rolling her eyes as far to the left as she could, gasping, open-mouthed as she saw herself bent over and helpless, as she saw the thick cock of his each time it appeared behind her – only to disappear as he drove it fully into her body!

And then the orgasm swept her up into its embrace and she cried out in wild, desperate pleasure, her voice rising until he jerked tighter on the belt and the loop closed around her throat.

“Ride my nigger cock, white bitch!” he growled, his hips pounding against her.

The orgasm was a towering thing that melted away all her higher consciousness and left Melissa as little more than a rabid, gurgling animal gripped by the fever-heat of sexual arousal. She sobbed dazedly, her head pounding from the sexual pressure even as her eyes began to glaze over from lack of air!

It was... Ecstasy! She'd never felt anything quite so intense, quite so all-encompassing! She didn't care that she couldn't breath. She wasn't even aware of it! All she cared about was the all-consuming pleasure gripping her body and mind as DeShawn continued to drive his big cock into her spasming depths.

At last he loosened the belt and she dropped dazedly to the bed, drooling against the sheets as DeShawn continued to ride her, moaning and gasping as his hips struck her upraised buttocks again and again, until, with a curse, he buried himself inside her and jerked hard on her hips, holding himself tightly in place for long, long seconds.

“Hot little whore,” he said breathlessly.

He drew himself out of her and she knelt in place, dazed, for long, long seconds, gulping in air, then she fell over on her side with a groan, chest heaving.

DeShawn was far from done with her, however. He rolled her onto her back, spreading her legs achingly far, then flopped down on his stomach, staring at her sex.

“Mmm, mmm,” he said. “That's a nice lookin' pussy, nice and clean and smooth and tight.”

He began to lick her, then, and Melissa groaned, chest still heaving, still mind-

blasted from the strength of the massive orgasm.

She felt exquisitely sensitive, but his tongue was surprisingly gentle, at least at first. But soon his tongue began to lick harder, and his fingers pushed into her warm, wet center, and then Melissa felt the dark heat re-igniting within her, gasping and moaning as she stared down at him between her breasts.

His big, powerful hands forced her knees down sharply, pinning them in place with her buttocks raised up, and of course, her arms were pinned beneath her, so that her back arched. She rolled her eyes to the side, staring at the TV, and both cringed self-consciously and burned with heat at the lewd, graphic sight of herself there!

Why she looked... she looked like... like a porn star or something! Her! Melissa Andersson!

DeShawn's big tongue licked harder and faster at her clitoris, and Melissa began to feel hot surging bursts of deep, desperate pleasure at every lick! She gasped and moaned, her hips jerking spastically up at him as he licked her, her body beginning to pulse with sexual pressure once again.

Then he pulled back suddenly, and let her legs fall to the bed. He leaned forward to a table next to the bed, opened a drawer, and fished inside for something, then drew it back out again. At first, she thought it was some kind of club or another remote control.

But it was a dildo, a big black dildo!

He gripped her ankle as he moved to side on the edge of the bed, dragging her bodily over next to him. Then he pulled back, dropping the dildo and gripping her by arm and hair.

“Oh! Ow!”

He forced her up onto her knees, then to kneel right at the edge of the bed – facing the TV, and camera.

She stared at herself in awe, in embarrassment, in anxiety, in heat.

“Sit on your heels, slut.”

She moaned and obeyed.

“Spread your knees wide.

She did so, cringing a little at how visible her sex was in the video!

DeShawn knelt behind her, and then he picked up the dildo and placed it with its base on the mattress beneath her.

“Down, slut.”

Moaning, Melissa was forced down onto the thick head of the silicone cock. She gasped as she felt it – and saw it – against her pussy, then watched the TV, entranced, as her body slowly sank down, the lips of her sex spreading wide to envelope the sex toy as it began to push up inside her body.

“Ride that nigger cock, white girl,” he said.

He gathered her now tangled hair in together behind her neck, and then wrapped it around his fist, jerking up and back to force her head back, to make her back arch.

“Ride that cock, Jew girl!”

Whimpering, gasping, moaning, Melissa sank down and down... and down! She felt the thick 'cock' pushing deep inside her, just like DeShawn's had just done.

A bubbling liquid heat was sweeping through her body as she saw and felt herself impaled on the thing. Then a sharp tug on her hair forced her upward as DeShawn held the base in place.

“Ride it, Jew girl. Ride that nigger cock,” he ordered.

It was so... obscene! So graphic! Her body filled the big screen TV as she began to ride up and down on the black cock! And every time she slid down to where DeShawn was holding it between two fingers, his thumb stroked across her swollen clitoris!

She sobbed dazedly, the heat roaring, turning her feverish once more as she began to ride up and down, staring at herself, enthralled, gasping and moaning as

she rode faster and harder!

“Let me hear you say you love nigger cock!”

“I-I love nigger cock!” she sobbed breathlessly.

“Again, slut.”

“I love nigger cock!”

“Again, whore.”

“I love nigger cock!”

Melissa rode up and down, crying out, yelping every time she sank down all the way and felt the hard thump of the cock-head against the back wall of her pussy – and DeShawn's thumb across her clitoris! The sexual pressure built up rapidly, for it hadn't had anywhere near enough time to dissipate after that monster orgasm.

And then another incredible orgasm struck her, and she cried out in a long, warbling, gleeful rush of ecstasy as she rode frantically, impaling herself again and again as her body flared with a white hot heat and pleasure tore through her with merciless force!

She collapsed bonelessly against DeShawn, dazed and eyes slitted, and he chuckled and lifted her only to turn her around. He sat on the edge of the bed and positioned her sitting across his lap, his left hand in her hair and holding her back to support her and his right between her trembling thighs.

“You like that nigger cock, don't you, Jew baby?” he said.

He pulled her head back sharply, so she was staring up at the ceiling behind her, then bent, mouthing the center of one breast.

Melissa groaned dazedly as she felt his big, warm mouth against her soft flesh. She felt his teeth digging into her soft flesh, chewing at it in a way just short of painful as he sucked, as his tongue licked at her nipple.

His other hand was between her legs, his palm pressing against the base of the

dildo in a way which forced the head deeper, making her ache deep inside. But his thumb was rubbing insistently against her clitoris as he did, and Melissa moaned and squirmed helplessly.

“Are you ready to suck some nigger cock, Jew girl?” he demanded.

“Oh!” she moaned, panting and gasping. “D-DeShawn!” she whined.

“What? You want more cock inside you?”

“Y-You shouldn't use that word!” she whimpered.

He jerked her head forward again and stared at her.

“What word?”

She flushed. “T-that word. The N-word.”

“Bitch, if I wanna use the motherfuckin' N-word I'll use it. Ain't no white bitch gonna tell me what words I can use.”

“But – but... it's wrong!” she moaned.

“Don't be fuckin' tell me what's wrong, ho,” he said.

He jerked back sharply on her hair so she fell back onto her back, then quickly rolled her over so she was belly down across his lap. She yelped as his hand drove between her legs, pressing the dildo in hard, then he drew the belt back from around her neck, doubled it up, and snapped it down across her bare bottom!

“Ow!” she yelped.

“Little Jewish Princess,” he said, bringing the belt down again.

Crack!

“Oww! DeShawn!” she gasped.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, bitch!”

Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Please!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ohw! Ow! Ohw! DeShawn!” she squealed.

“Tell me you be loving nigger cock!”

“I love nigger cock!” she cried.

Crack!

“You forgot so say master.”

“Master!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Say you love nigger cock.”

“I love nigger cock, Master!” she cried.

His hand pushed between her thighs, and she gasped as his palm pushed against the base of the dildo again, his fingers rubbing against her clitoris.

“You be my bitch, remember, my ho, my slave girl.”

She cried out as he yanked back on her hair.

“Tell me you're my slave girl.”

“I-I'm your slave girl, Master!” she gasped, head forced up and back.

“Damn right! Tell me you're my sex slave!”

“I-I'm your sex slave, Master!” she cried.

He let go of her hair and her head and upper body fell back to the bed.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Ahg! Ungh!”

“Slave girls do what they're told, bitch.”

Crack!

“Oh! I'm sorry!” she cried.

Crack! Crack!

“I don't need some little white girl to tell me what motherfuckin' words I can use to describe Black people, bitch!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Ah! I didn't mean... I didn't mean that!” she squealed.

Because of course, put like that, it sounded incredibly crass and arrogant of her to try and impose her cultural judgment on his! Especially on the subject of black empowerment and pride! Melissa realized she had made a major error!

He flung her up and back.

“Get on your motherfuckin' face again, bitch, with your ass in the air!”

Panting, moaning, Melissa obeyed, and gasped as he jerked her hips up higher and slapped her bottom, turning it to face the TV – and camera.

She moaned in relief as he gripped the dildo, pumping it in and out. That was much better than strapping her now hot, tender bottom.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, bitch.”

“I-I love nigger cock, Master!” she moaned.

She felt the dildo pull free of her pussy and then cringed as it pushed against her back passage instead. But she didn't dare protest as he twisted and turned it and slowly began to work it into her bottom! His other hand was busy stroking her clitoris, and then two fingers plunged into her sex at the same time.

“Tell me you love being fucked by niggers, bitch.”

Again Melissa's mind cringed, but she knew she had to say the horrible words!

“I love being fucked by niggers, master!” she moaned, then yelped as the dildo pushed even deeper into her ass.

“Dirty little Jew girl. What would your parents think if they heard you saying that, huh?”

Melissa didn't even want to imagine what her parents would think if they heard her saying the N-word!

Crack!

“Would they like that, bitch?”

“N-No, master!” she moaned.

He reached into the bedside table again and pulled out something else, but with in her position Melissa didn't see what it was. Then she felt what felt like another dildo pushing into her sex! She gasped as the thick thing twisted and turned and pushed deeper and deeper.

She had never felt so full! She moaned as the two dildos pumped in and out, as

DeShawn forced them deeper and deeper and achingly deeper!

Then she felt something sticking out sideways from the one in her pussy, something narrow which curved up against the top of her sex, and then over it as he pushed the dildo deeper. It slid right up across her clitoris, and then he did something and it started to buzz.... to vibrate!

“Now close your legs, bitch.”

Panting, moaning, she obeyed, feeling the tightness of the base of the dildo squeezed between her buttocks, and the other one squeezed between her thighs!

“Are you a bad little sex slave?”

“I-I... I don't – .”

Crack! “Answer the motherfucking question, bitch!” he demanded, slapping her bottom.

“Ow! Oh! Yes, master!” she moaned.

“Fuckin' right you are, white girl. Say it. Say you're a bad slave girl.”

“I'm a bad slave girl, Master!” she groaned.

The vibrator was pressed directly against her sex, and she began to feel a strange ripple, a resonance which was growing within her lower belly, and spreading up through her abdomen!

DeShawn picked up the belt again.

“Say it again, slut.”

“I'm a bad sex slave, Master!”

Crack!

“Oh!

“Again, ho.”

“I'm a bad sex slave, Master!”

Crack!

“Tell me you're a racist bitch. Say it.”

“I-I'm a racist bitch, Master!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm a racist bitch, Master!”

Crack!

Her bottom was throbbing hotly as she knelt in place, but her body was starting to thrum with an intense inner vibration which originated with that thick, buzzing thing he had pushed inside her!

“Again, whore.”

“I'm a racist bitch, Master!”

Crack!

And it was true! She was, of course! She was an entitled white princess and she realized she thought she was better than him in her heart of hearts! That was why she was trying to correct him, to change his words, to change his behavior! She was letting her white arrogance guide her, even unconsciously!

“Are you sorry for being a racist Jew bitch?”

Crack!

“Ohw! Y-Yes, Master!”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“Say it, slut!”

“I'm... I'm sorry for being a racist Jew bitch, Master!” she gasped.

Crack!

She shuddered as the belt cracked down across her raised bottom again.

“Again!” DeShawn demanded.

“I'm sorry for being a racist Jew bitch, Master!” she panted.

Crack!

“Who do you belong to, slut?”

Crack!

“Ah! You, Master!”

“Say it, slut.”

“I belong to you, Master!”

Crack!

Her bottom was flaming hot now! But the heat and pain didn't seem to matter as much, outweighed by the dark, churning heat and thrilled sense of passion gripping her body!

“On your knees, bitch.”

She gasped as he yanked her back, sending her tumbling onto the floor, then filled his fist with her hair and jerked her head up and back.

He wasn't completely hard again, but she licked at his balls as he ordered, then licked at his cock. He held her hair in one hand, and with the other he worked the remote, making the camera go lower, then zoom in on her face.

She moaned as she sucked on his cock, as it hardened in her mouth, and then gurgled as he pushed it deeper, pulling remorselessly forward on her hair, forcing

his thick cock deep into her throat until her lips were wrapped around the base and pressed firmly into his groin.

Some part of Melissa had given up even the thought of resistance, her mind floating along on the moment, nearly feverish with heat again, and gripped with a sense of masochistic submission. It eliminated any sense of stress or anxiety, of fear or worry, for all she had to do was... whatever DeShawn made her do.

He was standing sideways to the TV and camera so the latter could watch every slick inch of his cock emerging from between her straining lips. He pulled it out all the way, and let her gulp in air, panting and moaning, sweating, eyes tearing and face flushed.

Then he forced his cock back into her mouth, deep into her throat, and started pumping in and out, using long, fast strokes.

“This is what mouthy little Jew girls get when they try to tell Black men what to do,” he said, pumping in and out.

He reached down, gripping her hair in both hands, and drew the long, gleaming length of himself back slowly out of her mouth and throat. He allowed the head to pop free of her throat, allowing her to gasp for breath as he held tightly to her hair, his cock filling her mouth.

“Think on this, white girl,” he growled, his eyes hot. “On your knees naked, with a nigger cock filling your mouth.”

He pulled her forward by the hair, and she gurgled and gagged briefly as his cock pushed into her throat, then slowly slid down its length until he held her face jammed against him. He slipped a big hand behind her head, squeezing, pulling her in even tighter, so her mouth was pressed solidly against his groin, and held her there for long seconds.

Finally he pulled out, and then grabbed her hair and arm, dragging the gasping, panting, dazed girl up and throwing her onto the bed once more. He slapped her bottom sharply, then pulled the dildo out of her bottom.

Melissa cared only about breathing as he positioned her body with her bottom high and legs spread, coughing and panting against the sheets. She groaned as his cock slid deep into her body again, this time into her ass. It felt ... odd there,

full, aching, with cramps in her gut, but all that mattered was breathing.

At least... at first.

As he started to work himself in and out, and she caught her breath, she began to focus more on the sensations in her lower belly, on the buzzing still coming from the vibrator, on the fullness, and on the movement of his slick cock in her ass.

She groaned as he slid the belt around her neck again and pulled it tight, then her eyes bulged as he pulled tighter, forcing her to pull herself off the bed, to kneel there bent forward, gasping around the belt loop circling her throat.

Her breasts wobbled below her now, and he reached down to roughly grope them, or even to slap them. He gripped her hair, and she cried out at the sting in her scalp as he jerked her head back. But at least that eased the pressure on her throat and back.

She grunted at the impact of his hips against her soft buttocks, grunted again and again at the hard, bruising blows. The impact was a shock to her body, the echo rippling and resonating through it again and again as her hips worked in and out.

It was, in a way, like the vibrations from the sex, toy, only less concentrated, less focused. Her entire body vibrated with each blow, and as she felt her inner heat rising once more, as she felt the squirming sense of masochistic excitement take hold of her mind, she began to feel her body pulsing with need and desire.

Every time his hips struck her bottom, she felt a shock-wave roll through her, a shock-wave of deep, delicious sensual excitement! The solid, powerful, savage way he was using her was so... masterful, so arrogant, so determined!

He was using her like a whore, like... like his bitch, as he called her! And she felt like one, but not in a shameful way. Instead she felt freed of her inhibitions, sacrificed on the alter of appeasing his justified anger, wallowing in her own victimhood, her own martyrdom, which freed her of all that liberal guilt she carried around.

And in the midst of those waves of sensation was the sharper, deeper thrust of his thick cock high into her belly, a hard, powerful spear of black flesh which stabbed into her again and again in the righteous anger he must surely feel, and which she surely deserved.

It was all so wonderfully degrading! And she deserved it so much! It was so amazing to see the tables turned, and to feel the other side of the equation, at least for a few moments!

She shuddered and sobbed for breath around the belt looped around her neck, her head throbbing with ever-building pressure, her breasts wobbling again, nipples sparkling like live electrical wires. She could feel her sex spasming around the thick vibrator inside her, could feel the way her clitoris was burning and pulsing.

The orgasm hammered into her and she cried out again and again, dazed, her mind tumbling and turning in wild disarray as the climax sent a storm of sensation through her body and mind. It was incredible, mind blowing, and she sobbed in pleasure as she rode the orgasm and his mighty cock through long, long seconds of animal ecstasy, almost to the point of unconsciousness.

Finally, he finished, and she collapsed, chest heaving, as he picked up his drink, sat down, and began to check through what was on television.

Melissa groaned as she lay on her side for long minutes, recovering, aching inside. Until, that was, DeShawn grabbed her ankle and dragged her closer, then unknotted the shirt which had been binding her arms behind her all this time.

She groaned as her arms came free, taking a shuddering breath, then gasping as she felt him pressing against her bottom again. She twisted her head around and moaned as she saw him pushing the dildo back inside her, and he slapped her bottom at this sign of protest.

“Roll on your back, bitch,” he ordered.

She obeyed, panting.

“Spread your legs wide.”

Again she obeyed and he got off the bed and instead sat in a chair against the wall, facing her.

“Raise your knees, now spread them wide. Wider, white girl.”

“I-I can't,” she moaned.

The TV show on the flat screen turned off, and once again Melissa was looking at herself. She flushed as she saw herself laying there naked, knees spread out far to the sides.

“Now slide your hands down over your breasts.”

She obeyed, looking slightly nervously at the TV.

“Squeeze those titties. Squeeze them.”

Melissa gulped and obeyed.

“Now pull your knees back, raise your butt. Slide your hand down and take hold of that vibrator.”

Again Melissa obeyed. The thing had half fallen out, which was something of a relief since the only part which seemed to buzz was a little curved branch which angled up from near the base.

“Pump it in and out.”

Melissa gulped, staring at him, then at the TV, but felt a strange little sense of awe at herself as she did it, staring, transfixed, at her own image on the big screen as she pumped it in and out.

“Shove it all the way in and grind the vibrator against your clit.”

She moaned as she obeyed, gasping as the vibrator arm touched her clitoris, as she felt the head high inside, then twisting it a little to make the little arm grind and rub against her clitoris.

Reach down and take the dildo in your other hand and pump it in and out.

“I-I can't reach it,” she gulped.

“Bitch! Pull your knees back farther!”

She did so, and began to pump the dildo in her ass while grinding the vibrator against her clitoris.

This was so dirty! So nasty! So graphic and obscene! So... wicked and ... and

sexual and... darkly erotic and thrilling!

Her insides ached from both his pumping cock and her own spasming muscles, but her body was still thrumming with sexual hunger, which grew as she ground the vibrator against herself and pumped the other dildo in her ass.

Melissa's breathing became more and more ragged, her eyes going glassy as she lay her head back, moaning and whining as she thrust the two of them in and out, pumping the dildo in her sex now, and stopping on every deep stroke to grind the arm against her clitoris!

“Say you love nigger cock,” he ordered.

“I-I love nigger cock!” she moaned.

“Again, bitch.”

“I love nigger cock!” she groaned.

“Keep saying it, slut.”

“I love nigger cock! I love nigger cock! I love nigger cock! I love nigger cock!” she panted as she thrust the two black sex toys into her body again and again.

The orgasm was not as powerful as it had been when DeShawn had been pounding against her, but it was still intense. She cried out repeatedly, her head thrashing as she pumped the dildos hard and fast into her body, squealing in pleasure as the waves of sensation rolled over her.

DeShawn snorted and got up, found something on a table, and came back to kneel on the edge of the bed. It was like a belt, only a small one, which he slipped around her neck, then buckled tight.

“This used to belong to my dog,” he said. “Now it can be my bitch's collar.”

He then dragged her out of bed by the collar, and halfway across the apartment on her belly before she got her hands and knees under her. By then they were at his small bathroom.

It wasn't much of a bathroom by her standards. It was barely big enough for a

small counter with sink, a bathtub and a toilet. There was no huge, glassed-in shower, or big soaker tub surrounded by marble tiles, and no stylish lighting fixtures.

“I want you to clean my bathroom,” he said.

He opened the door under the sink and brought out a rag and spray bottle.

“Clean every inch. And do a good job, cuz you're gonna lick the floor when you're done.”

He withdrew, closing the door behind him, and leaving her kneeling somewhat bewildered on the linoleum floor.

She got up after a few moments and stared at herself in the dirty mirror. She was naked, of course, her hair a tangled mess, and she had a collar around her neck with a small metal name tag dangling from it that said Rover.

Her face and upper chest were still flushed from the amazing orgasm she'd just had, and she ran her hand over her breasts, then down between her legs, wincing a little as she traced the line of her sex with her finger. The dildo was still in her bottom, almost buried there, and she wondered if she was allowed to take it out.

She decided he might get upset, and then looked around the bathroom. It was dirty, and she made a face, then looked at the spray cleaner and rag.

She was supposed to clean his bathroom!?! Why!?!

But then she realize it would be a mark of her meek acceptance of their reversal of roles! She could once again feel like the helpless oppressed victim! He was showing her what that was like! She could, no doubt learn from it and be feel more empathy towards the world's downtrodden!

The spray, she decided, was not good enough. Especially if she was going to have to demonstrate her confidence in how clean it was by licking the floor! She crouched and searched under the counter to see what else she could find.

There was a bottle of much better liquid cleanser in the back and she took that out, then filled the sink with hot water, poured in the cleanser and mixed them up. Then she stared on the bathtub and tiles around it, scrubbing determinedly,

then returning to the sink again and again to clean and soak the rag before going back.

When the tub and tiles were cleaned she worked on the counter and mirror, then the floor, emptying the sink and refilling it with hot clean water with cleanser several times. She took special care around the toilet, cleaning it thoroughly, from the base up and around the rim, then found a brush to scrub the inside of the bowl.

It took a while, but she didn't mind. She saw it as a strangely freeing experience, an act of noble abasement to demonstrate that pride would not get in the way of her doing honest work. It would demonstrate her acceptance of their reversal of roles. It would show DeShawn she was more than willing, she was eager to learn how harsh life could be for the oppressed!

And as a lifelong beneficiary of the racist white oppressor society, she surely deserved such a blow to her pride!

When it was all clean she hesitantly opened the door, then gasped to hear voices!

She drew back anxiously, staring up and around, looking for a robe or something else, but the bathroom was empty of anything she could use to cover herself. Then she heard a woman's voice! That shocked her for a moment, but the shock grew worse an instant later as she recognized it.

It was her own voice! And she was moaning and gasping and crying out in... passion and pleasure! Her eyes grew huge and she felt the blood rush to her face as she realized he was watching the video he had just taken of her – with someone else watching too!

She cringed back from the door, but it was too late. The apartment was too small, and he'd already noticed the door opening. She shrank back as he pushed the door open, and she saw there were two more black men with him!

“You done cleaned the bathroom, bitch?” he demanded.

Melissa cringed back, crouching in the corner, trying to cover her body with her own knees.

“I asked a question, slave girl!”

“Y-Yes!” she squeaked.

“That ain't how you answer me, bitch. How do you answer me?”

She knew what he meant but cringed from saying it.

“You want another strapping, bitch?”

“I.. I.. DeShawn!” she whined.

He reached down and gripped a thick mass of hair, pulling her to her feet, and Melissa squealed in pain, her hands at first reaching for his, then jerking down to try to cover her naked body. He snorted and grabbed her hands, forcing them both up and back behind her neck, then pinning them there with one big hand.

“This is my slave bitch,” he said, pulling sharply to force her back to arch.

“Nice fuckin' body!” a huge, broad shouldered black man with a shaven head said.

“Yeah, I love these tits,” the second one said.

He was more slender, with long dreadlocks.

They both reached out to run their hands up and down Melissa's taut body, and she shuddered as their fingers pinched her nipples and then slid down to slide up and down her sex.

Then DeShawn brought his other hand down around her throat and squeezed, holding it for long seconds.

“What do you call me, slave girl?”

“M-Master!” she gurgled.

The other two men chuckled in amazement.

“Man, you got dis bitch trained!” the one in dreadlocks exclaimed.

“You finished cleaning?” DeShawn demanded.

“Y-Yes... master!” Melissa moaned, face flaming.

He released her hands, but gripped a thick chunk of hair behind her neck instead.

“Show me.”

He jerked her towards the counter and forced her to bend over sharply.

“Lick the counter.”

Trembling, Melissa licked the counter hesitantly.

“Not with little itty bitty licks!” he snapped, giving her bottom a stinging slap. “I want long, hard licks!”

The other two guffawed at his words.

Gasping, wide eyed, Melissa licked at the counter as her breasts were pillowed out against it.

“Now the sink.”

He jerked her head over to the side and shoved it into the sink, and she licked at it, crying out as someone began to finger her pussy.

“Lick the faucet.”

He jerked her head up and forward by the hair and she licked the faucet. Then he pulled her upright and made her stumble a few steps over to the tub. He put her down on all fours and she bent over the side of the tub, knowing full well the view the two strangers had of her as she extended her body into the tub and licked along the bottom and side.

“Now the floor.”

Moaning, gasping, she licked at the floor, then along it as he pulled her along by the hair.

“Long licks, slave.”

Melissa was wild with shame and humiliation, but as the seconds ticked past and

her initial shock faded she began to feel a strange, squirmy sense of justice grip her, but it was a sensual, erotic sort of justice which mixed in her own dark, growing sense of masochism with her righteous need to atone for a lifetime of being a racist oppressor.

She gasped as DeShawn forced her face to the floor next to the toilet.

“Lick, slave.”

Melissa licked at the bolts holding the toilet bowl in place, then, gasping and whimpering as her scalp burned, licked her way up the side of the toilet bowl, then, feeling a growing sense of almost breathless heat, licked the toilet rim while DeShawn held her hair and the other two black men looked on excitedly.

He forced her head into the bowl, then, and made her lick along the inside of the bowl as the other two men laughed and chortled. Then he yanked her back and Melissa gulped in air, kneeling on all fours before them, face burning.

“Lick the floor,” DeShawn ordered, pointing down before his feet.

Moaning, she obeyed, her tongue licking at the floor right in front of him.

“Who's your master, bitch?” he growled.

“Y-You are, Master,” she gulped.

“Then show me how obedient you are, slave girl. Lick my foot,” he said.

The other two laughed in delight as they watched gleefully, and Melissa blanched, feeling a rush of fresh embarrassment. Was he deliberately trying to humiliate her!? Then she realized he was, of course, but then, didn't she deserve it? Didn't she deserve this blow to her pride? Didn't she deserve to see the tables turned?

She bent low enough that her breasts pressed against the floor, and licked along DeShawn's shoe as the other two men hooted in approval.

She shuddered, feeling a simultaneous rush of humiliation and martyred masochistic excitement. This was so kinky and depraved! She licked long licks along DeShawn's shoe as the three men looked down at her, virtually prostrating

herself in meek appeal for them to forgive her her white liberal guilt.

DeShawn pushed her aside with his foot.

“Now do them, white girl. Show them how obedient a slave girl you is.”

A fresh wave of dark, thrilled humiliation swept over her, and Melissa staggered over on hands and knees, bending, licking at the shoe of the closest man as the two grinned down at her.

“Man, I can think of something I'd rather have her licking than my shoe!” the man said.

“Yeah? You want to shove your dick down her throat?”

“Fuck yeah, man!”

“How much money you got?”

DeShawn dragged her up on her knees, pulling her head back against his crotch to face the other two.

“You want to use this Jew bitch's mouth?”

“Yeah!”

“Fuck yeah, man!”

“Five bucks.”

Both men shoved their hands eagerly into their pockets and pulled out wadded up bills, handing them to DeShawn, as Melissa knelt dazedly.

They eagerly unzipped and drew out their erections as she knelt motionless, submissive, her hair in DeShawn's tight grip. The first one thrust into her open mouth, and Melissa gurgled, reaching up instinctively to fold her hand around the base as she began to suck.

DeShawn released her hair, and the other man shoved his cock against her cheek so that she reached up to grip it in her other hand, pumping it up and down as she sucked and bobbed up and down the one in her mouth.

She was gripped, again, by a sense of astonishment at what she was doing, but then she felt that deep, satisfying sense of atonement, and was much more at peace. She switched cocks, taking the second man's cock deep while her hand pumped up and down on the first, then switched back again.

DeShawn stood back observing. No, he was holding something. A camera.

She shuddered, then gurgled around the black cock which thrust down her throat.

The two men were very eager, and not so quick to pull back once their cocks were in her throat. Their hands grabbed at her hair like DeShawn had done, pulling her in tight and holding her in place so that she began to become light-headed.

Then DeShawn stepped forward, shouldering the others aside, and took her by the collar. He snapped something to the collar, which she soon realized was a three foot long chain – with a leather handle, and then jerked on it to pull her down onto all fours.

“Come into the other room, slave,” he said, pulling on the leash.

Panting, red-faced, Melissa crawled out of the bathroom and into the main room, only to find another black man there! He was sitting on the sofa-bed propped against the rear watching television. He looked at her with interest as DeShawn made her crawl up to the sofa-bed.

“Climb in, sex slave,” he said.

Heart pounding, Melissa crawled onto the bed, and DeShawn pulled her forward until she was kneeling between the man's upright knees.

“Now undo his pants, take his cock out and blow him,” DeShawn ordered.

Melissa reached out trembling fingers, undid his pants, pulled down his zipper, and then tugged his boxer shorts out of the way to reveal a cock which was already hardening. It was already large, and it got even larger as she bent and started to lick.

She was not surprised that one of the other men climbed onto the bed behind her, or to feel his hands on her bottom and then his cock pushing against her sex. She

was dazed but feeling that strange rush of purity, of martyrdom and masochism and atonement once again as she began to mouth the man's cock.

It hardened very fast, swelling out and thickening, extending itself to be even bigger than DeShawn's. She moaned as she licked at the balls and sucked them into her mouth, her body starting to rock to and fro as the man behind her fucked her harder.

DeShawn stood back, adjusting the camera.

The man sitting before her groped her breasts and wrapped her long hair around his fist to pump her up and down. At first she tried to wrap her hands around the base of his enormous cock, but he slapped her hands away, and finally DeShawn ordered her to put her hands straight out to either side.

She gurgled and obeyed, eyes glazing over as the man pumped her mouth and throat up and down on his thick cock while the other man's hips slapped against her upraised buttocks. The man's cock was so thick and long her throat simply ached when it was jammed inside!

Fortunately, the strange dark fever which had been gripping her much of the evening was back, and she wallowed in another sense of delicious erotic heat. Yes, she was permitting them to abuse her, to be crude and forceful and outrageously misogynistic, and if they were white this would have been humiliating.

Since they were Black, however, they were simply behaving as they must think their own cultural mores required and she didn't feel she had no business judging them.

She gasped as the man's hand jerked her up by the hair and his enormous cock slid out of her throat and mouth, leaving her dazed and drooling, eyes slitted as she gulped in air.

He slapped her face lightly, then pulled her forward so that she had to crawl upward along the bed. The man behind her pulled out and they had her straddle the enormous cock she'd just been sucking, then sink slowly down upon it.

“Oh! Oh! God! Oh!” she moaned as it stretched her out.

“Tell them you love nigger cock,” DeShawn ordered.

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

“God damn right, bitch!” the man beneath her growled.

She sank her pussy lower, then up a bit, knees wide, gasping as she knelt above him. His hands came up and began to knead her breasts while she focused on getting her aching pussy to slide down the long length of him, then back up again.

She felt movement behind her, and the dildo in her bottom was pulled free. Then she felt the other man pushing his cock against her there, sliding it deep so that she cried out in a shocked sense of delicious wanton heat!

This was so wicked and obscene and... and forbidden! It was sluttish! Only a whore would do such a thing!

But the intensity of the emotional and physical storm gripping her swept such thoughts away. She sobbed dazedly as she continued to work her aching sex slowly up and down the thick cock beneath her while the man behind pumped in and out of her ass.

Hands mauled her breasts, and then the man beneath her sank downward so he was laying flat underneath and the third man stood on the bed, putting a foot on either side of his shoulders and reaching for her hair.

He pulled her dazed face up and thrust himself into her open mouth.

Melissa gurgled and gagged, but the man she was straddling gripped her wrists where her hands were pressed against his chest to prop herself up, and so she could do little as the cock slid deep into her throat.

Not that she really wanted to. She was floating in a world of electrifying sexual excitement now, glorying in her own debasement, in her own helplessness before these determined Black men. And when someone got fingers on her clitoris she felt her internal muscles spasm and jerk, and then the first orgasm tore through her.

She trembled and shook, crying out around the thick cock in her mouth, then

crying out much more loudly as he pulled back, her body rocking to and fro as the man beneath drove his thick cock up into her belly and the man behind drove his into her ass.

Her body was continually rocked and pummeled, the man below thrusting up hard and fast, the man behind pounding his muscular hips into her buttocks with jarring force, the man before her yanking cruelly on her hair to jam his cock deep into her throat!

Hands pawed at her breasts and rubbed at her clitoris, and three big cocks thrust in and out of her with relentless animal hunger as Melissa's mind spun and tumbled. Waves of scalding heat swept over her as her body burned with a dark, thrilled heat she had never known!

Her insides churned violently with the two big black cocks pumping inside her slender belly, and her muscles spasmed as her nerve endings overloaded! She gave herself to the mindless hunger and towering pleasure, borne aloft on the waves of pleasure that took her to a place where nothing else mattered!

Her breasts ached as two big black hands squeezed and kneaded them, her nipples burning and swollen as fingers tweaked, pinched and tugged. She was flooded with sensation from all over her body, and yet her mind was too dazed to understand it all, drowned in sensation.

The men who surrounded her laughed and cursed, slapping, pinching and groping her as they thrust their cocks deep in harsh, savage strokes. Then the man behind yanked on her hair as the man in front of her released it.

Melissa cried out as her body arched up and back against him. And as that man lay back, she found herself laying atop him, impaled on his hard cock as the man she had been straddling sat up and pulled his legs out from under her.

Now he gripped her legs behind the knees and forced them up and back, leaning over her as he drove his thick cock deep into her burning sex once again. The other man moved around to stand above her, facing the other direction, spreading his legs wide to lower himself.

A dazed Melissa was staring upside down at him as he thrust his cock down her throat once again, gurgling as the three men laughed and high fived each other, and DeShawn laughed in amused approval, shifting around to get better videos.

Another orgasm rolled her mind, sending it tumbling and turning along the foaming liquid heat flooding through her, and then another, and another, and still another, battering her mind to bits, sending her muscles spasming as her mind floated in a feverish heat.

One of the men came. She didn't know who, and didn't care. They roughly yanked her forward by the hair, slapping at her breasts, cursing her into position as she was put on all fours. Then it was only two men, one thrusting into her sex while the other drove himself balls deep into her mouth and throat.

She came again, sobbing, as someone rubbed her clitoris while others kneaded her breasts, dazed and light-headed, she screamed around the cock filling her throat, turned into little more than an animal by the intensity of the pleasure sweeping through her.

Then she was on her back, not knowing how she got that way, her legs pressed back against her, her feet jammed in under her ears as a man she didn't even know crushed her beneath him. She could feel his cock inside her pumping in and out as his hips pounded heavily against her upraised buttocks, and she stared up at him through glazed eyes, grunting at every stroke.

And then she was laying spreadeagled on the bed, chest heaving, alone. DeShawn was doing something with his laptop as she slowly recovered her scattered wits. Her body ached all over, inside and out, and her throat was so sore it hurt to breath.

She was overwhelmed by all that had happened to her, and stared at the ceiling, her jaw slack, trying to come to terms with the incredible shock-wave which had struck her life, and the shocking intensity of the dark, raging fever which had burned away so many of her inhibitions.

And then DeShawn appeared, standing over her.

“Come here, slave girl,” he said.

He bent over and grabbed something, and Melissa gurgled as the collar around her throat pulled sharply, forcing her up into a sitting position before she could even react, then forward and bent over and sprawling onto the floor on her belly.

But DeShawn was moving away, and, gasping, she scrambled onto hands and

knees to follow as he walked, not to the bathroom, which was the only other room in the apartment, but to the front door! He opened and before she could even think about resisting he was pulling her outside into the hall!

Naked!

Melissa crawled frantically along the cold hard floor until he reached the apartment two down, where he stopped and knocked heavily

“Hey, Raven, open up!” he called.

The door opened and a tall black woman stood there, glowering at him.

“You got no manners, DeShawn,” she complained.

Her eyes dropped to Melissa and then widened.

“Who da fuck is this white bitch?!” she demanded.

DeShawn pushed her back and then went inside, pulling Melissa after him. She crawled in eagerly, wanting to get away from the hallway!

The apartment here was cleaner and bigger, a two bedroom palace compared to DeShawn's bachelor pad. Another black woman stood up as DeShawn led her, still crawling, into the living room.

“Who the fuck be this?” she demanded, echoing Raven.

“Ebony, this be my new bitch,” DeShawn said.

He jerked up on the leash and Melissa gurgled as she was forced up and back on her heels. Then he shifted his grip to her hair, forcing her to her feet and jerking back on her hair to force her head back and her back to arch.

“I want you to teach this Jewish bitch how to dance,” he said.

“Uh uh!” Ebony said. “With that face and tits she'll take all our customers!”

“She ain't gonna work at your low rent strip club, bitch!” DeShawn said. “This Ho is gonna make real money.”

“Nigger, you think we can teach some pasty faced white girl how to dance in an hour?!” Ebony demanded. “You gots to have patience if you want to teach a cow how to sing!”

“Take her down to the club when it's closed, then. Put her on the pole and see how she does.”

“Da club ain't being closed until four am tonight, DeShawn!” Raven said.

He cursed in annoyance.

“All right then. Tomorrow morning I'm bringing her to the club. You be there so she can learn some slick moves. I'm gonna turn her into the hottest, sexiest, dirtiest white ho in town.”

Melissa found herself stumbling backwards as he backed away, pulling her by the hair. Then he turned her around and headed for the door, but as they reached it, he shoved her down hard, forcing her onto all fours again. He picked up the leash, opened the door, and walked out, forcing her to crawl after him.

“I'll pick you up tomorrow at Nine,” he said. “We'll go and teach you how to dance.”

He led her back into his apartment and then pulled her to her feet by the hair again.

“I-I have an English class at nine,” she gulped.

“Bitch, you do what I say!” he snapped. “You're my sex slave, remember that.”

He turned her around and slapped her bottom hard.

“Now get dressed, bitch. I got a basketball game to go to.”

He dropped her off at her dorm, and Melissa staggered inside, still shell-shocked by all that had happened to her. She was wracked by doubts and uncertainty, by anxiety and worry, by shame and embarrassment. But a core of dark, breathless awed heat still surrounded her mind in a thrumming sexual aura.

She was on a roller coaster ride, but one whose end she couldn't see. She liked

the idea of her being the 'hottest, sexiest hoe in the city' as DeShawn had described it, but what did he mean about her making money from it!?

A slave girl! The thought was outrageous! But it was also fitting, so gloriously fitting, that she, a privileged member of society, should be enslaved by one of those who had been so cruelly deprived. She almost wanted to tell her mother, so she could be proud of her atonement, but somehow, she didn't think she could quite bring herself to do so.

Even her mother's liberal ways would likely be challenged by the manner of her atonement, and she was very much the hard core feminist. It might be too much for her to accept that a woman would willingly subjugate herself to a man's will, even if he was a Black man.

But she was secure in her confidence that her behavior so far had been completely inclusive, accepting and non-racist. And that was really what mattered.

She winced a little as she cupped her sore breast, for the men had been very rough in the way they had groped and squeezed and even slapped at them. Not to mention pulled and sucked and bit and twisted and pinched her nipples!

But they weren't at fault, for clearly there was a lot of justifiable rage there against white privilege. It was her duty to help them vent.

In the meantime, she picked up her towel and toiletries bag and went to the shower room. It wouldn't do for her roommate to see her like this. Andrea was very unenlightened and would never understand.

END

[The First Date](#)

The Second Date

[The Third Date](#)

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

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Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

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

Working For the Smiths

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

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

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

The Nerd Girls

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

Zoe's New Boss

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

In The Vampire's Lair

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

Nigger's Girl

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

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

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

Owned by Mister Trask

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

Bound Beauty

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

The Mirror Box

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