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# Savor Her

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Savor Her

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# Savor Her

Drea had been dreaming of rosemary. At night, she saw the shrubs surrounding her like the unruly hair of a lover. Their needly leaves pricked her skin, imprinting fragrant freckles into her back and belly. Their flowers rained down as purple dew, infusing the humid air with their scent. Drea's nipples hardened when she smelled the foliage, and each time she woke up from a rosemary dream, she had to pull her fingers from within the folds of her pussy lips. Tasting herself, she could swear she'd spent the night cumming rosemary cream.

So when the aroma of rosemary hooked its pointed fingers around Drea's arm and tugged her toward a studio as she walked home one night, her pussy got instantly wet, and she walked willingly through the open door the scent had drifted from. The entrance to the small studio was dimly lit, but bright lights illuminated the center, where men and women stood behind stovetops and chopping blocks. A woman's commanding voice called out instructions as they cooked. Drea couldn't see her, so she slipped further inside, silently folding herself up behind a stack of crates to get a closer look.

The chef looked familiar. Then again, the chef was gorgeous as hell, so for Drea, it could've just been one of those "wish I knew you" kinds of familiar. Her deep brown skin stood out like ink against the clean canvas of her long, white uniform. High cheekbones and a strong jawline framed her face, which was pulled into a stern expression. From the shadows, Drea seized the opportunity to stare, taking in the scent of rosemary along with the sight of the full hips and breasts that swelled and sloped beneath the woman's white cloth.

“There’s no magic secret to this sauce, you know,” the chef said to the students, who frowned and sweated as they struggled to whisk at her pace. “I just pulled this recipe out of my ass this morning. If I can do it, you can do it!”

Her tone, playful but steady, reminded Drea of where she’d seen this woman before: on television. On the last night she’d spent with Rachel.

Drea had been wrapping herself in a sheet, feeling strangely self-conscious after making Rachel cum by rubbing her nipples against her clit. Before Rachel, she’d never spent so much time comparing her body to a girlfriend’s body. Maybe it was because she’d gained a few pounds around her midsection over the past few months, or because Rachel so frequently commented on how other women’s bodies outshined Drea’s. Whatever the reason, it meant she had a hard time letting go of her self-awareness in bed. After sex, she hurried to cover herself up, while Rachel paraded around without an insecure care in the world, perky pink nipples sticking out like badges of pride from the pale skin of her small breasts. Drea wished her own voluptuous body was as petite as Rachel’s.

That is, until the chef appeared on the screen behind Rachel, and Drea found herself coveting quite the opposite. The woman carried herself like some kind of goddess, floating in on those full hips like she was riding a chariot. Her contagious confidence radiated even through the TV, and just seeing her up there gave Drea permission to drop the sheet a little and hold her own body a little higher.

The television host introduced the woman as Chef Cherise. She was there to talk about winning the Whistler Award, the region’s highest honor for the culinary arts. When the host tried to drone on about recipes and family cooking traditions, Chef Cherise interrupted, taking over the interview.

“I just have to say this,” she said, her booming voice overpowering the host’s. “This is a new day for the Whistler Award, and a new day for the culinary arts. Because I’m the first black woman

to win this award. And I'm proud to be here, proud to win this for all the black women overlooked for what they do. This award is not just for me, but for every black woman out there who's ever struggled for recognition of her strength, talent, and beauty."

Drea smiled. That meant the award was for her.

Rachel flopped down beside her, and in an instant, Drea felt her pride deflating.

"She's pretty," Rachel said.

"Yeah."

Rachel tugged at a strand of Drea's afro, wrinkling her nose when the hair coiled back into its kinky state.

"Why don't you straighten your hair like she does?" she asked. "You'd look better that way."

Drea sighed and brought the sheet back up over her body. She wanted to put it over her head, too.

That same night, Rachel said they should see other people. That same night, Rachel left with another woman she'd already begun to see. That same night, Drea dreamed of rosemary. And she'd been sleeping alone, dreaming that way ever since.

In the cooking studio, class was coming to a close. The students had stopped whisking, but none of their sauces looked as smooth as the thick cream in Chef Cherise's pan. Drea licked her lips. She watched Chef Cherise use the tip of her finger to bring a sample of the sauce from the pan to her red lips. Ever so briefly, the woman dropped her shoulders and closed her eyes as she tasted it. Drea's mouth watered as she imagined doing the same.

"Good class, everyone!" Chef Cherise called out as the students shuffled out of the studio.

Panic splashed over Drea. With the cooking students filing out through the only entrance, she had no way of slipping out undetected, like she'd come in. She'd have to wait until they all left, but if she did that, Chef Cherise would see her.

She didn't have much time to consider the options, because in a matter of minutes, the students had all cleared out. The door clicked close. The only sound was of Chef Cherise running a rag over countertops.

As nervous as she was about getting caught spying, Drea couldn't help feeling excited about this chance to watch the chef alone. Her eyes followed Chef Cherise's long legs as she stepped and spun through the kitchen with the grace of a dancer. When the chef removed her hat, Drea saw that one thing had changed since her television appearance – she'd shaved her head. Wearing a short buzz cut of tight black curls, Chef Cherise looked even more elegant, like a creature from an enchanted forest.

Drea knew she should speak up or dash out of the studio, but she couldn't stop watching. The fact that Chef Cherise didn't know she was there made this feel like an intimate, forbidden moment. Making sure to be quiet, Drea slowly unbuttoned the front of her skirt and slipped a finger beneath her panties. Her pussy was just as wet as it was when she awoke from a rosemary dream. She added another finger and stroked, letting the juices soak her hand as she watched Chef Cherise bend over, giving her a good look at her supple ass.

"Did you enjoy the show?" The chef's voice thundered through the silence.

Drea gasped and yanked her fingers from her pussy. Chef Cherise knew she was there the whole time. Did she know she was touching herself? Drea opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out. She didn't know what to say.

"Come on out of there," Chef Cherise said in the same commanding voice she'd used to instruct the class.

Drea quickly adjusted her wet panties as she stood, and stepped out from behind the crates with her head hung in shame.

"You were spying on my class, weren't you?"

"I'm sorry, I just – the scent roped me in."

She felt small standing in front of the chef's tall, authoritative figure. She was compelled to tell the truth, but she knew it was an inadequate excuse.

"Do you have any idea how much my classes cost?" the chef asked.

"No. But I saw you on TV. I imagine it's a lot."

"Yeah. A lot."

"I'm really sorry. I don't have the money to pay you," Drea said, her cheeks burning with shame. "But I can try to make it up to you somehow."

"Guess you'll have to wash dishes."

Drea clutched a rag and moved to the sink in seconds, ready and willing to scrub away her embarrassment along with the grime. Before she could pick up a dish, Chef Cherise was behind her, pulling the rag from her hand, slowly, thread by thread. Chef Cherise was a whole head taller than she was, and Drea could feel the pillows of her breasts against her shoulder blades, and her legs against her ass. She inhaled as the touch made her panties even wetter than they already were.

"I was just kidding, girl," Chef Cherise said.

She laughed and playfully pushed Drea away from the sink, then surged forward and wrapped her arms around her, catching her just before her back hit the stove where the chef been cooking.

"Careful," the tall woman warned, cradling Drea's body in her arms. "That's hot."

Drea inhaled, hungrily taking in the scent from the pan behind her, as well as the flowery fragrance rising from Chef Cherise's chest in front of her. Her body heat began to climb, but she didn't think it was because of the hot stove. She felt strangely shy and silent, waiting for the chef's permission to speak.

"What's your name?" Chef Cherise asked, granting her permission.

"Drea."

"I'm Cherise."

“I know,” Drea said, though it didn’t feel right to just call her by her first name. “May I taste your sauce, Chef Cherise?”

“Only if I can taste you.”

Drea shot her eyes to Chef Cherise’s, to see if she was joking again. Her brown eyes were dark and narrow. Serious.

The chef moved closer to reach the stove, and now her breasts were pressed tightly against Drea’s chest as she swiped her finger through the sauce. She brought her finger between their faces and blew lightly on the white liquid dripping down it.

“It’s a rosemary cream sauce,” she said.

“I’ve been dreaming of rosemary,” Drea told her.

“Really? Do you know what that means?”

Drea shook her head.

“It means sadness, and loss. Have you lost something recently? Or somebody?”

Drea was silent again.

Without warning, Chef Cherise pulled Drea’s lip down with her thumb, and pushed her finger into her mouth. The taste came to Drea in waves – first, the milky butter of the cream, then the savory, tangy lemon, and finally, the rosemary. Sweet, succulent rosemary. Drea closed her eyes and moaned, filled with the satisfaction of tasting exactly what she’d been craving. Chef Cherise pushed her finger further into Drea’s mouth, swirled it around, and pulled it out. Drea kept licking while Chef Cherise drew a line along her lips with her finger.

When Chef Cherise pulled away, the sensation of her touch remained on Drea’s lips, and she kept her eyes closed, wanting more. A silent, serene moment passed before Chef Cherise chased it away with a snap of her finger. Drea jerked her eyes open to find Chef Cherise’s face just in front of hers.

“So,” Chef Cherise said, her hot breath hovering over Drea’s mouth. “You got yourself a free pass to my class, and a taste of my sauce. Tell me, what are you willing to do to make it up to me?”

Drea’s body felt about as firm as the flowing sauce, and she couldn’t think of a single reservation.

“Anything,” she said.

“Okay, my little spy. Then you are now mine.”

With that declaration, the air in the studio seemed to shift. Or maybe it was because Chef Cherise moved, and the power of her swift body conjured up wind that flowed around Drea’s body. In seconds, Chef Cherise cleared a countertop and pushed Drea toward it. This time, the shove was less playful, more forceful, but a thick, devious smile garnished the chef’s lips.

“Lie down. On your back,” she barked.

Drea moved quickly to do as she was told. She felt relieved from the tension of getting caught, grateful for the chance to make up for what she’d done, but she felt more than that, too – sizzling nerves and moistening panties, sure signs that her body was turned on by what was happening.

With her shirt riding up, her warm back hit the cold counter. She cringed and tugged the fabric down to cover herself up.

“Ah-ah,” Chef Cherise scolded. Her fingers moved quick as fire, and she deftly pulled Drea’s shirt off and tossed it to the floor. She did the same with Drea’s bra, exposing her breasts to the air, and pushed her back down.

Drea stayed as still as possible while the chef moved around the kitchen like she was preparing a meal, and Drea herself was on the menu. Chef Cherise pulled aprons from a pile and used the strings to attach her wrists to the countertop’s wooden legs. With her arms tied behind her, Drea’s breasts stood high in the air. Once again, her cheeks burned with shame, and she wished to cover up, but she had agreed to “anything,” so she’d agreed to this, too.

She didn't think she could feel any more vulnerable, but Chef Cherise quickly showed her she could. She moved her hand, fingers spread broadly, down Drea's belly and into her skirt, where Drea's own fingers had been not long before. Even with her fingers over Drea's panties, she could detect her arousal.

"Wet for me already, are we?" she said with a smirk. "Let's see just how wet you can get."

With a single tug, Chef Cherise brought Drea's skirt and panties to her ankles. Now completely exposed, Drea could think only of her flaws – the roll of fat on her stomach, the unshaven hair growing wildly on her pussy.

Chef Cherise's sharp inhale told Drea that her thoughts were quite different.

"You look *delicious*," she purred, running her fingers through Drea's pubic hair. "I can't wait to taste you."

In spite of her eagerness, the chef managed to slow down, savoring each passing minute she had with Drea's body. She tied her ankles down with aprons, just as she'd done with her wrists, and then stood back, running her eyes over the sight of Drea naked, sprawled out, and tied down. After a few moments, she began pacing around the countertop, taking slow steps, but stirring up the air. Drea's body heat continued to rise, as if the chef were bringing her blood to a boil.

"Did you like my sauce?" Chef Cherise asked.

Drea's mouth watered just thinking about it.

"Yes, Chef," she said.

Chef Cherise grinned.

"I like when you answer me like that," she said. "Let's keep that up."

"Okay."

"What?" the chef snapped, rapping a wooden spoon down on the countertop beside Drea's head.

Drea jumped.

“I mean, yes, Chef!” she called out.

“That’s better,” Chef Cherise said, rewarding her with a tantalizing touch across her nipple.

Drea arched her back, leaning in for more, but Chef Cherise pulled away all too soon, leaving her on the counter to ache with wanting. She couldn’t see what the chef was doing, but heard the clanging of pots and pans, the hushed unsheathing of knives, and the click of a gas stove lighting up.

“Let’s turn up the heat, shall we?” Chef Cherise’s voice had darkened from the time since she’d barked out commands at her students. Now, she was nearly growling at Drea.

Suddenly, she pounced, leaping on the counter so she kneeled over Drea’s body. Drea watched as she loosened buttons, untied strings, and pulled her clothes off until she was wearing nothing but her clean, white apron. The apron springs cut down the center of her full breasts, through the dark brown of her nipples, and around her swelling hips. Drea longed to reach out and touch her, but her own apron strings wouldn’t allow it, and she had to catch her hot breath when Chef Cherise turned around and swiveled her supple ass in front of her face.

Drea could smell her sweet pussy and see the dark swell of her pussy lips coming toward her. She opened her mouth and lapped at the air with her tongue, ready for a taste. Chef Cherise descended down within inches of her tongue while Drea wriggled with anticipation.

“Mmm,” the chef murmured. “I know you’re gonna lick this pussy good. But not yet.”

She jumped down to the floor just as quickly as she’d jumped up, and laughed when Drea whimpered.

“You think you’re just gonna take this pussy like you took a spot in my class?” she said. “You gotta earn it first, girl. You gotta take your punishment.”

This wasn’t punishment enough? Drea wondered. Had she been naïve to think that tying her to the counter was all the chef would do to her? She couldn’t imagine what more Chef Cherise had in mind.

Thankfully, what came next was a welcoming scent – the smell of rosemary, returned to her. Chef Cherise brought a serving spoonful of the sauce close to Drea’s lips. She could see it was piping hot, smoke rising from the cream and swirling seductively around Chef Cherise’s fingers. Once again, she opened her mouth, welcoming the taste.

And once again, Chef Cherise denied her. At the last moment, she pulled the spoon away from Drea’s waiting tongue, and she tipped it to pour the steaming cream onto her skin. Drea gasped at the scorching heat, but Chef Cherise didn’t stop, pouring the sauce onto her neck, her breasts, and her belly. Drea screeched like a teapot at its peak, her immobile hands turning to fists and her voice giving way to a moan as Chef Cherise’s lively tongue followed the heat on her body. She writhed and shuddered, both wanting to escape and wanting nothing more than to stay bound right where she was, under Chef Cherise’s power.

The chef licked the sauce from every roll and fold of her torso, then took extra care to nibble and stroke her open throat and hard nipples. She moved away for a moment, leaving Drea to pant in her absence, then came back with another spoonful of sauce.

“You want to taste my sauce, don’t you?” she said.

Drea nodded. Chef Cherise snaked her fingers through Drea’s hair and yanked her head back.

“You want my hot sauce in your mouth, my little indentured servant?”

“Yes, Chef.”

Chef Cherise gave her what she wanted. She poured the sauce through Drea’s lips and pulled her face close, watching her take down more sauce than she could fit in her mouth, nearly choking on it on the way down, but swallowing every bit with her eyes closed and her head tipped back in bliss.

Before she could swallow it all, the chef slipped her fingers into her mouth, shoving the sauce down more quickly. Drea gagged, but she held on to Chef Cherise's fingers with her lips, sucking and groaning. Chef Cherise grabbed a nipple and pinched.

"Since you're here, I'll give you a little cooking tip. Normally, when you cook with rosemary, you don't want to get it so hot," she said. "But I had a feeling you could take the heat."

When Chef Cherise yanked her fingers from her mouth, Drea kept struggling to swallow and breathe, sputtering sauce and saliva. Rachel never would've liked her this way, she thought to herself, before quickly returning her thoughts to the chef, who was peering down at her with a sly smile on her stunning face. No sense worrying about what Rachel would think with a hot chef so eager to put her on the menu.

And if she needed any more affirmation, she could take it now, as Chef Cherise began to talk about her like she was a fine piece of food. She picked up a wooden spoon.

"You're lean in all the right places, honey," she said.

*Thwack!* The spoon hit Drea's ankle, then rubbed Chef Cherise's nipple.

*Thwack!* A hit to her other ankle echoed through the studio and back to the chef's other nipple. The pain rippled up Drea's leg and straight to her wet cunt.

"And you're juicy in just the right places, too."

Chef Cherise spanked Drea's thighs, first in front, then the sides, then the back. Drea arched her back and lifted her legs as far as her bindings would allow. The spoon felt hotter with every hit. Each hit let her know how bad the chef wanted her, and she had to bite her own lips to hold back from begging her to take her.

Then she heard it again. The steel slice of a knife. This time, not unsheathing, but sharpening. Her heart crashed against the wall of her chest.

Chef Cherise showed her the blade before she touched it to her skin. She licked one side and then ran it across Drea's lips.

For a second, she thought Chef Cherise might be crazy. Then she moved past thinking – she *knew* this woman was mad. So why was her body pulling against the ropes for more?

The chef watched Drea's brown eyes widen.

"Are you afraid?" she asked.

Drea choked out her words.

"Yes, Chef."

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of you."

Chef Cherise dragged the blade down Drea's body. Drea inhaled deeply and rosemary flooded her senses. She could swear the knife was opening her up, unleashing the scent from her skin, but its tip was only kissing her skin, not biting. All at once, it hurt like pinching, like penetration, like the bursting of the heart after hurt fades away.

The chef kept the blade in touch with her skin. Drea didn't dare to move, though she trusted that Chef Cherise's hands could ride her with even a sudden thrust. The blade touched her neck, her nipples, and her hips, all without breaking skin. When she got to Drea's pussy, she didn't touch. She just let the knife rest so close to Drea's labia that her pussy lips opened and opened, blooming for the chef.

Drea was moaning, but Chef Cherise was silent for a while.

"Good girl," she said finally. "You've earned yourself a taste."

She put her hands in Drea's hair and mounted her face. Drea had no control over her head but she could move her tongue, and she did. With every taste of the chef's sauce, she'd really been longing for this, a sweet sip of what Chef Cherise's body brewed. The chef pushed her head to the counter and pressed hard against her, and though she could hardly breathe, Drea found her clit and kept licking. When Chef Cherise groaned and shook, she still didn't stop. She may have been the one tied to the table, but the chef was the one held captive by her cumming. Drea took the chance to drink all of her in, lapping up as much of the chef's cream as she could.

When she finally regained awareness, Chef Cherise slid down, holding on to the counter for balance.

“Good girl,” she said again. “Let me give you something, too.”

“Yes, Chef.”

This would be the moment, Drea knew, when Chef Cherise would slide into her, reward her at last for her patience and give her fucking she deserved. She wiggled in anticipation, gliding her ass along the smooth countertop.

When Chef Cherise reappeared with the large knife in her hand, Drea went still, while her pussy continued to pulse. Chef Cherise smiled, dipped her hand into a pan and used it to slather the knife’s handle with oil dripping like emerald honey.

“I only use the purest olive oil, for the finest pieces,” the chef said.

The knife handle parted Drea’s pussy just as Chef Cherise’s thumb pushed against her clit. Drea bathed in the sensations of her sweating body opening up while her arms and legs were tied still, unable to help her escape the pressure. While Chef Cherise moved the handle in and out of her, Drea gasped with every thrust, more than a little scared of the blade’s nearness to the delicate skin of her pussy.

She knew the chef, of all people, had enough expertise in handling knives to keep her skin safe, but the powerlessness of knowing also that she could do nothing but surrender her body to Chef Cherise’s hands put her nerves on edge. She was all the more in touch with the force of the knife handle driving into her, and the pressure of the chef’s oiled thumb rolling against her clit, and the curling of her toes, and the firmness of her nipples.

She lost track of where she was and why, aware only of the pure bliss sizzling through her veins. Chef Cherise’s thrusts got harder and faster, and Drea’s muscles got tighter. Since she was so immersed within the chef’s control, she felt she should ask permission before she plunged over the edge.

“May I cum, Chef?”

“Cum, my little slut servant.”

“Yes, Chef!”

Drea took the hard fucking, and in her mind she also relived the scolding, the spanking, the taste and feel of the searing hot sauce – everything that led to this moment, including her rosemary dreams. The orgasm came to her not as an end goal but as a long-awaited beginning, the sensation to set the stage for a new start. This new start came with shaking legs and a moaning voice and pleasure like she’d never known it before. Wetness dripped in waves down the knife handle and over Chef Cherise’s hand.

After she came, Drea stayed still, taking deep breaths as the chef put away her tools, cleaning the knife and turning off the stove. When Chef Cherise untied the knots on her wrists and ankles, Drea still didn’t move, her mind needing time to catch up to the sense of renewal running through her.

Chef Cherise brought her body down to Drea’s, a new gentleness in her caress as she massaged the string imprints from her wrists. She kissed her, softly at first, and then with the liveliness of her untamed tongue. She finished with a tender kiss to Drea’s forehead.

“I admire your courage,” she said, stroking Drea’s hair.

“My courage?” Drea said. She couldn’t believe who she was hearing this from. “You’re the one out there breaking down barriers for black women.”

“And you’re the one following your destiny, going where your dreams pull you. Wearing your hair as it’s meant to be. Yes, I admire you, Drea the dreamer.”

Drea smiled. She could swear her warm body glowed.

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