

WHITE MEAT BY ARGUS

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One

The orgasm passed, leaving her drained. She let her arms flop back and closed her eyes, chest heaving, sweat standing out on her forehead.

She opened her eyes as he rose off her, kneeling between her legs, then gripped her hips and rolled her onto her belly.

“Wha - .”

She felt his big hands gripping her wrists, pulling them back behind her back, and a new heat drove through her belly.

He reached past her to a night table, and she saw him withdraw a thin black strap. A moment later she felt it slipped around her wrists, pulling her hands together as though she were praying. The leather was soft and firmly in place, but not too tight. But then he reached forward and took out a second strap, and she felt it slipping around her arms above her elbows, then circling them, the loop drawing together.

“I don’t - oh!”

“You said you’d done bondage before,” he said in her ear, low, almost whispering, but doing nothing to disguise his deep, throaty voice.

“I-I... yes,” she gasped.

It was all so exciting, yet she’d had her wrists bound behind her a time or two, but never like this. Her shoulders ached as the straps he’d placed around her upper arms drew them back sharply, her shoulders straining, her chest thrust out. She gasped as she felt her elbows actually touch, and wavered on the border of protesting.

But he was so gorgeous!

She’d met him at a club. He was tall and black and had tremendous muscles. She’d never done it with a man so large, so muscular, or, for that matter, so Black, as black as the ace of spades, with a shaven skull and dark, hungry eyes. And his cock was huge! She’d never had one so big inside her. It had ached going in, but oh how it had set her blood boiling.

She’d have a tale for the girls when she went back to school this fall!

She groaned as he finished adjusting the buckle of the straps around her upper arms and wrists, feeling a thrumming between her legs at her newfound helplessness. Her vision wavered a little, the product of too many tequilas, and a few hits of ecstasy. But then his fingers began to stroke along her slit and she arched her back and gurgled in pleasure.

“Oh yes! Oh God!” she moaned.

He flipped her back over as though she were weightless. She grunted as her weight came down on her arms. But then he had seized her ankles, lifting them up and apart, and she cried out as he rammed himself into her again. It hurt, and she bucked and twisted as the pain washed over her. But then he

was in her - deep, and she felt a rising tide of sexual hunger at just how stuffed, how full she was.

“You like that Black cock, White girl?” he growled.

Heat rippled along her skin and she moaned, her eyes closing.

He began to thrust, his big log of a cock sliding in and out, in and out as he held her legs in a vice-like grip. She writhed and twisted on the table as the heat mounted, gulping in air, her head rolling from side to side as the excitement rode her. His hips were pounding into her buttocks with force to leave bruises, but she didn't care. The heat was everything.

Another orgasm approached, and she greeted it with a hazy, fuzzy sense of joy, for she was young and beautiful, and this is what life was all about.

He gazed down at the girl laying unconscious on the bed and a thin, humourless smirk pulled up the corners of his lips. Stupid White slut, he thought. He reached for the scissors and combed his fingers through her long blonde hair, then tightened it and began to cut. He cut as close to the scalp as he could, her twenty inch long golden blonde hair falling away in droves until she was left looking like a lesbian with a poor haircut.

He padded naked into the bathroom and returned with a bowl of water, some soap, and a razor, then sat down and began to shave her head. The girl mumbled a time or two, but did not awaken. He spread her legs and started on her pubic hair. There wasn't much there anyway, and he finished quickly.

He walked to the closet and pulled down several large pieces of leather gear, carrying them back to the bed where the girl slept. He went to the bathroom, returning with a pair of thick cotton pads, and placed them over her closed eyes. He smiled then, knowing what he knew. He reached for a thick leather hood, sliding it carefully over the girl's head, pulling it down over her ears, down beneath her chin. A heavy strap went around her neck just below her jaw and buckled in place. A small padlock would prevent her from removing the hood.

A collar followed, thick and studded, also locking in place with a small padlock.

He rolled her onto her belly, and she moaned weakly as he spread her legs to kneel in between. He picked up the leather sleeve and slipped it over her wrists, then tugged it up her arms. The higher he pulled it the tighter it became, of course, and she gasped and made a whining, half conscious, complaining sound as he tugged it up over her elbows, up to her shoulders.

He buckled it in place and eased down, fitting her ankles with leather restraints.

“Wha - what - Gra-Graham?” she asked in drunken confusion.

He rolled her onto her belly and picked up the gag. It was fat and long, a penis gag. He squeezed his powerful fingers into the side of her jaw and she let out a cry of pain, then he thrust the penis gag into her mouth. The gag was attached to a wide leather strap which would cover her from nose to chin, and he forced it in fully, then pulled the strap around her head and buckled it behind her. No lock for this one. He would want her mouth later.

He locked the ankle restraints together, then lifted her off the bed, her body writhing weakly.

He carried her to the corner and set her on her feet against a low dresser, but he kept hold of her arms to keep her up, then reached behind the dresser and drew out a short chain with a clip on its end. The top of the heavy dresser reached to the middle of the girl's back and he bent her back across it, shifting his grip to her throat, pushing back on the underside of her jaw forcing her head back flat across the top of the dresser as he ignored her muffled protests and weak resistance.

There was a hook at the top of the hood, and he fitted the clip into it and let go. The girl's head was pressed flat against the top of the dresser near the back, forcing her back to arch out painfully.

She had lovely breasts, full and heavy with warmth, firm with youth, fat nipples like raspberries.

He walked back to the closet as the girl half-stood, half-hung in place across the dresser, still moaning in discomfort, her body wriggling weakly. He returned with a long, thin riding crop and laid it across the centre of her taut, straining breasts.

"Whore," he whispered.

He drew his powerful shoulder and arm back and then sent the crop slicing through the air. It cracked down across her both breasts with a loud, meaty crack of noise, echoed an instant later by a muffled howl from beneath the hood, the girl's body twisted violently, her bound legs kicking out. But that let all her weight come down on the hard leather jammed in beneath her jaw, and her feet quickly jerked back in place as a red welt rose across the pale surface of her breasts.

He let the tip slide across her belly, then whipped it down hard again, this time on the centre of her right breast, directly across the nipple. Again there was a muffled scream, again her body bucked in pain. And another red welt rose. He paced back and forth, heart pounding, fighting with himself. He tended to be too eager, too excited, and it was over too quickly. He wanted to take his time, to enjoy himself.

He sent the crop slicing down across the girl's taut belly, and felt a throbbing from his cock as the whip struck home, as he felt the resistance of her firm young white flesh against the flexible leather. Another blow across her belly, and another, lower, across her abdomen, then his muscles bulged as the whip cut into her left breast.

He stared exultantly at the impact, revelled in the feel of the whip as it struck, as the girl howled within her blindness, her body writhing and twisting helplessly. His pulse raced, and his enormous Black cock jerked and bounced as he moved, throbbing powerfully. He knew that just a squeeze would set it off, and he kept still for a bit, closing his eyes and breathing deeply.

Oh yes, he would take his time with this slut.

In her more introspective moments, Chloe often paused to consider the purpose of her life. She seldom dwelled much upon it, realizing she really had none to speak of. She had no real ambition, no desire or particular calling. Or at least, not one she could vocalize or even bring to more than foggy shape within her mind. She wanted to do - good things, to help people, to help the environment - somehow. She was against Globalization, though not entirely

sure what that involved other than large corporations exploiting people and getting rich. That was bad. She was in favour of cleaning up the environment and against pollution. That too was bad. She was against war and poverty and greed and violence, and, of course, racism and bigotry. Those were very bad.

She had little real idea of how to go about changing the world and eliminating all the bad things, nor much confidence she really could affect real change on a vast, cold, uncaring world. She disdained voting. Nor had the idea of involving herself even in local politics ever occurred to her. She had attended a few “demos”, once excitedly getting tear gassed - or at least “almost” getting tear gassed. She’d been near enough the people who had, after all, to catch the fringes of it, which was good enough for bragging rights for a while. She’d also taken part in a group attack on a furrier, though she’d only been a lookout and they’d only put glue in the locks of the doors late one night, running off giggling madly, filled with the satisfaction of the righteous.

She was honest enough to have doubts about her moral superiority there, however, given she simply adored leather clothing, especially her hip length jacket and stiletto heels. But that, after all, was different. As was eating at McDonalds. It wasn’t like she was a vegan, after all.

She also loved the sheer opulence and luxury of her - their - black leather sofa. The sofa, and a matching chair, were drawn around a chrome and glass table in the living room of the apartment she shared with Laura and Dale. It was a three bedroom apartment, and each paid one third of the rent. This made it manageable for three young girls without particularly rewarding jobs to live in a reasonably nice apartment in a fairly good neighbourhood.

Laura was a secretary, though she would get cross if anyone called her other than an “Administrative Assistant”. Dale was with a temp agency doing casual clerking at a variety of small businesses. Chloe was a waitress, a job she found not particularly challenging, but not particularly troublesome or stressful either. Chloe didn’t like stress. She liked to keep things simple.

And it wasn’t as though she were a failure for being a waitress, not at twenty one. Besides, she’d made considerable progress since her first job at Burger King when she was sixteen. She’d graduated to working at the Party Palace, a diner, cum catering operation in mid town, and then to King George’s, a higher class pub restaurant. It was quiet, and had a lot of old guys in their forties and fifties who stared at her a lot, but it paid well and even the occasional drunk tended to be nice.

It felt a little weird, at times, having all those old guys with their eyes on her all the time. Who knew what they were thinking about? Well, she thought she knew what they were thinking about, but still. It felt weird. She didn’t dress up, but she couldn’t exactly dress down either. As any waitress knew, the more attractive she looked, the better her tips.

So her skirts were short - but not immodest, her dress pants were tight, and her blouses and sweaters were - form fitting. She didn’t wear high heels. She had too much running around to do. She wore black leather sneakers. Her tops were simple sweaters or blouses, not T-shirts or tank tops, but still, hugging her slender but shapely body and showing off the fact she was no longer a girl but a woman.

Her dark auburn hair was straight and hung halfway down her back. She parted it at the centre of her head, and made ample use of her blow dryer to make sure it fluffed up and out nicely and didn't hang like dishwater. She loved her hair. It was full and sleek and rich and soft and thick. It swirled when she turned her head, and the front flowed out and down and around her face, cupping it like curtains

Dale was always jealous of her. Dale's brown hair was too limp she tried to make up for quality with quantity, growing it very long, all the way to her waist, then setting it into a jaunty braid.

Laura, by contrast, was a blonde, though her shoulder length hair, which looked nice, was a bit too "styled" for Chloe's taste, and when it was touched it showed the weight of years of perms, colourings, dyes, streaks, and highlighting.

All three girls were slim. Dale was short and moved with the efficiency she showed in everything else. She had high, pert breasts and a round bottom. Laura was taller, and even more slim, but had very small breasts and, to Chloe's way of thinking, a too large mouth to be really beautiful. She had an outstanding ass, though, and great legs.

She sighed, as she opened her dresser and pulled out a pink lace thong, then stepped into it and slid it up her well sculpted legs to settle firmly around her hips. It was Saturday night, and like Fridays, she was working. Tonight would be busy. And while Laura and Dale went out she would be carrying lagers and drafts and trays of fish and chips to old guys whose eyes would skim up and down her body while she was smiling and laying their food and drink on the table for them.

She resented that. Everyone else was partying and she was - .

"Chloe, can I borrow your green top?"

She turned in irritation as Dale leaned in the open door.

"Wash it this time. Last time it smelled like smoke."

"Sorry."

Dale crossed the room and went to the open closet while Chloe drew on a pink lace bra which matched the thong. She lifted the cups up firmly beneath her breasts and checked the straps, adjusting them a little tighter.

"Push up, huh?" Dale said with a grin as she passed her on the way out, top in hand.

"It's not push up," Chloe said with mild irritation. "It's just... tight. I don't want to bounce all around."

"If your tits were lifted up any higher they'd be on your neck."

"Fuck you," she said without anger. "Anyway, it gets better tips."

Dale leaned against the dresser. As always, her small, rounded face was serious, her eyes framed by small, thin round frameless glasses.

"Isn't that exploitive?" she said.

"So? Not all of us have nice office jobs."

"You could get one if you tried."

Chloe sighed and shrugged. "I don't like tests. And sitting at a desk all day is - yuk."

She drew on a white blouse and buttoned it up the front.

“They’re not hard, and you’re not dumb. Besides if you’re going to stick your tits in their face why not go work for someplace like Hooters? You’ll get even better tips.”

“I don’t have the boobs for Hooters,” Chloe said. “And there’s too much grabassing.”

Her breasts were firm and rounded and looked perfect on her slender chest, with small pink nipples and areolas barely larger than a dime. No one would ever call her flat chested - unlike Laura - but she wasn’t busty either.

“You’d work there if you had bigger boobs?” Dale demanded indignantly.

Chloe shrugged and stepped into a short blue and green kilt. “Probably not. I mean, the tips aren’t all that great, and it’d feel weird knowing all those guys came to stare at you instead of to eat.”

She adjusted the kilt in the mirror. It was short, but not too short. Besides, it fit in with the Scottish theme of the restaurant, so no one would sneer at her wearing a “mini”.

“I think they’re only a little better than strippers,” Dale said indignantly.

Chloe smiled. Dale was a feminist, all five feet, one hundred and six pounds of her.

“I don’t know,” she said, fingering her hair in the mirror. “Stripping is at least honest. I mean, everyone who goes in there knows what to expect, so nobody’s going to be pointing and embarrassed. I could see myself stripping.”

She let her hips sway a little in the mirror. “I do a great pole dance.”

“Yeah, right,” Dale sniffed, folding her arms beneath her breasts.

“I don’t think I could take the lap dancing and stuff, though,” Chloe said. “I mean, grinding against some guy and letting him feel you up? Ugh.”

“At least you have some standards, even if they’re low.”

“Not as low as you, dwarf.”

Dale stuck her tongue out at her and pushed off from the dresser.

“And remember, I want that smelling fresh and clean!”

“Yeah, yeah,” the shorter girl called over her shoulder.

Chloe eyed herself doubtfully. Was the skirt too short? It wasn’t as short as her minis, but it was certainly, well, short. But the old guys loved tartan kilts, and they tipped really well when she wore one. Besides, she had pretty good legs, she thought with a casual mental shrug.

Graham folded his arms across his powerful chest. He was no longer weightlifting competitively, but his chest was still massive, with heavily defined pectoral muscles. His stomach was thin and his abdominal muscles rippled up its length. His arms were thick, his biceps twice the thickness of most men’s arms. His hips were slender, his legs well muscled.

Not that he needed any of those muscles at the moment.

He was sitting back - slumping, really, in a comfortable chair, his legs spread wide, eyeing the large television across the room.

The girl between his legs slid her lips slowly down the long black length of his cock. She did so with a smooth, even movement he had trained into her, no hesitation and no reluctance; a smooth, even, up and down movement

which ignored the discomfort of taking such a thick cock down into her slender, young throat.

He flicked an eye down at her briefly, then away. He'd forgotten her name. Perhaps she had, as well. And then his mind paused for a moment as he realized he'd forgotten what she looked like, too. She was - or had been, a blonde. He remembered that. He'd met her at a concert.

But it had been months since he'd seen her face, months since he'd used her name - if he ever had.

He dropped his eyes to her again, watching as her straining pink lips moved carefully up the length of his cock. He watched inch after inch of glistening black meat emerge from between her lips, felt her tongue swirling against the underside of the head, felt her sucking rhythmically, then watched as her mouth descended again.

He'd taught her well - whatever her name was.

She hadn't been ugly, he knew that. He'd not have taken an ugly girl. Still, it had seemed an interesting kink to, in effect; remove her face, to reduce her to the status of a blind, faceless thing, a pet as it were.

He'd placed thick cotton pads over her eyes, not for her comfort, so much as to reduce the shape her eye sockets would otherwise make on the black hood he'd placed over her shaved head. The hood was formless, shapeless. Her nose was crushed in against her face, with two tiny air hoses running around behind her and merging at the base of the hood at the back of her neck. The only opening to the hood was the round hole over her mouth. And that was blocked, except when in use, by a thick, fat, penis gag he shoved between her lips. The black strap of the gag was three inches wide, helping to hide the slight bulge her crushed nose made, and buckled tightly behind her head, locking in place - as the hood was locked.

When had he gotten her?

Four months, he thought. And within a day of taking her in she'd become the hooded sex toy who knelt before him now. She was effectively blind. Nor did she speak. For any word, even one, while her gag was out would draw a whipping which would leave her barely conscious.

Her breasts were full, heavy, and had seen no covering since he'd brought her home. What support they received came from the two thin silver chains attached to her inch wide nipple rings. The chains led up to the collar around her throat, and were of a precise length calculated to be taut against her nipples with her standing upright. Of course, every movement of her breasts, such as walking, would pull her breasts downwards and tug repeatedly against those chains, but her fat brown nipples tolerated such teasing more easily than they did the cut of a whip.

He sighed as her lips squeezed together around the base of his cock. Having twelve inches of meat down a girl's throat was something which made a man feel like a man. He smiled and lifted his feet, placing them on the girl's back, jamming them in against the sides of her leather clad arms.

The leather sleeve he'd fitted around her arms was another device which had not been removed in months. He liked her blind, for it made her even more helpless and docile. But she was largely useless for any kind of

work that way, unable even to feed herself. So he had forced her arms back so tightly her elbows had ground together, slid the long leather sleeve over them, then a pair of heavy straps to double the strength. The straps were locked in place with a pair of small padlocks much like the ones around her collar and hood. He wondered, idly, where the keys were.

He reached down with a large hand and placed it firmly on top of the girl's head. She did not need to be restrained. She knew how to obey now. She kept her lips in place, working them as best she could around his cock, her tongue working against that part of the shaft it could reach while crushed down against the floor of her mouth.

He held his hand in place, reaching forward with the other, filling it with her soft, warm breast, squeezing and kneading it comfortably, letting his black fingers squeeze firmly into the pale white flesh. Then he sighed and withdrew his hands, giving her head a small slap to signal her to continue.

“You going out tonight?”

Graham looked up and shrugged as his brother Ian padded into the room. There was no difference between the two. Both were six four, powerfully built, with strong jaws and shaved heads. They were twins, after all.

“I don't know. Maybe. Hey, do you remember what her name is?”

Ian shrugged. “Does it matter?”

“Just wondered. I can't remember.”

“Whore. It's as good a name as any.”

Graham smiled. “That's a bit general, isn't it? That's what you call all women.”

“It's all the name they merit.”

He moved closer and stood behind the girl, then knelt and reached out for her hips. His big hands folded around them and jerked her bottom back roughly, then slapped her buttocks an instant before her knees shifted widely apart.

Graham yawned and checked his watch while his brother drew his cock out and pumped it with his big fist.

“I'm getting a little bored with her,” Graham said.

“That's like saying you're bored with the toilet or the dish washer. She does her task like any other.. “

”Appliance?” Graham asked with a grin.

“If you like.”

Ian rubbed the gleaming black head of his cock up and down the girl's shaved sex, feeling the hard little bumps of the rings through her clitoris and the bottom of her sex lips. A small chain was attached to the latter, linked to the base of the fat butt plug thrust into her anus. The brothers liked anal sex, and hadn't the patience to wait for their “appliance” to open up sufficient to take them into her when they were in the mood.

That this caused her pain was irrelevant. The problem was that both men were intelligent and logical. They knew how big, how thick they were, and knew that continuing to ram them up the girl's backside with little time for her muscles to get used to them would inevitably lead to damage which

would require hospitalization. Either that or they'd have to get a new appliance.

Ian's cock hardened into the thick, foot long pole of Black flesh similar to the one now filling the girl's throat, and he thrust it into the girl's sex, gripped her hips, and began to use her.

"I did see a girl I fancied the other day," Graham said as the girl's body began to shake to his brother's thrusting, and her smooth movements up and down the length of his cock became uneven and jerky.

"Fancied as in you'd like to tear her clothes off, spread her legs, and ram it up her cunt, you mean," Ian said, thrusting casually.

"Yeah, and not one likely to be missed by many. Just a squalid little bar girl."

Ian nodded, though he reflected that Graham's class consciousness was altogether more arrogant and unconscious than his own. Not that he wasn't arrogant, of course. He would never be so foolish as to deny the arrogance bred into his bone at his father's knee. He and Graham were born into a wealthy family, after all. True, his father, an immigrant from St Lucia, had made his wealth through opening a series of appliance shops, something to be sneered at by the true blue bloods of England. But the Scots were a more practical lot, and however he got his money and wherever he came from his father had been a respected man in Glasgow, a poor, squalid city filled with the unemployed and underemployed.

It had pleased the brothers to bring in the pretty White girls from down at their heels neighbourhoods, impress them with the size of the elegant estate their father had purchased, and then use them like cheap whores. It had pleased them even more to know that the lower classes of Scotland were all irrepressible bigots, and that the girls who never would have lowered themselves to even dating a Black boy had been willing to bend over and take it from behind at evidence of all that wealth, and the merest hints that they could find jobs for them or their families.

And if the sex was often rough and the two young black men who were, even then, powerfully built, had forced the issue a little, had taken liberties, had left bruises on bodies and spirits, well, so what? The law in the U.K. was still very class conscious, and the little tarts knew they'd need more than their words to get the police interested in visiting the estate of a man like their father.

Besides, what young Scottish girl wanted to admit she'd been sucking a black boy's cock when his brother had come in from behind and forced his cock into her? A story like that would make the police look at her like a cheap whore anyway. And what proper Scots policeman - invariably a bigot - was going to go accusing rich families of anything on the word and behalf of a whore?

And so that became one of their favourite games. One brother would get a girl naked and go at her, and the other would appear and join in. The girls usually struggled, but not for long. They knew irresistible force when they saw and felt it. They were too aware of the wealth around them, and of their own positions as poor and powerless. And they still had that greed, he thought, the

greed which told them that if they could stand the painful thrusting into their holes, the rough hands bruising their arms and thighs, the painful pinches and squeezing of their breasts, well, perhaps some of that money might find its way into their pockets.

Whores, all of them, Ian thought.

But while he too looked down at working types - he and his brother never having had to work, and having had the finest of educations - he knew the dangers of that kind of thinking. This was America, after all, and it was far less class conscious than the U.K. And the bar girls of today could easily be the middle class suburban mothers of tomorrow - or the products of middle class suburban fathers who would raise hell if they were harmed.

He picked up the pace, his hips slamming into the girl's upraised backside as he skewered her with his long, thick cock. He could hear her gurgling grunts now as he rammed himself into her, and sadistically yanked back harder on her hips, feeling his stiff cock slicing through the thin elastic flesh of her sex, jamming up hard into the very bottom of her cunt with, he knew, painful force.

He reached beneath her, filling his open hands with her breasts, then crushing them up against her rib cage before closing his fingers in and squeezing even tighter, kneading her soft fleshy breasts with cruel force as she whined softly around his brother's cock and trembled in pain.

"Fucking White bitch whore," he growled.

He saw Graham pulling back, then gripping the girl's throat in one big hand as he pumped his slick cock with the other. He knew the girl would be sucking desperately on the head just inside her mouth, for if she displeased him now she would be bruised for days to come. But Graham grunted and his eyes closed as he came, and Ian knew well the size of the heavy white wads which would be pumping into the girl's mouth. His brother was odd that way. He'd never seen any man come as much as him. He could half fill a small cup with the amount of semen he pumped into a girl.

And he wanted it filling their mouths, not dropping neatly down their throats into their bellies. They would know the taste of him flooding over their tongues and filling their mouths to the roofs, making their cheeks puff out as they let it come and come, waiting for his permission to swallow.

Though in this case, he thought, it was a waste, for Graham would be unable to see the look on the little white whore's face as she swallowed a thick warm mouth full of come.

The girl's slender body jerked and shuddered to his powerful thrusts as Graham finished. The girl swallowed repeatedly, letting his warm juice swirl down her throat and into her belly. Then he grunted and sat back. The girl had little time to enjoy her empty mouth, however, for he soon picked up the thick leather penis and thrust it through her lips, letting Ian grip the straps and pull them back tightly behind her to buckle and lock in place.

He pulled back then; sliding his gleaming black staff out of the girl's straining sex lips. He reached for one of her ankles as he rose to his feet, and her leg was yanked out from under her so she fell flat on the floor. He held her ankle negligently as he walked across the room, dragging her behind. Her

upper torso slid along the carpeted floor while her free leg flailed and bounced lifelessly.

She weighed not much more than a hundred pounds, and he lifted her effortlessly, attaching the leather restraint which was never off her ankle to a hook dangling from the ceiling. He caught her free ankle, then, lifting it up and apart, attaching the ankle restraint to another hook so the girl hung with her legs spread obscenely open, her head just above the floor.

Then he thrust down into her again, pumping rapidly as his own come approached, big hands on her small, spread buttocks, long black fingers spread wide, kneading the soft warm flesh. He sighed as his come spilled out, as it filled her slippery little pussy and drained down inside her. He was trying to breed her, and convinced that the more come he poured into her while she was upside down the better the odds of her becoming pregnant.

“What if it’s a boy?” Graham asked from across the room.

Ian shrugged. If it was a boy he’d throw it out, dump it somewhere. But a girl he would raise from birth as his mindless sex toy. Perhaps he’d even keep her blinded as well. He let himself imagine that, a girl who was blind from birth, knowing only the feel of hands and cocks on her body, having no idea what they actually looked like. He’d have to have someone looking after her until she got older, of course. He didn’t go for little girls, but money would buy anything in the United States. In that way it was identical to the U.K.

“So tell me about this whore,” he said as he looked at the upside down girl hanging before him.

“Nice face, full red lips, gorgeous legs and ass, slim young body,” Graham said, “Lovely hair you can wrap around your fist. Every time I look at her I imagine those lips wrapped around my black cock.”

“And mine,” Ian said with a cold smile.

“Of course.”

Ian did up his zip and padded across the floor to sit next to his brother.

“I’m bored with the usual, though,” he said. “You can’t even remember the whore’s name. That’s because there have been so many whores.”

“You want a nun? A schoolgirl?”

Ian shook his head impatiently. “I want to play a little game,” he said, his lips curling up into a cruel smile. “Have you ever read the Story of O?”

Graham shrugged. “Heard of it.”

“I want the next whore to want what we do to her.”

“Huh?” Graham frowned.

“I want to mess with her pathetic little mind,” Ian said. “I want her to love us. I want her to put the chains on willingly. I want her to get off on the whip.”

“There aren’t too many bitches like that around,” Graham said with a snort.

“I want to take a normal whore and turn her into one. I want her to love us, you know, like cults do.”

“Brainwash her?”

“Something like that. I want to twist her little mind and make her a little poodle, a little crawling bitch to us.”

“We’ve done that before.”

Ian shook his head impatiently. “I don’t mean that. That’s not a challenge. I want a girl who puts the collar around her own neck with her eyes shining with love and lust and gives us her body and her soul.”

Graham made a face. “Sounds like a lot of work for some gash. We’ve already got one.”

He pointed at the girl hanging from her ankles.

“But the challenge, the sport of it,” Ian said with a leer. “That’s what’s fun.”

“It’ll take longer.”

“You have somewhere you need to be?”

Graham shook his head.

“So we’ll take your little bar girl, pull her brain out of her skull, and turn her into a smiling little fuck toy without even needing to rape her body - because we’ll rape her mind instead..”

“Do I still get to ram my cock down her throat?” Graham growled.

“Of course! Only she’ll be eager for it!”

“I don’t give a shit if she’s eager for it. Sometimes I like it better when I fold my fist around her throat and watch her eyes bulge as she feels it going down. But if you want to have a little sport with the slut I don’t mind. This city is full of breeding material. I can wait for this one.”

Two

“Another ale, luv.”

“Right away,” Chloe said with a smile.

She was intrigued by the man at Table Four. He was black as the ace of spades, but spoke with a deep, Scottish burr she found delightful. She hadn’t known they even had Black people in Scotland. And this one was, if not young, certainly much younger than most of the men in the bar, probably not over thirty. He was also extremely handsome, faultlessly polite, and had a lovely smile. He had broad shoulders and a barrel chest, and she felt a family little thrum of excitement between her legs whenever he looked at her.

She’d done it with Black men before, of course. She was no racist! And when Black men invited her out she always saw it as a challenge to societal stereotypes and cultural prejudices. She would treat a Black man exactly as she would a White man - or - well - more or less. She was honest enough to admit to herself that she would overlook flaws in a Black man she would not in a White man.

But most of those flaws were the result of a racist society which inflicted psychological trauma on all young Black men and boys. If they were a little more violent, a little more sexist, a little less polite than what she would normally tolerate in a man, well, they had their reasons. Their people had been slaves, after all! True, that long before their birth - or their parents - or

their grandparents, but still, it had left a terrible legacy among them.

And with the culture of prejudice with which they were forced to deal, the way they were stereotyped and subjected to unfair police attention, well, who could blame them for being resentful and perhaps striking out occasionally at white people. As she personally benefited from the racist society of which she was a part she felt a deep sense of guilt and shame at what society had done to them, and was more than ready to cut them some slack.

She brought his ale and smiled dazzlingly at him. He winked and she felt a flutter in her chest. He was a great tipper, too, and his jacket was finely made and, unless she was mistaken, tailored. He was an educated man, and she was so happy to see a successful, educated Black man that she had to stop herself from practically fawning over him. His people must be so proud of him!

She got him his change and placed it on the table. In an instant his hand shot out and took her wrist, but gently, as he smiled at her and picked up a five dollar bill, then placed it in her hand, and, before she could speak, turned her hand around and kissed the back of her wrist gallantly. It was all done so quickly she could only gulp and stare, wide eyed, and then giggle foolishly as she hurried away, heart fluttering.

Ian watched the girl as she hurried away. God, what a fine little arse, he thought. And the way her tits pushed out against that tight white shirt made his fingers itch. He could actually see them rising and filling with her lovely titties, squeezing and gouging the soft white flesh, his teeth biting into her nipples as the little whore writhed in his grip.

He watched her covertly as she went to the bar, bending over it a little, and felt his cock throb, imagining her bent over further, his hips ramming into her arse as he drove himself up into her cunt. He would have the slut one way or another. If he couldn't convince her to drop those panties and bend over he'd lay in wait for her one night and tear them off himself.

He patiently read the paper - from Glasgow, and waited, his eyes furtive beneath his heavy lids.

"Can I get you anything more?" she asked innocently, smiling down at him.

He smiled back. "Not that you've got here, luv. It's a fine little pub, but it's not got the ales I drink back home."

"We mostly carry the bigger selling brands," she said apologetically. "What do you usually drink?"

"Red Label. Tis a little known lager made in upcountry Scotland, not well known without."

She nodded.

"Has a deep, rich taste against the tongue, like the soft, sweet taste of a pretty girl's skin."

She giggled and reddened a little.

"And is that your colour, lass?" he asked, pointing at her kilt.

Chloe had been asked that before and nodded regretfully. "No, it's just something I bought at Walmart. I'm not Scottish."

"Ah, but you must have some Scots blood, as lovely as you are."

Again she blushed and laughed lightly.

“Perhaps a Scotsman hiding in the closet of some unhappy ancestral wife, eh?”

She laughed. “Well, you can never tell, I guess.”

God, she had lovely titties there. The thin fabric strained against them. I’m going to fuck your brains out, slut!

“Tell me, what do people do for fun in this town?” he asked with a lazy grin.

“Oh there are a lot of nice clubs,” she earnestly assured him. “Some great Celtic music, too.”

“I get enough Celtic music at home, lass. I’m looking for something a wee bit different,” he said.

She nodded thoughtfully. “What kind of music are you looking for? Retro, Rap, Punk...”

“How about Reggae?”

“Oh you should try the Underground!” she said eagerly.

She had gone several times herself, partly to hear the music, and partly to experience the sensation of being a minority so she could better appreciate how minority people felt. She had been hit on a lot by the Black men, of course, which had been uncomfortable. They were incredibly sexist towards her. But that wasn’t their fault, for they had probably assumed she was one of those racist girls who had been taken in by stereotyping about Black sexuality and was just looking for a cheap romp in the sack at their expense.

She had been badly groped each time, though, in the dark, crowded, noisy confines of the club, by men she, for the most part, had never seen. Once she’d even had to wrestle free, and scream when someone had caught her from behind in the small hall leading to the ladies room, and jammed his hands down the front of her top to squeeze her bare breasts while biting at the nape of her neck. She’d tried to pull free politely, to tell him she wasn’t looking for that kind of thing, but she’d finally had to scream and kick back at him. She’d fallen down - her top torn open, and by the time she’d turned he’d been gone.

But she didn’t blame him. He was probably just angry at the racist society which had deprived him of equality and opportunity and was taking it out on what he no doubt saw as a privileged white girl.

Of course, this man was far more sophisticated, and when he shyly asked if she might like to accompany him she had eagerly agreed, despite feeling a bit of trepidation at the thought of going back to the Underground. This time she’d be with a large, powerful looking Black man, though, so she should surely be safe - her credentials as a non racist sitting so large beside her at the table, so to speak.

She was impressed, despite herself, when he brought around a glistening Mercedes, and then when he leapt out and hurried around to open the door for her.

“Maybe I should go home and change,” she said anxiously as he got in.

“Nonsense. You look bloody gorgeous,” he said with such sincerity she blushed.

“But I look like, well, a waitress,” she said uncertainly.

The expense car pulled smoothly and quietly out into the road and he turned his eyes flashing with humour. “Well, you could undo that shirt and tie it up beneath your chest,” he suggested. “I’m sure you’ve a lovely tummy.”

She giggled and blushed. He was so cute! And so sexy!

“I-I suppose I could,” she said.

But she wanted to look hot for him, and she didn’t really think the kilt and blouse were the best she could do. Still, there was something to be said for his idea, especially since it would get him looking at her - with the proper perspective.

So when they reached the parking lot near the Underground and he hurried around to let her out she pulled the blouse out of her skirt and casually unbuttoned the lower buttons - and then the upper buttons, leaving only two buttons between her breasts. She then pulled the two lower parts of the blouse up and tied them tightly - too tightly perhaps - under her breasts. She swallowed, her face flushing, feeling suddenly extremely aroused and at the same time anxious not to make him think she was behaving, well, slutishly.

The blouse was now tied down firmly beneath her breasts, and strained very tautly against them. Her belly and lower chest were bare, and he grinned and winked.

“Knew you had a lovely tummy,” he said disarmingly.

The feel of his big, warm hand against her bare back sent a surge of heat down between her legs, and she let him lead her into the dark club, then through the crowds towards the tables on the left side. The place was very dimly lit, and while he was ordering she went to the bathroom, and there undid her kilt and rolled the top under several times. This served to raise the hem several inches even while letting her set it lower on her hips. In the dark, he’d not notice how the waistband kind of bulged.

“Got us a table, lass,” he said, putting his hand on her bare back again and rubbing it lightly as he led her to the table.

God he was sexy!

He turned out to be a great dancer too, and she had a great time, and perhaps a bit too much to drink. But that only loosened her up and let her dance without as many inhibitions as most White girls had. She found herself writhing before him on the crowded dance floor, her tiny skirt bouncing and flowing around her thighs, her hips rolling and body undulating to the music, and then, in a corner, when his lips found hers, she almost swooned against him.

Their tongues danced together as his big hands caressed her bare back, and then one slipped down to cup her bottom through the short skirt and she let out a soft moan of excitement and anxious pleasure. A moment later both his hands were beneath the skirt and kneading her buttocks as his lips moved hungrily against hers, and she felt deliciously slutty as his big body crushed her against the wall.

Then they were in the Mercedes, going back to his apartment, and Chloe glowed with excitement and delight as she contemplated what was to

come.

Fucking little whore, Ian thought as he grinned at the girl. You're going to get your Black cock, baby, and more of it than you ever expected. The music was pounding from the CD player and he smiled at her. "I'm going to fuck you till my come dribbles out your ears," he said.

"What?" she yelled, putting a hand to her ear.

He grinned and winked and she giggled.

Not drunk, but not far off it, he thought.

She swayed a bit when he parked, and he swept her gallantly up in his arms, causing her to squeal and giggle. He smiled at her as he carried her effortlessly to the elevator, raining small kisses on her cheeks, forehead, and then lips.

The one on the lips became longer, and more drawn out, and her arms went around behind his neck.

He swung her around and set her down on the hood of the car, grinning, letting her lay back with her arms above her head as he stepped between her thighs. His hands moved gently up her belly and over her breasts as he bent to kiss her, and she moaned, her arms going over his shoulders again.

You want to get down and dirty with the darkie, girl? We'll see what an adventure we can give you.

He mouthed her nipples through her top, then his tongue and hers duelled within her mouth as his lips crushed hers. She moaned and writhed against him, her hands squeezing his shoulders as he undid the knot beneath her breasts and pulled her top open, popping the two buttons still in place. She gasped as he opened her bra between the cups, her eyes fluttering as she turned her head from side to side to see if anyone might be watching.

But then his fingers were kneading her lovely breasts and he had a rigid pink nipple in his mouth. He sucked and chewed and she shuddered, her thighs rubbing against his hips as her head rolled from side to side. Her hands moved over his smooth head and her breathing became ragged as his tongue whipped and circled her sensitive nipple.

He pushed the shirt back over her shoulders, then half rolled her, tugging it back behind her and then twisting the two sides together, just as they had been in front, but now it served to immobilize her arms behind her back, and she moaned in confusion as he rolled her back onto her back - onto her arms.

"I-Ian - , "she panted.

He feasted on her breasts even as one hand slipped between her ivory thighs and began to stroke her pussy through her thin panties. She arched her back, moaning softly, shuddering, and he gripped the panties and tore them off, lifting her hips briefly off the hood.

Her head rolled from side to side, a look of excitement, shock and anxiety filling her eyes as she looked around her. "I-Ian! W-We should g-go inside!" she panted.

Get used to having no say in anything, slut.

His lips slid down between her legs as he lifted her skirt up, and she

cried out as his tongue swept over her clitoris. He spread her legs wide and began to work on her, and her words became incoherent groans and gasps as her body began to writhe atop the car.

He undid the skirt. It wasn't in his way, but never mind. He wanted it off. The girl was on the edge of a major climax when he stood, scooping the skirt up, lifting her legs at the same time, and pulling the little skirt off. She was now nude save for her tennis shoes, and the shirt now bound around her arms behind her back.

She stared up at him, eyes glassy, chest heaving, and his teeth gleamed as he opened his fly and drew out his thick cock.

"You're going to love this, little girl," he promised.

Fucking little white whore.

Chloe couldn't believe how fast things had moved, how wild things had become. She was filled with anxiety, yet wild with excitement at being naked in a public place, in a garage. God, she'd let him strip her naked in a garage! And her body thrummed with a powerful sexual current, her skin crackling with hot need, her pussy throbbing, in desperate need of...

And she saw his cock and gasped. It was enormous! It was like those clichés, and she knew he was going to take her right then and there, right on the hood of his car, right out in the open! She felt terrified and wildly excited at the same time, and shuddered as he gripped it behind the head and rubbed the black head up and down her moist sex.

She couldn't quite understand why or how her arms were held beneath her, but it didn't really matter. She felt like a helpless prisoner to this incredible male animal as he prepared to mount her, as he prepared to ram that enormous phallus up into her belly. She groaned as he pressed it against her, as she felt the pressure against her sex lips, felt them forced slowly in and back, straining, aching to accommodate his thick girth.

He leaned into her, crushing her lips with his own, all but crushing her beneath his heavy bulk, and she felt his cock slowly sliding into her straining, aching pussy. He was filling her, stuffing her so full - so full - of cock. It ached. Her lower belly groaned with the length and thickness of him, and her mind swooned at the lewd, wild hedonism of what she was doing.

Wait until I tell Laura, she thought dazedly.

"Unngh!"

He thrust himself forward again, and that time it hurt. He was too big, she thought in a momentary panic. But then he eased back and pumped lightly, and soon he was able to thrust even more deeply, her pussy loosening up a bit. He eased up and back off her so he was standing there between her legs, his big hands enveloping her slender thighs, forcing them wide, and she grunted as he pumped faster, his fat cock sliding steadily in and out of her aching sex lips now with growing speed.

Flat on her back, her arms locked beneath her, she stared up, gulping in air, blinking back sweat as her body began to jerk back and forth on the hood to the pulling of his hands. His big cock was pumping inside her, and, aching and bruising as it was, her body was burning with lust at the deep, full penetration.

He gave a hard thrust and she felt an explosion between her legs. She cried out as she came, her head thrashing from side to side as the pleasure coursed through her body. She felt a wild surge of sensation as his finger began to rub back and forth across her clitoris, and cried out again, and again, her head jerking, her back arching, her feet flailing in mid air as his big cock rammed into her glistening sex again and again.

“Hot, sexy little bitch,” he growled, as she went limp.

He bent and kissed her gently, then licked a trail up along the nape of her neck to chew lightly at her earlobe. His hips worked slowly now, thrusting in and out with long, slow strokes as she groaned dazedly.

He bent and mouthed her nipples, pulling out of her as he licked his way down her body. Her clitoris was raw and ultra sensitive from her recent climax. He licked teasingly around it, making her gasp and groan, her body jerking and twisting. His fingers plunged deep into her sex as he slowly teased her clit until its rawness faded, then began to mouth and suck on it to work her back into a state of heat.

He succeeded easily, and quickly, and was soon inside her again, thrusting almost violently, barely restraining himself as he held her slender legs up and apart and pounded his cock into her tight sex. She grunted and gasped with every deep stroke, her upper body twisting and writhing on the car hood, her long hair tousled, tangled, and matted against her sweating forehead and cheeks as her head continued to jerk and thrash.

He drove her into another powerful climax, and then came inside her himself, filling her with a hot white frothing wave as he jammed his meaty pole deep into her belly and all but crushed her slender frame beneath him.

They'd been at it twenty minutes, but at two in the morning in a building where most of the tenants were older, well, he'd not been overly concerned at being interrupted. Now he did up his pants and scooped the girl up over his shoulder as he walked to the elevator.

At first she only moaned softly. Then “I-I-Ian?” she gasped.

The elevator opened and he stepped in, slapping her bottom lightly, but enough to sting.

“Silence, woman,” he growled.

He could see her upside down face in the mirrored walls of the elevator as they darted about. She was starting to recover her composure a bit now, starting to fear being naked in an elevator, starting to feel a little headache at being held upside down. But he knew what he could get away with for a short time, and wanted her to get used to being helpless, to being used, turned, positioned, carried, to doing as she was told, to having no say in anything.

“L-Let m-me dooown,” she groaned.

He slapped her bottom again and chuckled.

“What is it those fellows say at the club? You be ma bitch tonight,” he growled in an exaggerated accent.

The doors opened and he carried her up the white, carpeted hall to his apartment, his hand stroking her bare bottom as he walked.

Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!

Chloe was not that drunk, after all, and the wild sex heat had faded

from when he had taken her on the top of the car. Now she was bare assed naked and slung over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes as the brightly lit elevator rose smoothly up the shaft. Her heart pounded, and her head jerked around wildly, upside down, trying to figure out what to do.

She was not frightened, but was terribly anxious; terribly worried someone would see her like this. And yet she was also beginning to feel terribly aroused once more. He was so rawly male! She was slung across his powerful shoulder like, like, like some kind of cave woman being dragged home by the big, powerful caveman! It was like nothing in her experience, and she felt a shudder of excitement, for she felt so female at that moment, that she almost felt that this was the proper position for her, naked and helpless as her man carried her to where he would use her.

They stepped out into a wide hallway. The walls were a deep brown, brightly polished wood grain while a swirling blue and green carpet covered the floor. Ian carried her along the wide, brightly lit hall as if there was no one around in the world but them, and she moaned and twisted as his hand fondled her bottom, his fingers caressing her sex.

She felt her anxiety ease as he opened a door and brought her inside. He closed the door, and then pulled her off his shoulders, setting her down on the floor, where her unsteady legs caused her to sink to her knees.

He grinned down at her as she turned her eyes breathlessly up, and his fingers combed through her hair as his teeth drew back in a hungry gleam.

“I’ve got something for you to eat, little girl,” he purred.

He took out his cock, soft now, and rubbed it across her face. She moaned, licking weakly at it, and he pulled her hair up into a thick mass and gripped it with his fist, pulling her mouth against him, forcefully, but not harshly. She licked excitedly at his soft, plump cockhead, mouthing it, sucking on it, then licking her way up and down the flaccid shaft.

She mouthed his fat, hairy testicles, sucking and massaging them within her mouth, then his stiffening cock again.

As he hardened she had to ease back, and his grip, though tight, did not force her. She began to bob her lips up and down the front of his shaft as his dark eyes gleamed down at her.

“The last Black girl I had took me all the way down his throat,” he said. “I’ve never found a White girl who could do that.”

She moaned, a little startled, feeling inferior, suddenly. She couldn’t imagine how anyone could take such a massive cock all the way into her mouth, down her throat. Not that she, like most girls, hadn’t experimented with deep throating. But, like most, she’d given up after gagging uncomfortably a few times. Nor did she think she would have any more success with a cock as big as this one. So she merely redoubled her effort, sucking and licking as energetically as she could to give him what pleasure she could. Perhaps she wasn’t as good as that Black girl, but she knew she wasn’t bad either.

She pulled back, “M-My arms,” she panted, wanting them free so she could use her hands on him.

“I like you helpless on your knees before me,” he said with a grin,

pushing her mouth back over his cock. "Like my little White slave girl."

She moaned excitedly at the thought, sucking and bobbing on his thick cock as he twisted his fingers through her hair.

He pulled out suddenly. "Turn around and bend over, my little bitch," he growled.

She jerked in excitement, her chest tight, moaning as she obeyed, thinking as she did how slutishly, how wildly, lewdly excitingly this all was as she bent and shifted her knees apart.

She cried out as he entered her, her head and shoulders twisting and thrashing on the floor. But he gripped her hair to steady her, and pulled back, then pushed in again, hurting less this time. He worked her aching pussy open and then began to give it to her, to really give it to her.

Chloe had never had anyone use her like this before, had never experienced anything quite like it. She didn't normally like getting it from behind anyway, as it was too impersonal, and frankly, somewhat degrading. But now she felt him deep inside her, felt himself completely under his physical control. Her arms were still locked behind her back, and his big cock was just - just pounding into her belly.

She gasped, grunted, moaned, and let out soft, thrilled little cries of pain as his cock punched against her cervix again and again. She was being fucked like never before, and knew it would be something for her to remember forever.

God! God! God! He's so hard! So deep! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Her head rolled against the floor as he thrust furiously into her belly. His hands pulled at her hair or slapped at her bottom, or reached beneath to roughly fondle her breasts. And all the while his monstrous cock pounded into her like it would never stop. Her entire body was shaking and shuddering, her insides twisting and squirming with the intensity of the lust and wildfire sensory explosions he was setting off within her.

"Ah! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ahh! Ungh! Oh! Uhng!"

Her body shuddered and shook to the wild hammering of his hips, her head rolling from side to side as her mouth gulped in air desperately, her overheated body swimming in sweat as her insides heaved and roiled. And all the while the centre of her consciousness was on that great black spear ramming into her belly with relentless speed and force.

The come swept over her and she cried out in exultation, her lips drawn back, eyes closed as her body continued to shake to his wild, hammering thrusts. Her insides burned and a surge of fire swept up through her body to overwhelm her mind. Her cries were loud, helpless yelps of frenzied pleasure as he rode her through it and out the other side.

Where she went limp, dazed, moaning, exhausted, her muscles loosening in the languor of the powerful climax. Yet her body continued to shake and shudder, his big cock continued to thrust deep into her aching sex until - suddenly, he stopped.

She groaned in something like relief, then was picked up, carried across the room and into a huge bedroom.

The bed was a massive four poster with giant mahogany posts, sitting on

a low platform in the centre of the room. He threw her on the stage and she lay back, groaning, feeling like she were on a stage as he leered at her and crawled into bed with her. He rolled her onto her belly and then undid the knot of her shirt, and she felt the tight fabric loosening from her arms.

He pulled it free and she groaned in relief as her arms came loose, but then he rolled her back onto her back again and took her wrists, stretching them up and out above her head. He straddled her body, reaching forward, and the dazed, weary girl felt something cool and soft wrap around her right wrist. She cocked her head up and back as he released it, seeing a soft, leather strap bound to her wrist and to the corner of the post,.

She stared, startled at first, then feeling a mixture of anxiety and excitement as he did the same to her other wrists.

“I-Ian,” she gulped breathlessly. “I-I don’t know about - .”

“You’re my bitch for tonight, my little lass,” he said with a playful grin. “My sexy slave girl.”

Her belly thrilled to the words as he sat back, his hands gently caressing her bare breasts.

He eased downwards, then spread her legs apart, wide apart, for the bed was enormous, and brought up similar straps from the lower posts. Excited despite her anxiety, Chloe moaned, writhing weakly, pulling at the straps, feeling tremendously sexy and sexual as they held her tightly in place.

Ian stepped off the bed and with a leering, began to peel off his clothes. Off came the expense top, then the belt came open and the pants dropped. He kicked off his gleaming leather shoes and stepped out of his trousers. He reached down and peeled her silk top up and off, and Chloe’s eyes widened, her lower belly fluttering as she saw his magnificent chest, muscles flowering over it and down his washboard belly.

Her breath quickened as he pulled down his boxers and stepped out, straightening, naked, magnificent, every inch of him a perfection of male strength and sexuality. He climbed into the bed between her legs again and she stared up at him, eyes transfixed by his beauty as he let his hands glide over her firm young body.

She shuddered as he stroked and pinched her nipples, plucking at them till they stung, then mouthing them gently to suck and lick soothingly.

“I’m - I’m - so hot,” she gasped, her skin moist and glistening with perspiration.

“You certainly are,” he said, deliberately misunderstanding as his fingers caressed her sex.

He licked down her belly and began to tease her clitoris, his fingers plunging deep into her sopping belly as she squirmed and moaned and twisted and pulled at the straps.

“Oh! Oh Ian! God! Oh God! Put it in! Put it innnn,” she groaned.

He let his heavy body cover hers, but kept most of his weight off her. With her wrists and arms bound, she felt utterly confined, utterly helpless, totally at his mercy as his brown eyes bore into hers.

“Do you want my cock, little girl?” he growled.

“Yes! Yes!” she gasped.

“How much?” he teased.

“Please! Don’t tease me!”

“How much? Beg for it, my little love slave.”

“P-Please fuck me!” she gasped, chest heaving.

“What a way to talk,” he said in mock disapproval. “Are you a slut, little lass. Are you my slut?”

“Yes!” she moaned, writhing helplessly. “Fuck me!”

“Say it. Say you’re my slut.”

“I’m your slut!” she cried. “I’m your horny little slut whore!”

He pushed into her slowly and she mewled in delight.

“My slut,” he growled, nipping at her earlobe. “My hot, dirty little slut.”

His cock pushed deeper and deeper, and Chloe thrilled to the fullness, then he began to pump and her body gloried in his hard, deep thrusting.

She came, screaming, and thrilled to the thought he was coming with her, pouring his come into her belly.

Utterly drained, she closed her eyes as he half collapsed atop her. Then he rolled off, leaving her, and walked from the room, leaving her alone, staring up at the mirror on the roof above, wondering why she’d not noticed it before.

He returned in seconds, grinning casually, holding a drink in his hand as he climbed into bed between her legs.

“Did you like that, my little slut?” he asked, eyes gleaming.

She moaned in response and he chuckled throatily, then plucked an ice cube from his drink and touched it to her left nipple. She gasped and squirmed.

“Ian!” she moaned.

“Did you like it?”

“Yes!”

“Are you my hot, horny little slut tonight?”

“Y-Yes!” she gasped.

“My nasty little slave girl?”

“Y-Yes!”

He chuckled and brought the cube to her other nipple, circling it slowly as she squealed and writhed against her bonds.

“You’re hot and sweating, my little slut. I think I need to cool you off a little before the next round starts.”

The next round? God, I don’t know if can take more!

And then the ice cube rubbed over her stiff nipple and little droplets of icy water trickled slowly down her breasts, over her ribs. She squealed again, writhing, pulling at the straps, yet feeling a wild sense of excitement at what he was doing to her.

Graham smiled down at the girl as he toyed with her.

Stupid little git hasn’t a clue, he thought.

In the other room, Ian was relaxing and having a smoke and something to eat. The girl was his for the present, and his hands moved exultantly over her lush young body, fingers caressing and stroking the fine, downy skin.

He teased and taunted her with the ice cubes, sliding them down her belly, over her slit, over her clitoris itself, along her inner thighs, toying with her, letting her recover from the pounding his brother had just given her.

He let her sip from the glass, as well, to ease her thirst, and, of course, to keep her from sweating out too much of the alcohol she'd consumed.

Then he bent over her and stared down at her big blue eyes.

"Are you my slut?" he growled.

"Y-yes!" she panted.

"I am going to eat you up," he growled.

He started at her mouth, his lips and tongue and teeth trying to devour her, sucking, chewing, caressing as he rubbed his muscular torso against her soft, prone body. He worked his way slowly downwards, chewing, nipping, biting, licking, sucking at her throat and earlobes, then down to her breasts, biting lightly at her soft flesh, chewing on her areolas, sucking and licking at her nipples as his fingers skilfully kneaded her breasts.

He eased back, twisting her nipples, digging his nails into them until her face scrunched up in pain and she strained against the straps.

"Owww!"

He released them, bending, mouthing them, gently caressing them with his tongue until she relaxed again, then raised his head. He gripped her jaw painfully, crushing her lips with his, then eased off again, kissing more gently, then licking back to her breasts, pinching and twisting them before soothing them with his tongue and lips

Down further, across her belly, still wet with the melted ice, down between her legs, where his long, thick, powerful tongue drove her to edge of orgasm.

He eased up and back, kneeling, looming over her.

"Are you my slut?" he asked.

His big hand reached out, slapping her cheek lightly, but stinging.

"I - I'm your s-slut!" she gasped, chest heaving.

He grinned, licking at her again, setting her body writhing, her hips bucking.

"Are you my slut?" he asked again, slapping her cheek.

"Y-yes!"

He slapped the other cheek. "Say it."

"I - I-I - I'm..."

He slapped her cheek again.

"I'm your slut!" she cried out in a choked voice.

He fingered her swollen clitoris.

"Again, beautiful girl."

"I'm your slut! I'm your slut! I'm your slut!" she groaned.

He bent and took her clitoris into his mouth, and she began to cry out as her body shook to orgasmic pleasure, then another, then a third.

And then he entered her, thrusting powerfully, his heavy body covering her as he drove his hard cock deep into her belly again and again and again, riding her to another exhausting orgasm, through it, and out the other side. Still thrusting, still thrusting as he sat back on his heels and began to rub at

her clit, his hips thrusting forward as she came again, her head thrashing tiredly, her cries feverish and dazed.

He eased up then straddled her belly, sliding up slowly, fingers kneading her breasts, then higher. He raised his bottom as it crossed her breasts, shifting his knees wider as he reached down and grasped her head. He pulled it up and forward and filled her mouth with his cock.

“Suck. Suck, you lovely, beautiful, gorgeous little slut,” he growled.

She moaned and her lips pulled in as she sucked. He began to pump, slowly, pushing deeper and deeper into the dazed girl’s mouth. Then he leaned forward, letting her head fall back as he did, and thrust deep. He heard a muffled cry, quickly suppressed, and felt his cockhead slide into her throat, then push slowly down its length.

“Ahh, my lovely little slut,” he groaned.

He pulled her head up against his groin as he thrust down, burying his cock to the hilt in the girl’s throat, mashing her face into his groin and belly as she gurgled weakly beneath him and pulled against the straps.

He shifted his body further forward, bent far over now, his hands beneath her head as he began to thrust in and out, stroking his thick cock up and down in her helpless throat. He heard her gurgling, making soft, gagging sounds beneath him, but was too aroused, too excited to care now as he pumped faster and faster and faster, his balls slapping against her chin as he forced her head back and drove his cock straight down her throat.

He came with a groan, flooding her throat and belly with his juice, then relaxed his grip on her head, pulling his softening cock back up and out as she coughed and choked and gagged dazedly.

He left her and passed Ian on his way in. Then it was Ian’s turn to lap at her sweating body, to drink in her softness and beauty with hands and eyes. He stroked her gently, letting her recover from her ordeal, apologised, telling her only her beauty had driven him to such mad heights of excitement he had forgotten his maulers and gotten rough.

He turned her around, however, and then bound her wrists to the corners once more. Now he licked at the nape of her neck as his cock rubbed back and forth between her thighs and against her buttocks. He caressed her shoulders, bit them lightly, then licked a trail down her spine, spreading her buttocks apart as his tongue circled her anus.

She squealed and groaned and gasped and begged to no avail as his fingers worked at her clitoris and she began to roll and buck her hips in a helpless, grinding motion.

“No! No! No!” she moaned as she felt his big cock slowly pushing into her anus.

“Yes, yes, yes!” he teased.

He slapped at her bottom each time her anal muscles squeezed down, and the distraction allowed him to drive his thick cock deeper. He forced himself deep, then laid atop her, pulling her head back by the hair as he bit at the nape of her neck and pumped himself inside her rectum.

“My slut,” he breathed into her ear. “My bitch. My whore. My slave.”

His right hand slipped beneath her belly, his long middle finger

searching for her clit, finding it, and stroking gently as his hips rose and fell.

God, he loved how tight her arse was. Little slut! She had better get used to the feel of black cock up the arse! Like it or not!

He pumped faster, harder, and she groaned and squirmed and moaned in pain and discomfort, but her hips pushed back as the sex heat within her blossomed.

He looked up and back and made a face at the sight of Ian with the video camera. If the girl turned her head - but that wasn't likely just now, and he thrust harder, pushing his mouth in against the nape of her neck to push her head further in the other direction as his hips rose and fell, rose and fell, and then ground against her buttocks to twist himself around inside her.

"Tell me you love it, slut," he breathed, pulling at her hair, biting at the side of her throat.

"I-I love it!" she said in a choked voice.

"Slut."

She groaned as he thrust himself deep into her ass.

He pulled back, then thrust in again. "Whore," he growled.

He eased back onto his knees and let his fingers knead the soft flesh of her spread buttocks, then began to slap them, lightly at first, but building up to sharp, stinging slaps that had her gasping and moaning and yelping.

"Naughty little girl," he said. "Dirty, naughty, slutty little girl. You need a spanking, don't you? Don't you, slut?"

He pumped slowly in and out as he slapped at her bottom, turning it pink, then red, taunting her with his words, forcing her to echo them.

Three

Laura and Dale looked up as Chloe closed the door behind her.

"Well?" Dale demanded.

Chloe blushed a little. "Uhm, I went out after work."

"Obviously," Laura said with a smirk, looking at the bright sunlight falling on their balcony.

"Who was he? What was he like?" Dale demanded. "Give."

"His name is Graham. He's Scottish," Chloe said. "And he was..."

She flopped down exhaustedly on the sofa. "Amazing," she groaned.

The others made smirking faces.

"How amazing?" Dale said.

"You wouldn't believe it. He never stopped. He just kept going all night long. God! I've never had a more incredible sexual experience in my life!"

"Oooo. Sounds hot," Laura said appreciatively.

"I'm sore - all over," Chloe said.

They all giggled.

"So what's he look like?"

Chloe hesitated. "He's big - ."

The others grinned.

“There too,” she said. “Tall, muscular, handsome. He has a gorgeous accent. He’s uhm, older - .”

“How much older?” Laura asked.

“Well, not a lot. Thirty or so. He’s got a ton of money, too. You should have seen his place! Ohmygod! It’s like a mansion or something!”

“Wow.”

“And he’s Black.”

Neither of the other girls, desperately liberal as they were, showed any disapproval. Their eyes did widen a bit, though.

“Well, I’ve heard of Black Irish,” Laura said.

“That’s not the same thing,” Dale snorted, slapping her arm lightly.

“He was amazing,” Chloe said, leaning forward confidentially. “And - and he taught me how to deep throat!”

Now the others stared. “Get out of here!” Dale gasped.

“Shit,” Laura said, her mouth a round “o”.

“I wouldn’t have believed it myself if I hadn’t done it. I mean, he’s so big!”

“Didn’t you, like, have to throw up or something?” Anne asked, her face scrunched up.

“Not really. Well, a little. But only for a bit.”

“Holy shit. You’re becoming, like, a wild woman or something,” Dale said with a grin. “Way to go!”

“You have no idea! He was a wild man! I’m bruised.”

“So when do we get to meet this sexual dynamo?” Laura asked excitedly.

“Tonight. He’s going to drive me to work! Isn’t that nice?”

“You going out again afterwards?”

Chloe’s lips quirked up in a bashful grin. “Probably.”

She didn’t add that Graham had told her, with twinkling eyes, that she was to remove her pubic hair before tonight. He wanted her to feel his moist tongue against her sex without any hair getting in the way. The idea had shocked her only a little. After all, with the high cut thongs and bikinis she wore her pussy hair had already been reduced to very thin dark line. Being completely naked, though, had always seemed so - so slutty.

But for Graham she would do it.

“That worked pretty good,” Ian said, looking over his brother’s shoulder.

Graham was at the video machines, editing and splicing together imagines from the video cameras they’d secreted above and next to the bed. The girl’s cries of passion filled the air, and he reached over to turn down the sound.

“Yes. I’m bringing her back again tonight. I think she’ll deserve a spanking, don’t you?”

“Naughty girls always need to be spanked,” Ian said with a feral leer.

“But nothing too heavy yet,” Graham warned. “Once I establish the spanking as sexual, and make her like it I can slap her little ass any time she

does or says anything out of line. That will get her used to obedience.”

“I can get her used to obedience a lot faster,” Ian said.

“Don’t be lazy, Ian. Besides, if we do it my way we’ll have a servant we won’t have to worry about running off on us. We can let her look after the slut, the er, appliance, do the cleaning and such, and not even pay her.”

“You think you’ll get this slut of yours to accept the appliance?” Ian asked, eyebrows rising. “I don’t see how.”

“You, of all people should know the depths of self-delusion females are capable of.”

“Maybe. It’ll be a neat trick, though.”

Graham shook his head, turning the sound back up. “Listen to this stupid cunt scream,” he snorted. “What a cheap, fucking whore!”

“This is Graham,” Chloe said, a trifle nervously. “Graham, these are my roommates Dale and Laura.”

“Ladies,” Graham said, bowing slightly and smiling.

The girls grinned and half giggled as they greeted him, eyes wide, and Graham had little doubt the slut had regaled them with stories of his incredible stamina. Women, after all, were whores who had no shame. He felt a simmering anger, knowing they had discussed his body, his cock, how good he was in bed. Of course it would have been complimentary, but that was hardly the point. He smiled at the whore and thought about giving her the back of his hand for her impertinence.

“And would you ladies like to join us later?” he asked smoothly.

“I’m going out,” Laura said.

“I have a ton of stuff I have to get done tonight,” Dale sighed.

“Everything from laundry to cooking to washing my hair.”

“Ah well, another time. Don’t er, wait up. We’ll be - late, quite late,” he said with a cocky grin which drew more giggles.

The short one, with the long hair. What a lovely little body she had, he thought. Perhaps worth taking a strip off her. For that matter, the tall one with her slender body - and blonde hair - interested him, as well. She seemed sleek and superior, just the kind of snotty white whore he loved to take down a few pegs.

He took Chloe’s hand and raised it up to his lips, turning it and brushing his lips across the knuckles. “Come, luv, time to go or you’ll be late for work.”

He led her down to the Mercedes, opening the door for her and seeing her inside, then passed around front and got in beside her. She was looking down at her skirt, another kilt, but slightly shorter.

“I hope this isn’t too short,” she said worriedly.

His hand was immediately thrust between her legs and cupping her sex, and she yelped and gasped, head jerking up and around to meet his grin.

“There’s no such thing as too short a skirt on a beautiful girl,” he said, his deep voice a purr as his fingers gently kneaded her mons.

“G-Graham!” she gasped, her head twisting around and looking up at the building.

“I don’t think they can see anything from your window,” he said, his

arm sliding behind her head and pulling her lips to his. She moaned as their lips met, feeling a wave of sexual excitement and electricity roll over her. She felt his fingers slide down beneath the skirt, up her inner thighs, and then into her panties, fingers stroking her sex.

“Ahh, that feels much nicer,” he said, his fingers running along her carefully shaved sex lips.

“G-G-Graham!” she moaned.

“Getting you hot and bothered, dirty girl?” he whispered, chewing on her earlobe.

“Oh God!”

He gripped the front of her panties and tore them off.

“Graham!”

“That’s what I think of too short skirts,” he growled.

He pulled away from her, taking the torn panties with him, started the car, and pulled away from the skirt.

“Graham! I can’t go to work without panties!”

He grinned tauntingly.

“You’ll have to go back.”

“Not a bloody chance. I want to be sitting at a table in that pub and watching you and knowing you’ve got nothing on under that little kilt.”

Chloe felt a surge of heat between the legs.

“What if someone sees?” she said anxiously.

“Sees what? You planning on lifting your skirt for someone other than me?”

“Well no but - .”

“Then there’s nothing for anyone else to see.”

He drove her to the pub, then turned to her as he parked, drawing her into his arms. His fingers unerringly slipped between her legs, penetrating her moist body, stroking expertly along her quivering clitoris as their lips moved together. He rubbed her to the edge of orgasm, until her flushed face was drawn back in a straining grimace of pleasure, then halted.

“Graham!”

“Don’t want to be late.”

He left the car, pulling her after him, and she moaned as he led her up to the door.

“I’ll see you later,” he said, grinning.

The problem was he’d made himself hot, too, and he didn’t fancy waiting eight hours until he could get the little slut back to his place. He drove the Mercedes towards a club he’d heard of, then stopped and smiled, turning and heading in another direction. The little slut with the long hair was home alone if he’d recalled correctly.

An experimental playing was one thing, but he wasn’t about to give up the old ways either.

He parked the Mercedes at the curb and looked up at the building, then at his watch. He had plenty of time.

He popped the trunk and took out a travel trunk, dropping it on its wheels and pulling it after him as he walked up the stairs. It was a busy

building. It only took a minute for someone to exit and he grabbed the door to go in behind them. Then he was outside the girls' door, the trunk pressed against the wall out of sight as he knocked.

Dale answered it, surprised as she cocked her head back to look up at him.

"Chloe forgot her purse," he said regretfully.

"Oh uh - ."

The girl turned around, looking at their living room, and Graham slipped in and closed the door behind him. When she turned her eyes back he was right up against her, and his arms went behind her as she started to back up.

"No hurry," he said with a leer. "We have hours."

"Wha - hey! Let go of me!"

Instead he picked her up as though she was a doll and set her down on a nearby table.

"Get aw- ."

His lips crushed hers, his head enveloping her tiny head as he bore her backwards. Her small hands pushed feebly against him as he leaned into her, his tongue pushing against her mouth. Her eyes were wide as she struggled with increasing desperation to push him back.

He drew back suddenly, then slapped her face violently, throwing her upper body back against the wall behind the table. Without hesitation he brought his arm sweeping back, backhanding her face even as she bounced forward off the wall, throwing her back again, dazed, blood in her mouth and nose.

He gripped the tank top pressed tightly against her breasts and ripped it apart, shredding it and baring her bare breasts. He growled, filling his hands, squeezing hard so the girl sobbed in pain and bucked against him. Again he slapped her face, throwing her back, again he backhanded her, his hand fast, the blows savage.

His hands reached down, yanking on her loose sweat pants, lifting her bottom up off the table, yanking the sweat pants up her legs and off in a fast, violent motion. Her panties shredded like tissue, and again he slapped her face, this time with his other hand, throwing the dazed girl's upper body back hard against the wall.

"Fucking whore!" he spat.

He closed mighty hands around her slender throat and squeezed, drawing her face forward, watching as her eyes began to bulge. Her hands batted feebly against him, pulled helplessly at his rock hard wrists. She began to tremble and shake as her face turned red, then white and he watched her eyes get glassy.

"Obey me or die!" he snarled, his lips inches from her face.

He let her breath and she slumped back, gasping, coughing, gulping in air, her hands against her aching throat.

He bent over her, licking and sucking at her full breasts, biting at her nipples, his big fingers digging harshly, hungrily into the soft flesh. He bent further, licking down her belly, ripping her legs wide to bare her sex, then

bending to lick at it, grunting and growling as he ran his fat tongue up and down her tight slit.

“P-Please!” she croaked.

He exploded upwards, his fingers lunging at her throat, closing around it again, once more shutting off her air supply as he yanked her forward. He made his eyes bulge, made himself seem insane, terrifying.

“Not one word!” he hissed. “Not one fucking word! Not one!”

He shook her as he snarled at her. “One more word and I tear your fucking throat out!”

Don’t overdue it, he thought. But then, the girl seemed suitably terrified and cowed, so perhaps he was doing just fine.

He yanked her off the table, loosening his choking grip on her throat, but still holding it between his hands, forcing her up to the tip of her toes as he bent to place his snarling face inches from hers.

“How do you and the other sluts leave messages for each other?” he hissed.

She stared at him, appalled, shocked, horrified, trembling.

He shook her violently. “I asked you a fucking question!”

“W-w - n-not on t-the f-fridge!” she sobbed.

He pinned her head against his chest, his arm around her throat as he marched her into the kitchen. There was a whiteboard held to the refrigerator by a magnet, a small dry marker sitting atop the freezer. He snatched it up and opened it, then thrust it into her small, shaking hand.

“Write this,” he said. “Gone to parents for a couple of days. Will call.”

She stared at him, eyes enormous, face pale, blood dripping from her nose.

“Say one word,” he growled, pointing a finger at her.

He took her wrist and held her hand up to the board.

“Write!”

She wrote the words, but they were shaky, and he snarled angrily and wiped it off.

“Again!”

Terrified, she wrote the words again, more carefully, and he quickly snatched her arms and forced her wrists back behind her, then drew a leather lace from the pocket of his blazer and bound them tightly together. Tears were coursing down her cheeks now, and he felt his cock stirring mightily, throbbing and pressing up against his trousers.

I have time.

He reached up and undid her hair, which was pulled into a fat, tight bun, then combed it out with his fingers, letting it spill down her back over her buttocks.

He spun her around and wound the hair around his fist as he forced her to her knees.

“Did your whore friend tell you how I rammed my cock down her throat?” he demanded, leering, still looking insane as he undid his trousers.

Her huge eyes stared up at him, startled, but he saw the answer in them.

“Now you’re going to swallow this nigger cock, White bitch! Or I’ll

fucking tear your head off!”

She cried out in pain as he yanked back on her hair, her mouth opening. He thrust his cock into it, filling her mouth with black meat.

“Lick it, whore! Suck on it!”

Oh how he loved the look of terror on a white whore’s face!

Cooperate, that’s what she’s thinking. Don’t make the crazy nigger hurt you.

“Suck!” he spat.

He watched her cheeks pull in, felt the suction against his cockhead. Her tongue was licking frantically along the head as he began to pump. He pushed deeper and deeper by slow increments, feeling his arousal heightened not only by her sucking and tongue work but the growing terror in her face.

“Dirty whore. You want to live you’ll obey!” he snarled.

He pushed his cockhead against the back of her mouth, making her gag, then pulling back. He pushed forward again, and again made her gag, and again, and again, almost giggling to himself as her face became red and she choked and gagged on his fat meat.

“Get ready to swallow it, you filthy, fucking whore!” he snarled.

“You’re going to take every last inch of nigger cock down your throat!”

He spread his legs and tightened his grip on the whore’s head and hair, then lunged forward, pulling on her small head, feeling a delicious sense of power and excitement even as his cockhead punched through into her tight throat. The girl squirmed and writhed, but he held her easily in place as he slowly forced her face up the length of his cock until he could grind her nose into his groin.

“Ahhh,” he groaned. “That’s it, slut. Suck on that nigger cock!”

She could not, of course, could only twist and thrash and writhe desperately as the fat black cock filled her throat and shut off her breathing.

He left it there, then pulled slowly back, revelling in her helplessness and terror, in his possession of the lovely young thing.

His cock came free and she coughed and choked and gasped for breath. He grinned, leered down at her, then thrust his cock back into her mouth. Now he began riding her face, forcing her head back sharply, his hips working up and down, in and out as he raped her mouth and throat.

Mine by conquest!

This was the way all strong men should live their lives, he thought excitedly, taking what they want, when they wanted it, showing these weak, ignorant sluts just what they were good for.

He rammed his cock deep, jamming the girl’s face into his groin, wanting to smother her with his cock, but wanting to come more. He pulled out, letting his cock sit in front of her mouth.

“Swallow it!” he snarled. “You spill one fucking drop and I’ll rip you apart!”

His come spout out into her open mouth, a veritable flood of white as it sluiced over her tongue. She swallowed, and swallowed again, and then again as he continued to pump into her.

He groaned in relief, paused, then tightened his grip on her hair, forcing

the gasping, sobbing girl to her feet. He held her with one hand and rammed the other into her belly, a hard, fat, heavy fist that sent the breath exploding from her lungs and folded her to her knees again.

He left her and returned to the door, opening it and taking in the trunk, then carrying it over to where she lay on her side gasping helplessly. He opened it and took out another pair of leather laces, tying her ankles together. She was still trying desperately to get her breath back and had no effort left to resist him as he lifted her and folded her up and jammed her into the trunk, pushing her knees against her face and folding her bound ankles in beneath.

He closed the top of the trunk on her and snapped the catches in places, then looked around the apartment. He found a suitcase in her room and filled it with clothes, including the ones he'd torn up, then carried it out to the car. He returned for the girl, locking the door behind him as he wheeled the trunk out to the car, opened the rear door, and boosted it into the back seat.

He closed it and drove back to his place, knowing Ian would appreciate the fine new toy they had just acquired.

Chloe served the beer and picked up the glasses, nervously bending forward just a bit to scoop off the empties. She'd been working hours now and still felt nervous - and aroused at her lack of panties. She felt so slutty! And the thought of what she and Graham would do after work was making her belly flutter with excited anticipation.

God, he was such a gentleman! Rich, handsome, sophisticated! And an animal in bed! A brute! A savage! What more could a girl ask for? She could hardly believe her good fortune. Even her parents, who were not exactly liberals, would be hard pressed to find much wrong with Graham.

She thought of Derek, her last boyfriend, thin, shuffling, slouching, scraggly beard, rings in his eyebrows, no job. Oh how her parents had hated him. She felt a surge of pride at how impressed Laura and Dale had been. They knew a fine catch when they saw one.

One large, terrifying, violent, nearly insane man was bad enough. But now there were two! Dale felt her heart sink into despair as she was yanked out of the trunk and confronted with the two big Black man, both naked, both leering cruelly at her. She screamed as she was literally dragged up and out of the trunk by her hair and flung on the floor.

"Crawl into the house, White bitch!" one said with a sneer, pointing at an open door.

Dale gasped, panting, eyes enormous as she looked up from the cold, stone garage floor.

"Please I - "

A kick to her belly drove the air from her and she was flung rolling over and over to land up against the nearby wall.

"If we want you to speak we'll tell you, white slut!"

The Black men leered at her, and she saw each moving forward, each holding what she at first took to be short, narrow bats or rods meant for beating her. Gulping in air, half sobbing from the pain, she tried to bend into a foetal position, to somehow protect some of her vulnerable body.

"Crawl to the door, slut!"

One of them reached out with the metal bat, touching it to her hip, and a shocking crackle of electricity arched through her pelvis. She screamed, flung forward along the wall and floor, soft breasts scraping along the cold stone.

“Crawl, whore!” one sneered.

“Crawl, slut!” the other leered.

“Crawl, bitch!”

“Crawl, dog!”

Another touch and she screamed again, twisting and thrashing across the floor. Panting, wild eyed, sobbing, she writhed desperately forward on her belly, her hips rolling and legs flailing in a frantic effort to push her towards the doorway. The two Black men padded up beside her, bordering her, leering down.

“Crawl, White girl!”

One of the rods touched her left foot and Dale screamed, thrown forward along the floor.

“Crawl, fuck toy!”

She screamed again as one of the rods was thrust between her thighs and jabbed painfully against her soft mons, then shot fire into her groin.

Her breasts throbbed and burned as they were scraped along the floor, but the pain maddened, terrified girl continued to twist and writhe forward as violently as she could, casually pursued by the two leering, sneering men.

She reached the door, her head, then breasts, rolling and twisting through onto soft carpet. Then two strong hands closed around her ankles, lifting them into the air, and dragging her bodily back into the garage, back along the full length of the stone floor, her breasts crushed beneath her.

They dropped her feet, and grinned down at her.

“Crawl, dog!”

“Crawl for the door!”

“Crawl, White whore!”

The batons pushed down and Dale howled, throwing herself forward as one touched her left breast and the other her right leg. Again he writhed and twisted and crawled along the stone towards the door, sobbing miserably, gasping in pain, screaming whenever one of the metal rods was touched against her body. She reached the door. Her head wriggled through the doorway, then her shoulders, her hips.

She screamed as they caught at her ankles and dragged her backwards, tears of misery and pain and terror spilling from her eyes as they dragged her back. Then, at the far end, the men lifted her ankles higher, and till higher, lifting her completely off the floor.

Dark eyes were filled with cruelty as Graham and Ian looked at her, then each other. Each large man had a fast of iron fastened around one of the small girl's slender ankles. They pulled apart, spreading her legs, spreading farther, laughing as she writhed and sobbed and called out in piteous fear and pain. Yet they forced her legs farther still, easily holding her small ankle, easily supporting her light weight.

Graham brought his shock baton down and pressed against her left

breast, jabbing painfully into the soft flesh, then spat an agonizing bolt of electricity into the screaming girl. Ian let his caress her spine, his thumb pressed lightly again and again on the trigger button to send fast, sharp little shocks through the howling girl's writhing body.

They eyed each other again, grinned, and raised the batons, then brought them against her open sex and anus. They pulled her legs even farther apart, spreading them at a ninety degree angle, almost straight out to either side. Ian sent sharp little shocks into her anus as he held the tip of the baton against the wrinkled anal opening. Graham jabbed his against her clitoris and did the same.

The girl was screaming non-stop, her voice a shrieking, undulating wail of agony and terror. The brothers thrust and the batons pushed into her belly, twisted, pushed deeper, and then still deeper, heedless of the bruising of her tender inner flesh. Then the buttons were pressed simultaneously - and held.

The girl, barely same, now seemed to lose her mind, and they held tightly to her ankles as the rest of her bounced and thrashed and twisted, convulsions wracking her slim, pale young body. Her screams became unfocused animal shrieks, a quavering, warbling howl of mindless pain which then abruptly shut off as her body went limp.

The brothers looked at each other. Ian arched an eyebrow.

"What a fun little toy she'll be," he said.

"Indeed."

They laid her down and Ian wrapped her hair around his wrist again and again, delighted at its length. He used it to lift the unconscious girl's head off the floor, then her shoulders and chest, holding her in place.

"We can have a lot of fun with this hair."

"I say we shave it all off. I bet she'll be most unhappy."

"Later."

"Holding her head and shoulders off the floor by the hair, Ian rose and dragged her along the floor after him, dragging her into the house, then down a flight of stairs. Her body bounced lightly on the stairs as he led her to the long, low basement he and Graham had set up as a play room.

The appliance was against the wall. Her entire body was encased in skin-tight leather, from her hooded head to her thigh high boots with stiletto heels. She had been ordered to stand in place unmoving, and she had done so for most of the day. The men ignored her, noticing her no more than they did the hot water heater.

"How quick do you think we can completely shatter her mind?"

Graham asked.

Ian smirked. "A pampered little middle class White girl like this? Very quickly."

They held smelling salts under Dale's nose and she groggily jerked away, moaning dazedly. A quick shock to the back of the neck made her shudder and jerk violently. Then her body began to tremble and shake as her eyes fluttered open.

They waited until they caught some glimpse of recognition in her eyes, until some inner sense told them the girl was conscious again. Then they bent

and, as one, began to scream into her face, snarling, enraged, terrifying the helpless naked girl as she lay cringing and sobbing on the floor.

“Fucking whore!”

“Filthy slut!”

“Stinking little racist white bitch!”

“Suck my cock!”

“Suck it! Suck cock, you fucking bitch!!”

Screaming and snarling at her, the two enormous men yanked at Dale’s hair simultaneously, dragging the dazed, terrified girl to her knees before them. Their cocks thrust at her face, jabbing at her eyes and nose and mouth as she sobbed helplessly. One cock found her mouth, forcing her lips back and wide. She gulped and choked as the fat cockhead slid along her tongue, jabbed against the roof of her mouth, then found her throat and plunged down.

Her body bucked violently, but they laughed and held her head easily in place, forcing inch after inch of fat, gleaming cock through her straining lips and down her slender throat. One of them moved directly before her, clamping both ears, ramming her face up into his groin, burying his cock in her throat. Laughing, he yanked her head back, then pulled it forward again, faster and faster, her helpless young body jerking back and forward as her eyes began to glaze over from lack of air.

But it was no part of their plan to let the girl drift off into merciful darkness, and he yanked his cock out then gave her the back of his hand, sending her flying back onto the floor on her back, gasping and choking and coughing. The other was upon her at once, straddling her trembling body, reaching down to grasp her head and yank it up and forward as he plunged his cock through her gaping mouth.

Her feet thumped and jerked on the floor as he leaned into her, forcing his cock deep into her throat, his big hands behind her head lifting her face up and forward as he straddled her upper chest.

“Suck that cock, whore! Suck!”

“Eat it, slut!” the other shouted, leaning over. **“Eat nigger cock!”**

The brother atop her was yanking her face up and back again and again, raping her throat violently, dazing her with the hard slaps of her face into his groin, with the pain in her throat, with the lack of oxygen.

He pulled out and the other gripped her hair, wrapping it around his wrist and lifting her up and forward, then dragging her along the floor. He whirled her around in circles, faster and faster, until he released her and she went flying and tumbling into the corner. Laughing, the other brother dragged her back by the ankles.

“Kneel! Kneel, you fucking whore!” he screamed into her face.

“Get on your fucking knees!” the other raged, his spittle wetting her dazed face.

“Face down! Get your ass up, whore! Spread those legs!” they screamed, slapping at her, kicking the terrified girl into place.

“You got her mouth first so I get her cunt,” Ian said in a calm voice.

He moved behind her and slapped his big black hand down on her bottom.

“Raise that ass, you white whore!” he shouted.

Graham moved before her and let his bare foot press down on the back of her neck, grinding her face into the floor as his brother rubbed his fat, glistening cockhead up and down the girl’s bare slit.

Ian slipped his fingers into the girl, roughly spreading her sex open, then guided his cock through the straining labia and into the narrow opening. He gripped her hips, digging his hard fingers into the soft pale flesh, then forced his cock forward. He felt the pressure of resistance, her tight tube straining around the fat cock as he forced it through. He looked down, smiling, loving the sight of her sex lips straining wide around his massive girth.

This is what it means to be a man!

He sneered down at the girl he owned, the girl he had beaten into submission, the female submitting to him, willingly or not, his to do with as he chose.

He thrust forward and the girl let out a broken sob and cry of pain. He slapped her bottom and reached forward for her hair, loving that it was long and thick enough to fill his hand, to wrap around his wrist. He yanked hard, and she screamed in pain. Graham lifted his foot off her neck and he yanked again, lifting her head, then her shoulders off the floor, holding them in mid-air as he rammed his hips forward, filling her pussy with hard Black meat.

He thought of all the history he had learned, the way his people had been conquered, used, made into slaves and serfs by the White man, and his lips pulled back into a sneer of revenge and pride.

“Fucking bitch whore,” he snarled.

He yanked on her hair and lifted her head higher, then reached forward, gripping a soft warm breast, crushing it in his powerful fingers, grinding his hips into her soft little bottom as she sobbed and twisted and cried out in hopeless pain and misery.

He began to thrust, to tear his cock in and out, using it as a weapon, as a spear of revenge, driving it deep into the girl’s belly, changing angles, thrusting it up and down, left and right, slapping at her bottom, at her breast, and still yanking back on her long hair as he rode her savagely.

“Take the slut’s throat, man!” he growled.

Graham knelt, pointing his erection at the girl’s wide open mouth, and thrust forward, silencing her. He laughed as her eyes momentarily bulged, then his cock was buried in her mouth and throat and her face was jammed into his belly.

“Think we got another appliance here, man,” he said with a laugh.

“We don’t need another appliance,” Ian snarled. “One of them’s gotta go.”

The two worked their powerful hips in and out with brutal speed and force, crushing the bound girl between them, their hands moving roughly, groping, squeezing, slapping and pinching as their cocks stabbed into her from either direction.

Graham walked into the pub and sat in a small, corner booth, slumping back and watching Chloe. He gave her a smile and a wink, and she grinned back.

Fucking whore.

What would they do with these bitches, he wondered. He and Ian had made some friends among the local street dealers where they bought their drugs. It would take little effort to get the bitch high on crack or something and give her to a local pimp. He thought about the pretty young woman forced to strut up and down a dark street half naked, selling herself to anyone who wanted her, and smiled thinly.

But that was too good for her, for them. The drugs would dull their minds; ease the humiliation, the shame, the misery. Maybe he could get them to Mexico, or somewhere else south of the border, where there were few laws to stop men with money. Maybe he could find an A-rab to buy them and put them in his harem.

But that thought didn't appeal. He hated Arabs. Arabs had enslaved his people long before the Whites showed up. Maybe, he thought idly, he could find a nice A-rab girl, one of those haughty sluts covered all over in a bed sheet and strip her naked, turn her into a semen milking machine, have her fucking men, women, animals. Then he could send videos to her parents. He grinned at the thought.

He sat in the pub for an hour, watching her, taunting her, knowing she was hot and aroused, that the absence of panties made her feel anxious, wicked and daring, and his presence made her hot and excited. And he stoked that fire whenever she came near his table.

He motioned to her and she ignored him, briefly, then came over as though he were just another customer.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"How are you doing, slut?" he asked in a soft voice.

"Fine," she gulped, eyes going wide.

"I want you to do something for me. After you get me a beer, go and sit back on that stool there at the edge of the bar, and lift your skirt up and spread your legs."

Her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped.

"No one can see you from there but me."

She licked her lips, her eyes darting nervously about.

"Do it, my lovely slut," he whispered. "I want to see that naked cunt of yours."

The obscenity seemed somehow shocking and exciting coming from him.

And so she did as he ordered, fetching him his beer, then shifting stools, sitting on one slightly further back, protected from sight of the bartender, and most of the pub by the curved bar. He slouched back, smirking slightly as her head jerked this way and that repeatedly, then her fingers - trembling - eased her short skirt up to bare her naked, hairless pussy.

Her face was red and she continued to jerk her eyes about like an

anxious cat, but he could tell she was getting roused, too as she spread her legs wide and showed him her cunt.

Slut whore.

He smiled at her. You're going to be my whore, and when I hurt you you'll beg for more.

He looked around, as if being careful, as if it were a game between just the two of them, then motioned her over again. Eyes alive, the girl slipped off her stool, and, blushing, made her way across the room, ostensibly to the table nearby, then casually circling back.

He reached out and took her hand, and slipped the dildo he'd taken out of his pocket into it.

"Put this inside you," he said in a low growl.

She looked down at her hand and blanched, her jaw dropping.

"Graham, I can't - ."

"Do it," he growled, his eyes intense.

Then he shifted accents, bringing up that of a ghetto street gangster, teasing her. "You be ma bitch, girl," he said in a low voice. "You be ma ho. I be putting you on the street tonight to sell your booty to anyone wants a taste."

Her face flushed; shocked, excited, anxious, embarrassed.

"Go back the edge of the bar, babe, and slide that inside that lovely little hole of yours."

He jerked his head, motioning her away, letting her know the discussion was over. He didn't want her getting into the habit of arguing with him.

Hiding the dildo up her sleeve, she made her way back to the bar. It was near enough to closing that the bar was mostly empty. The bartender was chatting with a long time customer at the other end.

Chloe felt her heart pounding, her pulse racing.

Omygod! Ohmygodohmygod!

She gazed at the dildo, a large, black rubber penis with veins and a fat head. It was smaller than Graham's, but still large, and thick. The thought of putting it in while he watched was incredibly arousing. But doing it in the bar!?

She knew Black men were incredibly sexual beings, though, and felt the urgency of not showing herself as a silly, childish White girl. No doubt Black girls did all sorts of kinky things for their men, like deep throating. If she was too shy, too inhibited, he might dump her for a Black girl.

Taking a deep breath, she spread her legs on the stool, slumping low, her head cocked back to see the customers in the front of the bar, making sure none were near. She raised her skirt, blushing fiercely as she revealed her newly shaven sex to him. She rubbed the dildo along her sex lips, feeling the moisture seeping from within slickening the sex toy. She twisted the angle, glanced over her shoulders and slowly eased the big black cock into her body.

God, I'm going to come!

The thought frightened her, and drew her back from the edge. Yet she was hot, perspiring with the heat inside her. Her heart was still pounding and anxiety and fear of discovery gripped her almost as deeply as her arousal. She

pushed harder on the dildo, afraid of someone coming around the bar to watch TV, seeing it half sticking out of her pussy, her legs spread wide.

She pulled it back, pumped it in, flushing as he watched from twenty feet away, embarrassed but hugely aroused.

What a slut I am, she thought excitedly.

She worked the dildo deeper, grunting with effort, slouching more, spreading her legs, her head cocked back, watching the other customers, assuming as casual an air as she could as she forced the fat cock deeper into her belly. And then she had it almost all inside her, just a bit protruding through her taut sex lips. She moaned softly, rubbing her fingers over the base, and over her swollen clitoris.

Her heart skipped a beat as Graham stood up and walked over to her. Again her head swivelled, heart pounding, as she checked to see who might be looking, who might be wondering - .

“Excuse me, miss,” he said, standing to one side of where she sat. “How late does the restaurant normally go?”

His hand slipped between her legs and his fingers pressed against the base of the dildo.

Chloe gasped, swallowed and tried to keep her voice steady.

“T-Till ten,” she said.

“Ah, I’ll know next time.”

The head of the dildo was jammed inside her, painfully deep, cramps making her gasp. Graham seized the edges of the base, pulling the dildo out, out farther, then farther still.

“This is a lovely pub,” he said.

He thrust it back in, and began to pump it, using his wrist and hand, hardly moving his arm at all.

“I-I like it,” she gasped.

“Nothing like a quiet little Scottish pub,” he said. “Bloody Irish think they’ve got everything, but the Scots know how to drink properly.”

He thrust in and out, in and out, hard, fast, deep, and Chloe trembled, perspiration matting her hair against the side of her head as she moaned low in her throat. It was like he was fucking her right there in front of everyone! Of course, if he’d been standing directly in front of her everyone would notice, would know, would - but he was fucking her nonetheless, and she almost panicked as she felt her orgasm begin to roll over her.

Graham glanced up the length of the bar. The bartender remained locked in earnest conversation with an older fellow. Neither was looking towards the far end of the bar. There were two men sitting at a table in the window past them, and a man and a woman sitting at another table behind the fellow at the bar. Closer, there were three men at a table not ten feet up the length of the bar. The big screen TV was on and playing to the empty tables and booths behind him. Soft music was playing from a radio behind the bar.

He thrust the dildo up into the girl’s belly, knowing it would hurt, and heard her gasp of pain. He yanked it back, thrust it in again - hard, and knew that he had again made her insides ache.

“My hot little slut,” he said in a low voice.

Her come rolled over her, and she trembled and shook, folding her arms across her chest and trembling, her lips clamped tightly together as he thrust the dildo into her again and let his thumb roll back and forth across her clitoris. Her hips bucked and jerked and her legs jerked wide, again, again, again, her lower body shaking violently, her shoulders trembling, her eyes wide with fear and excitement.

She sagged weakly as the orgasm faded, and he buried the dildo between the lips of her sex, feeling them half close behind it.

“Keep that inside you, slut,” he growled softly.

He returned to his table, and watched her. It took her a few minutes before she was able to stand and then, face flushed, she made her way awkwardly around the bar to clear the glasses off the tables. Her walk was slow, almost a shuffle as she kept her legs as close together as possible. He grinned at the thought of the dildo dropping out. Small chance given how tight her pussy was and how thick it was, but the thought amused him. She’d be utterly mortified.

When she saw the whip Dale’s lower lip began to tremble, and she began to cry again. She had never known violence, never known pain, never known this kind of horrific abuse, and had nothing in her experience to help her cope with it.

“Please don’t!” she half sobbed.

He smiled, his teeth gleaming.

“For speaking, I double your punishment.”

Tears flooded down her cheeks and Dale half collapsed against the post, sobbing as she looked up at her arms above, her wrists pulled behind the post and tied in place.

The long coiled whip flicked out and she screamed as it cut across her lower back, leaving a trail of fire behind.

“Please!” she screamed, forgetting she must not talk. “Oh God please! I’ll do anything you want!”

“Triple punishment!” he yelled.

The whip slashed across her shoulders and she shrieked as it drove her into the post, her legs falling out from under her as all the muscles and nerves in her body seemed to spasm at the terrible shock of the pain.

The next blow cut diagonally across her upper back, the following cut horizontally across her lower back. She screamed at each blow, tears spilling down her cheeks as she pulled frantically at the ropes binding her wrists in place. Another shocking, jagged blast of pain shook her body and mind, and then another, and another, each blow slamming her into the rough wooden post, knocking her off her feet.

As the welts rose on her back and the whip continued to fall the ugly red lines began to fill her pale back, criss crossing each other up and down its length. Her cries diminished, her flaming back unable to produce more agony than she was already feeling. Ian, scowling, held back his arm from another blow and moved forward. He would give her a break, then resume.

He moved up behind her.

“White whore!” he hissed. “This is just the first of the whippings you’ll get!”

He held the whip in a tight fist, reversed it, and thrust the handle between her legs, jamming it against her anus. She moaned and her head fell back, jaw slack as she sobbed in pain.

“Fucking slut! You love that nigger cock, don’t you?” he hissed.

He forced the fat handle up into her anus, pumping it in and out, sneering at her as he reached around and began to finger her newly shaven sex.

“You’re going to be gang raped for the rest of your life, whore!” he sneered.

He bit hard into the cartilage of her left ear, and she cried out in pain.

He rammed the handle up into her anal tube, laughing at her pain.

“Maybe I shouldn’t be so soft on you. Maybe I should teach you what real pain is.”

He pulled the whip out and pressed his cock against her anus, then thrust it hard and deep, half lifting her off her rubbery legs. He dropped the whip, seized her thighs in his hands, his big fingers almost encircling them. He jerked her legs back and apart, and crammed every last inch of his cock up into her ass.

“You like that, slut? You like having a big Black cock up your arse!?”

He ground his pelvis against her bottom, feeling her muscles milk him as he pumped slowly in and out.

“This is what you’re going to get from now on, slut! From now on!”

She was on her toes, at best, much of her weight born on her wrists, much of the rest by his tight grip around her upper thighs. He began to pump into her with hard, deep strokes, loving how small and round and firm her white bottom was, how utterly helpless she was before him.

He leaned into her, closing his lips, then his teeth on her soft flesh, biting painfully deep into her shoulders and throat and ears just to hear her cries of pain.

All the while his cock reamed her out, pounding cruelly in and out of her round little back hole, skewering her so that she cried out with each deep thrust.

“Ah! Ah! Ah!” he grunted, spilling himself inside her, groaning with pleasure as he emptied his seed in the girl’s belly.

He felt himself softening, and eased back, then reached above her to her bound wrists, untying them. The girl would have fallen had he not caught her by the hair. Her fresh cries made his cock throb anew.

“Think it’s finished?” he asked with an evil cackle. “Not hardly, slut.”

He turned her around, grinning down at her through cruel eyes, forcing her wrists up and back again, then behind the post. He moved behind her and bound them tightly in place, then moved around in front and scooped up the whip again.

“Nice tits,” he said.

The girl’s red, tear stained face stared back, eyes desperate for any sign of humanity, and finding none.

He drew the whip back and sent it slashing forward across her belly.

Fresh pain scoured her mind and she screamed, her head flung back, hitting the post, her legs jerking momentarily to either side, her feet slipping off the floor.

“Bitch!” he shouted.

The whip slashed across her belly again, lower, across her abdomen, then again, higher. He laughed as she screamed, and then drew his lips up sadistically and reached forward, cupping her breast, flicking his thumb across the nipple.

Dazed, wracked by agony, Dale understood. “Please, no!” she whimpered, her voice barely audible.

“What!?” he shouted, his voice a howl of disbelief and rage. “You dare speak again!? I was almost finished and now I have to start all over! But first, since you dared to deny me, I’m going to have to whip your tits! I wasn’t going to, but you dared say no! Do you think you can tell me what I can and can’t do?”

He kept himself from laughing, but only barely, drawing back, raising his arm, halting to drink in the look on her horrified, appalled, terrified face.

The whip cut across both soft, firm round breasts just below the nipples and she shrieked in agony, her body jerking violently, twisting and thrashing. He drew the whip back, letting the leather slide between his fingers, judging, measuring, then lashing out, slashing the whip across the centre of her right breast, striking the nipple. His cock pulsed at her scream, at her flailing, twisting, writhing, kicking body, her frantic howls of despair.

Again he sent the whip flying, cutting across her breast, and again, and again, then switched to the other.

Dale had never know or even imagined such pain, such agony, such horror. She screamed and twisted and writhed as she was caught in the grip of a terrible vortex of agony and fear, her mind battered and bruised and hit by shock after shock, could not cope, and something inside her broke. As the whip continued to fall she continued to scream and tear at the bonds holding her wrists back, but her mind devolved into that of a frantic animal, knowing no thought but despair and desperation.

“Oh God, I can’t believe I did that!” Chloe gasped as she left the bar, arm in arm with Graham.

“Liked that, did you?” he smiled.

“I almost screamed!” Chloe cried, eyes alight with excitement. “Oh my God! Can you imagine if it fell out in front of everyone! Can you imagine if anyone saw!?”

“I saw,” he growled. “I saw what a hot slut you are!”

He squeezed her ass and she giggled, wild with excitement.

He saw her into the Mercedes and then got in the drivers seat and pulled away. “You’re a hot, sexy little slut,” he said.

“And what are you gonna do about it?” she taunted, grinning at him.

He smirked and reached over, sliding his hand beneath her short skirt. She moaned and spread her legs automatically, stroking a finger along her slit.

“Take off your skirt.”

She gasped. “H-here!?”

“Now. I have something else for you to wear.”

“But - .”

“Now. And keep that black cock inside you.”

Still excited, feeling the surge of excitement her daring had brought her earlier, she undid the skirt at her hip, unzipped it, and slipped it down, rising off her bottom as she slipped it down her legs and off. Now wearing just the white blouse, she felt her pussy throbbing as she reached down and squeezed it.

“Put this on,” he said.

He handed her a pair of shorts, tight black leather shorts. Swallowing, she slipped her legs into them, then tugged them up, grunting with effort as she drew them over her bottom.

“I-I think they’re too small,” she said, panting.

“Nope. They’re just right.”

She tugged on them, gasping at how they squeezed her bottom and groin. She felt an ache deep inside her as they shoved hard against the base of the dildo and the nose jammed against her cervix. The shorts tied together in front with laces, but even with the laces closed the front of the shorts was gaping at least two inches wide, plunging down almost to the top of her sex. They were very sexy shorts, but not ones she’d ever dare be seen in public wearing.

“Now take off your top.”

Heart pounding, she obeyed, slipping off her shirt, removing her bra as she glanced nervously through the tinted glass at the traffic outside. She felt wild and wicked and daring and sexy as he grinned at her and squeezed her breasts.

“Now put this on.”

He handed her a leather vest. Chloe slipped her arms into it and pulled it together. As with the shorts, it was laced together, and as with the shorts it was too small to actually close. It squeezed her breasts tightly up and together, however, and when she had knotted the laces she was left with a deep, plunging cleavage leading down to where the laces held the front somewhat close together.

“Now this.”

“God, Graham! Where are you getting all this!?”

He grinned at her as she took the collar, eyes wild, then, licking her lips, placed it around her throat and buckled it.

“Got you one final item, my lovely little slut.”

He reached down below the seat and took out a pair of shoes, black, leather, and stilettos.

“You bought me shoes!?” she gasped.

“I checked your size the other night.”

“Oh my God! Look at the heels!”

“You’ll look great in them.”

‘I’ve never worn heels this high!’

She took off her shoes and slipped her feet into the high heels, marvelling at the five inch heels.

“I don’t know if I’ll be able to walk. I’ll probably fall on my ass.”

The car stopped, and she looked around. They were on a quiet, dark road, though a lamppost overhead cast a yellow light.

“Out.”

She stared at him in shock.

“You’re going to stand on that corner for minute, walking back and forth, waiting for a customer. I’m going to be the customer.”

Her jaw dropped. She stared at him in appalled excitement, then whipped her head about, looking up and down the quiet street.

“I couldn’t!”

“Out,” he said, leaning forward past her and pushing the door open. “You be ma ho,” he said in a black drawl.

He shoved her, not roughly, and she edged out, pulse racing. “Don’t wait long!” she begged.

She stood up, and backed away. He yanked the door closed and drove away from the curb, then rounded a corner, drove around the block, and came back, parking a block up the street. Her anxious eyes stared at him, her head continually turning as she looked up and down the street.

The street remained quiet, however, and she began to walk slowly up and down, staying near the corner. Her hands reached down frequently to try to tug on the bottom of the shorts, but they remained jammed in against her flesh, letting half her buttocks squeeze out into the open.

A car approached, and she turned desperately away, walking awkwardly in the stiletto shoes. The car drove past slowly, and she turned her head away as it passed, then turned around again to keep her back to the occupants.

I should leave her here, he thought. She’s got no money. She’ll have to make her own way home. But no, she’d be furious. He didn’t have her that much in thrall yet. Not yet.

He pulled away from the curb, drove up the street to her, and pulled over, easing the window down. She reached for the door handle at once.

“I didn’t say you could get into my car, ho,” he said in his ghetto accent.

She jerked her hands back.

“Lean in, slut. Lemmie see dem titties,” he ordered.

She obeyed, face white.

“How much you charge, bitch?”

“I-I - I don’t know,” she gulped.

He shrugged and pulled away from the curb, grinning at her in the rear view mirror, watching her as she watched him turn the corner. This time he parked out of sight for a couple of minutes, letting her wonder if he was still around, if he’d left her to find her way home. Then he pulled out into the street, rounded the corner, and pulled up next to her again. Again the window slid down.

“Hey, bitch. You workin?” he asked in a drawl.

“Yes,” she gulped.

“How much you charge for a little suck?”

She stared at him, eyes enormous. “Uhm, fifty bucks,” she said.

“Dats a lot. Kin you suck me to the bone, girl?”

“You bet,” she said bravely.

“What about a fuck. How much to fuck you, girl?”

“A hundred dollars!”

“Well I dunno if you’re worth that. Get your little white ass in and we’ll test you out,” he said.

She opened the door and slipped in; face flushed, then closed the door behind. He left the tinted window down and reached over, squeezing her breasts through the tight vest. Then he pulled her forward and down, pushing her face against his groin. “Suck me here, ho.”

She moaned, resisting a little, but when he undid his fly and pulled his cock out her lips found the head and her tongue began to lick excitedly at it. Her lips moved up and down its length, her fingers massaging his balls as he ran his hand down onto her tight bottom and between her legs. She gasped as he squeezed her sex through the tight leather and pushed harder at the dildo.

“Ah,” he groaned. “Not many you white hos can suck like a Black girl, but you ain’t half bad.”

She moaned around his cock.

“You got a friend? I wouldn’t mind seeing some hot girl-girl action right now.”

He gripped her hair, not too roughly, pulling her head up, her lips off his cock.

“Your pimp got another girl we can use?” he asked.

She stared at him, gasping, eyes wide, round. “I-I guess,” she gulped.

He plunged her mouth back onto his cock, forcing it down her throat.

“Ahh, you white hos is learnin’,” he groaned.

He let her bob her lips slowly up and down, watching her. She still struggled with the length of him, gagging a little, but she was making excellent progress.

“Maybe I get my brothers here to fuck you too,” he said. “You ever do any gang bangs, ho? You ever take on five or ten Black cocks at the same time?”

He pulled up on her hair and she gasped. “N-No!” she panted.

“But you want to, don’t you? You want to be gang banged, don’t you, ho?”

“Yes!” she moaned.

He shoved her mouth back down on his cock. “Suck that cock, ho.”

He picked up his cell phone and called a number. “Roscoe? Dis be Graham,” he said, still pretending a ghetto accent. “I got a white ho here needs to be chain banged. Yeah, gather all dah boys. We gonna drown this bitch in come is what we gonna do. We gonna fuck her pussy and fuck her ass and fuck her throat for her.”

His other hand was between Chloe’s legs, squeezing and rubbing, and she came, helplessly, bucking her hips back as she sucked his cock, her head reeling from images of herself surrounded by big black men all holding their

cocks out menacingly. She was wild with excitement, with shocked, wicked heat. She had never imagined sex could be this exciting, that she could involve herself with such an incredibly gorgeous, sexy man.

Graham erupted into her mouth and she swallowed determinedly, feeling sluttish and sexy as he jammed her face down and she took him into her throat again.

Dale was barely conscious by the time Ian cut her down. She slumped to the floor, trembling, her pale body criss-crossed with angry red welts from ankle to shoulder. He grunted with satisfaction, then knelt over her. He expertly drew her arms up above her, then back behind her neck. In short order he had attached leather restraints and clipped them together. He then jammed a butt plug into her anus which was attached to a metal probe which curled up over her tailbone and ended in a ring.

Whistling to himself, he tied a thin black rope to the ring, then fed it up between her buttocks, up along her spine. He drew her wrists back behind her neck, and then pulled down. She moaned weakly, but he ignored it, forcing her back to bow as he pulled her wrists harder, then slid the rope through the rings in both restraints.

He tied the ropes and moved up to her hair. He and Graham had enjoyed themselves immensely with this hair, and he would continue to do so. He gathered it up, combing his fingers through it, carefully working it all into a single long tail which sprouted, not from the back of her head, but the very top, then he began to braid it very casually.

He finished with a braid two feet long, and used it to lift the girl to her feet. She staggered and stumbled and cried out in pain, her arms forced down behind her, her back arched, her head up. He reached for a ring hanging from a chain overhead and fed the braid into it, then tied it off.

Grinning now, he moved to wall and turned a low crank. The chain began to rise, and the girl whimpered, rising onto the balls of her feet. He halted it there, knowing she would not be able to support herself for very long.

He stepped over in front of her and smiled luridly.

“Whore,” he said.

He spat into her face and she merely stared back, eyes wide with shock and terror.

He smiled and lit a cigarette. “Are you sorry for being a filthy little racist bitch?” he asked.

She stared at him, shaking, whimpering.

He brought the lit cigarette down against her breast and she sobbed in pain, kicking out wildly.

“Fucking whore!” he screamed.

He was not, of course, the least surprised. He had anticipated it and she had hardly touched him. But it would give him more of an excuse to punish her, and teach her yet again that she must do nothing, say nothing, and not resist in any way.

He quickly placed a strap around her ankles, pinning them together.

“Now, slut, you’re going to learn. Whenever you say no it gets ten times worse. Whenever you resist, you get time times more.”

He brought the cigarette down against her breast again, and she screamed and sobbed in agony.

Her elbows were over her head, her hair holding her tightly in place, her back arched. He loved the look, and brought the cigar down against her other breast, then her taut belly, then her abdomen, then her thighs, one at a time. He burned her hip and side and back, then each of her fingers. He moved back in front of her and pressed the glowing cigarette against her left nipple.

She screamed and sobbed, and tears poured down her cheeks, but there was nothing she could do, and she did not even dare try to twist around, knowing the futility of resistance.

“God! This is so exciting!”

Chloe gazed down at the leather bands around her wrists and ankles, then raised her eyes to Graham.

“Call me master,” he said.

“Yes, master!” Her wide eyes gleamed.

He turned her around and locked the wrist restraints together behind her back, then turned her once more.

“On your knees, slave!” he growled.

She sank to her knees with a moan, her hands pulling excitedly against the straps behind her.

He sat down in front of her and spread his legs.

“Suck my cock, slut!”

She leaned over and took his cock into her mouth.

“Maybe you’d like another guy here, eh, baby, a guy to fuck you right now?”

She moaned, her lips bobbing up and down his shaft.

“Or maybe a girl, a hot sexy girl so you could lick her pussy.”

He gripped her hair, jerking her head up. “Come up here, slut.”

He pulled her to her feet, had her straddle his chair, then sink down on his cock.

“Oh God, Graham!” she gasped.

“Better than that plastic cock?”

“A thousand times better,” she moaned as he fondled her breasts.

He gripped her hair, yanking it back so that she gasped in pain.

“Who’s your pimp, slut?” he growled.

“Y-You are, Graham!” she gasped.

“Master,” he corrected, pinching her nipple.

“Owch! Master! You’re my pimp, master!”

He drew her head forward and kissed her passionately, their tongues sliding together as she squirmed, impaled by his long, thick cock.

He drew his lips up along the nape of her neck, his hand running up and down her back as he held her hair.

“Maybe I’ll recruit more girls, eh, baby? More hos. You know any girl wants to be my whore?”

He pulled her head back, her back arching, and she shuddered. He held her there as his fingers stroked against her clitoris and she rocked and ground

herself against him.

“Oh! Oh yes! God!”

“Tell me who I should recruit, ho.”

He pulled her face forward, crushing her lips with his.

“Some blonde whore,” he growled. “I hear blondes love to suck black cock. Maybe we should recruit your friend Laura.”

She moaned, the sex heat pouring through her body.

He pulled her face in against his. **“What do you think, ho? You want to squeeze Laura’s titties? You want to suck on them nipples and lick her pussy?”**

“Yes, master!” she groaned, her voice filled with passion.

“I’ll tie her to my bed and you can lick her cunt till she screams.”

He slapped her bottom.

“Ride me, bitch. Ride my cock.”

Shuddering, Chloe began to ride him, pulling her dripping pussy up and down along the throbbing length of his cock as Graham sucked and chewed at her burning nipples and let his fingers alternately knead her buttocks and caress her clit. She came, and came again, and a third time, writhing and twisting and crying out in pleasure as the sex heat scalded her mind.

Afterwards she sat across his lap, her wrists still bound. Chloe was still breathing heavily from her last orgasm, her face nuzzled in against his powerful chest as he gently stroked her body.

“You know what, that isn’t a half bad idea,” he said, as if just thinking of it seriously for the first time.

“What is?” she asked sleepily.

He pinched her nipple and she gasped.

“Master,” he chided.

What is, master?”

“I love doing it with two girls. Have you ever done another girl before?”

She stared at him in surprise. **“Uhm, well, no.”**

“Ever thought about it?”

“Uhm, I-I guess,” she said, a little uncomfortably. “Sort of.”

“I know a black girl who would love to get her hands on your soft little body,” he said, rolling her nipple between thumb and forefinger.

“I-I don’t know,” she moaned, feeling excited and yet anxious at the thought.

“Or we could just invite your friend Laura,” he said with a leer.

“I-I don’t think - .”

“Come on. You think she’s never been with a girl. I know that look. She’s a sexual experimenter. She’s been around.”

“I don’t know. I mean, we haven’t - haven’t talked about it,” she said as his fingers found her clitoris.

“I can see you two together in my bed, your lovely, luscious bodies writhing in pleasure as you lay back before me, your wrists strapped back behind you so you’re both helpless before me.”

He chuckled dramatically and Chloe grinned uncertainly.

He slapped his hand against her bare bottom and she yelped.

“You gonna disobey your pimp, bitch?” he demanded.

“N-No, master!” she gasped.

Again he slapped her bottom. “You be a bad little ho, girl. I going to have to punish you.”

“Ow! Graham!”

His hand slipped between her legs and she shuddered as it stroked across her clitoris.

“Yes, little slut?”

His other hand slapped down against her bottom and her legs kicked feebly as she yelped in pain.

“Are you my whore, Chloe? My nasty little whore?”

His hand cracked against her bottom, already turning pink.

“Yes!” she groaned.

Again he slapped her. “Yes, master,” he growled.

“Yes, master!” she moaned.

He slapped her again. “Tell me what a whore you are. Tell me how you love to suck cock. Tell me what a filthy slut you are.”

He began spanking her, alternating with fingering her pussy, tugging her wildly back and forth between pleasure and pain, yet with hot, steamy sex heat surrounding her the entire time. Whenever the pain grew too great so that it began to push back the heat he eased up on the spanking and let his fingers knead her breasts, stroke her nipples and massage her clit until she began to squirm again. Then he would resume his spanking.

Soon the pleasure and pain were as one, all wrapped up in a raw, carnal heat, and Chloe sobbed dazedly, torn between the two as a wild, powerful climax rolled through her writhing, wriggling body.

Five

“How’s she doing?” Graham asked.

“She’s resting,” Ian said with a smirk.

Dale’s weakened ankles had long since given way, and in any event Ian had cranked the chain up another few inches, pulling her toes completely from the floor so that she hung by her hair. Her elbows remained high above her, her wrists pulled back down sharply behind her and attached to the half ring driven up into her anus. A gag filled and overfilled her mouth, for it was inflatable and he had forced her jaws painfully wide.

Her body glistened with pain sweat. It was no longer as pale as it had been, for it was criss-crossed by so many swollen red welts that there was little else to be seen. Her eyes were glassy, but she was still conscious, trembling ever so weakly and making low, muffled animal noises.

“I think she’s broken,” Ian said confidently.

Graham snorted, moving closer to where the girl hung. “I don’t want her merely broken. I want her shattered. I want her terrified to do the

slightest thing which might cause us the slightest unhappiness.”

Ian shrugged. “You’ll have to let the pain ease a bit before you can give her more.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, brother,” Graham said, his teeth gleaming. “I will give her unending agony until she can’t remember what it was like not to feel it. Then I will offer her a crumb, and see how fast she scrambles after it.”

He brought over a metal bar and set it to hang above her, then lifted her ankles up and back, forcing them up to the ends of the bar, where the restraints could be attached to rings.

“That will ease the weight on her hair,” Ian said from a nearby sofa.

“There will be other pain to replace it. In any event, when she starts moving the pain in her scalp will grow much worse”

He stripped and smiled at the dazed girl, then opened a nearby drawer and drew out a thing of straps and steel. It much resembled a strap on dildo, though a strap on dildo from hell. The straps fit snugly about his waist and hips, and the dildo, which was hollow, fit over his erection. While he was not fully erect, the thought of what he was about to do to the white whore had his cock beginning to harden. It had been so hard to treat the other slut with a measure of tenderness, and it had frustrated him to no end.

Now this one would pay.

The cock strapped between his legs was made of black steel. It was thicker than even his fat cock, and covered in sharp studs. He stepped up to where the girl hung and smiled down at her gaping sex, then paused and moved back to the cupboard. He fished about in one drawer, then a second, growing irritated. He crossed the room, then left it entirely, returning finally, triumphantly clutching a roll of silver tape.

“Duct tape?” Ian asked doubtfully.

“I can’t find the other stuff. This will do as well.”

He tore off a piece and pressed it against Dale’s lower abdomen, running it down across her sex lips to the cleft between her buttocks. Then with a smile, he ripped the tape up in an instant. The girl’s glazed eyes abruptly widened and a muffled scream emerged from behind the big dildo as most of her thin line of pubic hair was torn out by the roots.

Graham chuckled in delight, his cock hardening further as he watched the girl’s reaction, as he saw her body trembling and shaking, saw the pain filling her eyes.

“Whore,” he said.

He tore off another strip, and another, placing them along her sex, tearing out every hair he could find until her groin was hairless and reddened.

“Now, slut,” he said, showing her his studded metal cock. “Now I’m going to tear your cunt apart!”

He leered at her as he saw her eyes take in the monstrous device, then placed it against her open sex and began to push. Despite what he had said he had no intention of damaging the only part of her body he had any interest in. He would work her pussy open slowly, for the pain as he ripped the fat, studded metal cock in and out would still be intense.

He looked down, fascinated by the sight of the ugly black metal slowly pushing in through the taut, slick lips of her sex. It was a delicious symbol, he thought, for what was going to happen to all the filthy white whores he got his hands on.

The studs scraped through her tightly stretched sex lips, one and two at a time as the metal cylinder was forced deeper and deeper into her helpless body. He chuckled menacingly at her, putting his face into hers, leering insanely, wanting her as terrified as possible.

“He’s so kind and gentle,” Chloe was saying. “But he’s also such a ... I don’t know, an animal. Does that seem weird to you?”

“No, no. I understand,” Laura said eagerly.

Chloe had thought long and hard about what to do about Graham’s desire for a threesome. A part of her was worried that he would prefer Laura to her. Another part of her squirmed uncertainly at the thought of having sex with another girl. Yet the idea was exciting. The idea of having Graham invite another man to have sex with her was exciting, as well.

She knew that with Graham she was entering a whole new realm of sexual exploration. He was a sophisticated man with much more experience than she had. And this worried her. She wanted to rectify that gap, to rapidly gain experiences - and, in her mind, sophistication - before Graham decided she was too young and unsophisticated for him and looked for someone else.

Of course she had thought about having sex with a girl before. How could she not? The media were full of the bisexual adventures of actresses, of movies featuring hot, sleek women who had sex with each other, of suggestive pictures of girls together. Even in high school - which, she conceded, hadn’t been that long ago - it had been both fun and a little - exciting - to tease the boys by kissing another girl. She’d done it a few times at parties, and it always seemed to make them so - hot.

Of course, boys were like that. Graham was a man, however, and would want something a good deal more exciting.

It would not do to just ask Laura if she wanted to have sex with her and Graham. She had to interest her first. Nor could she walk into her bedroom naked and try to seduce her. That was too obvious, and Laura was not a fool. So she had instead donned the tops of her black silk pyjamas. She occasionally slept in them when she wanted to feel sexy. They barely covered her pussy and bottom, and, she knew, she looked sexy in them.

And then she had come into Laura’s room as the blonde girl lay in bed reading, sat down, and began to chat. She knew Laura was fascinated with Graham and her relationship with him, and what would have once made her a little jealous now gave her encouragement.

“His body is so... cut,” she said. “He works out, y’know, and he has a great pecs and shoulders, and a really great ass.”

They both giggled.

She told Laura about his game the other night, of having her pretend to be a prostitute. She softened it, however, and made it seem more like both their ideas. Laura was wide eyed, slightly outraged at the implied racism of it all, but then agreed it was all right since Graham had wanted it.

“I can’t believe you blew him right there in the car!” she gasped, deliciously scandalized.

“Nobody was around but it was really... weird.”

“So how tight were these shorts anyway?” Laura asked with a smirk.

“Wait.”

Seeing a chance to have Laura looking at her in a sexual way she slipped off the bed and hurried into her own bedroom. There she stripped at once and tugged on the shorts, grunting with effort as she pulled them over her buttocks and did up the laces. Then she pulled on the vest and squeezed it in against her breasts, doing the laces there. She didn’t bother with shoes, but returned to Laura’s bedroom, smugly content and a little aroused at the look the blonde girl gave her.

“Oh - my - God! You wore that outside!”

“I walked up and down on a street corner in it,” Chloe said, blushing a little, turning to show Laura just how much of her buttocks were revealed, then turning back.

“Shit! Half your tits are hanging out!”

“I think that’s the idea. Anyway, Graham liked it.”

“I bet!”

“Do I look super slutty?”

“Yes!” Laura laughed. “But hot. You look really hot too.”

“Those pants must really uhm, squeeze you.”

“Yeah.” She undid the laces and tugged them down, wriggling her hips to pull them free, and half fell into Laura’s bed to slide them down her legs.

“But when you’re all hot and stuff it’s not so bad to be squeezed,” she said with a grin.

Laura laughed, then blinked. “You shaved off all your hair,” she said, looking at Chloe’s bare little slit.

“Graham did.”

“Oh God! Really!?”

“Yeah. He said he could uh, well, you know, better.”

“Shit, Chloe. You are really lucky!”

“He has an amazing tongue,” Chloe confided, bringing giggles from both of them.

“I wish I could find a guy like that.”

“Well, the thing is he’s so much more experienced than me.”

“Well, he’s older.”

“But sexually, you know. He knows so much, and he’s done everything. I’m a little out of my depths sometimes. He’s talking about uh, doing a threesome.”

Laura’s jaw dropped. “With another guy!?”

“No, another girl.”

“Wow! Are you going to?”

Chloe shrugged helplessly. “I wouldn’t really mind. I mean, it’s something new and kind of kinky. It could be exciting. I’ve never done anything much with girls, though.”

Laura shook her head uncertainly. “I don’t know - .”

“Have you ever done anything like this?”

“A threesome? No. I mean, I had a boyfriend a couple of years ago who talked about it. But we broke up.”

“What about uh, girls?”

Laura laughed. “No! I mean, well, not a lot. Well, I did play around once with this girlfriend of mine. Jane. We were drinking and she was staying over and we kind of messed around.”

“Was it totally icky?”

“Oh no. It was kind of uhm, neat, really. We were giggling and laughing, but it was - hot too in a way. I mean, kissing a girl is different, you know. And it took a little getting used to.”

“Did you do more than kiss, like feel each other up?”

Laura blushed a little. “Yeah, kind of,” she said coyly, looking down at her lap.

“Want to give me some practice?” Chloe said it in a joking way, but it was clear to Laura she wasn’t entirely joking. “You’ll be fine,” she said.

“I guess,” Chloe said, undoing the laces of her vest and easing it open.

“This really squeezes my boobs,” she said.

Laura looked at her breasts and then up at Chloe. Their eyes met, and Laura grinned slightly.

“Slut,” she said teasingly.

Chloe leaned forward. Their smiles eased, and then Chloe kissed her. Laura eased back at first, then leaned back into the kiss. Her hands came down on Chloe’s bare shoulders, then, as their lips slid more firmly together, Chloe leaned further into her and Laura’s hands slid down her back, caressing her soft, warm skin.

Laura’s lips broke away with a gasp. “We shouldn’t do this,” she said breathlessly.

“But let’s anyway,” Chloe whispered.

She let her hands slide up beneath Laura’s breasts, squeezing gently, and brought her lips in beneath the blonde girl’s ear, nibbling and kissing her. Laura sighed and slid her hands up and down Chloe’s back, then eased in beneath her breasts, cupping and squeezing them.

Chloe reached down and tugged Laura’s shirt upwards, and the blonde raised her arms, eyes shining with excitement as Chloe peeled her shirt up and over her head, then tossed it behind her. Their arms slid around each other and their bare breasts pressed together as their lips met in hot, sensuous hunger.

Graham’s hips thrust sharply forward and the girl sobbed brokenly as the studded metal cock rammed deep into her belly. He ground his pelvis against her upraised buttocks, his teeth drawn back in a leer, jamming the harsh metal head against Dale’s cervix, then slowly drew the long length of metal back out of her body. With just the head left he grinned and thrust violently into her again.

He delighted in her scream of pain, in the fresh tears of misery spilling down her face. Again and again he drew the metal cock back and rammed it forward, stabbing her, using it as a spear, as a weapon. Then he began to

thrust in and out, gripping her hips as he rutted against her, tearing the sharp studs along her soft, sensitive pussy walls and through her straining sex lips. He leaned in as he raped her, biting savagely at her throat, at her mouth, at her shoulders and arms, growling as he ravaged her like an animal.

He laughed loudly at her, sneering wildly, exaggerating, but only slightly. He loved being able to treat her like dirt, being able to beat and hurt her, to show her who was the master and who the slave.

He drew back and pulled the metal cock free of her belly, then reached down to it, unscrewing the head. Now his own cockhead was free and the leered at her as he buried it in her belly again.

“Gonna come inside you, slut,” he panted, ramming his hips in and out. “Gonna pour my nigger come in you. Gonna breed you, White bitch. Gonna breed a little nigger child on you!”

He came with a shudder, spewing his seed deep within her ravaged, burning sex, pouring out his anger and howling with conquest as he spurted again and again, pumping her full of hot, milky fluid.

Gasping, he drew back, leaving her to hang exhausted and sobbing in her pain. He removed the metal cock and its harness, and took up a long thin leather riding crop.

“Because you’re such a slut,” he said, now giving her the best English upper class accent. “I shall be forced to punish you so that you realize the errors of your ways and reform your immodest behaviour!”

He brought the crop slashing down across her open sex and bathed in the pleasure of her scream. The crop struck directly along her slit, with her sex lips already slightly gaping from the rough, violent raping he had just given her. The leather slapped wetly against the semen filling the mouth of her sex, biting cruelly into the soft pink flesh and across her clitoris.

“White whore!” he yelled, bringing the crop down across her slit a second time.

“Filthy racist sow!” he shouted, again cracking the thin leather crop into her burning, agonized mons.

Again and again and again he brought the crop down, repeatedly striking the girl’s gaping, defenceless sex. He was becoming breathless with pleasure as he beat her. Women all thought their pussies were so wonderful, so holy, so precious, he thought with a snarl, and none were worse than comfortable, middle class white girls. Well he was showing her just what he thought about the sanctity of her filthy little cunt!

“I’m getting hot again,” Ian said, coming up behind him.

Graham struck her a final time and halted. “I suppose you want her arsehole again?”

“Now that you mention it.”

He moved forward and placed his throbbing erection at the entrance to Dale’s anal opening, then forced himself into her.

Chloe was surprised at how good it felt. Breathless, her body filled with heat and excitement, she continued to twine her tongue back and forth with Laura’s as the blonde girl lay full length atop her. Their legs were scissored so that their Laura was able to rub her pussy back and forth against Chloe’s

right thigh, and in doing so brought her own thigh grinding down against Chloe's bare little sex.

Chloe moaned in pleasure at the sensations, her fingers digging into Laura's buttocks, jerking her down even as she jammed her pussy up against her. Their bodies writhed and ground together as sex heat enveloped them and drew them to greater and greater levels of desire.

Laura's head drew back and she gasped repeatedly. "Fuck! I'm gonna come!" she moaned, grinding her pussy down faster and harder against Chloe's thigh. "Oh! Oh shit! Ungh! Ungh! UnhgghhhH!"

She ground her pussy down frantically, then jammed her mouth down against Chloe's once more as the other girl humped upwards with her own sex.

Graham opened the door and gripped Dale's ankle, then yanked her bodily out of the car, letting her fall sprawling onto the ground at Amos' feet.

Amos was an enormous Black man, just over seven feet in height, and weighing over three hundred pounds. He was a sometime drug dealer, sometime smuggler, sometime loan shark and sometime pimp. He had a kennel where he bred vicious guard dogs, giant Dobermans and Rottweilers. There was no mercy in him, and no heart, and he hated white women. He was utterly amoral, and deeply perverted. All of which appealed to Graham.

He gazed down at the semi conscious girl lying bound and naked before him, his eyes running with satisfaction over the scores of ugly red welts and whip marks.

"So you want her to show more enthusiasm for that black cock, huh?" he said with a grin.

"Think you can do that?"

Amos leered. "Oh yeah," he said with dark, feral hunger.

He grabbed Dale's hair and dragged her bodily across the ground into the rickety old garage, ignoring her half dazed sobs of pain.

Graham, stepping carefully so that his expensive Italian shoes encountered none of the garbage strewn about the yard or garage, followed, watching curiously as the big man knelt and unbound the girl, then set about preparing her. In short order he had strapped her wrists to her upper arms and her ankles to her upper thighs. He moved to a rough, filthy corner chest and yanked open a drawer, coming back with a jar of some foul smelling salve.

"What's that shit?" Graham asked, wrinkling his nose.

"Dogs love it. It tastes great and makes them horny as hell."

He leaned over the girl, flipped her onto her belly, and dug his fingers into the jar, then thrust them against her sex, forcing his fingers deep.

"You're going to give her to the dogs?" Graham asked in delight.

"Black dogs," Amos said with a vicious leer.

He slid a choke chain around Dale's throat and then yanked it hard, strangling her, forcing her to somehow rise to her knees and elbows. He grinned, then pulled her after him, towards the kennels. Dale, dazed, whimpering, eyes glazed, was forced to crawl afterwards on elbows and knees.

Amos led her into the main kennel run. In the middle of the fenced

enclosure was a tree stump. He placed her across it, bound her in place, then released the dogs from their separate kennels. There were over two dozen, and they headed straight for the bound girl. Vicious as they were, several immediately began to fight to determine which would mount her first.

“After a day or two in here,” Amos said. “She’ll be glad to get her some nigger cock for a change.”

“Amos, my dear fellow,” Graham said, eyes alight. “You’re a man after my own heart.”

“I don’t know,” Laura said, biting her lip, torn between excitement at the idea, and her natural shyness.

“How many opportunities like this do you get in life?” Chloe asked, using logic. “He’s super hot, and you’ll have an amazing time.”

“God Chloe! Won’t you be jealous?”

“A little I guess, but I know Graham loves me. And if it’s not you it’ll be someone else. He’s talked about some Black girl he knows, and I’d be more worried about him.”

Laura paced back and forth, looking very hyper. “What if he doesn’t like me? I mean, what if he doesn’t think I’m hot?”

“He thinks you’re hot.”

“Really? Did he say anything?” she asked eagerly.

“Yes. He suggested you, in fact.”

“OhmyGod! Did he really? You’re not making it up!?”

“No. Honestly. He thinks you’re hot.”

“I don’t know,” Laura said, biting her lip uncertainly.

“You’ll do it,” Chloe said confidently.

“I haven’t made up my mind!”

“Yes you have. Now you’re just trying to justify it. Maybe I should tie you up and give you to him. He likes bondage.”

“Chloe!”

“Doesn’t the idea appeal to you?” She crawled across to the edge of the bed and then out onto the floor, eyes slightly leering. “Imagine your hands tied behind your back, Laura, on your knees in front of Graham, his helpless prisoner, his sex toy, his sex slave!”

“Quit it!” Laura said, but her voice betrayed her excitement.

Chloe grabbed her wrists, and tugged them together behind her back. Laura struggled, and, laughing, they wrestled across the floor until Laura stumbled and fell into the bed, Chloe atop her. Still laughing, she allowed her wrists to be strapped together behind her back.

“All right, slave girl,” Chloe said imperiously. “On your knees before your mistress.”

She tugged on Laura’s hair to force her back out of bed and onto the floor, and the wide eyed, breathless blonde found herself kneeling in front of her, licking her lips anxiously as she stared at her friend’s naked slit. She resisted Chloe’s efforts to pull her mouth forward.

“I’ve never done this before!” she gulped. “I mean, I’ve never gone this far!”

“Me neither,” Chloe said. “So we can teach each other. Now lick me,

slave girl.”

And she pulled Laura’s face in against her sex, grinding it there for a moment before easing up. “Lick!” she ordered.

Six

“Laura said yes,” Chloe said, excited and happy that she would please Graham.

“Outstanding,” he said, pulling her wrist up and out to fasten in place. “Maybe I’ll have both of you hanging here in place, hmm?”

“What are you going to do?” she asked, a bit nervously.

“Whip you.”

She gasped, her eyes widening, anxiety twisting her stomach even as excitement and heat sent a raw pulse of wicked pleasure through her pussy.

Graham had placed thickly padded restraints around her wrists, and now attached them to opposite sides of a long metal bar which hung from a chain above them. He spread her legs wide as well, and she looked down to see him clip chains to her ankle restraints and then attach them to rings set in the floor. He winked at her, ran a hand up and down her spine and squeezed her bottom, then went to a crank in the wall and turned it.

Chloe gasped as the chain pulled on the bar, raising her arms higher, forcing her to the balls of her feet, then onto her toes. She groaned as more and more weight came down on her wrists, and then gasped aloud as her toes left the floor and the chains attached to her ankle restraints began to tighten.

“Oh! Oh God!”

“Hanging from your wrists,” he said in a sinister tone, “hanging from your wrists about to be whipped!”

He growled and moved against the wide eyed girl, gripping her head and forcing it roughly up and back. “How helpless you are,” he said, his voice a low growl. “I can do anything to you now, torture you, rape you.”

He bent her head back, forcing her back arch, and she groaned, then gasped as his mouth fastened around the centre of her right breast, licking and sucking, biting gently, then not so gently.

He released her and stepped back, moving behind her. She gasped again as his naked body pressed against hers from behind. She felt his erection against her bottom, felt it slide between her spread thighs and saw lightly up and down along her mons.

“Slave girl,” he purred into her ear, chewing lightly at her earlobe. “Naked whipped sex slave!”

He withdrew, then came around in front of her again. Chloe’s breathing was becoming more and more ragged as she stared up at her wrists, then down the length of her belly. She watched Graham kneel, felt his hands on her bottom, then shuddered as his tongue found her slit and burrowed into her body. “Oh yesss!” she gasped.

Graham worked his tongue up and down her sex, forcing the girl into a state of writhing, moaning sexual heat, then withdrew. He moved behind her and picked up a light flog, then positioned himself behind her.

“Time to be whipped, slave girl,” he said.

Chloe’s eyes widened as she jerked her head around, trying to see behind her.

Graham swung the whip softly, and let the thin leather laces spread apart as they gently struck the centre of her back. Chloe gasped, moaning, the mild stinging hardly making an impact against the tidal wave of heat sweeping over her.

“Slave!” he growled, bringing the flog down a second time, slightly harder.

The stinging was a little worse, but Chloe was too high, too hot, and only moaned. Another blow, and another, and the crack of impact grew louder, the stinging sharper. She was in a state of wild sexual elation, and barely cared. Another sharp, stinging blow and she gasped and moaned, arching her back, yelping at the pain.

“Oww!”

Another blow made her cry out again. Now the pain was deeper. Her back was throbbing and hot, yet she did not think to protest.

“Whore,” Graham growled. “Vile, filthy whore.”

The words were like oil on the fires within her, and she felt her pussy thrumming and throbbing even as another stinging blow cut across her back. Again she cried out, but she was gripped by a strange masochistic fever now, and even the pain seemed to become twisted into a strange dark sexual heat.

Another blow sent the long laces whipping across her back and under her arm, snapping at her right breast. She cried out, slightly shocked at the fresh and much harsher pain. Almost, she warned him. It was too much. But then another blow cut across her back, washing away her thoughts, and another, and then again the flog slashed across the left side of her back, curled around her ribs and sliced at her breast.

She screamed, twisting, writhing. “Oh! That hurt! Graham!”

He was against her at once, his hands coming around her, cupping her breasts, squeezing them up and together. “But you deserve pain, you filthy slut. You deserve to be tortured for your vile, wanton ways.”

He plucked at her nipples, twisting them so that they stung, and then let a hand slide down between her legs, a big, sausage shaped finger stroking over her engorged clitoris until her hips began to hump and buck wildly.

He drew back and the flog slashed across her back, and again, and then cut around to snap at her breast. Chloe cried out, nearing orgasm, dazed, nearly feverish with sexual hunger.

Graham moved before her and brought the flog down across her breasts. She cried out in shocked pain, but then he was there, his fingers stroking against her clitoris.

“H-hurt!” she gasped, barely able to speak.

He slapped her face hard, sending her head rocking back to one side, dazing her further. He dropped to his knees and brought his tongue against

her pussy, licking furiously at her clitoris as she began to buck and hump, sobbing in pleasure.

He rose quickly, slapped her face again, then picked up the whip and slashed it down across her breasts.

The climax roared down upon her like a tsunami, and Chloe screamed in animal pleasure as it tore apart her mind and body.

Laura's face was red, a stupid, bashful grin plastered on it as Chloe made her a drink. She kept looking at Graham, and then darting her eyes away from his casual grin as her pulse raced up and down like a yo-yo. She took the drink from Chloe, almost spilling it all over her silk shirt, and blushed redder still.

Graham was doing his best to put her at her ease, and she could see that, and it was working, after a fashion. But now she saw what Chloe meant about feeling like an unsophisticated girl around him. He was incredibly impressive, physically and mentally, so smooth, so suave and sophisticated. Meanwhile, she felt as though she'd lost control of her tongue, blurting out stupid things, then blushing.

It had been a week since she had agreed to take part in the threesome. She'd changed her mind dozens of times since then, and several times just this evening as her stomach did strange whirly little flips at the thought of getting naked with Graham. He did seem nice, just as nice as Chloe had claimed, and she was becoming slightly more at ease with him. But she was also finding herself more impressed with his intelligence and sophistication, and that made her feel more awkward.

She was gulping her drink rather than sipping, hoping to get a little buzzed so she would feel a little more at ease. But all that was doing was making her feel a little woozy. Chloe appeared to be in the same position, gulping her drink, eyes flitting nervously, anxiously between she and Graham, and giggling stupidly at small things. Laura took a little comfort in that. She wasn't the only one acting like a virgin!

Then Graham got up and positioned himself between the two girls, and both felt their pulses rocket upwards. He grinned between one and the other, then draped his powerful arms across their shoulders.

"So ladies," he said, "What shall we do tonight?"

Laura giggled helplessly, anxiously, and Chloe swallowed and licked her lips.

Graham's arms pulled the two in towards him and then kissed Chloe gently, his lips moving softly against hers, his tongue easing between her lips as Laura anxiously looked on. Then he turned, gave Laura a smile and brought his lips against hers. She felt a spark of almost sexual electricity between them as his lips met her own, and moaned into his mouth as she felt his tongue caress her lower lip, then dip into her mouth.

He eased back and then put more pressure on them, his arms pulling them in even closer. The two girls stared at each other, then Chloe leaned in and kissed Laura. Laura kissed back, potently aware of Graham's eyes on them only inches away.

Graham eased his arm off Laura's shoulders and he leaned in towards

Chloe. His left arm pulled her against him as his right fondled her breasts before Laura's eyes. He kissed her more passionately as his fingers deftly unbuttoned her blouse to the waist, then he pushed her shirt over her shoulders and unfastened her bra. Chloe blushed but her heart was pounding as her breasts were bared.

Graham cupped and squeezed them as he kissed her, then bent and mouthed one nipple. His hand slipped down to her skirt, unfastening it, pulling it down and off her legs. He stripped her completely as a wide eyed Laura looked on, then grinned and turned to Laura.

Laura gasped as his lips caught hers again, and her heart skipped a beat as his hand slid between her legs and softly massaged her through her thin light khaki pants. He undid the buttons down the front and his big hand pushed inside as Laura squirmed against him. Almost, she backed out of it all, but when his fingertips found her sex and began to rub against her little clit she found herself pulsing with sexual needs, gasping for breath, and pressing her lips back hungrily.

Chloe slid between his legs, undoing his trousers, tugging them off. She licked her way up his thighs and undid the buttons of his shirt, then pushed it over his shoulders as he continued to massage and kiss Laura. Finally, she tugged down his underwear and his long, thick, gleaming black shaft popped up.

Graham pulled away from the blonde girl and looked down at Laura, then grinned. He produced a pair of leather restraints, and Laura watched in fascination, heart pounding, as he buckled them around Chloe's wrists, then turned her and locked them together behind her back. He turned back to Laura, grinning, watching her stare at Chloe, then at his big cock, then at Chloe again. He gripped Chloe's hair as he guided her lips down onto his fat cock.

Then he let go of her hair, watching Laura as the blonde girl stared in fascination at the sight of her bound, kneeling friend bobbing her lips up and down on Graham's cock. Her eyes grew wider with each downstroke, until she gasped aloud as Chloe managed to somehow take the fat cock into her throat and push her lips all the way down to the base.

"Oh my God!" she gulped.

Graham began kneading her breasts through her halter as he brought her face in against his, his fingers gripping her hair gently. He kissed her again, his fingers lightly pinching her nipples, then he eased his fingers down to her trousers, tugging them down her hips. When she was naked, he turned the blushing girl away from him and produced another pair of leather restraints.

"I-I don't know - ." Laura gulped, heart pounding.

"I do," he whispered, kissing her shoulder.

Laura felt her excitement sore as the leather closed around her wrists.

Then she was being guided to her knees next to Chloe as Graham stood up, towering over them.

He made an almost comical mask of his face as he sneered at them. "All right, you hos," he growled. "You is gonna learn how to suck a big black cock

tonight!”

He filled his fists with their hair and pulled them into his groin, rubbing their faces against his cock. Then he guided his cock into Laura’s mouth. The blonde girl gasped as the black cock filled her mouth, then closed her lips around it, sucking weakly, her tongue flitting against the underside of the head.

He pulled out and thrust it into Chloe’s mouth, and Laura looked on abashed as it slid straight down into the other girl’s throat.

“Don’t worry, babe,” he said. “You’ll learn how to swallow cock too.”

He fed her his cock, and Laura fought to keep from gagging as the head pressed against the back wall of her mouth.

He alternated between one girl and the other, being careful to pull out when it felt like his cock might explode.

He halted, then pushed Laura back onto the sofa, spreading her legs, and ordered Chloe in between her legs. He sat next to the blonde girl, running his hands up and down her body, mouthing her breasts, chewing on her nipples as Chloe licked her body into hot, trembling, sweating arousal.

Then he pushed the bound girl back and slid between Laura’s splayed legs. He guided his erection to her slippery sex opening and thrust himself deep.

Laura cried out in pleasure and pain as her pussy was forced wide, as his fat, hard cock drove deep into her belly. But the sex heat rose like a wildfire inside her, her climax shattering her mind as she began to buck wildly against him.

Graham thrust violently into the gasping, moaning girl’s belly, riding her through a powerful orgasm and out the other side, almost coming himself, but somehow, through tremendous will power, holding back.

He let her ease down from her high, then had Chloe lick her upwards towards another. Then he halted. He placed her on her knees in the middle of the floor, ordering her to spread her legs wide, then he led Chloe out of the room. When he returned, he was leading her by a leash, and Laura’s eyes widened, a shattering shockwave of excitement ripping through her body.

Laura wore a thick studded collar around her throat. She was wearing a kind of leather halter which covered her arms and shoulders, and cut across her upper belly beneath her breasts. Her breasts, however, were completely naked. Her arms were pinned back tightly behind her back by thick leather straps which forced her elbows together. She was wearing thigh leather boots with six inch high stiletto heels.

The base of a fat black dildo protruded from her naked sex lips, held in place by a thin chain linked to a ring at the base, and to her belly button ring. Her face and upper chest were flushed with excitement, and she was breathing raggedly. As Laura watched in wide eyed excitement, Graham pulled a leather hood over her head and down beneath her jaw, strapping it in place. Then a gag was fed into her mouth and buckled behind her head, and she was knelt in the same position Laura was.

“Now you, slave girl,” Graham said.

He pulled her to her feet by the hair, not too roughly, and Laura

followed him out of the room, staring in fascination at the hooded girl left kneeling behind.

Graham placed a leather halter around her, strapping it together behind her back. The top pressed up against her breasts, but hid none of them. Straps curled up around the outside of her breasts, criss-crossed at her chest, and went behind her neck. Another strap crossed the top of her breasts, squeezing them downwards. He placed a collar around her throat, and then lifted her right wrist up and high behind her back, fastening it to the back of the collar. Her right wrist was then lifted gently up and back as well, chained beside her left. And a thick strap was placed around her arms and slowly pulled closed, forcing her elbows back together.

Restraints went around her ankles, then, and, as with Chloe, he fed a thick black dildo up into her pussy and clipped it to her belly button ring. Then he pushed a butt plug into her anus, ignoring her feeble protests. He pressed a round ring gag into her mouth, forcing her jaw wide, and buckled it behind her, then placed a penis gag through the hollow opening, filling her mouth and snapping it in place. He hooded her, then led her back into the other room.

“Filthy little white slaves,” he growled at them. “I’m going to fuck your brains out, then invite my whole posse in here to gang bang you both!”

He placed both girls on their knees, with their faces against the floor, then undid the chains holding their dildos in place. He pumped both in and out as he knelt behind Chloe, then pulled her dildo free and thrust himself into pussy.

“Nasty little white whore,” he growled, pumping the dildo in Laura’s pussy as he thrust his own cock into Chloe. “Dirty little slut. You’re a sex slave now, white girl, a naked, chained white sex slave.”

He shifted sideways, thrusting the dildo back into Chloe’s pussy, pulling the one out of Laura. He gripped the blonde girl’s hips and drove himself home with a hard, deep thrust that jerked her slender body forward on the floor. She moaned into the gag, but he no longer had to worry about what she did or didn’t think or want or feel, and he began to thrust violently almost from the start.

At the same time Ian walked into the room, naked, from behind the girls. Grinning, he knelt behind Chloe, pulled the dildo free, and thrust himself into her hot, moist sex.

At first, neither girl realized another man was present. Both were fully occupied with the hard cock thrusting into them. Their cheeks were pressed against the floor; their knees spread wide, bottoms high as the two men thrust into them. Chloe felt wildly aroused as the man she thought was Graham rode her, gasping and moaning softly in heated pleasure as the thick cock drove in and out of her belly, knowing, or at least, thinking that Laura must be looking on enviously.

For her part Laura was gripped by the eroticism of what was happening, and only a little discomforted by the hard, thoughtless thrusting Graham was giving her. Although it hurt she had no real urge to protest. Nor, she thought with some excitement, any real way to protest. And the scenario

he had built up almost called for a hard fucking anyway.

A feminist, her lovemaking had always been a gentle sharing of sexual pleasure. She felt some part of herself becoming thrilled and aroused by this sudden submission game, by being bound and taken so violently from behind. At the same time she felt indignation and the urge to rebel. This was hardly something an equal took part in. This kneeling before a male like a she bitch being ridden went against the grain.

But the pleasure and excitement ruled her as her upraised bottom was battered and slapped by Graham's hard hips and his cock thrust deeply, even bruisingly into her sex again and again and again. Her wrists and arms pulled and writhed against the leather bonds, and each time the tightness of the restraints made a little shiver of excitement run up her spine as she realized how helpless she was.

She shuddered as she felt his hands slide down beneath her to cup and squeeze her breasts, as his fingers pinched and twisted her nipples. She groaned as he gripped a fistful of blonde hair and yanked her head up and back. It hurt, it stung, but the pleasure and excitement was upon her and she didn't care. She cried out, the sound muffled, as his hand slapped her bottom, then again, then again.

She was being used, roughly, even violently, the plunging cock battering at her from the inside. But it was a wild, thrill ride, and she was far from ready to tone things down. And again came the realization that even making her wishes known would not be easy - and with that more excitement.

Chloe gasped as her head was twisted up and back by the hair, and she was pulled to her feet, never seeing the man still riding Laura, and forced across the room and then out. Ian, though she thought it was Graham, brought her into a second room, where he attached her ankle restraints to a spreader bar and then lifted her upside down, letting her hang from her ankles. He thrust thick vibrators into her pussy and anal opening, then blindfolded her and left.

Laura was still moaning and gasping for breath when a fist gripped her hair and raised her head. She stared dazedly at a fat black cock in front of her face as fingers worked the penis gag out of the ring holding her jaws open. She blinked in confusion, her body still lurching in time to the thrusting cock behind her, and a dawning realization came over her. Her eyes jerked wide and she stared up at what had to be Graham just as his cock slid forward over her tongue and gagged her.

She moaned and tried to pull away, to twist free, but her feeble efforts went for nothing as the cock behind continued to pummel her, the man's hands firm on her hips. The one in front, Graham, she presumed, held her hair in one fist as he roughly kneaded one of her breasts. His cock pushed in and out, in and out, gagging and choking her with the depths of his strokes. Her eyes became wider, and she gulped and gagged and choked, her body straining, trying to resist. A harsh slap across her bottom sent stinging pain through her system, but her scream was blocked as the cock in her mouth thrust forward and filled her throat.

She gagged and choked as the fat cock slid down her throat, her eyes

bulging as her jaws bit against the ring holding her mouth open and her stomach heaved and twisted. She heard laughter and quivered with shock as the cock continued to slide down. She stared in disbelief as the man's belly pushed forward, filling her vision. Then her face was crushed against his groin and she gurgled frantically as the two men used her.

The world swam around her and black dots danced before her eyes. Her chest throbbed and her head began to pound from lack of air. Then the cock finally pulled back, and the world reappeared as the man's belly withdrew. She stared cross eyed at inch after inch of wet, glistening black cock sliding out of her mouth, and then coughed explosively as it finally came free.

"You like that, White girl?" the man she thought was Graham asked with a cruel glimmer in his eyes. "You like swallowing nigger cock?"

She tried to talk, but the ring wouldn't allow her mouth to form words, and she could not bring herself to stop coughing and gasping and gulping in air anyway. She turned her head wildly to see - Graham! - kneeling behind her, leering as he rode her. Then her hair was gripped and her face roughly jerked forward as - Graham! - pushed his fat cockhead against her mouth and slid it inside again.

"Suck nigger cock, you blonde whore!" he growled.

Laura didn't understand. She gasped dizzily as the cockhead jabbed against the inside of one cheek, then the other, then slid along the roof of her mouth and into her throat. She gagged again, choking and fighting her stomach as the cock slid down her gullet.

And all the while her body lurched back and forth as she was ridden harshly and violently, the hard cock inside her punching deep into her belly with every brutal stroke.

And yet, she was still not frightened. She was angry that the sensual scene had gone further than she wanted, and desperately trying to cope with the cock in her throat, furious she had not been asked if she wanted to try to deep throat him. Again the cock was withdrawn, and again she coughed violently, gasping and gulping in air as she was ridden.

The cock behind pulled out, and she was turned around. Her eyes jerked up to see - Graham! - leering at her, and the other Graham now pawed at her body from behind. She grunted as he thrust the dildo back into her pussy. Then she felt his fingers at the butt plug, tugging it free, and a moment later his spit slick cock pushed against her wrinkled anal opening.

Then she was swallowing cock again.

This time it was a little better. She was learning to cope. The initial panic she had felt the first time, the panic at being unable to breath, at the gagging sensation, was subsiding now. She knew she could take the cock all the way. She knew it wouldn't kill her. And now a part of her was even feeling a strange little thrill of satisfaction. God, look at the size of the cock she was swallowing. Right down to the balls, too!

Yet she was still angry at Graham, at him and his brother, for it suddenly dawned on her that he must have a twin brother, and that was how she was being used by two of them at once. It was a little late to feel embarrassment, especially when she didn't know which was Graham and

which was the brother. Though she did squirm in discomfort at being naked and used by a complete, total stranger. But the thing was, being taken by two powerful men at once was one of her oldest fantasies, one she'd never had the courage to bring to life.

Yet she was angry at them for not consulting her. Angry at Chloe, who she presumed was in on it. She was almost angry enough to push back the sexual excitement and heat which now began to slide around her now that her panic at choking had eased. Almost.

But she could not let the excitement go so easily. It was done. There were two of them.

Okay. Calm down. God, this is intense! There's no point screaming and crying about it, Laura. He's got a twin brother, and they're both doing you at the same time. Oh fuck! I'm gonna heave! No, fight it. That's it. Shit. Look at how big his fucking cock is!

The cock slid free and she coughed and gulped in air. Fingers pinched and twisted her nipples, and a finger began to roughly rub and saw against her clit as the cock behind continued to plunge deep into her anus.

Ugh, fuck! Why is he fucking my ass!? God, he's thick! Ohhhh!

Her hair was pulled back and the cock before her slid into her mouth, then back down her throat. Again she felt a sizzling sexual heat as she watched it pushing through her lips, inch after black inch of it.

"Filthy white whore!"

Why, she wondered, did a shudder of excitement run over her at his crude words and insults?

Oh fuck! I'm gonna come! I can't believe this! Oh! Oh God that's so hot! Jesus, even in my ass his cock feels glorious!

Laura was overwhelmed by the sensations flooding her body. Pleasure and pain rippled through her nervous system from all directions as two cocks and two pairs of hands mauled and pummelled her lithe young body. She felt the orgasm surging up from between her legs, and wanted to scream into the cock filling her throat. Then she did, her body bucking and jerking violently as she rode the sensual heat into a stunning orgasmic storm.

Seven

Chloe crawled into the room, her ankles strapped to her thighs, dildos buried in her pussy and anus. She was still wearing her hood, but a chin strap held a long dildo tightly in place. She had no idea why.

Graham led her back into the other room, and she moaned weakly, swaying from side to side. Hanging upside down had dazed her, and she was far from recovered. She felt a surge of excitement as she saw Laura spread-eagled, hanging from her wrists, her legs spread wide. Her sex had been shaven just like her own, and Chloe felt a hot quiver of lust as Graham led her up to the blonde girl and snapped the crop against her back so that she rose.

“Fuck her, slave girl. Fuck the dirty blonde whore,” Graham hissed into her ear. “Fuck her and eat her dirty little clit while I whip her!”

Chloe thrust her head forward, watching in awed excitement as the dildo drove up into her slick tight sex. She pushed deeper and deeper, until her mouth came even with the girl’s sex, then began to lick. Graham disappeared, but a moment later she felt Laura’s body jerk as she heard a crack! Of noise rend the air. She shuddered and her pussy squeezed down around the vibrator inside her as she whipped her tongue across her friend’s clitoris.

Laura screamed into the gag as the whip cut across her back. The stinging pain drove her body forward against the straps, and her body writhed, the muscles moving beneath the skin, her athletic body twisting and pulling as pain gnawed at her mind.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Bastards! Fucking Chloe! God da - “

Another blow sliced into her soft back and again she screamed into the gag, the sound soft and muffled, her body jerking violently, straining with growing desperation against the tight grip of the restraints.

The flog rained blows up and down her back. Tears of pain and rage filled her eyes and spilled down onto her chest as she hung exhausted and helpless, gasping and sobbing each time the whip cut into her back.

Graham was not using a light flog, and the heavy Cat O’ Nine tails whip left ugly red welts covering her back as he brought his arm down again and again. The pain filled her world, and Laura’s back burned like fire. Her rage melted away under the onslaught of misery and helplessness as the throbbing in her back became a steady, relentless burning.

And then the long, thing, vicious little leather thongs began to curl around her slender chest and snap at her soft breasts. Her eyes widened, and her screams began again. She writhed and twisted anew, biting desperately at the gag filling her mouth as her breasts began to crackle with jagged pains. Again and again and again the whip cut into her soft breasts, and the pain blotted out the world. She couldn’t think, could only sob and moan in response.

Her head hung back bonelessly, until another blow across her breasts flung it forward, to hang loosely, moaning.

All the while Chloe was licking at her clitoris, thrusting the dildo into her pussy; in and out, in and out, in and out, as her pink tongue twirled and twisted and lapped at her clitoris. She was blissful unaware of the horror and misery her friend was experiencing. She, after all, had been whipped as well, and had thrilled to it. So it was almost natural to think the blonde girl was similarly excited. Her muffled cries and moans were no doubt the sounds of pleasure.

Laura gasped, moaning, eyes dull, as his fist yanked her head up and back, and she heard felt his breath against her ear.

“You’re my fuck toy now, bitch,” he growled. “You’re a nigger’s white sex slave, and I’m going to fuck your ass and fuck your cunt and fuck your throat every day, me and my homies, me and my buddies. Then I’m gonna sell your white ass to anyone with a buck to spend.”

She hardly cared what he said, but a part of her felt relief that she was no longer being whipped. She felt his cock pressing up between her sweating buttocks, probing at her anal opening. Then she grunted weakly as he pushed himself into her. Again she felt a mild sense of happiness. While he was sodomising her he couldn't whip her, so she grunted and moaned and whimpered at the pain in her back and breasts and belly and felt no wish to resist the cruel anal rape, even if she could have.

Graham dragged Chloe out of the room, or at least, she thought it was Graham. He spanked her as he masturbated her with enormous dildos in her pussy and anus, whispering vicious words into her excited ears, promising to have her gang raped, to sell her as a prostitute, to make her his sex slave. She came, and came, and came again, writhing and bucking in violent sexual pleasure.

Dale swallowed the man's come and felt his cock beginning to deflate. He pulled back, and she gulped in air, then gasped as fingers caught her nipple and twisted sharply. She resumed her movements.

She was straddling a skinny young black man, riding his cock, bent forward as another black man kneeling behind thrust himself into her anus. She worked her hips, squeezing her pussy and anal muscles, then opened her lips as another man moved in, standing at the edge of the bed, gripping her hair, and directing his cock into her open mouth.

At least a half dozen more Black men stood and sat around the bed, laughing, chatting, grinning, smoking, calling out obscenities. There were more men in the other room. The gang bang had been going on for hours. And it was not her first. She had been gang raped a half dozen times in the last few days by gangs of feral looking young Blacks, street gang members Amos had recruited.

The last few - days? - weeks? - months? - were all a haze. She remembered crawling, remembered crawling forever, the cold, hard ground under dark skies, not being able to stand for what seemed like forever, remembered the dogs with a dread, disbelieving, horrified shock. There were still purplish remains of bite marks on her arms and legs and bottom and breasts. Anything was better than that. Anything.

There were metal shackles on her wrists and ankles, and a collar around her throat, but no chains were needed. She put up no resistance. She did not think of escape, did not think of shame or misery or pain, where she was or how long she would be there. Her panicky mind was concerned only with satisfying the men who were using her so as to avoid punishment. She did not protest, did not beg, did not cry. She gave each new man a feeble, desperately happy smile before wrapping her lips around his cock.

She focussed on moving her tongue properly along the man's cock, on working her hips back and forth as the man behind her thrust into her anus, on riding the cock of the man beneath her as he roughly groped her breasts. All her intensity was on doing as capable a job as possible, almost crazed by the desperate need to please the men who had hurt her so much, so they would not hurt her again.

The cock pulled out and the man fisted it in front of her. She smiled

weakly as she waited for it to explode. It did, spewing yet more semen over a face already stick with it. She gave a shaky laugh and waited for the next cock.

Instead a metal pipe was placed between her lips. She sighed and inhaled deeply, as she had already done before. It was a relief, really, to give herself up to the drug, the crack. It softened the pain, and for a few minutes made her happy. The crack high made her groan in pleasure, and she sighed happily as another cock was thrust into her mouth and down her throat.

The man behind her came, and was replaced. Outside, in the front room of the crack house, money was exchanged for drugs, and flinty eyed men watched every newcomer with tight edged distrust.

“You love my cock, don’t you, White bitch?”

“Yes, Master! I love your cock, Master!” Laura said anxiously.

The most recent whip marks were still bright across her breasts, but they had been given more for the brothers’ pleasure than out of discipline. Any thoughts of rebellion had been beaten out of the girl, and she now cringed submissively before him as Ian ran his fingers through her blonde hair.

Her nipples and sex lips had been pierced, and she had been introduced to the appliance, the two of them making love before the brothers’ eyes, for their voyeuristic pleasure. All she had to do was look at the silent, blinded, hooded girl for whatever defiance she might have been contemplating to drain out of Laura’s mind.

It was bad enough she was kept chained at all times, bad enough she was not permitted to speak at all, for any reason, except when spoken to by one of the brothers, bad enough she was a sex slave who could be beaten at the whim of her captors. She did not want to have every trace of humanity and personhood stripped away as had been done to the nameless hooded girl. And so she obeyed, instantly, putting on a smile, as she had been ordered, pretending she liked and was cooperating with her own rape and imprisonment.

“Fuck this blonde whore, slave bitch,” Ian growled.

“Yes, Master!”

Chloe’s response was considerably more realistic, and a part of Laura wondered if the girl could possibly still be under the illusion that Laura, like her, had given herself to their captors willingly. Surely she couldn’t be that stupid, the stinking little bitch.

But she smiled and groaned in a pretence of happiness as she felt Chloe thrust the strap-on dildo into her pussy and began to rut against her. Would she ever escape? Would the bothers ever let her go? What would they do when they tired of her?

“Get her hot and ready, slut slave,” Ian directed.

“Yes, Master!” Chloe panted.

Laura felt the girl’s fingers sliding between her legs, rubbing at her clitoris. That part of her that had given up eased her legs further apart and pushed back against her. Fucking was the only pleasure she got, after all. It interrupted the boredom when she was left tied up or shackled, usually in some uncomfortable position alone and in pain. So she loved fucking. That was no pretence. She worried about that a little, had been worrying since she

had first climaxed under the whip a week earlier.

Was she becoming the mindless fuck toy she pretended to be? Would she be like Chloe, eagerly greeting her own debasement and rape? She knew the girl had been gang banged by a dozen of the brothers' friends. Rather than being outraged she had been wide eyed with glee and remembered pleasure as she'd spoken of it to Laura.

Laura, of course, had not dared disagree, had not dared speak. One word and she'd have been whipped again.

She gasped as Chloe's fingers lightly pinched her clit, feeling the sensual heat swirl up through her belly. The man above smirked as he looked down, and Laura felt a wave of shame. But that didn't seem to matter any more. She moaned, opening herself to the pleasure, thrusting back against the dildo.

The appliance was gone. The girls had watched Ian take her away, the brothers claiming she was to be sold to an Arab sheik for his harem. The next day Graham brought a new appliance to play with, another hooded, faceless, naked girl. Laura had eaten her pussy and pumped a dildo in her anus, Chloe had fisted her. Both girls had ridden her face. Then the hood had been removed, shocking the both of them.

Dale had not seemed to react to their presence. Her eyes were dull, almost unseeing, yet she had almost seemed to smile as the two girls had hugged her, Chloe with delight, Laura sadly.

Then the three girls, roommates again, though now in cages, knelt, shoulder to shoulder, taking turns swallowing his mighty cock.

Graham looked down, arms folded across his powerful chest, and smiled.

END