





Taylor's Black Heat

(The Black Chauffeur 3)

By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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

Taylor Evans was young, blonde, beautiful and rich. Well, her father was rich, which was much the same thing when you're eighteen. Since graduating from Beverly Hills High her life had been an endless vacation, with long, lazy days spent downtown shopping, having brunch, attending gallery openings, or pool parties.

Now and then she'd fly to New York or London or Paris, and there was just nothing like lounging lazily on the deck of a yacht anchored off the French Riviera, with all the men gathered around flattering her and wanting her and doing everything they could to impress her.

It never really occurred to her that any of this was abnormal, not on a conscious level. Taylor didn't think much about other people, except as they related to her happiness. She had a social set, and friends, and, of course, her family. Beyond that, what did it matter?

As far as 'ordinary' people went, she didn't think about them at all, except insofar as they served or annoyed her in turn. She had become well-used to being treated in an obsequious fashion by clerks at the high priced shops she visited, as well as by the wait and serving staff in other locations.

She had become so used to such treatment she became highly indignant when she didn't get it. She didn't think she was being unfair in castigating those serving people who failed to deliver what she considered the proper standard of service.

Her father, who had been forced to compensate some of the people she'd thrown things at or struck, had disagreed. She honestly couldn't understand why he felt the need, or what some waitress she'd thrown ice cream on could possibly do about it if he hadn't.

After all, if the silly cow had brought the right ice cream it wouldn't have happened!

Some of them were snippy or disrespectful, which definitely deserved whatever tongue lashing she gave them, and there had only been a handful of cases where her father had even learned of the way she treated 'the help' as she more or less defined everyone who wasn't part of her social set.

He had apparently felt otherwise. And so, when her drivers license had been taken away he'd hired a chauffeur for her, a chauffeur who was also to be her 'bodyguard'. She thought the idea was absurd.

Her friend Kaitlin had made it worse when she'd suggested that Mister Smith, the new servant, was more her babysitter, meant to keep her out of trouble, than to protect her helpless body from some evil person.

Because that, unfortunately, made sense. Her father was a lawyer, and so horribly into rules and stuff!

So he'd hired a huge ugly brute to trail around after her! What was worse, he was a negro! And what was even worse than that, far worse, was that he didn't know his place!

Refused to know his place!

He was big, and intimidating and horribly strong, which made trying to slap him for impertinence a painful and degrading exercise for Taylor, having been forced to kneel in a corner for punishment as if she were a child!

He didn't treat her entirely as a child, though. She'd had to kneel naked!

She was bewildered by Smith and the effect he had on her. He was a hired servant! That put him into a class of people she had always felt entirely free to say or do whatever she wanted to. Yet when she'd joked about him hanging around in trees he'd actually spanked her bare bottom!

That was shockingly outrageous! What was worse was how she'd reacted, which was like a bitch in heat. He'd fingered her to an insanely powerful orgasm, then stripped her naked and driven his impossibly large black cock deep into her belly and made her scream in pleasure again and again!

And that had only been the first time!

It was a horribly dangerous and unreal relationship, for if any of her friends even suspected she was having sex with a negro servant she'd be shunned!

She didn't even like him! She didn't want anything to do with him! Well, beyond him driving her around, and beyond... beyond those incredible orgasms!

She had never been multi-orgasmic, not until Smith began using her like she was his whore, began roughly manhandling her, slapping her, tying her up, and making her beg for it!

She'd been making men beg for sex for years. The very idea a man would make her beg was like something from a strange dark nightmare. Men had always been so easy to wrap around her little finger, and now this big... negro, was making her beg for his cock, and beg to come!

It was too shocking for her mind to encompass!

She needed to put him in his place, to make him realize how far above him she was. Yet the man was too pig ignorant to get the message! He seemed to believe their positions were reversed, and he sneered at her, using the word 'blonde' like a pejorative! As if! As if some... nigger, could look down on a blonde girl!

Bastard!

“Nigger,” she said softly, glaring out over the pool.

It was a beautiful pool, in a beautiful yard, with a view down the mountains from high in Beverly Hills. It was the kind of luxury she had grown up with and taken for granted.

Smith, she thought, probably lived in some sort of slum, maybe in South Central LA.

She turned to look towards the short side of the L-shaped colonial mansion which was her home. That side held servant quarters, storerooms, a workroom, and the big six car garage where Smith worked.

“Nigger,” she said towards it.

She'd called him that, and he'd spanked her again!

That had hurt, but after that... oh after that had come an intense, wild, animal heat like she'd never experienced before! He'd made her scream... literally scream in pleasure!

Thank God she hadn't done that with a real person! If she reacted like that with

someone from her social circle and it got out there'd be endless jokes and taunts!

But Smith wasn't from her social circle. He was a servant, a negro servant, as far removed from her as... as some animal at the zoo! That meant he couldn't gossip about her, and it also meant she didn't really have to care what he thought about her, thus freeing her mind from the careful front she always put up with other men.

Even in bed.

But then he'd gotten a video of her! Thank God she'd finally stood up to him, sort of. She'd lured him out to the pond and then pushed him in, thus drowning his stupid cell phone. He knew now that she wasn't some stupid blonde 'slave girl', a phrase he taunted her with.

Okay, so she'd asked him if his family came from slaves. And maybe, admittedly, she had been taunting him a little, but just a little. And he was a fucking servant! She had always been able to tease and taunt servants before! He worked for her!

Well, for her father, which was the same thing.

“Dirty nigger,” she said aloud.

She'd taught him that she wasn't some pushover. She expected him to react, to spank her for destroying his phone, but he hadn't. Instead he'd just politely accepted her apology for 'tripping', and ignored it.

Which was freaking weird.

Worse, he'd continued acting politely now for several days! Every trip in the limo was an exercise in tension and stress and frustration as she kept waiting for him to do something, to spank her and fuck her and yank on her hair the way he had before.

But he'd behaved very formal and polite. Which was great. It was exactly what she wanted.

Except it was driving her crazy. She felt like an addict who couldn't get her fix. She wanted to feel that wildness again, that shock and thrill as his immensely

powerful black body covered hers and crushed her underneath, as he rammed his huge spear of black flesh deep into her trembling, shaking body!

What did he think he was doing? Was this some sort of... silent treatment!? Did he think this was punishing her? Like she gave a damn if he was angry at her!?

She was sexually frustrated, true, but she'd get over it. It baffled her, though, how he could just act like that, when he knew he could do anything to her he wanted. He could pull the limo over, get in the back seat, and fuck her brains out, like he'd done several times.

So why wasn't he!? Every guy she'd ever met, except the fags, had been drooling over her and ready to do almost anything to get into her panties. How could Smith know he could fuck her and not do it!?

It wasn't like she would resist, or could resist, come to that. The man was a monster of muscle under all that black flesh. He was six foot six and probably twice her weight. He'd been a cop, and a heavyweight boxer. He could overpower her easily, and had done so several times.

Which had been scary and... and horribly thrilling!

And she wanted more of that thrill!

But she had her pride, and there was no way in the world she was going to admit it. Oh no, if anyone was going to come crawling back it was going to be Smith!

Jason Smith. That was his name. He had refused to give it to her, telling her to call him Mister Smith, as if she didn't have the right to use his first name! She was actually surprised it was something as mundane as Jason. She'd thought it would be something... black, like Jared or Leon or Lamar. Jason could be the name of a White man!

“Uppity nigger,” she said.

Why Smith was barely in the same species as White people! He was a monster, a gorilla! His arms were thicker than her thighs! He was crude, and had no class, and probably went to public school, if he had even gone to school!

Pushing him in the pool was a good start to reasserting the proper relationship

between a servant and those he served. He was clearly sulking over it, and thinking she would come running back to him and apologize just to get access to his big black cock. But he was definitely mistaken!

She could get men by snapping her fingers. Easy!

Of course, the problem with the men she knew was that she knew them. That was to say, they were part of her social circle. Thus she had to be very guarded in any kind of sexual liaison with them lest whatever she did or said or how she reacted get out and be the subject of amused gossip.

She could certainly not scream with pleasure the way she did when Smith was pounding her like a rag doll! God! Nor, for that matter, would any of the men she knew be so uncouth as to use her so roughly, even savagely. They would not call her names the way Smith did, either. Sex with cultured men was a matter of partnership for mutual pleasure.

There was no partnership with Smith! Smith did whatever he felt like doing, like a... an animal!

And somehow all of that combined to turn her insides into a cauldron of flaming hunger and passion! It shouldn't! She should vastly prefer the more gentle caresses of a cultured man than the rough, wild groping and slapping of a pig like Smith!

But there was just something so thrilling about it! It took her breath away! And knowing she was so helpless, and also that what he saw or heard of her didn't matter, freed her from almost all inhibition!

Which was bizarre given that he actually tied her up often enough! How could that be freeing!?

She got up, paying no attention to the dark windows of the workshop, and padded across the intricate stonework of the patio, and then into the kitchen. She looked around warily for Paul, the butler, then hurriedly began to search through the cupboards until she found what she was looking for.

Bananas.

She smiled, snickering a little as she picked up a couple of them and went back

to the pool.

She picked up the house phone and waited a moment.

“Ah, Paul, would you kindly ask Mister Smith to come see me poolside?”

There was a pause. “You don't plan on pushing him into the pool again, do you, Miss Evans?”

“Most definitely not, Paul. And I have already apologized for... tripping.”

“Very well,” he said frostily.

She shrugged and hung up. Paul didn't believe her, which was probably why her father hadn't believed her either. But she could usually persuade her father away from anything drastic, and evidently Smith hadn't made much complaint so nothing had come of it.

Paul was sixty something. He'd been with her father for years. She hardly paid him any attention at all, rather like furniture. He was always about, but of no real importance other than the fact that he would tell her father anything she did with which she disapproved. For that reason she'd always had to be a bit wary about him.

The only other male around during the day was Marco, the gardener, but she knew he was out front working on an azalea bush. Marco wasn't sixty, so she rarely went topless out back when he was around. Paul didn't matter, though. Smith definitely did matter, though of course, he'd seen her naked and more than naked on a number of occasions.

She adjusted the chaise lounge so that the back faced the house. That would block any view of her should Paul, or one of the maids, happen to be looking out the window.

Paul wouldn't care if she was topless, but he might find it odd that she would be topless with Smith around. No way could she afford any sort of speculation there!

She reached behind her and untied the strings which cut across her back, then picked up the suntan oil as Smith, in his black suit, began to amble across the

grass. He reached the interlock stone and walked around in front of her, his face expressionless, as usual.

“Ahh, Jason,” she said innocently. “I am informing you that I will need the car later on today.”

With her bikini top undone in behind the cups still covered at least part of her breasts, but her oiled hand was casually spreading suntan lotion over them as he looked on.

“What time would that be, Miss Evans?” he asked.

“Oh well, I'm not entirely sure. Sometime between three and four. You'll keep yourself available, yes?”

“Of course, Miss Evans,” he said calmly.

He wasn't showing any sign that he noticed the bananas, which was annoying. He'd certainly got pissed off at her when she'd suggested he might like some watermelon a few days earlier. In fact, it had gotten her a spanking.

“Where will you be going?” he asked.

She sat forward, the cups dangling before her, then reached behind her, grasping the strings and pulling the cups taut against the full young flesh of her breasts, tying it off.

“Probably over to visit Buffy. She has a place in Palos Verdes estates. Do you know where that is, Jason?”

“I've asked you to call me by my family name, Miss Evans,” he said calmly.

“But you're the servant, Jason. You serve me. I get to make the rules,” she said, equally calmly.

Her outward calmness was not a reflection of the anxiety, stress and tension within herself, of course. She was half afraid he would attack her, even though she was fairly sure Paul was watching.

“I work for your father,” he said.

“What's in a name, Jason?” she asked guilelessly.

She picked up a banana and smiled up at him, then peeled it and took a bite.

“Mmm, I've heard these are very tasty,” she said. “You must eat a lot of them. Would you like one?”

“No thank you,” he said.

“You're sure? We do have some watermelon around, though I've always found they tasted rather, well, watery.”

“Hence the name,” he said drolly.

“Hence?” she said, eyes widening. “You surprise me, Jason. I wouldn't think an uneducated man like you would use such words.”

“I believe you and I both have a high school diplomat, Miss Evans,” he said.

She frowned in irritation. “I went to Beverly Hills High,” she said. “I don't think whatever ratty school you attended down in the uhm, hood, had the same quality of teaching.”

“I grew up in Simi Valley,” he said.

She blinked. “Isn't that a white area?”

“Segregation's been over for some time, Miss Evans. I learned that in history class.”

She snorted. “A pity.”

He raised his eyebrows calmly, which made her even more irritated.

“Don't you think people understood their place better back then, Jason?”

“I think people had very little choice about where their place was back then. Now it's different. Of course, some people are in whatever place they were born, like you are.”

“Yes, I was born with all this,” she said, spreading her arms to indicate both

herself and the estate around her. “You were born being able to be invisible in the dark,” she said with a smirk.

“If there's nothing else, miss Evans. I'll be going.”

“I say when you go, Jason,” she snapped.

His lip curled up a bit. “You mean like I say when you come?”

She glared.

“You have a hot body, Miss Evans, but I can get hot, slutty blondes just about any bar or nightclub I care to visit. They really aren't difficult to get into bed. So maybe you should consider reforming your snotty attitude.”

“There's nothing wrong with my attitude!”

“If you want my cock inside you, you're going to have to beg.”

“I should have you fired!”

“You should, but you won't.”

“And why not?!”

“Because you love my nigger cock,” he said.

“I want nothing to do with your nigger cock!” she snapped.

“I seem to recall you begging for it a few days ago.”

“You made me! You... you threatened me!”

“You wanted that cock.”

“You... you are a violent... negro!” she exclaimed.

He laughed softly and bent forward, causing her heart to beat faster and her fingers to clutch the arms of the chaise lounge.

“And you, are a very transparent little girl.”

She stared at him.

“You want something hard and black inside you. That's why you're trying to taunt me.”

“I am not! I mean, I do not! You are – !”

She gasped and her eyes widened as he reached under his coat and brought out a gun! It was a large black hand gun, a revolver with a very long barrel.

“Paul is watching!” she cried.

He smirked and glanced at the window, then down at her. “Paul was watching at first to see if you were going to try and push me into the pool again, but he's got to supervise the placement of the new furniture your father ordered in the den. Nobody is watching right now, blonde girl.”

“Y-You're not supposed to have a gun!” she gulped.

“But I'm an ex cop and was hired, in part, to be your bodyguard,” he said calmly.

Then he leaned over and his huge hand closed around her throat!

Taylor gurgled, her eyes going wider, and grabbed his wrist, but it was like trying to shift the branch of an oak tree! His arm was thicker than both of hers combined, and far more muscular!

The barrel of the gun caressed her lips, and then pushed against them! She moaned as it slid inside, eyes going even wider as she stared at it then at him, then at the gun again, then at him! Her heart pounded and fear and alarm filled her! Who knew what some crazy violent black man was capable of!?

“Suck,” he said softly.

She moaned and continued to try to pull back, but her head was already firmly against the back of the chair and he simply moved the gun forward.

“Close your lips and suck,” he said, his voice hardening.

Whimpering, trembling, Taylor obeyed, eyes enormous as he began to pump the

gun slowly in and out of her mouth!

“Lick it. Lick it, baby. I want to feel your tongue along the barrel.”

Trembling, Taylor obeyed, as he continued to pump the long barrel in and out.

“Not too hard,” he said as she licked. “You wouldn't want it to... come.”

He pulled the gun out and she gulped, shaking, staring, wide-eyed as he slid it down and pressed it against her thong! She grabbed at it but he held it steady.

“Better not touch it. You don't want to make it go off by accident.”

She froze, her hands jerking away from the thing!

He slid the barrel down and it pushed down the elastic waistband of her thong. The thong was a very small one, the crotch a small V of fabric over her sex. He forced the fabric downward until the thin, neat line of her sex was revealed, then pressed the barrel against her.

“P-Please!” she croaked.

“That's the word I taught you,” he said. “But it's incomplete. What do you call me, blonde girl?”

She moaned as the barrel pressed against her opening.

“Spread your legs. Wider,” he barked in a short, but cold tone which made her gasp and jerk her thighs apart.

“You want something big and black inside you. You think I don't know that? You think I can't recognize it?”

The barrel began to push into her body! It was thick, but certainly nowhere nearly as thick as his big cock, and the oil the barrel had accumulated when it had slid down her belly more than sufficed to push it past the tight lips of her sex.

“Please, sir!” she gasped as his fingers loosened slightly around her throat.

“That's not the word.”

“P-Please, master!”

“Please what, blonde girl? Please fuck me, master? Was that what you wanted to say?”

“N-No!”

She cried out as the barrel slid deeper

“Oh! Don't!” she gasped.

“But you wanted something big and black and hard inside your buttery little pussy,” he said.

“Ah!” she cried, jerking back as he thrust the rest of the barrel up inside her.

“What did I tell you about the next time you started talking about watermelons?” he asked.

“I-I don't remember!” she gasped.

He drew the barrel back, then thrust it in again, making her cry out once more.

“I think you do,” he said.

He rotated the gun so that the trigger mechanism was on the top. That also left the flat base of the gun behind the barrel jammed against the top of her sex, against her clitoris. He began to turn the barrel from side to side, grinding the metal against her soft flesh as she stared and moaned helplessly.

He glanced up past her, towards the house, then down again.

“Take off your bikini, slut.”

She shuddered at the words, but his fingers tightened around her throat so that she could no longer breathe, and she gurgled and obeyed, quickly undoing the strings to her top, then her bottom.

“Good girl,” he said, loosening his grip.

“Now raise your legs up and and apart. Drape them on the arms of the chair.”

She obeyed again, gasping as he twisted the gun from side to side, rubbing the body of it back and forth across her clitoris.

“Tell me you love nigger cock,” he said softly.

Taylor moaned helplessly.

“Say it, blonde girl.”

“I-I love n-nigger cock!” she gasped.

He drew the long, now slick barrel out of her sex, then slid it up her body and pushed against her mouth. She moaned as it slid across her tongue, then gurgled as he pushed it all the way in to the end of the barrel! That put the tip inside her throat, but he held her tightly in place and there was nothing she could do about it.

His dark eyes bored into her.

“Put your hands behind your neck,” he ordered.

Heart pounding, she took her fingers off his wrist, where they'd been useless anyway, and brought them behind her head.

“Head back, chest out.”

She gurgled and obeyed as he slid the barrel back, then began to pump it slowly in and out of her mouth.

“Suck, slave girl.”

She flinched at the words, but sucked on his barrel as he pumped.

“If you want my nigger cock inside you again, blonde girl, you're going to have to be a lot more accommodating, and a lot more respectful,” he said.

He drove the barrel into her throat and she gagged helplessly.

“Are you going to be?”

She nodded her head frantically, at least, as much as she could with his other

hand circling her throat.

Now that her initial fear of the gun had begun to fade, now that it looked like Smith had not become a crazed murderer, and wasn't about to kill her, she calmed down slightly. But removing the fear, or at least, toning it down, had allowed other emotions to rise, including the dark heat of sexual excitement at being naked and helpless in front of him again.

He removed his hand from her throat, and then eased slowly backwards.

“Keep your lips wrapped around the barrel,” he growled in that harsh voice.

She moaned, easing forward as he pulled the gun back, then easing forward again, and again. She had to push herself forward on the chair, had to drop her hands and take her legs off the arms, then had to bend forward as he lowered the hand holding the gun.

“Keep your lips wrapped tight around my barrel, blonde girl. Or else it might go off.”

She jerked at the threat, though she didn't really believe it. The same dark, helpless sense of shocked excitement which had swirled within her mind on other occasions was building up now, and she simply obeyed him, the heat pulsing within her as she slid forward off the chair and onto her hands and knees on the patio.

He backed away, forcing her to follow, to crawl along with her mouth on the gun, to crawl naked, pulse racing, to crawl onto the grass, and then, as he stopped, to stop, as well, rolling her eyes up at him wildly.

You see how shiny my shoes are, blonde girl?” he asked softly.

She blinked in confusion, and he slid the barrel out of her mouth at last, allowing her to drop his eyes to his black leather shoes.

“Walking across the grass has gotten them dirty. Clean them for me,” he ordered.

Taylor was bewildered at the strange turn in the conversation until his big hand came down on the back of her neck and he forced her head down so that her face was next to his shoes.

“With your tongue,” he said, pronouncing each word very distinctly.

Taylor felt a sense of wonder. Surely he didn't mean... he couldn't mean... !
Outrage and consternation filled her, but it was swept aside by a raw burst of dark, dark heat.

Whimpering, gasping, the sexual electricity within her growing suddenly much more intense, she bent and let her tongue lick slowly across one of his shoes.

“The whole shoe, blonde,” he said. “Nasty little blonde. Slutty little blonde.”

She moaned helplessly, gasping in the heat which gripped her as she licked across his shoe, her tongue sweeping across again and again as her inhibitions collapsed and the dark hunger which reveled in his outrageous demands blossomed!

He raised the front of his foot, balancing it on the heel.

“The bottom too, slut.”

Shuddering, she obeyed, her head turning as she angled her tongue in across the bottom of his shoe! It was so incredibly outrageous that her entire body burned with the wild feverish shock which gripped her!

Reach your right hand down between your legs and masturbate,” he ordered.

She cried out helplessly, shocked again, but her hand snaked down and then up, her fingers finding her swollen clitoris. She rubbed frantically as her tongue licked at his shoe, as her eyes rolled up at him, and then the orgasm swept through her and she cried out again and again, trembling and shaking and rolling her hips back at her own frantically stroking fingers!

He reached down and gripped her thick blonde hair, then roughly yanked her upright on her knees. She swayed dazedly, then cried out again as he slapped her face, then slapped the other cheek before jerking her in by the hair again.

“Are you going to be a good blonde?” he asked.

“Y-Y-Yes, master!” she moaned.

He turned and walked back to the garage, holding her hair in his fist. Gasping, yelping, moaning and whimpering, Taylor had no choice but to scramble awkwardly along at his side – on her knees! He pulled her to the door of the workroom, then inside where he yanked roughly so that she cried out and sprawled forward on the floor.

“Crawl, blonde girl,” he ordered.

Gasping, trembling, she pushed herself up onto her hands and knees and crawled forward across the stone floor and then into the garage itself.

The garage was a large one, able to easily take six cars, with a high roof. On one side was a hydraulic car lift mechanism, with four high black posts attached to the lift. He kicked at her bottom as she slowed, and she almost fell onto her face again, but caught herself, crawling toward the lift as he followed behind.

He stopped at a tool-chest and took out some rope, then yanked her to her feet by the hair.

“Cross your wrists in front of you, blonde.”

Panting, red faced, Taylor obeyed, watching with wide eyes as he wrapped the rough hemp rope around her wrists several times and jerked it tight.

He reached up to one of the four posts of the lift mechanism and tied the other end of the rope around the thing. Then he stepped back and slid the belt out of the loops of his trousers as she whimpered helplessly.

“Now then. You pushed me into a swimming pool,” he said.

“I-I'm sorry, master!”

He swung the doubled up belt and it cracked sharply across her bottom with a stinging jolt that made her cry out and threw her body against the lift post.

“No you're not. It's not like it was an accident.”

Crack!

“Ah!” Taylor cried as the belt slashed across her bottom a second time!

He turned and moved away from her briefly, then returned, and his right hand shot across her hip and down to her lower belly. He shoved her hips back out hard, and she felt something pushing against her sex, something thick and firm that jammed almost painfully hard against her!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped, twisting and turning her head to see behind her.

She cried out as the pressure forced the lips of her sex back sharply, making them sting with the sudden strain, and then something long and thick began to slide up into her body! It was... the dildo he'd used on her before, she realized, the long black silicone cock!

She was already wet, of course, but even so the thickness of the thing made her ache as it was suddenly shoved up into her slender body. Nor was Smith being gentle. He twisted and pumped it, forcing it deeper, then slapped against the base, to jam it in almost all the way, ignoring her cries of pain.

“Blonde girls have to learn their place,” he said.

Crack! His hand slapped down against her bare bottom with a sharp blow.

“Ow!”

He gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back, and she had only a moment to see another big black dildo in his hand before it was shoved into her open mouth! It was a good deal softer and more malleable than the gun barrel, but also a lot thicker, and she gurgled as he pumped it in and out of her mouth, then slid it deep into her throat.

He pulled it back, letting her cough and gasp and stagger as he yanked her hips back again and jammed the nose against the small wrinkled entrance to her back passage! She gasped as she felt it twisting from side to side, slowly pushing its way through.

“Please!” she cried.

“Please what, blonde girl?” he asked.

His hand slid down off her abdomen, down between her legs so that his big brown fingers pressed into the soft flesh of her clitoris. Then it shifted aside,

leaving her swollen little button caught between them as his hand slid slowly up and down.

“Please feed you more black cock? Was that what you were going to ask?”

“Oh!” she gasped, as the thick dildo slid deeper.

It was deep enough now to not fall out if he released it for a bit, so he did, slapping her bottom sharply.

“Beg for it, blonde girl. Beg for black cock.”

His hand returned to the dildo, shoving it deeper, twisting it, then releasing it and slapping her bottom again, hard.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Beg for it.”

“Please!” she cried.

“Please what?”

“Please, master!”

Crack!

“Please master what!?”

“Please... fuck me, master!”

Crack!

“That wasn't what I asked, blonde girl.”

He shoved the dildo even deeper and she felt an ache, a kind of cramping sensation deep inside her belly.

Crack!

“Beg for more black cock.”

“Please I... Please give me more black cock, master!” she gasped.

He shoved the dildo deeper and she cried out again in pain. Then he abruptly spun her roughly around and his arms slid around her. His hands kneaded her buttocks, then one slid up to grip her hair as he crushed her lips with his.

She moaned into his mouth, eyes wide, trying to twist her head aside but unable to as his tongue thrust deep, invading her oral cavity.

He dropped his head, his teeth biting into the soft flesh of her left breast and making her cry out again, his mouth sucking voraciously on her rigid pink nipple as his tongue swept rapidly across it.

“Nasty little blonde slut,” he growled, raining bites across her breasts. He seized her left nipple between his teeth and bit down sharply enough to cause her to cry out and jerk back, then chuckled and licked and sucked on it instead.

“Beg for black cock, slut,” he ordered.

“Please... please I-I – .”

He slapped her face and she reeled back, then he kissed her again, just as roughly as before. Then he dropped to his knees, jerking her thighs apart and licking and sucking on her clitoris as Taylor shuddered, overwhelmed and overpowered, gasping and whimpering and feeling as though she were riding a tiger, and had no control over where it went, how fast, or when it would throw her off.

And eat her!

His tongue was impossibly strong as it swept across her clitoris again and again and again, and waves of churning heat were sweeping up through her belly! He gripped the base of the dildo in her sex and began to pump it in and out as he licked, and his other hand reached behind her, gripping the other one, pumping that in turn.

Taylor gasped in dazed heat at the sensations pouring through her, at the wild dark thrill of what was happening and how completely out of control it was! The

throbbing pressure built up in her body and her mind, her skull pounding, the pressure becoming more and more unbearable so that she trembled and her hips ground against him.

He got up and spun her around again, then jerked her hips back sharply.

“Don't move, blonde,” he growled.

He picked up the belt, doubled it and swung it.

“Ahh!” she cried as the leather snapped across her bare bottom!

The sharp sting faded to a throbbing heat as her hips jerked forward and she half fell against the metal post.

“I said push that ass out, you nasty little blonde,” he growled.

Whimpering, gasping, she obeyed.

Crack!

“Oh!” she cried, hips thrown forward by the sharp impact.

He jerked her head up and back by the hair.

“Are you disobeying me, blonde girl?” he growled.

“N-N-No!” she gasped.

He slapped the front half of the belt down across her bare breast.

“Master,” he said.

“Master!”

“Are you disobeying me, slave girl?”

Taylor moaned at the words.

Crack! The belt snapped down against her breast again!

“Oh! Please!”

Crack!

“Please master,” he said.

“Please, master!”

“Are you disobeying me, slave girl?”

“No, master!”

He swung the belt down against her breast again and again she cried out.

“I told you to keep your tight little ass pushed out. Do it.”

He released her hair and Taylor, gasping and moaning, pushed her bottom back.

Crack!

She cried out, but held her position.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You were a bad girl, weren't you?” he said.

“Y-Yes, master!”

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I was a bad girl, master!”

Crack! The belt sliced down across her taut, round bottom again!

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?”

“Yes, master!”

Crack!

“Ah!”

“Say it.”

“I'm sorry for being a bad girl, master!” she cried as her bottom flared hotly.

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“Why did you push me in the pool, blonde girl?”

“I-I was... afraid of the video, master!”

Crack!

“You think I was going to send that around to your little friends to show them what a slut you were?”

“Y-Yes, master!”

Crack!

“I think your friends should see how excited blondes get with a big black cock in them, or two, or three,” he said.

Crack!

“Ahh!”

Taylor's bottom was on fire! But an even larger fire was raging within her, and had ignited a feverish sense of hunger and passion within her mind. She was gasping and moaning, and tears were starting to fill her eyes, but hunger threatened to consume her!

“Let me hear you say you love Black cock.”

Crack!

“Oww! I love black cock!” she cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Where do you love having black cock, blonde girl?”

“I-In my puss – !”

Crack!

“Ah!”

“Full sentences, blonde girl. Full sentences.”

“I love having black cock in my pussy!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Where else?”

“I-I-I love having black cock in... in ...”

Crack!

“Oh!”

“In your ass. Say it.”

“I love having black cock in my ass, master!”

Crack!

“Where else?”

“I love having black cock in my mouth, master!” she cried.

He stepped forward, and she felt his big, black hand pressing against the dildo in her ass. She cried out as he forced it to slide just another few inches into her belly, impaling her, and all-but burying it in her quivering, trembling body. His fingers pressed up against the other dildo, forcing that up all the way, too!

Crack!

“Oh God!’ she sobbed.

“Beg, slut.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Please, master!”

Crack! Crack!

“Please what?”

Crack!

“P-Please fuck me, master!”

He swung the doubled up belt underhand so that the middle slapped up between Taylor's legs. The force was much lighter than when it hit her bottom, or even her breast, but it fell upon her swollen, hyper-sensitive little clitoris, and she let out a strangled cry of shock, snapping her legs together.

“Legs spread, blonde.”

Gasping, moaning, she spread her legs again and the belt swept up and slapped at her clitoris, then again, and again and again and again and again as she shuddered and trembled and dropped her head low in dazed pain and confusion.

“Why do you want a big black cock in your body?”

He swung harder.

“Why?”

“Please!” she moaned.

“Because you're a blonde and blondes are sluts. Isn't that right?”

“Yes, master!”

“Why do you want a big nigger cock in you?”

“I-I... because I'm a blonde slut!” she babbled desperately.

“That's right.”

He jerked her head up and back by the hair as he came up behind her, kissing her savagely again, his other hand sliding down her belly to finger her clitoris.

“Nasty little blonde,” he growled.

He reached up and untied the rope binding her wrists to the post, then pulled her aside and shoved her onto her knees on the floor.

“Face down, ass up,” he barked.

Trembling, gasping, Taylor frantically complied, incredibly relieved that he now wanted to do something other than strap her aching bottom – or her pussy!

“Spread your legs, slut.”

She obeyed, groaning.

“Raise that ass higher!”

“Beg me to shove my nigger cock up your ass, blonde girl.”

“P-Please shove your nigger cock up my ass, master!” she said, panting.

“Make that up your blonde ass,” he said.

“Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!” she groaned.

“Face forward,” he barked, swinging the belt down across her bottom again to accentuate the order.

“And keep begging.”

“Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!” she cried.

Crack!

“Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!” she cried again.

Crack! The belt swung down again with a sharp, stinging blow.

“Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!”

Crack!

“Ow! Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!”

Crack!

“Ah! Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!” she cried, eyes filling with tears.

Crack!

“You ain't begging hard enough. Put more emotion into it. I want to know how bad you want my cock in your ass, blonde girl.”

Crack!

“Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!” she cried.

Crack!

“Please shove your nigger cock up my blonde ass, master!” she begged desperately.

Crack!

“Please! Please fuck my ass with your nigger cock, master!”

Crack!

“Please fuck my blonde ass with your nigger cock, master!” she sobbed.

Crack!

Taylor shuddered and sobbed as she begged him to fuck her ass over and over again, but inside she was in turmoil. The heat of her bottom seemed to have peaked, and each new blow, while it delivered a sharp, short-lived stinging sensation, could heat it no further.

But as she knelt on the floor, her bound wrists stretched before her, her soft, swollen breasts grinding against the dirty concrete, her aching bottom raised in the air, she felt a growing sense of disbelief at how filthy and shocking and outrageous it was. The words she was babbling were unbelievably degrading and

demeaning, and yet added to a growing thrill, a rush of the forbidden, of the outrageously forbidden, of the shockingly carnal and wicked!

And in the midst of that turmoil Taylor had a strange epiphany, a sense of understanding. The more he degraded her, the more aroused she became! The more he degraded her, the more wickedly outrageous and shockingly thrilling she felt it to be!

Even though, at the same time, she hated it! Or at least, part of her did.

The understanding didn't help. She had always been so careful of her image, of how people saw her – well, important people. Smith was hardly that...

He swung over a small, straight backed chair and sat down.

“Come here, blonde.”

Moaning, trembling, Taylor pushed herself to her knees and turned around, then twisted her body and crawled over to him.

He gripped her hair and pulled her face in against his crotch, rubbing it up and down.

“Undo my pants, slave girl,” he ordered.

The word jolted her with a strange dark sense of the forbidden as her trembling fingers unbuttoned his black trousers and then unzipped them.

“Reach in and pull out my cock.”

She did, moaning heatedly as it swelled and thickened in her hand. She pulled it into view, staring at it.

“Swallow it, blonde.”

Shuddering, she licked up and down its length, then slid her lips over it, and began to bob up and down. Each bob slid her lips further down its length, until the head was jammed in the very back of her mouth.

“Down, blonde,” he growled.

Moaning, she took several deep breaths, then closed her eyes and forced her lips down. The head popped into her throat and she gurgled and gagged, but forced herself lower, heat shredding her mind as she felt her lips sliding down the shaft and across the thick hard veins which stood out across it.

She opened her eyes, gurgling, as her lips slid down the last few inches, staring in something like disbelief again as her lips were pressed firmly against his groin.

“Good blonde,” he said, his big hand stroking the soft hair on her head.

“Now start riding your blonde throat up and down on my nigger cock.”

Head pounding, Taylor slid her lips back up several inches, then back down again all the way. She slid them up again, then back down, her chest starting to burn as her head pounded harder. She slid her lips all the way off and coughed, gulping in air as he looked down at her.

“Again. Faster.”

He reached under her arm and filled his hand with her breast, kneading it roughly as the trembling girl forced her lips around his thick shaft once more then slid down. She moved down faster, this time, then began to bob up and down at once, moving faster as he kneaded her breast.

“Hot little blonde fuck toy,” he said, patting her head again.

He let her slide completely off again, then pulled her up by the hair, forcing her to climb up into his lap, wincing and gasping whenever his thighs touched the base of the two dildos stuffed up inside her.

His hands caressed her back, pulling her closer. She moaned as he began to lick and suck and chew at her breasts, but it was infinitely better than having her bottom strapped, so she wasn't about to complain! She was still panting and gasping breathlessly as his hands slid down under her ass and lifted her upward, then gripped the base of the dildo in her bottom and slid it slowly out.

“Now slide that tight blonde ass down my nigger cock, baby,” he said.

Moaning, Taylor obeyed, gasping as the slick hard, hot shaft pressed against her,

then pushed inside. She slid down slowly, moaning as he chewed on her breasts, gasping as it pushed deep.

Crack! His hand slapped her red bottom.

“Ride that nigger cock, blonde girl,” he ordered. “Ride it fast and hard like the cock hungry little fuck toy you are.”

Taylor groaned and slid back up, then back down again, back up, then back down, getting more and more aroused at the sensations. His skin was so soft, yet so deliciously... tactile and slick as she rode up and down on it!

Even riding it was unbelievably outrageous! She was riding up and down on a black cock! In her ass! And it was so thick! Every time she slid back up, she paused with anticipation, then felt the incredible thrill as she slid down, down, down, down the long length until it felt as though it was jammed up into her very chest!

Then she got to do it again!

Meanwhile, Smith was sucking and chewing and mauling her throbbing breasts and pinching and licking and twisting and rolling her burning hot nipples! Taylor's bound wrists were over his head and own behind his thick neck as she gripped his shoulders and rode his cock.

It was so deep!

And every time she hit bottom she could feel her clitoris grinding against his trousers, could feel the pressure of the dildo in her sex being pushed up as the base hit him! The sensations were shocking and overpowering!

She began to gasp and cry out as she rode him faster, but the speed was hindered by her wanting every inch of him inside, wanting to use every long inch of that shaft to slide up and down! Her thighs burned but she didn't care as she rode up and down as fast and hard as she could, crying out at every deep plunge!

She ached inside, but that didn't matter either! The fever heat was intoxicating, and it swirled around her to set her very skin ablaze with need and passion!

She jammed herself down as the first orgasm hit, crying out, arching her back,

grinding her sex, her clitoris, into his body as the waves of pleasure swept through her!

He pinched her nipples and pulled upward, and she cried out again, resuming her hard, desperate ride, impaling herself again and again as another orgasm shattered her mind and she sobbed in maddened pleasure.

“Ride that black cock, you dirty blonde whore,” he growled, his teeth fastening on her throat as he pulled her down. “Slide that tight ass down all the way!”

And Taylor did, burning up inside at how filthy and outrageous and slutty and carnal she was, sobbing with breathless pleasure as another orgasm whipped her body into convulsions, and then another!

*

“For your entertainment,” the email said.

Taylor flinched as she saw the pictures attached, pictures of her in every imaginable and obscene position.

Smith had taken a lot of them, from every obscene angle, including ones of her licking and sucking his balls and then sucking his cock again. He had a real camera, this time, not just his phone, and it had a remote option so that he could set it back and get pictures, and videos.

He'd taken videos of him fucking her on her hands and knees, and with her ankles pinned back over her head. He'd taken videos of her masturbating with the dildo, and begging for nigger cock.

And saying she was his sex slave.

And then sent them to her to look at. He hadn't threatened her or anything. The threat was implied. She better act respectful.

And to reinforce that he'd made her pose for him in several of her thong bikinis, then showed her how he could post them online.

And did! To web sites where other men would look and make comments!

The idea of these other pictures and videos going up there was appalling, and yet... hot... so terribly hot! Imagine people she knew seeing them! Her mind cringed away from the very thought!

Even so, she felt a strange dark pride at how hot she looked, at how beautiful and sexy she was. She was as hot as any of those girls on the internet! She played one of the videos, cringing as she watched herself thrusting the black dildo into her body again and again, then crying out in orgasm.

It hadn't even been faked! Masturbating with that big black dildo while he watched her and took video was so thrilling she had come in no time, and come massively!

She knew this was dangerous, appallingly dangerous, but that just made it more darkly thrilling!

God! Was she really that loud when she came!?

She switched to the video of her deep throating him, and felt a burst of pride in her sexual abilities. None of her friends would be able to do that, she was sure! She looked so hot and slutty!

Then there was the video of him riding her from behind, yanking on her hair and slapping her and calling her a blonde slut! God, that was hot! She had to slide her fingers into her panties and masturbate as she watched!

And now she was his! With these videos he could make her do anything he wanted! He could make her be his... his sex slave!

Once again she was assailed by the twin senses of wondrous excitement and anxiety. It wasn't like she wanted to be anyone's sex slave, after all. That was for sure! But the idea of it... that was so incredibly hot!

A sex slave! Wow!

To a Black man! To a big, ignorant, black servant! It was so wickedly, shockingly, appallingly outrageous that her lower body thrummed at the very thought!

It was hard to focus her mind on anything else. She kept thinking about the heat

and outrageousness of what she'd done, and kept feeling a sense of wondering amazement that she'd consented to it, let him take such pictures and videos of her which put her so completely under his control!

As if to remind her, he sent her another email, this one with a link to a different web site. She gasped as she saw the pictures he'd posted! None had her face in them, but they definitely had every other body part! Including her pussy and ass with the dildos or his cock protruding!

The one she stared at longest was clearly taken by him as he'd ridden her. She could see half his big cock stretching out her ass, then the length of her back and her blonde hair in his black fist. She could also see much of her right breast dangling down, but thankfully, not any of her face.

He'd posted them on line! Right this very second thousands of men were seeing her like that!

That was terrifying, until she made absolutely sure none of the pictures showed anything which could prove it was her, or even hint at it.

God! It was so outrageous!

The next day when he told her she wanted to go for a ride and that she needed to wear her thong bikini, the black one she'd had on the other day, she couldn't exactly say no.

She was both nervous, and hot, butterflies swirling in her stomach as she went to the car.

“Got something for you, blonde girl,” he said.

It was a leather choker, almost a collar, really, with the word SLUT picked out on a stainless steel plate in the front. He fastened it around her slender throat and then nodded in evident satisfaction. Then he began to unbutton her shirt.

Taylor froze, her chest tightening, butterflies taking light in her belly. She didn't know what to do, and did nothing, as he removed her blouse, then unzipped her skirt and let it slide down her legs to pool at her ankles.

“Bend over the hood of the car,” he ordered.

“But – .”

He gripped the back of her neck and roughly shoved her against the Mercedes, then bent her over until her breasts were pillowed out beneath her chest.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Spread your legs, blonde.”

She obeyed, gulping in air as she felt his fingers sliding up and down the thin crotch of her thong.

“Mmmm, good eating here,” he said.

He knelt behind her and she gasped as his mouth opened, then closed on her sex, his jaw squeezing in firmly but not painfully, as his long, fat tongue slid up and down against the outside of the thin thong. Then his fingers tugged aside the material to bare her, and she moaned a loud as his tongue repeated the same movement but on her bare flesh.

He caught her clitoris, already swollen, between his lips, and sucked, as his fingers slowly pushed into her rapidly moistening pussy. His big fingers twisted and turned within her, pumping slowly in and out as he licked hungrily at her clitoris, and Taylor's eyes fluttered as she felt waves of heat rolling up her body.

His fingers eased back, and something else pushed into her. It was thick, and stretched the lips of her sex wide, but it wasn't very long, for as it slid completely into her, with his fingers pushing, she felt herself closing behind it. Then something hard and unyielding, firm, as if on a spring, slid up along the top of her sex over her clitoris.

She recognized it.

It was the vibrator thing he had used on her before. It had a slim, curving spring that resembled a paperclip. It held tight against her body, so that the thing inside her could not be dislodged. But it was also hollow, like a paper clip, and pressed in against the soft flesh all around her clitoris, allowing it to swell out even harder.

And then it began to buzz! It wasn't quite touching her little button, but it surrounded it, and pressed down firmly into the surrounding flesh, and so the vibrations resonated against it anyway!

He tugged the crotch of her thong back across her sex and rubbed her gently, then pulled her upright.

“We'll take the Mercedes today,” he said.

She gulped and got in as he got in the drivers side.

“Wh-where are going?” she asked.

“Master,” he said.

She flushed. “Where are we going master?” she gulped.

“Thought I'd go visit Venice Beach.”

She frowned in confusion.

“Wh-why?”

He turned and glowered at her.

“Why, master?”

“Because I like it. The blue water, the ocean air, the atmosphere.”

“Isn't it, like, a freak show?”

“Certainly a lot to watch,” he said.

*

The attracted a lot of attention.

Venice beach was crowded, and so was the boardwalk along it. There were lines of small restaurants and shops all along the boardwalk, many with their fronts open to browsers. Crowds of men and women walked, jogged, bicycled, roller bladed and skateboarded back and forth in the warm sunlight.

Most were in shorts and tank tops or T-shirts, but a number were in bathing suits. Not many men were as well-built as Smith, though, as he strolled casually along wearing a black bathing suit and nothing else. His muscles gleamed in the sun.

And Taylor was right beside him, wearing the little black thong bikini, with a choker that said 'slut' and his arm around her! She was stricken, horribly embarrassed, both by what she wore and by his enforced closeness!

She was proud of her body, of course, but that particular bikini was one she wore only at pool gatherings around other girls, or occasionally, around small groups of known acquaintances and friends, where she was competing under the eyes of a few hot guys.

Wearing it out in public, where crowds of old, fat ugly men could ogle her, where old ugly women would glare jealously, where all these... common types could stare at her and imagine her naked was horrible! Furthermore, she knew what she had thought of white women she saw draped around black men, and now others would be thinking that of her!

And they didn't even have to consider what word to use since she was displaying it at her throat!

He had his hand casually draped on her hip to hold her close, and any time she made a move to ease further apart his hand pulled her in, then drifted down to squeeze her bare buttocks – right in front of everyone!

It was true that no one she knew was likely to be here, but even so, she was burning with embarrassment at being seen with him like this!

At least no one was likely to realize he was just her family's chauffeur!

Despite the embarrassment and anxiety, she was also dreadfully hot. The tonguing he had given her, and the constant buzzing of the vibrator thing, had made her sopping wet on the way over! In fact, when they'd parked Smith had pulled aside the crotch of her thong and eased the vibrator out, then thrust three fingers deep inside her to test how wet she was before making her lick them clean!

Then, of course, he'd thrust the vibrator back in and pulled the crotch back into place before getting out and peeling his own shirt off.

He led her into one of the little shops, his hand drifting down to her bottom, kneading her buttocks as he examined the merchandise, which was mostly beachwear. But further in were shelves of suntan lotion. He picked up a couple of them and examined them, then picked up another and nodded before leading her back to the cash to pay for it.

“Th-that's not my brand,” she gulped.

He looked at her, and then she felt his hand, the one on her bottom, gripping her thong and pulling upward, harder, and then still harder. She gasped, mouth opening, rising to the balls of her feet as she felt the pressure against the soft flesh of her sex.

“That's not my brand what?” he said.

Her face flamed as the cashier looked on uncertainly.

“That's not my brand what?” he growled.

“Th-that's not my brand... master,” she gasped softly.

“Louder.”

“That's not my brand, master,” she moaned.

“Louder.”

“That's not my brand.. master,” she said in a choked voice that the cashier would certainly hear.

“But I like it,” he said, taking the bag from the wide eyed young man and releasing her thong.

Her face flamed as he led her out onto the board walk again, hand lightly kneading her buttocks in front of everyone they passed.

He led her off the boardwalk and out onto the sand, then threw down a towel he had brought. His hand slid up her back and gripped her neck behind her hair, then pushed her down onto her knees on the towel before kneeling beside her.

There wasn't a lot of space. He hadn't exactly picked an empty area. Lots of people were around them, and he grinned as he took the suntan oil from the bag and then opened it, pouring oil onto his hand.

“We wouldn't want that pretty white skin of yours to get burned, baby,” he said.

He gripped her right arm and his big black hand enveloped it, sliding slowly up and down, spreading the suntan oil across her lightly tanned skin. His hand slid up to the shoulder, then across her back, and she was horribly aware that nearby men were watching.

Well, of course they were! She was kneeling there in a tiny black thong!

They were careful not to be seen as staring, though, not with someone the size of Smith with her.

His hand slid up and down her bare back, then down her other arm. He poured more oil and his hand slid over her throat, then down over her chest. She gulped, face red, as his hands slid lower, caressing the visible portion of her breasts above the small, triangle cups, letting his fingers dip lightly inside the cups, too, grinning at her.

“Spread your legs wider,” he ordered.

Flushing, she obeyed.

“Wider, blonde girl.”

She gulped, heart hammering, and obeyed, as his hand slid past her breasts, and began to oil up her belly. She dropped her eyes, letting her blonde hair shield her from the people she was sure were watching as his hand slid downward until his fingers could slide lightly into the waistband of her thong and move along the edge.

“Hot little slave girl, he said.

She moaned softly, fighting to keep from hyperventilating.

His hand slid down along her hip, casually caressing her soft flesh, then back up the inside of her thigh until the edge of his hand was rubbing against her crotch

as he slid his hand in and out there. He smiled and shifted to the other thigh, the flat of his hand sliding slowly up and down, then in and out along her inner thigh, the edge of his hand rubbing deliberately against the crotch of her bikini, against the swollen, buzzing clitoris underneath.

Every touch made her gasp at the jolt of raw sensation which swept up through her body, but it also made her mind squirm with embarrassment at what people must be thinking of her! And whatever they were thinking of her, she was worse!

“Lots of people watching you, blonde girl. They're all jealous of me,” he said.

He poured more oil into his hand.

“Rise on your knees,” he said.

Pulse racing, Taylor eased her bottom up from her heels, and his hand slid in to caress her there, sliding the oil over her, his hand moving up and down the backs of her legs but certainly paying careful attention to her bare buttocks!

She felt a rush of relief when he was finally finished and let her sit back on her heels, but it was shot-lived. He handed her the oil, eyes gleaming darkly.

“Now you do me.”

She gulped and dropped her eyes again.

“Now,” he ordered.

Breath shaky, she poured oil into her hand and then started on his chest, which seemed safest. Of course, the thing was, that most of the time when he'd displayed his chest he'd been manhandling her, or even had her tied up. She hadn't really had much opportunity to really touch him before.

Now, under the eyes of what she was sure must be thirty or forty people, she had to slide her trembling hands slowly up and down his powerful chest. That would have delivered a tactile shock to her system all on its own, but with the suntan lotion, her skin and his took on a slick, delicious texture, and she felt her buzzing pussy starting to thrum more and more powerfully!

She had started out intending to be as clinical, as brusque as possible, but the

feel of his muscled chest under her oily fingers caught at her already flustered mind in a way she could not resist. Her fingers slowed, her hands moving up and down over his chest as she felt the deeply erotic tactile pleasure of skin on skin.

Her hand moved down over his stomach, heart thumping and pulse racing, then back up along his ribs and.. up over his shoulders. Of course, he was much taller than she, so he made it easy on her. He lay down.

“Straddle me,” he ordered.

The breath caught in her throat, and her eyes begged him, but his eyes hardened, and she had no choice but to crawl over, to straddle his body, sitting her bare bottom down on his upper thighs and leaning forward to slide both hands now up and down his chest and belly and over his shoulders.

His own hands slid up and down her sides, then onto her lower back and down to cup her buttocks as she worked. She moaned helplessly, her mind swept by embarrassment and heat again and again as she obeyed him. Then she slid backwards along his thighs, and finally off, to oil up his legs.

He rolled over and she shuddered in relief, turning her attention to the backs of his legs, then skipping the long length of his bathing suit and oiling up his back. He rolled over again, then pulled her atop him once more, forcing her to bend over him and then Taylor gasped as he pulled her head down to kiss her long and passionately.

Of course, to do that her bare bottom was, she knew, making a fine bit of eye candy to all the men behind her!

He held her like that for an endless long kiss, his tongue pushing into her mouth and overpowering her own. Then he rolled over atop her! She gasped, her legs forced wide as he ground his crotch into her, his tongue deep in her mouth.

He eased up slowly. “You know what all these white people are thinking?” he said low in his throat. “They're imagining me fucking your blonde brains out and wondering just how big my dick is. And they're thinking you're nothing but another cock-loving blonde whore that can't get enough black dick inside her. And you know what? They're right.”

He rolled over onto his back again, taking her with him so she was once again

atop him, straddling him. Then one of his hands slid down behind her neck, and Taylor squealed as she felt the bikini string there unfastened. He chuckled low in his throat, blocking her hands.

“Do you know a lot of people want to legalize topless sunbathing on this beach,” he said. “The local council even passed an ordinance calling for it. Of course, the city still says it's illegal, but I bet a lot of people around us would love to see your beautiful breasts.”

He pulled her down to kiss her again, and his hand moved down her back and undid the string which went across it, then before she could react, he tugged the bikini top away!

“Oh! Oh please! Please, master!” she gasped frantically.

“What do you have to be embarrassed about, blonde girl? You have fucking beautiful breasts,” he said. “Every guy would admire them and almost every woman would be jealous of you. He crushed her body against him again, kissing her hard. His left hand kneaded her bare buttocks while his right slid up and down her side, caressing the side of her breast.

He eased back and grinned. “You complain again and I'll take off the bottoms too.”

She moaned helplessly. At least her breasts were covered, pressed against his chest.

Then he pulled her lips down again, and she felt her body beginning to thrum with a dark energy. The vibrator thing still buzzed between her legs, and she was almost breathless with the throbbing pressure of arousal gripping her mind and body.

He rolled atop her again, then pulled his lips up. He angled his chest up and back, and she yelped, her hands moving over her breasts.

“No,” he said. “Put your hands on my shoulders.”

“But – !”

“Do it, blonde!”

Trembling, she obeyed. His chest was still partially covering her breasts, at least, and anyone behind him couldn't see. But those on either side would be able to see much of her breasts!

“Tell me you love black cock,” he growled.

“I-I love black cock!” she gulped.

“Master,” he said.

“I love black cock, master!”

“And what are you?”

“I'm a blonde whore, master!” she moaned.

“And my sex slave.”

She shuddered, eyes closing.

He got up abruptly, startling her, and before she could cover her breasts he had picked up her bikini top, had her hand in his, and was yanking her to her feet! He bent and picked up the towel, then headed up the beach, holding her hand firmly in his. She tried to cover her chest with her other arm but a barked order made her drop it to her side.

He walked casually along the beach, hand in hand with her, her breasts bobbing gently as they walked, and she dropped her eyes again and again as people kept turning and staring!

“We'll get arrested!” she moaned.

“Master,” he said.

“We'll get arrested, master!”

“You let me worry about that.”

She felt faint with shock as he continued to walk along, and people continued to ogle her bare breasts. He led her into a much less crowded area, then up towards the parking lot. She felt her almost hysterically pounding heart starting to settle

down as they left most of the crowds behind, but her face was still burning.

“You have great tits,” he said.

It was then that the police car stopped in the parking lot. She gasped and tried to cover her chest but he ordered her arm down as he led her past.

“Just a minute, please.”

He turned her towards the cops as they came out of their car. They were both black men, and they looked at Taylor's bare breasts as she dropped her eyes, heart pounding again.

“It's not legal to go topless in public, miss,” one of them said.

“Come on, you guys. She's blonde,” Smith said, as if that explained everything.

“Yeah, but the law doesn't take that into account,” one of the cops said.

“I'm afraid we're going to have to arrest you for public indecency, miss,” the other said.

Dazed, Taylor gasped, eyes wide, staring at Smith as one of the cops pulled her wrists back behind her and handcuffed them.

Smith rolled his eyes.

“You're arresting a blonde for showing off her tits? Man, that's like a crime you're committing. I mean, look at those tits! They need to be seen.”

“I might agree with you,” one of the cops said. “But the city council don't.”

“You know why? Because you got a bunch of old, fat middle aged white people on city council. If it was Black men you can be sure blonde girls would be allowed to walk around naked,” Smith said.

“When they look like this one,” the cop said with a grin.

The other cop was guiding a disbelieving Taylor into the back seat of the police car. She stared at Smith as the door was closed, and saw him shrug and walk away as the other black cop got into the drivers seat, and started up the car.

“He sure is right. This is one fine looking blonde,” the cop in the back said.

Taylor gasped in shock as the man reached over and fondled her bare breast.

“D-Don't!” she cried.

His eyes hardened.

“Are you blonde?”

She gaped at him.

“Well?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes!”

“Yes sir,” he snapped.

She stared at him in disbelief, then cried out as he caught at her nipple and pinched it.

“Yes sir,” he said again.

“Yes, sir!” she cried.

He nodded.

“So quit your bitching. Blonde girls like you belong to black men.”

His hand gave her breast another squeeze as they drove out onto the road, then it slid down her still oiled belly and into the front of her thong!

Taylor cried out again as she felt his fingers sliding over her clitoris.

“What's this down here?” he said. “You hiding a weapon, blonde girl?”

He tugged her thong down and she shuddered at a wave of humiliation – and heat as he examined her.

The man in front was checking her out in the rear view mirror as the one beside her rubbed his fingers over her clitoris, which was swollen out by the buzzing

little paper clip.

“It's a vibrator,” he said in amusement. “The hot little slut has a vibrator inside her.”

Her face flamed!

His fingers slid back and forth over her swollen button, and she cried out as his other hand grasped her hair, yanking her head sharply up and back. He leaned forward and took the center of her right breast into his mouth, sucking and chewing and licking as his fingers rubbed faster and faster across her clitoris!

“Oh! Oh! Please! Oh God! Oh! Please! Please!” she moaned frantically.

The heat was sweeping up her body in overpowering waves of sensation now. She was electrified by the shock and disbelief of what was happening to her, but her body was burning up with a dark, seething passion and hunger she could not control!

And then the orgasm exploded within her and she cried out, again and again, hips bucking up spastically against his fingers as he and his partner laughed and he rubbed harder and faster!

“That's it, blonde girl. You come on my fingers, you hot little fuck toy,” he said.

Taylor really couldn't stop herself from doing exactly that! Her hips jerked and ground and her thighs tried to clamp together around his hand as the breath sobbed out of her overheated lungs!

She collapsed, gasping, sweating, moaning, and he chuckled to himself, then unzipped his fly and drew his cock out. It wasn't nearly as big as Smith's, but it was big enough as he reached behind Taylor, gripped her by the hair, and yanked her head down into his lap.

“You know what you need to do, blondie,” he growled. “That's a Black man's cock there. Take care of it.”

Taylor trembled as her lips slid around the head, then down its length. She moaned and gurgled as he pulled her lower, using his grip on her hair to set her bobbing up and down.

“Suck, baby,” he ordered.

She obeyed, bobbing her lips herself, sucking and licking, then gurgling as he forced her lips all the way down to the base.

“Ah, hot, tight throat action,” he sighed.

His other hand roughly kneaded the dazed girl's breasts, then slid down over her bottom, then between her legs, fingering her oiled sex.

He let her slide her lips back up again, and gulp in air, before pushing her down once more, making her swallow all of him, and holding her in place as her head pounded and she became light-headed. Then he pulled her up again, opening his uniform trousers and guiding her down to lick and suck on his testicles, then lick her way up and down his shaft.

He stopped several times, jerking on her hair to force her attention upward.

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

She shuddered and moaned. “I love nigger cock, sir!”

He smiled and guided her lips back down onto his stiff black shaft.

The car pulled over to the curb, and the driver got out, then opened the rear door beside the other cop.

“Get that hot little blonde out here so I can get some of that action,” he said.

Taylor let out an explosive gasp of breath as the man allowed her head to rise up and his cock slid free of her throat. Then, entirely naked now, she was pulled from the car.

Dazedly, she looked around, gasping for breath, and her eyes widened. They were in some kind of housing development, with low, ugly houses stretching up and down the street. There were no children in sight, but there were a number of people walking on the sidewalk, or sitting on porches, and they were all Black!

And they were all staring at her!

The big cop behind her pulled her in against his body, and she felt his erection against her buttocks as the other hand kneaded her breasts.

“These are nice,” he said admiringly, his fingers squeezing and caressing her.

“I bet she's... tight,” the other one growled.

She felt his cock pressing against her, and the other one gripped her hair, forcing her to bend as he undid his zipper. He pulled out his cock and guided her mouth over it as the second cop pushed slowly into her bottom!

“Ahh, that's nice, hot, tight blonde ass,” he said.

“Love that blonde mouth, too,” the one in front said.

“Try some blonde throat, man.”

Taylor gurgled as the man did just that, burying his cock in her throat.

“Nice,” he sighed.

The man behind pushed deeper and deeper, then she was pulled upright again. She was dazed, stumbling, gasping, as the one in front of her pulled the vibrator out of her pussy, then pressed his body in against her.

“Oreo,” he said with a grin, as he and his partner crushed her slim white body between them!

She cried out as his cock found her sex and thrust up into her. People were standing around watching, the women scowling, the men grinning and leering.

“Give her one for me, man!” one of them yelled.

“Fuck that blonde bitch!” another called.

“Give her some hard black cock!” shouted another.

The two men ground her between them, and Taylor gurgled in a rising sense of feverish heat as their cocks thrust up and down inside her quivering belly.

It didn't take them long. The one in her ass came first, gasping and slamming his

hips into her hard and fast, cursing as he spilled his seed. Then the other one, a tall, powerful man like Smith, backed against the hood of his police car and lifted her up as he sat back on the hood.

“Ride my cock, blonde girl,” he ordered.

Kneeling on the police car, shuddering, her insides burning even as her skin flamed, Taylor obeyed, riding his cock up and down as more people gathered to watch!

“Hey, man! I get her next!” shouted another guy.

A chorus of men shouted that they were next!

“Hey, she can only take two or three at a time, said the cop behind her. “So, let's say the first fifty guys.”

Taylor felt her insides melting and scalding heat spilling through her body as another orgasm tore her mind apart! She rode frantically up and down on the cop's thick black cock, crying out again and again, heedless of who was watching or listening! She felt as if she were being boiled alive in her own bubbling, overheated juices!

The cop, panting, straightened up, then slid her off him. He and the other cop each grabbed an arm to keep her from sinking bonelessly to the pavement, then marched her across a lawn and up a sidewalk to the closest house.

“Sorry for bothering you, sir,” one of the cops said. “If this blonde has caused you any... stress, we'll be happy to have her relive the tension.”

“Why, I think this little blonde has been a very naughty and nasty girl, officer,” a black male voice said.

She gasped, eyes widening, and raised her head to see Smith sitting on the porch, casually smiling as the cops half carried her up the three stairs and let her sink to her knees in front of him.

“Watching a blonde girl service Black cock is always an exciting thing to watch, though,” he said.

“It's what she's made for, sir,” the cop said, as if he didn't even know Smith and didn't recognize him as the guy who had been with her when he'd arrested her.

One of the cops pushed her forward and Smith gripped her hair, then dragged her, squealing in pain, across his lap. His big hand caressed her buttocks and kneaded the soft flesh, then slapped down sharply.

“Ah!” she gasped.

“What are you?” he asked sternly.

“I-I'm a blonde slut!” she moaned.

Crack!

“I'm a blonde slut what?” he growled.

“I'm a blonde slut, master!” she whimpered.

Crack!

“Louder.”

“I'm a blonde slut, master!”

“And you see these people out here? What are they?”

He twisted her head up and around to stare at the two black cops, and the scattered black people, who were moving in closer and closer.

“What do you call them, you racist little blonde?”

“Black people,” she gulped.

Crack! His hand cracked down sharply on her bare bottom!

“Ow!”

“That ain't what you call them.”

“N-Negros,” she said tremulously.

Crack!

“No, that ain't what you call them neither.”

“N-N-Niggers,” she gulped.

Crack!

“Louder, blonde girl.”

“Niggers!” she moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Louder, you cracker.”

“Niggers!”

Crack! Crack!

“Niggers what?”

“Niggers, master!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The crowd moved in even closer, dozens of them standing around the stairs of the porch, looking on eagerly.

“And what do you love, blonde girl?” he demanded, his fingers running up and down the line of her sex.

“Oh!”

“What do you like, blonde girl?” he demanded, fingers pushing into her body and stroking her clitoris.

“I-I-I...”

Crack!

“What do you love, blonde girl?”

“I love nigger cock, master!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Louder.”

“I love nigger cock, master!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Ah! Please!” she cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Please, master!” she cried.

Smith shoved her off him and she tumbled to the porch with a cry of alarm, then he reached out and grasped her hair, dragging her to her knees and pulling her in against him as he undid his shorts and pulled out his stiff black cock.

“Woah!” she heard someone say.

“Lookit that horse cock!” someone else gasped in admiration.

“That is one big dick!”

Taylor felt as if her mind had fried, and was completely bewildered. What was going on? Where was she!? What was happening?

“Suck black cock, blonde girl,” he ordered.

He pulled her mouth down onto his thick shaft and she obeyed.

“Spread those legs, blonde girl,” he ordered.

Whimpering, she obeyed again, her breasts grinding against the chair as she bobbed up and down on his cock, the crowd gathered at the bottom of the porch, jostling and giggling and laughing and making obscene suggestions as her eyes rolled up at him in dazed incomprehension and helpless dark heat.

That everyone could see her was... shocking, stunning, unbelievable! She was aghast and horrified! Yet she was comforted by them being Negros. This was obviously some sort of slum, and so none of them mattered, none of them counted. Did it matter if you had sex while the dog watched?

Of course, it wasn't quite like that. Negros weren't animals, after all! They just weren't, well, people. At least, not like the people she knew. At least they spoke better English than the Hispanics, though it did tend to have a heavy black accent and use strange words.

Still and all, it wasn't like anything they saw would ever get back to anyone who mattered!

So in a weird way, a way which thrilled some dark, nasty exhibitionist side of her mind, she could do something this graphic and obscene in front of them, and not really have to worry. It was humiliating, of course, even mortifying!

But in the dark recesses of her mind that somehow served to add even more steam to the wild sexual pressure building up within her. That didn't remove the humiliation, but it did make it... less important, especially since the shock had practically numbed her emotions!

She choked as Smith forced her lips all the way down to the base of his cock, and heard hoots and laughter from the crowd behind her.

“That bitch got a lot of black meat in her!”

“That white ho knows how to swallow!”

“That's one big tube of sausage that nigger got in her throat!”

Smith held her down until she was on the edge of fainting, then jerked her up by the hair. Taylor's eyes were glassy and she gasped for breath in ragged gulps, dazed and light-headed as he stood up, her long blonde hair wrapped around his fist, then walked across the porch and down the stairs.

Taylor scrambled along on her knees after him until they reached the stairs, then cried out dazedly, losing her balance and being physically dragged down the stairs by the hair, then out onto the grass as the laughing, jeering crowd backed off.

Smith threw her on her face on the grass as the crowd jostled each other, forming a circle around them.

“Get that ass in the air, blonde girl,” he barked.

Trembling, moaning, and still gasping for breath, Taylor raised her hips high.

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom sharply.

“Spread those legs, blonde girl!”

She obeyed with a cry of pain, and he dropped his knees behind her.

“Man, that is some kinda horse cock!” someone said admiringly.

“That white whore don't deserve a black cock like that!” a woman's voice growled.

She groaned as she felt the soft nose of his cock pressing against her back opening, shuddering and whimpering as the pressure grew, remorseless and heavy, slowly forcing her sphincter apart and pushing the thick black shaft down into her ass.

“Yeah! Fuck that white bitch's ass!” someone yelled.

She could see the two police keeping the crowd back as Smith pushed deeper and deeper. Her insides were a crackling firestorm of wild, raging heat, uncontrolled by inhibitions which had melted in the face of the shock and disbelief gripping her mind.

Her cheek rested against the weeds and grass as her bottom remained high in the air, and she stared at feet around her as she felt his cock forced deeper and deeper! Then he shifted positions, and she grunted as the bottom of his foot came down on the side of her head, pressing her cheek more firmly into the ground as he thrust even deeper and then began to pump.

There was little she could do but kneel there, trembling and gasping for breath, as his big cock slid in and out, deeper and deeper, faster and faster, and the

crowd shouted and laughed and urged him on.

“Fuck that bitch whore!”

“Do that white girl!”

“Fuck her harder!”

He did.

Soon her body was shaking from the hammer blows of his muscled hips against her upraised buttocks, his thick black spear of flesh thrusting deep, achingly deep into her belly again and again and again!

He shifted positions, and she gasped in relief as his foot came off her cheek. He slapped her bottom and then twisted her long blonde hair around his fist again, roughly yanking her face up and off the ground, drawing her shoulders up as well. He slapped her right breast, then jammed his finger beneath her, finding her clitoris and rubbing them furiously.

“Come for me, blonde girl,” he growled. “Come with my black cock up your tight white ass.”

Taylor gurgled, her body trembling and shaking from the hard, rapid blows of his hips, her head back and jaw forced wide as her eyes rolled back in her head. She made raw, inarticulate animal noises as he continued to ram himself deep into her belly, and then, as the orgasm hit, she began to gurgle and cry out, again and again, her voice rising into an undulating sob of helpless pleasure!

“Come for your master, you brainless blonde fuck toy,” he ordered, his fingers stroking rapidly across her burning clitoris as his cock impaled her.

Taylor was already coming... and coming... and coming... with only small periods of dazed, burning pleasure between them. She was drunk on it, feverish, her mind reeling from the intensity of the orgasmic firestorms which rolled through her again and again.

It was all so... shocking... and impossible... and thrilling! And she was lost within it, degenerating into nothing but a sexual animal wallowing in pleasure and heat. Even the crowd shouting and applauding and laughing at her merely

served to add to the screaming dark thrill of it all.

After it was over, Smith picked her up and carried her into the house. He removed her handcuffs and then produced the clothes she'd worn to the garage, the long black skirt, white blouse and black jacket, as well as the shoes which had been left in the police car somehow.

The crowd had dissipated when he led her back out of the house, but there were still plenty hanging around. She flushed hotly and tried to ignore them, hoping to get to the car quickly, but of course, Smith stopped her.

“Kneel.”

She looked at him, stricken, then, moaning, flushed, she dropped to her knees.

“Clean my shoes, blonde girl.”

She sucked in a breath of air, her face heating even more, then helplessly obeyed, dropping low to lick at his shoes as nearby people shouted and pointed.

He pulled her up by the hair and finally walked her to the car, then drove her home.

END

Taylor's New Chauffeur

[Taylor's Rough Ride](#)

Taylor's Black Heat

[Taylor's Dark Submission](#)

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

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