

Taylor's Rough Ride

By JJ Argus



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(The Black Chauffeur 2)

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

Taylor stared at herself in the mirror. She was in the large en-suite bathroom attached to her suite on the south side of the house, looking out over the valley below. And she'd just come through a shocking experience which left her feeling stunned and overwhelmed.

Not to mention very, very sore.

Her throat ached, and her hand slid up and down it, wincing. She was looking for any sign of bruising, but found none. There was a bite mark on the side, but that hadn't broken the skin and should fade soon. Her father rarely noticed such things anyway, and she could brush her plentiful blonde hair forward to cover it.

She dropped her eyes down her body in the mirror and ran a hand over her belly. She ached inside there, too! Her fingers slid lower, trembling slightly as they lightly caressed the lips of her sex where Smith's huge cock had entered her and... and pounded her!

Like a whore! Like a slut! He even dared to call her a slut! Of course, she had to concede with considerable shock, she had behaved like one!

She wasn't just sore down there because of how big he was, and how hard he had fucked her either. She was sore because the muscles in her lower body had spasmed so long and violently that they ached!

The orgasms had been, in some ways, even more incredibly powerful than the ones she'd had the previous day in the car! It was shocking because... because Smith acted like an animal! There was no gentle, considerate, thoughtful skill to what he'd done. He'd simply manhandled her, tied her up, and used her as hard as he wanted!

Even more outrageously, he was nothing but a hired servant, a Black hired servant! And he'd had the unmitigated gall to act like she was somehow his inferior, that because she was a blonde she was his to do with as he chose!

Because blondes were sluts!

She was almost as dumbfounded by his outrageous attitude as by the incredible tidal wave of pleasure and thrilling heat which had overpowered her mind. Was

he crazy? Didn't he know that it was people like her, well, her dad, who ran the world, and people like him who did as they were told!?

She'd had people fired for merely looking at her wrong! Didn't he understand he was completely at her mercy!? Or was he just too... too stupid and ignorant!? Could he even read? He was like some sort of... jungle savage!

Of course, he didn't exactly act like a jungle savage. That was, his voice was low and calm and infuriatingly paternalistic! As if she were the dummy because she was blonde! As if! As if a negro servant could be looking down on a white person!

She could still feel, even now, that hard, steady, aching punch of his long black shaft into the depths of her belly! She shuddered at the memory, caressing her toned flesh, imagining just how deep inside her he must have forced that monster sized cock!

She moaned and stumbled out of the bathroom, then fell forward onto her bed with a groan. She rolled over slowly, raising her knees. Helplessly, she flashed back to the same position when he'd put her on the car hood and taken her, and felt a hot little thrum of heat between her legs.

Her hand slid down her belly and cupped her sex and she groaned, wondering what she was going to do.

She should have him fired. She could make something up for her father, tell him that he'd been rude, or that he'd been forward. Yes, that would do. She could say he was always looking at her and grinning and leering and licking his lips suggestively.

Only he hadn't. He looked at her calmly, with those big dark eyes that were somehow menacing even when his face didn't show anything. He was ugly! He was huge and ugly and scarred and... and scary!

Maybe she could tell him Smith had invited her out. Daddy was very liberal, but there were limits, and she was sure he'd be more than a little indignant about a Black servant trying to seduce his blonde daughter.

A servant. That was what Smith was. He was a servant! He was hired to do as he was told, to drive her around! And he had dared to make her call him master!

That was outrageous!

It was also horribly, wickedly exciting in a dark, confusing way. Taylor's sex life had never been very complicated. She'd never gone in for anything outrageous or kinky, really. That didn't mean she didn't kind of know about stuff. She certainly knew that there were some kinky people who liked to tie each other up, and do that master slave stuff.

And given he'd tied her up and spanked her... which was even more outrageous, it seemed that Mister Smith was into that kind of thing. Taylor had never imagined she would be, but the way he had overpowered her and manhandled her, throwing her around and doing whatever he wanted to her had done something freaky to her mind.

It gave everything he did to her a strange, dark, thrilling sense of outrageous heat. She couldn't ever remember being so incredibly turned on by a guy! Or by anything! Her body had literally shook with the sexual pressure and passion within!

It had been like she was intoxicated on the sexual heat, high, like she was stoned! She had been lost in a dark fever dream of wicked, kinky, perverted sexual passion like nothing she'd ever felt in her life, nothing she'd ever even imagined!

And some part of her wanted more of it! She couldn't help it!

She was a young woman who lived for amusements and entertainments, without any particular goal in life other than to have fun. She was jaded, spoiled and world-weary already, at just nineteen – well, almost nineteen. She'd been to the Riviera many times, been back and forth between New York and London and Paris to party and shop, enjoyed summers in Hawaii and the Tropics.

And she'd been fawned over by people all her life, especially boys and men once she hit puberty. She understood that her beauty, her sex, gave her power over men, and thoroughly enjoyed that power.

She had never met anyone like Smith, who used it against her!

And she'd never imagined being manhandled, being so roughly, even violently taken by a big, powerful male could be so incredible, so... wildly.... thrilling, so

electrifying!

It made lounging topless on the deck of a yacht on the Riviera seem positively tame and boring by comparison!

But he was a negro servant, a part of her mind wailed!

And there was another strangeness to what was happening to her. She didn't even like him! In fact, she was feeling a great deal of indignation and outrage at how he was treating her, at the lack of respect and obedience! The sheer gall of him to pretend that SHE was somehow inferior to HIM!

She had absolutely no interest in him as a boyfriend. God, her friends would mock and ridicule her for life if she ever showed up somewhere with him! He was an unsophisticated brute! Not to mention a negro! And old! He was easily over thirty!

She was also feeling considerable trepidation and anxiety over his roughness, over his showing he would do whatever he wanted to her physically. Who knew what an animal like that would do to her when she was helpless! He clearly was capable of great violence!

The sensible thing was to have him fired and stay as far from him and that sort as she could get. And yet... and yet there was that dark, helpless sense of scalding excitement at the thought of what he'd done to her and what he might do again!

If only there were someone she could go to for advice! But she didn't dare even hint at any sort of interest or relationship with a black hired servant! If that got out she'd be the talk of her social set!

She should simply stay away from him!

But how could she!? He was now the chauffeur, and with her driving license suspended she had no other way to get around! She couldn't stay cooped up here all the time! She could take taxis, she supposed, but her father would probably find out and what excuse would she use?

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She was laying on the bed reading a magazine when the house phone buzzed. She rolled over and reached for the side table and picked it up.

“Yes?”

“Miss Evans, The chauffeur, Mister Smith, says you informed him you would be going out this afternoon at Three PM,” Paul, the butler, said.

Taylor felt a rush of panic and indecision. She was supposed to meet Buffy, and she had told Smith she would be going out. Now if she canceled... what would she say? She could tell Paul she had changed her mind, but then she wouldn't be able to go out in a taxi without him wondering what was going on! And Buffy always got so irritable when people canceled at the last minute!

“I-I'll be right down!” she blurted.

She regretted it almost immediately, but he hung up, leaving her staring at the receiver wildly and wondering what to do. Of course, there really wasn't anything to do but get dressed and go and see Buffy.

The thought of facing Smith again made her face red, but she didn't know what else she could do. He'd already come... that was, he'd already had sex that day. Surely that would be enough and he wouldn't want more already!

Her insides were still a little sore, and her throat certainly was! She still felt a sense of disbelief that he'd gotten that huge thick black cock all the way down her throat!

On the other hand, she also felt a strange little sense of delight that she'd been able to swallow such a big cock. She'd never deep throated a guy before, and now she had. It hadn't been so very bad. She thought about how some of the guys she knew would react if she did that to them. Their eyes would bug out and they'd be shocked and impressed at her expertise!

But she didn't want to do it again with Smith! Not today anyway!

She dressed quickly, nervously. She would treat him with cool formality, polite, but distant. That was where she'd gone wrong before. She'd taunted and teased him, or tried to. She would give him no excuse this time.

He was waiting when she walked down the front stairs, fully dressed in his black suit. She, by contrast, was wearing a short, white summery dress with loose, flared hem. She nodded as she passed him and got into the car. He closed the door behind her, and got around to the front, then got into the drivers seat.

Her heart was thumping as she did her best to maintain a cool facade.

“The Hilton, Miss Evans?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said curtly, then felt a jolt of anxiety, remembering what he'd told her before when spanking her.

“Y-Yes, please, Mister Smith,” she said.

He nodded and pulled away from the porch, down the drive and out to the gate. The gate opened at the push of a button on his visor and he drove through, then turned and headed south towards Santa Monica Boulevard.

She was anxious, and kept studiously looking out the window, while rolling her eyes to the side to see if he was looking at her. She said nothing, nor did he. Nevertheless, she felt the tension rising, wondering when he would say something, or worse do something!

She realized that her nipples were horribly, horribly erect within the tight confines of her lacy white bra, and felt a sense of fear that they would be noticeable through her white dress! She crossed her arm across her chest as casually as she could, fighting to stay calm.

She kept waiting, on edge, for him to say something, for him to do something, and yet, it didn't happen. They got to the Beverly Hills Hilton and he pulled up in front. The doorman immediately pulled the door open for her, and Taylor got out, feeling relieved, confused, and oddly, disappointed.

Buffy was seated near the big windows, facing the pool as Taylor was shown to her table. She looked up briefly and waggled her fingers in greeting, then turned her eyes back to the pool as Taylor sat across from her and accepted the menu from the maitre'd.

“Whatever are you fixating on, Buffy?” she asked.

“Hmm? Oh, just... looking at the scenery,” the other girl said.

Taylor looked past her and saw a lithe looking young man standing by the pool talking to a girl in a bikini.

“Anyone I know?” she asked.

“No one I know,” Buffy said, “Unfortunately.”

“He's cute, I suppose,” Taylor said.

Buffy turned and looked at her mildly. “He's tall, dark, handsome, and has all those scrumptious muscles,” she said.

Taylor hesitated. Yes, the young man was reasonably well-muscled, his body showing clear evidence of a lot of gym time, but he wasn't half as powerful looking as Smith. She wasn't about to say that, however.

“But then you always liked the more girly types,” Buffy went on.

“Chad wasn't... girly,” she said, frowning. “He was just... sensitive and artistic.”

“He was more girly than me, darling,” Buffy said.

“He was handsome!”

“Yes, in a feminine sort of way. And Robert wasn't any different. Nor was Carl nor Dillon. They were all very pretty men.”

“So? I like men who are attractive.”

“I think I like men who have a bit more... strength in them,” Buffy said.

Taylor looked at her doubtfully.

“You don't like anyone who disagrees with you,” she said bluntly.

Buffy widened her eyes. “Well, yes, but a man can be strong and yet intelligent enough to realize I'm right.”

Taylor smirked. “All the time.”

“Well I am right... most of the time.”

“Me too.”

Buffy smiled and took a sip of her wine.

“And where is the big gorilla I understand is trailing along behind you to make sure you don't make your rightness too physically evident?”

“Uh...”

“I've been talking with Kaitlin.”

Taylor made a face. “Imagine having your license taken away just for driving a few miles over the speed limit a few times!”

“Oh I agree. The plebes set their silly rules and there isn't a lot we can do about it sometimes. Is that him?”

Taylor blinked and turned her head, then scowled as she saw Smith sitting at a small table near the door.

“God,” she said. “I have to talk to daddy about him.”

“He seems quite.. conscientious.”

“He's a drag! I can't believe daddy expects him to follow me around! I mean, it's one thing to drive me but what is the point of him trailing after me like some big, dumb dog?”

“Maybe to chase the boys away. Your father hasn't exactly been enamored of most of your boyfriends, has he?”

Taylor sighed. “He'd only be happy if they were bankers or lawyers like him. The problem is bankers and lawyers are so dreadfully boring!”

The waiter arrived and they ordered, then began to exchange gossip on their long list of mutual acquaintances. Buffy was like gossip central, and Taylor always felt left out if she wasn't able to see her often enough to find out what was happening.

At the same time, of course, she had to be extremely careful of letting anything out which she didn't want absolutely everyone to hear about!

“Your gorilla keeps looking over at us,” Buffy said.

“Well, he's sort of supposed to be, I guess,” Taylor said. “Or maybe he just thinks you're really hot.”

Buffy smiled languidly. “Maybe he thinks you're hot. Black men and blonde girls, you know.”

“Oh don't you start. That was Tiffany's tease. He's the hired help, not to mention at least ten years older than me.”

It was very important not to protest too much, Taylor knew. A sniff of disapproval was all she dared. “Although you did say you liked your men strong,” she dared to tease back.

Buffy smiled indulgently. “I like them on top of me without squashing me like a bug, too.”

Taylor choked a bit on her wine.

“Look at the size of him. Can you imagine being under all that? You'd be staring into his belly.”

Not quite, as Taylor knew.

“The whole car lurches when he gets in,” she said, rolling her eyes.

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The car lurched as Smith got in, and Taylor couldn't help rolling her eyes.

“Home, Miss Evans?” he asked as he pulled out.

“Yes... please, Mister Smith,” she replied.

She was less anxious than she had been on the way in, but still tense and wondering when Smith would start doing something violent and outrageous. He'd spanked her on the way home from the last restaurant! Of course, she had

been taunting him about watermelons and the like...

She felt a sense of indignation, though. He was the hired help! She should be able to tease him or taunt him or say whatever the hell she wanted to him! He was far too arrogant and no one had shown him his place before, clearly!

And now she was suffering for it! Because her father had hired this... impertinent, insolent negro plebe who didn't know his place.

She let her mind dwell on the image of him being in shackles, like a negro slave from the plantation era. She imagined him naked, arms shackled above his head, and her sitting calmly on a chair as he was whipped for his insolence!

Oh yes, that was the way you handled people like him!

The thought of him naked, and ... stretched out like that, though, started to make her lower parts thrum softly. She had seen him naked, after all, if not stretched out, and he was an extremely powerful, muscular man, very intimidating in size and demeanor.

But all chained like... an animal, yes, she would very much like to see that! Then she could tease and taunt him as much as she wanted, maybe get him all hard and hot and bothered but not let him do anything with it!

“Were your ancestors slaves, Mister Smith?” she asked.

She was somewhat startled she'd actually asked that aloud, and her eyes widened as she felt a sudden lurch in her chest.

He turned his eyes up at her in the mirror.

“Yes, Miss Evans,” he replied.

“How uhm, interesting,” she gulped.

“They probably didn't think so.”

“Well, I suppose not.”

“Were yours?” he asked mildly.

She blinked in confusion, then scowled. “Of course not!”

He shrugged. “Lot of white folks were made slaves back in the old days,” he said. “Arab slavers from North Africa captured them off ships, especially white girls. They took them back to the Barbary coast and put them in their harems to service them and their friends.”

“They were savages,” she sniffed.

“Over a million Europeans wound up as slaves in North Africa, most of them pretty White girls,” he said. “You think that would be interesting, Miss Evans? Wearing a collar around your throat, and being kept naked all day as a sex slave to African savages?”

“No,” she gulped, heart beating faster.

“I think you'd look real sexy in a collar,” he said.

“I don't!”

“And I know you look real sexy in nothing at all.”

She flushed, her heart beating faster!

“You have the neatest, tightest little pussy I ever licked,” he said.

Her face got even hotter and she felt her pulse racing as she looked desperately out the side window.

“I'd like to see that pussy again, Miss Evans. Why don't you show it to me?”

“Wh-What?” she squeaked, chest tightening.

“Show me that pretty little pussy of yours.”

She stared at him in the mirror, eyes wide.

“I've seen it before. It isn't like you've got anything to hide from me. Pull that little skirt up and show me.”

“I... I'm not – .”

“Or would you maybe like a spanking for being disobedient?”

“I don't have to do what you say!” she whined. “You're the servant!”

His eyes narrowed, and she felt a quiver in her belly.

“Do it,” he growled in a low, deep, rumbling voice.

She squirmed both mentally and physically, but then her fingers eased her hem up, bit by bit, her chest getting so tight she could hardly breath.

“Spread your legs,” he barked.

She felt jolted by the words, but jerked her legs apart.

“Wider. You know you want to. Blonde girls love to spread their legs wide for Black men.”

Taylor felt another jolt, but jerked her legs apart as a strange dark pulse of energy rolled upward through her body. She felt herself almost trembling with the building pressure inside her!

She lifted her skirt up to reveal her lacy white panties.

“You just pull those pretty panties aside so I can see you, Miss Evans,” he said.

She felt another jolt, and then her fingers tugged the crotch of her thong to the side, baring herself as a rush of heat and a strange sort of pressure began to fill her chest.

“Very nice. What a pretty pussy you have,” he said. “Put your finger against that little clitty I remember. Rub it up and down for me.”

“But – .”

“Do it!” he growled.

She flinched, then rubbed her trembling finger against her clitoris, which felt incredibly sensitive just then. She was breathing in small, ragged gulps, her entire upper body flushed, her insides churning.

“I remember how hard that little clitty got against my tongue,” he said. “And how wet you were . Are you wet now, Miss Evans?”

Taylor couldn't speak! She was frozen, mouth open, eyes wide, her finger rubbing unsteadily against her clitoris, which was throbbing and pulsing with sensation!

“Let me see if you're wet. Slide your finger in there for me, Miss Evans. Go ahead. You can do it. We both know how much you can take. You took my whole cock, after all.”

Taylor moaned helplessly and slid a finger into her sex, feeling the warm, pulsing wetness inside.

“Pull it out. Let me see it.”

Gulping, she obeyed and he chuckled throatily.

“Yeah, you're nice and wet. Slide your finger into your mouth.”

She stared at him in the mirror, mouth open in a soundless O of shock.

“Do it!”

She gasped, then slid her finger into her mouth.

“Suck on it. Lick it. Pump it in and out. That's it. Now slide it into that hot little pussy again.”

Moaning, whimpering, dazed, Taylor obeyed, gasping at the sensation of being penetrated. Heat and a wild rush of sexual arousal and excitement were making her very bones feel like trembling!

“Keep rubbing that little clitty of yours,” he ordered. “Slump down a little more, and draw your knees back.”

“I'm – .”

“Do it!” he growled.

Taylor moaned and obeyed, rubbing her clitoris as he watched.

“Pump that finger in and out. Now add a second finger. You're wet enough. Do it!”

Taylor obeyed again, gasping, face scarlet as she pumped the two fingers into her body and rubbed her clitoris. The sensations rushing through her were a wild, scalding mix of dark, helpless, thrilling heat and humiliation!

“Yeah, you like that, don't you, baby? You blonde girls can never get enough sex. Isn't that true?”

Taylor shuddered, not answering.

“Isn't that true?” he snapped.

“I-I'm not – .”

“Say yes!”

“Y-Yes!”

“Yes, sir,” he said, eyes boring into hers.

“Yes, sir!” she whispered.

“Say it. You're a slut. Go on. Do it.”

“I-I'm a slut!” she gasped, shuddering at the surge of heat which gripped her.

“Again.”

“I'm a slut!”

Another surge of heat swept through her!

“Sir,” he said.

“I'm a slut, sir!”

She whimpered, her voice half breaking, her finger rubbing faster and faster against her clitoris as the two from her other hand pumped inside herself.

“Push another finger into that hot, buttery little hole of yours, baby.”

Panting, moaning, Taylor obeyed, her head turning, her cheek pressing against the back of the seat as she stared out the window at the passing buildings.

“Make it four. I want to see four fingers in that hot, hungry blonde pussy.”

Taylor moaned helplessly and slowly pushed a fourth finger into her tight, aching sex, pumping them in and out as she rubbed her clitoris frantically.

Her knees were starting to roll up again and again as the heat scorched her mind and her body trembled with sexual tension and pressure!

“Look at me. Look at me, slut!”

She gasped, turning her eyes to his in the mirror.

“Do you want to come? Do you?”

“Y-Yes!” she squeaked.

“Yes sir!” he barked.

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“Let me hear you beg.”

She stared at him, uncomprehendingly.

“I want to hear you beg me to let you come. If you come without permission I'm going to tan that pretty ass of yours. You understand me?”

“Y-yes!” she gasped.

“Beg.”

“P-Please may I come?” she whimpered.

“Master,” he said softly. “Say master.”

Taylor felt another horrible jolt of energy, one which made her cry out at the

sudden flare of heat between her legs. She was going to come! And if she didn't ask him he'd spank her again!”

“Please may I come, master!?” she cried.

“Again.”

“Please may I come, master!?”

“Again.”

“Please may I come, master!?” she sobbed, the heat unbearable.

“Come for me then, baby. Come for you nigger master, you blonde slut.”

And she did, crying out, jamming her fingers deep, achingly deep into her sopping wet pussy, her hips bucking spastically up as she rubbed even more furiously at her swollen clitoris!

“Oh! Oh! Oh! God! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ah! Ungh!” she cried, hips bucking furiously as the orgasm consumed her.

Her hips gave a final series of convulsive lurches, then sopped as she went limp, gasping for breath, her fingers jammed into her sex to the knuckles. She groaned as she slowly slit them out and her hands dropped aside.

She squeezed her thighs together, then reached down, cupping her sex, squeezing her thighs in again.

“What a hot little blonde,” he said. “Thank me for letting you come.”

She groaned, eyes slitted.

“You hear me, blonde girl? Thank me for letting you come.”

“Th-thank you for... for letting me come, master,” she gulped.

He returned to watching the traffic in front of him, and Taylor's pounding heart slowed, her breathing becoming less ragged. She sat up slowly, flushed, and pulled her thong back into place before lowering her skirt.

God! She must be a total whore to do what he said, she thought in anguish.

She glared at him helplessly. Why hadn't she told him off?! Why hadn't she refused!? Why had she just done something that.. shocking!? She'd never masturbated in front of a guy before! Never! She could hardly believe she'd just done that

“Y-You're a bastard!” she exclaimed.

He looked at her in the rear view mirror.

“Excuse me?”

“You're a... a bully!”

He raised his eyebrows. “I'm a bully for letting you come?”

She flushed hotly. “You know what I mean!”

“You seemed to be having a pretty good orgasm there, Miss Evans. Are you angry at me because of it?”

She felt her skin burn even hotter.

“You made me!”

He shrugged. “You know you wanted to. You probably masturbated last night dreaming about me.”

Using that word jolted her, and renewed her sense of humiliation.

“I did not! I don't want to ever touch you, you... you nigger!”

He smiled. “You mean master, don't you?”

She gulped anxiously.

“Funny how you brought up slaves earlier. Would you like to be my slave, white girl?”

“No!”

“No? You don't want me to put chains on your and keep you naked and let my friends fuck you?”

“Y-You're disgusting!”

“Am I? Take your panties off.”

She gaped. “Wh... No!”

“Do it, you blonde slut!” he barked.

She flinched back anxiously. “Y-You can't – .”

He pulled the car over to the side of the road and Taylor gasped aloud, eyes widening as he turned in this seat.

“Give them to me,” he ordered in a low, menacing voice.

Heart pounding, she slipped them down her legs and off, then handed them to him.

“I don't want you wearing panties any more. Understand?”

She stared at him in disbelief.

“Say yes.”

“Y—Y-Yes!” she gulped.

“Say yes master.”

She felt her face heat still further.

“Yes... master!” she said in a choked voice.

He was crazy! He was clearly insane!

“Now the bra.”

“Wh-what!?”

“I want your bra.”

“But... but I'm... “

“Do it now!” he growled in that same scary voice.

She jerked and then reached behind her to unzip her dress. She pulled it over her shoulders, blushing as she reached back and undid her bra. She blushed even more, heat starting to thrum powerfully between her legs as she slipped it off and let him snatch it from her.

“Now the dress.”

“But... but... please I – !”

The windows are tinted. Do it. Now!”

Her pulse raced as she peeled the dress up and over her head and handed it to him, then folded her arms around herself as she twisted her head from side to side, looking anxiously out the window in fear someone might walk by and see.

He smiled and then turned the other way, getting out of the car. Taylor's eyes grew huge as the back door opened and he slipped inside, and he stared at him, frozen.

He grinned and gripped her arm, jerking her forward across his lap

“Oh please!” she cried.

She felt her wrists pulled up together behind her back and felt the handcuffs going around them.

“What was that you called me earlier, girl? A nigger, wasn't it?”

She stuttered an apology, which was interrupted by a sharp, stinging slap across her bare bottom.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Let me hear you say that word again.”

“I-I didn't mean it!” she blurted.

Crack!

“Let me hear it.”

“But I – !”

Crack! Crack!

“Say it!”

“Nigger!” she cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ohw! Ow!”

“Say it again.”

“N-Nigger!” she moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Stop!”

“Again.”

“No!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! That hurts!” she cried, wriggling and twisting on his lap.

“Again.”

“No!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

His big hand slapped down hard against her wriggling, pink bottom, and shock after stinging shock resonated through her lower belly as her skin began to warm and then heat and then throb.

“Oh! Please! Please!” she cried.

Crack! Crack!

“Master. You got to say master, baby.”

Crack! Crack!

“Master! Please, master!” she half sobbed, her bottom flaming hot.

He lifted her up and back roughly, and shoved her back against the seat in the middle, then reached down and pulled the seat belt across her lap and chest. He grinned at her, then gripped her left leg, lifting it up and apart, forcing her foot back against the the top of the seat back behind him as he turned in place.

“He took the seat belt and jerked it around her ankle, then twisted it with a powerful jerk of his big hands to tie it in place. He slid across on the big, wide floor, gripping her right foot up and forcing it wide and back.

“Oh! What... what are you doing? Don't!” she gasped.

He slapped her face and she gasped, her head rocking back.

“Master,” he said. “Say it.”

“Master!” she gasped. “OH!”

He forced her foot up high along the seat back on the other side of the car, then entrapped it in the other seat belt, leaving her on her tailbone with her legs spread achingly far apart and back.

“Now isn't that a pretty picture,” he said, his hand caressing her nakedly displayed sex.

He slid fully down on his knees before her, then licked a long, fat, slow lick up the line of her sex and over her clitoris as Taylor stared at him with bulging eyes.

“Hot little sex slave,” he said, licking again.

He began to lick her in earnest, and Taylor shuddered and then trembled, laying her head back, gasping for breath as her pulse raced, as her heart pounded, as the incredible pulse of energy she'd felt before returned, then redoubled.

“Please!” she gasped breathlessly.

“You love nigger cock, blonde girl. Don't you?”

She moaned as he raised his head.

“Say it, blonde girl!”

“I-I love n-nigger cock!” she gulped.

He slapped her face and she gasped, head rocking back.

“Beg for it, blonde girl. Beg for nigger cock. Beg for some nigger cock.”

He rose on his knees, his face in hers, eyes darkly menacing.

“Beg, blonde girl!”

“P-Please!” she whimpered.

“Please what, slut?”

“Please... sir...”

He gripped her hair and jerked it roughly back.

“Master,” he growled.

“Please, master!” she gasped.

He eased his grip. “What is it you want, slut?” he purred.

“I-I-I... please... I... want want... I want nigger cock, master!” she stuttered.

“You want a big nigger cock inside you, baby?”

“Y-Yes, master!” she moaned.

“Well, as it happens, I was prepared for this.”

His right hand moved down below the seat, then emerged with... with a huge black dildo! A very realistic looking one! Taylor gaped at it and gripped her hair again, forcing her head back sharply so that she cried out.

And as she did, he slid the dildo into her open mouth.

“Suck that nigger cock, blonde girl. Do it!”

Moaning helplessly, trembling, filled with a stunning, swirling shock and heat and uncertainty, she obeyed, sucking and licking the dildo as he pumped it in and out of her mouth. She feared he would shove it down her throat, but instead he pulled it free.

Then she felt it sliding up and down against her naked sex! She felt the pressure, felt herself aching, then moaned as it slowly pushed into her.

“You know you love it, you blonde,” he growled. “You love that nigger cock inside you.”

He released her hair and Taylor's head rolled forward, staring, gaping, as he slid several inches of the thing into her body. He drew it slowly back, then pushed it forward again, deeper, so that she shuddered and cried out. But she couldn't stop staring, watching, as he drew it out and then thrust it into her once more, deeper still, achingly deep!

He bent and began to suck and chew and bite at her breasts as he pumped the dildo! Taylor cried out, moaning and yelping and gasping as his teeth chewed at her taut, swollen breasts! Then he got his lips around the center, his teeth closing on her soft flesh as he began to suck! His tongue started to sweep across her tingling nipple faster and faster, and Taylor felt her hips beginning to buck and jerk against the dildo he was pumping.

“Oh! Oh! Ah! Oh! Please! God! Oh!”

He raised his face and jerked her hair, forcing her head back, then forward until they were inches apart.

“Come, you blonde, slut,” he growled. “Come for me, you sex slave. You're a nigger's sex slave, baby! What do you think of that!?”

He thrust the dildo all the way into her and Taylor screamed, then his lips came down on hers, hard, crushing them as his tongue shot into her mouth. His fist kept thrusting the dildo into her trembling, overheated body as his tongue invaded her mouth, and the world was suddenly spinning and swirling around her as the orgasm tore through her mind and body!

Her hips bucked violently forward against the seat belt, and her scream changed tone as his hand pushed harder against the base of the dildo to force it even deeper. Pain slashed at the edges of the wild storm of pleasure engulfing her, but it wasn't enough to break through the sense of raging heat baking her mind.

Afterward, she slumped, gasping, moaning, chin on her chest, as he got back into the front seat and started the car again. Her ankles were still lifted up painfully high and wide, making the tendons and nerves in her inner thighs ache, and the dildo had been shoved so deep inside her she had a deep, throbbing ache there, as well.

The scattered pieces of her mind slowly fit back together as she regained her breath, and raised her head, eyes slitted, staring at the back of his head as she continued to gasp softly. She wriggled a little, helplessly, and groaned as she lay her head back against the seat.

What was there to do? What could she do? What could she say?

And more important than that, what was he going to do next!?! Because the dildo was still jammed inside her, and she was still naked and handcuffed, her ankles tied... and he hadn't had sex with her! She felt her mind slowly filling with that dark mixture of anxiety and anticipation, of fear and indignation, of heat and dark, steamy hunger.

She was naked with her legs spread up and back in an obscene way, and in the back of the car moving through Beverly Hills! It was hard to even grasp that this was happening, much less what might happen next!

Though she had a pretty good idea of what that might be!

The Cadillac pulled through the gates and then into the garage. The garage door

began to close, though she knew it was usually wide open! She gulped, heart pounding, and then saw him looking at her in the rear view mirror and froze.

“Look much more natural like that than when you wear clothes, blonde girl,” he said.

She gulped as he got out of the car. He moved around to the rear, and she tried to twist her head from side to side to see him, but then he moved around to the doorway of the workroom and she lost sight of him. She felt the anxiety rising, and the heat! Her heart beat faster and her pulse raced.

And then the door opened and she let out a helpless cry of shock. He was naked! He climbed into the back seat, which was, of course, very roomy, with a lot of leg room, and sat on the seat next to her, looking her up and down.

Taylor's eyes dropped to his groin, and she saw he was fully erect, the thick black shaft thrusting up from between his powerful thighs!

“Ah!” she cried as he suddenly gripped her hair and roughly yanked her head up and back.

“What do you call me, white girl?”

“M-Master!” she gasped.

“Good girl,” he said, as his right hand slid up and began to knead her breasts.

“You ready for nigger cock, baby?”

Taylor moaned helplessly, and he yanked cruelly on her hair again.

“Ahhh!”

“I asked you a question, blonde girl.”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

He pinched her nipple sharply.

“Master,” he said, in something like amusement.

“Yes, master!”

He chuckled softly, and his hand slid down her heaving chest, down her belly the base of the dildo. He pushed and she gasped helplessly as the nose jammed up deep inside her. Then his thumb began to stroke almost idly against her clitoris.

“Hot body on you,” he said. “You ever consider becoming a stripper, blonde girl? You could make a lot of money. Course, you don't need money, do you.”

He bent over, his mouth over the center of her right breast, and his teeth closed, then his lips. Taylor gasped and shuddered as he began to chew and suck and lick at her sensitive flesh. He clamped his teeth in painfully firmly, then growled low in his throat, shifting his head from side to side, pulling at her breast so that she cried out again.

He sucked rhythmically, his tongue sweeping across her nipple, even as his finger rubbed harder against her clitoris. He leaned over further, shifting his mouth, biting into the flesh of her left breast and sucking on her nipple there, as his hand began to pull the dildo out, then push it in again.

Taylor shuddered and trembled and gasped and moaned, head back, body swept by raw, wild explosive surges of heat and pleasure, pain and raw, sensual delight. Her mind was floating amid the storm of emotions and sensations, unable to think.

Another orgasm flooded her with pleasure, and she cried out, her voice sobbing in pleasure as her hips bucked helplessly against the dildo. He redoubled his efforts, thrusting it in with deep, savage strokes that added pain to her cries of ecstasy, but did nothing to diminish the storm of rapture assailing her.

He jammed it even deeper, so deep her eyes bulged and she cried out, even as the orgasm faded, so deep it was all-but buried in her belly, as he slid off the seat onto the floor and turned, bending over, his mouth moving in against her burning sex.

His tongue was hot and long and wide and she sobbed anew as her insides began to spasm with violent waves of seething sensory overload! He was jamming his chin in against the base of the dildo as his lips sucked furiously at her clitoris, and Taylor screamed as another orgasm tore apart her mind!

And still he licked, and sucked and stroked, until another orgasm began to build. Only then did he grip the dildo and pull it free of her aching, burning sex. He rose up before her, positioned at the swollen opening, then sank slowly into her dark, spasming heat.

He crushed her back against the seat back, gripping her hair tightly, jerking her head back as he buried himself inside her, and then held still.

“What's my name, blonde girl?”

She stared at him, trembling, gasping, sweating, and he jerked harder on her hair.

“Say it, slut!”

“Master!” she sobbed.

“Do you want me to fuck you with my nigger cock, blonde girl?”

She whimpered and gurgled as he released her hair, then folded his big hand around her slender throat. Her eyes bulged as he squeezed, then eased up.

“Do you?”

“Y-Yes!” she whimpered.

He squeezed harder.

“Beg.”

“Please!” she gurgled in a shocked voice. “Please fuck me!”

“What's my name, slut?”

“Master! Please fuck me, master!” she sobbed.

His cock was a thick, throbbing shaft impaling her, making the rest of her body

throb in tune. Now it began to move, drawing back slowly, then thrusting in, stabbing in so that she cried out in pain and shock. He slid out slowly then impaled her with another hard, powerful thrust. Again and again he drew back, then rammed himself into her, his hips moving faster and faster.

The orgasm swept through her, then another, and another, and another, as he crushed her lips with his, his tongue invading her mouth as his heavy body squashed her into the seat back. His hips slammed against her with hard, savage strokes as he swallowed her screams and cries, tore at her hair, and roughly groped her breasts.

And all the while that powerful shaft pounded into her with relentless speed, power and anger!

*

Taylor was utterly adrift. She had no idea what to do. Smith was completely in control of her, which was such a violent upending of the normal order of things her mind was flailing about trying to understand how to cope!

That he, a mere servant, was somehow able to order her around and do whatever he wanted was beyond her understanding. Added to that, she was used to being the ultimate guardian of sex, the one who doled it out to boys worthy of her attention, those who flattered and attended to her with the proper degree of deference and dedication. And here she was being used by a crude man who slapped her face and called her a slut!

She tried to shelter behind the sheer muscular size of the man, for he was clearly able to manhandle her with ease. But she knew she could have him fired with little effort. Yet she couldn't! She had become... addicted to the wild, dark thrill, the incredible pleasure of sex with him!

The rush was like nothing she had ever felt before! It was so intense, so shocking, so wickedly, darkly thrilling! How could she give that up!? Where would she find it again!?

Both her mind and her body felt battered and bruised. She had bite marks on her breasts! It was like... like she'd been savaged by a beast! He had been so big, so rough, so wild, so heavy and powerful, crushing her like a helpless bug and using her with animal hunger!

What was she going to do!?

She'd never been treated so... so rudely, so crudely, so roughly, with so little respect! He used the term 'blonde' like it was an insult! He called her a slut!

He made her call him master!

He was a pervert!

But what did that make her?

She had never felt so intimidated by anyone before, let alone by a man, let alone by a servant! Somehow her normal imperious will turned to mush around him.

She would simply have to stay away from the limousine! She would... take a taxi when she needed to go somewhere!

And so she did. The next morning she called a cab, not having Paul do it lest he ask why. She met it out front, got in, and was driven to Rodeo drive to shop, then got another and went to Delisle for brunch with Kathy Anne and Deidre.

It was relaxing, in a way, but she never quite lost the sense of anxiety she'd gotten the instant she'd called the cab. What would he do if he found out!? It was insane to worry about what a chauffeur would say at her taking a cab! Yet she did. Maybe he'd just be glad of less work, she thought anxiously.

She took a cab home again, to get ready. She was having a small gathering with a few friends out back. They were all girlfriends, but that didn't mean she didn't have to make herself beautiful. They were all friends, but in competition, after all.

She had a lovely black bikini she'd just bought. The thong back was held to the waistband not by the traditional inverted cloth triangle, but by a stylized metal T – for Taylor, made of solid gold. Another 'T' held together the slender cups over her full young breasts.

Tiffany, Buffy, Andrea, and Brooke came over, and the five of them lay about the pool in their extremely expensive bikinis chatting, sipping fruit juices and wine, and gossiping over the latest doings among their social circle.

Brooke, who was always the most forward of them, dropped her top before long – to show off her boob job, Taylor thought in irritation. So then Tiffany, who was always in competition with her, removed hers, and showed off her new pierced nipple. That brought about a lot of discussions, of course, and then the rest of them had to remove their tops.

It was partly ego,, since on the part of Brooke, at least, she couldn't care less what men saw her naked breasts. She wanted them to! Tiffany was a little more circumspect, but to her, the only men around were servants, and, much like Taylor, only more, she thought of servants as something not quite the same as 'people'.

The others felt somewhat the same, if to a lesser degree, but weren't about to be upstaged. Taylor was desperately thankful that the bite marks on her breasts Smith had left the previous day were no longer visible!

Taylor was the only one who was especially anxious, but that was because she knew Mister Smith could see them from the garage.

And she had already been anxious about him. Probably he didn't know she'd taken a cab, though. Probably. Or he wouldn't care.

But the possibility he might be looking on added not only anxiety, but a helpless, breathy sensation whenever she turned her eyes towards the work shop windows.

Of course, none of them were without their cell phones, and none of them could keep from glancing at them constantly, and responding to occasional texts and messages. That included Taylor. But she was quite shocked when she got one from an unknown number which said “I like how your breasts glisten in the sun, blonde girl.”

She felt as if the breath had fled her! She gulped, though, and looked around hesitantly. She didn't see him, though, nor did she reply.

A few minutes later she got another.

“What is my name?” it demanded.

That was an actual question! She had to answer it or...

“Mister Smith,” she typed anxiously.

“What else?”

“Master,” she typed, her heart beating faster.

“Oil up your breasts more, and turn towards the garage so I can watch.”

Taylor felt a hot, bubbling rush of liquid heat between her legs, the breathless sensation deepening. Her heart pounded, but she dared not show anything out of the ordinary, any more than she dared to refuse!

She casually picked up the bottle of suntan lotion, a very expensive bottle, containing only natural ingredients, and squirted it into her hands, then every so casually, stood and turned towards the garage, sliding her oiled hands up and down over her breasts.

She wiped much of the oil off on her thighs and bottom, then turned towards the refreshment table to get another glass of ice-wine. She returned to sit next to the girls, smiling and complimenting Buffy on her tattoo, a small one on her ankle.

The phone chirped again, and she gulped, wiping her hands on a towel, then picking it up. She kept her face quite calm as she swept her thumb across the screen.

“I want you to come and visit me, blonde girl,” it said. “Right now.”

She sucked in her breath.

“I can't! I'm entertaining!” she typed anxiously.

“Come in here and entertain me, you slut.”

She felt her insides churning.

“But they'll wonder where I went!”

“Would you prefer I come out there?”

She gasped at the thought.

“What would your friends think if a nigger came out and asked you to come back to the garage to check on something?”

She was horrified at the prospect!

She put down the phone, locking it of course, then stood up, her mind searching desperately for an excuse. She wandered over to the water and swept her foot through it idly.

“This feels kind of cold,” she complained. “I wonder if Marko turned the heater off.”

“It felt okay to me,” Buffy said.

Taylor sniffed. “I’m going to check the gauge. It’s just over there anyway.”

She padded off the pool deck and across the path to the work shop, then opened the door and stepped inside. The door closed behind her and her eyes blinked in the sudden darkness.

Suddenly a hand shot out and grabbed her by the hair, yanking her back against a powerful male body, even as another hand was clamped over her mouth to muffle her cry of shock!

“Hello, little blonde girl,” she heard him purr into her ear.

She moaned helplessly as his hand slid off her mouth. Both hands circled her body now, big hands, rough hands, hands which cupped and kneaded her breasts as he pulled her nearly naked body back against him. He was nude, as well, and she felt his warm, hard muscles against her back

His hand slid down into the front of her thong and she squeaked as a rush of heat spilled into her veins.

“What do you call me, blonde girl?”

“M-Master!” she moaned.

“That’s right. And what are you?”

“I-I'm... I'm a blonde girl?” she gasped.

His hand slid out of her thong and joined the other on her breasts, then caught at her nipples and pinched them sharply, making her gasp and moan and grasp at his wrists.

“And what are blonde girls?” he asked, his lips next to her ear.

“I-I don't... Oh!”

He pinched harder.

“What are blonde girls?”

“Sluts?” she gasped.

“And what else?”

“I-I don't kn – Ow!”

“The property of black men,” he said, twisting her nipples as she writhed against him.

He abandoned her breasts, one hand gripping her hair and jerking her head back sharply, the other going around her throat and squeezing softly.

“Isn't that right, blonde girl?”

“Y-Y-Yes!” she gasped.

“Yes, master,” he said.

“Y-Yes, master!” she gasped, a hot flush of heat roiling through her lower belly.

He released her throat, his hand sliding slowly down her oiled body and into her thong again to stroke her sex. He jerked her thong down and it slid down her legs, then he pressed his hard shaft up between her buttocks, one hand on her breast the other between her legs, fingering her.

“Move your hot little ass, blonde girl,” he breathed. “Grind that tight white ass against my hard black cock.”

Taylor shuddered but obeyed. Her hips wanted to move anyway, as his fingers, now oiled up from touching her own body, began to stroke her hot, burning clitoris. His cock was now rubbing and grinding up and down between her equally oily buttocks, producing a wickedly erotic sensation as she ground herself back against it!

She could see the girls up on the pool deck chatting, as her breathing became more and more ragged and her insides began to burn with a fiery need and hunger.

“Oh! Oh! God! Please!” she gasped.

“Please what, blonde girl? Please fuck you?”

“Yes!”

“Beg for it.”

“Please fuck me!” she moaned. “Please fuck me, master!”

He pulled his hips backward, letting his thick cock slide down along her body, then spring out to thrust between her thighs. He pulled her hips in firmly against him again, reaching down between her legs to grip the head of his cock. He was long enough that it pushed completely between her thighs from behind and yet could be lifted upward so the head rubbed against her clitoris!

Taylor felt as if her very bones were beginning to melt under the scalding heat! His right hand held his cock up against her as the dark, thrilling passion and arousal tore at her mind. His left hand roughly cupped her bare breast, making it ache and burn!

“Oh!” she cried, as he shifted his right hand from her breast to her hair, and yanked her head roughly back again.

He shoved it forward then, forcing her stomach and chest against the wall right next to the window, pulling on her hair so she rose, gasping, and whimpering, onto her toes, crushed between him and the stone wall!

She felt the head of his cock sliding up and down against the line of her sex, then pulling back further. Then it pushed up between her buttocks!

His hand released her hair and slid around her body just beneath her breasts, going under her left arm then clasping her chest under her right. He simply lifted her right up off the floor, holding her easily in one arm as he stepped back.

His other hand jammed his cock in against her small, wrinkled back opening, and Taylor squealed as she felt the slick flesh pushing up and forcing her open! His right hand gripped her right leg as he lowered her body, and Taylor's eyes went wide as her slippery flesh began to slide down against his chest and his thick cock pushed up into her ass!

“Oh! Oh! God! No! Don't! Oh, please! Oh!” she wailed.

He chuckled throatily, easing her down further, and the weight of her own body slowly impaled a shocked Taylor, who had never in her life consented to any sort of sex 'back there'!

He jerked back on her hair.

“Every one of your holes belongs to me now, blonde girl. You're my sex slave.”

A hot dark, shocked thrill ran through Taylor, distracting her from the steady upward momentum of this thick cock as she sank down further and further. She was astonished that she could feel it going so high inside her and yet, while there was a deep sense of being stretched and full, very little in the way of pain, just an incredibly ... full... and aching sensation.

“Ohmygod!” she gasped. “Ohmygod!”

Her wriggling toes met the floor, at last, as Smith ground himself against her oiled buttocks. He was taller than she, but his legs were spread apart as he began to draw back, then push in again. His strokes grew longer and harder, so that she began to gasp and moan with every stroke.

He eased his arm around her, but shoved her forward so that her arms had to shoot out to catch herself against the wall, then he yanked back her hair sharply, causing her to cry out in pain. He forced her to bend further at the waist, gripping her hair to hold her head back so that she was staring through the window at her friends.

“Do you want to invite your friends back here, baby?” he growled. “Do you

want to show them what a blonde does when she's near a big, nigger cock? Do you want to show them how hard you come with a long black dick up your tight white ass?"

Her breasts hung below her, and he reached down, slapping her left breast repeatedly, making it wobble and jerk and sting as he twisted her hair around his fist. Then he abandoned her hair, his right hand slapped her right breast before sliding around her hip, his fingers finding her clitoris and rubbing furiously.

"Come for me, blonde girl," he ordered. "Come for your nigger master, you blonde sex slave."

His cock was driving achingly deep into her with every stroke now, shockingly deep, making her cry out again and again and again! Her mind was rocked and dazed by the dark, rough, wild, nasty sex even as she watched her friends chatting comfortably only a few dozen yards away!

He was fucking her in the ass! The very thought was appalling, horrifying, and so darkly thrilling that she could hardly believe it! It ached... deliciously! He was treating her like a whore! How dared he!? And yet some part of her reveled in it!

Heat flared wildly all along her body as he ground his pelvis against her buttocks, his cock causing cramps through her belly as he buried it fully.

He slapped her breast again, then the other, then the back of her head!

"Beg for it, blonde girl."

"Oh! Oh! Please!" she gasped.

He slapped them again.

"Please! Please!"

Crack! Crack!

"Master, you slut."

"Please, master!"

“Beg for my black cock.”

“P-Please fuck me with your black cock!” she gasped.

Crack! He slapped her breast again, and it stung hotly.

“Master, you blonde bimbo.”

“Please fuck me, master!”

Crack!

“Please fuck my ass. Say it, blonde girl.”

“Please fuck my ass, master!” she gurgled. “Oh! Oh! Please fuck my ass!”

Her voice trembled as her hips began to rut back against him, and a raging flood-tide of churning liquid heat began to flood up through her body! Her cries grew louder and louder, and then his big hand wrapped itself completely around her throat, turning her cries to soft, muffled gurgles.

“Come for me, blonde girl, nasty little blonde sex slave,” he said. “Come on my black cock.”

And so she did, screaming at the top of her lungs, or trying to. The breath in her lungs was locked in by the big black hand wrapped around her throat, however. Her head throbbed and threatened to explode with the pressure of the sensations released within her, and the howling storm of pleasure which made her body thrash and shake uncontrollably.

“Tight assed little blonde” he growled, slapping her breast. “Come for me, slave girl. Come for your black master!”

Taylor felt utterly skewered, impaled on his thick shaft again and again and again, her mind torn to fragments by the explosive release of scalding pleasure! She thought she might faint, that her skull might explode, and only when he finally shifted his hand from around her throat to cover her mouth was she able to breath at all – just before she would have passed out!

*

She returned to her friends in a shockingly quick time. She'd only been gone five or six minutes or so, and gave no sign of how she ached inside, or how her breasts burned, or how her scalp stung. She dove into the water to cover her flushed skin, and give herself more time to recover, but she was so numbed and dazed she wasn't sure she'd be able to even take part in conversation after that!

She could deny Smith nothing, now. She had lost herself to the dark, thrilling heat of the wicked things he did to her. It made everything else in her life seem dull and ordinary.

The next morning before he would drive her to an appointment he bent her over the car, lifted her skirt, and tore her panties off.

“I told you not to wear panties any more, blonde girl,” he said.

She started to straighten and he gripped her long hair tightly, yanking her head up and back sharply, then slamming her down on the hood.

“I didn't say you could straighten up,” he barked.

Taylor gasped breathlessly, her breasts pillowed out against the cool metal of the car hood, her skirt up above her bottom as he stood behind her.

She moaned as he undid the belt from his pants, then gasped as he drew the belt out of his pant loops and doubled it in his hand.

“What are you?”

“A-a blonde!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Master” he said.

“A blonde, master!” she moaned.

“And what is a blonde?”

Crack!

“Oh! Please!”

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Master,” he said.

“Please, master!” she cried.

“What is a blonde?”

“A black man's property!” she cried.

“The property of black men, any black man.”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“And you forgot to say master. Say it, blonde girl. I like to hear it.”

“Master!” she cried, her bottom stinging hotly.

“Any black man that wants you gets to fuck you. Understand, blonde girl? Any black man at all.”

Crack!

“Understand?”

“Yes, master!” she cried.

Crack!

“Ow!” she cried.

“Are you going to wear panties again, blonde girl?”

“No, master!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“And you're going to spread your legs for any black man that wants you, aren't you.”

“Yes, master!’ she moaned.

Crack!

“Why?”

“Be-because I'm the property of black men!” she gasped.

“That's right.”

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom now.

“Spread your legs!’ he barked.

Moaning, Taylor obeyed gratefully, hoping that meant the strapping was over. She felt his fingers at her sex, caressing her, rubbing her, then pushing into her, and could feel herself how wet she was as his fingers pumped in and out.

They withdrew, and something else pushed into her, something thick, but short. It disappeared into her body, the lips of her sex closing behind it... except for a very narrow length which she felt sliding up across the top of her sex, then pressing in against her.

And then it began to buzz, to vibrate, and she sucked in a deep breath of air. The whatever it was pressed in firmly against her soft flesh right at the top of her pussy, yet... it was as if it was hollow, somehow, for she could feel it pressing in on either side of her clitoris, and above it, but not against her clitoris itself.

The effect was to make her already swollen clitoris seem to swell out even fatter and harder, and when his fingers began to brush across it she let out a series of helpless squeaks of pleasure at the raw bursts of pleasure which swept through her!

He gripped her arms and jerked them up behind her back, then looped the belt around them and jerked it back sharply. Taylor cried out as her arms were forced cruelly back, her shoulders aching and burning, then cried out again as he yanked her off the car by the hair and forced her to her knees in front of him.

His cock was thick and long and hard as it pointed at her face and she moaned, her mouth open and face flushed as she stared at it.

“This is what you worship, blonde girl. This is what you love more than anything in your life,” he said, stroking himself, then rubbing the head over her face.

Taylor whimpered breathlessly, then gasped as he pushed himself into her open mouth. Her jaw widened further and she began to lick and suck instantly, rolling her anxious blue eyes up at him. But her body was pulsing with heat, now, a deep wild thrill of hunger and passion gripping her and growing worse as the thing inside her buzzed strongly.

“You're going to swallow every inch of black cock,” he said.

Taylor moaned anxiously as he tightened his grip on her hair and pulled her slowly forward. She gurgled as she licked and sucked, as his hips began to move in and then back, fucking her mouth. She tried to brace herself, and to gulp in as much air as possible.

She was proud over having been able to swallow him before – not that she'd had any choice – but was anxious about doing it again.

Then his other hand slid behind her head and he pushed forward as he pulled her in against his groin. Taylor's eyes went wide as she stared at inch after inch of his cock pushing forward, gurgling and gagging as it entered her throat, but helpless to resist as he pulled her inexorably forward until her face was grinding into his groin!

“Yeah, every inch,” she heard through the pounding in her ears.

He held her there for long, long seconds, grinding her face into his groin, his big cock making her throat ache with fullness as her body trembled and shook. Then he pulled back, slowly, slowly, slowly. Her glazed eyes stared at the glistening length of black flesh emerging from her lips. She coughed violently as it finally

pulled free of her throat.

He rubbed himself over her face as she gasped for breath, then pushed himself into her mouth again and buried himself in her throat. This time he pumped in and out as he held her there, ignoring her gurgles and choked gags, which began to slowly diminish as she became light-headed.

He pulled free again, letting her gasp and breath, then pushed forward, thrusting in and out once more, using her face, her throat, her mouth. He held her there with one big hand gripping her hair as the other hand held his cell phone out to the side, aimed at her.

He finally pulled out only to pump his fist on his slick shaft and come, spraying his white creamy white seed over her face.

He chuckled as she gulped in air, using his cock to spread his semen over her cheeks and nose, up onto her forehead, and down over her lips and jaw, until it was a smooth, invisible, glistening layer.

He put her in the car with her arms still bound, ordering her to spread her legs wide, then got around front and started the car.

It took Taylor a few minutes to regain her breath, but then could do little as he drove out towards the gallery opening she was going to attend. She swayed a little in the back seat, but the seat belt kept her upright until she could shake off the light headedness.

Then it was a matter of coping with the... thing he had pushed into her. Looking down, it looked like nothing but an elongated paperclip pressed hard and firm into her body. Only this paper clip curved at the bottom and disappeared through the otherwise tightly closed lips of her sex to attach to that... thing inside her.

The thing pulsed, but the paper clip vibrated, and it was on a tight spring, pressing firmly into her flesh so as to ensure the thing inside didn't fall out. Her clitoris was stuck in the middle of it, looking and feeling swollen and hard and extremely sensitive!

Only she couldn't touch it.

She groaned, laying her head back, her hips starting to grind.

“Don't move!” he barked.

She froze with a gasp, and was forced to stay still the rest of the trip, despite how her insides thrummed with energy and her nipples ached. She was sure if she could only rub her swollen clitoris for a few seconds she would come powerfully!

Instead, when Smith stopped the car he went back into the rear, then took a brush from her purse and brushed out her hair, which had naturally become more than a little tangled. He pulled her skirt down, then bent her forward to remove the belt from her arms.

“Don't move and don't touch yourself,” he warned, before getting back into the front seat.

He finished the drive to the gallery, handed the car over, and accompanied her inside.

It was a very tense and anxious gallery opening for Taylor. She had worn a stylish but very short skirt, and now not only had no panties but had a vibrator buzzing inside her. The thin paperclip thing which pushed out from that and curled up across the top of her sex was silent, but it made her body quiver and tremble with a sense of suppressed power and energy.

And she had no chance to do anything about it either. She had to walk around being casual, holding a wine glass and chatting, while she felt ready to explode from the sexual tension inside her!

She also felt a strange sense of wicked, outraged excitement at knowing that her face was covered in his semen, in the semen of a black servant, and none of the precious, pretty, popular and powerful people around her had a clue!

By the time they got back into the car she was ready to attack him, but he ordered her to sit still, legs apart, and not touch herself on the drive home.

By then she was sweating and trembling and moaning, digging her fingernails into the palms of her hands in desperation.

When they were finally back in the garage, he ordered her to strip, then sit on the hood of the Mercedes and spread her legs up and back. She sucked in sharply as

she saw him take out his cell phone and point it at her, staring at it like a deer caught in headlights.

“Now masturbate for me.”

“Please!” she moaned.

“Please master,” he said.

“Please, master!”

“Do it!”

Moaning helplessly, her fingers crept to her swollen clitoris, and the moment she touched it she was lost. She cried out in pleasure, her fingers stroking more and more frantically as cries, first soft, then louder, issued from her open mouth.

She screamed as the orgasm hit her, back arching, legs jerking and hips bucking violently as the pleasure tore at her mind.

*

The next day he acted quite proper and polite, which only raised her anxiety level. He drove her to her appointment, but when they returned he made her perform a strip tease to music, then give him a lap dance as he sat on a small wooden chair.

He picked her up and dropped her onto the hood of the car, then fucked her again, hard, making her entire body burn as she climaxed repeatedly.

Taylor found her mind battered and her entire sense of who she was torn apart by the hot, steaming, rough, savage sex! She prided herself on being a young woman of pride and dignity, and yet at the same time she was acting like a filthy whore with him, and reveling in it!

He was rough, crude, and completely disrespectful, and she simply could not understand why that turned her on so much!

He began to summon her to the garage with text messages, where he handcuffed her wrists behind her back and ordered to kneel and perform oral sex. Of course,

his version of oral sex had her mostly as a helpless open mouth which he thrust into as hard and deep as he chose.

Her throat was constantly sore from the hard thrusting of his cock, just as her bottom was constantly sore from the slap of his big, black hand! Her breasts felt bruised, as he crushed and mauled them every time she was near him!

Yet all those sensations merely served to remind her, whenever she wasn't with him, about her dark, shocking, secret life of perverted sex with a negro hired servant, and make her feel helplessly, hopelessly aroused!

*

“Tell Paul you're going to meet with a girlfriend,” she read on her phone.

Of course, that immediately gave her a sharp shock of heat and anxiety, tightened her chest, and made her nipples tingle. She obeyed, of course, going out to the garage anxiously, wondering what he wanted this time.

He was working on one of the engines. He turned his head as she entered.

“Strip,” he ordered, before turning back to the car.

Gulping anxiously, Taylor obeyed, standing still, shifting her weight nervously from foot to foot as she waited for his further attention.

“Hands behind your neck, head back, chest out, legs apart,” he said, without looking up.

She gasped, then obeyed, feeling a prickle of heat run down her face and across her chest, her nipples tingling in response.

Finally he slammed the hood and came over to her. He laid his big hand between her breasts and then let it coast gently up and down and around each breast.

“Do you love black cock, blonde girl?”

“Y-Yes, master! I love black cock!” she gulped.

“Grip the fender and bend over at the waist,” he ordered.

Heart thumping, Taylor stepped forward, putting her hands on the edge of the car, then bending over.

Crack!

“Way over.”

She moaned, bending fully, ninety degrees, her breasts hanging below her as he took something from a shelf and did something with it. A moment later he drew a rope beneath her, with two loops in it. He fed each loop around her soft breasts, then pulled on the opposite sides of the rope to tighten them.

“Oh! What are you doing!?” she squealed.

The loops closed tighter and tighter as he pulled the rope up around the sides of her ribs, squeezing around the base of both breasts and forcing the soft flesh to go taut as it was squeezed sharply. Her nipples felt like hot, hard little pebbles trying to tear free of the taut skin!

She felt the two sides of the rope being tied together behind her back. Then he jerked her upright by the hair, gripped her right hand, and forced it up behind her back, tying it in place. Her left hand came next, pulling it up with the other, high between her shoulder blades.

She felt the rope going around her arms, then, just above the elbows, forcing them back further, making her shoulders ache.

He grinned at her, then gripped her hair and pulled back, forcing her to arch, forcing her jaw wide as he pressed something against it.

He'd shoved that dildo of his down her throat a number of times, but this was something new and different. At first it looked like a thick black dildo, but it was only a few inches long, and had a strap at the bottom. It filled her mouth, though, pressing down against her tongue and up against the roof.

He drew the strap across her cheeks and back behind her head, then fastened it in place, leaving the wide eyed blonde with her mouth fully gagged and her breasts taut and throbbing.

Then he guided her over to the limousine and into the back seat! She gasped as

he closed the door, then got in the drivers seat! The car pulled out of the garage and then out of the gate, driving up the road and out of Beverly Hills as she sat trembling and moaning, her body practically vibrating with excitement, despite a severe case of anxiety and uncertainty.

The car stopped for what she thought was a red light, and was shocked when the door next to her opened and a man got in, closing the door behind him!

She gaped at him in horror, mortified, squirming back towards the other side as he leered at her! He was a black man, big and powerful, though not nearly as big as Smith. He was also younger than Smith, closer to her own age.

“Hot damn,” he said.

He chuckled as she squealed into the gag, reaching over and dragging her up across his lap, then jerking her hair up and back to hold her firmly in place.

“Nice,” he said in a low growl. “Nice from top to bottom.”

“Ain't she?” Smith asked. “Finest blonde meat you'll ever see, nigger.”

Taylor gasped as his free hand slid between her legs, his fingers immediately stroking up and down her sex, then pushing into her. She squirmed wildly at first, but then he jerked back more sharply on her hair.

“Sit still, blonde,” he growled.

Whimpering, moaning, Taylor obeyed, as his fingers probed within her and his head descended so he could lick and suckle at her breasts, at her nipples.

Despite her humiliation, a dark, flare of heat sent a rush of pure sensation up through her belly. She was stunned by what was happening, dazed, filled with disbelief, and yet, with every passing second, the sense of crackling sexual electricity grew more intense.

The black man turned her on his lap, forcing her to kneel straddling him, facing him, her breasts taut and pressing against his face. He undid his trousers and held his own long black cock up against her belly, then gripped her hair and forced her to rise.

Taylor was so shocked she was hyperventilating, but when she felt his cock pressing against her she cried out into the gag and sank down, crying out again, and then again, as she slid down fully atop him!

“She loves black meat,” she heard Smith say.

“She better,” the man beneath her said.

He began to suck and chew at her breasts again, his hands kneading them or sliding around to knead her buttocks.

“Ride me, blonde girl,” he ordered.

He slapped her bottom to signal her to start, and Taylor yelped, and obeyed, already, despite herself, sopping wet as she began to ride up and down on his stiff black cock.

“Nice and tight,” the black man said in between chewing and sucking her nipples.

“Yeah, I haven't been fucking her long,” Smith said. “When I've had her a while she'll have a lot more room in there.”

The two men laughed coarsely, and she flushed, her face burning.

But her body burned even more, as she rode up and down on the stranger's cock!

She was once again gripped by that sense of shocked outrage and disbelief, and as it had before, that made something inside her burn with a ravenous passion and desire! The feel of his cock inside her was glorious as she sank down on it again and again and again!

The car pulled over and the door opened on the other side. She stared in shock as another black man got in and closed the door, leering at her as the car pulled back into traffic!

“Now ain't that one hot and sexy looking blonde,” he said.

“And like all blondes she loves nigger cock,” Smith said.

Crack!

The black man beneath her slapped her bottom sharply.

“I didn't tell you to stop riding me, beatch!” he growled.

He gripped her stiff nipples and pinched them sharply, then raised his hands up, forcing Taylor to arch her back and rise up to ease the stinging pain. He pulled them down and she sank down again. He pulled them up and she squealed and rose once more as all three men chuckled.

The new man took something out of his pocket, a small plastic container, and rubbed something over his fingers, but Taylor hardly noticed. Her mind was aghast, shocked, appalled, and she was filled with a horrible sense of embarrassment!

All while raw carnal heat swirled and churned and rolled through her and over her in waves.

She cried out as she felt the fingers pressing against her back opening, felt them rubbing her there, covered in something slick, then pushing slowly up into her ass.

“Keep riding me, blonde girl,” the man beneath growled, pinching her nipples harder.

Crying out, she rode up and down, gasping for breath as the other man slid his long black fingers deep into her bottom and pumped them in and out. Then the first man gripped her hips and shifted himself sideways on the long, wide seat. He lay back as the second man slid off the seat onto the floor.

“You know what's better than having a big nigger cock in your belly, blonde girl?” Smith asked.

“Two nigger cocks!” the other two men cried in amusement.

Taylor shuddered, then cried out as the fingers pushed up into her bottom again, a third finger pushing in beside them. The second black man climbed up onto the seat behind her and she gaped in disbelief as she felt his cock pushing slowly into her ass!

I'm going out of her mind, she thought dazedly. This can't be happening!

But it was! She cried out again and again as her insides were stuffed with black cock, as sensory overload swept through her in the form of wild, surging waves of intense sensation, of thrilling heat and overpowering passion!

The two men thrust into her with deep, powerful strokes as she thrashed and twisted and then began to scream into the gag, orgasm after orgasm tearing apart her mind as she trembled and shook! Her body was wracked by convulsions as the two big Black men thrust into her, slapping and cuffing her, groping her breasts and laughing in delight.

The car stopped, though she hardly noticed. The rear door opened and Smith climbed in. it was a big car, easily meant to take three or four people in the back, but the three black men were very large, so that it seemed to Taylor that she was being crushed by the mass of them jammed in around her!

Not that she cared.

She was limp now, across the first man's body, gasping, dazed, barely conscious, as Smith undid the gag and pulled the thing out of her mouth. She moaned weakly, only to gasp as he pulled her head up by the hair and twisted it to the side.

He was kneeling on the floor next to the seat, and guided his thick cock into her mouth, then pushed it deep into her throat.

The continued thrusting of the other two men, their hands racing over her body, fingering, stroking, rubbing and kneading her soft flesh, began to quickly reignite the fires which had almost fried her mind. Taylor's head lolled bonelessly, held up by Smith's tight grip on her hair as he pumped in and out.

Then the heat flared higher, hotter, and she began to grind herself wildly against the man beneath her, crying out breathlessly as the wild rush of sensory pleasure swept through her again and again. Being unable to breath, or hardly able to breath, made her head pound and actually increased the intensity of the sensations as she screamed and screamed again in soundless ecstasy!

*

Smith drove her back home, and there finally untied her and helped her dress. She went staggering and stumbling up to the house, dazed and exhausted, sore inside and out, from scalp to throat to breasts to bottom to her aching insides.

She collapsed on her bed with a moan, eyes slitted.

What have I gotten myself into, she moaned silently.

She stripped, then lay on her back, spreadeagled, moaning, stunned, shell-shocked. She was horrified at what she'd let them do, and even so a wild, incredible sense of delicious thrilled heat churned within her at every memory.

In fact, before very long her hands were sliding over her body as she moaned low in her throat, gently kneading her sore breasts and softly stroking her swollen clitoris until an orgasm swept through her.

She had no idea what she was going to do about Smith. It bewildered her. The raw, animal heat she felt around him made her incapable of saying no. And he was making her do the sluttiest, most horrible, shocking and appalling things!

She wanted it to stop... only... only she didn't!

For while it was shocking and slutty and horrible, the pleasure and excitement were simply too powerful, too intense, and too addictive!

What were gallery openings, brunches with the girls, and shopping trips compared to the incredible rush of what she did with Smith!?

Yet she needed to put her foot down, somehow, needed to get at least some control over what she did! Even though it was that sense of being completely out of control and helpless which was partly responsible for the mad rush of heat...

If her father ever found out... or her friends! God! There'd be hell to pay!

But that danger just made it more darkly thrilling.

She thought of it as a wicked game, but she recognized that it was doing strange things to her head, and in some ways, emotionally if not intellectually, she was even coming to think of herself as a slut, and as Smith's slut, even as the slut of all Black men! Blonde. She was a blonde, and blondes were the slaves of black

men and their big cocks!

It was... ridiculous, and she knew it. But a part of her was coming to feel as if it were reality!

As if he was... was... brainwashing her! She would simply have to confront him and... well, try to persuade him to... to lighten up on that stuff! And not to introduce any more men into their relationship! At least... not without asking first!

Relationship? God! The very idea she had a relationship with a servant! A nigger servant!

No, she had no relationship. She was just using him for cheap thrills. Not that he wasn't doing the same to her, she realized.

But that was okay. As long as they kept it secret. She flushed and mentally squirmed as she recalled those cell phone pictures and videos he had taken! She had to get him to delete those and not take more! What if those got out!? And he wasn't even her boyfriend! She certainly couldn't trust him with them!

An hour later, as if to confirm her anxieties about them, she got a message from him on her phone, and it was the video from the back seat of the car! She stared, appalled, horrified, cringing, at the sight of herself crushed under all that black flesh, squirming and squealing and bucking and twisting and... and screaming in pleasure!

Whimpering, she had no choice but to masturbate, eyes wide with heat and horror as she watched!

Her heart raced, afterward, and she paced back and forth, gripped by fear and alarm, then she hit on the only solution which occurred to her. It would certainly get her a strapping afterward, but it was worth it. She couldn't trust a man, not even a boyfriend, to delete a video like that! She had to make sure!

She put on shorts and tank top and got a drink, then went out by the pool. Then she picked up the phone, not her cell phone, but the house phone which connected with Paul.

“Oh Paul, would you contact Mister Smith and ask him to come and see me

briefly, please? Thanks.”

She hung up, frowning. Why had she said please? Granted, Paul was on a considerably higher level than a mere negro chauffeur, but he was still only a servant.

Paul would call him, and he'd have no choice but to come out and see her.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, Smith, wearing his suit, came out of the garage and wandered across the grass and up to the pool.

“You called me, Miss Evans?” he asked calmly.

“Uhm, yes, Mister Smith,” she said, her voice slightly breathy. “I was hoping you'd put suntan oil on my uhm, back.”

She sat up, then stood up.

“That wouldn't be appropriate, Miss Evans,” he said tonelessly.

She had positioned her chair much closer to the pool than normal, and now lunged forward, throwing all her weight against him. It almost wasn't enough. Even caught by surprise he almost held her back, but in the end, his foot shifted just enough, and he went into the pool.

Hopefully, carrying his cell phone with him!

“Oh, I'm so sorry. I lost my balance, Mister Smith!” she said, her voice squeaking as he stood up in water to his waist.

He glowered at her and she gulped, heart beating rapidly.

“Don't worry. Of course, we'll pay to get your uniform laundered!” she said, the words tumbling over each other. “And of course, if anything you had, like uhm, a cell phone, was damaged, we'll buy you a new one!”

He pulled himself slowly up out of the pool as she stepped back.

“A better one! A top of the line one!” she exclaimed anxiously.

Whatever Smith might have said was forestalled when Paul came striding out of

the house. He must have been watching, wondering why she'd called Smith to the pool, she thought anxiously.

“Mister Smith,” he said. “I hope you're all right.”

“I'm... fine, Mister Conway,” Smith said. “Thought my uniform... and my watch and cell phone are worse for wear.”

Taylor felt like cheering!

“Mister Evans will take care of all expenses, I assure you,” Paul said, glaring at Taylor, “And will be informed of the deliberate attack by his daughter.”

“I tripped!”

Paul glared at her again.

“I'll go and change,” Smith said, trudging back to the garage.

“Miss Evans! I can't even imagine what your father is going to say about this!” Paul exclaimed.

“It was worth it,” she said.

He shook his head with disapproval, lips pursed, then turned and headed back into the house.

Taylor hung around the pool for an hour, hoping that would be long enough for Smith to get over the worst of his mad, then, bracing herself, made her way to the garage. She was going to get it, she knew, but she'd rather have a sore ass than worry about it all evening and night until he came back to work the next day.

She was almost cheerful about it. She'd stood up to Smith. Sort of. If she did it once, she could do it again. Men, in the end, wanted sex more than women did, and were willing to put up with more to get it. She'd get their ... game back onto terms she could find more acceptable to her station in life – and his. It was just going to take a little time.

And some pain to her bottom.

END

Taylor's New Chauffeur

Taylor's Rough Ride

Taylor's Black Heat

Taylor's Dark Submission

*

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

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