

Beth's Rough Waters

(Beth's Holiday)

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

Had it only been a couple of days ago that she had gotten on the plane in McCook, Nebraska and wondered what her trip to France would be like, Bethany thought, a little dazed and breathless.

She was a down-to-earth, commonsense, practical girl who worked in the McCook Feed and Supply store. She'd never been out of Nebraska before, except for a brief trip to Iowa, so she'd expected a bit of a challenge in going to France.

The French were... very laid back, very lazy, dressed in a way no decent McCook girl would ever consider, and had very slack morals. But that was okay. They were French, after all. Beth wasn't one to judge other cultures as being worse than her own – even if they were.

She'd expected to be considered, well, less cosmopolitan, less sophisticated than the people she was likely to meet, and had been prepared for that. But it had all gone awry on the plane when two large Black men had gotten on and sat next to her.

Black men, as far as she'd known back in Nebraska, were all perverts, and tended to get violent and steal things. They were especially perverted about showing their lust for pretty blonde girls – which was a reasonably apt description of Beth herself.

That was the cliché, and, of course, she had been quite prepared to have discovered it was completely unrealistic. Instead, it had been entirely correct so far! Those men had presumed they had the right to do anything they wanted to her body! What was worse, it turned out they were related to Nathalie's boyfriend!

Nathalie being the French exchange student she'd met in Nebraska who had invited her.

And ever since then Black men had been doing outrageously perverted things to her body without ever once even asking her if that was what she wanted! Nor had Beth found the necessary willpower to make them stop!

At first it was her fear of creating a scene, or of being thought of as rude or a racist. Then it had simply been that her own body had been forced into experiencing such a scalding rush of heat and arousal that she hadn't been able to refuse anything they wanted!

And it was getting worse! The more incredibly intense orgasms they made her experience, the more addicted her body was to experiencing them! She was becoming a junkie, an addict, and every time one of them touched her she began to feel a hot, churning rush of hunger and excitement that robbed her of any ability to push them away!

Now Nathalie's boyfriend, and his brother, and their uncle, who had been one of the men on the plane, had brought her to the south of France by train. They'd molested her the entire hours long ride, and driven her into screaming exhaustion through all the multiple orgasms they'd forced upon her!

She arrived sore, drained, and with very little willpower remaining, to find the comfortable beach-side house where Nathalie had come, supposedly because her mother was sick, was occupied by a slender, tall, dangerous looking black woman who had Nathalie naked and in shackles on her knees beside her!

The woman looked her up and down with a sneer, and Beth flushed hotly under her gaze, dropping her eyes. Standing naked and in restraints before a fully clothed woman and seeing the contempt in her eyes was enough to batter at the pride and dignity of anyone!

“A blonde slut,” the woman growled. “Except I am being redundant. All blondes are sluts, after all. Take her to my bed. And gag her so I need not hear her whining English voice.”

Andre and Jeff each held an arm, and they half pulled, half carried her across the room and down a narrow hall.

“Wh-what are you doing? Where are we going?” she gulped anxiously.

They ignored her, carrying her into a large bedroom decorated with very old fashioned furniture. Against the wall was a tall, white four poster bed complete with canopy. The four posts were of dark

wood, very high and thick and heavily carved with images of roses and vines.

Andre held her against him by gathering in her soft blonde hair behind her neck and holding it in his fist, while Jeff opened a dresser drawer, poked around in it, and came out with a long curved penis – black of course. It had a flat leather base which she, at first, thought was made to stand it up, perhaps on a chair.

Instead Andre jerked sharply on her hair to tilt her head back, and as she instinctively cried out, her mouth opening wide, Jeff slid the head of the black silicone cock into her open mouth. He grinned at her, sliding it in and out along her tongue.

“Remember, you love black cock,” he said.

“Putain!” Andre whispered into her ear.

Putain was the French word for whore, she knew.

Jeff pushed the dildo deeper, and she gurgled as it entered her throat, then slid down it. The flat base of the thing was a leather pad, soft on the inside, with buckles on either side. He pressed it firmly across her mouth and lower cheeks, guiding the straps behind her head and buckling them in place.

It had only been two days now that Beth had learned how to deep throat, but she had had an awful lot of that experience during that time! Much of it was from thicker cocks than the dildo, and they hadn't been comfortably resting in her throat but pumping madly up and down!

Still, it took effort to breath with that thing down her throat, and she had little time for much other thought as they unlinked her leather wrist restraints, lifted her bodily onto the bed, then stretched her arms and legs out to strap tightly in place, spreadeagled and helpless.

Then they left her there, closing the door behind them.

That left Beth to reflect, as much as she could, on how astonishing it could be that she'd allowed her life to change so much in such a short time! She should have done any number of things to insist that her body and her dignity be respected! And if she wanted to experiment in a sexual relationship with a man, black or not, she should have been the one in control of what happened, and where, and how!

And yet, here she was, in France, naked, spreadeagled, tied up, at the mercy of people she barely knew, bound in a position to be... used, by whoever wanted to do so! And the gag insured she didn't even get a word in about what she might want or not want to do!

How had this happened!?

She moaned as she stared up at the canopy over her head, then twisted her head from one side to the other. She pulled at the straps attached to the leather around her wrists and ankles with a sense of dazed wonderment. This was so... perverted!

She was a good girl! Bad girls got talked about in McCook, and she'd always done her best not to be talked about! Nobody wanted people eyeing you with that secret knowledge they had about what they'd been gossiping about you, especially if that involved your sex life!

And the problem with living in a small place like McCook was that whatever you did there was a very good chance others would find out. Everyone pretty much knew everyone, after all. Thank God that wasn't the case here!

That was her one and continuing source of relief. No matter what filthy, depraved sexual behavior she engaged in over on this side of the ocean, nobody back home would have any idea what she'd done, and she could return afterwards and resume her old role as – a good girl!

At nineteen, she hadn't had much of a sex life before coming to France. In fact, she'd had more sex on the plane than she'd had her whole life! And what she'd experienced since then was so shocking, so wicked, so wild and carnal and perverted that she felt utterly overwhelmed by it all!

Overwhelmed by the dark, seething heat and hunger her body had fallen victim to, as well. She'd never imagined her body could feel that kind of arousal, that kind of sexual hunger and pressure, or the incredibly powerful orgasms she'd had the last two days!

Sex slave! They'd called her that many times over the last couple of days, teasingly, tauntingly,

mockingly. They'd used it in tandem with their ridiculous pretense that as a blonde woman her body was owned by any Black man who chose to make sexual use of it.

It was outrageous and silly, and she had been quite confident they knew better, that they were simply pretending. Now, far from home and alone, tied naked spreadeagled to a bed, she began to have the first faint doubt about just how much of their words were pretense and how much they thought might actually be reality!

Nobody she knew even had any idea where she was, after all. She was supposed to be in Paris, not in some beach house on the Mediterranean! They could do literally anything to her here!

She still had the butt-plug inside her, the one they'd put on earlier, and the dildo was all-but buried in her sex, seemingly throbbing there, stretching her sex lips wide, and giving her a continuing sense of being deeply penetrated.

It was one they had bought for her, and inserted in a sex shop, in full view of the shopkeeper! It was thick and black, curved a little, and had a sort of arm at the base which curled up and across and pressed down against the top of her sex, against her clitoris, in fact.

And buzzed softly.

That kept her in a state of simmering sexual heat for quite some time, despite her exhaustion, before the battery wore out, and even afterwards she felt the sexual tension in her body for a while.

Meanwhile, she learned to cope with the dildo occupying most of her throat! It wasn't as thick as some of the cocks which had been forced down her throat the last couple of days, and at least it simply lay there unmoving.

But it made it very hard to breath. She had to concentrate, to relax her throat and slowly draw air in around the dildo.

And then the door opened and the woman walked in.

She was perhaps thirty, or perhaps even older, for Beth wasn't the best judge of black people's ages. She was slender and athletic, with smaller breasts and very short hair. Her face was very dark, but without the large nose and lips she'd noticed on some of the pictures of Black women she'd seen.

The woman quickly stripped, and Beth moaned, turning her eyes away, blushing. Nudity discomfited her, but the idea of lesbian sex was even worse!

"Look at me, slut!" the woman barked.

Heart beating faster, Beth turned her eyes back.

"I am your mistress, slut!" the woman growled. "You're a filthy blonde whore, and will show the proper respect due a Black woman by one of your kind."

She opened a drawer took something out. Beth only recognized it from the sex museum Andre had taken her to! It was a whip! More precisely, a flog! It had a short handle, and long, thin leather laces, dozens of them attached to it!

"I am here to teach you the respect you must show black men and women, slut," the woman growled.

The men, Jeff and Andre in particular, had teasingly suggested her need to obey black men and be their sex toy, but the way this woman said it sounded like she believed it!

She stood over the side of the bed and let the laces fall lightly across the blonde girl's chest, and Beth gasped, and stared at them with wide eyes.

"This is how we train sex slaves in my country," the woman growled.

She sat on the edge of the bed and ran a hand across Beth's breasts, making her flinch and blush. Her breasts were full and firm and fair and she wanted to pull back and away from the black hand gliding across them.

Any kind of lesbianism was perverted!

The hand coasted down her body and the woman sniffed when her fingers found the dildo and the little branch which angled up across her clitoris.

"This is far too small for a blonde," the woman said. "A blonde wants the biggest black cock she

can fit into her body.”

She left the flog with its laces draped across Beth's chest, got up, and went back to the dresser drawer, then fished in it for a moment before coming out with another dildo. It was much like the one inside her only thicker and longer.

She returned and sat beside the helpless spreadeagled blonde, gripped the dildo inside her, and slid it out of her body. Then she pushed the second one against her.

Beth moaned as the head jammed against her opening, then slowly, slowly forced the lips of her sex to stretch wider and wider, until the woman could slide it slowly inside her.

“You know you love it, you whore,” the woman said. “You know you want as much Black cock as you can get into your whore body.”

Beth moaned and shook her head from side to side

“Do not lie to me, putain!” the woman growled.

She thrust the dildo deep, then picked the flog and brought the laces slicing down across Beth's breasts!

The blonde girl cried out – her voice heavily muffled, of course – and her body twisted and pulled against the restraints.

“You will learn your place, blonde girl,” the woman growled. “You will learn to worship black cock, and black men, and black women. You will learn how low you are, a miserable, crawling thing!”

She swept the flog down across Beth's breasts again and she cried out once more at the rain of little stings which struck her sensitive flesh.

Then the woman released the flog and climbed into bed, kneeling, then dropping her chest low, raising her bottom high as she gripped the dildo. Her tongue came out and began to caress the lips of Bethany's sex, then slide up across her clitoris.

“Pay attention, slut! You will learn from me how to properly please black women!” the woman said.

Beth had very little experience with receiving oral sex prior to her introduction just a couple of days earlier. The boys she'd slept with had neither the experience nor the desire to spend a lot of time with their mouths between her legs.

The black men she had met lately were somewhat different, and the tactile pleasure of their tongues stroking across her clitoris had been an eye-opener in more ways than one.

But they were nowhere near as expert as this nameless Black woman!

At first her mind squirmed with discomfort at the sight and feel of another woman licking her sex, but as the woman's expertise began to manifest itself in hot, surging waves of sexual pleasure, she began to lose that sense of revulsion.

The Black woman's tongue stroked and swirled, caressed and twirled, danced and curled across and around her clitoris like nothing she had ever imagined! And all the while the woman slowly pumped the huge dildo in and out, slowly working it deeper and deeper, sending the ache high into her belly as the narrow sheath of her sex was stretched wider all along its length!

The sexual heat grew within her, a heat that baked her mind, that had the same mind alternating abilities as alcohol or drugs. Things like morals and inhibitions no longer seemed to matter very much compared to the wild, swirling pleasure seeping through her pores and making her muscles twitch and spasm.

In fact, nothing seemed to matter very much compared to the rising sexual pressure and pleasure gripping her body and flooding her mind! Her chest fluttered and her back arched as the muscles in her loins rolled her hips up against the woman's face and fingers.

She was becoming light-headed as her mind lost the concentration needed to draw in air around the dildo still buried in her throat, and she gurgled and gasped around the long, thick length of it, rolling her head and pulling it back to try to make it easier to breath.

The woman slid slowly up Beth's writhing body, her small, hard breasts sliding along her abdomen

and up her belly, then the woman's mouth was over her breasts, sucking and licking and chewing on them as her hands and fingers stroked her body.

“Dirty slave girl,” she said in a soft growl before bending her mouth to bite into the flesh surrounding Beth's hard nipple.

“Filthy little sex slave,” she growled in the same voice before closing her lips around it and sucking rhythmically.

She slid slowly higher, chewing on the nape of Beth's neck, her fingers gripping her soft blonde hair and jerking it back roughly.

“You are nothing but an animal,” she growled. “You are a sexual animal. You are a beast owned by us.”

She let her right thigh press in between Beth's spread legs, rubbing and grinding it against the base of the dildo projecting from the tautly stretched lips of her sex, and Beth shuddered as she felt the pressure jamming the thing harder inside her.

“Filthy little animal,” the woman growled.

She got up and moved aside, out of the panting, moaning blonde girl's vision. When she returned she was wearing some sort of thong – or at least Beth thought so at first. The woman knelt between her splayed legs and leaned in forward, gripping the base of the dildo and drawing it up and back to attach to that 'thong'.

Then she thrust into her, and Beth cried out as the woman settled her athletic body over her. Her hips began to thrust and grind, driving the thick dildo into her with hard, deep strokes, shifting directions and speeds as she gripped Beth's hair and resumed sucking, kissing and biting at her throat.

The orgasm swept her mind into another realm, as Beth cried out again and again, dazed and light-headed, back arching and body thrashing and pulling at the straps as the woman used her the way a man would, her hips driving the dildo into her with remorseless hard thrusts that made her ache inside.

But thrilled the dark, wanton side of her mind.

The woman kept thrusting, clearly in no danger of getting soft, and so able to thrust hard and fast and continuously as Beth gurgled and panted and moaned, her head pounding and her vision blurring.

She stopped only to unstrap Beth's ankles, then lift them up and back over her head. She straightened her wrists, tightening her grip around Beth's ankles, forcing them down with her own weight behind them, until they were jammed in behind her ears.

Then, her body crushed in two beneath the steely eyed black woman, Beth could only cry out in dazed reaction as the woman pounded her hips down, the big dildo spearing deep into her trembling, churning belly as she came yet again, her mind in a state of meltdown as the surging waves of dark passion flooded through her nervous system.

“I will teach you, whore, that you belong to me,” the woman growled, her hips relentless as she drove the big black dildo down again and again.

She let Beth's ankles drop, then detached herself from the dildo, sliding onto her belly again, her tongue sweeping across the blonde girl's clitoris with furious, hungry licks that made her sob and buck and whimper and moan as the sexual fever continued to crush her mind.

Orgasm after orgasm tore through her body, until the woman flipped her onto her belly, slapped her bottom sharply to force it up, then entered her anally, pounding into her just as brutally as she fingered her clitoris to more orgasms.

Until she was apparently in just the state the woman wanted her: sweating, exhausted, breathless, dazed, and shell-shocked from the continuing intensity of the sexual fever gripping her mind and body.

She unstrapped the gag and pulled it away from Beth's mouth, letting the long black dildo slide down out of her mouth and throat as the blonde girl coughed and gasped for breath.

She positioned the dazed girl's body as she desired it, with her face and chest on the bed and her hips raised high, her legs spread wide, then pulled the thick dildo from her sex.

Her fingers soon replaced it, first two, then three, then, twisting and turning in the sopping heat of

Beth's sex, then a fourth finger as the black woman picked up a short, thin crop.

Crack!

Beth moaned at the sudden stinging stroke of the crop across her bottom.

“Tell me you belong to me, slut.”

Crack!

“Oooohh!” she gasped.

“Tell me you belong to me, slut.”

Crack!

“Ungh!” she gasped, panting dazedly.

“Tell me you belong to me, slut,” the woman repeated.

Her four fingers turned and twisted, pumping in and out of Beth's aching sex.

Crack!

“O-Oh! Please!” she whimpered.

“Tell me you belong to me, slut,” the woman demanded relentlessly.

“I-I... I... belong... to... to you!” Beth moaned.

Crack!

“Mistress!” the woman snarled.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Say it, slut!”

“Oh! Ow! Please!”

“Say it, whore!”

“Mistress!” Beth cried dazedly.

Crack!

“Tell me you belong to me, slut!”

“I-I belong to you, Mistress!” Beth gasped.

Crack!

“Again, slut!”

“I belong to you, Mistress!” Beth cried.

The woman let the crop slide up and down Beth's spine, then abandoned it to grip her hair and yank it up and back.

“Ohw!”

“Who owns this blonde hair, slut!?” the woman demanded. “Who owns it!?”

“I.. I.. y-you do, Mistress!” Beth cried.

The four fingers were pressing insistently at the entrance to her overheated sex, stretching and straining, trying to force her wider, and that was when Beth realized it wasn't four fingers – but five. For slowly, even as she gasped and moaned, she felt the knuckles of her thumb ease through the tightly stretched opening.

The woman's slender hand pushed deeper, and Beth felt a shockwave run through her mind as she finally understood, as she felt the woman's entire *hand* sliding into her body!

“Oh! Oh! Ohmygod! Omygod!” she cried.

The woman released her hair, picked up the crop, and snapped it across her buttocks.

“Whore animal!” the woman growled. “Who owns this cunt? Who owns it!?”

Beth was stunned by the realization the woman's whole hand was inside her, stunned and anxious, and yet a dark, glittering wall of breathless wicked heat swept through her. The hand was pushing deeper, and she could feel the lips of her sex closing a little behind it around the woman's wrist.

Crack!

“Who owns your cunt?” she demanded.

Crack!

“Who owns it, slut!?”

“Y-Y-You do, Mistress!” Beth cried.

Crack! The crop cut across her bottom, which was now burning hotly!

“Say it! Say I own your cunt!”

“You own my... my... cunt, Mistress!” Beth cried.

Her mind veered away from using such a horribly crude word! She had never used it before in her life! But there seemed no way to avoid echoing this woman's orders!

Crack!

“Again, whore!”

“You own my cunt, Mistress!” she cried, as the woman's hand twisted slowly inside her.

Crack!

“Again, whore animal!”

“You own my cunt, Mistress!” she cried.

The hand slid deeper still, the fingers wriggling deep inside her belly. Beth's mind was incredulous with anxiety and wild, animal heat, shocked and helpless as her insides burned with a dark, insidious hunger.

She felt her hair gathered in the woman's other hand again, and yanked savagely up and back, forcing her to cry out. At the same time, the long, slender fingers within her began to slowly turn inward. Each finger, one at a time, bent in and back, sliding forcefully across the elastic wall of her sex until it was pulled back against the palm of her hand.

Until the hand had become a fist inside her. And then... the fist pushed deeper.

Beth trembled and whimpered as she felt the woman's wrist passing into her body, as the lips of her sex began to pull wider once more.

“Please!” she gasped dazedly. “Please! Agh!”

She cried out as her hair was yanked back again.

“Mistress!” the woman snarled.

“Please, Mistress!” Beth cried.

“Who owns your hair, slut?”

“Y-You do, Mistress!”

“Who owns your cunt, bitch?”

“You do, Mistress!” she cried.

“Who owns your big tits, animal?”

“Y-You do, Mistress!” she moaned.

“Who owns your mouth, slave!?”

“You do, Mistress!”

The woman released her hair and her hand slid across the curve of Beth's hip, the fingers sliding up to stroke her clitoris with an expertise Andre, Jeff and the other men could only aspire to. Meanwhile, the fist pumped slowly in and out, up and down within the clutching folds of her sex.

Raw heat rolled over her as her eyes became glassy, her breathing shallow, her body melting under the incredible heat sweeping through her.

“Tell me I own your body, slave.”

“You own my body, Mistress!” she gasped.

“Again!”

“You own my body, Mistress!” she moaned.

“Again!”

“You own my body, Mistress!” she whimpered.

“Again!”

The fist moved up and down inside her, using longer strokes now, while the woman's fingers stroked expertly at her clitoris. The overwhelmed blonde girl cried out as the next orgasm swamped her senses, and the next, and the next, in a long, trembling, churning string that seemed to have no end!

And all the while that fist moved in and out of her, harder and faster, punching into her belly as the woman stroked her clitoris and growled at her.

“I own your cunt, slave! I own your breasts, slave! I own your ass, slave! I own your mouth, slave! I own your mind, slave! I own your body, slave!”

*

There was little time or chance for Beth to rest or for her mind to understand, much less adapt to the wildly changed circumstances she found herself in. The woman unstrapped her wrists, while leaving the restraints around both her wrists and ankles, then snapped a leash to the collar around her throat and half yanked her out of bed, slapping her bottom sharply to send her scurrying to the edge and off.

“Crawl like the animal you are, slave!” she barked, tugging on the leash.

Beth had little choice, gasping and moaning and whimpering as the woman pulled her, crawling, across the floor.

“Now. Sit.”

The woman jerked back on the leash, and Beth gurgled as it pulled sharply on the front of her throat and dug up under her jaw. It forced her back onto her heels.

“When you sit, you sit thusly,” the woman snapped.

She bent and had Beth put the backs of her feet flat against the floor, then sit on the edges as she spread her knees achingly wide. At the same time she pulled her hands up behind her neck and slapped her breast with the crop.

“Arch! Show the world your breasts!”

Trembling, gasping, Beth obeyed, and the woman eyed her critically, holding the crop ready.

“Remember, slut, they are my breasts. That is my body! It must be displayed to its best. I own this body.”

The woman moved to stand before her, the leash tight in one hand, the crop in another.

“Now you will demonstrate your obedience to your mistress and your eagerness to please her,” she growled.

She jerked on the leash, pulling Beth's face in between her legs.

“Lick, slut!”

Normally Beth would have been extremely reluctant. She had no interest in lesbian sex, after all, or in womens bodies. Or at least... she hadn't thought she had. On the other hand, it couldn't be denied that this one had just hammered her mind with more incredible orgasms than she had even been able to count!

And the threat, with the tight leash and the crop, were obvious, so that she quickly began to lick at the woman's naked black sex.

“Not like a dog, whore! I showed you how to perform on a woman! Do it!”

Moaning, Beth tried to remember, her mind not functioning very clearly, and licked more carefully, rolling anxious eyes up at the stern black woman glaring down at her, desperately anxious to please her as the woman let the tip of the crop slide down against the side of one of Beth's breasts.

“Lick harder, with shorter strokes, animal!” the woman snarled, slapping the crop against the side of Beth's breast.

Beth gasped, obeying instantly, moaning, her face already soaked with the woman's juices as she licked with unrestrained eagerness.

“Use your lower lip to press against the underside of your tongue, slave. That's it. More pressure, you blonde whore.”

“Ah,” the black woman groaned. “push your tongue into me, blonde slut.”

Beth did, thrusting her tongue as deep as she could. She would have been revolted to do this just an hour ago, but now, all she cared about was pleasing this angry woman!

“We will have to stretch your tongue out, you blonde animal,” the woman growled.

She drew back and yanked on the leash so that Beth fell forward onto all fours again.

“Face down, raise your ass high!

Crack!

“Higher, slut! Tuck your belly into your thighs!”

Crack!

“That's it, whore! Now spread your knees wide! Hands stretched out to either side!”

The crop traced the line of Beth's sex, then the woman went back and got the dildo, slowly forcing it almost all the way up inside her once more.

“Beg me to fuck your whore body,” she barked.

“Please fuck my whore body, Mistress!” Beth moaned breathlessly.

“You will beg every time you place your body in this position. You will beg to be used like the filthy blonde animal you are.”

Crack!

“Do you understand, slave?”

“Aggh! Yes, Mistress!”

“Beg!”

“Please fuck my whore body, Mistress!” Beth cried.

Crack!

“Sit!”

Gasping, moaning, the dazed blonde pushed herself up off her face on the floor and sat quickly back on her heels, jerking her knees apart as she arched her back and brought her fingers up behind her neck.

The black woman stepped before her once more, jerking on the leash, and Beth began to lick at her sex again.

“Ahh. Yeess. Lick your mistress, blonde whore. Please your mistress, filthy blonde animal.”

The woman came, jerking Beth's face harder against her as her hips bucked violently, then she stepped back with a gasp, and began to dress. When she was dressed, she jerked on the leash attached to the collar around the blonde's throat and pulled her back onto all fours.

“Crawl, you filthy blonde animal,” she ordered, snapping the crop across her bottom.

Whimpering, gasping, her mind still blasted by the shocking intensity of it all, Beth crawled down the hall at the end of the leash, and out into the front room where Jeff, Andre, Enzo, and another Black man she had never met sat around a large, comfortably furnished front room looking out at the beach.

She moaned, assaulted by another wave of dark heat and humiliation as she was forced to crawl naked among them and they leered and snickered at her.

“Sit!” the black woman barked harshly.

Gasping, blushing furiously, Beth sat back on her heels, her knees spread, her back arched.

“This blonde slut is coming to understand what a low, miserable creature she is,” the woman said. “And that her blonde whore body is the property of black men and women.”

“That is the law,” Jeff said with a straight face.

“Present yourself for use, whore!” the black woman snapped.

She jerked on the leash at the same time, backwards though, so that Beth was yanked back and fell on her back on the floor.

“Now, whore!” she shouted.

Gasping, Beth rolled quickly onto her belly and raised her hips high, squirming as she pushed her belly back against her thighs, wincing as the crop cut across her bottom, then thrusting her arms out to either side.

“Please fuck my whore body, Master!” she cried.

There was a ripple of amused male laughter behind her, then someone moved and climbed down onto his knees. She felt male hands on her buttocks, then heard a zipper going down. A moment later, a

hard erection slid up and down against her clitoris before the dildo was withdrawn. Then she was entered... mounted... and ridden.

The black woman stood before her, glaring down, holding the crop, her eyes locked with Beth's as one of the men – she didn't even know who and she didn't care – used her with hard, deep strokes that sent his hips slapping roughly against her upraised buttocks.

It seemed almost... routine by then, shocking her not at all. Yet she still felt a strange dark thrill of the forbidden and outrageous as she knelt so submissively while a man used her in front of four other people as though she were some kind of... slave!

“What are you, slut?” the black woman demanded.

“I-I'm a sex slave, Mistress!” she gasped weakly.

The words sent another ripple of dark, wicked heat through her body.

“Again!”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress.”

“Again!”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress!”

It made her mind squirm even more, especially saying it in front of five people!

Then the man was finished with her, and the woman, whose name she still didn't know, jerked on the leash, bringing her to all fours, and leading her, crawling, across the front room and to a set of stairs leading up. She crawled up the stairs to the second floor, then crawled higher, into a small, dark, very, very hot attic.

The black woman locked her wrists together behind her, then made her sit on the floor as she attached chains to the leather restraints around her ankles. Then at the touch of a button the chains pulled upward and slowly lifted first her feet, then her legs, then her entire body!

Beth moaned helplessly as her shoulders and then her head left the floor, and were raised a foot above it, with her legs spread wide. The black woman locked the chains in place and then found a very large, thick candle, which she slowly worked deep into Beth's sex before lighting it.

She left, leaving the gasping, moaning blonde girl alone in the near darkness, her head pounding from being upside down, her body already glistening with sweat at the heat as the attic baked in the sunshine.

The top of the thick candle was half a foot outside her sex, but as it burned Beth quickly realized that the slightest of movements of her body would send hot wax spilling over the side to splash in unpredictable patterns across her aching thighs, buttocks and abdomen!

And if she didn't move, then the wax slowly trickled down the side of the thick candle until it met the tightly clutching lips of her sex!

Beth had little way of measuring time, but after a time the woman returned, placing a black box on the floor next to her. She pressed a button, and the box began to talk, in Beth's own voice.

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress!” it said.

Again and again and again.

More time passed, much more, while Beth panted in the incredible heat of the attic, sweat trickling down her body to patter against the wooden floor underneath. The candle continued to burn, and trickle or splash against her thighs, sex and buttocks, making her yelp or gasp or moan until much of her skin around the candle was covered in warm, semi-hardened wax.

Finally, the woman returned, removing the candle and lowering the barely conscious blonde to the floor. Sharp blows from the crop roused her mind sufficient to place herself into the proper position however.

“P-Please fuck my whore b-body, Mistress!” she gasped weakly.

Instead the leash yanked tight, pulling her to all fours, and she was led, crawling, back down the stairs, groaning with relief as the cool air wafted across her overheated body. She crawled down to the next floor, awkwardly, with the leash tight against her neck to keep her from falling, then forward to the

large open doorway leading out to the beach.

Such was the state of her mind she didn't even realize the restraints had been removed from her wrists and ankles, nor care. She blanched as the hot sun swept over her, however, and as the noise of the beach not far ahead reached her ears.

“We should wash your filthy body, slave girl,” the woman said.

She gripped her now damp, tangled, hair, some of which was matted against the side of her cheek, pulling her to her feet. She drew her wrists up above her and tied them in place with a rope, right underneath an outdoor shower.

The shower was meant to rinse salt water off of bathers before coming into the house. It was not meant for actual bathing, and there was no privacy between it and the beach only about twenty yards away.

And there were people on the beach, people who turned to watch, some licking their lips appreciatively. Nude or semi-nude women were not an unusual site on the beaches here, but this was something entirely more... interesting.

Beth stood dazedly, wrists above her as the water poured over her body. It was cold water, which was all to the good in reviving her, but it made her gasp and dance and twist helplessly in place until the black woman slapped her bottom sharply.

The woman turned off the water, and then picked up the soap, and then, standing behind her, she began to soap up her pale body, her black hands sliding slowly, sensuously over the soft, rounded surface of her breasts and down along her belly.

As dozens looked on.

Beth moaned exhaustedly, gasping as the woman's fingers stroked up and down along the line of her sex. The cold had somewhat revived her, and she began to become more and more aware of the bathers watching as the woman's hands moved over her body, soaping her up.

The woman was in no hurry, gathering back her soaked hair now, soaping it up slowly, her soapy fingers combing through it, and sometimes pulling back so as to force the blonde to arch her back.

“Tell me you are my blonde whore,” she said behind her ear.

“I'm your blonde whore, mistress,” Beth moaned.

“Tell me you're my blonde slut.”

Her fingers curved across her hip and down between her legs, rubbing her clitoris as the bathers looked on.

“I-I'm your blonde slut, Mistress,” she gasped.

She felt her hair yanked up and back, forcing her back to arch sharply as the woman's fingers stroked her between the legs, and felt a dark rush of heat that was more because people were watching than the actual physical sensations.

A lot of people! Dozens! God!

And those physical sensations were nothing to overlook, either. The feel of the woman's soapy fingers stroking across her swollen clitoris were producing a flood of tactile pleasure even as the wild adrenaline rush of being so... naked in front of all those strangers made her mind stutter wildly.

And that was so strange, she thought. She'd always been very private and shy about her body! Even now her mind was squirming with discomfort and embarrassment at what was happening! Her face was flushed darkly, and she was moaning in dismay!

Yet some dark part of her mind was thrilled, her heart pounding, her pulse racing, and a sense of crackling sexual electricity gripped her body!

The woman stopped, then turned on the water again, and Beth sputtered as it poured down over her upturned face. She heard laughter behind her and her hair was released, allowing her to pull her head forward again, but that just meant she saw all those people staring! She dropped her eyes low as the woman rinsed her off and turned off the water.

“On your knees, blonde slut,” she barked, pushing down roughly on her shoulder.

Gasping, already off-balance, Beth fell to her knees as the woman took the leash and attached it to the collar around her neck again.

“Hands and knees, slut.”

She jerked on the leash, pulling her down onto all fours, and then, with dozens of people watching from the beach, led her, crawling, back into the house!

In McCook, Nebraska, someone would surely have called the police. But this wasn't McCook, nor even Nebraska, nor even the United States. The French didn't mind seeing pretty girls naked on their beaches – or off them, and no doubt a little kinky viewing of 'lesbians' would not have unduly alarmed them.

Beth was alarmed, though! Despite the dark heat swirling inside her!

There was a table set against the wall. It was a heavy old wooden table with thick, squared legs, and looked like it had been in place for a century or more. Andre pulled her to her feet and led her to it, and Beth saw there was a round... plate atop the table. It was a very large plate, perhaps three feet across.

And almost in its center was a large, thick dildo. It was black, of course, and very realistic looking, with a fat mushroom head.

Andre and the strange black man whose name she didn't know lifted her onto the table, then made her kneel above the dildo. Her wrists were buckled together behind her back, and she was made to lower herself onto it, groaning as it forced the lips of her sex wide – again!

She slid down slowly, gasping and whimpering as she eased her body lower. She hardly noticed what Andre was doing until he lifted what looked like a very large bird cage off the floor. The bird cage, as it happened, had no bottom.

Because she was sitting on it.

He slid the round cage down over her head and shoulders, down to the base below her, where it locked in place. It was barely wide enough for her, with perhaps six inches between her shoulders and the bars. The curved roof was actually pressing against the top of her head until she sank lower on the dildo!

Their conversation after that was mostly in French, and she only got bits and pieces of words she understood or half understood. Jeff and Andre and Enzo then went upstairs, and when they came down they had swimsuits on. They collected towels and headed out to the beach.

Beth found herself alone in the house with complete strangers. She didn't even know their names! She looked down between her thighs, gasping weakly, for she had to lower herself further, unable to maintain the awkward position of sitting on her heels while the balls of her feet were bent back under her.

That meant shifting her feet, letting the backs of her feet go flat against the base under her so she could perch awkwardly on her heels. But that, of course, lowered her several inches further onto the thick dildo, and she gasped as she felt the head pushing achingly deep into her abdomen.

The man and woman came over to stare at her through the bars, and she dropped her chin, flushed and embarrassed as they talked in amused French. After a minute the man undid the cage and pulled it up and off, and the woman reached behind her, gathering in some of the hair which went down her back and doing it into a slim, tight braid.

The man then produced what looked like a slim, round hook and gave it to her. The woman smirked at Beth, then reached down behind her and angled the tip of the hook up.

Beth gasped as it pushed against her wrinkled little back passage, then sank into it, pushing several inches inside. The hook then curved up across her tailbone. She gasped as she felt the woman pulling on the thin braid which went down her back, which forced her head back.

She cursed, then said something to the man, who went and got some cord. Then she tied that to the braid and tied it to the hook which curved over her tailbone. Beth felt the tight pull on the hook as she raised her chin.

That seemed to satisfy the two, and they discussed her briefly, then the woman fingered Beth's stiff nipples, then rubbed her clitoris lightly.

“Blonde slut,” she said with a smirk. “Animal.”

The round cage went over her head again, then down to lock into place. Now Beth couldn't lower her chin at all! Not without pulling her hair out!

The space between the bars was only perhaps two inches wide. That was too narrow to get their hands through, at least, not far enough to touch her. The two experimented to see, for some reason. Then they went away.

Beth was left alone in the cage for long minutes, panting a little, staring out at the beach and the sea beyond through the big windows. Then the man came back. He had in his hands a long, slender metal tube, which he pushed through the bars low down.

Beth rolled her eyes down towards it, not being able to lower her head. She couldn't see it as it made contact with her, but certainly recognized the sensations as it began to vibrate. She moaned softly as he rubbed it up and down against her clitoris, then rolled it from side to side.

He chuckled and drew it back after a minute, allow Beth's breathing to slow. Then he went away again.

When the woman came back she was dressed much nicer, in a flowing green robe. She picked up the rod and thrust it through the bars, turning it on and letting it buzz against her clitoris as she rubbed it from side to side.

Beth moaned, the delicious sense of being fully and deeply penetrated causing an almost instinctive sense of arousal that the vibrator only deepened, despite her weariness. But the woman didn't leave it turned on for very long, and soon turned away.

There was the sound of what Beth took as a doorbell, and the man appeared, then she heard conversation before the man appeared, with another strange black man! Beth cringed as they came over to the cage and the man laughed in amusement.

She didn't think they were talking French now, though. Then there was another doorbell, and the woman appeared with another Black couple, and they too stared at her in amusement. The woman looked contemptuous, while the man licked his lips hungrily.

Beth rolled her eyes away, her face hot, embarrassment gripping her tightly. Music, some sort of African or Arabic music, began to play in the background. And then more people arrived! Every person or couple that came in wandered over to gawk at her as she knelt impaled in the cage!

Several of the men tried to touch her through the bars, but couldn't get their fingers in close enough except to rub her extended knees! They were all talking the new language, which she guessed was from North Africa, as she burned with embarrassment!

After half an hour there were probably two dozen people in the room! All of them were Black, and all of them were complete strangers! And she could do nothing to hide her nudity! She couldn't even lower her chin to hide her face!

Then the Black woman came back to the table. This time she thrust the vibrator through the bars, turned it on, and then locked it in place against the bars! That kept it pressed in against her clitoris, and Beth could do little to move away!

She whimpered helplessly as the men and woman nearby laughed as they watched, talking jovially to each other in whatever language they spoke. They didn't all stare at her, though, for they soon turned to each other as their various conversations continued.

The men especially watched her, though, and Beth, her face burning with humiliation, felt that strange sense of unreality again, as if she had found herself in another world, with different rules, different assumptions.

Language was a very humanizing thing, and being the only one, apparently, who had no idea what people were saying was, in turn, dehumanizing. Being the only one naked and in a collar and cage didn't help, either!

Animal!

That was what the woman had called her often! A blonde animal! In fact, since the airplane ride over the people who had been around her had acted as if being blonde made her some other form of humanity, or perhaps less than human, like a natural born sexual slave!

More people arrived, and the entire front section of the house, which she had taken to be floor-to-ceiling windows, was slid aside so that the party could spread out onto the yard fronting the beach. She was surrounded by the babble of strange, foreign voices, and the unfamiliar music, and the scent of the sea and cry of sea birds.

It was all so astonishing and surreal!

And yet it was amazing at how quickly the mind adapts. Being naked and impaled on a dildo in a cage surrounded by people was mortifying, but it couldn't stay mortifying forever. It seemed that one could get used to almost everything, and soon she only felt humiliated, then embarrassed, then desperately self-conscious and degraded.

And the buzzing of the vibrator was making her insides quiver and thrum, adding to the dark instinctive heat of being impaled on the thick black cock. It was very hard to resist, and as the shock of her exposure began to fade her body began to burn, the sexual pressure rising like a slow tide.

Her hips began to push forward a little, her body instinctively grinding her clitoris ever so lightly against the vibrator. Her breathing grew more ragged and her chest fluttered as her pulse raced faster.

She became more and more aware of the thick full black cock inside her, and as her body began to move around it ever so slightly, her muscles squirming, of how wet she was getting.

As her arousal deepened it began to melt what inhibitions remained, the cascading rush of dopamine through the pleasure center of her brain had the same affect of weakening her self-control as alcohol or drugs.

Her hips began to grind more and more, and the dark thrill of arousal rose to fever strength! Moaning, helplessly aware of all those people around her, Beth could not restrain her body as she began to slowly rise and fall on the dildo, grinding herself against the vibrator as she did!

She felt even more self-conscious as more and more eyes turned to her, but couldn't stop herself! She was like an addict, desperately in need of another fix, and that fix was those wondrous orgasms which had been given to her so often over the past few days!

The more she moved on the dildo, the more intense her heat became, as she sobbed dazedly and gulped in air! She couldn't slide her thrumming, burning sex straight up the thick dildo because of her hair tied back and attached to the hook. Which meant she had to pull her head back each time she forced herself up, thrusting her swollen breasts and hard nipples out at the watchers again and again!

A part of her cringed under the attention, but her hunger drove her on relentlessly, until, with a helpless cry of ecstasy, the orgasm swept through her and her movements became frantic! She sobbed breathlessly as she rode the dildo, as she ground her clitoris up and down against the vibrator, head pulled back and back arched again and again as she impaled herself repeatedly!

There was much applause around her, and a lot of shouting and laughter, none of which she understood or cared about, as she sank back, panting dazedly.

Laughing, two men lifted up the cage and then set it on the floor. One of them bent low and unhooked the bars from the base she was sitting atop, then pulled the cage up and off her, leaving her, essentially, kneeling naked on the floor.

Men crowded around, and she moaned as a naked black cock pushed at her face, then two, then three and four, rubbing over her skin and cheeks and forehead and lips as she panted dazedly. One finally pushed into her mouth, sliding over her lips, and she moaned around it, closing her lips, sucking almost instinctively.

It was hard to breath, as they thrust themselves deep into her throat, hard to even think given the clamor of emotions and sensations and wild dark shocked and horrified thrills in her head. She was gripped by that sense of unreality again, as if she were living in a strange dark dream.

And since there didn't seem to be anything she could do anyway, but whatever she was told or shown or made to do, there didn't seem to be much purpose in occupying her mind with thinking about it.

She was the center of amused, lusting, laughing, sneering attention, kneeling in the midst of a circle of them as she mouthed one man's cock after another, gasping and panting and moaning helplessly as they thrust into her mouth and pumped wildly.

And the repeated delays in being able to breath kept making her head ache, kept making her light-headed, adding to her sense of dazed confusion. Finally, Andre pulled her away from them, and then pulled her to her feet, sliding her dripping wet pussy off the thick dildo.

He and Jeff and Enzo then took her outside, clipping the leash thing to the collar around her neck. They talked in low voices to themselves as she gasped and blinked in the sun, then removed the restraints from her wrists.

“You will keep your hands at your sides at all times, slave girl,” Jeff ordered, tugging sharply on the leash.

“What do you say when given an order, slave girl?” Andre demanded, slapping her bottom sharply.

“Oh! Y-Y-Yes, sir!” Beth gasped dazedly.

And then they led her out onto the beach.

Naked.

At first, Beth was too dazed to think about it too much. But the three of them were walking closer and closer to where groups of people were sitting or laying around, and heads were starting to turn towards her.

Many of the women were topless. A few women and men were completely nude. Bethany knew, of course, that such brazen behavior was not unusual in France, on an intellectual level, at least. Seeing it in person, though, would have been a shock a few days ago.

Actually having to walk among them naked would have horrified her a few days ago, and sent her into gibbering panic and flight.

Even now, as she caught her breath and wiped the saliva and semen off her face she was starting to feel a sense of self-consciousness which grew with every step she took. The nudity of those around her, after all, was of a chaste kind, the kind where people simply were relaxing around a beach naked.

Her own nudity was nothing of the sort, not with a collar around her neck and a man holding the leash as she walked among them. Her self-consciousness grew more and more acute as they walked closer to the beach, and more people turned to stare at her, and her fingers began to tremble, her hands to jerk fitfully as she fought the impulse to try to cover her nudity.

Her face flushed as the sun beat down and the three laughing black men led her along the beach. They were all wearing bathing suits. In fact, the majority of men on the beach were. Most of the women wore tops, too, though many didn't. Only a few were completely nude.

And none of them were wearing a collar and walking on a leash!

It was not a terribly busy beach, but there were people everywhere, nonetheless, and everyone turned to stare at her as the three men sauntered by, chatting to each other, leading the docile, red faced and naked blonde along on her leash.

Beth had no difficulty at all in knowing what they were thinking!

Slut! That's what they were thinking! She was a whore, a perverted whore who debased herself before these men like a wanton prostitute!

Like... like an *animal*!

But she had no idea about what she could do about it!

And then Jeff decided to make it even worse!

“Get down on your hands and knees, slave girl,” he ordered.

Gulping anxiously, eyes wide, the helpless blonde sank to her knees, and then hesitantly fell forward onto her hands.

Surely they weren't going to use her right here while people were watching, she thought. There might not be any law against nudity on the beach but she bet there was a law against having open sex on it!

But it didn't seem that was what he had in mind. Instead he started forward, tugging on the leash, and she gasped, lurching forward, then blushing even more hotly as it became clear what he wanted. She had to crawl along on the beach beside him as he held the leash!

Like an *animal*!

The intensity of the sense of shock and unreality grew to a throbbing in her head as she crawled. It was easy to crawl on the soft sand, but crawling on a leash naked while other people lounged around reading books, listening to radios and chatting... that was an astonishing thing to find herself doing!

"Head up!" Jeff ordered.

She had been crawling with her face down, cringing under the stares of those around her, but now she raised her head, whimpering a little and desperately rolling her eyes away from those staring at her as she continued to crawl.

A few men yelled something in amusement which Jeff or Andre replied to in the same tone. It was something in French, something about walking the dog, she thought. At least she recognized the word for *dog*.

Maybe it was *bitch*, she thought dazedly.

The men watching might have been amused and delighted. Not so the women, most of whom glared and scowled with disapproval and disdain, sometimes snarling at their staring male partners to get them to stop.

She continued to crawl forward along the beach and thankfully as they reached a narrower part with rock outcroppings nearby the number of bathers went down significantly.

She gasped as Jeff tugged on her leash suddenly.

"Position yourself for use, sex slave," he said.

Beth gulped anxiously, rolling her eyes, heart thumping in her chest. There was no one very close, no closer than twenty five yards anyway, but even so.

"Now, slave!"

She dropped her chin and chest to the ground, raising her bottom and pulling her belly in tight against her thighs as she stretched her arms out then shifted her knees to the sides.

"What do you say in this position, slave girl?"

"Please fuck my whore body, master!" she gulped.

He tugged on the leash and pulled her back up onto all fours, and they walked on a short distance, then he made her drop low and repeat the request. Again he tugged on the leash to pull her up to all fours, and they continued to walk on.

"Let's have a swim," he said.

They turned and walked into the water, pulling her with them. The water splashed under her hands, then rose to her elbows, then up around her breasts.

"Paddle like a dog," Jeff said as the other two laughed.

"A bitch dog," Andre said.

Panting, moaning, Beth swum forward as the men pulled her into deeper water, into water that was over their hips anyway. Then Jeff gripped her by the hair and jerked her face forward and down under the water. He pulled his swimsuit down and his cock sprang up before her as he guided her mouth onto it.

Half kneeling, half floating, and completely under the water, Beth felt her lips sliding over his cock, sliding down its length as she sucked and licked desperately. Of course, there was no question of being able to breath now! She bobbed up and down and then gurgled again as he pulled her in harder, and his cock pushed down her throat.

She felt a distant sort of amazement that almost no water followed with it. She had been able to

slide her lips over the soft, taut skin of his shaft without taking in water, and now it fully plugged her throat as he pulled her face in firmly, until her lips were wrapped tightly around the base of his cock.

It was so strangely peaceful under the waves, she thought dazedly.

He pushed in and pulled back, pushed in and pulled back, as her head pounded more and her chest began to burn. Then he pulled out entirely and pulled her up by the hair until she was out of the water and gasping for breath.

“Dirty girl,” he said.

He let her get her breath – some of it – then pushed her back under water to resume her efforts, sucking and licking at his cock as he pumped it in her mouth. Again he pulled her up, letting her breath, then shoved her down under the water again.

When he pulled her up again she was dazed and stumbling, drawing in deep, ragged breaths of air. He gripped her right buttock and thigh, lifting her leg up high, then guided himself into her body as she continued to gasp for breath. His hands then shifted so he was gripping her buttocks, and she slid her hands behind his neck as her legs went around him.

She groaned as he fucked her slowly. The water was up to her lower chest, hiding what they were doing from those ashore, but all she really cared about was being able to breath. When she felt something soft, yet hard, pressing against her bottom, she ignored it, only whimpering a little as Andre pushed insistently with his own hard cock, and managed to drive it deep into her ass.

The two men squeezed her slender white body between their powerful black chests as their hips worked smoothly, though necessarily slowly, under water. Their cocks pumped in and out of her, both surprisingly slick. She wasn't in a position to wonder why, however, or to really care.

At least, not until she'd managed to fully enjoy the luxury of being able to fill her lungs to her heart's content, and her pounding heart began to slow.

Jeff kissed her roughly and passionately, and she moaned into his mouth as her soft breasts pillowed out against his chest. The two cocks inside her made her ache, but in that now familiar dark, thrilling way that sent her pulse racing.

It was unusually slow sex, compared to what she'd started to get used to. There were limits to how quickly the men could move their hips under water. The dark heat began to ripple through her consciousness as it continued, and as her mind began to function on something above the animal level she rolled her eyes towards the beach not far away.

There weren't a lot of people on it, but she was absolutely sure none had missed what was happening, nor could any be in any doubt about what the three of them were doing under water.

The embarrassment of that was outweighed by the dark, exotic thrill of it as the two men ground her between them, and their stiff shafts drove up into her body, and this time, unlike most such instances, she found herself melting, as if into a puddle of mindless, dazed, uncaring, weary acceptance even as the heat pulsed and the sexual hunger deepened.

She did not orgasm. She was too drained and weary to orgasm, she thought. But she still felt a delicious, all encompassing sense of sexual heat and arousal throughout the long, slow thrusting, and when the two men had finished, she let them walk her back to shore with hardly more than a little self-consciousness as they came out of the water and people stared.

Then she dropped back to all fours at an order from Jeff and they walked back up the beach.

They stopped near the rock outcropping for her to again 'present herself' for use, and this time Enzo knelt behind her, fit himself to her sex, and thrust home.

Beth shuddered as he used her right then and there, no more than fifteen yards from the nearest group, her chin against the sandy beach as his hips slapped against her upturned buttocks with hard, deep strokes.

She moaned as he gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back, gasping, gurgling, moaning as her fingers pawed at the sand, as he drove himself into her and cursed and jerked on her hair again and again, until the orgasm which had eluded her in the water spilled through her dazed system and she

bucked back violently, gasping breathlessly as he shifted his grip to the leash and used it to yank viciously back.

He spent himself, and they walked on, with her crawling, all the way back down the beach, as the crowds thickened, and the stares and gasps grew more numerous. She crawled back into the beach house, and the men handed her over to the black woman who's name she still only knew as Mistress.

It was back up to the attic for her, and this time thick restraints went around her wrists, joining them together in front of her. They were attached to the chain she'd been suspended from before, and then she was lifted up to dangle with her toes just above the floor.

And alone, as the woman smirked at her, slapped her bottom, and left.

When had she last slept, Beth wondered dazedly. When had she last eaten?

She was soon soaked in perspiration, for it was very hot in the attic, and it was difficult to breathe while suspended from her wrists. Her breathing got more and more shallow as the energy drained out of her, and the sweat trickled down her body to spatter the floor below.

She had no idea how long she hung there. She was barely conscious when she was taken down and carried down the stairs. Then the black woman bathed her in a tub of cool water, and tired her spreadeagled on the bed once again.

Again she lay between Beth's legs, teasing her body with tongue and vibrator. It roused her body, but Beth's mind was in shut-down mode, too utterly exhausted to care. Until finally, she drifted off to sleep no matter what the woman did.

*

Beth was ravenous. Her stomach grumbled and she felt the hunger gnawing at her. But what could she do? She was tied spreadeagled on the bed and gagged, and had been since she'd wakened over an hour earlier.

It had looked to be a little after dawn when she wakened. Since it wasn't dark when she'd fallen asleep she thought she must have slept for some time. She still felt weary, though, as well as nervous, anxious and uncertain. But again, there was nothing she could do about any of that.

Another hour passed, and still she lay in place, unable to do anything else.

Finally the black woman came for her, undoing the restraints from the straps holding her tautly in place. Beth groaned into the gag as the woman helped her sit up, and when she pulled the gag from her mouth, started to ask for breakfast.

"No speaking, blonde," the woman said, slapping the back of her head. "Animals do not talk. If you talk again, no food."

Beth gulped, not liking that threat at all! But since the threat implied she was about to be fed she didn't protest! The woman attached the leash to the collar still around her throat and led her down the hall and then down the stairs to the kitchen. It was a large kitchen, and Enzo, Andre, Jeff, and the other Black man she'd met were sitting at it.

Eating.

Her mouth began to salivate at the scents which wafted through the air, and she licked her lips repeatedly.

"Here is our little blonde slave girl," Jeff said.

"Our bitch," said Enzo.

"Our blonde animal," said Andre.

He tossed something at the floor before her, and she looked down to see it was a piece of bun with butter on it. She gulped and looked up at him, her eyes widening, then looked around at the others.

"If you are not hungry, blonde, then I will take you back to the bed," the Black woman said.

That was when Beth understood, and bent her neck, licking the piece of bun off the floor, and pulling it into her mouth. She chewed and swallowed gratefully, though she also flushed as the five of them looked at her.

Jeff held out his hand with a piece of ham or some other meat on it, and after hesitating a moment,

Beth crawled forward, licking it out of his hand.

And that was how she satisfied her hunger. The five of them sat around the table talking, mostly in French. Every now and then one or the other would hold out his or her hand and let her eat something from it, or throw something onto the floor for her to lick up.

It was incredibly degrading, but Beth had been degraded since before she even arrived in France, and since the degradation had always been accompanied by a dark, sinuous heat and passion, her body began to feel a sense of arousal now, as well.

Like an *animal!*

The Black woman motioned her over to kneel on all fours next to her chair.

“Do not move, blonde slave,” she growled.

She picked up her glass of milk which was more than half empty, and then slowly poured it on Beth's head as the others laughed in amusement.

Of course, most of it splashed and trickled down her shoulders and between and over her breasts and down her belly onto the floor beneath her, and Beth was then told to lick it up.

Feeling a strange dark thrill of outraged arousal, she did so, her tongue licking along the tiled floor, lapping up the milk that spilled even as it continued to trickle down from her shoulders and hair. There was no question of not doing what she was told anyway. The thought didn't even occur to her.

As she was licking, Andre got down on his knees behind her, and thrust himself into her already warm, slick sex from behind. Beth grunted and moaned and gasped as she continued to lick up the milk, until his big fist gripped a thick mass of her hair and yanked her head up and back sharply.

She cried out again and again as his hips slammed into her buttocks, as his cock speared deep into her belly, and as the wild, churning heat of lust and sexual fever built with shocking speed within her mind to flare down the length of her body.

Then she was coming, sobbing, crying out again and again as he rode her, as he used her, as he roughly groped her breast and yanked cruelly on her hair, calling her a blonde whore and a sex slave.

When he finished he grunted, pulled up his shorts, and sat down again. The Black woman stood up, looking over her.

“Are you grateful for your breakfast, slut?”

Even though her mind wasn't functioning at anything like her normal level, Beth certainly knew the proper answer to that.

“Yes... Mistress,” she moaned.

And yet you allow me to stand here with milk splattered on my shoes and do nothing to clean them off!” the woman exclaimed, pointing at her black high heels, and the few bits of milk which had splattered on them.

“I-I'm.... sorry, M-Mistress!” Beth gulped uncertainly.

“Clean them, slut!”

Beth started to reach out but was halted by a sudden sharp rebuke.

“With your tongue, slut!”

Shuddering, she obeyed, sliding forward, her breasts sliding along the milk still on the floor, then licking at the woman's shoe. She felt another wild dark rush of heat as she was degraded in yet another way.

Animal! she thought with a strange, almost obsessive hunger.

Sex slave!

Her tongue licked up and down the black shoes as the woman looked down at her and the men watched.

Then she was led into a bedroom, where Nathalie was bound spreadeagled, and made to crawl up into the bed between her legs. The Black woman gave her further instructions on pleasing women, as she licked Nathalie's pussy and the Black man thrust into her from behind.

Every few minutes the Black woman stopped the action and had her straddle Nathalie's face, sitting

on her mouth so the French girl could show her what she herself had learned. Then she'd be put back into position between Nathalie's legs as the Black man drove himself into her increasingly sodden pussy again.

Both she and Nathalie were ordered not to climax, and told to let them know if she was about to. When they did, the action stopped until they cooled down, then resumed. With both girls panting and flushed, Andre and Jeff took them for a walk, or rather a crawl, down the beach.

This time she and Nathalie crawled side by side on their leashes while the men walked smugly along holding them as everyone stared. They crawled into the water again, and Beth once again began to perform oral sex on Jeff underwater while Nathalie did the same for Andre.

Someone called the police on them this time, and Beth had to stand, blushing hotly, head down, as the police argued with Andre and Jeff. There was no law against nudity on the beach, after all. Nor was there a law against either leashes or crawling.

They wound up walking back to the beach house, rather than crawling. But that was scarcely much of an improvement since she could now see much further around her at many more people staring.

Back at the house, she and Nathalie had sex in various positions while the Black woman directed them and the Black man and Enzo took videos. Beth had never had much interest in women before but of course, her thoughts on sexuality and sex had been drastically altered over the past few days.

Using the double dildo, half of it inside her pussy and the other half in Nathalie, laying atop the brunette as they kissed and touched and ground themselves together, proved to be an irresistible thrill, which made both of them climax repeatedly.

Using a strap-on dildo on Nathalie was hot, too, especially given the little leather pad over her own clitoris which ground against her as she thrust the black cock into Nathalie from behind. But she much preferred it when Nathalie wore the strap-on and rode her in turn.

It made her mind squirm that they were taking so much video, but once again, she didn't know what she could do about it.

Then she masturbated with a dildo, something she had never done in her life, using a vibrator at the same time, again, while the Black man and Enzo took video. Bethany had never gone in much for masturbation, and never had sex toys. Nor had she had any need, obviously, the last few days, since she'd had more sex than she knew what to do with.

So masturbating with the dildo was a strange thrill, especially with others watching, especially with the cameras watching. It made her breathless and aroused, and despite her anxieties she was soon climaxing almost as violently as she did when the men used her.

That evening she was taken to a nightclub, where she danced naked in a cage which hung like a bird cage over the regular dancers. It wasn't very high above them either, and the cage was brightly lit as she danced.

Once again, she didn't see anything she could do to refuse, and all those people seeing her naked was a shocking thrill, even if it was also excruciatingly embarrassing!

And when she got home she was taken out on the beach again. It was dark now so the beach was largely abandoned. She and Nathalie had to crawl, as they had a party around a bonfire, and sticks were thrown for them to crawl after and 'fetch'.

Beth was maneuvered over a man who lay on the sand, and sank her pussy down onto his thick shaft, then rode slowly up and down as another man pushed himself into her ass. A third man stood before her, gripping her hair and guiding her mouth up and down his cock, while two other men knelt beside her, guiding her hands up and down their own erections.

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Her two weeks in France passed in a wild, dark flurry of wicked, nearly continuous sex, nudity and outrageously kinky behavior, which completely altered her view of sex, sexuality, and how Beth saw the world around her.

She hardly wore clothes at all during most of that time, and had sex a dozen times a day, often with

people whose names she didn't even know. All of those people, aside from Nathalie, were Black.

When she got back to McCook, Nebraska she spent days feeling almost like her life was empty and vacant. The absence of those wild, shocking, wicked sexual parties, the absence of warm flesh pressed against her body, hands on her, cocks inside her, made it seem like her life was on pause.

And it seemed unnatural to be wearing so much clothing!

She found herself feeling fidgety and anxious, despite how often she masturbated. She was constantly beset by sexual thoughts and desires, and kept wanting to show her body off to the customers at the feed store, and to men on the street.

And then, in the middle of the day, when the store was largely empty, a Black man came up to her. She stared at him, feeling a strange rush of emotions. He was the first Black man she'd ever seen in McCook, and he frowned at her.

"Come in the back," he ordered.

She blinked in surprise, but he led her over to an alcove that said employees only, and jerked his head. Beth followed uncertainly, and when he found a bathroom he went in and gripped her arm, pulling her in as well.

"Hey!" she protested, though not very loudly.

He closed the door and pushed her to her knees.

"Unzip my pants, slut," he growled.

Beth stared up at him with wide eyes, her hands almost instinctively going to his jeans.

"Do it, blonde," he said. "You know that you belong to Black men."

Beth shuddered, unzipped him, and pulled his cock out. It was already hardening, and she slipped her lips around it, sucking and bobbing as it grew, then taking him down her throat.

"That's it, you little blonde whore," he said, gripping her hair. "You know what I want."

He began pumping into her mouth and down her throat as she moaned around him, raw heat starting to spread through her body.

He pulled her to her feet by the hair, and not gently, then turned her and bent her over the sink and jerked her pants and underwear down. He slapped her bottom sharply, spread her legs, and then entered her, a hand over her mouth as she began to gasp and moan, using her roughly as he bit into the nape of her neck.

"You love that Black cock, bitch!" he growled. "You know you love feeling it inside you! Filthy blonde animal! Take that cock, bitch! Take it!"

The orgasm tore through her within less than a minute, and Beth cried out again and again, luckily into the palm of his hand, as he continued to thrust into her quivering body.

And that day, at his orders, she quit her job. Two days later she moved to Lincoln to work at a strip club there. It was a shock to her system the first few times she went on stage, but stripping down to her skin in front of a crowd of people made her body feel like it was gripped by a continuing crackle of sexual electricity!

She often came while giving lap dances.

After a little while she moved to Los Angeles to a different strip club, one which catered to Black men, where the action was darker and rougher, and where there was far less concern from management about the customers touching the dancers.

The management was Jeff, who owned the club, and who saw to it she remembered that she belonged to Black men in general, and him in particular, and that her role in life was to obey and bring pleasure to them.

Her only problem was in learning to refuse sex with those same customers, for she had become helpless to say no, especially since her body churned with a wild, almost animal heat every time she danced naked there. A bouncer had to be assigned to keep an eye on her during every lap dance to make sure she didn't let the men put anything inside her but their fingers.

As a reward, all the bouncers got to enjoy her body at the end of the night.

It was certainly not the kind of life Bethany had ever in a million years imagined for herself. But on the other hand, the life she had expected, which was eventually marrying someone in McCook and starting a small family in a small house, wouldn't have been anywhere near as wildly exciting as the one she found herself in now.

And would certainly have had a lot fewer orgasms than the dozen or more she had every single day.

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 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.

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