

Blonde Girl, Black School 2

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

Have you ever felt as if your life was rushing away and not giving you any chance to catch up? That was sure how I was feeling! Things were hectic and stressful enough starting college – something I'd never expected to be able to do in the first place – without it being an almost all-Black college!

But I'd coped!

If it would get me out of small-town Louisiana and get me a decent job I'd cope with almost anything! And the volleyball athletic scholarship to Xavier university had opened up a lot of unexpected options in my life!

Okay, so the place was about 85% Black. And most of the rest were Asians or Hispanics. I still wasn't the only white girl here by a long shot. And it wasn't like I was a big ol racist. Having mostly lived in a segregated area I'd hardly ever even known any Blacks anyway.

I had heard they were really oversexed, though, and that had proven to be true. The Black men on campus made no secret of their appreciation for my blonde hair and fair skin. They were way more up front about what they wanted than the boys had been in Dayton.

But I could cope with guys wanting my body. It wasn't exactly a new thing, after all!

What had overloaded my mind lately had been the girls on the volleyball team, particularly the captain! Jasmine was tall, beautiful, and very strong – both her body and her will. And somehow or other I had found myself getting seduced – forcefully seduced – into a weird sort of lesbian relationship with her!

It wasn't even only her! Another Black girl, Shaquila, had joined Jasmine and me in the shower at the gym, and the two of them had been overwhelming! Their hands and lips had been all over me! And they'd used my own bottles of shampoo and conditioner to fuck me and make me climax repeatedly!

That was... mortifying! I was shocked by what they'd done but even more shocked at how I'd reacted! I'd never considered myself weak willed, but I'd been helpless, in the face of the wild heat swirling inside me, to do anything but let them do whatever they wanted!

And it had gotten worse when I'd come back to the dorm with Jasmine! The captain had played a sick kind of tie-up game, pretending I was her slave girl! And there she'd taught me how to please her with my lips and tongue while using a big black dildo to ride me like... like a bitch in heat!

And again, instead of refusing and stalking out I'd given in and let the woman do whatever she wanted! Oh, partly it was for fear of being forced off the team. I needed to be on the volleyball team, after all, needed that scholarship! I sure couldn't afford to alienate the captain!

So sure, that had caused me some hesitation in how I reacted, but that wasn't what had made me come like a whore! Jasmine had put her hand over my mouth to silence my screams of pleasure!

God! I'd never felt that kind of sensory overload in my life! It wasn't like I was a virgin but I'd certainly never experienced anything like that sort of sexual heat, hunger and pressure! It had been like I was drowning in it! I couldn't stop her from doing anything she wanted even if she hadn't tied me up!

But I wasn't a lesbian! I knew that! I had never felt attracted to girls before, even though I had always been aware it was a 'thing', you know, for girls to mess around together for play. I'd had sex with guys and I liked it!

Of course, Jasmine had a boyfriend, too, and so did Shaquila. This was just them messing around, was all. But it blew my mind how it had, well, blown my mind! I was still trying to sort myself out in my room afterward, trying to figure out why I had gone along with it, and felt such an intense sexual high!

And then, of course, and now, came the anxiety about where this was all going. Jasmine had an overpowering personality. She seemed to me to be a girl who got what she wanted, and she clearly wanted me! I wanted nothing to do with her!

Or, well, I mean, I didn't but... but I couldn't escape the wild echo of heat and pleasure and passion that resonated through me every time I remembered the wicked, perverted things she'd done to me! It had been the wildest, most intensely sexual experience of my life, and the sexual pressure within me

had been suffocating!

Why? I had no idea! But I had done anything she told me, said anything she told me to say, even saying I was her bitch and her slave girl and I loved black cock and black pussy! Ugh! How humiliating! How degrading!

I lived in fear the next day. It wasn't fear of Jasmine attacking me and tearing my clothes off, of course. No, it was the fear born of my experience in small town Dayton, Louisiana, which was fear of everyone finding out, of the sneering looks and the cutting remarks.

But no one in any of my classes seemed to be looking at me any differently. No one said anything that suggested they'd heard what a lesbian slut I was! The guys, mostly black, still looked at me like wolves examining a pork chop, and the girls all glared at me like I was gonna steal their boyfriends.

Black guys liked blonde girls. I knew that much. I mean, everyone liked blondes. But it seemed, weirdly, that Black guys were hotter for them than white guys. This was a college, so there wasn't a lot of suggestive, much less obscene comments, but guys I barely knew tried to talk me into going out with them, or at least having lunch with them several times every day.

I said no, that I wasn't dating or seeing any guys for at least my first month at school, until I got settled in my classes and on the team, because they were my priority. That was partly right, but it was also that I didn't want to date no Black guys. First, because it was freaking Louisiana, and second because all the Black girls were just waiting for me to start stealing *their* men.

Way safer to just stay by myself. It wasn't like I was looking to meet a husband or nothing. I wanted to graduate as a pharmacist and move to a big city and enjoy life, not settle down and make babies.

And if I was looking for a husband he sure wouldn't be no black guy! If I was gonna stay anywhere in the South that would just make my life way more complicated than it needed to be. Even in the North it could cause trouble. A lotta people didn't look too kindly on White girls sleeping with Black men, and a lot of Black women didn't like it neither.

Plenty of white guys out there who wouldn't cause trouble. I'd eventually pick one of them. Of course, there weren't very many here at school, but I wasn't in no hurry.

And then all out of the blue had come these girls stepping into my shower and then ... messing with me! What in the damn hell was I supposed to do about it all!?

I was just finished my last class when I got a text on my cell phone. I glanced at it and it was like my heart just stopped and my chest tightened so I could barely breath! It was from Jasmine!

Special rookie practice. Five sharp tonight in my room. Be there. Dinner will be provided.

Rookie practice? In her dorm room!?! That didn't make no sense!

How do you practice volleyball in a dorm room, I sent back.

We got these things called plays, blonde girl, which you get in a book, she wrote back.

I flushed uncertainly. I had a lot of suspicion about whether that was really why she was inviting me over but what was I supposed to do? Refuse? I couldn't do that! What I was gonna have to do was tell her that what had happened was... uh, freaky and that we weren't gonna do it no more.

Although, to be absolutely honest, the thought of that stuff was still making my heart race, and was still making me feel kind of shaky. I didn't want to do that stuff but... but I did! I mean, some part of me did! Like, that part down between my legs! The part of me raised in Dayton, Louisiana wanted no part of it, no how!

Course, I wasn't *in* Dayton, any more. I was in New Orleans.

But I'd only been here a couple of weeks and you don't throw off where you was raised so quick and easy.

Anyway, there wasn't any real choice. I had to go to her dorm room, which was on the top floor of my own building. I went to my place first, the anxiety swirling inside me. I felt all fidgety, and changed clothes, into something that was real frumpy and conservative. But then I figured that was too obvious and she'd laugh at me, so I just changed into shorts and a T-shirt. I wore a sexy bra and thong under it,

though, because if somehow we did wind up doing something I wanted to look nice.

So anyway, I waited till the last minute, then took the elevator up to her floor, walking down the narrow corridor like I was headed for my doom, even though my lower belly was kind of pulsing with anticipation. I knocked, feeling uncharacteristically shy, and after a moment, she opened the door.

“Get yourself in here, blonde girl,” she said. “You’re late.”

I went in and she closed the door behind me.

“Only a minute,” I said.

Crack!

I yelped at the slap to my bottom.

“Don’t contradict the team captain, rookie,” she said.

That threw another layer of confusion into my already wonky, worked up brain. See, I had been practicing telling her that I wasn’t no sex slave and that the thing we’d done was, like, done. But she wasn’t calling herself a mistress this time or calling me her ‘sex slave’ she was acting like team captain.

What was more I could see a play book open on her bed.

Also, at over six feet tall she was several inches taller than me, and stronger to boot, with wider shoulders and bigger arms. I sure didn’t want to fight this gal!

“Where’s yer, uhm, roommate?” I asked.

“She does what I tell her, something you should learn real fast, rookie. In fact, your learning real fast is one of the reasons for this little meeting.”

“What about uhm, Raven?”

Raven was the other rookie on the team.

“Someone else is dealing with Raven. I’m handling you, Blonde girl.”

“Wouldn’t it make sense if we learned together?”

Crack!

Her hand caught me by surprise and I yelped and grabbed at my bottom.

“Nobody needs to hear what rookies got for an opinion,” she said.

She went to the desk and pulled the chair back, motioning me forward. I licked my lips and crossed the small floor, and saw another playbook there. I thought she meant for me to sit down in the chair but she shook her head and guided me to stand behind the chair. Then she put her hand up behind my neck and pushed me forward.

That, of course, bent me over the back of the chair, all the way over until my arms were on the top of the desk!

“Wh-what are you doing?!” I gasped.

“I’m gonna teach you the plays real fast, in a way you won’t forget,” she said. “Cuz every time you don’t get it right I’m gonna smack your little round white butt.”

I felt another jolt ripple through me, of anxiety, yes, and a bit of fear, but also of this weird, swirly kind of breathless heat.

And then with one hand she grabbed the back of my shorts, her long black fingers sliding right under the waistband of my thong too, and jerked them right down over my buttocks.

“Oh! Jasmine!” I squealed, trying to straighten up!

She still had her other hand on the back of my neck, though, and pressed down firmly, then smacked my bottom stingingly.

“Don’t call me Jasmine. Call me, Captain,” she ordered.

“I-I don’t think we ... I’m not... this isn’t the kind of thing I doooo!” I whined.

“No, it’s not the kind of thing crackers from small towns do. But you came like a whore the other day so don’t tell me you didn’t like it. All that’s changed is you’re all feeling guilty about having sex with the nigger girls.”

“It’s not that!” I gasped.

Though of course, it WAS that!

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Don't lie to me, cracker girl. I can read you like a book.”

Crack!

“Ow!” I gasped.

“Now start looking at the first play in that book.”

Crack!

“Now!”

Well and what was I supposed to do!? I couldn't fight her! I mean, she was the team captain and all!

I was blushing hotly, though, as I cast my eyes on the open playbook and the diagram and description there.

“This is how we do a cross play,” she said. “Memorize it!”

Crack!

“Ow! Jasmine! You said you was only gonna hit me if I didn't get it right!”

She chuckled throatily. “Well, that's true. So you're thinking you should be rewarded otherwise, hmmm?”

I was feeling embarrassed and anxious and all but that dark swirly heat in my lower belly was pulsing hotter and hotter despite that. And then her other hand, instead of slapping my bottom, slid between my thighs.

I squeaked as she palmed my sex, rubbing it softly.

“Read the play, blonde girl.”

I tried to focus on it as her fingers caressed the line of my sex, then pushed into it. They slid up and down, finding my clitoris, and rubbing it in a way which made my hips jerk helplessly as a wild spasm of pleasure burst within my groin, and I gasped and jerked my head around, eyes wide.

Crack!

Her hand came out from between my thighs and slapped my bare bottom sharply!

“I said read the play book, rookie!”

I jerked my eyes back to the play book, and her fingers found my clitoris again, rubbing it gently as I tried to read the words on the page! I felt one of her fingers sinking into me, then. It was slick with something, maybe just saliva, as it prodded at me and slowly sank into my tight little tunnel.

“You got a nice, tight little pussy, you know that, Blonde girl?” she said.

I didn't answer, my eyes racing over the words in the book.

“Maybe if you get more black cock in here it'll open up more. Do you think? I know you love nigger cock. You done said so.”

I blushed hotly.

“You made me say it!” I protested.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Jasmine!” I squealed in pain.

“You contradicting your team captain, rookie?”

“N-No but... but you did make me say it!”

She had her finger inside me again, and was sort of pressing downward against where the rest of her fingers were on the outside of me pressing upward – around my clitoris. They were kind of massaging and rubbing it, and now her other finger – her thumb, I guess, was pressing down and rubbing from the inside.

And my lower belly was starting to burn fiercely, as that wild sense of sexual pressure and heat and hunger began to surround me!

“Read the play aloud, rookie.”

Her fingers came away from my sex, and I felt pressure on my shorts and thong, which were by

then bunched together around my ankles.

“Step out of your shorts, slut.”

I shuddered at the word, but I obeyed anyway. Being called a slut was always a deadly insult, but I'd never actually acted like one before! Now I was feeling ... I don't know, like I was doing this horribly daring, wild, shocking thing. And so instead of being an insult it was almost a kind of wicked compliment!

She pulled them away from my ankles, then pulled her fingers out of me and pulled my t-shirt up my torso, grabbing my hair and pulling it back to make me stand up at the same time! Naturally, my hands shot up and back to where she was pulling my hair, and she was able to slip the T-shirt over my head and pull it down my arms easily.

She undid my bra strap then, and I was just feeling ... helpless and... lost ... and not knowing what to do!

And now I was naked!

She bent me over the desk again, slapping my butt.

“Read that play aloud!” she ordered.

“The outside hitter hits a 52 set right in front of the setter. The middle hitter goes for a 31 and if the right side hitter is your outlet if things go badly with your pass and hit a 93.”

She had moved away from me, but now came back, and held a black rope in her hand! I stared at it, kind of flummoxed, as she crossed my wrists there on the desk, then wrapped the rope around them. I mean, I was like, slack-jawed and just stared, not protesting or anything!

She wrapped like six layers of rope around and around them in an X-pattern and tied them tightly together, leaving a single line that she pulled forward to toss over the other side of the desk. She disappeared while I stared at that rope, then watched and felt it jerking down, then locking in place somewhere.

A moment later she emerged from under the desk, moved behind me, and pressed my left ankle against the back left chair leg, and I felt her tying it there! Then she tied my right to the other rear leg!

I was tied to the chair, bent over, with the back jammed into my abdomen, and leaning forward so my elbows were on the desk. My breasts hung below me, between the desk and chair, soft and full, and I gasped as she palmed them both, giving them a squeeze!

Then she took some of that black rope and circled my breasts! I was astonished! I stared down, watching her wrap them around each breast, then slowly and carefully tighten them so they squeezed in around the very base of my breasts, right against my ribs. I felt my breasts starting to throb as the skin went taut around the soft flesh.

“What are you doing!?” I whined.

“Whatever I want. You're my sex slave, after all.”

I felt another jolt! That was what she'd said the other day!

“I-I'm not!” I blurted. “I don't even like girls!”

She laughed softly. “Coulda fooled me, blonde girl.”

She tied the rope around behind my back, leaving my breasts kind of swollen, my nipples incredibly hard as her fingers rolled and pinched them lightly.

“Change the page to the next play.”

“I can't! You done tied my hands to the edge of the desk!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

Her hand pressed down on the back of my head until my face was pressing lightly against the open book.

“Use your tongue to turn the page. You need to get more practice in using that tongue anyway,” she said.

I flushed hotly, but I obeyed, pushing my tongue out a little, against the edge of the page, and

using it to turn the page over.

She went over to the dresser and came back with that big old black dildo she'd used the other day, and just like then she jerked back on my hair to force my mouth open, then stuck it into my mouth.

“Suck that nigger cock,” she ordered.

It wasn't like I had a choice!

I moaned around it, rolling my eyes up and back at her helplessly as she pumped the front half in my mouth, making me suck and lick it.

Then she pulled it out, releasing my hair, and I felt it pressing against my opening! I moaned as it slowly twisted and turned, spreading me wider and wider until I ached, then sliding into the mouth of my sex.

“Nasty little rookie slut,” she said as her fingers stroked my clitoris. “I know what you blonde girls like.”

I shuddered and moaned, for as much as this made my mind squirm uncomfortably it was making my body squirm with a wild rush of heat!

I groaned, though, as she forced that big thick dildo deep into my aching belly! I'd never had a real cock so thick or so long!

“I-It's too biiiig!” I moaned.

“Gotta get your pussy ready for nigger cock, bitch,” she said. “My boyfriend is gonna wanna fuck you, you know.”

I gasped at her nasty words, not because I thought she meant them but just because they were so outrageous, and sent more fire racing through my mind!

She turned away and then came back with a second black dildo! I gasped as she put this one on the table, then pulled out a little plastic tube and squeezed some kind of cream onto it, rubbing it around.

“Wh-what are you doing?” I moaned helplessly.

“Whatever I want, sex slave.”

She moved it away and then I felt it pressing against my back opening! My eyes went wide and I squealed, pulling my wrists against the rope and trying to close my legs!

“Oh! Oh don't! Jasmine! I don't do that kind of stuff!” I cried.

Crack!

“You do now, slut.”

Crack Crack!

“You do whatever I want.”

Crack!

“You're my little sex slave.”

And as she talked, she was pushing it, twisting it from side to side, slowly forcing it into my ass! I was squirming and gasping and felt another hot wave of embarrassment sweep through me! But the heat was nothing compared to the crackling sexual electricity gripping my body.

I had never done stuff like that, I mean, anal stuff. It felt very... weird to feel that slick round black cock thing pushing and twisting and turning and sliding deeper into my ass! The other day they had pushed one of my bottles there, and that had been bad enough! This was a lot thicker and longer!

I already felt all filled up in my belly because of the one in my pussy, and now a second one was pushing into me!

“Nasty little sex slave,” she said as she pumped it in and out. “Filthy little white whore. You know you love nigger cock. Admit it.”

She slapped my bottom, then again.

“Say it, slut.”

I only moaned, and then she grabbed my hair and yanked my head up and back sharply! I cried out, my back arching, my torso trying to rise, but being held in place by the rope that went over the

other side of the desk. The rope would let me pull my hands back almost to the near side of the desk – but I was bent over the back of a chair that was pushed out from the desk, so that didn't allow me to straighten up!

I shuddered as the dildo twisted and turned and slid deeper into my belly, until I ached!

“Admit it, sex slave!” she whispered into my ear. “Say you love nigger cock.”

“I-I love nigger cock!” I moaned.

She let go of my hair and I slumped down, gasping, onto my elbows on the desk.

Crack!

“Again.”

“I love nigger cock!” I groaned.

Crack!

“Say you love nigger cock up your tight white ass.”

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I-I love nigger cock up my ass!”

Crack!

“Up your tight white ass.”

“I love nigger cock up my tight white ass!” I cried.

“Not so loud, you stupid cracker. You want people in the hall to hear what a slut you are?”

Crack!

“Now get back to reading the playbook.”

Dazed, I stared at the playbook, at the diagram and the words, but I didn't care about it at all!

Then there was a knock at the door! I gasped and jerked frantically against the ropes holding me in place, but go nowhere as Jasmine turned and opened the door. I cringed as Shaquila came into the room, smirking at me, and turned my red face away, unable to meet her eyes.

“I see our little white slut is still in the mood for obedience,” she said.

“She better be in the mood for memorizing that playbook,” Jasmine growled.

She roughly grabbed my hair and shoved my nose against the book.

“Read, slave girl.”

Shaquila moved behind me and casually ran her hand over my buttocks, then gripped the base of the dildo in my pussy and started to pump it in and out. She pulled it completely out several times, then penetrated me again and thrust it deep, stroking her thumb across my clitoris now as she did.

I did my best to ignore her as I read the playbook, trying, somehow, to focus my mind on the things I didn't give a damn about!

“Describe the first play,” Jasmine demanded.

I blinked in confusion and uncertainty. I mean, like, what?

Jasmine went to the dresser and pulled out what I thought was some sort of big black club. I mean, it was almost two feet long! Then as she got closer I saw it was another dildo, but it had, like, uhm, like cock-heads on either end! And it was flexible, cause it was bending in the middle.

She gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back sharply, then fed one side into my open mouth, pumping it in and out as I moaned and rolled my eyes up and back helplessly.

“Take a deep breath,” she ordered.

I was still confused. What?

Then she pushed the head of the dildo into my throat! I gagged and gurgled and she just pushed it deeper and deeper! It was the most amazing sensation to have the whole long length of that shaft sliding down my throat, inch after inch after inch!

“A good slave girl gotta know how to deep throat,” Jasmine said.

Well, complicated and kinky were not much practiced in Dayton, Louisiana, and my regular old blow jobs had always seemed good enough for the boys. I mean, I knew about deep throat, of course,

but hadn't expected to do it. Just putting my finger into the back of my mouth could make me gag!

But the weird thing was that with the dildo pumping in and out of my pussy, and Shaquila's fingers stroking me, and my breasts throbbing and the sexual electricity crackling inside me, I didn't feel that much like gagging. I mean, I did gag, but it wasn't nearly so bad as I'd have thought with that big, long thing way down my throat!

I couldn't breath, of course. And that started to make me panic. But that too took away from the thought of gagging or anything. My head began to pound and my chest began to burn, and I tried to twist free of my bonds to no avail.

“She needs nipple clips,” Shaquila said.

Which, like, I hardly even understood or cared about.

Jasmine pulled the dildo thing back up my mouth, and I stared through glazed eyes as inch after inch – as a solid foot – of black imitation cock, slid up out of my mouth. And then I could breath again.

I coughed and gasped and gulped in air in long, shaky breaths.

“Good for a first try. You ever deep throat a guy before, sex slave?”

“N-N-No!” I gasped.

Crack!

“That the way you answer me, bitch?!”

“No, Mistress Jasmine!” I gasped.

Shaquila snickered and I felt another rush of embarrassment.

Jasmine went back to the dresser, where she apparently kept all her nasty toys, and came back with a kind of black cord which had loops on either side. My nipples were still very hard, and she slipped one of the loops around one and jerked it tight. That made my nipple suddenly burn hotly as it was squeezed tight, and I yelped and tried to pull free again!

Of course, I couldn't, and she soon attached the other end to my other nipple, yanking that tight. Then she attached another cord to the center of that one, pulling it downward – which pulled down on my nipples, and attached it somewhere below the chair.

That kept me bent over for sure, because if I tried to rise up it would tug my nipples painfully against those loops!

Shaquila jammed the dildo like, so deep inside me I ached! Then she moved over to the dresser too and came back with a vibrator. She began to slide that back and forth against my clitoris, and I shuddered and gasped helplessly even as Jasmine pulled my hair back and then shoved the long double-headed dildo back down my throat.

It was all so... crazy! It was so overwhelming! I quickly became light-headed from lack of oxygen, which somehow made it easier not to gag. Jasmine kept pulling the dildo thing out so I could breath again, while Shaquila pumped the dildos in my pussy and ass and ran the vibrator across my clitoris.

The sensations were swirling and churning inside me with incredible force and power, and sweeping through my mind, which was dazed and bewildered, and often half-faint from lack of air!

I'm not sure when I realized Dina was there too. Dina was another member of the volleyball team, but I hardly knew her. Come to that, I hardly knew Jasmine or Shaquila either. But I knew Dina even less.

I realized she was there when I felt her naked body pressed against my back and buttocks, when she leaned over me, pressing small breasts against my back, and began to chew and suck and lick and kiss her way along the nape of my neck as Jasmine held my head back and pumped the dildo in my throat.

From the way her hips were moving in and out at exactly, precisely the same time as the dildo in my pussy moved in and out I knew she must have put on the strap on thing, and attached it to that big black dildo inside me.

I felt like that girl in a movie scene who screams “What's happening!” at the top of her voice.

Except that I couldn't speak because of the dildo in my throat, of course.

Jasmine pulled it out and moved back, and Dina kissed my cheek and throat and fucked me with long, steady strokes while someone – Shaquila, continued to play the vibrator back and forth across my clitoris.

“Hot little sex slave!” Dina whispered. “Hot, sexy, little blonde animal!”

Her hands slid around me, gently caressing my swollen breasts, squeezing them lightly as my nipples burned.

It was impossible for my body to keep still, not with what they were doing, and not with me being so light-headed, and constantly short of breath. And, of course, every time Jasmine pulled my hair back my scalp would sting, and my chest would rise to pull my nipples against those cords.

And then she'd push that long, glistening black cock through my open lips and I'd stare cross-eyed at it as it slid forward, as I gurgled helplessly, as the fat head pushed into my throat and slid all the way down it so that it was in my chest!

I stared at it in a kind of fascination now, feeling a sense of dazed wonderment at the long length of it, and feeling it sliding down my throat. I wasn't really gagging any more, and marveled at that, as far as I could think much, that is. And it felt very... darkly thrilling to think that I was deep throating something that long and thick.

Because my mind was wrapped in a sexual haze, and my body was pulsing with heat, and only the confusion, anxiety and embarrassment was keeping it from being fully engulfed in flames!

Shaquila climbed onto the desk, then, sat her ass down on my arms, and then gripped my hair and pulled my mouth against her sex!

“Lick that black pussy, white girl!” she growled, fingers embedded in my hair.

I licked dazedly, then with more energy after she slapped at my cheeks. I could feel someone – Jasmine, using the vibrator on me, and Dina was whispering in my ear, calling me a sex slave, and a slave girl and her little white bitch and her little blonde whore and outrageous shit like that!

But she was also thrusting that dildo into me as Jasmine ran the vibrator over my clitoris, and the sensations were sweeping through me as I licked Shaquila's pussy.

It might sound weird, but I felt less... self-conscious. I mean, with Shaquila naked and spread out in front of me, and Dina naked and pressing against me and kissing me, well, I didn't feel quite so singled out. Even if I was the only one tied up.

I licked and licked, hard and fast, because that was how she wanted it, breathlessly lapping at her sex as I felt the dildo pumping inside me. And now Dina had driven it in so hard that every time she thrust forward all the way her pubic bone pressed against the base of the other dildo in my ass and gave me a jolt as it punched into what must have surely been the back wall of my back tunnel!

My movements licking Shaquila and with what Dina was doing meant my breasts were constantly swaying and pulling against the cords looped around my nipple, so that it felt like they were constantly being tugged and pulled on! At first that just hurt, but then the sharp, hot little aches began to meld into the raging cauldron of sensations inside me.

As I felt my climax rising I began to deliberately jerk my chest against them. Don't ask me why. It felt good, tugging and tugging hard and fast to make my nipples burn as Jasmine ground the vibrator against my clitoris and Dina fucked me!

I began to jerk and shake and roll my hips more and more frantically, and then my breaths came out in passionate cries of pleasure that ended when Shaquila jammed my mouth against her sex and held it there!

That didn't end my orgasm, though! A searing firestorm of sensations was sweeping through me, an overload of the most intense, most incredible flood of pleasure that made my head want to explode! It was so good! It was like... like... ecstasy! Which was a word I'd heard but hadn't previously understood!

I shuddered and jerked violently, uncontrollably, my muscles spasming and spasming under the

overload of sensation, my mind drowning in a fiery hot flood of pleasure that shut out anything and everything else! I didn't know or care who or what I was or what was going on! All I cared about was that incredible pleasure!

And then it faded, leaving me gasping and dazed and moaning, so that Shaquila had to slap my head several times to get me to start licking her again.

Fortunately, she came soon after, then Dina took her place, but she came without a lot of effort, apparently having gotten really turned on fucking me.

They left, and Jasmine sat on the opposite bed reading, and ordering me to read the play book.

Slowly, I began to calm down, though of course, I was still thrumming with sexual energy. I was able to concentrate enough to read the play book, though, and turn the pages with my tongue, and the assistance of my bound hands.

Then came the exam.

The plays had names like Spread Offense, and X-series, Double quick, and Highball. Jasmine would ask me how a play went, and when I couldn't describe it – and I rarely could – she'd use a strap on my bare bottom! Then she'd make me read that play over again, and ask me again, and strap my bottom if I failed – again!

My bottom soon got blazing hot! And that managed to push the sexual heat aside, despite the dildos still inside me and my lewd, helpless position!

My bottom soon got so red and hot that additional blows didn't do much. So then she put the strap away and took out this thing which she called a flog. It was like a foot long stick with foot long leather strings or thongs attached. And she'd sweep that down against my bare back!

That hurt, but in a different way. The thin, light little thongs or strips stung a little, but nothing like the strap on my bottom. On the other hand, there was only one strap and there were like two dozen of these little thing things that spread out and struck my back all together, like a rain of stings!

And that started to turn my back pink and then red, from top to bottom, as she kept asking question and I kept not answering them properly!

I was starting to get desperate!

But that desperation pushed me to read the plays real, real anxiously! And so I began to get it right when she asked questions. As a reward, she pulled the loops off my nipples, which by then were like hot little aching coals! At first they felt relief, then they hurt even more! But then the pain faded into this kind of blessed relief and a sort of weirdly delicious pins and needles sensation!

“This is a reward for being a good little blonde girl,” Jasmine said as she turned on the vibrator and pressed it against my clitoris.

Her other hand gently fondled my breasts and rolled and stroked my tingling nipples, which ran a powerful charge of energy down my body – right to my clitoris – where she was grinding the vibrator. Then she kind of caught the base of the dildo in her palm and was able to pump that in and out while still holding the vibrator against me.

And I came, like, in under two minutes. I mean I came like I was crazed!

She jerked back on my hair suddenly and then shoved that big long dildo into my mouth and down my throat, all while I was coming and coming – and crying out louder and louder. Except, of course, I wasn't making that much noise once the dildo filled my throat.

But I was still coming! And without any breath my head began to pound, and that made the orgasm seem even MORE powerful! I felt this wild raw sexual energy all along the surface of my skin, crackling wildly as my hips bucked and jerked and my mind was swept away in the churning white water of this intense flood of pleasure!

She pulled the thing out of my mouth at last, leaving me slumped and gasping, chest heaving as I tried to gulp in enough air to settle the burning in my chest. Then she started asking more questions.

This time when I got it wrong she sort of swung the flog thing underhand so the string things swung up between my legs! That stung and ached in a whole different kind of way! She ignored my

begging her to stop, but just kept asking those calm questions, and I knew the only way to get her to stop was to learn the plays and answer them!

So that was what I did.

As a reward she used the vibrator on me again, then knelt and began to lick and suck on my clitoris until my hips were jerking and bucking and my mind was starting to go again. She shoved the dildo down my throat and turned on the vibrator and then drove me insane yet again!

I was exhausted!

She finally let me up, untying my wrists first – but then tying them together again behind my back. She untied my ankles, and pulled me upright, but I swayed drunkenly, and she let me sag to my knees.

“Sexy little blonde slave girl,” she said teasingly, stroking her fingers through my hair.

She tightened her fingers, then, and made me sort of knee-walk across to the other bed, then sat down.

“Knees apart, slave girl,” she said sternly. “That's right. That's the proper position for a blonde girl. On her knees with her legs spread wide, looking up at her mistress.”

I was still panting for breath. I spread my knees wide, and then sank down onto my heels as she wanted, the two dildos still inside me. They were practically buried, with just maybe an inch or so protruding from my tightly clutching openings.

She left me like that and went down the hall, warning me if I moved so much as an inch I'd get my butt strapped when she came back. That made me a bit nervous and anxious, but really, all I was wanting to do was kneel there anyway and try and get my frazzled brain to operate.

She came back with a bucket of fried chicken from KFC. She sat down on the bed and turned on the TV with the remote so she could watch, then opened the bucket. I was suddenly aware, from the aroma, of just how darned hungry I was! I mean, I hadn't eaten since lunch and I'd been putting out an awful lot of energy the last hour or more!

The bucket had chicken bites in them. She ate them as she watched TV, and I felt myself licking my lips hungrily, wondering when I was gonna get something, or even if I was. Then she held out her hand with a chicken bite. Well, there wasn't any way for me to get at it with my hands tied except to lean forward and lick it out of her fingers.

I did that because that was what came naturally. I wasn't thinking it was anything really sexual, at least, not that second. But then she held out her hand, with another bite in the palm and I licked that out, and I started to get the sort of ... well, feeling, like I was some kind of pet or dog or animal, and she was feeding me.

Or a slave girl!

That made me a little self-conscious, but also made my pussy sort of spasm and squeeze down around that dildo inside me. I hadn't lost all the sexual electricity which had been gripping me earlier. It was still there, still thrumming, and now it started to build up a little.

She held out another piece.

“Stick your tongue out.”

I obeyed.

“Keep it out. Don't move it until I tell you!” she said sternly, pointing her finger at me.

Then she put the chicken bite on my tongue.

She drew her hand back, got another piece, and ate it while watching me, and I felt that dark little shudder of sexual heat rolling through me once again.

“You can eat it.”

I pulled it into my mouth and chewed it hungrily.

She held up another piece.

“Say you're a little blonde slut and you love nigger pussy.”

I flushed. “I'm a little blonde slut and I love nigger pussy,” I gulped.

She let me lick the piece out of the palm of her hand and chew it, then held up another.

“Say you're a little blonde slut and you love nigger cock.”

“I'm a little blonde slut and I love nigger cock,” I said anxiously.

“And?”

I stared at her uncertainly.

“How do you address me, sex slave?”

I licked my lips. “Uhm, I'm a little blonde slut and I love nigger cock... Mistress Jasmine.”

She nodded and let me lick another piece of chicken out of her hand.

“You see my boyfriend there?”

She nodded her head at the picture on the other desk.

I nodded my head and she scowled.

“Don't nod at your mistress, slut! Answer me!”

“Yes, Mistress Jasmine!” I gulped.

“He's pretty hot, ain't he?”

“Uhm, yes, Mistress Jasmine.”

“I bet you'd like to have his big nigger cock inside you.”

I stared at her anxiously again. What was I supposed to answer to that?

“Wouldn't you!?”

“No, Mistress Jasmine.”

“What? You think my boyfriend ain't good enough for you, you little blonde slut?!”

“No! I mean, I mean he's your boyfriend and I would never – .”

“You want a spanking?”

“No, Mistress Jasmine!”

She gripped my hair and jerked me up off my heels, glaring at me.

“You want my boyfriend's cock inside you. Say it!”

“I-I want your boyfriend's cock inside me, Mistress Jasmine!” I gasped.

“You want my boyfriend to fuck you with his nigger cock! Don't you, slut!”

“Y-Yes, Mistress Jasmine!”

“Say it, slut!”

“I want your boyfriend to fuck me with his nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!”

She let go of my hair and I gasped and sank back to my heels, then leaned in and took another chicken bite from her hand.

“Dirty little blonde girl,” she said, her voice practically purring. “Nasty little sex slave. You can't get enough nigger cock in every hole. You love eating it a lot more than chicken.”

She held out another piece.

“Tell me you love to swallow nigger cock.”

“I love to swallow nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine,” I said uncertainly.

I was starting to kind of worry about where this was leading. I mean, did she want me to actually fuck her boyfriend? Like, for real!? That was... really perverted and sick and kinky! But then so was everything else she'd been doing to me!

After dinner she stripped and had me lick her again, to two orgasms, pointing out how and where I wasn't doing exactly what she wanted by jerking on my hair or twisting and pinching my nipples.

Then she put me on my back on the bed, tied my knees wide – achingly wide apart, and put the two headed dildo into my mouth but not down my throat. She used the dildo in my pussy and the vibrator, then, to nearly drive me out of my mind!

At one point she put her knee on the base of the dildo as I was about to come and forced the entire length inside me! My hips spasmed and jerked in a wild, violent reaction as the orgasm tore through my bucking, twisting, writhing body, and I screamed and screamed – though with the big dildo filling my mouth I didn't make so much noise – especially after she shoved it down my throat again.

*

I was dazed by the time I got back to my own dorm room, and certainly not in the mood to talk to Kai much, especially about what I'd been doing! I still felt really guilty about how kinky and perverted it all was, and also about how I was letting Jasmine – and the others – kind of, sort of bully me, you know? I mean, I was used to being an equal, or even the one in charge, not everyone's bitch!

Of course, I was used to being a senior and now I was a frosh again, both at school and on the team. These girls were all older, stronger and taller than me, and way more experienced about sex. That realization was some consolation, but I still felt guilty.

The next day was another normal school day, but there was a practice at the end. I was nervous about that. I wasn't nervous about the play but what might come afterward!

I was very self-conscious when I walked into the locker room, but nobody looked at me funny, like they knew all about what Jasmine and Shaquila had done with me – and Dina as well I supposed. I dressed, and got out on the floor quickly, and then did my best in practice, even though I was nervous.

After practice, well, just as before I had to wait until the senior girls had their showers. Again, everything was all... normal, and nobody acted like anything was going to happen. I was still real nervous, though!

I considered just dressing and taking off without showering but that would be remarked on, and Jasmine might not like it. I wasn't sure what she would do but the thought of annoying her made me nervous. I was feeling very... skittish.

And then Jasmine was right there as I sat on the bench, and she handed me a typed piece of paper. It was typed on both sides, and it had questions, then lines for a person to write an answer.

“Fill this out. And you better pass it,” she said with a low growl.

I gulped then looked at it.

What do blonde girl's like to eat?

I sucked in a deep breath.

What do blonde girls like inside them.

I felt a flush run through me, but I began to write the answers, looking anxiously around in case anyone should ask me what this was and want to look at it.

What is the proper position for a blonde girl?

On her knees naked with her legs spread in front of her mistress, I wrote.

What should you do to a blonde girl who is bad?

You should spank her, I wrote.

What is the worst whore you will find anywhere on this earth?

A blonde girl.

What do blonde girls like to eat?

Nigger pussy.

What do blonde girls like inside them?

Nigger cocks.

What does a slave girl answer when asked a question?

I had to think a moment, then wrote *Yes, Mistress.*

The rest of the questions were pretty much like that, all pretty dirty and degrading. But it was a kind of freaky weird turn-on answering them, in a way.

I finished the 'test' and then, uncertain, locked it in my locker. It was time for my shower anyway. I went through the outer bathroom and into the shower room, drew a shaky breath, went into one of the stalls, and pulled the curtain shut. Then I turned on the water and stepped under it.

I was not surprised, but I was startled when the curtain was drawn back. I gasped, turning, to see Jasmine come in. She pulled the curtain closed behind her as I stared at her with wide eyes. Then she removed her robe and stepped forward. She turned off the water and gripped me by the back of the neck.

“Put your hands against the wall, slave girl,” she said softly.

I gulped and obeyed, leaning forward.

“Spread your legs, sex slave,” she whispered into my ear.

Again, heart thumping, I obeyed, and she squirted a stream of liquid soap down my back. Then her hands began to spread it over my back and shoulders, slowly, softly. She ran her hands up and down my arms, then under them and around to cup and massage my breasts. Her hands were soapy and slick, of course, and my nipples were hard and swollen in an instant.

Her hands slid up and down my lower chest and across my belly and abdomen, then around over my hips and over my buttocks. She squirted more of the liquid soap, her hands spreading it down my thighs, then up between them. I shuddered as her fingers massaged it into my sex, then pulled back, sliding her hands down my legs all the way to the ankles, then back up again.

“Push your little white ass out more, slave girl,” she ordered.

I gulped and obeyed.

“What do you say when you're given an order, slave girl?” she asked softly.

“Y-Yes, Mistress Jasmine!” I gulped.

Her hand slid between my thighs, her palm sliding up and down over my sex as her fingers massaged my clitoris. Her other hand kneaded my soapy breasts as my breathing came faster and faster and my heart beat louder.

Then the curtain was drawn back. I gasped, turning my head, eyes widening as Shaquila came in.

“My turn,” she said.

Jasmine smirked and stepped back, then left and closed the curtain. Now Shaquila's hands moved over my body, sliding up and down my very soapy skin, along my back, over my shoulders, then down, kneading my breasts, then stroking and caressing my clitoris and pussy.

“Nasty little sex slave,” she said in a low voice.

The wild dark heat was beating at my mind as her fingers stroked me and caressed me. I was feeling this incredible sexual fever gripping my mind, my eyes slitting closed as the heat pulsed.

The curtain slid open and I gasped, turning my head as Dina came in.

“My turn.”

I felt this sense of disbelief as they traded places, and Shaquila left. Then Dina stroked and caressed my body, and slowly, the dark heat built up again as I fought to keep my breath from getting too ragged, too loud.

The curtain was drawn back, and I gasped dazedly, gulping in air and turning my head quickly, my eyes widening as I felt a new flush of shock and embarrassment! It was Keisha! She was on the team, of course, but we'd hardly spoken at all! Now she grinned at me and took off her robe, as Dina turned and left.

“Face front, slave girl!” she growled.

I gasped and jerked my head around, staring at the wall, too embarrassed to meet her eyes anyway! I felt her hands sliding up and down my back, over my buttocks, then in between my legs, stroking and caressing me

Why was I letting her touch me!? Because... because I didn't know what else to do!

She reached up and turned on the water, and it poured over me, her hands sliding over my body to help rinse it off, sliding down between my legs, rubbing along the line of my sex! Finally, she pulled me back and turned me around, then pushed me back against the wall and turned off the water.

She had a little squeeze tube in her hand and as I stood against the wall, panting, she squeezed a thick line of clear jell of some kind across my chest. She put the tube down, then let her hands slide over my breasts, spreading the jell across my skin.

Her eyes locked on mine as her hands moved, then she leaned in and kissed me, softly, almost gently, then more firmly, more passionately! Her hands slid up and down the front of my body, very, very slick, and then up over my shoulder and down my ribs, then behind me and down onto my

buttocks.

Whatever the jell was it was even slicker than soap, and the feel of her hands sliding over my soft skin produced a deeply erotic sense of tactile pleasure! I moaned into her mouth, my hands awkwardly on her shoulder, knowing I should be pushing her back but... but not able to summon the will or certainty!

Her hands slid down between my legs, and again, that slick jell coating her fingers made me gasp as it they stroked back and forth across my sex, then slowly penetrated me and pushed up inside!

The curtain slid aside and Jasmine came in again. She was naked, but wore that... that ... strap thing, with the big black dildo sticking out! I shuddered and squirmed as they turned me away from the wall! They bent me over, and I felt Keisha's hand in my hair, pulling my mouth in against her sex even as Jasmine pulled my hips back.

I felt the dildo prodding my sex, and given how slippery my opening was it pushed slowly forward, stretching me wide, making me ache! I was gasping and moaning, my mind overcome by a wild, overpowering rush of heat, passion, excitement, anxiety, uncertainty and embarrassment!

Jasmine gripped my wrists, drawing them back along my hips, then pushed the thick dildo deep into my aching belly! It felt incredible! Riding that slick gel it moved smoothly in and out of me despite how tight I was around it!

She drew my wrists in together behind me, crossing them and holding them in one hand. That left her other hand free to fondle my right breast as Keisha reached down to knead my left.

“Lick, slave girl,” Keisha ordered.

“Lick her, sex slave!” Jasmine growled.

Whimpering, moaning, I licked at Keisha's clitoris as the two women drove me slowly insane!

I felt Jasmine's hand coming off my breast, sliding down over my hip, her long arm able to easily reach in under my abdomen, her fingers stretching out until they found my clitoris. I jerked at the touch, a jolt of pleasure rippling through my groin as she started to thrust harder and faster.

“Ahh, stick that tongue out further, sex slave,” Keisha groaned, squeezing my breast and jerking on my hair. “Make your mistress happy.”

I licked frantically, gasping and moaning as my body burned hotter and the sexual pressure built up to incredible levels! I was trembling and shaking and gasping, light headed from the pounding in my skull!

The orgasm hit, and I probably would have cried out if I had much breath to do it! I gurgled and gasped and whimpered. My gasps becoming louder and louder until Keisha jammed my mouth more forcefully against her sex.

But all I really cared about was that thick, gloriously slick black cock thrusting into me from behind! Yes, it was fake, but the feel of it, the sensation, was incredible!

Jasmine rode me through it, and Keisha ground my mouth against her sex, then tugged harder on my hair.

“Lick me, you blonde whore!” she gasped, her voice sounding more passionate as heat gripped her. “Lick my black pussy, slut!”

I licked harder, gasping and moaning dazedly as the two women used me, and then Keisha gasped and jerked harder on my hair, her hips grinding into my face as she came!

She groaned after that and sank to her knees, releasing my hair. Jasmine then gripped my hair and jerked it up and back, pushing me forward.

“Eat vanilla pussy,” Jasmine said.

She wasn't saying it to me.

Keisha laughed and gripped my thighs, pulling me forward, spreading them apart, then pushed her mouth up against my sex.

Jasmine released my wrists, slapping them up against the wall, in the same position I'd been in before. Only now, Keisha was kneeling before me, with her back to the wall, and Jasmine, of course,

was driving that big cock up into my body!

I moaned helplessly, gasping for breath. The orgasm had been a tremendous release, but the sexual energy still coursed through me and my body was still pulsing with need and heat and excitement. Jasmine was using me like a whore, and I was letting her! I felt a sense of amazement, of wonderment, at that, but a suffocating wave of dark heat accompanied it.

Jasmine eased back, and I felt something pressing against my back passage now! I moaned, my face and breasts now pressing against the wall, my bottom pushed back, legs spread.

“D-Don't!” I whimpered.

She ignored me and I gasped as I felt the pressure grow, felt my back opening stretching as something thick pushed into me. I guessed it was another dildo, though not quite as thick as the one in my pussy. Jasmine pushed it in somewhat, drawing her hips back, then as she thrust into me with the one dildo, her body thumped against the base of the second one, jamming that deeper and deeper!

“What a tight little white ass you got, blonde girl,” she said. “I bet every nigger man in this school wants to shove his big nigger cock up yo ass.”

“Her lil ass is too small for a nigger cock,” Keisha said, from below.

“I can make her little ass take any size cock,” Jasmine said.

I cried out as she gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back, leaning forward to chew and suck and kiss her way along the nape of my neck.

“Cuz she's my sex slave,” she growled.

She continued to thrust into me, forcing both dildos deeper and higher into my belly while Keisha sucked hungrily on my clitoris. It was too much, and I came again, more violently this time! I bucked my hips back against her as spasms tore through me, and then as I started to scream she pulled back on my hair again and clamped her other hand over my throat.

I couldn't breath! But I didn't care. I screamed silently, my head jerking back, my breasts grinding against the wall of the shower stall, her big black cock thrusting up into my pussy while the other was jammed high into my ass!

It was all insane, and my body was exploding with sensation as my mind melted under the scalding heat!

I had the longest, most intense orgasm of my life! I thought I might not ever even stop, that I might keep climaxing until I had a heart attack or something! And since I couldn't hardly breath at all my skull began to pound and my eyes began to lose focus as I became more and more light-headed.

Keisha shoved her arms up, her hands pushing between my breasts and the wall, kneading and squeezing them as she sucked furiously, and I think the only thing that kept me from falling was Jasmine's powerful hand gripping my hair, and that big dildo in my pussy!

Jasmine drew back, pulling that thick dildo out of my aching, burning pussy. But almost immediately, Keisha's hands dropped, and one of them pushed up against my opening. Three fingers slid up inside me as I felt the dildo in my butt pulling free.

The bigger one, the one attached to Jasmine, pushed against my back passage, and I groaned as it slowly slid into my body.

I cried out as Jasmine yanked on my hair.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, bitch,” she whispered.

I could hardly breath, never mind talking!

She jerked again on my hair, her other hand kneading my breast.

“Beg me to fuck your ass!”

“P-P-Please fu-fuck my ass, Mistress Jasmine!” I gasped.

She jerked sharply on my hair again and I cried out.

“Beg me to fuck your ass with my nigger cock.”

“Please fu-fuck my ass with... with your nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!” I gasped, my voice choking.

Meanwhile, Keisha was slowly pushing a fourth finger into my stretched pussy. It ached, but after that big dildo, and with that slick jell to help it along, she was able to get them all into me. I felt faint and slid downward. The two of them had to grab me to ease me down slowly, but then I was on my knees facing the shower.

Keisha had to pull her fingers out of me while Jasmine fucked me in the ass, then she moved away completely, and someone else moved in. It was Shaquila again, and she had another strap on. She knelt in front of me and took charge of my hair, jerking up sharply as I cried out in dazed pain.

“Suck my nigger cock, sex slave,” she ordered.

Jasmine jerked back on my wrists, and Shaquila shoved the black dildo through my open lips, pumping it in and out, then forcing it down my throat.

And there wasn't a thing I could do about it! I couldn't back away cuz Jasmine was behind me, and Jasmine had my wrists firmly in her grasp!

“Yeah, bitch!” Shaquila said. “Now you're swallowing black cock!”

Keisha was kneeling beside me, then, her hand darting in to rub my clitoris, and as my head began to pound from lack of air again the sexual heat swept through me and I climaxed yet again!

“It's crowded in here,” I heard, as I gurgled dazedly. “We should go somewhere with more room.”

“Somewhere more private,” someone else said.

“I got just the place,” Jasmine said.

*

I was dazed, shell-shocked, and light-headed. I mean, those tremendous orgasms had been stunning, and this new nasty sexual depravity was sweeping away all my long-held inhibitions and making me wonder just what kind of a girl I was.

Clearly I was a whore to let them do such things to me, never mind to climax so powerfully. There was no point in even trying to deny it. There wasn't a single person back in Dayton, including my own parents, who wouldn't curse me if they knew I'd been doing some kind of dirty lesbian sex stuff like this with black girls.

I had no excuse. Yet I'd never thought of myself as a slut, much less a lesbian one! So who was I? What was I? And what was I supposed to do as the three of them dressed, then led me, naked, with those two dildos stuffed painfully deep into my body, out of the dressing room, up the hall, then down a flight of concrete stairs!

And all I could do was kind of whine and whimper and hesitantly, timidly try and get them to explain what was going on and where we were going, and ask for my clothes, and tell them that someone might see and ...

And it didn't matter. They rushed me along, dripping wet from them having rinsed me off in the shower. That jell stuff had disappeared, well, except that it was still inside me, and I didn't understand what was going on!

The three of them pushed me down this crowded little corridor. It had stone walls and stone floors, and it was being used to store stuff like desks and chairs and tables. We made it past that and down another flight of stone stairs, and then emerged in a kind of boiler room.

The ceiling was high, and there were pipes and boilers and furnaces and all kinds of stuff I couldn't begin to understand all over the place. They led me past them to a clear space at the other end. It was still all stone floors and walls, with pipes overhead.

Jasmine had brought a bag, and from it she drew these round little wrist bands. They were black with studs, and rings. I had no idea, at first, what they were, as she and Shaquila put them over my wrists. They buckled them tightly, and then she took out a much bigger version. This was something I recognized from pictures. It was a collar, the kind of collar you saw in those bondage type pictures.

I gasped as she put it around my throat, my eyes wide. My wrists were forced behind my back, and when they were released, well, they didn't go nowhere. The wrist bands were locked together somehow!

They pushed me to my knees and stripped naked themselves, then Jasmine gripped my hair and pulled my mouth in against her sex.

“Make your mistress happy, sex slave,” she ordered.

Sex slave! What a perverted idea! But now she'd put this collar and these... these bands on me and it felt more real! I don't mean real like I thought for a single second I was a sex slave, of course! But it was more easy to let my mind sink into that weird dark fantasy where that was what I was!

I licked at her, gasping and moaning as the other two knelt on either side of me, their hands roaming my body. One of them rubbed my clitoris while the other pumped the dildos in and out of me!

God, it was so sick and perverted! And wild and horribly exciting!

I came before Jasmine did. Then after Jasmine had come I had to lick Shaquila to an orgasm, coming twice more myself, then lick Keisha!

I was just so completely overwhelmed with all this sex and flesh and lust and heat and touching and wild, burning heat! My mind was drowning in it all!

They pulled me to my feet, and suddenly there was a long metal bar in front of me as they unlinked the two wrist bands from each other, then drew them forward. I stared as they locked the rings in the wrist bands to the opposite sides of the metal bar, confused.

The metal bar had a chain attached to the center, and they raised it above my head, forcing my hands up and apart, then Jasmine and Shaquila pulled on a chain next to the wall, which I saw had gone up and over a pipe to come down and attach to the bar.

Meanwhile, Keisha forced my ankles apart, and began to put the same sort of bands around them. Jasmine and Shaquila attached chains to the rings on these leather bands and then the three stared at me as I stood there, sort of spreadeagled, my eyes wide, still feeling overwhelmed by it all.

“What a hot looking sex slave,” Jasmine said.

Keisha knelt in front of me and started to lick my clitoris, and I shuddered helplessly. Jasmine moved behind me, gripping my hair and jerking my head up and back as she kissed and sucked on my throat. She gripped the dildo in my butt and pumped it slowly in and out.

“Slut,” she whispered. “Whore. Sex slave. Nasty little blonde fuck toy.”

Shaquila was sucking and chewing on my breasts, her hands kneading them, and I was starting to feel like I was losing my grip on reality – and sanity – again.

Then Shaquila stepped back and moved away. A moment later I felt stings, a series of them, across my back!

I gasped, jerking my head around, to see that Jasmine had something like that flog thing she'd used on me the other night! Only this one had longer uhm, thongs. They'd spread out as they hit my back.

“I'm whipping you, sex slave,” she said, her voice taunting. “Have you ever been whipped before?”

I gaped at her, gulping in air. Whipped!? Whipped!? That was insane!

I cried out as she swung again and the flog swung down, the thongs spreading out and smacking against my back with a little explosion of stinging impacts!

Still, just like the other day, it didn't exactly hurt a ton...

“Sex slave,” she said.

Crack! It hit again and I cried out, my back arching, the breath sobbing out of me as Keisha sucked on my clitoris and her she pumped the dildo in my pussy.

Shaquila stepped back, and when she stepped forward she had another flog! This looked like the one Jasmine had used on me the other night since it was shorter, with smaller, thinner laces. She swung it forward, though, and they snapped down across my taut breasts!

I squealed, jerking back at the little rain of stings, then got the other flog across the back, and squealed again, my back arching just as Shaquila swung again!

“Oh! Ow! Oh! Please! Don't! Oh! Oh!” I gasped as they took turns swinging their flogs.

They weren't really hurting. I mean, they stung some, but the dark fire inside me was more than powerful enough to shrug that off. My wrists were jerking against the bands above, though, and my ankles jerking against the other bands, and that was a powerful, continuing reminder of how helpless I was!

Like a sex slave!

Keisha pulled the big dildo out of my pussy, and slid three fingers up inside me instead, then slowly worked a fourth one inside as the other two took turns swinging the flog at my breasts and my back! The continuing blows were making my skin feel more and more tender, and heating it up, and that was making it more sensitive to new blows, so they began to hurt more!

"Beg for my nigger cock," Jasmine said.

"Please fuck me with your nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!" I cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Beg me to fuck your ass!"

"Please fuck my ass with your nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!" I cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Tell me you love nigger cock, sex slave."

"I love nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!"

Crack! Crack!

I squealed and twisted and writhed as the flogs landed on my tender skin, then my attention was torn away as I jerked my head downward. I had been feeling the pressure against my sex as Keisha pumped and twisted her four fingers inside me, but now the pressure grew more intense, and I stared down to see she had wedged her thumb in tight with her fingers and was trying to push them all into me!

And then, with the help of that slippery jell still inside me, the knuckle of her thumb slowly, achingly pushed through the mouth of my sex! I cried out as I stared at it in disbelief, watching her whole hand push up out of sight, feeling it sliding slowly up into my body!

Oh my God! Oh my God!

I could hardly believe it, either to see or feel it! I could feel her fingers wriggling inside me as her hand slid deeper, so that the lips of my aching sex were closed around her wrist!

"Ah! Oh! Oh! Ow! OH! Ahg! Oh!"

"Tell me you love nigger cock, sex slave!" Jasmine ordered.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows hurt more and I was starting to panic in my shock!

"Please fuck my ass with your nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!" I cried.

"Well, since you asked so nicely," she said.

She put down the flog, much to my relief, and then Shaquila did the same. I stared down below me, gasping and squealing as I saw that Keisha was pushing her hand deeper!

"Please! Oh please!" I sobbed.

She sucked hungrily on my clitoris, and my eyes seemed to roll back in my head.

"Here's my nigger cock," Jasmine said behind me.

I ignored her! The feel of Keisha's whole hand inside me was shocking, and it was pumping very slowly, the fingers wiggling!

"This blonde sex slave wants to get my nigger cock up her tight ass," Jasmine said.

I ignored her again, staring at what Keisha was doing, focusing all my attention on it!

"I'm good with that," said a new voice.

It was a deep voice.

It was a ... male voice!

I gasped in shock, jerking my head up and around to see this guy standing next to Jasmine. He was tall, like her, and black, like her. He had a powerfully built body, with thick shoulders, and he

stepped forward, grinning at me, and undid the belt to his jeans!

They fell and his cock sprang up, thick and hard and erect and very, very black.

“This is Jasmine's nigger cock,” he said, leering.

I was stunned, shocked, horribly embarrassed suddenly, jerking my eyes away, pulling at the restraints! Then I felt his cock, a real cock this time, pressing against my buttocks! He pulled the dildo in my ass out, and jammed his cock up against me lengthwise, so the long, thick shaft was pressed between my buttocks!

I cried out as he jerked back on my hair.

“I love fucking blonde sex slaves,” he growled.

I wasn't a sex slave! I wasn't! I wasn't! I wanted to say that!

He guided his cock to my back opening, and slowly pushed it forward.

I felt that sense of disbelief and unreality once again, astonished at what was happening to me! Keisha's whole hand was inside me! I could feel her fingers moving around even as she licked and sucked hungrily at my clitoris!

Wasn't that shock enough!? I could feel her fingers scraping along the tight, elastic walls of my sex, one by one drawing into a fist until I felt that hard lump inside me. Then it started pushing deeper!

And behind me, this guy I didn't even know, a *black* guy, was pushing his thick cock right into my ass! And I couldn't *do* anything and wasn't even really able to *say* anything! What was I to say given my mind was gripped by a dazed, crazed sexual fever and then had been walloped with the shock and humiliation of having a guy seeing me naked like this!?

Like this!?

The world, my world, was out of control, and I was just along for the ride. There were so many shocks that I felt my mind just sort of surrendering to them, giving up any thought of having any influence or impact on what was going on.

There was a sense of peace in that.

But I wasn't feeling peaceful, not by a long shot!

Keisha's hand was pushing deeper into my belly, her fist turning and twisting inside me!

And now this guy's hands slid around me and rose up my chest – big hands – big *black* hands, and cupped and squeezed my breasts!

“You know you love nigger cock, slave girl,” Jasmine said. “You been begging for one.” I hadn't! I mean, I had but I hadn't! And I'd only meant a dildo!

I gasped as his slick cock pushed deeper. It felt way different than the dildos they'd been using, way more... natural, way... nicer. The sensation as he began to move it in and out was darkly thrilling, even as I gulped in air and writhed in place, my mind dazed and helpless.

Keisha sucked hard at my clitoris and I cried out, my hips jerking as her fist moved even deeper, then drew slowly back down. Behind me, the guy with the big cock in my ass was starting to slide it in and out more steadily. Then he drove it deep enough to produce these sort of cramps high inside me, making me cry out again.

I felt my hair jerked up and back by someone – I had no idea who, nor did it matter. Then the Black guy was chewing on the nape of my neck as he worked his cock in and out of me. Meanwhile the other two, Jasmine and Shaquila, moved in to start sucking and chewing at my breasts and nipples!

I was sure I was going insane, but I didn't really care. My mind had become overwhelmed with it all and surrendered, and now I was just reacting to the sensations crackling through my body.

“Gonna be our little sex slave,” the guy chewing on my neck said.

“Gonna be our little fuck toy,” Keisha said from her knees.

“Gonna be our little blonde bitch,” Shaquila said.

“Gonna be our white slave,” Jasmine growled.

The first orgasm hit me as the Black guy increased the speed of his pumping. And from then on I just sort of disintegrated, as if I was high on some sort of incredible drug, intoxicated by the wild rush

of sensation pouring through me.

I cried out again and again, thrashing and shaking, the pleasure overpowering my senses. I writhed in the throes of a sexual firestorm, the air sobbing out of my lungs as they mauled my body, their teeth and hands everywhere, even inside me!

I felt the Black guy's hips starting to make contact with my buttocks as he forced every last inch of his long, thick cock up into my ass, and my head lolled dazedly, staring up at the ceiling as he clutched my hair and worked his hips faster and harder.

I felt Keisha's hand pumping inside me, as well, stretching me out, making me ache, making me burn with a heat I had never imagined was even possible!

"Slutty white girl," Jasmine said.

"Slutty blonde girl," Shaquila said.

"Slutty sex slave," the guy biting at my earlobe said.

"Slutty slave girl," Keisha said.

The orgasm... it wasn't a single orgasm, but multiple orgasms, rolled over my mind like a long, speeding freight train, each accompanied by a wild, screaming rush of sensation that sent paroxysms through my body, my muscles spasming wildly, my hips bucking uncontrollably.

I thought I was going to pass out, as I forgot to breath, but I didn't care. The guy behind me released my hair and my head lolled forward so I could stare down at Keisha, with what looked like half her forearm up inside me, before another freight train rolled over me.

*

All those incredible orgasms and that wild firestorm of intoxicating sexual heat had left me stunned, and certainly not in any kind of state of mind to refuse any order or request, or even think of who or what I was, let alone what I should do.

I was on my knees, my wrists now locked together behind me. I don't even remember them being released from the bar thing.

There was a second Black guy there. You'd think that would have stunned me but I hardly cared. He was sitting down as they had me suck his cock.

Keisha knelt beside me, her fist still inside me, pumping slowly in and out as Jasmine knelt on the other side, giving me instructions in how to suck a Black man's cock.

I don't know why sucking a Black man's cock should be any different from any other kind of cock, but then, my mind was largely turned off. At least, the higher orders of consciousness were. I just did as I was told, sucking and licking his balls, lapping up and down his long erection, mouthing the head and stroking it with my tongue, then pushing downward to take the long shaft deep into my throat.

Jasmine helped with that, pushing down on my head until my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft and my glassy eyes were staring into his abdomen.

Then someone brought a vibrator into play against my clitoris, and I sobbed dazedly as Jasmine pulled my hair to lift me back up. My hips began to grind helplessly as hands slapped my buttocks and fingers kneaded my breasts, and I was directed back onto the guy's balls to suck them into my mouth.

The vibrator ground against me and another string of orgasms made me scream dazedly as my hips bucked back violently, until it was withdrawn, amid laughter. Then my lips were pushed back down the guy's cock again, all the way to the base.

Shaquila moved in behind me wearing the strap on, and slid the dildo up my ass while Keisha continued to twist and turn and slowly pump her hand inside me. My mind was flooded by sensation once again, drowning in the darkest, most shocking and wicked of scalding liquid fire.

The guy sitting on the chair gripped my hair and began to pump my head up and down, working his hips, too, fucking my mouth, fucking my throat. I just stared, eyes glazed, at the thick, glistening black shaft as it slid in and out of my mouth, and gurgled breathlessly as the vibrator was turned on once again and applied to my clitoris.

Surely there should be a limit on how many orgasms you could have in a day, a part of my mind

which still functioned thought forlornly. But apparently not, as the sexual pressure spiraled upwards and my hips began to buck wildly once more.

After all that, after this Black guy coming in my face, it was a dazed and simply thing to obey simple instructions. Like a dazed drunk, I crawled around on all fours, with Jasmine holding a leash attached to the collar around my neck. I didn't know why. I didn't care why. I didn't *care* about anything, to be honest.

I was shell-shocked.

As half a dozen Black people stood around me – I crawled, then positioned my body in various ways as Jasmine instructed me. And when she put her foot, clad in a polished, sharp-toed black boot, in front of me and ordered me to lick it, I did exactly that.

It wasn't embarrassing or degrading, not really. It was easy. I swayed a little, lowered myself so my aching breasts pressed against the stone floor, and licked at her boot.

“Keep that ass high, slave girl, and those legs wide!” she ordered, slapping my bottom lightly with a long, thin quirt or some kind.

I obeyed. Of course. It was easy to do.

My tongue licked up and down her boot, then onto the other one as she pointed her stick thing at it, as I panted dazedly.

Then she was sitting and I was kneeling before her, licking her pussy. The Black guy I'd sucked moved behind me and I felt his cock sliding into my butt, but hardly paid it any mind. I didn't care. I was licking Jasmine's pussy. Because she'd told me to. It was simple.

I didn't think of myself as a sex slave or anything. Even as my mind began to slowly waken from its stunned state and feel a certain measure of uncertainty and anxiety about what was going on I was still far from ready to refuse anything I was told to do. Or even to think about why I ought to.

I licked Jasmine and grunted as some guy fucked my ass again and groped my breasts, and while I was starting to feel uneasy about why, well, I still wasn't capable of thinking why not.

After that, Jasmine and Shaquila got me dressed and led me, still kind of shell-shocked, back upstairs, then to a car. We three got in the back seat. One of the guys got in front. We drove to an apartment, and the three of us, not the guy, went inside.

They took me up to a nice apartment. Where, in the biggest bathroom I'd ever seen, in the biggest bathtub I'd ever seen, they ran a bubble bath for all three of us. I felt weirdly shy, given what all else had happened, as they took turns kissing me and running their hands over my body.

But at least everything here was kind of gentle and nice and quiet, with candles lit, and soft music playing. It was relaxing after that harsh, wild, shocking sexual.... whatever it had been... in the basement!

Their hands moving over me didn't really inspire me to lust. I was too tired, and too sore, inside and out. My mind was sore, too, kind of bruised and battered. The experience I had gone through was a shattering blow to my idea of who I was. So who was I now?

Was I the jockette volleyball playing white girl from rural Louisiana, or some kind of wild sexual creature who was willing to do anything with anyone? I didn't for a moment think I was a sex slave. That was just a silly game, after all. But I did realize my inhibitions had taken a huge blow, and would never recover.

That didn't mean I had none. But I wasn't sure what they were as those two girls ran their hands gently over my soapy, warm body under the suds and water, because the echo of the sexual firestorm which had gripped me had melted away part of my personality.

I was cast adrift from my old assumptions and beliefs, and wasn't sure exactly where I would end up.

It was going to be an interesting four years at Xavier.

End

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The Blonde Co-ed 1
The Blonde Co-ed 2
The Blonde Co-ed 3 (upcoming)

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

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

Working For the Smiths

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

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!

Out of Uniform (Jamie McCloud series)

Gorgeous tomgirl Jamie McCloud is a rookie cop on the NYPD. Jamie is transferred out of uniform into street clothes to work for the Anti-crime squad in Manhattan. There, amid the glitz and glitter, amid the hordes of tourists and businessmen, she hunts down muggers, drug dealers, pickpockets and purse thieves, along with perverts and gang members. Oh, and the occasional terrorist. And on her own time, Jamie begins to explore the dark side of her sexuality as she is introduced to domination and submission by her hunky new federal agent boyfriend Danny. It's all just a kinky game, at first, but the mind-blowing excitement and thrills quickly draws her into a lifestyle that will change her behavior, her personality, and her life.

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

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

Zoe's New Boss

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

In The Vampire's Lair

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

Nigger's Girl

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

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems 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.

Bound Beauty

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

The Mirror Box

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