

Beth's Rough Tour

(Beth's Holiday)

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Smashwords edition

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

“I don't know about this,” Beth gulped as Andre and Enzo ushered her along the busy sidewalk. Once again she was walking along the sidewalk in a dress which she would have considered too scandalous to even be a nightie at home, and without any underwear! This one was quite low cut, and her breasts wobbled within it, half of their creamy smooth inner surface visible to the casual eye!

The fact the upper part of the dress was so tight meant they were squeezed up and together in a most immodest way that was causing her to blush whenever she caught a man staring at her as they passed him by!

The lower part of the dress, on the other hand, below the hips, was quite loose and saucy – and short! That made her very nervous as the hem swirled around her upper thighs in the gentle breeze of a Paris morning.

“Don't be worried, petite putain,” we know,” Andre said with a smirk.

“Please stop calling me that in public!” she said in a loud hiss.

“But everyone seeing you knows it is so,” Andre said as if confused.

“Yes, a blonde girl with your beautiful face and luscious body is clearly a sexual creature,” Enzo agreed, reaching up to squeeze her bottom.

“And you find black men irresistible, which is why you cannot ever say no to the advances of any one of us,” Andre said smugly.

“I can too! I mean, I don't, and I can!” she exclaimed anxiously.

“And perhaps one day you will,” Enzo said with a laugh.

It wasn't like any of them ever asked her, Beth thought anxiously. She hadn't intended to have sex with any of them! She certainly hadn't initiated any of it! What she wanted to do now was go somewhere and hide, not walk around in public in the scandalous dress they'd put her in!

On the other hand, there was something wickedly thrilling about walking around out in public like this! Growing up in McCook, Nebraska did not give her much experience in flaunting her body. Good girls didn't do such things in McCook!

And if you weren't a good girl then everyone soon found out about it! Including your own family! No, no, it was desperately important to be a good girl!

Though, perhaps not so much in Paris.

Everyone knew Frenchmen were a sort of happy, ignorant, immoral people when it came to sex. She didn't hold that against them or anything. They were French, after all. What could you expect? Bemoaning the fact the French behaved and dressed indecently was like lamenting the fact that fish were wet and dogs copulated wherever they felt like doing so.

Speaking of which... all her dark suspicions of Black men had certainly turned out to be accurate! She had very little experience with them in McCook, but from what she'd heard on TV and on the internet they were all sex maniacs with a particular interest in blonde girls!

Getting stuck sitting with two of them in the rear of the plane had been a shocking experience! They had pawed and groped and... and molested her without ever once asking permission! She'd certainly had no chance to say no!

Well, unless of course, she'd been willing to make a scene, and, well, be rude. But she'd been too hesitant! And then... and then her body had started to flare with such intense heat and shocking sensations that she'd been helpless to resist their perverted behavior!

She'd thought she'd left that behind when she'd landed in Paris, only to discover that Nathalie, the French girl who had been an exchange student in Nebraska, and who had invited her, was living with the nephew of one of those very men!

And now Andre and his brother had continued where their uncle had left off! They insisted, absurdly, that blonde girls belonged to Black men! And that she had no right to ever say not to anything they wished to do with her body! Indeed, they told her it was her duty in life to use her body to give

pleasure to Black men!

Of all the outrageous, ridiculous beliefs she'd ever encountered, that certainly took the cake! But Andre insisted, with arrogant certainty, and once again her own wobbly spine had been unable to stand up to him! Not, at least, given the raw animal heat he had forced upon her body!

It was hard for a mild mannered, polite, somewhat introverted girl from Nebraska to stand up to big, powerful, determined men! But even harder when her own body pulsed with raw hunger and lust and pleasure at the wicked, horrible things they made her do!

Besides which, she was far from home, in Paris, where she knew everyone was immoral anyway. There was a certain attitude adjustment necessary if she was to fit in. Wearing more, well, revealing clothing was something she had been prepared for. Though not this revealing! And not without underwear!

Oh she hoped Nathalie came back soon from visiting her sick mother!

They went down the stairs to the subway, with Beth's heart beating faster as they did. The last time they'd come this way Andre and Nathalie had been involved with each other, but several Black men had molested her, groping her all over!

The worst part had been the terrible fear they'd raised in her that she might have an orgasm right there in the middle of the crowded subway car! Bethany did not have soft, gentle orgasms, or at least, none had been like that since the airplane ride! The thought of everyone in the car turning to stare at her with wide eyes as she had an orgasm was far more horrible than anything else she could imagine!

She kept her head down, blushing at all the men eyeing her cleavage and short skirt, and then they got into the train. She felt a sense of relief, at first, for there were very few people on the car. Yesterday, the car had been packed, forcing them to stand, and letting men grope her without anyone noticing.

Andre led them to the end of the car and they sat in a seat which faced the other side of the car. The seat across from them was occupied by two Black men, and she gulped as they eyed her cleavage with poorly disguised interest.

Suddenly, as the car started up, Andre's hand began to caress her bare leg!

Beth flushed, for the hem was so short it barely covered what had to be covered, and it was even shorter sitting. She had her thighs tightly pressed together! But now Enzo dropped a hand onto her other thigh, rubbing up and down too!

Their hands pushed in between her thighs and then slowly pulled them apart as the men across watched with interest. Then Beth felt a foot come in and curl around each of her ankles, one on each side, and then pull them apart, farther and farther!

Her heart beat faster and faster, her hands starting to feel sweaty now as they lay in her lap, but then the brothers, acting as one, each reached a hand in and gripped one of her wrists, pulling them up and away!

Beth's face burned, for she knew that the men across could see everything! In fact, they slumped a little in their seats to get an even better view as the men on either side of her chuckled in amusement.

They both leaned forward, then drew her arms down behind their backs, as if placing them around their waists in a hug. Then they sat back, their big male bodies squeezing her arms tightly against the back of the seat and effectively locking them in place!

Beth gasped as she felt her hair pulled sharply up and back, and Andre leaned in to kiss his way along the nape of her exposed neck! At the same time, his hand slid in beneath her short skirt and began to openly finger her!

Enzo slid his hand in through the gaping cleavage of the dress, fondling her bare breast under the thin fabric as Andre pulled his mouth back from her neck. He turned her head, her hair firm in his fist, and the fingers which had been between her legs traced her lips before pushing into her open mouth!

"Suck, little putain," he whispered, pumping them in and out. "Suck," he growled softly.

Moaning, whimpering, Beth obeyed, sucking his fingers for several seconds until he pulled them out, then kissed her fiercely! She felt his fingers down between her legs once again, now slick, rubbing

up and down the line of her sex, stroking over her clitoris, then pushing slowly up inside her!

He was a big man, and his fingers were big, and long! They pushed deep, curling up as his thumb found her clitoris and began a steady, fast little stroking motion against it! She shuddered as she felt the front of her dress pulled down, then felt a mouth on her breast!

Enzo had leaned over her, sucking and chewing on her hard nipple, his teeth digging into the flesh around it as his lips massaged her and his tongue stroked hungrily!

It was all so utterly insane! These people were... were animals! Yet what could she do!? Already the two strangers across were staring at her in wide-eyed excitement! If she made a sound the whole car would turn to stare!

And the feel of those long, slick fingers pumping gently inside her was incredible! Or perhaps it was simply the sheer outrageousness which had adrenaline flooding her system and her pulse racing like mad! Her body felt charged up, alternately flushed and then feeling as if she was cold!

The way his thumb was rubbing against her clitoris was sending a churning rushing flood of sensation through her nervous system, and both men were murmuring the entire time, words which rolled through her dazed mind.

“Your skin is incredibly soft!”

“The taste of your breast makes my blood burn!”

“Your delicious scent overpowers even the most beautiful perfume.”

“Your lips are like heaven!”

“You are a gift to all men!”

“Your hair feels like silk!”

“You are so warm and soft and tight inside!”

“You have the body of a goddess!”

All the while their hands and lips were ravishing her to the point she wanted to scream! And the fact two men were looking at them across the aisle made it even more shocking and outrageous! Her skirt was practically up around her hips!

Then, quite suddenly, her skirt was down and her top up, and the two men were doing nothing as the train slowed and several people got to their feet. They came up to the door on her left, the men looking down appreciatively into her cleavage, then got off. A few others got on, and then the train started once more.

She gasped as Enzo jerked her head up and to the side by the hair, then kissed her softly, but passionately. She felt fingers at her sex again, two of them sinking into her to the knuckles. She was shocked at how slick they were for a moment, then realized it was her that was slick!

They slid in and out, the full long length of them, as the thumb stroked her clitoris again, and she moaned into Enzo's mouth as his other hand pulled the strap aside and bared her breast for his hand to fondle.

Then the other side of the dress was pulled aside and she felt Andre's mouth on her other breast!

Beth began to tremble, her muscles spasming in places, her hips jerking convulsively as she moaned in helpless sensory overload. She felt as if her entire body was pulsing with heat, as if it were radiating heat!

Then, suddenly, they stopped once more, tugging her dress back into place as the train slowed for the next stop. Bethany gulped in air, feeling the perspiration on her forehead and chest, eyes fluttering. She felt dizzy, as if the world was moving around her.

One of the Black men leaned forward, his eyes hungry, and asked something in French. Bethany had been practicing her French, but wasn't entirely sure what he asked except that he was asking how much something cost. Then she realized he meant her!

“She is free,” Andre said grandly. “To any Black man who owns her.”

The two men looked even hungrier as the doors closed and the train started again.

This time the brothers lifted her legs up and spread them apart so that they were draped across their

own legs. Then they lifted the hem up high to bare her lower body. She moaned as Andre slid one, then two, then three big, long fingers into her sopping opening, trembling as they began to pump in and out.

Enzo slid a hand around her and cupped her mouth with his hand, then he and Andre pulled the top of her dress apart and bent to suck and chew on both her breasts! The fingers thrusting into her were joined by a slick thumb rubbing against her clitoris, and the blood pounded in Bethany's head as a wild, wicked, thrilling sexual pressure and heat raced through her body!

Nobody will know, she kept telling herself desperately. Nobody at home would know. It didn't matter what strangers thought! They couldn't tell anyone!

That was a deep comfort to her anxious, quivering mind even as waves of dark hunger and wicked excitement flooded through her. And, bizarrely, despite her horrible embarrassment at being so shockingly exposed to the strangers, she began to feel a dark, thrumming sense of sensual heat from their hungry excitement.

They were excited at seeing her, because...because she was so beautiful, so hot, so sexy! She had never been able to show her body off in McCook. But she was well-aware she had the kind of body which excited men, which made women jealous.

Her breasts were full and youthful, her body slender and well-toned from the endless hours of heaving heavy goods around at the feed and supply store in McCook. Everyone had told her what marvelous legs she had – though she'd rarely been able to show them much above the knees before.

And now she was flaunting herself to strangers! No, that would have filled her with horrible guilt. No, it was Andre and Enzo doing it, which meant it wasn't her fault! It wasn't her choice! She wasn't the one doing it! She wasn't immodestly and immorally showing herself off! They were showing her off!

Which robbed what was happening of much guilt or shame, though she was still horribly embarrassed! But with the embarrassment also came a deeply secret sense of wicked delight. Like most girls, especially pretty girls, she was an exhibitionist at heart, loving the way society fawned over attractive young girls.

So as the worst of the embarrassment began to fade in the face of the dark heat and hunger, her body began to flame hotter and hotter. Her hips began to grind helplessly, her legs spasming, causing her lower body to roll lewdly up and down in sharp, frantic motions!

The big fingers thrust harder, and she whimpered and moaned into Enzo's palm, then her back arched violently, her hips bucking furiously as the orgasm tore through her like a flash-fire! She cried out again and again – into Enzo's palm, but the sound of the subway drowned her muffled cries out.

The orgasm shattered her mind, and left her dazed and slack jawed, her hips grinding slower and slower until she went limp, moaning weakly, eyes slitted. The two men smirked and eased her back into position, lowering her skirt and pulling the top of her dress closed.

The ones across were desperately offering money, money to use her body, she knew! But Enzo and Andre simply smiled and shook their heads.

They pulled into another station, and this time the two helped her to stand, and helped support her as her rubbery legs threatened to give way, steadying her as they left the subway car.

“Beautiful whore!” Enzo whispered into her ear.

“Your body makes me burn!” Andre whispered into her other ear.

Beth shuffled along dazedly, guided by their hands on her arms, still panting, eyes fluttering, her mind struggling to work after that astonishing explosion of sensation. Her mind felt numbed, and only slowly began to shake off the shock.

They went up the stairs, and then out onto the street.

“You'll enjoy the museum,” Andre said.

“Us too,” Enzo added.

The neighborhood had some strange stores along the sidewalks, strange to a girl from Nebraska, anyway. They passed several strip clubs and lingerie shops, then a sex boutique. None of them were

very discreet about what they had to sell!

And then suddenly they were veering off and going into one of those very boutiques! She gasped and tried to back away but each man had an arm and was smiling as they led the way inside.

It was not exactly seedy and decrepit inside. In fact, it looked like any other store, with lots of brightly lit shelves and displays. Bethany would have expected the lights to be quite low so dirty men in raincoats could hide in the shadows, but no one inside seemed bothered at being seen, and there were a number of couples.

Yet the merchandise on the shelves made her gasp and blush. Who would buy such things!? And who would do so openly!? These people had no shame!

You should talk, a part of her thought. Whore! Shameless slut!

“Hmm, yes, I think you clearly need one of these,” Andre said as they stopped before a shelf filled with odd looking plastic devices.

“What are they?” she asked, frowning with disapproval.

They looked like, well, sort of like mushrooms. They had wide, rounded heads which went wider and wider going down for several inches, then abruptly narrowed into a very slim base.

“I shall demonstrate,” Andre said.

He picked one up, a black one, which made Beth's pulse beat faster, then reached across to a nearby shelf and picked up a tiny tube of something. He opened it and squirted some creamy substance onto the plastic thing, and then Enzo abruptly bent her forward across the low shelf.

“Oh!” she gasped. “Wha – !”

Enzo put a hand over her mouth as she felt Andre pressing the thing against her bottom! She squirmed and moaned as the pressure mounted, as he turned and twisted it and slowly forced it into her body! Her eyes were wide and she shuddered as she felt her back passage forced wider and wider!

Then it abruptly narrowed as if closed – or almost closed. But she could feel something pressed against her from the outside, something coin shaped! Enzo let her stand straight as her skirt was lowered and a wide eyed Beth looked around wildly.

“It's called a butt-plug,” Andre said with a smile.

“Yes, it loosens your bottom up, makes it ready to accept the next black penis which thrusts into it.”

“We have been remiss in using yours because your other orifices are so delicious,” Andre said.

They led her along the perverted displays as Beth felt her heart beat slow. It didn't look like anyone had seen, but the thing felt very weird up inside her!

“May I help you, gentlemen?” a middle aged man wearing a shopkeeper's frock asked.

“We are looking for dildos,” Andre said.

“Right this way.”

He cheerfully led them along the shelves to a collection of absurdly sized and shaped and colored 'models' which made Beth blush hotly. Many were very lifelike, while others had odd colors and dimples or were curved.

“A big black one,” Andre said. “She loves big black cocks.”

The man didn't seem at all embarrassed, though Beth flushed hotly.

“How about this one?” he asked, picking up one of the realistic looking models.

“Do you have one with a clit tickler? Perhaps a vibrator attachment?” Enzo asked.

“Ah, I have just the thing for the young lady!” the shopkeeper said.

He took out a long thick, curved penis which was covered in ridges like veins. It widened near the base, as though it had a sort of ring around it, then it had a sort of little black penis which curved out and up and then in again from the base.

He unscrewed the head of the thing to put in batteries as he talked about its benefits, and the realistic texture of the silicone skin.

“We would like to try it on,” Andre said, as if he were talking about buying a shirt or a pair of shoes.

The man hesitated, then smiled. "Certainly!"

He led them to the rear and a curtained doorway into a narrow hall. Enzo followed, pulling the curtain wide as Andre bent her over a low table.

"Oh! Oh! Wait! Oh! Andre!" she gasped.

The thick nose of the dildo pushed against her, and she was still quite wet inside. It pushed slowly up inside her as she cringed under the eyes of the shopkeeper! Not only his, either, for the curtains were open and people passing by peered in with interest.

Inch after inch of the black silicone cock pushed up inside, until she ached! Then it seemed to get even thicker before abruptly narrowing. She felt the little penis thing curve up to press against her clitoris, and then it started to hum, to buzz, to... vibrate! Not only that but the thing inside her felt as if it were... pulsing!

Andre pulled her upright again.

"Fits perfectly!" he said.

"We'll take it," Enzo added.

They led her back into the front of the shop, as the red faced girl gulped in air.

"Here is the remote," the shopkeeper said.

People were staring at her as they walked up to the front of the store. But then Andre stopped suddenly.

"I like these," Andre said.

There was a collection of what she at first took to be dog collars, sometimes very thick ones, perhaps for very big dogs. Then she realized where they were as Andre picked up one of the more normal sized 'dog collars'. It was leather with studs running along it, and he slipped it around her neck, then buckled it in place.

"Excellent," he said. "I like the look."

They led her up to the front counter, and the shopkeeper picked up his electronic scanner and then came around to the other side of the counter. He ran it over the tag on the collar, and it beeped. Then Andre and Enzo abruptly bent her over the counter and lifted her skirt!

Beth blushed fiercely as anyone nearby turned to stare, and the shopkeeper lowered the scanner to scan the little tags at the base of the dildo and butt-plug!

Then they were walking out of the store, her entire body feeling overheated from the force of her embarrassment! She thought her face must surely be on fire!

Was she going mad? Or were they mad?!

Beth thought she should run away, hide somewhere, at least so she could think and try to decide what she ought to be doing! But the two men led her up the street and then into the museum of erotica.

The museum was another shock. It was filled with quite ordinary looking people of all ages, but the exhibits were lewd and perverted! There were all manner of carvings and sculptures of men and women, and men and men, and women and women doing depraved things! There were pictures, and perverted sex toys, and even movies!

"Hmm, here is a chair you would like," Andre said.

It was a gold framed high backed antique looking chair with red velvet fabric. It looked like it could be in a palace, except there was a narrow open slit down the middle and a dildo stuck out!

"Except it's white, and you prefer black ones," Enzo said, loud enough to make her blush again.

They came upon a fountain, which had a full sized sculpture of a naked woman kneeling, legs spread, hands in her hair, back arched – with water sprouting from her nipples! And everywhere there seemed to be penises!

Some were modern, but many were ancient, perverted Aztec, Mayan and Egyptian art works! They went up higher in the museum, and came to an exhibit of bondage and BDSM. It was filled with whips and crops and instruments of torture! It also had any number of strange looking frames which held realistic looking manikins or sculptures of naked men and women!

In the rear of the exhibit, which was darker than most in the museum, was a sort of rounded alcove. This was darker still. It was shadowy, as if intended to be dramatic. It held a high, narrow rounded cage. Inside it was the mannequin of a naked woman, her arms stretched above her and chained in place.

You couldn't see her very well because of the shadows. That was probably by design, for since her face was largely shrouded in shadows it would allow any woman looking in to imagine it was her – or any man to imagine it was his lover.

Andre opened the cage door and then to her astonishment, reached up and grabbed the mannequin, pulling her out and then thrusting her in behind the cage. Then he grinned and grabbed Beth's arm, pulling her forward as Enzo pushed her forward from behind.

Before she could even begin to react to this his fingers pulled the straps of her dress to either side, over her shoulders, then tugged the entire dress down her body in one smooth, forceful movement!

Bethany squeaked, grabbing at it, but by then it was already at her hips, and he was much stronger. He tugged it down beyond her reach as Andre gripped her and pulled her into the cage! Enzo jerked the dress out from around her ankles as Andre lifted her wrists up high, and then strapped them in place!

Meanwhile Enzo was strapping her ankles to the sides!

They took her glasses off, then closed the door, grinned at her, and then left!

The room had been empty, but even as she twisted and pulled against the straps a couple came in. She froze in place, gasping in horror as they moved among the exhibits, talking in French, occasionally laughing at one or another! They came closer and closer, then glanced in and looked at her!

Bethany stayed as absolutely still as she could while they calmly discussed the exhibit, then they moved on and she was able to breath, her eyes enormous as she reached up again, trying to tug her wrists free! The cage was so narrow it was barely wider than her torso, and every time she inhaled deeply her nipples practically touched the bars!

Another couple came in, then a single man, and she froze again. And just then the thing inside her began to buzz and vibrate again!

Beth's heart was pounding in her ears as more and more people came into the room, as if a tour group had arrived. Soon there were almost a score of them wandering down one side, then coming to the end to stare up at her, then going back along the other wall.

It was the most incredible, bizarre experience of her life! Obviously none of them believed it was a real woman in the cage! They thought it was the mannequin! But it wasn't, and she cringed mentally every time someone looked at her standing there so lewdly and nakedly displayed!

Her body, she knew, was in shadows, for she clearly recalled looking at the mannequin, but what if the lights were brightened or something!? What if someone noted the little brown thing coming up to cover her clitoris! Or heard it buzzing!

Her face burned hotly as the people continued to come through, and then, thankfully, the room was empty again. She let herself breath more freely, and tried once more to pull her wrists free of the straps, but it was hopeless. She moaned helplessly, feeling very hard-done-by and treated very poorly!

She sagged a little in the cage, still gripped by anxiety in fear of discovery, but at least a little reassured at all the people who had come through and suspected nothing. Another couple came through, then another, both staring up at her in her frozen nudity, chatting.

One was English, from their accent.

"I'd like to see you in one of those," the man said.

"Ha. Good luck," she replied. "Who'd make your bloody breakfast then?"

"I'd just put you in for the night, when I was done with you."

"Oh you would, would you? Guess what your breakfast would taste like in the morning."

They moved on, and she shuddered. This was so insane. She was completely naked and standing right in front of people! It was perverted! How long were they going to leave her like this!? Sooner or later someone was going to notice! Probably the only reason they hadn't already was they simply

assumed it was a mannequin.

The buzzing began to alter strength, rising and falling in intensity, and the thick, curved thing inside her pulsed, tightening her chest. She noticed her nipples were very, very hard, and licked her lips nervously. It would not do to become aroused here, not where she had to be very, very still.

And how could she become, really? Except that the wild dark outrageousness of the position she found herself in stroked some wicked, wild side of her subconsciousness? And now that the immediate fear of discovery had faded the buzzing vibrations against her all-too-sensitive clitoris was starting to make her want to squirm...

More people came in, and every time they looked at her she felt a wild mixture of anxiety, embarrassment and dark thrilled arousal. People were looking at her completely naked! Only they didn't know it!

"Wish my girlfriend had tits like that," one Australian man said to another as they looked at her.

They passed by and she breathed again, her hips squirming a bit at the buzzing and thrumming, her legs tugging a little against the straps binding her ankles in place. The newly awakening exhibitionist side of herself was finding the experience of full frontal nudity in front of strangers to be a wickedly exciting one, if filled with anxiety.

And the thing inside her continued to buzz. The sensations in her body built slowly, but as they did her body warmed, and her pulse quickened, and her mind began to be affected by a seeping liquid arousal. Like water spilling under a door it began to soak her mind in a breathless sexual hunger.

More people came through, and each time they did she fought to keep absolutely still lest they catch on that it was a real girl in the cage and not a mannequin. But it was becoming more difficult, despite the straps holding her in place. Her hips, in particular, kept instinctively rolling and grinding, and her breathing was becoming quicker, her chest rising and falling more rapidly.

And then a group of Black men came into the room! She couldn't recognize them at first, since her vision was blurred out much beyond the alcove, but as they came up to stand before her she saw that the first two were Enzo and Andre, but right behind them were Leon and Jeff, the men from the plane! Beth's face flamed as the four made their way over to stand in front of the alcove.

"Hmm, a good place to stow your blonde whore when it's not in use," Jeff said.

"Or display her, though you'd want better lighting," Leon replied.

"Kind of like a sculpture or a statue? Yes, I can see that."

"You could put her on your front lawn with a price tag for whoever wants to make use of her," Andre said.

"Andre, the nature of blondes is that they're so hungry for cock they don't even charge," Jeff said. "They'll do anything to have a big cock inside them, especially, of course, a Black cock."

He reached forward, his hand sliding between the bars, and then casually kneaded and caressed her left breast. His thumb stroked across the nipple, and Bethany whimpered.

"See how hard the blonde slut's nipples are?" he said. "You can tell the exhibit is realistic, and that they understand that blondes are always in heat."

Leon reached through the bars then, too, and his fingers slid down to push aside the vibrator thing, laughing softly as he felt it buzzing, his fingers stroking her swollen clitoris.

"Please!" she moaned in a low, strangled gasp. "Let me out!"

"But you were made to be a sex slave," Andre said with a smile.

"Someone is going to notice!" she moaned.

"And what do you think they'll do to you if they notice?" Enzo asked. "Hmm, if it's a man I can imagine what he'll do finding a helpless naked blonde tied up in front of him!"

Jeff pinched and tugged on her nipple and she gasped in pain, then he slid his hand up to her lips, and into her mouth.

"Suck."

She moaned, obeying him, and he pulled them out again, now stroking and rolling her nipple

between his slippery fingers.

“Hot slut,” he said.

“Tell him what your body was made for, putain,” Andre said.

She flushed hotly, gulping and moaning.

“Tell him, or we’ll turn the lights up.

“I-I... don't knowww!” she moaned.

“You were made to give pleasure to black men. Say it.”

“I was made to give pleasure to black men!” she moaned.

“Your body was made to give pleasure to black men.”

“My body was made to give pleasure to black men!” she gulped, feeling a flush of dark, outrageous heat at the words.

“Say you're a cock loving blonde whore,” Jeff said with a grin.

“I'm a cock-loving blonde whore!” she moaned.

The men chuckled softly.

“Say you love having black cocks in all your holes.”

“I love having black cocks in all my holes!” she gasped.

They were outrageous, shocking, filthy, perverted words, but while they embarrassed her they also sent a dark thrumming wave of heat through her trembling body.

Now all four of them reached their hands through the bars, their hands stroking over her body, fingering her clitoris, pumping the dildo thing in and out, rolling and stroking her nipples and squeezing her breasts!

Finally, as she jerked and moaned and gasped for breath, they opened the cage, then unstrapped her, pulling her out. The dress was dropped over her head and into place, and the mannequin put back into the cage. Then, surrounded by the four large Black men, the trembling young blonde was led from the room, still breathing raggedly.

They went down the hall and up a flight of stairs, with Beth just being so grateful at being out of the cage – and clothed – that she didn't ask where they were going! Then they came to a doorway with a chain across it which said 'ferme'. Jeff pulled the chain aside and they went through.

It was an L-shaped room, where they were apparently just setting up the exhibits. They went around the corner, and stopped before what she at first took to be a big packing crate. Then she realized it was meant to look like a wall. There was a low sort of window, but it was very low, and the lower part of the opening was curved.

She gasped as once again the straps of her dress were pulled aside and the dress yanked down!

“Oh! Oh wait!” she moaned.

Instead she was shoved through the hole! They pushed her through to the waist, and then a sliding door came down from above, one with a U-shaped lower part, to grasp her waist firmly in the middle!

On the other side, Jeff and Enzo took her wrists and pulled them straight down, lifting straps set into the wall and wrapping them around them. Behind her, on the other side of the thing, she felt her ankles spread and strapped down!

“Wha-what are you going to do!?” she gasped.

Jeff chuckled, then wrapped her long blonde hair in his fist and lifted her head up and forward, so she could see the big erection sprouting from the open fly of his jeans!

She felt her eyes widen at the sight, then it pushed deep into her mouth.

“What do you think a black man does with a helpless naked blonde girl?” he asked.

She gurgled and started to suck, but he very quickly began to pump it in and out, and then pushed it deep into her throat.

A moment later she felt something like a strap or a belt crack down across her bare bottom!

She cried out, startled by the stinging blow, but of course, very little sound emerged around the thick black cock filling her throat.

“Such a bad girl you have been,” Jeff said sternly. “You signed an agreement yet you have been trying to get out of it. You are required to service every Black man who wants to use your body and do it with enthusiasm and without hesitation.”

He began to pump in and out using long, deep strokes, as Beth jerked and flinched to another blow across her bottom, then another, then another! Her head pounded and her chest burned and she gurgled helplessly as the big cock slid in and out, back and forth, making it impossible to breath!

Finally, it pulled fully out and Bethany coughed and gulped in deep, desperately, ragged breaths of air as the vibrator thing was turned on again, buzzing against her clitoris.

“You are the sex toy of Black men,” Jeff said to her, pushing his cock back into her mouth.

“And we play hard with our toys.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt snapped down across her bottom again and again, and Beth squealed and jerked and gurgled as Jeff fucked her mouth and throat, and the stinging pains continued.

He pulled out again, leaving her gasping too heavily to speak.

“You must always obey the orders of any Black man who wants your body,” he said sternly. “It's what you were made for.”

He pushed himself back down her gurgling throat again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Then the blows stopped, and instead she felt the thing which had been pushed into her bottom pulled out slowly. Hands caressed and kneaded and lightly slapped her overheated bottom, then she felt something soft, yet hard, and slick and warm pushing against the small back opening.

It slid deeper and deeper as Jeff pulled his cock out of her throat, and as she gasped for breath again, she realized what it must be! She'd only ever been taken anally once, on the plane, by Leon! It had been the most bizarre and unnerving feeling!

Jeff rubbed his saliva covered cock against her face as she gulped in air. Her scalp stung, as he held her head up by the hair.

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

“I-I-I... I-love n-nigger co-cock!” she gasped breathlessly.

He slapped her face with his big cock.

“Again, slut.”

“I love nigger cock!” she gasped.

He rubbed the head back and forth along her lips.

“Again.”

“I love nigger cock!” she moaned.

A hand slapped her bottom and she gasped.

“Say you love nigger cock up your ass,” Leon's voice called from behind her.

She shuddered and felt another slap.

“I-I love nigger cock up my ass!” she moaned.

It pushed deeper as Jeff thrust into her mouth again, pumping in and out, and then he simply pushed her head back and started thrusting in hard, deep fast strokes that made her gurgle and gasp and gag weakly. At the same time, she felt the cock in her ass forced deeper and deeper, then hips grinding against her upraised buttocks.

Her pussy already felt dreadfully full, with that... thing they'd pushed into her now pulsing strongly while the little branch buzzed and vibrated against her clitoris! Now with the big cock pushing in and out of her bottom she felt even more full, with a deep, aching, yet darkly sensual feeling of being outrageously... used!

“Beautiful ass, she's got,” Andre said, as she felt a sharp slap.

“Should be used much more often,” Enzo said.

Beth could only gurgle and gasp and pant around Jeff's big black cock as it pumped in and out of

her mouth and throat. Sometimes he used long, slow strokes, resting the tip of his cock just within her throat, then burying himself to the balls in one smooth push, then pulling all the way back again.

Sometimes he buried himself to the hilt, then started pumping hard and fast, using just a few inches of stroke. That was the hardest, and she gurgled and gagged weakly, dazedly, light-headed and teary eyed, her chest on fire if he held it in too long.

He pulled out entirely, allowing her to gasp for breath, but pulled even more sharply on her hair, forcing her head up and back so that her scalp burned.

“Tell me you love nigger cock in your ass,” Jeff ordered, rubbing his cock over her face.

“I-I... I do!” she gasped, gulping in air.

He slapped his big cock against her face.

“Say it, you blonde slut.”

“I-I love... nigger cock in my ass,” she gasped.

Leon thrust especially hard and fast, slapping her bottom as he did, and then groaned as he came inside her.

“I'm next,” Jeff said. “I haven't felt her tight ass around my cock yet.”

He let go of her hair and her face dropped down so that her head was upside down again, her face staring at the blank wall her wrists were bound to. She felt Leon's cock slipping free of her, and then Jeff's thicker one sliding into her in its stead, groaning as it slid deep.

Andre came around to the other side and pulled her head up by the hair, rubbing his cock over her face and along her lips.

“Tell me you love nigger cock in your ass, putain,” he said with a smirk.

“I-I love nigger cock in my ass!” she groaned.

“Dirty girl.”

He reached down to roughly fondle her breasts, then fed his balls into her mouth, so that she could suck and lick them, massaging them inside her mouth. Meanwhile, Jeff was working up to speed behind her, and she gasped and grunted and moaned at the steady thrusting of his big cock.

“Tell me you're a blonde whore,” Andre said.

“I'm a blonde whore!” she gasped weakly.

He chuckled, as did the other men.

“Say... I love to have black cocks in all my holes.”

She did, dazedly repeating all the obscene and outrageous things they suggested as Jeff thrust into her bottom. That, at least, let her continue to breath evenly, and as she caught her breath the shocking, embarrassing, wicked words combined with the outrageous way her body was being treated began to cause her body to thrum and pulse with sexual energy.

It was so kinky and shocking and wild, after all!

She grunted and moaned as Jeff thrust harder, his hips slapping against her buttocks on the other side of the wall now. She licked at Andre's cock, sucked on the head, and mouthed his balls as Enzo came around to the front side of the wall and reached down to fondle her breasts.

It was all like a dark, steamy sexual fantasy, one she'd never dared allow herself to have until the last few days – when they'd all become real! She cried out as Jeff thrust harder and slapped her bottom, and as someone gripped the base of the vibrator and turned and twisted it to make the little branch grind against her clitoris.

“Shut her up,” she heard him say.

Andre finally jerked back on her hair and thrust himself deep into her throat, and the dazed girl stared down the length of his cock, eyes slitted, as it slid in and out, in and out, pumping steadily in her throat while the wall rocked to the hammer-blows of Jeff's hips against her bottom.

The orgasm rolled over her like the tide coming in. The waves swept in quickly, growing in size, reaching higher and higher and higher, the pressure and energy growing more and more intense as she cried out again and again, cried out at every wave, cried out in between grunting and gasping as Jeff's

hips struck her bottom and his cock punched deep into her belly!

The waves grew more powerful and her head seemed to explode, floating up above her body as she gurgled mindlessly, drooling around Andre's pumping cock, her limbs jerking and shaking and straining against the straps holding them in place.

A sexual fever seemed to come over her, reducing her consciousness to a narrow awareness of only pleasure and heat and dark, sensual excitement.

Laughing, they pulled her free of the wall, and she fell to her knees, gasping dazedly. Her long blonde hair was a handy leash, however, and she moaned as she fell forward onto her hands and knees, then crawled forward as Jeff led her along, over to a Egyptian statue which sat against the wall.

It was a full sized statue made of ebony of a dark skinned, naked man seated on a throne and wearing an Egyptian royal headdress. He had a huge erection thrusting straight up. His hands were held before his chest in a strange position, as if he were holding something back, fingers spread wide.

Responding to the pull of her own hair Beth crawled up to it, then pulled herself forward into its lap. Chuckling in amusement, the men pulled the vibrator out and then lifted her easily, and set her down very carefully, with the statue's thick cock slowly pushing into her body!

It was even thicker than Jeff!

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Please! Oh! Ungh! Oh!" she gasped, wriggling in their grasp.

It slowly pushed into her, stretching the lips of her sex achingly wide, but then sliding in on a layer of sopping wetness, as they lowered her steadily until she was impaled on the thing!

And that was when her full breasts were pushed into the statue's hands.

"This pharaoh is three thousand years old, blonde girl," Jeff said. "It is an exact copy of the pharaoh of the time, and meant to be used by his wife when he was away."

He leaned in against her, his mouth inches from her ear.

"You're riding the same cock that an Egyptian queen rode three thousand years ago."

Even in her dazed state that was an impressive idea to Beth. The idea she was riding a statue so old, one used by this man's wife three thousand years ago, caused her to feel a sense of awe on top of the dark liquid heat rolling through her blood.

She moaned anyway, for it ached inside her, but it also felt darkly thrilling, especially when Jeff reached in and began to rub her clitoris.

She moaned helplessly, grasping the ebony statue's broad shoulders as she began to ride up and down on its enormous cock. The sexual pressure within her grew rapidly as Jeff rubbed her clitoris, even as slaps fell across her bottom.

"Ride that black cock, blonde girl," Enzo said.

"Show us how you love black cock, blonde slut," Leon said.

"Feel that black cock up high in your belly, blonde girl," Andre said.

"Yeah, you love that, don't you, blonde girl?" Jeff growled, rubbing faster. "You love all that black cock inside you!"

And she did! Just then the dazed, shuddering, breathless blonde could not get enough of it as she rode faster, gasping every time the hard ebony cock jammed against what she thought must surely be the very back wall of her pussy!

But she was desperate to get it all inside her! The feel of her straining pussy lips sliding up and down the ebony cock was driving her into another sexual fever with the overheated knowledge it was so old and that what she was doing was so outrageous and shocking!

Her breasts were crushed into the big ebony hands before her, and every time she ground them in and back it felt as if real hands were squeezing them! It was a wild, feverish heat dream, and she sobbed breathlessly as she rode the thing.

Beside her, Enzo was taking a video, but that didn't seem to matter. And when Leon picked up the big vibrator and pushed it into her ass that only made her heat deeper and her sexual fever more intense!

He pumped it in and out as she rode the ebony cock, and then she finally got the last inch inside her, her body somehow stretching enough to take it all in as she cried out in pain and pleasure, in heated sexual need and hunger!

The world seemed to disappear around her as she screamed in pleasure, as the orgasm shattered her mind! She screamed and screamed, riding the ebony cock as her body was wracked by convulsions, as her mind was blasted by waves of incredible sexual pleasure!

She almost lost consciousness, but finally, finally, collapsed against the statue, groaning, impaled on its mighty lance, eyes slitted, gulping in air. For long seconds she lay against it, straddling the ebony man, then opened her eyes and shook her head, turning around.

To find Andre and Enzo and Leon and Jeff gone.

Instead there were about twenty people there, all gaping at her in disbelief, drawn from the surrounding exhibits at her screams. Some were frantically snapping pictures or taking videos...

*

Beth had never imagined she could be so completely mortified! It was a relief when security hustled her away – after she had managed, under all those eyes, to slowly pull herself up and off that huge ebony cock. She ached inside, and the ebony glistened with her juices from tip to base.

Security threw a tarp over her and then dragged her downstairs and into an office, chattering at her angrily in French. She couldn't understand it all but they wanted to know where her clothes were – until they found her dress. Then they had her put it on.

She thought it was a wonder her face hadn't burned off by then!

Then the police came! They put her in handcuffs and took her out to a police car and drove her away, and she groaned in relief, thankful to be gone from all those staring eyes! The police car didn't drive far before turning into an alley, and stopping before what she assumed was the back door of the police station.

The two policemen, both Black, took her out of the car and through the door, down a narrow hallway with a cheap linoleum floor, then into a smallish room which had an old wooden table and several jail cells. It didn't look very modern to Beth, but then again she was hardly an expert in what the inside of a police station ought to look like.

Inside was another Black policeman, and she wondered at that. As far as she knew the Black population of France was only about three percent.

“You must be punished,” one of the police said sternly.

She cringed in embarrassment, and certainly couldn't argue.

She gasped, though, when they pulled the straps of her dress over her shoulders and let it fall down around her waist. Since her wrists were still cuffed behind her there wasn't much she could do about it, and they quickly pushed it all the way down to leave her naked again as they examined her.

“Putain,” one said.

“Blonde,” another said.

They leered at her.

“We shall punish you the way a blonde whore should be punished,” the older one said sternly.

“Like a bad girl!”

They bent her over the table, or rather, over the chair back which was pushed in against the table. She was forced to stand on the balls of her feet, her legs straight, her hips bent over the back of the chair and her upper body bent down and forward so that her breasts were pillowed out against the rough wood of the table.

And one of the policemen swept a strap down across her bare bottom.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?” one of the policemen asked sternly, in thickly accented English.

“Y-Yes!” she gasped.

“Say you're sorry for being a bad girl.”

Crack!

“Oh! I'm sorry for being a bad girl!” she cried.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Again.”

“I'm sorry for being a bad girl!” she cried.

Crack!

“Again.”

“oh please!”

Crack!

“Again!”

“I'm sorry for being a bad girl!”

Crack!

“Again.”

Beth's bottom began to throb and burn as the strap cut across it! The weight of the strap wasn't great, but it stung! She yelped and twisted and sobbed as the belt turned her bottom a bright, hot red, and still the stern looking man insisted she repeat the same words.

“I'm sorry for being a bad girl!” she cried again and again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Enough,” the older one said.

Beth sobbed weakly, dazedly, her bottom on fire!

They pulled her back against the jail cell bars, then one went inside. They uncuffed her wrists, but then thrust them through the bars, a crossbar going just under her arms as they strapped her wrists to the bar behind her.

Her legs were spread, and then one of the men took a long handled device – it looked like a softball on a handle, and placed the handle part between the bars. They placed it so the softball was pushing up against her sex, and then turned it on.

It was a vibrator.

She gaped at them in astonishment. Then she gasped as one of them pulled back on her hair to force her mouth open and thrust a gag into her mouth. It was also like a ball, a big black ball that filled her mouth and wouldn't let her lips close! She moaned around it, rolling her eyes in embarrassment and alarm.

Then they men grinned and left the room.

Beth stared after them, then stared down at the thing pressed against her! It was vibrating much, much more than the little thing Andre had bought and pushed into her. It was also plugged into the wall, instead of working on batteries, so had a lot more power.

She moaned into the gag, her mind swept by disbelief, and then a strange sort of dazed acceptance. She was a blonde whore, after all. Everyone said so. Blonde whores were ... different. Blonde whores were like... crazed sexual animals. At least, that was what they all seemed to think!

Maybe they were right.

Her behavior at the museum had been inexcusable. Clearly she was a complete whore! Clearly she had no control over her body, and was every man's plaything.

She lay her head back against the bars, groaning into the gag.

One of the men came back, grinning at her, and holding a black scarf of some kind. He doubled it up, then doubled it again and pressed it over her eyes, tying it behind her head. Then he laughed to himself and left, closing the door behind him.

At least... she assumed he'd left.

Beth groaned wearily, aching inside, her mind blasted by the shocking events of the day, battered and bruised and still feeling shocky. The vibrator was a novel sensation, a powerful one, an uncomfortable one, at first. The sensations were simply too powerful to be comfortable.

But that feeling of nerve endings being flayed by too much sensation began to morph into something else. She'd never felt a vibrator before, other than the one Andre had inserted into her. And that had only a small, weak head buzzing against her clitoris. This was much... much stronger.

Her hips began to grind against it out of pure instinct, and as the sensations set her muscles to thrumming with life the seeping liquid heat spread up through her body until it began to bathe her mind in dark hunger.

Like a drug taking over her system her mind began to swoon and sway under the growing influence of pleasure, lust flooding her body in return until her entire body writhed and twisted, her hips grinding and rolling as she moaned and cried out into the gag.

The orgasm arrived surprisingly quickly, and she bucked frantically against the vibrator as the waves of pleasure swept across her mind and body. But there was little relief from it. Another arrived in less than a minute, then another, and then a whole series of them, as she twisted and writhed and screamed and sobbed, grinding and bucking and jamming herself against the vibrating device until her insides were aching from the spasming of her muscles.

It was a dazed shock when fingers undid the blindfold, for she hadn't thought anyone was in the room but her. Then again, she hadn't thought about it or even cared. Now she saw the three black police sitting in chairs facing her, teeth gleaming. Jeff, Enzo and Leon were sitting with them, while Jeff stood before her, grinning.

Beth shuddered, her head rolling back against the bars, her back arching slowly as her hips ground against the vibrator and another orgasm swept through her.

"A very bad girl," one of the policemen said, shaking his head sadly.

"Very bad," one of his colleagues said.

"She should be punished more," Enzo said.

"Clearly she needs to be further disciplined," Andre replied.

Beth moaned anxiously, her hips grinding helplessly against the vibrator.

One of the policemen stood up, and then, looking about, found a flexible plastic ruler on the table. He smiled softly as he picked it up, then came to stand beside her.

Beth looked up at him nervously, then dropped her eyes in embarrassment. For as the orgasm faded the impact of all those men watching her, seeing her, began to fill her with embarrassment and self-consciousness again.

But that wasn't the only emotion. That dark hunger she had lately begun to feel at being exposed to others started to seep into her consciousness once again. She moaned into the gag, wondering how long they had been sitting there staring at her, watching her twisting and writhing and crying out in pleasure.

Then her darting eyes noted the bulging groins in most of the men there, and she felt another rush of emotions, of heat, embarrassment, anxiety and excitement.

The policeman's hand slid behind her back, then pushed forward, forcing her to arch, thrusting her breasts out more firmly, then laid the slim ruler across the center of her right breast.

"Such a bad girl," he said.

He drew the ruler up and back and then slapped it down.

Beth yelped! It wasn't that the ruler was particularly heavy, for it was not. But her hard nipple and the surrounding flesh were extremely sensitive, and she felt the sharp sting ripple through the soft tissue of her breast! Then another, then another and another.

"Are you sorry for being a bad girl?" he chided her.

She moaned into the gag as the little ruler slapped down faster, in a blur, so that the center of her breast began to burn! Then he moved to her other side and began to slap the center of that breast.

"You are making her lovely pale skin very red, Monsieur St. Louis," another of the police said.

“Much of her skin seems to be red anyway,” Enzo said with a laugh.

“I will kiss it and make it better,” the other policeman said.

He moved up and bent over to lick and suck on Beth's right breast. The third policeman also came forward, and when the older one drew back from slapping her left breast, he began to lick and suck on that just as his colleague was on her right!

Beth could only moan into the gag, but the world was so topsy-turvy for her now that she was hardly shocked. Black men had been groping, mauling, molesting and abusing her since Jeff and Leon had sat down next to her on the plane!

And in truth, the mens mouths and tongues and hands on her body were not exactly alarming given the heat still gripping her exhausted mind. She moaned and ground herself against the vibrator, now before an audience, even as her breasts throbbed and burned and tingled, and felt herself rising upward towards another orgasm!

But then the men drew back, and the vibrator was taken away. The two police gripped her ankles and lifted them up and back, then bound her ankles to the bars over her head, spread out wide to either side.

Panting and moaning into the gag, Beth shuddered as the first one stepped into place, and his cock thrust deep into her aching, sopping, overheated sex! It felt so... glorious! After all that time with the silicone vibrator buzzing away, then the sodomy at the museum, then the buzzing vibrator setting her nerve endings to overload, the feel of a real, warm, live cock sliding into her body filled her with a deep sense of contentment.

At the same time, the outrageousness factor sent her mind thrumming with dark, shocked heat and the wild, almost masochistic sense of sexual fever which had more and more become part of what quickened her desire.

The men gathered around, and so she was the center of attention, once more, helpless, bound, and thus free of guilt for any actions she might take – since there were none for her to take. Her mind was free of worrying about what to say or do either.

That left it free to focus on the shocking, wicked, kinky eroticism of what was happening, as all those black men gathered around leering and staring, and reaching in to grope her breasts while the man before her – a complete stranger – thrust himself into her again and again!

She felt her mind swimming in a dark miasma of overheated fantasy and pleasure, grunting and gasping as the man's hips beat a tattoo against her upraised buttocks. Then the next man stepped into place, then the next, as another orgasm tore through her body.

*

Beth was sore all over, exhausted, both physically and emotionally, but hungry, nonetheless. She lived in a small world which extended no further than her blinking eyes could see, for she had lost her glasses again somewhere.

At the moment, that world consisted of herself, a part of the kitchen floor she knelt on, most of the kitchen table, and Andre and Enzo, who sat at the table eating – and feeding her food by hand.

She was naked again, and wearing that collar Andre had put around her neck earlier. Now she also had her wrists strapped together behind her back as she knelt on the kitchen floor.

“Do you know what would be a good idea, petite putain?” Andre asked as she licked the food from his fingers. “We should go and see Nathalie.”

Beth liked that idea!

“She is with her mama, of course, in the south of France. We can be there in just a couple of hours by train. Our trains are much faster and more modern than your sad American trains, you see.”

“Perhaps Uncle Jeffrey and his friend would like to come,” Enzo said.

“And come and come,” Andre said with a laugh.

“I'm sure our little petite putain would love to see our beautiful beaches,” Enzo said.

“And the beaches would love to see her.”

“Would you like that, petite putain?”

“Yes,” Beth gulped.

“Say... yes sir.”

She flushed. “Yes, sir.”

Enzo chuckled in amusement, then got up.

“I must be going.”

“You don't want nous petite putain to see you off?”

“She's already drained me dry for today.”

“I'll call you about tomorrow.”

Enzo left, and she quailed a little under Andre's stern gaze. He kept feeding her, though.

“It's time to wash you up, you dirty girl,” he said.

He pulled her to her feet and led her into the bathroom, removed the collar and straps around her wrists, then had her stand in the bathtub with her fingers interlaced behind her neck while he used a hand shower to soak her. He soaped her up, then, his hands moving almost clinically – almost – over her body, pausing only at her breasts and between her legs and on her buttocks as he worked his way down her body.

He soaped up her hair last, lathering it thickly with soap and letting it trickle over her face and head, then stood back, doing nothing, as she stood in place, gulping, blind, unable to open her eyes as she waited.

“If you move, I will strap you,” he said.

She flinched, but remained unmoving.

Five minutes passed, perhaps ten. She wasn't sure. It seemed like a long time that she stood there like that. She wasn't even sure if he was in the room or not!

Finally, he turned on the hand wash and rinsed her off, then swept a towel around her and towed her off. He had her step from the tub as he brushed her hair, then dried it himself before leading her back into the front room.

“Kneel here,” he ordered, “Facing forward, bottom high, knees together. That's it.”

He drew her wrists back behind her and strapped them together once more, then he sat down in the sofa behind her and propped his feet on her bottom as he used the remote to turn on the TV. For the next twenty minutes he watched TV, flicking through channels, with his feet comfortably resting on her bottom.

Finally, at a commercial, he got up.

“Don't move,” he ordered.

She obeyed, though her back was starting to ache. He left the room, but soon came back – with that big black dildo Nathalie had found in her luggage! Beth shuddered.

“Spread your legs apart.”

She obeyed and he slowly worked the thick black penis almost all the way into her pussy before sitting down again and propping his feet on her bottom once more.

“What are you?” he asked suddenly, ten minutes or so later.

Bethany blinked uncertainly. “Uhm, a uhm, petite putain?”

“Ha,” he said. “You are my little whore, yes. Say it in English.”

“I'm your little whore.”

“You're my blonde whore. Say that.”

“I'm your blonde whore.”

“Sir.”

“I'm your blonde whore, sir,” she gulped.

“You're my blonde sex slave.”

Beth felt a dark jolt in her lower belly that left her slightly breathless.

“I'm your blonde sex slave, sir,” she said weakly.

It was a dark, nasty, deliciously perverted idea, one given so much more steam and squirming excitement by the reality of what she'd been undergoing the last two days.

“Call me master.”

“Y-Yes, Master!” she gulped in a shaky voice.

“Tell me what you are again.”

“I'm your blonde sex slave, master!”

“Do you love that black cock stuffed into your pussy?”

“Y-Yes, master!” she gulped.

“You love having black cocks in your pussy, don't you.”

“Yes, Master,” she moaned.

She gasped as he shifted one of his feet and pressed the heel against the base of the dildo protruding an inch or two out between the straining lips of her sex.

“Say it, slut.”

“I love having black cocks inside my pussy, Master!” she gasped.

“And what were you made for?”

“To... to give pleasure to Black men with my body, Master!” she gulped, her face flushed.

“And why is that?”

“Uhm... b-because I'm a blonde whore, Master,” she moaned.

“Absolument!”

*

The dress Andre had her put on was so scandalous she feared being arrested! Of course, she knew there was little chance of that in France! It was a light blue plaid design, extremely short and tight across her bottom, and backless. Two slim black spaghetti straps held up the cups, which left half her breasts exposed.

Though the fabric of the dress rose up from her hips to the cups containing her breasts, there was a large cutout down the center, leaving her midriff bare to just below her belly button. And, of course, she wore no underwear, and Andre had worked the butt-plug up inside her.

He met up with Enzo and Jeff at the train station, and Beth dropped her eyes, flushing, as they looked at her.

Then the four of them went inside and got into a high speed train headed south.

The train, unlike subway cars, had compartments. Andre led them into one with three padded seats facing each other across an open area. The compartment was not empty, however. Two black men she'd never seen were seated on one side.

She felt her heart beat faster as Jeff and Andre sat her in the center seat, one of them on each side. Enzo took the free seat across from her as the two black men looked at her with interest.

The men introduced each other, but no one introduced Bethany. One of the men, Hugo, smiled and looked at her.

“And what is your name, mademoiselle?” he asked.

“She doesn't talk unless I give her permission,” Andre said.

The two men looked at him, startled.

“She doesn't?”

“Yes, she's my sex slave,” he said.

Beth felt her face flushing hotly.

“Truly? How lucky you are!” Hugo said.

“And does your, er, sex slave have a name?” the other, named Antoine asked.

“Usually I just call her putain,” he said.

Bethany dropped her eyes, blushing furiously.

“And is she one?”

“Oh most definitely. She especially loves the feel of a black man's cock inside her.”

She gasped as his hand gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back suddenly.

“Isn't that true?” he said.

“Y-Yes, Master!” she gasped.

“In fact, she is the slave of any Black man,” Jeff said. “Isn't that right, slut?”

Beth felt another jolt of embarrassment. “Yes, Master,” she gulped anxiously.

“And what were you made for?” Andre asked.

“T-to bring pleasure to Black men with my body!” she moaned, her head forced back sharply.

The other men chuckled as the train started to move, picking up speed rapidly.

“Enzo,” Jeff said.

“Oui.”

“You claim to be a master of the arts of the tongue.”

“It is a claim made of me by many women,” he said without modesty.

“Perhaps you could show us your skill.”

“On this? She is not much of a challenge,” he said. “A very responsive little slut, this one.”

But he grinned darkly at her, then slid out of the seat and onto his knees on the floor of the compartment.

Bethany gulped, eyes widening as he crawled to her and gripped her thighs. He forced them far apart, then gripped her legs behind the knees, jerking them up and apart so that her bottom slid forward on the seat!

“Oh!” she gasped, jerking her eyes around to stare at the compartment doors and its window.

She had no underwear, of course, and Enzo started to work on her. She'd had a lot of sex over the last few days, but very little experience with someone's tongue against her there. What experience she'd had, however, had been.. incredible!

Bethany had not had much previous experience with being subjected to oral sex, but only with giving it. She'd found herself instantly becoming desperately receptive to the feel of a warm, moist, slick tongue sliding into her and across the most sensitive parts of her flesh!

As she did now. The fact she was slouched in the center seat, her knees forced up and apart, while two strangers, and two other men looked on, was, while deeply embarrassing, also deeply arousing! She felt her pulse racing and a wild charge of emotion filling her body as his tongue licked up and down the line of her sex!

“Are you going all the way to the coast?” Jeff asked.

“Yes, we're going to attend a trade fair in Montpelier,” Antoine said.

“Oh, what is that about?”

“It's a high technology show, specifically related to self-driving cars,” Hugo said.

“That's the coming thing, isn't it,” Jeff said.

“Oh definitely!”

Bethany's breathing became more ragged with astonishing speed as Enzo's tongue twisted and squirmed inside her, and when he drew it out and started to lick at her clitoris her entire body began to thrum with sexual energy and heat!

“It's not taking him long to get her worked up, is it?”

“It never does.”

“It's not taking long to get me worked up either,” Antoine growled.

Jeff and Andre laughed.

Beth then felt them undoing her dress, and it was peeled out from under her to leave her entirely naked there on the seat! She whimpered and moaned and gasped, eyes rolling towards the doorway window with alarm, afraid someone would walk by and notice and then... who knew what might happen!?

“She has a lovely body,” Hugo said.

“Oh yes. She was built to be a sex toy for men,” Andre said.

"Black men," Jeff said.

"I happen to be a Black man," Hugo said.

"Enzo, sit back," Jeff said.

Enzo pulled up and back and sat down, smirking, and Bethany gasped as Andre jerked up and back on her hair again.

"Bad girl," he said sternly. "You've gotten this poor man all aroused with your sluttish behavior. Go and make him feel better."

Whimpering, panting, gasping, red-faced, and filled with a dark, swirling, churning sexual hunger and need, the naked blonde tumbled onto her hands and knees on the floor, and then, deeply embarrassed, crawled forward between Hugo's legs and up.

Blushing hotly, she ran her hands up and down his bulging groin, then reached for and undid his trousers, pulling his cock free. She bent and began to bob up and down on it as he and his companion fondled her bare breasts and cursed softly in delight.

Crack!

She gasped at the sharp slap to her bare bottom.

"Raise your ass, white girl, and spread your legs," Jeff growled.

Moaning, she obeyed.

"That's the way a hot little blonde whore should always kneel," she heard him say, as a hand slipped between her thighs and began to massage her sex.

"Her skin is so soft!" Hugo gasped.

"Her breasts are marvelous!" Antoine said.

Beth slid her lips all the way down the man's cock to the base, and he cursed again, his hands gripping her head to jam her in harder. He held her in place as he ground himself into her, for long, long seconds, then his hands released her and she slid slowly back up, panting and gasping for breath.

"What a throat she has!"

"And she's not even fully trained yet," Andre said.

She bobbed up and down on his cock again, taking him deep (having little choice), gurgling, head pounding and chest burning as his cock throbbed within her aching throat.

Fingers were pushing into her pussy, pumping in and out. Others were rubbing her clitoris. And someone was tugging on the butt-plug, sliding it slowly up so the thick body of the plug pulled free, and then pushing it back into her again.

Fingers were rolling her nipples and squeezing her breasts, and more were sliding through her hair as she slid back up, gasping for breath and shuddering.

"Swallow that black cock, blonde slave girl," Andre said.

Moaning, her mouth was forced down on the slick black cock again, as hands slapped her bottom and the fingers pumping in her sex grew in number and thickness. She wasn't sure if she was as wet as she seemed to be or if someone had used lubrication, but the wild thrill of what was happening was starting to make her blood boil again.

The man's cock poured his cream down her throat, and she groaned, his fingers going limp. She slid back up and was pulled sideways to take Antoine's cock into her mouth and down her throat. She groaned as she did, for it felt like the fingers inside her were enormous now, stretching and straining the opening to her sex as they twisted and pumped in and out.

Then Antoine came, and she was pulled back around and began to suck on Jeff's cock, moaning and slurping and gasping and gagging weakly as she was forced up and down by the hair. Jeff wasn't satisfied to come in her mouth, however, and yanked her up by the hair.

Yelping in pain, she was forced onto her feet, stumbling up onto his lap to straddle him. His big hands raised her buttocks, then, and one held her in place as the other placed the slick fat nose of his cock at her entrance. Then she sank down with a shuddering groan as his big cock pushed up deep into her belly!

It felt soooo good in there!

“Ride that black cock, slave girl,” he said.

“Ride his cock, sex slave!” Enzo growled.

Shuddering, her chest tight, her pulse racing, Beth did so, her mind crackling with sexual tension with all the other men staring at her, with the window just to the side, and with hands reaching in to fondle and slap her everywhere!

Jeff began to suck and chew at her nipples as she rode up and down on him, breathless and crying out weakly. Every time she slid her overheated sex down the long, fat length of him she felt a tremendous gush of liquid heat inside her which sent her mind spinning!

She felt someone pulling the butt-plug slowly out of her bottom, then, and Enzo moved behind her and then spread his legs wide to lower his body. His own cock pushed against her bottom, and Beth's eyes widened, her mouth opening like that of a fish as she felt his cock pushing up into her!

She'd only ever once had two actual cocks in her at the same time once before, not counting her mouth, and the feeling was even more intense, more shocking, more deliciously thrilling and sensual than it had been on the plane!

Andre climbed up onto his seat, right next to her, and then gripped her hair, twisting her head to the side as he shoved his cock into her open mouth. She closed her lips around it gratefully, aware she'd been making more and more noise as the passion and heat overcame her senses!

Jeff gripped her buttocks, helping her rise and fall, riding his cock, while Enzo squeezed her breasts and thrust into her ass from behind. Jeff was also sucking and chewing on one nipple, while Andre shoved his cock balls deep into her mouth and held her there, cursing.

Light flashed repeatedly, and at first she thought it was simply lights going off in her head, for she was light-headed, but then she realized people in the corridor outside were taking pictures through the window of the door to the compartment! The two black men behind her were also snapping pictures!

The orgasm swept through her and she screamed and screamed around Andre's thick black cock, her body writhing and twisting and thrashing in place as they held her firmly in place. The orgasm was incredibly intense, shattering her mind and turning her into a sexual animal, a beast that cared about nothing but pleasure!

She rode the waves of pleasure as thought caught in a fever dream, heedless of all else as her muscles spasmed and her body flamed. Again and again the waves carried her up over the peak and she sobbed with dazed pleasure as she drowned in ecstasy!

*

Bethany staggered off the train, her mind blasted by all the orgasms she'd been subjected to during the ride. She hardly knew who she was, much less where she was, but they guided her along as she panted weakly.

The men had kept her naked the entire time, and when she didn't have a cock in her mouth or in her body she was tormented by vibrators and dildos and fingers and lips and tongues so that she was constantly writhing and twisting and arching and sobbing in pleasure.

One of the dildos was still inside her, along with the butt-plug, as she shuffled along and got into a car driven by a Black man she didn't know. Enzo, Andre and Jeff got in with her and immediately took her dress off to show the man her body.

They drove to the shore, to a large, very comfortable home right on the beach, where she was given another collar, as well as two matching studded leather restraints to wear on her wrists. And there she found Nathalie, naked as well, and wearing the same studded leather collar and restraints. Only her restraints were locked together behind her back as she knelt beside a tall, stern looking black woman, who held a leash to the French girl's collar in hand.

“So, this is your new slave girl,” she said to Andre.

Bethany looked at her and Nathalie and blushed hotly even as her wrists were drawn back behind her and the restraints locked together.

“We will see how well she can be trained to please black men,” she said. “And black women.”

END

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

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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.

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 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.

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