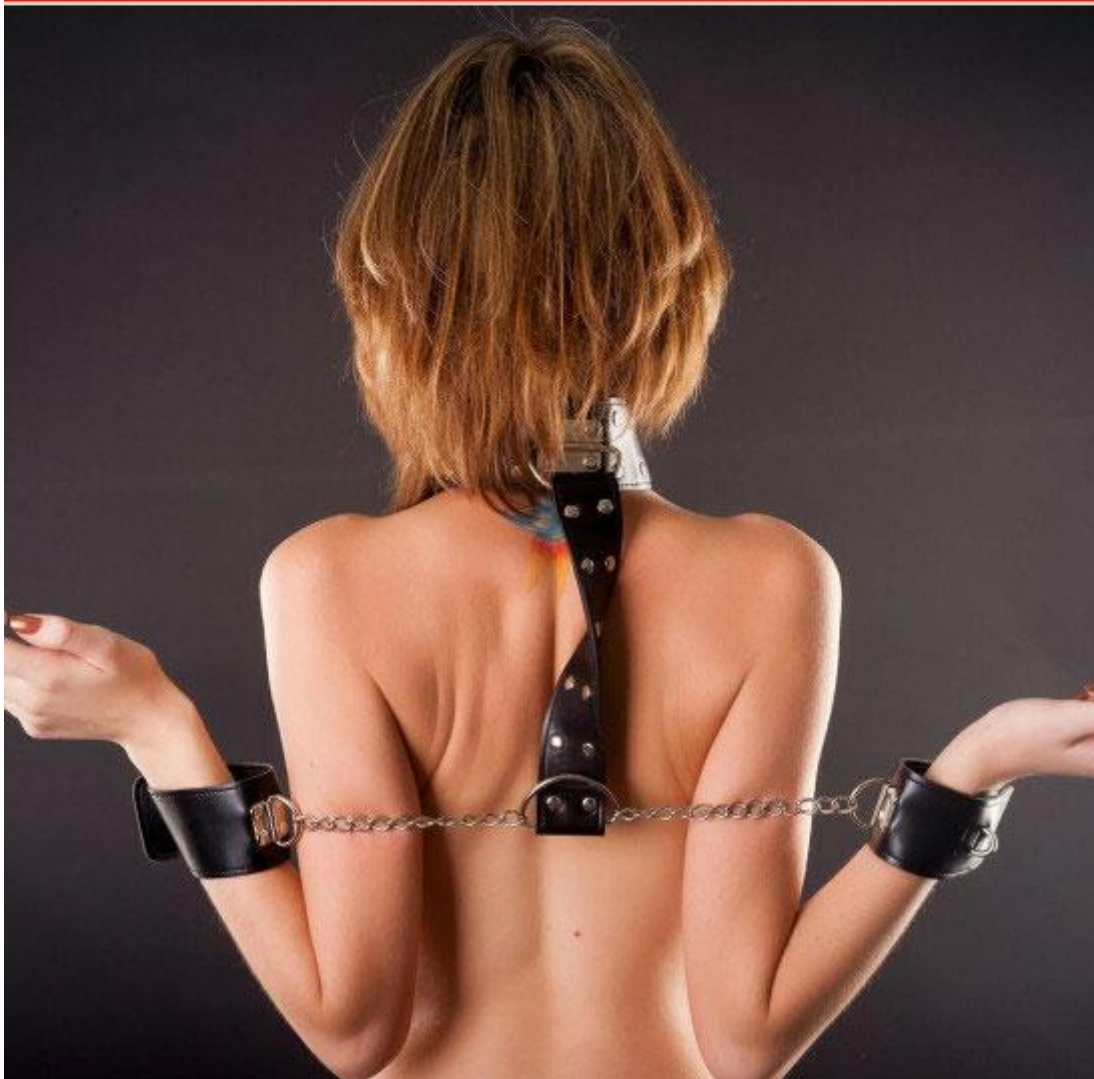


Zoe's Dominant Friends

By JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over 18

The first thing Zoe felt upon waking was confusion. Where was she? When she saw the bars in front of her eyes and the unfamiliar room beyond she felt a shock. An instant later, memories of what had happened the previous day swept through her mind, and a sense of awe and wonder gripped her.

She was in a cage, naked, a collar around her neck and studded leather restraints around her wrists.

She had thought that letting Brooke and her sexy boyfriend Tyler seduce her into a threesome was the height of edgy and sophisticated sex. For her, it was. Her previous sex life could best be described as mundane, slightly boring, and not particularly satisfying either emotionally or physically.

But the two of them had more in mind than a simple menage a trois. They were into some kinky stuff! It wasn't like Zoe had never heard of bondage and that kind of thing before, of course. But when you've barely managed the merry-go-round you don't really think of jumping on the roller coaster.

At least *she* hadn't. Sex had not been of particularly vital interest to her compared to things like getting a decent job and finding a better place to live. Sex was more for the guy's fun rather than hers as far as she had thought. Most of her friends thought the same way.

It took almost no effort to arouse a guy and very little more to bring him to climax. You could do it any number of ways in just a few minutes. It took considerably more effort and at least some skill to bring a girl to orgasm. And unfortunately, most of the guys she and her female friends had dated lacked that skill or the patience to learn.

Brooke wasn't much older than her, but Tyler was at least six or seven years older than the busty blonde. Maybe that was why he was so much better at everything than any guy she had ever had experience with. He certainly had more of an imagination. Her previous dates had been entirely satisfied with whatever she consented to do with them sexually.

Tyler had moved far beyond that. He was quite skilled with his mouth and hands, not to mention other unmentionable parts of his body. On top of that, of course, he was a very large, strong, muscular, and handsome man. She had never seen a guy as attractive without his clothes on as Tyler.

She was more than slightly intimidated by how sophisticated his edgy sex games were, and amazed at how strongly they affected her. She had never had an orgasm during intercourse before. She was content if the guy was happy with her afterward. That was what was important.

She had five last night. Five! And they were massive! She had never before felt the passion and heat and hunger Tyler and Brooke had roused in her. It was mostly Tyler, she told herself, cringing at the memory of how the blonde had been able to dominate her and give her pleasure while forcing her to say the most degrading things about herself.

I can't believe I said those things, she thought, wincing.

It was bad enough she had said them at Tyler's command, without her having to submit to Brooke's dominance. Brooke was just a dumb blonde with big boobs! Zoe tolerated her at

work where they were both servers at a higher-end bar and restaurant. It was Brooke who had advised her to wear more revealing, or at least sexier outfits to get more tips.

Zoe had rejected that, at first, then only grudgingly worn a tighter, shorter dress. It went against the grain for her to flaunt her body in front of strange men, especially for money. It felt cheap and degrading. Which was one of the reasons she had looked down on Brooke a little for the way she flaunted herself, the way she wore such low-cut dresses and flirted with the customers.

She had only agreed to come out with the girl to play a game of flag football because she was new to the city and bored and loved sports. She hadn't thought Brooke had anything further in mind, especially sex. Zoe was not a lesbian, nor even bisexual. Certainly, she was aware that an awful lot of girls experimented or dabbled in that sort of thing. But it had never really appealed to her. She liked men's bodies. She liked big, strong, powerful guys with a lot of machismo.

She had very little interest in girls that way.

Or at least, she hadn't. Somehow, Brooke had been able to make her pulse race and her body thrum with sexual tension and energy all by herself. Of course, a lot of that had to do with her being tied up and helpless at the time. There was something about being restrained, about being treated like a sex slave, being ordered about, having her body used roughly, that struck a chord in some deeply hidden side of her mind.

The things Brooke had said to her, the name she had called her would have resulted in physical violence on any other day. Zoe would not have tolerated it and she was virtually certain she could beat the tar out of Brooke without half trying. But being tied up in a revealing and helpless pose, naked just made all the difference.

The more outrageous the things were that Tyler or Brooke said to her the darker and edgier and more exciting things had seemed. Of course, it was because of the silly sex game. But she'd never played a sex game before and found it to be quite helplessly thrilling.

The fantasy of herself as a degraded sex slave melted her mind! And somehow in that role, she could do the most outrageous things, say the most degrading things, and be turned on by them.

A memory of crawling naked on a leash flitted through her mind and she felt a rush of heaviness and heat down low in her belly.

I can't believe I did that, she thought in amazement. I acted so incredibly slutty last night! Thank God I'm far from home and nobody will find out.

If her family and friends found out half the things she had done and said the previous night she would never live it down. She would never be able to go home and face them again. It was going to be embarrassing just facing Brooke and Tyler again. They must really think she was a slut!

Of course, Brooke was a slut too. But everyone expected a buxom blonde to be an oversexed slut and Brooke had never acted like anything else. But Zoe had always cultivated a sense of restrained coolness that did not fit well with her begging Brooke to be her sex slave.

As if! she thought to herself with an unhappy scowl.

She was much less bothered by acting like an obedient sex slave around Tyler. He was a very hot and sexy older guy. Playing the

submissive sex toy to him didn't bother her pride nearly as much as doing so to Brooke. And she didn't resent him for pushing the envelope with her. Guys always did that. They were all sex-crazed.

You can't blame a zebra for having stripes. It's just what they were.

She tried the door to the cage and to her surprise found a small padlock in it.

I'm actually locked in! she thought, startled.

A sliver of anxiety flitted through her mind. After all, what did she really know about Tyler? She'd only met him yesterday. He was Brooke's boyfriend, and he owned a landscaping company. That was about it. For that matter, she didn't even know that much about Brooke. If she had been asked twenty-four hours earlier she would've described her as a slutty blonde with big boobs.

She didn't really suspect any ill intent on Brooke's part, but Tyler was clearly the one in charge.

Then again, what did she have to fear from Tyler? He had already used her body thoroughly the other day. And she had no objection to him doing it again today. She wasn't rich and didn't come from a rich family. So there was nothing else Tyler would want of her but sex. And he had that already.

No, it wasn't likely he intended anything nasty, at least nothing nastier than what they had done yesterday. But she had realized that he was doing things deliberately to excite her mind and not just her body. The way he had talked to her and made her say things couldn't be for any other reason. The same thing with the cage. It was not here to keep her from running away but to keep her thinking about being a sex slave, to keep her involved in his edgy little sex game.

Would he continue it this morning or act more normal the way he had before they had come home to his little bungalow?

She got her answer when the door was opened and someone walked in. She was virtually certain from the size and shape that it was Tyler. But he was wearing a ski mask with sunglasses over his eyes. She felt her face heating as he looked down at her but didn't know what to say.

He squatted down and unlocked the door then opened it. Wordlessly, he stood back and gestured for her to come out. Zoe licked her lips a bit nervously and then shifted around in the cage until she was more or less on all fours, then lowered her head and shoulders and slid through the low, narrow door.

What if it wasn't him!?

She crawled out and he immediately gripped her hair and pulled sharply up and back, so that she was pushed back against the edge of the cage, still on her knees.

Ow! That hurts!

She had instinctively reached up and back to grab her hair. He gripped her wrists, which were bound together with the leather restraints, and pulled them down behind her head, forcing them down far enough that he was able to somehow attach the leather wrist restraints to the back of the collar around her throat.

He gripped her hair again, then unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out, rubbing it against her face. She gasped in pain and at another tug on her hair his cock pushed into her open mouth.

Of course, it's Tyler, she thought anxiously. But what if it isn't!?

She sucked and licked at his cock which hardened quickly in her mouth. The more it hardened the more certain she was that it had to be Tyler. Tyler had a very distinctively gorgeous cock that was very big and thick. Of course, it was possible that this was a guy with the same size and look of cock but very unlikely.

Even so, the faintest possibility it was someone else gave her a heady sense of wicked and edgy heat. As with many of the other games he played, and allowed her to more easily fall into the role of being a sex slave, making it seem more realistic.

She moaned around the thick girth of his shaft as it slid through her lips and across her tongue. She felt the head pushing deeper and deeper into her mouth until it plunged into her throat, and she gurgled helplessly as inch after inch of shaft followed.

Her wrists jerked feebly against the back of the collar but could not pull free as his cock pushed all the way down her throat until her lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft. He ground himself against her and then pulled back a few inches only to push deep a second time, then a third.

Her chest began to burn as he pumped his cock slowly in and out, up and down in her throat. She rolled her eyes upward and all she saw was that blank head and sunglasses staring down at her. For some reason, it sent a dark thrill of heat through her mind and body. It was like he was faceless! He WAS faceless! He could be anyone!

He pulled free at last, and she coughed and gasped for breath. He released her hair and instead bent over and folded his powerful hand around her neck, squeezing lightly as he forced her up to her feet. Then he roughly spun her around and bent her across the top of the cage.

Crack!

Zoe gasped at the stinging slap to her bottom even as he gripped her thighs and forced her legs wide. She felt his cock rubbing up and down along the line for sex and pushing into her even as he gripped her hair once more.

Her breasts pillowed out below her against the thinly spaced bars of the cage, aching and throbbing as his cock slid deep into her body.

It was the outrageousness of what was happening. That a guy, even a lover, even a boyfriend of long acquaintance would simply push her down and enter her without so much as a word sent a flood of liquid heat through her body. He was rough and *masterful*! His hips worked quickly slapping against her buttocks as she gasped and moaned and cried out at every thrust.

She felt the thick cock straining against the thin, elastic walls of her sex as he used her ruthlessly. His grip on her hair forced her head back, her face forward, staring at the wall behind the cage as his hips continued to pound her bottom.

He shifted her slightly aside and gripped one of her breasts, squeezing it, wedging it through the thin bars of the cage. Then he shifted hands and wedged her other breast down as well. The bars were no thicker than pencils, and laid out in a square pattern going up and

down and from side to side. He managed to force her breasts through the narrow squares so that they hung below inside the cage, taut and throbbing!

He slid out of her and slapped her bottom again then moved around to the other side of the cage. With her breasts caught below, she could only roll her eyes up as he moved in against the edge of the cage and pushed his cock into her open mouth. She moaned as another rush of dark heat swept through her and felt the sexual pressure growing within her body.

His cock pushed deep into her throat and pumped slowly up and down as he gripped her thick brown hair in his big fists. Her chest began to burn as it had before and her head pounded from lack of oxygen as his cock slid up and down in her throat.

He finally pulled his big cock free and then moved around behind her once more.

Crack!

He entered her second time, just as roughly as he had the first and his hips began to hammer her buttocks. Zoe felt overwhelmed by the ferocity of it all, intimidated, and yet filled with sexual pressure to the point she thought her hands would be trembling if she could see them.

She let her mind float on the swirling, churning, bubbling flood of heat, gasping and grunting and moaning as he rode her, as he used her, as he *ravished* her!

She felt the passion and heat narrowing to a fine edge, building and deepening until it exploded. It hit, and she cried out helplessly, her body trembling and shaking, her breasts jerking against the bars as the orgasm tore through her. And all through it his hips hammered her buttocks as his big cock speared deep into her aching, burning sex.

Somewhere in the midst of it, just as her mind was starting to sink into the languorous state of relaxation she often felt after her orgasm faded he pulled out and then left the room. She supposed he had come, though didn't put a lot of effort into thinking about it. Her mind floated, content, feeling lazy and not much given to complex thoughts.

After a couple of minutes, though, she recovered and wondered how long she was supposed to stay like this. She eased herself up slowly, wincing. Both of her breasts were pushed through squares much smaller than they were. Of course, they were malleable, but squeezing them through without the benefit of her hands and fingers made them ache to the point she stopped trying.

The outrageousness of her position made her shake her head in amazement again. Letting herself be treated like this was so wildly against character for her. On the other hand, she could hardly fault the results, the amazingly powerful orgasms.

What a slut I am! she thought excitedly.

A few minutes later the door opened again and Brooke came in.

What are you doing like that? she asked as she came over beside her. Oh, I suppose Evan came in and fucked you? We did tell him we had a sex slave and he did wander off looking to see if he could make use of her body. Some men like sluts, after all.

You should know, Zoe mumbled.

Were you being disrespectful, you impudent little slave? Brooke demanded.

Crack!

Oww!

You'd better learn your place, sex slave. If you don't speak respectfully toward your mistress and master you will be severely punished, she said sternly.

Her fingers slid down between Zoe's thighs and spread the lips of her sex.

Ah, I see you've been nicely fucked by someone. I suppose it doesn't matter to you who it was. All you care about is having a big cock inside you, isn't that right slut?

Crack!

Ow! Fuck!

Crack!

Are you being bad? Brooke demanded.

Crack!

She gripped Zoe's hair and jerked it up and back as she plunged three fingers into her warm, snug pussy.

Tell me you love big cocks, slut, she demanded, pumping and twisting her fingers in and out.

Zoe gasped and moaned.

I bet I can fit my whole hand inside you, you slutty little sex slave.

Ow! Brooke!

Crack!

It's Mistress Brooke to you. Say it, slut.

Mistress Brooke! she cried.

Tell me you love big cocks inside you.

I-I love big cocks inside me, Mistress Brooke! Zoe cried.

Brooke released her hair and slid her fingers out of her pussy then moved back across the room for a few seconds. When she returned she had another big dildo in her hand which Zoe discovered when she pushed it against her and slid it slowly up into her body.

This one had a pair of straps that went diagonally up across her abdomen and over her hips to join together in the back as well as a third that went up between her buttocks and locked together with the other two. Brooke reached into the cage then, pushing and prodding Zoe soft breasts to work them up through the bars.

She pulled her roughly back and forced her down onto her knees. Then, still holding her there, moved around before her and lifted the short hem of her thin cotton nightie to reveal her naked sex.

Get to work, slut, or I'll strap your bare bottom until it's red, she growled.

Moaning, Zoe began licking as the blonde pulled her face forward into her sex. It didn't really occur to her to resist, let alone refuse. Her mind had not been able to keep up with the speed and outrageousness of the events that were unfolding around her.

It was only while she licked at the blonde girl's clitoris that she felt the sense of shame at being dominated by Brooke. She felt she was smarter and even better looking than the blonde and so should have a higher status. It was degrading being *owned* by her, as if she had been conquered by a lesser foe.

She felt resentment in that, but also that strange, twisted sexual eagerness she had felt earlier at being dominated and treated like a slave girl. She was at a loss to understand why being treated this way aroused her, but didn't spare much thought as she focused on licking and sucking Tonya's swollen clitoris.

She winced and gasped as the blonde twisted her fingers in her hair, and licked harder as Brooke looked arrogantly down at her and sneered in contempt.

She jerked back on Zoe's hair and the brunette gasped in pain as Tonya's other hand went around her throat and squeezed firmly enough to make breathing difficult.

Tell me you're my bitch, she demanded.

Zoe's mind squirmed away from that. *As if!* she thought again. Brooke should be her bitch, not the other way around. Not that she would want a girl as her bitch except to do chores.

Brooke jerked back on Zoe's hair even more and reached down to grip her left nipple, pinching and twisting it as Zoe squealed in pain.

Obey your mistress, slut!

Ow! Oh! I'm your bitch, Mistress Brooke! Zoe cried.

Brooke snorted in satisfaction and pulled Zoe's head forward once more.

Tell me you're my sex slave, slut.

I-I'm your sex slave, Mistress Brooke, Zoe said, dropping her eyes self-consciously.

Brooke pulled her face back against her pussy and Zoe resumed licking.

You have a lot to learn, slut. We'll teach you to be a proper little sex slave. Then maybe we'll sell you to some rich guy, some rich old guy with lots of money.

The idea intrigued Zoe, though not in a serious way. The thought of herself as a slave girl to some rich guy was a delicious fantasy given the way her mind had been shifted on the subject of sex.

That's it, slut, lick harder. Nasty little slave bitch. Please your mistress so she won't beat you.

Brooke's words made Zoe's mind quiver with outrage, but even so she felt the thrill of heat sweep through her body. *This is so humiliating*, she thought as she licked.

She felt relief and also a sense of satisfaction when she made the blonde climax. She was clearly getting better at this!

Brooke let her nightie down and then bent Zoe over and unclipped her wrist restraints from each other and from the collar.

On all fours, slut. You're a little bitch in heat, remember that you filthy animal.

Zoe felt another jolt of indignation even as Brooke clipped a leash to the back of her collar and tugged sharply.

Crawl, slut.

Zoe gasped and crawled across the room to the door and then through it and out into the hall. Her breasts shifted below her as she crawled down the hall, but her attention was more for the feel of the big dildo jammed up inside her. She had never tried to move around before with something inside her and it felt both strange and darkly exciting.

Brooke led her past the kitchen and then into the dining room where Tyler sat at the table. She felt her face heat as he looked down at her in amusement. She also felt some confusion. He wasn't dressed the way he had been when he came into the room. He had on sweatpants and a T-shirt not the jeans and pullover he had been wearing earlier.

What if it wasn't him!? she thought, feeling her chest tighten. *But no, they're fucking with my head. I know it was him.*

Well if it isn't our little sex slave, he said.

She's very happy because I pushed a big cock up inside her, Brooke said.

Brooke had her crawl right over in front of where the big man sat and he reached over and folded his hand around her neck, squeezing and lightly as he pulled her up on her knees.

No, bad girl, he chided, wagging his finger at her as she gripped his wrist. Do not try to resist whatever your master does. Drop your hands.

There was absolutely nothing she could do about his powerful wrist and hand anyway, Zoe thought as she dropped her hands to her sides.

Are you happy to have big cock inside you? he asked.

Yes, Master, she gasped, her face flushing slightly.

Brooke had unclipped the leash from her collar and doubled the thin leather in half. Now she swung it in against Zoe's back and the brunette yelped in pain, startled as she tried to twist around to confront the blonde.

Are you trying to resist again? Tyler demanded with a scowl, tightening his fingers around her neck.

N-No, Master, Zoe gasped as his fingers tightened.

Tell me you're my slut.

I'm your slut, Master, she croaked weakly.

Tell me you're my whore.

I-I'm your whore, Master, she gasped, cringing at saying it under Brooke's eyes, but feeling a dark rush of wild heat.

Are you going to obey your master, slut?

Yes, Master!

He removed his hand and Zoe gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air, her heart thumping.

Nasty little slave animal, Brooke said behind her.

Well feed the little bitch, he replied.

Brooke left a plastic bowl of porridge on the floor by the wall and then snapped her fingers at Zoe.

Crawl over there and eat, slave bitch.

Zoe looked at the bowl uncertainly then gasped as Brooke gripped her hair and pulled her sharply so she almost fell onto all fours. Brooke led her over by the hair and then released it.

What's in it? she asked instinctively.

She didn't usually eat breakfast.

In an answer Brooke swept the doubled up little leather strap down across her bottom and she yelped at the stinging blow.

Slaves do not speak unless spoken to, Tyler said in his deep, rumbling voice. They need only obey orders.

And slaves don't use their hands, either, Brooke said. Push your mouth into the bowl and eat like an animal, slut."

This was absolutely outrageous, Zoe thought. But there was no question the wicked, perverted little game fascinated her almost as much as it aroused her. She lowered her mouth and then gave the porridge a tentative lick.

Crack!

The strap cut across her bottom again.

Always spread your legs wide, slut, Brooke ordered. Anytime you're kneeling or bent over you want your legs to be wide apart so everyone knows you're available for them to mount and use.

Zoe hissed at the stinging blow but shifted her knees wide as she lowered her head and shoulders further.

What a beautiful little ass she has," she heard Tyler say.

I bet she'd like to be gang banged, Brooke said. Maybe we should get a whole bunch of guys to come in and form a line behind her.

Zoe felt another emotional jolt at the words and the mind picture they evoked. She didn't speak, though, but continued to eat and drink the porridge as Brooke sat down at the table next to her boyfriend.

Why should I give her away? Maybe if they paid me.

I think she'd make a great stripper, and since you own her she can give you all the money she makes.

That a thought. She'll need to be better trained, first, of course.

She should be beaten more. Hang her up from her wrists and whip her! Brooke said enthusiastically.

You always want me to beat them more. I think you're a little jealous.

I am not! Imagine me being jealous of some naked sex slave.

Zoe knew the words were all for her even if they were speaking to each other, and suddenly she became newly aware of her nudity. Not that she had not known about it already, of course but she was now in a room with two fully dressed people and there was no sex going on.

It felt odd being naked around other people who were not. It made her feel more naked than naked. And she was kneeling with her breasts almost touching the floor, her bottom raised high in the air and her legs spread wide!

Maybe we'll have Evan bring some of his friends over to help train her, Brooke said.

There is no Evan, Zoe thought to herself. That was Tyler in the room. You can't convince me otherwise. Besides, Tyler hasn't shown any interest in fucking me. Which he would if he hadn't already done so against the cage. You can't fool me, you blonde airhead.

I don't need any help. Maybe later, after I turned her into a complete, raving nymphomaniac.

She's already one, Brooke said with a sniff.

You're just jealous.

I am not! What's to be jealous of? She has a skinny little butt, and my breasts are much bigger.

She has really nice tits. And they're a great shape. Very firm. That ass of hers is very shapely, too. I'm sure she'll fetch a lot of cash when I sell her.

You should dye her hair blonde. She'll go for a higher price.

Not everyone wants blondes all the time, Tyler said.

Most guys do. Blondes are sexier, Brooke said confidently.

Maybe I should sell you then.

I'm your girlfriend not your slave girl.

Who says you can't be both?

He finished eating and picked up a napkin to wipe his mouth.

More bacon next time.

Yes, master, Brooke said sarcastically.

Now you're getting the hang of things.

Zoe felt her insides squeezing down around the thick dildo. Her mind was still swimming in a dark, steamy sexual stew of emotions, delighted even if self-conscious about her 'role' as a sex slave. It was so edgy and hot and nasty! That she had no idea what the two would do next was a part of that. It made her anxious but also filled her with anticipation.

She was paying little attention to the bowl of oatmeal as the two of them talked about selling her or letting people use her body. It was hard to figure out their real intentions since they had clearly done this for a while and knew how to act their part in it.

After she'd finished, Tyler slipped the leash on and made her crawl down the hall to the bathroom. Then he had her kneel in the

bathtub as he washed her as he would a dog. He didn't bother to remove the dildo that protruded from her pussy, but soaped up her entire body and then spent some time letting his hands glide over it.

Naturally, he spent a lot more time kneading and squeezing her breasts, and rubbing her clitoris! All of it made her pant and moan as his big, rough hands slid back and forth across her slippery, soapy flesh. Her breasts throbbed and her nipples tingled hotly.

I'm your slut, Sir, she said repeatedly.

He'd told her to. And any time she slowed her words or spoke them too quietly he pinched one of her nipples!

After she was clean, he dried her and then even brushed her teeth! Then he put the ball gag in her mouth. Afterward, he led her back up the hall, still crawling. They passed the two bedrooms, the kitchen, and then she crawled into the living room – almost.

There were two decorative pillars on either side of the space between the living and dining room. Tyler led her to one of them, where a narrow stool sat. He pulled the dildo out of her, then had her sit on the stool and put her hands up and back behind the pillar. He locked them together there.

He slipped a belt around her waist and then back behind the pillar and when he tightened it, Zoe felt herself locked tightly against the thing.

Ungh! she gasped as it dug into her belly.

He grinned and then he lifted her ankles up and back above her head. He pushed them back so far the backs of her feet were pressed into the wall behind the pillar. Then her ankles were tied together. A moment later he picked up another belt or strap and slid it around her neck, pulling it back tight enough to make her gasp and moan, but not to enough to really interrupt her breathing. Much.

He pushed the big dildo back inside her and strapped it in place, then Brooke worked another one deep into her bottom. This was long and thick but narrowed abruptly to the point it felt as though it were all inside her. She could see it quite clearly was not, though. A good inch remained, widening as suddenly as it narrowed.

Then at the touch of a button the 'dildo' inside her started to vibrate! She shuddered and moaned as the two looked down at her, Brooke smug, Tyler amused.

This should keep you in the right mood for a while, he said.

They went back into the kitchen, then Tyler returned, sitting down on the sofa and playing with his phone. The vibrator inside her altered its buzzing rhythm, and began to pulsate. The pulsations started deep within her abdomen, and then raced along the length of the shaft until the base, which was pressed against her clitoris, throbbed powerfully. It repeated the rhythm again and again as he looked at her, then down at his phone again.

Over the next several minutes he tried several different speeds and powers as Zoe moaned and trembled at the way the sensations began to flood her mind and body. The straps kept her pinned to the round column as the heat flared wildly. Passion, hunger and need filled her, and she moaned and grasped and whimpered around the ball gag filling her mouth.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. She had been on the verge of coming, and now a jolt of anxiety interrupted her passion as Tyler rose and crossed the room. She couldn't see the front door because of how she was tied, but she could hear voices speaking; his and some other man. Then the door closed and he returned, but right behind him was another man!

The second guy was almost as big, but his chest wasn't as thick and his shoulders not quite so broad. He was a black man with short hair and hungry eyes as he looked at her.

Zoe's face burned and she dropped her eyes, her heart, already beating furiously, beat faster as her pulse raced.

That's some nice-looking pussy you got there, the black man said as the two sat down.

Yeah, I'm training her to be my sex slave, Tyler replied.

What the fuck for? You got Brooke.

That's what I told him, Brooke called from the kitchen.

A man likes variety sometimes. And Brooke would be upset if I cheated on her with a real human girl. But a slave isn't really a person. She's just a possession, see? Like a dog. I own her the same as I do my truck or my TV. So it's not the same.

I see what you mean. Did you buy her at a slave auction?

No, she works with Brooke. I lured her here and then tied her up.

Is that legal?

Sure. No one cares about what happens to slaves, after all.

Zoe stared down at her body, at her swollen, throbbing breasts and the dildo projecting out of her bottom. She was horribly self-conscious, terribly embarrassed as the stranger eyed her with undisguised hunger. She heard every word they said but it was clear fairly soon that Tyler was once again talking for her benefit, trying to mindfuck her.

And he was succeeding. She felt a little more anxiety now. Could he possibly be serious?! But no, the words he spoke were too ridiculous, too over-the-top. He was playing to her.

What really mattered was the black guy looking at her! The way he was acting soon told her that he had known exactly what he'd find. He wasn't shocked enough. He accepted the ridiculous things Tyler said without any sign of how outrageous they were. So obviously, Tyler had invited him over and told her what was waiting.

Her!

And that meant they meant to have this strange black guy fucking her!

And how outrageous was that!?

She moaned softly, feeling the tight straps binding her in place. There was absolutely nothing she could do or say to stop him, she realized. She was utterly helpless! He and any other male who stopped by could use her body just the way Brooke had suggested earlier!

She gasped, her eyes jerked involuntarily up to them as they both stood up and walked to her. She dropped her eyes again as Tyler slid a hand over the base of the dildo in her bottom.

Yeah, she loves big cocks inside her, he said casually. Nice, long, thick ones that fill her up.

He undid the straps holding the vibrator in place and drew it slowly out until the head slipped free.

Nice and long. Almost as thick as me too, the man said.

She shuddered as Tyler's fingers stroked her clitoris, then pushed inside her.

Nice and wet, he said. She loves being a sex slave.

His big fingers pushed deep, twisting and turning, pumping in and out as his thumb rubbed her clitoris.

Zoe whimpered and moaned, her body crackling with sexual electricity, the feel of his fingers making her want to roll her hips up at him! She suppressed that as much as she could, horribly aware of the stranger looking down at her. This was humiliating! And yet... and yet, it was also shockingly exciting!

Then Tyler reached behind her head and undid the strap holding the gag in place.

She cringed, not wanting to have to speak, but he pulled the ball out of her mouth. His fingers, the ones that had been in her pussy, pushed into her open mouth instead.

Suck, he barked.

She moaned and automatically began to suck and lick at them.

She loves deep throating big cocks too, he said.

He pulled his fingers out and resumed rubbing her clitoris.

Tell me you love big cocks, slave girl, he growled.

Zoe cringed and looked down.

He reached up and pinched one nipple, twisting it sharply.

Ahhh! she cried.

Obey your master, slave girl. Tell me you love cock.

I-I... I... I love... cock, she moaned.

Again, he barked, slapping her breast stingingly.

Ahh! I love cock!

He slapped her breast a second time.

Did you forget to call me sir?

No... y-yes! I... I mean.... Ah!

He slapped her breast again.

Tell me you love cock.

I love cock, Sir! she gasped.

Would you like to come?

Startled, Zoe realized that her body was still thrumming with sexual hunger. She felt a strange twist in her mind, a dark rush of energy.

Yes, Sir! she moaned.

Ask Leon to fuck you.

She cringed again, moaning helplessly.

Of course, we could just leave you like this and I'll send him home.

Zoe would have been delighted if he left! Or at least, some part of her would have. It would have made her far less self-conscious. But there was a dark, heady burst of excitement at the sudden thought of just giving in and letting him use her! That would be so shocking and outrageous!

It would be like she really was a slave! A sex slave! And what did it matter who he was? She'd probably never even see him again. And it wasn't like he could tell her friends and family!

Beg Leon to fuck you.

She cringed again.

Please... please... fu-fuck me, she half whispered.

Louder, slut.

Having him call her that in front of... Leon, made her cringe again.

Please fuck me... sir! she gulped.

The black man unzipped his trousers and she shuddered as Tyler resumed rubbing her clitoris.

Tell Leon you love black cocks.

She cringed again!

Tyler pinched her nipple and she squealed in pain.

Obey your master, sex slave.

I-I love black cocks! Zoe moaned.

Even as she spoke Leon was pulling his cock out into the open and she felt a shudder of excitement roll through her when she caught sight of it. Just as he'd said, it was long and thick. And it hardened rapidly before her eyes!

Tyler moved aside and the black man stood before her, gripping his big cock. He rubbed the fat head up and down along the glistening line of her sex as she stared at it.

Beg me to fuck you, white girl.

Please fuck me, Sir, she gulped, too ashamed to meet his gaze.

He reached down and squeezed her breasts hungrily.

Beg me to fuck you with my big black cock.

Please ... please fuck me with your... big black cock, Sir, she moaned.

He pushed himself against her and she gurgled helplessly as the pressure grew and grew. The mouth of her sex strained wider and wider, and then his black cock began to slide through the straining lips of her sex and into her throbbing pussy.

She squealed in pain as Tyler jerked on her hair. As she did, he pushed the ball back into her mouth and strapped it in place.

She moaned in gratitude. Now she didn't have to speak, didn't have to say anything humiliating!

And she couldn't object. She couldn't say no. She was helpless!

She stared down at his cock and watched as inch after inch disappeared into her hungry sex. She felt the head deep inside her already, felt her body throb, her mind burn. *I can't believe this is happening*, she thought wildly.

The big cock slid deeper and deeper, then started to pump in and out.

I'm gonna come! she thought dazedly.

And then she did, crying out again and again, her head twisting against the pillar, her muscles spasming frantically as convulsions racked her body.

I haven't even got my cock buried in this slutty little bitch and she's already coming, Leon said.

Yeah, she's a nympho.

Zoe trembled and shook in the throes of a massive orgasm as the man pushed harder, then began to pump in and out, slowly, then harder. His big cock thrust deep into her quivering body until he had succeeded in burying himself in her warm depths. Then he began to absolutely pound her!

His hips hammered her upraised buttocks as his black cock speared deep within her on every stroke. Zoe gurgled dazedly, her mind too sodden with passion and pleasure to process anything beyond animal heat and instincts. Her buttocks felt battered and bruised by his savage thrusting, but her mind was lost to a feverish hunger.

Another orgasm swept through her, drowning her mind in wildfire pleasure as her passion and need became a feverish thing. She felt as if she were being attacked by a wild animal as he growled down at her, his hands gripping her breasts, fingers digging deep furrows in the already taut flesh.

Nasty little slave girl, Brooke taunted her, reaching in and fingering her clitoris.

Zoe cried out at another jolt of sensation, the liquid heat swamping her senses as she lost herself again, floating on the churning liquid heat as a third orgasm tore through her. Her breathing was becoming ragged as she hyperventilated, losing control of her body, losing awareness of anything beyond the moment and the howling storm of pleasure within.

Finally, Leon slid his cock out of her overheated body, and at an order from Tyler, the blonde girl moved in and dropped to her knees, then began to eagerly lick Zoe's pussy. She plunged three fingers into the steaming heat of her body as she licked, then pressed her thumb up against the underside of her clitoris as her tongue whipped back and forth across the throbbing little button.

She twisted and turned her fingers, adding a fourth, wedging it into her and pumping them in and out. Then her thumb slid down and pushed forward, wedging itself in among the other four and slowly trying to push deeper. Zoe felt herself stretching further and further, felt the ache growing. Then she was distracted as Tyler leaned over.

He brought a small length of cord down against her left nipple, and she saw there was a loop tied in the end. He slid the loop around her stiff nipple, pressed it in against her flesh, then

slowly tightened it. Zoe moaned as she stared, then gasped as he tightened it further and further. She squealed and shook as he tightened it fully, pinching her nipple as the other two laughed.

Her nipple burned at the tight pinch of the little cord, but rather than him removing it, he moved to her other side, and tied a similar cord around her right nipple! She moaned and squealed and cursed breathlessly as he lifted the two cords up and across her shoulders, then behind the pillar, where he tied them together.

And while distracted by that she realized that Tany had wedged her thumb even deeper into the mouth of her sex. She ached there!

Tyler tweaked one of the cords like it was a guitar string, laughing at her yelp of pain. And as he did, Tayler succeeded in slipping the knuckle of her thumb past her opening. Her hand then slid slowly into the dazed girl's pussy until the lips of Zoe's sex closed around her wrist.

Sex slave! she exclaimed.

She leaned in and continued licking and sucking at Zoe's clitoris as she slowly worked her fingers and hand deeper. Zoe gurgled frantically, staring at the blonde girl's wrist pushing deeper. She could feel her entire hand up inside her abdomen, the fingers wriggling strangely.

Then the fingers drew in together, one by one, stretching and straining the elastic walls of her sex until they were pulled in together against the palm of her hand. That let her fist slide still deeper into Zoe's body as she stared down in shock and awe.

Brooke raised her head a little and Tyler leaned in, a vibrator in his hand, and pressed it against her clitoris, rubbing it firmly from side to side. That set off another explosive rush of sensation that made her body quiver and shake.

That pulled her nipples against the cords, producing more sharp jolts of pain as she felt her consciousness being pulled apart, higher orders of thought fading into the background as her animal instincts took control.

The world seemed to swirl around her as she gloried in the dark, kinky heat and passion and then plunged over the edge into still another tremendous orgasm as Brooke's fist began to move in and out, in and out.

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There was something about being unable to speak, Zoe thought. Somehow it added to her sense of inferiority. That and being naked – and tied – and crawling at their feet. She couldn't resent it, though, couldn't resent the demeaning things they said to her, or the degrading things she did.

There was too much dark, sexual hunger within her, all due to the edgy game of master and slave they were playing with her. It had

produced a scalding level of heat and energy that often threatened to consume her mind if not her body.

Crawling naked and gagged around fully clothed people was the act of an animal! A sexual animal! And regardless of how degrading that was, the excitement was more than made up for it. It also carried a strange sense of freedom from society's usual unwritten rules of behavior.

She'd never thought of herself as any kind of exhibitionist. And she'd never gone in for tight, low-cut clothes that flaunted her body in front of strangers. But now, as the three of them sat on the sofa, fully clothed and relaxing, she was 'forced' to engage in a kind of Simon Says game, where Tyler would give an order, and she must obey.

Immediately.

Or else face a slap to her bottom or a blow from the strap he had beside him. Not that the pain from either were all that much of much, but they certainly did sting, if momentarily, and so were to be avoided.

And so, she knelt, sitting on her heels, her knees stretched as wide as they would go, her hands behind her head and back arched so that Tyler and Leon could look at her body. She'd never posed like that for any guy in her past, and even now she was a little self-conscious at first.

I like how fat her nipples are now, Leon said.

Taylor laughed and Tyler shrugged. From the way she was pulling on them when she came. I thought she was gonna pull them off.

That would be a crime, man.

Lay on your back, slave girl, Tyler ordered.

Zoe eased back and down as he ordered.

Now pull your right leg up and back all the way. All the way, slave. Show us that pink pussy of yours.

Zoe gulped and felt another fluttering sense of self-consciousness as she pulled her right leg way back, opening herself up.

Now on your knees with your back to us. Face down, ass up.

She grunted and rolled onto her stomach, then rose up on her knees. She felt another flutter and cringed a bit as she raised her naked bottom and spread her knees wide.

Now stick your hand down between your legs and rub your clitty for us, Leon said.

Flushing, Zoe pushed her arm down, and then in beneath her to reach up and touch her clitoris.

Spread your pussy open with your fingers, slave bitch, Brooke ordered.

Cunt, Zoe thought toward the blonde.

But she obeyed.

Brooke leaned forward and then slid off the sofa long enough to push a dildo into Zoe's pussy. Then she got back on the sofa.

Push it deeper, slave bitch, she taunted.

Moaning, Zoe gripped the dildo and slid it deeper into her pussy.

Now pump it in and out.

She pumped it in and out, her emotions swirling wildly. This was soooooo slutty!

She felt herself becoming overwhelmed with the dark, sexual hunger as she performed for them, her very skin crackling with sexual electricity.

All the way in, slut, Tyler ordered.

She moaned and pushed the dildo slowly deeper, forcing almost every last inch into her body.

Roll onto your back again and pull your knees back.

She grunted and gasped and obeyed, drawing her knees back against her chest.

Now push your arms through your knees and then pull your arms back.

That order confused her, at first, but she obeyed, cringing anew as she opened herself up once more, gasping as she drew her arms back further. She managed to edge her arms down and back until the backs of her knees were jammed into her armpits, and stared up at them dazedly.

Sooooooo slutty! she thought wildly.

Now work that cock in and out of you again, slave bitch.

She gripped the base of the dildo and began to pump it in and out and then started rubbing her clitoris with the fingers of her other hand, plunging deep into the heat, wallowing in degrading herself before them. They looked down at her and laughed as she masturbated, as her heat grew more and more intense, and then the orgasm hit, shaking her violently. It felt like even her eyeballs were shaking as she trembled and sobbed in the throes of another tremendous climax.

Slave bitch! Brooke sneered.

Afterward, she had to kneel before the sofa and lick the blonde's pussy as Brooke twisted her fingers in her hair and taunted her. Then Tyler pulled her up across his lap because she wasn't acting properly submissive for Brooke. He shoved the vibrator into her once more, despite her moans of denial, and then spanked her until her bottom burned.

She then had to get off, crawl to Brooke, and lick her shoes as she begged her to forgive her for being a miserable little slave bitch.

She ate dinner on the floor, much as she had eaten breakfast. This time, however, she had to eat the food out of Tyler and Brooke's hands, crawling from one to the other and begging for bits and pieces of food.

Afterward, they all went out clubbing.

It was the first time she'd worn any kind of clothing since the previous evening, Zoe realized. Not that it was much in the way of clothing. Brooke hadn't told her why she was putting on a black G-string and then a paper-thin black dress that molded to her body like a second skin. It was much shorter than anything she wore to work, and quite low cut in front, baring almost half her breasts.

Even the part of her breasts it didn't bare were not much hidden since the thin fabric was so tight she could see not only the

indentations of her nipples through it but also her areolas. It was a slutty dress, but also very sexy, she conceded. So were the stiletto heels Brooke had put on her.

That was before Tyler put the ball-gag in her mouth, a studded leather collar around her neck, then placed slender leather bands around her wrists, drew them together behind her back, and locked them together somehow. He picked her up over his shoulder and carried her downstairs to put into the back of his big SUV, and she felt her pulse rate quickening with anxiety.

She had no idea where they were going, but she saw that Brooke was dressed up in a slinky blue club dress as the garage door opened and they drove up the driveway and out onto the quiet road. She moaned uncertainly as they turned and then headed onto a major road, driving back toward her apartment building.

And downtown. And the beaches.

It didn't look like they were taking her home – not in this dress – but she wasn't sure where they were taking her. And given how revealing the dress was she felt quite nervous. Her sense of shyness about her body had taken a major blow so far, but all that was in private for a few people, not in public.

The car pulled into a parking lot and the two blondes got out. Tyler pulled Zoe out and removed her ball-gag.

Where are we going? she gasped.

He slapped her bottom sharply.

No questions, slave.

Tyler! she whined.

He tossed the gag into the car, then closed the door and locked it before undoing the wristbands, or at least, undoing whatever had clipped them together.

Let's go dancing, he said.

I can't go anywhere dressed like this! she gasped.

Sure, you can. Others wear less.

And nobody asked your opinion anyway, slave bitch, Brooke said. You're our slave. You do as you're told.

Or you can just wander around like this alone, Tyler said with a smirk.

They walked off and she had little choice but to hurry after them. Or at least, hurry as best she could in stiletto heels. Brooke was wearing the same kind of shoes but she was a lot more practiced with them than Zoe, who avoided such high heels as being both awkward to walk in and slutty.

Brooke stopped suddenly and turned to her, then put her hand up around her neck.

Tell me you're my slave girl, he growled.

I'm your slave girl, Master!" Zoe moaned.

Are you going to obey your master?

Yes, Master! She squeaked.

Here is your order. You will obey anything anyone tells you to do tonight. Do you understand?

Anything? she gulped.

Anything!

A-Anyone? she moaned, licking her lips uncertainly.

Anyone! he said, tightening his fingers to emphasize the point.

He tightened his grip to the point she couldn't breathe and she gasped, eyes widening. Then Brooke slipped the thin straps of the dress over her shoulders and pulled the whole thing down before Zoe could grab it! She squealed in alarm, looking around her as Tyler tightened his fingers further.

Hands at your sides! he barked.

Her face was reddening and her chest burning as Zoe obeyed.

She was naked outside in a public parking lot where anyone could see!

Are you my sex slave?

Yes, Master! she gasped in a choked voice.

Will you obey?

Yes, Master!

He released her and she quickly bent and pulled the dress back up.

He drew back, then turned and headed into the club with Brooke. Zoe scurried after them.

She cringed and tried to hide herself behind Tyler as they went into the club. It wasn't one she was familiar with, not having gone out a lot in her brief time here. It was loud and it was dark and there were a lot of flashing lights and a big crowd.

Someone squeezed her butt as they made their way through the crowds and she squeaked in alarm, slapping at a hand that was quickly withdrawn. She was extremely self-conscious as guys eyed her cleavage and well-displayed breasts and she did her best to hide herself behind the two blondes.

She was both embarrassed and relieved as they met up with Leon. He was at least someone familiar with her, and someone she had already acted so outrageously around she didn't need to be embarrassed at where his eyes were looking.

They found a table, and Brooke started doing her 'teasing' act in front of the guys, kissing and openly fondling Zoe. She didn't think that was so much for the benefit of Tyler and Leon as for the guys around them, though, which made her squirm with embarrassment.

Wearing the collar was kind of edgy, too, but a lot of girls wore variations of them, or at least some girls. Nobody seemed particularly shocked by it. It wasn't the thick, heavy kind he had used earlier. This one was only half as thick, and so less noticeable, more like a choker.

Zoe felt incredibly uncomfortable in public in such a revealing dress. It was even worse when sitting, sliding even higher up her thighs. No guy passed them by without staring down the top of both her and Brooke's dresses, either.

Then another girl sat down at the table. She was black and wore a low-cut, silvery dress. But after sitting down she leaned in against Leon and gave him a long, passionate kiss. Zoe also saw her hand shifting over and disappearing under the table in the direction of Leon's crotch.

She flushed slightly and turned her head away.

The music was so loud that the bass thumped almost physically against her chest, and it was almost impossible to hear what anyone was saying. Another black girl showed up, looking very much like the first one except that her dress was black. The dresses were the same style, though, and the two girls had identical hair.

Tyler and Brooke rose from the table and went out onto the crowded dance floor. That let the second black girl take a seat on her left, which left Zoe between her and the first one.

Are you two related? she asked curiously.

We're soul sisters, the girl on her left said with a smirk.

Maybe we were sisters in a previous life, the other one said.

This is Luna, Leon said of the girl who had just been mashing her lips against his, and that is Aisha. Ladies, this is... Slave girl."

Zoe blushed.

I never met a slave girl before, Aisha said, leaning in closer and sliding her lips across Zoe's bare shoulder.

Zoe squeaked as she felt the girl's hand on her thigh and quickly put her own hands down to block its upward movement.

Leon stood up and moved around Luna, taking Zoe's arm and then hand to pull her to her feet. Let's dance, slave girl.

It wasn't like she had a choice, Zoe thought. Tyler had ordered her to obey anyone tonight, after all. Though in truth she was just as glad to get out onto the crowded dance floor and away from those girls. They were starting to make her feel uncomfortable and self-conscious.

He led her in amongst the dancers as the music slowed somewhat. His hands started out on her shoulders as they danced, but quickly glided down the sides of her ribs. The dress she wore left her shoulders, back, and most of her sides bare above the waist. That let him push his long thumbs in beneath the fabric as his hands caressed her sides and stroked them across the sides of her breasts.

Did I mention before that you got gorgeous tits, slave girl?

Zoe flushed again, her eyes darting nervously from side to side, but no one seemed to have heard. The noise was so loud as people moved to the music in the near darkness that no one was paying much attention to anyone around them. That was reassuring because Leon's hands were soon wandering over her body at every opportunity.

If it weren't for her fear of discovery she would've found that more than a little exciting. Leon was a tall, handsome man, after all. And it wasn't like she had much left to be shy about in front of them. But behaving like this in public was not something she had any experience with.

His hands slid down onto her buttocks, squeezing and kneading them through the thin dress, then lifted the dress up and back so his fingers could dig into her bare buttocks. Zoe gasped and instinctively tried to jerk the hem of her skirt back down but he growled a warning at her. Do you want a spanking, slave girl?

Then, suddenly, one of the girls from the table was there. It was Luna, in her silvery dress, and she pressed herself against Zoe from behind. She and Leon both danced to the music while pressing their bodies against Zoe. Now it wasn't just Leon's hands that were roaming over her. Luna slid her hands in between Zoe and Leon and brought them up to cup and squeeze her breasts openly.

Of course, no one could see but Zoe still felt another jolt of anxiety as her eyes flitted from side to side. The girl leaned in, kissing and then chewing lightly on the nape of Zoe's neck.

I bet you'd love to get your mouth on my black pussy, slave girl, she said.

Then, as the two of them ground her between them, she felt Leon tugging the hem up higher in front before his big hand pushed down into the small triangle of fabric over her pussy. His fingers found her clitoris almost immediately and began to stroke skillfully against her.

Zoe moaned helplessly, her eyes darting from side to side, her head turning anxiously in fear that someone was looking. They were moving slowly across the dance floor as they danced until they came to the wall. Then, suddenly, the other girl was there. She and Luna ran their hands over her body as Leon continued to finger her clitoris. He leaned in to kiss her hungrily and both the black girls did the same, chewing and sucking on the nape of her neck from either side.

Sexy white slave girl, Leon growled.

Zoe moaned and pulled feebly against them even as their hands and lips began to send flickering sparkles of heat and excitement through her body. She had no idea what she should be doing. She was not used to anyone acting like this in public with her, let alone three people!

And in truth, she barely knew them, and knew no more about the girls than their names. It was all very confusing amid the pounding music and flashing lights. And then Leon eased her to one side and pushed her back through a doorway into a narrow hallway. The door was marked 'employees only' but no one seemed to notice.

As if he knew the way, Leon ushered her down the hall a dozen feet and then pushed her through another door, which turned out to be a stockroom. The two girls followed and once in the room tried to kiss and caress her at the same time.

One of them undid the strap going behind her neck and the front of her dress tumbled down. Zoe squeaked in alarm and reached for it but Leon gripped her arms and pulled them up above her head, backing her against a big, metal shelf unit. He pushed her wrists behind one of the support posts and then somehow locked the little wristbands together there.

Luna was already tugging her dress over her hips and down around her ankles, then yanked it off, pulling her feet out from under her

so that she briefly hung by her wrists. She squealed as her bare body pushed back against the cold metal, but a moment later, Leon grabbed the thin G string and tore it from her body leaving her completely naked.

Luna dropped to her knees and pushed her mouth in between Zoe's thighs, her hands pushing them wider as her tongue stroked up and down along the tight line of her sex. Leon gripped her hair and yanked it back, kissing her hungrily on the lips while the other girl bent and sucked and licked and chewed at Zoe's right breast as her hand moved further in to squeeze and knead her left.

Sexy little slave bitch, Leon growled.

Luna was licking expertly at Zoe's pussy as her thumb's pushed up and in and then spread her lips apart. Zoe cried out at how deep the tongue pushed inside her then, twisting and flickering around before pulling back and sliding up across her swelling clitoris.

Zoe moaned helplessly as hands moved over her body. Then Aisha dropped to her knees next to Luna and unzipped Leon's jeans. She pulled his cock out and started to suck and lick as it immediately lengthened and thickened. In seconds he was rock-hard as she took him into her throat and began to slide her lips up and down the length of his shaft.

He pulled out, though, and then Aisha stood. Leon's fingers dug into Zoe's buttocks as she half lifted her upward. Luna and Aisha shifted her legs apart with their own and Luna gripped Leon's cock and positioned it at the entrance to her sex. Zoe cried out as it penetrated her, the slick, warm black shaft pushing upward into her body as Luna started stroking her fingers across her clitoris.

The two black women leaned in on either side of Leon, taking turns mashing their lips against Zoe's, gripping her hair to force her head back as they alternated by licking, kissing, and chewing your way along the nape of her neck. They pulled up and Zoe's feet left the floor, her legs raised up and held back to either side as she shuddered and moaned, overwhelmed by sensation and emotion!

Leon pumped his cock slowly, working himself deeper and deeper into her trembling body.

I bet you love that black cock, slave girl, Luna growled.

Tell us how you love black cock, white girl, Aisha said.

The wildness of it all had taken Zoe's breath away. Her chest was tight, her pulse racing, and both adrenaline and heat streaming through her body and mind.

Tell us, you dirty white girl, Aisha demanded.

Tell us how you love black cocks, slave slut!

Tell me you love my black cock, slave bitch, Leon growled, his big hand sliding up around her neck.

I-I do! Zoe gasped.

Say it, slut!

I love your black cock, Sir! she moaned.

He tightened his hand around her neck and his dark eyes bored into her. Call me master, white girl!

Master! Zoe gasped in a choked voice.

His hands dropped onto her thighs just below her buttocks, jerking them up and apart, taking over for the girls as he started to thrust hard and fast and deep. Zoe gasped and cried out at every deep stroke as the two girls fondled her breasts, fingered her clitoris, and kissed her passionately.

Dirty white girl! Luna growled.

Nasty little sex slave! Aisha purred.

They tweaked, twisted, and tugged on her nipples then leaned in to suck and chew at them as she moaned and squealed helplessly. All while Leon thrust furiously into her, his big black cock driving high into her belly with every stroke, his hips striking her thighs with bruising force.

She lost track of who was fingering her clitoris, but whoever it was knew what they were doing. In combination with everything else it was making her body burn with the sensations flooding through her.

Make her come, Leon! Luna purred.

Make the white bitch come on your black cock! Aisha exclaimed.

Leon's hips were battering her body back against the shelf unit as his big cock drove up into her with machinelike intensity. Her breasts throbbed and burned as fingers dug into them, and she moaned into his mouth, or hers, as they took turns crushing her lips with theirs.

Slave bitch! Luna sneered.

Slave whore! Aisha taunted her.

Fuck toy! Luna exclaimed.

Sex slave! Aisha laughed.

Zoe's cries grew louder and louder until Aisha pulled a thin fabric belt from around her waist, slid it around Zoe's neck, and pulled it tight. Zoe's cries turned to strangle gasps and croaks as the girl leaned in again, chewing and sucking at her earlobe.

White slave! she whispered.

Zoe came, screaming soundlessly, her mouth wide as she both tried to cry out her passion and pleasure and suck in the oxygen which was denied to her. Her hips twisted and bucked upward against Leon and the furiously rubbing fingers as convulsions wracked her body. Her back arched, her head jerking back violently as the sensations overwhelmed her mind and swept away all higher orders of thought and consciousness.

Aisha loosened the belt and she sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air only to cry them out again, but weaker and weaker with each cry. Her mind was spinning as the sensations slowly eased. Leon kept thrusting though, his hips pounding furiously against her, burying his cock in her spasming depths again and again.

She slumped dazedly as he finished and set her feet back on the floor. He laughed and pushed himself back in his jeans, zipping up.

I always love fucking white slaves, he said.

He backed up as one of the black girls undid whatever clasp was holding her wristbands together above her head, and then her legs wobbled as they lowered her to her knees. They

hadn't let go of her arms, though, and a moment later, Zoe realized they had locked the wristbands together again around the post, only lower this time.

Aisha gathered in her soft brown hair and jerked her head back as she stepped forward to grind her face into her crotch. She laughed down at her, tugging her short hem upward to show she wore no panties.

Let's see what your tongue can do against my black pussy, sex slave.

Zoe moaned but started licking. She was still shellshocked from the incredible orgasm, but obedience was becoming a habit. She winced and gasped as Aisha tugged and twisted at her long hair.

Then Luna knelt beside her, pushing her hand down between her thighs and fingering her pussy again.

I bet that black pussy tastes good, white girl, she taunted. After you do her, you can do me, slave bitch.

Zoe had no idea that Leon had already left, her vision was restricted to what was directly in front of her, which happened to be Aisha. It was only when with great effort she was able to succeed in making the girl come, and Aisha finally let go of her hair and moved aside that she realized it was only the three of them in the little storeroom.

She felt stricken for some reason. Which she knew was foolish. She knew nothing about Leon. He certainly wasn't a friend. But she had at least known him for some hours while the two girls were virtual strangers.

It didn't really matter, though, as Luna stepped before her, lifting her own skirt, gripping Zoe's hair, and guiding her pussy down against the panting, moaning girl's mouth.

We'll have to find more black cock for you, white bitch, Aisha said. You love black cock, don't you, slave bitch?

Luna jerked back roughly on her here and Zoe cried out again.

Tell me you love black cock, slave bitch, she growled.

Ah! I-I love black cock, Mistress! Zoe gasped.

The two black girls laughed.

I love that, Luna said. Mistress!

Dirty little white slave slut, Aisha jeered.

Luna jerked her head forward by the hair and ground her pussy against her face.

Lick your mistress' black pussy, slave bitch!

Zoe licked frantically, wincing and gasping as the other girl tugged and twisted her hair.

Luna jerked back on her hair again.

Tell me you love looking black pussy, slut.

I-I love licking black pussy, Mistress! Zoe gasped.

You better, bitch slave! Aisha taunted.

Zoe made Luna come. The black girl squealed happily as she jammed her hips forward and rubbed her pussy against Zoe's face.

The two girls undid the wristbands and then pulled Zoe to her feet, before pulling her wrists back behind her head and down behind her neck and holding them there. They bent her forward and spread her legs and then Zoe felt something thick and slick prodding against her back opening.

She moaned helplessly, gasping and shaking as something thick and slick and without texture pushed slowly up into her ass. It felt like nothing that had ever entered her before but thankfully didn't go very deep. Then something that felt like cool steel pressed against her back.

She felt her wristbands clipped together and then pulled back sharply. At the same time, she felt pressure on her tailbone and realized that whatever they had pushed into her ass was curved sharply like the crook of an umbrella handle. The two girls forced her wrist down sharply and when they released them Zoe realized that they were somehow tied to the thing they had pushed inside her.

She was confused about what they were doing to her but had no time to ask as they gripped and arm apiece and pulled her toward the door.

Oh, oh! Oh! Wait! Please! she gasped, trying to hold back.

They ignored her, opening the door and hustling her out into the narrow hallway just the way she was. They turned in the other direction though, much to her relief, for she had feared they would take her out onto the dance floor like this. Instead, they led her to a fire door and pushed it open, taking her out into an alley behind the building.

Where are we going!? she gasped in alarm.

You don't have to know nothing, Luna said, slapping her bottom sharply. You're a sex slave. You just do what you told, bitch.

Zoe stared around anxiously as the two girls hustled her down the alley which emerged into a parking lot. She was fairly confident that Tyler had arranged all of this. He hadn't come looking for her, after all. But there was still a dark suspicion that perhaps these girls were taking her away on their own!

But Tyler had given her that order for a reason. *Obey anyone no matter what they said to do.* He wouldn't have told her that if he had intended to be with her the whole night.

The thing in her bottom felt very strange as she moved. It was hooked over her tailbone and pulled up between her buttocks. But it was thick enough that her buttocks were rubbing against it as she walked, squeezing it between them.

Nasty little slave girl! Luna whispered.

Dirty little sex slave, Aisha said from her other side.

They stopped in the shadow of a large SUV, and after a moment she recognized it as Tyler's.

Are you ready for the whole football team to take you on, white girl? Aisha taunted.

She loves that black cock, Luna replied. Let me hear you say it, slave girl. Tell me you love black cock.

Zoe cried out as the girl pinched her nipples and pulled them up and out, stretching her breasts.

I love black cock! she gasped. Oh! Oh, please, Mistress! she moaned.

Louder, slut!

I love black cock! Zoe cried.

Aisha pushed her against the car and dropped to her knees in front of her, then began to lick eagerly at her pussy. Luna leaned into her, her hand going up around her throat and squeezing softly.

Sex slave! she hissed.

Zoe felt Aisha's fingers pushing up into her as the girl licked and sucked at her clitoris.

Tell me you're a sex slave, slut.

She tightened her fingers against Zoe's neck.

I'm a sex slave, Mistress Luna! Zoe croaked.

Tell me you love black cock, sex slave.

I love black cock, Mistress Luna! she gasped.

Luna dropped her hand down onto Zoe's breast, squeezing and kneading it.

Let me hear you say you're a slutty little white girl and you love black cock.

Zoe's mind squirmed at the order but she knew she must obey.

I'm a slutty little white girl and I love black cock!" she moaned.

What's this I'm hearing? a gruff new voice said from after her right.

Zoe gasped in alarm, her face reddening instantly as a large black man walked around from behind the SUV. She tried to twist away but Aisha held her thighs firmly, her buttocks pressed against the side of the car.

This is our slutty little white sex slave, Luna said to the man.

Well she loves black cock I've got one for here.

Oh she does, she does. But you gotta pay for it. Have you got a dollar?

How do I know she's worth a dollar? the man demanded as he walked closer

The way they were talking, Zoe had no doubt this was something Tyler had arranged. The two black girls weren't even surprised at the man's presence. And Luna's offer of selling her services for a dollar either meant the girl didn't care about money, which Zoe doubted, or this was just a further attempt to degrade her.

Being degraded had somehow become sexually exciting to her, but that didn't stop her from being incredibly embarrassed.

Luna and Aisha forced her to her knees on the gritty pavement as the man stepped forward. They knelt on either side of her, one gripping her hair and another fingering her clitoris as the man unzipped his fly. She gasped as he pulled out an enormous black cock and held it in his fist.

Look what he's got for you, slave girl, Aisha said.

Look at all that nice big black cock for you, sex slave, Luna half whispered as she nibbled at her ear.

Open your mouth, slut, Aisha ordered.

Moaning, Zoe obeyed, opening her mouth wide as the man looked down at her.

You got a pretty little mouth, slave girl, he said in his deep, rumbling voice.

He pushed the head of his cock against her open mouth and it slid through her lips and along her tongue. Still moaning, gasping, panting for breath as her chest tightened and her pulse raced, Zoe began to lick at the underside, sucking rhythmically as the man pumped it slowly in and out through her lips.

She's got a nice, warm mouth, he said in satisfaction.

But don't settle for that, bro, fuck the white bitch's throat!

The two girls gripped her shoulders as if she would try to escape and the man began to push his cock deeper into her mouth.

Sliding that big cock down your throat, little white girl! Aisha whispered into her right ear.

Dirty little sex slave! Luna whispered into her left ear.

Zoe gurgled as the man pushed his cock forward and it entered her throat. It was even thicker than Tyler's and she gasped weakly, her throat starting to ache. She instinctively tried to pull back but someone held her hair tightly. Then the man reached down and whoever was holding her hair gave it to him so he could use it himself as her leash.

Look at this white girl swallow that cock, Aisha sneered.

Zoe felt a small hand on her neck, stroking and rubbing it.

I can feel that big cock sliding down her throat! Luna exclaimed.

Let me feel! Let me feel! Aisha cried.

Both of them excitedly stroked and rubbed her throat as the man pushed himself slowly forward, pulling her in against him by the hair.

Look at all that black cock sliding into her! Luna said.

Bury that cock down her slut throat! Aisha exclaimed.

You're gonna take every last inch, you slutty little sex slave! she sneered into Zoe's face.

"Dirty little white girl! Luna said.

The man pulled her forward until her lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft. Then he held her in place grunting happily as the two black girls continued to taunt her, whispering or half whispering insulting, obscene words into her ears from both sides.

Zoe couldn't breathe at all. She had long learned how to relax her throat to get at least some air while deep-throating, but this one was just too thick. The man held her firmly in place as the two girls roughly fondled her breasts and pussy and continued taunting her.

Nothing I like better than burying my cock in a white girl's throat, the black man rumbled.

He pulled his cock slowly back, inch after inch appearing before her eyes until, with her chest burning in your head pounding, and finally popped out of her throat and she could suck in wild, ragged breaths of air.

He rubbed himself against her face then pushed himself back into her mouth and down her throat.

She's got her a nice tight throat, he said.

I hear she's got a nice tight pussy too, Aisha said. You should try that out.

This slutty little white bitch loves having big black cocks inside her, Luna said.

The man pumped slowly up and down in her throat and mouth and Zoe's head started to pound again.

Sex slave! Aisha hissed.

Sex slave! Luna hissed.

Nasty little sex slave!

Dirty little sex slave!

Swallow that black cock, sex slave!

You love that black cock, sex slave!

What a dirty girl!

What a whore she is!

The two girls on either side of her never stopped taunting her as the man pumped his cock slowly up and down her mouth and throat. When he pulled out it was as if there were some signal given that she didn't hear because the two girls pulled her to her shaky feet and turned her around to face the truck.

Crack!

Someone slapped her bottom sharply.

Lean forward, sex slave!

Rough hands pushed her upper body forward until her cheek was pressed against the side of the SUV. Her hips were pulled back and she was bent forward more. Then Aisha dropped to her knees and squirmed in between Zoe and the SUV. She gripped her thighs spreading them wider and pushing back and then began to lick excitedly at her clitoris.

Tell me you love black cock, sex slave, Luna demanded.

Crack! Crack!

Obey!

Crack!

I-I love black cock, Mistress! Zoe gasped.

She felt large fingers caressing the line for sex and spreading her open.

Beg this man to fuck you in your tight little pussy.

Crack!

Please fuck me in my tight little pussy! Zoe moaned.

Crack!

Is that would you call a man, slut!?

Crack!

You call him master, slut!

Crack!

Master! Zoe gasped.

She felt large male hands come around her from either side and caress her taut breasts.

Beg him to fuck you with his big black cock!

Please fuck me with your big black cock, Master! Zoe moaned.

She felt his cock rubbing up and down against her tight opening then slowly pushing forward. The lips of her sex were pushed in and then back, stretching more and more as his thick cock slowly forced its way up inside her. She shuddered and moaned dazedly; eyes slit as her cheek rubbed against the window of the big SUV.

Her initial embarrassment was fading. He was not the first man to be suddenly greeted by the sight of her naked body. Not even the first today. And the dark, wicked, outrageousness of this little sexual playact was starting to bring out the awe and heat in her mind. She was gripped by a wild rush of unreality as his cock pushed deeper into her trembling body.

Every time she did something outrageously slutty she felt a sense of disbelief at first then awe at letting such a thing happen. Shortly after that, of course, came the heat and the dark, incredible passion and hunger. She often felt as if this couldn't possibly be happening, as if she were an observer, excitedly watching it happening to some other girl.

She gasped and moaned as the big man drew her hips back and then pushed his cock higher, big hands gripped her hips tightly as Aisha continued to lick and suck skillfully at her clitoris.

Oooooo, look at all that big cock sliding up into your tight little pussy! Luna said. I bet you be having a big old orgasm in no time at all! We better do something about that so you don't attract too much attention.

No need, the man said.

He paused and reached down to his pants, unbuckling the belt and sliding it free. He slid the tongue of the belt into the buckle again to form a loop and dropped it over Zoe's head, then worked it downward between the back of her head and her arms, which were still pulled firmly back behind her. When it settled around her neck he tugged it tight and then resumed slowly thrusting, stroking, driving deeper and deeper with every hard push.

You push it all inside the slut! Luna urged him. Don't settle for anything less. Bury that big monster in this slutty little white bitch!

Leaning forward as she was had softened her taut breasts somewhat, and Luna pushed her fingers into the flesh, roughly squeezing.

This bitch was made for fucking. That's all she's good for.

She's nice and tight, the man said.

Zoe gasped and shuddered at every thrust. It ached, but that didn't have a lot of effect on the rising heat within her mind and body. She felt her mind sinking into the role Tyler had designed for her, helpless and bound, a sexual toy for others to play with and use to their hearts' content. A sex slave with no ability to argue, disagree, or question.

It was a very easy role to play, one without decisions to make. All she had to do was what she was told.

And once the man managed to get his big cock all the way inside her she felt her consciousness slipping away, her awareness of anything outside the immediate physical nature of what was happening no longer important. She gasped and cried out as his hips slapped against her buttocks, as his big cock speared high into her belly.

Her cheek rubbed against the side of the car continually as Luna roughly kneaded her breasts and taunted her.

And when the orgasm arrived she started to scream in animal passion and pleasure, but the man quickly jerked back on the belt, tightening it to the point that her cries were choked off – literally. Her mouth opened in a soundless cry of ecstasy her body trembling and shaking as the pleasure crackled through her system like live electricity.

Her nerve endings crackled and her muscles spasmed as he used her ruthlessly and a howling storm of sensation overwhelmed her mind.

When he was finished she sank helplessly to her knees, stunned, dazed, her body still twitching and trembling. One of the girls found the ball gag, digging it out of the SUV, and put it into her mouth, strapping it behind her. Then they negotiated her sale to the man, getting the amount up to six dollars before walking away and leaving her with him.

My very own sex slave to own forever, the man said contentedly.

He tugged on the belt which now served as a leash, and Zoe gurgled weakly as she forced herself back to her feet.

Let's go, sex slave, I'll show you to your new home. I've got a nice cage waiting for you in the basement.

Zoe moaned weakly but had little choice but to go where he led her. He took her to another car two places over; a sporty-looking sedan. He popped open the trunk and then lifted her into it, pulling her ankles back behind her and strapping them to her thighs before closing the trunk.

The car started up and moved off with Zoe moaning uncertainly in the dark trunk. She didn't know what was going on, but was fairly sure that if someone had sold her into sexual slavery they would have got more than six dollars for it. So she was pretty sure this was just an act. That didn't mean she was 100 percent sure, and so she still felt a dark little sense of anxiety and fear.

It was hard to measure time in the trunk but she didn't think they had driven for too long before the car pulled into some kind of garage. He opened the trunk, unstrapped her ankles, and lifted her out. Then he tugged on the belt and led her to the door. She had only been in this garage a couple of times before but she recognized it with a sense of relief.

Sure enough, the door opened to the hall in Tyler's basement and he walked her into the television room where Tyler, Brooke, and Leon sat on the sofa along with Luna and Aisha.

Tyler untied her wrists and pulled the stainless-steel hook out of her bottom then had her kneel, face down, ass high while he sodomized her in front of the rest. As if to emphasize how much he owned her he shifted his left foot forward until it came down on the side of her head pressing her cheek against the floor as his hips drove into her and his cock rammed deep into her ass with every stroke.

After that, she had to perform oral sex on Aisha, and then Luna, well Zoe used a strap-on to fuck her from behind. Then she lay on her back and masturbated while all of them watched.

She did it all in a state of disbelief, gripped by a sexual fever that only seemed to grow worse as she straddled Leon and rode his big cock, and then Tyler shoved his cock deep into her ass again. When the new man, whose name turned out to be Michael, roughly jerked her head up by the hair and shoved his cock into her mouth she sucked hungrily.

A series of intense orgasms tore through her shortly after that, leaving her exhausted both mentally and physically and barely able to move.

It had certainly been a wild weekend for her! It seemed astonishing that tomorrow she'd be in a black dress and back to waiting on tables. That life seemed like it was far in the past. And while a part of her welcomed the return of normality, she had to admit she'd never had such a wild, thrilling time in her life.

And wanted more!

Brooke gave her a knowing look as she and Tyler dropped her off..

Just wait till next weekend, slave girl. We'll continue your... training, she teased.

At least... *Zoe thought* she was teasing...

END

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the

tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

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

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

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

The Nerd Girls

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

In The Vampire's Lair

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

begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

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

Owned by Mister Trask

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