

# Tory Gets Tied

**By JJ Argus**



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

## Chapter One

Graduating from high school was a scary time in my life. I imagine it was for most people. Everything I'd ever known was over. And now I was allegedly on the cusp of being recognized as an actual adult. But what did that even mean? As far as I could tell it meant boring jobs you didn't like, bills you couldn't afford, trying to find a place to live. And then that whole panoply of things in the misty far distance like marriage and children.

And like a lot of young people my age I responded with "Fuck that! Let me stay in school!"

So I decided to go to college. I felt no particular calling, and had no real interest in any known occupation or profession. I just knew I didn't want to go out there in the scary wide world and be on my own. Nope. Nope. Nothing I'd heard about it sounded very good.

So, I chose to take a general liberal arts program because it was respectable, suggested it would prepare me for a wide range of possible opportunities, and would give me time to consider what I actually wanted to do with my life. It would also, hopefully, make me more sophisticated than I then believed I was.

It seems a general characteristic of girls my age that we're never entirely confident in ourselves. There are always things we feel desperately self-conscious about. If it's not looks – and there I was mostly blessed – then it's abilities, money, sophistication, or whatever. Certainly, the very second last thing any girl wants to be seen as at that age is unsophisticated. The last being ugly.

And I WAS unsophisticated and knew it.

What I wasn't really that aware of was that compared to almost every other person my age I was pretty much normal. Perhaps that was because,

like me, everyone I knew put on a show of not being unsophisticated, pretending to a worldliness and jaded cynicism none had lived long enough to honestly own.

I followed the fashion trends, of course, but didn't own any as mine. I'd flirted with different elements during high school, but never found anything that called to me. I hadn't changed my hair much in years and was too risk-averse to really experiment with what seemed to be already working pretty well.

That is, I got compliments on my hair. From guys and girls. Guys could be very tiring, though, especially the non-white ones. And I don't mean that in a racist way. The cliché, if you will, about blondes was bad enough among normal, white Americans. It was amped up among Latinos, and even worse among blacks.

Then we get to the immigrants from places like India or the Middle East or even Asia and it becomes something almost unrecognizable. Their fascination often seems to have a more hostile and condescending tinge to it, as well. The idea I get is that in their home cultures western women are famously slutty but the sluttiest of the slutty are blondes.

And while all of them seem perfectly happy to take advantage of our alleged sluttiness they then seem highly indignant when we prove to be choosier than they had been led to believe from watching internet porn. Like, how dare a complete and utter whore like me refuse to sleep with them!?! That's like some kind of personal insult!

Naturally, this is compounded by alcohol on the part of all guys. That includes the religious ones whose religion says they shouldn't be consuming alcohol.

Spare me!

I like my hair. I think it really sits well on my head and frames my slender face well. It's fairly easily managed, is properly soft and reasonably thick, and I don't have to really do much of anything with it. The only 'style' I've come to embrace is basically letting it hang free to spill over my shoulders, and having thick, heavy bangs that spill down across my forehead and almost reach my eyes.

My friend Hannah called it a lion's mane, and I love that description! It sounds fierce and independent, which I most definitely am – not. I'm very much a go-along-to-get-along kind of girl. I don't like confrontation AT

ALL. I don't like arguments or angry people. I don't cope with it well! I'm only five-two and have never weighed much more than a hundred and twelve pounds. So, I'm definitely not good at physical stuff!

I figured college would be a good place to expand my horizons, grow up a little more, get more sophisticated, and learn to deal with people better. As in, like, in person, as opposed to over social media. Social media is bad enough but at least you can pretend not to see nasty remarks, and just leave without anyone knowing you were there.

Social media is often about how attractive, how sexy, how hot you are. Girls tried, often with the help of filters, to make themselves seem as sexy as possible – without seeming to be trying too hard. I had always been uncomfortable with that. Partly because I was kind of shy and self-conscious.

Although, if I had tried, I could have gotten lots of likes, believe me. Once, my friend Diedre took a picture of me in the shower at school. There are stalls and curtains across them, and she kind of waited until I was rinsing off my hair and then eased the curtain aside and took a full-body nude, then posted it on the internet. Then she sent me an email with a link to it.

OMG! Naturally, I was horrified, at first! But she'd selected the picture well. It was taken from kind of beside and behind me. My hands were up and back in my hair and face, with my back arched and my head tilted back. My face and hair were mostly covered in shampoo so you couldn't even tell I was blonde. You could see I was slender and had a nice ass, as well as a lot of side boob. But my nipple was mostly hidden under soap.

It was a good, sexy picture. It showed my body off well without being obscene or graphic. And she did it to show me that I should have more confidence in my body. She had posted it to one of those amateur sites where people (mostly men) made comments and rated bodies, and mine got lots of very flattering, eager comments and a very high rating.

If she hadn't sent it to me, like, if I had just been on a porn site (which I almost never am!) and saw it I wouldn't have even known it was me. No one knew it was me except her. I was still highly pissed at her, believe me! I wouldn't talk to her for days!

I never shampooed at school again. I showered quickly, one eye on the curtain, and then quickly wrapped a towel around myself. I was maybe just a bit less self-conscious about showing off my body after that. A bit. But I still was reticent to wear anything really revealing.

And so, I knew college was going to be a bit of a challenge since I was required to live in a dorm room my freshman year. I had to share a room with another girl. The beds were side by side. There was one small bathroom that had a shower, not a tub. There was a narrow sink and mirror and a toilet.

You were obviously not expected to do much in there. In fact, the freshman orientation notes suggested that makeup, hair styling, etc. should be done in your room, not the bathroom, so advised having a makeup mirror. Though using a noisy hair dryer in the bathroom with the door closed was permissible if the noise would annoy your roommate.

NOT annoying your roommate was the most important advice as far as the orientation booklet went. Learn to compromise. Learn to cooperate. Make friends!

Easier said than done! Because you don't get to choose your roommate! And the first time I laid eyes on mine I suspected the whole thing was going to be hopeless! And it only got worse when she opened her mouth.

"Well, someone was having some fun when they put us together, don't you think?" were her words. "We certainly won't be sharing wardrobes!"

My family name is Eriksson. I'm of Nordic heritage. So in addition to the natural blonde hair, my skin is quite pale. Her last name was Njolo, and she was from African stock. And I don't mean those light-skinned black actresses you see a lot of. She was proudly of Zulu heritage, and very, very black. She was also quite tall, a good nine inches taller than me!

To make matters infinitely worse, she was British. And not lower-class British, either. She had that 'posh' accent of the upper classes, the kind that almost every American is intimidated by because it makes them seem so very sophisticated and cultured.

Have I mentioned I was born and raised in Idaho, the whitest state in the union? My experience with black people was minimal. My experience with British people was non-existent. And to make matters even worse, she seemed to have a lot of money. Like, a lot! My parents are certainly not poor

but they didn't have a 'country place' that looked like it had about ten bedrooms!

Anyway, despite all this she seemed quite friendly and didn't act at all condescending. But the stuff she put in her half of the room was all very stylish and expensive. She also had brought so many clothes she asked if she could use part of my closet (there are two in the room) so I said okay, though I was a bit uncomfortable with the idea.

Go along to get along.

As you can imagine, I felt rather uhm... inferior, like some poor, ignorant yokel stuck in with a princess. Amara, for that was her first name, was casual, relaxed, confident, and seemed completely unflappable in that stereotypically British upper-class style.

I thought she'd obviously not want to have anything to do with me, but quite to the contrary, she invited me out to go explore the campus some and I eagerly agreed. We might have made an odd pair walking around, though, with the top of my head coming up to her shoulder and her so dark compared to me, but if so she certainly didn't seem to care.

I envied her that. The not caring what people might think or if people were staring. I envied her confidence, too, not to mention the elegant way she walked and talked. She made a lot of casual, cutting remarks on people we passed, though, which were sometimes outrageous and sometimes hilarious.

We finally met up with someone she knew, though. Grace was African American, but not as dark as Amara, and had a normal American accent. Amara gave her that brushing cheeks, fake kissy greeting and then introduced me.

"This is Tory, my roommate."

"Seriously?" Grace asked.

"Yes, we're like night and day!" Amara said, putting her arm across my shoulder and beaming at her.

"A short day," Grace said with a bit of a smirk.

We joined her for lunch in one of the cafeterias, where Grace smirked again when she heard where I was from. Amara had no idea where it was, though.

"I just got here, really. It's all a big mystery," she said breezily. "All those places. Too many!"

“You’ll have to memorize them if you’re going to stay,” Grace said.

“Are you going to stay?” I asked, surprised.

“We’ll see. Papa has taken a job here and bought a house. We’ve still got the one in London and the one in the country. He wants to move here permanently. He says the UK is going down the drain, you know, becoming communists or something.”

She waved her hand and rolled her eyes.

“Move to Idaho. He’ll be right at home,” I said dryly.

Grace snorted in agreement.

“What about you, my sweet?” she asked. “Going back to Idaho when finished or going to move out into the wider world?”

“I have no idea. I don’t know what I want to do. I have no plans. I have no ambitions.”

“Welcome to the fucking club,” Grace said.

“It’s a grand club! We should have a Latin motto, something painfully pretentious,” Amara suggested.

“And are there standards for joining?” I asked.

“None whatsoever!” Amara replied.

“But definitely an initiation ceremony,” Grace added.

“Oh, if you want.” Amara shrugged.

“Something with lots of blindfolds and scary music, and robes and nudity.”

“Who gets to wear the robes and who gets to be nude?” Amara asked with a broad smile.

“Obviously the one being initiated is the nude one, at the mercy of the big sisters who initiate her.”

She cast an eye on me in a way which made me swallow uncertainly even as Amara laughed.

“You’re delightfully perverted, Grace,” she said.

“Oh, pot calling the kettle black,” Grace replied.

“Where did you two meet?” I asked.

“In the lobby of our condominium,” Amara said. “I took pity on her and attempted to correct her diction and posture.”

“I was drunk,” Grace said.

“Ladies do not become drunk, dear, merely tipsy. Or perhaps slightly inebriated.”

“Who the fuck said I was a lady?”

“Well, not I! But it is ones ambition where I come from.”

“Up the revolution!” Grace said.

“Bloody colonial,” Amara sniffed.

“And you both chose the same college?” I asked.

“It’s nearby, it’s Ivy league enough to satisfy my pretentious family, and it has lots of programs for wastrels like us,” Amara said. “I could even go home on the weekends if I chose.”

She eyed me. “Not you, I gather.”

“Idaho is kind of a far distance.”

“I haven’t yet quite come to terms with how bloody big this country is,” she said. “My father has insisted on doing the whole Yankee thing though, and even rented out a country home here.”

“A what?” Grace asked.

“I believe you yanks call it a cottage. Though where I come from a cottage is rather a small place with few amenities. This place is quite large, and from the pictures, amply comfortable even for someone of my exalted taste.”

“Is it on a lake or something?” Grace asked sourly.

“Yes, or at least, it seems to have views looking out on some large body of water.”

“Do you even know how to swim?”

“Of course, I know how to swim, dear! Who doesn’t know how to swim?”

“Me. And everyone I know.”

“Whyever not? Don’t you like going to the south of France and Portugal on the holidays?”

“Uhm, no.”

“Well, it’s what one does if one lives in London. Or Greece. Greece is popular too. Fun people, the Greeks. Very conservative and yet seem to enjoy nude and topless sunbathing a lot.”

“Got a tan, did you?” Grace asked sarcastically.

Amara made a meow sound and pretended to claw at her.

“Perhaps it’s because I didn’t have much interest in laying around in the sun but wanted to do fun things in the water that I learned to swim.”

She turned to me.

“What about you, duckling? Do you swim?”

“There’s a lot of lakes and rivers in Idaho, but you don’t get many really warm days,” I said. “I can dog paddle.”

Grace snickered.

“What? That’s better than you,” Amara said.

“I was just thinking she could be your little poodle girl, following you around. So, dog paddling is just about right.”

I got the idea she wasn’t being particularly friendly but didn’t want to start anything.

“Your hair is more poodlish than hers. No, she’s a sweet little border collie,” Amara said.

“Still a bitch.” Grace shrugged.

“But you’re the one being bitchy. Did Derek not show up again?”

Grace glared at her.

“Thought so. Told you he was only looking for a rest stop.”

She turned to me. “Boys love rest stops. They can stop over briefly to, ahm, refresh themselves, and then be back on their way without any issues.”

“She means fucking,” Grace said sourly.

“Well, I implied it, but I was not so crude as to be blunt,” Amara said airily. “I say if you’re going to provide rest stops, at least charge the buggers. I felt my eyes widen at that.

“I don’t need money,” Grace said flatly.

“It’s an exchange, dear, one thing for another. They give you money, you give them pleasure. It’s not like they’re usually much on giving pleasure back, after all.”

“Some of them are,” she said with a shrug.

“I have had a number of cocks inside me,” Amara said, “And the only ones that have given me orgasm are the ones I bought on the internet.”

Grace snorted in amusement as I felt myself blush.

I mean... Yikes! This was rather more than I needed to know about girls I barely knew! Talk rarely got this... personal even among the girls I had known quite a while back in Idaho!

“It’s a big black cock, Tory,” Grace said with a smirk. “Maybe if you’re nice she’ll let you try it. I know you blonde girls fantasize about them.”

“Oh, don’t be dreary, Grace,” Amara said before I could reply. “Besides, it seems to me it’s black men with an obsession for blondes, not the other way around.”

She turned to me. “That makes some black women really bitchy about blondes.”

She turned back to Grace. “Besides, she’s too small. It’d never fit.”

“She’s blonde. She’ll find the space.”

I could feel my face heating at this discussion but was wildly uncertain about how to respond. I didn’t want to get snotty toward Grace, even though she was acting snotty toward me. She might not be as big as Amara but she was bigger than me too.

“Come, sweetling, let us depart,” Amara said to me.

I was happy to oblige!

“Don’t mind her,” she said as we went outside. “She’s sexually frustrated and angry at the world. Honestly, if you choose men to whom sex comes easily, and give them sex easily, well then why would you think they’d place any particular importance on pleasing you? Plenty of others around to supply that.”

“That sounds kind of the way my parents talk,” I said dryly.

“Heavens. I’ll have to find a new way to speak, then. I wouldn’t want to seem old-fashioned.”

“No, it’s not wrong. I’ve seen girls who do the internet thing and put out easily to guys they’ve just met and the guys just go back on the internet to get another girl whenever they want. They don’t commit because they don’t need to commit.”

“That’s the history of the human race, sweetling. If our societies hadn’t kept women isolated with their families and made it a requirement of mating to actually stick around to help raise the resulting offspring we’d have gone extinct. Men are desperate for the sex, but not particularly into the responsibilities if they can avoid them.”

“Not any different in the US, I guess.”

“I doubt it’s different in the Himalayas or bloody China. Men are boys who prefer not to grow up. You need to make them or they never will. Besides, nature has made sex a very unequal contest between us and them. They can orgasm almost routinely within a minute or two. We require rather more careful attending to, time and patience.”

“My older sister said boys were like a sports car with an automatic transmission and girls were like a complicated semi-trailer truck pulling a heavy load. Boys just push on the pedal and race away, zero to sixty in three seconds or so. Girls have a lot slower acceleration, and you have to be careful how you work the clutch and brakes. We can get to sixty but it’s gonna take some time and patience.”

“Patience is not really a guy thing,” Amara said. “At least, not a young guy thing.”

She shrugged. “If we didn’t need them for babies we wouldn’t need them at all.”

“Well, they’re useful for other things too,” I said.

“Yes, well, fixing the car and getting things off tall shelves, I suppose.”

“What does your father do?” I asked.

“Do? One doesn’t *do* things at our level, sweetling. He has money and I suppose he invests it in things. And your parents? Farmers?”

“My father is an accountant. My mom’s a lawyer.”

“Professional people. And you don’t have an urge to count numbers or search through old law books?”

“Nope.”

“Ah well, I’m sure you’ll come up with something. If all else fails, you can charge men for sex. I’m sure you could command quite a high price.”

“I’m not going to be a prostitute!” I exclaimed in annoyance.

“Quite a worthy profession at the high end. I’ve known a couple of girls who went in for it.”

“Really? Why? Don’t they like, have money like you?”

“At the high end, being an escort involves joining wealthy men, professional sports stars, actors, and celebrities on yachts on the Mediterranean, or attending the poshest parties among the upper crust and discussing wine and art. It’s all very pretentious, but it’s exactly what a lot of girls seem to like.”

“Not you, I take it.”

“I’m certainly pretentious, and I admit to spending some time at posh parties and on yachts, but don’t see why I should be there to be some man’s plaything. Though, older men, who mostly use such services do tend to be somewhat more grateful for what they get than younger ones.

“Well, I don’t think I’d be very good at it,” I said firmly.

“You seem to have the equipment, sweetling. And all else can be taught.”

I flushed a little as she eyed my chest.

## Chapter Two

Amara was a reasonably good roommate, but she took some getting used to. For one thing, she had absolutely no body consciousness. I suppose if you were used to going topless or even nude beaches you probably wouldn't be shy around another girl, but I was kind of taken aback at first.

She was, of course, very black all over! She had a lean, athletic body, with small, firm breasts. She wore her hair in cornrows which sat flat across her head and hung down her back. But as far as I could determine, and believe me, I didn't try to inspect her, she had no other hair on her body!

After showering, she walked around as completely casually as if she was fully clothed. She didn't flaunt herself but was in no great rush to get dressed afterward. One thing I found interesting was she apparently didn't need to undo her cornrows to wash. It would have been a PITA to have to do that, I thought.

Of course, her being so very casual about her nudity made me feel like I was a hayseed if I tried to be more... discreet. I mean, I could do my best to shower when she wasn't around, but I couldn't exactly undress for bed in the bathroom every night without provoking smirks and condescension about my 'colonial puritanism'.

And of course, I knew she was right. She had the right attitude. There was no reason to be self-conscious about my body around another girl. So, I felt doubly backward. I was trying, in many ways, to be more like her, more sophisticated, you understand. I was even wearing thongs! Mind you, I'd bought some as soon as I'd arrived because I knew the underwear my mother had bought for me back home was way too old-fashioned.

It was inevitable she'd catch me naked before long, what with us living in the same bedroom. So I decided to 'reveal' myself in a way that I hoped would seem as casual as she was. I wasn't quite sure when or how but

when I happened to look out the window and saw her walking across the quad toward our dorm I had my idea.

I would 'pose' in the same position as that picture Diedre had taken of me. Only instead of being in the shower, I would be reaching up to the top of my closet. That would give her a view roughly similar in angle to the one in the picture. I would look good, sexy, hot, and yet she wouldn't see all that much, at least at first. Then I would casually turn to her as if, while startled, while surprised, I wasn't really upset or anything about being seen by her.

I would be as casual about it as her, though I would put my clothes on faster. My real problem was going to be keeping from blushing.

I was short, of course, and would have to rise on the balls of my feet as I leaned in towards the shelf, but I figured that would only make my butt look better. I wanted her to think I was hot, not for any sort of, well, sexual reason, but just because. I mean, I wasn't exactly in competition with her. She was way out ahead in practically everything. But I did have better boobs than her and more rounded hips.

Certainly, the guys had always been after me, and those who had seen my breasts had always been very... impressed. Not that I'm buxom, really. But I am kind of petite, so my breasts look bigger on me than they actually are. And they're quite firm.

Everything worked exactly as planned as she opened the door and walked in. I was to the side of the door, so I didn't have to worry about being seen by passersby while the door was open. She saw me immediately, of course, and, of course, wasn't exactly shy about noticing. She gave a wolf whistle and I let out a little gasp and half turned toward her as she came fully into the room.

And that was where my plans collapsed because Grace came in after her! Shit! Damn!

"Put some clothes on, Lady Godiva," she said as she closed the door after her.

Of course, I blushed fiercely despite my best efforts.

"I didn't know you were coming!" I gulped, trying to seem casual.

"I'm not a boy, sweetling. Though, I bet just the sight of you like this might be enough to make one of them come."

"Or pretty close," Grace said, coming over to me.

"Nice boobs," she said.

And she poked her finger right into the center of my left breast! Right into the nipple!

Naturally, I was kind of startled and stumbled back a step. She came forward, then turned away from me and looked into the closet.

“Very middle class,” she said, examining the clothes hanging there.

“Well, I am middle class,” I said in a snippy voice, feeling quite anxious about being caught naked like this.

I strode over to my dresser, fighting and succeeding in keeping my arms from trying to cover up my breasts and groin. That would have been so horribly ... childish and prudish! But Amara was sitting propped on the edge, grinning at me.

“I was right. You do have the equipment,” she said with a grin.

“Excuse me,” I said.

“No, I don’t think I will. What do you think, Gracey? Should we excuse her?”

“Certainly not,” Grace said, closing the closet door and leaning against it as she grinned at me.

“Don’t be shy. Let’s see it then,” Amara said.

“See what!?” I exclaimed.

This was way more exposure for longer than I had planned!

“Let’s see that lovely body of yours.”

“I’m naked! You’re already seeing it! What do you want me to do, take off my skin!?”

“Yeah, that would be nice,” Grace said.

“Give me your sexy look. Run your fingers through your hair and look sexy.”

“No way!”

“Well, then, sit down and we’ll have a nice chat.”

“Girl talk,” Grace said.

She was blocking access to my closet.

“You guys!” I complained, a whine creeping into my voice.

“Guys? I’m not a guy. Are you a guy, Gracey?”

“Let me check.”

Grace pulled her shirt forward and looked down inside, then raised her eyes.

“Nope,” she said.

“I’m not either. See?”

Amara was wearing a very short skirt, which I understood wasn’t out of the ordinary in London. She casually flipped it up long enough for me to see she had no underwear beneath, then dropped it.

“You go outside without underwear in a short skirt like that!?” I blurted.

“I’m not shy,” Amara said with a grin.

“Maybe we should initiate her now,” Grace said.

“Into what?” I demanded, desperately resisting the urge to cover my body with my arms.

“Yeah, we don’t have a club or anything yet,” Amara said. “And no robes either. We need dark robes and candles and such.”

“Maybe an alter to sacrifice the virgin on,” Grace said.

“I’m not a virgin!” I said crossly.

“Are those real?” Amara asked, looking at my breasts.

“Of course, they’re real!” I gulped.

“Lucky bitch,” she said.

She dropped her eyes.

“I see you’re definitely a real blonde.”

“She’s got pussy hair? Who has pussy hair anymore?” Grace asked. “Let me see it, blonde girl.”

“People from Idaho, I guess,” Amara said.

She grinned and ruffled my hair, then moved away from the dresser and I hurriedly pulled out a pair of underwear and stepped into them, then pulled on a bra, trying hard to look casual. Grace flopped down in a chair and Amara flung herself onto her bed.

“At least we know you’re not a guy,” she said. “Was beginning to wonder.”

“Oh, you were not,” I said.

I pulled on a pair of sweatpants and then a t-shirt.

“She’s calling you a liar, M,” Grace said. “You should teach her a lesson.”

“You think she needs a spanking?” Amara asked with a coy grin at me.

“Ooo, that sounds interesting. Ever been spanked, Sweetling?” Amara asked me.

“No! I mean, maybe when I was little.”

“You’re still little!” they both said at almost the same time.

Then they laughed.

I glared and went over to my desk and sat down, pretending to look through my schoolbooks there.

“You sure do blush a lot,” Grace said.

“The American middle class is very shy about nudity,” Amara said.

“How would you know?” I shot back.

“Read it in a book somewhere. Or an article or maybe on the internet. The cure for that is to be naked around people more.”

“She could have a gang bang,” Grace suggested.

“I was thinking more about going to a topless beach, actually. But you do you, Gracey.”

Grace stuck her tongue out at her. Amara stuck her tongue out back.

“If God had meant people to be naked, He wouldn’t have given us clothes,” I said.

“I don’t think that was God,” Amara said. “Wasn’t it the snake revealing their nudity that made Adam and Even cover themselves with big fig leaves and piss God off?”

“That’s the way I recall it,” Grace said.

“So, you’re pissing God off by wearing clothes, Tory dear. Best get naked,” Amara said.

“I don’t see you walking around naked!”

“Yes, you have.”

I rolled my eyes. “I mean all the time.”

“Well, it’s against school rules. But I’ll stay naked here all the time now if you think God would like that.”

“No, thanks!” I said.

“Are you trying to speak on behalf of God?” she asked sternly.

“Definitely needs a spanking,” Grace said sagely.

“And of course, you’ll have to be naked all the time too,” Amara said to me.

“I don’t think so.”

“Sounds very lesbianish,” Grace said.

“Nudity doesn’t necessarily mean sex, you Yankee heathen,” Amara said.

“Yeah, if the little blonde gets naked around here a lot you won’t be able to keep your hands off her tits. You know you love breasts.”

“I appreciate breasts, dear. I don’t love them. Love is reserved for the most very special treats.”

“You don’t think Tory’s breasts are a very special treat?”

“Why I’m sure I don’t know. She hasn’t treated me to them yet.”

They were both obviously enjoying teasing me and I was mentally squirming while desperately hoping my skin would stop burning.

Fortunately, Grace had to go, thank God! Amara saw her out, closed the door, and then came over to me and leaned over and kissed the top of my head.

“We were just teasing you a little, sweetling,” she said, straightening and moving away.

I sniffed.

“But you do have marvelous-looking breasts.”

I felt my face heating a bit again. Was she just teasing? Was Grace actually being truthful about Amara *loving* breasts? Was Amara into girls!? She’d spoken of men before but never about girls. Still, I knew very well that girls having ‘play sex’ with other girls was not at all unusual, especially in big cities, especially among the more sophisticated girls. Even some of the girls at my high school had messed around.

I never had because, well, to be truthful, the opportunity had never arisen. There was no way in heck I would have actually initiated any such thing. If I had and the other girl had rejected it, and worse, told others about it I’d have been completely trashed!

If another girl had initiated it... I don’t know what I would have done. I was kind of curious, and probably would have pretended to resist but let her at least do some stuff. I had always been very worried about my reputation at school though. And now I realized that I didn’t have to worry about that anymore.

The thought that it was at least possible that Amara might want to... sleep with me, hit me with a tremendous jolt. It was quite a shock, and I felt my chest tighten and my stomach muscles clench suddenly!

It wasn’t that the idea was horrifying or disgusting or anything. In fact, the idea was suddenly quite... enticing, though scary. I mean, I was sure she’d know all about what should be done and could show me. On the other

hand, I was also sure I'd be a complete rube at it compared to her. Of course, she pretty much thought I was a rube now anyway and it didn't seem to bother her.

It was the first time in my life I'd ever had a real thought about really maybe possibly having sex with a girl! It was quite a shock! Of course, I didn't really know if the way Grace talked about her was anything like reality. I'd never noticed any hints from Amara about her like, wanting me.

And I sure as heck wasn't going to ask! I would be so humiliated if I did, and she turned me down – probably with a piteous look – that I'd have to run away and go to another school!

She never said anything along those lines and I certainly wasn't going to. The issue of my nakedness faded away. I took off for another class and when I got back she was gone. It wasn't until I was getting ready for bed that anything at all came up, and that was when I got undressed.

As usual, I turned my back to her, not wanting to seem like now that she'd seen me, I was going to be a show-off or something.

“What? Still hiding your lovely breasts from me?” she asked teasingly.

She was already in bed, wearing this kind of satin-like white pajama top thing.

“They're just breasts, Amara,” I said, doing my best to look sophisticated as I turned to her.

My face started heating, though.

“You've got boobs. I'm sure Grace has boobs. Every girl has boobs,” I said.

“Not like those,” she said. “Those look like they were sculpted. You're sure they're real, right?”

“Uhm, yes,” I said, rolling my eyes.

“Give us a feel.”

“No way!” I said, pulling on my nightie.

She laughed and turned back to her book.

I got into bed and turned out the light, feeling little swirly sensations in my abdomen.

\*

It was morning when it happened.

I was having a quick shower before class. The shower was where a bathtub used to be, so it's the same rectangular shape, but with no tub, just a

plastic curtain. And suddenly, without warming, Amara, who was already naked, slipped into the shower behind me!

I yelped in surprise and instinctively slapped my arms across my chest and down my body to cup my sex.

“Amara!”

“Lots of room and I’m in a bleeding hurry. Do be a dear and pass the soap.”

“I... you...”

“Don’t be shy, sweetling. I’ve already seen everything you’ve got, after all.”

“But – !”

“In fact, it’s very good for the environment to share things, like the water. Or, for that matter, the soap,” she said, as if just thinking about it.

“Why don’t we reuse the soap you’ve already put on yourself?”

And that was when she moved closer, backing me against the tiles, and then, grinning, cupped my face, leaned in, and kissed me full on the lips!

Yikes! Like, OMG!

My eyes went wide and so did my mouth! I was astonished! Her lips landed lightly on mine, then tightened, her tongue dipping and darting as her lips massaged and caressed my own! And then she moved closer, tilting my head back with her hands and suddenly her body was pressing against mine!

Or at least against my arms!

She sure knew how to kiss, too! I mean, I wasn’t exactly the world’s greatest expert but her lips did things nobody else had ever done and I could feel my heart pounding and blood racing almost immediately!

Of course, part of that was shock and stress. I had no idea how to react! I didn’t want to shove her back, which might offend her! Plus, I wasn’t at all sure I wanted to push her away! And then I also didn’t know if this was a joke, either! So, I couldn’t actually accept what she was doing! What if I did and she pulled back and laughed at me!?

So, I was kind of... frozen!

And while I stood there frozen her lips were all over me! And her hands moved from cupping my face to sliding down along my slick, slippery shoulders, then onto my sides, then pushing in behind me to squeeze and knead my buttocks!

I tried to talk, though I wasn't sure what to say, but my words were swallowed up by her constantly moving lips. A wild rush of heat and passion was spreading through my body, and I could feel her soft flesh pressing me back against the wall, her breasts firm, the nipples hard as they rubbed against my arms!

And then she abruptly brought her hands in and gripped my wrists, yanking them up and shoving them back against the tile wall over my head! She leaned into me, her eyes dark and hungry as she ground her body against mine! Then her lips dropped down onto mine again, kissing me hard!

She shifted her hands so one of them pinned my crossed wrists together, then the other dropped so it could cup and hold my chin, my jaw while her mouth ravished me!

My whole body was flaring now and I could feel my breasts throbbing, my nipples prickling with a rigid, tingling excitement as she rubbed hers against them! I moaned into her mouth as her tongue dipped and darted, still locked in place with no idea what to do or even say!

But by saying nothing, by making no decision, the decision was kind of being made anyway – by my body. An intoxicating rush of heat and hunger was flooding into my mind, growing stronger with every passing second.

The feel of her breasts, against mine, the soap providing a slick, slippery layer of tactile delight, was like nothing I'd ever felt before! And then her hand slipped down from my chin, caressing the left side of my left breast. Her body shifted aside a little and her hand cupped my breast before skimming lightly down my body.

I inhaled sharply as that hand pushed down between my thighs! She cupped my sex, her middle two fingers pushing forward to rub steadily up and down, then from side to side across my clitoris. I felt a building pressure down there as I gasped aloud, then moaned into her mouth again. Her hand dropped my wrists and then both hands raced over my soapy body as she continued to kiss me.

I held my arms up, at first, not knowing what to do with them. Then I slowly lowered them until my hands were, for lack of anywhere else to land, on her shoulders. She drew back and then roughly turned me around to face the wall.

Her left hand swept in around me and enveloped my neck, squeezing softly and forcing my head back against her chest. Her right hand curved over my hip and her fingers found my slippery clitoris.

My hands almost instinctively gripped her left wrist and forearm, but she was way stronger than me and I didn't really want to use force. I was only afraid she'd squeeze too hard. She didn't though. She squeezed... just enough!

My breathing was already ragged. Now it became louder as I had to struggle a little around her hand. I felt her body pressed firmly against me from behind as her fingers worked at my sex. And I couldn't look down, couldn't see what she did because of the hand around my neck!

But I could sure feel it!

The muscles in my hips started to spasm as the sensations increased dramatically, and I gurgled and moaned and gasped as her fingers rubbed faster and harder. The spasming grew more frantic, and then the orgasm exploded up through my body!

I cried out, then my voice was silenced as her hand tightened around my neck. I gurgled and gasped and croaked as my buttocks ground back against her and my body twisted and bucked and shuddered in the midst of a wild maelstrom of sensations that overloaded my nervous system!

"Please! Please! Please!" was what I was dazedly moaning and gasping.

I wanted more! I wanted it to continue! I wanted it to last forever!

It was the most intense orgasm I'd had in years, and it went on and on as my mind dissolved under the scalding liquid heat flooding up through my brain! My eyes were reduced to slits as convulsions wracked my body, and all I could think about was the heat and pleasure!

I almost collapsed as the orgasm faded. My legs felt weak, and my head was a dazed mess gripped by a sense of languorous ease.

But not for long.

She reached up and turned on the shower, letting the water pour down over me until she pushed me away from her and let it pour down over her chest and belly. She grinned at me as she rinsed herself off, then pulled me forward more fully under the water.

"I-I... I don't - !"

She put her finger against my lips to silence me, which was just as well because all I'd likely have done was babble. I still had no idea what to say!

Her hands skimmed over my skin, but it was more like helping to rinse me off than anything romantic. She turned off the water and then pushed me back against the wall again.

“Put your hands behind your head,” she said in a soft, throaty purr.

I stared up at her in confusion, and uncertainty, the pressure inside me almost enough to make me tremble!

“Do it!” she growled.

Confused, I obeyed, drawing my hands up behind my head. Her hand pushed between my thighs, then her knee did the same, forcing them apart. She kissed me roughly, hungrily, then as her fingers rubbed against my clitoris her other hand cupped my right breast.

She brought her lips down off of mine, in under my ear, nibbling at my earlobe as she sucked. They moved lower, down along the nape of my neck, then dropped as she licked my right nipple! A moment later she licked it again, then closed her lips around it, sucking gently.

Her mouth widened and her teeth bit softly into my flesh as she began to suck again while her tongue swept back and forth across my nipple. Then she dropped to her knees, kissing her way down my stomach.

My heart beat faster and faster as she moved closer to my pussy, and then her hands pushed between my thighs and forced them wider. A moment later her tongue licked up and down along the line of my sex and I shuddered.

Her thumbs spread the lips of my sex and her tongue focused hard and fast against that hot, swollen little button and it was all I could do to not cry out at the violent rush of sensation!

I gasped and moaned and whimpered as her tongue swept up across my clitoris, then her lips closed and she sucked in a hungry, rhythmic fashion as I shuddered and my back arched involuntarily. I felt the muscles in my hips spasming as my hips flinched and jerked forward against her and my buttocks rubbed against the tiles.

Her tongue felt incredibly soft and agile against me, and the tactile sensations were like nothing I'd ever quite felt before! And then another

orgasm shattered my mind! This time it was all I could do to not scream aloud, no matter how thin the walls might be and who might hear!

## Chapter Three

“Are all blonde girls so responsive?” she asked with a smile.

She didn't seem to expect an answer. But she pushed me back against the wall again.

“Spread your legs,” she said as if it was an order.

I did and she reached up to the little ledge at the side of the wall where we put soap, shampoo, and other things. She took down the shaving lotion, sprayed it into her hand, then dropped her hand down low and rubbed it against my pussy.

“Try not to come again before I'm ready to make you,” she said.

I felt my face flushing even as she grabbed the razor off the shelf, then dropped to her knees and immediately began to shave off my thin line of pussy hair! I thought to object but couldn't. Especially since her doing it filled my mind with the idea she intended to spend more time down there!

I didn't really know what to say anyway!

I mostly didn't have much hair, and she removed what I did have pretty quickly, then had me rinse off. She slid the curtain aside and grabbed one of the towels I'd set there, wrapping it around my head, then took the other and wrapped it around my body.

“You're wetter than me,” she said.

Then she leaned in. “I have a feeling being wet is something you have a lot of experience with.”

I gulped uncertainly as she laughed and walked out of the bathroom, leaving me flustered, dazed, and astonished.

I dried myself off quickly, as best I could, but she was back before I'd even started to brush my hair dry myself.

“I'll do it,” she said.

“Oh, no, that's okay!” I anxiously assured her.

“It wasn’t a request,” she said with a frown.

Startled, I shut up.

She picked up the brush and then gently brushed my hair back and then to the sides, then did my bangs before picking up the hair dryer and turning it on. She stood behind me, the hair dryer whirring as she gently brushed at my hair and let the hot air dry it.

I still had no idea what to do! My mind was still rattled and trying to deal with what had just happened. Never mind what I should be doing now!

When she was satisfied, she turned off the dryer and set it and the brush down, then took my wrist and led me out of the bathroom.

And into her bedroom!

“Get on the bed and lay on your back.”

I gulped, my heart beating faster, but then obeyed.

“Hands above your head.”

“Wh... why?” I gulped as she climbed into the bed and straddled me.

“Because I told you to,” she said simply.

I hesitated, then raised my hands up and back above me. She grinned and sat down straddling my lower belly. My eyes flicked to her sex pressed directly against me and I felt another rush of confused heat and excitement even as she slid her hands up onto my breasts and leaned forward.

“I love your breasts,” she said softly, her fingers kneading them.

Her hands slid up along my face, then up further, up along my arms as she leaned further and further forward. I had no idea what she was doing until she wrapped something rapidly around my wrists. I twisted my head up and back, trying to see, and after a moment realized it was some kind of rope, black and soft, but still rope!

I gasped, but she’d already wrapped several loops around my wrists before I could think to resist. Another went around them, then one went between my wrists.

“Wh-what are you doing?!” I gulped.

“Tying you up.”

“Wh-why?” I squeaked.

“Because I want to.”

She tied the rope off and I knew my wrists were very firmly in place as she shifted over to her night table. A moment later she took something off

it and then pressed what felt like duct tape down over my mouth! I felt my eyes widen as I tried to speak but she only grinned.

She shifted back, then, her lips dropping down, kissing and nibbling on my neck and earlobe, then down further, teasing and sucking and licking and even chewing at my breasts and nipples until my breasts ached and my nipples burned!

I could do nothing but moan all through it, staring down at her in wide-eyed amazement as my body began to thrum with sexual electricity again.

I was more than a little amazed at what I was feeling. I'd never had more than one orgasm during any kind of sexual activity before, and usually not even that. I'd already had two and it seemed as if she was just getting started!

She nibbled, kissed, and licked her way down my trembling body and then spread my legs wide. Her tongue lapped against the tight line of my sex with long, slow, tantalizing licks before her fingers eased me open. Then she focused on my clitoris, sucking lightly, at first, her tongue circling and caressing it.

My breathing got more shallow as my chest tightened. The pressure filled me, and my hips wanted to roll up against her nimbly moving tongue and lips. I moaned and gasped and as the heat rolled up my body an intoxicating haze of sexual fever seemed to settle around me.

For the first time, I felt her fingers pushing into me, first one, then two, long, thick fingers for a girl, pushing up deep, then pumping slowly as the pads of her fingers pressed up against the front wall of my sex.

She grinned and straightened up and back, grasping my lower legs. She lifted them up and back, then crossed my ankles together and shoved my legs way back against my chest. Her other hand dropped back between my thighs, her fingers penetrating me, pumping in and out as her thumb stroked hard and fast across my swollen clitoris.

My body writhed, my back arching, my hips jerking up against her fingers. She leaned in against my ankles, grinning down at me, her fingers working roughly. They plunged into me, two, then three, and they pushed up under my clitoris even as her slick thumb rubbed down.

My head rolled from side to side, then thrashed as I cried out again and again. My buttocks jerked up against her as the heat overwhelmed me.

And then a third orgasm tore through me! I screamed! Or would have if my mouth hadn't been taped closed. I cried out again and again, the sounds thankfully muffled by the tape, my buttocks grinding frantically up against her fingers.

I trembled and shook for long, long trembling seconds as the climax took my mind away and made my body burn. Then it faded and I went limp.

She dropped my legs back and apart and dropped herself back atop my body, her hands kneading my breasts as her mouth sucked and chewed at my nipples. As before, she gently worked her way down my body. Then she was once again between my thighs, licking at my clitoris.

I was confused, to say the least. Not that my mind was working very well to begin with. But why was she still at it? Wasn't an orgasm the end point? She'd given me three! Shouldn't I be doing something for her now!? Not that I really knew what to do...

She sucked my clitoris into her mouth and rolled her eyes up toward me, her dark eyes meeting my blue. She pulled her lips up and smirked at me.

"I hope you're paying attention, blonde girl," she said.

Then her mouth returned to sucking on my clitoris as her tongue lapped up and down.

Pay attention! How the fuck could I not pay attention!? Then, I realized what she meant and felt a sudden sense of unease, of anxiety, even panic. She meant I would be expected to do the same to her! And I had no confidence I would be any good at it! Certainly, I wouldn't be as good as her! What if I was terrible at it!?

My uncertainty melted as her tongue and lips and fingers roused me into a deep, overwhelming sense of passion and lust once again. I marveled at it but surrendered gladly, embracing it, wallowing in it!

She straightened up with a grin.

"Roll over, blonde girl," she said.

I blinked at her in dazed confusion, then as she gripped one of my legs and pulled I grunted and rolled over onto my belly.

*Crack!*

I yelped at the slap to my bottom.

"Raise your hips high."

*Crack!*

I yelped again and, moaning, quickly drew my knees in to raise my buttocks high, even though I had no idea why.

“Push your knees further forward, blonde girl.”

She pushed at my thighs and I wriggled my knees further forward, which bent my back even more sharply, forcing my thighs in closer to my belly and abdomen.

*Crack!*

“Spread your legs,” she ordered.

I gasped and moaned and obeyed.

“That’s it. Good little blonde girl,” she said, her hands caressing my buttocks.

I shuddered as one of them descended between my thighs, her fingers stroking and caressing me, then penetrating me.

“Should I fuck you hard, little blonde girl?” she purred, her fingers driving into me. “Should I fuck your brains out? Should I pound you like a little blonde bitch in heat?”

I gasped and moaned as the heat swirled and churned within me.

“Don’t move,” she ordered, drawing her fingers out and back.

She climbed out of bed, leaving me like that.

And as I knelt it came to me just what an undignified position this was. Not just undignified but obscene! I’d been so concerned these last days about looking like a helpless, unsophisticated, backward child around her. I’d been doing my level best to seem as mature, as intelligent, and as thoughtful as she was. That I was, to a certain degree, on the same level as her.

This was... well, not exactly a position of equality, now, was it?

I turned my head to find her rummaging in a box in the other closet, her closet.

“Did I give you permission to turn your head, blonde girl?” she demanded.

I gulped and turned my face forward again. And then, I stared at my bound wrists and began to feel a strange sense of something dark and heady. You might find it odd that I hadn’t really thought much of her tying my wrists up above me. I’d sort of been distracted! But what I had thought was she didn’t want me interfering with what she was doing, because she knew so much and had so much skill, and I had... little.

But the way she was talking was like someone who was in charge; a superior to an inferior. Which I couldn't argue with. I'd let her be in charge since she was obviously far more knowledgeable than me. She *was* superior to me in that way. Well, in a number of ways.

But that wasn't the suggestion her voice and behavior now added up to. Laugh at me for my innocence, but I was only just now starting to realize that tying me up had little to do with me interfering with what she'd intended to do. That there was a darker, edgier tone to the lesbian sex she had initiated with me.

She strode back to the bed behind me, carrying something I only got a glimpse of out of my peripheral vision. More rope, I thought.

And so it proved. She wrapped it around my left leg just above the knee, tossed it under the bed, and reached over to the other side to pick it up once more. Then she pulled my right leg wider and wrapped the rope around it before tying it somehow.

She sat down on the side of the bed and ran her fingers through my hair, then gathered a thick mass of hair in her fist and pulled my head up and back until I gasped in pain and rolled my eyes up at her.

"Isn't this a lovely position for a sexy little blonde girl to be in?" she purred. "Should I call up some of the men I know and have them come over to ride you hard the way you need?"

She leaned in and whispered in my ear.

"You know you want to, blonde girl!"

I moaned a denial, though I didn't think she was serious. But given how tightly tied up I was, I realized there wasn't a thing I could do if she actually went ahead with it! The idea of a bunch of men arriving to find me like this and then using my body as they pleased was a little scary but since I didn't really believe for a moment she intended it, was more darkly, wickedly exciting than frightening.

She released my hair and moved back behind me. I felt her fingers at my sex, felt them slipping into me, pumping and twisting and turning. They seemed to be slicker than before, as if she'd applied some kind of lubricant. She pulled them out and back and then something else pushed against me.

This was cool, not warm like her skin. It was hard but had some kind of soft shell or covering. It pushed firmly against me and made me ache with the pressure. The force she used eased, then increased, then eased, then

grew, as she turned and twisted it. I felt the ache deepen as it slowly began to push forward and I felt the opening to my sex spreading wider and wider.

I moaned into the tape, wondering how big and thick it was. I grunted and gasped as it strained my opening wider than anything else I'd ever had inside me, then pushed deeper and deeper.

The dark heat grew inside me, and I began to feel my bones melting, began to feel my body sinking into that hot, hungry torpor as she worked it deeper and deeper. She began to move it in and out, then, slowly, at first, then faster, pushing ever deeper down the tight, narrow sleeve of my pussy.

It ... ached. But the aching was somehow wickedly exciting as whatever it was pushed deeper and deeper into my throbbing, thrumming abdomen. It felt like the tip was jammed as high inside me as it would go! But as she pumped it in and out I was sure I felt it somehow going even deeper! It ached even more, but the heat and hunger grew more powerful.

She stopped, and I trembled and moaned as she held it firmly in place, most of it buried in my body. She slipped off the bed, one hand against the bottom of whatever it was, and then held her cell phone out before my eyes.

I gasped in alarm, trying to turn my face away, but she seized my hair and jerked it back, then showed me the screen. It wasn't taking a picture. It was showing a video.

It was a video of me from behind! It was a video that showed her pumping what looked like an enormously thick black cock in and out through the taut, clutching lips of my sex! Holy shit! It was appallingly large and real looking. I could see how tightly the glistening lips of my sex clutched it and was amazed it had fit inside me!

She laughed and released my hair, then pulled the phone away.

"Ready to have your brains fucked out of your little blonde skull?" she asked.

She moved back behind me, and then she produced something else new. Even as the big black cock moved slowly in and out I felt her press her fingers against my clitoris. But now there was a buzzing sound and they trembled violently, as if suddenly attached to an electric shaver or... or a vibrator! I'd never had a dildo or vibrator, for keeping them around the house would have been far too dangerous lest one of my family find it.

Now her buzzing, quivering fingers transmitted a powerful vibration directly into my body, directly against my clitoris! My muscles immediately

responded, my hips rolling and grinding feverishly back against them as the dildo pushed in and out harder and faster – and deeper!

Then stopped.

Her fingers dropped away, leaving me panting, moaning, gasping, my hips still grinding back at the air. The dildo pushed even deeper, almost to the edge of pain, then she stopped pushing and slipped off the bed again, only to sit on the edge next to my head. She gripped my hair and jerked my face up and back, then reached in and peeled the tape off my mouth.

“Are you enjoying my big black cock, blonde girl?” she asked in a curious voice?

I just moaned and gulped in air.

She reached back and slapped my bottom and I gasped aloud.

“It’s very rude not to answer when someone asks you a question, blonde girl,” she said, frowning and wagging her finger at me.

She reached back again, and I felt her fingers rubbing against my clitoris. I gasped and my hips jerked against her.

“Are you enjoying my big black cock, blonde girl?” she asked.

“Y-Yes,” I squeaked.

She tsked and then released my hair and stood up. She moved away, then returned and showed me what looked like a long, thin... stick of some kind. It was quite thin, thinner than my little finger, and from the way she bent it back and forth, quite flexible.

“What is my name, blonde girl?” she asked in a strange, arrogant tone of voice.

I was confused about the question. But then again, my head wasn’t really functioning at top speed.

She slid the stick, which was probably two feet or so long, in under my abdomen, angling it upward, and I gasped as it pressed up and slid along my throbbing little button.

“Answer me,” she ordered.

She drew the thing back, then swung it up and around and it cut down across my bottom. It didn’t make much noise, a kind of hiss as it swept through the air, and then a sharp *thwack!* as it hit and made a stinging line of pain across my taut buttocks!

“Ahh! Amara!” I gasped in protest.

“Good girl,” she said in a cheery voice.

She laid the thing across my buttocks again, rubbing it slowly in and out.

“Now then. When I ask you a question, you should append my name to your answer. Is that clear, blonde girl?”

I was... confused.

She flicked the thing back and then down again and I gasped in pain.

“Is that clear, blonde girl?”

“Ow! Yes!”

*Thwack!*

I gasped again.

“You forgot to append my name to your answer,” she said sternly.

What in the fuck was she doing!?

She laid it across my bottom again.

“Are you enjoying my big black cock, blonde girl?”

“Y-Yes... Amara!” I gulped.

“Good girl!” she said, reaching over and ruffling my hair.

She slid the ‘stick’ in under my abdomen and let it slide slowly back and forth again, pressing against the top of my sex. It felt as if it was made of something like leather or rubber and made my clitoris burn!

“Do you like having my big black cock inside you, blonde girl?”

“Y-Yes, Amara!” I gasped.

“Tell me you love my big, black cock.”

This was ... bewildering, but she drew the stick out and laid it across my buttocks again.

“I... I love your big, black cock, Amara!” I gulped.

“Good girl!” she said happily, ruffling my hair again.

*This is truly weird*, I thought dazedly.

But the dark passion and hunger and pleasure were roiling my mind and making my body burn!

The dildo had slid back a few inches and she reached back and I gasped as she pushed on the base to force it deeper.

“We want that big, black cock deep inside your tummy,” she said.

She reached under me and her hand caressed my abdomen, then she gripped the base of the thing and started to pump it in and out. As she did, she placed her other hand along the base so that her fingers rubbed back and forth against my clitoris as she pumped it.

“Oh! Unh! Unh! Ungh! Oh! Oh, God!” I gasped, jamming my face into the mattress and rolling my buttocks up and back.

“I think I feel the head of my cock pushing against your tummy from the inside,” she said in delight.

I just moaned and then shuddered as she stopped pumping.

“Would you like me to fuck your brains out, blonde girl?” she asked nicely.

She reached in and gripped my hair and I gasped in pain as she jerked my head up and back.

“Answer when you’re spoken to, young lady!” she said sternly.

“Y-Yes, Amara!” I moaned.

“No, no. You must say it. I want you to ask me to fuck your blonde brains out with my big, black cock. Can you do that? And don’t forget to say please.”

“I... you’re... please... please fuck my brains out with – Ahhh!”

She picked up the stick and brought it down across my buttocks again.

“Not fuck your brains out, fuck your blonde brains out. Get with the program, girl.”

*Thwack!*

“Try again.”

“Please... fuck my blonde brains out with your big black cock, Amara,” I gasped.

“That’s more like it!” she said happily.

She moved back and then it seemed to me from my peripheral vision that she was stepping into something, like a pair of pants, or shorts or... something. She adjusted whatever it was carefully as she climbed back into the bed behind me. Then I felt her gripping the base of the dildo and drawing it back. She held it steady for long seconds, then released it and slid her hands over my buttocks.

“Say it again,” she ordered.

*Thwack!*

She snapped the stick down across my bottom stingingly.

“Please fuck my blonde brains out with your big, black cock, Amara!” I gulped.

I groaned as the dildo pushed deeper. It started to pump steadily in and out as her hands caressed my buttocks, then they slid further down

along my bare back. It drove deeper and then harder as I gasped and grunted and moaned weakly. Then I felt her hips pressing against my buttocks.

The dildo seemed to shift around inside me, now pressing to the right, now the left, now up, now down, even as her hips ground against my buttocks and her hands slid down onto my upper back. When she started to thrust again I realized she had attached the thing to her body, like one of those ‘strap-on’ things I’d seen on a few videos.

Amara actually *was* fucking me with her big, black cock now!

I don’t know why that thought sent a darkly thrilled jolt through me but it did! She was fucking me like a guy would! And this, at least, was something instinctive, something carnal, something that caught at my mind as her hips slapped harder against my buttocks and her ‘big black cock’ drove deep inside me!

I cried out as she jammed her hand into my hair and wrapped a thick chunk around her fist, then yanked it up and back. A moment later she slapped my bottom sharply as she drove the big cock into me hard and fast!

“Slutty little blonde girl,” she growled, “Always wanting that big, black cock inside you!”

*Crack!*

I gasped and moaned as she rode me, her hips slapping hard and fast so that my body shuddered with every stroke. This was just so damn dark and wild and wicked! And the feel of that big ‘cock’ pumping inside me was like nothing I’d ever imagined! It was so deep and so thick!

And I was tied up and helpless! Like her prisoner or her... I don’t know, slave or something! Her bitch! I felt... conquered, used – but in a hot, sizzling way!

She jammed herself deep and then leaned forward, her hands pushing down under my ribs, filling themselves with my swollen breasts, squeezing and kneading them as she ground herself against me. Then she folded her upper body down atop me until her breasts were pillowed against my bare back.

She slid her left arm in under my neck, pushing it through until my neck was caught in the crook of her arm as she pulled back. I could still breathe, but not that easily. Then her other hand came in over my mouth.

“I am going to fuck your blonde brains out,” she growled into my ear.

Her hips thrust harder, faster, and I cried out, my body trembling and shaking as she drove the dildo into me with renewed vigor.

“You belong to me now, blonde girl. You’re my little blonde sex bitch,” she whispered.

She took her hand off my mouth and shoved it down along my ribs and in under my belly, then her fingers reached up for my clitoris and rubbed.

The orgasm tore through me with explosive force, and I started to cry out, only to have her tighten her arm around my neck. I gurgled and gasped and choked as a scalding pleasure tore my mind apart! I wanted to scream! I almost thought I was screaming! But I made very little noise for you can’t scream without air.

My hips jerked violently back against her thrusting hips and I twisted and thrashed as convulsions wracked my body.

“Come for me, my little blonde bitch,” she growled into my ear.  
“Come for Amara.”

I sobbed dazedly, twisting and writhing as the pleasure became ecstasy and possessed me utterly! I could barely breathe but couldn’t care less! The orgasm trampled my mind as my body trembled and shook, and all that mattered was the pleasure overloading my nervous system!

## Chapter Four

Well, as you can guess, that was the most intense sexual experience of my life, by quite a long way. It left me aching, sore, and both emotionally and physically drained. Four tremendous orgasms in the space of a very short time! And if you were to list them among all the orgasms I'd ever had in my life for intensity they'd come out in the top four places.

Something like that has kind of a big impact on a girl's mind! I was a little uneasy about the weird tie-up sex game she insisted on playing while doing it but not about to complain given the results. I was also shocked I'd found sex with a girl so insanely exciting! Though, of course, she'd used a dildo and a weird thing that strapped to the back of her hand to make her fingers vibrate.

As I lay there with my hips stuck in the air she unfolded herself atop me so I could gulp in ragged breaths of air, then untied my wrists. But almost immediately she drew them back behind my back, crossed my wrists, and then retied them before untying my legs. Then she used a thin rope, wrapping it around my waist, then pulling it down against the base of the dildo and up between my buttocks to tie in back.

I'd yelped when she'd pulled that tight, but she'd only laughed at my protest that the thing ached so deep inside me.

"You're a blonde girl," she said cheerfully. "No cock is too big for you!"

She dragged me off the bed and onto the floor beside it. Then she'd pulled off the harness thing that could hold the dildo and sat on the edge of the bed naked, parting her legs as she drew me forward by the hair.

"I hope you've paid attention to things, blonde girl. I expect a certain level of competence or there'll be punishment," she said firmly.

She picked up the stick and I gulped a bit uncertainly.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“This is a riding crop. It’s used to train little blonde girls,” she said sternly.

She reached down with the tip and slapped it lightly against the side of my left breast, stinging lightly.

“But I won’t need to do that, will I?”

She pulled in more firmly on my hair and I stared at her naked, hairless sex, licking my lips uncertainly.

“Don’t lick your lips, blonde girl. Lick mine,” she said.

She pulled my face in and rubbed it against her sex, then reached down and let her fingers spread them apart.

“Show me what you’ve learned, blonde girl.”

I had kind of accepted that this would be required when she’d first licked my pussy. Reciprocity, right? You can’t just refuse after someone performs oral sex on you. Especially if you have an orgasm! But I wasn’t exactly excited at the prospect. And as the dazed languor of the orgasm faded I was beginning to feel anxious again, quite certain I’d fail to perform as good as she could.

I licked tentatively, then harder at her clitoris as she twisted her fingers in my hair to make me wince.

The dildo felt like it was throbbing inside me! It was so high and deep it ached! But the aching didn’t detract from the dark, simmering heat enveloping my body. It made it worse! I wasn’t quite sure why she’d tied my hands together, other than a vague notion it was part of her kinky games, but it did make this sort of harder to do. She’d certainly used her hands to good effect on me, after all!

Amara fondled my breast as she held me there by the hair, her long fingers sliding in to seize my stiff pink nipple, rolling and rubbing, and occasionally tugging or pinching on it when I didn’t lick as she wanted.

She gave quite careful instructions about how hard, how fast, and in what direction to lick, as well as how firmly and in what way I was to suck on her clitoris. She also snorted in disdain at how short my tongue was when she had me push it up inside her and said she would have to ‘stretch it out’.

Needless to say, I missed classes that morning. Or rather, I had a different kind of class, a different type of instruction. I did learn a lot,

though! I was, to a certain extent, elated at what had happened, excited at this new sphere of sexuality I had been exposed to. Especially given the intensity of the pleasure and passion I had experienced.

I went to class in the afternoon, as did she, but was more than a little distracted as memories and thoughts kept swirling and churning in my head. I'm not a lesbian. I hadn't ever really even thought I was bisexual. I could appreciate a girl who was attractive, who was beautiful and sexy, but I wasn't really aroused by them or their bodies.

I had sure been turned on by what Amara had done to me, though! It hadn't been anything remotely like what I'd imagined sex with a girl would be, though. It hadn't been soft, gentle kisses and caresses. Instead, it was more like, well, the way a guy would fuck me. But I certainly wasn't going to argue with the results!

Five orgasms in a row! Five! Wow! And they'd been so powerful! I could hardly believe it!

I'd never even imagined having five orgasms like that in such a short space of time! Especially with a girl! Though, one of the things I realized right off was that doing it with a girl who had a dildo meant you didn't have to worry about them getting soft! That was always a thing with boys, wondering if, once you finally started to get going, they could last a little longer so you could feel more pleasure.

But her big, black cock would never get soft!

I had to get myself a dildo like that! I knew I could order one on the internet now. I didn't have to worry about someone in my family coming across it in my room, or worse, opening the mail and realizing what it was! That would have been mortifying! But we had a little mailbox for stuff being mailed and no one else had access. I just had to make sure the box was small enough.

I got back to the dorm before Amara and set my books down, but rather than get to work on homework I found myself drawn to the idea of that cock of hers. I went over to her bed and opened the night table drawer where I'd seen her drop it afterward, then pulled it out and held it in my hands, marveling at how long and thick it was!

I could hardly believe I'd gotten this big thing almost fully inside my body! It was definitely both longer and thicker than any real cock I'd ever held in my hand, much less had inside me.

I remembered how she'd made things slippery and looked in her night table again before finding the lube. I took it out and, feeling an unaccustomed excitement, I made sure the door was locked, then went into the bathroom and closed the door. I stripped naked, then used the lube, working first a finger into myself, then two, then three.

I sat back on the toilet, slumping somewhat, lifting my knees up and apart, feeling kind of slutty as I did it. Then I brought the dildo up and pressed it against me, watching, fascinated and excited, as I tried to work it into my body. It wasn't easy! But I knew I could, and that made the difference.

I kneaded my breasts and thought sexy thoughts as I slowly managed to work the big cock into my pussy, pumping it lightly, rubbing my clitoris as I gradually pushed it deeper and deeper! I was getting close to coming, visualizing in my mind the things that Amara had done to me, the position I'd been in, trying to imagine it as if there'd been a third party there watching me.

And then the door opened.

Bathroom doors, you know, don't lock with keys. At least, most don't. This one didn't either. It was a privacy lock. And like a lot of them, there was a little hole in the middle of the outer doorknob that you just had to stick a small piece of metal through, like say, the tip of a coat hanger, and it would unlock it.

And Amara had done just that when she'd come back and found my stuff on my desk and her bedside table drawer open and her dildo missing.

"And just what do you think you're doing, blonde girl?" she demanded sternly.

I screamed, startled and embarrassed, and pulled the dildo out as my face reddened.

I hurriedly sat up, feeling my face heat up rapidly as she glowered at me.

"Did I give you permission to use my cock?" she demanded.

"I-I uhm... no," I gulped. "I'm sorry! I was just... I was experimenting and ..."

"No, is the only word that you needed to speak," she said. "You're a naughty little blonde girl and I shall have to consider what your punishment

should be! In the meantime, sit back the way you were and put it back inside.”

I kind of gaped at her, face still hot.

“Now, blonde girl,” she ordered, slapping her hand on the door frame.

“I... but... uhm...”

“Do you want a spanking?”

I gulped and then, blushing hotly, slumped down again. My mind was spinning with indecision, beset by a rising sense of excitement on the one hand and embarrassment on the other. I pressed the dildo against myself and, my fingers shaking a bit, slowly pushed it inside inch by inch.

It felt very, *very* weird to be doing this while she watched! Like I was some kind of exhibitionist!

“I’m sure you were doing more. You were rubbing your clitoris, weren’t you?” she demanded.

I felt my face heat even more!

“Weren’t you!?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Yes, what? Yes Amara, right?”

“Yes, Amara!” I gulped.

“So do it.”

I rubbed my clitoris, my fingers still kind of slick from the lube, and awkwardly pumped the dildo in and out.

“Deeper, blonde girl. I want to see it all the way up inside your tight little cunt.”

I felt a strange jolt at the harshness of that word, but a wave of heat swept over me, as well.

“Don’t forget to squeeze your breasts. I love those breasts. I’m jealous of them, you little bitch.”

Despite her watching me I was getting more and more aroused as I pumped the dildo and rubbed my clitoris. I was also nervous, uneasy, and still felt awkward.

“I don’t think you even know how to masturbate properly,” she sniffed. “Do I need to do it for you? Shove that cock deeper, girl!”

I moaned and tried to push it deeper and deeper. I knew she’d gotten it all the way in earlier in the day, and as I grew more excited I was able to feed it almost fully inside! I was near to orgasm, too when she stopped me.

“Come here,” she ordered. “Stand up. Hold that cock inside you and come out here.”

I drew my legs together and sat up hesitantly, then reached down, the tip of my fingers pressed against the base as I stood up. She jerked her head and I kind of shuffled out the door. She grasped my hair from behind and led me over to her desk, then bent me over the back of the chair so that my breasts pillowed out against the cool wood.

“Stay,” she ordered.

She went into her closet and came out with the stick... the riding crop, and I gulped anxiously.

“Did I give you permission to touch my cock without permission, blonde girl?” she demanded.

“N... no, Amara!” I gulped.

She swung it down and it snapped stingingly across my bottom! I gasped and jerked sharply.

“Did I give you permission to root around in my bedside table?”

“N-No, Amara!” I moaned.

*Thwack!*

I shuddered as she laid another sharp, hot little line of pain across my bottom.

“Do you think it’s proper to just root around in someone else’s bedside table whenever you want something?”

“No, Amara!” I moaned.

*Thwack!*

“And to use their lube without permission?”

“No, Amara!”

*Thwack!*

“Tell me why you did it then.”

“I-I don’t know,” I moaned helplessly.

*Thwack!*

“Because you loved having a big, black cock up inside you. Isn’t that correct, blonde girl?”

“Y-Yes, Amara!” I gasped.

*Thwack!*

“Say it.”

“I-I loved having a big, black cock up inside me!” I moaned.

“You rabid little blonde slut!”

*Thwack!*

“I shall have to see you get your own big cock or you’ll be stealing mine at every opportunity.”

*Thwack!*

“And disrespecting my privacy as you do it!”

*Thwack!*

I shuddered and gasped and winced and moaned as the crop laid lines of hot, stinging pain across my bottom! But I didn’t even think about resisting. I mean, there was no question I had violated her privacy and was in the wrong. And I was flustered and confused and uncertain and embarrassed and... well, aroused.

She went to her closet and came back with some of that rope, wound two loops around my waist, then brought two more down between my legs and up between my buttocks to tie in back. She slowly tightened it more and more and I gasped and then moaned and tried to jerk forward as the pressure of the head against what felt like the deepest part of my pussy ached more and more!

“Oh! Please, Amara!” I gasped, squirming now. “It’s too deep!”

*Crack!*

She slapped my bottom sharply.

“Don’t tell me that, slut. A blonde girl can take any size cock inside her.”

And then she proved she was right. She managed to actually force the thing completely into my body so that the lips of my sex closed around the rope!

She made me get dressed, then, harrying me, giving me no opportunity to argue. I wasn’t allowed a bra or panties, though! And since I had no skirts she thought were short enough she had me wear one of her shortest skirts. It didn’t look as short on me since I had way shorter legs, and it was kind of loose. But she used a belt to hold it in place, ignoring my efforts to dissuade her.

For a top, she had me put on a casual, button-down shirt of mine, but only do up a couple of middle buttons. Then she lifted the two sides up and tied them tightly under my breasts. That at least supported my boobs, but it

also kind of squeezed them up and out against the thin fabric. And she left the top buttons undone so it was shoving some cleavage!

I don't show cleavage! I mean, a little bit at a club or bar, but not like this! But she just overrode my objections.

"We have to get you a nice big cock, blonde girl. It's important to your psychological well-being. I'm doing this for you, after all."

"I can buy one on the internet!"

"Nonsense. You need to feel it in your hands to see if it's right for you!"

"But – !"

"But me no butts."

She grabbed my arm and dragged me to the door, then out into the hall. And without my purse or keys or anything! She locked up and then I had little choice but to follow her up the hall to the elevators, feeling very slutty and exposed! Not to mention that big cock was still stuffed deep inside me and I was aching!

"Where are we going?" I moaned.

"A place I know that sells things little blonde girls like."

The elevator came and she shooed me inside and pressed the button for the ground floor. The doors closed and I gasped, reaching down and pressing my hands against my abdomen.

"You'll get used to it. We really should find you something for your bottom, too."

"What!?"

"Looking at your cute little wrinkled back opening I was thinking that I really do need to fuck you there too. A girl with a round, bubble bottom like yours needs a nice big cock inside it."

I flushed and my heart beat faster.

"I don't like that! It hurts!"

"Nonsense. It hurts because stupid boys who don't have the knowledge or patience do it. I, on the other hand, know better."

"But – !"

"What did I tell you earlier?"

"I... uhm, I don't know," I gulped.

"You're my little blonde bitch now," she said.

She kissed me full on the lips, surprising me, and only pulled back as the doors were opening. Then she led me out into the lobby and then out the door.

It felt very awkward walking with the dildo inside. Not to mention it felt as if I was practically flashing my breasts at everyone! I was too big to walk around without a bra without it being obvious! And the top was kind of thin. I looked down anxiously and saw my nipples poking out against the thin fabric.

“My nipples are sticking out,” I moaned.

“So?”

“People might notice!”

“So? You have some pokeys because of how aroused you are.”

“It’s because there’s a cold breeze,” I said.

“Liar.”

The dorms were near the edge of campus, and just off campus were a series of small shops, bars, and restaurants that catered mostly to the college community. That meant there were a lot of people around, which made me even more self-conscious. Not only was I not wearing panties in this very short skirt but I was showing cleavage and my nipples were showing!

I’m normally a pretty private person, you know! Especially about my body!

We walked past the shops, restaurants, and bars, then around a corner. There were tattoo parlors here, and also a sex shop. I’d never been down this street and tried to hold back as we approached the latter. But Amara simply grasped my upper arm and moved me along.

“I will tan your round white bottom if you don’t learn to be more obedient, blonde girl,” she said.

It occurred to me for a moment to wonder why I should have to be obedient to her, but then she was pushing the door open and pulling me inside.

There were half a dozen people inside, mostly other women. I dropped my eyes, face heating, but she simply led me along one aisle as if she was very familiar with the place.

“Here we are,” she said.

And here we certainly were. Boy, what a lot of cocks! Cocks of every size, shape, color, and description!

“Now which of these cocks do you think will get you off easier?”

“Shhh!” I hissed, face reddening.

She rolled her eyes. “Honestly, you colonials.”

She moved over a little and plucked one off the shelf.

“Here’s a nice one for your tight little bottom,” she said.

It wasn’t quite as large as the one inside me, and it had this strange bulge near the bottom. It wasn’t just swollen out there, but there was like, a fat ring around it.

“That’s to keep it inside you, like a butt-plug,” she said.

“I don’t want something for my butt!” I hissed.

“What you want no longer matters. You’re my little blonde bitch, after all.”

She eyed another one and made a pleased sound.

“Saw this earlier. This is just right for you.”

It was certainly large! It looked realistic, with veins and all, but it was sitting on a kind of base.

“See, this lets you either put a suction plug attachment on so you can put it on a chair or the floor and ride up and down, or attach a harness, or attach this vibrator part. Which is what I think a sexy little blonde slut like you will really get off on.”

“That’s like two hundred dollars!” I gasped in astonishment.

“Well, we want a good one,” she said.

“I can’t afford that! I’m on a budget!”

“You don’t need to. You’re *my* little blonde bitch, after all. I’ll pay for it.”

“I can’t let you do that!” I gasped.

“Let me? Phht. Other way around, little girl.”

She moved along the shelf, dragging me along with her.

“Ah, this looks right up your alley.”

She lifted up a pair of black studded leather bracelets linked together by little steel rings and then took one of my wrists and fit one around it.

“Amara!” I gasped, trying to jerk it back as I looked wildly around.

“If you’re a bad little blonde girl again I shall spank your bottom right here,” she said, wagging a finger at me.

I was nervous and blushed hotly as a couple of women walked by and glanced at us, but she fitted both of them around my wrists.

“How’s that feel?”

“Fine!” I gulped.

“We want them soft. You still have red marks from the ropes this morning.”

“Please keep your voice down!” I begged.

“We shall take these, plus both dildos.”

“Please take them off, Amara!” I whispered anxiously.

She shook her head and rolled her eyes, but then unbuckled them and took them off.

“They’re going to go back on as soon as we’re home,” she said.

And they did!

## Chapter Five

Away from prying eyes, I couldn't help feeling a delicious little rush when she buckled the restraints around my wrists again. Then, naked, I looked up at her as she lifted my arms high and pushed me back several steps until I was pressed against the wall.

I hadn't noticed, but unbeknownst to me she'd put a ring in the wall there, an O-ring which she'd covered up with a picture. Now, with one hand, she lifted the picture down and tossed it on a chair, then made me rise up more, and locked the clip holding the restraints together to the O-ring.

She stepped back with a smirk as I twisted, first one way, then the other, looking up at my wrists locked in place.

"Now when you're in my way I can just put you here for a time to give me more space," she said, patting my head.

I knew, though, that she had other intentions. My chest was already tight and my nipples erect as she looked me up and down. She cupped my breasts, then rolled my nipples before pinching them and tugging them up and out.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Amara! Oh! Please!" I gasped.

"Are you going to be a good little blonde girl?" she asked.

"Yes! Oh! Please!"

She released my nipples and I gasped, sinking back at least to the balls of my feet, my buttocks pressing back against the wall.

"Turn around," she ordered.

I licked my lips and then obeyed her. Then her hand smacked my bottom sharply.

*Crack!*

"Ow!" I cried.

She pulled back on my hair and I gasped again.

“You forgot to say my name. Say it.”

“A-Amara!” I gasped, as she pulled my hair so sharply my head was almost looking back at her behind me.

“Bad little blonde,” she said, leaning in and nibbling on the nape of my neck.

“Are you my little blonde bitch?” she purred.

“Y-Yes, Amara!” I gasped.

“Say it.”

“I’m... I’m your little blonde bitch, Amara,” I gulped.

She released my hair, reached around me and squeezed my breasts, then moved away.

“Don’t move,” she said over her shoulder.

I gulped, pulse racing, and stood in place as she opened the bag she’d had me carry back to the dorm and then took out the big dildo. Did I mention it was black? There had been different colors, but she said I needed a big black cock inside me and I wasn’t about to argue!

She hummed to herself as she inspected the thing, then returned to me. She undid the rope around my waist and then peeled it down and out of the cleft between my legs, relieving the pressure from the big dildo inside me at last.

I groaned in relief as the pressure eased and the thing began to slide slowly back. It was so tight it didn’t push back far or hard, but I felt the pressure as the base worked its way out while she fooled around with the new one. She pulled her dildo out of me and almost immediately slid the new one up inside to replace it.

I groaned as it felt even thicker! But I was also sopping wet, and it didn’t seem to go quite as high. On the other hand, it did have a base, one of the parts she’d chosen to attach to it, I thought, which kind of pressed up against the mouth of my sex. It was kind of rounded, and the base had a thin strap she drew up between my buttocks. She pulled two more up diagonally across my abdomen to curve around my hips and fasten behind me to the other.

Then she did something with the big dildo and it started to vibrate, or at least, the part near the base and the base itself. I gasped and flinched in surprise as she moved away. I looked down at the thing pressed against me,

marveling at it being held in place so tightly as she opened another of the boxes.

She returned and tugged the thin strap aside where it covered my wrinkled little back opening, then pressed the other dildo against it.

“Oh! Don’t! Please, Amara!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

She slapped my bottom and pulled back on my hair again.

“Did you not say you were my little blonde bitch?” she demanded.

“Y-Yes, Amara!” I gasped.

“What do you imagine that means? Hmmm? It means you belong to me to do with as I choose,” she growled. “If you’re a disobedient little blonde bitch then you shall be punished. Do you understand me, girl?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Yes Amara,” she said.

“Yes, Amara!”

“Now beg me to fuck you in the ass with my big, black cock.”

I moaned and gulped in air.

“Please fuck me in the ass with your big black cock, Amara!” I moaned.

“That’s a good girl,” she said.

I felt the pressure again, dipping in and twisting from side to side, easing off and dipping in, even as the vibrator buzzed against me. She reached her other hand up and fondled my breasts, her fingers digging deep into the soft flesh as I closed my eyes and shuddered.

“Beg me to push my big, black cock up your tight little ass,” she said.

I flushed at this ... dirty talk, but at the same time, it was so outrageous that it triggered a kind of dark excitement within me.

“Please... please push your big, black cock up my tight little ass!” I gulped.

She worked it in slowly, I’ll give her that. And she used lube. And she distracted me while she did it, sometimes by slapping my bottom or pinching my nipple, or making me say dirty things. But the end result was she managed to get it up all the way inside me without it really hurting. I did feel some cramping deep inside, but that wasn’t a big deal.

Even the fat ring part pushed in to lock it in place before she tugged the strap back in place.

“I bought you a couple of other presents earlier. Bought them at another store. A more expensive store with higher quality merchandise. They were very expensive.”

The dildo she had inside me had cost two hundred dollars! And she didn't consider it expensive!?

The first thing was a thick black strap smelling of new leather. Only it wasn't a strap. She wrapped it around my neck, drew my hair aside with her fingers, then buckled it behind me.

It was a collar! I could look down and see the O-ring dangling from the front!

“Turn around, you wicked little blonde slut,” she ordered.

Gulping, I obeyed, and flinched as she took a picture of me!

“Oh! Amara!”

“Don't worry. I'm not going to show anyone but you.”

And then she did, bringing the phone in close to show me the picture of me naked, arms above my head, the collar around my neck! She grinned at me as she zoomed in on me from chest to head.

“Doesn't this look like a scrumptious little blonde girl, all ready to be cruelly ravished by some nasty man with a big cock?” she teased.

She traced her lips along mine, then kissed me and I moaned, kissing her back as her hands kneaded my breasts. The vibrator thing was making it impossible to keep my body still, so my buttocks were grinding back continuously against the wall.

She pulled back, though, and then showed me the other thing she'd bought, which made me frown in confusion. I thought it was a second collar for a long moment. Except this one had a kind of spongy ball attached to the inside.

“Open your mouth, blonde girl,” she ordered.

I did so, hesitantly, uncertainly, then felt awareness as she pressed it against my mouth. I moaned, wanting to say something, but too late. She pushed it slowly through. I had to widen my jaw for it to get inside. Then the leather of the other 'collar' was pressed flat against my lips, covering my entire mouth as she drew it back behind me.

I moaned, but couldn't say a thing. It was a gag, of course. And having it in place meant I couldn't even complain about anything!

"You're too loud for this little dorm room," she said. "And now you've got a lovely gag to let you scream to your heart's content without drawing angry neighbors down upon us."

She pulled back with a grin, then took out her phone and took another picture of me. She showed it to me and I stared at it anxiously. Then she stepped back and did something else to the phone. I jerked, my hips twisting in sudden response as the vibrator grew much more powerful! I also cried out, startled, but the gag pretty much suppressed that!

She grinned and sat back on her chair, playing with the phone. The vibrator shifted into a different pattern, longer pulsations, then more throbbing, then short, rapidly increasing pulsations. She watched me every time she shifted to something else, and I could do nothing but stand there and moan, grinding my buttocks against the wall, blinking rapidly and sometimes flinching.

She settled on one and then opened one of her books and began to read while I stood there against the wall, moaning and wriggling and twisting in place. Whenever I pushed my buttocks back against the wall the dildo in my butt was jammed higher! Though it would sink back to the point where the ring was pressing against my sphincter.

I was getting hotter and hotter as the vibrations intensified and my pussy throbbed powerfully. Then she hummed softly and did something to her phone. Suddenly, some small part of the base where it rested up against the top of my sex began to move! It wasn't a large part. It was probably no wider than a finger, but it was moving from side to side right over my overheated, swollen clitoris!

That was simply too much for me to take and a tremendous orgasm tore through me! I slapped my buttocks back against the wall in something like a frenzy as my hips kept bucking forward against the vibrating cock! My head jerked back, twisting and rolling against my arms as my feet pawed at the floor, almost running out from under the clip holding me in place!

I twisted one way, then the other, gripped by a terrible, wonderful roar of pleasure that left me completely out of control! I sobbed for breath, crying out again and again, lost to the heat and passion, my muscles

spasming wildly. Holy fuck! I ground my thighs together desperately, shuddering as my nerve endings crackled with fire.

And then I practically collapsed against the wall, gasping for breath, my hair spilling over my face as the vibrations eased somewhat and the thing rubbing against me went still.

“Such a responsive little blonde girl,” she said in amusement.

I moaned, raising my eyes, and saw her holding her phone up, probably taking a video. I couldn’t really care at that point, though. I was caught up in that dazed sense of languor that made nothing much important as I bathed in the afterglow of that marvelous orgasm.

She went back to her reading, and the vibrations continued. But she played with her phone and they shifted, with a kind of slow pulsations that rolled up the length of the dildo again and again, so it almost felt like it was moving up inside me!

The pulsations grew stronger and then faster, and then the little moveable thing inside started to rub from side to side. Another orgasm screamed through my body and I thrashed and twisted as convulsions tore through me. I cried out again and again, twisting and grinding, rubbing my thighs together, turning completely around several times!

I found that when I turned my back to her my breasts pressed into the wall, and it felt good to mash and rub them against the rough, painted cinderblocks!

The orgasm left me dazed and breathless and I shuddered and dropped my forehead against the wall. God, almighty! What a wicked, kinky game she was playing! And what wild, incredible toys she had!

“Turn around, blonde girl. I want to see your face when you come,” she said.

I turned around, though the orgasm was over, my chest heaving, and she smirked at me.

“Slutty little blonde girl,” she teased. “Look at you coming so fast and powerfully. I wonder how many you can have.”

The answer was... a lot! Especially as she kept manipulating the thing attached to me and inside me so that it kept shifting the kind and intensity of vibrations. I came several more times, so powerfully they left me breathless and exhausted. The muscles in my abdomen were starting to ache and burn from all the spasming!

I wanted to beg her to stop but I couldn't say a word!

The vibrations grew and shifted and I whimpered and moaned, grinding my thighs together as my body moved upward through greater and greater passion and hunger. But this time she got up and strolled across the floor to me. She smirked down at me, then reached behind my head and undid the buckles on the strap, pulling the gag slowly back out of my mouth.

I gasped for breath as she grinned down at me, then kissed me passionately for long, long seconds. She drew back and her hands slid down my body, cupping my buttocks and pulling me tightly against her.

"Tell me you're my little blonde bitch," she said.

"I-I'm... I'm your... your little blonde... bitch, Amara!" I gasped.

"And if you're my bitch. You're going to obey me, isn't that right, little blonde girl?"

"Y-Yes, Amara!" I moaned.

She drew back, rolling my nipples between the pads of her thumbs and forefingers.

"I can do anything I want to your lovely body. Isn't that true, blonde girl?"

"Yes, Amara!" I gulped.

"I want to hear you say it."

"You... you can do anything you want to my body!" I whispered.

"Louder," she said, pinching my nipples.

"Oh! You can do anything you want to my body, Amara!" I gasped.

"Then I can pinch your nipples too."

She pinched harder, tugging them up and forward so that my back arched sharply as I gasped and moaned in pain.

"And I can fuck your blonde brains out with my big black cock, can't I?"

"Oh! Oh! Yes! Ow! Yes, Amara!" I gasped.

She released my nipples and I shuddered and eased back as her hands caressed my body.

"Beg me to fuck your blonde brains out with my big, black cock."

"Please fuck my blonde brains out with your big, black cock, Amara!" I whimpered.

“Nasty little blonde slut,” she purred, nibbling on the nape of my neck.

She released me and then roughly spun me around so I faced the wall.

*Crack!*

“Push your hips back at me and spread your legs, slut.”

I gulped and obeyed.

She walked away and then stripped naked herself. She pulled on the new harness and then came back and undid the straps holding the dildo-vibrator in place. She eased it off, removing the base, then attached it to the harness.

“You are sopping wet, you naughty little blonde slut,” she said as she drew the thing back a bit.

I gasped as she seized my hair in her fist.

“Beg me to pound you like a blonde whore,” she growled.

“Please pound me like a blonde whore, Amara!” I gasped.

She jerked back on my hips and I whimpered and moaned as she began to roll her hips in and out.

“Dirty little blonde girl,” she growled. “I can do anything to your sexy body.”

She grabbed my hair and jerked it back and I gasped aloud.

“Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, Amara!” I moaned.

“I own your body, blonde girl. Say it.”

That was so outrageous! But she reached her other arm around my waist, her long fingers sliding down my abdomen until they found my clitoris and I gasped and jerked back against her.

“Say it, slut.”

“You own my body, Amara!” I gasped.

She thrust faster, her fingers rubbing.

“Again, slut!”

“You own my body, Amara!” I moaned.

“Nasty little blonde slut!”

The dildo thrust into me harder and faster, and now her hips began to slap against my buttocks as my mind dissolved under the flood of new heat and dark, glittering sexual passion. The harness thing she wore also hit the base of the dildo protruding from my bottom, sending it jamming up higher

with every stroke! It ached, but ached wonderfully as she rammed the big black cock up inside me with savage hunger and drove me into another screaming orgasm!

This time she clamped her hand over my mouth as she pounded her hips against my buttocks and rode me through another massive, gut-wrenching climax!

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She attached a rope to the ring, then, and let me sink to my knees. Then, with my wrists still held high above me, she gripped my hair and pulled me in against her pussy. I wore my tongue and jaw out licking her to several orgasms before she relented and eased back.

My jaw ached, but at least the rest of me had had some relief from the constant muscle spasms!

## Chapter Six

Amara had me wear the vibrator dildo thing whenever we were in the dorm. It was usually not turned on, but she could control it from her phone. Even if she wasn't in the building! She could do it by connecting my phone up to the thing and doing it through there somehow.

I also had to be naked, and wearing the collar and restraints. Even if I was just sitting at my desk studying, or when I went to bed. Though, at least she let me take the thing out of me for sleeping! She also bought me a butt-plug and made me wear it all the time, even when I went to classes!

The only exception to being naked was when we had visitors. Even then, she'd have me wear the butt-plug, and often the vibrator/dildo as well. Like, Grace came over, along with another black girl named Shanice, and they talked about music and TV shows and stuff like that.

Amara turned on the vibrator, then, but kept it on low. But it made me quite nervous and a bit edgy as everyone sat around the smallish room chatting. Then two more black girls showed up: Jasmine and Kayla. It felt a bit weird being the minority, especially with Amara giving me knowing looks, and nudging up the vibrator's power.

Fortunately, six girls in a room made a lot of noise so there was no indication anyone heard the buzzing. Grace was the same as from our initial meeting. I mean, she didn't seem to like me, not because of who I was but what I was: a blonde. Or maybe just white. Or probably also hot.

When Kayla talked about going downstairs to get some drinks from the machines there Grace volunteered me to do it.

"Why should she go?" Amara asked with a raised eyebrow.

"She should go so she can experience being the servant to black girls for a change," Grace said with a smirk. "Kind of a reversal of white privilege."

Grace was deep into identity politics and so had a lot of resentment.

“Nobody here has any privilege except me. Because I’m so much better educated than the rest of you lot,” Amara replied.

“I bet there aren’t many black people in Idaho,” Grace said.

“Not many,” I replied.

“Do people in Idaho even like black folks?”

“Depends on if they’re Democrats or not,” I said, which drew a laugh from most of them.

“I’m not much into politics myself,” I added.

“I’m a Labour supporter,” Amara said with a smile.

“Not anymore, you’re not,” Kayla said. “You’re in America now so you better start getting used to American politics.”

“Oh, God help me. I hate them all then,” Amara said, rolling her eyes. “Your Republicans all seem somewhat crazed and all they want is to destroy the government. And your Democrats all seem to want to bring back segregation and shove everyone back into their own little tribes so they can express their displeasure and grievances at each other. Spare me from your bloody American politics.”

“The Democrats just want to get fair treatment for Black folks,” Grace said with a scowl.

“Fair? What’s fair? You people still whining about slavery all the time. And it’s not even the fun slavery.”

“There’s a fun slavery?” Jasmine asked.

“Of course, my dear! That’s when you have a lovely little sex slave to play with and order around.”

That was greeted with laughter and jokes, as you might expect.

“Maybe this time around we should make blonde girls the slaves,” Grace said.

Grace definitely had a thing about me, or maybe blondes. But I sensed it wasn’t just antipathy. I thought she might want the same of me that Amara did. Only rougher.

“You’re just jealous of their reputation for raw, unbridled, uninhibited sexuality,” Amara said, teasing me more than Grace.

“Oh, please,” I said, flushing.

“Blondes are every man’s plaything,” she added with a grin.

“And not women?” Kayla asked.

“Oh, of course! If you like girls then pretty blondes with big boobs should definitely be your slave girls!”

“I don’t have big boobs,” I said, blushing a little more. “They look bigger because I’m petite.”

“Petite means small in French,” Amara said.

“I think everyone knows what petite is,” Kayla replied in amusement.

“Guys call girls like Tory spinners,” Jasmine said with a grin.

“Why?” Amara asked.

“Supposedly because they can sit on their cock and spin around. I’m not sure what pleasure is to be had from that but then I don’t have a cock.”

“You can buy those,” Amara said.

“No thank you! I don’t need a cock to get me off.”

“Me neither,” Amara replied. “Some girls are rather fond of them, though.”

And there she looked straight at me so that others laughed or snickered.

I shrugged and tried to put on a kind of careless expression, as if I was far too mature for her silly taunts.

“How come so many Black guys pant after blonde girls?” Kayla asked.

“Everyone pants after blonde girls,” Jasmine replied. “Blame Hollywood.”

“Lots of blondes are sluts,” Grace said.

“Lots of black girls too,” Amara replied.

“I think the thing about blonde sluts is that if a girl, a white girl that is, is a slut, or wants to be a party girl, she dyes her hair blonde. So how can you tell if it’s real blondes who are slutty as opposed to slutty girls who become blondes? You get what I’m saying?” Kayla said.

“So is Tory a real blonde?” Jasmine asked, peering at me.

“Well, we could pull her pants down and see what she’s got down below,” Grace suggested.

“She’s a real blonde.” Amara smiled.

That made me blush even more since it suggested she’d seen me naked and was referring to my pubic hair – which she’d removed, of course.

“What? A white girl with pussy hair?” Grace asked. “I thought none of them had pussy hair anymore.”

“I don’t have any pussy hair, dear,” Amara said.

“Yeah, because you’re a foreign heathen,” Kayla replied.

There was lots of snickering and amusement through all this but it was making me feel distinctly... awkward!

“It’s porn videos that started women shaving their hair,” Jasmine said.

“And now guys do it too,” Kayla added.

“It’s a lot easier on the tongue,” Amara said in amusement.

That brought a lot more laughter and obscene remarks.

“Guys see porn videos and they think that’s how women look and act and so they want us all to look and act that way,” Jasmine said in annoyance.

“And they want lap dances and strip teases and threesomes because they’ve seen that on the internet,” Kayla said.

Two days later I was kneeling on the floor, my wrists bound overhead up and back through the corner bedpost of my bed, and my ankles bound together behind the same post down low. I was impaled on the vibrator/dildo thing, which she’d stuck it to the floor with a suction cup. I had the collar and gag on and was fighting not to ride up and down on the dildo again.

My thighs were already aching because I’d ridden it through several orgasms already! Fortunately, Amara came over and untied me, then pulled me upright (by the hair) before bending me over the crosspost at the foot of the bed. The crosspost was almost a foot higher than the mattress, so my upper body fell downward and my buttocks were raised high.

She drew my wrists together behind me and locked the restraints there, then pulled my wrists higher, to just below my shoulder blades, and attached them to the collar with a short chain.

“I think I should fuck you in the ass tonight, blonde girl,” she said.

I just moaned in response.

She pulled the butt-plug out of me and inserted the other one, driving it deep and wedging it in place. Then she took out her riding crop, which made me anxious, right away, before undoing the gag and removing it.

She let the edge of the crop slide up and down across my buttocks.

“Tell me you’re my bitch, blonde girl.”

“I’m your bitch, Amara!” I gulped.

“Tell me you’re my hot, sexy little bitch.”

“I’m your hot, sexy little bitch, Amara,” I said, my voice catching slightly.

“Nasty girl. Dirty girl. Slutty little blonde,” she whispered, the crop sliding up and down, rubbing against my buttocks.

She slapped it lightly against my bottom.

“Beg me to fuck you in your whore ass,” she said.

God! I felt a hot little jolt of sexual energy despite the orgasms I’d already had. And despite not having any particular affection for anal sex.

“Please fuck me in my whore ass, Amara!” I gulped.

“What a thing to ask!” she gasped as if shocked at me.

She ran a hand up my back and gripped my hair, pulling it and my head up and back.

“You must be a very dirty little girl!” she said in mock amazement.

She leaned over my body, kissing and nibbling her way up my back to my earlobe.

“Tell me you’re my whore,” she whispered.

“I’m your whore, Amara!” I moaned.

“Tell me you’re my slut.”

“I’m your slut, Amara!” I groaned.

“Tell me you’re my... sex slave,” she whispered.

I felt another hot, wicked little jolt of energy!

“I’m your sex slave, Amara!” I gulped.

“A sex slave! That means I own your luscious body! Isn’t that right, blonde girl?”

“Yes, Amara!” I gulped.

*Crack!*

“Say it!” she growled.

“You own my body, Amara!”

“Say I own your whore body, bad girl.”

“You own my whore body, Amara!” I gulped.

“Dirty girl! Tell me I own your blonde whore body.”

“You own my blonde whore body, Amara!” I gasped.

This dirty talk was all so new to me! Amara was the only one who had ever had me do it and it felt just incredibly edgy and dark and exciting to say such things!

She ran the crop up and down across my buttocks. Then she bent down and grasped my ankles, not just pulling them together, but actually crossing them at the ankles, then tying them like that.

“Such a bad girl!” she said as she stood up.

*Crack!*

“Ahh!” I gasped.

The vibrator came to life inside me, buzzing powerfully, and I moaned as my mind and body thrummed with sexual energy and excitement.

“Slutty girl,” she said.

*Crack!*

I winced as the crop came down again, then rubbed against my bottom.

“Slutty girls should be punished for their immoral behavior,” she said.

*Crack!*

“Especially blonde girls.”

*Crack!*

“Especially slutty blonde girls.”

*Crack!*

I gasped and winced and moaned as the crop laid stinging little jolts of energy atop my softly rounded buttocks. But I also clutched my pelvic muscles again and again around the buzzing vibrator as dark heat swirled within me.

“Isn’t that right, slut?”

“Yes, Amara!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“I have a new name for you, slut. Call me... mistress.”

*Crack!*

“Did you hear me?”

“Yes, Am – Mistress!” I gulped.

“Hmm, how should I punish my nasty little blonde sex slave?”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I gasped and moaned at the fresh blows.

“She’s so bad!” she exclaimed.

I cried out as she pulled back on my hair. She leaned over me, looking down at my face.

“Do you love cock, little blonde girl?”

Well, there was certainly no doubt in my mind what answer she wanted to that question!

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Tell me you love cock.”

“I love cock, Mistress!”

“You especially love black cock, don’t you, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Tell me you love black cock.”

“I love black cock, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Dirty blonde girl!”

She released my hair and moved back, then returned, gripping my hair again and pulling it far back so my head was raised sharply. Then she reached forward with her big dildo and pushed it into my open mouth. I moaned as it slid in, though it only just fit.

“Lick that black cock, white girl,” she taunted. “Suck on it, you nasty blonde!”

I moaned and obeyed, my mind gripped by the wild, wicked passion of her nasty game. I sucked and licked as she pushed the dildo deeper into my mouth, moaning around it. I was squeezing my pelvic muscles frantically, the vibrator buzzing strongly. Then the little base thing with the moveable vibrator began to shift, rubbing from side to side against my clitoris, and I screamed as the orgasm exploded.

And just as I did that she pushed the dildo deeper and I gagged as it entered my throat! But such was the intensity of the orgasm I could hardly spare time for the sensations or fears of having the dildo pushed too deep. But it kept pushing deeper and deeper down my throat, startling, then astonishing me!

It ached! But the pain was dull compared to the blows of the crop across my bottom, and my mind was battered and drowned in liquid heat and pleasure. I stared at the shaft, cross-eyed, watching it move forward, her hand on the base, feeling it drive deeper into my throat.

I screamed as loudly as I could now, abandoning all restraint in the sure knowledge the thing in my throat would keep the noise from attracting attention. I screamed and thrashed and twisted and jerked in violent convulsions as the orgasm tore through me. I was overwhelmed by the sheer

power of it, blown away, and reduced to little more than a dazed animal operating on instinct.

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The dildo left my throat sore for days, but Amara insisted a blonde sex slave needed to be able to deep-throat guys' cocks. Though I think she only did that to torment me and reinforce the idea I was this hot, slutty sexual animal that belonged to her. At least during her sex games.

I wasn't fond of it, but she pushed it down my throat repeatedly over the following couple of weeks. Though since that was accompanied by wild orgasms I can't say I protested much. Those games were kind of taking over my life, aside from classes and studies. Even during my studies, I was naked, collared, with my wrists locked together, and with a butt-plug and often a dildo inside me.

It made even the most boring studies seem wicked and exciting!

Another thing she added was a tongue-clip. It ached when it went on and made my tongue throb sullenly afterward! It was wide and rubbery and squeezed my tongue between its upper and lower part. It also had a little weighted ball attached so that the thing pulled my tongue forward over my lower lip as I studied.

The idea was to stretch my tongue so I could push it deeper into her pussy. She'd been having me do exercises with it, too, but wasn't content with my progress. I didn't like it, of course, but I did want to get better at performing oral sex on her, so wanted my tongue to be able to push out longer.

While I didn't protest about that I did protest about the outfits she wanted me to wear out, because they were way too revealing for me! But she ignored me, insisting I wear tops that had a lot of cleavage, and skirts that were really short.

One Saturday morning she had me put on what was really little better than a long T-shirt with a belt around the waist. No bra, no panties, and the butt-plug and vibrator/cock up inside me. Meanwhile, she was dressed like a young businesswoman on the way to an important meeting. She had on a long, dark skirt, a white blouse, a dark blue, pinstriped blazer, black stockings, and high-heeled black shoes.

She also carried a briefcase in her hand for some reason. I had to accompany her on a walk! I cringed but I had sort of given up saying 'no' to

her, and could only hope not many people were out and would see me. Because the white T-shirt thing hugged my breasts firmly, and there was certainly no doubt where my nipples were, or that they were fully erect!

I heaved a sigh of relief as we made it out of the dorm without anyone staring at me. Then we were on the pavement outside and headed off-campus.

“Where are we going, Mistress?” I asked.

As long as no one was around that was what I was to call her.

“A friend has loaned me her place for the morning.”

“What kind of place?” I gulped.

She turned and looked down at me with a frown.

“Mistress, I mean!”

“A nice little house just off campus.”

“What are we going to do there, Mistress?” I gulped.

She smirked down at me, and I flushed slightly with anticipation.

The campus had a lot of big, shady trees, and so did the surrounding neighborhood. The house we stopped at was a normal-looking two-story detached suburban house, maybe fifty or sixty, or seventy years old. Hey, I’m no expert. It had a tall hedge around it and a big, weeping willow in the front yard to further hide it from the street.

We walked up the half-moon driveway to the front door and she stopped and turned to me with a smile.

“Take that off,” she ordered, plucking at the T-shirt.

My chest suddenly tightened and I looked around anxiously. No one could really see us, though, due to the tree and the hedge.

“Uhm, you’re sure no one is inside, Mistress?”

“What does it matter?” she said breezily. “I am your mistress and I have given you an order. Obey, slave girl.”

I felt my chest tighten further, then gulped and undid the little belt before peeling the T-shirt-like garment up and over my head. Wow, it felt wild to be standing there naked on the low porch! Right outside! My heart was pounding!

She took the thing and belt from me and then told me to take off my shoes and hand those to her.

“Put your hands behind your head, elbows back, blonde girl.”

I obeyed, still nervously looking around while she unlocked the front door.

“Inside, blonde girl. They’re all waiting for you.”

“What!? What do you mean!? Who!?” I gasped, eyes widening.

She laughed and stepped inside, holding the door.

“Get inside or I’ll close the door on you.”

I had very little choice but to scurry inside, my hands behind my head.

“Keep those elbows back. We want you to look good to all my guests.”

I was pretty sure she was making that up but my pulse was racing anyway!

She led me in and there was a large, empty living room on our left.

I felt some of my anxiety fade, at that. Ahead was the doorway to a kitchen. There was a narrow hall to the right which curved around the other side of a staircase up, and which probably led to a garage.

Amara put the briefcase on a table just inside the living room and gestured for me to bend over. She opened the briefcase and took what looked like a big white powder puff from it. Then she tugged the butt-plug out of me and pushed what felt like an even larger one into my ass. Only the big, furry powder puff was attached to the outside.

She had me straighten up and then took a collar from the briefcase. Only this wasn’t the usual leather one. This was metal! She placed it around my neck, then took a pair of metal restraints from the briefcase and placed them around my wrists. They had a foot-long chain linking them together!

She also took what looked like big rabbit ears from the briefcase and fitted them to my head.

“Upstairs, blonde girl,” she said.

We went back out into the hall and she stopped as we passed the full-length mirror by the outside door. I blinked as I stared at myself, feeling another little flush of dark heat and excitement.

“Sexy little blonde fuck bunny slave girl!” she teased.

I followed her up the stairs, hands behind my head, and we went, of all places, into the bathroom.

What a bathroom it was, too! I mean, my family wasn’t poor, but they sure didn’t have a huge bathroom like this one! Everything in it just gleamed, it was so clean! The mirror ran along much of the right wall over a long counter of some polished stone. There was a huge tub on the left, and

past that a glass shower enclosure that could have fit ten people without them touching each other. There was a toilet on the wall past that and a bidet facing it on the other side.

There was also a bucket on the floor, with an inch or so of some blue liquid in the bottom.

“Fill that up in the tub, blonde girl,” she ordered.

I shrugged and pulled my hands down, picked up the bucket, and held it under the bathtub’s faucet.

“Make sure the water is hot but not too hot,” she said.

I adjusted the temperature, and as the water poured into the bucket it began to foam up, indicating the blue substance was some kind of soap. When it was nearly full I grunted with effort and lifted the bucket out, staggering a bit as I set it on the floor.

“Okay now. On your knees, slave girl.”

I knelt and she tossed me a sponge, which I almost didn’t catch since my wrists were chained together.

“Now clean this filthy bathroom.”

“It’s cleaner than any bathroom I’ve ever seen,” I protested.

“Did I ask for your opinion, slave?”

“No, Mistress,” I said as she reached under her blazer and pulled out the crop.

“I want the floor, the shower, the tub, and everything else here so clean you can eat off them without fear. And that includes the toilet. And you’ll be required to prove how clean they are, slave.”

I frowned at her in confusion, but she smirked and leaned over.

“I will have you lick the floor to show how confident you are in its cleanliness, you nasty little blonde sex slave.”

I gulped at the threat, though I wasn’t sure she was serious as she turned away.

“Get to work, slave,” she said over her shoulder. “If this place isn’t done when I come back in here, I’ll turn your bottom a dark shade of red.”

I wasn’t pleased with the order and even resented it. I didn’t want to spend my morning cleaning someone’s bathroom! And it didn’t even need cleaning! It was sparkling! But I trusted she had something dark and wicked in store for me that would make up for it so I sighed and started in on the job.

Then the vibrator cock thing started to buzz and I closed my eyes and shuddered briefly. This was going to be a nasty day!

It was awkward cleaning the floor on my hands and knees, especially with my wrists chained together. I was sure there were plenty of mops in this place! But I was pretty sure why she was doing this. She said I was too proud. That I had 'white privilege' and needed to learn humility. Blonde slave girls were very low creatures, she said. And I should be ashamed of being one.

I wasn't, though!

## Chapter Seven

Crawling around on hard tiles isn't easy on your knees! I wondered how on earth babies did it all day! I carefully scrubbed everything, though, wary that she might actually carry out her threat and make me lick the floor. Or worse, the toilet! Ick! Mind you, I was pretty confident everything was super clean anyway. The place looked like a model home or something.

It was tiring work, and it not only hurt my knees but my breasts. Yes, my breasts! You try being on all fours and then scrubbing a floor and see what that does when you're naked. Maybe if you have small boobs like her it wouldn't matter but mine jiggled and swung as my arms moved.

Despite those issues my body was bubbling with heat, anticipation, and excitement as I worked, imagining myself a helpless, abused sex slave! Only in the best sense, not in the realistic sense, of course. Hey, I loved the dark fantasy, but I wasn't stupid!

I couldn't help wondering what it would be like to be the sex slave of a man, though! That would be even more outrageous and edgy! The vibrator drove me into a dark, delicious heat that made me want to reach down and rub myself to orgasm. But I held off, knowing it would be better when Amara decided to make me come!

When I finished, I stood up and walked hesitantly out of the bathroom, looking for her. I found her downstairs watching TV and sipping wine.

“Are you finished, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Did I give you permission to stand up?”

I frowned as I sank to my knees. I couldn't remember her ordering me to stay on my knees but I wasn't going to argue. I watched her get up, crop

in her hand and some kind of thin strap in the other, and felt my anxiety rise.

She put the crop on the table, though, and then bent over and attached the strap to the back of the collar.

“On all fours, fuck-bunny.”

I dropped onto my hands and knees and then she snapped the crop across my bottom.

“Crawl. We’ll go see.”

I gasped and then crawled, realizing with another dark jolt that the strap was a leash! Yikes! I crawled out of the living room, out into the hall, then up the stairs. I had to do it carefully, though, since my wrists still wouldn’t go more than a foot away from each other.

We reached the bathroom and she tugged sharply on the leash.

“On your heels, hands behind your head, legs spread wide.”

I sat back on my heels, spreading my knees and bringing my hands down behind my head as she examined the room.

“Is this room spotlessly clean, slave girl?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

She stepped inside, her heels clicking on the floor, and tugged the leash so I crawled after her. Then she thrust the tip of the crop down at the floor before me.

“Prove it, slave girl!”

I clenched my pubic muscles around the vibrator and lowered my mouth, bending my elbows.

“Arms out in front of you, blonde girl,” she ordered. “Press those big tits of yours to the floor.”

She brought one of her feet down on my back just below my shoulders and I gasped as it forced me all the way down, my breasts pillowing against the cool tiles!

“Keep your legs spread wide like a good little blonde slave girl,” she ordered, slapping the crop across my butt.

I yelped and spread my knees apart.

“Now lick.”

I licked tentatively at the floor and the crop cut harder against my bottom.

“Long, full licks, slave slut!”

I yelped and then licked harder at the floor.

“Good slave.”

She tugged on the leash and I gurgled at the sudden pull up against my neck, scrambling back onto all fours. She pulled me further forward and then had me drop my front low again to lick the floor in another place. I did that too, then she tugged me up and led me to the tub.

“Is this tub clean, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gulped, panting.

“Prove it!”

I had to kind of bend far over the tub, its sides digging into my belly to get my face low enough to run my tongue along the bottom. And she snapped the crop across my bottom again for not having my legs spread wide enough.

I licked at the tub, though and she pulled up and back on the leash to half drag me out of it. Then we went to the shower. I crawled inside and she made me lick the tiles on the floor, then on the wall, rising up on my knees.

“Nasty slave girl,” she growled. “Blonde slut!”

She tugged me out of there and led me over to the toilet. I cringed at the thought, even though it gleamed and had been the cleanest toilet I’d ever seen before I started washing it.

“Lick the toilet seat, slave slut.”

This was so gross! And so degrading! But because of how degrading it was it was also making me breathless with excitement and heat!

I ran my tongue full along the toilet seat as she watched, then licked the rim!

“Nasty little sex slave,” she taunted. “I should fuck your little blonde brains to pieces with my big black cock!”

She tugged on the leash again, twisting me around so I faced her.

“Face down, ass up!”

I obeyed and she glowered down at me.

“Are you an obedient little blonde slave girl?” she demanded.

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Show your mistress how submissive you are. Lick my shoes clean now.”

I blinked, then felt another dark rush. I shifted forward and licked at the top of her high-heeled shoe.

*Crack!*

The crop cut down on my bottom again!

“Long licks, slave! Long, eager licks! Convince me how much you love black cock!”

I moaned and licked harder. I had to push myself up a bit on my arms and gripped her foot with my shackled hands as my tongue licked up and down along her shoe.

“Beg me to fuck you with my big, black cock, blonde girl,” she ordered.

“Please fuck me with your big, black cock, Mistress!” I panted, looking up the long, long length of her. “Please fuck my blonde whore body with your beautiful black cock!”

“Crawl, slave bitch.”

She tugged on the leash and I crawled after her out of the bathroom and then into what looked like the master bedroom. I was incredibly glad when I crawled up onto a nice, thick, soft rug!

“Sit back on your heels, slave. Hands behind your head.”

I obeyed and she slapped the tip of the crop against my right breast.

“Ah!”

“Legs spread, slave!”

I jerked my knees apart as she moved behind me. She did something that locked the chain to the back of the collar and then pulled back on my hair so my head tilted way back and I looked up at her standing behind me.

“Tell me you love black cock.”

“I love black cock, Mistress!” I gasped.

“You want a big black cock inside you, don’t you, you nasty blonde slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I want a big black cock inside me!” I moaned.

She tilted my head forward and there was a woman standing there!

Like Amara, she was black, but older, with very, very short hair, almost bald, or just a fuzz. Like Amara, she was dressed in an office-type outfit of slacks, blazer, and blouse, though her blouse was orange and her suit was black. Unlike Amara, she was not much taller than me, and probably thinner. She stood there and looked down doubtfully at me and my face burned hotly as I tried to jerk away.

Shock doesn't describe it! I was astonished! I stared at her in disbelief as my face suddenly flamed hot and red! I let out a yelp and tried to jerk my arms down to cover myself, but my wrists were fastened behind my neck! I instinctively tried to twist away but Amara had a big chunk of my hair firmly wrapped around her fist!

All I could do was jerk my knees together and kind of wriggle and thrash in place as she looked down at me and smiled.

"This slave girl does not appear to be very well trained," she said in an accented voice.

She didn't sound British, though, more like African.

"She's acting very naughty and will have to be severely spanked!" Amara said. "Hold still and spread your legs, slave girl!"

"She's a pretty little thing," the woman said. "Certainly has the body for it. I can see how almost anyone would be attracted to such a creature."

"Yes, she was clearly designed to be a thing of lust and carnal hunger," Amara replied.

"Spread your knees," she ordered, kneeling behind me and gripping my right thigh to pull it open.

The other woman knelt before me and pushed my left thigh back, then smiled at me, leaned in, and kissed me on my open mouth! I gasped and moaned into her mouth, still trying to pull free, at first. Then my sense of shock faded and my mind began to cope instead of simply react.

There was nothing scary or dangerous about the woman being there, so there was no reason to panic, I told myself. Yes, it was humiliating to be seen like this but there was no going back in time. What was done, was done. The woman was obviously not terribly shocked, either, and her kneeling to kiss me suggested this sort of thing was not exactly repulsive or disgusting to her.

I was still horribly embarrassed, but even that was fading. Embarrassment has a shelf life, after all, and it can only last for so long around a single person without new things adding to the cause.

And I wasn't embarrassed about her kissing me. In fact, it was a bit of a relief, in an odd way. Because while she was kneeling so close and kissing me, she couldn't see my naked body, particularly the dildo sticking out of the straining lips of my sex.

She was also quite a good kisser. She seized my head and hair in her hands, kissing me with a passion which astonished me. That left Amara free to slide her other hand around my ribs and fondle my breast even as she continued rubbing my clitoris.

And it wasn't like lesbianism or lesbian sex held any particular shock or fear to me. Not anymore!

So, my heartbeat began to slow down, the heat in my face began to fade, and I began to feel the dark, glittering heat rising as I was caught naked between two fully clothed women who clearly wanted to run their hands and lips over every part of my body!

The woman shifted her grip so that only one hand held my hair, then she dropped the other down to knead one of my breasts as Amara squeezed the other. The room was silent save for our own breathing as the two of them continued to enjoy my naked flesh.

Naturally, the loudest breathing was mine!

I was caught between them for several long minutes as their hands and fingers caressed and stroked me and their lips and tongues teased and tasted me. The older woman's mouth was hungry against my mouth but sometimes shifted down along the left side of my throat and under my ear there while Amara worked on the nape of my neck on my right, as well as nibbling on my earlobe.

It was several minutes before my mind really cleared enough to think a coherent thought – like, for example, telling them to stop and undo the chains and let me leave. But I instantly rejected it. I didn't want to leave! I was still embarrassed, still self-conscious, still cringing more than a bit, but the dark hunger and sense of anticipation and heat were too much to resist.

When they drew back and Amara pulled me to my feet, I still dropped my eyes but didn't object when she took the leash and led me out of the room.

*Crack!*

I yelped at the stinging blow across my backside from the crop, jerking my head to see the older woman holding it as she followed behind.

“Elbows back, slave,” she teased.

I gulped, heart beating faster, and jerked my elbows back as I followed Amara down the hall to a closed door.

She opened it and led me inside. The room was large, but largely without furniture. Instead of a bed, dressers, and tables, there were a few shelf units, and some odd wooden frames attached to the walls. There in the center of the otherwise bare wood floor sat a square rug. And on it was what looked like a fancy sawhorse, one of dark wood with padded leather along the crossbeam. It also had a horse's head attached to one end, and a wooden tail to the other.

The ceiling had a kind of metal track across it from which dangled a hook on a chain. The chain went up through a ring, then down toward a heavy metal gear set on the wall.

Amara had me straddle the thing, then reached up and attached the hook to the chains holding my wrists together. Amara gently tugged the tail thing out of my bottom while the stranger undid the straps and pulled the big dildo out of my pussy.

"My, that's a big one," she said, making my face flush anew.

"Well, she's blonde," Amara said.

The woman nodded as if she understood.

Then she and Amara pulled out wooden bracers along the bottom so they extended straight out to either side of the sawhorse and gripped my ankles, pulling them apart.

I gasped, for pulling my ankles out to the sides lifted me off the floor. All my weight settled on the narrow length of my body which sat straddling the two-by-four underneath it.

The woman then went to the wall, pressed a button, and I heard a kind of grinding, motor sound as the chain attached to my metal restraints pulled up until the chain was taut.

I wanted to ask what this was all for, like, what the fuck!? But something kept me from speaking. I was still too embarrassed, still too anxious. And I was feeling... I'm not sure how to describe it... I was feeling like this low, sordid, unsophisticated, artless girl and didn't want to reveal any more of my ignorance.

That makes no real sense but I just felt very inferior to them, very backward. Not to mention a pervert and slut.

So, when the woman placed an odd-looking little round thing shaped like an egg cut lengthwise on top of the two-by-four and pressed it in against my pussy before strapping it in place I said nothing. I didn't say anything

about the pressure against my sex, either. And when it started to vibrate I only gasped lightly.

Then the two left the room, closing the door. I was grateful, sighing in relief, glad to be able to be alone out of the woman's sight, and try to adjust to my new circumstance. What was her name? Who was she? The owner of the place? Had she come home unexpectedly or had Amara known she would show up? She hadn't said that the person who loaned her the place wouldn't be around, but merely implied it.

The little egg thing was very powerful!

I looked up at my wrists held above me, then down at my legs pulled out at a forty-five-degree angle and locked in place. God! This was so kinky! This was so dark and outrageous and hot! Why did she devote a whole room to this? Did this crazy woman routinely chain naked girls up like this!?

I was starting to get pretty sore down between my legs even as the vibrator was making me throb and burn with excitement. My body was trying to sort of grind itself against the egg thing, but the only leverage I had was my ankles held in the bracer things that had been opened up, and I had to use my thigh muscles to do it, which wasn't easy!

I tried to shift some of my weight back onto my tailbone. That eased the throbbing ache against my sex, but only momentarily, for it was replaced by a sharper, and growing ache against my tailbone. That inevitably made me shift my weight forward to relieve that. And again, that produced a temporary sense of relief, only to make the dull, throbbing ache of my pussy grow.

When the door opened, I could only gasp, and twist my head, then blush as the older woman came in. Where was Amara!? I again found myself tongue-tied as she went to a shelf and took something from it before coming over to me. She seized my hair and jerked it up and back, and I cried out as she tilted my head back, and then pushed what seemed, at first, to be a ball against my mouth.

It was a ball-gag, of course, and my mouth instinctively widened at the pressure so she could fit the ball inside – or mostly inside. I couldn't close my mouth more than halfway afterward. I could only moan as she drew two straps across my cheeks and behind my head, then used a single finger to ease my hair out from under it.

“There,” she said. “I’m sure we’ll have you say a lot of things later on, but for now there’s no need for any blondespeak.”

She smiled, then hesitated and went back to the shelf. She returned with a long, slim chain. One end was divided into two-foot-long chains and each had a kind of alligator clip on the end, only it was coated in plastic. She placed them against my nipples, and I only had a moment to understand before they snapped closed.

I squealed loudly and she chuckled as she lifted the chain up and drew it forward.

Amara had used nipple clips on me before, of course. And like those, these made my nipples burn with a fierce ache for maybe twenty or thirty seconds. Then the ache began to fade into a dull throbbing as she drew the chain up to the raised ‘head’ of the horse. That pulled forward on my nipples and I cried out again, forced to arch my back.

“There, you enjoy, little sex slave,” she said as she walked past me and out the door.

Holy God! Holy geeze! These two were really perverts! But I thought that with a sense of awe rather than condemnation. My nipples throbbed and I groaned at how much I had to arch my back to ease the pull. On the other hand, the way I was pulled forward jammed the top of my sex even harder against the vibrating ‘egg’.

The heat and churning excitement were making it harder and harder to think in any kind of coherent fashion. My body kind of wriggled and writhed, almost instinctively, trying to ease the pain against my sex and against my tailbone, and against my nipples while also maximizing the sensations from the vibrator.

Pain and pleasure churned wildly within me. I found this whole thing unbelievably wicked and dark and thrilling on some level. But I was still embarrassed and the pain was growing worse with every passing minute.

The pain was hardly a shock, though. Sex slaves were often tormented, tortured! I felt myself sinking into that role, my consciousness filling with the thought of myself as a poor, helpless slave girl being cruelly tortured, her lovely body being in pain in order to punish her for her errors.

As my passion grew my body ground itself more and more desperately against the egg, which was, by the way, glistening wet now where I was pressed against it. The heat was becoming scalding, as I closed my eyes and

writhed atop the horse, moaning around the ball-gag, gasping for breath, the sexual pressure becoming unbearably intense!

I came, crying out, and then, with an instant realization no one would hear, screaming, unhindered by what anyone might think of me, inhibitions broken as I desperately ground myself against that egg while the orgasm sent my mind spinning out of control.

In the midst of that I discovered through my body's movements that easing and then sharpening the pull of the clips on my nipples would send hot little stings right into my breasts. And those stings seemed to increase the power of the orgasm howling through my body. So I did that consciously, just as I was consciously grinding myself against the egg.

The orgasm battered my mind and body like a hurricane, going on and on as I cried out all the air in my lungs, sucked in more, and cried that out, as well. Then repeated that a number of times. I danced in the midst of a fiery mental and physical eruption that felt like – rapture!

It was so good! It was so wonderful! It was... glorious!

But when it faded away it left me panting and moaning dazedly, sagging against the chains holding my wrists up, and wincing at how much my nipples and pussy ached!

Yet still the vibrator buzzed, and my mind had melted. I groaned dazedly, sinking even more into the dark, intense dream fantasy of being a sex slave!

## Chapter Eight

The ache in my pussy got worse and worse, but the heat, hunger, and sexual fever grew darker, and my body was overcome with a kind of intoxicating sense of joy and wonder as I continued to grind and writhe atop the sawhorse.

And then Amara and the nameless black woman returned.

I felt even lower now, bedraggled, panting, sweaty, my hair tangled.

Amara moved to one side of me and the other woman to the other. I cried out as one of them gripped my long hair and jerked it back. Then Amara leaned in and chewed lightly along the right side of my throat.

“Slut,” she whispered.

The other woman did the same to the left side of my neck.

“Whore,” she whispered.

Their free hands slid around and over my breasts, then undid the clips. I cried out in relief, then hissed as sensation returned while their fingers caressed my aching pink buttons.

“Dirty girl,” Amara whispered.

“Naughty girl,” the other woman whispered at the same time, still kissing and nibbling on my neck and earlobe.

Their hands caressed my breasts, then moved slowly down my body until they pushed down against the top of my sex and rubbed at my clitoris.

And all I could do was moan and groan and gasp into the gag as sensations crackled through my nervous system and my mind filled with a dark, delicious sense of uninhibited hunger and passion.

“Naughty girls must be punished,” Amara said.

“Nasty blonde girl,” the other woman growled, biting softly into the side of my neck.

“Blonde girls need to be taught their place,” Amara said.

“Which is on their knees before their betters,” the other said.

“With their tongues working on pleasing others, rather than engaging in conversation and discussion best left to those more sophisticated and intelligent.”

“Definitely. Blonde girls should not be allowed to speak unless spoken to.”

“Especially blonde slave girls.”

“Especially blonde sex slaves.”

They drew back and left me panting, my groin burning with pain and hunger. I was near to climax but I wanted off this thing! The pain of it digging into my soft flesh was becoming unbearable!

And then both of them came back holding... flogs.

I gasped in alarm and uncertainty. I kind of knew what they were, though Amara had never used one on me. They were short-handled whips with dozens of thin black laces attached. They were quite lightweight, and unlike others I'd seen online (I'd been looking at internet porn a lot more lately, especially a certain variety) these had no knots in the ends.

Which I was extremely grateful for when the woman swung her flog around and it cracked against my back! I squealed in pain, my back arching, my chest pushing forward – just as Amara swung hers down so the laces landed across my breasts!

I cried out again, jerking back, then forward, then back, then forward, twisting and writhing as the two women flogged my back and breasts at the same time! They weren't swinging hard. I recognized that. And the stings were really rather lightweight, at first. But there were an awful lot of them!

The initial shock faded quickly, though, and then I could only flinch and gasp and moan at each blow, even as my aching leg muscles continued to grind me against the egg!

Another orgasm hit me and I screamed through it, wallowing in the storm of fiery pleasure, and in the continued fast flogging of my back and breasts.

Slave girl! Sex slave! It was so dark and thrilling and outrageous!

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I was barely conscious when the orgasm finally faded. They unlocked the straps holding my ankles out and then pushed the lower arms in against the body of the sawhorse. My feet were finally able to touch the floor,

finally, but I winced and gasped and moaned as I slowly put my weight on them and then raised myself off the thing.

There was an initial pain, then a bit of relief. The relief grew slowly as they helped me off the sawhorse, then unfastened my chained wrists from the hook overhead.

“Face down, bottom up, legs apart,” Samara said briskly.

I groaned, easily and almost gratefully sinking to my knees. Falling forward onto my arms and then elbows was harder, but then I groaned as I lowered my front end until my breasts, feeling tender from the flogging, and my nipples still swollen and burning, pressed into the hard wood floor.

The woman pushed the bunny rabbit butt-plug thing back into my butt. Her fingers gently pried apart the lips of my sex and then slid the thick vibrating cock back up inside me. I winced at her touch, and also when she commented on how sopping wet I was.

Amara removed the ball-gag from my mouth and stood back.

“Are you grateful to your mistress for taking you off the horse, slave?” Amara demanded.

“Y-Y-Yes, Mistress!” I groaned.

“Then demonstrate your gratitude.”

She pushed her shoe forward against my chin as it lay on the floor and I groaned again, licking at it. I was aware of the other woman looking on, and a part of me felt a fierce sense of embarrassment at doing this. But compared to the pain I had endured and my exhaustion, it didn't seem all that important.

I licked at Amara's shoe, then the other one as she shifted it over.

“Beg Mistress Themba to fuck your blonde whore body,” Amara said sternly.

I blinked and then felt another cringe moment. But I didn't see an alternative, really, given my state of exhaustion and confusion. At least I knew her name now.

“Please fuck my blonde whore body, Mistress Themba,” I whimpered.

“You are unworthy of me, slave,” the woman said.

“She's right,” Amara said. “Beg her to fuck you in your blonde whore ass instead.”

Amara had threatened any number of times to do that but she'd always gotten distracted by something. Now I felt another jolt as I had to speak to

the woman once more, to debase and degrade myself before her again.

“Please fuck me in my blonde whore ass, Mistress Themba,” I gulped.

It was hugely degrading to say this stuff! Especially in front of a stranger! But it was so dark and edgy that it made my chest tighten further and sent a flood of liquid heat through my mind. Of course, I understood that was why Amara wanted me to talk like this. She *wanted* me to feel shocked and degraded. It was part of her kinky game!

The woman chuckled and moved forward. I was required to continue to lick Amara’s shoes so couldn’t really see what she was doing. But soon enough the butt-plug came out and something a bit thicker pushed into me back there. I gasped and grunted and moaned as it pushed still deeper, and started to pump in and out slowly.

“Such a nasty little creature,” she said sternly, slapping my butt.

“A wicked, sluttish blonde,” Amara said in the same tone.

“Obviously one made to satisfy big cocks.”

“Big black cocks,” Amara added.

“Yes, big black ones. I bet she loves them, too.”

“She does, I’m sure. Keep licking, you blonde slave whore.”

It felt very weird having the woman’s dildo in my ass. I’d had a number of things pushed into me lately, but this was different. She was wearing a strap-on, and whatever cock she had felt quite realistic as it moved in and out of me. It just felt more... real! Of course, Amara had done the same, but this was a stranger! That made it far darker and more astonishing!

I gasped and moaned, licking Amara’s shoes as the woman behind drove the big dildo down into my quivering belly again and again. She wasn’t doing it hard, though. I mean, she was taking her time to work it deeper. Perhaps that’s why it didn’t really hurt much. But eventually, she did get it deep enough I started to feel cramps up high in my abdomen with every stroke.

Then her hips started to slap against my buttocks and I knew I had every inch of the thing inside me. She started thrusting harder then, her hips slapping against my buttocks as she buried the big black cock inside me again and again!

This was so wild and dark and carnal and demeaning! My face continued to feel hot as I obeyed Amara under the eyes of the stranger, exquisitely aware of the feel of the dildo pushing down into my ass, and the

knowledge she was behind me and what she must be seeing and what she must think of me!

Meanwhile, Amara was sweeping the crop down lightly against my head and back, or the sides of my breasts, demanding I lick harder. So I did. At least I did until Themba wrapped my hair around her fist and pulled my head up and back harder and harder. She forced my chest and shoulders up off the floor as I gasped and moaned with every thrust.

And then Amara moved aside and there was a man standing there!

He was a very large man. A very large, broad-shouldered black man with a shaven head. Like Amara, he was wearing a dark suit and polished black shoes.

Shock doesn't describe it! I was astonished! I stared at him in disbelief as my face suddenly flamed hot and red! I let out a yelp and tried to jerk my arms down to cover myself, but of course, my wrists were fastened behind my neck! I instinctively tried to twist away but Themba had a big chunk of my hair firmly wrapped around her fist!

"This slave girl does not appear to be very well trained," he said in a very deep voice.

"She's acting very naughty and will have to be severely spanked!" Amara said. "Hold still and spread your legs wider, slave girl!"

I was too mortified to listen! And even as I continued to squirm and moan the man reached down and unzipped his zipper, then pulled out a semi-hard cock that rapidly hardened as it hung there in plain sight. And it was a big, fucking cock! It was as big as the one Amara had first used on me! Only it was real!

"You have to be tolerant," she said. "She's only half-trained. Also, she's under the impression she's a lesbian now. I know better, of course."

I was under no such impression! I knew very well I wasn't a lesbian! I had often thought of how hot and wild it would be if it was a guy doing this stuff to me and fucking me with a real cock! Assuming he knew what to do with it and could stay hard long enough to satisfy me.

"She's a very beautiful little slave girl," he said as he gripped his cock and ran his hand slowly up and down the shaft. "I love blonde sex slaves."

Holy jumping squirrels! He sure had a big cock! A very attractive cock! A very thick cock! My humiliation was fading a bit, partly because, well, he was 'exposed' too, and partly because the stunned amazement was

easing. And of course, I'd gotten used to this Themba chick, who was much easier to take now that she was involved.

And to a certain extent, his exposing himself also downgraded my level of shame.

Amara knelt beside me and reached in to fondle one of my breasts where it hung below me.

"Look at that lovely black cock, slave!" she mock whispered. Isn't it beautiful? Don't you want that lovely black cock in your mouth?! Think of how tasty it will be!

One of her hands slid along my belly and abdomen, then her fingers found my clitoris, rubbing against it as the vibrator buzzed. I shuddered and twisted and writhed as Themba started to fuck me again.

I moaned, spreading my thighs apart, then wider, then wider still, exposing myself and the vibrator/dildo buzzing away inside me!

The man knelt before me and I found myself staring at his shaved cock. His big, black cock! It was like the ones that had been driving me crazy for weeks! Only it was real!

I gasped and panted and moaned as Themba picked up the pace again, her hips slapping against my buttocks, her hand jerking on my hair.

"Open your mouth, slave," Amara whispered. "Open it wide, you sexy little blonde slave girl."

I trembled, then opened my mouth, gulping in air as I stared at his big cock.

"Wider, slut!" she barked.

I flinched and opened my mouth wider.

"What lovely, full lips," he said. "What a sexy little pink tongue. I think this blonde girl's mouth was meant to hold a big black cock," he said.

"I think so too," Amara said.

"Hot, sexy little blonde fuck bunny," she whispered into my ear. "Blonde sex slave! I own your body, remember. That means I can let my friends make use of it."

I winced as she twisted her fingers in my hair, panting for breath! My mind was floundering!

"This is my friend. You may call him... Master."

I moaned helplessly, breathlessly.

"Say the word, slave girl," she said, nibbling on my earlobe. "Say it."

I gasped in pain as Themba jerked on my hair. "Say it, slave."

Amara bit harder at my earlobe. "Say it, blonde girl."

"Master!" I gasped.

"Now beg Master to push his cock into your mouth."

The idea was mortifying! Speak to him! Saying 'master' had been an almost involuntary response to the tugging on my hair! Now I was supposed to talk!?

"Say it. Say it, Slave! Beg Master to feed you his cock!"

I shuddered and tried to catch my breath!

"Beg him to shove his cock into your mouth," she ordered, her voice getting harder.

"Please... Please... push your... push your cock into my mouth... Master!" I gulped, face burning.

"Not adequate," he said.

"You're not begging properly, slave girl," Amara said in annoyance.

"She's being a bad little blonde," Themba said, slapping my bottom sharply. "She should be beaten! She should be whipped!"

She released my hair and stood up.

"Lean forward and lick the head, slave girl," Amara whispered. "You know you want to taste this lovely black cock."

I felt another jolt, my mind squirming wildly!

"She's not really a lesbian, is she?" he asked.

Of course, I wasn't! And I wanted to prove that! Sort of! And I didn't want Amara mad at me! Or even disappointed! And if I was a slave girl then... well... whatever I did wasn't my choice, including being naked like this in front of him! And I wasn't acting like a total slut but just... obeying orders! Kind of!

My mind was spinning wildly with all sorts of thoughts, but when she pushed lightly on the back of my head I didn't resist. My mouth got closer and closer to his big cock and then, feeling incredibly daring and wild, I leaned in a bit and licked at it.

"Longer licks, blonde girl. Long, full licks, like it's a delicious popsicle."

"Chocolate," he said in amusement.

I licked again, harder, then licked again, with a bit more confidence. My face was still beet red and I was still horribly embarrassed, but that

wicked dark heat was starting to bubble up inside me once again. This was so freaky! So outrageous! So wicked and wild and... and... intense!

I felt like I was losing control, but in a breathlessly exciting way! I mean, here I had been fantasizing about being all tied up and under control – sexually, I mean, for weeks. But now, with a guy here, a really big, powerful-looking guy, it felt so much more realistic!

For the first time, I really felt as if I was a helpless sex slave! A poor, sad, beautiful, sexy victim of cruel, lust-crazed people! Okay, maybe that's a bit drama-queen-like, but it was wicked hot! And even through my self-consciousness I was feeling my pussy throbbing around the vibrating cock and my nipples tingling powerfully!

And then he pushed forward and the fat, helmet head of his cock pushed through the straining lips and into my open mouth. I felt it sliding slowly across my tongue, and moaned helplessly, my scalp still stinging as Themba held my head up and back by the hair.

He pushed deeper and I licked weakly at it, moaning, trying to suck as Themba resumed thrusting into me.

“Isn't that tasty, slave girl?” Amara whispered, chewing lightly on the nape of my neck.

One of her hands was still kneading my breast while the other was fingering my clitoris.

“Dirty little blonde girl!” she whispered.

“Push it deeper,” Themba growled. “Shove it down her whore throat!”

And he did! He pushed slowly forward until his cock absolutely filled my mouth. Then he started to withdraw, pumping slowly in and out as I tried to suck and tried to lick, and my mind filled with dark heat and wild, carnal passion. And then he pushed deep and didn't stop as ten inches of cock slid past my lips and down my throat!

I gurgled wetly as his head pushed down my throat, but I was so dazed, so gripped by hunger, need, and passion, that I could barely react! He started to pump in and out using long strokes that moved the head of his cock up and down inside my throat. All I could do was kneel there gurgling in time to each thrust as Themba's hips slapped against my buttocks again and again.

My head was starting to pound from lack of oxygen, and my chest began to burn for the same reason. I squirmed harder but could do little as

the three of them used my body however they chose, however they wished.

What did a slave girl have in the way of choices, after all!?

He drew his cock back and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air, saliva dribbling over my lower lip and down to the floor. He rubbed his spit-wet cock against my face as he reached down and took my hair from Themba, then pushed his cock back into my mouth.

“Please your master, slave girl,” he growled.

He buried his cock in my throat once again and started to pump slowly in and out, making me gurgle wetly, making me light-headed, and making my chest burn. He pulled out again, letting me gulp in air as he rubbed himself over my face, then he buried it once more in my throat and mouth.

I was coping, but only barely, and was so grateful when he pulled out and then lowered my face to the floor before releasing my hair.

“I will have her body now,” he said.

I barely acknowledged the words and didn't care what it meant. But the women seemed to, and Themba dislodged the dildo from her harness, leaving it buried in my ass, then moved away as he moved behind me. He undid the straps and pulled the vibrator out and I shuddered, feeling vacant.

*Crack!*

He slapped my bottom stingingly.

“Beg me to use your body, slave,” he growled.

“Please use my body, Master!” I gasped, still panting.

I felt his cock rubbing deliciously up and down across the sopping-wet opening to my body.

His hands slid slowly up my back until they were at my shoulders, pressing down.

“Beg for me to use your whore body,” he ordered.

“Please use my whore body, Master!” I moaned.

I felt the pressure against me and then his cock forced its way past the mouth of my sex and drove deep into my body! And yes, I know I'd had a big dildo or vibrator in there for some time. But the psychological effects of having a real cock inside me there were enormous!

And what is the most important erogenous organ? The brain, right?

So having a real cock inside me was transporting me to somewhere else! It wasn't like I'd never had a real cock inside me before, but never one

this big. And I'd certainly never been taken like this! So ruthlessly, so... savagely! I'd never been manhandled during sex like this!

His big hands gripped me solidly as his cock worked in and out, his hips soon slapping against my buttocks with enough force to jar my whole body.

The two women knelt on either side of me, fingering my clitoris, squeezing my breasts, and whispering into my ears.

“Isn't it lovely to have a big cock inside you!?”

“Nasty little slave girl!”

“Slutty little blonde slave!”

“Sex slave! You know you love it!”

“Are you going to come again, slave?”

“I bet you love that big, black cock filling you up!”

“Wait until we sell you at our slave auction! I'm sure you'll fetch a big price!”

“Blonde sex slaves are always so slutty!”

He slid one of those big hands up into my tangled hair and wrapped it around his fist, then jerked it back sharply. I cried out in response, my eyes glassy, the passion and heat making it all feel like a fever dream except for the intensity of the pleasure drowning me!

I came, too breathless to scream, twisting and writhing as my nervous system overloaded once more, my body bucking frantically back to meet his powerful thrusts as I cried out again and again, lost amid the howling clamor of sensation, wallowing in it, exultant and glorying in the strength and intensity of the pleasure.

“Sex slave!” Amara whispered loudly in one ear.

“Sex slave!” Themba did the same into the other.

Over and over again as I twisted and spasmed and cried out in animal pleasure while his hips pounded against my buttocks!

## Chapter Nine

I was dressed more or less appropriately for school. More or less. At least at first sight. I wore a white sweater, a blue, hip-length blazer, and a kilt with a blue and black tartan pattern. The skirt was rather short, of course. It was certainly shorter than any skirt I would previously have considered wearing outside a club.

I was wearing black socks that rose to above my knees, and black flat-heeled shoes. I thought I looked very schoolgirlish. Well, for an older schoolgirl. Underneath, of course, I had the butt plug, a dildo stuffed into my pussy, and no panties. And under the sweater I wore a cupless bra that did pretty much as you would imagine. It lifted my breasts, squeezed them together, but left them completely bare so that my nipples poked out through the thin fabric of the sweater.

Fortunately, the blazer mostly covered that.

It felt weird, though, to be talking to a professor or another student with my breasts kind of lifted up and out like they were being presented on a platter or something! And my nipples were hard and rubbing against the fabric as I moved, making them tingle constantly.

“The thing to remember, Ms. Eriksson, is that Capitalism controls the price of labor as well as goods and services. Or it does in the absence of government tinkering,” Professor Warren said.

I stood alertly before him as he further explained the requirements of the paper I had to write for my Economics course.

“Of course, tinkering seems to be something governments have a great deal of problem restraining themselves from. And they inevitably lead to shortages of either goods, services or labor as their intervention prevents money from being moved around as it should to areas of more efficient use.”

“So, it’s the intervention you want me to focus on?” I asked.

“Precisely. Research areas where government intervention has obstructed or interfered with the market. Things like rent control, for example, or bringing in foreign workers to deal with shortages of skilled labor. Tariffs on foreign goods are another area, as they artificially raise the price and thus help subsidize less efficient domestic producers.”

He didn't once drop his eyes from my face, and I had to give him credit for that. My boobs seemed bigger to me in this bra, even with the blazer over them. And of course, there was the bare thigh above the socks and below the hem of the skirt. But I guess he got lots of practice.

Certainly, a lot of other men had dropped their eyes when looking at me so far that day!

That made me a little self-conscious, but hey, given what that guy had seen the other day – a guy whose name I still didn't know and that Amara refused to tell me – it was harder to get embarrassed about flashing some thigh.

I mean, he'd walked in while I was being sodomized with a big dildo! How much more shocking and shameful a view could I possibly gift to anyone!? With that in my mind, not to mention being seen by Themba, another stranger, well, it was a lot easier to walk around in short skirts.

Plus, the wild sexual activities of the past few weeks were shifting my view of myself and of sexuality. They were making me way more interested in sex, way more excited by it. I no longer thought of it as something I had to do to please a guy. And I felt way more sexual, sexier, hotter, daring and sophisticated.

Sort of.

I also felt very coyly secretive around other people. I presented this one look to the world, which was a fairly ordinary, if cute girl. Yet underneath I was a wild, sexual animal who indulged in shocking, outrageous sex with multiple people!

Much like the skirt was a kind of schoolgirl kilt that only hinted at sex, but underneath was the butt plug and vibrator. Or the conservative blazer that hid the fact my breasts were being lifted and squeezed up and out by the so-called bra I was wearing.

I knew even as I spoke to him that if he had the slightest idea of the kind of kinky things I got up to he'd be astounded. And probably intensely aroused. Most guys would be.

But that was my secret!

That was the great part of going to a big university. If I'd done this kind of stuff at home lots of people would have found out by now. I mean, probably Themba and the guy whose name I didn't know had mentioned what they'd seen and done to friends, but those friends had no idea who I was anyway and I would likely never meet them.

I left him behind and walked up the aisle to the top of the stairs and out of the auditorium-style classroom. Then I headed down the hall, tossing my head to make my hair swing so my bangs shifted sideways more and out of my eyes. I was sure lots of guys were taking note of me here, too, but that only made me a tiny bit self-conscious.

Guys had been giving me the eye since I hit puberty, after all. And this was not really that different. Of course, if I removed the blazer they'd have a lot more reason to stare! But I wasn't about to do that! I wasn't *that* uninhibited!

I wouldn't have even bought this skirt, much less worn it. Amara had. That made me kind of uneasy, but I knew she had way more money than I did. It still made me uneasy when she bought me clothes, even though the clothes were things she wanted to see me in and she wanted to tear off me.

In fact, these were suspiciously like something a stripper might wear. Which came to mind because she'd been teaching me how to strip and do lap-dances for her. And now, with that big guy around, she might be thinking of having me do one for him!

She'd also talked about having me become a stripper! Because she *owned* me now!

Amara seemed to be doing her best to crush whatever sense of dignity and body consciousness I had. Not to mention my sense of propriety about various sex acts and the people I did them with. She seemed to feel that if she kept calling me a slut even as I was in the midst of explosive orgasms I'd stop caring about the thought of doing slutty things.

In fact, I think that was working even better than she had hoped. Because thinking of myself as a whore or a slut for the things I did no longer really made me feel ashamed. On the contrary, it turned me on!

I think a lot of girls long to do outrageous things, especially in sex, but rarely have the courage out of fear of their reputations. But Amara had me doing outrageous things with strangers! And knowing she had picked the

strangers out for me gave me a sense of reassurance about them. They were unlikely to want to cause me any harm, after all.

Not that they didn't seem to enjoy *hurting* me some!

I'd never in my life imagined having my bottom smacked so often! Not to mention having my breasts roughly groped, my nipples pinched, twisted, and slapped, and my body *flogged!* The very idea of that was so wicked and insane!

I mean, I knew that it was all not real. The slaps weren't as hard as they could have been. And the 'flogging' was lightweight and left no marks. Well, it left some red lines across my breasts but those faded quickly. I was well aware that a real whipping or flogging would leave painful welts behind! So it was reassuring to me that Amara was keeping things sane.

Even if it didn't necessarily seem that way to me at the time!

I headed for the south exit since I had no classes this afternoon. I could get a snack from the machines in the lobby of my dorm and then do my homework upstairs.

When I walked out the door, though, the guy who'd fucked me was standing there! I stopped dead and my chest immediately tightened to the point I could hardly breathe. He was wearing a similarly expensive-looking dark suit and stood next to an expensive-looking black car parked right in front of the doorway. He wore dark glasses and looked over them at me as I stood there.

I licked my lips nervously, looking around, but no one seemed to be taking any special notice of him. Even when he cocked his finger at me to indicate I should approach. I was nervous, of course. I hadn't really spoken to him at all except to repeat the degrading words Amara told me to say.

Still, it seemed silly to be too shy given he'd had his cock in my mouth and throat. Not to mention deep in my ass!

I had this outrageous vision of me walking up to him and him bending me over the car and fucking me in the ass right here and now! I mean, he and Themba and Amara were all so casual about kinky sex in front of other people...

I moved toward him, my face heating, and he looked at me from behind his dark glasses, just as large and muscular looking as I remembered.

"Get in the car, slave girl," he said.

"Uh," I replied.

“The name is ‘master’. Say it for me.”

I gulped anxiously and looked around again and he moved aside and opened the passenger door.

“Amara will be joining us.”

I didn’t know that, of course! Being around strange men, especially big ones like this made me nervous! That was probably why doing the kinky sex with Amara had been easier, even when Themba had joined her. Women didn’t seem threatening to me.

“Where are we going?” I asked hesitantly.

“Slaves don’t ask questions. They do as they’re told,” he said coolly. “But we’re going back to Themba’s house.”

He seemed... I don’t know, rich with his fancy car and clothes, and I guess I found that at least a little reassuring. Rich guys don’t go around strangling girls and leaving them in ditches, do they?

I hesitated and he reached out, took me by the arm, and guided me into the car. I reluctantly bent and slid into the passenger seat and he closed the door behind me, then walked around to the driver's side and got in.

“You’ll have to be punished for disobedience,” he said. “Slave girls need to learn to obey.”

“I obey Amara,” I said defensively.

I mean, I didn’t really, but I kind of did during sex, and, I guess, more and more outside of it. But that just made sense since she was so much more sophisticated and knowledgeable and experienced than me.

“You need to learn to obey everyone,” he said.

He pulled away from the curve and then his big right hand dropped down onto my bare thigh and slid up under my skirt.

I gasped and grabbed at his wrist but he ignored me. And his wrist was so freaking thick and strong there was nothing I could have done about it without making a huge fuss!

His fingers were already pressing against my bare sex, rubbing against the top, and producing a sudden, sharp rush of sensation that made me gasp aloud. Then he pushed his fingers down under and the vibrator started up.

“Hot little sex slave,” he said, his fingers returning to rubbing my clitoris. “Spread your legs.”

I didn’t see any point in refusing, so did.

“Slump down a little more,” he ordered.

I was reluctant, but did so, and his fingers rubbed skillfully at me as he drove.

“I bet you can’t wait to have more black cock inside you, blonde girl,” he said.

I was starting to feel that way, actually! Against my better judgment!

The ride was not very far, and I was relieved when we pulled up in front of Themba’s house. I mean, I knew her only slightly more than him but at least she was a woman and less scary! On the other hand, with the vibrator purring and his fingers rubbing against me my body was starting to flood with heat and that was seeping into my mind and melting away my inhibitions.

He drew his hand back and got out of the car and I straightened up and breathlessly opened the door, then stepped outside. I followed him to the house and he opened the door without knocking and stepped inside. I was nervous about following him again. What if no one else was here!?

I know that makes little sense. He’d already fucked my ass and made me come like crazy so what exactly was I afraid of him doing?

Once inside he took my hand and led me into the living room as I looked anxiously around. He sat down on the sofa and then yanked me belly down across his lap!

“Naughty slave girls need to be disciplined,” he said, lifting my skirt up high.

“Wh-where is Amara!?” I gulped.

“Master. Say it, slave.”

“Master!” I gulped.

*Crack!*

“Ahh!”

“Slaves don’t ask questions. They just do as they’re told.”

I felt him undoing the straps that held the vibrator in place, then sliding it back down out of me. He pumped it in and out a little, his fingers stroking against my clitoris as he did, and my chest got tighter and tighter!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ah! Ow! Oh! Please!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Please what?”

*Crack!*

“Please who?”

“Please, Master!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?” he asked.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Yes, Master!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“Say it then, slave!”

“I’m sorry for being a bad girl, Master!” I gasped.

He was still casually pumping the vibrator/dildo in and out of me, letting his fingers stroke across my clitoris on every deep thrust. He pulled it all the way out, then, and pushed it in under me, kind of wedging it in between my groin where it pressed against his thigh. Between the top of my sex and his leg, in other words, so it buzzed against my clitoris.

I felt his fingers parting the lips of my sex, then sliding into my body. They were large and long and I gasped as they turned and twisted inside me, all while his thumb rubbed against my clitoris.

“Slutty little blonde slave girl,” he growled.

*Crack!*

“Would you like me to fill you with cock?” he demanded.

*Crack!*

“Ahh! Yes, Master!” I gasped.

“Then say it. Beg me to fill you with my big black cock.”

*Crack!*

“Please fill me with your big, black cock, Master!” I moaned.

He lifted me off him and onto my feet, where I stood panting and red-faced. Then he picked up what looked like a little remote control from the table next to him and music started playing from a nearby stereo.

“Give me a lapdance, blonde girl. Amara says she’s been teaching you because you want to be a stripper.”

“I do not!” I gasped.

“You calling me a liar?” he demanded, eyes narrowing.

“I... uhm, no, but – !”

“So you’re saying Amara is a liar?”

“No! But – !”

“Get dancing, slave, or I’ll take my belt to your ass.”

There didn't seem to be anything else I could do! Plus, my pussy was thrumming with energy, and a dark hunger gripped my mind, not seeming to care about my nervousness or self-consciousness around this man.

The music playing was even the music Amara had me practice to, so that gave me a little more reassurance that this wasn't just this nameless man. I started to sway in place before him, then roll my hips in time to the music. I swept the blazer back over my shoulders and let it fall behind me, then started to dance.

I was red-faced doing it, but when I peeled the sweater up and off and turned around in just the cupless bra I felt my chest getting even tighter and felt the dark excitement rising within myself. I undid the skirt and let it slide off and I was basically naked and dancing around in front of him.

I spread my legs and then put a knee on the sofa next to him, then shifted forward to bring my other knee down on his other side. I ground myself against him, feeling half dazed by what I was doing, painfully aware I barely knew him and didn't even know his name!

His hands caressed my thighs, then slid up my sides and around my back, pulling me closer. I felt his fingers at the bra strap and it parted, loosening the bra so I could lift it up and off. Now I was really naked! Except for my shoes and socks anyway.

I ground myself against him as he let his hands gently glide over my body, and while I continued to feel desperately self-conscious my passion rose to feverish heights very quickly! I gasped as he cupped and fondled my breasts, then squeezed them and pulled me in closer so he could suck and lick at my nipples!

He dropped a hand down low and fingered my clitoris and I gulped in ragged breaths of air as I ground myself against him with more and more excitement.

Then Themba came into the room and I yelped in startled surprise, instinctively dropping my arms across my breasts.

"I see you've put the little sex slave to work already," she said.

"Sex slaves should work all the time. This slutty little blonde should take a hundred cocks a day inside her."

She moved around behind me, then moved up closer and her hands suddenly went around in front of me, only to draw a thick black leather

collar back against my neck, wrap it around behind me, and buckle it in place.

“Sex slave,” she said in a low, teasing voice.

God, this was so wild!

## Chapter Ten

Themba placed leather restraints on my wrists and then my ankles, but then fastened the ones on my wrists together in front of me.

“Take my cock out, slave,” the man ordered.

Themba made a drink and sat back on the chair behind us as I obeyed, undoing his trousers and taking his thick, hard black cock up and out.

“Rub it against your belly,” he ordered. “See how deep inside you it’s going to go?”

I moaned as I obeyed. I did see just how deep it was going to go! It seemed impossible, but he’d already buried it in my ass a few days earlier.

He reached up and wrapped his hand around my neck. I gurgled and grabbed his wrist instinctively.

“Drop your hands, slave,” he growled.

Moaning, I obeyed, staring down at his dark, hungry eyes. He pushed up and I rose upward, still straddling him. Then, though I couldn’t see down, he took his cock and rubbed it against my sopping wet opening. His hand eased down and I went down with it, shuddering as his big cock stretched and penetrated me and then slid deep into my belly!

The door opened and Amara came in then, but I hardly heard what she said to Themba. Though it did add to my awareness that I had an audience for this. The two of them sat behind me as I sank my pussy down the entire length of the big cock under me!

“Ride my cock, sex slave,” he growled.

Whimpering, moaning, I obeyed, riding slowly up and down as he fondled my breasts.

“Sex slave,” Amara taunted from behind me.

Then someone else walked into the room! It was Grace! I faltered, my face flaming now as she sniffed derisively and stared at me.

“Blondes are all sluts,” she said.

The man’s hand came up around my neck again and squeezed.

“Ride me, slave!”

I shuddered and obeyed, riding up and down on his cock as Grace sat down behind me with Themba and Amara. I was intensely aware of their eyes on me, even as the man ran his hands up and down my body and his cock plunged deep into my belly again and again! I knew what the view must be like from behind me and it made me feel like some kind of porn star!

Except live!

“Urk!” I said as one of his hands came up and encircled my neck.

It rode up and down with me, encouraging me to move faster.

“Tell me you love black cock, blonde girl,” he growled, his voice deep and demanding.

It was like... I hardly dared do otherwise!

“I-I love black cock, Master!” I squeaked, feeling more turmoil at saying that in front of Grace.

“Slut!” I heard her say.

Suddenly a line of fire cut across my buttocks and I yelped in pain, twisting my head a little to see Themba standing there holding the riding crop.

“Roll your hips, blonde girl,” she said sternly. “Roll your lovely blonde slut body and squeeze your muscles down around that big black cock as you ride up.”

*Crack!*

I yelped again for the crop cut across my back that time! I hurriedly tried to do what she ordered, feeling flustered and rushed, with no time to hesitate in case she brought the crop down with another stinging blow!

Then he gripped my buttocks and leaned forward. My hands were behind his neck and I gasped and hung on as he stood, then knelt and let me roll back onto my shoulders. He drew himself out of me and roughly flipped me onto my belly, then yanked my hips into the air.

*Crack!*

He slapped my bottom stingingly and jerked my legs wider.

*Crack!*

Amara stood in front of me, nudging my lips with the pointed toe of her high-heeled shoe.

“Clean my shoe, slave girl,” he ordered.

I moaned in anguish, terribly embarrassed by Grace’s presence, then gasped as Themba brought the crop down on my bottom again. I hurriedly licked at her shoe as I felt the man’s big cock rubbing up and down along the line of my sex. He thrust into me and I cried out in pleasure and pain.

“Lick, slut,” Amara ordered.

I moaned and grasped her ankle, leaning in, licking at her shoe as the man began to thrust into me hard and fast. I could see the other two women standing on either side of me in my peripheral vision as I utterly degraded myself while my body shuddered to the impact of his hips!

“Whore!” Grace said.

“Sex slave!” Themba said.

“Nice tight cunt on this white slut!” the man growled.

I shuddered and moaned, licking dazedly at Amara’s shoe as the dark heat filled my mind and took me to a place of feverish sexual passion! This was so slutty and perverted and degrading and kinky!

I came so powerfully that my mind spun out and left me as little more than an animal wailing and mewling and crying out in dazed wonder! I twisted and thrashed as convulsions rippled through my body, all to the steady, furious, savage thrusts of the big man behind me and his powerful cock!

I felt my wrists being grasped, the clips unlocked, and pulled together behind me, there to be locked tightly in place. Then Amara moved out of the way and another black man knelt before me, his black cock hard and thick as he seized my hair and shoved himself into my mouth.

I gurgled dazedly, moaning around his cock, sucking almost instinctively. I felt only a sputtering of dismay and self-consciousness at his appearance. And that was quickly swept away by still more dark, hungry passion!

The two men turned me so I was between the sofa on my right and the loveseat and chair on my left. Amara, Themba, and Grace sat on the sofa, but now, to my startled realization, there were three more black women on the other side of me! All of them were strangers!

The man before me shoved his cock deep into my throat and started fucking me, while the one behind held my wrists and reached under to roughly fondle my right breast. Meanwhile, all six women watched and talked about what a filthy slut and whore and slave I was. And they made sure I heard!

It was so wild I was beyond embarrassed! I wallowed in the idea of being a slutty sex slave as two big cocks plunged in and out of my body hard and fast. Another orgasm swept over me, then another as I sobbed brokenly, my eyes glassy and my body crackling with sexual electricity that threatened to consume me.

\*

I was carried upstairs and into that room with the sawhorse thing. But I wasn't put astride it again. Instead, I was placed on the floor next to what seemed like a low, heavy stool. My wrists were unlocked, then lifted up above me and back behind the stool. Only it wasn't really a stool so much as a padded frame.

They pulled my wrists back to lock onto a ring on the floor behind the stool. Which would have been okay if I was belly-down, but I wasn't. So as it was my back was arched severely and my buttocks were raised off the floor. My ankles were pulled back, which helped support my lower body, then locked to opposite sides of the stool thing.

And then a huge dildo was pushed against the entrance to my body. I'd just been royally pounded by 'master', who had a large cock, and I was also sopping wet. Not to mention exhausted, dazed, and aching from the multiple muscle spasms.

The dildo they used seemed thicker than anything I'd had before, and I groaned as the pressure grew into a dark, dull ache. I kind of raised my hips a little as if to ease the pressure, but it followed me. One of them pressed a powerful vibrator against my clitoris, rubbing it from side to side, and I shuddered and moaned and my hips rolled obscenely.

Then a ball gag was pushed into my mouth and strapped in place just in time to muffle my cry of pain as the big dildo finally was able to stretch the mouth of my sex wide enough to push inside!

They were doing something with it which, as they pulled away, I realized had attached it to the floor somehow at an angle pointed up and toward me. A moment later it started to vibrate and I moaned weakly.

Fingers rubbed my clitoris and then a tongue began to lick strongly at it as I felt myself sinking back into that dark sexual torpor.

Heat swept through me, and with it the loss of not only inhibitions but concern about anything other than my own sexual pleasure. My poorly balanced body was pressing down heavily against the too-thick dildo, slowly sinking down its length inch by slow inch. It ached going in, but it also felt like the vibrations became more powerful the further in it got.

Flashes of light told me pictures had been taken but I didn't really care much until Amara leaned over me, smirking, and holding her iPhone before my eyes. It was a picture of my lower body and my eyes widened as I saw the thickness and length of the big black dildo/vibrator they'd managed to jam into me!

I swear the thing was as thick as a can of cola! I could hardly believe it had gotten inside me without tearing something! What was more it looked to be a solid twelve inches long!

"You love big black cocks, slave girl," she taunted.

I moaned helplessly.

The idea was only slightly daunting. Mostly it was... electrifying! It was so big! And my body looked so obscenely displayed and helpless!

And people stood all around me staring down at me! They were all black women! And most of them were strangers!

I gurgled and shuddered and moaned as I sank down further and further, and that giant dildo *impaled* me! It ached more the deeper it went. But I also got more aroused the deeper it went!

And then, my body burning with need, I felt my muscles tightening as I forced my hips up further, then dropped them, crying out as the dildo punched a little deeper into my quivering belly! I did it again, then again, gasping and crying out as the sexual fever flayed my mind!

I wanted every inch inside me!

As they all watched I rode it faster and harder, gasping and crying out again and again as I forced myself up, then dropped heavily down! Amara brought a flog down across my taut breasts and I cried out again! But I didn't stop! I couldn't stop!

Amara from one side and Themba from the other brought their flogs down across my breasts and belly as I rode the dildo more and more

desperately! My breasts and belly burned but I didn't care. In fact, what they were doing just made it that much more kinky and outrageous, and exciting!

I came, even as they flogged me, crying out, screaming, as I rode desperately up and down on the thick dildo, jamming myself down on it again and again as my mind burned with lust and passion! Another orgasm tore through me, then several more in rapid succession! And I kept riding that big, black cock as long as I had the strength to do so!

When I could no longer do more than tremble and shake they lifted me off it and I had to crawl to each of the women and clean their shoes with my tongue, then lick their pussies until they came. Then Themba put me into a cage, like the kind you have for large dogs, and I was finally able to relax and gather the pulverized fragments of my mind together.

I was, to put it mildly, shell-shocked by it all.

\*

I stayed with Amara all term, but had frequent visits to Themba's, and frequent visits at my dorm from Amara's girlfriends, all of whom I was expected to please with my mouth. I changed my major to psychology, specializing in sexual psychology.

On weekends sometimes Amara would take me to a lesbian club where I would strip and perform for other women and often pleasure them as best I could. On other weekends I'd go to Themba and she and her girlfriends, and sometimes men too, would enjoy the use of my body.

I began to adapt to it all, though it wasn't easy. I saw myself as an extremely sexual person now, and sex was my primary interest in life. That was why I had changed my major. I thought I might be able to help people who had hangups and inhibitions about sex and let them enjoy it the way I now was.

Needless to say, keeping all my extra-curricular activities separate from my studies wasn't easy, especially living with Amara. I managed it, though not without distinctive changes in my wardrobe and sometimes having to put up with Amara's efforts at driving me into orgasm while in class.

But I knew when I graduated I'd enjoy helping others enjoy the incredible pleasure and excitement of sex the way I now was!

End

Have complaints, suggestions, or questions? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

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

### **Working For the Smiths**

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

### **Out of Uniform**

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

### **The Ladies Gym**

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one

interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur** (the Black Chauffeur series)

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

### **The Nerd Girls**

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

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

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

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

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

### **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

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

### **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody 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.