

The Third 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 nervous and anxious, but even so she felt a dark thread of sexual anticipation and arousal pulsing within her body as she stepped into DeShawn's car.

“Hi,” she gulped.

“Hi who? Hi what? How do you address me again, slave girl?” he asked.

She flushed and felt the twin emotions of anxiety and excitement swirling more powerfully within her.

“Hi... Master,” she gulped.

She supposed it was, in a sense, silly. But she was sure DeShawn was intent on teaching her just how horrible life had been for Black people oppressed for so long by racist White society. Pretending she was his 'slave girl' was kinky and thrilling, but it also served to bring home to her how horrible White people had treated Black people for their whole history!

Melissa was not black, of course. In fact, her skin was quite fair, a gift of her Swedish father. Her hair was a dark, chestnut brown, which was a compromise between her dad's blonde genetic code and her mother's darker Semitic bloodline. Her mother was Gloria Lowenstein, and she'd had very dark, curly hair.

The intersection of her family's bloodlines only mattered insofar as it made Melissa a beneficiary (a reluctant and guilty beneficiary) of white privilege. Her parents were very liberal, and had raised her to be, as well. So she was well aware of how racist white society had oppressed people of color for so many centuries.

Melissa had brought her inclusive liberal beliefs in tolerance and racial understanding to Harvard, where her parents and grandparents had gotten their law degrees. She intended to continue that tradition, and also the tradition of working for the betterment of the downtrodden.

She was a very earnest, but determined young woman, imbued with a steely sense of self-confidence and the righteousness of knowing that feminism and

equality were the only true paths to enlightenment.

She had, of course, joined the Anti-Racist Action Committee, the Safe Space Coalition, and Black Lives Matter to demonstrate her sisterhood with the oppressed, and her parents had been quite proud of her for doing so.

But when DeShawn Washington, a member of the ARAC, who was very large and very handsome and very Black, had asked her out on a date, she had hesitated. Of course, it wasn't simply that he was Black. She was eighteen, after all, while DeShawn was nearly thirty! He was also not a student, but one of the groundskeepers.

The truth was, Melissa would never have looked twice at him if he'd been White. But being asked out by a Black man had filled her with a sense of anxiety. If she refused he might think she was racist, after all! Almost as bad, he might think she had turned him down because she thought that as a pre-law student she was better than him, a mere groundskeeper!

To show that level of disdain for a working class person on the outrageous presumption that he was not in her class would have filled her with such guilt she didn't think she could have born it! She'd have had to call her therapist for an emergency session!

DeShawn had not treated her like the nice Jewish boys she had previously dated. In fact, he had behaved in an outrageous fashion, like a macho man, taking for granted his right to make decisions, not to mention his right to her body!

The sex had been far rougher than anything she had ever experienced! And it had also nearly melted her mind in the fiery heat of a lust she had never previously experienced. It had been like a traumatic episode, only... only the opposite. She had been spellbound afterward, and couldn't stop thinking about it.

And wanting more!

At the same time, she writhed in self-loathing and guilt over how she had reacted and why! As a good feminist she insisted on being treated with respect and equality. But DeShawn had done nothing of the sort! He had treated her like a 'Ho'! Of course, Melissa would never in her wildest dreams question the cultural value system of a member of a minority group, but it still left her feminist sensibilities deeply outraged.

DeShawn had also invited other Black men to touch and use her body! That was stunning and outrageous on so many levels! But worse was that she had not only tolerated it she had felt in the grip of a sexual fever while they had roughly used her!

And why? Because somehow, in the inner recesses of her filthy white racist mind, she felt almost like... like they were savages, and she was a noble sacrifice! They had acted like animals! And she had felt like they were devouring her in their hunger and lust!

She had reveled in their abuse and rough handling in part, because she felt that it was only her due. The guilt gripping her at the way Black people had been treated through the years by whites made her feel that them getting payback on her was only right and just. She deserved to be roughly treated!

And if that helped assuage some of their justifiable anger at the way they had been abused all their lives, then Melissa felt very much a kind of sense of self-sacrifice. What bothered her was that she still had that horrible sense of superiority, one she hadn't even been aware she possessed, which let her feel almost masochistic about how these 'savages' were treating her!

She was mortified at discovering what a pretender and elitist she was once she realized her reactions at seeing DeShawn's tiny bachelor apartment. Why, it was almost the size of her bathroom at home!

Clearly he had noticed her reaction, though she hadn't said anything. Him ordering her to clean his bathroom was meant as both punishment and, she was sure, learning experience for her. She did the work, suitably chastised over her snobbish mentality, and then wallowed in how he had reversed their fortunes, turning her into the slave and he, the powerful Black man, into the master!

Yes, she had deserved it! The world deserved it! Her lifelong enjoyment of white privilege deserved to be brought up short by the righteous anger of a powerful Black man!

But that had still made her feel dreadfully uncomfortable as DeShawn picked her up today to bring her to his friend Ebony's apartment up the hall from his.

Ebony and her roommate Raven were strippers, apparently at a Black club where they didn't earn a lot of money. That was doubtless because of how racist white

society was, of course. And today DeShawn had promised to have them teach her how to dance!

He meant strip of course, and give lap dances! Melissa was, of course, uncertain about the wisdom of going along with this. Strip clubs were, after all, places where misogynist males in an outrageous sense of power imbalance forced helpless young women to dance naked for their entertainment!

It was shocking such places were still allowed to operate, or that the authorities didn't take those helpless women away to protect them from such filthy, depraved abuse! She understood why, in the case of Raven and Ebony, of course. Society was racist and didn't care about Black girls!

She moaned as DeShawn reached out a big hand, swept it around her neck and jerked her roughly across the center console to kiss her passionately. His tongue thrust into her mouth and his other hand came up to roughly grope her breast through her shirt!

His hand pulled harder and she half slid across atop him as he continued to kiss her, and Melissa felt her heart beating faster and faster as that the sexual anticipation within her blossomed and her breasts swelled hotly against his kneading fingers.

“Hot little white slut,” he growled, pulling her back again.

He shifted his grip to her hair and she gasped as he forced her head back, making her full young breasts thrust out. Her hands instinctively shot up to grip his wrist but he had a grip of steel.

“Hands down, slave!” he barked.

Panting, moaning, she dropped her arms to her sides, sitting there with back arched as his other hand moved over her breasts.

“You got really nice tits. You should stop hiding them,” he said.

He released her and put the car into drive, then accelerated away from the curbs as Melissa, still gulping and panting, hurriedly did up her seat belt.

“Guys love big tits,” he said. “Specially when they're nice and round and firm

like yours, even more when they're real.”

He smirked. “Course, you'll be a saggy titted ho in ten, fifteen years. But you're prime now, baby.”

Melissa frowned at that sort of backhanded compliment. She would certainly keep doing exercises to make sure her breasts stayed as firm as possible. And if necessary, there was always plastic surgery. She would never be a saggy titted ho!

Of course, she wouldn't say so.

“You need to learn to wear skirts more, too, show off that tight ass and those nice legs.”

“I... don't dress to show off my body, DeShawn,” she said hesitantly.

He turned and glared at her.

“Master, I mean!” she said hurriedly.

“Bitch, when you're with me I decide what gets shown off,” he said.

He drove to a low rise brick building in a part of town Melissa had been told to never go near when she'd arrived at Harvard only a couple of months ago for her freshman year. Some people called it a slum, but of course, they were just white racists. This was simply an area where Black people lived in an area of economic stagnation due to the prejudice and racism of white society.

He got out, and so did she, looking around anxiously. Small, huddled groups of young Black men hung around, here and there, all of them looking towards her. Then DeShawn swept his arm around her and pulled her in against his body, leading her across the yard towards the entrance to the building.

That made her feel much safer. Seeing DeShawn's affection for her they would immediately understand that Melissa wasn't a racist or bigot, but was one of those white people who respected them!

DeShawn led her into the building's lobby, then upstairs to his apartment. It wasn't much of an apartment, but then, he was a working class person. Melissa

told herself (again) not to be so snobbish as to judge people by their possessions.

“I got something better for you to wear, bitch,” he said. “Get naked.”

Melissa flushed and then undid her blouse, peeling it off and looking for somewhere to hang it up. DeShawn snatched it from her hands and threw it on the sofa-bed.

“Move yo ass.”

Melissa stripped quickly as DeShawn pulled over a plastic bag from the small kitchen counter and poured a collection of shining black leather from it. Well, it wasn't real leather, of course. It was PVC leather, which was considerably cheaper.

DeShawn picked up a tiny skirt that zipped up the side and gave it to her.

“Put that on. The leather skirt was small, short and tight. It was very low-riding, so that the waist was only a little higher than her pubic area. The hem just barely covered her buttocks, as long as she stood straight.

It squeezed against her buttocks and abdomen so tightly she was afraid the zipper would break. Then he gave her a halter top which was made of the same material.

“Shouldn't I... shouldn't I wear something underneath?” she gulped anxiously.

“Now that you mention it, yeah,” he said.

Melissa nodded in relief, but then he jerked her over to the counter in the kitchenette, and his hand slid up to the back of her neck and shoved hard, bending her over the counter. Then he opened a drawer and took out an odd looking little plastic object that resembled a mushroom or small turnip.

He squirted a little something on it, and then drew it behind her and Melissa gasped as she felt the rounded head pressing against her back passage! Her fingernails dug into the palms of her hands as she felt it press harder and harder, pulling back, then pushing in to slowly force her sphincter open!

It spread her wider, and then still wider to the point she was digging her nails

into the palms of her hand and clenching her teeth! Then it abruptly narrowed to almost nothing, the fat part sliding up inside her. There was still something outside, though, something small she could feel pressed up against the flesh around her back opening.

“Wha – ?”

“Jus a butt-plug,” he said, jerking her upright again and handing her a halter.

The halter was, like the skirt, very short and tight. It covered the bottom half of her breasts, just barely to the nipples, and squeezed them up and out very firmly.

DeShawn helped her put on a pair of black shoes with stiletto heels, and she stood up awkwardly, stumbling a little. The heels were five inches, and she'd never worn heels that high before.

Then DeShawn put a black studded leather collar around her neck, which he said had been from his dog. He even put a tiny padlock in the clasp, grinning as he did.

“You be ma beatch,” he said.

He handed her a pair of leather bracers, or what she at first took to be leather bracelets, and helped put them around her wrists. They had studs like the collar, and looked somewhat... bondage-y to her. Which made her feel both anxious and aroused.

“Come on, bitch,” he said.

He halted, then went to the kitchenette and took the leash he'd used on her before. Melissa's face flushed as he clipped it to the ring in the front of the collar and grinned at her.

“What do you call me, slave?”

“Master!” she gulped, both anxious and aroused.

“Dats right.”

He tugged on the leash and opened the apartment door, and Melissa's heart

pounded as she stared around anxiously, fearful of anyone seeing her in this slutty outfit being led by a leash! But no one was poking their heads out into the hall as she stumbled awkwardly along behind DeShawn to the apartment just up the hall.

Ebony opened it and smirked at her, making her blush even more.

“I see you got yo white girl tricked out,” she said.

“She's my slave girl,” DeShawn said smugly.

Ebony snorted and shook her head, then backed up as DeShawn led her, still pulling on the leash, into the apartment.

It wasn't a bachelor pad like DeShawn's, but had two actual bedrooms and a separate kitchen, not a kitchenette.

“We goin to the club now,” he said to Raven.

The girl got up off the sofa and gave Melissa a look of contempt, then shrugged.

“If thas what you want, DeShawn.”

Melissa gulped, her eyes widening, as the two girls got their purses and prepared to leave, for she now understood she was expected to go out dressed like this!

Of course, Raven and Ebony weren't exactly dressed conservatively themselves. Neither was at all shy about showing off their... assets. So in their company she didn't really seem out of place. It would therefore seem very insulting towards them if she protested at going outside dressed as she was!

And Melissa couldn't possibly bring herself to insult two BLACK women!

On the other hand, at least they weren't being led by a leash!

She gripped the chain near her neck as they went out into the hall again, but when DeShawn turned cold eyes on her she dropped her hands to her sides, heart pounding anxiously.

He led her up the hall to the elevator and then inside, with Ebony and Raven

slinking in alongside her. They both had stiletto shoes, too, and very short, glittery skirts and tight, low cut tops. Ebony was talking about some kind of sale at Wal-Mart as DeShawn punched the elevator for the lobby.

There were probably people in the lobby!

The doors slid open and she could see there were! She reached up to grip the chain and DeShawn turned to glare at her.

“What da fuck you doin, ho?” he demanded.

“I... DeShawn!” she whispered anxiously. “People might get the wrong idea!”

“What wrong idea? That you're my slave girl? That ain't the wrong idea, bitch!”

“But... but... someone might call the police!”

The two black women laughed in delight and DeShawn stared at her as if she were insane.

“Bitch, no one gonna be calling no police here!” he exclaimed. “Get your ass out that door!”

He yanked on the leash which sent her stumbling forward on the awkward high heels.

There were two middle aged men and a middle aged woman sitting on a bench in the lobby. All stared at them as they went past, and Melissa's face burned hotly. It didn't get any better out in front of the building either, as DeShawn led her through the open yard towards the car, and all those young men looked on.

Several yelled things which she only half understood, and which DeShawn ignored. He put her in the back seat of the car, and then Ebony and Raven argued over who got to sit in the front.

“Both of you sit your asses in the back!” he growled.

They both pouted at that, but Raven got in beside Melissa, and then Ebony went around to the other side and got in there, forcing her to sit in the middle.

“But there's no seat belt here!” she blurted.

They all laughed at that.

“Show her how to kiss,” DeShawn said as he started the car.

Melissa gasped as Raven yanked back on her hair and then kissed her hard! On the mouth!

Her wrists again jerked up instinctively to grab at the hand in her hair but Ebony grabbed one and pulled it back and Raven jerked the other one back, and Melissa moaned, knowing she wasn't allowed to resist!

“Little white ho,” Ebony said.

She jerked the zipper on the front of the halter down and it fell off, exposing her breasts!

Melissa squealed and tried to cover herself, and both women laughed.

“She's shy!” Ebony said.

“A shy slave girl?!” Raven exclaimed.

The two women let their other hands cup and fondle Melissa's bare breasts, their fingers plucking and twisting at her stiff nipples, and Melissa yelped and moaned helplessly, gulping in air as Raven jerked her head back and then kissed her again.

“Let me feel you kiss me, slut!” the woman demanded, pulling her head back and jerking Melissa's hair with a sharp, painful pull.

“Maybe she don't even know how to kiss!” Ebony said with a laugh.

That stung Melissa's pride, and she kissed back as Raven jerked her head forward to kiss her again.

Melissa was horribly embarrassed. She'd certainly felt completely inclusive towards lesbians in the past and respected their sexual preferences, but never really strongly considered experimenting in that way herself.

Although admittedly she felt a little left out at times, given how many of her fellow protesters and progressives were lesbian, or at least bisexual. She always felt she was, in some ways, disappointing them by not being open-minded enough to experiment and see what sex with a woman would be like.

But these two women were more than slightly intimidating, in their words and the looks on their faces, and Melissa didn't feel like any sort of equal in this test, but more like a lab rat being made to undergo whatever experiment they chose!

And couldn't this be called abusive? Of course, the thought of being sexually abused by black women filled her with a certain degree of confusion. On the one hand there was that odd thrill of the martyred victim, something which she naturally gravitated towards since it relieved her of her liberal guilt.

Raven was kissing her passionately, and then she squealed as she felt Ebony's hand slide between her thighs and touch her bare sex.

“Spread yo leg, slut!” Ebony demanded.

Moaning, Melissa obeyed, and felt the Black girl's fingers go gentle, finding her clitoris and rubbing at it as Raven jerked back more sharply on her hair to arch her back. She gasped into the other girl's mouth as she felt Ebony's mouth on the center of her left breast, felt her teeth digging into the soft, sensitive skin as she sucked!

It was all so... so outrageous and brazen and wicked and shocking and... and so far from everything she'd ever experienced in her life until meeting DeShawn! But any sense she was being abused only filled her with as sense of martyred righteousness as she saw herself as being the just target of black anger.

And the way those fingers were stroking her sensitive clitoris was doing strange things down in her lower belly! Melissa's heart was racing, the blood pounding in her head as her body thrummed with a growing sense of wild, thrilled heat!

She was practically naked, wearing nothing but the tiny skirt in a car driving out in public! Her hands kept rising, fluttering helplessly, then falling again as she didn't dare do anything with them!

“Move yo tongue, bitch!” Raven demanded. “You ain't kissing yo momma!”

Then Ebony yanked her thighs wider and leaned in over her and Melissa gasped to feel the Black girl's tongue licking at her clitoris!

Raven's hand moved over her breasts, squeezing, caressing and kneading the throbbing flesh as she kissed her. Every little while she'd jerk on Melissa's hair to get her attention as she pulled her lips back, and tell her to do something else, like slide her lips from side to side, or not push her tongue out so far, or make her tongue dip and stroke...

Meanwhile Ebony was licking hard at her clitoris, which was, of course, extremely distracting!

And there were cars driving back and forth outside, and people on the sidewalk as they drove past!

Melissa's heart was beating like a drum and her insides were thrumming wildly as the heat spread up through her body and then saturated her mind! She moaned helplessly, her hips grinding against Ebony's tongue as she kissed Raven, her breasts hot and swollen and pulsing with hunger!

She rose up from there and fastened her mouth around the center of Melissa's left breast, while Raven dropped her mouth to suck and chew on her right breast! Melissa shuddered and moaned helplessly!

“Put her top back on,” DeShawn said.

He pulled the car over and the Black girls wrapped the halter around her wet, throbbing breasts again, then zipped it up, or at least, partly up.

They all got out, with DeShawn taking the leash again and leading her up a sidewalk, then into an alley alongside a building! Melissa heaved a sigh of relief at leaving the sidewalk, but now looked around anxiously.

DeShawn opened a fire door and led her inside, with the two Black girls bringing up the rear. They were in a dingy hallway, the paint peeling from the walls, the linoleum floor dirty, and light coming from bare bulbs dangling overhead.

They walked to a door and pulled it open and DeShawn led her out into a much different room. This one had a polished stone floor, and row on row of tables and

red felt chairs. There was a bar covering half the wall on one side of the room, and on the other side, in the middle, was a stage with a big pole sprouting from the middle!

It was a strip club, she thought in anxious understanding!

Thankfully closed!

That didn't mean it was entirely empty, though. A tall, broad shouldered Black man was behind the bar, polishing glasses. Another, shorter, bulkier, middle aged Black man was sitting in a corner at a table doing paperwork. He got up and came over to look her up and down as DeShawn turned to him.

“Dis her? She's something to look at,” he said. “She got a pretty face. Why you dress her like a ho?”

“She is a ho, Andre,” DeShawn said. “Ma ho!”

“Yeah but you gots to make the right presentation if you want to get the most money, boy,” the man said. “This one I'd put in a little schoolgirl outfit. With that sweet face, you'd have half the room wanting to have a lap dance.”

He reached out and gripped the zipper leading down the front of her halter, and Melissa gasped and grabbed his wrist, only to have DeShawn yanked back roughly on her hair.

“Am I gonna have to spank you, slave girl?” he growled.

“N-No, Master!” she squealed, dropping her hands.

Andre chuckled in amusement. “You gots her trained nice,” he said.

He unzipped the halter and let it fall off, and Melissa blushed furiously as he examined her breasts, first with his eyes, then his fingers.

“Niiiiice,” he said. “These'll be real popular.”

Melissa gasped and grabbed at her little skirt, but he had just unzipped it too, and it fell to the floor before she could grab it. DeShawn jerked on her hair again, forcing her head back.

“Very nice,” the man said. “Top quality!”

DeShawn gripped her arm and twisted her around, bending her forward over a table.

“Ha. Nice ass, and all ready, yo,” he man said, slapping her bottom!

Melissa squealed at the stinging blow, but her mind was filled with a sense of wild, shocked embarrassment at being stripped naked in front of this strange man! And in front of the one watching from the bar! And it was a public place!

Of course, it was technically closed so... it wasn't that bad. But it was still absolutely outrageous! She was naked around a group of fully dressed people she hardly even knew! And they were all staring at her naked body!

“Show her how to do a routine,” DeShawn said to Ebony.

The Black girl sniffed, then grabbed the leash and headed off, with Raven following.

“Yo, do whatever they tell you, slave girl!” DeShawn yelled. “Or I whip yo ass!”

Ebony jerked on the leash, and Melissa staggered and stumbled in the high heels.

“Oh, please!” she cried.

Ebony turned and stared at her.

“What you call me, slave girl?”

Melissa stared back anxiously.

“M-Miss?”

“Try again, slut.”

“Mistress!” she gulped.

Ebony's lips widened.

“Yeah. I like that.”

She jerked her forward and Raven slapped her bottom stingingly as they went through a door marked employees only, then down a narrow hall along the wall and then up a set of stairs that took them backstage behind the curtain.

The curtain opened as music began to play, and Raven went out, striding smoothly, her movements fluid, her hips rolling as she began to dance to the music. Ebony stayed where she was, holding Melissa's leash.

“You watch,” she said curtly.

Melissa again felt that sense of unreality, of disbelief. Was this her? Was she really here!? Was she really going to do this!? But she didn't see that she had much choice as she watched Raven swinging around the stripper pole, then sliding her hand up and grinding her body against it.

DeShawn sat on a kind of bar stool right next to the stage, with the bartender and the other middle aged man sitting next to him, all watching her!

She blushed anew, her arms trying to slide across her breasts and her hand cupping her sex – until Ebony yanked back on her hair and made her stumble again.

“Don't be hiding DeShawn's goodies,” She said. “Those belong to DeShawn, sex slave.”

Sex slave! The idea was outrageous and ridiculous, scandalously misogynistic and ... and darkly, helplessly thrilling to Melissa!

Ebony took the leash off, then gave her a push, and Melissa stumbled forward onto the stage in the high heels.

“Come here, bitch,” Raven said, reaching out and grabbing her arm.

She yanked her over next to the bar, then reached up to grip the bar herself. She slid her legs forward, grinding herself up and down the bar as she gave Melissa a sexy look, her tongue sliding along her lower lip. Then she stepped back.

“Now you do it.”

Blushing hotly, Melissa reached up and gripped the pole awkwardly, very, very

aware of all the people, including two strange men watching her! She shuddered, then pushed her hips forward, grinding herself up and down against the pole.

“Roll your ass more,” raven said, slapping her bottom.

Melissa obeyed, sliding up and down on the pole.

“Don't forget the look. Let me see your sexy look.”

It was a bizarre experience, but as she became used to the fact the bartender and manager were watching her Melissa began to lose the intensity of her embarrassment. She still felt self-conscious, but was also starting to feel a growing sense of confidence in their obvious approval.

She held the pole in one high hand and then sort of strutted in a circle around it, under Raven's guidance, then turned her back to the pole, letting it press between her buttocks, reaching up to hold it high and arching her back as she gave the watching men her 'sexy look'.

It was exhilarating! She was like... pretending to be a stripper, and in a real strip club!

Raven showed her how to jump up and grab the pole, then slide sideways while twisting around it, then how to lean far far back while holding the pole between her thighs, until her hands were touching the floor behind her.

The trick then was to let her back push in towards the pole while raising her legs up the pole so she was upside down. Then, using the pole to balance her, she was able to sort of do a headstand. And then... to open her legs out to the sides!

She couldn't get her legs as wide open as Raven could, but then Raven wasn't naked and she was! She felt incredibly... outrageous to be doing this naked in front of strangers! But again, she felt that sense of breathless exhilaration! This was so... sensual and sexual and slutty!

She practiced other moves, like pressing her chest against the bar and then using her arms to squeeze her breasts around it as she slid up and down. That was so naughty! And then she crawled around on stage and then lay on her back and brought her ankles up and back behind her head, sliding them around the pole and then up along it until she was able to again push herself up its length upside

down and do another headstand.

And spread her legs wide, of course, so wide the tendons in her thighs ached!

Then she did some dancing, which felt very weird naked, especially with people watching, but she did her best to imitate the way Raven and Ebony moved and strutted around.

“Remember, we talking bout men, here,” Ebony said. “It ain't like they got high standards.”

Then came the more interesting part, which was doing lap dances! At least they let her start on DeShawn, which made it a little easier! But straddling him in his chair and grinding herself against his lap tended to make her more excited than him!

Having to do it to the bartender, though, was an anxious moment! Still, with the experiences she'd had the last few days it wasn't as shocking as it might have once been. She still felt horribly nervous rolling her hips and grinding her naked body down on him, especially when she started to feel his erection pushing up against his pants!

She blushed hotly as she ground her buttocks down against it, then leaned back against his chest, the way Raven was demonstrating on DeShawn, and let her hair flip over his shoulder! She then got to her feet, watching Raven anxiously, and saw the girl throw one stiff leg up so that her ankle was on DeShawn's shoulder!

Then she sort of slid forward, giving him a hot, sexy look as her thigh slid back and forth across his shoulder, bringing her pussy to within inches of his face! Melissa blushed hotly as she did that to the bartender, but felt her naked sex throbbing and pulsing with heat and anticipation even so!

“Remember, girl,” the man said, eyeing her pussy, “The customers ain't allowed to touch you. Like, sometimes you might be doing that and a customer might do this.”

His hand came up and caressed her bare bottom, his long fingers sliding between her thighs and up along her pussy!

Melissa gulped and her heart beat faster as her eyes turned to DeShawn. But he just smirked.

“And they might be drunk so they might do something like this too.”

His fingers pushed against her naked sex and Melissa felt a hot, dark jolt as they penetrated her and slid up into her pussy, making her ache but setting her muscles spasming weakly.

“Then you have to tell him he ain't allowed to touch you,” he said as his thumb began to stroke rapidly up and down across her clitoris.

“I oh! I... you...”

“Go on. Tell me I ain't supposed to touch you,” he said.

“Y-You're not... not supposed to touch – oh! The dancers sir!” she moaned.

“That ain't very fucking convincing,” Ebony said.

“Yeah, you gotta be firm with him but try not to be insulting so he gets angry,” Raven said.

Melissa looked at DeShawn again but he wasn't any help. Her insides were thrumming with energy as she tried to slide her thigh backward to pull it off his shoulder, but he had his fingers up inside her and was holding her in place!

Then he gripped her thigh and jerked it over so she half fell atop him – straddling him, of course. He laughed and pulled her into position so she was perfectly straddling him, then pulled his fingers out of her, but only so he could squeeze her breasts together.

“Don't stop dancing, ho!” Raven said, slapping the back of her head.

Melissa began to grind against him again, her pulse racing as his thumbs stroked and rubbed against her hard nipples.

“Why you letting the customer grope you, fool?” Ebony demanded, slapping the other side of her head. “Tell him to stop.”

“P-Please stop... touching the... touching me, sir!” Melissa gasped anxiously.

“That ain't the way to tell him. You don't ask, bitch,” Raven said, slapping the back of her head again.

“S-sir, you're not allowed to touch the dancers!” she exclaimed.

The man grinned and then his hand shot up and grabbed her by the throat. It wasn't a rough grab, but it was a firm one, and his big hand almost encircled her throat as he pushed her upper body back and ran his hand up and down her torso.

Melissa gurgled, grabbing at his wrist, but his arm was like steel!

He pulled her forward again and up, forcing her up off his thighs a little.

“Hands at your sides, slave!” DeShawn barked.

Gasping, gulping in air, her head pounding, Melissa obeyed, and he lowered her until she felt something rubbing against her pussy. She moaned as she sank down and it pushed harder against her, knowing what it was!

His hard, thick cock spread the lips of her sex wider and wider, and then with a croaked cry she felt him sliding into her. He drew her down and forward by that grip around her neck, and she felt his cock pushing deep, deep into her belly, until she was finally sitting on his thighs again, impaled on it!

He grinned at her and pulled his hand free of her throat, cupping her breasts instead.

“Grind yo ass, ho!” Raven said, slapping the back of her head.

Melissa cried out, then began to grind her buttocks against him, which, of course, made her grind herself around the throbbing black cock deep inside her! The man chuckled and began to stroke her clitoris as she moaned in helpless, anguished heat!

The man slid his hand up around her throat again, squeezing, and then began to raise her up and down, or at least, to pull her up and down so that Melissa began to ride him, arms at her sides, face red, head throbbing and eyes bulging whenever he squeezed tightly!

She moaned helplessly, a spinning whirlwind of dark, liquid heat swirling and churning through her mind and body as she rode up and down his cock! Everyone else was watching her! And she didn't even know his name!

Slave girl! She was ... a-a slave girl! That thought sent heat rolling through her mind as she began to wallow in the delicious erotic sensation of sliding down that thick cock again and again! She whimpered and moaned, riding harder and faster, her body crackling with sexual electricity as he gripped her throat in one hand and rubbed her clitoris with the fingers of the other!

The orgasm hit her and she cried out, her voice nothing but a gurgling croak as her head exploded! She arched and twisted and sobbed in pleasure as she rode frantically up and down his steely black cock, glorying in the deep, thick penetration, impaling herself again and again!

“Ride that nigger cock, white girl,” DeShawn said with a lazy smirk.

“Dirty white ho,” Raven growled.

Melissa rode him desperately, the heat pouring through her as she shuddered and moaned and jammed herself down as hard and fast as she could until she collapsed against him. He gripped her hips, riding her up and down for another minute then gasped and cursed as he came inside her!

Melissa shuddered, imagining his thick black cock pouring its hot cream into her belly, shooting into her like a fire hose!

“Dumb slut!” Ebony said. “You don't fuck the customers!”

She slapped her bottom hard and Melissa squeaked dazedly.

“Got that right,” the manager said.

He stood up and then Melissa cried out as she felt a hand gripping her hair and roughly dragging her back off the man's lap and onto the floor!

“Come here, girl,” he growled, walking over to a table with her hair in his fist.

Melissa cried out again at the stinging pull to her scalp, scrambling to follow on hands and knees until they reached a table. There Andre yanked up, forcing her

to jump up to her feet. Then he shoved her belly down across the table.

“You don't fuck the customers!” he growled. “The cops will shut me down if you start fucking the customers!”

He slid the belt out of the loops of his pants and doubled it up.

Crack!

“Oh!” Melissa cried as her bottom stung hotly!

Crack!

“Dumb cracker slut!”

Crack!

“You make them come in their pants, not in your pussy.”

Crack!

“They ain't paying enough to fuck you anyways,” Ebony said from behind her.

Crack!

“And they ain't paying me nothing for that privilege,” Andre said.

Crack!

“You're my bitch, not everyone's bitch,” DeShawn said from his seat.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Melissa squealed and moaned and cried out, her breasts pillowed out against the cool wood, her bottom upraised and burning as Andre brought the belt whipping down across her bottom faster and faster, until her bottom was on fire and tears filled Melissa's eyes!

She cried out again as he reached for her hair, yanking her back so she slid off the table and onto the floor on her knees, gasping for breath. There she saw his cock was out hard and hungry! He yanked her forward and it plunged into her

open mouth.

“Now show me how grateful you are for me letting you work here,” Andre growled.

Melissa was really grateful he'd stopped strapping her throbbing bottom! But she wasn't able to talk anyway, as Andre pushed his cock deep into her throat and then began to roughly pump in and out as he yanked on her hair.

He pulled her in hard, burying every last inch inside her, then held his big hand behind her head to pin her mouth to him as he turned to look at DeShawn.

“Is this Jew bitch as tight as she looks?” he asked.

“Even tighter,” DeShawn said smugly.

Melissa's head was pounding from lack of air and black dots were dancing before her eyes as she knelt there with her mouth tightly wrapped around the base of Andre's cock. Her hands fluttered at her sides, wanting to rise and push him back, but she knew she wouldn't be able to, and was completely at his mercy.

Of course, DeShawn was there and he wouldn't let anything really bad happen to her!

“You ever think about suffocating some white bitch on black cock?” Andre asked.

The others laughed at the idea.

But Andre pulled his glistening cock free so that Melissa could gulp in ragged, desperate breaths of air. Then he dragged her to her feet again, but only to shove her back across the table once more.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom, then jerked her thighs open before slapping it again.

“Hot little white whore,” he said.

Melissa didn't care what he said or did. All she cared about was inflating her

lungs repeatedly, gulping in air, panting for breath. She felt the man pulling the butt-plug thing out of her bottom, but didn't really care. Then she felt his thick cock pushing into her, sliding smoothly into her back passage at first, then he slapped her bottom as her sphincter began to close down on it.

Melissa groaned as his cock slid deeper, and she began to feel cramps in her belly. He slapped her bottom again, laughing, then started to pump in and out, using her with casual excitement, at first, then speeding up so that his hips began to slap against her buttocks with authority.

Her immediate need for oxygen diminishing in urgency, Melissa gasped and grunted and moaned as the man's hips struck her, as his cock sliced back and forth inside her, as his hands mauled her body.

After the last couple of days, this sort of hard, savage ride was not exactly a surprise, but as her mind began to pull away from the desperation to breath she still felt a wild, squirmy sense of outrageous dark heat. Everyone was still watching her, and she felt very much like a slave girl after her bottom had just gotten so cruelly strapped!

They were treating her so cruelly! Just the way they had been treated by a racist white society, she thought dazedly. There was a degree of justice in that, and she felt very noble about sacrificing her body to appease their justifiable outrage at her.

It was what she deserved!

She grunted and gasped, her breasts rolling against the table top as her body was jerked to and fro by his hands and hips. The tip of his cock was punching achingly deep inside her, but DeShawn had done the same, and she felt that dark, masochistic heat starting to spread through her body once again.

Crack! He slapped her head, then filled his fist with her hair and yanked her head up and back before slapping her bottom.

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

“I-I love your nigger cock up my ass, Master!” Melissa cried weakly.

Crack!

“Beg me to fuck your white ass!”

“Please fuck my white ass, Master!” she cried.

Crack!

“Bitch! I'm gonna do just that!”

Given Andre spent every day around beautiful, naked girls, he didn't get aroused easily, and he was in no hurry, laughing and running his hands over her body as he pumped into her ass.

“You gonna put her on the street?” he asked DeShawn.

“Naw, she'd get spoiled too fast. No one with money picks hos up on the street anyway.”

“You not gonna keep her here?”

“Shit no. Your nigger crowd ain't got the money I want neither. Give her a few days here to get used to it and then I'll bring her to the Blue Moon. They got a lot of money there an it's twenty dollars a dance.”

Andre's hips slapped harder against her bottom, so that the table shook beneath her. Melissa shuddered and moaned, her insides feeling like pulped jelly as his big cock punched into her again and again!

“What about pictures?”

“Pictures? Man I gots video of her that would set the internet on fire. An' I'm gonna have more. Maybe I'll see about her doing porn.”

Melissa heard, but didn't really pay much attention to what they were saying. Andre was really pounding her ass, and if it weren't for the dark thrill she was feeling about being subjugated by vengeful black people she might even have tried to slow him down or even get away.

As it was she gloried in her own degradation, wallowing in their cruelty as her helpless body was abused and mistreated. She would never have really considered herself to be a masochist, but the dark energy gripping her was not much different from that sort of thrill.

“I got some computer editing programs you can use,” Andre said.

“I know. Was hoping you'd let me.”

“No problem. It's in the lounge and the lounge ain't being used for nothing anyway.”

DeShawn got up and left the room, leaving her alone with – well, strangers! That was scary and also produced another dark ripple of wild, thrilled heat! She was at the mercy of angry Black people who didn't even know or like her!

She noticed Ebony standing off to the side holding a camera, and shuddered, closing her eyes and gasping for breath as her mind began to burn with the same heat as her bottom.

Andre finished, leaving her gasping and moaning and whimpering, and after letting her lay there for a minute Raven yanked her up and made her go back onto the stage, then pose for pictures against the pole while Ebony took them.

That included a lot of embarrassing pictures with her legs open, but given the kind of videos they had already taken of her she supposed it would be dumb to protest.

Then Raven disappeared and came back with a bag filled with sex toys. They had her lay on the edge of the stage with her legs spread and masturbate with big black dildos as Ebony took pictures and videos. That was embarrassing, but her body began to burn with sexual heat and hunger again.

The two men went back to working on whatever it was they were doing as Ebony and Raven posed her and turned her and had her masturbate for pictures and videos. Ebony stuck a big black dildo with a suction cup on the edge of the stage and Melissa straddled it, then rode up and down as she took videos.

Then she had to kneel with her bottom raised and legs spread, pumping her fingers in her pussy, at first, then one of the dildos, then had to add another in her ass! Doing that in front of people was so dirty and nasty she almost climaxed!

Then the bartender came back and sat down and Melissa knelt in front of him and licked and sucked his balls and cock until he got hard. Raven sat down in the chair, then and the man moved behind her as Raven yanked her face in between her thighs.

“Lick me, white girl,” she growled.

Moaning, Melissa felt reluctant, at first, but as the bartender – Eddie, thrust his cock into her from behind, she felt a shudder of heat and began to lick at the Black girl's pussy. She'd never done it before, but she certainly knew how good it felt when DeShawn licked her there!

Ebony was taking pictures and video, of course, but Melissa had come to almost ignore that, especially now that she felt Eddie's cock punching into her belly and stared in fascinated heat at the naked sex in front of her.

“Dirty white whore college bitch!” Raven growled, slapping at her head, then reaching down to slap at her breasts.

“Lick harder, slut!”

Gasping, Melissa licked harder, moaning and yelping whenever Raven slapped at her breasts. Then Eddie folded his big hands over both breasts and squeezed hard as he began to thrust into her hard enough to make her body shake!

Eddie grunted as his hips slapped her bottom. “Fuckin' tight bitch!” he growled.

“She ain't had enough nigger cock inside her yet!” Raven said.

“We'll take care o that!”

The hard steady pounding against her hips sent vibrations resonating through her lower belly as Melissa licked frantically at the Black girl's sex. And the even more delicious sensation of his cock punching in and out of her had her body pulsing with dark excitement.

“Lick that pussy, you nasty white sex slave,” Raven exclaimed, laughing.

“White slavery is the best kind of slavery!” Eddie said as they both laughed.

Melissa cried out repeatedly under the hammering blows of his hips, and then came, the dark pleasure blossoming within her, exploding within her until it enveloped her mind in its seething rush of sensation! She cried out again and again, gurgling and moaning as her body rammed itself back onto Eddie's hard cock, fire squirming through her body and mind!

“Come on my nigger cock, white girl!” Eddie ordered, slapping her bottom.

“Come on my big nigger cock!”

That was certainly an order Melissa couldn't resist!

Her entire body was wracked by convulsions, her muscles spasming hard and

fast – including those in her lower belly. That brought Eddie over the edge as well, and he cursed and yanked on her hair as he redoubled his hard, savage thrusting!

When he was done Ebony clipped the leash back to her collar and dragged her back off his lap and onto all fours, where, panting and moaning and trembling, she had to crawl across the floor and then into the back room where DeShawn was working at a computer.

He looked up at them. “Put her up against the wall there,” he said, pointing at the brick wall opposite him.

The wall was old red and brown brick, and they picked her up and pressed her back against it, then lifted her wrists up and out to the sides and strapped them to rings which were already in place.

Melissa stared at them in surprise, her head swiveling from one wrist to the other as the two girls casually strapped her in tightly. Then they knelt and pulled her ankles apart, to where there were two more rings with straps attached down near the floor!

A slave girl, she thought, with both trepidation and no small degree of dark excitement. The wild heat of what she'd done in the main room was still echoing within her mind and resonating within her body as she saw the girls join DeShawn at the computer. Then she saw what they were looking at!

It was her! It was videos taken at other times, when she was in bed with DeShawn, or with his friends! She cringed as she saw close-ups of her face, even though she also felt a surge of heat. Her as a porn actress! The thought was so deliciously nasty and kinky and... and... ridiculous!

After all, she was just boring old Melissa! It was astonishing to see him go through those videos and see herself doing such... pornographic things! The videos were obscene, and very, very graphic! They made her face heat with embarrassment even as her body heated at how sensual and erotic and exciting they looked!

As the videos played on the monitor sitting right across from her, and she saw herself naked and writhing in the grip of all those men, and heard her cries of pleasure and passion, Melissa hung her head, embarrassed. Especially since

neither girl was reluctant to laugh and mock her as they watched, and call her all kinds of nasty names!

Yet despite that, being under this torrent of abuse and contempt made her feel a strange dark heat, a crackle of sexual electricity running back and forth across the soft skin of her naked body as she stood there in helpless bondage.

Yes, she deserved this! She was such a whore! And a racist whore at that!

And yet that sense of shame, their sneering comments, and the sight and sound of herself engaged in the most shocking and graphic sex, made her tight chested and breathless with a rising sense of arousal.

Her full young breasts felt swollen and thrummed with heat. Her nipples were hard, erect pencil erasers which tingled in the slightest breeze. And every time her buttocks ground against the rough bricks she felt churning in her lower belly!

“What a fucking whore!” Ebony said as she watched the video showing one of DeShawn's friends sliding his cock deep into her throat.

“At least the bitch knows how to suck a white man's cock,” DeShawn said. “Not like so many white girls who think they can just suck a few inches at the end.”

“She don't know shit!” Raven said. “You shoved it down her fuckin' throat is all.”

“Yeah, a Black woman would do it better,” Ebony said. “Cept you couldn't make a Black women be such a bitch for you. Black women have pride, not like this Jew slut.”

“Fuck me, Master!” her voice cried on the monitor.

Melissa cringed anew.

Ebony came over to confront her, then, and Melissa hung her head – until the black girl slapped her face.

“Oh!” she gasped, cheek smarting.

“Look at me, whore!” Ebony demanded.

Melissa raised her head and looked at the girl anxiously.

“Are you a total whore?” Ebony demanded.

“I-I... I'm... not – Ow!” she cried as Ebony slapped her breast.

“Scanky crack whore,” Ebony sneered.

Ebony put her hands around Melissa's throat and closed them tightly, and Melissa felt her eyes bulge as she gurgled breathlessly.

“Do you love nigger cocks, white girl?” she demanded. “Do you? Say you love nigger cocks, bitch girl. Say it.”

Melissa tried to but without any air in her lungs all she could do was gurgle helplessly as her face turned redder and redder. Her wrists and ankles strained against the rope binding them and she felt black dots dance before her eyes. Then the woman released her and she gasped for breath, chest heaving, gulping in air as Ebony laughed at her.

“You need to learn to hold your breath longer than that if you want to get good at deep throating big nigger cocks, white girl,” she said.

“I got something to inspire her,” Raven said.

She came over with a device Melissa was unfamiliar with. It was plastic, with a long handle and then something on the end that resembled a small baseball. She plugged it into a wall and then flicked a switch, and it started to buzz.

Melissa gulped as the woman brought the round thing down against her sex, pressing it in and then sliding it up and down. It was a vibrator! She had first experienced the touch of a vibrator the other day when DeShawn had used a sort of dildo on her which had a little attachment near the base which curved up across to press against her clitoris.

That had buzzed and vibrated, but nothing like this one. This was much more powerful, and she gulped, red-faced and still panting for breath as the girl rubbed it up and down against her, leering at her alongside Raven.

“I bet you come like a whore with this, little white girl,” Ebony said.

She cupped and kneaded Melissa's right breast, and then Raven cupped and squeezed her left, mashing them up and together as she let the vibrator rub smoothly up and down against her naked sex.

The vibrator was making her groin thrum with the same vibrations, and her nerve endings were buzzing and crackling with power and intensity. A part of her wanted, for her pride's sake, to tell them to stop touching her. But another part of her wanted them to keep touching her!

Maybe, she thought hopefully, she actually was bisexual. That would make her much more popular with her fellow progressives, and her mother would be overjoyed.

Then DeShawn came over and his huge hands cupped her chin and jaw, jerking her head up and back so she could look into his dark eyes.

“Are you my bitch?”

She gasped as his hands closed.

“Say it.”

“Y-Yes, Master!” she gasped, flushing as the two women sneered.

He reached behind her neck, gripping her hair, jerking it down, forcing her head back sharply as her back arched.

“Say it, bitch.”

“I'm your bitch, Master!” she moaned.

He slapped her face.

“Are you my slave girl?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she moaned.

He slapped her face again.

“Say it!”

“I'm your slave girl, Master!”

“Whore,” Ebony said.

“Kinky slut,” Raven said.

He moved back to the computer and sat down, and Raven slid to her knees in front of her, then, as Ebony pulled the vibrator away, Raven began to lick her there, her tongue caressing Melissa's sensitive flesh where the vibrator had just been working setting her nerve endings into overdrive.

Melissa gasped aloud, moaning, staring down at the Black girl's head anxiously, then up at the ceiling, still catching her breath, her head spinning as the dark thrumming energy of sexual hunger and need filled her body and began to grow more powerful.

Ebony gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back.

“Are you my slave girl, bitch?” she asked in a sneer.

Melissa moaned helplessly and the Black girl slapped her breast.

“Answer me, whitey!”

“Y-Yes.... Mistress!! Melissa blurted.

The three of them laughed as she shuddered, her hips starting to grind against Raven's lapping tongue.

“Dirty white whore,” Raven said, rolling and squeezing her nipples.

Ebony slid a long, slender finger up inside her, pumping it in and out, then added a second as her tongue licked at Melissa's clitoris. A third finger made her groan, and she felt her face and chest warming with heat as her limbs strained against the ropes and her hips began to grind helplessly against the Black girl's mouth.

Ebony leaned in to suck and chew at the center of Melissa's left breast, while Raven slid her fingers in and out of her and licked at her clitoris.

It was such an outrageously kinky scene that Melissa found herself gripped by a

sense of unreality, of disbelief! Yet at the same time she felt a sizzling dark heat that she, boring old Melissa, was involved in something so... so wild and nasty and lesbian!

That sense of things being outrageous only drove her heat higher, as the two Black girls mauled and stroked and groped and licked her, and she whimpered and moaned and gasped at the rising sexual heat and pressure within herself.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped. Oh!”

Her hips rolled helplessly, as she tried to grind herself against Raven's tongue and fingers, her body unable to stay still as the waves of shimmering sexual heat and excitement rolled up her body. Then DeShawn stepped over, handing something to Raven.

It was a big black dildo, a BIG black dildo! And Ebony took it immediately, smirking as she looked up at the wriggling, writhing brunette, then positioned it at the entrance to her very moist and swollen sex. She pushed, and the helmet head jammed against her opening, forcing her to twist it from side to side.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” Melissa moaned as the pressure grew more and more intense.

“Dirty white whore. You can't take a black cock? What good are you then?” Ebony demanded.

DeShawn got a little tube of lube, and squeezed it over the head of the dildo, Raven pushed again, twisting from side to side. She continued to lick at Melissa's clitoris, and Melissa shuddered and moaned and squealed as she felt he pressure slowly, slowly forcing aside the lips of her sex!

The dull ache of being stretched so wide began to turn sharper as Ebony pushed harder, and then she felt the head slowly pushing into her body! She cried out as the thick silicon cock stretched out the tight, elastic walls of her sex, sliding slowly higher and higher – and higher!

It looked shocking, as she stared down at it, for the thing was so long and thick! And it ached! And yet as it slid higher and higher she began to feel an incredibly full sensation, one which twisted her mind and made her body burn hotter and hotter!

And then an orgasm hit, and she cried out, arching and twisting, her buttocks slapping and grinding against the bricks as her hips twisted and rolled and pushed forward against the dildo being slowly forced up inside her!

She cried out in helpless pleasure as Raven licked hard and fast against her burning, swollen clitoris while pushing harder on the dildo, and Ebony sucked and chewed... chewed on the center of her breast while roughly squeezing the other and pinching the nipple!

She could feel her sex spasming around the dildo, even as it pushed deeper and deeper inside her!

DeShawn stood back, taking video.

The orgasm spent itself, leaving her gasping and moaning, her body trembling, but Raven kept pushing at the thick dildo even as Melissa felt impaled on the thing! She lapped at Melissa's clitoris for a long minute, then she picked up the vibrator and started rubbing it up and down against Melissa's clitoris!

Melissa shuddered, her body twitching and jerking, her hips bucking and spasming.

Raven rose and bent to suck and chew on her left breast as Ebony did the same to her right. Melissa whimpered and cried out under the avalanche of sensations flooding her body as the two girls stroked and sucked and worked her body into another powerful orgasm, then another, then another!

They laughed and sneered at her, calling her a dirty little sex slave, and a bitch in heat, enjoying subjecting her to repeated orgasms!

They untied her arms and legs, then and forced her to kneel on her hands and knees on the bed. Then Ebony donned a strap-on dildo, a big black one, and after Raven put a slick lubrication on it she pressed it against Melissa's back passage and began to force it inside her!

Raven climbed into bed and pulled her pants off and then lay down and spread her legs, reaching up to grip Melissa's hair and roughly yank her face down into her crotch.

“Now you lick me the way I licked you, white bitch,” she ordered.

It wasn't as if Melissa had a choice!

Nor, in fact, did she mind. Her mind was swimming in a dark, liquid heat, her insides thrumming with sexual energy as she stared at the Black girl's sex in something like fascination, then gasped in pain as the girl yanked down on her hair and her face was rubbed against her mons.

“Lick, slave!”

Melissa shuddered excitedly and obeyed. Her tongue licked strongly against Raven's clitoris, and she felt a dual sense of thrill at being subjected to this kind of crude, rude, overbearing, even oppressive behavior! The first was that sense of delicious justice, of being made a slave to an oppressed minority, she, an entitled white person.

The second was in performing a lesbian act again, which made her feel so wonderfully inclusive!

Of course, on top of that was the bubbling, overheated lust and arousal gripping her mind and spreading back to her body yet again.

She could feel the thick dildo throbbing inside her aching sex. At the same time, Ebony was forcing the other one deeper and deeper into her ass! And that was so shockingly, wickedly crude and outrageous it filled her with a sense of bubbling hot sexual delight!

The Black girl was gripping her hips and slapping at her bottom as she cursed her, forcing the thing deeper and deeper. The other Black girl was yanking roughly on her hair to inspire her to the proper of degree of enthusiasm as she licked her sex!

“Dirty whore bitch,” Raven growled, yanking on her hair and reaching out to roughly squeeze one of Melissa's breasts.

“Fucking slave bitch animal!” Ebony said, pumping the dildo in and out of her ass.

DeShawn just moved around taking video, and Melissa licked dazedly, panting and moaning and whimpering and crying out as another orgasm tore through her.

“Lick harder, slut!” Raven ordered, yanking on her hair.

The only example she really had of how to lick came from what DeShawn had done for her the other day, and what Raven had done earlier, so Melissa tried to imitate them as much as she could. Apparently it was enough as Raven began to moan and writhe, twisting and pulling on Melissa's hair to pull her in harder and make her lick faster.

She made Raven climax, which filled her with excitement and a sense of great accomplishment. But then the two girls switched places and she had to start over – on Ebony. Her tongue and jaw were already tired, but with Ebony yanking on her hair and slapping and groping her breast, she found the strength to lick her to an orgasm, as well!

The two girls let her up, then, and they went into back into the main room. Where Ebony and Raven took turns showing her how to swing and twirl around it, how to roll her hips and look at people with slitted eyes as she slid her hands up and down her naked torso and through her hair.

They gave her a tiny little wraparound kilt to wear, which was a sort of a mockery of what a Catholic schoolgirl might wear. They gave her white knee socks, a white thong, a lacy white bra, a white button-down shirt – which was way too tight and short, and then a blue blazer.

Then they taught her how to take it off while she danced and pranced around on the stage and around the pole.

Two new men had come into the bar by that point, so Melissa cringed a little inwardly, blushing as she danced and slowly stripped off her clothes. She slid her tongue along her lower lip as the two Black girls watched closely, giving the audience a flirty, saucy look as she undid the buttons down the front of her shirt.

When she swung around the pole her shirt and blazer swung open of course, revealing her lacy white bra. She had to practice the move where she flung her shoulders and arms back several times to make sure she got it right. That sent shirt and blazer sliding up and back over her shoulders together.

Then she could slide them off and drop them to prance around in the little kilt – then just the lingerie, then she artfully removed the bra, which sent a jolt through her since there were now five men in the room as well as the two girls!

She felt another hot jolt as she removed the thong, and then swung around the pole, prancing, sliding down to her knees, licking the pole, sliding it up and down between her breasts and between her thighs, then turning and rolling over on the stage, to spread her legs obscenely and pull them up and back.

Sometime during the practice dance another three men had come into the bar! And she gasped with shock as she realized it was now open! The two girls wouldn't let her leave, though. Melissa felt her chest getting tighter, feeling breathless and anxious as they had her come down off the stage and then do a lap-dance for DeShawn!

Again, Ebony and Raven demonstrated, and then she followed them, straddling him as he sat in a straight-backed chair, grinding her pussy and buttocks against his crotch, sliding her breasts up and down his chest and across his face.

The girls slapped her bottom whenever they thought she was doing it wrong, and her bottom was soon very red and sore! Sometimes they slapped her breasts, too, which really stung, and drove her to work as hard as possible to get it right!

There was no time to think about why! And while she blushed every time Raven or Ebony laughed at her, she got into the habit of calling them 'mistress' just as she called DeShawn 'master'. It was ... embarrassing, but kinky and thrilling!

Another new man came in and sat down at the next table, staring at her as she rolled her hips and ground herself against DeShawn, licking his lips hungrily!

“Who da new girl?” he asked.

“This is a college girl,’ Raven said. “She loves nigger cock, don't you, beatch?”

She jerked on Melissa's hair and Melissa gasped in pain.

“Yes, Mistress!” she moaned.

“Kinky bitch,” the man said.

“You better believe it,” Raven said in amusement.

Ebony disappeared, then appeared on stage, dancing and stripping. The man next to her motioned over a girl Melissa hadn't seen before, who was apparently some

kind of waitress. The girl nodded and then spoke to DeShawn, leaning over to whisper in his ear.

“Yeah. Sounds good to me.”

He slapped her bottom and pointed.

“Go give him a lap-dance, bitch.”

Melissa gulped and her pulse rate shot up, but there was no question of refusing. Her eyes were widening as she saw more men coming into the bar, and realized she was naked in a public place! Not a closed public place either!

She started to swing her hips to the music in front of the man, blushing hotly as he leered at her.

“What's your name, baby?” he asked.

“Her name is slave,” DeShawn said.

The man laughed in amusement. “Slave, huh? Come sit on my lap, Slave.”

Melissa timidly danced forward, spreading her legs, sliding lower and then straddling him and sliding along his legs until she was face to face with him! Well, her breasts were, and that was where he was looking.

“You got fine titties,” he said admiringly.

Other men were coming into the bar and sitting down, some singly, some in pairs. They almost all had a beer in front of them as they either chatted with each other, or looked at Ebony on the stage. Those nearby looked at Melissa, though, either because she was new or because she was the only white person in the club.

Raven stood nearby watching to make sure she did her lap-dance properly, then she disappeared and replaced Ebony on the stage as Ebony came back into the main bar. She scowled at DeShawn as she came over.

“You know nobody's gonna want a lap-dance from us with your dirty little white girl here,” she growled.

“It's only for a day or two,” DeShawn said. “And you and Raven can split whatever she makes.”

That seemed to mollify Ebony, and she reached over and gripped Melissa's hair, jerking her head up and back roughly.

“Arch your back, slave girl. Stick them titties out.”

Melissa moaned and obeyed, rolling her hips and grinding herself in and back along the man's thighs. His hands began to stroke her thighs, but they didn't move up higher so she didn't say anything. She was extremely nervous and anxious and embarrassed and more than a little lost!

She also felt more than a little aroused, though. She'd never been an exhibitionist, but the way all these men were staring so lustfully at her naked body made her shudder with the sense of how erotic and sensual she was!

More men came in, and she moved to the next man to give him a lap dance.

“This your apprentice, Ebony?” someone asked.

“She's just a whore we's teaching how to grind,” Ebony replied.

“She don't look like no whore,” the man said.

“She acts like one,” another man said to laughter.

Melissa ground her buttocks against the erection she could feel in the man's pants, feeling icky and weird but also darkly aroused! All these people staring at her! And she was completely naked and grinding herself against some old man!

Then came another lap dance, and then another, then she had to get her schoolgirl outfit on and go back on the stage to dance again. This time there were lots of men there, lots of Black faces staring up at her, and she felt like a sheep in the midst of wolves with all those hungry Black men leering up at her!

She danced and pranced and stripped and spun around the pole, moaning helplessly as she ground her sex into the pole. Then she came back into the room and started doing more lap dances. Many of the men ran their hands up and down her thighs, or up and down her back, or through her hair, and since the

girls watching didn't say anything neither did she.

Sometimes their hands glided over her buttocks too, but they didn't linger long.

Then one of them fondled her breasts! Melissa gulped, turning to look at Raven, then licked her lips nervously.

“You're not allowed to touch the dancers, sir!” she gulped.

She gasped as Raven jerked back on her hair.

“You ain't no dancer, bitch. You're a slave girl. Call him master, and tell him he's not allowed to fondle the slave.”

The man leered at that, his eyes widening.

“S... I mean, Master, you're not allowed to fondle the slave girl!” Melissa exclaimed.

The man laughed in delight, but moved his hands. Other men nearby looked on and leered hungrily.

Another man bought a lap dance, and this time Raven caught at her hair and made her crawl across the floor to him as more men gathered around, taking nearby tables to watch.

“You rub your head and face up and down along his legs, slave girl,” Raven said, using her hair to do so, then up along here...”

She forced Melissa's face up against the man's groin, rubbing it up and down as he hardened.

“Now you slide slowly up into his lap. Spread your legs. Let your hair slide across his face.”

Melissa climbed up into the man's lap, spreading her legs to straddle him, arching her body in and then up and back to slide her hair across his face, then her stiff nipples just barely missing him as she pushed her hips further forward.

Melissa held her hair and had her bend back, back, back across the man's knees

so she was half hanging upside down, then pulled up again and had her start grinding and rolling her hips.

Breathless, feeling a wild dark thrill at being oppressed, reveling in the thought that in here for the first time in her life, Melissa could actually feel like an oppressed minority, she crawled from one man to the next, rubbing her cheeks and face over their inner thighs and groins, then sliding up and over, her bare breasts sliding across their bellies and up along their chests until she arched up and back!

The men were getting hungrier as they watched, and she had to keep telling them that they shouldn't touch her as their hands caressed her buttocks and squeezed her breasts and slid down between her legs to finger her sex.

The first man who put his fingers between her legs laughed as he brought them up and out to show the other men watching that his fingers were glistening wet!

Every man wanted to touch her there, then! One or another of the girls looked on, and the bouncer scowled from his position next to the wall, but as long as the men didn't grope her too badly nobody did anything as she crawled from one man to another to another, to give them five dollar lap dances!

They all wanted to fuck her, she thought wildly. She had seen a number of them trying to offer money to DeShawn or the manager, licking their lips, their eyes hot as they stared at her grinding and rolling her hips and crawled across the floor!

Melissa was enveloped in a dark, steaming cloud of hazy sexual desire, panting and moaning, her body hot inside and out as she twisted and writhed, ground and undulated her body among the Black men.

Then, when she was too exhausted to dance much any more, Raven clipped the leash to her collar and led her, crawling, out of the bar as all the men there stared hungrily!

“Man, you are so lucky!” Andre growled.

DeShawn grinned smugly.

“You got some kind of hot property there, boy. You sure I can't buy her from

you?”

“Nah, this is the gift that keeps on giving. I ain't selling her when I can rent her.”

He pulled her up to her feet by the hair and shoved her roughly across a table, then Andre stepped in behind her.

Melissa cried out in startled delight as she felt his cock thrusting up into her overheated sex. She was sopping wet from grinding her pussy against all those men, and a part of her had been longing to feel something thick and hard inside her!

Now Andre began to thrust into her hard and fast, his hips slapping against her buttocks, and Melissa shuddered and moaned, her breasts rolling and mashing against the rough wood of the table as the man used her, slapping her bottom and jerking back on her hips.

His cock inside her felt... glorious!

Melissa grunted and moaned and felt the dark sexual passion overwhelming her mind! Her face was drawn back in a mask of dazed pleasure, eyes closed as she shuddered to the hard blows of his hips. Her insides thrumming with sensation at the feel of his big cock sliding in and out of the tight, narrow, elastic sheath.

Her mind was wrapped in the glory of her role reversal, of the idea of her submission to the cause of interracial equality, to the thought of her martyrdom to the anger of the oppressed. That freed her from the shame at what she was doing, and allowed her to exult in the freedom of being a sexual object, a sexual animal to these slaving MALES!

Because they were Black!

She cried out as he gripped her hair in his fist, yanking it up and back, but made no effort to ease the pain. She gloried in being manhandled, in being used, in being treated as roughly as these angry men wanted to treat her! Her mouth was open as she gulped in air, her eyes slitted, and then she cried out more and more loudly as another orgasm tore apart her mind!

Her hips bucked back violently as the man cursed her and slapped her bottom and rammed himself into her with unrestrained speed and strength, using his

black spear of flesh as a weapon to stab deep into her spasming body!

“She is one hot piece of cunt,” he growled as he slipped out at last, leaving her sprawled across the table.

Andre took her home, while Ebony and Raven stayed to work. She wore only the tiny leather skirt and halter she'd worn out, and those disappeared as soon as they got to Andre's apartment. Then, naked, she cleaned his apartment, including the little kitchenette, while he watched television.

When she was done he had her straddle him as he sat at the computer, sitting on his lap. He wasn't hard, or even particularly aroused, but he had thrust two large black dildos up inside her, filling her to overflowing as she worked, and as she now sat straddling him.

The two were too big to completely fit inside her, and pushed down between his thighs as she sat there, staring at her own videos as he built a web site all about her. Now and then he'd reach down to finger her clitoris or squeeze her breast as she lay back against his broad chest. Most of the time he simply worked around her as her head rested on his shoulder.

Staring at video after video showing her in the mist of hot, outrageous, kinky sex with so many men and women redoubled the feeling that she was a sexual object, a sex toy, a sexual animal! That should have outraged her feminist sensibilities, but instead it excited her.

Because she was DeShawn's slave girl! She was a white slave to a Black man! What a wonderful role reversal! And the more she thought of herself as DeShawn's slave girl, the less she had to be ashamed of in doing things which society – white society – would think immoral!

If she was a slave girl DeShawn would make those decisions and free her of any guilt!

She gasped as he yanked back on her hair and put his other hand around her throat, gurgling weakly as his fingers closed tightly enough to keep her from breathing.

“Are you my slave girl, bitch?”

She gurgled an answer and he eased up on his grip on her throat.

“Yes, Master!” she gasped.

“Are you my sex slave?”

“Yes, Master!”

There was a knock at the door and a male voice called DeShawn's name.

“Go answer the door, sex slave,” he ordered.

Melissa's mind squirmed at that, but it wasn't like she had a choice. She got up, the two dildos stuffed inside her but both showing an inch or two as she walked naked across the floor. She gulped, then opened the door, dropping her eyes as a Black man looked at her.

“Whoah,” he said. “Nice tits. Who are you, baby?”

“Thas my sex slave,” DeShawn said. “Get yo ass in here, nigger.”

Melissa stood back as the man came in and then she closed the door after him and turned to walk back to DeShawn, feeling deliciously naked and vulnerable as his eyes raked her body.

“You comin' up in the world, DeShawn,” the man said.

“You talking about my money maker, here? She's my sex slave.”

The man laughed. He was tall and broad shouldered and had a shaven skull.

“Nice fuckin' body on her.”

“Bitch, get on your knees,” DeShawn ordered.

Heart beating faster, Melissa obeyed.

“Open your mouth wide.”

Again she obeyed and the man looked at her hungrily, rubbing his crotch as his jeans began to bulge.

“Stick yourself down her throat and see what a white girl feels like,” DeShawn invited him.

“Damn! You bet I will!” the man said.

He unzipped immediately, his cock hard as he pulled it out and rubbed it over her face. Then he pushed himself into her mouth and Melissa closed her lips around it, sucking and licking, keeping her hands at her sides as he almost immediately started to pump in and out.

“Where you fuckin' find this bitch?” the man demanded.

“College, where else,” DeShawn replied.

The man shoved himself deep into her throat and clutched her hair and head to hold her mouth pinned against him.

“She's got one hot, tight throat.”

“She's got one hot tight everything, brother. Keep your cock in her throat. Don't let her move.”

Melissa gurgled weakly around the thick black flesh filling her throat, her head starting to pound, her chest starting to burn.

“She gotta breath sometime, bro,” the man said.

“Not till I say so she don't.”

Melissa's body was more and more desperate for oxygen, and began to tremble. Her hands rose hesitantly, fluttering, rising higher.

“Put your hands down, bitch!” DeShawn barked.

She dropped her hands, her head pounding even harder, black dots dancing before her eyes. And then... she blacked out.

When she woke up she was on her back on the bed and he was raising her knees up and back, then fitting himself against her now naked sex. She moaned as he pushed into her, her eyes fluttering as her chest heaved.

“Hot and tight,” the man said as he slid into her. His big hands lifted her ankles up and back, then he leaned forward, shoving her ankles down behind her head, raising her buttocks as he started to ride her.

DeShawn only picked up his camera to watch as the man's big black frame hammered down into the dazed girl, his cock thrusting into her her again and again!

Melissa's eyes were glassy at first, but then awareness slowly returned to her and she grunted as his big hips pounded against her upturned buttocks, gasped as his thick cock sliced deep into her aching, spasming belly, and moaned as the world swirled around her in a dark, seething cloud of heat.

A part of her knew she should be angry, that she should say something bad, but she could also simply lay there and thrill to the hard pounding without guilt that she didn't even know the man. Because that was what slave girls did, after all! They submitted to their masters!

I'm a slave girl, she thought dazedly, an oppressed, victimized slave girl!

It felt so good to be a victim!

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!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

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

Zoe's New Boss

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

In The Vampire's Lair

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

Nigger's Girl

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

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

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

Owned by Mister Trask

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

Bound Beauty

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

young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

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