

**CAUTION:** This story is not politically correct. It includes the humiliation and degradation of willing and maybe not so willing black women. The "n" word is used liberally.

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## **Hard Time for Rashanta**

*by Neal*

### **Chapter 1 - Busted**

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The noise of the propellers had been a constant drone. Rashanta Wallace looked out the window of the commuter airplane as it taxied up to the terminal of the small airport. This was the last leg of her journey and it had been a long day. Two connecting flights each with an hour lay over. The tall slender black woman was getting tired and brushed her long braided hair out of her face as she stood to get her bag from the overhead compartment.

She dis-embarked down a stairway and walked with the other passengers across the tarmac into the terminal. She was already overly warm in her business suit, gray jacket and skirt, white blouse, stockings, and black leather flats. Ordinarily she'd wear heels with this outfit, but preferred the flats for travel. The late afternoon sun was still hot and further aggravated her. This was nothing like the big city airport she'd left this morning.

Rashanta had just claimed her other luggage when her cell phone rang.

"Wallace here," she answered, always the busy professional.

"Hi, baby!" said the voice on the other end. "It's Tyrone."

She sighed heavily. "Ty, why are you calling me? I thought I'd made things pretty clear to you."

"Don't be that way, baby!" Tyrone pleaded. "I figured you jus' needed some time to think things through. Then you'd see it my way."

"Don't 'baby' me!" Rashanta scolded. "I told you this isn't going to work. I'm only thirty one and I'm not ready to settle down. I have a career! I have a good job. I worked hard to be one of the senior buyers for the biggest chain on the coast. I'm not going to throw it all away so I can cook your meals and have your babies!"

"I'm sorry, Shanta," he responded. "I didn't mean for it to sound that way. You gotta give me a chance to explain."

"Look," she said, "I've had a long trip. I've only been on the ground for a few minutes. I'm tired. I just don't feel like dealing with you now. I'm going on vacation right after this trip. Maybe I'll call you when I get back."

"Don't make me wait that long!" he begged.

"That's the way it has to be," she said with finality. "I gotta go."

She clicked the 'end' button before he had a chance to go on. What a pest, she thought.

Rashanta made her way across the terminal to the car rental desk. A young white woman turned to wait on her.

"May I help you?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Rashanta, "I've got a reservation for a car. A Lexus. The name is Wallace. R. Wallace."

The white girl clicked on her keyboard and peered into the monitor that was on the desk.

"Ok, I see your name here," she informed her. "But we don't have no Lexus. I have two Fords. An Escort or a Taurus."

"That can't be right, miss," the black woman replied, peeved. "I made a reservation. I've got a long drive still and I don't want to do it in one of those shit boxes!"

"Sorry," the clerk replied, not sorry. "That's what we got. Take it or leave it."

"Well, I don't have much choice then," sighed Rashanta. "I'll take the big one."

"Ok, hang on," said the clerk.

The white girl picked up the phone on the desk and punched two numbers.

"Ray?" she said into the phone while looking right at the black woman. "Bring the Taurus up. There's a 'lady' here who'll be taking it."

The clerk pushed some papers across the desk to her.

"Fill these out and we'll have you set to go," she said.

Rashanta didn't like the girl's tone at all. She fumed as she filled out the rental agreement. She was just finishing as Ray arrived and put the car keys on the counter.

"If there's nothing else, I'll just get going now," said the black woman.

She scooped up the keys and headed for the glass door Ray had just entered through. She could see the car outside.

"We're not through here, lady!" called the clerk.

Rashanta ignored her, put her bags in the trunk, and climbed in. She wasn't about to take any more disrespect from these menial clerks. The black woman started the motor and drove off towards the exit from the airport.

A few miles down the interstate she started to calm down and realized she hadn't picked up a map in her rush to get out of the airport. A light went on on the dash board. Low fuel. Damn! she thought. Didn't those fools fill up the tank? The next exit sign showed food, gas, and lodging available. She pointed the car down the ramp which ended in a T at a state highway. The sign for gas had an arrow pointing to the right. She turned right and proceeded on.

The sign hadn't indicated how far to the gas station and after several miles she began to wonder if there was one at all. Finally it appeared up ahead. She pulled up to the pump, shut off the engine, and waited.

After a few minutes a young white man in greasy overalls emerged from the station.

"It's self serve," he called out to her.

Rashanta rolled down the window.

"Self serve!" she exclaimed. "The sign says full service! I'm not dressed to pump gas!"

The white man shrugged and went back inside.

Asshole! she thought. Rashanta got out of the car and went to the pump and slid her credit card through the slot and opened the gas cap on the car. She could see the white man, kid really, watching her from inside the station with a smirk on his face while she topped off the tank and put the hose back on the pump.

It was almost dark now. Rashanta realized she'd wasted a lot of time already on this side trip and pressed the accelerator down. It would take at least ten minutes just to get back to the interstate.

The black woman was surprised when the flashing blue lights suddenly came on behind her. She knew she'd been speeding and pulled over. The police car pulled in behind her. She'd gotten out of tickets before, she thought. She undid a couple more buttons on her blouse to show off plenty of skin for the cop. Worked every time.

Rashanta waited nervously as the uniformed man approached the car and shone a flash light in at her. She blinked and squinted at the brightness of it. But she smiled suggestively and turned slightly towards the window to make sure he got a good eyeful. She rolled the window down.

The cop looked to be no more than twenty years old. Tall and athletic looking he didn't look too intelligent. He wore a badge that indicated he was a deputy sheriff and a name tag that said Lewis.

"License and registration," he said and stood waiting as he looked at the black woman. "This is a forty five mile per hour zone. You were doing sixty six."

"I'm so sorry, officer," she said, smiling, her blouse open sufficiently to show off her bra. "I must have lost track how fast I was going. I hope you'll forgive me."

This act had worked in the past, she thought. Horny white cop wasn't going to give a pretty black girl a ticket. Not when she showed him so much flesh. She got her license out of her purse and handed it over. Suddenly she remembered storming away from the rental desk without the papers.

"I, uh, don't have the registration," she stammered. "It's a rental car and they forgot to give me the papers."

She smiled sweetly again and reached down to hike her skirt up a little to show the deputy some leg.

"Step out of the car, miss," he ordered.

"But, officer!" she protested. "This is just a silly misunderstanding! Surely there's no need for this."

"I said get out of the car, girl," he repeated forcefully.

Rashanta opened the door and climbed out, placing her hands on her hips.

"Excuse me?" she asked incredulously. "Girl? Are you talking to me that way? You need to learn how to treat people with more respect or you'll end up in trouble!"

"Turn around, hands on the car," ordered the deputy sternly.

"What?" Rashanta said, surprised.

"Turn around, girl," he repeated. "I'm not asking. I'm telling you. Now do it."

The black woman started go get scared now. She was alone, a thousand miles from home, on a dark two lane highway. She turned around and placed her hands on the roof of the car. She felt his hands frisk her down, lingering over he breasts and ass. She felt her face hot with shame at this indignity. Then he slapped the first cuff on one wrist.

"What are you doing?" she cried out, turning towards him. "Don't you dare handcuff me! Do you realize how much trouble you're getting yourself in for? I'll sue the shit out of you and your two bit country ass town!"

"Shut up," he ordered her. "We can do this easy or we can do this hard. It's up to you. I'm bringing you in so we can get to the bottom of all this. It's standard procedure in cases like this. Don't make me hurt you."

"You're going to regret this," she warned him, her voice shaking.

Rashanta stopped struggling, though. She stood passively while he finished cuffing her hands behind her back. The deputy forcefully walked her to the patrol car, placing her in the back seat, and closing the door. He climbed in the front and got on the radio.

"Base, this is twelve," he said into the microphone.

"Go ahead, Lewis," came the voice on the radio.

"I've got a negro female in custody," said the deputy. "Speeding and driving without a registration. I'm bringing her in now. Send the truck to mile-post one oh seven and bring in the white Ford Taurus there."

"Roger that," crackled the radio. "Base out."

"This is all a mistake, officer," Rashanta said in a small voice. "I'll cooperate. Please take these cuffs off. They're hurting me."

"It's procedure, girl," he stated.

Deputy Lewis started the patrol car and made a u turn, heading back the way she had come. Rashanta was both scared and angry, but sat quietly the rest of the way to the sheriff's office.

They arrived shortly at the sheriff's office, a non-descript one story brick building. The deputy parked the car next to where several other patrol cars were parked in the lot and climbed out. He opened the back door and roughly pulled Rashanta out, causing her blouse to stretch and pop another button. She blushed with embarrassment at the exposure.

"Can you let me loose from these now?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "No talking."

The deputy opened the door to the building and pushed Rashanta in ahead of him. The room was large and filled with a maze of desks. He led her through them and sat her on a long wooden bench on the opposite side of the room from the door.

"Don't move, girl," he warned her. "I've got to start the paper work."

Rashanta sat quietly on the bench, the handcuffs growing more uncomfortable by the minute. Other deputies and people with business at the sheriff's office passed by her and looked her over. Her unbuttoned blouse certainly drew alot of attention. She was humiliated by being put on display this way.

Deputy Lewis returned and took her to a small room. There was a table with a telephone and tape recorder on it. A few straight back wooden chairs were around the table. A big mirror was on one wall. There were no windows. He put her in one of the chairs and sat in one on the opposite side of the table from her.

"The rental agency says you took the car before they could run your credit card," he stated, sounding official. "They're pressing charges. I'm placing you under arrest on a charge of grand theft, auto. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law..."

Rashanta sat stunned as the deputy recited her rights to her. She couldn't believe this was happening to her. She was really scared now.

"Do you understand these rights?" he asked perfunctorily.

"Yes," she said in a small voice, her bravado completely gone. "This is all a terrible mistake. I was just in a hurry! That's all."

"You get one phone call," the deputy continued. "After that you'll be processed and placed in the holding cell. What number do you want to call?"

Rashanta gave him Tyrone's number to dial. He'd help her, even if only to get her to change her mind about moving in with him. She listened to it ring.

"Hello?" answered Tyrone.

"Hi, Ty," she said. "It's Shanta. I need your help. There was a mixup with the car rental and I've been arrested! They think I stole the rental car!"

"Damn, Shanta, that sucks," said the voice on the phone. "But, why are you callin' me? I thought you didn't want to have anythin' more to do with me."

"I'm in a jam here," Rashanta replied. "I need you to find me a lawyer. Find a way to get me out of here."

"Sorry," he said. "I don't think it's a good idea for me to get involved. Call somebody else. I gotta go. Bye."

Click.

"He hung up," the black woman said sadly. "I got another number to call."

"Sorry," said the deputy. "One phone call. That was it. Time to process you. On your feet. Let's go."

"But..." she started.

"Shut up, girl," he stopped her. "Don't start up with me. Don't make this more unpleasant than it has to be."

Deputy Lewis walked Rashanta to another room. This one had a camera pointed at a white wall with black demarcations indicating the height from the floor. A fingerprint kit was on a table near the door. Pictures and prints, thought the black woman. She couldn't believe the chain of events that had lead her to this humiliation.

Finally, the deputy removed her handcuffs. Her shoulders ached and her wrists were sore. She rubbed them to get the circulation going again. He gave her a placard to hold and took a full face mug shot of her. She was so overwhelmed by events that she'd forgotten that her blouse was open far enough to show off her bra and much of her breasts.

"Turn to the side," he ordered her. "Hold the placard so it's visible."

Rashanta turned as instructed. The strobe light on the camera flashed.

"Turn back to the front now, girl," the deputy commanded. "Hands at your sides."

Numb, the black girl complied. The light flashed again. Only then did she notice the grin on the young white deputy's face. She was suddenly aware of her state of undress. She knew that this last picture wasn't part of the official record. Her face burned with shame and rising anger. But she felt powerless to do say anything.

The finger printing was less embarrassing but Rashanta had to endure Deputy Lewis standing too close to her as he rolled her fingers on the ink pad and then the fingerprint card.

"Let's go," he commanded once the procedure was completed.

The deputy walked the black woman back out into the main room of the sheriff's office and around the perimeter to a desk situated in front of a barred cell, empty except for a wooden bench.

"Remove your belt and shoes," he said, producing a paper bag from a box on the floor. "Place them in the bag. They'll be returned to you when you leave."

A tear rolled down her cheek as she stepped out of the shoes.

"My skirt won't stay up without the belt," she objected. "Do I have to take it off?"

"Standard policy," he replied. "Are you going to give me trouble now, girl?"

"No," she said softly.

Rashanta removed the belt and placed it in the bag. She bent over, picked up her shoes, and put them in it, too. She could feel her skirt sliding down from her waist and tugged it back up. The deputy unlocked the barred door to the cell and slid it to one side.

"Get in," he ordered, indicating she was to enter cell.

The black woman stepped the door and into the cell. The deputy slid the door shut and turned the key. It locked with a loud clank.

"They'll be making another run over to the jail in a few hours," Deputy Lewis told her. "You'll be staying there until you're arraigned tomorrow."

He turned and walked back to his desk. Rashanta could see the goings on in the office and anyone there could see her in the cell, like an animal in a cage at the zoo.

The time crawled by for Rashanta. She used it to button her blouse back up and to think of how she was going to get out of this. Certainly she'd be provided with an attorney who'd be able to let people she knew know where she was and what happened. Until then she felt completely lost and alone.

The hours ticked by and activity in the office gradually lessened. Rashanta had needed to relieve herself for some time and her bladder was positively bursting. At last she got the attention of the deputy as he passed nearby on other business.

"Excuse me, officer," said Rashanta, her face hot with embarrassment. "I need to use the ladies room."

"Can't you wait?" Deputy Lewis replied, irritated. "The van will be here soon enough to take you to the jail. You can go there. Hold your water, girl."

"I can't wait any longer," she protested, humiliated at having to plead with this white man to be allowed to use the bathroom.

"Shit," he spat. "Alright. You can't go in there unescorted and there's no female personnel here. I'll have to take you to the toilet. Standard policy."

He unlocked the door and slid it open. Rashanta walked out in her stockinged feet and followed him. Her skirt kept slipping down with no belt on so she had to keep hiking it back up. He led her to a door marked "Men". She looked up at him questioningly.

"I ain't goin' in the women's room, girl," he said. "You'll have to do your business in here. Nobody's in there now anyways. You want to go or not?"

Rashanta blushed and nodded. Deputy Lewis pushed the door open and they both walked into the men's room. He pushed open a stall door and the black woman entered it and turned to face him.

"I'll just be a minute," she said, reaching to close the stall door.

"No you don't," he stopped her. "Door stays open. Standard policy."

"What!" she exclaimed. "You expect me to pee with you watching! This is too much. I have rights. I have a right to some privacy. I have a right to at least pee without some pervert watching me!"

"The hell you do, bitch!" the deputy said angrily. "I'm not breaking policy. Prisoners will not be left unwatched. Period. You don't like it? Back to the cell you go. Let's go."

"I have to go now!" the black woman protested.

"Then go," he said. "Hurry it up. I've got other things to do than play games with some dumb nigger."

Rashanta couldn't believe what she'd just heard. This white man, no, white boy, called her a nigger! A nigger! Her hackles were up now but she had to go badly and was afraid of pissing herself if she argued. She couldn't remember being so humiliated before.

The black woman's face was hot as she pulled down her panties and stockings and lifted her skirt, revealing a thick patch of curly black pubic hair. She glared at the grinning white deputy as she sat on the toilet and urinated under his leering gaze.

"When my lawyers get through with you, you'll be lucky to have a job cleaning this toilet," she threatened.

"Dumb nigger," the deputy laughed. "Don't forget to wipe."

Rashanta finished and stood up. She pulled up her panties and stockings and flushed. Deputy Lewis stood in the way of the stall entrance for a few seconds too long, blocking her way out, menacing her with his mere presence. Then he stood aside.

The black woman led the way out of the men's room, hiking her unbelted skirt up every few steps. All eyes in the room followed her and the deputy back to the holding cell. She could hear chuckles and whispered comments from the other deputies in the office the whole way. The shame she felt had her close to tears. She stepped into the cell and he locked her back in. The door slid shut with a resounding clank as she sat back on the wooden bench.

It had been quite a long day for Rashanta. She had been up before dawn to go to the airport to catch the first of three flights. Though she struggled to keep her eyes open, she felt herself nodding off. The sound of the cell door sliding open woke her up. A large black woman, no more than twenty years old, her hair pulled back in a tight pony-tail, was being pushed into the cell by a deputy Rashanta hadn't seen before.

"Sit tight, girl," said the deputy. "Van'll be along anytime to take you and your friend to the slammer."

The big girl was dressed in magenta shorts and a dark blue tee shirt. She eyed Rashanta for a long while before sitting on the bench next to her.

"Ain't seen you round here," she said.

"I'm not from around here," replied Rashanta. "And I don't belong in here."

"Course not," said the big black girl. "'S all a mistake, ain't it?"

"Yes!" Rashanta answered. "It's bullshit!"



"Me, too," sighed the big girl. "Name's Desiree. My friends call me Dee Dee."

"Rashanta," the older woman replied. "Shanta. I've never even been here before. Never had any plans to come here. And I hope to never see this place again."

"Damn, girl!" said Desiree. "What you doin' here then?"

"I got off the interstate to get gas," Rashanta began. "I got stopped for speeding. There was a mixup on the paperwork for my rental car. They think I stole it. Now I'm here."

"That's some fucked up shit, girl," Desiree observed. "Way fucked up. Damn sheriff's boy's why I's here. Him an' his damn friends cornered me in a alley. Wanted me to blow 'em all if'n you kin believes that! I tol' 'em 'fuck no.' Bastard said if I didn't they'd swear I tried to make 'em pay for some poontang. 'Course it's the sheriff's boy so who they gonna believes? Fuck."

"Hey!" called the deputy. "Shut up in there. No talking. You'll have plenty of time for that later."

The two black women sat in silence for another half an hour until another deputy, previously unseen, slid the cell door open. Late twenties, heavy set, with black hair and mustache, his name tag read "Faldo". He held chains and cuffs in his hand. He gestured for them to get up.

"Ok, ladies," he said. "Your ride's here. Time to get ready to travel. You first, skinny. Stand up and hold out your hands."

Deputy Faldo squatted and quickly slapped a cuff on each of Rashanta's ankles. Standing, he repeated the procedure on her wrists. The black woman's wrists were now cuffed together. A chain ran from between the cuffs and was attached to the short chain between the ankle cuffs. It wasn't long enough for her to stand completely upright and forced her to stoop.

"Is this really necessary?" Rashanta asked indignantly. "I'm not going to try to escape or anything. This whole thing is ridiculous!"

"You better learn when to shut up, bitch," said Deputy Faldo, looking down at the stooped black woman. "This is standard procedure for prisoner transport."

He turned to Desiree.

"Your turn," he said to her. "You know the drill."

Desiree stood and offered her hands to be cuffed. Deputy Faldo made quick work of it. Both negresses now stood chained and stooped over. He stepped out of the cell and retrieved the bags from the desk containing their shoes, which he then dropped on the floor in front of the two women.

"Get your shoes on, ladies," he grinned. "We're leavin' now."

Under Deputy Faldo's leering eye and with much difficulty due to their restraints, Rashanta and Desiree managed to get their shoes on and stand up. Rashanta found the task to be more than a little degrading, putting her shoes on with her chains jangling. But she felt helpless to do otherwise or even complain.

"Move out," ordered the deputy. "Out the side door. Your limo is waiting."

The two black women shuffled out of the holding cell towards the side door, Deputy Faldo right behind them, pushing them along. The sounds of the jangling chains caught the attention of everyone in the room. Rashanta could feel a dozen sets of eyes on her, drinking in her humiliation. Her face burned with shame.

They reached the door and exited. A dark colored van with "Sheriff's Department" painted on the door was parked just outside. The deputy easily walked around the hobbled negresses and opened the rear door.

"In you go," he said cheerfully.

There were benches on either side of the van. Rashanta sat on one, Desiree the other. Deputy Faldo shut the door with a hollow slam. The only windows were in the doors and they were covered with a heavy metal mesh. They heard the engine start and felt the van start to move.

"You gotta watch yo' se'f in this town, girl," Desiree explained. "The sheriff here, he got this place by the nuts. This ain't the first time I gots trouble wit' him. That jail o' his... Well, you'll see soon enough, girl."

"What do you mean, Dee Dee?", Rashanta inquired with some anxiety.

"Well, they gots special treatment for sistas," the big girl answered. "It ain't right, but it's how it is. The sheriff an' his boys, those deputies, they do what they like wit' us. Ain't nothin' we can do 'bout it, neither. Best to just go along to get along if'n you knows what I means."

Rashanta had more questions, but Desiree didn't seem interested in elaborating more than she had already. Ominous images of what might await her at the jail filled the black woman's head. The van stopped and the engine was shut off. The rear door opened and Deputy Faldo's heavy visage greeted them, leering in much the same way as before.

"We're home, ladies," he grinned. "Watch your step!"

The fat deputy chuckled as he watched the two colored women awkwardly climb out of the van, their chains jangling. He pushed them ahead of him, stooped and shuffling, through the door marked "Prisoners" that was set into the wall of a grey cut stone building. They went across the empty outer room to a door with a barred window.

The deputy pushed a button and a few seconds later a buzz was heard along with a loud click. He pulled the door open and pushed his prisoners through and then followed right after them. The door shut automatically with a thud followed by the sound of the lock.

"Sit," he ordered indicating a long wooden bench along the wall just inside the door.

The room was windowless and the institutional green walls were brightly lit by an overhead fluorescent fixture. The floor was tiled. Another door with bars for a window was on the opposite wall. A windowless door was off to the side. Deputy Faldo opened that door and stepped inside.

"I've got two prisoners for processing tonight, Eddie," he said.

"Get 'em stripped and ready, Wally", another voice answered. "Then bring 'em on in."

Deputy Faldo bent over and unlocked the cuffs from each of his charges and removed them. He dropped them on the wooden bench with a resounding clanking sound. There were some metal baskets on the floor and he used his foot to slide two of them over to the seated negresses.

"Alright, ladies," said the deputy. "Get those duds off and put 'em in the baskets. You'll get 'em back when you check out. Standard policy. Prisoners must be thoroughly searched prior to admittance. Sheriff don't want no contraband in his jail house."

Desiree leaned forward, took her shoes off, and stood up. She pulled her tee shirt off revealing a large black bra restraining two massive breasts. The big girl pulled down her shorts, showing off a pair of blue panties covering her fat black ass.

Rashanta was aghast. Both at the demand the white man was making as well as the big black girls passive obedience.

"Now just a minute!" the slim black woman objected. "I am *not* taking my clothing off! I have rights! I am not some animal to be treated this way! I can understand your policy, but surely you must have female personnel to perform this procedure when there's ladies involved!"

"Ladies!" chortled Deputy Faldo. "Hey, Eddie! This dumb nigger thinks she's a lady and needs female personnel to wait on her!"

A short brown haired white man in his early forties, dressed in a white smock stepped out of the door. He surveyed the scene and shook his head slowly, unable to suppress a smile. Desiree looked on, still in her underwear.

"Listen, bitch," snarled the deputy. "You ain't no fuckin' lady. You a nigger, plain and simple. In this jail you do like you told and no bullshit about it, if you know what's good for you. Nobody here gives a shit about seeing some naked monkey, so get over yourself and get those duds off."

Rashanta stood and slapped the deputy across the face. His jaw dropped from the shock of it.

"How dare you talk to me that way!" the black woman said angrily.

Whap! The deputy slapped Rashanta across the face so hard it knocked her off her feet. He stood over her and looked down at her prone form. Tears formed in her eyes as she rubbed her cheek with one hand.

"I'm gonna let that slide, nigger," he said evenly, restraining his anger. "Seein' as how you ain't from around here and don't know no better. You do anything like that again and you'll be sorry you was born, I promise you. You think you too fine now? Well you won't be so fine when I get through with you if you pull any shit like that again. Now get those fuckin' clothes off and get with the program. I ain't bullshittin' around. Now do it."

He turned to Desiree.

"What's your major malfunction, girl?" he asked her. "Get naked so we can get this done and put y'all away for the night."

The big girl reached around her back and unclasped her bra, letting it slide down her arms and off onto the floor. She blushed as her saggy breasts hung against her chest. She pulled her blue panties off and gathered her clothing into her basket.

Rashanta sat up on the floor and took off her shoes. She looked up at Deputy Faldo with the anger still in her eyes. The black woman stood and unbuttoned her blouse. She unzipped her skirt, let it fall to the floor, and stepped out of it. Shrugging off her blouse she unclasped her bra and shrugged it off, too. Her firm breasts were now displayed for all in the room to see. Her dark chocolate nipples stood erect. Her face was hot with shame, anger, and embarrassment.

"Get those drawers off, too, now," the deputy encouraged her. "The nice man here's gotta take a look in those holes to make sure you ain't got no weapons or drugs or nothin'."

He looked over at Eddie and winked at him. The older white man just smiled and shook his head.

Rashanta pulled her panties down to her knees and let them slide the rest of the way down her legs, stepping out of them when they reached the floor. She looked back up defiantly in an attempt to show them she was unbroken by this treatment. Nevertheless, she was completely naked in front of the two white men and knew she would be submitting to a thoroughly humiliating search of her intimate parts.

"Pick that shit up, girl," ordered Deputy Faldo. "Put it in the basket like a good nigger. Leave it on the floor and it'll get shit canned."

The slender nude black woman leaned over and picked up her clothes, placing them in the wire basket. The white men looked on, clearly enjoying the site of the naked negress's firm round ass with her bent over in front of them.

"Ok, bring the niggers in, Wally," said Eddie to Deputy Faldo with a smile. I know this is your favorite part."

"Let's go inside and get you checked out and checked in," instructed the deputy.

Rashanta noticed the bulge in the big man's pants as she passed him and entered the room. Desiree was right behind her. This room was the same size as the outer one. A stainless steel examination table, complete with stirrups on either side at one end was in the middle of the room.

"Alright, enough standing around," said Eddie. "Get on up there, you."

Since he was looking at Desiree as he spoke, the big black girl climbed up on the table, placing her feet in the stirrups. Her hairy pussy gaped open with her legs spread so far. Eddie snapped on a rubber glove and probed her vagina with a finger. She looked away from the faces of the onlookers, shamed.

"Hmmm," the older white man said. "Nothin' here. Sloppy wet, though. Horny fuckin' nigger. I know you love this. Get on back down now."

Desiree blushed as she dismounted the exam table.

"Your turn," Eddie said to Rashanta. "Get your ass up here. You know what to do."

The slender black woman felt a lump in her throat and in the pit of her stomach. She lifted herself up onto the table and lay down on it. The steel surface was cold and made her shiver. She was thoroughly

embarrassed spreading her legs wide to put her feet in the stirrups. She felt a cool draft waft over her cunt. Eddie roughly shoved a gloved finger inside her opening. Her pussy was dry and he used no lube.

"Owww!" she yelped. "Be careful!"

"Be quiet," muttered Eddie as felt around inside Rashanta's vagina. "I'm through anyways."

"All right, you've had your fun," announced the deputy. Get down from there. Open those mouths, got to check there, too."

Eddie pulled a small flashlight out of the pocket on his smock and using a tongue depressor poked and peeked inside Desiree's mouth. The big girl stood passively and endured it, her mouth open wide. Rashanta also offered no protest as he repeated the procedure on her.

The sound of the outer door buzzing open could be heard followed by the door closing. Rashanta could see Deputy Lewis, the man who'd arrested her earlier standing in the doorway with a twenty something white girl who appeared drunk and disheveled.

"Charlene was tearing up the Dew Drop again tonight," Deputy Lewis told his colleagues. "Busted old Fred over the head with a bottle."

"Damn!" laughed Wally. "That's the second time already this week!"

"What're you laughin' at?" slurred the white woman.

"Calm down, ma'am," said Deputy Lewis. "I'm just checking you in."

"You know where the key's at, Ben," said Eddie to Deputy Lewis. "Put her up in nine."

"Ok," replied the young deputy. "Let's go, ma'am. I think you just need to sleep it off."

Ben and Charlene left the doorway. Another buzz was heard followed by the door closing.

"I thought this bullshit here was 'standard procedure'," complained Rashanta. "How come that white bitch didn't get this treatment?"

"Shut your hole, nigger!" Wally ordered. "You don't think we'd treat a white lady like this do you? Sheesh! You're lucky I don't slap the shit out you for that. Now, I don't wanna hear another sound comin' out of your mouth."

"One more hole to go," Eddie announced. "Bend over and spread 'em. Grab your ankles."

Burning with anger and humiliated with helplessness, Rashanta bent over, her legs apart, and grabbed her ankles. Next to her, Desiree did the same. She felt the white man's finger probe her asshole unconcerned about the pain the rough treatment caused her. Never had she felt so degraded. When it was over she stood and glared at Eddie as he pulled off the rubber glove.

"Was it good for you, too?" he asked mockingly as he dropped the glove in the wastebasket.

"Enough dilly dallying," said Wally. "Time to go get you two put away for the night. Move out."

The heavy set deputy pushed the naked negro women out of the examination room to the door that led further into the jail building. He pushed a button and the door buzzed. He opened the door and pushed his charges through and down the hall ahead of him.

Rashanta was exhausted, but scared and humiliated as well. She was naked, being marched through the corridors of a stone jail house in a town she'd never heard of until she had the misfortune to enter it.

The tiled floor was smooth and cold. The air was cool, too, giving the nude black woman goose flesh. They arrived at a large window with a counter. Deputy Ben Lewis was leaning on the counter talking with a rough looking white woman in her late thirties on the other side. She had dyed blonde hair and was wearing a bright orange gown with "COUNTY JAIL" stenciled on it.

"Well," said Ben, turning his head to take in the view of the naked negresses, "here's the girl who teased me with a little flesh to keep from getting a ticket! Looks like I'm seeing all the nigger flesh I like now!"

Rashanta looked at the floor and blushed. She'd felt so in control then during the traffic stop. She'd used her charms successfully before. She thought the white deputy would succumb to them as so many others had in the past. Instead she was now helpless and exposed before him.

"Turn around," he ordered. "Let's see the back side."

The slender black woman looked up into his leering face. She knew she was powerless to say no and turned around as instructed.

"Not too bad, girlie," observed Ben, "not too bad at all. Nice tight ass. Goes good with those boobs of yours. Niggers are just built right. That's for sure."

Rashanta's face burned at being talked to this way. What little professional decorum Deputy Lewis had displayed earlier was completely gone now. Apparently he felt a lot bolder here in the jail with his charges completely vulnerable and under his power. Never had she had to endure such humiliation.

The white woman behind the counter looked annoyed and clearly didn't appreciate the admiring looks the two deputies were giving the black woman. Ben turned to Desiree.

"But you, Dee Dee," he went on, "are a fat nigger cow. Big fat hangin' cow udders, that's what you've got. But I know you've a got a sweet pussy in there somewhere to go with your big fat black ass, ain't that right?"

Desiree blushed and looked down at her feet. The big girl shifted her weight back and forth. He winked at the other deputy.

"Course, that's how Wally here likes 'em," continued Ben. "Fat, black, and dumb."

"I sure do," agreed Wally.

He turned to the white woman at the counter.

"Stuff for two, Annie," said the heavy set deputy.

Annie eyed the two colored women with a look that disturbed Rashanta. The white woman turned and took two blankets, two sets of sheets, and two orange gowns like the one she was wearing and place them on the counter.

"Here you go, meat," the white woman said and slowly looked back and forth between the two negroes.

"Pick it up," urged Wally. "We ain't got all night."

Rashanta picked up the gown and started to put it on.

"What the fuck do you think you're doin', you dumb nigger?" asked the white man. "I'm in a rush to get out of here. I ain't waitin' on you to get all gussied up! Do that in your cell."

"She's got a lot to learn!" Ben laughed. "I gotta get goin' now, Wally. The little woman will have my hide if I keep showin' up late from work."

"You are so whipped, Ben," chuckled Wally, shaking his head slowly. "No wonder you like comin' down here an' takin' it out on the the darkies."

"Hey, she's got the sweet pink pussy I like," replied Ben. "So I'll put up with bein' whipped by it! Then I can come down here where pussy whippin' takes on a whole new meanin'!"

"You got that right, bro," agreed Wally. "It sure do."

Ben walked back the way they'd come in. Wally turned to his charges.

"Well?" he started, "Let's move it!"

The slender black woman picked up the bedding and gown and the deputy led them past a row of cells. The cells were totally open consisting of barred walls. The first four cells each had two black women in them who all looked at the new comers with mild interest. Desiree was looking into each cell to see if she knew anyone. Rashanta kept looking straight ahead but could feel their eyes upon her.

"You two'll be bunking together tonight," said Wally, opening the cell door.

Inside was a steel framed bunk bed with two bunks, each with a stained mattress on it. The cell was just deep enough for the length of the bed and maybe twice as far across as the width of the bunks. The two naked colored women entered and the white deputy closed the door and locked it behind them.

"I can't climb into the top bunk so I'll take the bottom one," said Desiree.

The big girl put the bedding down on the lower bunk and slipped the gown on. It was tight on her. She made her bed and lay down on it. Rashanta put her gown on as well. She she put the sheets and blanket on the top bunk and climbed up and got in.

"All right," came a male voice. "Lights out. Keep it quiet back there."

It had been quite an eventful day. She'd started the day off flying a thousand miles to make million dollar decisions for her employers large chain of stores. Now the black woman was in jail and no one knew where she was. She felt alone and vulnerable. Tired as she was, it was hard to sleep, wondering what lay in store for her. If the events she'd experienced so far were any indication, it wasn't going to be pleasant.

The lights went out, plunging the cell into darkness. Rashanta gradually drifted off to sleep.

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## **Chapter 2 - Attorney Client Privilege**

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Rashanta awoke gradually the next morning. She felt like she'd had strange dream and struggled to remember it as she lay with her eyes closed. Somehow she'd ended up in jail or some other preposterous place. But unlike a usual dream, this one didn't gradually dissolve to the point of being forgotten.

Instead more details came to her mind. Pulled over on the highway, arrested, transported, inspected, it was all so clear. Then she couldn't quite recall getting to the hotel and started to panic when she realized she didn't know where she was.

Slowly, the black woman became aware of the sounds around her. She heard the echo of distant voices. Another sound was much closer. A wet sound, slurping even. The loud grunting noise what it finally took to get her to open her eyes.

The reality of the situation hit Rashanta hard. She saw the low ceiling and barred walls of her cell. She felt a shudder and a sense of panic rising inside her. It wasn't a dream at all. She was locked up in a jail in a strange town a thousand miles from home. None of her friends or family knew where she was. She was alone and helpless.

The sound. The wet slurping sound. Rashanta rolled onto her side and looked to see what it was.

What she saw was Desiree, her cell mate, naked on her knees with her face up against the cell door. Outside the bars, a uniformed deputy stood. The white man was at least fifty years old, his hair mostly gray. His head was tilted back and his eyes were closed. The big black girl was obviously sucking his cock through the bars.

"That's it, bitch," said the deputy huskily, "suck it good. Suck it for your breakfast."

Rashanta watched in shock while Desiree moaned around the big white dick in her mouth as she sucked and slobbered on it. The fat negress pushed her face into the bars, straining to get it as far as it would fit in order to take as much of the deputy's cock in as she could.

"Ugh! Ahhh..." the white man grunted, releasing his sperm into the big black girl's waiting mouth.

Desiree remained in position until the deputy stepped back and his dick slipped out of her mouth. The negro girl sat back from the bars as he zipped up.

"You *are* a good cocksucker, Dee Dee," he allowed. "Even for a nigger. Here's your prize."

The deputy reached his hand through the bars and dropped a white wax paper bag on the concrete floor of the cell. Rashanta watched as he turned and walked away while her cell-mate opened the bag and pulled out what looked to be a pastry of some kind and took a bite.

"What is that?" asked Rashanta.



"Din't know you was up, girl," replied Desiree, startled. Powdered sugar was on her lips, semen on her chin. "It's a jelly donut from the deputy's break room. From yesterday. They was jus' gon' throw 'em out anyways. You want one?"

"Did you just blow that guy for them?" the slender black woman wanted to know.

"I'm hungry!" the big colored girl said defensively as she finished the donut. "We ain't reg'lar pris'ners so they ain't gon' feed us no breakfast wit' 'em. Might not get to eat 'til lunch. If you don't want the other one, I'll eat it."

"You sucked that guy's dick for stale ass donuts!" exclaimed Rashanta incredulously. "That's fucked up, girl!"

"You gots a lot to learn 'bout dis place, girl," Desiree explained as she started on the second donut. "You gots to go along to get along. You'll see."

Rashanta watched with disgust as her cell-mate wolfed down the jelly donut and wiped her face off on the back of her hand. Desiree stood up and picked her orange gown up off her bunk and put it on. The big black girl laid back down.

The slender negress was hungry, too, though. Rashanta tried to remember the last time she'd eaten and realized it was one small sandwich she'd been served on the airplane that had delivered her to this horrible place. She began to regret not having taken up her cell-mate's offer of the day old jelly donut in spite of what the big girl had done to get it.

After a couple of hours another deputy came to the cell door and opened it.

"Wallace," he announced. "Get your ass out here. Your lawyer's here."

Rashanta climbed down from the top bunk and the deputy took her through the corridor along the row of cells. The colored girls locked inside watched as the slender black woman was walked by them. Finally she arrived at a small room with a solid door. Inside was a table and a few wooden chairs.

"Wait here," he instructed. "He'll be along shortly."

The deputy closed the door. Rashanta sat in one of the chairs and looked around the room. Institutional green walls, no windows, same concrete floor as in the cells. After a few minutes the door opened.

A thin white man in his late forties entered. His brown hair was combed over, but did nothing to mask his baldness. His mustache was turning gray and didn't do much to give his non-descript face much character. He wore a cheap looking brown suit and carried a brief case in one hand and a handful of file folders in the other. He placed both on the table and sat down.

"I'm Sam Woodward," he said by way of introduction. "I'm the county public defender. I'll be handling your case."

He put on a pair of half frame reading glasses and opened one of the folders. He spent a minute glancing over it before looking up at the black woman.

"I'll be frank, Miss Wallace," he said, looking at her over the lenses of his glasses, "it doesn't look good for you. Grand theft is a little extreme, but there's no doubt that you took that car before it was paid for. That's taken very seriously in this state."

"It's all a big misunderstanding, that's all!" Rashanta told him. "I don't understand why they can't just charge my credit card and give me the papers!"

"It's not that simple," said Sam. "The rental agency is pressing charges and you're simply not going to walk away from this."

"This is ridiculous!" she protested. "What I did was no crime. It's bullshit! I need to talk to my sister or my boss at work. They'll get me a decent lawyer and get me the hell out of here! I haven't been able to make any calls yet."

"It says here you got your phone call," observed the lawyer.

"I called my worthless ass boyfriend like a fool," the black woman told him. "He wouldn't do shit. They wouldn't let make a call to anyone else."

"Well, that is the policy here," Sam informed her. "They're within the law."

"It doesn't matter now," explained Rashanta. "I can give you my sister's phone number and you can tell her what happened and she'll take care of getting me a lawyer."

"Why would I want to do that?", asked the white man, taking off the reading glasses. "If I don't defend you I won't get paid by the county."

"Jesus!" exclaimed the black woman. "Don't worry about it. I'll pay you make the lousy phone call. Probably more money than you'd get for the case, too."

"Maybe I don't want money from you, girl," he said.

Sam's eyes roved over her body and finally lingered on her nipples poking against the fabric of her prison gown. Rashanta knew what was on his mind right away and felt a wave of disgust. The idea of doing anything physical with this pathetic third rate lawyer was making her queasy. But it wouldn't be the first time she'd paid her way with her body.

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The slender colored woman remembered the evening she earned her promotion to senior buyer in the vice president, Paul Davidson's office. Tall, handsome, and still fit looking for a man in his fifties, Rashanta had thought he was reasonably attractive. The silver haired white man had called her into his office the evening that the current senior buyer announced he was retiring.

"Shanta," Paul had begun, "I wanted to tell you that it's down to between you and Tyler. He's got the experience, but you bring something to the table that he can't. I'm just not sure I can justify passing him over."

"Well, Mr. Davidson," she'd said. "I really think the company would do well with me in that position. I can bring a fresh perspective to it."

"Hmmm," he'd gone on, "that's not quite what I meant. To tell you the truth, I was thinking of that fine black pussy of yours. I've never tasted brown sugar and I'd sure love to try it."

"Mr. Davidson!" The shock in her voice had been clear. "I can't believe you just said that!"

"Believe it, girl," Paul had said in a hushed voice. "Look, if you're not interested, fine. Just an idea I was toying around with, that's all. But I'd keep this to myself if I were you. I'll deny it ever happened. I've been at the company for over fifteen years. Who do you think they're gonna believe?"

Rashanta had realized instantly that he was right. Who'd believe her, a young black woman, over this older white man who held an executive position with years of seniority? Besides, she thought, she wanted the job and the money and respect that went with it. Using her own assets to her best advantage was nothing to be ashamed of, was it?

"Oh, it's not that at all!" she'd protested, thinking fast. "I didn't mean it like that! I just meant... I just meant that I couldn't believe you felt the same way as me. I... I've been, well, attracted to you for a long time. I just never dreamed you were thinking that way about me. You're so handsome and powerful! What woman wouldn't want to be with you?"

She'd studied his face for any sign that he doubted her sincerity. He had looked back at her for a long moment before continuing.

"Sorry about that, Shanta," he'd said at last. "Forget I said that. I'm flattered you'd be interested in an older man like me. I hope you understand my initial concern there. Can't be too careful and all that." He'd laughed nervously. "And, please, call me Paul."

"Oh, yes, Paul," she'd gushed. "Ever since I first saw you I'd had, well, naughty thoughts about you!"

Rashanta had swallowed hard and put on a false smile. Why had she felt so ashamed then if there was no shame in what she was doing?

"How about a drink?" Paul had gone on, getting a bottle out of desk drawer along with two glasses. "Sherry?"

"I'd like that," Rashanta had lied.

Whatever it took, she'd thought at the time. After a couple of glasses of sherry he'd maneuvered himself next to her on the low backed leather couch in his office. She'd smelled his breath, felt his lips on hers, his hand under her blouse. She'd just sat there and taken it. She'd known that she had to give him what he'd wanted if she was going to get what she wanted.

Rashanta had thought about how it would be to have her own office while Paul had slipped her panties off and dropped them on the plush floor. She'd imagined herself flying first class all over the country and staying at high class hotels as he'd let his pants drop and climbed between her open legs.

The black woman had visualized the big paychecks and expense account she'd have at the same time she'd felt the white man's hard dick enter her vagina. She'd dreamed of the prestige and respect she'd have in her new senior level position as he'd ejaculated inside of her.

The negress had pictured herself continuing to climb the corporate ladder even higher as the silver haired man had withdrawn himself from her and zipped himself up, leaving her laying gap legged on the couch, her pussy leaking his semen onto the expensive leather upholstery.

Rashanta remembered how the smell of sex hung in the air in Paul's corner office and the sticky wetness between her legs. She'd made some more small talk and told some more lies and hurried to elevator.

The colored woman had felt so used as she stepped into the lobby that evening on her way out the door. She'd realized she'd left her panties in his office at the same time the gray haired black security guard had said 'good night, Miz Wallace' to her as she passed his desk near the main entrance.

The slender negro had realized she'd left more than just her underwear behind as she'd sat behind the wheel of her Lexus. She'd known then that she'd also left her dignity and self respect in that white man's office. She couldn't remember a time before that when she'd felt so much like a whore and it had shamed her to her core. She was just a nigger, she'd thought. Nothing but a nigger bitch in a business suit. Silent tears had rolled down her cheek and his slime continued to seep out of her onto the driver's seat.

\* \* \*

Rashanta looked across the interview table at the weasely white man who apparently represented her best hope of ending this nightmare. Alone and friendless, locked in a jail in place she'd never heard of and was anxious to forget, she knew she was in desperate straits. And desperate straits required desperate actions.

At least Mr. Davidson had been attractive, she thought. Sam Woodward was anything but that. But she valued her freedom even more highly than the fancy job her body had earned for her in the vice president's office. It was all too obvious to her that she didn't have much choice.

"Ok," sighed Rashanta. "What do you want me to do?"

"You can start by taking that gown off" said Sam, grinning at her. "Orange doesn't look good on you."

The black woman felt the tears of shame welling in her eyes. She stood and pulled the orange prison gown off over her head, exposing her naked body to the now sweating white man. He slowly took in the sight of her firm breasts, hard nipples, flat belly, and hairy bush.

"Turn around," said Sam in a hoarse whisper.

Rashanta complied and turned her back to him. Her face was hot with humiliation. A tear rolled out of one eye, leaving a wet track across her cheek. The seedy lawyer drank in the view of her bubble butt and full brown thighs.

"Damn, but you're mighty fine lookin' for a colored girl," Sam said at last. "Mighty fine indeed. Come here, girl. Sit in my lap."

"Is that all you want?" she asked, the contempt in her voice unmistakable. "Ok, then, I'll do it."

She stepped towards him, her shoulders slumped.

"Why do you have to be so negative, girl?" he responded, peeved. "I wanted to start this off all friendly and you go an' act like that!"

"Let's just get this over with, ok?" Rashanta said with resignation.

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, we can skip the amenities," replied Sam. "Get on your knees, bitch. Get on your knees and suck my dick."

Any hint of friendliness in the attorney's manner evaporated. He stood up and put his hands on his hips, looking right into her face.

The black woman had always hated performing oral sex on her lovers. It was utterly degrading. To put her face at the level of his crotch. To take his cock into her mouth. They always expected her to swallow it, too. The thought of taking what came out of some man's dick into her body disgusted her.

"What?" said the black woman, taken aback. "I will not!"

"You will if you want me to make those calls, cunt," he said. "Personally, I don't give a shit about taking your case, I've got more than I can handle as it is. But I'll take a blow job to make a phone call. Or the next bitch will suck it instead. Whatever. So what's it gonna be?"

Rashanta had no alternative. She needed to get word to her sister about her situation. This weaselly lawyer was her only chance at making that happen. She got on her knees in front of him and looked up into his face.

"So, you wanna suck it, bitch?" he taunted her.

"I'll do it," she sighed. "I don't have much choice."

"No, you don't, do you?" he sneered. "But with that attitude, maybe I'm not interested. Maybe I want you to want it. Or at least act like you do. So let's try it again. You wanna suck my dick, bitch?"

"Yes," said the black woman.

"Yes, what?" prompted the lawyer.

"Yes, I want to suck your dick," she said, feeling the tears welling in her eyes.

"Yes, you want to suck my dick, what?" he prodded.

Fuck! she thought. She was completely humiliated at being forced to beg for performing an act of utter degradation. Her face was hot with the shame of it and she felt a lump in her throat. But she knew what he wanted to hear.

"I want to suck your dick, sir," she said at last. "Please."

"That's better," he replied, triumphant. "Go ahead and suck it, bitch."

Sam unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants down to his knees. He took his dick in his hand and started slapping the side of her face with it. Physically, there was no pain from it, but emotionally she was devastated at having to just take it.

"Get on with it!" he ordered, still dick slapping her in the face. "Get busy!"

His cock smelled of stale sweat and wasn't completely erect, but she began to suck on it anyways. She could feel it growing in her mouth. She sucked harder and the occasional slurping noise escaped.

"That's the way," murmured the lawyer, "suck it good."

The white man began bucking his hips, thrusting his cock into her mouth. The colored woman choked on it and tried to pull back. But that only made him reach his hand around the back of her head, grabbing a handful of her hair, and shoving it in even deeper. The negress gagged on it.

"Uh uh, girl," he corrected her. "You'll take it and like it. Or at least you'll take it. I don't give a shit whether you like it or not."

"Mmmmmffff!" she responded, her mouth full of white cock.

Rashanta's throat hurt as the tip of his dick kept banging into it. Her nose was in his pubic hair and his balls hit her on the chin. Her eyes watered and she could feel herself drooling around his cock. But she kept sucking hard in an effort to get him off quickly and end her torment.

Just then the door opened. The naked black woman looked up from her knees on the floor to see a uniformed deputy standing in the doorway.

"God damn it, Hank!" exclaimed Sam, annoyed, his pants around his knees. "Can't you see I'm with a client!"

"Uh, sorry, Mr. Woodward," he said, never taking his eyes off the debased negro woman. "You gotta another one waiting..."

"I'll be there when I'm through with this one," he said. "Now get out!"

The white deputy leered at the kneeling negro woman for a moment and closed the door. Rashanta was thoroughly humiliated at having been seen this way. She'd been forced to suck cock in the past to get what she wanted, but she never had a third party watching her degradation.

Despite his reaction to the interruption, Sam seemed invigorated by being seen with her by the deputy. Rashanta figured that he liked being seen by others exercising power over her this way. Him, standing, mostly dressed, with his cock in his client's mouth. Her, naked on her knees, servicing a virtual stranger.

The attorney fucked the negress's face even harder for a few strokes and then abruptly pulled out and grabbed his cock. She was startled by his action and started to look up at him. Suddenly he exploded with a series of loud grunts.

One spurt of hot semen after another hit her as he ejaculated in her face. The first left a white streak from her forehead and into her hair. The second caught her in the eye. The third on her cheek. Then he put his dick back into her still open mouth and finished draining it down her throat.

Sam stood over her, gloating, for at least half a minute. Rashanta couldn't look at him and hung her head. Her eye burned from his sperm and his semen dripped off her face onto her chest and onto the floor.

"See, I knew you'd be a good cocksucker," the white man told her as he pulled his pants back up and buckled his belt. "Niggers always are. I guess it's just natural."

The black woman remained on her knees, shamed and humiliated. She felt thoroughly used and degraded. Far worse than she ever had with Mr. Davidson. Paul had at least tried to maintain the illusion that she was his lover and not just a piece of fuck meat. Plus she'd never felt so desperate in giving in to him the way she did now, giving into the weasely lawyer.

Sam gathered the papers on the table and opened the door. Rashanta looked up and watched as he exited the room and left the door open. Anyone passing by could see her, kneeling naked on the floor, her face coated with cum. A used whore.

Hank the deputy appeared in the doorway and looked down at her, leering as he had before.

"Well, ain't you a sight!" he chortled gleefully. "I heard you were actin' all high an' mighty when you was brought in. Look at you now! Just another nasty nigger whore. Like all the others we got in here."

Rashanta hung her head back down and wept noiselessly from the shame of it. In the back of her mind, she feared he was right. That that's all she was in spite of all her efforts to lift herself higher.

"Get up off the floor onto your hind legs, girl," he ordered her. "Time to put you back in your cage."

The negress slowly stood up and grabbed her prison gown. She tried to decide whether to wipe her face off on the gown or not. There was nothing else at hand to use.

"Let's go!" said the deputy impatiently. "You can put that back on back in the cell. I ain't got all day! Move it!"

Rashanta started to wipe her face off as she walked. The deputy stopped her.

"Leave it alone, slut," he ordered her. "You look better that way. Ain't no doubt what you are now!"

The black woman was mortified. She had to follow the white deputy through the cell block, naked, her face dripping with semen. The negress inmates laughed and called to her as she walked by.

"Welcome to county lock up, bitch!" one shouted.

The others laughed. Rashanta was deeply shamed and tried to look straight ahead and ignore them and their taunts. At last they arrived at her cell. The deputy opened the door.

"In you go," he instructed her indifferently.

The negro woman stepped into the empty cell. Desiree was nowhere to be seen. She heard the door clang shut behind her. She used a sheet to wipe the lawyer's cum off her face and put her gown back on. Then she just lay in her bunk and waited, staring up at the low ceiling..

She must have drifted off to sleep because the sound of the door opening again woke her up. She looked up to see Desiree, naked, holding her gown in her hand. The white deputy was just shutting the door. She watched as the big black girl shuddered at the metallic clang as the door latched. The deputy walked away without saying anything. The fat negress put her gown back on.

"You 'wake?" Desiree asked.

"Yeah," replied Rashanta, rolling onto her side to face her.

"Thanks for givin' me a break back there, girl!" the big girl said.

"Huh?" the slender negro woman was puzzled.

"With Woody!" Desiree went on. "The lawyer? Sam Woodward?"

"I know him, alright," said Rashanta with disgust. "But I don't know what you mean."

"He said you blew him," the fat negress explained. "You blew him so I didn't have to. That white man's a nasty mother fucker."

"I had to," replied the older black woman. "He wouldn't call my sister or my boss otherwise. No one even knows I'm here! What else could I do?"

"Woody said he'd *do* somethin'?" chortled Desiree. "That be a first for that asshole!"

"He told me he'd call them if I... you know," stammered Rashanta.

"Oh, yeah," agreed the big black girl, "I know alright. Tell me, did he ask for a phone number? Or a name?"

"Uh...," the slender negress pondered. "No, he didn't."

"I's sorry, girl," said Desiree. "I's sorry I laughed, 'cause it ain't no joke. That white man ain't gonna do shit. Long as you here and you his client he be usin' you, know what I's sayin'?. He ain't gonna do nothin' to fuck that up."

"That bastard!" exclaimed Rashanta. "That fucking bastard! I'm *not* gonna let him get away with it!"

"Ain't nothin' you can do, girl," the big black girl told her. "You is fucked big time now an' you gots to get used to it. You gotta go along to get along. Ain't no other way."

"Like hell there ain't!" the older woman replied, hoping what her cell mate said wasn't true. "I can't start believing that or I might as well just give up."

Rashanta rolled on to her back and tried to think of what she could do to get out of this hell hole she'd found herself in. But the more she thought, the more she realized she was thoroughly trapped and utterly helpless. She knew she was completely at the mercy of this place and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

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### Chapter 3 - In Chambers

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As the hours ticked by, Rashanta's anger grew. The taste of the white attorney's dick burned in her mouth despite her attempts to wash it out. She vowed to herself that those responsible for her humiliations would all be made to pay for it. All that was needed, she thought, was to get word out of this god forsaken jail to her sister or her boss and her rescue was assured.

The slender black woman heard the sound of the cell door opening. She rolled over to see a deputy standing just outside the bars. He looked like the same one who'd brought Desiree the stale donuts.



"Alright, ladies," he said with a mocking tone, "on your feet. Time for your date with justice. We've got to get you ready and run you all over to the courthouse for arraignment. Let's shake it up!"

At last, thought Rashanta, this is the chance she needed. If they thought she'd be afraid to speak up in court about the abuses she'd suffered here they were wrong. The black woman began considering exactly how she'd tell the judge about what was going on here. The feelings of powerlessness she'd been experiencing began to be replaced with the hope that comes with having a plan of action.

She and Desiree climbed out of their bunks and were walked down the corridor they'd been brought in through. The deputy pressed the buzzer on the door that led to the examination room where they'd been forced to undergo a full body cavity search the day they were processed in.

The door clicked and the deputy pushed it open and pushed his charges through it. Deputy Faldo was waiting for them inside, holding the chains and cuffs they'd been shackled with on the trip from the sheriff's office to the jail.

"Miss me?" he asked, grinning at the hapless negro women.

Rashanta merely glared at him, saying nothing.

"Ok, be that way," said the fat deputy with resignation. "Don't matter no how. Standard procedure is to transport prisoners in restraints."

"I suppose you'll watch as we change back into our clothes?" said Rashanta contemptuously.

"Hell, no!" the white man said cheerfully. "You bitches are goin' over there 'as is'. You won't be needin' those duds any time soon."

Deputy Faldo stooped and fastened the cuffs to Rashanta's ankles. Standing, he fastened the other pair of cuffs to her wrists. The shortness of the chain connecting the wrist cuffs to the ankle cuffs forced the slender negress to stoop slightly. She watched as he repeated the procedure on Desiree.

The white man hit the buzzer and in a moment the outer clicked. He pushed the door open and pushed the negro women stooped and shuffling through it to the parking lot. Rashanta blinked in the bright sunlight.

The slender black woman was humiliated at being forced to shuffle across the parking lot to the waiting van stooped over with her ankles chained together. Ordinary people with business at the jail stopped and stared at the two shackled negresses. She could feel the wind on her skin and between her legs. Her breasts bounced freely. She was very aware of being naked under the orange prison gown and felt very vulnerable and exposed. Her face burned with shame and anger.

The deputy opened the back door of the van.

"In you go, ladies," he said jovially, slamming the door behind them after they entered.

Rashanta and Desiree climbed into the back of the van while passersby watched. They sat on the benches inside as Deputy Faldo slammed the door shut behind them. They felt the van rock as he hefted his weight behind the wheel. The engine started and they were moving.

"This isn't right, Dee Dee," Rashanta said after a few minutes. "They can't treat people this way and get away with it."

"I don't know what you think you gonna do 'bout it, girl," Desiree replied. "It's been like this long as I kin remember."

"It's not legal, either," the older woman informed her. "I think somebody just has to speak up."

"You better watch yourse'f, girl!" warned the big black girl. "You don't know what you messin' wit'."

Rashanta felt a little sorry for Desiree and the other black women who'd been treated like animals at the jail by the deputies and that lecherous public defender. She silently vowed to put a stop to it.

The van pulled to a stop and shook slightly as Deputy Faldo climbed out and came around the back to open the door. It had been dark inside so the sudden shock of bright sunlight caused the two chained prisoners to blink as they were led out into the parking lot by the courthouse.

Rashanta noticed a small crowd of onlookers watching as she and Desiree were led shuffling in their chains from the van to the prisoner's entrance to the building. Stooped over with her hands cuffed together, she could feel her bare breasts swinging beneath the thin orange prison gown that was all that covered her naked brown body. The short chain connecting her wrist cuffs to the chain between the manacles on her ankles jangled as she moved. The gawkers only added to her humiliation and added to her determination.

"Serves you right, you fat whore!" shouted a white teenaged boy standing in crowd of other boys. "Now you goin' where you belong!"

"Tha's the sheriff's boy," said Desiree in a low voice. "Him an' his damn friends."

"Shut up, Dee Dee," demanded Deputy Faldo. "Prisoners ain't allowed to talk."

"Who's your friend?" the boy went on. "Kinda old, but she's got a nice ass on her! Hey! You! You another whore like Dee Dee? I can see your boobs shakin', nigger! I got to have me some o' that! How much for me an' my buds?"

The boy's friends all laughed. Rashanta knew his comments were directed at her and she blushed in spite of herself. She couldn't understand how he was allowed to get away with it.

Deputy Faldo led his charges into the building and sat them on a bench.

"You ladies wait here 'til you called into court," he told them. "No talkin'."

The deputy went to a soda machine near the entrance door and bought a can. He sat down and drank it while they all waited.

"Wallace!" a voice called into the room after about half an hour. "Wallace, grand theft auto!"

Deputy Faldo stood and came over to where the black women were waiting, sitting in chains on the wooden bench. He removed the cuffs from Rashanta's wrists and ankles and walked her through the door into the courtroom.

The room was large with a high ceiling and tall windows along one wall. The room was fairly full of people. Mostly white men in suits and ties, white ladies in similarly professional attire, and a few uniformed deputies.

Rashanta noticed quickly that she was the only black face present. She felt even more exposed and noticeable, clad only in her thin orange prison gown. She could feel the cool air conditioning wafting between her legs on her naked pussy. Her nipples hardened and poked against the fabric. Her face was hot with shame and she avoided eye contact with anyone.

The deputy walked her up to the front of the courtroom where Sam Woodward, the public defender, waited for her. The judge, a white haired man with steel rimmed glasses, looked her over. The bailiff, also gray haired, announced her.

"Case three fifty four, Rashanta Wallace, grand theft auto," he called out.

"How do you plead?" asked the judge perfunctorily.

"This is just the arraignment, girl," Sam whispered to her. "You best plead not guilty for now."

Rashanta glared at him for a minute and then turned towards the judge.

"Not guilty, your honor," she spoke clearly. "Your honor, may I speak?"

"Go ahead," said the judge. "But be quick about it. I want to set bail and move on to the next case. We got a busy morning here."

"Your honor, I'm not from around here and I haven't been able to contact my family or my work," said Rashanta. "My attorney is not looking after my best interests and I have the right to choose my own counsel. Also the conditions at the jail aren't right either. I have rights that aren't being respected."

"Sam?" the judge addressed the lawyer. "What's all this about? You know I don't like it when things don't go smooth."

"I'm sorry, Judge White," Sam apologized.

"I will take care of this now!" said the judge angrily. "Bailiff! Bring that woman to my chambers immediately. This court is in recess for fifteen minutes."

At last, thought Rashanta. Someone in authority in this place was going to listen to her. The gray haired bailiff stepped forward and led the black woman towards a wood paneled door next to where the judge was seated. He opened the door and followed her in.

The judge's office was plushly furnished. Dark wood paneled walls and leather upholstered furniture gave the room a look of formality. A large wooden desk with a high backed chair faced the rest of the room. A minute after entering, the judge came into the room, removed his judicial robe, and hung it on the coat rack near the door. He sat behind his desk and looked at the colored woman standing before him.

"Alright Miss... Miss...", Judge White began. "Randy? What's this girl's name?"

"Wallace, your honor," answered the bailiff.

"Miss Wallace," stated the judge. "What's all this about? Is there a problem?"

"Yes, your honor," said Rashanta with a measure of relief. "First off, this whole thing is just a misunderstanding with a car rental place. I never stole anything. But the real issue is that I've been prevented from contacting anyone from back home who'd be able to help me. My so called attorney won't help, either. It isn't right."

"I see," the judge responded. "You say there's a problem at the jail?"

"It's deplorable, your honor!" the black woman replied, relaxing in the company of the first person who'd listen to her. "Prisoners are subject to sexual harassment. Black prisoners especially. I was stripped and searched without a female officer present. I wasn't allowed any privacy even in the bathroom! My cell mate was forced to perform a sexual act just to be given food! It's outrageous! And my attorney! That man wouldn't agree to help me unless I submitted to him sexually! And even then he did nothing! He should be disbarred and put in jail!"

"These are very serious charges, young lady," said the judge.

Judge White rose from his seat and walked around to the front of the desk. Rashanta watched him the entire way.

"Randy, I think you know what to do," the judge said to the bailiff.

The gray haired bailiff grabbed the black woman by the shoulders and forced her to bend over, roughly banging her head on the judge's desk. She felt his foot hook the inside of her leg, forcing them wide apart. She heard a zipper unzip and felt her prison gown lifted, revealing her shapely black bubble butt.

"I'm going to teach you how we do things here, girl," the judge announced. "We don't cotton to no damn uppity niggers."

Rashanta felt the head of Judge White's hard cock push between the cheeks of her ass, pressing up against her asshole. She struggled in vain. The bailiff had her pinned down, bent over. She was completely immobilized and utterly helpless. The judge jammed his dick hard up her ass.

"Owww!" cried the negro woman. "You're hurting me! My god! You're raping me!"

"Shut the fuck up, coon bitch," growled Randy.

Rashanta felt him grab her hair with his free hand and press her face into the desk. She felt as if her ass was being split in two. The judge's cock was of average length, but it was thick. Her asshole felt as if he might tear it open. He fucked her hard and fast, thrusting his entire length up the helpless negress's ass.

"Shut up and take it," the bailiff warned her, his voice filled with potential violence.

"Ohhh...", she moaned in pain. "Please! I'm begging you to stop!"

Judge White only pounded himself into Rashanta harder. Tears streamed down the negro's face. She felt his cock far up her rectum. She had only consented to anal sex from Mr. Davidson in order to advance her career. He at least had been somewhat gentle with her and she'd pretended to like it. Now she was in agony as the white haired man used her brutally with no concern for her pain. In fact, her cries seemed to excite him and cause him to hurt her even more.

"That's it, cunt," the judge said breathlessly. "Go ahead and cry. Nobody can hear you. And if they could, they wouldn't do anything about it except wait for their turn with you."

The white haired man continued to fuck her relentlessly. The pain was excruciating and the black woman sobbed as she was raped. Finally she felt him thrust even deeper inside her ass and pause. The hot jets of semen she felt came as a relief indicating that her immediate ordeal was almost over.

"Oh, fuck!" the judge said, the exertion straining his voice. "Fuck! You dumb fucking monkey. You take it. Take it up your nigger ass, you dumb cunt."

At last Judge White withdrew from her defiled orifice. Rashanta's asshole was throbbing with pain. She felt the bailiff roughly pull her back up into a standing position. Only briefly, though, because next he forced her down onto her knees in front of the judge, his flaccid cock inches from her face.

"Suck it, nigger," ordered the bailiff. "Clean the judge's dick off and do it now."

"You bastards!" she cried.

Whap! The bailiff slapped the negro hard across the face knocking her to the floor.

"Stupid nigger!" the bailiff said with disgust. "Ain't you learned nothin' yet? Get up! Get up on your knees and clean his honor's dick off if you know what's good for you!"

Shocked and sniveling, Rashanta got back on her knees. Tears still streaming down her cheeks, her nose running. She took the judge's foul member and started licking. The taste made her gag.

"You got five seconds to do like you're told, bitch," warned the bailiff.

The black woman opened her lips and slid the judge's cock into her mouth. She closed her eyes and sucked.

"That's more like it, nigger," said the bailiff, pleased at her submission. "You *will* learn your place and act right."

Rashanta licked his dick clean and looked up at him. The judge grabbed her by the hair and lifted her. She struggled to her feet and faced him.

"Do we have an understanding now, girl?" the judge asked her without releasing his grip.

"Yes," she said softly, looking down.

Judge White jerked Rashanta's head up until their eyes met.

"Yes what?" he demanded.

"Yes, your honor," said Rashanta, her voice cracking. "We have an understanding."

"So I'm not going to hear any more of this nonsense in my courtroom?" asked the judge.

"No, your honor," she agreed.

The judge turned to the bailiff.

"You want a turn with her, Randy?" he asked.

"Well, judge," the bailiff replied. "You know I'd love to, but recess is almost up."

"Maybe later, then," said the white haired man. "Take her back out there."

"Right away, your honor," said Randy. "Let's go, nigger."

The bailiff walked the sniveling negro woman back into the courtroom. She knew she was trapped and helpless now. The authorities. Her lawyer. Even the judge. She'd never been in a position that she couldn't use her body to her advantage. Now these men were just using it and she was getting nothing in return. Nothing, that is, other than pain and degradation.

Randy left Rashanta standing next to Sam at the defendant's table. The lawyer looked at her and grinned. Suddenly she realized that the whole court must have heard at least some of the goings on in the judge's chambers. Her face was hot with humiliation. Her ass continued to throb with pain. She could feel the semen leaking out of her asshole and dripping down her leg.

"Did the judge get you straightened out, girl?" asked Sam.

"Yes, he did," Rashanta said softly.

"Good," he grinned again. "I figured he would."

"All rise!" called the bailiff as the judge entered from his chambers.

Judge White sat down and gavelled the court to order.

"Where were we?" he asked. "Was a plea entered?"

"Not guilty, your honor," said Sam.

"Very well," the judge replied. "Bail is set at one hundred thousand dollars, cash or bond. Next case."

Judge White struck the gavel down and Deputy Faldo led Rashanta away back to the waiting room. He sat her down on the bench and refastened her restraints. Desiree was nowhere to be seen. Sitting down stretched her a little, sending a fresh jolt of pain through her body starting from her ass.

"Ass tender?" the deputy asked, grinning.

Rashanta looked at him, defeated.

"Well, they don't call the judge 'hard on Harry' for nothing," chuckled Deputy Faldo.

With that, the white deputy went back to his seat by the soda machine and picked up a newspaper someone had discarded and started to read. The colored woman was left sitting on the bench in chains, a searing pain in her ass and a wet spot on the back of her prison gown reminding her of how justice was served in this town.

After about another ten minutes, Deputy Faldo went back towards the courtroom, returning a few minutes later with Desiree. He put the big black girl in chains as he had Rashanta.

"That's all the excitement for today, ladies," he announced. "Time to head back to your cages now. Let's move it."

Once again, Rashanta felt totally exposed as the deputy led the two negresses across the parking lot to the van. Stooped and shuffling along through the gravel, her breasts jiggling with each step, the chains clanking, she knew every eye was upon her and enjoying her humiliation.

The black woman's desperate optimism upon arrival here had been replaced by devastating defeat. She hung her head and didn't look up at the onlookers this time and didn't even listen to the taunts.

As the door to the van slammed shut, a single tear rolled down Rashanta's cheek. She had no more ideas of how she was going to get out of this situation. How could she bestow favors on men who could easily just take them from her anyways?

"Din't go like you thought, girl?" asked Desiree.

"I can't believe what happened!" exclaimed Rashanta. "I told that judge about what was going on and he called a recess. I thought he was going to listen to me! Instead he... Oh gawd, Dee Dee!"

"I know, girl," the big girl attempted to console her. "That fuckin' judge. Hard on Harry. He's mean."

"You know what happened?" Rashanta said, shocked.

"Shit yeah!" said Desiree. "It's all over the courthouse. How old hard on boned you in th' ass!"

"Oh my god!" cried the older woman. "That bastard raped me! And all those people knew it! And nobody did shit about it!"

"You gots to understands this place, girl," said the big black girl. "That's jus' the way it is 'round here. Ain't nothin' nobody kin do 'bout it."

More tears flowed, but no more words were exchanged between the two black women. Desiree realized that she was only making her cell mate feel worse. Rashanta was beginning to understand just how things worked in this town. The town she'd never intended to visit. The town she couldn't escape from.

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## **Chapter 4 - Plea Bargain**

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Sleeping fitfully, Rashanta dreamed of her old life. Driving her Lexus down the freeway to work, the sun shining. After a bit she felt as if she was driving over cracks in the pavement, rhythmically shaking her car.

Gradually the colored woman began to wake and the realization that she'd only been dreaming slowly came into focus. She became aware of her new surroundings. The sight of the concrete ceiling with the fluorescent light fixtures hanging from it replaced the visions of freedom she'd had. She was once again in the real world. Laying in the top bunk in her jail cell.

But the shaking continued. The sounds of physical exertion, grunting and heavy breathing, emanated from below. She just lay there and listened.

"Uh... Ahhh...", she heard as the shaking slowed and stopped.

"That's it, you fat bitch," said a male voice. "That's what a fat nigger is for."

A minute later the bunk shook again and Rashanta could see a uniformed guard stand up in the cell, his back towards her. He was buckling his belt and zipping up his fly. She noticed the cell door was ajar.

"Not bad, Dee Dee," he said. "You still got that good pussy."

"Thank you, sir," said Desiree. "You want more, you know where to come."

"That I do," said the guard, letting himself out of the cell.

Rashanta's cell mate stood up from her bunk, pulling the orange prison gown down from where it had been bunched up under her arms so as to expose her large breasts. On the table in the cell was a pizza box. Desiree opened it revealing two slices.

"Don't tell me," said Rashanta disappointedly, "you fucked that guy for a pizza."

"The night guards ordered it," explained Desiree. "Frankie gave me the leftovers. Fuckin' him was jus' my way of showin' my 'preciation fo' it. I gets hungry an' we ain't always be gettin' breakfast on time. You still got alot to learn, girl. I woulda thought you'd be learnin' more by now."

Rashanta could still feel the soreness in her ass where the judge had brutally raped her the day before in his chambers as the bailiff looked on. That was a lesson she wouldn't soon forget. Sadly, the colored woman knew that the big black girl was right. She was going to get what she was going to get and might as well start getting used to it.

"You want the other slice?" asked Desiree. "It ain't bad even though it be cold now."

The slender negress climbed down from her bunk and looked into the box. A slice of plain cheese pizza sitting on a grease stained piece of cardboard. Her stomach growled. It'd been a long time since dinner the night before. And that had just been a plate of plain macaroni.

"Thanks, Dee Dee," said Rashanta.

The black woman took a bite of the cold pizza. It was the closest thing to normal food she'd eaten since her arrival at the jail. Grits for breakfast, when she got breakfast, a processed cheese sandwich on white bread for lunch, and macaroni for dinner had become the routine.

The morning ticked by and Rashanta was glad she'd taken the slice since it was becoming apparent there'd be no other breakfast. A guard showed up and opened the door.

"Wallace," he said. "Your lawyer's waiting for you."

Rashanta followed the white deputy to the small windowless room she'd met Sam Woodward in the day following her arrest. The balding attorney looked up as she entered, the deputy closing the door behind her.

"Good morning, Rashanta," he greeted her, leering at her breasts, her nipples poking against the thin material of her prison gown. "You're looking none the worse for wear. Come sit over here next to me. The district attorney'll be dropping by shortly and you're gonna need to be briefed on how to get him softened up."



The negress sat next to the lawyer without saying anything. He continued to drink in the vision of the slender black woman.

"Ok," he said at last, "I've already got him primed to agree to reduce the charges from grand theft auto. Thing is, that could still be as much as a six month sentence. You've got to convince him you didn't mean to do it and make it clear how sorry you are and how you're ready to do anything to make it right and get your sentence reduced."

"It's the truth that I didn't mean it," said Rashanta. "And just what do I have to do to get the sentence reduced?"

"Well," smiled Sam, "I know you didn't mean it, but you've got to convince the DA. He's a good old boy and understands how coloreds like you don't know so much about complicated deals like car rentals and the like. Plus he sure does enjoy having a fine negress like yourself suckin' his dick."

So, more blow jobs for these crackers, thought Rashanta. She realized now there was little choice in the matter. She'd sucked cock for less important things than her freedom. The black woman recalled how she'd dropped to her knees and took her boss's dick into her mouth for a more prestigious parking place, more befitting of her new position. She'd even swallowed.

"It wasn't too complicated for me to understand!" objected the colored woman. "Those assholes didn't tell me I needed to sign anything else!"

"Now, now," said the public defender patronizingly. "You won't get anywhere with Jack with that attitude. Your best bet is to put on your best country nigger voice and tell him you just didn't know no better. Slip off that gown, get on your knees, bat your big brown eyes, and lick those thick lips. Then get ready to suck him off. That should get you down to a month or two, tops."

Rashanta's face grew hot with anger at the suggestion, and shame at the knowledge that she would indeed have to do what her lawyer suggested. She hadn't had much problem using her body to get what she wanted, but to put on a dumb act at the same time was thoroughly humiliating. But she knew she had no alternatives other than to rot here for half a year.

The door opened and a tall slender grey haired man walked into the room. Jack eyed Rashanta, who looked down at the table top, and then to Sam. He sat down across the table from the black woman and her attorney, placing his brief case in front of him.

"Ms Wallace," began the district attorney, "in the interest of saving the tax payers of this county the cost of a trial we're prepared to reduce the charges to using a motor vehicle without permission in exchange for a guilty plea. I would recommend a sentence of six months because we take a dim view of what you've done."

"Now, Jack," said Sam. "Isn't that just a little harsh? I'm just asking for a little flexibility. After all, this is all a big misunderstanding according to my client. Isn't that right, girl?"

The negress's face flushed again at being called girl that way. She looked into Jack's eyes and swallowed hard and looked back down at the table.

"I's sorry fo' what I done, sir," said Rashanta, feeling a lump in her throat. "I's jus' a dumb nigga an' din't know no better. I din't understands they weren't done wit' fillin' out all them papers. I's real sorry, sir."

The black woman, shaking inside, looked up again to judge the district attorney's reaction to her statement. He seemed to have lost the stern look from his face that he'd come in with.

"I see," said Jack. "So, you're willing to testify to that fact under oath and take the plea bargain?"

"Yes, sir!" Rashanta answered. "But can't you make it so I ain't got to stay in the jail house so long? I be so grateful if you can do that."

"Well," the DA replied, "the sentence isn't cast in stone, I suppose. Just how grateful would you be?"

Rashanta took the cue and stood up. She bent and grabbed the hem of her prison gown and pulled it off over her head, leaving it on the table. She was standing naked in front of the two white men, dressed in their suits and ties.

Jack and Sam both looked the slender colored woman up and down, taking in the view of her chocolate brown skin, her firm breasts, her bubble butt, and her long legs. She stepped around the table and knelt in front of the gray haired district attorney.

"I'd love to suck your dick, sir," Rashanta told him. "If you can drop my sentence to a month, I suck you anytime you want."

"I doubt Judge White will go for a month," said Jack. "I'll try, but you'll likely still get two months. You'll suck it anyways. Won't you, bitch?"

Bitch. The word was like a slap in the face to the negress but she had to take it and keep smiling at the white man. Two months were better than six.

"Yes, sir," said Rashanta. "I'll suck you good, sir. You'll see."

"I'll see right now, bitch," said Jack, unzipping his slacks and taking his now erect dick out. "Suck it, nigger."

Her face hot with shame at having to submit to this treatment, Rashanta smiled stupidly and took the district attorney's cock into her mouth and started sucking.

Still, she felt almost as much in control as she did when she kneeled and sucked at work in exchange for a prestigious title, a higher salary, and all the perks that went with it. Now she was doing it for a reduced sentence, but it was still a trade off she was willing to make. She told herself she could have said no. Not like her rape in the judge's chambers or the humiliating stripping for the deputies.

She slurped noisily as the public defender looked on glassy eyed.

"That's right...," instructed Jack. "Bob your head now, nigger. Suck it good."

Sam eyed Rashanta as she moved her head up and down over Jack's cock. The district attorney looked up and saw him watching the action.

"You want some of her, Woody?" he asked him.

"Fuck, yeah!" responded the balding public defender.

"Stand up and bend over, bitch," Jack ordered Rashanta. "You better not let my dick come out while you do it."

The colored woman slowly rose and bent over, presenting her shapely black bottom to her lawyer. She kept sucking the prosecutor's cock hard so it wouldn't slip out of her mouth as she got up.

"Harry tells me this nigger's ass is tight as hell," Jack told Sam. "Let me know what you think. Nothing like a blow job from a bitch who's gettin' reamed at the same time. Do her hard, Woody. Make her hurt."

"You ain't gotta ask twice, Jack!" exclaimed the defender.

Sam got up and walked over to stand behind Rashanta. He dropped his pants and his white cock sprang out. The black woman could feel the head of his dick between her ass cheeks, poking at her anus. She braced herself for the pain she knew was coming from her already abused asshole.

Still the negress was surprised by the shock of it as her attorney shoved the full length of his dick into her rectum. It felt as if she was being ripped apart, but she knew she'd better keep bobbing her head on other white man's cock. He held the power of keeping her imprisoned and she couldn't afford to displease him. She couldn't help groaning at the pain she felt. The sensation of the sound of her agony seemed to excite the prosecutor who began fucking her face with added vigor.

"Oh, yeah!" Jack exclaimed. "Fuck that ass hard, pal. Make the bitch cry like that again!"

Sam was quick oblige and began pounding Rashanta's ass mercilessly.

"Take it, bitch!" cried the defender. "Push that butt back and take it!"

The negress pushed back as ordered and felt her lawyer's dick jammed further up her ass. She yelped at the painful jolt, though the sound she made was muffled by the dick stuffed into her mouth. The district attorney moaned with pleasure at the feeling of the black girl's cry on his cock.

"Fuck!" gasped Jack.

The gray haired white man grabbed Rashanta's head by the hair with both hands and began pumping his cock down the hapless black woman's throat. She choked and gagged, sputtering with long strands of saliva dripping out of her mouth. He seemed completely oblivious to her gasps for breath and was completely focussed on his own pleasure.

"That's it!," exclaimed Sam. "Damn! Ahhh! Fuck!"

The sight of Rashanta getting savagely throat fucked was more than he could take and the skinny bald lawyer released his load deep in his client's tortured ass. The colored woman felt the jets of semen shoot into her rectum.

"Here it comes, bitch!" cried Jack as he ejaculated in Rashanta's mouth. "Mmmm! Yeah!!!"

The black woman choked on the load of sperm the white man deposited in her throat. Tears streamed down her face from gagging and she drooled onto the floor. She felt like a used piece of meat as the two attorneys shot their loads into her at the same time. Their cum leaked from her lips and asshole. Both holes burned with the pain of hard use.

Jack stood and zipped his pants. He picked up his briefcase, turning before leaving the room.

"Have the nigger in court after lunch, Woody," he said. "I'll see if Harry'll go for a month, but he'll probably only go for two. That bitch sucks a mean dick, buddy. I know I'll be getting plenty of use out of her while she's a guest of the county."

The district attorney took a last look at the bent form of the female prisoner, drooling and crying, the public defender's dick still up her ass. He walked out of the room leaving the attorney and his client alone.

Sam withdrew from Rashanta's ass after Jack closed the door behind him. The black woman began to straighten up.

"Not so fast, girl," he stopped her. "You've still got some business to attend to. I can't have my dick covered in your filth the rest of the day. Get on your knees and clean it off. Now, bitch"

Defeated and used, Rashanta turned and kneeled at Sam's feet. She took his cock in her hand and licked it clean.

"Not a bad deal, eh?" asked Sam as he zipped up his pants. "Two months, down from six. Maybe even one. What do you say, girl?"

The naked black woman looked down at the feet of the white man she knelt before. Tears of shame rolled down her cheeks.

"Thank you, sir," she said in a small voice.

"See how easy things are when you've got the right attitude?" he asked mockingly. "That's all you have to do. Know your place. Once you've done that, the rest is easy."

Sam picked the prison gown up off the table and dropped it on the floor in front of the kneeling black woman. Rashanta looked up at him.

"Cover yourself now, girl," he told her. "You go back to your cell. Clean yourself up some. I'll see you at the courthouse later on."

The public defender went to the door of the interview room and turned and watched as the inmate stood and put her gown back on. Their eyes met and he winked at her as he let himself out.

A blonde haired deputy stepped into the room, not more than twenty years old. He looked at Rashanta and then glanced down at the pool of saliva and semen on the floor.

"What the fuck?" he muttered. "Clean your mess up, bitch. It's disgusting."

"I don't have anything to do that with," Rashanta complained.

"The hell you don't," said the blonde deputy. "You're wearing a rag that'll do fine. Take it off and mop it up. I ain't got all day. Get to it!"

Rashanta took her gown back off, resigned to suffering yet another humiliation. Nude now, she got down on her hands and knees at the deputy's feet and mopped up the thick liquid from the cement floor with the only piece of clothing she had. She stood back up when she was finished.

"Well?" he said impatiently. "Put it on! We ain't in the jungle where monkeys like you prance around naked."

The black woman took a deep breath and pulled the soiled garment over head. The big wet spot was cold on her flesh and it clinged around her breasts.

"Ok," said the deputy, "time to put you away in your cage. Let's go."

Rashanta followed the young white man back to her cell and entered as he unlocked the door and slid it open. Desiree looked up from where she lay on the bottom bunk. Rashanta shuddered as she heard the steel barred door slide shut behind her.

"You a mess, girl!" observed the big black girl. "Those white men sho' did a job on you!"

"They used me hard, Dee Dee," the slender colored woman replied. "It hurts to walk."

"Bet that DA double teamed you wit' Woody," guessed Desiree. "He loves gettin' his dick sucked by a nigga who be takin' it up da ass. Don't know why, jus' kinky I guess. Maybe her screamin' makes his dick feel good."

"I don't wanna talk about it," sighed Rashanta as she climbed into her bunk.

The black woman lay there in the semen stained gown and stared up at the ceiling. Her ass burned and her throat hurt. It wouldn't be long now before she knew how much time she'd be living in this nightmare.

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## Chapter 5 - Sentencing Hearing

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When the young red haired guard arrived and opened the cell door Rashanta thought she was to be escorted to lunch since it was after the noon hour.

"Wallace," he called as he slid the barred door open. "Let's go."

Rashanta climbed down from her bunk and stepped into the corridor. The guard gave her the once over and frowned.

"Damn!" he exclaimed. "You're a mess. Shit. I'll have to get you cleaned up 'cause you're going to court for sentencing and the judge don't like niggers showing up looking like used whores. Follow me."

The negro woman blushed with shame at having her condition brought to her attention by this freckle faced guard who may have been nineteen. She followed him with her head bowed. She could see the crusty stains on her prison gown and could imagine how she must appear. He pushed a door open revealing a tiled room with evenly spaced shower heads. Two scruffy looking twenty something white men in orange prison coveralls were mopping the floor. They both looked when the guard and his charge entered.

"They're cleanin' the shower room now," he said. "Don't pay them no mind. Strip."

"Don't I get some privacy?" Rashanta protested.

"Fuck," sighed the guard. "Are you gonna give me a hard time? We's already behind schedule. Take that nasty rag off. Time's a wastin'."

The two prisoners chuckled as they looked on, their mopping chores on hold for the moment. Both leered at the slender black woman. She stood there without moving.

"What are you? Stupid?" he asked. "Get it off before I rip it off."

Rashanta sighed and slowly started pulling the soiled gown off, much to the delight of the two white inmates. The deputy looked on impatiently, though the sight of the shapely black woman wasn't lost on him. She lifted it over her head, revealing her firm breasts and flat belly. She clutched the garment close to her body.

"Give me that, you dumb nigger," the guard said, irritated.

"Better do like he says, bitch," chuckled one of the inmates. "Rusty'll do it for sure. He's a mean motherfucker."

The guard snatched the gown from the black woman's grasp and threw it towards the two prisoners. It landed in a mop bucket.

"Showers are turned off, Rusty," added the other inmate. "Hose still works, but it's cold."

"Works for me," the guard replied, accepting the hose from the inmate.

Rusty squeezed the handle and began hosing Rashanta's nude body down with the strong spray of the cold water. She winced at the high pressure and chill of the hose water.

"Owww!" she cried. "That hurts!"

"Shut up and quit your cryin', bitch," said Rusty, exasperated. "You think I'm enjoyin' this?"

Rashanta could see the erection in the guard's pants, so she knew that he was indeed enjoying it. Suddenly the water stopped. She looked over at the young deputy.

"There's some soap over there," he pointed out. "If'n you ever heard of that, nigger. Get sudsed up and I'll rinse you off. Put a move on. We're late."

The negress saw the brown bar in a soap dish attached to the tiled wall. Harsh soap like her grandma used to buy. She picked it up and soaped up under the steady gaze of the red haired guard and the two white male prisoners. She was thoroughly humiliated having to put on a show for them this way. The black woman was just putting the soap back in the dish when the spray resumed, startling her and causing her to yelp.

"All right, bend over now," ordered Rusty. "Let's wash that nasty black ass off before we go."

Rashanta bent over and presented her ass to the water jet. She jumped as it hit her tender flesh, eliciting laughter from the inmates as they looked on. It was so hard she could feel it going into her already sore anus. It still burned from the abuse she'd received from her lawyer's dick earlier. She felt like livestock. Like an animal getting hosed down.

"That's enough, girl," said Rusty, with satisfaction. "I think you startin' to like it too much! We ain't got time for you to get your jollies off it. Let's go. Ain't got no towels. You can dry off when we get your prom dress."

The white male prisoners laughed again at the guard's words while he himself smirked. The colored woman felt hot with shame in spite of the goose flesh she had from the cold water she'd been hosed down with.

Rusty led the shivering Rashanta naked out into the main corridor. Unlike the night of her arrest, the corridor was busy with guards and inmates. All enjoyed the sight of the nude black woman walking behind the young deputy.

"Hey, Rusty!" called one of his fellow guards. "That your date for tonight?"

The others with him guffawed at the joke.

"Maybe later," replied Rusty. "Judge White gets first crack at her."

"Oh, yeah!" responded his friend. "Hard on Harry'll do her crack alright!"

Rashanta blushed at the renewed laughter the other guard's comment provoked. It humiliated her to not only be naked and exposed to these white men, but to have them all know how she'd been taken and used by the judge made it even worse. She tried to ignore them, but her face was hot with shame.

The guard and his charge continued to the place where Rashanta had received her gown and bedding on the night of her arrest. Annie, the tough looking white woman, looked up from where she sat behind the counter. She stood and straightened the orange prison gown she wore, smiling menacingly at the slender black woman.

"Well, look who's back!" she grinned. "The purty colored girlie. Don't you look all hot to trot all in your birthday suit! And drippin' all over the floor. Don't tell me you got a work out already!"

"Enough chit chat, Annie," said Rusty. "Give the nigger a gown so's I can run her on over to the courthouse. She got a hot date with Judge White an' we already late."

"Alright, Rusty," said Annie. "Don't get your panties in a bunch."

The broad shouldered white woman got an orange prison gown down off the shelf. She put it on the counter in front of the slender negress and eyed her naked body.

"Here you go, meat," Annie told her, leaning forward across the counter. "I'll see you later, girlie," she added quietly, so that only Rashanta could hear.

Rashanta looked at her and Annie winked back and licked her lips. A chill ran through the negro's body as she reached for the gown. Something about the look in female inmate's eyes disturbed her. It was as if the older white woman was actually sizing up a piece of meat.

"I need a towel," said Rashanta.

"Jesus, girl!" cried Rusty. "This ain't the Ritz! You're lucky I don't just haul your bare ass outta here like you is! Put that fuckin' thing on now or that's jus' what'll happen!"

The black woman pulled the clean gown over herself. Unlike the previous one, this one was tight on her. Her skin was still wet from the hose rinsing she'd been subjected to and the garment clung to her body. Her hard nipples were clearly visible. She felt almost as exposed as if she were naked.

"Fashion show's over, Wallace," announced the guard. "If'n we any later, the judge'll tear you a new one." He smiled. "Hell, he'll prob'ly do that anyhow!"

Rashanta followed as Rusty buzzed them through the door to the exam room. The red haired guard opened a locker and pulled out a set of manacles and chains. He quickly had the cuffs on her wrists and ankles. The chain connecting the wrist cuffs to the ankle chain wasn't long enough to allow her to stand completely upright..

The deputy led his stooped prisoner shuffling through the next door and finally outside into the bright sunlight. Instead of the van, a prowler car was waiting. Rusty put the chained colored woman in the back seat and got behind the wheel. Rashanta stared into the seat back and didn't look out the windows.

In a few minutes they arrived at the courthouse where the white man grabbed the hapless black female from the back seat and led her towards the building. Rashanta could feel the eyes of onlookers on her, examining her barely concealed form, especially her hard nipples and firm breasts that jiggled as she shuffled along. The chain between her ankles clanked on the pavement with each step.

They entered the waiting room, but this time after her restraints were removed she was led straight into the courtroom. She was left at the defendant's table standing next to Sam. Jack was at the prosecutor's table and Judge White sat scowling behind the bench.

"This hearing was set for one o'clock," he announced. "You're late. Let's get started. I understand that plea bargain agreement has been reached."

"Yes, your honor," said Jack. "The people have offered to reduce the charges to unauthorized use of a motor vehicle in exchange for a guilty plea."

"Is this true?" the judge asked Sam.

"Ms. Wallace has agreed to plead guilty to this charge," Sam responded. "All that remains is the sentence."

"The people are asking for a sentence of six months with all but thirty days suspended," Jack informed the court.

"Thirty days?" queried Judge White. "This court takes a dim view of this defendant's actions. I'd like to hear from the defendant herself."

Sam nudged Rashanta.

"Make it good, girl," he told her.

Rashanta swallowed and looked around. All eyes were on her. The judge, the district attorney, the public defender, the bailiff, the court recorder, and the gallery, which was full of white faces. She felt nauseous at the thought of what she must say.

"Well?" prodded the judge.



"I's sorry, yo' honor," she started. "I's sorry fo' what I done. I gots all confused wit' all the papers. I's jus' a dumb nigga an' din't know no better. I swears I ain't never gon' do nothin' like that again."

The black woman hadn't felt as shamed during her entire ordeal as she did right that moment. Standing there, her body clearly visible beneath the flimsy gown, she had to speak like an uneducated ignorant country girl, the exact image she abhorred. Her humiliation smoldered inside her.

"You have to understand that under normal circumstances I can't allow you to only serve thirty days," said Judge White. "Ninety days is more appropriate in this case. This court won't coddle criminals and ignorance of the law is no excuse."

Rashanta felt a lump in her throat. She hated the thought of even going back to the jail for ninety minutes let alone ninety days.

"However, I like to think we're progressive enough here to use creative sentencing where the case merits it," the judge spoke to the court. "I'll see the attorneys and the defendant in my chambers to discuss this. This court is in recess."

Judge White stood and stepped down from the bench and entered his chambers though the door in the wall behind where he sat. Jack gathered the papers up from the table in front of him and headed in the direction of the door. Sam and Rashanta followed.

The judge was seated at his desk, the district attorney in the far chair on the other side. One chair remained and the public defender sat down. The black woman was left standing in her wet clinging prison gown.

"Ordinarily, defendants aren't present for these discussions," said Judge White, "so all you have to do is look pretty, girl. And I think you'd look prettier without the gown. Remove it."

Rashanta was shocked at this blatantly inappropriate request in spite of everything that had happened before. Her rape had taken place with just the judge and his bailiff present. He didn't seem to care about even the appearance of propriety now. He watched along with the two attorneys as the negro slowly lifted her gown over her head and then stood naked in front of them, her head bowed.

The slender black woman did catch a glimpse of their faces, staring at her like she was the cover of a porn magazine as she stripped off her only garment. The air felt cool on her dark skin, which was warm with the shame of exposing herself this way. She felt very vulnerable in this situation. She was completely naked in the presence of three fully dressed white men, two in suits and one in judicial robes.

"My, you are a fine looking negress," said Judge White approvingly. "I didn't get such a good look at you from the front the other day. Put your hands behind your head so I can see your body properly displayed."

Rashanta looked up and at the faces of the white men seated in the room. All eyes were naturally upon her. She remembered how she'd stripped in the company vice president's office when she wanted her own private office. He'd had the same glassy eyed look as these men did.

But that time she'd been the one in control. She'd decided to use her body to achieve the ends she'd desired. This time she'd been *ordered* out of what little clothing she had on. She had to comply or face spending the next six months behind bars. That was no choice at all.

The colored woman cast her eyes down and lifted her arms from her sides. She clasped her hands behind her head. She could feel her breasts pushing out towards the white men who were enjoying the view. She felt like she was nothing more than a pair of tits to them. The thought that they didn't even see her as a person, but just a thing, shamed her. This was far worse than anything she'd experienced climbing and sleeping her way up the corporate ladder.

"Very nice!" said the judge, pleased. "Very nice indeed. You needn't feel bad about just being a dumb nigger. Dumb niggers have their place in the grand scheme of things, after all. Now, come over here close to me, girl. Don't be shy."

Rashanta swallowed hard and began stepping around the judge's desk and stood to one side of where he sat. Jack and Sam's eyes followed her movements in unison. The black woman fought hard to keep a brave face on in spite of the humiliation she felt at being an object of titillation for these middle aged white men. Men who she wouldn't have given a second glance to had she seen them back in her world. But here in this world, they were in charge. And they had her totally under their control.

Judge White reached up and squeezed Rashanta's left breast. He moved his hand over to the right one and squeezed it, too. The black woman trembled as his hand went across her belly to her crotch. He brushed the backs of his fingers over her nappy black pubic hair. She felt his hand going between her legs. The negro knew what the white man wanted so she parted her thighs to give him access to her pussy. She couldn't bear the idea of being ordered to do so. She closed her eyes so she wouldn't be able to see the two attorneys watching the show.

"Don't let her protests fool you, boys," said the judge shaking his head while he stroked the black woman's sex. "This bitch is soaking. She loves it. Niggers love this kind of attention. It's their nature. They can't help it. Like animals that are always in heat."

Rashanta was mortified. She knew it was true. She could smell her scent rising up from between her legs. She could feel her pussy lubricating in spite of herself. Her humiliation reached a new level as she realized she was getting aroused by the touch of the man who had brutally raped her in this very room the day before.

"You're no uppity nigger, are you, girl?" asked Judge White as if talking to a child. "You know your place, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Rashanta answered in a little girl voice.

"Excellent!" he said, grandly. "Now get on your knees and show us. Show us you know what you are and where you belong."

As if in a trance, Rashanta slowly got to her knees. She looked up at the judge from the plushly carpeted floor. He pushed his chair back from the desk, never taking his eyes off hers.

"Under the desk, girl," instructed the older white man. "That's where I want you."

The colored woman didn't even stop to think about it, she simply crawled under the desk. She looked back up at where the judge sat in his high backed desk chair. He lifted the black robe of his judicial office revealing that he wasn't wearing anything under it. His white cock was at attention.

"Suck it, nigger," he commanded evenly. "Suck my dick while we decide what's to be done with you. I know you'll do a good job."

This was the most humiliating thing Rashanta could remember having to do. To suck this white man's cock. The man who held her fate in his hands. The man who'd sodomized her on top of this desk that she now kneeled beneath, ready to service him. And somehow she'd been aroused and they all knew it. A tear of shame rolled down her cheek as she took his dick into her mouth and began softly slurping on it.

"That's a good girl," the judge praised her.

Judge White shifted in his chair and smiled at the two attorneys sitting across the desk from him.

"Alright, let's get down to business here," he said. "I'm not about to just let this nigger walk after thirty days. Should be ninety. Sixty, at least. You know my position on this, Jack."

Rashanta continued sucking the judge's dick as she listened to the proceedings. The sounds of wet sucking noises were clearly audible.

"Well, your honor," began the prosecutor, "I figured as much, but I was thinking that in combination with a little creativity, it could be made to be acceptable to you."

"Hmmm...", the judge pondered as the negro continued to service him. "What did you have in mind?"

"A whipping at the jail," answered Jack. "Ten lashes. Maybe twenty."

Rashanta stopped her ministrations at hearing this. She was to be whipped? She felt a knot in the pit of her stomach.

"That's entirely different," agreed Judge White.

He frowned and looked down at the black woman whose head was in his lap, his dick in her mouth.

"Get back to business, girl," he ordered her. "Don't stop until you're finished."

"Dumb nigger," he muttered as Rashanta resumed bobbing her head on his cock.

He returned his attention to the district attorney. "Yes, I think justice would be served that way. Twenty lashes and thirty days sounds acceptable to me. Sam?"

"I agree," said the public defender. "Naturally, I will be in attendance when the sentence is carried out to, er, look after my client's interests."

Rashanta heard the white men chuckle at Sam's statement. Her jaw was beginning to ache, but she kept slurping and bobbing. She could taste the judge's pre-cum.

"Then it's settled," said Judge White. "So, Jack, interested in a chance to win your money back this weekend at Hickory Hills? I've got a new driver I want to try out."

"I don't know how you do it, Harry," said the prosecutor. "I have yet to beat you on the golf course."

The negress continued to suck the judge's dick as the white men made plans for the weekend. She felt completely used and degraded. She was nothing more than a cocksucking thing to them. She'd pleased him while he chatted about sentencing her to be whipped in the same manner he discussed his golf game.

Suddenly Rashanta felt a hot jet of semen in the back of her throat as the silver haired man ejaculated in her mouth. She was startled and began to choke.

"Ahhh, yes...," sighed Judge White. "Better not spill any, nigger."

Rashanta gagged quietly as she swallowed his seed, tears streaming down her face. She let his dick slip out of her mouth and worked her jaw to ease the ache.

"All done, girl?" the judge asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," the black woman answered, her face burning with shame.

"Good job," he praised her patronizingly. "Get up on your hind legs now. That's a good girl."

Rashanta crawled out from under the desk and stood. Her naked brown body was stiff from being in the cramped position under Judge White's desk. Once again, all eyes were on her nude form.

"Let's get this wrapped up," said the judge. "Get back to your places. I'll be out in a few minutes. Take the nigger with you, I'm through with her for now."

Sam stood and handed Rashanta her prison gown. Jack opened the door and left the room. The colored woman could see that part of the gallery could see her standing there naked in the judge's chambers. She quickly put the garment on and followed Sam back to the defendant's table.

Rashanta could hear whispering and chuckling behind her. She was thoroughly humiliated at her exposure to this assembled rabble. A few minutes later, Judge White emerged from his chambers and took his place behind the bench. He gavelled the court to order and the whispers quickly died down.

"Alright, alright, let's have some order here," Judge White addressed the court. "Having plead guilty to the charge of unauthorized use of a motor vehicle, this court sentences the defendant, Rashanta Wallace, to six months in the county correctional facility with all but the first thirty days suspended. Said defendant will also be subject to corporal punishment in the form of twenty lashes to be administered at the onset of the sentence. Bailiff, call the next case."

The judge gavelled the case closed and Rusty the deputy took Rashanta back to the waiting room where he reattached her wrist and ankle cuffs.

"Looks like you'll be staying with us for awhile, girl," he said, grinning broadly. "I'm looking forward to it."

Rashanta bravely held back the tears and stood as straight as her chains allowed her. She shuffled along after the young white deputy out to the prowler car. Her head throbbed, her jaw ached, and she felt a tightness in her chest.

It still seemed unreal. What had started off as a simple business trip intended to get her closer to her vacation spot had turned into a total nightmare. A misunderstanding had blown up into a jail sentence. Where once she'd used her considerable charms and talents to get luxuries and perquisites from the powerful white men who employed her, she now used them to minimize the loss of her freedom. And in too many cases, she'd just been used in exchange for nothing at all.

The slender black woman thought of the month ahead. Thirty days in this hell hole. Not to mention the twenty lashes of the whip. The tears started to flow at last.

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## Chapter 6 - Incarceration

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Rashanta was stunned by the reality of her sentence, thirty days and twenty lashes. She sat dazed as the young red haired deputy removed her shackles after returning her to the jail. Her tears had stopped by that time and she began trying to fathom how she'd be able to take it.

The guard led the negro prisoner down a corridor she was unfamiliar with, arriving finally at a counter in front of an open area. Sunlight streamed in through a couple of small windows set in one wall. An oscillating fan sat by one of the windows, stirring the hot sticky air around.

A blonde guard who Rashanta recognized as the one who'd collected her following her meeting with the district attorney sat behind one of two wooden desks there. Behind the desks was a wooden door with a frosted glass window. "Earl Baxter, Sheriff" was painted on the door in black block lettering.

"Hey, Bo," Rusty greeted the blonde deputy. "Got a new guest for the hotel come to see the sheriff."

"I see you got that nigger cleaned up," said Bo. "She was quite a sight. Those lawyers used her good."

"Yeah, we had some fun hosin' you off, didn't we, girl?" the red haired guard asked the black woman mockingly.

Rashanta's face burned. Being stripped and hosed off like livestock in front of the deputy and those two white male inmates had been quite humiliating. She blushed at the memory and the way the guard talked about it as if it were a joke.

"I bet you did!" observed Bo, rising. "Let's take her in to meet the man."

The blonde haired guard knocked on the door.

"Come on in," called a voice from inside.

Bo turned to Rashanta and winked at her with a broad smile on his face as he opened the office door. She cast her eyes downward. Rusty forcefully guided her inside.

Sheriff Baxter was a middle aged man with thinning hair that was turning grey. His mustache was still dark brown. He was wearing a khaki colored shirt with a badge shaped like a six pointed star. He was on the phone and looked up at the two white deputies who stood on either side of the black female prisoner in front of his desk.

"Take that thing off'n that nigger, Bo," ordered the sheriff with his hand over the phone's mouthpiece. "I can't understand why I gotta keep tellin' you I don't want them colored girls wearin' nothin' when y'all bring 'em in here."

"Sorry 'bout that, sheriff," apologized Bo as Earl returned to the phone conversation.

The blonde guard bent and grabbed the hem of the negro woman's prison gown and roughly pulled it up over head, leaving her standing nude. Instinctively she put one arm across her chest and her other hand in front of her crotch in a futile effort to protect her modesty.

"You better get those hands down!" warned Rusty, pushing Rashanta's arms down to her sides. "Sheriff don't cotton to no uppityness."

The black woman stood there naked between the two white guards, her chocolate colored nipples hardening in the cool air. An air conditioner occupied one of the windows here and the room was positively frigid compared with the outer office. The sheriff continued his phone conversation, seemingly oblivious to the nude negress standing completely exposed right there in front of him.

Rashanta's eyes wandered around the room as she waited. An assortment of photographs hung on the wall. Pictures of the sheriff shaking hands with various people. One picture showed him along with a pretty blonde haired woman and blonde teenaged boy. She recognized the boy as his son from the encounter outside the courthouse when she was arraigned.

Sheriff Baxter turned towards the naked prisoner as he began wrapping up his conversation a few minutes later. His eyes wandered up and down her brown body. She felt a shudder as she watched him take her in. She felt like an animal being examined by a man thinking of purchasing it. He hung up the phone.

"Ok, boys," said Earl, rising from his chair. "y'all can wait outside. Take that rag with you."

Bo picked up Rashanta's gown from where he'd dropped it on a chair and followed Rusty out the door, closing it behind them, leaving the nude colored woman alone with the uniformed older white man.

Earl put on a pair of half lens reading glasses, picked up a folder in front of him, and leaned back in his swivel chair. After a minute he looked over the glasses at the naked female inmate. He sat upright and then, taking off the glasses, stood up and made his way around the desk. Rashanta stood motionless, her heart pounding.

"So, you the car thief, eh?" started the sheriff. "Don't look like no car thief I ever saw. More like a street whore. But, whatever."

Sheriff Baxter started walking around her as if inspecting her naked body.

"Not bad, though," he mused to himself. "I bet you could get twenty dollars easy for a piece of that ass. Tits ain't half bad neither. Maybe twenty five."

Satisfied with his examination, the sheriff returned to his chair.

"It turns out I don't really care why you're here," he started. "Don't make no difference no how. Point is, you're here. While you're here, you're gonna act right. Act right, and it ain't so bad. Act up, and there'll

be hell to pay. I ain't havin' no bullshit from no niggers. You'll do what you're told and you'll be respectful at all times. Do that, and you won't have no trouble."

"Now, nigger girls who're extra cooperative," he smiled, "well, they can have an even easier time of it. I see you in line for a whippin' tomorrow. There ain't much I can do 'bout that since the judge ordered it. However, I've got ways to make your stay more easy like. Regular prisoners got to go out on the chain gang an' keep the county cleaned up. My special nigger girls ain't gotta do none of that. I got better things for them to do. Easy things. Maybe even they even like it."

"Just what do I have to do to be 'extra cooperative?'" asked Rashanta. "And what are these 'easy things' you've got for me to do?"

The black woman could feel her indignation building inside her in spite of the fact she was completely naked, exposed, and vulnerable standing there alone in front of this uniformed white man. She knew the sheriff held power over her, but she'd already bargained with her body with the judge and lawyers. To have to submit to this uncouth character was just more than she could stand.

"Well, for starters I'd want you to drop the attitude, girl," the sheriff told her. "I'm jus' tryin' to make it easy for pretty colored girls that catch my eye. You jus' gotta put out for me an' my boys here along with the folks we bring by. I think you'll find an easier time on your back or on your knees than you would out in the hot sun chained to some ugly nigger while you pickin' up trash or diggin' ditches."

"I'm not a whore, whatever you might think," said Rashanta, holding her ground. "You and your 'boys' can probably just take me and rape me. I know I can't do much about it. But I won't be your whore. No thanks."

The sheriff frowned at hearing this.

"Sorry you feel that way, girl," Earl replied. "I ain't about rapin' no niggers. An' I keep my boys in line. I don't need to rape no nigger girl 'cause I got no shortage of 'em linin' up, beggin' me to use their holes. If'n you change your mind, you can come back here and beg me to use yours. In the meantime I'll jus' send you off to the general population."

Sheriff Baxter rose and walked to the door and opened it.

"Ok, boys," he called. "Take her to her new home. In the back. Don't want no special treatment. Shame."

Bo and Rusty each took one of Rashanta's arms and hustled her out of the sheriff's office and down the corridor. Rusty stopped to grab her orange prison gown. They took her, still naked, her breasts jiggling, past many cells. Other guards checked the nude black woman out as they passed going the other direction.

Finally they arrived at an empty cell. This one had only a single bunk bed and was smaller than the one she'd been in previously with Desiree. Bo opened the door and Rusty shoved Rashanta in. She heard the door clank shut behind her.

"You want this?" taunted Rusty, waving the orange prison gown at her. "Get on your knees and beg for it, bitch."

Rashanta sighed and complied. She didn't want to remain exposed so she sank to her knees.

"Please give me the gown," said the negress. "Please, sir."

"Awww," sneered the red haired guard. "How can I say no to such a pitiful display?"

Bo laughed.

"Alright, nigger," he continued. "That was ok. Now get up on your hind legs, turn around, and bend yourself over."

Rashanta stood and turned her back to the guards. She swallowed hard and bent over as the young deputy had ordered.

"Spread those cheeks, bitch," said the white man. "I want to see your holes. Then I'll give you your fuckin' rag back."

The negro woman reached behind herself and spread her ass out for the on looking white deputies. They both laughed. She was humiliated utterly. This was the most degrading thing she'd had to do yet. She fought back tears of shame.

Rusty threw the gown through the bars at the colored woman. It landed on her head. By the time Rashanta uncovered her eyes, the guards were walking away. She slipped the garment on and sat on her bunk.

On the one hand she was offended by the sheriffs offer of "special treatment" in exchange for sex. On the other hand it would hardly be the first time she'd made a deal like that. It was just that it was too much. She'd taken every humiliation so far and it was weighing heavily upon her

This was far worse than the way she felt after trading her body for advancement at her job or any of the other times she'd opened her legs or mouth in order to get what she wanted. This time she'd traded far more in order get that which she took for granted. This time she was completely powerless and at the mercy of her keepers. Turning down the offer was the only way she knew of to hold onto even a shred of dignity.

Actually, she was surprised that the sheriff didn't just rape her and be done with it rather than give her a choice. Maybe that would be even worse. Raping her would only violate her power over her own body. Complying with the sheriff's proposal would violate her power over own will, which was about all she had left in this vile place.

\* \* \*

It was dinner time and Rashanta made her way through the chow line. A metal compartmentalized tray seemed excessive to Rashanta, since all she got was a big ladle full of overcooked pasta. A mix of elbow macaroni and spaghetti. No sauce. No vegetable. No meat. Pure fuel and nothing more.

The negro woman surveyed the mess hall and saw the cliques of black and white women at the tables and felt out of place. She spotted an empty one and made her way there and sat down. She started eating the tasteless starch only because her belly rumbled and this would quiet it.

Rashanta was startled when she suddenly realized she wasn't alone. Annie, the older dye blonde haired woman sat down across from her. A slender, though muscular woman, perhaps in her late twenties sat down next to her. She had long red hair parted in the middle and light freckles on her cheeks.



A very petite young black woman with long straightened black hair stood next to Annie with her eyes downcast. She couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty. She was virtually flat chested, girlish, but her hips were wide and womanly.

Sitting next to Rashanta was a husky broad shouldered white woman who appeared to be in her early thirties. Her brown hair was cropped short, like a man's crew cut. In fact, at first the black woman thought the newcomer was a man, except that her large breasts were proof she was not. She had a tattoo on her shoulder of two symbols for female, a circle with a cross under it. The two symbols were interlocking.

"Hello, meat," Annie greeted her. "We seem to keep running into each other. Maybe it's an omen."

The older white woman smiled while her friends chortled, except for the petite black girl who stood silently.

"Thought I'd be sociable and introduce you to my friends," she went on. "This is Trixie," she said indicating the red head," and this is Babs," she nodded towards the heavy short haired woman sitting next to Rashanta.

The negress sat still, looking down at her tray.

"Ain't you got nothin' to say, bitch?" asked Babs with mock surprise. "You ain't so friendly and here I was takin' a likin' to you."

Babs put her hand on Rashanta's thigh. The white lesbian reminded the negress of a woman who worked on the loading dock back in her world. That worker had also looked at her that way. The thought of it had disgusted the slender negro.

"That's ok, though, bitch," she grinned. "We gonna be good friends anyhow. Ain't we?"

Rashanta looked up. Annie and Trixie looked on as Babs rubbed the negro woman's leg, working her hand up under her gown. She closed her legs tightly as the white woman got close to her pussy.

"Now that really ain't friendly!" exclaimed Babs. "I was jus' gettin' acquainted! That's all!"

"Now, Babs," said Trixie. "You'll have plenty of time for that later."

"True," agreed Annie, her hand idly stroking the petite colored girl's leg. "Plenty of time later."

Annie slipped her hand under the black girl's gown and clearly was groping her between the legs. Both women, Annie and the black girl, looked right at Rashanta and smiled as she did it. The girl's eyes closed half way as the white woman stroked her pussy right where she stood.

"Like my monkey, nigger?" asked Annie. "This is Tasha, my monkey girl. She likes having her coochie played with, don't you monkey?"

"Uh huh," agreed Tasha, her eyes still half closed.

"She's also a good pussy licker," Annie added.

"Uh huh," Tasha repeated, licking her lips.

"Niggers make good pussy lickers," the white woman went on. "You ever eat pussy, nigger?"

Rashanta blushed and said nothing.

"Awww, she's all shy now!" Babs mocked her. "I bet this one's a pussy licker, Annie. She just looks the part. You like dining at the Y, nigger? Yodeling up the valley?"

Trixie chortled at the expression. Rashanta felt trapped by the menacing white lesbians. She was also embarrassed by the actions of the black girl, who seemed to relish being a pet to Annie.

"Ok, Babs," said Annie, taking her hand down from between Tasha's legs. "Let's go."

The white women all got up from where they sat. Tasha looked disappointed that Annie's ministrations had stopped. Together they started to walk away.

"We'll see you later, meat," said Annie over her shoulder. "Ta ta for now."

Rashanta actually found herself trembling following the encounter with Annie and her friends. The big white woman's parting words were ominous. The negress tried to finish her pasta but couldn't gag any more of it down.

\* \* \*

It was well after lights out. Rashanta couldn't sleep. The voices got her attention right away.

"Sheriff'll have my ass if'n he finds out," said a male voice.

"Don't be a pussy, Frankie," Annie's voice replied. "My monkey'll take good care of you for your trouble. Just open the fuckin' door and go use her while we have our fun."

Rashanta continued to feign sleep while she listened to the door slide open. She heard footsteps near her bunk.

"Be a good monkey and take care of the nice man," she heard Annie say.

"Uh huh," came the reply from Tasha.

"You can use the mouth or the asshole, Frankie," Annie informed him. "Leave the cunt hole alone, you got that?"

"Yeah, yeah, Annie," the male voice replied, "I hear you. Let's go, monkey."

Rashanta heard footsteps recede, but she could still hear breathing. She was afraid to open her eyes.

"Get the bitch up, Babs," Annie instructed.

The slender black woman felt a firm grip on her upper arm right before she was violently yanked to her feet by the white bull dyke. She opened her eyes when she felt her arms held painfully tight behind her back. She found herself staring into Annie's leering face.

"Well, well, well," started the older white woman, "looks like sleeping beauty's awake now."

"Get that off her," she ordered Babs. "Time to unwrap our present."

Rashanta felt the grip on her arms released and moments later her gown was swiftly lifted over head. She stood naked before the three white lesbians. Babs grabbed her arms again and held them even more tightly behind her back. The colored woman whimpered at the pain.

"You know," mused Annie, "I got the feeling this nigger thinks she's better than us. You feelin' that, Babs?"

"Distinctly," agreed Babs, pressing Rashanta's arms closer together and lifting the slender naked black woman onto her toes.

Rashanta cried out and looked around in a panic. Annie was right in her face. Trixie, her eyes shining, stood next to her. Outside the cell she could see the nude form of the petite Tasha kneeling in front of a uniformed guard, her head bobbing and hair swaying. There was no help in sight. She was completely at the mercy of these cruel white women.

"You might as well shut up, bitch," growled Babs in to Rashanta's ear. "Ain't nobody gonna lift a finger to help an uppity nigger like you."

"And such a pretty nigger, too," said Annie, stepping forward. "Pretty, but uppity. Shame really. Such a waste of a hot body on an uppity bitch."

Annie reached her hand out and began stroking Rashanta's breast.

"Mmmm, nice..." the older white woman said to herself. "Nice soft black titties. I like..."

The blonde's stroking went from gentle to rough. She grabbed the colored woman's mammary and squeezed causing the negress to cry out again.

"Shhh, baby..." Annie whispered, putting her face inches away from Rashanta.

The white woman reached out with her other hand and grabbed the negro's other breast and squeezed hard. She roughly massaged and mauled them while the slender black woman whimpered in pain.

"That's right, meat," the blonde cooed, squeezing still harder and twisting the soft dark flesh. "Take it for me. Take the pain for me like a good nigger."

Annie suddenly kissed Rashanta full on the lips, forcing her thick wet tongue into the colored woman's mouth, twisting her breasts painfully all the while. Babs pulled on her arms harder from behind and their prisoner was held fast and immobile. The negress struggled to turn her head away. She felt the grip on left breast released as Annie stepped back from her.

Whap! Rashanta saw stars from the power of the slap across her face. Annie looked angrily into her eyes.

"Don't you ever dis me like that again, nigger," snarled the lesbian. "I'll slap you into the middle of next week! I'm makin' nice with you. If you want me to play rough, I can do that, too. Right now I'm feelin' kinda sweet on you, but it's wearin' thin. Now pucker up, and give me a kiss, bitch."

Babs laughed in Rashanta's ear. The slender negro could smell Annie's breath as the white woman pressed her lips against hers, once again forcing her to accept her tongue into her soft mouth. The kiss went on for almost a minute.

Rashanta felt a hand between her legs. Annie roughly forced a finger into her dry pussy. She yelped in pain. The white woman pinched her nether lips. The negro felt the dyke's rough fingers on her sensitive clit. A moment later a searing pain shot through her as the blonde squeezed it mercilessly between her thumb and forefinger.

When finally the blonde pulled back, the negress gasped for breath, her face sloppy wet with the stronger woman's saliva.

"So, you sure you want this monkey, Babs?" Annie asked. "I don't think she likes girls."

"She'll come around," said Babs, pressing Rashanta's arms together behind her back until they touched and lifting the negress up onto her toes. "Won't you, sweetie?"

Rashanta didn't know how to answer that. Her face still smarted from the slap and her lips felt bruised from the rough kiss. Her breasts ached from being mauled by the strong white woman. Her pussy burned with pain.

"Shy, huh?" the bull dyke asked mockingly. "That's ok. I think it's sweet. You wanna eat my pussy, bitch? I bet you do. Niggers love white pussy."

Babs turned and threw Rashanta onto the floor. She stepped over to the prone black woman and rolled her onto her back with her foot and stood over her head. The big white woman knelt over her, pinning her arms and pushing her hairy pussy into the negro's face.

"Hold her legs, girls," said Babs. "She's a live one."

Annie grabbed one of Rashanta's legs and held it firmly. Trixie took the other. Together they spread the black girl wide, exposing her naked crotch.

"Now start licking, bitch," demanded the bull dyke, squatting down onto the black woman's face. "Lick my white pussy and make it good."

Rashanta struggled desperately, but to no avail. She was completely helpless and under control. Babs settled onto her face, covering her nose and mouth with her sweaty crotch so that the colored woman could no longer breathe. She tried to get away, thrashing against her captors, but they were far too strong for her.

"You like breathin'?" asked Babs. "Then start lappin'"

Reluctantly Rashanta pushed her tongue out and tasted Babs' pussy. It was strong and musky. The idea of performing oral sex on another woman repulsed her. Especially one so mean and cruel as this one. The white woman lifted herself slightly and the negress gasped for breath.

"You can do better than that, meat!" complained Babs, unsatisfied.

The bull dyke started slapping the black woman's pussy in order to urge her on, like a jockey using a whip on a reluctant mount. Harder and faster she struck the sensitive flesh. The negress had no choice but to try to please her, if only to make the pain stop.

"That's more like it!" the white woman exclaimed. "Eat me good! Work it, bitch!"

Babs began rocking back and forth, never letting up on the pussy slapping. She rubbed her pussy over Rashanta's mouth, pressing her mound on the black woman's chin, essentially masturbating on the helpless negro.

"Fuck!" cried Babs, her orgasm building. "Fuck! That's it, monkey. Work it! Oh, fuck!"

The white woman's juices began to gush in the negress's face. She scooted herself forward slightly, the crack of her ass right on the slender negro's lips. The short haired woman slapped her captive's pussy with increased intensity as she climaxed.

"Now lick my asshole, nigger," the bull dyke demanded huskily. "Lick my sweaty asshole! Lick it! Shove your fuckin' tongue right in, nigger!"

Rashanta's cunt was on fire with pain from the relentless beating she was taking at Babs' hand. She licked the white woman's asshole as ordered, hoping to finish getting her off so that the slapping would finally stop and her ordeal would be over with.

"Fuck! Yeah!" Babs cried out, throwing her head back "Yes! Oh, you sweet thing... Oh..."

At last the steady blows to her sex ceased and Rashanta started to relax. She was breathing heavily when all of a sudden she felt a hot stream of liquid splash on her. At first she thought Babs was still cumming, but soon realized she was pissing on her face. The acrid smell filled her nostrils. She sputtered as the white woman's urine went into her mouth.

"Now you're my bitch, meat," said the bull dyke with finality. "You're my monkey now and you'll stay that way. Got it?"

Rashanta gagged on the foul liquid and couldn't speak. Babs urged her on with renewed blows to her bruised pussy.

"Answer me, meat!" demanded the white woman. "You're my bitch! Say it!"

"I'm your bitch," sputtered Rashanta, coughing.

"Show some respect!" Babs warned her ominously and underscored her words with a vicious blow between the colored woman's legs.

"Ma'am!" cried the negress. "I'm your bitch, ma'am! Please don't hurt my pussy any more! I'll be your bitch, ma'am. Just stop hitting me!"

"I'll do as I please, nigger," the white woman replied with a sneer. "An' right now, it pleases me to beat your coochie raw."

Whap! Whap! The painful blows continued on the battered black woman's sex. At last the tears she'd been holding back began to flow. And once they started, she sobbed pitifully.

Finally, Babs rose and stood over Rashanta's cringing body. The negress's chest heaved, her face was wet with the white woman's pussy juice and urine as well as her own tears. She felt the grips on her legs released and saw Annie and Trixie stand, too. Off in the distance she could hear Tasha still slurping on the guard's cock.

"Oh! Ahhh..." a male voice sounded. "Good monkey..."

"Sounds like Frankie's through, too," observed Annie. "Let's go. Nigger needs her sleep so she's rested up for her whippin' in the mornin'. And you know that judge will likely bone her again."

Babs laughed at that while Trixie giggled.

"Night night, meat," said Babs as she turned and followed the others out of the cell.

Her ordeal over with at last, Rashanta lay on the floor in a puddle of piss. She listened as the guard locked the door.

"Jesus, Annie!" she heard him exclaim. "What the fuck did you do to her?"

"Don't worry about it, Frankie," came Annie's voice. "You got what you wanted."

Rashanta listened to their footsteps recede into the darkness, leaving her alone, humiliated, and in pain from the brutal rape she'd been subjected to. Gradually those thoughts were replaced by anxiety over what awaited her in the morning. Twenty lashes of the whip. Her tears flowed again in earnest.

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## Chapter 7 - Twenty Lashes

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Rashanta hadn't realized she'd fallen asleep on the floor following the assault perpetrated upon her by Annie, Babs, and Trixie. The lights suddenly coming on startled her awake. She was sore from the rough treatment she'd received at the hands of the brutal lesbians. Her breasts ached, her pussy burned, and her face was bruised. The scent of the woman who'd used her face to masturbate on was still heavy upon her as was the stench of the bull dyke's urine from having relieved herself on the hapless negro.

The black woman was also quite stiff from having spent the night naked on the cold cement floor of her jail cell. She got up and started stretching just as Rusty appeared on his morning rounds.

"Jesus fucking christ!" exclaimed the young red headed guard as he took in the scene of the disheveled negress. "Must a been some party here last night!" He wrinkled his nose as the smell hit him. "Dayum! What a stink! I ain't takin' you nowhere smellin' like that! Not even to go get yer whuppin'! I'll have to hose you down first. What is it with you, anyways? You just a nasty nigger, ain't you?"

Rashanta hung her head in shame at the young guards rebuke and revulsion. She knew how she must look and was keenly aware of how she smelled. Rusty disappeared out of her view for a few minutes and then returned with a hose. He attached it to a spigot mounted on the wall near the floor and turned on the valve. Water spurted out of the hose nozzle.

"Seems I'm always hosing you down, girl," the young guard said to her as he pointed the hose into the cell. "Good thing there's a drain in there so I can just do it right here. Kinda like the cages at the dog pound."

The water was ice cold and at high pressure. It almost knocked the colored woman off her feet when it hit her. She felt like a dog at the pound right now. Hosed down like an animal in her cage. In spite of the pain and humiliation, she actually welcomed having the filth from the previous night rinsed off her.

"Alright, that'll do," said Rusty.

He turned the water off and unlocked the cell door. Rashanta reached for the gown that was laying on her bunk.

"You won't be needin' that, girl," the guard told her. "Whip'd jus' tear it up anyhow. Let's go. It's time."

Rashanta fought back the tears as she thought of what awaited her. Twenty lashes of the whip on her naked body. Most of the painful things she'd experienced here had happened suddenly. But the whipping... That had been hanging over her for what seemed like an eternity. And now it was about to happen.

Together they walked down the corridor. The uniformed white guard in khaki slacks and shirt. The naked black inmate with glistening dark brown skin, jiggling titties, and undulating ass.

Rusty buzzed them through a steel barred door that opened onto a dusty outside courtyard. The morning air was chilly and Rashanta's nipples hardened as she began to shiver. The courtyard was surrounded by the jail building on three sides and a chain link fence with barbed wire on top on the fourth. There was a raised wooden platform next to the fence. A heavy wooden beam with a thick metal hook was mounted on tall posts such that it was about six or seven feet over the platform.

"That's where you're gonna get your whuppin, girl," said Rusty cheerfully, when he noticed his prisoner was checking out the platform. "They'll cuff your wrists together and hang the chain right on that hook. Then they'll whup your ass but good! It'll be quite a sight, believe you me! We'll have the prisoners down here to watch and folks always come up to watch from the other side of the fence."

Rashanta hadn't realized that her punishment was to be a spectacle for all to see. To be whipped publicly, naked, was far more humiliating than anything she'd experienced so far, and she'd experienced alot. She felt a lump in her throat and a knot in the pit of her stomach. She tried not to look at the place of her future torment but couldn't tear her eyes away.

"Hey, Rusty," came a male voice from behind them. "Showin' our guest the facilities?"

Rusty and Rashanta both turned to see Judge White standing there with his hands in his pockets and a big smile on his face.

"Judge!" exclaimed the guard. "You're early!"

"I'm always early when a nigger gal's gonna get whipped!" he responded jovially. "Say, son, is there a room 'round here where I can have some privacy with the nigger?"

"Yes, sir," answered Rusty. "There's a interview room right next to the platform."

"That'll do nicely," said the judge. "I see the door. I'll take her there myself."

Dismissed, Rusty went back into the jail building leaving Rashanta alone with Judge White..

"Let's go, girl," ordered the judge.

The silver haired man walked with the naked colored woman across the courtyard to an unmarked wooden door. He opened it and they both entered a small room with a dirty window looking out onto the platform. A couple of wooden chairs were on either side of a rickety looking table.

"I like to get a blow job from the niggers I sentence right before they get whipped," Judge White said conversationally as he closed the door. "The fear of impendin' pain makes 'em do a better job of it. Least ways, that's how it seems to me."

The judge sat in one of the chairs and patted his thigh while smiling up at the naked black female prisoner.

"Please, your honor," the colored woman pleaded, "have mercy on me. I am so sorry for what I did. I didn't mean anything by it at all. It was a mistake, that's all. I'm begging you to reconsider my punishment. I'd do anything if you'd call it off and get me out of here. Anything at all. I'd be your total slave for the thirty days instead."

"Wouldn't you rather have me as your sex slave than locked up here in this place? Wouldn't you rather enjoy my body instead of having me whipped? You could use me any way you wanted any time you wanted as many times as you wanted. It wouldn't be like you were forcing me, either. I'd devote myself to your pleasure, sir. And I know what men like. I can give you much pleasure. I can squeeze your cock with my pussy and massage it. I do exercises. You want to try it out now, sir? You want to use my pussy? I promise you'll like it."

"Please just call off the whipping," she begged. "And please take me out of this jail. I don't think I can stand it. And I'd make sure you were always well satisfied. I swear it."

"Get down on your knees, girl," the white man instructed.

Rashanta quickly got to her knees and looked at Judge White with a questioning look. A mixture of expectation and a small amount of relief. She tried to read him. She knew she could deliver on her promises as her employer could attest. She'd used her skills many times as she advanced her career and gathered perks. Begging this way was humiliating, but the idea of being taken naked and publicly whipped was more than she could bear. Throwing herself on the mercy of the judge was her last hope to get herself out of this situation.

"I'll suck you good, sir," continued the black inmate, "you'll see. I'm a good cocksucker. I can deep throat. I know how to make you feel really good. Is that what you want, sir? You want me to suck your cock? I'd love to do it for you."

The judge smiled broadly and patted his thigh again.

"Come here," he said. "Come here and suck my dick, nigger."

"Yes, suh, boss!" agreed the slender colored woman, suddenly remembering the mode of speech he liked. "I's sorry if'n I was a uppity a nigga jus' now, talkin' dat way. I's happy to be jus' a country nigga fo' you, boss. I be yo' nigga an' I suck you good, boss! You ain't gon' be sorry at all!"



This was actually going to work, thought Rashanta. She had totally humiliated herself in front of him, but it was worth it. If being a dumb cocksucking country nigger for this old white man was what it took to get her out of this predicament, then she'd do it.

The naked black prisoner walked forward on her knees smiling stupidly at the silver haired judge. She kept smiling after she reached him where he sat. Unzipping his fly, she took his stiff white dick out. She looked up into his eyes as she wrapped her hand around it and began to slowly stroke it.

"Oh, lawdy!" exclaimed Rashanta, totally in character. "You sho' got a big 'un, boss! I could tell it when you was fuckin' my black ass. I knows you a real big man. Jus' the kind I like havin' fuck my ass. An' when you had me suck you I's so grateful fo' yo' big white cock in my mouth an' yo' cum in my belly. I jus' din't wanna let on in front o' those lawyers. I's gon' love bein' yo' nigga slave. An' you gon' love it, too, 'cause I be takin' good care o' you, boss. You kin use all my holes anytime y'all want an' I gon' do all I kin to make y'all feel good."

"Just suck it, nigger," said Judge White sternly. "Shut up and start suckin'."

"Yes, suh, boss!" agreed Rashanta.

The black female prisoner took the old judge's dick inbetween her thick negro lips and began to suck it in earnest. She slurped noisily as she bobbed her head up and down. At the same time she massaged the base of his cock with one hand and caressed his balls with other. All the while she kept her eyes locked on his to make sure of his approval. She put her heart into this blow job, unlike the time under the table in his chambers. She was certain he'd want her as his own personal sex toy for the month rather than having her whipped and leaving her here in the jail house.

Behind her, Rashanta heard the door open up and foot steps cross the floor.

"Hey, Duane," said the judge, looking up, grinning. "I'm just enjoyin' this here nigger girl's mouth a bit. How've you been?"

The negress continued worshiping the white man's dick without pausing in spite of the fresh wave of hot shame that washed over her at the sudden presence of the unseen stranger. His footsteps drew closer and then she saw him. A tall, thin, white man in his late thirties stood next to the judge's chair and looked down at her as she sucked the older man's cock. He had a full head of wavy brown hair and a thick mustache that reached his chin. He wore a loose black button up shirt and black slacks. He sported gold rimmed aviator style sunglasses even in the dimly lit room.

"She's really goin' to town on you there, Harry," the new arrival observed. "She some hooker?"

"Fuck no!" the judge replied. "Jus' some uppity nigger who needs some trainin'. She's learnin' all about how to behave here. Ain't that right, nigger?"

"Yes, suh, boss!" Rashanta agreed, pausing briefly to answer, and quickly returning to the task at hand.

"Don't seem so uppity to me," said Duane. "She's actin' like a proper nigger so far as I can see. You ain't complainin' are you?"

"It's just an act," Judge White replied. "They all get this way when whippin' time gets close. All snooty and uppity 'til the whip-master comes 'round. Then they get all down home niggerly in a heart beat.

They all got it in 'em, but it shames 'em to let it out. So they gotta be desperate first. Like this nigger here."

"Well, that's what y'all pay me for, Harry," the thin white man said.

Rashanta kept slurping and sucking and stroking. She stuck her tongue out and pressed it to the underside of his dick as she worked her mouth up and down in order to increase the older man's pleasure and to try to get him off. Her jaw began to ache, but she kept up the pace.

"Damn, this nigger got a sweet mouth on her," the judge said huskily. "You be makin' a mistake not to have some of this afterwards."

"You know I always partake," Duane responded. "So don't worry none about that."

"Fuck!" exclaimed the silver haired man. "Fuck!"

The black woman sucked harder as the judge ejaculated in her mouth. Thick hot spurts of semen hit the back of her throat and she quickly swallowed it. She knew men liked that act of total submission. The executives at her company were all married to precious white women who wouldn't go down on their husbands, let alone swallow their cum. She'd gotten alot of mileage out of that fact. She had no qualms about being a cocksucking nigger for the white men if it served her purposes.

"I'll go get a coffee," said Duane. "And let you finish up here."

"Oh! Ahhh..." sighed the judge, his eyes closing for a few seconds.. "I'm through now. Hang on."

Rashanta kept sucking until no more sperm leaked out of the white man's dick. At last she leaned back and stood on her knees with her head bowed. They always eat this part up, she remembered. She thought of it as the humble nigger look.

"Thank you, sir," she said softly. "Dis nigga grateful fo' yo' cum, boss."

Judge White stood and zipped his fly back up. He reached into his jacket pocket and produced an envelope. He handed it to Duane.

"Here's your pay," said the judge. "Two fifty, like always, courtesy of the county. Take care not to mark her up too bad, ok? She's kinda pretty for a nigger."

Rashanta was stunned. He was going to have her whipped after all! She'd given him the deluxe blow job. The country nigger act. Everything. And he was still going to have her whipped!

"You ain't gon' still whup dis nigga, is you, suh?" she asked desperately. "I show you I's a good nigga, boss. I suck you good. An' I do it again and again fo' you. Please don't beat me, boss!"

Duane looked over the tops of his sunglass lenses at the judge, who smiled broadly and laughed.

"You heard me, girl!" the silver haired man protested with mock surprise. "I told him not to mark you up too bad! What more do you want? What about all the nice folks who took the trouble to show up to watch? Some of 'em come for miles! You don't want them disappointed do you? The sheriff's gettin' all the prisoners together to learn a lesson, too. I can't be wastin' his time by callin' it all off!"

"But, boss!" cried the negress, the tears starting to flow, "I thought you was gonna spare me the whippin'! How 'bout I suck your friend, too, boss? I suck him so good he gonna cum like he ain't never cum before!"

"I gotta get me a coffee, Harry," said Duane, pocketing the envelope.

"Hush now, girl," said Judge White sternly. "You're startin' to get tiresome. You're a good cocksucker. I ain't gonna argue 'bout that. But you're just a nigger. An' you're gonna suck me anyways. An' you're gonna suck ol' Duane, too. And that's all there is to it, so you best be gettin' used to the idea."

Duane shook his head with a knowing smile on his face and headed for the door. He let himself out, closing the door behind him.

"I gotta take a piss and there ain't no place to go," announced the judge. "Now, open that mouth up like a good nigger."

Rashanta was dumbfounded by this latest order. Did he expect her to let him pee in her mouth? After betraying her that way? He'd let her play the dumb cocksucking nigger act all the way to the end and still wanted more. Maybe if he'd called off the whipping, but this was too outrageous. She looked up at him with her jaw clenched.

"Jus' like I figured," sighed the judge. "Still uppity. I knew all that was just an act. Well, that's ok. I liked it fine. Now stop all this nonsense and open that pretty mouth of yours so I can take a piss. My bladder's about to burst here!"

The nude prisoner remained unmoving, her mouth closed. The judge raised his arm up.

Whap! The blow knocked her off her knees and onto the floor. The judge towered over where she cringed on the floor.

"Get up," he growled. "Get up or I'll give you a beatin' that'll make the whippin' you're gonna get seem like kid stuff."

The slender black woman got back up on her knees, sniveling, her face stinging from the open handed slap.

"Open up, bitch," the judge demanded. "Open that fuckin' mouth up now and take it."

Rashanta complied, tears streaming down her face. Judge White unzipped his fly and took his dick out. He held it in his hand like he was standing in front of a urinal in the men's room. He stepped forward, putting the head of his cock into the negro's mouth. His piss began to flow slowly, splattering onto the back of her throat.

"Lock your lips around that, nigger," the white man ordered. "Better not spill any if you know what's good for you."

The colored woman closed her lips over the judge's dick, still wet from the blow job she'd administered a few minutes earlier. She felt his hand on the back of her head, forcing her face into his crotch. The volume of urine increased as he relieved himself into her mouth. She gulped the foul liquid down as fast as she could, fearful of the consequences if any leaked out.

The old man must have been saving it up, the naked black prisoner thought. She'd felt as if she'd been gagging it down for at least a minute. Finally the stream subsided.

"Ahhh..." sighed the judge. "That's the pause that refreshes!"

He stepped back from her and shook a drop or two off his dick onto her brown skin and zipped up his fly. He walked past her kneeling form and peered out the dirty window.

"Crowd's starting to form," Judge White observed, mainly to himself.

The door opened and Duane walked in. He had a white styrofoam cup of coffee in one hand and what looked like a gym bag in the other. He set the bag on the table and sat in the chair, sipping the coffee.

"Sheriff's got the inmates in the courtyard to watch," the thin white man said conversationally. "Folks outside got all the good spots covered already."

"It's almost nine now," the judge informed him. "Think I'll go take my seat. Come on out when you're ready."

Duane lifted his coffee cup up in a mock toast to Judge White.

"I'll just be a few minutes, Harry," the mustached man replied. "I wanna finish this and then I gotta get the nigger ready for whippin'."

The judge walked out into the courtyard, closing the door behind him. The whip-master sipped thoughtfully on his coffee. The nude prisoner remained kneeling on the floor, the taste of the older man's urine burning in her mouth. After a minute, he drained the cup and reached for the gym bag. He produced a pair of thick black leather cuffs connected by a short length of heavy chain.

"Alright, girl, " he told her, "let's have your wrists."

Rashanta submissively presented her wrists to be cuffed. A tear rolled down her face. Duane fastened the cuffs on her and looked her in the eye.

"These ain't too tight now, are they?" he asked.

"No, sir," she answered, another tear forming.

"Good," said the white man. "Now listen good, girl. You best just relax an' take it. It'll go easier that way. Get all tense an' it'll only hurt worse. Keep your back to me, I'd hate to mark those pretty titties up. Tender flesh marks up easy."

Duane reached out and caressed Rashanta's naked breasts. Her nipples hardened in response to his gentle touch. The prisoner's tears flowed freely now. The whip-master stood and went to the door and opened it.

"It'll all be over with soon, girl," the whip-master consoled her.

"Ok, boys," he said out the door. "Take the nigger on up there."

Bo and Rusty walked in and each took one of Rashanta's arms, lifting her to her feet. Rusty's nose wrinkled at the smell of piss on her breath.

"I jus' had her all cleaned up, too, Bo," added the red haired guard.

"That fuckin' Hard on Harry," said Bo, shaking his head and smiling. "He's just a mean son of a bitch, ain't he?"

"Oh yeah," agreed Rusty.

The two uniformed guards, their nude prisoner held firmly between them, walked to the platform across the courtyard. The negress looked around and saw a sea of orange coveralls and gowns where the inmate population stood waiting for the spectacle. She could feel their eyes upon her. She felt as if she'd vomit what with the tension and taste of urine.

They went up the platform steps and walked the black woman to a spot under the overhanging beam. She gazed through the fence to see ordinary seeming white folks standing around looking back at her. Most of the ones up front had brought folding lawn chairs to sit on. Some sipped drinks or ate donuts while the stood there waiting for the show to start.

Bo lifted the chain connecting the cuffs on her wrists and placed it over the hook. Rashanta had to stand on her toes to relieve the strain on her shoulders and take the weight off her arms. The guards stepped back and stood on either side of where she saw Judge White sitting in a folding chair. Seated next to him was the district attorney, the public defender, and the sheriff.

Duane climbed the steps, a thick braided leather whip in his hand. He walked to where Rashanta was secured, naked, hanging by her wrists, her firm breasts sticking out, her calves stretched. He reached up and tugged on the chain to be sure she was held fast.

"Remember, girl, just relax and take it," he said softly so that only she could hear, "Damn, but you look beautiful this way."

Rashanta fought back tears and tried to block out the murmuring onlookers. She looked straight ahead and saw the judge and his companions looking on with expressions of eager anticipation on their faces.

*Crack!*

Duane cracked the whip in the air and the crowd fell immediately silent. Rashanta yelped in fear from the sudden loud sound. Judge White stood up and faced her.

"Rashanta Wallace," the judge announced with grand ceremony, "having been convicted of the crimes for which you are accused, the corporal punishment part of your sentence will now be duly executed as proscribed by the laws of our great state. You shall receive twenty lashes of the whip as I have ordered. Proceed."

The crowd outside the fence began murmuring again. The assembled inmates shifted around on their feet.

*Whap!*

The first blow struck Rashanta on the back mainly on her right shoulder. The sound startled her and the pain wasn't instantaneous. After a second, though, it started to burn.

*Whap!*

The second blow caught her on the left shoulder. Again the pain wasn't as bad as she'd expected at first but quickly built in intensity in the following moments.

*Whap!*

The third blow was down the middle of her back. With less flesh protecting her the pain was worse. Rashanta whimpered.

*Whap!*

This one landed where the first had, right across the welt that was already rising. The negress yelped in pain loud enough for the onlookers to hear it. The noise level increased noticeably.

*Whap!*

Next one was on the left again across the fresh welt. She yelped again. The crowd grew louder.

*Whap!*

The lash went lower and struck her left ass cheek causing her to jump and jerk at the chain. The links made a loud metallic sound. The crowd gasped.

*Whap!*

Another blow to her ass, this time the right cheek. Rashanta whimpered and tried to absorb the blow.

"You're doin' good, girl," Duane told her from where he stood behind her.

The dignitaries on the platform watched intently. The judge and public defender were positively mesmerized.

*Whap!*

The negress took the next blow across the back over two older welts. The pain caused her to gasp and moan. Her eyes watered.

*Whap!*

The lash kissed her ass cheek again and it burned immediately. She yowled like a kicked dog.

"Oooh!" went the audience.

*Whap!*

Her ass took another one right where the previous one landed. She tried to stifle a scream.

"You're takin' it fine," assured Duane. "Good girl."

*Whap!*

A third blow to the same spot and she couldn't hold back the scream. She could see the judge and his companions watching intently and she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing how much pain she was in.

*Whap!*

Yet another blow to the same spot. It was too much to bear and her knees buckled and she groaned in agony. She swung forward on the chain holding her wrists together, her bare feet dragging across the rough surface of the platform.

The crowd noise instantly rose in intensity.

*Whap!*

This stroke sent her slowly twisting around. The poor whipped negress sobbed and slumped forward in her bonds.

"Watch yourself, girl," warned Duane. "I ain't stoppin' so you better keep your back to me. Such pretty titties..."

*Whap!*

The whip landed across her back, aggravating the earlier welted stripes. Rashanta let out a deep cry of pain. She could hear the onlookers gasp. Her body rotated so that it faced the whip-master.

*Whap!*

The lash struck Rashanta's left breast across the nipple and on her soft belly. She let her head loll back and cried out. The crowd hushed at seeing this intimate blow.

"Turn yourself, girl," Duane instructed her. "I'm tellin' you. Those titties ain't gonna like this."

*Whap!*

Another to her front. A line of pain ran across her right breast. She cried out pitifully. She felt her bladder empty involuntarily. Warm urine ran down the insides of her leg and left a trail of wetness on the platform. Her shame at pissing herself in front of this crowd was almost as bad as the humiliation of the whipping.

"Don't worry none about that, girl," Duane consoled her, noticing that she'd peed herself. "Most everybody loses control under a whippin' like this. No need to be embarrassed."

*Whap!*

Another to the right breast. Rashanta yowled again. Her nipple was on fire with the pain. She desperately tried to get her footing and turn away from the whip. The crowd noise resumed as the onlookers enjoyed the negress's plight.

"That's it," Duane encouraged her. "Get your feet on the ground and get your back to me."

*Whap!*

The whip struck her left breast causing her to cry out again and twist away. The chain rattled under the stress as the negress danced under the lash.

"Yeah!" exclaimed an onlooker from the other side of the fence.

*Whap!*

Rashanta managed to turn her back to Duane and took the next blow across her back. The pain was almost unbearable and she sobbed uncontrollably.

*Whap!*

The final blow took all Rashanta had out of her. The whipped negress slumped and hung by her wrists from the chain. Her chest heaved. Duane stepped forward and looked her over.

"You did pretty good, girl," he complimented her. "I tried to not mark you up too bad. You got some pretty titties on you."

The guards ordered the assembled inmates back into the jail building. The civilian audience milled around, the front row people gathered up their folding chairs. It was like people leaving an outdoor concert. The only difference was that the entertainment was a different kind of music.

Rusty and Bo lifted Rashanta while Duane slipped the chain off the hook. He held her up and walked her to face Judge White.

"So, what do you have to say for yourself now, nigger?" he asked with an evil grin. "Still feelin' uppity?"

The naked colored woman was covered with welts back and front. A sheen of sweat glistened from her bare brown skin.

"No, sir," she said in a small voice. "I'm not feelin' uppity now."

"I'll be 'round to see you later," the silver haired man said to her. "Just to make sure all that uppityness's beat out of you. Take her away. Go have your fun now, Duane. You earned it."

The two guards held their prisoner up and walked her towards the room she'd been in before her ordeal. The whip-master led the way and opened the door. The black woman watched as he sat in the chair the judge had sat in earlier when she'd tried to convince him to call off the punishment.

"Just leave the nigger here with me," said Duane. "I'll call you when I'm through with her."

Bo and Rusty let go of Rashanta, who stood on wobbly legs. They went back out the door and closed it. The inmate stood naked and beaten before the whip-master, still wearing his sunglasses. She looked him up and down and couldn't help but notice the erection bulging under his black slacks.

"I hope you don't mind suckin' me off, girl," Duane started. "Whippin' a pretty nigger girl like you gets me all fired up. And seein' you all welted up... Well, my dick's about ready to bust. How about gettin' on the floor an' workin' some of that magic on me like you did for Harry? I'd be obliged."

Rashanta's body was racked with pain. She was utterly humiliated at having been publicly whipped, naked, for all to see her suffering and crying. She had no fight left in her and simply fell to her hands and knees and crawled to him where he sat.

With trembling hands the negress unzipped the white man's slacks and gently took his dick out. She slipped it between her lips and lovingly sucked the cock of the whip-master. She had to give pleasure to the man who moments before had given her pure agony.



Rashanta sucked and slurped and bobbed her head on Duane's dick. Her jaw ached, but then her whole body was in pain. The welts of the twenty lashes burned all over her. Her back, her ass, her breasts, all were covered with swollen red stripes. The negress put all that out of her awareness and focussed only on the business in front of her: Pleasing the white man. It was all that mattered now. She looked up at him, his cock still in her mouth, looking for his approval.

"That's the way, nigger," the whip-master praised her technique breathlessly. "You sure are a fine cocksuckin' bitch. And even though you covered in whip welts, you still a sight to behold. I think maybe you're even more beautiful that way."

Rashanta actually took pleasure in his praise and sucked him in greater earnest. She brought her hands up and caressed his balls and stroked his shaft. He'd beaten her mercilessly and she wanted to please him. She didn't understand why. She was driven and that was all there way to it.

"Mmmm..." murmured Duane. "Ahh..."

The white man stiffened momentarily and shot off in the negress's soft wet mouth. She swallowed his semen hungrily. He slumped back in the chair as she licked and kissed his cock.

"Thank you for usin' my mouth, sir," Rashanta said sincerely. "It was an honor to serve you. Thank you for whippin' this nigger, sir. I'm grateful."

"My pleasure, girl," said Duane, standing and zipping his pants up. "That was the best blow job I've got in a long time. And you are one fine nigger girl."

Rashanta blushed at the praise. Her body hurt, but for some reason his praise made her feel better. She was confused, but just went with the feeling and didn't try to analyze it. Duane opened the door and walked out without another word. Sunlight streamed in from the outside through the open doorway.

Bo and Rusty entered the room as Rashanta struggled to her feet. No longer needing their support, she walked between them as they escorted her past the whipping platform and across the courtyard. Her naked flesh hurt as she moved, but she held her head high.

The other prisoners were at breakfast so the cells were empty as the guards and their naked female prisoner went through the corridors of the jail. At last they arrived at her cell.

"In you go," said Bo.

The slender black woman carefully lay on her bunk and listened as the cell door was slid shut and locked. She wondered what had happened to her and why she felt the way she did. She'd actually felt compelled to please the thin white man who'd given her so much pain. Not just compelled, she realized. She wanted to do it. Needed to do it.

Rashanta didn't enjoy the whipping, and her body was racked with pain. But it hadn't been anything like she'd anticipated. She'd been dreading it and now it was over with. All that remained ahead of her were the thirty days on her sentence, though that still seemed like an eternity.

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Rashanta didn't have much time to recover from the brutal public whipping and hard sexual use she'd endured the day before. Rusty returned the next morning and opened the door to her small steel barred cell.

"Alright, on your feet, girl," said the red haired guard. "Time to put your lazy black ass to work."

The slender negress rose and stood naked in the center of her cell. The young white man drank in the vision of her whip welted body.

"Ol' Duane did a pretty good job on you," observed Rusty. "Nice stripes, but no blood. He's a pro, alright. Caught your teats a couple times, though. Too bad. The marks won't last that long. Get that gown on, monkey girl. We ain't havin' no naked niggers on the chain gang."

Rashanta slipped the gown on and walked through the open cell door. She followed Rusty through the corridors back to the exit to the courtyard where she'd been whipped the previous morning. She'd missed breakfast and her stomach growled.

"Don't worry, we'll feed you later once you done some proper work," said the guard, opening the outside door.

The air was hot and thick with humidity, Babs, Trixie, and Tasha stood waiting with the sun beating down on them. A heavy set black haired guard was watching over them. A pile of chains and manacles was at his feet.. Rashanta recognized Deputy Faldo, the van driver who'd taken her to court for her arraignment. She squinted in the bright sunlight.

"This's the last of 'em, Wally," Rusty announced to the other guard. "Sheriff wants the grounds policed up first. Then you can take 'em to the highway an' get 'em started there."

"Help me chain 'em up, Rusty," said Wally. "Don't want any of 'em skidaddlin' on my watch."

Together, the two white guards attached the manacles to the prisoner's ankles, a short length of chain between the legs, and a long length between each prisoner. Babs to Rashanta to Tasha to Trixie. The white women on the outside and the black ones in the middle.

"You're lucky, girl," Wally said to Rashanta as he attached the cuffs to her ankles. "All the other nigger girls are out diggin' ditches at the dump. Sheriff says you get to go with the white women today since you still beat up from yesterday. He ain't that bad a guy, you know?"

"What about her?" Rashanta asked, indicating Tasha.

The black haired guard smiled up at her at the question.

"Well," he grinned, standing, "Annie's monkey gets special treatment, too." He paused. "Move out," ordered Wally.

Rusty stood and watched as the heavy set guard led the chained female prisoners across the courtyard. They walked past the whipping platform to a chain link gate that lead through a fenced area to another gate. Finally they were outside the jail building. Rashanta looked around and could see the field of tall

weeds was littered with trash. The remnants of the crowd that had gathered to be entertained by her whipping. Wally handed them each a plastic trash bag.

"Get with it, ladies," ordered the guard. "I want this field as clean as it was before the big show this mornin'."

Wally winked at Rashanta who blushed with shame. That her painful ordeal had been a mere show for the spectators humiliated her deeply. Her body still ached. She could feel the welts keenly as they had only been left there a couple hours earlier.

The sun was relentless and though the work wasn't heavy, the prisoners were quickly covered in sweat as they filled their trash bags. The morning dragged on for them. They worked their way back from the jail building to a dirt road where people had parked their cars while watching the whipping.

The sheriff's office van was making its way up the road. It was a welcome sight since it was after noon by now, and it would be bringing the inmates lunch. A grey haired deputy was at the wheel and brought the van to a stop. Wally opened the passenger door and lifted out a brown paper shopping bag.

"It's feedin' time!" he announced cheerfully. "Don't y'all go wanderin' past the tree. If I have to come after you, there'll be hell to pay."

The heavy set deputy handed out cheese sandwiches from the bag to the inmates and then climbed into the van, closing the door behind him. With Babs leading the way, the prisoners walked the short distance to where a leafy tree provided some welcome shade. They settled down and started to eat.

It wasn't long after that that a thin blonde headed man wearing jeans and a gas station attendant's shirt appeared carrying a white paper bag. The women watched him come closer.

"Shit," sighed Trixie. "My fuckin' ex." She looked up at him and called out, "what the fuck do you want, Gary?"

The approaching white man looked over his shoulder and gestured for her to lower her voice.

"Don't worry about nobody hearin' you," the red haired woman told him. "Hank and Wally are prob'ly drinkin' in the van with the a.c. on and the windows up. They can't hear shit. Now what do you want?"

"Hey, baby!" said Gary, smiling. "I brought you a peace offering! I know they ain't feedin' you so good so I brought you some fried chicken."

"I don't know what you're up to," said Trixie suspiciously. "If you'd kept up them child support payments I wouldn't a ended up writin' them checks an' endin' up here. Ain't no fried chicken gonna make up for that."

"You sure?" he asked, holding up the bag. "It's still warm. Maybe we can slip away..."

"What!" the red head exclaimed angrily. "Is that what you here for? You think you're gonna dip your wick in my honey hole for some damn fried chicken? You can forget that right now, you dumb son of a bitch! What do I look like? Some kinda fuckin' nigger?"

"Well... I... uh...", stammered Gary, embarrassed as he saw the women all looking at him.

"Besides, it ain't like I can get away anyhow," Trixie continued, kicking her leg and rattling the chain. "I sure ain't gonna put on no sex show here."

Babs snatched the bag of fried chicken from Gary and grabbed a drumstick out and took a bite.

"Mmmm," said the big bull dyke. "Not bad. You can't have Trixie, but you can use this nigger. She's my monkey and she'll do what I say. Ain't that right, monkey?"

Babs elbowed Rashanta, knocking her sandwich out of her hands. Gary looked at the slender black woman. She turned her head away, not wanting to see him.

"Ain't that the nigger what got whupped yesterday?" he asked, never taking his eyes off her.

"Yep, she sure is," affirmed Babs. "She was dancin' jus' like a little monkey, too. Screechin' and hollerin' like they do at the zoo. Wanna see her naked?"

"Sure!" said Gary eagerly.

"Take it off, meat," Babs ordered Rashanta. "Show the nice man where you got kissed by the whip."

Rashanta no longer had the strength to resist and didn't even try. She still hurt all over and felt utterly defeated. Slowly, she stood and lifted the gown, wincing as she pulled it over her head. Naked, she remained still, her head bowed, her eyes downcast.

"Damn!" exclaimed the white man. "I couldn't see how good them welts was from where I was standin'. Fuck! She's a hottie for a nigger!"

"Betcha wanna fuck her, don't you?" asked Babs, eyeing the bulge in his jeans.

"Hell, yeah!" affirmed Gary.

The bull dyke turned to the slender negro.

"Get down on your knees, meat," demanded Babs. "Present that black ass for the nice man"

Rashanta looked around desperately. The guards were nowhere to be seen. Trixie and Tasha watched in silent fascination. Gary was almost salivating, his erection clearly visible through his pants. Dazed and confused, she began to slowly comply, but not fast enough for the white lesbian. Babs jerked the chain back that connected their ankles, pulling the black woman's feet out from under her. She fell forward into the tall weeds.

"I said, on your fuckin' knees, bitch!" growled Babs. "Now do like I say!"

Gingerly, Rashanta assumed the position. Naked, bent over, her ass in the air, her legs spread wide, her face in the dirt. She was utterly humiliated in this pose.

"Go for it, buddy," Babs told Gary. "The pussy's mine, but you can fuck the asshole. Got that?"

"You bet," answered Gary, quickly undoing his jeans. "It's all the same to me. A hole's a hole."

The white man got behind the kneeling negress and put the tip of his dick right against her puckered asshole. The pre cum on the head of his cock provided what little lubrication he needed to work it inside her. Once it was situated he shoved it slowly and deliberately up the black woman's ass.

"Owww!" cried Rashanta.

"Shut up, meat," ordered Babs. "Shut up and take it."

The bull dyke returned her attention to the fried chicken while the white man pounded the colored woman's ass. He grunted with pleasure and exertion while the abused negro groaned in pain. He was oblivious to the women watching him sodomize the whipped negress who was chained to them. Finally, he could take no more.

"Fuck!" he cried out. "Fuck!"

Rashanta was relieved as she felt him ejaculate in her ass. The hot spurts of semen in her rectum signalled an end of the painful abuse she was suffering. He shrank quickly inside her and withdrew.

"Damn..." sighed Gary. "Damn, that nigger's ass is tight as hell! I didn't think I'd even last a minute before I busted a nut! Fuck!

Babs took out another piece of chicken and looked over at Trixie.

"You want some of this, honey?" she asked her.

"Yeah," the red head replied. "I've had enough of these shit sandwiches."

Babs tossed the bag to Trixie. It landed next to where Rashanta still kneeled, Gary's sperm leaking out of her raped asshole. The red haired woman snatched the bag up.

"All right, buddy," announced Babs. "You've had your fun and we've got our lunch. Beat it."

Gary stood and zipped up his pants.

"Gotta go anyhow," he said. "Breaks over with. See ya, Trix."

The white man went off in the direction he'd come from. Rashanta got up, put her gown back on, and gingerly sat down.

"Bet you love gettin' some dick, don't you, meat?" laughed Babs. "I don't get what you like about havin' some man doin' his business inside you, but I know you niggers love it. Don't you?"

Rashanta said nothing and looked away from her, her face burning with shame. Babs looked over to Trixie.

"How 'bout you?" asked the short haired white woman. "You like seein' your ex poundin' some nigger ass?"

Trixie blushed as she finished her chicken.

"Maybe I do," she allowed. "So what?"

"Thought so," Babs replied. "You all hot an' horny now?"

"Jus' drop it, Babs," Trixie told her. "You got that colored girl now. Why don't you just use her?"

"I was only thinkin' of you, Trix!" the bull dyke responded with mock surprise. "Wouldn't you like your pussy licked? Relieve some of that stress?"

"I told you I ain't no lezzie," the red head said firmly. "I don't want no woman doin' nothin' with me."

"Wasn't talkin' 'bout me, Trix," said Babs. "I was talkin' 'bout my monkey here. She ain't no woman, she's jus' some nigger meat. She got a sweet mouth on her, I can tell you. It ain't like she's a woman. She's jus' a mouth to use. Bet she's better'n Gary ever was."

"Well," Trixie pondered "it *has* been a long time. But right out here? I'm still a lady. An' ladies don't go fuckin' an' doin' shit like that outdoors with an audience! Only animals do that. Animals an' niggers, that is. Animals an' niggers an' my worthless ass ex husband."

"Your loss, Trix," Babs chided her. "It's like she was born to lick pussy."

The van horn sounded, startling the female inmates. Deputy Faldo came into view.

"Alright, ladies," he called. "Party time is over. Y'all got places to go an' things to do!"

\* \* \*

Rashanta was exhausted when she finally was returned to her cell and collapsed into her bunk. She'd spent the afternoon with the other women on the chain gang picking up trash on the side of the highway. The same highway she'd been driving on when this whole nightmare began what seemed a lifetime ago.

The heat and humidity had been nearly unbearable. The inmates had all been drenched in sweat, their prison gowns clinging to them. Passing cars had honked and the men in them waved and yelled at the orange clad female prisoners.

The slender black woman ached all over. The welts from the previous day's whipping stung and burned. The pain in her asshole was a constant reminder of being sodomized by Gary. She was also quite hungry and was actually anxious for the usual dinner of overcooked macaroni, but couldn't keep her eyes open. She drifted off to sleep.

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Rashanta lay in her bed in her apartment. She'd had a fine meal in an expensive restaurant and was feeling quite satisfied. The handsome executive she'd been out with had his head between her legs. She could feel his tongue lapping hungrily between her legs as he worshiped her pussy. She shifted around to get more comfortable, but something was under the small of her back. She couldn't move her arms...

The black prisoner slowly drifted back into consciousness. The remnants of her dream slowly dissolved. The lights were out. She could feel her gown bunched up around her waist. She wasn't alone. Her arms were pinned at her sides, she could feel them gripped firmly. And she could still feel that soft warm tongue.

Rashanta opened her eyes and saw Annie and Babs holding her down. She lifted her head a little and looked down between her legs. She could see the straight black hair of Tasha as the petite colored girl burrowed her head between the slender black woman's legs.

The negress struggled briefly, but she was too weak and the white women were too strong. And the girl's licking felt so good.

"Just lay there and enjoy, girl," advised Annie. "It's time you got used to it. This is the kind of lovin' you'll be gettin' while you're here. But mainly, you'll be givin' it, not gettin' it."

Rashanta struggled a little more before finally just relaxing. Tasha's soft tongue felt good on her pussy. She could feel it in her hole and up and down her slit. The young negro girl gently sucked on her clit and the black woman gasped and moaned. Involuntarily and unconsciously she started humping back in response.

"That's the way," said Annie softly. "Just relax and accept it. It feels good, don't it?"

The pleasure Rashanta felt was increasing. It had been so long since she'd felt anything like it. She tried to hold back, but she couldn't help it. She didn't want to be out of control in front of Annie and Babs. They'd had their way with her before, but they couldn't make her like it. Not up to now. It was the last bit of control she had over her own body. It felt good, but she was ashamed of it. She was being brought to orgasm against her will by another woman.

"Uhhh..." whimpered Rashanta. "Stop it... Please..."

"Don't fight it, sweetie," cooed Babs. "Just let it happen. You know you like it."

"No..." the slender negress said half heartedly, her hips bucking. "Don't make me..."

"Hush now, nigger," Annie whispered to her. "You got no choice."

"Ah! Ah!" Rashanta exclaimed in sudden short cries as she came. "Ah! Ahhh..."

"That's enough, monkey," Annie told Tasha. "Good girl."

The petite colored girl ceased licking the slender negress's pussy and stood, awaiting further instructions. The two white women released their grip on their captive's arms. She lay there, her chest heaving, her bunk wet with sweat. Humiliated and betrayed by her own body. She felt tears of shame coming on even as the pleasure from her orgasm continued to spread through her body.

"See you later, meat," said Babs. "You're ours now for sure."

The other women left the cell. Rashanta was alone now and wept. She'd been stripped of everything in this awful place. And she knew this was only the beginning. Without realizing it, she drifted off to sleep again.

\* \* \*

Rashanta awoke with a start at the sound of the cell door closing. She looked up and saw Frankie, the overnight guard looking at her through the bars, a white paper bag in his hand.

"Who left your cage open?" he asked, more to himself than to the cell's occupant.

The slender negress sat up, her stomach growled. She'd slept through supper and was feeling the effects of it. She eyed the bag.

"What's in the bag?" she asked. "Uh, sir?" she added.

"Huh?" Frankie was puzzled momentarily. "Oh, this? I shouldn't a ordered the bacon double cheeseburger. I couldn't finish it. Figured I'd give it to the dogs. They're always hungry. Why? You want it?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, a lump in her throat. "I missed supper and I'm very hungry."

"Come over here and earn it," smiled the white guard.

Rashanta stood up and pulled the gown up over her head, tossing it on the bunk. She stepped to the bars and got on her knees.

"Well," said Frankie with satisfaction. "Don't this beat all? Miss high and mighty uppity nigger. Look at you now."

The guard unzipped his pants and took his cock out, slipping it through the bars. The negro prisoner sucked it between her lips, feeling it harden inside her mouth. She began to bob her head, up and down, on the white shaft.

"That's it, nigger," Frankie encouraged her. "Work that dick, you cocksucker."

Rashanta slurped noisily and brought her hands up to caress his balls in an effort to get him off quickly. She knew how to do it and it wasn't long before her efforts were rewarded.

"Oh, fuck!" gasped Frankie. "Fuck!"

The white guard ejaculated in the negro inmates's mouth in several long spasms. She swallowed it down as best she could.

"Oh, yeah..." he sighed. "Fuck."

She felt him shrink inside her mouth and he stepped back. He zipped his fly and tossed the bag through the bars. It landed on the cement floor behind her.

"There's your dinner, bitch," said Frankie. "Go get it, you earned it. By the way, you got some special sauce on your chin."

The guard laughed and walked away leaving the the naked black woman kneeling by the bars of her cell. She wiped the semen off her chin with the back of her hand and turned to pick up the bag.

Inside, Rashanta found a half eaten cheeseburger and some cold fries. She reflected on how she'd just given the guard a blow job for something he was about to feed to the dogs. She'd humiliated herself in exchange for what was essentially garbage. The tears started to flow as her stomach growled again and she ate the fruits of her labor.

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## **Chapter 9 - Good Behavior**

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"Rise and shine, ladies," called the guard as the lights came on. "Breakfast in 10 minutes."



Rashanta rolled out of her bunk and stood up. The bacon cheeseburger from last night sat like a lump in her stomach. The memory of humbling herself for it, sucking the guard's dick for a half eaten sandwich shamed her again anew. But the memory of being sodomized on the chain gang, and the lingering pain in her ass was worse. The late night visit from the girls humiliated her even more. Betrayed by her body, she'd completely lost control. She knew she'd never last through thirty days of this.

Well, she thought, the choice was obvious. To her shame, she was no stranger to using her body to get what she wanted. Using it to avoid what she didn't want didn't seem like too far a stretch. She'd humiliated herself so many times now that submitting to the sheriff seemed a small price to pay to stay off the chain gang and away from the girls.

Rusty came by and opened up her cell.

"Let's go, girl," the red headed guard told her. "Breakfast time. Don't want your omelet getting cold. You're goin' out with the colored girls today, so it's an early start."

"Sir?" asked Rashanta meekly. "I want to talk to the sheriff."

"You do, huh?" said Rusty. "He ain't around here 'til this afternoon. You can see him then. Now move it if you want your ham and eggs."

In the mess hall, Rashanta ate her grits alone. It was the early serving and the room was filled with black female prisoners. Annie, Babs, and Trixie were nowhere to be seen. In fact, there were no white faces anywhere in the room.

After breakfast the guards marched them out to the courtyard where they were manacled and chained together. None spoke. The negro inmates were lead shuffling in their chains to an old stake-bed truck. The guard pushed a wooden set of stairs up to the back of the truck.

"All aboard, ladies" he called cheerfully while the female prisoners climbed up and into the truck, their chains jangling as they dragged across the hollow wooden steps.

With the last inmate on the truck, the guard hefted the stairs onto the back of the truck and closed the tailgate. The truck rolled out the gate onto the road to the dump. Rashanta was tired and sore as well as nervous sitting there on the back of the truck chained to tough looking strangers.

"I sees we gots some fresh meat dis mornin'!" said an older black woman sitting next to Rashanta. "You don't look used to no hard work."

The woman who spoke looked like she'd had rough life. Her hair was short and graying in places. She had a scar on her cheek and was missing several teeth. Rashanta didn't know what to say to her and tried to avoid looking into the other woman's face.

"I's talkin' to you, bitch!" the woman said, irritated.

"I'm sorry," said Rashanta. "This is my first day going out with this group."

"Ain't you da bitch got her ass whupped da other day?" the scarred black woman asked.

"Yes," Rashanta answered.

"I's surprised to see you out here, girl," the older woman went on. "Fine lookin' sista like you, dat sheriff'd have you workin' on yer back fo' him. Guess you too marked up fo' his likin'."

"He wanted me to," the slender negress replied, "but I wouldn't do it."

"Wouldn't do it!" exclaimed the gray haired negress. "Why da fuck not? You like diggin' ditches at the dump better'n gettin' used by dose white men? You a fool, girl. A damn fool. Shit... I'd do it fo' sho' if they wanted me. I'd say, 'Yas, suh! Take all da poontang you want, suh! Jus' get me da fuck off this truck!'"

"Ain't no white man gon' wanna fuck no old scrawny ass nigga like you, Beaula!" exclaimed the dark black woman sitting on the other side of Rashanta.

"Fuck you, Ernestine!" retorted Beaula. "You only here 'cause no o' dem wanted to stick they dicks in you. You a nasty ass bitch!"

"So why ain't you on yo' back fo' the sheriff, girl?" asked Ernestine, ignoring Beulla's taunt. "You gotta be ugly like Beaula fo' him to not ask if'n you want dat 'special treatment', an' you look good 'nuf to me."

"I let them do what I had to let them do," explained Rashanta. "And that was all I was gonna do. I'm not some nigger whore, after all."

"You a dumb fuckin' nigga," said Ernestine. "You think you too good fo' dem? I gots news fo' you: you ain't. Nigga ho' is jus what you is. An' der ain't a bitch on dis truck wouldn't jump at da chance to be nigga fuck meat fo' dem white men. Ain't no shame in goin' along to git along. Beulla's right 'bout one thing: you a damn fool, girl."

At last the truck arrived at the county dump. The truck stopped and the driver came around the back. He opened the tailgate and took the stairs down so the inmates could climb down. He led the chain gang over to a freshly dug area. They picked up the shovels that were stacked up there and made there way down to where they'd left off the day before.

Rashanta looked around and saw the others start digging and lifting the rocky soil into wheel barrows that were sitting next to each prisoner. The sun was just starting to get hot. It was going to be a long day.

\* \* \*

It was late in the afternoon when the truck finally rolled back into the jail courtyard. The exhausted prisoners, chains rattling, climbed down the wooden steps and waited as the deputy removed the manacles from their ankles. Rusty was waiting and came up to Rashanta as she was released from the chains.

"You still want to see the sheriff, girl?" asked the young red haired guard. "He's in his office now."

"Yes, sir," replied the dirty tired negress.

The white man led the negro prisoner back into the jail building and down the corridor to the sheriff's office. Her body ached and her gown was filthy and soaked with sweat. She actually was starting to be concerned that the sheriff would no longer find her suitable in her present condition.

Rashanta had realized even before going out that morning that she couldn't take thirty days of "regular treatment". Her discussion with Beulla and Ernestine had only solidified the notion. The price to be paid for "special treatment" seemed well worth it now, whatever it was. It had be better than digging holes all day and being at the mercy of Annie and Babs at night.

They arrived in the outer office. Bo looked up from his desk.

"Damn! She's a fuckin' mess!" exclaimed the blonde guard. "Better get her naked. And burn that fuckin' rag! I'll tell him you're here."

Bo went and knocked on the sheriff's office door. Rusty turned to Rashanta.

"Get it off, girl," he instructed her. "Jus' put it on the floor by the wastebasket. You can get it on your way out."

The slender black woman pulled the dirty garment over her head and dropped where the young white man indicated.

"Go on in, girl," said the blonde deputy, returning to his desk.

Rashanta entered the inner office and stood in front of the sheriff's desk. He was busy with some paper work and didn't look up right away. The slender negress was very aware of her nakedness. The cool air felt clammy on her sweat covered body. Her nipples had hardened instantly. She knew how she must look. Hair mussed, face streaked with dirt. At last the older white man looked up at her.

"So, I hear you wanted to talk to me," Sheriff Baxter said, leaning back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head, a smile on his face. "What can I do for you?"

The black woman had visions of being called to the principle's office in her head. Though that would be nothing like this. Still, she felt like a wayward child.

"I've been thinking about what you were tellin' me about last time," she began. "What do I have to do to get 'special treatment'?"

"Special treatment is only for, er, model prisoners," said the sheriff, still smiling. "Are you a model prisoner? From where I sit, all I see is a uppity nigger. And a ripe dirty one at that."

"I's sorry fo' bein' uppity, suh," Rashanta said, adopting the country dialect she knew he wanted to hear. "I's jus' a dumb nigga an' din't know no better. I knows better now, suh."

Earl sat forward in his chair and his smile faded.

"You talk the talk, girl," he said. "But I ain't convinced. I figured a day or two on the chain gang'd change your tune right quick. But like I say, I ain't convinced."

"Please, suh," she whimpered. "I can't take it out there. I's ready to be a good nigga fo' you, suh. I do like you want. You jus' tell dis nigga what you want an' I does it fo' you."

"Like what?" he asked, the smile returning to his face.

"Want me to suck yo' dick, suh?" asked the negress. "I's real good. You be likin' it, I swears it. You wanna fuck me? I gots a sweet nigga pussy fo' you, boss. You kin use it all you want. You want my black ass? I be takin' yo' dick up my ass if'n you want, suh. Anytime you want it. Please, boss?"

"Bo!" shouted the sheriff. "Get in here!"

The blonde haired deputy appeared at the door.

"Go get this nigger cleaned up, son," Earl instructed him. "Seems she's comin' around. I can't see if'n I still wants her through all the filth. Go get her fixed up."

"Yes, sir, sheriff," said Bo. He took Rashanta's arm. "Let's go get you a bath, girl."

"One more thing, Bo," Earl called as Bo and Rashanta were going through the door. "Get her snatch nice an' bald fo' me. You know I can't abide by a hairy coochie on a nigger. Now get to it."

"Gotcha, sir," Bo responded.

More humiliations, thought Rashanta. She'd started to get used to the cold water hosing she received. But to have her sensitive pussy shaved was going to be something new. More evidence that her body was no longer hers to control.

They walked until they reached the gang shower where Rusty had hosed her down before a trip to court. Unlike before, this time it was full of the black women from the chain gang, washing the filth from the dump off them. A few looked up to see the white deputy accompanying the black prisoner, but none made any move to cover themselves or even stop what they were doing.

"Get yourself cleaned up, girl," Bo told her. "I'll wait here."

Rashanta was relieved to discover the water, while not hot, wasn't ice cold as it had been the other time. She soaped up and rinsed off while Bo's gaze wandered around the room, drinking in the sight of all the naked brown female bodies.

"What's up wit' you, Bo?" called Ernestine. "You want some poontang, baby? Or is you jus' here fo' da show? I got some right here fo' you!"

The older black woman turned away from the young white man and bent over. Spreading her legs she looked back at him and smiled, a gold tooth gleaming.

"Come an' git it, baby!" she called.

"I ain't fuckin' you, you dumb ape!" he answered. "I got some fine poontang comin' along now. I'd have to put a bag over yo' head to fuck you, Ernestine."

"Go git yo' bag, Bo!" she said, still smiling. "Go an' git it. I got yo' poontang right here. You know you want it!"

"C'mon, girl," Bo said to Rashanta, noticing she was finished. "Let's get outta here."

He led her down the corridor to the exam room she was inspected in the day of her arrest. They passed other deputies on the way who took no small amount of pleasure from seeing the naked negress being led through the halls. She felt her face burning as she turned to avoid meeting their eyes.

At last they arrived at their destination, the scene of one of Rashanta's earlier humiliations. The short white man with brown hair was there, still dressed in his white smock. He was standing next the stainless steel examination table.

"Hey, Eddie, got a customer for you," Bo greeted him. "Sheriff wants this nigger's cooch shaved."

"No problemo, Bo," grinned Eddie. "Set yourself up on the table, little lady." He said to Rashanta.

Her face hot with embarrassment, the colored woman got up on the exam table and placed her feet in the stirrups. The older white man applied shaving cream to her pubic region and took a razor to it. The white deputy looked on with rapt attention.

Eddie whistled as he shaved Rashanta bare and then toweled off the remaining foam. He looked her in the eye and grinned as he ran his hand over her smooth mound and slipped a finger down her slit. He looked up at Bo.

"She's wet, Bo," he confided. "Wet fuckin' nigger pussy. Best kind. You got a live one here, son."

Eddie winked at Bo and then turned his attention back to Rashanta. The black woman was mortified and having been aroused by this humiliating procedure.

"All done, cutie pie," he announced. "Naked as the day you was born. Sorry I ain't got no lollipop for a pretty little lady like you."

Bo smiled and shook his head while Eddie chuckled. Rashanta stood up and hung her head with shame. She felt even more naked and exposed than she had before. Her pussy slit was clearly visible now that her pubic hair had been removed. She felt the cool air moving over her freshly shaved skin.

"Ok, girl," said Bo. "We're done here."

"Y'all come back now, hear?" laughed the older white man.

The return walk to the sheriff's office was even more crowded than the one to the exam room. Passing deputies paused on their rounds to admire the black woman's bare pussy. Her escort, pleased by the attention, enjoyed stopping and showing his charge off.

"Damn, Bo!" said one. "That's a fine piece of nigger you got there! Still marked up from the whip, I see." He winked at Rashanta. "I do believe a colored girl looks better with a few stripes on her. Show's she's been reminded of her manners. Nice pussy, too."

Finally they reached the sheriff's office. Rashanta was shamed almost to tears by the way her naked body had been displayed as though she were prime livestock getting shown off. Earl Baxter had returned to his paperwork during the errand to get her pussy shaved and didn't even look up when Bo brought her back in.

"She's all showered and shaved, sheriff," Bo reported. "You need anythin' else?"

"Just park the nigger and scoot, Bo," instructed Earl. "Gotta finish these state forms. I'll holler when I'm ready for you to take 'em."

"Yes, sir," replied the blonde haired deputy who quickly left the room.

Rashanta stood naked and exposed in front of the sheriff's desk for what seemed long while. The older white man was focused on his work the entire time. The slender black woman could feel the coolness of the air conditioning on her shaved sex and felt very vulnerable. At last he pushed the papers aside and looked up at her.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed heartily. "Don't you look a sight better'n before! All clean all over. That's more like it!"

"Er, thank you, suh," stammered Rashanta, not sure of what else to say.

"Now you gettin' it, girl," smiled Earl. "You a pretty nigger an' should 'preciate the attention you gettin'. Plenty o' those girls you was out wit' today would love to be in yo' position here. Pretty nigger like you's jus' a waste out there diggin' at the dump. You belongs where mens like me can 'preciate you. Enjoy your ample charms. Use you the way you was meant to be used."

"What you want dis nigga to be doin' now, suh?" asked Rashanta.

"You gotta convince me you a good nigger now," he stated plainly. "How do I know you ain't jus' playin' at it? Special treatment's a privilege and you gotta earn it. How you gonna do that?"

"I's gon' do like I's tol', suh," the colored woman answered.

"Hmmm," pondered the sheriff. "That might a been good 'nough before, girl. But you got all uppity wit' me. I ain't gotta tell no nigger to do what I want. Niggers oughta know 'nough to do it. Nigger like you's gotta beg for it. So beg, nigger."

Rashanta felt another wave of hot shame wash over her nude body. Giving this man her body wasn't sufficient. He expected her to beg him to use it. Her aching muscles reminded her of the day she'd spent digging in the dirt. She got down on her knees and walked on them around the desk and faced the balding white man.

"I's beggin' you, boss," she began. "I's beggin' you to use dis sorry ass nigga. Please stick yo' dick in my hole, suh. Don't matter none to me which one. I wants it anywheres you puts it. Let dis nigga take yo' dick in her mouth, boss. I suck it good fo' you. I promise you be likin' it. Please honor dis nigga with you white cock to suck on."

"What else you got for me?" asked Earl.

Rashanta swallowed hard.

"You want what's 'tween mah legs, boss?" asked the negress. "Please, suh! Please use mah nigga fuck hole! I need it bad, boss. This nigga needs yo' white dick inside her."

"Let's see it," commanded the sheriff. "Maybe I'll try it. But I gotta see it first. Get on your back an' make me wanna fuck it."

"Yes, suh, boss!" Rashanta said quickly.

The colored woman rolled onto her back there on the floor of the sheriff's office. She spread her legs open as far as she could, holding her thighs just above the knees. Her pussy was splayed wide, her cunt hole and clit clearly visible.

"Use my hole, boss!" she cried. "Use it 'cause I need it bad! I's beggin', boss. Beggin' fo' yo' dick inside me!"

The office door opened up and Bo walked in.

"Sheriff Baxter?" he said to him. "Cal's here for the mail. I gotta get those forms now so's he can take 'em."

"Come here, Bo," Earl invited him. "Take a look at this nigger girl on the floor. Ain't she just like a fuckin' bitch dog in heat?"

The deputy stepped around the sheriff's desk and saw the slender black woman, naked on the floor, legs spread, presenting her sex for them. Rashanta looked up at both white men looking back down at her. She hadn't expected more than the sheriff for an audience, but she realized it didn't matter anymore. She couldn't stand another day like this one had been. She'd rather be a black bitch writhing on the floor for their amusement than breaking her back moving dirt with a shovel.

"Maybe Bo here wants some poontang, nigger," Sheriff Baxter explained. "Why don't you ask him if wants some."

"My coochie needs yo' white cock, sir!" she cried, desperation in her voice. "Stick it in me an' use me! I ain't had no dick fo' so long! I needs to be fucked, boss. Fuck me, boss! Use my nigga hole!"

"Pitiful, ain't she, son," the sheriff said shaking his head. "Them papers are done. Go 'head an take 'em. Close the door after yourself an' see to it I ain't disturbed."

"Ok, sir," said Bo, picking up the forms from the desk.

The blonde haired deputy kept looking back at the naked negro on the floor holding her legs open until he was out of the room. The door closed. Rashanta's arms were getting tired and her groin was completely stretched. She could feel the grit in the carpet working its way into the welts on her back. She tried not to think of the spectacle she was putting on. She'd humbled herself many times in the past, but this was beyond the pale.

"So, you wanna be fucked, do you nigger?" asked Earl, still grinning.

"Yes, suh, boss!" agreed the colored woman. "I's jus' a slutty nigga an' I needs yo' dick, suh!"

"You got any idea what you look like?" the sheriff asked. "Couple days ago you's all uppity and way too fine. Look at you now. Pathetic nigger whore beggin' fo' dick. I'll take pity on your sorry ass. Go lie on that there couch. I ain't gonna fuck you on the floor. Crawl to it, bitch. Like the low down dog you is."

Rashanta rolled over onto her hands and knees and started crawling to the leather couch against the office wall. Suddenly she felt the bottom of Sheriff Baxter's boot flat against her ass as he shoved her down onto the floor. Her firm naked breasts smashed against the floor, her face rubbed in the gritty carpet.

"Crawl on your belly, you fuckin' bitch ho'," he scolded her. "An' do it quick 'less you want my boot up your black ass."

"Yes, suh!" said Rashanta obediently. "I's sorry, suh. I crawl like you want, suh."

The negress crawled as ordered. Her breasts, belly, and thighs scrubbed against the carpet, the grit scratching her tender welted flesh. The sheriff followed behind her as she went. The going was slow even though it was less than ten feet from the desk to the couch. When she got there she looked around him.

"What you waitin' for, nigger?" he said, exasperated. "Get yo' fat black ass up on that there couch and spread them legs out. I wanna see that hole open wide. Now do it!"

"Yes, suh!" she said, climbing up on the couch and laying on her back. "I's doin' it, suh! I's a good nigga an' I does likes I's told."

Sheriff Baxter stood over Rashanta and looked down on her.

"You're nothing but a fuckin' nigger slut, ain't you?" he asked her. "A dirty nigger whore."

"Yes, suh, boss," agreed Rashanta, the shame burning inside her at the words she must speak. "That's what I is. A dirty nigga ho'. A filthy nigga slut who needs yo' white dick, suh."

The sheriff dropped his pants. His erection was standing straight out. His cock bounced and swayed as he climbed between the negress's legs. He stuck the tip right at the entrance to her pussy and worked the head inside. He was quite thick and the black woman could feel herself stretched to accommodate him. Suddenly he just jammed the entire length of his shaft into her vagina.

"Ow!" cried the black woman in pain and surprise.

"Shut up and take it, bitch," growled the sheriff. "You wanted it an' now you got it. Take it all!"

"Yes, suh!" she exclaimed. "I's takin' fo' you, boss. Do me hard! Fuck me! Hurt me! Fuck my coochie. It's yo' pussy, boss. Fuck it hard!"

The white man pounded his dick into the slender negro's cunt.

"Yeah, bitch," he said, the exertion clear in his voice. "You ain't nothin' but a slut whore. Ain't that right?"

"I's a ho', suh," she agreed, trying to get him off. "Jus' a nigga slut whore. Yo' slut ho', boss. Use me hard, suh. Hurt me."

The sheriff slammed his cock deep into his prisoner's pussy.

"Here it comes, nigger!" he shouted and stiffened.

Rashanta's eyes went wide as she felt him ejaculate in her vagina.

"Yeah... Oh, yeah..." he grunted as his sperm shot inside her. "That's what you're for, bitch. Takin' my dick."

"Ohhh!" cried the black woman. "You makin' me cum, boss!"

"The hell I am!" the sheriff objected. "Don't bother to fake that, bitch. I don't give a shit whether some fuckin' nigger slut cums or not."



Rashanta lay still as Earl's dick softened inside her. His eyes locked on hers and she turned her face away.

"Look at me nigger." he commanded her.

The negress looked back up at him and he spat in her face.

"Whore," he said, his voice dripping with disgust.

Sheriff Baxter stood up and pulled up his pants. He stepped close to Rashanta's head. She looked up at him, his saliva on her cheek and nose. He grabbed a handful of her hair and used it to wipe off his dick. The white man zipped up his pants and went to the office door and opened it. He turned his head back towards the couch.

"Don't you move, nigger," he warned her. "I want the boys to see what you are for themselves."

"Yes, suh," said Rashanta.

The black woman had never felt so used and degraded. Like she was less than human. Less than an animal. Just fuck meat. Nothing more. She felt his semen leaking out of her gaping pussy hole. His spit was dripping off her face.

"Bo!" he called. "You an Rusty come collect this nigger. I'm through with her. You probably oughta go get her cleaned up again. She needs it."

Bo appeared at the door instantly with Rusty close behind him. The two white men walked over to the couch and drank in the sight of Rashanta, used and abused. The two looked at her for a moment and then at each other.

"Damn!" exclaimed Rusty. "I guess she do needs cleanin' up!"

"Let's step it up, boys," Sheriff Baxter prodded them. "I want her out of here *now*."

"Right, sheriff," said Rusty.

"On your feet girl," Bo ordered.

Rashanta knew she better not move since Earl ordered her not to. She looked over at him and he nodded his approval. She slowly stood up.

"Goddamn, girl!" exclaimed the older white man. "You left a puddle of your mess on my couch! Clean that shit up, now!"

The black woman looked down at the creamy wet spot on the leather couch. Then she looked back at the sheriff, not knowing how to proceed.

"Get down on your fuckin' knees, you stupid bitch!" he said, as if explaining the obvious. "Get your face into it and lick it up!"

Slowly, Rashanta got on her hands and knees. She knew the sheriff and the two deputies were watching her and could feel her face burning. She put her mouth close to the wet spot and licked and slurped the

puddle of semen up and gagged it down. Finished with her disgusting task, she stood back up, her head hanging in shame.

"Looks like she's come 'round, too," said the sheriff. "Take her to the 'special' cell block when she's cleaned up. Make sure she gets some supper. None a that macaroni shit, neither."

"You got it, sheriff," Rusty replied.

The two young white men led the slender negro out the sheriff's door and then walked on either side of her as they went through the outer office to the corridor to the cell blocks. The gang shower was empty this time and Rusty stayed and supervised Rashanta washing herself off while Bo went to get her a towel and a clean gown.

Rashanta had just finished rinsing herself off when Bo returned and handed her the towel. She dried herself off under their watchful eyes. She was completely humiliated by the way they looked at her. They both had seen her used thoroughly and she knew they'd never think of her the same way again. Bo gave her the gown and they both watched her put it on.

They went back toward the sheriff's office but then turned towards a block Rashanta hadn't been to before. The cells were empty, but clearly were usually occupied. Finally they arrived at one that didn't look lived in. Rusty opened the door and she went in.

"I'll come get you when it's supper time, girl," said the red headed guard as he slid the barred door closed. "Then you can meet your new neighbors."

Rashanta watched as the two guards walked back down the corridor. She sat on the bunk and reflected on what had happened. She'd wanted "special treatment" and she'd certainly gotten it in spades. She hoped she wasn't in for something even worse than the chain gang. Having to humiliate herself for the sheriff was harder than being used by Annie and Babs. But this time she'd asked for it. The sheriff had insisted on that part.

The black prisoner lay her sore body down and waited for supper time and whatever was to follow.

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## **Chapter 10 - Special Treatment**

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The sound of the cell door sliding open got Rashanta's attention. She looked up to see Rusty standing next to Desiree, the big black girl she'd shared a cell with prior to her conviction.

"Hi, Shanta," the ample negress greeted her.

"You two'll have plenty of time for chatter," said Rusty. "Now it's feeding time. Let's get going."

"Dee Dee!" Rashanta smiled at seeing a familiar face.

The slender negro got up and joined her in the corridor. Other black women were also standing around outside their cells. The red haired guard marched them off. They quickly reached a dining hall, smaller than the one she had been eating in up to now.

Taking her tray through the line, Rashanta got chicken with rice and green peas. Real food at last, she thought. She'd been totally sick of all the overcooked pasta she'd be fed in the main mess hall. She went and sat at a table with Desiree.

"I'm glad to see you, girl," said Rashanta. "Seems like it's been a long time."

"Yeah," agreed Desiree. "I's surprised not to see you here right away. I figured fo' sho' the sheriff'd be offerin' you the 'special treatment'."

"I thought I could get by without havin' to do that," the slender negro replied. "I had to let the judge an' those lawyers have their way with me an' I just didn't want to have to do more."

"So, what changed yo' mind?" asked the big black girl. "You here now."

"They had me on the chain gang, girl!" Rashanta exclaimed. "Had me pickin' up trash outside. The guards didn't pay attention to what was goin' on and some white man raped me! The other girls on the chain gang just let him! Like they wanted him to! Today I was diggin' a trench at the county dump! I couldn't take no more!"

The black woman lowered her voice and looked around.

"There were these white girls," continued Rashanta. "Lesbos. They made me... Oh, Dee Dee... They made me do stuff with them. Sex stuff. I had to lick this big white dyke's pussy. It was disgusting! To do that with another woman! And that wasn't the worst thing... Last night they held me down while this sista went down on me. It felt so good, I couldn't help it..."

Desiree had stopped eating in order to listen.

"Couldn't help what?" she asked.

"That girl made me cum, Dee Dee," Rashanta said, looking around again. "I didn't want to but I couldn't help it. An' I was so ashamed. I couldn't understand why that girl would do what they said. Especially what the leader, Annie, told her to do."

"Ah, Annie," nodded Desiree. "She been here fo' years. She almost be runnin' dis place. I hear she killed a man way back. Dat nigga, she be one wack bitch, dat's fo' sho'. She be like that white bitch's dog or some shit."

"Anyways," Rashanta went on, "I couldn't take no more, so I tol' the sheriff I'd do like he wants. I even talked to him like I was some ignorant ass nigga, beggin' him to fuck me. But first he had a guard take me to get my coochie shaved! You ever hear of such a thing?!"

"Uh, yeah," said Desiree, blushing. "All us girls here got to have bare coochies. Dat's da way it be."

"He walked me back to that sheriff's office," Rashanta related. "Naked and shaved the whole way! Every damn deputy in the place stopped to stare! I was so embarrassed! I get back to his office, but it ain't over yet. He was so mean! He made me... do things... Like crawl on his filthy ass floor. I had to show off my stuff like I was some cheap whore. He fucked me hard. It hurt, but I had to just lay there and take it. An' after he got off inside me, he spat in my face! Can you believe it?! Spat in my face like I was trash!"

"He do play rough, dat one," agreed Desiree. "Dat sheriff's a horny ass motherfucker. But, he do take care of us girls. We ain't gotta do nothin' but this. Not like dem sorry ass niggas out diggin' in the dirt. He asked me if'n I wanted special treatment an' I din't hafta think twice, girl. I said, 'hell, yeah!' An' he jus' bent me over his desk an' did his bidness inside me an' dat was it. Guess he din't 'preciate you sayin' no da first time."

"No, I guess not," said Rashanta. "I'd just been through so much already. And I was so scared about the whippin'."

"That musta hurt bad," Desiree responded. "I was der, watchin' you. You was takin' it better'n I'd a done, girl."

"It did, girl," the slender black woman told her. "It din't hurt so bad as I was afraid it would. But it was so humiliatin'. To be stripped an' whipped in front of all those people! It hurt so bad, an' it was jus' entertainment for them. I had to jus' shut 'em out. The whippin' helped do that. But it hurt so bad! You can't imagine. I couldn't stay on my feet. He even whipped my breasts when I was just swingin' there."

"I saw dat," said Desiree. "Damn..."

"Afterwards, that white man wanted me to suck his dick," Rashanta continued. "He whipped me an' left me covered with welts an' he wanted me to suck him."

"Did you?" the big black girl wanted to know.

"Well," Rashanta blushed. "I don't know what came over me. The way he talked to me. Even while it was happenin' up there. I was so confused. It was almost like he din't wanna hurt me. But he was whippin' me. I... I... I wanted to give him pleasure. I can't explain it. I wanted to suck his white dick. And I did the best I knew how. Does that make any sense, Dee Dee?"

"Yeah," Desiree replied. "I understan's. I can't explains it neither. You be gettin' plenty o' chances to suck white dick where we goin'. Dey gots a place here, you be seein' it soon. A club fo' dem white men who like to use niggas. Dat's what we be doin' 'stead o' diggin' ditches an' shit. We gotta be naked fo' 'em. An be nice to 'em an' do like dey say. Dey like new girls. You be seein' that."

"Alright, ladies," announced Rusty. "Time to earn your keep."

The black inmates assembled in the corridor outside the dining hall. Rashanta saw that there were at least a dozen women of various shapes, sizes, shades, and ages. Rusty led them away from the cell block until they came to a heavy steel door. The red haired guard buzzed them through it.

A tall, middle aged, white woman was waiting for them on the other side. She wore her mostly silver hair up and her makeup was so understated that it was barely noticeable. She was wearing an elegant dark blue dress the came down just past her knees with a high neckline. A pearl necklace, matching earrings, and black high heels completed her outfit.

"Good evening, Rusty," she greeted the guard. "I see you've got the new girl Earl told me about with you, tonight. Excellent!"

"Yes, ma'am, Miz Miriam," said Rusty. "Sheriff said she changed her mind 'bout it."

"So I understand," the white woman said, looking Rashanta up and down. She turned to Rusty. "Thank you, Rusty. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Ok, ma'am," the guard replied and went back through the steel door. The latch clicked as the door closed.

"Alright, girls," said Miriam clapping her hands once. "Get undressed new and be quick about it."

Rashanta looked around and saw the other women were stripping of their orange prison garb. She pulled her own gown over her head and threw it on the pile that the others had started near the door. Miriam led the female inmates past several small rooms that opened off the corridor.

At last they reached a large room that was set up much like a club bar. There were at least a dozen tables each with several chairs around it. At the back, where Rashanta now stood, was a couple of pool tables. There was a stage in the front. The wall to the left was empty.

Along the wall to the right was a bar complete with stools. A gray haired, balding black man, at least sixty years old stood behind the bar polishing a shot glass. He was dressed in a white shirt with a red bow tie. He looked up briefly as Miriam addressed the naked colored women.

"You girls go get the place ready to open," instructed Miriam. "I want to talk to the new girl now."

The other women drifted off and busied themselves wiping off the tables and straightening the chairs. Miriam sat in a nearby chair and looked up at Rashanta.

"Now, let's have a look at you," said the white lady. "Come closer so I see you properly."

Rashanta stepped forward and stood in front of her.

"I need to see what we've got to work with her, girl," Miriam told her. "Put your hands behind your head and open those legs up for me. That's a good girl."

The slender negro did as she was told. She was very embarrassed to be showing her naked body off to this older white woman while standing in the middle of this bar. The other colored girls were still straightening the place out, their brown flesh jiggling as they moved the chairs around and polished the table tops. She could feel the gaze of the elderly bartender as he kept an eye on her as he rubbed a shot glass with a white bar towel.

Miriam reached up and brushed her fingers on Rashanta's face. She traced a finger on her thick negro lips. The white lady pushed her finger into the black woman's mouth.

"Open up, girl," she coaxed. "I want to see your teeth."

Rashanta felt like an animal being checked over. She opened her mouth and looked away as Miriam peered inside.

"Good teeth!" the white lady said approvingly. "You'd be surprised how many of these girls have bad teeth. The gentlemen don't find that too attractive, believe me! But you're in fine condition."

Miriam slowly ran her hand down to Rashanta's chest and over her right breast, giving it a squeeze. The black girl's nipple hardened at the touch. Her face grew hot and she glanced towards the bar to see if the old man was watching. He was, and he smiled back at her.

"Nice firm udder," the lady observed to herself. She moved her hand over to the right breast and squeezed gently. "Very firm. They'll love the way the nipples point straight out that way. Good color on them, too. Like dark chocolate. Yes... Very nice udders, indeed."

Rashanta's face burned with shame as the examination continued. Miriam proceeded to run her fingertips over the nude negress's pubic mound and then put her hand between her legs and gently stroked her pussy.

"Hmmm..." the white woman's forehead wrinkled. "Let me guess... Eddie shaved you. I swear, for a man who enjoys his work so much he does miss the details. I can feel some stubble here... and here! I suppose we'll have to have this waxed." She looked at her wrist watch. "I hope there's time. Otherwise you'll just have to go on as is. Oh, well..."

Miriam's hand went back to stroking Rashanta's pussy. The colored girl's legs trembled and she involuntarily started slowly bucking her hips.

"Oh my," said Miriam with surprise. "You're quite damp already!" She looked up into Rashanta's face. "You like this, don't you, girl?"

Rashanta blushed as she realized she was humping the white ladies hand. She looked quickly around to see if anyone else had noticed. The bartender grinned broadly, his white teeth contrasting with his dark skin. Looking back at Miriam, she nodded, unable to speak.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed," the white lady said soothingly. "I understand how you colored girls are. You all do love to have your pussies stroked. I think it's sweet the way you're all so responsive. You clit's all popped out, too! Wonderful! Nice thick hanging labia. Oh, I can think of one gentleman in particular who will simply love that! Now turn around and bend over. Spread those cheeks for me like a good girl."

The slender black woman was mortified at this treatment. But she knew she must comply. She turned around and bent over. Reaching behind herself, she put a hand on each cheek and spread her ass for the white lady. Right away she felt the woman's finger tracing along the crack of her ass and prodding her anus.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the white lady. "Doesn't look like very many boys have been in the back door! Still nice and tight. So cute the way it's all puckered up! I can tell you'll be an instant favorite with a few certain gentlemen we have here."

Rashanta was looking at the empty wall, but knew that the old negro man was watching and enjoying the show she was putting on. Being inspected like livestock was thoroughly degrading. Miriam continued to run her finger down the black woman's crack, across her asshole, her crotch, and finally to her pussy. She gasped when the white lady pushed a finger into her vagina.

"Hmmm..." pondered the elegantly dressed white woman. "Don't think they'll need much lube... You're dripping with cream!"

The white lady withdrew her finger and slapped the negro on the ass.

"That's all for the exam," she said. "You'll do. I'd say too bad about the welts left over from the whipping you took, but I know several gentlemen who prefer to see a few stripes on a colored girl's hide."

Rashanta stood and turned around. She looked over to the bar and saw the bartender still grinning and polishing a shot glass. Probably the same one, she thought.

"Get on your knees, girl," Miriam ordered. "I don't want to be looking up at you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Rashanta, quickly dropping to her knees before the white lady.

"Good girl!" Miriam praised her. "Isn't that more comfortable?"

"Yes, ma'am," the colored woman agreed.

"Excellent," the white lady smiled. "Tell me, girl, do you like chocolate?"

"Er, yes, ma'am," Rashanta replied, puzzled at the question.

"Willie!" Miriam called to the elderly black man. "Bring the chocolates here. That's a good fellow."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. "Right away, ma'am."

Willie brought a glass dish with bite sized chocolate candies on it.

"Thank you, Willie," she smiled at him. "That's all for now."

The old negro returned to the bar. The white lady held out a chocolate for the colored woman.

"Go ahead, take it, girl," said Miriam.

Rashanta slowly reached her hand out to take it.

"No hands!" the white lady said sternly. "You'll take it properly or you won't get it at all!"

The slender black woman's face flushed at the rebuke. With her eyes focussed on the lady's hand she leaned forward and took the treat into her mouth and ate it.

"What do you say?" Miriam asked expectantly.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Rashanta, her head still bowed, her eyes downcast.

"Good girl!" Miriam exclaimed, pleased. "That's more like it! Sometimes I think I spoil you girls..." She looked over at Willie, who'd been watching the entire episode. "Don't I, Willie? Don't I spoil them?"

"Oh, fo' sho', ma'am," the old colored man agreed. "You sho' do. You too kind to dese girls, Miz Miriam. You spoil dem rotten."

The white lady laughed turned back to the kneeling negro woman.

"Well, how could I be otherwise with them?" Miriam smiled and reached her hand out and stroked Rashanta's face and hair. "Such pretty girls."

The elegant white woman looked back towards the bar.

"Willie?" she addressed him. "How long would it take you to give this girl a good waxing? Eddie's left stubble on her thighs and didn't even touch her asshole. You'd think a pervert like him would pay more attention to the details."

"No time at all, Miz Miriam," the elderly black man replied. "Ah kin have dat girl smooth afore you know it."

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the white lady. "Be a good fellow and go take care of that." She turned back to Rashanta. "Off you go now. You do like Willie says like a good girl."

The old colored man came around from behind the bar carrying a leather satchel. The slender negress rose and followed him to the first of the small rooms.

"You just lay yo'self down, missy," instructed Willie. "I have dat cat smooth as a baby's booty in no time."

Rashanta lay on the bed while he got the wax out of the satchel. He applied it to her entire public region and upper thighs. She could see his black trousers tenting up. Clearly he was enjoying himself.

"Dis gon' hurt, girl," he warned her.

The colored woman gasped in pain as the old man pulled the wax off along with the stubble. He smiled down at her and ran his hand over her mound.

"See?" he said happily. "Smooth as a baby's booty. Now, spread dem legs, baby girl. Hold 'em up so I's kin git at yo' holes."

Rashanta blushed again and did as he said. Her pussy and asshole were completely accessible to the old man. He smiled broadly as he applied the wax to her crotch and ass crack.

"Dis gon' hurt worse," Willie told her. "You got a hairy butt hole, missy. It all gon' be comin' off now."

"Owww!" cried Rashanta, the hairs ripped out of her tender flesh.

"Told ya," he chuckled. "But it ain't so bad."

Willie ran his fingers over the newly waxed skin between the negress's legs and began stroking her pussy. Rashanta turned her head away in shame, unable to control her arousal at his touch.

"Dats how dem white gentlemen be likin' a nigga girl," Willie told her. "Nice an' smooth. Dey gon' love dis cat, sweet thang. An' dis booty hole. Oh, yeah." He inhaled deeply. "Mmmm... I kin smell dat cat, missy. You got a sweet one, dat's fo' sho'. Better be gettin' back now. Can't be keepin' Miz Miriam waitin' around."

Willie closed up the satchel and together they walked back into the main room. The naked black woman and the balding gray haired negro, almost old enough to be her grandfather. They went to where Miriam was standing, supervising the girls finishing up getting ready to open the place.

"Here she be, Miz Miriam," said Willie proudly. "Smooth as a baby's booty, ma'am."

"Let's see," the white lady said as she sat back in her chair. "Bend over, girl. I want to check old Willie's work."



Rashanta turned and bent over, presenting her ass to Miriam. She could feel the white woman's hand feeling her newly smoothed skin. Again she was embarrassed by her arousal at the lady's touch.

"Good work, Willie," Miriam praised him. "You may return to your duties now."

"Yes, ma'am," said the old black man. "Thank you, Miz Miriam."

Rashanta watched as Willie walked back to the bar and resumed polishing what appeared to be the same shot glass and grinned the same grin. Miriam withdrew her hand and slapped her on the ass again. The slender negress stood and turned to face the white lady.

"Kneel, girl," Miriam said sternly. "You need work on remembering that. When I'm seated, you *will* be on your knees. Is that clear?"

Rashanta immediately dropped to her knees.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the negro apologized. "I won't forget."

Miriam smiled and reached out and stroked Rashanta's face. The colored girl could smell her own scent on the older woman's hand.

"All is forgiven, girl," the white lady smiled. "You'll learn. It doesn't all happen overnight." She took another chocolate from the glass dish and offered it to the kneeling black woman. "You're a good girl. Here's a treat for you."

Rashanta was embarrassed at her treatment. The white lady was treating her like a pet. A pampered pet, but a pet nevertheless. She was a grown woman who'd been reduced to kneeling, naked, before this elegantly dressed older white woman and eat chocolates from her hand as if they were doggy treats. And this after she'd had her most private parts examined here in the middle of the room. She leaned forward and took the chocolate from the lady's hand with her mouth.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the colored woman, blushing.

"You're very welcome," the older woman told her. "You may call me Miz Miriam. I think we'll get along just fine. I run this place as you can see."

"This was the jail annex that was built several years ago to accommodate an increasing jail population. Since then, it was converted to be a club for the deputies who are the guards here. Over the years we've also accepted the deputies friends and family as members. Even Judge White is a member and stops by from time to time! I think you know him."

"Obviously, the county can't support the club so we have to take care of ourselves. We charge the members for the use of the girls here and that covers our expenses, my salary, and even the improved conditions you girls enjoy in the jail. We want our gentlemen to enjoy themselves and so we have to insist that the girls are always on their best behavior and do as they're told. I'm sure you can understand that.

"Anyways, now that you're presentable. I'll tell you how you're to be used tonight. I know it's your first time here and you want to do well and not disappoint me or Sheriff Baxter. Don't worry, I know you'll do wonderfully.

"We'll be opening soon and the gentlemen will be anxious to have a look at the new girl. They always are! And who can blame them? You're such a pretty girl. You'll be displayed so they can enjoy your charms. Naturally, you'll be restrained in an attractive position so you won't have to worry at all about how you should stand or show yourself off for them.

"Once everyone has had a chance to get here see just how pretty you are, the gentlemen who have more of an exhibitionistic nature will have the opportunity to use you here in the main room before you're taken to one of the back rooms. Again, don't fret about having to put on a show for the gentlemen or how best to please them. We'll take care of that for you.

"You'll be strapped down to the bed for their use, so you see you don't need to do a thing! They don't really want any interaction with you. They just want to be alone with a black female body and do whatever they like with it. You'll have no need to moan or feign pleasure either since for the most part they are truly not interested in whether you enjoy it or not. In fact, many probably prefer that you don't!

Rashanta was completely dumbfounded. She figured she'd be teasing the men with her body, letting them grope and pinch her, and then going in the back with them where she'd be working to get them off. Instead i sounded like she was just going to be a piece of living pornography for a while and then taken off to be used like a piece of fuck meat. She could feel the panic rising inside her.

"Willie!" Miriam called out. "Bring the equipment over here for the new girl."

The old black man came out from behind the bar with a wooden foot locker which he placed on the floor next to where Rashanta knelt.

"Here it be, Miz Miriam," said Willie. "You want me to fix her up like usual, ma'am?"

"Yes, I think that'll be just fine," Miriam agreed. "Proceed."

Willie produced a heavy black leather collar and fastened it around Rashanta's neck. Next he produced a pair of leather cuffs.

"Hold your hands out, missy," he instructed her.

The kneeling black woman held her hands out and the old negro put the cuffs on her wrists. He went around behind her and fastened similar cuffs to her ankles.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Miriam. "Go ahead and get her up where they can see her properly, Willie."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied to her as he helped Rashanta to her feet.

The elderly black man led the naked negress to the stage next to the bar. He picked a metal bar up from behind the stage. Using the attached clips he connected each end to one of her wrist cuffs. It was long enough to keep her arms spread. It had an eye-bolt through the middle which he attached to a large steel hook in the ceiling. This allowed her to stand comfortably on the platform with her hands raised above her head.

"This position sho' shows dem titties off fine, sweet thang," Willie told her once he'd finished mounting the arm spreader. "Yep, you look mighty fine, indeed."

Rashanta looked straight ahead, still stunned at the description of what the evening held in store for her. Willie took ropes hanging from pulleys attached to the ceiling and fastened them to the ankle cuffs. He went around behind her.

"Watch yourself, missy," he warned her. "You gon' be hangin' der in a second."

With that, Willie started tugging on the ropes through the pulleys. Rashanta's legs were pulled out from under her and she was hanging by her wrists. She could see her feet being lifted in front of her, spreading her legs wide. She felt the coolness of the room air on her pussy and asshole. She could feel her weight on her wrists and ankles.

"There you go!" announced the old black man, stepping back around in front. "Those white men gon' jus' love you, sweet thang!"

Miriam walked up for a closer look. She stood right in front of Rashanta with an approving expression on her face.

"Good work, Willie," the white lady praised him. "Go finish getting ready now, we'll be opening in a few minutes."

"Yes, ma'am," said the bartender.

Willie walked off as Miriam stepped up onto the stage and stood between Rashanta's legs. She reached down and ran a finger from her ass crack, across her anus, over her crotch, and through her slit. Rashanta shuddered in her bonds.

"Comfy?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes, Miz Miriam," Rashanta replied, her voice strained.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the white lady. "Willie does a fine job with the girls. Just look at you! The gentlemen will simply adore you. They'll be able to clearly see all your charms in a glance. And you're completely ready for use, too! This position has so many advantages. We use it for displaying all the new girls. Just one more thing..."

Rashanta saw that Miriam was holding a red ball with a leather strap through it in her hand. The white lady placed the ball in the negro's mouth and fastened the strap tightly behind her head. She could feel her lips stretched and her face distorted by it.

"Ah, yes," said Miriam with satisfaction, "the finishing touch. No awkward moments with small talk or worries of saying the wrong thing. Plus, I think it's very attractive. The gentlemen love the way it makes a girl's face look. I'll have to show you later. I'm sure someone will take pictures. Don't worry about the drool. All the girls drool with this gag, so don't be too embarrassed. Personally, I think it's just precious!"

The white lady stepped back from the stage and walked to the bar. She reached her hand under it and suddenly several bright lights went on, illuminating the stage area and Rashanta in particular.

"Perfect!" Miriam observed. "Well, I must go open up before those men push the door down! They get impatient when we've got a new girl."

The well dressed white woman turned and walked away, leaving the naked negress hanging by her wrists and ankles from the ceiling. The colored woman's legs were spread wide, her sex on display, her mouth filled.

Rashanta heard male voices just as the first saliva started drooling out of her stretched lips and onto her chest. She felt like a piece of meat about to be thrown to the wolves.

## Chapter 11 - In Restraints

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From her vantage point on the stage, Rashanta watched the white men enter the club. Feelings of panic rose inside her. She was naked, suspended from the ceiling by her wrists and ankles. Her arms were spread above her. Her legs were spread so wide in front of her she could feel the strain in her groin.

The naked negress drooled through the ball gag stuffing her mouth leaving trails of saliva hanging off her chin and dripping onto her bare chest. Her shaved sex was splayed open and she could feel the cool room air wafting over pussy and asshole. She was totally vulnerable and completely exposed.

Bright lights shined on her and made it difficult for Rashanta to make out the white men at the bar, getting their drinks, and sitting at the tables in the club room. The sounds of many simultaneous conversations made it impossible to hear what they were saying. Occasional laughter got her attention, and she imagined they were laughing at her, the naked black woman, obscenely displayed on stage.

Rashanta could hear the loud clack of billiards balls coming from the pool tables in the back, so she knew not all eyes were upon her. In a way, that knowledge humiliated her even more. On the one hand, being displayed this way, her most private parts spread for all to see, was very embarrassing and gave her no small amount shame.

But on the other, to have these other men ignore her and go about playing games and talking amongst themselves was a greater humiliation. It made the slender black woman feel like nothing more than a living centerfold hanging on the wall. It was as if her body, her humiliation, her pain, and even her very self only served as a thing to titillate and amuse these strangers.

After a time, a bearded big man with light brown hair, dressed in jeans with suspenders and a plaid shirt stood with another similarly attired thin clean shaven man with black hair and wearing a baseball cap. They both looked her over hungrily.

"I tell you what, buddy," said the bearded one, "that's a *fine* piece of nigger meat if ever I saw one! I'm ready to give her a hot beef injection right this here minute!"

"C'mon, Bubba! Don't tell me you gonna do her in here!" exclaimed the one with the cap. "I 'spect that kinda shit from Jimmy. That boy's got no fuckin' shame whatever! Remember when he just ass fucked that fat nigger a while back. He jus' don't give a shit who's watchin'"

Rashanta tried to shift a little to relieve the stress on her leg muscles. The pullies creaked a little in response to her movements. She felt a another droplet of saliva drip from her chin onto her breast.

"Hey, it's only five bucks to fuck her in here," replied Bubba. "I'm on a budget, Lenny! My old lady ain't gonna notice five bucks gone. Ten for the back room's another story."

"Do what you like," said Lenny, shaking his head. "I wanna be alone with that, I tell you what. Havin' folks lookin's just gonna spoil my fun. Ten bucks is damn cheap for a nigger like that. Jus' look at that poontang! Damn! Word has it she ain't hardly been ass fucked neither. Still nice and tight."

The black woman blushed at their words. Hearing the tightness of her asshole being common knowledge and a topic for discussion added to her shame. It humiliated her to listen to these men talk about her as though she weren't even there.

"Yeah," agreed Bubba. "Some o' these ho's are all loose and sloppy. All fucked out, ya know what I mean?"

"Better use this one quick," Lenny went on, laughing. "'Fore she gets all stretched out."

Rashanta wanted to turn her head away and block all this out, but her bonds held her fast. She was just a thing to these white men. A thing to be used and dismissed.

"Table's open," Bubba said, looking over his shoulder to the back of the room. "Maybe I'll get them five bucks from you and fuck this nigger fo' free!"

"Like hell, Bubba," Lenny chided him. "You ain't gonna be shootin' straight with a hard on in your pants!"

"We'll jus' hafta see 'bout that!" laughed Bubba.

The two white men walked back towards the pool tables leaving Rashanta alone again. After a few minutes Miriam walked up to the stage along with a broad shouldered white man wearing a business suit.

"So, this is the new nigger, eh?" he said rhetorically. "Not bad. Not bad at all. You can still see the whip marks on her. Especially on her left tit. But who cares? I kinda think she looks better that way."

"Yes, she is quite attractive," agreed Miriam. "Earl says she's still not broken in completely, but she seemed perfectly respectful to me."

"Well, done up like this, it don't really matter if she's broke in or not!" laughed the white man. "This way, she just has to take it and like it! The breakin' in'll take care of itself. Personally, I like a little resistance in them. More satisfying that way."

"I'm confident you'll be pleased with her, Roger," said Miriam, looking right into Rashanta's eyes. "You know how my girls are. Your pleasure is their only concern."

Rashanta averted her eyes from the white lady's gaze. She was a toy to the man and merchandise to the lady. She shifted around a little and felt a pool of saliva on her chest run down her side. Miriam looked at her wrist watch.

"It's almost time to get started," said the white lady. "Excuse us."

"Er, yeah," said Roger distractedly, his attention focussed on Rashanta's naked body.

The white man stood and admired the negress's exposed charms for a few moments and then turned and headed for the bar. Miriam climbed up on the stage.

"Comfy, girl?" the white lady smiled.

Rashanta understood that trying to tell her that her wrists and ankles hurt and that her legs were stretched painfully would be impossible with the gag in her mouth would be unintelligible. She didn't want to displease Miriam. But her bladder was full and she was afraid she couldn't hold it for the rest of the evening. She nodded, the drool hanging off her chin swung back and forth before dripping on her chest.

"Good!" exclaimed Miriam. "I'm glad to hear it. Are you ready for use now?"

"Un ah ee," said Rashanta through the gag.

"What are you saying, girl?" asked the white lady, reaching behind the bound negro to unfasten her gag.

"I have to pee, ma'am," the colored woman said softly. "I's sorry."

"Oh, don't be sorry, girl!" Miriam smiled. "This works out perfectly!"

Rashanta was both embarrassed and puzzled. Surely it was going to be inconvenient to take her down so she could pee. Miriam looked around the room.

"Desiree!" called the white lady. "Bring the bucket. Your friend wants to pee for us!"

"Yes, Miz Miriam," said the big black girl who went to the bar and returned with a metal bucket.

"Now, let's just put your gag back in...," Miriam said to herself as she stuffed the red ball into Rashanta's mouth and fastened it tightly behind her head. She turned to Desiree. "Desiree, hold the bucket for your friend."

"Yes, ma'am," said Desiree, climbing up on the stage and holding the bucket under Rashanta's crotch.

"Gentlemen!" Miriam announced. "The new girl would like to put on a little show for you! Go ahead, dear. Everybody's waiting."

Rashanta was mortified. Did the white lady really expect her to pee in a bucket in front of all these men? But, she knew she had no choice. She closed her eyes and tried to relax. Her face burned with shame as the first trickle started to tinkle into the bucket. Her stream gained strength the sound of her urine hitting the metal could be heard over the entire room.

"Put it on the floor, girl," Miriam instructed her. "So everyone can see."

Desiree moved the bucket further down the arc of piss, placing it on the floor. The pee started to splash as the bucket filled. At last the stream subsided. The big black girl moved the bucket so the stage wouldn't get wet. After the last few drops, a man in the back started clapping and soon the whole room applauded. Rashanta couldn't remember ever being so humiliated.

"Excellent!" Miriam exclaimed, standing up. "Take it away, Desiree. Now, who wants to take part in the public use of the new girl? Five dollars is all it costs."

Miriam looked around the room to see if there were any takers on her offer of Rashanta's charms. Desiree picked up the metal bucket from under the bound naked colored woman and carried it away.

"Right here, Miriam!" called Bubba, clutching the money in his hand. "I'll fuck her right now!"

The white lady picked a large glass jar up off the bar and held it out. The fat bearded man dropped the five dollar bill into the jar and climbed up on the stage. The slender negress remained motionless, suspended in her bonds, her legs spread wide, her shaved sex clearly visible for all to see.

"C'mon, Bubba!" called Lenny from the back of the room. "Let's see what you can do!"

Bubba stepped up to Rashanta and unzipped his fly. The black woman watched as he took his dick out of his pants. He was already erect. Although his cock wasn't especially long, it was quite thick. She knew taking it was going to stretch her and give her pain. He set the head of it right at the entrance to her vagina and pushed it in slightly.

"Mmmff!" cried Rashanta into her gag.

"You like that, bitch?" asked Bubba.

The big white man leaned back slightly and moved forward, pushing his dick slowly into the negro's pussy, her own weight driving it deeper. He started bucking his hips causing her to swing slightly by her arms and legs, suspended from the ceiling. She felt the strain on her wrists and ankles. His thick cock filled and stretched her cunt hole.

Rashanta moaned in pain as Bubba fucked her bound body up on the stage. He grabbed her breasts and squeezed them hard. She cried out through her gag. She felt him take one nipple between his thumb and forefinger and then the other with his other hand. He pinched them painfully causing her to yelp into the gag. Her body tensed up from the shock of it.

"Oh, yeah!" exclaimed Bubba. "That's the way to squeeze my dick, nigger!"

The fat bearded man pinched the slender negress's nipples again even harder. She tensed and squeezed him again. He grunted with pleasure and bucked his hip harder, each thrust pushing her away, her own weight swinging her back, impaling her on his thick shaft. She whimpered into the ball gag. The ropes creaked in the pullies.

"That's it!" someone shouted encouragement. "Fuck that ho'!"

Bubba was clearly getting into the rhythm. He'd shove himself hard into Rashanta's pussy which pushed her back in her restraints. Her weight would bring her back, driving her back onto his dick. He'd pinch her nipples just at the the right time to get her to tense up and squeeze his cock when it was deepest inside her. Sweat beaded up on his reddened face, strands of hair stuck to his forehead.

"Uh... uh... uh..." the fat white man grunted with the exertion, his breathing heavy.

Rashanta felt his meaty hands on her waist. Bubba slowly stopped humping her, and began instead to simply move her back and forth over his cock. It was as if he was using her pussy to stroke himself off. She came to that realization and turned her head in shame. To be used for the sexual gratification of another was degrading enough, but to be treated as an inanimate object, a sex toy, was even worse.

"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Bubba grunted and his eyes opened wide as he ejaculated in Rashanta's vagina.

The bound black woman felt the hot jets of cum shooting inside her bare pussy. She could hear the hoots and hollering of the audience as they realized that the act had reached its climax. The fat white

man stepped back and drank in the view of the negro hanging in her bonds, her skin wet with sweat, her nipples hard and swollen, his semen dripping onto the floor out of her wide open cunt.

"Damn, this nigger's got some good pussy!" Bubba announced to the crowd. "Best five bucks I ever spent! Whew! I need to sit down! Somebody bring me a beer, I'm dying' o' thirst!"

Rashanta watched as Bubba slumped into a chair at a front table. She could see Lenny pull up a seat with him and a couple other white men come over to him. She saw Willie bring fresh glasses of beer for all of them. She felt strangely disappointed that he, not her, was now the focus of attention. She could feel his slime oozing out of her.

"Desiree!" called Miriam. "Come here, girl!"

Rashanta watched as Desiree hurried over, like a puppy being called by her mistress. As she looked on, the bound negro felt her drool running down from her chin onto her sore nipple. Her jaw ached and her pussy hurt from being stretched by Bubba's thick white cock.

"Go clean your friends pussy, girl," instructed the white lady. "And be quick about it!"

"Yes, ma'am, Miz Miriam," said the big black girl.

Desiree dropped to her hands and knees, knowing the white lady expected it. She crawled across the stage and put her face between Rashanta's legs and began lapping up the big man's sperm from the negress's pussy. The slender negress saw that the whole room's attention was focussed on her and blushed. But she was completely immobilized by her bonds and could do nothing other than squirm slightly.

Rashanta looked out across the room and noticed for the first time that many of the men who sat and watched had a kneeling black woman on the floor in front of them. Most of these women had their naked backs to her and were bobbing their heads in the men's laps. An odd mix of shame and disgust swept over her as she realized that the show she and Desiree were putting on was merely extra stimulation for these white men's blow jobs.

The big black girl's tongue felt so good on the slender negress's pussy. She closed her eyes and moaned in spite of herself. Rashanta could feel Desiree licking up and down the length of her slit, pausing to stick her tongue in her stretched hole. She sucked the cum out of her and swallowed it. She took her friend's clit between her lips and sucked gently, sending waves of pleasure through her body. She then licked up the semen that had dripped over the bound negro's crotch and asshole.

"That's enough now, girl!" Miriam laughed. "Don't want her too worked up!"

Desiree immediately stopped her ministrations and backed off the stage, still on her hands and knees. Rashanta was shocked to realize how aroused she was by what had happened and felt frustration that the big black girl had stopped. She imagined what the mixture the white man's semen and her own pussy juice must taste like to the big black girl.

Miriam snapped her fingers and pointed to a skinny light skinned girl. The girl came quickly to her. The white lady pointed to the puddle of cum on the floor under where Rashanta was suspended and snapped her fingers again. The light skinned girl got up on the stage on her hands and knees and



crawled to the wet spot and lapped it up. The bound negress could hear her slurping noisily beneath her.

Rashanta watched as the girl crawled back off and then kneeled in front of Miriam with her head bowed. The white lady then offered the girl a chocolate in her open hand which she gratefully took in her mouth. She smiled up at the lady as she ate it. The older woman reached out and stroked the girl's curly hair.

The slender negress caught herself in thought. Rashanta found herself longing for such praise. She was embarrassed by the fleeting thought but couldn't deny to herself that she'd experienced it. She tried to summon up anger or even indignation at her treatment in an effort to push the feeling aside. But all she could muster was desire and frustration.

"Willie!" called Miriam. "Get this girl down and take her to the back. I think the gentlemen are ready to experience her charms privately. Get a move on!"

"Right away, Miz Miriam, ma'am," said the old colored man.

Willie stepped up on the stage and stood for a moment between Rashanta's spread legs, a big smile on his face. He went around behind her, out of her sight. In a moment her feet were being lowered to the floor and she stood on shaky legs. The old man lifted the spreader bar her wrists were connected to up off the hook.

"I kin smell dat poontang," he said quietly. "I knows you liked dat, up dere bein' da center o' attention. You can't lie to ol' Willie, sweet thang. An' dat coochie sho' can't lie. I knows better."

Willie put a hand on Rashanta's bare ass and pushed her on ahead of him. She had been waiting for him to remove the spreader bar from her wrist cuffs, but that clearly wasn't happening now. She walked past the tables where the white men sat and drank. They looked up at her as she passed. Even the ones with a naked black girl kneeling between their legs looked up at her. Their girl's heads bobbing up and down on their cocks without a pause. The bound negress could hear the wet slurping sounds, but didn't look down at them. He guided her into the small room where he'd waxed her earlier.

"Just sit down dere, baby girl," he instructed her. "Ol' Willie be takin' care o' you."

"Mmmff," Rashanta verbalized as she drooled through the ball gag.

"Sorry, sweet thang," Willie apologized. "Dat gag be stayin' in fo' now. Dese white mens don't wanna hear no talkin' from you. Dey jus' want dat good poontang. Or dat ass. Or dem titties."

Rashanta sat on the bed and rolled on to her back and looked around the room. There was a cabinet next to the bed with a box on top of it. Peering into the box she saw it was full of condoms. Next to the box was a glass jar with the word "tips" written on it. It was empty. Willie opened the cabinet and pulled out a piece of black cloth.

"Now hold still like a good girl fo' Willie," he said. "I gots to put dis here hood over yo' head. Dese white mens don't like no niggas lookin' at 'em while dey doin' dey bidness wit' dem. Da girls back here, dey jus' some poontang for 'em an' dat's all. Dat's what you gon' be fer now."

"Mmmff! Mmmff!" Rashanta panicked as Willie pulled the hood over her head.

But she was helpless to stop him. Rashanta was plunged into darkness. Willie pushed her back onto the bed and attached the spreader bar over her head, immobilizing her hands. He then fastened her legs so that they were spread wide apart, leaving her pussy easily accessible and her body sexually available..

"Dat's a good girl," he praised her. "You look real fine. A nice pair o' titties an' some sweet nigga poontang. Dey gon' love you, dat's fo' sho'. I be back when dey through wit' you, sweet thang."

Rashanta heard his foot steps recede, leaving her alone. She could feel sweat trickle down her forehead. It itched but she couldn't move her hand to scratch it. She was totally immobilized and helpless in this position. She felt completely vulnerable and exposed as she lay naked, bound, and spread out.

It wasn't long before she could sense the presence of another person in the room. She heard the door close and the latch click. Her heart pounded in her chest. She listened intently for any clue as to what was going on. The sound of the zipper being undone was unmistakable followed by the clank of a belt buckle being unfastened. Within seconds she felt the weight of a man on the bed between her legs.

Rashanta felt the head of his cock at the entrance to her pussy. She was already quite moist from before and it slid in easily. The black woman could feel the man's breath on her face as he began humping her. He fucked her steadily and silently. The only sounds she could hear was his grunts of exertion and the wet sound of his dick in her cunt. In and out. In and out. She lay there and took it. There was nothing else for her to do..

"Uh! Uh..." the unseen stranger grunted. "Uh..."

He ejaculated in her vagina in a few short strokes. He paused for a moment before she felt him rise from the bed. She listened to the sounds of him pulling his pants back up and buckling his belt. Next came the sound of the zipper going back up. She heard a faint jingling noise followed by the clink of metal on glass. She knew he'd just put a few coins in the tip jar. She felt her face flush with shame under the hood. She couldn't ever remember feeling so used.

Rashanta felt the breeze on her naked skin when he opened the door and left. The sound of high heeled shoes announced a new presence in the room. She heard snapping of fingers followed shortly by the soft slap of approaching bare feet. The bed sagged as someone climbed between her legs. She felt the soft wet warmth of another woman's tongue on her pussy, eagerly lapping up the gooey mess left by the unknown man who'd used her moments earlier.

Involuntarily Rashanta started humping back against it, but once again the sound of snapping fingers stopped it. Frustration set in as the someone withdrew and the bed sprang back up, and she knew the pleasant sensations wouldn't be continuing. Clearly, they weren't for her pleasure, but simply to clean her up before her next use.

The next man sucked her sore nipples hard, first one, then the other, then back again and again until she moaned into the gag with pain. She could feel his erection growing against her thigh and she could tell that his excitement increased with the volume of the noises she made. When he finally entered her he slammed into her tender pussy so violently that she struggled to get away even though it was impossible. This one lasted much longer than the first and her vagina sore and swollen by the time he shot his load into it. She didn't hear the sound of coins in the tip jar afterwards.

Rashanta got no rest after that. Immediately she felt the soft tongue of one of the girls cleaning her up. And, once again, it was withdrawn just as it became pleasurable. The door closed. At first she thought she was alone, but then she could hear the sound of someone breathing.

"You're pretty," said a voice in the darkness. "Very pretty. I like your breasts. Nice thick nipples. Mind if I play with them?"

Rashanta lay still, bracing herself for the pain.

"I asked you a question, you dumb nigger," the voice said, irritated. "Do you mind if I play with them?"

The black woman shook her head.

"Thank you," he said, the pleasant tone returning.

His hands roamed gently over her breasts, squeezing them occasionally. She felt him take her nipple between a thumb and forefinger and then the other one, too, so he held them both. He pinched them gently and then gradually with more force.

"Does that hurt?" he asked, concern in his voice.

"Mmmff," said Rashanta, nodding her head.

"They feel very swollen," he said, without releasing them. "I bet the other men were rough with them. Weren't they?"

Rashanta nodded again, the pain in her nipples increasing as he pinched slightly harder.

"May I twist them?" he asked politely. "I do love twisting a nigger's nipples, so I'd appreciate it very much."

The colored woman was confused. Would he really stop if she shook her head no? Or would it only be worse? She nodded her head. He twisted both nipples hard eliciting a deep throated groan from her through the gag.

"That has to hurt!" he said sympathetically. "I know I'm being a total bastard, but I'd love to pull on them and stretch them out nicely. I'd find the sight very arousing. Is that ok with you?"

Why didn't he just do what he wanted without asking her! Her breasts were already in agony. But he was in complete control and there wasn't anything she could do to stop him from doing what he would with her. She nodded her head yes and felt him tug on her nipples. The pain was hard to take and she yelped into the gag and writhed in her bonds.

"My, but you're a beautiful creature," he told her, breathing heavily. "Seeing you enduring this treatment has me uncomfortably erect. May I relieve myself in your vagina? I see it's very swollen and I doubt it'll be very pleasant for you."

Rashanta nodded her head, groaning and tensing her body in an effort to take the pain she felt in her stretched breasts. She was totally humiliated by being forced to consent to this cruel treatment even though she felt powerless to do otherwise.

"I hope you're not offended," the voice went on. "But I'm going to use one of these condoms. More than a few other men have been inside you recently, and I think it wise to be cautious."

She listened to the sound of the wrapper being torn off a condom and her face burned with shame. He made her feel dirty and used. But she knew that that's exactly what she was. Rashanta was relieved that he'd released her nipples. The bed sagged as he mounted her and entered her. She moaned with pain as she felt his cock stretch her pussy hole.

"Awww, I'm hurting you, aren't I?" he said, again sounding sincerely concerned.

Rashanta nodded slowly. Her pussy was feeling raw from all the use she'd endured so far that evening. His thrusts became more forceful and penetrated her more deeply.

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked breathlessly.

Rashanta shook her head no, realizing it would that likely get him off quicker and he probably wouldn't stop anyways. And somewhere inside her, she didn't want him to stop. Even though it hurt and hurt bad. She wanted him to take his pleasure with her.

"Fuck!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Oh, fuck!"

She felt him tense up momentarily and then his dick jerked a few times inside her. After less than a minute, he withdrew himself from her and got up off the bed.

"Thank you the use of your body, nigger," he told her. "I'll be using you again. You're a good sport and have a good pussy."

Rashanta heard four or five coins jangle into the tip jar and the door opening.

"Bye, now," he said as he left.

Again, she felt the draft of cool air wafting over her sweaty naked body. Her nipples throbbed and her pussy burned. She could hear loud voices and laughter back in the main room. The click clack of high heeled shoes was close by.

"Willie!" called Miriam's voice. "Come here when you're done mixing those drinks and get her legs up. The next gentleman may want to use her anally."

"I's comin', Miz Miriam," Willie's voice came from further away.

She heard his foot steps enter the room.

"My, oh, my, baby girl," he said as he fixed the ropes and pulled her legs up by the cuffs on her ankles.

"Dey sho' be linin' up fo' you tonight!"

Willie left and Rashanta lay there, her feet up over her head. She was spread wide open, exposed, available, accessible. She heard low voices outside. The door closed after a couple minutes. The sound of heavy breathing was clearly audible. The bed sagged. She felt the cock head at her asshole.

"Mmmff!" she cried out, as the unseen stranger rammed his cock home up her ass.

Rashanta felt as if she'd be split open by his unlubricated dick. He dry fucked her ass hard and fast. She screamed into the gag and he fucked her harder and faster. Suddenly he pulled the hood off her head and the room light blinded her momentarily. As her eyes accustomed themselves to the light, she saw Roger, the broad shouldered white man she'd seen earlier with Miriam looking down at her. He hadn't even paused when he removed the hood and continued pounding her.

"I wanted you to see who was raping your ass, nigger," he told her, breathing heavily. "That way when you see me again you'll know who I am."

Rashanta blinked at the light and whimpered into the gag as Roger continued slamming into her.

"Here it comes, bitch!" he cried. "Now take it!"

The bound negro felt him shoot his load into her rectum as he shoved it even deeper up her ass.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" he grunted as he released inside the helpless black woman.

Roger left his dick in her until it began to soften and then withdrew. He stood beside the bed looking down at her. Rashanta turned her head to see him better and only then saw the light skinned negress on her knees next to the bed. Obviously she'd been there the whole time.

The girl walked to him on her knees and took his cock in her mouth and sucked it clean, looking up at him the whole time. When she was finished he pulled up his pants. Fishing around in his pocket, he dropped a few coins in the tip jar and left. Miriam stepped into the room and snapped her fingers. Pointing out the door she snapped them again and the light skinned negro girl hurried away.

"Willie!" she called.

"I's here, Miz Miriam," the old black man said as he hurried to her.

"That's all for this one, Willie," she said. "Remove the restraints and then go start closing up. It's getting late."

"Yes, ma'am," he said with a smile.

Rashanta watched, still in a daze, as he removed the cuffs from her ankles and wrists.

"Sit up, baby girl," he said to her.

The slender negress slowly sat on the edge of the bed, stretching her arms and rubbing her wrists. Willie unfastened the ball gag and removed it from her mouth. Saliva drooled out of Rashanta's mouth. The old colored man dried her off with the bar towel he pulled out of his pocket.

"That's enough, Willie," Miriam told him. "Leave us."

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

He straightened up and left the two women alone in the room.

"Come here, girl," Miriam ordered, patting her thigh.

Rashanta got off the bed and started to stand up. Suddenly, she thought better of it and dropped to her knees. Looking up at her, she could see Miriam beaming at her. She knew she'd taken the correct

posture with the white lady. The black woman crawled to her feet and got back up into a kneeling position.

"Good girl!" exclaimed Miriam, clearly very pleased.

Rashanta's jaw ached from the gag. Her arms and shoulders were stiff and sore from having been restrained over her head for so long. Her pussy was sore and her asshole throbbed from the abuse they'd taken. The white lady held out her hand to the naked black woman. She could see a chocolate in her palm.

"Go ahead and take it, girl," said Miriam, smiling happily. "You deserve it!"

Rashanta bent forward and took the treat in her mouth. Miriam stroked the negro's hair as she ate it.

"Good girl," cooed the white lady. "Good girl. I'm so pleased with you."

Although this treatment humiliated Rashanta further, at the same time she couldn't deny feeling a small measure of pride at Miriam's praise. The black girl was surprised by her feelings. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the taste of the sweet chocolate in her mouth and the white lady's gentle touch on her head.

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## **Chapter 12 - New Meat**

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It was earlier than usual when the lights came on in the special treatment cell block. Ordinarily the girls slept in later than the general population, but this morning was different.

"All right, ladies," announced Rusty, the young red headed deputy. "On your feet. We've got some special entertainment for you all today."

Rashanta rolled out of her bunk and stood, wiping the sleep from her eyes. She'd been in the special cell block for a week now and was used to getting up later since she certainly was being kept up later, as she was being used with the other girls in the jail annex club.

Rusty led the black female inmates down the corridor and out the door into the courtyard. The general population of prisoners, male and female, were already there. Their attention was directed to the whipping platform that Rashanta was all too familiar with. The young deputy left his charges and made his way towards the platform.

Rashanta could see a figure dressed in black standing on the platform. She imagined it was Duane, though he was too far away to make out clearly. After a few minutes Rusty and a big blonde guard, likely Bo, appeared with a petite black woman with long straightened hair between them. She was completely nude and her hands were cuffed and chained together as were her ankles.

At first, she thought it might be Tasha the monkey girl, but then she spotted her in the crowd standing near Annie and Babs. The two white guards led the hapless shackled negro to a spot under the heavy wooden beam that Rashanta had been secured to during her own whipping. The prisoners shifted around as they stood and a general murmuring grew louder.

*Crack!*

Duane cracked the whip and the crowd was instantly silent. A figure that had to be Judge White stood and began speaking. Rashanta couldn't make out the words, but was quite sure what he was saying. The poor colored girl was going to be publicly whipped as part of her punishment for some crime she'd committed, real or imagined.

*Whap!*

The first stroke was clearly audible and the nude black girl jerked against her bonds. The crowd noises started back up.

*Whap!*

The girl jerked against her bonds again, but if she made a sound, Rashanta couldn't hear it.

*Whap!*

"Ah!" the girl cried out, loud enough, this time, to be heard over the growing murmuring of the assembled prisoners.

A shout of approval could be heard from beyond the courtyard. Clearly the towns folks were assembled there and were enjoying the show.

*Whap!*

"Ah!" she cried even louder. "Owww!"

*Whap!*

The colored girl on the platform's knees buckled and she slumped forward, hanging by her wrist cuffs.

*Whap!*

The girl yelped again and struggled to find her footing as she slowly began to twist around.

*Whap!*

"Ahhh!" she cried, just short of a scream, as she took the blow from the whip on her exposed breasts.

"Yeah!" came a yell from the other side of the fence.

*Whap!*

"Owww!" the girl yelped.

Her nude body flailed as she tried to stand and turn her back to the whip-master.

*Whap!*

"Ahhh!" she screamed, taking another stroke of the whip to the front of her tortured body.

The poor colored girl finally managed to get her back to the whip-master.

*Whap!*

Again, her knees buckled from the blow and she slumped forward against her bonds. Duane walked up to her and stood there as Rusty and Bo took her down and off the platform. She clearly needed their support to stay on her feet. The crowd outside the fence roared with approval and applause could be heard. The prisoners began talking amongst themselves.

Rashanta was shocked by what she'd witnessed. So this was what she'd looked like that day well over a week ago. The memory of the cruel whipping she'd endured came back to her and she shuddered. She watched Duane climb down from the platform and go in the direction that the guards had gone previously. There wasn't any doubt in the slender negress's mind about what was going to be happening next. The whip-master would claim his due from the poor girl.

Would this girl find the experience as transcendental as she had, wondered Rashanta. The utter helplessness she'd felt, contrasted with the absolute power wielded by the white whip-master had left her dazed. She remembered the overpowering urge she'd felt to humble herself before him. To submit to his will. To give him her body again for his pleasure. She'd taken his dick in her mouth and sucked it lovingly while she gently caressed his balls. She wanted to worship his manhood. And his power. Did this girl feel the same way?

After a time the guards returned and led the prisoners out of the courtyard and back into the jail. Once inside the building, Bo stepped up to Rashanta.

"Come with me, girl," he instructed her. "Sheriff wants you."

Rashanta was concerned that she'd unknowingly committed some infraction of the rules, though she couldn't imagine what it could have been. She really had been making an effort go along to get along. They soon reached the outer office.

"Off with that," ordered Bo. "Sheriff likes the niggers naked, girl. You know that."

The slender negress pulled the prison gown off as the young white deputy looked on. Once she was naked, he went and knocked on the sheriff's door, never taking his eyes off nude female inmate.

"Wallace is here, sheriff," announced Bo.

"Send her in," came the response.

Bo opened the door and Rashanta entered the sheriff's office. Earl got up from behind his desk. She heard the door shut behind her.

"I see your new duties agree with you," observed the older white man. "Or, least ways they ain't done you no harm. I hear they're linin' up to use that coochie o' yours. Miriam thinks you're quite the prize nigger."

Rashanta blushed with embarrassment. Earl stood in front of her with his hands on his hips, looking her up and down.

"Yep," he said finally, "prize nigger. That's for sure. Now get on the floor and crawl on your belly. Right fuckin' now."

The slender black woman obeyed. She got down on the floor and lay on her front.



"Over to the couch, girl," instructed the sheriff. "Get a move on. I got a hard on that's just about to bust. An' I'm gonna bust it in you."

Rashanta crawled that way across the gritty carpet over to the couch. She climbed up and lay on her back. Sheriff Baxter stood and watched for a moment and then went after her. He bent over so he could run his hands on her nude body. One hand caressing and squeezing her firm brown breasts. The other working its way between her thighs. She turned her head away, her thoughts still on the whipped colored girl.

Whap! The slap shocked her from her thoughts and stung her face.

"You better be openin' them legs up, bitch!" he scolded her. "What's wrong with you? When my hand goes for that poontang, you open up fast. You got that?"

"Yes, sir," Rashanta apologized while quickly spreading her legs. "I's sorry, sir. I's jus' a dumb nigga."

Whap! Whap! Whap! The white man spanked the negro's pussy hard with his open hand. The pain was severe, but she knew better than to close her thighs. She lay there holding her legs open, presenting her sex for punishment, and took it.

"What do you say, nigger?" said the sheriff expectantly.

Rashanta thought quickly. She knew if she didn't get this right her pussy would pay the price.

"Thank you, sir," she said at last. "Thank you fo' beatin' my coochie. You too good to me, boss, teachin' me to be a better nigga fo' you. Thank you, sir."

"That's more like it," he said with satisfaction. "Want some more o' that? Ain't no trouble at all."

Again, Rashanta struggled to figure out the right answer. Her pussy was burning, but she could tell he was very aroused. And somewhere inside her, she knew she wanted to take it for him. Like the girl had taken it for the whip-master.

"Yes, sir, boss," she answered. "Please be beatin' my coochie some more, boss. I's a dumb nigga and I needs to be beat dat way."

Rashanta opened her legs even further, she could feel her bruised flesh stretched.

"Please, boss," she said sincerely, "beat dis nigga's coochie."

Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap!

Sheriff Baxter breathed heavily as he spanked Rashanta's spread pussy. She could see that his dick had pitched a tent in his trousers. Sweat was breaking out on his reddening face. Tears started to form in her eyes from the pain and ran down her face.

"Alright, that's enough," he announced. "Time to fuck you."

"Thank you, boss," Rashanta said, her voice cracking. "Please, boss, fuck my nigga coochie. I needs to be used. I needs yo' white dick in me."

"You comin' around real good, now," said Earl, taking his pants down. "You ain't such a dumb nigger after all."

The older white man climbed between the slender negress's legs, his hard dick bouncing as he moved. She looked up into his face and felt his cock head at the entrance to her swollen pussy. She gasped as he penetrated her in a single stroke. The pain brought renewed tears to her eyes.

"Owww..." she moaned, her pussy aching.

"Awww, am I hurtin' you, bitch?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, boss," she answered. "Yo' big white dick be hurtin' my sore coochie somethin' fierce."

"Good," he responded, his hips bucking, his breathing heavy. "It ain't supposed to feel good. You jus' a fuckin' nigger. So you gotta take it."

"Dat's right, boss," Rashanta agreed. "Use my coochie, boss. I's yo' nigga, so you use it how you want. Nigga's s'posed to be hurtin'. So's dey knows dey place."

"Yeah," he rasped, "you got that right. I know you like that white dick. Don't you bitch?"

"Yes, sir, boss," her voice cracked. "I sho' do. I's jus' a nigga fo' white dick. Fuck me, boss! You fuckin' yo' nigga good."

Rashanta's sore cunt throbbed in pain. The sheriff's thick dick was rubbing her swollen pussy lips raw. Still, she found herself humping back at him, even though she knew he didn't care if she just lay there and take it. He was all about just using her to get off.

"Watchin' that nigger get whapped this mornin's got me all fired up, girl," he told her breathlessly. "You see that?"

"I seen it, boss," she said, her hips bucking along with his. "I seen dat nigga get whapped."

"Seein' that put me in the mood for some nigger coochie," the sheriff went on. "I loves bustin' a nut in a bitch nigger after watchin' a whuppin'."

Rashanta was breathing hard now. In spite of the burning pain in her pussy lips, she could feel pleasure inside her. She was shocked to realize that she was getting close to orgasm. Her cunt was involuntarily squeezing the sheriff's cock.

"You love it now, don't you, nigger?" Earl whispered loudly. "You love that white dick."

"Yeah, boss," she answered, a happy dumb look spreading across her face.

"I knew it," he said as he continued to pump into her black pussy. "When I was spankin' your coochie, my had come up wet. You jus' a slutty nigger now. Slutty fuckin' nigger cravin' that white dick."

"Uh huh," agreed the colored woman. "Yeah, boss"

"Careful, girl," he warned her. "Ain't your place to be cummin' without askin' first."

"Yeah, boss," she said, grinning, her eyes half closed.

Rashanta could tell it was almost past the point of no return. In spite of the pain she felt. In spite of the humiliation she suffered. Maybe even because of it all, she didn't know. She just knew it was going to happen. And she knew asking for permission was the act of submission that was going to drive her over the top.

"Kin I cum, boss?" she begged plaintively. "Please, boss? Kin I cum?"

"Yeah," he allowed. "Cum for me, bitch. Cum for yo' daddy."

"Kin I?" she squealed, oblivious to everything other than the sensations that were overwhelming her. "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

"Fuck!" cried the sheriff, releasing his load into her cunt. "Oh! Fuck!"

Rashanta could feel his cum spurting into her, his dick deep in her pussy. Her vagina was contracting, milking the sperm from him cock.

"Thank you, boss!" she cried. "Thank you... Oh... Ahhh..."

After a minute or two, the sheriff dismounted the negress and stood up, his pants around his ankles. The black prisoner lay on the couch, her chest heaving, semen leaking out of her swollen pussy and onto the couch.

Slowly, Rashanta rolled off the couch and onto her knees on the floor. She looked up at Sheriff Baxter, her face wet with sweat.

"Kin I clean yo' cock, sir?" she asked. "I be honored to do dat fo' you."

"Go ahead, girl," he granted.

The slender colored woman walked forward on her knees and took his wet dick into her mouth. She sucked the sticky pussy juices and semen from it and then licked it off. Finally, she kissed the tip of his cock and looked back up at him.

"Thank you, sir," she said gratefully. "Thank you fo' lettin' dis nigga clean yo' cock. An' thank you fo' usin' me dat way an' makin' me cum so hard, boss. I's so grateful."

Rashanta looked back at the couch and saw the milky puddle on the leather cushion where here crotch had been. She turned around and put her mouth over the wet spot of cum on the couch and slurped it up.

"All clean, boss," she announced proudly.

"Get up now, girl," he said, a hint of warmth in his voice. "I've gotta take a whiz so I'm gonna have Bo take you back."

Rashanta looked up at him without getting up. She didn't understand what had come over her. She desperately wanted to serve this white man.

"Please use me, sir," she asked sincerely. "Please use dis nigga's mouth fo' doin' yo' bid'ness."

The negress opened her mouth and looked up at him, her eyes bright with expectation.

"Alright," he said. "I ain't gonna refuse an offer like that."

"Kin I?" she asked, moving her hands towards his cock.

The sheriff nodded and the black female inmate took his dick in one hand and held it as she put her lips around it. When she seemed ready to take it he relaxed and the flow of urine started. A trickle at first and then a stream so strong she could barely keep up with it. She gulped his piss down while kneeling there, naked in his office. When he finally finished, she sucked the last drops out and kissed his cock head again.

"I's grateful, boss," she said sincerely. "Thank you fo' allowin' me to drink yo' piss, sir."

"My, my, my," mused Earl as he bent to pull up his pants. "Ain't you the good nigger now, girl! Ain't uppity in the least no more. I'm happy to see it."

"Thank you, sir," Rashanta replied. "I's been tryin' hard to be a good nigga fo' you all."

"Bo!" called the sheriff.

The big blonde deputy opened the door.

"I figured you was right out there," chuckled Earl. "Take this girl back where she goes, son."

"On your feet, girl," ordered Bo. "Let's go. Sheriff's a busy man."

Rashanta rose up from her knees and followed the young deputy out. She slipped back into her prison gown and he led her back to her cell.

\* \* \*

When the girls arrived at the jail annex club that evening, a new girl was already waiting for them up on the stage. She was suspended in the same way as Rashanta had been on her first night. The girl's wrists were attached to the spreader bar hanging from the big hook in the ceiling and her ankles were cuffed and lifted as high as her head. Her small pert breasts, shaved pussy, and puckered asshole were on display. Her head was hooded, her long black hair spilling out from under it, but the fresh whip marks visible on her made it clear that she was the girl who'd been up on the platform that morning.

Rashanta helped the other girls get the club ready for opening time. The new girl hung silently in her bonds, naked and spread wide open. Miriam gave the place one last check and opened the door. Several white men were waiting there and they filed, talking and laughing. Most stood around the stage checking the new girl out. The girls waited nearby for orders.

"Damn, Lenny!" exclaimed Bubba, the fat bearded white man who'd used Rashanta on her first day there. "Look at the whip marks on that nigger! Man, I want to fuck her!"

"I bet you will, Bubba, you horny bastard," said his skinny dark haired companion. "You ain't got no shame, bro. Fuckin' that whipped nigger up there 'stead a in the back jus' to save a few bucks!"

Bubba turned to Rashanta and looked her up and down.

"You was a fine piece of pussy, girl," the big white man told her. "Mighty fine. Go git us a couple beers like a good nigger."

"Thank you, sir," Rashanta blushed. "Right away, sir."

The slender negro turned towards the bar and was startled by a slap on her ass. She looked over her shoulder to see Bubba grinning at her. She smiled back at him and walked to the bar. She could tell her pussy was wet from the fat man's crude treatment. How things had changed, she realized. A month ago and she would have slapped him. Today, she looked forward to what he might do when she returned with the drinks.

Rashanta approached the bar. Willie looked up at her, well up at her breasts, and grinned his toothy grin.

"Two drafts, Willie," she told him.

"Comin' up, sweet thang!" the old colored man said happily, reaching out to touch her breast.

Rashanta slapped his hand down.

"I'm in a hurry, Willie!" she rebuked him. "Gentlemen are waitin'!"

"I's hurryin', missy...", the gray haired negro answered disappointedly. "I's hurryin'."

Willie came back with two mugs of beer and leered at Rashanta's naked breasts.

"Here you go, baby girl," he said, grinning again.

Rashanta took the drinks and returned to where Bubba and Lenny were still watching the new girl. She wasn't doing much, immobilized by her bondage. She squirmed a little and made soft muffled grunting noises. Clearly she was gagged under her hood.

"Yo' drinks, sir," Rashanta announced.

"Take 'em to the front table," instructed Bubba.

The two white men went to the closest table and sat down. The slender black woman placed the mugs in front of them. The fat man grabbed her and pulled her into his lap. His hands were quickly on her breasts, roughly squeezing them. She could feel his erection against her bare ass.

"I'm gonna fuck that nigger up there," he told her. "But if I got anything left after that, I'm gonna do you, too. You got some good pussy, nigger girl. Maybe I'll let you go for a ride on old Bubba."

"Thank you, sir," Rashanta replied, smiling at him. "I's happy you be likin' my coochie hole, sir. An' I be honored fo' you to be usin' me anyway dat be pleasin' you."

"Damn, girl!" exclaimed Bubba, his hand going between Rashanta's legs. "You are one hot nigger! Talkin' that way's got me wantin' to take you and fuck you right now!"

Rashanta parted her legs to make her pussy available to the big man's meaty hand. He clumsily tried to push his finger into her vagina, pinching her labia. Nevertheless, she could tell she was wet.

"You want dis nigga's coochie now, sir?" she asked. "Dey's plenty o' rooms back dere if'n you wants to use me."

"I would, girl," explained Bubba, withdrawing his hand, "but I'm keen on drillin' that black honey they got all spread out hangin' up there. I love samplin' the new meat. It's kinda a tradition wit' me."

"Yeah," Lenny chortled. "Stickin' that dick in every fuckin' nigger in the place is your tradition. Horny fuckin' bastard..."

Miriam went to the stage.

"Who's first, boys?" she asked. "This pretty colored girl's been waiting for some attention. Who's going to be the one to give it to her?"

"Right here!" Bubba replied immediately. "I been ready to fuck that nigger!"

Light laughter could be heard around the room.

"Very well, Bubba," Miriam smiled. "Looks like you'll be the one."

"Git up, girl," said the big man to the colored woman in his lap. "I gotta bust this nut in that bitch."

Rashanta slid off Bubba's lap. He reached into his pocket and pulled out some wadded bills. The big bearded man stepped to the bar and put the money into the big glass jar before standing up on the stage. He dropped his pants and shortly was humping the hooded negro girl, who swayed in her bonds.

"I got somethin' for you to do, nigger," said Lenny. "Come here and suck my dick."

"Yes, sir," Rashanta replied.

The naked negress dropped to her knees and walked on them to where the skinny white man sat on the other side of the table. She unfastened his belt and unzipped his pants. The sight of his friend fucking the bound black girl up on the stage had him rock hard already. The slender black woman took his dick into her mouth and started sucking.

"That's it, bitch," Lenny sighed. "Suck it."

Rashanta sucked it. She slurped noisily while she bobbed her head and tasted the pre cum leaking out of his dick. She could hear Bubba grunting on the stage as he pounded the new girl. She could also hear the muffled cries from the object of his lust. The black woman was sure he was mauling her small breasts and pinching her dark nipples as he had done to her before.

"Yeah," said Lenny. "Take it all."

The slender negress felt the skinny white man's hands on her head, forcing her down on his cock. She gagged as his dick was forced into her throat but she didn't try to pull away. Instead she sucked harder, attempting to milk the sperm out of him. He tensed and released into her mouth. She swallowed his semen hungrily.

"Ah..." sighed Lenny. "Fuck..."

"Oh yeah!" cried Bubba behind her. "Here it comes, nigger! Uh! Uh!"

Rashanta finished Lenny's blow job while she listened to Bubba cumming inside the bound black girl. The scene was almost surreal. She felt like a fuck thing. Something to be used for white men's pleasure. One

black fuck thing among other black fuck things. Just one toy in a toy box. She let the skinny white man's dick slip out of her mouth and leaned back onto her knees.

"Thank you fo' usin' my mouth, sir," she said to him.

Lenny wasn't paying attention to her. Instead he was focussed on the stage. Rashanta turned and looked to see Bubba pulling his pants back up, putting the suspenders back on his shoulders. The new girl hung naked in her bondage. Creamy cum leaked from her pussy, ran down over her asshole, and dripped onto the stage floor. Her nipples were puffy and swollen.

"Shanta!" called Miriam. "Go clean the new girl up.

"Right away, ma'am," said Rashanta.

Knowing it would please the white lady and the gentlemen, the slender black woman crawled on hands and knees up onto the stage. She put her face right between the new girl's legs and started lapping the cum up off her soft black pussy. She could feel the eyes of everyone in the room on her. She pushed her tongue into the girl's hole and sucked the semen out. Going lower, she licked the creamy liquid off the used negress's asshole. The girl twitched in her bonds.

Rashanta remembered that it wasn't that long ago that she'd be repulsed by the idea of going down on another woman. That she'd had to be forced to do it. Now, she did it gladly for the pleasure of the white folks who were watching. Serving them this way gave her a pleasure she hadn't experienced before.

The new girl moaned when Rashanta ran her tongue back up the bound negro's cunt, deep in her slit. She could tell the girl was enjoying her ministrations. The black woman started gently flicking the girl's clit with her soft tongue before gingerly sucking it inbetween her lips.

"Work it, girl!" came a cry from behind her. "Eat that coochie!"

Aware of the pleasure she was giving the audience as well as the helpless colored girl, Rashanta sucked her clit a little harder and felt the girl tremble in her bonds. She stopped sucking and moved lower, sticking her tongue as deep into the girl's pussy hole as she could and started fucking her with it.

"Mmmfff!" the girl cried, attempting to hump the negress's face.

Rashanta felt her own arousal increase in response to the hooded girl's expression of pleasure and desire for her service. She pushed her face against the girl's crotch to give her the pressure she knew she craved. The slender negro licked her tongue up and down the girl's pussy slit and down to her asshole and back up again to her clit. The girl thrashed in her bondage, clearly loving the attention her sensitive parts were receiving.

The bound naked black girl made muffled squealing noises and gushed in Rashanta's face, clearly in the throws of orgasm. The colored woman continued lapping away at the black girl's cunt. While the hooded girl struggled in her bonds, overcome with her climax, Rashanta felt short spurts of warm liquid squirting in her face. The girl squealed again, and unable to control her bladder, started peeing. The slender negress opened her mouth and drank the stranger's urine down, not wanting her to make a puddle on the stage. She was successful swallowing it all and sat back on her knees when it was over.

The room broke into applause, shocking Rashanta back into reality. Had she really just done that? Brought the unknown hooded girl to orgasm and drank her piss afterwards? Clearly, the assembled white men knew she had and showed their approval. The negress knew she'd completely let go and become a total slut. A slave to their desires, certainly. But also, a slave to her own.

Rashanta felt a hand on her head and looked up to see Miriam smiling down on her. The white lady held out her other hand, palm up, with a chocolate in it.

"Good girl!" Miriam beamed. "Very good! I am so pleased with you! You've earned this. Take it."

The slender negress took the treat in her mouth from the white lady's hand. She actually felt a measure of pride in the humiliating act she'd performed. She welcomed the praise of the white lady and applause from the white men. Her eyes closed and she basked in the glow of their approval.

After a moment, Miriam snapped her fingers and Rashanta opened her eyes. The white lady snapped them again and pointed to the puddle of cum on the stage floor under the bound negro's spread crotch. The black woman quickly crawled to it and licked it up, slurping noisily.

"That's a good girl," Miriam praised her. "Run along and get cleaned up."

The white lady turned towards the bar as Rashanta headed for the wash-room.

"Willie!" Miriam called. "Get this girl down and take her to a room. I know some of the gentlemen would like to be alone with her now."

Rashanta went into the wash-room, cleaned her face off and rinsed the pee out of her mouth. She looked at herself in the mirror and could barely recognize the woman that looked back at her.

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## **Chapter 13 - Not Just Visiting**

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The room seemed familiar to Rashanta. It was her old bedroom from when she was in high school. She knew she hadn't lived there for over ten years, but it seemed perfectly natural. At first she was alone but then there was someone else there. A teenaged white boy. She recognized the boy, too. She couldn't remember his name, but it was the white boy who lived next door. He was just standing there in front of her. She noticed she was naked. He stepped closer to her and touched her. Gradually, she noticed that they were no longer standing. She was on her back on her bed. He was above her. Looking down at her. There was a knock on the door. A voice called her.

"Shanta!" came the voice of her sister, Chalisa. "Shanta!"

It wasn't the boy next door anymore. Now it was a much older man, not a high school boy. Red faced and perspiring. She struggled to recognize the face. She realized that it was the sheriff. Like the boy, he didn't speak. He was inside her, using her, having his way with her. She could still hear the knocking.

"Shanta!" the voice of Chalisa called. "Wake up!"



Rashanta opened her eyes. The cell was dark. The only light was from a fixture in the ceiling down the hall that was always on. She could barely make anything out by it. The dream quickly dissolved into nothingness, but the voice remained.

"Shanta?" the voice asked. "Is that really you?"

"Who is it?" asked Rashanta, sitting up.

"It's me, Shanta," answered the voice. "Lissa. I've been tryin' to wake you up."

"Lissa?" Rashanta was incredulous.

What was Chalissa doing here? Was she still dreaming?

"Yes, Shanta, it's me," Chalissa responded. "I can't believe I'm finally talkin' to you."

"What happened?" asked Rashanta. "What are you doin' here?"

"I got a phone call," the younger woman started. "From a lawyer. He said you was in trouble here. He said you was goin' to jail. I came down here to find you."

"But, how'd you get in here?" Rashanta was still dazed from being woken so suddenly.

"They put me in here," Chalissa answered. "They wouldn't let me see you. I tol' 'em they had to. They tol' me to leave an' I got pissed. I don't remember what happened next too good, but I was shoutin' and kickin' shit over. You know how I get. Well, next thing I know, they got handcuffs on me an' I'm in jail."

"When?" Rashanta asked. "How long you been here?"

"Last weekend," said Chalissa. "Almost a week now. That lawyer... Sam... the one who called. He helped me. They said I was gonna have to go to jail for six months for assaultin' a cop! He got 'em to call it disturbin' the peace or some kind o' shit. So now I ended up here. With you."

Rashanta's mind reeled. Her sister had fallen into the same trap she had!

"What'd they do to you, girl?" asked the older sister.

"I... Uh... You know," stammered the younger one. "Sam tol' me 'bout you an' what you done. He tol' me he could make 'em go easy on me if I... you know... let him."

"Let him... what?" Rashanta wanted to know.

Chalissa always got so bashful when she talked about sex, remembered Rashanta. She acted like a teenager instead of the grown adult she was. The older woman didn't know how to feel about this development. Her baby sister used by that seedy lawyer. It angered her to think of him taking advantage of her. But the image of Chalissa on her knees, servicing the white man, had her pussy tingling. Her arousal made her feel ashamed even though she couldn't help it.

"You know," Chalissa went on, "fuck me. It ain't the first time I let a guy do what he wanted so's I could get what I wanted. You neither, Shanta."

Rashanta remembered that very well. Where she had been calculating, almost mercenary, in using her body to get things, her sister was less discriminating. She'd started younger, too. She suspected that

Chalissa liked doing it whereas Rashanta herself, as she told herself, only did it as a quid pro quo, not because it did anything for her.

"Oh, Lissa..." sighed Rashanta. "I'm sorry I got you into all this."

"That's what sisters do, Shanta," Chalissa consoled her. "Help each other. I had to find you. If it wasn't for my temper, I wouldn't be in here. That part's all my fault. 'Course, if I hadn't gotten here this way, it never woulda happened."

"What happened?" Rashanta asked.

"You know!" Chalissa said, exasperated. "I know you know!"

"What are you talking about?" the older sister was puzzled.

"I know we don't talk about it," the younger woman said. "But I remember when we were kids. The stuff we used to do. You know!"

"You're gonna have to spell it out, girl," Rashanta stated. "I don't understand."

"Now you're getting me all embarrassed," Chalissa went on. "You remember how we used to fool around... With each other... And how I wanted you to... you know..."

"I remember," said Rashanta. "But I don't know what you're gettin' at. That was a long time ago."

"You had to know it was me!" the younger sister blurted out. "You just had to!"

"What was you?" the older woman replied, even though she was starting to get the idea.

"Tonight, Shanta!" Chalissa exclaimed. "You didn't know that was me hangin' there? After that guy fucked me, I heard that lady call you. Then you was lickin' my pussy! Just like I dreamed about! I din't care all those guys was watchin'. I couldn't see 'em anyways. And you was so sweet! It felt so good. You made me cum. Cum so hard I couldn't help but pee myself! An' that almost never happens. Gawd! You din't know it was me! I can't believe it!"

Rashanta was flabbergasted. She'd gone down on her baby sister and brought her to orgasm in front of a crowd of white men. She'd drank her pee and licked her cum up off the floor.

"I... didn't know," stammered Rashanta. "It was you who got whupped this mornin'. It was you."

"Yes," Chalissa said. "They said if I got ten lashes I'd only have to stay here for two weeks. And the sheriff said if I... agreed do what they wanted... they'd make it easy on me. I knew you'd be doin' that, too, Shanta."

"I saw it happen," said Rashanta. "I watched you get whipped. They whipped me, too. Twenty lashes. Afterwards... The man who whipped me... I sucked him. I had to. I wanted to."

"I know, girl," Chalissa responded. "He was kind to me. Even though he hurt me. Hurt me bad. Still, he seemed so kind. I wanted to show him I knew he was kind. The others... Well, I let them do what they wanted. But him... It was different. I don't know."

"My baby sister..." Rashanta said. "I'm kind of ashamed, Lissa."

"Don't be," her sister told her. "I brought it on myself. And... Well, I can't explain it either... I kind of liked it. The whippin' hurt bad. But after, I was wet. Can you believe it?"

"I believe it," the older woman answered. "I was, too. That's kind of why I'm ashamed."

"Cause you got wet from gettin' beat?" Chalisa asked.

"I did, but that's not why I'm ashamed," Rashanta said back. "I got wet watchin' you get beat. An' I got wet thinkin' about what you'd be doin' wit' that white man later."

"You didn't know it was me," the younger woman countered. "It coulda been anybody."

"I'm wet now, knowin' it was you," said her big sister.

"I wish I could return the favor right now, Shanta," said Chalisa. "Would you want that? I could never ask before. We're sisters an'... well... it just seems wrong. But... I want to. Bad."

"Ain't you tired, Lissa?" asked Rashanta, changing the subject. "When I got whapped, I just slept for a day afterwards."

"Uh huh," replied her little sister. "I'm just happy I finally found you. And... well... you know."

"I guess I do know," said big sister. "I know now. I'm glad you found me. I jus' wish it was different."

"Uh huh," said the colored girl.

"Good night, Lissa," said Rashanta.

"G'night, Shanta," Chalisa answered back.

\* \* \*

Rashanta woke up when the lights came on that morning. Rusty was standing and watching when she rolled out of bed.

"Sheriff wants to see you this mornin'," he told her. "Get a move on."

The red haired guard opened the cell door and walked down to the next cell.

"Rise and shine, girl," she could hear him saying. "You're gonna go see the sheriff, too."

Rashanta walked into the corridor and towards the next cell over. Chalisa was just stepping out of her cell. Her sister was pretty much as she remembered her. Even though only a few weeks had passed since their last meeting, it seemed like alot had happened since then, and that was another lifetime.

Chalisa was three years younger than her older sister and had a slighter build. Small, girlish, breasts where her sister's were large, though firm. Long straightened hair, dark brown eyes, high cheeks, and thick negro lips. Her nose wasn't quite as broad as Rashanta's and her skin was darker, but there was no doubt that they were closely related.

Silently, they followed the young guard to the sheriff's office. Bo was waiting for them. He smiled and shifted in his chair when he saw the two black women enter the outer office.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, leaning back and putting his hands behind his head. "Now, this *is* a treat! Sheriff's on the phone right now, so y'all's gonna hafta wait. Might as well get those duds off, though. No time like the present."

Rashanta felt her face grow hot as she pulled the prison gown over her head and stood naked in front of the two young white men. She'd been forced to strip plenty of times before, but now her little sister was there with her. It shamed her to for the younger woman to see her big sister humbled this way.

Chalissa took her gown off at the same time and put hers on Bo's desk, where her sister had deposited her own. The two negro sisters stood naked, waiting for the sheriff to see them. In the meantime, Rusty took a seat and the deputies enjoyed the view.

"Ain't no doubt they're related, Rusty," observed Bo. "Older one's got bigger udders. Young one's darker. But they're sisters alright."

Rashanta was humiliated hearing the guards talk about them like objects. As if they weren't even there. She hung her head and looked at the floor.

"Oh, yeah," agreed Rusty. "We ever have nigger sisters in here before?"

"Sure did!" the blonde deputy replied. "Horton sisters, Dannette and Ronnette. They was twins. Big girls. Great big udders. Big fat asses. Real pretty for niggers. And they could suck and fuck, let me tell you what. Sheriff had them two in his office damn near every day. I used to loved seein' 'em come in, all jiggly an' everythin'. I forget what they was in for. Whole family went up north few years ago. Damn shame 'bout that. They was a couple o' hotties."

"Bo!" called the sheriff through the closed office door. "Bring them niggers in here."

"Ok, ladies," said Bo. "It's showtime! Let's get a move on."

The burly blonde deputy stood and opened the door to the inner office, gesturing the naked black female prisoners in to where the sheriff waited for them. They stood in front of his desk and heard the door close behind them.

"Seein' you two side by side ain't quite like seein' double," said Sheriff Baxter. "But it's close enough! Ain't had sisters in here in a dog's age. Them boys at the club'll be all over you two if I don't miss my guess. An' who could blame 'em? You two are a fine pair of niggers if I ever saw one."

"Thank you, sir," Rashanta spoke up.

"I see yo' sister's the quiet one," Earl observed. "I'm sure you'll be tellin' her how things are 'round here and how we like niggers actin' and talkin' for us."

"Yes, sir, boss," the slender negress replied.

"Yep," the white man said, leaning back in his chair, his eyes on Chalissa. "Couple o' *fine* niggers. That's for sure."

"Uh, thank you, sir," said Chalissa self consciously.

"Your welcome, girl," said Earl, sitting back up. "Now why don't you two assume the position so I can have a better look at y'all. Hands behind your head, chest out, legs open, you know the drill."

Rashanta blushed again at the embarrassment of having to perform with her younger sister present, but complied anyways. She took a breath and moved her feet far apart. She brought her arms up and clasped her fingers behind her head. She thrust her chest out and saw that Chalisa was doing the same.

The slender negro's heart pounded in her ears as the sheriff slowly rose and came out from behind his desk. He slowly walked around the spot the two sisters stood, never taking his eyes off them. He looked them both up and down from every angle. Judging by the bulge in his khaki uniform slacks, he liked what he saw.

Earl stood in front of Chalisa and ran his hands over her breasts, squeezing them and tweaking her nipples. Rashanta heard her gasp, but kept her eyes front and didn't turn her head to look. Out of the corner of her eye, though, she could see his hands working their way down the younger woman's naked body. He slipped a hand between her legs and she gasped again. It wasn't long before she could see her baby sister humping the older white man's hand.

After a few minutes, the sheriff moved over so he could grope both sisters at once. Leaving his hand between Chalisa's legs he started running the other one over Rashanta's breasts. He squeezed it roughly and held her nipple between his thumb and index finger and pinched it hard. The slender black woman whimpered. He relaxed his grip and his hand moved over to her other breast, which received the same treatment. Finally, his hand went between her legs. Reflexively, she parted her thighs to give him access to her sex.

"You're wet, nigger," observed Earl. "You love it, don't you?"

Rashanta was embarrassed at the sheriff's words and the fact that Chalisa now knew that she was aroused by this humiliating treatment. She also was self conscious about having to answer his question in the manner he expected it while her sister could hear it. But she knew she had to do it anyways. And in an odd way, she wanted to. She couldn't explain it, but she wanted the younger woman to know of her big sister's transformation.

"Yes, sir, boss," Rashanta answered softly. "I sho'ly do."

"Why don't you tell your sister what you are, girl," Sheriff Baxter instructed. "Just to be sure she understands."

Glad that her sister couldn't see her face right now, and knowing she was blushing hard, Rashanta swallowed hard and prepared to say what he wanted to hear.

"I's a nigga, boss," the black woman replied. "Jus' a dumb nigga fo' you to use. Dat's all I is."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Earl, turning to face Chalisa. "And how about you, girl? Let's hear it."

"Uh... I's a dumb nigga, too, boss," the younger colored woman replied, her eyes downcast.

"I'm glad we all understand each other then," he stated with satisfaction.

The sheriff watched the faces of the two naked negro sisters while he stroked their pussies. Both of them couldn't help but hump at his hand, which elicited a smile from him. Rashanta felt as if she and

Chalissa had been reduced to nothing more than horny animals by his treatment. She felt no small amount of shame at the fact that she liked it.

"On your knees, niggers," commanded Sheriff Baxter. "I ain't had the pleasure of enjoyin' two sisters at once fo' a dog's age."

Rashanta and Chalissa both kneeled on the floor. The older negress could feel her pussy getting wetter. The idea of being used sexually along side her younger sister was embarrassing to the extreme. But it was also powerfully arousing for her. She glanced over at the other girl and tried to imagine what she must be feeling.

"Alright, crawl on over to the couch," he ordered. "Put your monkey faces on the floor when you get there and keep those black asses in the air. Now move."

The sisters crawled on all fours, like two black dogs. Rashanta rested her head face down on the carpet upon reaching the couch. She could see Chalissa was doing the same. She heard the unmistakable sound of Sheriff Baxter unzipping his trousers. In a moment she felt his dick at her pussy hole. She was so wet, it slipped right in in a single stroke. He began slowly pumping in and out of her.

"Yeah, you got that good nigger coochie, girl," he told her. "Made for a white man's dick. Ain't that right?"

"Yes, sir, boss," said the fucked black woman. "Dat's what my coochie be fo'."

"How 'bout your sister, girl?" he asked, still humping slowly. "Think she got some good coochie for me?"

Rashanta had become somewhat desensitized to describing herself as a sex object. In fact, she'd come to find it arousing. But now he wanted her to talk about Chalissa that way. It shamed her to do so, especially with her right there, kneeling beside her, ass up, face down. Still, she knew she had to answer.

"Yes, sir," responded Rashanta. "She got dat good coochie fo' you, boss."

"Well, let's just find out," said Earl.

The sheriff pulled out of Rashanta's pussy, leaving her feeling a little empty. She didn't expect him to bring her to climax, but nevertheless, found the sensation of his dick going in and out of her enjoyable.

Chalissa gasped when the sheriff penetrated her. Rashanta listened as he fucked her. He'd picked up the pace with the younger woman and wasn't being gentle in the least. She could hear him slamming into her little sister and her soft whimpers in response to it.

Just as Chalissa's vocalizations were becoming more urgent sounding, Earl stopped fucking her. He stood and sat on the couch, his white dick glistening with the sisters' pussy juice. He opened his hairy legs up.

"You," he said, nudging Chalissa. "I want to try out your mouth. Suck my dick. Like this."

The sheriff made the younger black woman get up onto her knees so she could bend over and suck him from the side. He nudged Rashanta.

"Lick my balls, bitch," he told the older negro. "Lick 'em good while your sister sucks my dick. This's how you use two monkeys at once."

Rashanta pushed her face between Earl's legs and began licking his hairy balls while Chalisa slurped on his dick. The smell of his crotch was strong in her nostrils. She could feel her sister's slobber dripping onto her face off his cock.

"Ok, switch off," the white man ordered. "Hurry it up."

Chalisa got back on all fours and waited for Rashanta to reposition herself to one side. The older woman slurped on Earl's cock, which was wet with her sister's saliva and pussy juice. She could see the side of the younger negro's face between the white man's legs as she lapped eagerly at his balls.

"Ah, this is the life," sighed the sheriff. "Two niggers is better'n one, that's for sure."

Earl rested one foot on Chalisa's back and put a hand on the back of Rashanta's head, forcing his dick deeper into her mouth. The black woman gagged, but kept sucking. For a few minutes all that could be heard were the wet sounds of the negro sisters mouths on the white man's dick.

"Oh, yeah..." murmured Earl. "Get ready for it, girl... Don't you be swallowin' it yet, though."

Rashanta felt Sheriff Baxter ejaculate in her mouth. Several strong spurts of semen hit her throat. Not swallowing it was no easy task, but she did as he instructed. She lifted her head off his dick, keeping her lips sealed.

"Ok, nigger," he said looking down at Chalisa. "Get up here, too."

Chalisa rose to her knees and looked into her older sister's face. Rashanta was embarrassed for her to see her holding a mouth full of cum and cast her eyes down.

"You niggers know what snowballin' is?" asked Earl, with a grin. "You gonna pass that jizz into little sister's mouth, got it? Don't want her missin' out. Do it."

Rashanta was mortified. This amounted to much worse than an open mouth kiss to her own baby sister. Spitting the sheriff's load into her mouth was just nasty. But she knew she had no choice but to comply. She looked into Chalisa's face, trying to use her own expression to show her she didn't want to do it, but had to anyways.

Chalisa glanced at Earl and then looked back towards her sister. She opened her mouth. Rashanta pressed her lips against the younger woman's lips and used her tongue to push the thick liquid into her black sister's mouth. She could feel some of the semen running down her chin. She kept her eyes closed as she did it. She was filled with shame.

Earl watched the two sisters with satisfaction as they passed his cum between their mouths, long strands of it hanging off their faces. He stood and put his pants back on.

"Alright, swallow it down now," ordered the sheriff, zipping his fly. "I've got work to do now, so y'all can go. You can let yourselves out."

"Thank you fo' usin' us, boss," Rashanta offered, her face still burning with shame and dripping with cum.

"Thank you, sir," Chalisa echoed, and started to rise.

"No, girl," whispered Rashanta. "Stay down."

The slender negress crawled towards the door, her younger sister on her hands and knees behind her. She reached for the doorknob when they got there and opened it.

"Bo!" the sheriff called through the now open door. "I'm through with these niggers. Put 'em away." He paused, thinking. "Keep 'em naked on the way back. Put 'em in the same cage."

Rashanta was once again humiliated to be treated like an animal. And experiencing with Chalisa was even more so. It must be obvious to her sister that she'd been taking this treatment for some time now, and it embarrassed her to realize that.

"You got it, sheriff," said the broad shouldered blonde deputy after he appeared at the door.

"You an' Rusty had these niggers yet?" asked Earl.

"We ain't done nothin' with 'em," Bo answered. "You never said we could."

"Ok," the sheriff replied. "Well, I'm sayin' now. You two can have some fun wit' 'em if you want."

Rashanta was shocked to hear this. Since she came around and accepted special treatment Earl had kept her for himself, not counting the time she spent in the jail annex club. She surprised herself, though, when she felt her clit tingling at the prospect of being used by the burly deputy. The sheriff had primed her pussy when he stuck his dick in her earlier, and she hoped that Bo would give her the release she craved. Or at least, further stimulation.

"Yes, sir!" responded the deputy, a big grin breaking out on his face.

Bo opened the door wider to let the crawling female prisoners out of Sheriff Baxter's office.

"Let's go ladies," he said eagerly. "Time's a wastin'!"

Rashanta was actually looking forward to feeling this white man inside her. Her mind boggled at how she actually wanted this treatment now. In the past she'd doled her favors out carefully, always measuring what she gave out with what she'd get in return. Now she just craved use. It was hard to accept, but there was no denying her desire and arousal at the prospect.

"Bo!" called the sheriff.

"Yes, sir?" said the deputy, brought back to earth from the plans he was already making for the negro sisters.

"Don't you be forgettin' Rusty, son," said Earl. "He works jus' as hard as you and he's got some nigger poontang comin', too."

"Damn, sheriff!" he protested. "I ain't gonna forget him. He's my bro!"

"Alright, then," said Sheriff Baxter, "go have your fun. Make sure they cleaned up afterwards. I don't wanna hear no complaints from Miriam. And shut the door after yo'self. I gotta make some calls."



Rashanta's face burned as she listened to this exchange. The sheriff was talking to the deputy about using her and her younger sister as if he was lecturing a teenage son about using the family car! It made her feel like a thing, not a woman. It also had her pussy soaked.

Bo let the naked colored women crawl out past him into the outer office and shut the sheriff's door. He walked over to the desk and picked up the two prison gowns.

"Looks like you won't be needing these," he said. "Let's get a move on. Go ahead and get up on your hind legs. I've got a nut to bust and I don't wanna waste time walkin' the dogs when I could be fuckin' 'em instead. Let's go."

Chalissa and Rashanta got to their feet and brushed the grit from the floor off their knees and hands. Bo urged the two colored sisters out of the office and down the corridor.

"Turn here," ordered the blonde deputy. "We'll be enjoying you two in the lounge. Hurry it up, niggers. My dick's about to bust on its own."

They went around the corner and the white man opened a door. Inside was a typical break room, furnished with a couple of vinyl upholstered chairs, a couple of matching couches, and a television set. On the other side of the room there was a table with a few chairs around it. Along the wall near the table was a counter with a sink in it. A coffee maker sat on the counter next to the sink.

"Shit," said Bo. "I thought Rusty'd be here. Well, I ain't waitin' around for that chump."

The deputy looked back and forth between the two sisters for a second or two. Finally he looked at Chalissa.

"You," he ordered, gesturing towards the couch. "On your back, bitch, and spread those legs. Time for me to get some nigger poontang."

Chalissa lay on the couch as Bo had instructed. Rashanta watched as her baby sister opened her legs for the young blonde deputy. He removed his uniform trousers and climbed on top her. The older sister caught herself getting aroused at the scene unfolding in front of her. She even felt a little envious that he'd chosen the younger woman over her and was about to get the white cock she craved.

Rashanta didn't know what else to do other than just stand there while Bo fucked Chalissa. He slammed into her again and again. Her breasts shook with each stroke and the couch creaked along to the rhythm. The older woman listened to the slapping of flesh on flesh and heavy breathing. The deputy grunted while little sister whimpered and moaned.

Just then the lounge door opened and Rusty walked in. The red headed deputy took in the scene with a surprised look on his face. The room reeked of sex.

"What the fuck?!" he exclaimed.

"Yeah!" cried Bo, ejaculating in Chalissa's vagina. "Ah! Ahhh..."

"Am I interruptin', Bo?" asked Rusty sarcastically.

"Nope," replied the blonde deputy. "Just finishing up. Damn! This bitch has some *fine* poontang, bro. I tell you what!"

"I bet she does!" Rusty answered. "Sheriff'll have your ass, buddy. You know how he is about fuckin' the niggers. Especially the new ones."

"Hey, he said we could have 'em before we put 'em back in their cages," explained Bo, standing and pulling his pants up. "You weren't nowhere to be found. You can fuck that one if you want, bro. Shit, you can fuck this one if you don't mind sloppy seconds."

Rashanta's face burned with humiliation hearing the two white men talk about her and her sister like they weren't there. Using them like things. Fuck toys.

"Well, shit," sighed Rusty. "I can't fuck nothin' now. I jus' shot my wad in Ernestine. I was so fuckin' horny from these two, I jus' had to fuck somethin'."

"Ernestine!" exclaimed Bo. "You gotta be shittin' me! Than old nigger hag with the gold tooth? Damn, bro! You musta been horny!"

"Hey," objected Rusty. "It ain't the face you fuck. It's the fuck you face. 'Sides, that nigger's got some good poontang. She damn near jerked me off with it and then milked me dry!"

"Maybe," the blonde deputy allowed. "But that nigger's old enough to be your mama!"

"So what?" the other white man shot back. "Her pussy works good. An' she got that way about her... You just know she wants it bad and she knows how to make you want it, too."

"Yeah," agreed Bo. "But, you coulda had some fresh meat. These two ain't been here too long. The one I fucked just got here! Both of 'em are a damn site prettier than Ernestine! You lettin' this good pussy go to waste, bro. It's a shame, that's what it is."

"Fresh?" Rusty questioned him. "You gotta be shittin' me. Every dude in the club's had all her holes nine ways to Sunday! Ain't none o' these bitches fresh. They just new faces, that's all. New faces, same old pussy."

The slender negro hung her head in shame as the two young white men went on about her and her sister this way. Like new toys. New toys that weren't so new anymore. But, she could feel her pussy gushing.

"So, you gonna use 'em or not?" Bo wanted to know.

"Yeah, I got somethin' for both of them," Rusty replied. "Get your black asses into the shower there."

Chalissa got up from the couch, semen dripping down her leg. Rashanta could tell she was blushing. Clearly her sister was as humiliated by all this as she was. Big sister went into the shower room, little sister followed.

"On your knees, bitches," commanded Rusty. "Hands behind your heads."

The two negresses complied and assumed the position as ordered. Rashanta was confused. She wondered if he was going to wash them like this.

"Open those mouths now," the red haired guard barked as he unzipped his fly. "Might as well hose you down before I hose you off."

Rusty took his dick out and pointed it at Chalissa. He let loose a strong jet of piss that hit her in the face, splashing the spray into her hair and on her chest. He gradually directed it into her open mouth, causing her to sputter and cough. He shifted slightly and pointed the stream so Rashanta took it in the mouth, too. She closed her eyes, but they burned anyhow.

The white deputy must have been saving it, because he kept it up for almost a full minute, switching back and forth between the two kneeling negroes, soaking them both with his urine. Rashanta felt thoroughly degraded and her face burned with shame.

When the stream subsided Rashanta opened her eyes. Bo was standing right in front her, dick in hand. She didn't close them fast enough and took the full force of his piss on her nose. It splattered over her entire face before he moved it down into her mouth. She couldn't swallow it all and his urine spilled out and ran off her chin, down her chest and belly, finally forming a yellow puddle on the floor of the shower stall. Instead of switching between her and Chalissa, the white deputy just pointed lower on the soiled nigger, hosing her breasts down, and finally her crotch.

"Ah..." sighed Bo. "That's better. Look at 'em, Rusty. Sorry ass niggers."

"That's what I'm talkin' about," Rusty agreed. "They ain't no better'n Ernestine. I don't give a shit what you say. Put the water on and get 'em cleaned up. I'll put 'em away."

Bo leaned in and turned the faucet. Ice cold water splashed down on the two sisters, rinsing the urine off of them and down the drain.

"Get up," ordered Bo. "There's soap in there. Use it. Don't want you pissy niggers stinkin' the place up."

Rashanta and Chalissa stood and washed themselves. The older woman was used to this treatment, but her younger sister seemed a little stunned by it. She'd learn, thought big sister.

Rusty brought the sisters back to Rashanta's cell and locked them in. He dropped their gowns on the floor just out of their reach.

"You niggers don't need no clothes," he told them. "You don't see clothes on the apes at the zoo, do you? I'll be back for y'all when it's feedin' time."

The red haired guard turned and left the two sisters naked and alone.

"Why do they treat us this way?" asked Chalissa.

"Cause we're niggers, Lissa," answered Rashanta. "To them we're just animals. Animals to be used. That's why they like it. What I don't understand is why I like it, too."

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## Chapter 14 - Show Time

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The evening routine never varied. A supper in the small dining area in the special treatment block followed by the long walk through the corridors to the jail annex club. Tonight was no different. Miriam was there at the door to the club area as she was every night.

"All right, girls," instructed the white lady. "Off with those gowns. Let's get a move on. Opening time is fast approaching."

Rashanta, Chalissa, and the other black female inmates removed their orange prison gowns and piled them near the door back to the cell block. Miriam herded the naked negresses to the club.

"Get the place ready," ordered Miriam when they arrived in the main room. "Our gentlemen will be arriving soon."

The older white woman gestured to the slender negress and her sister as the other women went about the business of preparing the club for opening.

"You two, come here," the white lady commanded as she sat at a table.

Rashanta hurried to Miriam and knelt at her feet. Chalissa followed and did the same. The white lady proffered each black woman a chocolate which they both ate from her hand.

"Good girls," she cooed. "You'll be putting on a show for the gentlemen tonight. It's been a while since we had two sisters together here, and, even though you're not twins, I know our guests would love seeing you two enjoying each other. You coloreds are so sexual and seeing you two together would be a pleasure for the gentlemen."

"Go get a bed from one of the back rooms and put it on the stage for the show," continued the white lady. "I'm thinking you'd start off sitting side by side, kissing and fondling each other. I want you to end up with your faces at each other's crotches and just do what comes natural to you people. I'm sure I don't have to tell you how to do it. Don't forget this is a performance for the pleasure of the audience after all. A little embellishment wouldn't be amiss either. I want you to really get down to business."

Rashanta was flabbergasted. She couldn't believe that Miriam had the notion that incestuous lesbian sex was natural for "her people" and that she expected her to have sex with her own sister in front of room full of white men. Men who would sit and drink and laugh, entertained by her and her baby sister humiliating themselves for their amusement. She looked over at Chalissa and saw her blushing.

"Run along now!" Miriam said cheerfully.

The slender black woman rose and her sister followed behind her. They went to the first room and picked up the bunk that she'd been strapped to her first time in the club. It was heavy and the two naked colored women strained as they carried it up onto the stage and set it down. Certainly, all in attendance would see their performance equally well. There was a good view of the whole room from here. Being forced to labor in order to move the instruments of their own debasement only added to their humiliation.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Miriam. "That will do nicely. I understand the sheriff had you two sharing the same cell today. That man... I would have kept you separate so you'd be hungrier for each other tonight, but I'm sure you'll do just fine."

The negress was taken aback by the white lady's assumption that she and her sister would be having sex with each other unless physically kept apart! Rashanta felt a hot flash of shame at the idea. Miriam thought the two of them were no different than monkeys in the zoo.

"Alright, you two!" Miriam said, clapping her hands. "No need to hold back now! I'm going to open the place up now and I'm sure you'll be the center of attention."

Miriam smiled before turning and walking towards the front door to let the waiting gentlemen in. Rashanta looked at Chalissa, sitting on the bed on stage next to her. Her younger sister cast her eyes down, but there was the hint of a smile on her face. The slender negress was nervous and felt her stomach in a knot. But she couldn't deny the excitement she felt either. Long suppressed desires for her baby sister were coming to the forefront and the white lady's authority had given her permission to do what she'd been having mixed feelings about for many years.

"I'm nervous, Shanta," said Chalissa in a little girl voice, looking her big sister in the eyes. "I... I fantasized about what it would be like... But not like this."

"It's ok, Lissa," Rashanta comforted her. "We ain't go no choice anyhow."

The older negro saw her sister in a way she hadn't before. The younger woman's dark brown eyes glistened in the lights pointed at the stage. Her lips looked so soft and full. Rashanta leaned closer to Chalissa, and lightly touched her lips to her sister's. They were soft, she thought. They kissed. She pressed her lips harder and kissed her again.

Rashanta put a hand on her sister's naked thigh and gently stroked it while continuing to kiss her soft thick lips. Chalissa had closed her eyes as her sister's hand brushed along her leg and then up over her belly, finally cupping her breast. The younger woman moaned quietly in response to the sensation of her sister's intimate touch and gasped as she started to gently squeeze it.

Chalissa met her sister's next kiss with her lips parted. Rashanta felt the girl's tongue and responded by meeting it with her own. She had tuned out the surroundings, the bright lights, the men walking by, drinks in hand. Instead, she focussed on the sensations on her mouth, her sister's full lips. The feel of her soft warm breast beneath her hand. The older sister's breath quickened and she could feel her pussy growing moist.

Rashanta felt Chalissa's soft hand on her own breasts. Her touch was gentle and she could feel her nipples hardening. The smell of her musk was unmistakable. She could tell her baby sister was as aroused as she was. She explored the younger woman's mouth with her tongue and moved her hand back down to her pussy. Chalissa moaned again and parted her thighs, giving her big sister access to her sex.

The slender negress could hear unintelligible voices from the audience, but that didn't distract her. She began stroking her sister's pussy and felt the younger woman squirming and then rhythmically humping back against her hand.

"I want to taste you, Shanta," whispered Chalissa. "I want to so bad."

Oblivious to their surroundings, Rashanta lay on her back on the bed on the stage and opened her legs. Chalissa climbed up, straddling her, her head towards her feet and lowered her face between her big sister's thighs.

"Yeah!" a voice cried out from the crowd. "Now they're gettin' down to it!"

Other whistles and shouts could be heard, but Rashanta just opened her legs wider and felt her baby sister's breath on her pussy. She looked up and could see the younger woman's crotch, labia glistening with moisture. The first touch of the girl's tongue to her vagina sent a wave of pleasure through her entire body. Chalisa, initially tentative, began lapping her sister's cunt eagerly. The older woman bucked her hips involuntarily.

"Sit on her face, bitch!" ordered an unseen man from the audience. "You're missin' out!"

Scattered laughter followed. Chalisa complied, and lowered herself, pushing her pussy into her big sister's face. Rashanta began licking her, up and down the slit. Flicking her clit with her tongue. She was soaked and rocked back and forth. The older woman felt her orgasm building and clamped her thighs on her baby sister's head and moaned into her crotch.

"Mmmff!" she cried, the sound muffled by the younger negro's pussy. "Mmmff!"

Chalisa kept lapping away at her sister's pussy while Rashanta came hard. She could hear the younger woman vocalizing, too, as she continued to grind her cunt into big sister's face.

Rashanta felt drained as the glow of her climax began to fade. She continued her ministrations to Chalisa's pussy, poking her tongue in the younger woman's vagina. She could feel her baby sister rocking faster on her face, her cunt lubricating freely. The older woman lapped the juices up and felt her sibling shudder and heard her cry out.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" cried Chalisa in short bursts as her pussy spasmed. "Oh, Shanta! Shanta..."

Gradually Chalisa calmed down and relaxed. Rashanta stopped licking and instead kissed her sister's pussy. It wasn't long before she was rocking again. After a few minutes of this she was brought back to earth by Miriam's voice.

"Alright!" cried the white lady. "That's enough! Break it up, you two! I declare! You girls are just like a couple of dogs going at it!"

Chalisa climbed off her sister. Rashanta could see the flushed look on her face as she got up, too. Clearly she had been getting close again.

Rashanta looked around the room. Many of the white men seated there had a naked black woman kneeling in front of them, head bobbing up and down. They'd all obviously been enjoying the scene. It hadn't been easy for her to perform this intimate act with her sister and it humiliated her to think of these men using them as if they were pornographic sex show.

"Willie!" Miriam called out. "Come here!"

The old black man came out from behind the bar and hurried over to the white lady.

"There's a new gentleman who'd like to use this one," said Miriam, indicating Rashanta. "He prefers she be restrained and gagged. See to it, Willie."

"Yes, ma'am, Miz Miriam," said Willie, grinning broadly at the naked colored woman. "Right away, ma'am!"

Rashanta shuddered at this development. She'd never gotten comfortable with being strapped down and gagged while being used by one of the club's gentlemen. She always felt so vulnerable and helpless that way while some sweaty hard breathing white man used her body like a living sex doll. It was degrading to the extreme. But what really humiliated her the most was how wet it made her.

The old negro took the naked black woman by the arm and led her to one of the back rooms. Once they got there he opened a drawer and pulled out a bright red ball gag.

"Hold still, sweet thang," said Willie, putting it in Rashanta's mouth and fastening it tightly behind her head, stretching her lips and distorting her face. "Now, don't you look purty! Them gentlemen likes bein' alone wit' you niggas sometimes. Havin' y'all like dis, it be almost like y'all ain't even here wit' 'em. Jus' dat sweet sweet body."

Rashanta just looked at him, her eyes wide, saliva already beginning to drool from her stretched lips and drip onto her naked breasts. Willie guided her to the bed.

"Lay down now, girl," the old black man instructed. "Ol' Willie be makin' sho' you comfy."

The slender negress lay on the bunk and remained passive as he placed leather wrist and ankle cuffs on her, securing them to the legs of the bunk with lengths of rope. Rashanta was now spread eagle on the bed, her arms and legs stretched taught.

"Dat ain't gonna do," Willie mused to himself, rummaging through the drawer. "Dose legs ain't open wide 'nough."

Willie produced two leather straps and put them around Rashanta's thighs just above her knees. He attached ropes to the straps and pulled them tight through over the metal frame that the mattress rested on, forcing her legs open wider. She could feel the strain in her groin and her pussy lips parting from it.

"Dat's mo' like it!" exclaimed Willie. "Gots that coochie openin' right up for dem white men. Jus' how it should be!"

"Mmmff," said Rashanta through the gag.

Willie walked out of the room, pausing at the door to take in the view.

"My, oh, my!" exclaimed the old colored man happily. "Ain't you a purty sight, sweet thang!"

Willie turned and left Rashanta alone, tied naked and helpless to the bed. She heard the approaching footsteps and turned her head away. She was too embarrassed by her situation to look anyone in the face.

Rashanta heard the sound of a zipper going down and felt the bed sag as someone climbed between her legs. She felt the head of an erect cock at the entrance to her vagina. Her pussy was still sopping from being licked by her sister so the man's dick slid in easily and deeply. She gasped as his thick member filled her.

"I've missed you, Shanta," said the man between her legs. "I've missed your sweet black pussy."

Rashanta turned her head and was completely shocked to see her silver haired boss, Mr. Paul Davidson, looking down into her gagged face. Startled, she struggled against her bonds, but was completely immobilized.

"Mmmff! Mmmff!" she cried in an effort to speak.

Her whole body burned with shame at having her employer find her here this way. Naked, gagged, and tied spread eagle to the bed. She was nothing more than a human fuck doll stripped of all her dignity.

Rashanta's legs were spread wide, she couldn't close them even a little. Her pussy open and available. Her arms secured over her head, no way to defend herself. Her mouth gagged, not that it mattered that much. But it added to her powerlessness.

At least at work they maintained the fiction that their relationship was an office romance as opposed to an arrangement of mutual use. She used him to advance her career and he used her to get some pussy on the side. But now, all the illusions had been stripped away. He held complete control over her and she was totally at his mercy. She was nothing more to him than a warm place to put his dick.

"I got a call sayin' you'd been arrested," started Paul, slowly stroking in and out of the helpless negro's pussy. "Arrested and thrown in jail. Thinking of you locked in some cell turned me on, too. Always in control and on top, even when you're on your back. Not this time..."

Rashanta couldn't believe Paul would do this. Talking to her conversationally while using her bound body. He was virtually raping her, she was powerless to do anything other than lay there and take it. Somehow, being taken this way by one of the many strangers who'd had her was different than this white man she'd traded favors with the past couple of years.

"So, Shanta," he said, the exertion audible in his voice, "you like it like this? No choice? No quid pro quo? Givin' it up because I want it?"

The colored woman didn't know how to respond to that. And with the ball gag stuffed in her mouth, it didn't matter. She had tried to convince herself that she had him believing that she was interested in him and enjoyed his advances and that's why he made sure she got what she wanted. But, clearly that hadn't been the case. To him, it was an exchange. Perks for sex. To him, she was a whore. The thought shamed her even further than her helpless condition.

"I got off on watchin' you get it on with your sister," Paul continued, breathing heavily. "I didn't know you were a lezzie. And with your own sister, too! Jesus, Shanta! You *are* a nigger! Damn, I love fuckin' you."

Of course he'd seen that, she thought. She turned her head away again, unable to face him. She'd worked so hard to come off as a cool professional with him. Now that image was gone forever if it had ever even been there in the first place. She was a whore. A slutty whore who liked to have lesbian sex with her little sister. The shame burned through and through.

"What's the matter?" he asked, picking up the pace. "Embarrassed? You? You're just a nigger who'll spread her legs for a better parkin' place. You've got no shame. Look at me, bitch!"



Rashanta turned her head back and looked up at Paul. She'd never seen this look on his face or heard this tone in his voice. He'd always been so smooth with her in the past. Now, that veneer was gone. He was absolutely in control and she was utterly helpless. And they both knew it.

"That's more like it, you slut," he said huskily. "You fuckin' whore. You know you love it like this. You can't help yourself, can you?"

The slender negress felt a fresh wave of humiliation wash over her as she realized she was unconsciously moving with him, her hips pushing up to meet each thrust. He was right. She did love it like this. And it shamed her to her core. But she couldn't deny it and felt her climax building.

"You're sloppy wet, you fuckin' nigger whore," rasped Paul. "I can't believe I wasted so much time treatin' you like a lady when you were just a slut all along. I like it this way better. And so do you, bitch. Admit it."

Rashanta squealed into the gag as she felt her orgasm about to explode. His words were so degrading to her, but they made her feel so good. She didn't understand why but she was way past the point of analytical thinking. She was like an animal in heat and was totally consumed by the physical pleasure of it.

"Yeah," cried Paul. "Squeal like a pig for me, bitch. That's what you are isn't it? Just a dumb nigger who loves to be used hard. Aren't you? Nod your stupid head, you dumb nigger. Show me you know it, too!"

The negress nodded her head vigorously, her eyes wide. She knew it, alright. She loved it and didn't care if he knew it. In fact, she realized she did want him to know it.

"Mmmff! Mmmff!" squealed the bound black woman as she came.

Rashanta's pussy was spasming, squeezing his dick. She jerked against the restraints.

"Here it comes, bitch!" cried Paul. "Take it, you fuckin' whore! Take it all!"

The colored woman felt him ejaculate in her vagina. Strong hot spurts shot deep inside her as her pussy continued its contractions. She'd always made him wear a condom in the past so she'd never felt his sperm hitting the inside of her cunt. That sensation set off a second orgasm. She'd never felt anything so strong before. She felt as if she was part of him, belonged to him. She was completely overwhelmed by the feeling and completely lost in it.

"Oh, fuck!" Paul exclaimed. "Fuck! You're such a slut! Such a fuckin' nigger! Fuck..."

The silver haired man collapsed on top of the bound negro. She could feel that he was soaked in sweat, just as she was. He breathed heavily in her ear. She just lay there, immobilized by her restraints, her chest heaving. They remained that way for a few minutes, she could feel him shrink inside her.

Finally, Paul stood up. Rashanta's pussy made wet sounds as he withdrew. He looked down on her and stepped up to where he was standing right next to her head. He grabbed a handful of hair and used it to wipe off his glistening cock. He went to the door and opened it slightly.

"Send the sister in here," he ordered. "My dick needs cleaning."

Rashanta watched as Chalisa entered the room. Her younger sister took a quick glance in her direction before kneeling before the white man. She took his cock in her mouth, sucking her big sister's slime off of it. Finished, she kissed the head and looked up at him.

Paul dressed and left the room. Chalisa stood and looked down at her big sister, legs spread wide, pussy hole gaping, thick white liquid leaking out and pooling up under her on the sheet. Rashanta knew how she must appear to the girl, but at this moment she didn't care.

Miriam poked her head into the room and looked at Rashanta laying on the bed. She looked at Chalisa and snapped her fingers to get the girl's attention. The white lady then pointed back over at the bound negro.

"Go clean that mess up, girl," ordered Miriam. "And get all that goo off the sheets."

Chalisa climbed onto the bed between Rashanta's legs and began lapping up the cum from her big sister's pussy. Her labia were swollen and she could feel the heat still there as she poked her tongue into her hole and sucked the white man's semen out. Rashanta just closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation of her baby sister's tongue in her cunt.

"Enough of that!" scolded Miriam, smiling. "You'll have plenty of time for that later back in your cage! There's other gentlemen waiting for her and you, too, girl. Let's go now."

\* \* \*

By the time Rashanta emerged from the back room on wobbly legs, Paul was nowhere to be seen. The club was pretty much empty and Miriam gathered the naked black female inmates together and herded them back to the door to the cell block. Frankie, the night guard waited for them as they put their gowns back on.

Back in their cells Rashanta and Chalisa lay on their bunks in the dark. Nothing was said for a few minutes.

"That musta been a shock to see Mr. Davidson on top of you!" said Chalisa. "Gawd! I can't imagine what it must have been like for him to see you like that."

"Yeah," agreed Rashanta. "It was somethin' else, alright. That's fo' sho'."

Rashanta drifted off to sleep with images of Paul looking down at her, using her, and taking possession of her. Her pussy still throbbed and the memory of him had her wet again.

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## Chapter 15 - Early Release

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It was after breakfast when Bo came onto the cell block. He opened Rashanta's cell and then Chalisa's. "Sheriff's office," he stated. "Now."

The two black women followed as white deputy led them through the corridor to the sheriff's office.

"Get those rags off," ordered Bo. "Sheriff's got guests an' he wants you niggers presentable."

The deputy knocked on the door.

"Sheriff?" he called. "I got them nigger girls here. You wanna see 'em now?"

"Bo, is you askin' me if'n I wanna see a couple naked nigger girls?" replied Earl. "Let 'em on in! An' stick around out there."

The blonde haired deputy opened the door to the inner office and waved the black prisoners inside. Sheriff Baxter sat at his desk. Rashanta was surprised to see her boss, Paul Davidson, sitting on the couch. She stood with her sister in the middle of the room as the door closed behind them.

"Display position," commanded the sheriff. "Show the man you knows how to be good niggers."

The naked prisoners placed their hands behind their heads and stood with their feet wide apart and their chests out. Rashanta had done this every time she'd reported to the sheriff. But, somehow with her boss sitting there watching as she was ordered around this way, it was even more humiliating.

She realized that he'd used her helpless body the previous night. But then, she'd been completely immobilized and had no choice in the matter. Now, she obeyed with only the force of the sheriff's will to compel her. She felt humbled.

"Go ahead, Mr. Davidson," said the sheriff. "Check 'em out. Feel free to poke and prod. We been takin' good care of 'em here. They sure are a fine pair of niggers."

Paul stood and slowly walked around the displaying black women. Rashanta's face burned with shame, but she stayed in position as ordered. She kept her eyes looking forward, but still watched him inspecting her and Chalisa's naked bodies. They were like pieces of merchandise being evaluated for purchase, not women.

Rashanta felt Paul's hand on her back and shuddered. She heard Chalisa gasp, too. He must have his other hand on her sister, she thought. She could feel the dampness growing between her legs as his hand moved down her back and caressed her ass, pausing to squeeze each cheek.

Paul came back into Rashanta's view when he stood in front of Chalisa. She could see his hands on her in her peripheral vision. He fondled her baby sister's breasts, squeezing them, kneading them. His hand went down between the younger woman's legs and she gasped again.

"The younger one came around easy," the sheriff informed Paul. "That other one... I ain't seen a uppity nigger in here like that before."

The silver haired man stepped in front Rashanta and looked her up and down.

"Oh, I'm not surprised to hear you say that, Earl," said Paul. "Shanta's as uppity as they come, believe me. She always acted so high and mighty. I think she thought it made her seem like more of a professional career woman. But the way she'd use her body to get ahead... Well, I knew she was a nigger whore from early on. Snooty, sure. But still a whore."

Rashanta blushed and cast her eyes down. How humiliating it was to realize now that she hadn't fooled him at all. He was happy to just use her and go along with the persona she tried to project. And now he

stood in front of her, looking her in the face, and called her a whore as though she wasn't even there. Her face burned and she felt a lump in the back of her throat.

"She coulda fooled me," said Sheriff Baxter. "I gave her the chance for easy time here when she first came into this very office. I figured a pretty colored girl like her'd jump at the chance to spend the time on her back instead of diggin' ditches. Y'all coulda knocked me over with a feather when she threw it back in my face."

The slender negress felt shamed on more than one front. Shamed by the idea that the sheriff assumed she was a whore. But also shamed by her own disrespectful behavior to him. She was so confused, her head was swimming.

"Yeah, she's good at that act," agreed Paul. "But that's all it is. Just an act. She's a nigger through and through."

"She came around pretty quick, though," continued Earl. "Didn't take too many days in the hot sun and nights at the mercy of some o' the white girls we got in this place 'fore she was back in here crawlin' on her belly for a another chance at special treatment. Course me bein' an old softy, I gave in. I guess I just can't say no to a pretty colored girl. 'Specially when she's offerin' up that poontang."

"There is that," Paul responded as he continued to drink in Rashanta's naked form. "This girl's got a fine coochie on her and she sure as hell knows how to use it. Sweet mouth, too. Never could get her to do anal, though. But, I bet her asshole's sweet, too."

"Judge White tells me her asshole's mighty fine," Earl informed him. "Nice and tight. Most o' the niggers in here been takin' it up the ass so much they barely squeal when you stick 'em there. Not this one! Poor ol' Harry could barely keep from shootin' his load off after one stroke, she was so tight!"

Paul laughed at hearing that. Rashanta blushed harder and felt a trickle of sweat roll off her forehead. She still couldn't bring herself to look up.

"So, you've been holdin' out on me, eh?" smiled the silver haired man. "Keepin' that asshole from me? Well, I have a feelin' that's gonna change now."

Paul reached down between Rashanta's legs, the nude colored woman reflexively parted her thighs further to give him better access to her sex. The white man looked up into her face and smiled warmly as he touched her pussy.

"My, my..." he said, looking her right in the eyes. "You *have* changed, haven't you? You used to resist. Maybe part of the act, I don't know. But now you make yourself available... I like it. Good girl."

Rashanta still looked straight ahead, blushing profusely. Somewhere inside of her, Paul's praise gave her pleasure she hadn't felt before. Her legs trembled as he stroked her pussy. The pleasure from his touch was more overt.

"You're wet, Shanta," Paul said softly. "I can't say I recall you bein' so responsive before. And last night... For the first time your reaction seemed genuine. I'd always made an effort to be considerate with you in the past. But last night I just used you for my own pleasure. I didn't care whether you liked it or not. I just wanted to take that pussy without you givin' it to me. And you fuckin' loved it. You black slut. You fuckin' nigger."

Rashanta whimpered at hearing his words and closed her eyes. Her legs felt weak. Everything Paul said was true and she knew it. She also knew her pussy was sopping wet and she noticed she was bucking her hips, humping his hand.

"So, all the time, this is what you really needed," continued Paul. "You just needed to be taken and treated like the nigger slut you really are. I never would've guessed. Well, I know now."

Paul leaned down and moved his hand further back. Rashanta felt his finger on her anus and squatted slightly to get the pressure of his wrist on her needy pussy. She whimpered again.

"You're gonna be givin' up this hole to me, aren't you, Shanta?" he asked insistently.

Rashanta's eyes opened wide and she gasped as his finger pushed into her ass.

"Answer me, bitch!" commanded the silver haired white man.

"Yes, sir," rasped Rashanta. "It's yours, sir."

"Alright, then," he smiled again, withdrawing his hand. "I'll be takin' you up on that real soon."

Rashanta whimpered again, this time with disappointment that he'd stopped his ministrations.

"Ah, you do like it, don't you?" Paul remarked. "You want your coochie stroked, nigger? Beg for it."

"Please, sir," Rashanta pleaded pitifully. "Please don't stop, sir. I's beggin' you..."

Paul stepped back and put his hands on his hips to look at her. Rashanta fought back the urge to drop to her knees in front of him contrary to the order to remain in the display position.. She could feel her juices running down the inside of her legs. How could this be happening? This was the same man who'd been inside her so many times in the past. But never had she felt so aroused by him and this time he'd barely touched her. What was so different?

"So, you *are* a nigger," Paul grinned with satisfaction. "Aren't you, bitch?"

"Yes, sir," whimpered Rashanta urgently, her hips bucking in the air.

"Say it, whore!" Paul commanded. "Tell me what you are!"

"I's a nigger, sir," Rashanta admitted. "I's a dumb slutty nigger, sir. Jus' like you say. I's yo' nigga. Yo' bitch nigga. Please, sir. I need it, sir. Touch my coochie some more. Yo' coochie. Yo' coochie needs yo' touch, sir."

"On your knees, nigger," ordered the white man huskily.

Rashanta got down on her knees and looked back up at Paul, her hands still clasped behind her head. The plaintive look on her face was sincere. She desperately wanted him to take her and own her.

"Put your face on the floor," Paul demanded. "Show me you know your place."

The kneeling negress took her hands down and bent forward. She rested her face on the carpet at the white man's feet. Pussy juice ran down her leg and her musk was heavy in the air. She felt like an animal in heat, a slave to her desires. But, she also felt right in her place. Humble before the silver haired man was where she knew she belonged.

"Tell me again," commanded Paul, placing his foot on the back of her head.

"I's yo' nigga, sir," came her muffled response, her face pushed into the carpet. "Dat's all, boss. Jus' yo' nigga."

All this time the sheriff had been transfixed by the display in front of him. He couldn't believe this was the same uppity black woman he'd first met a couple of weeks earlier. Chalisa, too, was incredulous. The black woman stood and watched her big sister grovel on the floor out of the corner of her eye.

Paul removed his foot from Rashanta's head and stepped back. He walked to the couch and sat down.

"Come here, nigger," he called. "Now."

Rashanta thought about walking over to him on hands and knees, but quickly thought better of it. She was possessed by the feelings of the moment and lowered herself onto the floor. She desperately wanted to demonstrate to Paul that she knew her place and reveled at being in it.

The naked negress crawled on her belly to where the white man sat. The grit in the carpet scraped on her breasts and thighs. She rose to her hands and knees when she got there, waiting now for further instructions. She knew she'd do whatever he wanted.

"Suck my dick, nigger," ordered Paul flatly.

"Yes, sir!" responded Rashanta.

The black woman got up on her knees and reached for the man's belt. She unfastened it and unzipped his pants. He rose slightly so she could pull his slacks down and release his erect cock. The tip glistened with pre cum. Quickly she took it into her mouth and started bobbing her head on it. She looked up into his face, wanting to see his approval.

Paul looked into her dark brown eyes and smiled. Rashanta felt a warm wave of pleasure wash over her. She slurped noisily and moved her head up and down in an effort to get him off. Her jaw ached and her neck was getting tired, but it didn't matter to her. The only thing that counted in her mind was his pleasure and his approval. She'd already forgotten about how wet she'd been at his touch and how desperately she wanted him to continue stroking her pussy. Now all that mattered was his pleasure.

"Mmmm... Ah..." sighed the white man as he released in the negress's mouth. "Oh, fuck... Yeah..."

Jet after jet of hot semen hit the back of Rashanta's throat and she eagerly swallowed it down. She realized she was actually grateful for his cum as evidence of his being pleased by her actions. Again, she felt a wave of pleasure. Not pleasure from sexual stimulation, but pleasure at having served her master well. She knew she was his now. Completely.

"Good girl," murmured Paul as the last spasms subsided. "Good nigger."

"Thank you, sir," Rashanta replied sincerely. "Thank you fo' usin' yo' nigga. I's grateful I be pleasin' you."

Rashanta heard loud slurping noises behind her and she glanced back to see the sheriff standing in front of the kneeling form of her baby sister. Chalisa's face was at Earl's crotch and his hand was on the back of her head. Clearly, the scene had been too much for the white man and he was taking his relief in the younger negress's mouth.

"Uh... Uh... Ahhh..." the sheriff verbalized, ejaculating in the naked negro's mouth. "Damn..."

Chalissa wasn't as good at swallowing as her big sister and ended up with the sheriff's semen dripping out of her mouth and onto her breasts.

Paul stood and pulled his pants back up. Earl did the same. The used sisters remained on their knees awaiting further instructions.

"Alright, you two, get up and back into position" ordered the sheriff. "Time to get down to business."

Rashanta and Chalissa both got to their feet and returned to the display position in front of the sheriff's desk.

"It seems Mr. Davidson has arranged to pay fines for you girls and you'll both be released into his custody," Earl continued. "I have your release papers right here."

Rashanta was taken aback by this development. She knew there were still at least two weeks on her sentence left and about the same for Chalissa. Mr. Davidson had essentially purchased their freedom and in a sense owned them both. The slender negress turned towards her benefactor, her hands still behind her head. Her baby sister followed suit.

"I... I...", stammered Rashanta, "I don't know what to say, Mr. Davidson. Thank you."

"Yes, thank you, sir!" agreed Chalissa happily.

"Bo!" called Sheriff Baxter. "Get in here!"

The door opened and the blonde guard stepped into the room.

"Get these niggers back in their street clothes, son," instructed the sheriff. "They're leaving."

"You bet, sheriff," said Bo. "Let's go, girls."

Bo turned and went out the door, Rashanta and Chalissa followed. They retrieved their gowns and put them on while the deputy waited. The slender negress felt an excitement building inside her. She was minutes away from leaving this place and it didn't seem real yet.

They arrived at the examination room where their clothing was returned to them. Rashanta felt strange wearing the outfit she'd been arrested in. It seemed a lifetime earlier when she'd last worn her skirt and blouse. It certainly felt odd to be wearing a bra and panties again.

Bo buzzed them through the last door and the two sisters stepped out into the sun. Paul stood next to a car remarkably like the one Rashanta had been accused of stealing.

"Y'all come back now, hear?" said Bo as the door closed.

Paul got into the car. Rashanta sat next to him and Chalissa climbed in the back. He started the motor and pulled out of the parking lot. The jail building receded into the distance. The women were lost in thought, the white man drove on in silence.

It wasn't long before they reached the interstate and were speeding towards the airport. Rashanta was puzzled when Paul pulled off into a wooded rest stop and turned off then engine.

"Get those panties off, girl," Paul told her. "I don't wanna wait any longer. Do it."

The old Rashanta would have objected, or at least put him off with promises of carnal delights later if he'd wait. She knew that he had in mind to use her here and now in the seclusion of the trees and picnic tables in the rest stop. The old Rashanta would never have gone along with something so embarrassing.

"Yes, sir," said Rashanta, reaching under her skirt and removing the undergarment.

Paul opened the car door and got out. Rashanta did so as well.

"Over there," he indicated an area surrounded by bushes. "Let's go."

Rashanta followed Paul to where there was a picnic table hidden from the parking area by thick brush.

"Strip," he ordered plainly.

The slender negress didn't even look around. Fixing her eyes on the silver haired man she quickly removed her clothing and stood naked next to the picnic table. She could feel her pussy throbbing again, though it hadn't yet calmed down from the events in the sheriff's office.

"Let's see that display position, girl," Paul continued. "I found it very attractive."

Rashanta smiled and stood tall with her legs open and her hands behind her head. She felt like an animal, naked here in the woods, the traffic whizzing by a hundred yards away. She was free to do it because it wasn't her choice. She was simply obeying instructions.

"Very nice!" said Paul approvingly. "Very nice indeed. Now bend over. I've waited way too long to enjoy that ass."

"Yes sir," said Rashanta, turning and presenting her backside to the white man as she bent over, resting her upper body on the picnic table.

The naked black woman heard the silver haired man unzip his fly and was surprised when she felt his dick at the entrance to her vagina. She was still well lubricated from before and his thick cock slid in easily. In spite of his age, she remembered his size and recuperative powers being remarkable. She also remembered how she considered that an inconvenience in the past. Now, she was grateful for it.

Paul stroked slowly in and out of Rashanta's pussy. Her breasts swayed with each thrust. The sounds of passing cars and trucks were so close, but her fear of discovery was zero. Her only interest now was in pleasing her benefactor.

"I'm just gettin' my dick wet, girl," said Paul. "Then it's goin' right up your black ass."

"Yes, sir," Rashanta replied. "I's yo' nigga, boss. You kin use me how you like."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Shanta," said the older white man. "Jail seems to have agreed with you. Now I'm gonna fuck you in the ass."

Rashanta felt him withdraw and instantly his erection was between her cheeks. Even covered in her juices, his dick was thick and she knew it was going to hurt. But, she was determined to take it for him without complaint.



The slender negress valiantly suppressed crying out in pain when she felt his cock penetrate her asshole and quickly fill her. She wanted him to enjoy himself without being distracted. He grunted as he shoved his entire length inside her.

"How do you like that, bitch?" Paul asked, breathing heavily. "Does it hurt?"

"Yes, sir," whimpered Rashanta. "It be hurtin' me. I wants to take it for you. Use my hole. It's yo' hole, sir. Fuck yo' nigga, boss."

"Fuck!" the silver haired man cried out. "Oh, fuck!"

Paul came suddenly and Rashanta felt the spurts of semen in her ass. There'd been no warning and the black woman was surprised it had happened so quickly, especially considering he'd just gotten off less than an hour earlier.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed. "You cummin' in yo' nigga! Thank you, boss. You be honorin' dis nigga wit' yo' cum in her ass."

"Damn..." sighed Paul. "Fuck, that was good, Shanta. You always did know how to get me off quick. This dumb nigger thing is the hottest, girl. Fuck!"

Rashanta remained bent over with the white man's dick up her ass until he softened and withdrew. She turned to face him.

"I is a dumb nigga, boss," she said softly, her eyes downcast. "An', I's yo' dumb nigga. I's glad I be pleasin' fo' you, sir."

"Oh, I'm pleased, alright, girl," said Paul warmly. "Very pleased."

"Thank you, sir," Rashanta said sincerely.

The black woman dropped to her knees and looked up at him.

"Kin I clean yo' cock off, sir?" she asked sweetly.

"Yeah," he replied.

Rashanta took Paul's dick in her hand and leaned forward, taking it into her mouth and sucking gently on it. It was nasty, but she didn't care. She only wanted to serve and please the white man. When she finished with it, she kissed the tip and leaned back and looked up at him.

"Thank you, sir," she said humbly, casting her eyes down again. "Thank you fo' usin' dis nigga an' lettin' her clean yo' dick. I be honored."

"You're welcome, girl," he told her, still slightly incredulous at her demeanor. "Go ahead and get dressed now and go back to the car. I'll be right there after I take a leak."

Rashanta looked back up at him.

"Use me, sir," she asked. "Use dis nigga's mouth to do yo' bidness."

Paul was surprised at her display of servitude and devotion and was speechless.

"Please, sir?" Rashanta begged.

The negress leaned forward again and took his soft dick in her mouth and waited. In a few seconds she was rewarded with a flow of warm urine that filled her mouth. She managed to swallow it all without spilling and kissed the tip of his cock when he was finished.

"Thank you, sir," said Rashanta, bending over and resting her head on the ground at his feet. "I is yo' nigga, boss. I means it."

Paul stood there looking down at the naked groveling negro woman. The sound of a truck pulling into the rest stop broke the moment.

"Get up, Shanta," he said at last. "Get dressed and go rinse your mouth out. We've got a plane to catch."

"Yes, sir," she said, scrambling to her feet.

Rashanta put her clothes back on and followed behind Paul. She stopped by a drinking fountain on the way back to where they were parked. She climbed into the car and saw Chalisa smiling at her from the back seat. The slender black woman picked her panties up off the floor of the car and started putting them back on.

"You won't be needin' those, girl," Paul corrected her.

"Yes, sir," said Rashanta, her pussy tingling. "I be keepin' my cat bare fo' you, boss."

"You want mine off, too, sir?" Chalisa asked from the back seat.

"Yeah," replied the white man. "Take 'em off. You never know when I might get the urge to stick my dick in you, too. I want you ready for it."

Paul started the car and they were off. Rashanta pushed her panties under the seat. The airport was only a few more miles.

\* \* \*

Rashanta felt a thrill going through security at the terminal gate. She felt vulnerable and exposed knowing her pussy was bare under her skirt. A close inspection would certainly reveal that fact. Oddly, she didn't dread discovery or even feel embarrassed. What she felt was pure sexual excitement. She looked over at Chalisa and saw her little sister blush in response. Very likely, the younger woman was as aroused as she was, she thought.

The slender negress could feel the dampness between her legs as they walked across the tarmac. They went up the steps into the commuter plane that would take them to the hub where the connecting flight was. Near the top of the stairs Rashanta felt Paul's hand up her skirt and she instinctively paused and parted her thighs further, to give him access. He only left it there for a moment, but his touch had her pussy gushing.

Shortly after taking their seats, the plane was taxiing down the runway. Soon they were in the air, leaving it all behind them. The jail. The sheriff. The deputies. The judge and the lawyers. And all the prisoners. Now all that seemed like a dream. But sometimes dreams can change a person.

Rashanta realized she'd been a fool with the conniving and scheming she'd done in the past. What she was experiencing now was better than anything a fancy car or corner office could give her. Soon she'd be back at home and back at work, but it would never be the same again.

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