

Beth's Rough Landing

(Beth's Holiday 2)

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Smashwords edition

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

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Beth was not used to being stressed out. She was used to the calm life of a responsible girl, a girl who didn't take chances, a quiet, sensible store clerk from a small Midwest city. That was who she was, and how she saw herself – until now.

It had been a mistake to take Nathalie up on her invitation to visit Paris! She was completely out of her element! She didn't know how to behave, how to cope, how to dress! And she'd had an incredibly stressful ride that left her feeling emotionally battered and bruised!

Of course, it had also been something of an exhilarating ride, where she'd felt the most incredible, thrilling sense of passion and sensual heat of her entire nineteen years of life! But that had been the result of the most outrageous and perverted behavior!

And it was all because of the men who had sat next to her in the airplane! Men who were, it seems, related to Andre, Nathalie's boyfriend! How had that happened!? Was it just coincidence!? Had they told Andre what they'd done to her!?

No, there hadn't been time, surely! And if they had and Nathalie had found out she'd probably not even have met her at the airport! She'd probably not even want anything to do with such a ... a slut!

It was disconcerting to think of herself as a slut, for she'd had very little sexual experience in her life – up to the flight over here. But what she'd done – or at least, allowed to have done there was simply totally unacceptable!

What was worse, while she'd at least been able to console herself that no one could possibly ever find out, now she had to worry about Nathalie discovering it through Andre! Because Nathalie was still writing with some of the girls who had been in her class back in Nebraska! That was how Beth had gotten the invitation, after all, when the French exchange student had returned home.

“That is a lovely dress,” Nathalie said, turning in the back seat of the car and smiling at her.

Beth blushed a little.

“Thank you,” she gulped.

In fact, it was a terribly uncomfortable dress! It was far too tight across the chest and far too short! She'd never worn anything anywhere near as short as the green dress! Sitting down as she was, it barely covered what had to be covered, and left virtually all of her thighs bare!

Of course, she hadn't been the one who'd chosen it. That officious customs man at the airport who had strip searched her and... and molested her, had made her wear it! God what a nightmare that had been! He had pawed her all over, and then he and those... those black men from the plane, had proceeded to molest her even more!

She tried very hard to work up an indignant state of outrage over what had happened, but it wasn't very strong. The raw, carnal heat which had swept through her, both on the airplane and in the little room at the airport had been breathtaking – literally. It had robbed her of her will, turned her into a submissive sexual plaything for them all!

And her memories, as shocking and humiliating as they were, were tinged with the seething passion and lust which had filled her body at the time. Even now she had to shy away from the memories as she felt her lower belly starting to thrum with an echo of that dark hunger which had possessed her!

Honestly! What kind of a girl *was* she!?

“You have beautiful legs, Bethany?” Nathalie said in that cute little French accent of hers.

“Uhm, thank you,” she said, blushing a bit more as Andre turned in his seat to grin back at them.

“I noticed myself!” he said.

How could she explain that she found the dress to be horribly immodest, and was eager to get to a room so she could change?

“The girls in Nebraska always wore such conservative clothing,” Nathalie said, shaking her head in amusement. “Even in the hot summer!”

“Well, uhm, it's uhm, how you're raised,” Beth said.

“But you seem to have grown in your outlook, Bethany!” Nathalie said, squeezing her arm as she smiled.

“Uhm, well, uhm...”

She didn't think the French girl would be as admiring once she saw the clothes she'd brought with her.

Nathalie herself had long brown hair which tumbled past bare shoulders and down her nearly bare back. She was wearing a very thin silky tank top with spaghetti straps. It hung down low enough to show the tops of her breasts, and it was obvious she wore no bra underneath.

She also had on a short denim skirt, one almost as short as the preposterous pleated green dress Bethany herself was wearing. Beth didn't think ill of her for any of that, though. She was French, after all. Of course she dressed that way. All the French girls probably did.

But Beth was from Nebraska! She kept trying to discretely tug on the hem of her own dress to lower it. It almost felt as if she could drop her gaze and look down and see her own panties!

Well, not her own... once again, that horrible man at the airport had given it to her to wear. It was a black silk G-string! And she'd never owned one, much less worn one. He had said her clothing was 'unacceptable' in France, because it was too unstylish and hid too much of her body!

Of all the gall!

And he'd made her sign some paper. She had been too flustered and breathless at the time to even read it, but he'd said afterwards that it was a promise to let any Black man who wanted to use her body do so! That was simply outrageous! She didn't believe for a minute it said any such thing!

Clearly those men at the airport, both the customs man and the two from the airplane, were in cahoots! She saw it clearly now. Jeff and Leon had known this Jacques guy, and had gotten him to pull her out of the lineup so they could further abuse her!

She'd heard that Black men were all perverts with giant penises, but hadn't expected to ever encounter one, not on a trip to Paris! She supposed she'd been naive. She'd also heard that Black men were sexual animals who got especially lustful around blonde girls. It seemed that that was right!

And now it seemed that Nathalie's Black boyfriend, driving the car, was related to one of those horrible men! Surely they would be so ashamed of their behavior they would keep it to themselves, and not tell him!? And they wouldn't know she was going to be with him, would they? They couldn't have known she was here to see Nathalie and that Andre... could they!?

It was hard to work through it all, especially since her brain still felt slightly battered and dazed from the incredible emotions and sensations which had swept through her! She'd never felt anything like that in her life!

The problem was, as disgusting and perverted as it had all been, she found her body pulsing eagerly at the thought of more such wild passionate pleasure.

“You're going to love the clubs,” Nathalie said. “There's nothing like it in McCook.”

“No, I'm sure there isn't,” Beth replied with a hesitant smile.

McCook, Nebraska, wasn't exactly a major metropolis. It had a total population of about seven thousand people, after all. Paris was just slightly more sophisticated.

That was one of the things which had worried her about this visit. She didn't want to be laughed at by the locals like some... some hayseed! She was a girl of some self-discipline in schooling her reactions, though, and had already long decided that she would let nothing shock her in Paris, and would not judge the locals by Nebraska standards.

The car was winding through streets which seemed absurdly narrow to Bethany, who was used to the wide streets of McCook. Each street was crowded with four and five story stone buildings, with no space between them, like there would be where she was from.

And then it abruptly stopped, right in front of a double glass door on the corner of one of the buildings.

“We are here!” Nathalie said gaily.

She got out, taking Beth's arm and pulling her out with her, and Beth looked around excitedly. It all looked so... Parisian! Everything looked very old yet very lively! There were stores and restaurants just up the street, though those two were in four and five story buildings, with what looked like apartments on the upper floors.

“Come inside! See my place!”

“My things...” Beth said, half turning.

“Andre can get them! That's what boys are for, after all! Big dumb animals to carry heavy weights up stairs!”

“Watch you don't get spanked for your disrespect, girl!” Andre growled in mock anger.

Nathalie laughed at him as he opened the trunk of the car and pulled out two of her suitcases, then led her to the doorway and unlocked it.

“Come!”

She led Beth to a set of stairs leading up ... and up, and up.

“There's no elevator?” Beth asked in surprise.

“For only four floors? Mais non!”

“Americans are lazy,” Andre said, coming in behind them.

Nathalie laughed and tugged on her arm, leading her up the stairs. Andre followed, carrying two of her suitcases. Which was a problem because Beth was horribly aware of just how short her skirt was and that she was wearing virtually nothing underneath, especially across her bottom!

But she could hardly protest! They made their way up to the second, then the third and fourth floors, with Nathalie and Andre seeming to take the climb as routine. Beth considered herself to be in good shape since she was always carrying and moving the stock around at the feed and supply store where she worked, but it was still left her breathing heavily.

And the whole way she had been sure Andre was staring up her skirt! She hadn't had been brave enough to turn and see, though. What could she do about it!?

They reached Nathalie's apartment, and Beth gasped as she was led inside. It was small and yet, it was enormous!

“Wow! The ceilings are so high!” she said, looking up.

“Yes, this was the style when the building was made,” Nathalie said.

The kitchen was small and old fashioned, but the living room was brightly lit by very tall, narrow windows along the outside wall. One of those windows turned out to be a door onto a balcony which went across the entire front of the building.

“Oh, this is lovely!”

“Yes, it is nice to sit here in the morning and sip tea or coffee,” Nathalie said.

She showed her to the bedroom with its double bed. That also had tall windows and a door onto the balcony. Next to that was the small bathroom – nothing like modern American bathrooms, and then a small spare bedroom.

“Oh, this is cute,” she said, thinking it would be where she slept.

“Yes, well, I like my bedroom much better. Come.”

She pulled her into the larger bedroom as Andre dumped her suitcases on the bed.

“But ... don't I sleep in that one?” she asked, pointing?

“Mais, non! That is for Andre!”

Beth's eyes widened and she stared at the French girl, who laughed.

“Usually he sleeps with me here, of course, but since you are a guest you and I will share this larger room and Andre will sleep in the other.”

“I uhm, oh. I didn't know that he was uhm, living with you,” she said, flushing a bit.

“Not every night, but usually,” Nathalie said with a smile. “Come! Put your things away and I will show you Paris.”

“I uhm...”

Andre opened one of her suitcases and Beth stared at the contents in amazement. These weren't her clothes!

“Very pretty,” Andre said with a grin, picking up a lacy green thong.

Nathalie snatched it from him and slapped his hand.

“Go and get the rest, pervert!” she ordered.

“What am I, your slave?” he asked.

“Yes! Go fetch and carry, slave boy!”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, eyes downcast as he turned around.

Then he slapped her bottom sharply before hurrying out the room, and Nathalie yelled and then laughed.

“Well, come on, Bethany!” she said. “I'll help you. Just toss them into this dresser here.”

She scooped out an armful of lingerie and dumped them into an empty drawer, then she and Beth unloaded a number of short skirts and dresses – none of which Beth had ever seen before in her life! She had to check the tags on the suitcases to make sure they were really hers!

She was filled with shock, but didn't know what to do about it. She couldn't tell Nathalie none of these were hers! For one thing she'd have to explain how they got into her suitcases! And she certainly wasn't going to tell her about Jacques and Leon and Jeff!

“I'm amazed you have such fashionable clothes!” Nathalie said in delight.

And that was another thing. She was clearly impressed that Beth hadn't come with a suitcase full of granny dresses. How could Beth explain to her that that was pretty much exactly what she had packed!? Andre came back with two more suitcases, and goosed Nathalie, who yelled again and slapped at him, then went to park the car. The two girls put 'her clothes' away quickly – but not quickly enough for Nathalie to miss finding the... object!

“Qu'est-ce que c'est?” she asked, pulling it out from under a blouse.

Then she laughed in delight, eyes widening as she held it by the tip.

Beth's face went red as she stared at the very large, very life-like ... black penis!

“If this is what you like, Bethany, don't worry. Paris has a lot of them!” she said with a great laugh.

“I-I don't know how that got in my suitcase!” Beth cried, horribly embarrassed.

Nathalie clearly didn't believe her, and tossed it into the drawer. “Don't worry. You won't need it!” she chortled.

“Nathalie!”

Nathalie slapped her bottom.

“Naughty girl!”

Then Andre came into the room.

“Who is a naughty girl?” he asked with a grin.

Nathalie laughed and shook her head while Beth simply blushed hotly.

“So, you want to go out now?” she asked.

“I... I just got here, Nathalie,” Beth said contritely. “I mean, it was a long, tiring flight. What I'd really like is a shower.”

“Mais, certainement! I will go and get some tea while you clean up! Maybe it will give you energy!”

She showed Beth where the towels were, including a strange, very thin hand towel for scrubbing with, and Beth closed herself in the small bathroom.

There was no large shower stall as in a modern American bathroom, but she didn't mind. The claw foot tub set against the far wall seemed charming. In fact, the room was charming, and she reminded herself people had been bathing in it for well over a hundred years! There wasn't much in Nebraska which was very old.

There was a small sink to the left of the tub, with a toilet just inside the door. The mirror above the

sink was not very impressive, and there were bare pipes leading down to the toilet and also crossing the wall above the tub.

Now, at last alone, she stripped and then turned on the water, drawing the curtain around the tub on its curving overhead rod. She really would have preferred a shower, to sit there in the warm water and thinking about the incredible series of events which had already occurred to her.

She stared at herself in the little mirror, shaking her head in amazement at the parade of thoughts which swept through her. Her friends would never believe it! Even she didn't believe it! She shook her head and removed her glasses, putting them on the edge of the sink, and the room blurred around her.

She eased through the plastic shower curtain, stepping gingerly over the high side of the tub as the water cascaded down, then sighed in relief as it poured over her. She'd done so many dirty things since leaving Nebraska! She really needed to clean up!

She turned in place, soaking herself, then turned off the water and picked up the soap, She ran it over her body, feeling the soft, slick tactile pleasure of her own skin against the tips of her fingers. She felt a little breathy as she did, remembering the feel of Leon's or Jeff's hands on her body earlier!

Her fingers slid down between her slender thighs and she winced a little as she stroked them along the line of her sex. God, Jeff had been so big! And the others had only been small by comparison! They'd all been much bigger than the only two boys she'd slept with in her life to date!

Two, and then in one day that had turned to five! God, what a slut she was!

She lathered the soap up and then picked up the thin towel. She soaked it and then scrubbed at her body, wanting to get it very, very clean. She put a foot on the high side of the tub and then let the long, thin soapy cloth slide down between her legs, rubbing it up and down against her mound.

She sucked in a breath, for she was always very sensitive down there, of course, but now... after the way those three men had used and ... and molested her so crudely and... and savagely... she was especially tender!

Yet in addition to being sore the touch of the soapy clothe sliding up and down against her produced a sense of pressure in her abdomen and a tightness in her chest. Her nipples were very hard as she bent over, and she could feel her pulse picking up.

She pulled the clothe away, letting her fingers stroke against her there. The sensation was altogether *much* nicer!

She halted, rebuking herself. Was she turning into a pervert!? A sex maniac!? Why, Nathalie could be in the next room – if she hadn't gone for coffee yet. And Andre... she shuddered at the thought of Andre, another big black man! She remembered his eyes looking at her, hungry eyes!

But he was Nathalie's boyfriend! He wouldn't have any use for her, and wouldn't want Nathalie to get angry at him. And wasn't she being, well, *prejudiced* to think every black man wanted her just because she was an attractive blonde girl with, she admitted, larger than normal breasts?

She turned on the water and rinsed the soap off herself, feeling cleaner, then picked up the shampoo and stepped back out of the stream of water, pouring it over her hair. She rubbed vigorously, digging her fingers into her scalp. It had been a long flight, quite aside from the perverted events which had taken place during it!

She squealed as arms slid around her body from behind and hands folded themselves over her full breasts!

“Tu es magnifique!” Andre's voice said in her ear.

She felt his naked body pressed against her from behind! His erection was jammed between her buttocks, and his fingers were kneading her full breasts!

“Andre! Let go!” she cried.

She tried to open her eyes, but had to shut them immediately as shampoo started to get into them!

“I want your body, beautiful girl!” he sighed, grinding himself into her from behind!

Beth could actually feel his erection sliding up and down between her slippery wet buttocks!

She squealed again and tried to twist aside, but, blinded, she was helpless! Her arms flailed

upwards, trying to find the towel she'd put on the side of the curtain rod, but then Andre pulled back, jerking her body around, and she gasped as she felt the cool plaster wall against her bottom!

She tried to cover her body with her arms but Andre laughed, and she felt his big hands on her wrists, lifting them up and over her head! He pinned them there with one big hand, her wrists crossed, and then she felt something being wrapped around them, something like cloth!

It was the thin washcloth! She struggled weakly as he tied her wrists together, and then when he let go they were locked in place against the pipe which ran along the wall!

“Andre! Don't! I'll tell Nathalie!” she cried.

“But you are the property of black men,” he said, making her gasp.

She felt his hands on her breasts, kneading and squeezing them.

“You love black cock. Say it.”

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she moaned.

“Say it,” he ordered.

She felt him pinching her nipples and twisting them, tugging them upwards

“I-I love black cock!” she cried helplessly.

He released her breasts, and then water poured over her face and hair as he rinsed the soap off her. A moment later as she blinked her eyes open she stared at the curtain across from her, and then gasped, jerking her head down as he forced her thighs apart and stared at her sex.

“Belle!” he sighed.

Then he forced her thighs wider and pushed his enormous tongue out! It slid strongly up the line of her sex and across her clitoris, then flicked back down and pushed into her!

Bethany squealed, her hips jerking, her buttocks grinding against the plaster as she tried to turn away. But his hands were like bands of iron around her thighs as his tongue pushed shockingly deep into her tight, warm, snug entrance and started pumping in and out!

At the same time his warm, wet nose was rubbing right up against her clitoris!

“Please!” she moaned, panting, heart pounding.

She cocked her head up and back, staring with disbelief at her wrists tied together around the pipe, then dropped it again to see his head and the top of his face as he drew his tongue out and started swiping it rapidly up across her clitoris.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! No! Oh! Oh please!” she gasped.

He grunted in pleasure, his tongue continuing to lick as Bethany's mind and body both squirmed uncontrollably. What if Nathalie found out! What if she emailed her friends at school and told them what a slut Beth was!?

She was filled with tension and anxiety, not to mention embarrassment! And yet, despite all that, the powerful raw sensations Andre was rousing from her body were flooding through her like a drug! She shuddered and trembled and moaned helplessly as his tongue stroked mercilessly across her tender clitoris!

His finger pushed into her, and she groaned at the echo of wild, seething passion her mind recalled the last time someone had done that! It was still a shock how much more intense it was to be touched by someone else, other than herself!

And his big finger was driving smoothly up and down her narrow tunnel as his lips tried to capture her clitoris! They did, sucking rhythmically in a way which made her squeal and grind her buttocks even more wildly into the wall behind her!

He rose suddenly, filling her vision, and gripped her hair, jerking her head up and back as he leaned in to lick and chew and suckle at her exposed throat! She felt two fingers pushing up inside her now even as his thumb began to stroke rapidly across her clitoris in a skillful, sideways motion!

He chuckled low in his throat.

“Blonde American slut,” he growled, bending and taking the center of her right breast into his mouth.

“Oh!” she cried as his teeth closed on her tender flesh!

He *chewed* at her flesh as he sucked, as his tongue flicked over her burning nipple. His mouth was voracious, his teeth digging into her tender breast, his lips rubbing against it, his breath sucking as his tongue whipped across the nipple in rapid little motions! And all the while his fingers were pumping inside her and his thumb was stroking against her clitoris, and his other hand was forcing her head back so that her chest thrust out tautly!

Wild, powerful bursts of sexual electricity were crackling through her body as she trembled and shook, gulping in air in ragged gasps as he sucked at her nipple and chewed at the surrounding flesh. Her hips were now grinding in and out as his fingers thrust, bucking forward to meet each stroke as the sexual pressure grew more powerful, thundering in her skull!

The orgasm tore through her like an explosion, like a bomb going off! Beth cried out, then cried out again, louder, then again, the breath sobbing out of her as her hips bucked violently against his thrusting fingers and fire ran through her veins!

He abandoned her hair and spun her roughly around, causing her to stumble against the wall.

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom sharply, then he gripped her hips and jerked them back against him so that she felt his cock pressed up between her buttocks once more.

“Beautiful blonde girls belong to Black men!” he growled, jerking back on her hair as his right arm slid across her hip, his fingers sliding down her abdomen to rub her clitoris once more.

“You were made for to take big black cocks inside your luscious body!” he growled in deeply accented English.

He ground himself against her, sliding his cock up and down between her buttocks, then drew back, slapping her bottom once more and yanking on her hips.

“Spread your legs for me, slut!”

Crack!

“Oh! Oh, don't!”

Crack!

“Spread your legs for a black man!”

Beth panted dazedly, gasping in pain as she jerked her trembling thighs apart. She felt his cock sliding in between them. Then his right hand snaked across her hip once more, reaching down to grip the tip of his cock so he could rub the shaft up and down along the line of her sex.

“Tell me you love black cock inside you,” he demanded.

He gripped her hair with his other hand, jerking her head roughly up and back as she cried out, then licked and chewed along the nape of her neck.

“Tell me you love black cock inside your slut body!”

He growled, his teeth digging into her throat.

“I-I... love... black... cock!” she gasped.

He released her hair and gripped her left breast, squeezing harshly.

“Tell me you love black cock inside your slut body!”

“I love black cock inside my slut body!” she cried weakly.

He released her breast and drew back, slapping her bottom again and jerking her hips out, then she felt the head of his cock pushing up and down against her sex before penetrating her and sliding slowly up into her body.

Beth shuddered, moaning weakly, her head falling against her arms, which were before her. She was bent forward at the hips, her bottom raised and legs spread as she felt his cock pushing up into her belly, and her eyes closed as the ragged wonder of it swept her mind.

“Blonde sluts are put on earth to please Black men!” he said.

“Ungh!” she groaned as he pushed deeper.

“Your body was made for us.”

He started to pump in and out, his movements rapidly becoming more and more savage. He gripped her hips tightly and his hips began to slap against her wet buttocks as Beth moaned and shuddered.

The feel of his hard cock inside her, thrusting violently in and out, threw a wild series of emotional shocks through her battered mind. This was so stunning, so sluttish, so shocking and wicked! But her body was burning with the dark thrill and heat and passion Andre had roused in her, and her mind was drowned in a seething sense of hunger and dark need!

Her life had always been so calm, so careful so... boring! And now she was doing the most shocking, wicked things! Things which made her blood burn and filled her with the most incredible sense of erotic heat and pleasure!

But it was all so out-of-control! She was a girl used to always being under control, used to having everything very precisely managed. Her whole life had been like riding a gentle pony and now she was on a bucking bronco that snorted angrily, its eyes glaring as it threw her into the air again and again!

His big, strong hands gripped her hips like steel as his cock drove into her again and again, spearing high into her belly with a dull, aching blows to the back wall of her sex! Her body shuddered with every stroke, her blurry eyes seeing nothing but her bound arms before her as her mind was buffeted by a storm of emotions and sensations.

But... there was nothing she could do, nothing she had to do, no actions she could take, nothing she could say. There was nothing to plan or consider. She had no control over the bucking bronco and all she could do was try to hang on as tossed her body up and down!

There was a strange sense of peace in that, as if various parts of her consciousness were shutting down since there was nothing for them to do. All that was left was to bathe in the fiery heat of this wild, dark ride!

“Ungh! Ungh! Oh! Ungh! Ahg! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!” she gasped as his hips pounded against her repeatedly.

He abandoned her hips, gripping her hair and yanking her head up and back once more.

“Mon putain! Mon putain, oui!”

He let his big fingers slid around the front of her neck, holding her tightly as she gasped for breath.

“Mon putain blond!”

His cock thrust up into her in hard, deep strokes as his right hand roughly squeezed her breast, then dove down between her legs to rub her clitoris again.

Beth gurgled and gasped for breath around his squeezing fingers, her head pounding as her body flamed white hot. Then another orgasm swept through her and she cried out, or tried to, her hips bucking back to meet his savagely thrusting cock as she sobbed in dazed pleasure.

*

She was sore again *down there*. But she was also breathless and dazed from the shock-waves of pleasure which had torn through her mind and body. She felt very unsure of herself, as if she were trying to pick her way across very slippery ice.

She hadn't thought to bring a robe, and the kind of towels they evidently favored in France didn't run to the sort of big, comfy bath towels she had at home. Or if they did, Andre and Nathalie didn't have them. The ones they did have struck her as resembling tea towels at home!

But where had her clothing gone!? Andre must have taken it when he left her alone, she thought, and that left her nothing to wear but, well, a tiny, paper thin pink terrycloth robe which Nathalie apparently used. But Nathalie was shorter than her, and the robe would have been none-too-long even on the French girl.

It was even shorter on Beth.

Still, it only had to get her to the bedroom where she could change and get her blow dryer, the portable one she'd brought with her. She used the little 'tea towels' to squeeze most of the water out of her hair so it hung in damp tendrils down her neck, then wrapped the robe as tightly as she could around herself and tied the belt, though the hem was barely below her buttocks. She put on her glasses,

opened the door and went outside.

The bathroom, or toilet as the French called it, was in a narrow hall across from the kitchen, and around the corner from the living room, with the bedrooms in another hall further up. She clutched the robe tightly as she walked barefoot down the first hall and then out into view of the rest of the apartment.

And found that Nathalie had returned with coffee, and two more men. She gulped, her face heating as they all looked to her, and the mens eyes lit up.

“Allo, Betany,” Nathalie said. “I have coffee!”

“Uhm, yes,” Beth gulped, heading for the bedroom.

“Zis is Pierre and Luke,” she said.

Bethany had been raised since birth to be scrupulously polite, so had to stop and say hello to the two men. Neither was black, which somehow caused her to feel a sense of relief as their hungry eyes moved over her barely clad body.

“Hello,” she said, face flushed.

“You are a very beautiful girl, Bethany,” Pierre said.

“Thank you,” she replied self-consciously, edging towards the bedroom.

“Jou are from the west of America?” Luke asked.

“Uhm, yes, Nebraska,” she gulped, edging closer to the doorway.

Then she heard voices coming from inside the bedroom – male voices.

As she reached it she saw Andre there, with an older black man, and another tall, sleek man, also black. They had overturned the bed and were doing something with the legs – a tool box sitting on the floor.

“Oh, that's Andre's dad and brother. They're working on fixing the broken leg of the bed,” Nathalie said.

“Wonder how it broke?” Luke asked slyly.

“Too much bouncing, perhaps,” Pierre said.

Nathalie snorted and smirked.

“Bonjour, Mademoiselle,” the older black man said, holding out his hand.

Beth blushed but couldn't refuse to take it. She kept her other hand holding tight the upper part of the robe as she shook his hand.

“Ah, but you are a beautiful girl!” he said. “We do not shake hands with beautiful girls in France!”

And with that he pulled her in for a tight hug that made her squeal as her breasts pillowed out against his chest.

“I am Louis!” he said jovially, releasing her. “This is Enzo, my son, the smart son.”

And then Enzo gave her a hug as well, but his hands slid down to give her bottom a good hard squeeze through the paper thing robe, at the same time!

She squeaked and stumbled back as Nathalie came up to her with a cup of coffee.

“Oh I uhm...”

She had little choice but to accept it, which of course, meant she couldn't keep her arms crossed over her chest. The dampness of her body had made the thin robe even less modest as it clung to the fullness of her breasts, and Beth became even more self-conscious.

“We will have this fixed in no time,” Louis said.

“Uhm, maybe I could just... get a dress from the cupboard,” she said.

“You are dressed fine, I think!” Louis said with gleaming teeth.

“Yes, all pretty girls should dress like this all the time,” Enzo said.

“Come sit, Beth.” Nathalie said, taking her arm.

In a way it was a relief to be peeled away from the three black men staring at her, but then Beth was in the front room, and she had little choice, as Nathalie tugged her to the sofa, to sit next to her – which was across from the other two men.

The thin robe was even shorter sitting down, of course. She kept her thighs tightly pressed together. "So you will be in Paris for two weeks only?" Luke asked.

"Uh, yes," she said.

"Nathalie knows all the best places to party," Pierre said with a grin.

"Her apartment is one of them," Enzo said, coming into the room.

The others laughed, and Beth tittered uneasily, wishing desperately that she could run back to the bathroom or get something to wear.

"Now there will be two beautiful girls here instead of one. It will be an even more popular place," Pierre said.

Her hair was still damp enough that a few small drops of moisture trickled onto her shoulders and into the front of the robe as her hair hung around her. Nathalie concentrated on keeping her legs closed, and ensuring the top of the robe didn't fall open. It was, after all, only held together by the little cloth belt at her waist.

The door bell rang, and Nathalie sprang up to go and see who was there.

"So what is Nebraska like?" Pierre asked.

"Uhm, very pretty," she gulped.

"You live on a farm?"

"No. I live in a small city called McCook."

Two more men came into the room, and Nathalie introduced them as Julien and Nino. Nino sat on her right, where Nathalie had been and Julien perched on the arm of the sofa on her left as they grinned at her and asked where she was from.

And at some point Nathalie disappeared! Enzo and Andre came back into the room, so that it was crowded with young men, while banging sounds came from the bedroom.

Bethany had never in her life felt so much the center of attention, and so unable to cope with it! The little robe she wore felt even smaller and thinner under all those male eyes.

"You have lovely legs, Bethany," Pierre said.

"Uhm, thank you," she gulped self consciously. "I'm not used to showing so much of them."

She tried again to tug the hem a little lower.

"But this is France!" he said. "Girls with lovely legs are allowed to show them off here!"

"Required," said Enzo. "It is the law!"

The others laughed. "It should be," Luke said.

"And if they have beautiful breasts they must show those off too," Pierre said.

"You should make the laws, my friend," Luke said.

Red faced, Beth smiled and pretended to laugh, though inside she was squirming with embarrassment as she huddled there in the tiny robe.

It was more than simple embarrassment, though. Bethany was used to being looked at by men, but not by this many in a small room while wearing so little. Nor did these Frenchmen do much to disguise their interest in her body, an interest which struck her as naked lust!

She felt a deep sense of sexual tension in the air, and though she knew the men surrounding her weren't about to, well, attack her (at least, she was pretty sure!) she still felt very much like prey in a room full of predators!

"I should uhm... do my hair," she gulped.

"Your hair looks fine as it is," Julien said.

"I-I just had a shower," she gulped.

"Oh it will dry," Nino said.

He reached out to slide his finger through her damp tendrils, grinning.

"Do you like to dance, Betany?" Enzo asked.

"Uhm ah, yes," she said.

"You look like you dance very beautifully with such legs," Pierre said.

“We should put on some music and she can dance for us,” Julien said, as the others laughed.

“I'm not about to dance in a robe,” Bethany said with a phony smile.

“You can take it off. We won't mind,” Nino said.

The others all liked that idea a lot, too.

“I don't think so,” she said, getting very carefully to her feet and picking her way past Julien's legs.

All their eyes followed her as she went to the door of the bedroom and looked inside.

“Uhm, I'm just going to get my blow dryer before my hair dries all horribly,” she said, stepping into the room.

He was half laying on the floor as he worked on the underside of the bed, and she stepped over him, then flushed hotly as he turned and looked up at her. The hem of the little robe was so short, after all!

“Of course,” he said, sitting up and smiling. “You must treat such hair properly so men can enjoy the sight and touch of it.”

She opened the drawer and pulled the travel dryer out, then turned to find him standing before her. She gasped, and smiled tremulously as he smiled at her.

“Remember, little putain,” he said in a low voice. “Your blonde body belongs to black men.”

His big hand thrust in between her thighs then, up under the short hem to firmly cup her naked sex!

Beth gasped, eyes and mouth going wide, adrenaline flooding her body as he chuckled softly, giving her a long soft squeeze before pulling his hand back.

Then she scurried past him and around the corner and into the bathroom!

That, at least, put her behind a locked door! She took her time blow drying and brushing her hair, too, hoping most of the men would be gone by the time she came out again, and that Nathalie would be back from wherever she had gone!

Fortunately for her peace of mind she could hear the conversation diminishing on the other side of the door, and by the time she timidly opened it and peered out it seemed almost everyone had left.

“Hey, you!” Nathalie said, waving at her from the kitchen.

Clutching the robe tightly about herself Beth moved up the hall, quickly glanced towards the living room, which was mercifully empty, and then crossed into the kitchen, where Nathalie was washing dishes in the sink.

“I thought we would go and look at the Champse Elysees since you tourists seem to like it so much,” she said with a grin.

“Oh well, it is on that list of things you have to see in Paris,” Beth said.

“It's not that far as the metro rolls,” Nathalie said. “You can get around Paris fairly easily on the metro.”

“The subway, right?” Beth asked.

“Oui. Or the tube, the English call it.”

And suddenly Andre was there behind Nathalie, kissing the back of her neck.

“Hmm, long round trains going through round tunnels. What does this make me think of?” he asked with a leer.

“I could not imagine except that as a pervert it probably makes you think of sex,” Nathalie said over her shoulder.

“You are correct!”

Beth noticed his left hand was around Nathalie's waist and had risen to cup her right breast. She blushed and looked away, then gasped as she felt his right hand cup her own bottom through the little robe, then up underneath!

She felt her hips pushed into the side of the cupboard next to Nathalie and she held her breath anxiously, heart pounding, for fear Nathalie would notice and get furious! But the French girl didn't notice, of course, turning her head in the other direction as Andre put his chin on her left shoulder.

Meanwhile his hand was pushing in between her thighs and cupping her sex, his fingers stroking firmly up and down against her there as his thumb slid up between her buttocks!

“You should take Bethany to a nude beach,” Andre said. “It will open up her mind.”

“It will open up her dress so you can see her naked, you mean,” Nathalie sniffed derisively, pushing his hand off her breast.

“But of course!”

“Men are all perverts.”

“You are just now discovering this?”

“I’ll uhm, find a dress to wear,” Beth gulped, turning away and pulling free of Andre’s hand.

She felt her heart pounding as she scurried to the bedroom, then quickly closed the door. To her dismay, there was no lock on the door, though. She crossed to the dressers and cupboard where she and Nathalie had unloaded ‘her’ suitcases, and tried to find something decent among the strange outfits there.

Where had they even come from!? Had they simply emptied some other girl’s suitcase into hers at the airport? Yet they were all in her size! And all quite immodest too!

Without taking forever, the best she could find was a pretty green and gray flower print dress. It had a loose, ruffled skirt, and while the hem was short it didn’t seem quite so bad compared to the robe she was wearing now! It was sleeveless, though, with uncomfortably large arm holes. On the other hand, it had a v neckline which wasn’t particularly low cut.

She tried first to put on a bra but the dress’s back was quite low which left her bra strap completely visible! Even the straps that went up to cross her shoulders! That was so... gauche, as the French would say!

And then Nathalie came in to confirm it.

“Oh, that’s a pretty dress!” she exclaimed with a smile. But then her face fell. “Oh dear, you can’t possibly wear a bra with that!”

“But... I have to wear a bra!” Nathalie exclaimed in a low voice. “I mean, I’m not exactly small up top!”

Nathalie snorted. “It’s a loose dress, and girls here often go without bras. And it’s the summer and a warm day. I’ve often gone without bras. It feels much cooler on a day like this.”

“Oh but I couldn’t!”

“In Nebraska you couldn’t. You can here. Try it and let me see.”

Well, there was nothing for it but to do as she said, which was embarrassing since she wasn’t used to people watching her undress. She slipped the shoulder straps over her shoulders to let the dress fall around her waist, then undid her bra and, blushing, removed it, before quickly pulling the dress back up.

“You have beautiful breasts!” Nathalie exclaimed.

Beth blushed. “Uhm, uh... thanks,” she said awkwardly.

“Usually girls who are as large as you sag. You must get a lot of exercise to keep them so firm.”

“Uhm, well, I do a lot of lifting and stuff at the store,” she said, adjusting the dress.

“This looks wonderful!” Nathalie said. “And sexy!”

Beth didn’t particularly want to look sexy just then, but she had to admit that it wasn’t a bad look for her. She’d have to be very careful about the arm holes, though, since the sides of her breasts might appear if she leaned over much.

Nathalie herself casually stripped naked, then, and fished in the closet for something to wear, so Beth left the room, uncomfortable around the other girl when naked. She went to the kitchen, or started to, but gasped as Andre came out, backing up against the wall.

He looked her up and down approvingly.

“Very nice, blonde girl,” he said in a low voice. “Every Black man will want you.”

She felt her face heat, then gasped as his hand shot in under her skirt! She jerked her head around to stare at the open bedroom door as Andre chuckled low in his throat.

“But no panties. You must be ready to service any Black man that wants your body.”

And he yanked sharply on the little G-string! The string snapped and Beth yelped as he tore the G-string off her, winked, and moved on into the living room!

This was all completely insane! Did he actually believe that nonsense about her being responsible for servicing any black man that wanted her!? It was absurd! Who did they think she was anyway!? Obviously his whole family were perverts, and he had been told all too much by Leon or Jeff from the plane!

She wasn't sure which was his uncle since he hadn't specified, but she was sure that he knew about that ridiculous document she'd been made to sign by the customs agent, himself a black man! She hadn't read it but he'd told her after doing so that it was a promise to make her body available to any Black man who wanted her!

And Andre and his father had both acted very much like they believed it!

Black men were all perverted degenerates! She wished she were staying somewhere else now, perhaps in a small hotel or hostel. Andre made her exceedingly nervous, both for what he might do and say, and also in fear Nathalie would find out and be angry and jealous!

What would she do if Nathalie threw her out of the apartment!? She didn't have the money to stay at a hotel! And her airline tickets were the bare bones economy version and required that she take exactly the flights she had reserved. Which meant if she tried to go home earlier than two weeks she'd almost certainly have to pay a huge penalty!

Besides which Nathalie might send emails to her friends claiming she stole her boyfriend!? Her name would be mud!

She would just have to be stern, responsible Bethany, and refuse any further advances from Andre. She would have to make it clear to him that she had no intention of letting him 'use' her body, and that he was Nathalie's boyfriend and would have to restrict his sexual lust to her!

Nathalie emerged from the bedroom in a pretty wine colored dress, short, like Beth's, with a ruffled skirt. Hers was more low-cut, and tight across the chest, but then, she was French.

You have to dress like the French do while you're in Paris, Bethany chided herself. It was probably a good thing someone had replaced her old dresses. Though what was she going to wear when she got home!? She certainly couldn't wear the sorts of dresses that were in those suitcases!

They walked down the stairs to the street, and she tried to ignore the bizarre and perverted plane trip and her problems with Andre as she looked around at the street scenes.

I'm in Paris!, she thought excitedly.

They walked several blocks up the street, as Beth's head turned rapidly from side to side to take in all the local color. She was excited by it, but couldn't forget for a moment that she wasn't wearing any underwear!

It felt very strange wearing just the thin summer dress, without any bra or panties on underneath! And even though she was fairly convinced nothing much could be seen it was a strange and unfamiliar sensation.

She had to admit that it was certainly cooler, given the hot summer sun, but it made her feel indecent! Or at least, *secretly* indecent. It didn't look like anyone noticed anything particular. Of course, they couldn't notice her lack of panties, but her breasts were certainly noticeable against the thin fabric, and her breasts were moving quite naturally as she walked along!

Andre had his arm around Nathalie's waist, and didn't try to put his other anywhere on Beth, much to her relief.

"There," Nathalie said, pointing at a stairwell going down from the sidewalk.

They reached it then trotted down to the station below, another novel sensation for Bethany. Andre paid for her, since she hadn't had time yet to change her money, and they got on a subway – her very first!

It was crowded, though, so they couldn't get a seat. There were vertical and horizontal poles to hang onto, though, and the ride was quite smooth. Nathalie talked about a club that she wanted to take Beth

to that night, which she said was 'wicked wild' and had terrific music and very friendly men as they got closer and closer to the Champs Elysees.

More people crowded on, though, mostly other tourists, she thought. Everyone seemed in a good mood.

And then she felt a hand on her bottom, squeezing it firmly! She gulped, but restrained her reaction, turning to look at Andre. Yet when she saw both his hands she felt her pulse rate shoot up! She was holding onto a tall, slender pole as the train moved, but her other hand shot down to firmly push the hand off her bottom.

“Remember the document you signed,” a male voice whispered in her ear.

Beth's mouth gaped. She jerked her head around and saw a black man standing there, no, two of them! She felt a rush of adrenaline, and jerked her head away towards Nathalie, who was giggling and chatting with Andre

The hand squeezed and caressed her bottom as Beth's mind raced. What was she to do!? She couldn't make a scene in case Nathalie found out about... stuff! Yet the man's hand was, despite her attempting to push it back, fondling her bottom!

Then another hand caressed the bare skin at the side of her chest, in the open space of the large armhole of her dress! Her hand was clutching the overhead bar, and she could do little other than bring her other hand up and around to try and push it away.

As she did that the hand on her bottom slipped up under her skirt! She gasped, but it had already slid across her hip and was in front of her, between her legs! Fingers rubbed at her clitoris as her heart pounded and her pulse raced wildly!

There was such a crowd around she didn't think anyone had noticed, and surely the train would come to the station soon!

A big male foot pushed firmly against her right ankle, forcing it apart. Then another hand pushed in between her thighs from behind, and her eyes went wider as a long, thick slick finger pushed up between the lips of her sex and wriggled into her body! It pumped slowly in and out, pushing deeper and deeper as the other hand rubbed her clitoris!

It was all shocking and perverted and depraved! Her face was flushed hotly with embarrassment, but she was more worried about causing a scene than anything else!

The feel of those hands on her, in fact, the whole situation, reminded her too much of what had happened to her on the plane over, and all of those memories, of course, were heavily imbued with a dark, seething sense of eroticism and almost mind-blowing pleasure!

Perhaps that was why the fingers on her body began to almost immediately rouse her to a squirming, uncomfortable degree of heat, sexual pressure growing within her as her nipples tingled and got hard as rocks.

“Would you like to go to a beach tomorrow, Bethany?” Nathalie asked innocently.

“Uhm, uh, I'm uhm, I didn't bring a swimsuit!” she gulped.

“Oh we can buy you one,” Nathalie said dismissively.

“I will buy her one,” Andre said.

Nathalie laughed and turned to him. “I can imagine what you would buy, pervert,” she said.

Fingers rubbed at the soft skin at the side of her chest again as she reached down and tried to push the hand behind her away. Then they slipped in through the arm hole! In fact, the whole hand pushed in through it to cup her bare breast and send a wild rush of emotion and sensation through Bethany's trembling body!

Nor could she push back the wrist behind her, as the finger pumped in and out of her. In fact, a second finger pushed up into her sex, and then she felt the thumb rubbing against her little back passage!

“You will be punished if you do not abide by the contract you signed,” the voice whispered into her ear.

Bethany had to quickly take her right hand up and reach across her chest to hide the shape of the man's hand against the inside of her dress! The knuckles were showing there as his fingers kneaded her breast softly!

Her legs were starting to get rubbery as the fingers rubbing her clitoris rubbed faster, and the fingers inside her pumped in and out with longer strokes! She suddenly realized with a horrified gasp that she was close to orgasm!

Fortunately, the train slowed then, and there was an announcement in French that they had reached the station for the Champs Elysees. The crowd began to shift and move, and the hands withdrew, leaving her panting.

They headed off the train and up the stairs together, then out amid the crowd. Her breasts and bottom were squeezed a couple of times as she walked, but they were quick, furtive squeezes, and they stopped as the crowd thinned out.

The Champs Elysees was actually a very long and busy street, with six lanes of traffic. But there were a lot of trees on both sides, and stores the whole way! There were a lot of lovely fountains and pedestrian malls leading out from the street, as well, and Beth was awed by the amount of people and traffic and beautiful buildings.

She was less awed by Nathalie and Andre, whose behavior was reminding her why it was often not a good idea to go out somewhere as the third wheel to a couple. They were giggling with each other and whispering little endearments and kissing. Not all the time, but she did feel ignored often.

Fortunately, Paris made up for that! Although she continued to feel half naked without underwear in the thin, short little dress, particularly with the memory of all those hands on her in the subway!

It had taken a while for her nipples to soften! She'd been afraid Nathalie would notice! They got back on the metro, which was still crowded, but it was a short trip and nobody groped her. They got off and she had the Eiffel Tower before her delighted eyes. But of course, there were more crowds.

She wanted to go up top, but the lovebirds had already seen the view, they said, so they waited down below, sitting on a bench and giggling while she waited in line, then rode the open elevator up to the top. The fabulous view was worth it, of course, and she found herself at a rail, staring out at Paris in delight.

“Eet is beautiful, ees eet not?” whispered a voice behind her.

She turned her head and felt her pulse race to see a Black man grinning at her.

“Uhm, uh, yes,” she gulped.

Another Black man moved in beside her, then another on the other side. She squeaked as she felt her skirt lifted up in back!

Hands gripped her wrists, holding her hands on the rail as two men leaned in to kiss her on the side of her neck – on both sides at once! Hands cupped and fondled her breasts through the thin front of her dress as more hands caressed her buttocks and rubbed her between between the legs! Hands were all over her before she had any chance to react!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped.

Her dress was already up around her waist, but now the straps were pushed over her shoulders and the top of the dress pulled down to bare her breasts! She felt her hips drawn back as fingers pushed up inside her, pumping in and out, and other fingers rubbed her clitoris.

“Remember, you belong to Black men,” one of the men growled.

“I-I-I don't!” she squeaked.

The fingers pumping in and out of her withdrew, and then something thicker – and softer – but still very hard, pushed against the mouth of her sex. She squealed as she felt the pressure mounting, and her hips were pulled back more! Then a small black man squirmed his way in between her legs to kneel with his back against the railing, and his tongue started to lick her clitoris wildly!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped, as fingers squeezed and kneaded her bare breasts and the cock slid

higher and deeper into her belly!

“You know you love to feel the black man inside you, putain,” a man growled.

The tongue lapping at her clitoris was wide and hot and slick and hot, and was sending an incredible rush of sensation through Bethany's overawed mind! Then she felt her wrists pulled down and out to the sides, and her fingers were wrapped around thick black erections and pumped up and down!

This was insane, Beth thought dazedly! There were crowds of people all around them! Yet the black men were on both sides of her, blocking the view of her from either side, and at least two, perhaps three, were behind her!

In front of her was the whole of Paris, but though she was virtually naked, no one in Paris could see her up here!

The cock pushed deep into her sex and began to pump in and out, and Bethany felt as if she was melting under the growing heat, as if her mind, her resistance, her determination, her entire being were slowly melting away into a kind of hopeless submission to what was happening!

Her dress was nothing more than a ring of fabric around her hips, as hands raced over her body and the man behind her drove himself aching deep as he used longer, harder strokes. A hand gripped her hair tightly and jerked her head to the left, and a man there kissed her passionately, his tongue thrusting into her mouth!

Then her hair was jerked to the right, and a man there did the same as someone else kissed and sucked and chewed at the back of her neck!

“Get a picture of me, Mommy!” a little girl's voice cried nearby.

“Jeff, is that the Arc of Triumph?” a woman asked from a few feet to her left.

“That's Arc de Triomphe, hon,” a man replied.

Beth whimpered and moaned and gasped raggedly as her hips were yanked back to meet the strokes of the man behind her.

“Doesn't that mean the same thing?” the woman asked.

The man kneeling before her gripped her thighs tightly, his tongue and mouth moving in and back as her hips did.

Beth felt herself seeping away in the scalding shock-waves of sensation and emotion, her eyes nearly closing, the higher functions of her brain shutting down as all her consciousness turned to the physical, and the raw, dark heat churned through her body with more and more intensity.

“Let's get going,” a voice said behind her. “We want to make it to the Notre Dame Cathedral before it closes.”

“Can't we get a burger or something? I'm famished,” another voice said.

The orgasm was powerful, and she started to cry out, only to have a hand clamped over her mouth as she arched her back, sobbing and grunting as her hips bucked back against the man behind her and she felt his thick cock spearing deep into her belly again and again!

Voices were babbling in a variety of languages behind her and around her, with children yelling and laughing, and pictures being taken..

The thick cock inside her slid back, and the man moved away from her, but was instantly replaced. She wasn't even sure if it was the same man at first, but then she realized the cock pushing up into her was dry, at first, and thicker!

She trembled and shook as the orgasm passed from her, but the wild flood of heat continued to sweep her mind in a tumbling, churning rush of sensation and emotion. Behind them tourists laughed and chatted and remarked on the beautiful view, but within the small circle hidden by the black men dark, hungry lust reigned.

She half collapsed across the balcony, gasping, which let her throbbing breasts fall downward from her chest, giving the hands kneading them even more delighted opportunity to maul and squeeze. The man behind was thrusting determinedly, and she whimpered as he jerked her legs wider and raised her

hips, slapping against her bare bottom again and again.

The man who had been licking her eased out, but fingers were immediately on her clitoris, rubbing skilfully as she shuddered and grunted to each thrust.

The man pulled out. Had he come? She had no idea, and was too dazed to even consider it. Another thrust into her, or the same. She didn't know nor care. Except that she was abruptly jerked up and back by the hair, straightening, and then she was turned around!

There were black men before her and around her as she was pulled down to her knees. The man behind her sat on his heels and she groaned as she was impaled on his thick cock. Her hands were placed on other cocks, and then her hair was used as a handle, jerking her mouth forward onto a stiff black erection.

"Ride me, putain!" the man behind growled.

She whimpered and groaned at the feel of him stuffed so high, but then began to ride up and down, panting for breath as she sucked the cock of the man before her. He pulled her closer, driving himself deep into her throat, and she gurgled as he held her firmly, lips jammed against his groin.

"Look at how small the people are below, mommy!" a child cried nearby.

Hands reached in to fondle her breasts as she rode up and down, and then the man pulled out and her hair jerked to the side to suck the cock of the man there. Fingers rubbed at her clitoris, and it all seemed like an insane dark nightmare except it was laden with a scalding wave of heat that made her want to cry out at the power of the sensations roiling her mind.

There was a crackle of static nearby, then a voice from a nearby speaker.

"Mesdames and monsieurs, Dine above Paris by night in the city's most visible brasserie... At nightfall, the 58 Tour *Eiffel restaurant* changes ambiance. A hostess will welcome and ... "

She began to ride faster, the heat possessing her, a sexual fever taking over her mind and body, gasping and crying out every time she slid herself fully down atop him! Her voice was nothing but muffled grunts and gurgles, though, with the cocks pumping in her throat.

One of the men pressed his hard cock against her cheek, rubbing fast and hard, and then exploded, spraying his semen over the side of her face. Another man on the other side did the same, and then the man before her pulled out of her mouth, squeezing himself, pumping his thick warm come over her face glasses and chest!

The outrageousness of it shocked her, and then another orgasm rocked her mind and she screamed, or started to. A hand clamped over her mouth and jerked her head up and back as the man beneath her, behind her, thrust up sharply into her body! She bounced wildly, writhing and jerking as convulsions wracked her body, raw heat clawing at her sanity as the intensity of the orgasm literally stunned her.

Then they were lifting her to her feet, turning her to face Paris, lifting her own hands, rubbing the palms of her hands over her face and spreading their semen over it and down over her breasts. They lifted the shoulder straps up across her shoulders and led the hem fall over her buttocks, and then suddenly, they were gone, melting away to leave her as a part of the crowd gaping over the railing.

Beth stood in place for long minutes, hands gripping the railing, staring out at nothing, gulping in air and trying to regain her senses. The shock of what had happened was bad enough, but that second orgasm had almost blown her mind out! She was trembling in the aftermath for almost a full minute, her insides aching from the way her muscles had so violently spasmed.

Finally, moving very slowly, she made her way with the crowd to the elevator and then rode back down to where Nathalie and Andre waited.

"Well, that took a while," Nathalie said. "We were afraid you had gotten lost."

"Did you have a good time?" Andre asked with a smirk.

"I-It was... a... a beautiful view," she gulped.

Her mind was still not quite back to full consciousness, and she suddenly remembered that her face was covered in semen! So were her breasts, but they were hidden under her dress! She gulped, anxiously looking for some sign Nathalie was looking at her oddly, but the girl didn't seem to notice

anything.

She brought her hands to her face, making sure there was nothing that felt... obvious, that the warm male cream had been rubbed into her skin like suntan lotion.

“Come, you must be tiring. We'll go and have lunch,” Nathalie said.

“Y-yes,” she gulped.

She definitely needed to sit down somewhere cool!

The rest of the day was uneventful, or at least, it was exciting but not in the same way. She saw the Louvre but didn't go in, saving it for another day, then they went back to the apartment, by which time Beth was more than slightly exhausted. It had been a long flight, after all, and she'd had no sleep on it!

“I simply have to get some sleep,” she groaned. “I didn't sleep a wink on the plane, and the time change has me all confused.”

They were understanding, and she all-but collapsed into bed. The long, cotton nighties she had packed were not in evidence, unfortunately, and the least modest of what was there was a silk, thigh length, sleeveless nightie with thin spaghetti straps. She donned it, climbed into bed, and, despite the stunning nature of what had happened to her over the previous twenty four hours, soon fell into a deep sleep.

It was perhaps not surprising that she had erotic dreams while she slept. But when she awakened, her eyes fluttering in the light of a new day, she found her body thrumming with sexual heat and hunger. The dream she'd wakened from had her being held down by big, barbarian men, *naked* barbarian men with big erections, all ready to ravish her!

A few instant's after waking she was gripped by confusion and bewilderment. Where was she, was the first question that came to mind. That was quickly followed by, why couldn't she move?

The first question was answered almost as soon as her mind brought it forward. She was in Nathalie's apartment, in her bedroom. The second took a little longer as she tried to move her arms and legs, and then raised her head, turning to stare at a leather strap around her left wrist which went down across the side of the bed, then turning to see a similar strap around her right wrist.

Her arms were stretched out to her sides, her legs spread wide, with similar straps around them and... she was naked! Not only was she naked but Andre knelt between her legs, licking at her clitoris!

From the intensity of the sexual power making her body quiver and tremble, he had been doing it for some time, and Bethany gasped in shock, then embarrassment as he looked up at her and leered.

“Ma petite putain,” he said with a purr.

Then he dropped his mouth to her sex again, licking with longer, stronger strokes as Beth gasped for breath, shocked and disbelieving!

“A-A-Andre!” she gasped finally, pulling against the straps to no avail.

He chuckled throatily and then began to crawl slowly up her body! Beth gaped at him, moaning, her wrists and ankles continually pulling at the straps as the powerfully built black man slid his soft skin up across her body!

She flinched as she felt his erection sliding over her abdomen, and then he was above her, and his hands slid beneath her head.

“Please! Y-You can't... Untie me! Nathalie will – !”

He kissed her deeply and passionately, his lips silencing her as the kiss went on and on while he gently ground his body against her. His right hand slid up and down her side, then over her left breast, his fingers finding her nipple and rolling and massaging it.

He lifted his mouth from hers and she gasped, gulping in air.

“Nathalie was called away for the day, ma petite putain. Her mama est mauvais, ah, sick as you say. She will return tomorrow.”

He kissed her again, then began to slide forward again, his chest rising as he spread his legs apart. He straddled her lower chest, taking most of his weight on his knees as he leaned forward, laying his thick cock between her breasts.

“I adore your breasts!” he said, squeezing them in around him as he began to pump slowly in and out of her cleavage.

He didn't do it for long, however, pushing himself further forward, sliding his buttocks up across her breasts as he gently slid large hands under her head and raised it up and forward. Then his cock was pushing into her open mouth.

“Service me, ma petite putain, my little whore,” he said.

He pulled her head further forward, pushing himself deeper into her mouth, then, groaning, he let his upper body fall against the bed above her and lifted her head forward as he buried his cock deep in her throat!

Beth gurgled dazedly, her throat aching and gagging weakly as her stomach churned. Her head pounded as he ground her into his groin, and her chest began to burn from lack of oxygen. Then, slowly, sighing contently, he slid his cock out and let her head drop.

Beth coughed and gulped in ragged breaths of air as he slid back down her body. He knelt between her spread legs, pushed the slick nose of his cock against her opening, and then slid into her, slowly but firmly.

“Oh! Uhhnngh!” she gasped as he buried himself in her thrumming belly.

He settled himself atop her, his elbows taking much of his weight, grinding his pelvis against her as he bent to kiss her once more.

It was all so shocking, and Beth was still dazed from just having wakened from such a long, deep sleep! Not only that but she had woken in an erotic haze which gloried in the feeling of being so deeply penetrated!

There was something incredibly erotic and sensual about having a man between her legs, spread as wide as they were, and something darkly arousing about being... helpless underneath him! And she was helpless, utterly helpless!

Which meant, as before, there was nothing she could do, nothing she needed to do, no thought she needed to put into anything but... what was happening to her right that moment.

And right that moment the center of her consciousness was the thick throbbing erection he had jammed achingly high inside her!

“Remember, you belong to Black men,” he growled as he jerked her head up and back by the hair to mouth her throat.

“Your body is here to service us, to pleasure us, to be used by us.”

His hips began to move up and back a little, then down, thrusting into her with short, deep strokes that grew rapidly longer and harder as Beth gasped and moaned and cried out at the growing rush of heat and sensation.

Beth found herself overwhelmed with the rush of sensation, with the deepening sexual fever that began to take hold of her mind. She writhed beneath him, though with no thought of escape. Somehow, pulling at the leather straps, constantly reminding herself how helpless she was, was intensifying the dark thrill gripping her dazed mind.

His cock was churning inside her as his thrusting became more passionate, and though it ached, the sense of being overwhelmed, of being overpowered, of being ... mastered, was making her burn with an incredible rush of sexual energy!

She cried out as he yanked her head back again, his mouth going to her throat, his teeth biting into her as he chewed and sucked and kissed, his hips thrusting violently down as his cock speared her! And then, as she strained and arched back, the orgasm took her and she sobbed in mindless animal pleasure, twisting and bucking against him as his savage hunger drove him into her still harder and faster, the bed shaking with the force of his thrusts!

She lay, panting, gasping for breath under him as he groaned, spent himself.

He slid slowly back, grinning blearily, and she groaned as his softening cock slid back.

“Th-that... hurt,” she moaned.

“Ah, then I shall kiss and make it better.”

He slid back down her body and she gasped as his tongue stroked firmly up along the line of her sex and over her clitoris. Then he did it again, and again, long, slow licks that made her insides twist and writhe as she gulped in air.

His fingers slid into her, pressing up against the inside her belly as he made his tongue roll and licked in shorter, faster movements.

Beth gasped and shuddered and whimpered as the sensations rolled through her body like shock-waves. She fought to steady her breathing, but it soon became ragged once more, and then she arched back violently, crying out as another orgasm swept over her.

A glorious orgasm! The kind of orgasm which had shocked her mind and body over the past day or so, orgasms like nothing she had ever imagined, which burned like nothing she had ever felt, and were rapidly addicting her to more!

He beamed at her as he sat up and back on his heels.

“I make better, yes?!”

He laughed and then undid the straps around her ankles. A moment later he was undoing the straps from her wrists – or at least, from one wrist. She groaned as she started to sit up, one strap still on her right wrist, but removed from the bedpost.

Andre helped her out of bed, pulling on her right arm, but then he turned her, gripping her left and drawing it back behind her.

“Wh-what... Andre!”

She heard him chuckle as he pinned her wrists together, quickly looping the strap which was still around her right wrist around her left, then fixing it there in some way.

“Come and I will make you breakfast, petite putain,” he said cheerily.

“But... but Andre!” she moaned as he took her arm and led her from the bedroom.

He had her kneel on the floor in the kitchen, sitting on her heels!

“Spread your legs wide, ma petite putain,” he said, putting his foot in to push firmly on her knees to slide them apart.

Beth frowned, determined to assert herself.

“Andre, untie me!” she said firmly.

“But you look so... sensual like this,” he said. “My little slave girl.”

The words jolted her. They were absurd, but in the given context made something dark and thrilling stir in her mind.

“I'm not your slave girl! And Nathalie is your girlfriend! You're cheating on her!”

“A Black man cannot confine himself to a single woman,” he said dismissively.

The French didn't eat heavy breakfasts normally, so preparing one was a matter of buttering and putting jam on some buns.

Bethany pulled at the straps, trying to free an arm, while Andre ignored her demands to remove them. She wasn't particularly angry, though, but confused, exasperated, indignant, and, much to her dismay, aroused.

Andre sat down offered her a piece of buttered bun.

She scowled at him, but felt a strong urge. She hadn't had any dinner yesterday because of how exhausted she'd been! Plus her body had been six hours behind them and it hadn't seemed like the right time. But given all she'd gone through she was extremely hungry.

“If you untie me – .”

He popped the piece of bun into her mouth, and she scowled, but ate it.

“You know Nathalie won't – .”

He put another piece of buttered bun against her lips, and slid it into her mouth.

Beth chewed and quickly swallowed that, and the next.

“This is so inappropriate!” she moaned.

“But fun!” he said, beaming.

He held out another piece of bun, this one with jam on it, and she hesitated, then, feeling incredibly brazen and breathlessly forward, she licked it out of his fingers!

He chuckled, and fed her another piece, and another, and she licked them out of his fingers, gasping whenever he reached down to fondle one of her breasts, or roll the nipple between the pads of his fingers!

“Andre,” she moaned, feeling the heat rising within her, “You have to untie me!”

“Perhaps, eventually,” he said, grinning, and feeding her another piece of bun with jam. “I enjoy having my own little blonde sex slave.”

Those words again! They jolted Beth once more, low down, making her feel as if she was throbbing between the legs!

“B-But... but it's wrong!” she moaned breathlessly.

“Phht. Not in France!”

Suddenly the front door opened, and a male voice called out “Bonjour, Andre. Réveille-toi!”

His brother Enzo came strolling in, grinning, then dropping his eyes and beaming in delight as he saw Beth there.

Beth squealed and twisted halfway around, turning her back to him as the two brothers laughed in amusement.

“No need to be shy, ma petite putain!” he said.

“Come, you have not finished your breakfast,” Andre said, holding out another piece of bun.

Beth kept turned to the wall, scrunched in low, sitting on her heels to hide as much of her buttocks as possible, overwhelmed with shock and embarrassment at being seen like this by a virtual stranger!

The humiliation was not nearly as great as it would have been prior to yesterday, of course. Such a shock before then would have made her catatonic! But yesterday any number of men had seen her naked body! Naked black men...

Thus the shock was much lower, even if she was still deeply embarrassed!

“Untie me!” she called.

“Not until you finish breakfast. Now obey your master, little slave girl.”

“No!”

“She is being a bad girl,” Enzo said.

“Very much a bad girl,” Andre said sternly.

Beth squealed as he gripped her arm and pulled her firmly away from the wall! He lifted her up off her heels and turned her around, as she struggled feebly, and then pulled her up across his lap, bent over, belly down.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Bad girls get spanked here in Paris,” he said.

Crack!

“Ow! Andre!”

Crack! Crack!

Enzo chuckled as Beth squirmed and squealed at the sudden stinging blows to her bottom!

“Stop it!”

Crack! Crack!

“Little sex slaves must learn to obey their masters,” Andre said.

Crack!

“I'm not – ,” *Crack!* “Ow! I'm not your little – ,” *Crack!* “Ow! Slave girl!”

“You are a blonde, and made to service black men,” he said pontifically.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Ah! Andre!” she gasped.

Her bottom was starting to burn as he slapped it again and again, bringing his big black hand down on her formerly pale white skin! She was sure it was turning red now, and her embarrassment was even greater knowing Enzo was watching her being spanked on her bare bottom!

Not only that but Enzo was standing behind her, so she knew he would be seeing a good deal more! She tried to keep her thighs as tightly together as possible, even as she wriggled and writhed in Andre's grip, but as the blows continued her bottom began to burn so hotly she began to care much less about her modesty and much more about the pain!

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

"Ow! Ow! Don't! Oh! Ungh! Andre!" she cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Are you sorry for being a bad girl?" he demanded sternly.

Gasping, shuddering, her bottom flaming hot, Beth moaned dazedly. Her upper body was hanging upside down across one side of the chair and the blood had gone to her head, making it throb. More importantly, her bottom was on fire, and she wanted no more spanks!

"I-I... am!" she moaned.

Crack!

She squealed at the especially hard slap, her head jerking up and back.

"Say you're sorry for being a bad girl," he said sternly.

"I-I'm sorry for being a bad girl!" she moaned.

She gasped as she felt his big hand slide between her thighs, caressing her sex. A thick finger, probably his thumb, penetrated her, sliding several inches deep as he rubbed her clitoris with his other fingers.

"Say it again," he ordered.

Beth felt another flood of embarrassment knowing Enzo was watching – and listening! But her bottom hurt!

"I-I'm sorry for... for being a bad girl," she moaned.

"Say master. I'm sorry for being a bad slave girl, master," he said.

Beth felt her face heat, felt a jolt in her lower belly, but her bottom was throbbing hotly and...

"I'm... I'm... sorry for... for being a bad slave girl.... master!" she gulped.

His fingers and thumb were rubbing the soft, swollen flesh at the top of her sex, including her clitoris, and she felt a flood of dark heat inside her. Then she cried out weakly as he gripped her hair, filling his fist with it and jerking her head upright so she was staring straight ahead.

Enzo moved around in front of her, unzipping his trousers, and pulled out his erection. She moaned and felt a sense of almost... submission, of acceptance, as he pushed it into her open mouth. Her lips closed around it, and she began to suck and lick as Andre continued to rub and roll her clitoris.

Then Enzo, chuckling, took her hair from his brother, gripping it himself to hold her head up. She felt Andre's other hand sliding up and down her back, then down along her ribs to reach under and cup her breast.

"Beautiful little slave girl," he said.

Beth shuddered and moaned, then gurgled and gagged as Enzo shoved his cock deep into her throat.

A moment later, she felt Andre move his hands, and his thumb pushed against her back passage, sliding smoothly into it as she struggled to cope with the thick cock in her throat. His fingers pushed into her sex, one, then two, then three, pumping in and out as his thumb pumped in her bottom.

Enzo gripped her hair tightly and began to pump in and out, using long, deep strokes which got faster and faster as she gurgled and gagged weakly.

The two men said something in French, amid laughter, and then Andre released her.

Beth squealed in pain as she tumbled off his lap, while Enzo kept her hair wrapped around his fist. He chuckled and walked slowly towards the bedroom, holding her hair, and the hapless blonde was

forced to awkwardly knee-walk alongside him, panting and coughing, even drooling a little as Andre wished his brother fun.

She squealed again as he lifted her and threw her into the bed, then again as he slapped her bottom sharply before gripping her hips and jerking them upward.

“On your knees before a black man, blonde girl,” he said, slapping her bottom a second time. “And legs spread wide for him!”

He positioned the gasping, trembling blonde with her knees on the edge of the bed and her bottom raised high, then thrust into her sharply.

“You are here for the use of Black men, remember,” he said sternly, thrusting in and out harder and harder.

Beth could only shudder and moan and gasp for breath. She cried out again as he yanked back on her hair, holding it sharply back even while the heel of his hand pressed down against her back to hold her chest down.

His hips were starting to strike her buttocks with real power, so that Beth grunted and gasped at every thrust. But at least she could breathe now and... no one was spanking her and... and ... and her mind began to melt again, to fade into a sense of acceptance and submission as a warm, shimmering heat spread up her body.

She grunted, eyes closing to slits as he rode her, as his thick cock slid back and forth inside her warm, tight, moist tunnel. This was all hideously perverted and slutty, but it was hardly out of line with what had been happening to her of late and... and her mind was floating in a bubbling, overheated flood of liquid sexual hunger.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!” she grunted as he thrust.

His right hand curled across her hip and she whimpered as his fingers found her clitoris, rubbing harshly as he drove himself into her with savage blows.

The orgasm started low, then it started to grow, and grow. She shuddered and trembled, at first, then began to buck and shake and thrash as the intensity of the pleasure overwhelmed her mind and turned her into a wild, mindless animal!

It was so powerful, so intense, so ... glorious! How could anything else matter compared to this!? Beth cried out again and again as he rammed into her, ecstasy flaying her mind with the explosive pleasure to the point her mind shut down almost entirely.

So good! So good! Sooo good! she thought dazedly, grunting with every thrust.

She lay in a daze for long minutes after Enzo casually finished and then left her there. After a minute or so she fell over onto her side, groaning, panting, chest heaving, her mind, shattered by the incredible pleasure slowly fitting itself back together.

Then Andre came and got her, pulling her to her feet, leading her back to the kitchen, and back down on her knees, to finish breakfast. This time he and Enzo took turns feeding her. When that was done they let her drink hot chocolate, then Andre took her to the bathroom and brushed her teeth and hair for her.

Enzo selected a dress for her to wear. It was short, low-cut, thin, tight, and summery. And they laughed at her plea to be allowed to wear something underneath!

“We go to the museum,” Andre said, leading her out into the hall.

“The Louvre?” she asked, anxiously tugging at the hem of the dress.

“Non,” he said.

“Uhm, the Musee d'Orsay?”

“Non. Musée de l'érotisme. I think you weel enjoy, yes,” he said with a grin.

Beth's French was not the best, and it took her a moment to puzzle out, but she had seen the museum on a list of Paris museums she had scanned. She clearly remembered reading the list, seeing that one, her eyes widening, and then snorting in dismissal. As if she'd ever go *there!*

It was the museum of erotica.

END

[Beth's Rough Flight](#)
Beth's Rough Landing
[Beth's Rough Tour](#)
Beth's Rough Waters (upcoming)

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

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Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

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

Working For the Smiths

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

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

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

The Nerd Girls

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

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

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

Zoe's New Boss

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

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-

but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

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

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

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

Owned by Mister Trask

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

Bound Beauty

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

The Mirror Box

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