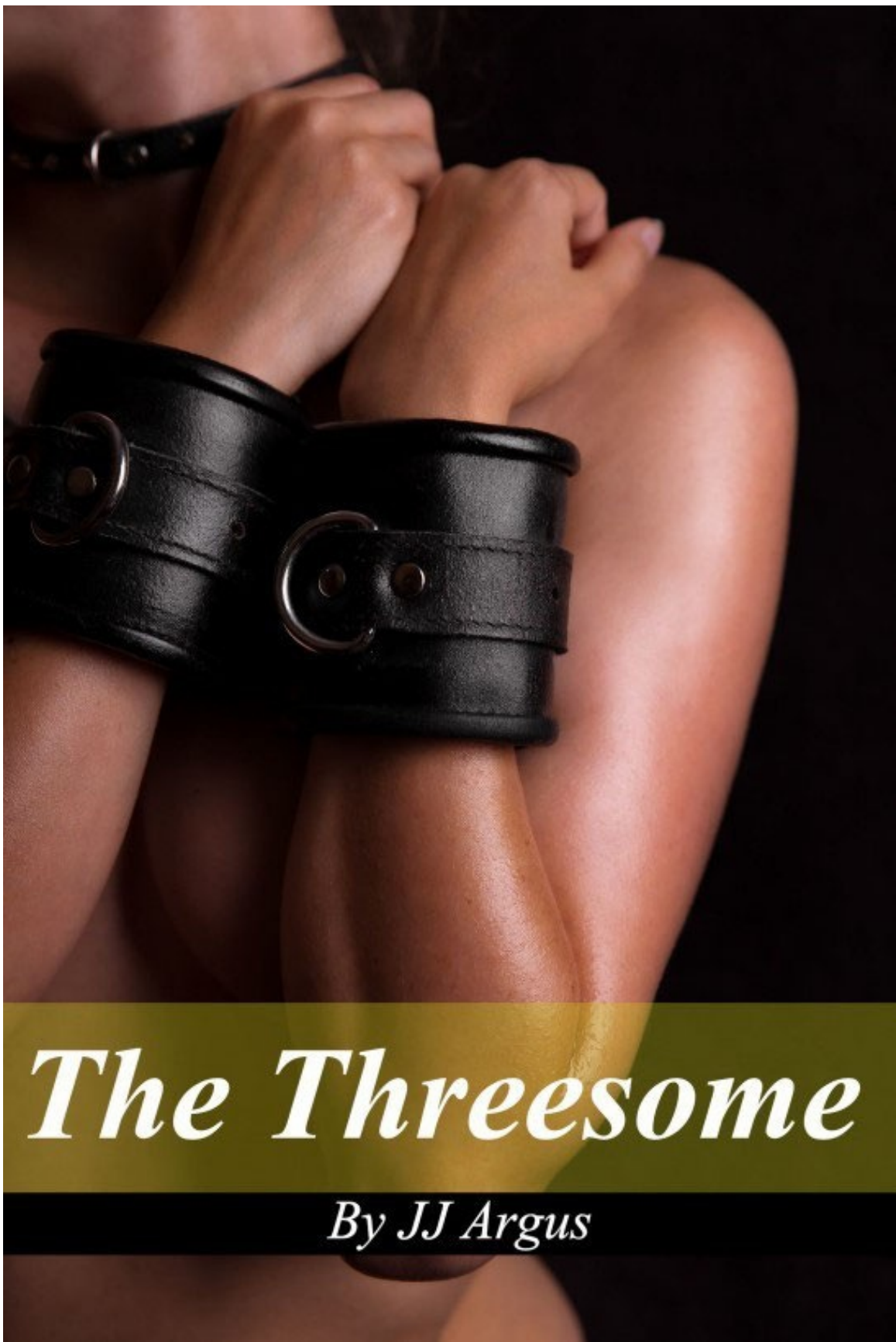


The Threesome

By JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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

“Oh stop,” Keira groaned, holding a hand up towards where Ryan stood pointing the camera at her.

“You look hot.”

“I just woke up. My hair is a mess,” she groaned.

“It's sexy. You're always sexy.”

She rolled her eyes, but dropped her hand. The words were flattering to her ego, and she had found it exciting to see her pictures and videos before. Ryan usually was pretty good with his camera and made her look hot.

Which made her feel hot.

“Arch your back a little and stretch.”

She sighed. Doing that was easy enough, so she did, as he snapped pictures.

“Spread your legs.”

‘You're a pervert,’ she sighed, but smiled as she shifted her shapely thighs further apart in the bed.

She tended to sleep naked. Partly that was because she didn't like to feel encumbered by clothes under the blankets, and partly out of sheer practicality since it made sex easier.

And she loved sex. She also loved looking sexy. Hadn't all of society told her that young girls were sexy, and that young sexy girls were the most sought after people in the universe? Being sexy meant everyone wanted her. It meant power – of a sort. It meant other girls wished they were like her and guys wanted to have her. They wanted to touch her, to be with her, even just to look at her.

“You better not ever show any of these to anyone,” she grumbled.

“Ha. I've already posted some of them online.”

“You better not,” she growled, not believing him.

He smirked, then turned to the computer on the desk and bent over it. Keira sat up, glaring suspiciously. She didn't really think he would post naked pictures of her online, but even so, what was he up to?

She slipped out of bed and padded over behind him.

“This is an online site where you can post pictures of your hotty girlfriend,” he said, turning his head to grin at her. “Look what I posted. Don't worry. Your face isn't on any of them.”

Keira felt her heart starting to beat faster and shoved him aside anxiously, then felt a flush come to her face as she saw several familiar pictures.

“You didn't post these online!?” she exclaimed.

“Not even your own mother would know those were you,” he replied.

Which was arguably... no, certainly true, she thought, hurriedly running her eyes over each of the pictures.

The first one was of her on the floor, taken from behind, low, with her ass in the air, and two identical dildos sticking out of both her pussy and her ass. You could only see her ass and thighs, well, and her pussy. The next picture was taken from further back and to the side. That showed part of her right breast, and the hair spilled over her head since her face was turned away.

“God! You asshole!”

“No one would ever know they were you. Even if your friends saw these pictures they wouldn't know.”

The next was her standing upright, showing her from knee to neck, full breasts thrust out. The one after that was her from behind, and then there was one of her on her hands and knees, with Ryan fucking her from behind. It showed him from the ribs down, but as he said, no one would know that was his big cock.

“And these are the comments made by people,” he said.

She sucked in a breath and scanned them, flushing even more, but still feeling a little rush of pleasure at the flattering comments. They were often crude and

obscene, but they all expressed approval of how hot and sexy her body was!

“If you ever post something that shows my face I'll fucking castrate you, Ryan,” she growled.

“I would never do that!” he protested.

“And I get to approve anything you post from now on!”

“Okay, sure. I was thinking of posting a video next.”

She turned and glared at him and he reached around her and pulled up the file menu, then clicked on one of the videos he'd taken. It was much like the picture showing him fucking her, only this was video. The camera had been seated behind and to her left, so it showed him from the ribs down, and her ass and pussy. But her body above the shoulders was off camera.

“My boobs look really nice there,” she said, watching the scene again with a new eye, one which checked to ensure no one could suspect it was her.

“I think they'd like it.”

“How many people look at this web site?”

“Thousands. Tens of thousands maybe.”

The thought of thousands of guys watching her being fucked was suddenly a deep, dark, thrilling one for Keira, but she did her best not to show it. She didn't want to encourage him, after all.

“I have to do it without sound, though.”

“Why?”

He turned up the sound and she flushed anew. She could certainly hear her cries of pleasure. She was often pretty vocal when Ryan fucked her. He really knew how to turn her on in bed.

“Keep the sound out and I don't mind. I'm going to have a shower.”

“I think I'd rather join you then play on the internet,” he said, his hand squeezing

her ass.

“Perve,” she said affectionately.

*

They were at a pub later that day, having lunch, sitting on the half empty patio overlooking the street. Keira was wearing dark glasses, a blue tank top which set off her blonde hair, and short shorts while Ryan wore shorts and a t-shirt.

Keira's shorts were simple khakis, but they showed off her firm, flat abdomen and belly, both of which she was quite proud of. The tank top was just tight enough across her chest to emphasize that she was far from flat chested, without anyone thinking she was trying to show off and be a cock tease.

They had been talking about a movie they might see that night when a large Black guy sat down at the table across from them. Keira hadn't noticed him until he'd sat down, and it was hard to tell heights when seated, but he was several inches taller than Ryan, who was six foot two, and had broader shoulders.

He was a handsome guy in his early twenties, which was their age, though he'd shaved his head, which was not something Keira was usually a fan of. It worked on him, though.

“How much for your woman?” he asked Ryan in a thick accent.

Keira looked at him in disbelief.

“Uh, what?” Ryan asked.

“De woman!” he said, gesturing at Keira. “How much for de woman!? I pay you one thousand American dollars to buy her!”

Keira felt a mixture of outrage, and anxiety. This stupid foreigner was trying to buy her? Did he mean he thought she was a hooker!? What the fuck!? But a thousand dollars? That was a lot for a hooker, wasn't it? And he was a big guy. She didn't want Ryan getting into a fight with him!

“You want to rent her or buy her?” Ryan asked with a smirk.

“I buy! I wish to own her!”

Keira shook her head in disbelief, looking at Ryan, then looking around her.

“A thousand bucks is way too little for a woman like this, man,” Ryan said. “Are you shitting me? I wouldn't sell her for ten thousand!”

The man glared at hr. “Are those boobies real!?” he demanded. “I give you fifty thousand dollars,” the man said determinedly.

“Fifty? Uhm, maybe if you make it one hundred thousand I'd consider it.”

“Ryan!”

“Hey, that's a lot of money, babe,” he said.

The man suddenly started to snicker, and then Ryan did to. Keira looked back and forth between them, glaring.

“Fuck you,” she said, at which point they both burst out laughing.

“When did you get into town, man,” Ryan finally asked, still laughing.

“Two days ago. You changed your number, asshole,” the man said with no accent whatever.

“I moved in with Keira,” Ryan said with a grin, putting his arm across her shoulder.

“Lucky you! Keira, honey, I really would buy you if there was a store that sold hot chicks,” he said with a grin.

She rolled her eyes but wasn't displeased.

“This is Lewis. We were on the same football team in college,” Ryan said. “And he actually has a hundred thousand bucks,” Ryan said. “His family is rich.”

“I'd pay a million bucks for a girl like you,” Lewis said, giving her an intent look.

“You black guys always go crazy for blondes,” Ryan said, shaking his head.

“Well, yeah. Like someone doesn't?”

“You don't look to me like a guy who has a hard time getting girls,” Keira said.

“Not so much,” Lewis said with a grin. “But buying them off the shelf would be cool. I'd make sure I bought one that was bisexual, of course, so she could do threesomes with me and my other girls.”

“It's nice to have a fantasy life,” she said with a snort.

“Lewis doesn't need to fantasize. The chicks were always crawling over him in school,” Ryan said. “He's already done everything you could fantasize about, including having multiple women in bed at the same time.”

“Slut,” Keira said.

The two men laughed.

“Baby, we are all sluts,” Lewis said. “All us men, anyway. Now if we could only convince all you girls to be sluts too, think of all the fun we could have!”

“Been trying to convince Keira to be more slutty,” Ryan said with a grin, “Maybe have a threesome with one of her girlfriends and me.”

Keira flushed slightly and shook her head. “You just want to fuck my friends,” she said.

“No, I want to see you fucking one of your friends,” he replied with a broad grin.

“And then you want to fuck us both,” she said.

“Well, yeah!”

“Look at it this way, Keira, honey,” Lewis said. “If he gets a threesome with another girl, you get to have one with another guy. And I volunteer myself as that guy!”

“Thanks,” she said sarcastically. “Do I still get a million bucks?”

“Not for one night, babe, not even for you. You have to sell yourself to me as my slave for that.”

“And what is a slave going to do with money? I suppose I could sell myself to you, then run off with the money. Good luck getting the courts to enforce that.”

“Yeah, that's why I ain't got no slave girls,” he said sadly.

“So what are you doing now?” Ryan asked.

“I'm working for daddy's company, of course, selling auto parts.”

“Auto parts?” Keira asked?

“His family owns about fifty auto parts stores in and around Michigan,” Ryan said.

“What are you up to?” Lewis asked as the waitress came over and he ordered a beer.

“I'm working for Carter Hayes and Keira is a stripper,” Ryan said.

Keira slapped his arm. “I'm an intern with an interior design company,” she said.

“An intern? Isn't that kind of like being a slave girl?” Lewis asked with a grin.

She made a face. “Hopefully they'll hire me once I prove I'm good. I think there's a very good chance I'll get hired within the next couple of months anyway.”

“A stripper would pay better,” Lewis said, smiling. “In fact, you would make a fortune.”

“She's a great dancer too,” Ryan said. “You should see how great a lap dance she can give.”

Keira blushed again and punched his arm.

“You got the body for it, baby, and the face,” Lewis said with an undisguised admiration which made her feel a hot little thrum of excitement down low.

It embarrassed her – a little, but was also ego boosting to have a pair of hunky guys talking about how hot she was.

“And the legs,” Ryan said, running a hand along her thigh. “Keira played

volleyball in college.”

“On a midget team?” Lewis asked.

“I'm five foot nine,” Keira protested. “I'm tall for a girl! You two are just freaks.”

“Six two isn't a freak,” Ryan said. “Six five is a freak.”

“No, six foot five means you just get a better view of the stage,” Lewis said.

“So where you staying in town and how long you here for?” Ryan asked.

“Only here a few days. Staying at the Lafayette. Got a nice suite. Why don't you bring your lady friend over and see how the other half lives?”

“Yeah, okay.”

*

“You better not have anything dirty in mind,” Keira said warningly.

“Who? Me?”

“Yes, you, you perve.”

“I dunno. I would kind of like to see you with that giant cock of his. I think you'd go crazy.”

“You want to see some other guy fucking me?” she demanded.

“Well, not some other guy. This is Lewis. And he doesn't live in town and he's a man whore. So I wouldn't have to be jealous. Plus he's hung like a fucking horse. I mean, you can't be jealous over something like that. He's a freak of nature.”

“How big is he? I mean, you're big.”

“I'm big but he's humongous. He's like as thick as coke can.”

“Come on.”

“No, honestly.”

“That would probably just hurt.”

“Who you fucking kidding, Keira?” he asked with a grin. “I know you. You might have trouble getting it all in but you'd sure as hell love trying.”

She shrugged casually.

“And I'd love to get it on video.”

“You and your videos! You should have gotten a job in porn instead of in marketing.”

“There's more similarities than you might think,” he said. “And I seem to recall the last video I took of you you were going crazy with a dildo while watching a video of me fucking you. So don't act like it doesn't turn you on too.”

She shrugged, self-consciously. “Sometimes seeing myself... you know, in a video... is kind of... hot.”

“I bet you, and your pale skin and blonde hair, would look pretty fucking hot with Lewis.”

Keira shrugged again, but felt that thrumming sensation down low once more. Lewis was big, and he was well built and he was handsome and... she felt a little breathless at the thought of them together, especially with Ryan watching and maybe videotaping it! That would be soooo hot!

“Course I'd love to get video of you with another girl too,” he said.

“I bet.”

“If I got a video of you with Lewis, without your face showing, people would go crazy on the internet.”

“Ha.”

“Of course, they'd love it even better if your face was in it. You are a gorgeous chick.”

She shrugged off the compliment.

“He can't be as thick as you said. I mean, if he was no girl could ever blow him.”

Ryan shrugged. “He manages to fit it in somewhere.”

*

Keira wore her purple dress. It was short and cute, had long bell sleeves, and showed off her legs. It was also reasonably tight but not too tight across her chest, and showed a stylish but not slutty amount of cleavage. She didn't want Lewis to think she was dressing up to look hot for him, after all.

Though, she conceded to herself, she sort of, kind of was. Not that anything was going to happen, of course! No way! Still, it was a dark, deliciously dirty little thought, that maybe, at some point in time, some day, when she was drunk enough, well, who knows?

The dress was tight around her waist – she was proud of her toned stomach – but loose around the thighs so she could dance. The Lafayette had a really good club and restaurant on the first floor, one she'd never gone to because it was expensive. But if you were staying at the hotel it was free to you and guests.

She brushed her hair and let it hang straight and loose down over her shoulders, but used some spray to keep it out of her eyes as she parted it in the middle of her forehead. She liked her hair to curve smoothly aside and then fall down on either side of her face like soft golden curtains.

She was aware that Black guys had a thing for blondes. She'd been hit on often enough by them, after all. But Lewis wasn't like those other guys who had hit on her. He spoke well, in a smooth, educated voice, and he had been dressed nicely. According to Ryan his family had money so he was a responsible guy.

And... she'd never had a black guy. It had been in the back of her mind more than once, as one of those secret fantasies she liked to let play across her mind sometimes, particularly when she was masturbating.

But nothing was going to happen tonight! Except, of course, that she would see if she couldn't make Lewis appreciate just how hot she was, and make him jealous of Ryan for having her.

She wore her silver high heels, which were four inch stilettos. She had to keep

up with these tall guys, after all. And they were sexy, with the way the slim straps criss crossed up her ankles.

She leaned over the counter, applying just a touch of eyeliner. She had an oval face with delicate looks, including high cheekbones, a short, slender nose, and cornflower blue eyes, and at twenty two didn't use much makeup, usually.

“You look hot,” Ryan said.

“I always look hot. You said so yourself,” she replied, just a bit smugly.

He put his arms around her, then slid his hands up to cup her breasts through the thin dress..

“Definitely,” he said, kissing the nape of her neck. “Do you know what Lewis likes to do to girls in bed?”

“No, what?” she asked warily.

“Likes to tie them up,” he said with a grin.

He drew back and she turned to look at him.

“He's into that bondage shit, you know. That slave girl stuff he was joking about? He wasn't joking that much.”

“A Black guy into slavery sounds funny,” she said.

“Ha. Only into naked girl slavery.”

She snorted. “Well he's not tying me up!”

“I'll make sure I have my camera ready in case he does,” Ryan said with a wink.

Keira felt another hot little thrum through her lower belly as they headed for the door. The thought of being ... naked and helpless and tied up in front of a big guy like Lewis – a big BLACK guy like Lewis, made her chest tight and her stomach flutter.

But only as a fantasy, of course.

They drove to the Lafayette and a man there took their car. She made a face at that. She wasn't making any money and Ryan was far from rich given he was paying off his student loan. Going to a place that had valet parking – which had to be paid for – was not normally on their schedule of things to do.

Still, the Lafayette would be cool, and she was tired of sitting around the house. She'd actually been looking for a part-time job, one that actually paid, maybe as a waitress or barrista. At least they'd have some disposable income to go out now and then.

The lobby of the Lafayette was incredible. It was old time elegance, designed to look like something out of the Edwardian era, with high ceilings, marble floors, brass wall sconces and enough mahogany panels on the wall to to have needed half a rainforest to produce.

Despite the old time elegance, though, most of the people were dressed in a hipper, more modern fashion. The restaurant catered to rich middle aged people, but those people were long gone home or back to their rooms now. The club was something else again.

They met up with Lewis, who was dressed in tight black trousers and a dark blue silk shirt that buttoned down the middle. Keira kept from staring, but not without effort. It made his black skin seem to shine, and emphasized just how broad his shoulders were and just how narrow his waist.

Yum, yum, she thought.

Ryan was dressed well, too, of course. His short dark hair was artfully tousled with just a bit of mousse, and was wearing black pants, black shirt, and black jacket. He looked, she thought, quite yummy too.

The idea of having them both at the same time flickered through her mind, making her chest tighten a bit. But that was just a fantasy, after all.

“You were right, man,” Lewis said, “She has gorgeous legs.”

Keira gave him a kind of brief half smile to show she didn't take that sort of thing seriously and wasn't egotistical enough to be flattered. All relationships with people had their share of careful calculation to ensure you were seen as the kind of person you wanted people to see you as, after all.

He led them to a small table as the music pounded in the club. Conversation was a little difficult, which meant they all had to lean forward to talk or hear. More than once she caught his eyes dipping down into her cleavage, which, given he was taller and she was leaning forward, was probably more ample than she had counted on.

That didn't embarrass her, though. Instead she felt a nice little rush of pleasure and ego satisfaction every time she noticed. Keira liked being noticed, liked being admired, liked being looked at with approval and appreciation by men.

She danced with Ryan, of course, and Lewis danced with several women, not seeming to have much trouble getting girls to willingly go with him. She caught herself feeling a weird little sense of jealousy at that, and couldn't quite understand it.

Then, when Ryan went to the bathroom he reached over and grabbed her hand, grinning.

“Let's dance, blonde girl,” he said.

Keira felt that rush of heat again, and nodded wordlessly, getting to her feet and letting him lead her in among the couples dancing.

Right from the start she could see his moves were different than Ryan's. Ryan wasn't a big lover of dancing, for one thing, though he was athletic and reasonably good at it. Lewis obviously had no inhibitions, and his body moved fluidly and quickly both in front of her and against her.

His hands spent a lot more time on her body, too! Oh, he wasn't crude, and recognized some of the moves, though she hadn't ever done them. They were a lot more sensual, despite their speed, than what she was used to. Drawing her body in against his, for example, as they bent and rolled their hips and moved their bodies to the music.

That meant he was pressed against her from behind, at first, and his hands, often slid up and down her back and along her arms as he turned and turned her with him. She was aware of a sense of tension, feeling anxious because she really had to pick up her pace to keep up with him and didn't want to be seen as a bad dancer.

That he was touching her was almost beside the point. That was how you danced this style. But she liked having his hands on her, and was aware of a different sense of tension as they danced, especially when the dance slowed and she was pressed against him, either her back to his front or front to front.

His hands slid along her hips as the song changed, and then in across her belly and abdomen. His hands were big, she thought breathlessly. He spun her and they were face to face, almost, with her breasts pressed against his chest as they moved in and out. His hands slid down her hips again, and then, grinning, at her, they curved up and in to caress her buttocks through the dress.

She felt a hot jolt of excitement and breathlessness, but managed to muster a disapproving look and push his hands back as he laughed and spun her around, then bent her back across his arm before pushing her forward once more.

He yanked her back and they were face to face again, though even in four inch heels she was four inches shorter than him. His eyes were smoldering and gray and hot and left her swallowing anxiously as their bodies ground together, as her right leg slid between his legs and she ground her thigh up against his groin.

She felt a tingling sense of sexual electricity rising within her. She could feel her nipples hardening inside her bra as her chest tightened and his hand slid down her back and across her bottom before sliding lower, onto her bare thigh, then curving around safely to her hip to slide back up again.

“You are one hot little blonde, baby,” he said before pushing her back.

“You better belief it!” she called across the widening distance between them.

He laughed and they moved together again. She suddenly remembered Ryan and looked around uncertainty as Lewis came up behind her again, his arms encircling her, hands caressing her lower abdomen as he pulled her in tight.

“I wonder where Ryan is!” she said loudly enough for him to hear.

He spun her around and grinned. “Ryan and me used to share everything back in school, you know.”

She felt another little jolt at that, as her breasts pillowed out against his chest, but pulled herself back, a little breathlessly, then waved at Ryan as she saw him at

the table. He waved casually, and Lewis pulled her around again as another dance started.

She felt a little anxious about Ryan seeing them dancing too closely together, but then the next thing she knew, as Lewis pulled her in against him she felt hands on her hips and Ryan was dancing behind her. She gasped, but kept dancing, and then she was being pressed between them as the two guys ground themselves against her.

It would have been sexy and exciting even if that conversation hadn't taken place earlier in the day. But given that, she felt her chest tighten further, felt heat growing within her and beads of sweat starting to prickle on her skin.

She was way more breathless than she should have been from dancing as she turned and moved between the two, with Ryan now in front of her and Lewis behind, and her heart was beating a heck of a lot faster, too!

She was glad when they returned to the table for more beer!

“You're a pretty good dancer, blonde girl,” Lewis said. “Not like this guy and his two left feet.”

“I dance great for a white guy!” Ryan protested.

Lewis laughed. “Keira dances... better,” he said, looking at her as she flushed.

“Keira moves better all the time,” Ryan said. “You should see her horizontal dancing.”

Keira flushed even more and gave him a scowl as Lewis laughed.

“I'd like to!” he said.

“Forget it!” she exclaimed. “Not gonna happen!”

“I could show you some videos,” Ryan said, teasing her.

“No you couldn't!” she replied.

“I've even posted some pictures on line,” he said. “Though without her head in

them.”

“Man, the head is the best part,” Lewis said, grinning back and forth between them. “Well, mind you, it looks like Keira has a lot of best parts.”

Keira felt the thrum of energy down low building!

“Change the subject!” she said, blushing.

“The view from the thirty fourth floor is fantastic at night!” Lewis said.

Keira felt a jolt!

“I'm not going to your hotel room!” she said.

“It's not a room, baby, it's a suite. I can close the bedroom door so you don't see it,” he said with a broad grin. “And it's got a balcony.”

A balcony. Keira could focus on that, and did, even though she felt the tension rising as they took the elevator upstairs. She was just going to see the view, and maybe sit and chat and have a few drinks where you didn't have to scream to make yourself heard. That was ALL!

Her anxiety eased a bit when Lewis opened the door and it really did turn out to be a very nice front room with a gas fireplace, sofa, and chair, big, flat screen TV, and kitchen off to the side. She gave a sigh of relief and half collapsed on the sofa as Ryan and Lewis went to get drinks at the bar.

She looked around appreciatively. She'd never actually been in a hotel suite before, let alone a nice one. She'd stayed in a few hotels in her time, but they were places like the Holiday Inn or Howard Johnsons, and they were rooms, not suites.

“This place is freaking big!” she said.

“Like it's owner, baby,” Lewis called.

She flushed a little, given what Ryan had said earlier.

Did he really like to tie girls up, she wondered excitedly. What would that be

like!?

Ryan's lovemaking was pretty similar to his dancing. It was straightforward and workmanlike. And since he was athletic – and less inhibited in bed than in public, he did a fine job. But he wasn't very imaginative, and was easily satisfied. He was fond of saying there was no such things as a bad blowjob, or no such thing as bad sex. It was always great.

That was a very male outlook about sex, and one she didn't necessarily share. She had trained him, in a manner of speaking, in what she liked, and it pleased him as a male to please her, so he was actually pretty good in bed, all in all. With more time, she thought, and more cooperation from him, she might even make him great.

But his only kinky thing was he liked taking pictures and videos of her, and even that wasn't all that unusual in this day and age, when every guy grew up staring at hot girls on the internet and wanting them.

The guys returned with drinks, Ryan handing her a beer while Lewis turned on the stereo, and then they went out onto the balcony, which had an incredible view of the city lights spread out around them.

“Niiiiice,” she said, turning her head slowly from side to side.

They lived on the third floor of an apartment, and their view was of the apartment next door.

Ryan drew her in in front of him, his arms around her and she snuggled in, looking out over the city and the nearby river.

“I'd like to have a place with a view like this,” she said. “right on the river.”

“Gonna have to get a job that pays better,” Ryan said, leaning in to kiss her lightly on the side of the neck.

“Or take up stripping,” Lewis said with a grin.

She blushed a little.

“You are a really good dancer, babe,” he said. “A little more practice you'd be a

great dancer.”

“I don't think dancing skill is really what makes you a successful stripper,” she said sarcastically.

“You'd be surprised,” he said with a smile. “Though yes, looks are number one. But you already got that.”

Keira folded her arms across her breasts as Ryan caressed her belly and his hands eased upward. That blocked his upward progress without making a big deal about it but she felt him grinding himself into her butt, slowly and softly. Fortunately, it was dark on the balcony, so Lewis wouldn't see, but it still made her stomach thrum.

“I could never dance in front of a whole pile of people looking at me, never mind do it naked,” she said.

“Your inhibitions melt away pretty quick, as I understand it,” Lewis replied. “You just do one of those amateur things and next thing you know you're pulling in a pile of money.”

“Not going to happen,” she said firmly.

“She dances naked for me,” Ryan said happily.

Keira flushed anew.

“See, you just need more... exposure,” Lewis said. “You could start by dancing naked for just the two of us.”

“Not going to happen!” she said again, though more breathlessly than before.

Ryan started to move in time to the music behind her, and since his arms were around her that started Keira moving, too as he turned her away from the railing and towards Lewis. Lewis was already dancing in time to the music, she thought, though slower than he had downstairs.

He reached out and ran his hands back and forth along her wrists, then took her hands, drawing them out towards him, and Keira felt her pulse beginning to race!

Ryan slid his hands up and down along her belly and abdomen, still pressed in tight against her, and she gasped as she felt a bulge between his legs pressing into her bottom!

Lewis drew her hands against him as he moved closer, pressing her hands against his muscular chest and sliding them upwards onto his shoulders as he came in still closer. His own hands dropped to her hips, then, and then he leaned in over her and she gasped as he kissed her lightly. It was on the lips, but was only a light, brief thing, a butterfly kiss, over almost before she realized his intent.

Her heart began to pound, and since Ryan wasn't doing anything about his friend kissing her she wondered frantically what the two of them had discussed!

Ryan's hands slid down onto her thighs, pulling her in against him as he swayed to the music, and then Lewis slid his hands around behind her hips and onto the sides of her buttocks as he pulled her in against him!

He kissed her again, almost as lightly, almost as quickly, then his right hand moved up her hip, up her side, up along her ribs, but his thumb, his big thumb on his big hand, caressed the side of her breast while his hand was on her ribs! It wasn't accidental, either! His thumb stroked softly up and down, up and down as he leaned in and treated her to another butterfly kiss.

Keira's mind was swirling with indecision, flooded with heat and excitement, crackling with anxiety and uncertainty. What if they did something and Ryan got jealous and they broke up over it!?

And yet it was Ryan who was pushing her into it!

She gasped as her boyfriend's mouth closed against the nape of her neck, chewing just shy of painfully, sucking at her as his tongue caressed her skin. Then his right hand slid further in along her thigh, pulling in between her legs! Lewis wouldn't be able to see it, she thought frantically, but his hand was gently caressing her right through the dress!

Then Lewis kissed her for real, no little deft touches! His lips found hers and locked on as he kissed her deeply! At the same time his thumb slid further over until his hand was caressing her breast through the dress!

This is insane! she thought, heart pounding, practically trembling with tension.

She moaned into his mouth as his tongue dipped through her lips, and jerked as Ryan's hand slid in beneath her short hem and then pushed down the front of her thong! She felt as though she was losing her mind, as if she was melting under the growing heat of her body!

She slid her hands down, halfheartedly pushing against Lewis, but he gripped her right hand in his left, then slid it downward. She jerked as he ran her hand over his groin and she felt his hardness inside! He was huge! She stared with wide eyes, her mouth still caught by his as he gently ran her open hand up and down across the line of his shaft as it ran down the right leg of his trousers!

Keira began to tremble, and then Ryan's left hand joined his right under her skirt, and she let out a helpless groan as she felt his fingers pressing against the line of her sex, sinking into her as his other hand stroked her clitoris.

Lewis gripped the hem of her dress, then and peeled it up her body with enough speed and force she didn't have time to react! It forced her arms up and then the whole dress peeled up her arms and over her shoulders!

And off!

She squealed, folding her arms across her chest as those two huge black hands engulfed her head and face, then drew it forward to kiss her again!

Ryan's hands slid out of her panties, and she felt them behind her back, undoing her bra. Lewis released her head, his hands gripping the bra and sliding it up and off! Before her arms could drop he had seized her slender wrists in his big, powerful black hands! He pinned them together at the wrists, then held her out to examine her.

“Isn't she something?” Ryan half whispered.

“Fucking gorgeous!” Lewis growled.

He pushed her back against Ryan. “Hold her,” he ordered.

Ryan raised his hands to take her wrists, though she'd made no move to resist, and Lewis gripped her thong and pulled it down her legs.

Keira squeaked and blushed hotly, her thighs snapping together as she tried to twist her now naked body away from his eyes! But the two men were having none of it. Lewis slid his arms around her, his hands gliding down under her buttocks, then he lifted her up against him!

Gasping, Keira almost instinctively slid her legs around his hips as Ryan released her wrists. Her hands dropped onto his shoulders as the big black man carried her back into the hotel suite, and over in front of the fireplace. He put her down and sat down.

“Dance,” he said.

Keira stared at him, blushing hotly, her arms dropping in front of her again. She jerked her eyes at Ryan who grinned at her and slid down onto the sofa next to Lewis.

“Dance,” he said.

“No way!” she gulped, folding her left arm across her breasts.

Her right hand curved in slowly, self-consciously, covering her groin. Her heart was pounding and her pulse racing. Heat and a kind of sizzling, shimmering sense of dark excitement rippled through her body and mind as the two men looked at her.

“She's being a bad girl,” Lewis said. “Not doing what she's told.”

“Definitely being a bad girl,” Ryan agreed.

Keira glared at him, then yelped as Lewis sat forward, reached out a very long arm and grabbed her wrist, then yanked her back to sprawl across his lap!

“Hey! Don't! Let me go!” she gasped.

Lewis ran his hand over her bare bottom then brought it down sharply

Crack!

“Ow!” she cried, legs kicking at the sharp sting. “Don't! That stings!”

“I think this girl needs a spanking,” he said.

“Well, she is being a bad girl,” Ryan said.

“Ryan!”

Crack!

“Ow! Lewis! Stop it!”

Crack!

“This is very soft skin,” Lewis said, his hand caressing her wriggling bottom.

“She's soft all over,” Ryan said.

Keira gasped as the big hands slid down the curve of her buttocks and between her legs, stroking and caressing her there! She felt a wild jolt, a shock wave of emotions which resonated through her body, and squealed wildly as his fingers then traced the line of her sex and dipped slowly inside her.

“Such a bad girl,” Lewis said as if in amazement.

He shifted his hands up and pulled her in more firmly, then slapped her bottom sharply several times.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Ow! Don't!” she cried.

The men chuckled and then Lewis slid his hand up along her side and under to envelope her right breast. Keira jerked and shuddered at this new psychic blow, this new desperately wild thrill of the outrageous!

“D-Don't!” she gasped.

“Are you going to be an obedient little slave girl?” he asked.

Slave girl, she thought, gasping.

“N-No!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Don't!” Lewis! Ryan!” she gasped, twisting and wriggling.

She thrust her hands back behind her, trying to block his blows, and felt her wrists seized, then drawn up and together across her lower back. A large hand pinned them together there for a moment, then there was a pause, and a moment later something soft was being twined around her wrists!

Keira twisted her head around, gaping, gasping, seeing that Lewis had removed his silk tie and was wrapping it around her wrists!

Tying her hands behind her back!

Another shock wave of heat and dark passion swept through her, and she felt her breasts throbbing, her nipples aching with pressure, her lower belly flaming!

“Don't you dare!” she gasped.

It was important, on some level she didn't even understand, to pretend to resist, to pretend she wasn't wildly excited, even while being incredibly anxious and self-conscious, about what was happening. Because that would be... slutty. Keira didn't think of herself as a slut and didn't want them thinking of her that way either.

He released her wrists, and she jerked them hard, twisting and pulling against the fabric, but all that did was make her wrists ache. They were tightly bound, and she shuddered as his left hand slid up her body to cup her breast and his right slid between her legs again!

“Oh! Don't!” she gasped. “Don't! Don't! Don't!”

His fingers were gently sinking into the mouth of her sex! Her heart pounded even faster as he drew them back, then pushed a very thick, long thumb deep inside her. When the rest of his fingers pressed up against her clitoris and started to ... to grind it between his thumb inside her and his fingers outside, her hips bucked violently, her legs spasming!

“Oh! Oh! Oh! No! Ryan! Ryan!” she gasped desperately.

The wild, tumultuous rush of sensations was pushing her rapidly up towards and orgasm, and she knew she'd never be able to hide it, which made her desperate!

But when her head twisted around she saw Ryan had moved off the sofa and come around to stand in front of the fireplace. And he had his cell phone out, and pointing at her!

“Don't! Don't you dare!” she cried.

He grinned, and then Lewis started pumping his big thumb in and out as his fingers stroked faster across her clitoris. His left hand kneaded her breast and her hips began to jerk and spasm with more and more violence as the pressure inside her threatened to explode!

And then it did!

Her legs flailed and her knees clawed at the sofa as her hips bucked up again and again! Fire swept through her body and she cried out helplessly before desperately suppressing it! Even then she gurgled and gasped and her body twisted and jerked atop Lewis as Ryan video taped it on his phone!

She couldn't stop moving until the orgasm, one of the more intense orgasms she could remember, faded and left her gasping, chest heaving against the sofa.

“Now are you going to be a good girl and do what you're told from now on?” Lewis asked.

“No,” she groaned weakly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

His hand began to spank her, the slaps sharp, separate, measured, two seconds apart, and the stinging brought her out of the dazed afterglow of the orgasm so that she began to gasp and moan and wriggle and pull against him again. He was so much bigger than her, though, that it was hopeless, especially with her hands tied.

“Ow! Oh! Please! Don't! Don't!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her bottom was getting hotter and hotter as she squirmed and twisted, but Lewis ignored her please, and Ryan only grinned behind the cell phone. She could see that he had a huge bulge in his pants, though.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Don't! Ow! Please!” she moaned.

“Say sir,” Lewis said.

“Sir,” she gasped.

“Say please sir,” he said, fingers caressing her overheated bottom.

“P-Please, sir!” she gasped.

His fingers slid back between her thighs again, and she gasped as one long finger pushed deep into her embarrassingly wet sex. It slid in and out slowly, then a second was added, then a third, as she moaned helplessly.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

She groaned and then yelped as his other hand slapped her bottom sharply.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered again.

Gasping, Keira spread her legs wider.

“Good girl,” he said, his fingers pumping slowly in and out of her. “Learn to obey and you won't have to be punished.”

Keira's heart was pounding again, the blood racing through her overheated body, She looked towards Ryan, then jerked her face away, hiding it in the corner of the sofa, away from the camera.

“This is one nice tight pussy,” Lewis said as his fingers turned within her.

He twisted his hand around to get his thumb against her clitoris, then began to rub the pad of his thumb back and forth across the hot, swollen little button.

Keira gasped and moaned, wriggling helplessly, still embarrassed and self-conscious, still anxious and wary and nervous, but with the heat and dark excitement growing rapidly within her once more.

She felt his fingers draw out, and then heard some kind of sound from Ryan, something like a gasp or a grunt. Then she felt something else pressing against her sex. It didn't have the same ... texture... as his fingers, was thicker, and cooler. It was round and thick and pushed hard against her sex.

She gasped helplessly as she felt it pushing slowly into her, felt the lips of her sex forced in and then back, back wider, and back even wider, stretching, aching.

She twisted her head around, trying to look up and back behind her.

“Wh-what are... are you doing!?” she moaned.

“Giving you some nice black cock,” Lewis said.

Keira was flustered. She knew it couldn't be him. She was sitting across him, and, in fact, could feel his hardness pressing into her abdomen. Whatever it was

it didn't feel like it was warm enough to be flesh. But as it slid deeper inside her she felt as though her insides were starting to simmer, then boil as it made her feel achingly full.

Crack!

“Ow!”

Crack!

“Don't!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Ow!”

He paused after every slap to push and twist whatever it was, and each time he did it moved incrementally deeper inside her quivering belly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Stop! Please!” she cried.

“You forgot to say sir,” he said calmly.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Please, sir!” she cried.

“Are you going to be a good girl?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes,” she gasped.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You forgot to say sir,” he said. “Now are you going to be a good girl?”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Say yes, I'll be a good girl sir,” he said, fingers now stroking across her clitoris.

“I-I... yes... I'll be a ... a good girl, sir!” she moaned breathlessly.

She gasped as he stood up with her in his arms, then set her on her feet, but only briefly. He pushed her down onto her knees, gathering up her hair in his big black hand.

“Sit on your heels,” he ordered. “Knees apart!”

His voice took on a stern and commanding tone, and she moaned dazedly, obeying, not wanting another slap on the bottom.

“Wider!” he ordered, his big foot jerking against the side of her knee and forcing it wider apart. “Sit on your heels. No, not like that.”

He squatted beside her as Ryan moved onto her other side, still holding up his cell phone. His hand gripped her ankle and jerked it out, as he supported her by grabbing her arm. He pulled her foot up and back then pressed it down so the back of her foot was pressed against the floor. Then he did the same to the other foot.

“That's it. Legs wide. Show us that gorgeous pussy of yours, blonde girl,” he said, his hand sliding between her legs to trace the line of her taut lips as they gripped the shaft.

She dropped her head low, staring, and could see something thick and black protruding several inches from her sex. She felt another rush of shock and heat at how thick it was, and realized it was some kind of dildo, a black dildo!

The base was now pressed against the floor, though the nose of the thing felt jammed against the back wall of her sex. Lewis drew her hair up and back sharply and she cried out as her scalp stung, then cried out again as she felt his mouth on the center of her right breast!

His lips closed firmly as he sucked her rhythmically, and his tongue swirled and twisted and stroked across her quivering nipple as his teeth came slowly in to chew on her soft, swollen flesh. At the same time, his other hand was between her legs, his fingers stroking her clitoris!

Her thighs were straining wide, the tendons aching, and she knew Ryan was taping this as Lewis bent her head so far back she couldn't even see them. He

shifted his mouth onto her other breast, sucking and chewing and licking, as her body began to tremble and shake. Her insides ached, though, the pressure against the back wall of her sex a hard, dull ache which was growing worse.

“Oh! Oh! Please! Please! Oh!” she gasped.

“You didn't say please sir,” he said, drawing his mouth off her nipple.

“Ow!” she cried as he gripped her nipple between his fingers and pinched it.

“Say sir,” he said.

“Sir!”

He pinched her again.

“Say please sir.”

“Please, sir!”

Now his mouth was over her breast again, his tongue licking her wounded nipple as his fingers continued to stroke her clitoris.

Another orgasm bubbled up out of her lower belly and she cried out in helpless heated pleasure, twisting and writhing in his grip as the orgasm tore through her nervous system and her muscles spasmed violently!

He released her as she gulped in ragged breaths of air, then sat down again, picked up his drink, and took a sip as he looked at her. Keira was bent over, gasping, flushed.

“When you can take that all inside you, blonde girl, you'll know you can take my cock,” he said.

Keira jerked at the words.

“Now straighten up. Shoulders back, chest out.”

She ignored the words until he started to lean forward, then jerked her head back anxiously.

“Don't!” she gasped as his fingers seized her nipples.

“You don't give orders, little girl,” he said, his fingers closing tighter and tighter.

“Ow! Please!”

“Please sir,” he said calmly.

“Please, sir!” she cried.

He eased his grip on her nipples, rolling them between the pads of his fingers and thumbs instead.

“What a hot, fucking chick you are,” he said. “Do you know how fucking hot you are, Keira?” he asked.

She trembled but didn't answer. But apparently, he expected one. His fingers tightened on her nipples, and he pinched them and pulled forward. Keira gasped in pain, her breasts distended as he pulled her nipples forward.

“Ow! Lewis!”

“Sir,” he said.

“Sir! That hurts!” she gasped.

“Do you know how fucking hot you are?”

“Yes!”

He chuckled, but then he pinched her nipples harder.

“Yes sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!”

He eased his grip and let her nipples go.

“Legs apart,” he barked.

She gulped and saw that her knees had eased in closer. She jerked them apart

again.

He chuckled, then drew a short, thin silver chain from his pocket. There was nothing remarkable about it, except that Keira saw it had an inch of black leather ending in a loop at either end. He pinched the flesh behind her left nipple and then fit the loop around the throbbing hard button, tugging on it so that the loop closed. Then he did the same to the other, so the loops were lightly pinching her nipples and the chain was dangling from her breasts.

“You ever had a black cock inside you before, girl?” he asked.

Keira felt her face heating even further, then shook her head.

He reached for the loop on her left breast and tugged it tighter. She gasped as her nipple began to ache. Then he did the same to the other loop.

“You answer aloud,” he said. “Say yes sir or no sir. Do you understand?”

Keira felt a wild rush of contrary emotions, but dark excitement was by far the most powerful.

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gulped, blushing.

“Have you ever had a black cock inside you before?”

“No, sir!”

“Keep your shoulders back,” he snapped.

She jerked her shoulders back, eyes darting between him and Ryan then back to him again.

“I think your boyfriend has got a hard-on watching you like this, baby,” Lewis said. “I think you should suck your boyfriend's cock for him.”

That was definitely not what she had expected, but Keira felt a jolt anyway, especially when Ryan moved forward and unzipped his trousers. She gasped as he seized his hair in one hand then drew his cock out, thick and hard, angry red and purple, hungry with lust for her.

Before her dazed mind could deal with it his cock was already pushing into her mouth. She moaned around it, closing her lips instinctively, sucking weakly as he pushed himself deep.

“That's it, baby,” Lewis said. “Let me see you suck that cock.”

The words were incredibly outrageous! But so was sucking Ryan's cock while someone watched! Keira was burning up inside, however, a level of passion, of lust, that she could not remember ever feeling before in her life making her mind feel as though it were trying to swim in a bubbling cauldron of feverish excitement.

She moaned around Ryan's cock, feeling the familiar sensual delight of his slick flesh caressing her lips and tongue as he pumped slowly in and out. She gurgled weakly as he pushed himself into her throat, her wrists jerking against the tie binding them together as her hands instinctively tried to jerk up and press against his thighs or belly.

She had always controlled this before, after all, controlled how deep, how fast, how far. Now she had no control, and was dazed by it, confused by it, cast out of the familiar.

She gurgled as he pulled forward on her hair, as her lips slid further and further down his cock until they were wrapped around the base, pressed against his flesh.

“That's a good little cock sucker,” Lewis said. “I like a girl who puts effort into pleasing her man.”

Keira burned at the words, but the feverish heat was far hotter.

Her insides ached, and when Ryan pulled out she sucked in an explosive breath of air, chest heaving, and groaned dazedly as she felt the pressure of the floor against her buttocks. Lewis came forward and squatted beside her, and she felt his hand slide down between her legs, running across the base of the dildo, which was flush with her sex.

“Now you got every inch inside your hot little slut body,” Lewis said.

She jerked at the words, then cried out as he gripped the chain between her

nipples, pulling it up and forward. He pulled down and she fell forward onto her shoulders, turning her head aside.

“Spread your legs and raise that ass high in the air,” Lewis ordered.

Trembling, overcome with heat, Keira obeyed, and felt his fingers caress her clitoris again. Then she felt something pushing against her back passage. She shuddered and moaned, but didn't protest as his thumb, slick with something, pushed into her ass. It drew out, then something else pushed against her.

Her head felt as though it were swimming in ooze, a soft, shimmering, bubbling ooze that began to push everything out of her mind but heat and lust and passion and excitement and pleasure. She groaned as the pressure against her increased, as something slid into her, getting thicker and thicker, then abruptly narrowed.

“This is a butt-plug,” Lewis said. “I want to get that beautiful little ass of yours ready for my cock, baby.”

Crack!

“Ow!” she gasped.

“Keep that ass high and those legs wide.”

Crack!

“You hear me, slut?”

Crack!

“Answer me.”

“Yes!”

Crack!

“Yes sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” she cried dazedly.

“Hey Ryan,” Lewis asked.

“Yeah?”

“You mind if I fuck your slut girlfriend?”

Keira burned, cringing at the word, but at the same time felt a shock of excitement and heat!

“Don't you think she should suck your cock first and get it all ready?”

“You got a point, bro.”

Keira cried out as she was drawn up and back by the hair, and settled on her knees and heels again.

“Knees spread wide!” he barked.

Gasping, she obeyed as he stood up in front of her. He unbuttoned his shirt and removed it, revealing a gleaming expanse of muscled black flesh. Then he undid his trousers and dropped them along with his shorts. His cock sprang up hard and hungry, and Keira shuddered with heat and anxiety at its length and girth.

It might not be as thick as a pop can, but it was definitely thicker than any cock she'd ever had in her life! And longer!

He stood before her, legs straight and apart, glaring sternly down at her, then he gathered up her hair at the top of her head, holding it in one fist as he gripped his hardness and pushed it against her open mouth.

Keira moaned around the head as it jammed against her lips. She felt her jaw forced wider as it slid slowly through and along her tongue. She marveled at its thickness as she tried to suck, despite being nearly breathless with excitement and heat.

She sensed Ryan moving up alongside with the camera on her, and shuddered as heat swept through her body. Lewis pushed deeper and deeper, his thick cock filling her mouth as he began to slowly pull back, then push forward. Her jaw was already aching, but at least his skin was now slick with her saliva and it began to move more easily.

She felt a wondering sense of dark heat at how long it was as she stared along its

length, moaning as he pushed in deeper again, then pulled back out.

“Ryan, push this in between her legs,” he said.

She saw nothing, of course, as he held her hair tightly, tilting her head up and back as his cock pushed into her.

She heard a buzzing sound, then something pushed against her sex, something which buzzed like... like a vibrator.

She was sucking in air through her nose as he pumped in and out of her mouth, moaning helplessly, sweltering in her own heat as it grew to a feverish level. Then he pushed deeper, reaching down to grip the chain between her breasts. She gasped in pain as her nipples were pulled up sharply, even as he tilted her head back, and then the head of his cock pushed into her throat!

That was surely impossible! And yet as she cried out, or tried to, as her nipples burned and the vibrator buzzed and he held tightly to her hair, she felt his thick, slick cock pushing downward into her throat, and stared at the length of him pushing into her mouth.

Her throat ached, but the sensation was largely lost amid the storm of sensations assailing her, and she gurgled as he pulled her forward, the pull on her nipples as impossible to resist as the pull on her hair!

Her lips were wrapped around the base of him, now, her glazed eyes staring into his abdomen as black dots danced before her eyes. Her vision began to swim as her heart pounded like a triphammer, and Keira began to tremble.

He pulled back slowly, then his cock pulled free of her throat with an almost audible pop. She sucked in desperate breaths of air as he pulled her in and down, putting her face and shoulders against the floor again, then seizing her thighs to jerk them up and back. He pulled in her belly so it was tight against her thighs, her body tightly and sharply bowed, and then ran his fingers over her clitoris.

He leaned over to put his face next to hers, but his fingers were still on her clitoris, stroking gently.

“You want me to fuck you, don't you, Keira, baby,” he said softly. “Tell me you want me to fuck you. Tell me, baby. Tell me you want that cock inside you. Tell

me your hot little pussy needs my black cock.”

Keira let out an inarticulate cry, still gasping for breath.

“Tell me you want my cock,” he growled.

“...w-want your cock!” she gasped dazedly.

“Say please fuck me.”

“Please.... please.... fu-fuck me,” she gasped, shuddering.

Crack!

“Again.”

“P-Please fuck me!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Again.”

“Please fuck me!” she moaned.

“Sir,” he said, fingers gripping the butt-plug and easing it out, then letting her body pull it back in.

“Sir!”

Crack!

“Please fuck me sir,” he said.

“Please fuck me, sir!”

He shifted back, and she felt him pressing in forcefully against the sides of her opening, stretching her that much wider until he could get a grip on the base of the dildo. She trembled and cried out weakly as she felt it drawing slowly out and back. Then she felt utterly empty, but only momentarily.

She felt his solid warmth against her instead. It pushed into her, stretching her,

but not quite as much as the dildo. He was also warm and slick and felt more sensual going in. Knowing it was him, on the other hand, was electrifying! She shuddered and squirmed, ignoring the slaps to her bottom, her breathing becoming more and more ragged as she felt him sinking deeper and deeper.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh! Oh! Please! Please! Fuck! Oh! Fuck! Oh!”

Crack!

“Say sir.”

“Sir!” she cried dazedly. “Oh! Ohh! God! God! God!”

He pushed deep inside her, but it wasn't the harsh hardness of the dildo. This was a softer, gentler penetration, which didn't go quite as deep. And when he gripped her hips and started to pump in and out Keira felt rolling waves of sensation sweeping through her mind and body.

“Oh! Oh! God! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! Please! Oh God! Yes! Yes!” she half sobbed.

He thrust into her with long, deep strokes which became harder and harder. Keira cried out at every stroke, her mind tumbling wildly under the lashing whip of sensations that grew more and more intense. The orgasm hit and she cried out in wildfire pleasure, thrusting herself back at his hard, stiff shaft as he drove himself into her with fast steady strokes.

“Oh yeah!” Ryan gasped, his eyes flicking back and forth between his cell phone and the live version of what he was seeing.

Keira shuddered there on the floor, jaw slack as she groaned in the dazed afterglow of the powerful orgasm. Her body kept moving, though, for Lewis continued to thrust into her, though more slowly. He pushed himself the final inch, finally, and she let out a daze gasp as the head of his cock somehow found space for itself.

His hips ground against her, his long shaft twisting and turning inside her trembling body.

“Now this bitch is gonna get fucked!” he growled. “She's gonna get pounded!”

He gripped her hips as he drew back, then thrust in harder. His hips began to work faster, slapping against her buttocks, lightly at first, then with growing force, so that her buttocks were thrown forward by the impact.

Keira grunted weakly at each thrust, eyes glazed over as her body began to rock to the hard thrusting. To add to her confusion, a series of bright flashes made her blink, and it took her long seconds before she understood it was Ryan taking pictures.

He was doing ... something to her right, which she paid little attention to, but moving from side to side quickly. He had something other than the cell phone in front of him now but she didn't really care what it was as her insides began to ache from the deep thrusts coming from behind her.

Then Ryan was dropping eagerly to his knees in front of her, and she gasped aloud as her hair was gathered up and pulled forcefully back by Lewis. She let out a cry of pain as her head was lifted up off the floor, as the force of his pull raised her chest and shoulders into the air.

Behind her, she felt Lewis shift his grip, a big hand gripping her bound wrists, and helping support her as she stared into Ryan's naked cock. Her jaw was still slack as he pushed into her, and she moaned around his cock as it entered her mouth, then slid slowly and steadily across her tongue. She closed her lips around it, sucking, or trying to, but he was pumping faster and faster, and she had no way of stopping him.

Then he drove himself deep into her throat, and she gurgled helplessly as he plunged deep!

His right hand slid down to roughly knead her breast, and then she felt Lewis' hand on her other breast, doing the same, as his hips began to slap her buttocks harder to rock her forward once more.

“Got this blonde slut spit-roasted!” Lewis crowed behind her.

The two cocks pumped into her, and she felt a surge of alarm and anxiety, for while she was reasonably good at deep throating she'd never had anyone pumping their cock up and down in her throat as forcefully as Ryan was doing now! She gurgled weakly, choking a little, head throbbing from lack of air as his cock slid up and down in her throat.

He pulled out, finally, and she coughed and gulped in air, too out of breath to talk or complain as her body continued to be rocked by the impact of Lewis' hips against her buttocks. She felt her body's heat rising as though it were on fire, and she grunted and gasped as that thick shaft drove repeatedly into her with hard, powerful strokes.

Ryan thrust himself back into her mouth and straight down her throat. It was easier on her this time, for some reason, but she still gurgled wetly as he gripped her hair and thrust in and out. She felt fingers on her clitoris and her nerve endings crackled and throbbed, and then she felt herself relaxing into a kind of floating sensation, just basking in the deep, sensual thrill of Lewis' thickness driving in and out of her body.

Another orgasm hit her, and then another, as Ryan pulled out to do something else with the camera. Her head twisted and thrashed on the floor as Lewis continued to ram himself into her. Then she felt his hand grabbing a thick chunk of her hair again, and cried out as he yanked her head up and back savagely.

“Come for me, bitch!” he growled, leaning over her, grabbing her breast and mauling it. “Come for me, you blonde slut!”

His hips pounded against her buttocks and Keira cried out with every impact, then shuddered and thrashed as another orgasm ripped through her body and mind.

*

That was hardly the end of the evening either. Lewis and Ryan half carried, half dragged her to the bedroom, where she was strapped spreadeagled to the four corners of the bed. For hours they tormented her with vibrators and dildos, their own tongues, fingers and whatever tools they could find, from ice cubes to hot melted candle wax to rubber bands.

And, of course, they both fucked her again, hard, fast and rough.

It went on for hours, and left Keira exhausted, drained, and barely conscious, her insides aching both from hard fucking and too many intense orgasms to count or remember. She'd never had an experience remotely like it in her life, nor had ever thought to! She finally fell asleep, as groggy as if she was drunk, and slept for hours.

It was light when she woke up, groaning. The events of the previous night came rushing back and she sat up with a gasp, looking around her at the unfamiliar surroundings. It was the bedroom, she thought anxiously, Lewis' hotel bedroom!

An instant later she realized she was unable to move her hands, since something was tied around her wrists, locking them together behind her back. She felt a small sense of panic, just a small one, and a big sense of anxiety as she swung her legs out of bed.

Twisting her arms out and twisting her head back, she saw that they weren't so much tied together as locked together with what looked like leather straps or... leather bands or wrist cuffs. She gulped, pulling at them, and unable to get free.

She felt more anxiety, but with it, a dark rush of heat. She looked across at the dresser mirror and gasped at the sight of herself. She had a black bondage type collar around her throat, and her hair was a bedraggled mess! There were bite marks on her breasts!

Her heart began to beat faster, her pulse to race. She pulled against the wrist bands to no avail, wondering where Ryan was. With no help for it she went to the door, turned her back, her hands awkwardly fumbling at the knob, then got it open and peeked out.

There was no sign of anyone, but she eased forward slowly, tentatively, listening for any sound. There was a TV on! She gulped and eased forward, step by slow step, until she could see the front room. And there was Lewis, sitting on the sofa watching TV and drinking something.

Her eyes rolled around the place looking for Ryan, but saw no sign of him! Then Lewis turned his head and she blushed hotly.

“Good morning, slave girl,” he said. “Come here.”

Blushing furiously, she shuffled forward, feeling the hot thrum from down low rising.

“You look like a gorgeous, hot little sex slave who's been fucked all night,” he said.

She blushed even more deeply and he laughed, then cocked his finger at her.

Gulping, heart pounding, she moved closer, then gasped as he stood up, towering over her. She started to back up but he reached out and grasped her upper arms, drawing her in firmly as she cocked her head back.

His hands released her arms, then slid up into her hair to cup her head and tilt it back so he could kiss her. She gasped weakly as his lips covered hers, as his tongue dipped and darted into her mouth. Her heart beat even louder as he held her there for a long, long, passionate kiss!

He drew back and released her head, and she gulped in air, feeling more than a little wild and shaky.

“Wh-where's Ryan?” she gulped.

He gathered in her hair and then pulled it slowly back and down.

“Oh! Ungh! Lewis!” she gasped.

He forced her head way back, which caused her mouth to open wide, and then pushed something against it! Her eyes widened as it pressed firmly against her mouth. It was some kind of rubbery... round thing! It was too big for her mouth but his big fingers squeezed it in and past her teeth, and it expanded once inside, to fill her mouth and press down on her tongue!

He released her hair and drew two thin straps in along her cheeks, then around behind her head to fasten in place there!

Keira was shocked, and had no idea what it was! At least, until, holding her arm firmly, he led her across the room and into the big bathroom. Once she looked at herself in the mirror she understood. It was a gag! One of those bondage gag things which half stuck out of her mouth!

She moaned around it, anxious and nervous and even just a little frightened. At the same time, the sight of herself made heat ripple up her spine!

“Got to get our little sex slave ready for a new day of servicing men,” he said behind her, his fingers combing through her hair.

She moaned a half thought out protest even as his hand cupped her breast and rolled her nipple between thumb and forefinger. Then he bent her over the

counter and slapped her bottom sharply.

Crack!

“Ow!” she cried into the gag.

“Spread your legs, sex slave,” he growled.

She felt a rush of heat go through her as she obeyed, and moaned as his fingers caressed her naked sex.

“Hot little fuck toy,” he growled.

Crack!

“You better learn to do what you're told, slave,” he said.

Crack!

Keira gasped and moaned, then moaned even more as she felt his thumb pressing against her back opening. It slid in and out slowly, slippery, as if he'd put something on it, and she whimpered and moaned, wanting to tell him to stop, embarrassed and uncomfortable.

“What a gorgeous little ass you got, blonde girl,” he said.

His fingers pumped in and out of her there, and every time she tried to twist or turn or move she got a sharp slap and a “Be still, slave!” in a stern voice!

God, she wondered, was he crazy!?

His fingers pumped in and out of her, slippery, but aching, pushing deeper, twisting and turning as she moaned and gasped and shuddered, gulping in air around the thick ball in her mouth.

Something else pushed into her, then, something thicker, though still slippery. She moaned as it pushed deeper than his fingers had, but she knew it wasn't him for he was standing to the side, not immediately behind her.

He drove it achingly deep, then slapped her bottom.

“Don't move, slave!” he growled.

He turned and left the room, leaving Keira bent over the counter, her breasts pillowed out against the cold granite top, her bottom raised high and legs apart. Her heart thumped wildly as she stared into the wall inches from her nose, a sense of wild confusion settling over her about how she had come to be here like this!

Then he was back, and she grunted as he pushed her hips forward so her thighs were pressed firmly against the edge of the counter. He turned something on, which buzzed and then thrust it not, into her, but under her, sliding it into the narrow space between her sex and the counter.

She moaned as he started working the thing in her ass in and out again, the dildo, she thought weakly, groaning and gasping as he pumped it and pushed it still deeper.

“You're my sex slave, baby,” he growled. “I bought you off your boyfriend. I'm gonna keep you naked and in chains from now on, take you back home with me and keep you.”

The words shocked her, and made her even more anxious and nervous, but she didn't really believe them. There was no way Ryan would 'sell' her to anyone! The idea though... the idea was darkly thrilling! Just the fantasy of it made her pussy thrum wildly against the vibrator!

He moved behind her and pulled the dildo out, then what she knew must be his own cock pushed against her slippery opening. She groaned and whimpered and gasped and trembled as he slowly forced himself into her back passage, but that just drew slaps to her bottom, and even the back of her head, along with stern orders.

“Stay still, slave!”

The words, said in the tone they were, heaped a strange liquid fire onto the cauldron of churning excitement and heat within her, for they added to that impossible fantasy he'd suggested, that he had bought her, that she was his sex slave!

He drove himself deeper and deeper, despite how thick he was, and then gripped

her hair to yank her head up and back as he started to thrust in and out of her! At the same time, her sex, particularly her clitoris, were grinding back and forth against the vibrator he'd shoved beneath her!

Dazed, trembling, moaning, Keira felt the first orgasm tear through her, and cried out again and again, oddly reassured by the gag filling her mouth, for it meant no one would really hear.

Except him!

His cock was like a log inside her! It ached terribly every time he drove it deep! But that didn't seem to matter to the furnace-like heat within her body and the wild, dark passion filling her mind! The orgasm tore through her, leaving her sobbing for breath, but not at all calm.

The raw, wild heat was still there, and as he thrust into her harder and faster another orgasm, then another tore through her, leaving her mind in ragged chaos before he finally buried himself inside her and poured out his own excitement!

She shuddered and moaned as he jerked her up and back by the hair, then gasped as he slapped her cheek, though lightly.

“You're my sex slave, blonde girl! Remember that!”

Her eyes fluttered weakly, and her knees were rubbery as he turned on the water, then guided her into the shower.

The water poured down around them, soaking them both, and then he turned it off.

“Stand like this. Legs apart,” he ordered. “Keep your back straight, shoulders back.”

His voice was stern, and she obeyed, heart thumping as he picked up some soap and poured it into his hands, then began to spread it over her body. The feel of his big hands spreading the slippery soap over her made her body pulse with excitement, despite a lingering sense of embarrassment and uneasiness.

He soaped her up everywhere, but of course, he spent a lot more time with his soapy hands kneading and caressing her breasts, not to mention in between her

legs. Her body began to almost vibrate with the sexual pleasure as his fingers stroked back and forth across her clitoris!

Of course, once he soaped up her hair she had to snap her eyes closed and couldn't see, but that only made things more dazedly overheated. For with her eyes closed and shampoo covering her hair and face his hands continued to glide over her body, to stroke her clitoris and rub and roll her nipples.

It was impossible to stay still! Her body writhed and her muscles spasmed uncontrollably, her hips grinding frantically as she pressed her sex harder against his fingers.

She heard his low, deep chuckling, then he drew back, and the water poured down around them, rising off the soap until she could blink her eyes open. He turned the water off then slid the door to the shower open, pulling down a towel and wrapping it around her head and hair, then around her body, patting her dry.

It was a strange, anxious, nervous, uncomfortable, exciting, thrilling experience for Keira, for she hardly knew him, had known him less than 24 hours, yet here she was alone and naked with him and completely under his control! She couldn't even complain or scream! And where was Ryan!?

It was one thing to be having sex with a stranger with Ryan there, quite another to be completely alone with a stranger!

He gathered up her hair and pulled it back in a thick, tight mass, then picked up the hairdryer and turned it on, shifting his grip on her hair several times, now raising it up, then letting it fall down around her face as he brushed it with his fingers. She was sure he was doing a lousy job, but there wasn't much she could do about it!

He turned the hair dryer off, and combed his fingers through her hair, leaning in from behind.

“Sex slave,” he whispered, chewing lightly on her earlobe.

He led her into the bedroom, then bent her over the bed, and she moaned as he thrust another dildo up inside her. No, two, one went into her bottom!

He got dressed, though, in a suit, of all things, while she knelt, sitting on her

heels with her legs wide and shoulders back. When he was dressed in a dark navy suit with a red tie, he took something out of a drawer and showed it to her. It was a very thin crop, and he demonstrated its stinging effect by snapping it lightly across her bottom.

“Every time you disobey an order or fail to obey it quickly you're gonna get this on that pretty ass of yours. Understand, slave girl?”

She nodded her head anxiously.

“My first order, is no talking. Slaves speak when spoken to. One word, just one, and you get the crop and then the gag goes back in. Understand?”

She nodded her head again, eyes wide.

He nodded and undid the buckle behind her head, then gently worked the thick ball out of her mouth. Keira gasped and worked her jaw as he led her out into the front room, then over to the dining room table.

He had her kneel there, legs apart, sitting on her heels again as he sat down in front of her. The hotel had already delivered a meal, it seemed, a continental breakfast. Keira didn't generally eat much for breakfast, but she discovered she was ravenous. They hadn't really eaten anything last night and she'd put out a lot of energy.

He cut up a bun, buttered it, then held a piece out in front of her.

Eyes wide, she licked it out of his fingers, trembling as he nodded and patted her head!

God, this was insane, she thought wildly.

“I-I can feed my – .”

She gasped as he gripped her collar, turned her around and bent her over quickly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Don't! Please!” she cried at the stinging blows.

He jerked her back into position, legs apart, then sat down again, giving her a glare that made her tremble inside.

Was he insane, she wondered wildly. Had he killed Ryan and was he going to keep her as his sex slave forever!?

No, that was stupid, she thought. They were big buddies, and it wasn't like he couldn't buy as many women as he wanted, or seduce them for that matter.

But she kept her mouth shut except to eat from his fingers, feeling that strange dark sense of anxious heat creeping up on her again. What was he going to do with her? To her? What could she do about it? Anything?!

After breakfast, he led her back to the bathroom and brushed her teeth for her, then led her out to the front room, and sat her down across his lap as he watched TV. His hands skimmed lightly over her body, stroking, kneading, caressing, his fingers lightly squeezing her clitoris between them, then slowly dipping within her.

Keira shuddered weakly, squirming and wanting to ask about Ryan but afraid to.

Lewis did something to the controls, and then the picture on the TV changed completely. Instead of the morning news it was...

She gasped, eyes and jaw going wide as she saw herself! It was the video Ryan had taken the other night, showing her bent over with Lewis fucking her.

“Oh my God!” she gasped in shock.

Her pussy began to burn almost immediately as she saw herself twisting and writhing in the throes of orgasm, that big cock driving into her from behind again and again!

Lewis pulled the dildo out of her and slid three big fingers up into her suddenly moist pussy instead, his thumb pressing against her clitoris. His other hand gripped her hair roughly and jerked her face around to him.

“Tell me you love black cock,” he ordered.

She gaped at him, pulse racing, and he jerked painfully on her hair. “Say it!”

“I-I love Black cock!” she gasped weakly.

He turned her to face the wall screen and she moaned.

“Again.”

“I love Black cock!” she croaked.

“Again.”

“I love Black cock!”

She watched Lewis jerk her head up and back, watched her back bow, her breasts so taut below her as he rode her hard and fast, watched her eyes go wide as she came again!

“Again.”

“I love Black cock!” she moaned.

The door opened and Ryan came in, carrying a bag of something.

“Lewis, you trying to ruin my bitch?” he asked.

“Trying to seduce her to the dark side, man,” Lewis said with a grin.

“Vanilla is more popular than chocolate, you know.”

“Not with everyone dude!”

Keira found herself on her knees, as she'd been the previous night, with the guys taking turns sliding their cocks deep into her throat. Then Lewis lay down on the sofa and Ryan had her straddle him, and sink her hungry, burning sex down onto his thick cock.

She groaned weakly, sliding down, down, down, as it drove so high and achingly deep inside her!

She rode him helplessly as he fingered and rolled her nipples. Then Ryan moved in behind her and she felt the dildo sliding out of her ass. His cock pushed into her, and she felt the orgasm beginning to build before he was even fully inside

her.

She wished she had the gag back now, as she began to cry out in wild, helpless passion, rocking and writhing, twisting and shaking, sobbing and then screaming as her head thrashed wildly. Orgasm after orgasm tore through her as the two men crushed her body between theirs, and their big cocks churned in and out of her burning belly!

She was caught in a fever storm of heat and passion, her body in flames as their warm flesh squeezed her between them and their hands danced across her skin. And she was left almost as dazed and exhausted and overwhelmed as she'd been the previous evening.

Which was why she couldn't even find the energy to object when Ryan fed a butt-plug up into her bottom and then had her dress without underwear because “they must have gotten lost”. So without bra or panties and wearing the thin little party dress she allowed him to lead her down the hall and into the elevator.

“I'm gonna fuck that gorgeous ass of yours every day from now on, baby,” he said in the elevator.

She moaned dazedly, eyes closing as she leaned her forehead against the cool wood of the elevator.

He chuckled. “Had a fun time?”

She had had a simply amazing and overwhelming time, one she would never forget, and one with consequences she would take a while to understand. It had changed her view of sex, changed her ideas about what was hot and exciting and kinky, and she knew that her sex life with Ryan was about to become much more – lively.

She was likely to get tied up a lot more from now on, she thought, and if Ryan didn't, well, she would find a way to persuade him. Somehow, she didn't think that would be very difficult.

END

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

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