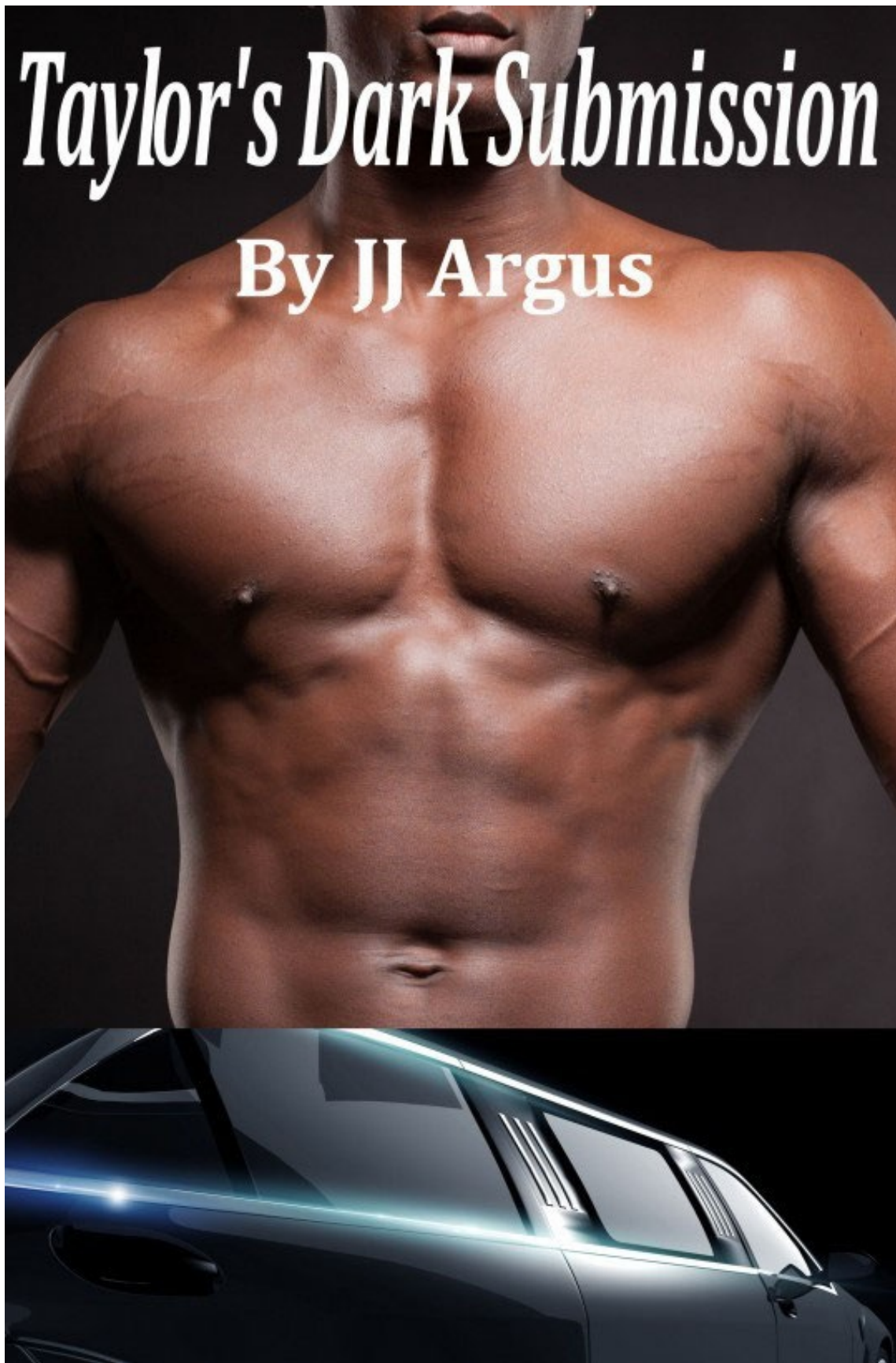


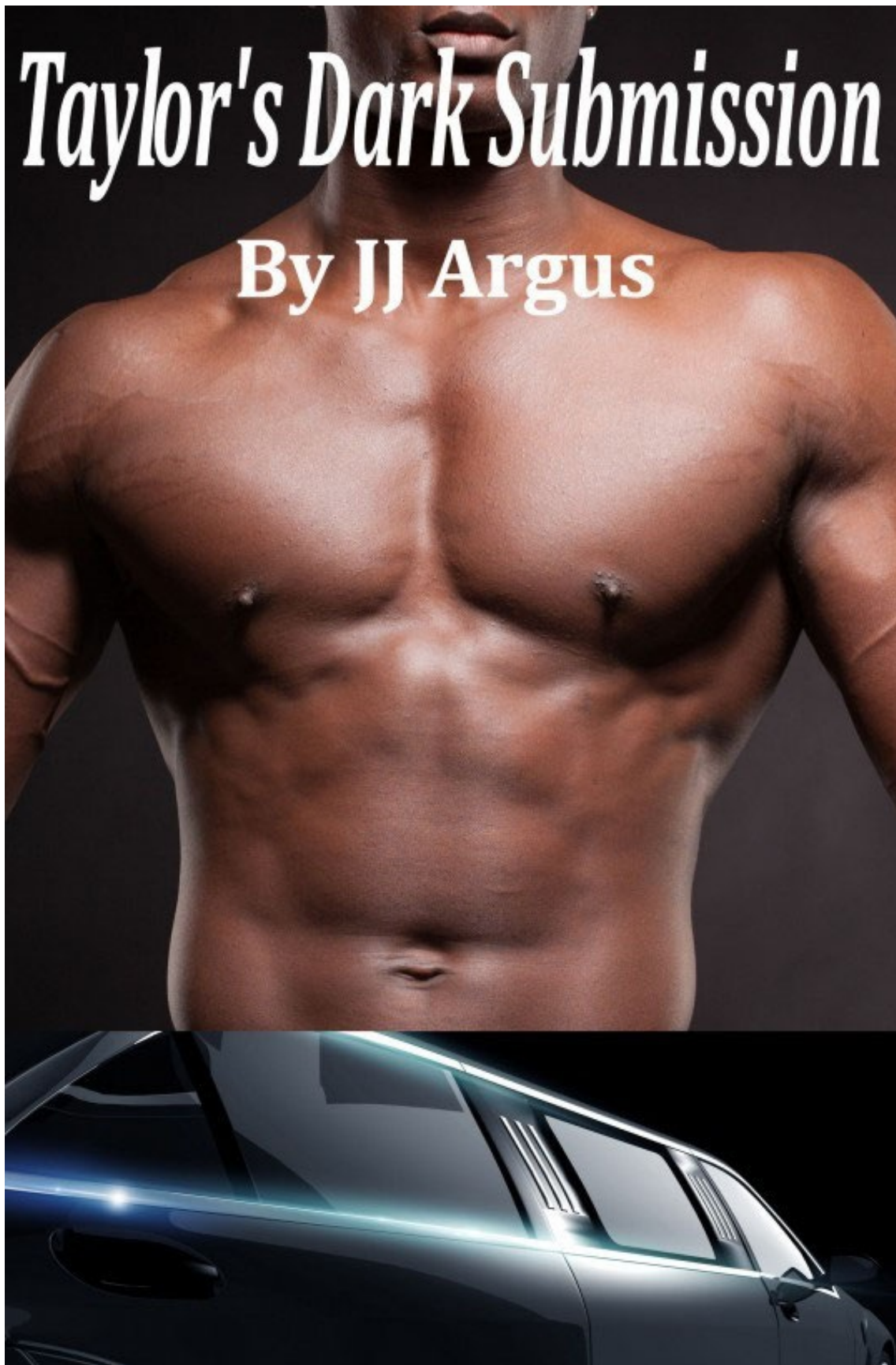
# *Taylor's Dark Submission*

**By JJ Argus**



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(The Black Chauffeur 4)

**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 had once had a very simple and uncomplicated life, especially after she graduated (barely) from high school. Oh, her father had strongly suggested college, but as if! She didn't ever intend to work for a living! Why should she, when her father was a multimillionaire?

Taylor led a sheltered life, traveling in her BMW back and forth from her home in Beverly Hills to various shopping, eating and artistic outlets in and around the same city. She occasionally traveled to posh nightclubs in LA, and, of course, went to London, New York, and Paris for visits, as well as the Riviera.

But no clouds hovered on her almost nineteen year old blonde horizons. She got pretty much anything she wanted, and had no discipline and very little self-control. Anyone who dared deny her anything or irritated her felt the full brunt of her wrath.

That pleasant, golden time free of stress or emotional issues came to a halt when she'd lost her driving license for multiple moving violations and her father had hired a chauffeur for her. Not only was he to drive her around, but was to be her 'bodyguard' her father insisted.

He was really more of a babysitter to keep her out of trouble, her friend Buffy had concluded. And Taylor had been forced to reluctantly agree. Just because she'd thrown a few things at shop clerks and the like, and struck a few servants! It wasn't like they were people who mattered!

But now she had this very large, mean looking black servant accompanying her everywhere! Naturally, she hadn't taken to it very well. Taylor didn't think much of poor people and thought servants were there to do whatever she felt like doing to them. As for Negroes, well, everyone knew they were barely more than savages right out of the trees, violent and ignorant.

The idea of showing respect to a servant was an entirely foreign concept, regardless of how big and powerful looking the servant might be. No one had ever dared offer up physical violence to her, after all, and the thought hadn't even occurred to her.

Until Jason Smith, her chauffeur, for Gods sakes, had taken her little teasing about watermelons and trees badly and had spanked her! Not only spanked her,

but stripped her naked to do it, and then used his big, ugly fingers and a penis so immense it proved he wasn't entirely human to pound her insides so horribly that she was left breathless and dazed for hours afterward!

She had never climaxed more in her life, nor more intensely!

And things had deteriorated from there. He treated her like she was his whore, and even called her one! He called her his sex slave and made her call him master! The outrageous impropriety of such a thing was almost beyond belief! If anything, he ought to be calling her mistress, for he was nothing but a hired servant, a negro hired servant!

But the rough, savage way he took her and used her and manhandled her, even strapping and spanking her, had struck her mind like a hammer, and it had shattered, revealing a dark, limitless hunger behind!

Yes, he treated her in appalling and outrageous ways, doing things which mortified her! But he made her burn with a feverish sexual hunger and passion and set her very blood aflame when he rammed that monster cock of his deep into her belly, driving her into orgasms so intense they hurt!

The dark, animal thrill of that heat made her unable to give it up, left her helpless before him. She couldn't have him fired, for then... then ... what would she do to get that kind of fiery passion and incredible pleasure in her life again?

But his latest outrage had left her shell shocked, still unable to cope, even the next day, with what he'd done. Forcing her to walk around at a beach with him, topless! Then arranging to have his old buddies on the police force 'arrest' her. Oh, clearly he'd arranged that! She might be a fool but she wasn't dumb!

Those two black police officers had used her body in the same way he had, and done it not just in the back of the car but in some sort of black slum while people watched! Black people! And then, with a whole horde of them gathered around her, she'd had to kneel before Smith and suck his cock!

It was unbelievable! How had she let that happen!?

But she was helpless. Even if she wanted to have him fired... and she was far from sure of that, there were all those pictures and videos he'd made her pose for. God, they would simply ruin her with everyone who mattered if he decided to

show them around!

She'd have to flee the country! She'd never be able to face her friends again if videos of her naked and masturbating, or having sex with multiple black men while screaming in pleasure got out!

Of course, he didn't know any of her friends. She was somewhat comforted by that. He wouldn't even know who to send them to. He could dump them all onto the internet, though, with her name attached! Sooner or later someone would come across them!

No, it would not be a good thing to get Mister Smith angry at her! And that was quite aside from the spanking or strapping she was likely to get in punishment.

So it had been horribly stupid of her to offhandedly complain to him that Louise, one of the maids, had quit without even any notice, just because her mother was sick back in Mexico and she wanted to and take care of her.

“Stupid, greasy wetbacks. You can never rely on them,” she'd said.

He'd given her another of those hard-eyed looks, making her stop and feel quite nervous, wondering what she'd done wrong. It wasn't like she'd said anything bad about niggers, after all!

“I want you to tell Paul that your friend Buffy has a maid who is absolutely perfect, but is looking for work elsewhere,” he said.

She stared at him in surprise.

“What?”

“You heard me, blonde girl.”

‘But... Buffy's family uses a maid service,’ she said.

“Tell him... that she has a hard time getting there because of the buses.”

“Buses?”

She stared at him stupidly. Were there buses in Beverly Hills?!

“Do it,” he growled. “Her name is Jade.”

She felt her face scrunching up in disapproval. “Is she Black?” she asked.

“You got something against Black people?” he asked tonelessly.

She gulped, then hesitated. The job was for cleaning, after all, and everyone knew black people weren't very good at that.

“Uhm, she has to actually do the work, you know, or Paul will fire her.”

“You think a Black woman can't clean the house?” he asked.

“I-I don't know,” she said.

“Master.”

She gulped. “I don't know, master.”

\*

So she'd told Paul, and he'd called the number, and “Jade” had produced splendid references, apparently. Taylor had expected some fat aunt Jemima type, and her principal worry had been that the woman wouldn't do the work properly, and would steal her jewelry. In fact, she'd got a new safe just the day before so she could lock her jewels – and her expensive makeup – up whenever she wasn't around them.

After all, everyone knew those people took stuff! The wetbacks were bad enough!

The woman who showed up wasn't fat, or at all aunt Jemima like. In fact, she was a quite beautiful women in her mid to late twenties – Taylor found it hard to tell with Negroes – who was slim and short. Taylor herself was five foot eight. This woman was probably six inches shorter!

Taylor was confused, but at least she wasn't very threatening or intimidating, unlike her giant chauffeur. So as long as she didn't steal stuff it wasn't her problem.

It became her problem, however, the very first evening.

Sofia was the day maid. She arrived at seven and left at three in the afternoon. The position Jade had been hired for was the evening maid. She came at three and left at eleven. Paul, the butler, lived in the house, in the servant's quarters, and worked during the daytime, though he was available for evening work if needed, if her father was holding a party, say.

Taylor paid the woman little attention, having dismissed it as just a case of Mister Smith wanting some friend of his to get a job, probably her first job, despite her so-called references, she thought cynically.

She was in her suite that evening, which consisted of her sitting room, with TV, her small kitchenette, her bathroom (twenty feet by twenty feet in size), her walk-in closet, and her bedroom.

In fact, she was in the bathroom, in her enormous roman tub, reclining back against the padded back as she watched the flat screen TV built into the wall.

There was a bottle and glass of pinot noir on the side of the tub, and a number of candles on the ledge, along with a small box of European chocolates. She was relaxing in a very deep tub of hot water mixed with very expensive body oils and pondering whether a trip to the Riviera would be wise to get her head straight.

Her father wouldn't have that big negro come with her, after all. And perhaps she could find someone there, someone rough and big and powerful, but more... tamable, to satisfy the deep urges she'd felt to be... well, manhandled and... and dominated.

For getting rid of Smith required an adequate substitute. She couldn't... she simply couldn't abandon the searing heat and thrills, the wild rush that filled her when she was with him! It was like she was... addicted to that incredibly intense pleasure!

She was, needless to say, taken aback, when the partially closed door to the bathroom was pushed open and the maid came in! Both Sofia and Louise had been made very pointedly aware of her not wanting their presence in her suite when she was there! And she felt her wrath and anger rising as the woman casually pushed her way in and looked around.

Before she could lay a furious tongue lashing on the woman, however, she began to unbutton the front of her maid's uniform. Taylor's jaw dropped as she casually undid the buttons and shrugged the uniform over her shoulders, letting it fall to her feet.

Her bra and panties followed, and she stood there a moment, completely naked, and practically hairless. She hardly even had any hair on her head! It was that short, tight, curly hair the Negroes had, like on some kind of animal!

She certainly had no hair between her legs, or on her sleek, very black, very slender body. She had small, high, pert breasts, with small black nipples, and as Taylor gawped at her as the woman pulled a chair out from her makeup counter, placed it on the floor next to the tub, and then placed a laptop on it.

She flipped the laptop open, and Taylor gaped at the sight of Smith looking at her! Then the woman climbed into the tub across from her and sank down.

She smiled at the shocked blonde girl. The smile wasn't a friendly one, however.

“Nice place you got here, blonde girl,” she said.

Taylor's heart sank. She turned to look at Smith in the laptop, to stare at him, open mouthed.

“Do whatever Jade tells you, blonde girl,” he said.

She stared at him in disbelief, then at the black woman!

“So I hear you like black men,” Jade said.

Taylor was too frozen, like a deer in headlights, to speak or move!

“More specifically, I hear you like black cock,” the woman said.

Jade's face flushed hotly.

“I never had much interest in dick myself,” she said. “Though I get that you straight bitches love it.”

The woman leaned back more, sighing in comfort, then raised her feet, placing

them on the edges of the tub.

“Get up on your knees,” she said.

Taylor continued to stare at her, then turned to stare at the laptop.

“Do it!” the girl snapped.

Taylor gasped and rose on her knees almost instinctively, pulling her lower body out of the water.

“Straighten your back, hands behind your neck, back arched. Show me them titties,” Jade said.

Dazed, Taylor continued to stare at her. It was as if her mind was frozen and needed to be rebooted!

Jade sighed and drew her legs in and down, then stood up. She looked down at the blonde girl, then casually slapped her face. It wasn't a hard slap, but it stung, and Taylor cried out, lurching back.

“Do as I say!” Jade ordered.

Gulping, Taylor obeyed, drawing her hands behind her neck and arching her back.

“Good girl,” the woman said.

She moved forward, bringing her sex uncomfortably close to Taylor's face, and she averted her eyes as her pulse raced. Surely she wasn't going to have to... surely Smith wouldn't make her... make her do something... homosexual!

And yet, the idea was suddenly taking her breath away. Having a little sexual adventure with a girl was terribly fashionable, and she'd been quite interested in trying it herself for some time. Sex was a minefield of possible social misadventures, however, and she had always been too worried about approaching the wrong person, and the gossip which would entail.

She couldn't have anyone thinking she was a queer, after all!

But doing it with a girl... a black girl... was suddenly a real likelihood, and she felt the sudden incredible parabolic rise of sexual tension within her making it hard to breath, let alone think!

She was actually too tall in he present position, though, or perhaps more properly, Jade was too short. She was closer to the woman's lower chest than her groin.

“Nice body,” Jade said, looking her up and down.

Taylor felt her pulse rate pick up even more.

“This is the body of a man toy,” the woman continued. “A fuck toy, to be more precise.”

She dropped her hand onto Taylor's left breast and caressed it.

Taylor gasped, starting to jerk back, but then froze!

“Nice fun bags for them to play with,” Jade said, tweaking her nipple, then giving it a twist.

“Oh! Please!” Taylor gasped.

Jade sniffed, then caught both nipples in her small hands, fingers rolling and caressing them.

“You can call me... Mistress,” she said.

Taylor felt a hammer blow jolt her psyche.

“Say it,” Jade said in a soft growl.

“M-Mistress!” Taylor moaned.

Jade smiled coyly, then pinched her nipples.

“Oh! Oh please!” the blonde girl gasped.

“Please what?” Jade asked, pulling her nipples up and out so that Taylor's back arched.

“Please, mistress!” she cried.

Jade reached out and picked up a bar of soap, then held it before the blonde, who looked at it in confusion.

“Take it, you blonde,” Jade growled.

Taylor drew her hands away from the back of her neck and anxiously took the soap.

“Now soap me up.”

Taylor gasped, turning to look at the face of Smith in the laptop, who was clearly watching them as well – on the laptop's camera! Which meant he was probably recording this too! But she really had little choice. He already had more than enough to ruin her reputation.

She reluctantly began to soap up the girl's lower chest and belly, then ran her hands up and down her sides and hips. She was a little surprised it felt so soft, like real skin, given how black it was. She was avoiding ... certain places, but the black girl impatiently jerked her wrists up and placed her hands against her small breasts.

Blushing, Taylor soaped them up, then ran her soapy hands downward along her thighs, and down her legs. Going back up again, of course, presented a problem, but there really was no avoiding it. Cringing mentally, she slid her soapy hand up the woman's inner thighs and over her naked sex, then quickly up higher, up over her breasts again.

Jade turned, and Taylor soaped up her back and then her buttocks before sliding the soap and her hands down her legs. The girl turned around again and raised her foot, then placed it against Taylor's chest right between her breasts!

She gasped, but, trembling, gripped the small ankle and began to soap it up, running soapy hands down around her foot, as well. When it was all soaped up the woman dropped it back into the water, then raised the other, and Taylor soaped that up, as well.

Jade sank down into the water with a sigh, looking at Taylor.

“Look at all that pretty white skin,” she said. “I bet you don't need no cleaning at all,” she said. “So white and pure.”

She stood up again and climbed out of the tub, then wrapped a fluffy towel around herself and left the room. Taylor gaped after her, then stared at Smith looking at her in the laptop.

“What are you, blonde girl?” he demanded.

She flushed and dropped her eyes.

“A blonde slut, master,” she whispered.

“Louder.”

Jade entered the room again, naked, and carrying a belt of some kind, and a chain.

“A... a blonde slut, master!” she gulped, wincing at having to say it in front of the black woman.

Jade came over and slipped what Taylor had thought was a short belt around her neck. It was a collar! Her heart pounded as she fastened it behind her head, then attached the chain – a leash! “Get out of the tub, blonde girl,” she ordered.

Taylor started to stand but the girl jerked down on the chain.

“Crawl, sex slave,” she ordered.

Blushing hotly, Taylor slid her belly over the ledge and crawled down the two stairs. Jade picked up the laptop in one hand, held the leash in the other, and walked to the door, pulling Taylor after her.

She was dripping wet, though she'd kept her hair out of the water, but the woman didn't seem to care as she led her, crawling, across the wide, thankfully soft carpeted floor of her bedroom. She placed the laptop on a dresser, facing the bed, then patted the bed.

“Crawl up here, slave dog,” she ordered.

Mind squirming, Taylor climbed into bed.

“Kneel on the edge, now drop your tits onto the bed and tuck in your belly. You know the position, slave dog,” she said.

It was an obscene position of submission, but she had no choice, and so Taylor lowered her chest to the bed, drawing her belly in tight against her upright thighs, and spread her knees apart.

“Ain't that a pretty sight,” she heard Smith say.

“Ain't my preference,” Jade said. “But I can live with it.”

She did something behind her Taylor didn't see, then her fingers slid up and down the line of her sex before penetrating her. They were warm and... slippery, she realized, moaning softly as they slid into her to the knuckles and pumped in and out.

“Bitch is tight,” she said. “You mean she really got your big horse cock inside her?”

“And loved it,” Smith said.

“Fuckin' slut,” the black woman muttered. “Well, if she got that she should take this.”

Her fingers drew back and then something else pushed against her, something thick and round, a dildo, Taylor thought anxiously, groaning as it slowly stretched open the mouth of her sex, then slid into her inch by slow inch.

Fingers slid under her and began to stroke her clitoris, and she gurgled helplessly, moaning, knowing Smith was watching, humiliated before the black woman, but starting to become helplessly aroused as well.

The dildo twisted and turned, pushing deeper and deeper as the woman fingered her clitoris, and Taylor felt the thickness as it pushed its way down the narrow, elastic sleeve of her sex, stretching it wide as it penetrated ever deeper.

The woman twisted it sharply to one side, then the other, then pulled back, then pushed deeper, and Taylor gasped, eyes closing as she pressed her face against

the mattress.

“Dirty white girl,” she said. “Nasty little bitch in heat. That's what you are, you know, a bitch in heat. You only care about getting a big dick inside you all the time.”

*Crack!*

Her hand slapped sharply against Taylor's bottom with stinging force, but then she abandoned the dildo, her fingers, still slippery, now pushing into the blonde teenager's back passage, one, then two, then three fingers pumping in and out as Taylor moaned weakly.

“I know you like to have more than one nigger cock in you at a time,” Jade said.

Her fingers pulled back and another thick black dildo pushed against Taylor's back passage, slowly working its way in and down into her thrumming belly.

“Shove them deeper,” Smith said.

“Those are big dicks,” Jade said. “How much you think she can take?”

“All of them,” he said flatly.

“That butler – .”

“Is in his wing. She'd have to scream pretty loud for him to hear. But just in case, take care of that.”

The woman snorted, and moved away from Taylor. When she returned, she gathered her blonde hair in and used it to pull her head up and back as she held another black dildo against her mouth. This one was narrower, though still very life-like, and curved a little.

Without asking, Jade slid the head into Taylor's mouth, along with several inches of shaft. She pumped it in and out, then thrust it deeper. Taylor gurgled and gagged weakly, but she'd taken Smith's giant cock, so this was relatively easy. Still, it slid deep into her throat, and then the base of the thing... it was like a thick spongy ball!

Jade squeezed the base to fit it into her mouth. It absolutely filled it, and then there was a curved, flat part under the ball which fit neatly over her mouth. Straps went back behind her neck and were buckled tightly, and Taylor stared at the bed, realizing, to her shock, that the thing was to stay there!

She'd had big, long black cocks shoved down her throat before, but not stay!

“You can breath around it by now,” Smith said from behind her. “Just concentrate.”

Jade drew her wrists up behind her back, and fit leather restraints around them, then clipped them together before slapping her bottom. Taylor felt her fingers at the dildos, pushing and twisting first one, then the other, while fingering her clitoris at the same time.

Most of her focus was on breathing, though! She obviously couldn't get anything through her mouth! Yet while the dildo was deep in her throat, it was thinner than she was used to. Oh, it was still thicker than any cock she'd ever had inside her prior to Smith, but she discovered she could actually suck in breaths around it with some effort.

She grunted and gasped as the dildos in her belly were shoved and twisted deeper and deeper, producing aching, throbbing, cramping sensations.

“Tie her down,” she heard Smith say.

Jade unshackled her wrists, and Taylor's hands instinctively went to her mouth, but the flat leather covered her lips completely, and the black woman gave her a push so she rolled onto her side.

“Lay on your back spreadeagled!” she barked.

Gasping, moaning, Taylor obeyed, and the woman moved around the bed, chaining her wrist restraints to the top corner posts of the bed, then producing more restraints, strapping them around her ankles, and forcing them wide apart.

Taylor moaned helplessly as she felt the chains going tight, as she felt the pull against her wrists, then her ankles, holding her limbs taut and stretched out. She raised her head, gurgled, then dropped her head back, as the dildo in her throat made her gag more when she bent her head forward.

No one had ever shown much skill in oral sex to Taylor before she'd met Smith. Of course, she'd never had sex with a woman. As soon as Jade knelt between her spread legs and began to lick at her clitoris she realized that she was actually as much better than Smith as he was to any other man she'd ever had!

She was determined to ignore it as much as she could, then at least to show as little response as possible, especially since Smith was clearly watching her through the laptop. But that wasn't possible. Jade was simply too good, her tongue flicking out with sharp, short, rapid little motions that sent hot little burst of sensation up through her groin, her lips caressing Taylor's clitoris in an intimate and sensual way which, even more than the dildo in her throat, took her breath away!

She moaned dazedly, focusing on breathing again, on the effort of continually drawing in long, slow breaths of air down her throat around the curving dildo the woman had pushed into her. It was doable, but not easy. Still, it did allow her to focus on something other than what Jade was doing between her legs – for a while.

The swirling, churning heat built up within her body, almost without her noticing, at first, and then the animal strength, the power of it, seeped into her mind with intoxicating force and she felt as if she were floating, wallowing in a bubbling, steaming pool of pleasure. Her mind writhed in pure contentment, and her body began to writhe as well.

Her eyes were glassy, staring up unseeing at the ceiling overhead as her muscles began to spasm and her hips began to grind with more and more need and hunger. The woman's hands slid up her body, caressing and stroking, reaching her breasts, which they kneaded with an expert's care even as her tongue lapped harder at her swollen clitoris.

Her arms and legs pulled and strained against the restraints as the heat suffused her mind, and then rapidly built into something which tore her mind completely free of even caring about breathing. The pleasure spiraled upward until it drowned her with the flood of heat, and she began to writhe more and more desperately, crying out, though almost soundlessly, in passion and excitement.

Her cries rose until she was screaming, though it was unlikely anyone outside her bedroom would have heard. Her wrists and ankles yanked frantically at the

restraints as convulsions wracked her body, and the orgasm lashed her senses to the point of fever as she arched back and screamed again and again and again!

After several orgasms she was sweating and bedraggled, light-headed from lack of air, and barely conscious. She was hardly even aware when Jade slid the big dildo out of her sex, though there was a feeling of emptiness and some relief. But almost immediately, she pushed something else into her.

It was her fingers, for three of them slid into Taylor with little effort. A fourth followed, twisting and turning, pushing in and pulling back as the hapless blonde girl moaned dazedly. She pressed her thumb in against the rest and Taylor groaned as the wedge of her knuckles stretched the mouth of her sex.

She moaned protestingly into the gag, but of course, could form no words with that ball filling her mouth. She raised her head as the stain grew worse, gurgling, staring down the length of her body at the sight of the woman's knuckles grinding against the straining lips of her sex.

Then the knuckles slowly slid through, and she gasped as the tension eased. She flinched, then jerked in shock as she realized, however, what she was seeing. She stared with growing disbelief, eyes widening, as she saw the woman's entire hand disappearing into her body!

She could feel the fingers questing higher as the woman's wrist began to push up inside her! She felt the fingers of that hand pressing against the side walls of her long, tight, elastic tunnel as, one by one, Jade drew them in and back to form a small, hard fist inside her.

Then she pushed that fist deeper!

Taylor choked and gasped for breath, forcing herself to continue to look down her body, to watch as the woman's wrist moved into her and her forearm began to follow! Then Jade leaned in and began to lick and suck at her clitoris once more!

Taylor dropped her head, gasping for breath, reeling from the sight and feel of the woman's hand inside her body. Her entire hand was inside her! The shock was electrifying! She could feel the fist sliding slowly up and down inside her as the woman's tongue swept across her clitoris again and again!

The fist moved deeper, and faster, and Taylor sobbed in pleasure as her insides ached and burned, as the fist moved up and down faster and faster the sensations overwhelmed her mind!

She came again, screaming, head thrashing wildly, back arching as she flung herself up against the pull of the restraints! Again and again the sensations peaked and set her body to twisting and writhing as orgasms continued to tear her mind and body apart!

Jade began to punch her fist deep into her belly, yanking it back and ramming it forward, as Taylor's mind threatened to collapse under the shock-waves of aching pleasure! She screamed and sobbed and twisted at the storm of sensations consuming her until she finally went limp, barely conscious as Jade slowly drew her hand back and out.

The woman crawled up her body and undid the strap behind her head, then slowly worked, first the spongy black ball, then the rest of the dildo out of her mouth. Taylor stared, glassy eyed, as inch after gleaming inch of dildo slid forward into view from her throat and mouth until she was able to gulp in air again, and did so in deep, ragged gasps.

The slight black woman slid slowly up her body, licking a trail up to her breasts, then sucking and licking her breasts and nipples, and finally straddling her upper chest, her knees framing Taylor's head as she brought her sex in above her mouth.

“Now you're going to learn how to please women, blonde girl,” she said.

She brought her small, neat sex in against Taylor's mouth, then used her fingers to comb her blonde hair up and out to either side from the top of her head, holding them neatly in her fists.

Her pussy began to rub against Taylor's mouth, and she started to tug on her hair sharply to get her attention.

“Let me see your tongue, white girl,” she ordered.

Moaning, Taylor thrust her tongue out, and focused her eyes, then, a bit reluctantly, began to lick at the woman's clitoris.

It was not a quick lesson, but she learned, especially since Jade kept yanking on her hair whenever she failed to please her. She thrust her tongue out with more speed and strength, soon desperate to please the black woman so she would stop pulling her hair.

But now that her body wasn't melting down from the sexual heat within it her old sense of outrage and indignation began to surface once again. She was a fucking maid, after all! Why should Taylor have to please her at all!? She should be scurrying to do Taylor's bidding, not the opposite!

But she had no choice, of course, but to lick and suck and learn to please another, until her tongue and jaw ached so much she could hardly move them any more! And then Jade removed the chains from the leather restraints on her wrists and ankles and clipped the leash to the collar around her neck again.

Jade dressed in her maid uniform, smirking at the naked blonde, then picked up the leash.

“Let's go,” she ordered.

“Wh-where?” Taylor gulped.

In response Jade pulled on the chain, tugging her to the door. At the door, she bent to pick something out of a paper bag. It was a short, slim, round, flexible black... something, which Taylor only got a brief glimpse of before the woman brought it in behind her and snapped it down against her bare bottom.

It hissed through the air with the sound of paper tearing, then snapped in against her bottom with a light but stinging blow.

“Ow!” she cried in protest, twisting and rubbing her bottom.

“Whenever you fail to call me mistress, you'll be punished,” Jade said sternly.

Taylor stared at her and opened her mouth to protest, but the black woman opened the door, then, and Taylor gulped, drawing back.

“Your father isn't home yet and Paul is in his room. Now let's go.”

“But – !”

Jade yanked on the leash and Taylor stumbled out into the hall.

“Down on all fours,” she ordered.

“But – !”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“On all fours, slave girl.”

Gasping, Taylor obeyed, and Jade then moved up alongside her, pulling on the leash, forcing her to crawl along at her side! She crawled all the way to the end of the hall, then Jade let her stand up to walk down the winding stairs there to the first floor. The Black woman opened the side door and led her through outside!

Taylor cringed mentally, staring around anxiously in the warm night air, but Jade slashed the little quirt across her bare bottom once again as she tugged on the chain.

“On all fours, sex animal,” she said.

Yelping, Taylor obeyed, her heart beating faster and faster as she looked around anxiously.

Jade tugged on the leash, leading her onto the grass, then down across the yard. That rising sense of disbelief and outrage began to fill the blonde once again, a sense of wonder that the maid was forcing her to crawl naked on a leash outside!

Then the pull from the leash abruptly changed directions. She gurgled, thrown off her pace, but quickly shifted and crawled in the new direction, out into the side yard, then out into the middle of the lawn, at least ten yards from even a small bush or any other kind of cover.

There was a full moon out as she crawled, and as Jade pulled on her leash, and she cringed anxiously under the light, even as Jade stopped.

“Face down, bottom high,” she ordered.

She snapped the quirt down across Taylor's bottom until she obeyed quickly, moaning as the thing slid between her thighs and slapped lightly at her sex.

“Spread your legs, sex animal,” Jade ordered.

Taylor obeyed, her back very sharply arched as she pulled her belly in against her upright thighs as Jade squatted next to her and grasped her wrists, pulling them up and back behind her and locking the restraints together. She took the leash, then and Taylor now noticed a spike or low post driven into the ground as Jade wrapped the chain around it then used a padlock to lock it in place.

She shifted back, and Taylor felt her hand on her left ankle, then something attached to the restraint there which pulled her ankle a bit further out. She heard the sound of metal clinking, and then Jade's hands gripped her right ankle, forcing that further apart. Again, there was a metal sound as Taylor tested her left, trying to pull it closed, and found it locked in place.

“You will remain in this position until you are given permission to move. Is that clear, blonde girl?” she said.

“I-I – !”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Is that clear?”

“Yes, mistress!” she gasped.

“You will not move, nor attempt to change your position in any way,” Jade said in a low growl.

She leaned forward, gathering in a thick mass of blonde hair to her fist so she could tug against it.

“Do you know what you'll be waiting for, blonde girl?”

“No, mistress!” she moaned.

“You're waiting for a Black man to come here and fuck you the way you deserve.”

She pulled something from her pocket and slipped it over Taylor's head, then tugged it down over her eyes! It was a leather blindfold, and it completely blocked her vision! She gasped as Jade gathered her hair in and then used it to pull her head up and back, forcing her mouth wide. A ball gag was pushed into it and then strapped behind her head.

Then she got up and walked away, leaving Taylor naked, bottom raised and legs spread, trembling slightly as she waited, unable to see or speak or even move much!

Taylor had no idea how long she had to wait. She was still more than slightly stunned by what had happened, and by the intensity of the orgasms which had torn through her as the woman had... had fisted her! God! The woman had fucked her with her whole hand! Taylor's insides still ached!

And now she was kneeling in this obscene and submissive position, waiting for... for Smith? Or for some other Black man!? She wasn't sure! Smith should be off by now! It could be a complete stranger! Or maybe one of those cops or other men Smith had given her to in the past few days!

Some Black man she didn't even know might be coming to fuck her! And she was forced to kneel and await his pleasure like... like some sort of... slave girl!

What if Paul decided to wander outside and saw her like this!? What if her father came home and went outside!? Neither was very likely but even a tiny possibility made her stomach churn with anxiety.

And they had a large yard with a wall around it. No one was likely to see her, other than Jade, and whatever Black man was coming to fuck her.

She groaned softly. This was ridiculous! It was absurd! Why should she wait like this on the pleasure of some man!? Men should wait on her, not the other way around! Yet she was lewdly displaying herself to whomever showed up and tacitly accepting that whoever it was would get to fuck her!

She tried to close her legs to no avail. The restraints around her ankles were fastened down somehow, just as the leash leading to her collar was locked to the

low post in front of her. She felt another rush of disbelief, then, a minute later, another, and another. How long was she to wait like this?!

She was Taylor Evans! She didn't have to wait like this!?! It was beyond belief!

She gasped as she heard a sound nearby, but stiffened, anxiety and fear filling her. What if it wasn't Smith!?! What if it was Paul, or worse, her father!?! How could she possibly explain this!?!?

Her wrists jerked against the restraints holding them behind her, and her ankles jerked against the restraints holding them in place, as anxiety boiled within her.

She gasped, almost screaming, as she felt a hand on her back. It slide up and down her spine, a large, male, work-roughened hand stroking up to the back of her neck, then sliding through her blonde hair. She yelped in pain as it seized her hair and pulled her head up and back, and back, and back!

*Crack!*

She cried out again as a hand slapped her upraised bottom sharply.

The hand slid down along her right side and in beneath her chest to roughly grope her breast, large fingers digging into the soft flesh, then it disappeared, only to reappear behind her, fingers idly sliding up and down the line of her sex.

A finger pushed into her, and she flushed at how wet she was as it twisted from side to side, pushing in to the knuckles, then pumping in and out gently. Her ears were attuned to the slightest sound, waiting for him to speak, to identify himself. She had no idea if it was Smith or someone else!

She gasped as fingers found her clitoris and stroked it. A second finger pushed into her, the two of them twisting and turning, pumping slowly in and out. She thought they were big fingers, but were they big enough to be Smith!?! Or were they another man entirely!?! God, she just didn't know!

It could be anyone there behind her!

A third finger pushed into her, and she groaned as they pumped steadily, the other ones stroking and massaging her clitoris as a flurry of dark excitement spilled through her veins. This was so perverted, so wicked, so kinky, so... so

outrageous!

The fingers in her pussy slid out, and she shuddered as they pressed against the dildo Jade had shoved deep, achingly deep into her ass! It was still there. It was thick, and long, but not so very, very long, and had now been all-but sucked into her bowels! Barely a quarter inch still protruded, but it was enough, as she felt finger tracing the taut skin around it, then pushing experimentally at the base.

She groaned as she felt the nose, already achingly deep, trying to push deeper still. But that simply wasn't possible. So all it did was give her more cramps!

The fingers were still stroking her clitoris as she felt other fingers take the base of the dildo and draw it slowly back. She felt a sense of relief which turned to dark pleasure as the dildo slid almost all the way back, then pushed forward once again, if not as deep.

Whoever he was he pumped the dildo in and out as he caressed her clitoris, then shoved it in hard, and plunged his fingers into her sex again!

Fingers combed her hair back, then pulled, forcing her head up. A hand gripped her wrists where they were locked together behind her and pulled, raising her upper chest. A hand cupped each of her breasts, kneading and squeezing them, even as fingers pumped in her sex and the dildo began to move in and out again.

A dazed Taylor tried to count how many hands that was, but she didn't need to be a math expert to know they came from more than one man! There were at least three men gathered silently around her!

There was a buzzing sound, and then something hard and plastic pressed up against her clitoris, buzzing powerfully. It was a vibrator, but a lot more powerful than any she'd ever felt before. It ground from side to side against her clitoris as the three big fingers thrust into her pussy and the dildo pumped in and out!

Fingers pinched and plucked and rolled her nipples, and her scalp burned from the weight of her head being supported by whoever held her hair up so tightly

A hand went behind her neck, and undid the strap to the gag, then drew the ball out of her mouth.

Taylor gulped in air and moaned helplessly, but then was not surprised as something slid between her lips. She was surprised it wasn't a cock. It was more fingers, two, then three of them, long and male, sliding up and down across her tongue.

And still, no one said a word! How many men were there? How many Black men were there!?

The fingers in her mouth slid out and a more familiar object pushed through her open lips and slid along her tongue. She gurgled weakly as it pushed into her throat, sliding down smoothly until her lips were pressed against the man's groin.

It held still against her, then drew back, before pushing forward again. It began pumping smoothly in and out as her head was held up and back by the hair. She hardly noticed the cock sliding into her pussy at first. Then she shuddered in dark, anxious heat as that too began to pump smoothly in and out of her body. It was probably the two cops from before, she thought dazedly.

The dildo was still pumping and twisting in her bottom, and the vibrator was still buzzing against her clitoris, and Taylor's mind was turning to dazed mush under the shocking emotions and physical heat gripping her. She was also becoming light-headed from lack of oxygen as the cock in her throat pumped steadily in and out.

She tried to breath, and could, after a fashion, but not enough to satisfy her pounding heart and racing pulse. The cock pulled out with an almost audible pop and she gulped in air in deep, shaking breaths, gasping and moaning helplessly.

The cock pushed back into her mouth... only it wasn't the same one. She could tell immediately. This one was dry, and it was thinner. It still slid deep into her throat, however, as the one behind her thrust harder, his hips now pounding against her buttocks strongly enough to make her body shake and shudder in response!

How many men, she wondered dazedly, frantically.

There were at least four hands beneath her now, fighting for control of her breasts, and the vibrator was rubbing even harder against her swollen clitoris as her body jerked to the hard, thumping blows of the man's hips behind her.

She felt a pulse of wild, thrilling energy through her body, then another, then the orgasm swept in behind them, a long crackling wave of sexual electricity which fried her nervous system and made her muscles spasm violently! She cried out in dazed pleasure around the cock pumping in her throat, her body shaking and trembling between them as her mind swirled and the world spun around her.

The cock in her mouth pulled out just as the orgasm faded, and she gurgled helplessly until someone slapped her cheek, then the other, then the first, light enough not to cause bruises but making her gasp at the sting.

“What are you?” a male voice asked, a voice she didn't recognize.

He slapped her face again.

“What are you?”

Again.

“What are you.”

Taylor moaned dazedly.

“What are you?” he asked in a slow patient voice.

“I-I-I'm a blonde girl, master!” she croaked weakly.

“And what are blonde girls for?” he asked.

“For... for the use of Black men!” she gulped.

The hand slapped her face again.

“Ow!”

“Master,” he said.

“For the use of Black men, Master!”

Her voice warbled as her body continued to shake under the hard thrusting from behind, but then that eased and stopped, and she shuddered as the vibrator was finally pulled away from her now oversensitive clitoris.

She felt the pressure holding her ankles apart released, then strong hands gripped her legs and arms and lifted her briefly, only to set her back down with someone beneath her, someone naked, someone male!

She moaned as her body was adjusted forward, as she felt a hard cock rubbing against her abdomen. She was lifted up and she felt it pressing against her naked sex, then she was lowered so that it slid up into her belly.

“Ride that black cock, blonde girl,” the voice said.

She could feel the flesh of the man's hips beneath her as she leaned forward with a groan, riding slowly up and down, in and back on his cock.

A hand gripped her hair, lifting her head up, and another cock pushed into her mouth. At the same time, she felt what had to be a third cock pressing against her left cheek, and a fourth against her right! The cock in her mouth drove deep into her throat, while the other two continued to rub up and down against her cheeks and the sides of her face.

She rode up and down on the cock beneath her as fingers started to stroke her clitoris, and her mind began to bake under a renewed rush of shocked heat and dark excitement. This was so kinky and perverted and outrageous! How many men were there!?

How many Black men were gathered around her!?

The man gripping her hair pulled it forward, forcing her to bend over. Whoever was in her mouth moved a little to the side, twisting her head around, then someone else moved in behind her. She felt the dildo in her bottom being pulled

free, then another cock pushed into her.

Suddenly hands were all over her body! They squeezed and kneaded her breasts, stroked and caressed her belly and ribs, slapped and rubbed her bare bottom, and even ran along her thighs and arms!

It was like nothing she had ever felt nor even imagined!

The two men in her belly thrust up and in, filling her with their long, thick cocks, and setting her mind and belly both churning violently as her breasts were mauled and her throat was pumped. Her head was twisted to the other side as the cock in her mouth withdrew, but then another thrust into her.

There was no part of her body which didn't have someone touching it, stroking it, caressing it, kneading it constantly!

Including her clitoris. Fingers stroked her swollen little button until it felt ready to explode, and then it did, and a churning wave of overheated sensation flooded through her belly to make her cry out again and again as the orgasm overcame her.

“Blonde girl,” she heard a man say softly.

“Blonde slut,” another voice said just as quietly.

“Blonde sex toy,” said another man.

“Blonde fuck toy,” said another with a smirk in his voice.

“Blonde sex slave,” said another, deeper voice.

“Blonde whore,” said another.

“Blonde animal,” said yet another.

And they repeated the words, all of them, again and again, softly, growled and whispered and filling the air around her as hands continued to paw and stroke her, and cocks thrust into her with unrestrained hunger.

She was lifted off the man below as he went soft, and placed on another who was

hard. The man in her bottom pulled out, after softening, but very quickly, another cock thrust into her. The one in her mouth softened and was replaced and replaced and replaced again!

And orgasms rolled through her trembling, shaking, sobbing body again and again, too many to count.

Every five minutes it all sort of stopped, and someone slapped her face.

“What are you?” he would ask.

“I'm a blonde girl, master!” she sobbed dazedly.

“What else?”

“I'm a blonde sex slave, master!” she cried.

The hands would start moving, the cocks would start thrusting, and the male voices around her would continue to murmur those words around her.

*Blonde, blonde whore, blonde sex slave, blonde slut, blonde sex toy, blonde slave girl, blonde animal, blonde girl, again and again and again!*

Her insides felt hollow, aching from the repeated violent muscle spasms. She felt drunk, dazed, feverish and breathless, and then she felt nothing, as a final, gut wrenching orgasm blanked her mind with the force of its power.

\*

She wakened with a groan, then another, of pain, for her throat ached! In fact, every part of her body ached, inside and out!

Her eyes fluttered open and she stared up at the ceiling of her bedroom for long minutes as her dulled mind slowly began to function. She groaned softly, her hand rising to caress her throat. She coughed, then winced, then slowly, hesitantly, sat up.

She was in her bed, at least. And it was still dark outside. The bedside table said it was two in the morning. She groaned and got out of bed, half fell, but caught herself, then stumbled into the bathroom.

Her hair was an absolute mess, and there was... yes, semi dried come in it, in a lot of places. She was still wearing the collar and restraints on wrists and ankles, and as she stared into the mirror, she saw she was gaping, her mouth wide, as if it was used to that position.

She looked like... someone who had been gang banged ought to look, she thought, with a strange sense of detachment. She moaned as her hand slid down her abdomen. She was sore, inside and out, front and back!

She stepped into the shower and turned it on, groaning as it washed over her, just standing for long minutes before she could bring herself to pick up the soap. Once she had it, though, she used it thoroughly, soaping up and rinsing off three times.

She felt stunned by what had happened, but the weird thing was that, since she hadn't seen any of it, hadn't seen any of them, it was almost like... almost like it was just a dream, just a strange, dark fantasy...

It was the most bizarre thing! Oh, she knew, intellectually, it had happened, but emotionally, it didn't have the same resonance, for some reason, as something she had seen, had.. witnessed. And because she hadn't seen it, her mind imagined it, instead, imagined what it had looked like, and tried to put those fantasy images together with her memories.

And her imagination of what it might have looked like was so deliciously nasty, so horrifyingly kinky and dark and thrilling, that it left her chest tight and her belly swirling every time it came to mind!

Not to mention a hungry thrumming ache between her legs.

A pack of... of negros, like a tribe of wild savages, had attacked her and.. and used her like a whore!

And she had knelt out there naked and shackled like a sacrificial lamb, waiting their attention!

She looked down and shook her head, then unbuckled the leather restraints from her wrists and tossed them on the floor. She fumbled at her throat and removed that, then bent over and removed the ones around her ankles. Then she washed herself again.

Feeling clean, at last, she shut down the water and stepped out of the shower. She squeezed the water from her hair and swept a towel around it, taking out the worst of the wet as she toweled off with another. When she stepped over before the mirror she looked at herself again.

She didn't look like a negro loving whore. Surely no one she knew would suspect she was.

How many men had taken her, she wondered with a mixed sense of alarm and dark excitement. Five? Ten!? More!? God!

She had a vague memory of them undoing her wrists, pulling her hands out, of thick cocks in either hand as her hands were forced up and down their length, even while another cock pushed into her throat, she sat on another, and another was thrust up into her ass while hands groped her breasts!

God! It was impossible, unbelievable!

Wicked, wild, thrilling, outrageous and unbearably hot!

She dried her hair with the blow dryer and brushed it out nicely, relieved that she could still make herself look like a nice, sweet, intelligent, ordinary girl, and not an insane whore who would let herself be used by many men at the same time!

She went back into the bedroom and got into bed. It was still nowhere near dawn, and she was exhausted, physically anyway. Her head spun, though, and she was so sore and sensitive between the legs she kept her thighs apart.

Yet, what did a little soreness matter with her mind spinning with sexual thoughts and memories and emotions? She masturbated, even though it hurt a little, and came, powerfully, if not horribly so as she had before. That relieved enough sexual stress she drifted off to sleep.

When she wakened, she felt, well, not so much refreshed, as a bit less sore in certain places, and a bit stiffer in others. But she felt less numbed. In fact, what had happened was almost cathartic, in a weird sort of way.

It was as if she had been forced into doing something she had long fantasized about, and now knew what it was like – sort of.

So now what?

One of the weird things about the last week or so was how closely she had been interacting with, well, black people, and poor ones at that. She usually had almost nothing to do with such people. She remembered her father commenting on that and giggled a bit. She doubted he had this sort of thing in mind!

She didn't feel traumatized by what had happened, more like giddy. It was as if, now that she'd had the most outrageous sexual experience it was possible to have, nothing else could possibly be a challenge. It felt weirdly empowering.

So what was she going to do for an encore?

She felt much less anxious about what had been happening with Smith now, and thus more relaxed. She'd also had enough Black cocks inside her to have lost some of the awe and shock at the prospect of doing it again.

Which didn't mean she didn't want more, but did mean she felt more in control of herself now, more sophisticated and mature and ... experienced.

She decided to go out to the pool to contemplate life. This time she did it with hardly a thought of Smith watching her. As she sipped her fruity drink and gazed out over the valley, she considered the thrill which had been missing from her life until lately.

And other ways to get it aside from being the sexual plaything of others.

She found she liked being excited, even thrilled. Her life had been much too dull and boring. She'd been too blasé about being young and rich and hadn't done nearly enough to enjoy it. She let her mind range back to the last time she'd been actually excited, as opposed to simply content, before Smith had shown up.

That had been on Todd's boat when he'd been racing across the waves, the bow of the boat smashing up across the waves while the engine growled wildly. That had been a kick! Why didn't they have a boat, she wondered, frowning. She was fairly sure her father would buy her one if she worked on him a little. How much could they cost anyway?

She let herself imagine the boat racing over the water with her at the waves. That would be fun! Especially if she had a few friends along.

Walking around topless next to Smith in public had not been fun! It had been mortifying! Well, it had been that even before he'd taken her top off, she admitted, but much worse afterward. Of course, she'd been wearing a little thong and a choker that said 'slut' on the front.

But she didn't think it would be very bothersome to be seen with Smith now, at least, not if he kept his hand off her ass and she was dressed reasonably. The thought of all those people staring at her breasts still made her face burn a little. It wouldn't have been so bad if they were, well, somewhere she was supposed to be topless, like a nude beach or something.

She picked up her phone and dealt with a dozen or so texts, one of which was from Smith. He wanted her to come see him. Later, she'd texted, feeling no great pressure, and just a little sense of excitement.

She was busy relaxing. And she certainly wasn't ready for sex just yet. She was too sore.

He texted again and she smiled, then texted back "I'm far too sore today, because of you and your maid, so you'll have to do without me for now, Mister Smith," she replied.

Then she went on the internet and starting looking at boats. Did she want a super fast boat or one which was bigger and more comfortable. Surely she could find one which was a bit of both. She liked those raised driver platforms. They had such a great view!

The one thing which had always tended to excite Taylor was the prospect of spending a lot of money on something nice, so examining yachts and options was able to push Smith completely from her mind for some time.

Yachts like the one she had in mind weren't cheap, but she knew very well just how much money her father made from owning the law firm, not to mention his numerous investments. An eighty foot yacht would cost him several month's worth of income from the firm, but that was minor compared to what he had invested.

And, because Taylor had grown up where she had grown up, she had a pretty good idea of how much of the cost could be written off if the yacht were the property of the firm and used "to entertain clients".

There would be bargaining required, though. Her father would demand certain things of her, such as more responsible behavior. She'd probably have to show up to entertain at some functions which were held on the yacht. Maybe she'd even have to drive the boat! What an intriguing idea!

Taylor was so excited she hurried back inside to get her father on the phone. She caught him at an opportune time, which was to say when he was busy, and caught him by surprise. He didn't say no, which was, as far as she was concerned, halfway to victory. He even admitted he could use it to entertain clients and thus get a tax write-off.

He was dubious about her being the captain, of course, but that was all right. She could convince him. All she needed to do now was find the boat!

She called up Mister Smith.

“Yes, Miss Evans?” he said in his toneless voice.

“Good afternoon, Mister Smith,” she said. “I would like to take a trip to Marina del Rey, to the yacht club there, if you please.”

He seemed surprised, but agreeable. Had he been worried she would be upset? She shrugged. She had found the cure for big black men, and it was big white yachts!

In fact, sore as she was, she wanted no doubt in his mind on that score. She wore white dress pants, a blue silk blouse and a white linen jacket with a broad brimmed white hat.

He pulled the limo around and she got in with a polite smile.

She was happy, after all. Taylor was always happy when going to spend large sums of money.

He got into the front seat and looked at her in the mirror.

“Any specific address, Miss Evans?”

“Yes, please.”

She gave it to him and he started off, polite as always. She thought she had him somewhat figured out by then. She acted content and confident and without any interest in sex, and he did his job. She had no intention of taunting him or being rude, and thus giving him a cause, nor even excuse, to do anything else.

He could, of course, start something on his own, but that was not his normal behavior. He'd wait for her to do it.

And sore as she was, that wasn't going to happen. Not today. Tomorrow, well..

\*

He must have communicated something to Jade, for the woman's attitude that evening was more restrained.

“Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Evans?” she asked.

Taylor looked at her consideringly.

“Yes, there is,” she said.

She stepped up to her confidently. “Show me how to lick your pussy again.”

Jade smirked.

“I want to be good at it. But no fisting this time. I'm too sore.”

“I bet you are.”

\*

Lesbian sex was quite different from the kind with men, Taylor thought. But it had its excitement, too. She did find herself missing the penetration, though, and also the raw, rough, violent sex she had with Smith.

Jade had a suggestion, which she instantly agreed to. It was to install a stainless steel pole in the exercise room. Jade had worked in a gym as a trainer, it seemed, much to Taylor's surprised, and thought Taylor might like it. She was right.

Pole dancing was a fashionable, and semi scandalous way to exercise, and far better than the boring things she usually had to do. She was delighted to have

Jade demonstrate and show her how it was done. It not only gave her great exercise and toned her body, but made her feel very sexy and seductive.

And Taylor had always liked that, though lately it had become even more of a fixation.

\*

She went down to the garage the next day, and found Smith, as usual, examining an engine.

“Don't you ever get bored looking at those?” she asked.

“Nope,” he said, straightening up. “Don't get bored looking at sexy girls, neither.”

She grinned.

“So you're gonna start pole dancing, huh?”

“It's good exercise,” she said, a little defensively.

“That it is. And maybe one day you'll get to use it in a strip club.”

“I don't think so!’ she snorted.

“No?”

He approached her, and she felt a hot little thrum that mixed excitement, anticipation, and nervousness.

“You don't ever fantasize about being on a stage, dancing naked, while all those men watched and drooled over you?”

She shrugged. “Every girl does, mostly. Doesn't mean I'd ever do it.”

“Doesn't mean you wouldn't. You are a blonde.”

She frowned. “Being blonde does not make you some kind of ... super sexual person,” she said.

“Not always. But that's what you are.”

Taylor wasn't sure if that was a compliment or an insult.

“Your life was too boring. Now you've found something a lot more exciting.”

She couldn't really deny that.

His big hand gripped the front of her shirt, and she gasped as he pulled her to her toes.

“Strip naked,” he growled.

She gulped, heart suddenly beating faster.

“I think you need to be more polite towards me... boy,” she said, eyes daring him.

“Boy, huh?”

“Boy,” she said. “Nigger boy.”

He tore the front of her blouse open and she let out a startled, but not exactly frightened scream.

“I think you maybe need a lesson in manners, blonde girl,” he said.

“Not from you, nigger,” she gulped hungrily.

“You're gonna beg for my cock, baby.”

“Ha!”

She offered up only enough resistance as she had to as Smith roughly stripped her naked, then brought her over to a low sort of tool table and pushed her belly against it. He opened a drawer and took out the wrist restraints, then buckled them around her wrists as she continued to 'struggle' against him.

“Let me go! You big nigger!” she gasped, pulling against his iron grip.

He clipped her wrists together before her, then raised them up and pulled them to

the wall behind the small table, at about head height. Of course, to do that she had to stretch, and rise on the balls of her feet, but then he had her wrists chained to a hook set into the wall, and she was helpless!

He wasn't finished, though. He slapped her legs sharply, forcing her to shift them apart, even though, with her bent forward at the waist, her hips jammed against the rough table, she could barely keep her toes on the floor that way.

He took a small chain out of the table, one which had an alligator clip on each end, and placed them up around her stiff nipples as her breasts hung down and forward.

“Wait!”

He let the jaws snap closed and Taylor squealed in pain, jerking and twisting against the restraints as her nipples burned!

“Ow! Oh! Oh! Please! Oww! That hurts!”

*Crack! He slapped her bottom sharply, uncaring, then reached a fat thumb in under the chain dangling from her nipples and pulled it forward and down.*

Taylor squealed more loudly as the little metal jaws pulled at her burning nipples, stretching them until he could hook the center of the chain through another hook he'd put in the wall.

*Crack! He slapped her bottom again, and pulled the dildos out of the drawer. One was pushed up her pussy and the other up her ass.*

He reached into the drawer and brought out something else. It looked, she thought, like a plastic microphone. That is, it was all white and blue, with a long handle leading to a thicker round part at the top with a flat top.

He grinned at her and pulled something out from under the table. It was a heavy sort of wooden frame, which he put on the table just in front of her, then locked in place. He thrust the plastic thing, which she was now sure was a vibrator, into the frame, so that the fat, top part was actually angled down and forward.

Right between her legs, in fact, pressing against the top of her sex.

He plugged it in and it started vibrating, very powerfully.

Then he went back to the car and began to examine the engine again.

Taylor moaned helplessly. Her nipples still burned, if not as much, but every time she moved too much it made them tug against the little alligator clips biting into them. She had to close her legs as much as possible, which squeezed her thighs together around the two dildos impaling her. And the soft flesh of her clitoris was now squeezed between the dildo driven up inside her, and the pressure of the vibrator she was jammed in against!

And the vibrator was very powerful, almost too powerful, the sensations coming from between her legs overwhelming her mind!

The orgasm was not long in coming, and it was... intense. She cried out again and again, grinding her clitoris down and in against the vibrator as convulsions wracked her body! The pleasure was a howling storm tearing through her body!

When it eased, she slumped, gasping, moaning, her insides aching from spasming muscles.

But the vibrator was still there, and she couldn't pull herself away from it. She felt hypersensitive down there, and the vibrations were now too powerful, too intense, and extremely uncomfortable.

“Please!” she moaned. “Please... I... It's too strong!”

Smith ignored her, and she gasped and tried to ease her sex back as much as she could. Of course, she could only do that for so long.

Soon, of course, those uncomfortable sensations began to set her insides to swirling and churning once again, and then another powerful orgasm tore through her.

And then another and another and another.

Taylor's skin was glistening with perspiration, and she was red faced, gasping, panting, her insides aching from the orgasms.

Yet something was missing, something she was finding a deep, and growing

desperation for, a craving, a need, a hunger! Grinding her body between the plastic vibrator and the silicone cock inside her was one thing, but she desperately needed a real cock inside her!

“Please, master!” she cried weakly. “Please fuck me!”

Pride meant nothing compared to heat like this!

Smith came out from under the hood of the car, at least.

“Are you a nasty, racist little white bitch?”

“Yes, master!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm a nasty, racist little white bitch!” she groaned. “Please fuck me!”

“Oh no, blonde girl, not just yet. A nasty, racist little white bitch needs to be punished, doesn't she?”

“Yes!” she groaned.

“Beg for your punishment.”

“Please punish me, master!” she groaned.

He snorted, then moved forward, running his big, rough hand over the soft flesh of her buttocks, fingers tapping at the base of the dildo in her bottom, and the one in her pussy.

“Filthy little blonde slave girl,” he growled.

“Please punish the filthy little blonde slave girl, master!” she panted.

He unbuckled his belt, and then slid it out of the loops of his pants.

Taylor moaned anxiously, but the heat was oozing out of every pore. Even her nipples burned with dark heat, despite the throbbing pain.

He doubled up the thin belt then swung it down to crack neatly across her out-

thrust buttocks.

“Ahh!” she cried.

“Keep begging.”

“Please punish me, master!” she cried.

*Crack! The belt snapped down across her bottom a second time, leaving a line of dark heat behind.*

“Please punish me, master!” she cried.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The belt snapped down again and again, as Taylor cried out, her body twisting and writhing as sharp, stinging pain erupted across the surface of her bottom! The skin began to turn pink, then red, as the heat grew.

“Beg, slut!”

“Please punish me, master!” she half sobbed.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The heat grew worse, and Taylor cried out at every blow, half hanging from her wrists, the breath escaping her in dazed sobbing breaths.

But she was still grinding her sex against the vibrator, and her nipples were still tugging against the clips, and somehow, in the midst of the storm of emotions and sensations, sobbing in pain, she felt another orgasm billow up from below, sweep through her belly and into her chest, and set her mind to spinning!

It was only a prelude, though.

Smith tore the dildo out of her sex, and thrust himself balls deep in her belly. She screamed in pain and heat, and then another, even more intense orgasm tore through her as he began to ride her with fast, powerful strokes.

He tore her head up and back by the hair, leaning in to chew hotly along the nape of her neck as his hips thrust in and out.

“Hot, dirty, slutty little blonde,” he growled.

“Fuck me, master!” she sobbed dazedly.

It felt so good having him inside her, having him filling her, having his hot flesh thrusting up into her belly in hard, even violent strokes! Taylor felt both her mind and body were being battered and bruised, and another orgasm tore through her, then a long series of them which took her breath away and left her gasping and barely conscious.

But when Smith was done he drew his thick, dripping cock free, then plugged her with the dildo again, and left her there, grinding dazedly against the vibrator.

For hours.

Now and then he'd come over and thrust the dildo up and down during a particularly violent orgasm, but otherwise he left her in place. The vibrator plugged in, so there was no battery to run down.

Her babbling, feverish cries aroused him again, and he returned to sodomize her, but after that he just left her to herself until her cries became so feeble he could hardly hear them, and her body was merely twitching and trembling in place.

Only then did he release her, handing her over to Jade, who had arrived for the evening.

Jade took her out to the side, away from the rest of the house, and used the hose to wake her up, then straddled her head and made her lick her to a climax before fisting her again.

Taylor was barely conscious afterward, and sore all over, but she couldn't deny that Smith was right. Her life was boring, and this hot, sizzling, thrilling, forbidden, outrageous sex was too intense for her to ever give up!

\*

Taylor was nervous, but her chest was tight with sexual tension, more than anxiety, and the way her stomach was swirling owed more to the repressed heat and sexual pressure she felt than fear.

*I can't believe I'm doing this! she thought for the umpteenth time.*

Thrills. She loved them! She loved how hot and dark and nasty they could be! But she also loved having a little, just a little control, at least enough to set up what would happen.

The music stopped. The announcer started speaking. A moment later, the girl came through the curtain, naked, and holding her clothes, quite casual about it, too. Taylor took a shaky breath as she was introduced as “The blonde girl from Beverly Hills High!”

She even had the cheerleader costume she used to wear!

Licking her lips, she went through the curtain, and the light momentarily blinded her. Then the spotlight dropped and there was only the low lights around the stage. The stage was round, and there was a row of seats surrounding it for those who wanted to get up close. Beyond them were tables with a lot more people at them.

Black people.

This was not exactly a top of the line club. This was a club in South Central LA, and all the clients were Black men. Nor was there a businessman, architect or lawyer to be found among them. There were, however, drug dealers, pimps and gang members in plenty, or so Smith had informed her

It was very crowded, packed, and she felt her chest tighten so much she could hardly breath! Then the music started, and she gripped the pole and began to swing around it. Her heart was in her throat, and her face was burning, but there was a wild dark thrill in her lower belly!

All the dancers there were black, Smith said. But he knew the manager, and he was more than willing to let her have an 'experience'.

So was the audience, which licked their lips in anticipation as she swung around the pole and began to swing her hips and toss her long blonde hair. She flipped her little skirt repeatedly as she teased and taunted them, then seductively peeled her cheerleader top up and off to reveal a sexy, lacy white bra underneath.

She leapt high, grabbing the pole, then swinging upside down, clinging to it with

her legs. That caused her skirt to fall back, too of course, but that was no big deal since she was wearing a thong. She slid down to the floor and rolled over, then straightened, undoing her skirt and dropping it.

Now she began to feel the thrill intensifying! Her heart beat louder. All those men staring at her, lusting after her, wanting her! It was so freaking hot! She was only in her underwear, prancing across the stage, in front of all those people licking their lips and wanting her! That was so hot!

She undid her bra, and slipped it off, hiding her breasts with hands and arms, at first, then, baring them, shuddering with the heat as she rolled her hips and arched her back.

This was so outrageous! She was stripping in a black strip club! All those people were staring at her, and she was starting to feel a seething sense of heat and pressure between her legs as she rolled her hips at them and gave a seductive look.

She slipped the thong off, and a blast wave of heat hit her. She was completely naked! She pranced across the floor, feeling somewhat giddy at their obvious approval and obscene shouts. Her chest was tight and her lower belly was thrumming wildly!

She gripped the pole, licking it as she pushed her bottom out and rolled it lewdly at them, then swung slowly around the pole so she could do it to the men on all three sides. They shouted their encouragement, and she decided to try something even more outrageous, something Jade had shown her and she had practiced many times.

She leapt high, gripping the pole with her hands, and then pulled herself higher still. She wrapped her thighs around the pole, then slowly bent backward, further and further, until she was upside down. She gasped, almost missing the pole, but was able to grab it with her hands lower down!

And now, slowly, carefully, she balanced herself against the pole, and let her legs uncurl, then slowly slide apart, further and further, until she was almost doing the splits!

There were a lot of cheers at that!

God, she was so slutty! She was so outrageous!

She pulled her legs back together and then let her upper body fall back so that her feet hit the floor. As she did she heard a strange growl from the audience she didn't understand. She straightened, sliding her hands up along the pole until they were high above her head, and only then did she become aware of the presence next to her.

It was Smith! And he was wearing only black boxer shorts!

She gaped up at him as she turned, her hands still gripping the pole above her head.

“Wh-what are you doing here!?” she gasped, unheard by the audience below the pounding music.

He grinned at her. “This is a Black club, baby, and we don't always follow all the rules the white city council puts out on what we can't do.”

His hands came forward and caught her wrists tightly, and she gasped, her heart beating faster still.

“You hold onto that pole and don't let go, understand, blonde girl?”

She gaped at him and then gasped again as his hands slid down her naked body and gripped her legs just under the knees. He lifted them up and back, and she clung to the pole as she stared at him, shocked and confused about what he was going to do!

Surely he wasn't going to... !

His big hands slid along her legs from her knees to her ankles, lifting them up and back further, pushing them up behind her shoulders! That forced her buttocks to swing forward against him as he leered at her.

“Fuck her!” someone yelled from the audience.

There was an immediate chorus of enthusiastic agreement from all around.

“Fuck that blonde slut!!

“Fuck her brains out!”

“Feed that white girl some nigger cock!”

Smith grinned at her, and ground himself into her sex, and she felt him hardening.

“Y-You can't!” she gasped. “Not in front of everyone!”

But even as she said it she knew he could! And the idea almost made her head explode! There'd been a couple of dozen people watching when he'd had her taken by the police to that black area, but there were hundreds here!

He tugged down his shorts and a gasp went up from the audience!

His big cock sprang up thick and hard and long, and the watchers growled in delight!

He chuckled, forcing her legs back further, then let his thick black cock push between her thighs and slide up and down along her abdomen.

“You love black cock, baby,” he said. “You need it inside you.”

Taylor was beyond speech! She gaped at him, pulse racing as the wild dark thrill of heat threatened to fry her brain!

She shook her head helplessly, moaning as he grinned again. She felt the puffy black head pushing against her sex, jamming against her, the pressure mounting. He had to let one leg go to grab himself, to push himself, and she cried out weakly as the head slowly stretched her lips back and began to push into her body!

He grabbed her ankle again, forcing both back behind the bar as he pushed deeper and deeper while she trembled and shook and cried out weakly, overwhelmed by the wild heat assailing her!

“OhmyGod! OhmyGod! OhmyGod!” she gasped.

His big hands folded her ankles in behind her neck, one grabbing them, the other her wrists, and he began to pump, slowly, the long, thick length of him sliding in

and out of her already sopping pussy as the audience gaped and shouted their frenzied approval!

“Give her that nigger cock!”

“Fill that slut up!”

“Fuck that white girl!”

“Jam that cock up her pussy!”

Smith took his time, his hips moving in and out, in and out, using more and more of his long shaft, and then began to turn slowly in place, taking her with her, rotating her around the pole so that the audience on every side got a chance to see just how big he was, just how thick and long, as he drove himself into her, and when he thrust the last few inches and she cried out, there was a huge roar from the audience!

He pumped with long, full strokes, his hips slapping against her tautly upraised buttocks with every stroke, and Taylor felt her eyes glaze over as the heat and pressure grew almost unbearable. Her fingers slipped on the pole and she began to tremble and shake as he drove the thick cock deep into her belly again and again!

He moved in firmly against her, his cock buried, his body pressed against her, then quickly shifted his grip onto her ass. He released her ankles and they fell over his shoulders as he pulled her away from the pole, turned and knelt with her still bent and crushed against his powerful body.

He lay her down on the stage, but didn't let her unbend. He used the pressure of his chest to force her legs back, then gripped her ankles and forced them behind her head again as his own body was held straight above her.

He started thrusting into her, harder and harder and harder, his heavy hips crushing down into her upraised buttocks as he sheathed his powerful cock with every stroke! The audience loved it!

Then, he abruptly pulled back, letting her legs fall forward. He pushed them aside, and flipped her onto her stomach with one rough, quick move that made her cry out in dazed confusion.

*Crack!*

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

*Crack! His hand slapped her bare bottom a second time.*

“Up!”

Yelping, moaning, Taylor scrambled into position, a familiar position, with her bottom raised high and her breasts against the floor. She groaned as he entered her again, thrusting in and out in hard, deep strokes that drew more growls and cheers and shouts of approval from the men watching.

She cried out as his hips pounded against her, cried out as his thick cock speared deep into her belly, cried out at shock-waves of pleasure and heat and excitement rolling through her body, and then his hand gripped her hair and yanked it savagely up and back as he slapped her bottom again.

*Crack! “Come for me, you blonde slut!” he growled.*

*Crack! “Come with my nigger cock inside you!”*

And Taylor did, gurgling and crying out again and again, the cries rising higher and higher and becoming screams of uninhibited, animal passion and pleasure! She screamed as she came and the audience howled to see it, as Smith leered and rode her like a savage beast, and the whole room burned with excitement at seeing how he used her!

Taylor lost herself to the heat and pleasure, to the thrill and ecstasy. Climax after climax tore through her mind and body as Smith rode her and used her, and the audience cheered savagely to see him treating her the way they all could only dream.

Of course, such a performance was illegal, but no one there was likely to tell the police, and it wasn't like she worked there. Not... regularly.

But the incredible thrill was too much for her to resist, as on occasion, Smith brought her there to strip and do live sex shows for the delighted audience. Once he strapped her bottom, then sodomized her while his foot jammed down against her cheek. Another time He drove his cock in and out of her open mouth and

down her throat as Jade fisted her from behind.

And in the day, Taylor got to pilot her new boat, have lazy parties with her friends, and sometimes wear a nice summer dress while she entertained her father's business clients. She had the best of all worlds, as far as she was concerned.

She had the lazy, comfortable, elegant life of a wealthy Beverly Hills princess, and the dark, raw, violent sexual passion of an uninhibited slut who loved slumming it.

She never even asked for her drivers license back.

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](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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