

Taylor's New Chauffeur

By JJ Argus



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(The Black Chauffeur 1)

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Smashwords edition

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

Taylor had won the lottery when she was born. She was aware of it, in a casual sort of way, and appreciated it, in much the same way, but it was sometimes hard to grasp that not everyone was as lucky as she was.

Everyone she knew was rich, for example. She knew not everyone out there beyond Beverly Hills had a lot of money, in an intellectual sort of way. Someone had to park cars and cook her food and wait on her in stores and stuff, after all. But it wasn't something she thought much about. Poverty simply wasn't a part of her life.

There was her, her family, her friends and acquaintances, and then that great mass of people who brought food to her table at restaurants or got in her way when she was driving her BMW at the speeds she wanted to go.

She was a little irked to still be driving the BMW, in fact. Her father had given it to her as a present when she was sixteen, and that was almost three years ago! She had been pestering him for a Porsche for some time now.

Again, she was aware that people actually took buses(!) and had no cars at all, but that wasn't something she really thought about very often. Everyone she knew had nice cars, after all. Those who drove themselves around at all, as opposed to using limos.

Sitting in a limo had a certain cachet to it, and she had occasionally suggested to her father that they ought to have one. He seemed to prefer driving his Mercedes, though, even though he was always complaining about the traffic.

She slowed and then stopped as she reached Rodeo Drive, annoyed at the lack of parking, and annoyed at the cars which started to honk behind her, as she looked around for somewhere nearby to pull over.

She absently raised her middle finger to whoever behind her was honking as she rose up in the convertible to get a better view. She spotted a place up ahead on the left, so dropped back down, put the BMW in gear, and lurched forward. She pulled a U-turn, causing more honking, then slid into the empty parking spot with a sense of irritable satisfaction.

Stupid, noisy people. Honestly, what was their problem, anyway?

She got out of the car, five inch stilettos raising her up considerably higher than her five feet eight inches, and making her long legs seem longer still as she flounced around the car and headed up the sidewalk.

“Hey, you can't park there.”

She turned her head, startled, staring briefly at a man... he was some sort of minority... holding a rake of all things. She felt a sense of surprise such a person had actually spoken to her. Did he expect her to speak back!? Honestly!

She turned her head away and kept walking.

As if such a person could tell her what she could do? Couldn't park? She'd already parked! What was his problem?

She forgot about him within five yards, her eyes scanning the windows until she found Dimagio's Furs. She was planning on a ski trip to Colorado next month and wanted to be dressed nicely.

She knew she would look adorable in fur! Preferably mink. Black set off her blonde hair so nicely! Kyle would think she was so hot wearing a stylish black fur coat, and maybe a hat, if it was cute and didn't mess her hair up.

*

Half an hour later she left the store, quite pleased. The coat wasn't with her, of course. They would be making it, creating it, just for her, and it would be ready later. She reached her car, and saw someone had put some sort of annoying flier under the windshield wiper.

She tsked, as she realized it was a ticket, and yanked it out, then threw it onto the passenger seat with the rest. She didn't worry about such things. The city or county or whoever it was would wind up sending a followup to the law firm the car was officially registered to and they'd take care of it. Or not. It really wasn't her concern.

Her father owned the firm, after all.

She pulled out into traffic, which brought more honking, and she gave them her middle finger again as she stepped on the gas. It was a lovely day, and she was

young, healthy, beautiful, rich, and carefree.

She headed up South Beverly Drive, intending to go for lunch at the Beverly Hills Hilton. There was some traffic on the street, but the BMW was very maneuverable, and she had the quick instincts of the young, so she was able to swing in and out and around slower moving vehicles – most of which were pretty ugly in her opinion, with relative ease.

Though there was some more horn honking.

She didn't notice the lights in her rear view mirror until the police car started to run its siren, then she tsked in annoyance. Now she would be late! She pondered the advisability of simply ignoring them, but she knew from past experience that didn't work. They'd simply turn their stupid siren on full time, and that was horribly annoying! People would stare and everything!

Muttering curses under her breath, she found a place to pull over out of traffic and put the car in park, impatiently tapping her foot as she waited for the police officer to come and give her a mandatory lecture and another stupid piece of paper.

He arrived and she glared at him.

“Good morning, miss,” he said.

“What was I doing? I wasn't speeding!”

“You were speeding.”

She tasked in irritation.

“You were also driving recklessly.”

“I was not!”

“You changed lanes nine times in just the short time I was watching.”

“So!?”

“Without signaling once.”

She rolled her eyes.

“License and registration, please.”

Muttering to herself, Tiffany reached into the armrest next to her, pulling out the documents and thrusting them up at him. He took them, holding a little notebook in hand as she fidgeted impatiently. He went back to his car, and she sighed and took out her cell phone, texting Mandy that she'd be late, and bemoaning her poor luck.

The cop returned.

“You're Taylor Moore?”

She rolled her eyes, wondering why he'd even ask. Weren't her name and picture on the license?’

“Yes,” she said waspishly.

“Your license has been suspended.”

She turned and frowned up at him.

“What?”

“Your license was suspended last month for multiple moving violations.”

“I paid those! I mean, well, they were paid.”

“It doesn't matter if you pay your tickets, miss. If you get more than four points in a year your license is suspended.”

She stared at him. “I don't even know what that means!”

The cop sighed, but he had been working in Beverly Hills for some years.

“It means you're not allowed to drive a car,” he said patiently. “You must have gotten a notice to that effect.”

“What kind of notice.”

“It would have come in the mail.”

“I didn't get any kind of... notice!”

“I'm afraid that doesn't affect the results. You are not allowed to drive. I'll have to impound your car.”

“Impound?”

“Tow it away,” he said helpfully.

“You can't tow my car!” she cried, her voice rising.

“Yes, I can. That's what happens when you drive while under suspension.”

“But... how am I supposed to get around!?” she exclaimed.

“You could try taking a bus,” he suggested, repressing a smirk.

She stared at him, aghast.

*

“How can you not fix this!? It's just a stupid driving license!” she exclaimed to her father.

Jason Evans was a short, slight, balding man with thick glasses, who often seemed, to her, more like an absent minded professor than someone who ran one of the city's biggest law firms. He wore old fashioned, very unstylish clothes, and wore them badly. His pants were up around his waist, for one thing! Hers, of course, were very low on her hips.

He sighed. “Taylor, you can't fix a drivers license suspension by paying a fine.”

“Well don't you know someone in the city who can cancel it!?”

“No, I'm afraid not. And I don't think I would anyway. You drive dangerously. I don't want anything to happen to you.”

“I'm a good driver!”

“No, you're a very bad driver. That's why you keep getting tickets and damaging your car.”

“They're only little dings and dents! And the garage always fixes them!”

“But they could be a lot worse, and if you keep driving the way you are, they will be. I think it's time I got you a chauffeur.”

“I don't want a chauffeur!”

“Well I'm afraid neither of us has a lot of alternatives at the present. I've asked Larry to get me a good man.”

“Larry is a stupid goof!”

“The fact you don't like Larry is beside the point.”

“You should fire him!”

“He's a very good assistant and has an amazingly wide group of contacts. I've asked him for someone who can be both driver, and bodyguard.”

“Bodyguard! I don't need a bodyguard!”

“It's a dangerous world out there, Taylor, and you have a uhm, off-putting personality sometimes.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” she demanded in annoyance.

“Your social skills in terms of dealing with ordinary people are somewhat lacking.”

“They are not! I have great social skills! Wait, what do you mean by ordinary people?”

“People not wealthy, dear.”

“Oh God, is this about me slapping that maid again?” she groaned.

“I had to pay off that maid to keep her from calling the police,” he said.

“Oh puhleeaze! Like the police would arrest me for slapping a stupid maid!”

“The world doesn't always work the way you think it does, Taylor. You're lucky she didn't slap you back, either. She was a lot bigger than you.”

“And right out of the trees,” she muttered.

“And that's another thing. You really do need to be exposed to people of different cultures and races more.”

“Why? There's lots of Jews in Beverly Hills.”

“I meant Black, Hispanic and Asian people.”

“There's lots of servants and gardeners who are Black, Hispanic and Asian. I see them all the time.”

Her father sighed.

*

“You have the recommendation, Larry?” Evans said.

“Yes, Mister Evans. There are two. I recommend Peter Forbes.

“Hmm,” Evans examined the folder without much enthusiasm.

“He was a mercenary in Iraq,” Larry said, “And expert in numerous weapons.”

Evans made a face and looked at the other folder. His eyebrows raised.

“That's Jason Smith,” Larry said, as if reluctant.

Larry Dunlop was just the wrong side of forty, with a slight paunch, and quick talking attitude of a fixer.

“Hmm. Used to be a heavyweight boxer,” Evans said, reading the folder. “Then a police officer. I like that.”

Dunlop smiled. What the report didn't include was that the Smith had been fired for breaking a suspect's neck while holding him in the air and shaking him

rapidly. He'd left boxing after killing a man with one blow.

“You'll note he's a graduate of the special high speed police tactical driving course,” he said, “So we know he's an excellent driver.”

With a temper, he didn't add. He'd had several brushes with the law since being fired, mainly for overuse of his considerable size in dealing with people he believed were being disrespectful. Because of his status as an ex-cop nothing had come of them, however.

“Still, I think Forbes is, overall, a more acceptable candidate. He'll fit in more in Beverly Hills, for one. He went to Cambridge and knows how to interact with uhm, polite society. Smith might be a little rough around the edges.”

Evans snorted. “I think Taylor deals too much with polite society. It would do her good to deal with other groups at times. I'd like to interview Mister Smith.”

“Yes, sir. I'll arrange it.”

He'd never liked that arrogant little bitch, Taylor, and it would suit her right if some giant Black gorilla like Smith rang her scrawny little bigoted blonde airhead neck.

And since he'd recommended the other guy he should be fine.

*

“Taylor, this is Jason Smith. Mister Smith, this is my daughter, Taylor,” Evans said.

Taylor gaped up at the man, for once at something of a loss for words. Smith was six and a half feet tall, very broad at the shoulders, with enormous arms and dark, steely eyes. He was also quite black, with an ugly little scar across his right cheek that gave him a dangerous and menacing look.

He held out his hand, though. Like the rest of him it was enormous, and it startled Taylor a bit as she realized he wanted to shake her hand. It was on the tip of her tongue to state that she wasn't in the habit of shaking hands with the hired help, but her father was right there, and the man was frankly quite intimidating.

She gave him the tips of her fingers and shook hands reluctantly.

“I don't like rap,” she said doubtfully.

He raised his eyebrows.

“In the car.”

“I prefer waltzes, myself,” he said.

She blinked in surprise, then frowned suspiciously. She was fairly sure black people didn't even know what a waltz was.

“Mister Smith will be driving you around when you need to go somewhere, and will also be accompanying you in public places.”

“What? You're kidding!?! I can't... I mean... he can't... daddy!”

“I'm sure he can be circumspect.”

Smith smiled thinly. Though she wasn't sure if it was a grimace.

*

“You would absolutely not believe the giant negro daddy has stuck me with as a chauffeur, Tiffany!” she complained over her phone later.

“Really? Wow! What's he look like?” her friend asked.

Taylor was in her room, the broad windows looking down the side of the mountain and letting in bright sunlight. She was wearing only her thong as she examined various clothing options for the day. One outfit wasn't enough, since she was planning on going to different places and had to be precisely outfitted.

“Like a big ape,” she said. “He's huge and black. What more do you need?”

“Ooooh,” Tiffany said. “And you're going to be alone with him in the car!?”

“He's going to be driving anyway. I can just turn on some music and ignore him.”

“I bet he stares at you!”

“Why?”

“You know! Black guys! They're crazy about blondes! It's like... like there's something in their genes! As soon as they see a cute blonde girl they start going crazy, like dogs in heat!”

“Eewww,” Taylor said. “Gross! He's like a great big, ugly gorilla!”

“I bet he has a huge dick! That's what they say about Black men, you know!”

“Stop being a perve, Tiff!”

“He's gonna make you play with his big black stick shift every day, Taylor!”
Tiffany said with a giggle.

“If he so much as talks back to me my dad will fire him!”

“He's probably violent. You know those black guys! He probably has a knife and stuff, and he's in a gang! So you better watch your mouth.”

“Don't be ridiculous. Anyway, daddy said he used to be a cop.”

“Really? Well, maybe he'll use his handcuffs on you then!”

“You really are a perve, Tiff.”

“What's your point?” her friend said with a giggle.

“I'll make sure I put him in his place. He's the hired help, okay? He drives and shuts up, and if he bothers me I'll get him fired.”

“Ha! Then you'll have to walk!”

“Goodbye, Tiffany!” she exclaimed, shaking her head as she hung up.

Tiffany was such a ditz! Although, what she said about Black guys being violent was true. She'd heard that often enough. And that thing about them having big cocks, well... that was something she'd heard rumors about too. She didn't know if it was true, though. She'd never slept with a Black guy, of course.

She had kind of made out with a Mexican once, but that was when she was young and didn't understand things. And all she'd done was let him grab her boobs a little and kiss him. Besides, he'd been really cute.

Doing it with a black guy would be... gross! Well, it would be like doing it with an animal! Sort of. It would probably be wild and nasty and... and rough. Black guys were all thugs, after all, and they called women 'ho's', which, she thought, was because a lot of Black girls were prostitutes.

She'd heard that somewhere.

The next morning she needed to go and see Kaitlin at the Rio for lunch. She went out to the garage and found the Black guy, whose name she'd forgotten, shirtless, and bent over the open hood of the Cadillac. She stopped and gaped for a stunned moment, not having expected to find him practically naked!

He turned and then straightened up.

“Yes, Miss Evans?” he said, his voice a deep, low rumble.

“Uhm, ah, I uhm, wanted to go somewhere,” she said faintly.

“Of course, Miss Evans. Give me five minutes to clean up. Your father had said you would call first before you needed to go anywhere.”

She gulped and nodded, having forgotten.

He turned and headed to the rear of the garage, and she stared at his bare back, which was as broad and muscled as his bare front had been!

The guy was like a ... a monster! She thought back to Chad, her last boyfriend. This guy would make two of Chad even without allowing for his height! Were these Negroes even human!? It was like they were a different species entirely! Like... like aliens!

It was no wonder they did manual labor most of the time. They were clearly built for it, like draft horses or something!

She should really complain to her father about him being half naked like that! Of course, she was supposed to call over ahead of time, at least thirty minutes, her

father had said. And he could be so tedious about rules.

She wondered if his skin felt like ordinary skin, like white skin. What would skin feel like over all that muscle!? Would it be hard or soft?

He came back with his white shirt and black tie on, then slipped on a black jacket and dropped the hood of the car.

“Where would you like to go, Miss Evans?” he asked, opening the rear door.

She steeled herself and walked forward.

“I'm going to Rio's, that's a restaurant on...”

“I know where it is,” he said.

She nodded and got into the car, wondering if he was looking at her ass while she bent over. She watched him walk around front and get into the car, which lurched to the side as it took his weight. The car started and he drove smoothly through the garage door and then down the driveway as Taylor eyed him uncertainly.

She was not used to being intimidated by 'the help', and didn't much like it. But there really wasn't anything she could think of which would justify reprimanding him for.

Was he looking at her in the mirror? She couldn't tell. Was he thinking dirty thoughts about what he'd like to do to her blonde body? Her naked blonde body!?

She was wearing a short gray and white Dior original. It was tight across the chest and quite short, but more, she thought, in a cute way rather than sexy, with the skirt being loose rather than tight. She wasn't headed to a nightclub, after all.

She kept checking the mirror to see if his eyes were on the road, then thought about opening her legs more just to see if she could catch him noticing. She let her right foot move closer to the door, so she could prop her high heel on the rim at the bottom. That caused her knee to rise, and the skirt to slide back a little more, showing more of her thigh.

She turned her head to the right, as if looking out the window, but her eyes kept darting to the left, to check out the mirror in her peripheral vision. She didn't catch him looking at her in the mirror, though, which was reassuring – and annoying.

She was awfully attractive, after all. She was beautiful, in fact. Lots of people said so, and she had a great body. So why wasn't he looking at her? Did he not like white girls? Did he think he was too good for her? What a joke that would be! Ha! As if!

Maybe he was queer? But no, she couldn't believe that. He was way too muscular and had too deep a voice. Everyone knew fags had high voices and that weird accent. Where there even any negro queers? It was hard for Taylor to imagine. Wouldn't the rest of them beat him up all the time?

Black men, after all, were alleged to be hopeless animals, always fighting and shooting each other, and rutting like beasts with their 'ho's' and any white girl they could get, and caring nothing for anything else.

What kind of a white girl would have sex with Black men! Eewww! That was so disgusting! They must be total sluts! Maybe it was that big cock they were supposed to have. Was that why some white girls went for them? They had those big lips, too. Did that make them better at oral sex? Did Black men even DO oral sex?

No one she knew had ever fucked a Black guy, or at least, certainly didn't admit it, so all she had was rumor.

She put on some music, The Scorpions. He'd probably hate that, but it was her daddy's car, and she would listen to whatever she wanted!

“Can't you go faster?” she demanded.

His eyes went to the mirror then.

“I'm observing the speed limit, Miss Evans.”

“Who does that?!” she exclaimed. “Seriously! Little old men who can barely see over the steering wheel maybe!”

“I'm following your father's orders, Miss Evans,” he said.

She rolled her eyes and tsked in annoyance, folding her arms beneath her breasts in irritation.

“It's not even speeding until you're at least ten miles over the limit!” she said.

“Your father seems to be a stickler for details,” he replied.

“My father is anal!”

She blushed a bit at that. Did Black guys like to do anal? Chad had pestered her to do that for so long...

“Your father is a man of the law,” he replied, in that ridiculously deep voice.

“I thought Black guys didn't pay any attention to laws,” she said sarcastically.

He raised his eyebrows. “I enforced the law.”

“Yeah, but that was because you were being paid to do it.”

“That was because I believe in the law.”

She rolled her eyes again.

“And I'm being paid to keep within it now.”

“So if you were driving your own car, you'd be going the speed limit?”

“What I do on my own time is what I do on my own time,” he said.

She glared. “Everyone is passing us!”

“We'll get there just about as fast going the speed limit,” he said calmly.

Taylor was getting irritated.

Stupid watermelon eating negro!

The reached the Rio and she had a thought.

“What's your cell number?” she asked.

“Why?”

She glared. “Because when I'm done I need to call you!”

“I'll be going in with you.”

“You will not!”

“Your father's instructions.”

“You are not sitting at the table with me and Kaitlin!”

“I'll sit somewhere else where I can keep an eye on you.”

“Duh! It's the Rio! I'm perfectly safe there!”

“Your father's orders.”

“We don't have a reservation for you!” she tried.

“They'll find somewhere for me to sit,” he said placidly.

“They won't even have... your kind of food there!” she blurted.

He looked at her oddly.

“You know!”

“I'm sure I'll manage, Miss Evans.”

“Shit! Fuck!”

She jumped out as soon as the car stopped, and stomped into the restaurant, ignoring the doorman holding the door open for her. She went over to Kaitlin's usual table and hugged her hello.

“You would not believe what my daddy's stuck me with!” she protested.

“What? What are you talking about, honey?” Kaitlin asked.

Kaitlin, like Taylor, was blonde, and dressed in a light blue print designer dress. She followed Taylor's eyes as she jerked her head towards the door and saw the large Black man in the suit appear. He spoke with the maitre'd briefly, then took a seat at a table for two near the door.

“Who is that?” Kaitlin asked.

“He's my new chauffeur and bodyguard!”

“You have a bodyguard!?”

“Isn't that insane!?”

“You don't need a bodyguard,” Kaitlin said.

“I know!”

Kaitlin inspected the man, then turned her head back with a smirk.

“He's not a bodyguard. He's your babysitter,” she said teasingly.

“Shut up!”

“I bet that's what your dad was thinking! Some big guy to keep you out of trouble!”

“I don't get into trouble!”

“Your dad had to pay off that parking lot attendant when you ran over his feet.”

“That was an accident!”

“And that guy you hit at the corner.”

“He stepped right out in front of me!”

“He was crossing the street and you turned without signaling. And he had to pay off that hotel clerk when you threw your luggage at him, and that restaurant clerk when you threw your food in her face. And he had – ”

“Oh shut up!” Taylor said, fuming.

Kaitlin grinned and shrugged. "I'm just saying, that's probably why he's hanging around you."

"I do not need a babysitter!"

"What happens if you have a date?"

"Then my date will drive me."

"Yeah, but if this guy is supposed to be your bodyguard, doesn't he have to go with you?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"Then your dad would know who you were sleeping with!"

"I'm not sleeping with anyone right now!"

"Yeah, sucks that Chad dumped you."

"I dumped him!"

The waiter arrived and they ordered, while she glared at Kaitlin, who was enjoying herself simply too much, and the Smith guy sitting by the wall.

"Chad and his tiny little dick," she muttered.

"They say Black guys have huge cocks," Kaitlin said, grinning as she chewed on a bread stick.

"You and Tiffany are both perverts."

"That is one seriously large guy, Taylor. If the rest of him is the same size he's not likely to be teeny weenie below the belt."

"Well maybe you should go over and ask him to show you," Taylor snapped.

"Ha. Daddy would blow a gasket if I was ever seen with a Black guy."

"And mine sticks me with one!"

“Yeah, but only as a driver and babysitter. I don't think your dad expects you to be riding his black cock.”

“Ssst! Shush!”

Kaitlin grinned.

Kaitlin teased her entirely too much, which was annoying, but she was very fashionable and knew all the right people. In truth, Taylor was a bit jealous of her. She always seemed to get her way without raising her voice or getting into any trouble. She also didn't have much ammunition to tease her back since the girl never seemed to do anything wrong.

When they'd finished lunch, or as much of it as she was going to eat, they got up and Taylor gave her an air kiss as she departed. She didn't bother even looking towards where “Mr. Smith” was seated. It wasn't her job to keep track of him, after all.

Of course, once outside she had nowhere to go since he had the car and the keys, which she found immensely irritating. She tapped her foot impatiently, waiting for him to emerge, and when he did she glared at him.

“Took you long enough!”

“I had to get the bill and pay it,” he said.

“Well maybe you should have thought of that ahead of time,” she said sarcastically.

“I thought I would have time when you ordered the bill.”

She snorted disdainfully as he gave his ticket to the valet.

“I don't get bills here! They just go to... somewhere and get paid.”

“My mistake. I'll know better next time.”

She got into the car and he closed the door behind her, then went around to the drivers door and got in.

“Home?” he asked.

“No! I'll tell you when I want to go home!”

“Where to then?”

“Schiaparelli. I want to look at dresses. It's on Rodeo Drive.”

He nodded and started off.

“And did you have some nice watermelon?” she asked with a smirk.

His eyes got very cold in the mirror, and she caught her breath for a moment.

“I had sea bass,” he said.

She looked at him doubtfully. “Black people eat fish?”

“Evidently,” he said.

She scowled. Uppity nigger!

“I'm surprised you could afford it.”

“Your father will pay for it.”

“Why should my father pay your lunch?”

“You'll have to ask him.”

“Maybe I will.”

They went to Schiaparelli and he insisted on accompanying her again, which annoyed her to no end. She tried on a couple of dresses, but didn't see anything she liked. Then as she left, with him trailing behind, she had an idea, and smirked to herself. She turned up the street and then went into the Georgette.

Most guys her own age were leches about places like Georgette, which mostly sold lingerie, but old guys, in her experience, were uncomfortable, and he was an old guy, easily thirty! She examined bra and thong sets, walking slowly along the counters, casually interested and ignoring him. She also went to the kinkier

side to look at leather stuff.

As if she'd wear a leather thong! Duh!

But she pretended to be interested, looking at the leather corsets and bustiers, and the thigh high leather stiletto boots as the sales girl hovered and showed her the fine stitching. She very carefully ignored Smith, but was fairly sure he was imagining her wearing stuff like that. And then tearing it off!

She went back to the more delicate lacy things and picked up some sets, then took them into the dressing room to try them on. The first was a black thong and half bra. The thong was held together in the rear by an inverted metal triangle of stainless steel. She thought it was kind of neat.

“Oh girl,” she called.

She was carefully standing before the curtain as the girl slid it aside and stepped in, and as she'd suspected, Smith was standing not ten feet off, watching. She felt a flush come to her face, but the curtain was closed again before he would notice.

“Do you think this fits properly,” she said, indicating her bra.

The girl slid her fingertips into the cups and along the edges, then down along the bottom to make sure the fit was correct.

“Yes, I think this is the perfect fit for you, mademoiselle,” she said. “And the black looks very good set against your pale skin.”

Taylor flushed again, wondering if Smith had heard that. He probably had. Would he take it as some kind of suggestion?

The girl left and she stripped and put on the purple thong and top. The top was more of a shelf type, which squeezed her breasts in together, then up, leaving the top half bare. The bottom was a thin string which went high on her hips, and then down to a very small inverted triangle of fabric over her groin.

No woman could wear such a thing who had any pubic hair, but of course, she'd had hers removed by laser already.

She went to the curtain, and pulled it aside, beckoning the girl, then glanced at Smith, who was watching, and coldly put her arm across her chest as if to cover herself, though of course, didn't rush.

The girl checked the bra and complimented her on it again, and departed. Taylor felt very smug. Was Smith getting a hard-on? Was he squirming in embarrassment? It's not like Black guys could blush so how would she even know?

She'd done this to her father once when she was younger and he'd certainly been uncomfortable! He'd scurried to the front door to wait! Ha!

The next one had a butterfly in the rear instead of a triangle, which was cute. But Smith was no longer there when she asked the girl her opinion. Ha! He'd run away!

The girl, of course, said she looked gorgeous in it. Taylor knew that, of course. She looked gorgeous in anything, after all, and she knew her gym toned body was nearly perfect save for breasts which were slightly too large for otherwise elegant symmetry.

They sometimes made getting clothes to fit perfectly a bit difficult, but on the other hand, let her lord it over girls who didn't have much on top. She took her time changing at the gym, for example, knowing her breasts were far better than most of the women there, even the young ones, never mind the older women!

The next bra set was cute, but the lace was a bit uneven on the inside, and the clasp was awkward. She got it undone easily enough, then put her dress back on and took the underwear she was going to buy out for the girl to ring up.

Smith was still there, and followed her back to the car, holding the door for her. She was sure he was staring at her ass when she deliberately took her time getting in, but she couldn't exactly turn around to see.

He got in and they drove off again.

“Home, James!” she said sarcastically.

“My name is Smith,” he said.

“You don't have a first name? Bubba or Leon or something like that?”

“My Christian name is not relevant, Miss Evans,” he said.

“Hey, I can call you by your first name if I want to! You work for me!”

“I work for your father, Miss Evans.”

“It's the same thing! If I snap my fingers my father will fire you.”

“That's up to you and him.”

She snorted.

“I can find out your name, you know. I bet it's like, Lamont or something.”

“Do you know a lot of Black men, Miss Evans?” he asked.

She scowled at the tone. “No, but I see these rap guys on MTV a lot.”

“Don't believe everything you see on television.”

She glared resentfully, but he wasn't looking at her.

“Really? Because I saw on TV that Black guys have big cocks. You saying that's not true?”

He glanced at her in the mirror.

“Not everything is untrue, either. Some of the things you hear about blondes, for example.”

She glared. “Like what?” she demanded.

He shrugged and looked at the road.

She turned and looked out the side window, brooding.

“You drive like a little old man,” she said.

He ignored her, which didn't make her any happier.

“And I don't see why you have to come into everywhere with me.”

“Your father's instructions.”

“You can stand outside at the door,” she said. “Or maybe hang out in the nearest tree.”

She smirked at what she thought a clever yet subtle remark.

“Maybe I'll call ahead everywhere we go and reserve a tree for you so you'll have somewhere to hang out while you're waiting for me,” she said with a slight giggle.

The car pulled over to the curb, and she grinned at him impudently. Was he going to quit in a huff!? That would be so --- good...”

He opened the drivers door and slammed it closed behind him, but then opened the rear door and got in!

She gasped with sudden alarm and scurried rapidly across to the other side of the car, but he reached out and grabbed her arm, yanking her forward. She squealed in alarm and fear as she was pulled roughly across his big lap, then her mind felt a wild jolt of fear, alarm and ... something dark, as he yanked her short skirt halfway up her back!

Crack!

“Owwh!” she cried, as his hand slapped down sharply across her bare bottom.

“I think I've had about enough of your snottiness as I'm going to take, Miss Evans,” he said.

She felt his big fingers slide in beneath the string of her thong, and then yank up roughly. Her eyes bulged as the crotch jammed up hard against her soft sex. He pulled hard enough that her lower body was lifted into the air as he yanked again and again, her legs flailing as the crotch hammed up into her again and again!

The thin string snapped and he snorted and tore her thong off, then – .

Crack!

“Ow!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Hard, sharp, stinging blows hit her bare bottom as she squealed and twisted and writhed in pain and shock, in anger and alarm and embarrassment and outrage!

“Ow! Ow! Stop it! Stop! Oh! Fuck! Oh! Don't! Stop!” she cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

His big hand kept cracking down across her bottom, which began to burn with a dark, painful heat, each new blow unleashing a fresh jolt of stinging pain even as it made her flesh burn even hotter

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You are an ignorant – ,”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“... arrogant, rude, racist – ,”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“... snotty little airhead of a blonde,” he said, in a voice which sounded stern, but not particularly angry.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Stop! Police! I'll have you arrested!” she shrieked.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

His hand kept slapping down, even faster now, her bottom flaming hot as she twisted and wriggled in helpless pain! Tears filled her eyes and she began to sob in pain and frustration, baffled at why he wasn't stopping!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Please!” she sobbed.

He halted.

“What did you say?”

“I-I s-said... p-p-please!” she sobbed.

“Well now, that's a word I haven't heard from you all day,” he said.

His hand dropped to her bottom, but not hard, and caressed it gently, following the round curves.

“Please is a word I didn't think you knew, blonde girl. Let me hear it again.”

Taylor was whimpering and sniffing and catching her breath.

Crack!

“Ow!” she cried, legs kicking feebly.

“Let me hear that word.”

“Please!” she cried.

“Such a nice word, such a civilized word,” he said.

His hand rested on her bottom again, stroking the overheated skin. Taylor was suddenly very, very much aware of how close his fingers were to her naked sex, which, the way she was sprawled across his lap, he could surely see!

She felt a sudden intense rush of something she couldn't understand, something she'd never quite felt before. It was like fear and arousal mixed together!

“Now you and I, Miss Evans,” are going to get along fine, as long as you remember to use that word,” he said.

She gasped as his fingers kneaded her buttocks gently.

“Is that understood?”

“Y-Y-Yes!” she whimpered.

Crack!

“Ow!” she cried, legs jerking again.

“Yes, what?”

“Y-Yes, please?” she moaned.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Yes Mister Smith. Let me hear you say it.”

“Y-Yes, Mister S-Smith” she gasped.

“Good girl,” he said in a pleased voice.

It was the kind of voice you used with a small child when she tied her shoelaces, and Taylor felt a rush of indignation.

But then his fingers, which had been coasting up and down across her bottom, and gently massaging her, slid down between her legs, and her eyes bulged as his big hand forced her thighs wider. She felt two fingers sliding firmly down on either side of her sex, lightly brushing against her outer labia, then kind of squeezing against her.

“Now you and I are going to get along real well from now on, aren't we, blonde girl?”

Taylor's mouth opened and closed several times as she felt her insides spinning.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Aren't we?”

“Y-Yes!”

Crack!

“Yes what?”

“Y-Yes, Mister Smith!”

“Good girl,” he said in that same paternalistic voice.

Taylor's insides were thrumming more and more intensely as his fingers caressed the soft, hairless flesh along the edges of her sex! But then suddenly the pads of his middle fingers pressed down directly against her clitoris and began to rub her softly!

A roar of heat, fear, alarm, excitement, indignation, arousal and outrage erupted within her mind even as a rush of raw sensation pulsed within her lower body! Taylor was still sniffing and whimpering and trying to catch her breath, her mind spinning, and hardly in shape to cope with such a jolt of emotion and

sensation!

“I've dealt with girls like you before,” he said, his fingers rubbing firmly but gently. “I have a pretty good idea how to deal with them.”

“D-D-Don't!” she squeaked.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“You prefer this?”

Crack!

“Because I don't mind.”

Crack!

“Ow! Please! No!”

Crack!

“Please what?”

“Please, Mister Smith!” she cried.

And then, another massive jolt of sensation and emotion hammered her as she felt herself penetrated. It had to be his thumb since she could feel where every other finger was, and it was... thick... thick and ... soft but hard and... and... thick!

Her mouth opened in a soundless, breathless cry as his big, long thumb pushed into her and she realized, to her shock, that she was very wet. His thumb slid in to the knuckle, and then kind of pressed up against the side of her tight, elastic sheath, as if trying to press out against her groin where his fingers were.

They pressed down harder against her clitoris, and she realized he was pushing up against it as his fingers rubbed her.

“Pretty little girl like you should be getting a lot of nice, hard cock,” he said.

She gasped and moaned, his thumb starting to stroke against her on the insides even as his fingers stroked against her on the outside. Raw heat was building down there, seeping up through her groin and into her belly, which began to churn with a lurid sense of helpless excitement!

“You were built for it, made for it, body and mind and soul.”

She felt his other hand tugging her dress up higher, pulling it up under her breasts, then, as if with effortless strength, he pulled harder so the material jammed up against her underarms, and forced her arms up above her head. Then he pulled it right down her arms and off!

A moment later she felt his fingers at her bra strap, and another tremendous emotional jolt hit her as he released it.

She squealed, grabbing at it, but he easily pulled it free to leave her completely naked across his lap! She felt a wild rush of emotions at that, another jolt of alarm and fear and anxiety but also a sizzling shock of dark heat! Her emotions clashed wildly as her breasts began to throb and swell.

“Now you and I are going to reach an understanding, aren't we, Blonde girl?”

Crack!

“Oww!” she cried.

“Aren't we?”

“Y-Yes!”

Crack!

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Mister Smith!”

“Good girl.”

She moaned, trembling, as she felt his hand leave her groin. Then he was gripping her wrists, pulling them back together behind her back and pinning

them there with one massive hand.

“What is my name?”

She blinked in confusion.

Crack! His hand slapped sharply down on her aching bottom!

“Oww! Mister Smith!” she cried.

“Excellent. From now on when you want something, you will use it.”

Taylor's eyes widened as she felt something metallic slide around her right wrist, then the left. He released her hands and she jerked them back, but found them locked together! She cried out as she felt his hand moved between her thighs again, fingers tracing the line of her sex.

Her own helplessness was scary, but a crackling storm of sexual electricity was rippling up and down her spine! This was shocking, wicked, outrageous, and incredible! How dare he! And what if her friends found out!? And he was just a hulking negro servant! Yet he was manhandling her in a way she had never experienced before, and which she found helplessly thrilling!

His finger pushed into her, and it was a big finger! Her mouth opened and closed repeatedly as she pulled against whatever was holding her wrists.

OMG, she thought. Handcuffs, just like Tiffany said!

Another finger slid into her, stretching her wide, sliding slowly in and out as his other hand caressed her buttocks. Her breasts throbbed beneath her against the leather seat, and her mind was spinning wildly as his fingers pushed deep inside her!

“You and I are going to get along much better after this, aren't we, Miss Evans?”

“Y-Yes!” she squeaked.

Crack!

“Ow! Yes, Mister Smith!” she cried.

“Good girl.”

She felt herself suddenly flying up and back to land sprawling on the seat, laying on her arms as he grasped her thighs and dragged her closer, spreading her legs wide apart. He leered at her, then bent far over and Taylor's eyes went wide as his enormous tongue slid slowly up the line of her sex!

It licked a second time, slowly, like he was licking an ice cream cone, then his lips closed around her clitoris as his tongue suddenly began to lick much faster!

Taylor gaped and trembled, gasping for breath as a dark heat swept over her. Disbelief and shocked excitement tore through a mind overwhelmed with the sudden violence and heat!

“Oh! Oh! Please! Oh! Oh God! Oh God! Oh! Oh!”

She could only stare and gasp and moan and squeak as his tongue lapped at her and his mouth sucked in a strange, rhythmic fashion that made her clitoris seem to burn and throb almost painfully! Then his massive hands, which were pressing down painfully on her thighs, slid closer, so that his thumbs could push into her.

Each of them was, she realized, as thick as Chad's cock had been! And they were both sliding into her body! They angled up against the top of her sex, then, and suddenly the way he was licking gave her an even more intense rush of sensations!

Her hips began to roll upwards on their own, her muscles spasming every time his tongue swept across her quivering, tingling, burning clitoris! It was overpowering, and she felt her entire body begin to undulate in time to his tongue!

Her hips rolled up and then down as her back arched sharply up, then dropped as her hips rolled up once more, again and again, her head thrashing from side to side as her chest heaved. She was gulping in air, hyperventilating, moaning, whimpering and gasping with every breath until a wild, shattering orgasm tore through her body.

She cried out, again and then again, her voice rising as convulsions wracked her body. She screamed out the last of her breath, and then frozen, refusing to draw

breath, to move, to do anything as she lay upon the absolute pinnacle of an all encompassing ecstasy she could not bear to ever see fade!

Then, with black dots dancing before her eyes, it faded and she gasped in deep, shaken breaths of air, moaning, eyes slitted as she went limp on the soft leather.

He shifted, moved, rising above her. It was a big car, with a high roof, but he towered, his head almost touching it as she felt her legs lifted up and shoved back against her chest. She didn't care, though. Taylor's eyes were almost closed as she lay limply, gripped by a deep, all encompassing sense of languor.

Her insides ached, though, from how violently her muscles had spasmed, and her chest was heaving. She opened her eyes with a groan as one of her shoes was knocked off and she stared up at her legs which rested against his chest.

He looked down at her, determined, eyes dark, teeth white as he drew back his lips, and she gulped helplessly, then her eyes were jerked downward as she felt something soft and heavy land on her belly.

Her eyes widened and she gasped in disbelief as she saw his cock, dark and thick and hard, laying atop her! He jerked her thighs apart, her left knee pressed firmly against the back of the seat as her right fell to the seat. But she had eyes only for his long, thick shaft.

She could see the base laying right against her sex, then the long shaft laying along her pale flesh, up along her abdomen, and up across her stomach! It was shockingly large and thick, and she could do nothing but gape at it! Was that even human!?

It slid back as he pulled his hips back, and her eyes grew even wider as he gripped the thick shaft and pressed the head against her opening. She felt the pressure as he guided it against her, as he rubbed it up and down her slick, swollen lips.

“W-W-Wait!” she gasped breathlessly.

Such a thing couldn't fit into her body!

She felt the pressure mounting against her, and whimpered as he leaned in, his hands sliding up her body and gripping her bare breasts. She stared at his big

hands as her breasts throbbed, then cried out as the pressure grew even harder, and somehow, the thick monster cock forced open the lips of her sex and slid into her!

She was speechless, staring at it, then up at him, then back at it, in disbelief, feeling it pushing deeper. It ached more than anything she'd ever had inside her before, because it was bigger than anything she'd ever had inside her before!

And yet... an electrifying sense of dark anticipation crept into her mind as she saw it disappearing into her, inch by slow inch, as she felt it pushing deeper into her belly, as she stared at her taut, aching, stretched opening!

“Ohmygod!” she whispered. “Ohmygod!”

She dropped her head back, shuddering, staring up at the roof, feeling him pushing deeper and deeper. She jerked her head up, staring again, then dropped it with a moan. She ached inside, and surely it was already as deep as it could possibly go!

She jerked her head up and stared again, marveling that there was still so much more!

“Please!” she gasped dazedly. “Oh! God! It won't fit! It's too big!”

“It'll fit,” he growled.

His big hand slid down and gripped her hair, jerking her head up and forward.

“Do you know why it'll fit? Because you're a blonde slut. And blonde sluts were made to take big black cocks.”

His hips eased back, and she gasped at the ease of the hard pressure inside her, but then his thick shaft pushed forward again, mashing against something deep inside her which ached! He eased back again, and pushed forward, his hips moving slowly but steady as she stared at his thick, glistening shaft sliding in and out of her body!

“Your hot little belly is going to swallow every goddamn inch of me, baby!” he growled.

He released her hair and her head dropped back, then his hands gripped her ankles and shoved them back hard over her shoulders, elevating her bottom. Taylor was hyperventilating again as his hips rose and fell, the thick girth of him stretching her out and rasping across her soft, taut flesh as he moved.

His torso leaned into her, over her, so that his dark face was above her, and he forced her ankles back even harder, ignoring her cry of pain as the back of her feet pressed against the side of the car. His powerful arms held him aloft as his dark eyes bored into hers, and his hips began to thrust down harder and harder!

Taylor gasped and grunted with every thrust. It felt as if she were being punched in the belly, deep inside! She stared between her legs, dazed, overpowered by the wild dark shock of it all, feeling a rising heat which began to fill her with an almost feverish sense of need and hunger.

He drove himself into her with long, steady thrust, as her body began to burn and her mind to float amid the churning dark waters of a deep, carnal rush of energy and pleasure and growing passion. There was nothing to be said and she didn't think she was even capable of forming words anyway.

She gasped and grunted and cried out again and again as he pinned her beneath him, crushed her, folded her up, and drove his thick black cock deep into her belly like a mighty African spear!

Her insides were being pounded with ever increasing force, and every deep stroke ached at its deepest part, but the ache began to not matter as the feverish heat grew, and she entered a strange sort of high, as if she were partly separated from her body, her aching, burning, and battered body below her as her mind tumbled and turned in a scalding whirlwind of dark pleasure.

And then his hips pressed hard against her taut, upturned buttocks, and she gurgled, eyes widening, realizing that that long thick cock was completely inside her! It shocked her even through the feverish heat, and then as he started thrusting again she flashed over into a terrible, wonderful, shocking climax!

She was too breathless to scream, gurgling instead, shuddering and shaking as his hips struck her buttocks again and again, his dark steely cock impaling her, driving deep into her trembling body as the orgasm tore through her with stunning force.

It began to fade, but then, incredibly, unlike any orgasm in her memory, it sank only a little, and then rocketed up even higher! After long seconds it sank again, sank, and then rose once more! Her mind felt as if it were being battered wildly by the jarring blows of intense raw sensations screaming up through her nervous system!

She was being pounded by his heavy hips, slammed down into the soft seats, gasping breathlessly, grunting and now sobbing with the raging fire of pleasure consuming her mind!

“Every little blonde slut needs a black cock to show her what she is!” he growled, quickening his pace even further.

The pleasure wouldn't stop! It had her locked in its jaws like a pit bull with a rag doll, and a part of her screamed breathlessly, soundlessly, hardly able to stand the intensity of it! She desperately needed that howling blast of pleasure to stop, yet couldn't bear the thought of it ending!

Finally, barely conscious, she felt him pick up the pace still more, then halt, gasping, grunting, his cock slowing, stopping, buried inside her.

He eased back with a shaky sigh, allowing her legs to unfold at last, then dropping them on either side of him with a chuckle. He roughly rolled her onto her belly and removed the handcuffs, then got out of the car, got in the drivers side, and started up again.

“Home, Miss Evans?” he said.

Taylor only groaned as she rolled slowly, weakly, over onto her side, then onto her back, panting for breath, shell shocked.

“As you say, Miss Evans,” he said.

It took her... a while, to gather together the shattered pieces of her mind, and then fumble at her dress. She didn't bother about her underwear. She tugged the dress over her head and down, groaning, aching, and very sore.

The car pulled through the gates and then into the garage, where Smith got out. Taylor watched him walk across the garage and disappear into the workshop behind, and then fumbled at the door. She groaned, slowly pulling herself to her

feet. She stumbled out of the garage and up to the house, blinking in the light.

She was still gripped by a sense of wild disbelief. That had actually happened!? How had that happened!? And how could... how... the reverberations of those incredible shock-waves of pleasure still echoed at the back of her mind.

She had never felt anything nearly so raw and intense as that! She'd never thought it was even possible to feel sensations of such intensity! It was like... like... she'd felt pain before, sure, but no one had ever cut her arm off! And she'd felt pleasure before, but never anything like that!

She'd never felt that kind of wild, raw feverish sexual heat either!

He had just... just... torn her clothes off and fucked her! Like an animal! And he had used that giant cock of his! God! How had it fit inside her!?

She had to look down to reassure herself she wasn't bleeding!

She stripped off her dress once in her suite of rooms, and padded to the bathroom, holding her belly, which ached. She was still feeling stunned by what had happened.

There was an even stranger sense of shock, though. She didn't really think of Smith as a man, so much as a raw force of nature. He was... he was an animal! An ape man! You couldn't get outraged at nature! And even though she knew, intellectually, that was nonsense, it was strangely reassuring emotionally.

You didn't have to be embarrassed at what an animal had done, at a dog, say, or a horse, or... or a gorilla!

And like an animal, she didn't have any fear of what had happened being revealed. That too, was oddly comforting. He knew none of her friends, and they wouldn't deign to speak with a servant anyway. He knew her father, but he wasn't about to tell him!

In every sexual liaison or experience she had ever agreed to before she had been intensely aware of her behavior, her performance, of how she looked, how she reacted, what noises she made, because of her determination to preserve her dignity and reputation.

Boys were big mouths, and her reputation was important. You had to be good at sex, but not too good. You wanted to be seen to be responding to them, or you got called a cold fish, but you couldn't be seen as too passionate or responsive or you'd get a reputation as some kind of nympho.

Thus every sexual experience was a social minefield as far as her reputation was concerned, and had to be very, very carefully traversed, every response carefully analyzed as to how it would make her look to her partner, and perhaps, through him, to whoever he spoke with.

Except this one. She'd had no control at all, and so had no thought of what she ought to be doing or saying or how to be reacting. And it had been so overwhelming she'd just... let herself go and reacted. Besides, he was a nobody, like a dog or other animal, so it didn't matter what he thought of her or how she reacted.

And God she had reacted! She had never felt anything like that sense of high tension sexual power and pressure and heat!

She winced, rubbing her still pink bottom. How dared he spank her! She straddled the bidet, groaning as she reached down and lightly caressed her clitoris, hissing a bit as her fingers found the lips of her sex and eased them a bit open.

She felt mildly revolted at the sluggish trickle of fluid which emerged, especially at how much of it there was! Gross! He was a gorilla! An animal!

She cleaned herself up, trying to think of how to react, to respond to what he'd done. She should tell her father that he was unsuitable and... but how? She sure wasn't going to tell him that the gorilla had spanked her, let alone fucked her brains out!

Besides, as much as she felt a dark anger and need to get revenge, the thought of him being fired and gone provoked a strange sense of regret and uncertainty. He had treated her with unbearable rudeness and roughness and familiarity! That had to be corrected!

But that incredible pleasure... she wanted more of that!

And it wasn't just the physical pleasure which resonated within her. That burning

passion was also something new to her. She'd never dared to let herself go like that before. How could she with someone who knew her, who moved in her social circles!?

She could imagine what would have happened if that had been Chad. Her friends would be smirking at her. "So, Chad says you were screaming your lungs out when he was pounding away at you in the back of your car. He said he fucked your brains out!"

Yes, that was what she'd be facing!

But she had no fear of that here, thankfully.

She had to put Smith in his place, of course, and maybe then they could have a more... controlled liaison, where she could experiment with him and see what it was that turned her on so much. That way she might be able to feel something like it when she had sex with, well, a real guy.

Someone that mattered.

It would be great to feel something like that level of pleasure with a guy! Usually sex was kind of, well, icky, and only mildly satisfying. In fact, her greatest satisfaction was usually in performing oral sex, in having the guy turn into quivering jelly as she controlled them as if their cocks were a joystick (which, she supposed it was) and they were helpless beneath her.

There was a level of satisfaction in that, and a preening sense of ego satisfaction when they looked at her naked, lust raw in their eyes. It even felt nice sometimes as their hands moved over her body, though often they were too rough and too quick.

But then again Smith had been even rougher! So why had she reacted so intensely!?

It was important to find out!

She and Smith had to come to an understanding about who was the hired help and who was in charge. She would let him touch her again, but only if he did as she wanted.

And she wasn't sure if she wanted that giant cock so deep inside her again. She felt sore inside for a long time after that!

But the thrill as she'd seen it sliding in and out of her, that had been... stunning! So big and long and black!

God, she'd fucked a negro! Thank heavens her friends wouldn't know! Even worse, he was a servant! They might forgive her a fling with a rich black man, with one of those rap stars who appeared on MTV, say, but not with a servant!

It was one thing to have sex with, say, a hot, sexy tennis instructor. But not with a chauffeur!

Of course, she acknowledged that was silly, and unfair. Men could have sex with anyone, even the maid, and nobody thought ill of them over it. Men were allowed to be complete whores like that, though, and women were not.

That was just the way things were.

She kept well away from Smith, and with Paul, the butler, and Marko the gardener, and Sofia and Louise in the house, he wouldn't dare come up there.

Her mind never left him, though, not for long. Even after he'd gone home. She went back to the garage then, knowing it was safe, and snatched her underwear from the back of the car, including the underwear she'd bought.

But then she looked at the back seat, feeling a strange, breathy excitement, her nipples tingling. God, he'd absolutely pounded her! She put down her bag and hesitantly slid into the car again, face flushed. She closed the door and lay down, spreading her legs, remembering.

Her body quickly began to thrum with energy and heat. Her fingers pushed down the front of her shorts, and she moaned as they found her clitoris. Her breath came faster and her pulse started to race as she stroked herself, eyes closed, remembering how he'd done her, how he'd used her, how rough he'd been, how powerful and... domineering.

She came quickly, crying out, jerking and shaking. It was a powerful orgasm, much more powerful than usual for her, if not in the same class as the ones she'd felt under Smith. It still left her breathless, gasping for breath and moaning low

in her throat.

She was such a slut, she thought weakly.

*

The house was a large old colonial style, L-shaped. The smaller L, though, consisted of servants quarters, store rooms, and of course, the six car garage. The back of the garage had the workshop with tools to be used on repairing the cars and other things, and Taylor assumed he was in there, though she couldn't see him at the small windows.

Not that she looked closely. She was, after all, pretending not to even notice there was anything in that direction as she lounged by the pool. There was nothing unusual about her lounging by the pool, either, especially in her tiny black thong. Paul sure didn't care. He was in his sixties, and Marko, well, most of the gardens were out front.

And what did she care if men saw her in her thong bikini anyway? She liked it that men thought she was hot and sexy. It made her feel good about herself. In fact, she'd gone topless numerous times, though only when she was sure Marko was not around. Now, of course, there was Smith.

She wanted to go topless again, for that very reason, but Paul might notice and he'd wonder why she was, given there was a black man in the garage now who might see her. She couldn't take any chance of anyone suspecting she had the slightest interest in Smith!

But she found plenty of excuses to stand and move around – casually, of course, looking out over the hills, wringing out her hair, or going to and from the pool. Taylor had a great ass. She knew that because lots of guys had said so, and she was sure Smith had thought so too given he'd spent enough time touching it!

Well, slapping it...

Bastard!

Now she hoped he was watching and wishing he could touch it again!

Maybe she'd even let him... eventually... once they worked out who was the

servant and who was the, well, mistress.

She was still quite indignant, despite the raw heat she'd felt inside her, that he'd dared to drag her across his lap and spank her! How dared he!? The thought made her wary, as well. Who knows what a crazy man who would do that to her was capable of!? He was lucky she hadn't had him fired, and arrested!

Him and his... his ridiculously large cock! The man was a freak! Were all Black men so well endowed? It was just another sign they were something like a different species, not animals, she conceded, but not quite like, well, White people.

There was no sign of him at the window, but maybe she wouldn't see him anyway, if he stood back a bit. That black skin was hard to spot in a darkened room. She put more tanning lotion on, then lay down to soak up some sun, but she couldn't stop thinking of him.

Unfinished business, was what he was. She needed to set things straight with him.

The only problem was she felt her chest tighten and her lower belly start to quiver just at the thought of going over there!

She should be okay, though, if she wasn't trapped in a car with him. If he started acting like a violent ape she'd just back off and run away. He wouldn't dare chase her outside. She combed her fingers nervously through her hair, then stood up and, bracing herself, headed for the garage.

She would... inform him that she wished to go out later that afternoon. That was what he'd said she should do, what her father said she should do, after all.

She didn't for a moment consider going inside to change first. Why should she? It was her house! She could wear what she wanted! Besides, sex had always been a weapon for Taylor. Her attractiveness made grown men drool and rush to do whatever she wanted. It made guys her own age, who thought they might actually have a chance, act even more obsequious to curry her favor.

So she carried herself proudly, well aware of how her lithe young body and beautiful face would influence men.

She pushed open the door hesitantly, though, nervousness gripping her despite her attempt to reassure herself. There was no sign of him in the work shop, so she eased through the door and headed for the doorway to the main garage.

And there he was, bent over the open hood of the Porsche, and he was shirtless again! Did the stupid ape never wear shirts!? Did he still think he was an ape man in the jungle!?

“Ahem,” she said, face flushing.

He looked up at her, then looked down at the engine of the Porsche again.

“I wish to inform you, Mister Smith, that I will require your services to drive me to The Beverly Hills Hilton for Three PM,” she said loftily.

He raised his head again and looked at her, those dark eyes making her nervous.

“Okay,” he said.

Then he bent over the hood again as she scowled.

“Don't you like to wear shirts?” she asked waspishly.

He straightened again.

“Mister Smith,” he said softly. “That's my name. I thought we had agreed you would use it.”

“I was just asking you a simple question... Mister Smith,” she said.

“There aren't any coveralls in his garage that fit me, Miss Evans,” he said. “And I don't want to get my suit jacket or white shirt dirty.”

He moved around the car and came towards her, and she almost bolted before bracing herself.

“It probably wouldn't be as noticeable against the jacket,” he said. “Black on black, you see. But the shirt, well, black on white is very easy to see.”

She gulped anxiously, clutching the door frame as he stood before her.

“I-I will tell daddy to order you some coveralls,” she said.

“I've already told him. They're ordered,” he said. “Anything else I can do for you, Miss Evans?”

God, he was a giant ape! The muscles were so... his chest was enormous!

She reached up to flick bangs off her forehead.

“I uhm, wanted to speak to you about ... your duties.”

“Uh huh,” he said, folding his enormous arms across his chest.

“I meant to say, that as a servant, you have a certain... place here, but you need to remember that we expect and require a level of... of...

“Obedience?”

“I was going to say... of respect,” she said, nervously.

“And am I not owed respect in turn?”

“You are owed the respect your position merits,” she said. “Your... low position.”

“Uh huh. So I'm beneath you, am I?”

She flushed. “You are a servant!” she exclaimed, not quite understanding why he didn't seem to understand that.

“Which means?” he asked blandly.

Taylor stamped her foot in frustration!

“Are you incapable of understanding clear English?” she demanded. “You owe respect to your employers!”

“You're not my employer. Your father is.”

“If I tell my father to fire you you'll have no employer!”

“You won't do that,” he said.

“You sound very sure of yourself!”

“I am. You liked my nigger cock too much.”

Taylor felt her face heat.

“I have never used that word!”

“To my face,” he said with a snort.

“You acted like a violent, brutal... animal the other day!”

“And you acted like a stuck up, arrogant racist twat.”

Taylor's mouth opened in outrage at his words and tone!

She swung her hand at his face, almost without thinking. It didn't connect, however. He swayed back casually, grabbed her wrist in a vice-like grip, and shoved her back against the wall.

“Let me go! Let me go you... you... nigger!” she cried.

He snorted again, then casually spun her around, shoving her face first into the wall. She felt his hand at her bikini bra strap, pulling it loose, and she squealed in alarm as he yanked the bra off her, then pinned her arms behind her back, crossing her arms near the elbows in a way which made her shoulders scream.

“Ow! Oh! Stop it! Let me go! Let go of me!”

She felt the fabric of the bikini top being wrapped around her arms, then yanked tight. A moment later she squealed again as he yanked her bottoms down and off! Then he had hold of her hair and forced her head back as he swung her around and led her across the garage to the corner.

“Kneel,” he barked, pulling down on her hair to force her to her knees!

“You will kneel in the corner until you learn how to act like an adult,” he said.

“I will not – ah!”

She cried out as he jerked her head up and back by the hair again.

“You will kneel facing the corner and shut up while I work. Otherwise you're going to get another spanking. Understand?”

“You have no right – .”

He jerked sharply on her hair and she cried out again.

“Want that spanking? Do you?”

“N-N-No!” she gasped.

He slapped her bottom stingingly.

“No what?”

“Ow! Don't!”

Crack!

“No what?”

“N-No, Mister Smith!” she cried.

“Good girl. Now kneel and be quiet.”

He released her hair and padded back to the car, leaving Taylor kneeling in place, pulse racing, heart pounding, face flushed and her mind spinning. She was furious, embarrassed, outraged, and also... more than slightly aroused, despite all the rest.

She was naked, after all! She was naked in the garage alone with him! And all tied up! She pulled against the fabric of the bikini top, trying to free her arms, but it seemed to be tied tightly!

She considered getting up and racing outside, but what a mess that would create! If Paul saw her he'd tell her father and then ... she didn't even want to think about what then!

Suppose he had the big ape arrested! Then what!?! It would get in the papers that a servant had been arrested for spanking her! Or for stripping her naked and making her kneel in the corner like a little child! She'd be a laughing stock!

She squirmed both mentally and physically, trying to control her rapid breathing as she pulled against the bikini top. She turned her head to look at him, glaring furiously, and he turned his head casually.

“I said face the wall, brat. Or do you want that spanking?”

She jerked her eyes back to the wall, glaring at it furiously instead. Bastard! Arrogant, jumped up, ape man! Oh if only she were a man and could beat him up! Or better yet, if she was a black belt in one of those karate type things, she'd throw him on his ass across the room!

She turned and glared at him again, then jerked her head back as he straightened. She turned again a minute later, though, still glowering, calmer now, which just made her more outraged – and more aroused.

She turned around again. “You can't... you can't do this to me!” she exclaimed, trying to formulate the right words to make him understand that he was just a servant!

“The facts seem to suggest otherwise,” he said, straightening.

“But you – .”

She gulped as he walked over to her.

“If you can't face the corner then you might as well turn around,” he said.

His big hand swept in and gripped her hair and Taylor gasped in pain as he jerked her around, causing her to stumble awkwardly on her knees.

“Sit back on your heels,” he ordered.

His big foot slid between her legs and forced her left knee to the side, then pressed against her right as he jerked back on her hair more to force her head back.

“Back arched, knees apart. Do it!” he barked in a low growl.

Gasping, Taylor had little choice!

He released her hair.

“Nice. I like the look,” he said, as she flushed hotly.

“Nice tits on you, nice and firm, and real. Nice pussy too. You have laser hair removal? I knew a stripper once who had that done.”

“Who do you think you are!?” she exclaimed.

His big hand suddenly closed completely around her neck and her eyes bulged as he squeezed firmly.

“I'm the guy who can snap your neck like a twig,” he said. “I'm a big dumb nigger who can beat the crap out of you and fuck your brains out, depending on the mood I'm in. So you need to learn to mind your manners. Understand?”

His hand squeezed a little harder, making her eyes bulge as it shut off her air.

“Understand, blonde girl?”

She gurgled and nodded her head as much as she could with his hand wrapped around her throat

He eased back.

“You will kneel there and not move,” he ordered. “And the next time you talk about watermelons I'll shove one up your hot little pussy.”

“I-I-I didn't – !”

“You did yesterday.”

He moved back to the car and left her there, heart pounding like a drum, blood racing, eyes wide as she stared at his back.

A dark heat was bubbling away within her lower belly, a strange, scalding sense of thrilled excitement she didn't quite understand. She was outraged at him, and frustrated as well, but the heat was starting to push that to the background as she knelt there with her legs apart and her shoulders back.

She lowered her head, gripped by a sense of disbelief at how she had wound up

kneeling naked in front of him! This was certainly not how she had planned for things to go!

“I said head back,” he barked.

She gasped, jerking her head back and staring at him.

“I like the way your body looks like that,” he said.

He came over to her, wiping his hands with a greasy rag.

He squatted in front of her and Taylor felt her heart beating even faster.

“You have a great body,” he said. “Very photogenic. You have some naked pictures of yourself?”

She had of course, but she glared at him indignantly anyway.

Then she gasped as his hand reached out.

“Don't touch me!”

He ignored her, his fingers lightly brushing at her stomach and upper abdomen.

“I like this,” he said. “You got some muscle tone. I'm a little surprised, you being as lazy as you are.”

“I'm not lazy!” she exclaimed indignantly.

His fingers circled her stomach lightly and she felt her insides churning in time to the movements.

“You do the least you can get away with,” he said. “I bet you're not really good at a single thing.”

She was good at looking hot, she wanted to say, but of course, didn't.

“Why aren't you in college or something? Harvard or UCLA?”

She glared sulkily.

“Because you don't need to,” he said. “You don't do anything because your daddy has a lot of money and you're counting on that supporting you for the rest of your life.”

“So what! He does! It will!”

“Like I said, lazy.”

“You're just jealous I don't have to work like... you!”

“Most people have to work. Most people want to work,” he said.

His finger slid down her body to her lower abdomen, slick now, not so much with grease from the car but the remnants of the suntan lotion she'd spread on herself.

“Your rich, not because of anything you did or do,” he said. “So there's no call for you to be nearly as arrogant about it.”

Then his hand slid lower, the two fingers which had been skimming across her belly fingering her clitoris. Taylor cried out helplessly, arms pulling against the bikini, her legs jerking closed. But his hand was already in between.

“Spread your legs,” he said in a low, menacing voice which made her gasp in fear.

She jerked her legs apart again, and his fingers rubbed gently against her clitoris.

“What you need to learn, little girl,” he said, “Is that you're not better simply because your daddy is rich. You're not smarter, you're not more sophisticated, you're not more deserving of respect.”

His fingers were rubbing gently, and Taylor glared at him, determined to show no reaction, but that was getting harder by the second, for the thrumming in her lower belly was much more intense now, and the sensations his fingers were rousing were making her burn like fire down there!

The fire was burning its way up her spine, too, so that her breasts throbbed and her nipples tingled, and her mind was whipped by burst of heat and hunger, passion and need that were starting to make her feel shaky and breathless.

His fingers slid down the line of her sex, then up, then down, then they slowly pushed into her.

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” she gasped breathlessly.

His fingers, his thick black fingers, slowly stretched the lips of her sex back and slid up into her body. Deep into her body! Then he closed his big thumb down gently against her clitoris.

“Ride,” he whispered.

Taylor stared at him, stricken, pulse racing, her insides burning.

“Ride,” he ordered in a louder voice.

She continued to stare at him, then gasped as his thumb began to lightly rub up and down against her clitoris. Without conscious volition her hips ground against him, then her knee slid wider and her heels slid a little to the sides.

She gurgled as her body eased down onto his fingers, as they pushed deeper into the tight, burning heat of her sex!

“Please!” she gasped.

“Ride,” he said.

Taylor whimpered, sensation sweeping through her with intoxicating speed and power. His fingers didn't move, his thumb pressed firmly against her flesh just above her clitoris. She slid lower, gasping, squeaking, mouth and eyes wide, then rose up, gasping aloud as she slid up the length of his fingers and his thumb slid across her swollen clitoris.

She slid down and up, down and up, faster and faster, humiliated, at first, by her own weakness, by her own shameless response to him. She wasn't able to restrain herself, though, as her body craved those sensations and her mind began to burn with a fiery desperation.

She rode up and down harder, crying out now each time she dropped herself fully atop them, so that his knuckles were jammed against the entrance to her body. And each time she slid up and then down, his thumb, which never moved,

slid across her clitoris!

He chuckled softly, and her humiliation deepened, but the heat was a fever, and she couldn't stop herself! He pressed a third finger against her, and she felt her mind jolted by the additional heat and excitement, but it pushed up inside her, the three of them aching thick inside her as she rode frantically up and down!

“Little blonde slut,” he said in a soft voice. “Come for me, slut. Come on my nigger fingers. Come for me, you blonde whore.”

And then she did, crying out in helpless, dazed pleasure, back arching as her hips rode wildly up and down on his long, black fingers and her body burned with a screaming heat she had only ever felt once before in her life!

Yesterday. With him.

She slumped dazedly, breathlessly, almost falling on her face until he caught at her hair. He slid his fingers out of her and stood up, and she sagged weakly, gasping for breath.

“Hot little slut,” he said. “I bet that's the most you've worked at sex in your life.”

He combed her long blonde hair up and back so she could grasp it in one fist, then undid his trousers with his other hand and jerked down his shorts. He was hard, and sprang out long and erect, the head pointing at her face as Taylor's eyes jerked wide.

“Let me see what you can do, you little blonde slut,” he said, tightening his grip in her hair.

He gripped the head of his cock and pressed it up and back against his belly as he drew her mouth in towards his testicles.

“Suck.”

She moaned dazedly as he forced her mouth against him, opening her lips, moaning against his warm flesh, then after another sharp, stinging jerk on her hair, she began to suck awkwardly on his balls.

“Lick them. Suck on them,” he barked.

She moaned and obeyed, sucking and licking, drawing them into her mouth as she massaged them with her tongue. She'd never done this before, but if that was what he wanted...

In truth, Taylor's oral sex experience was fairly limited. That was to say, she didn't mind giving blow jobs at all, but no one would have described her as an expert at it. Expertise wasn't really necessary, after all. No boy she'd ever given one to had ever complained, after all.

He twisted her back by the hair, guiding her lips upward.

“Lick your way up my shaft, slut.”

She flinched at the word, which not only outraged her, not only embarrassed her, but for some bizarre reason, thrilled her in a dark, nasty way she didn't understand.

She licked her way up the long shaft as he stared down at her with his dark eyes, licked up and down, then sucked his balls again.

He let the thick shaft drop and she gulped as she stared at the head, then slid her lips forward, taking it into her mouth and sucking. It was much thicker than she was used to, and she had to spread her jaw wide. Even then the thick black shaft only just slid through her straining lips!

Her tongue worked on the underside of the head as she began to bob her lips up and down the first several inches. She usually used her hands on the rest of a guy's cock, which confused her here since she had no hands to use.

She felt the pressure as he pulled on her hair, and gurgled as he slid his cock deeper into her mouth. Her eyes widened, for it was much deeper than she usually preferred. Also, wasn't the point to lick the underside of the head!? How could she do that when the head was further back in her mouth?

She rolled her eyes up at him in confusion, not sure what she ought to be doing.

“Suck, you little blonde slut,” he growled.

Her face flushed with indignation and outrage, but once again she felt that strange mixture of anxiety and a wild, animal rush of heat! How dare he call her

that!?

She obeyed, however, sucking as best she could, moving her tongue up and down along the underside until he drew himself back, pulling her hair roughly at the same time so that his shaft slid out of her with a wet, sucking sound, saliva spilling over her lower lip as she cried out in pain.

“Hot, sexy little blonde slut,” he said, rubbing his slick, spit wet cock up and down against her face.

“You like cock, baby? You need to worship it,” he said, still rubbing his thick black cock across her lips and cheeks. “You need to dream about it and love it.”

Was he crazy, she wondered breathlessly!

He pushed himself against her mouth again and she opened wide, moaning around the thick, dripping shaft as it slid along her tongue and deep into her mouth. She felt him redouble his grip on her hair, then pull forward, and her eyes bulged as his other hand slid behind her head and pulled as well.

She felt the spongy head push into the back of her mouth, then into her throat! She gagged and tried to fling herself back, but his strength was far too great, and he simply pulled her firmly forward, his cock pushing down her throat one slow inch at a time as she struggled and trembled and thrashed in helpless panic!

“Every inch of it, baby,” he said. “That's what a blonde does. She takes every inch of black meat into her slut body.”

Taylor's head was pounding and her chest burning! Her stomach was churning wildly as his cock slid deeper into her aching throat! She stared at his groin in shocked disbelief as it got closer and closer, her eyes rolling frantically as he kept pushing forward, and kept pulling her into him!

Oddly, the violent urge to gag she'd felt at first was diminishing as his thick shaft slid deeper, supplanted by the deep ache in her overstretched throat, and the sense of panic at not being able to breath!

And then he held her in place and pushed the last couple of inches forward until her lips were wrapped tightly around the base of his black shaft. Her body continued to twist and tremble and shake, but he had her tightly held in place,

and there was little she could do!

“That's it, baby. That's how a blonde sucks cock,” he sighed. “She swallows every fucking inch.”

Black dots began to dance before Taylor's eyes as the world started to fuzz around her. Her chest burned and she swayed as he pulled back, inch after inch of slick black cock pulling free as she stared at it, cross-eyed, until finally, the head popped free and she sucked in deep, frantic breaths of air as he held her tightly in place.

“Good start,” he said. “By the time I'm done with you you'll be able to take my cock as fast and often as I want it.”

He jerked back on her hair, forcing her back to arch sharply as she cried out, still trembling and still gasping for breath.

“Because you're a blonde,” he said. “You're a natural blonde, and that makes you a natural slut. And that makes you love big black cocks.”

He jerked her hair roughly again, pulling her forward, and shoved his cock through her open mouth. She moaned helplessly as he pulled her forward, his hips driving his cock deep into her mouth and then, with barely any hesitation, into her throat. She gagged and gurgled again as he pushed down more quickly, and then held her tightly against him, her lips pressed against his groin.

“This is what you were built for, blonde girl,” he said.

He pulled back out faster, this time, though again Taylor coughed and gagged and gulped in air as he rubbed himself up and down across her face. “This is what you need. This is what you deserve.”

Again he jerked her hair back sharply, reaching down to roughly grope her bare breast, then jerked her forward again, pushing himself into her mouth and down her throat. He held her tightly against him, both hands behind her head, then began to thrust in and out in short strokes, fucking her mouth, fucking her throat!

Taylor's body writhed, her hips twisting and jerking, her legs shifting and pulling, her body trembling as he used her with ruthless ease, his big, powerful arms easily controlling her as he pumped. Her eyes began to get glassy, and he

pulled out again, leaving her gasping for breath.

“Hot little sex toy,” he said.

He dragged her to her feet, lifted her up and dropped her on the hood of a Mercedes, then just as quickly, gripped her legs and yanked up and forward so she collapsed onto her back. He dropped to his knees, forcing her thighs wide, and began to lick hungrily at her sex as Taylor lay on her arms, dazed and chest heaving.

Her throat ached and burned, and she was light-headed from lack of air. She simply groaned weakly as she continued to gulp in deep breaths, hardly paying any attention to what Smith was doing at first.

That changed, of course, once she'd caught her breath to some extent, and some of the fog faded from her mind. Her head was still pounding, and she moaned aloud as she felt his tongue lapping at her, felt his fingers pushing into her.

It was all so... so unreal, and she felt as if she were drifting through a dream, even as her tangled hair sprayed across the hard surface of the Mercedes underneath, and her body began to react to the pumping fingers and licking tongue.

Her muscles began to spasm, first in her lower belly, then in her thighs and hips, a churning rush of heat flooding up her body as he sucked hungrily at her clitoris. She let her eyes close, groaning, still more than a little dazed, overwhelmed by what had happened again.

The sensations began to build, however, and the more they built the more she felt them seeping through her body and into her mind, as if she was getting drunk on the heat and pleasure, more drunk with every passing second!

And then he rose up above her like a black mountain, and laid his cock along her belly. She shuddered, then gasped as he gripped himself and began to run the fat head up and down along her swollen pussy.

“Hot blonde slut,” he said in amusement. “You know what you want.”

She groaned as she felt the pressure now, felt the spongy head pushing harder against her opening, felt the lips of her sex beginning to ache as they were

slowly forced in and back, stretching wider and wider as he began to push into her.

She raised her head, staring down the length of her body, staring with open mouth, still gasping, staring wonderingly at the thickness and length of him as the head finally disappeared inside her, and she felt it slowly forcing its way up the too-narrow length of her body.

She dropped her head back with a moan, as Smith raised her legs up higher and then pushed them back, like he had inside the car. He gripped her legs behind the knees, forcing them back to either side of her chest as he began to pump.

Taylor simply lay back and drifted, moaning, gasping, wincing sometimes as the thick cock pushed deeper and deeper. The ache mounted, but so did the pleasure, the wild, hot rush of thrilled sexual passion and desire!

She forced her head up off the car again, staring, noting that most of him was inside her now! She shuddered and dropped her head again as he pumped harder, as the head punched into her inside, making her gasp and cry out at every thrust.

She felt the orgasm rippled through her, gasping, back arching. It wasn't a huge orgasm, but it was an eruption of pleasure which made her body convulse. Only another followed immediately afterward, and then another, then they began to grow more intense, her muscles spasming more violently as he thrust harder into her!

Her hips began to buck upward, her body shaking and thrashing, and she cried out in heat and pleasure, her cries rising with the violence of the sensations battering her mind into a stupor!

Then his massive black hand gripped her throat, squeezing it, choking off her voice, if not her breath as she began to shake and thrash beneath him, screaming nearly soundlessly as something beyond orgasm exploded within her body and mind!

She thought her head would explode, and didn't care! Her insides were being torn apart, but she didn't care! It ached but she didn't care! The screaming pleasure drove her into a fever of convulsions as the breath sobbed through her gurgling mouth and the pleasure hammered her nearly unconscious.

He stopped, buried to the hilt in her spasming belly, jamming her knees down harder and waiting for her glassy eyes to clear a little. He leaned over her.

“Who's the master here, blonde girl? Who?”

He tightened his grip on her throat, then loosened it.

“Who?”

“Y-You!” she gasped dazedly.

He tightened his grip again, enough to make her eyes bulge, then loosened it.

“Say it.”

Her eyes fluttered weakly and he slapped her face lightly, the sting jarring her into attention.

“Say it, you blonde slut.”

He slapped her again and she gasped.

“Who's the master here?”

“Y-You!” she whimpered.

“Say the word.”

“M-M-Master?”

“Yeah. Say it.”

“Master!” she moaned.

He grinned and began to thrust again, harder, faster, and Taylor shuddered and cried out as heat began to build within her once more, heat that scalded her mind and turned her into a wild creature of lust, heat and raw carnal sex! She cared nothing about anything but that incredible pleasure!

His big hands slid forward underneath her back and lifted upward. Her head fell back bonelessly at first, but as he kept pulling, her torso rose, even as he held her

legs pinned up over his arms. Her head lolled forward as he bent her forward so she was balanced precariously on her tailbone, her eyes staring into his upper chest.

She tilted her head back, eyes glazed, moaning as his hips worked slowly in and out, burying every last inch in her quivering body with every stroke.

“Say it again,” he ordered.

He leaned in and bit into the soft flesh at the nape of her neck, and Taylor shuddered and moaned as his cock kept thrusting into her. He eased his head back.

“Say master.”

“Master!” she half sobbed. “Master!”

“Don't forget it, slut.”

END

Taylor's New Chauffeur

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

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