

Her African Mistress

By JJ Argus



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

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Before I met Zamile, I hadn't spent a lot of time thinking about sex. I know it's different for men, because that's all they ever seem to think about. But sex was just not that intriguing to me. I'm blonde and attractive, with a well-built, athletic body. As such, sex has always been available any time I felt in the mood.

Mostly, it hadn't been a big deal. It's not like I didn't like sex, but it didn't drive me until I met Zamile and had sex with her. I don't think it was even the fact it was a woman that did it to me. I don't consider myself to be a lesbian. I'm not even really that bisexual. The idea of sex with women is interesting, and not unattractive, but I still prefer, all things being equal, sex with guys.

Zamile wasn't just a woman, she was a tall, powerfully built, incredibly... assertive, confident and commanding woman. She was as black as the ace of spades, an ambassador from Zambia, and a Zulu Chief's daughter. She had kind of taken my breath away when I'd been assigned as her Secret Service bodyguard.

Literally. She'd put her hand around my throat and choked me just to show me she could do it if she wanted. Mind you, I was tied up at the time. But her point was she could harm me if she wanted, and didn't want to.

Zamile... manhandled me, if you will. She used me roughly, forceful, and made my body burn. I didn't quite understand why. She acted like she was a princess and I was a peasant, and I ought to be worshipping her. Which was so arrogant it should have made me laugh. Yet there was something about being overpowered, even if I didn't really resist, that gave me an incredible wild thrill!

She'd spanked me! That should have outraged me, but instead, I'd let her masturbate me to a climax. I'd spent some time wondering what the hell was wrong with me, but in the end I'd just surrendered to the passion and pleasure she'd raised in my body.

But now she'd gone home.

I didn't miss her as a person. I mean, it wasn't like we were girlfriends or anything. Princesses didn't pal around with peasants anyway. But as a lover, she had been by far the best I'd ever had. And I missed that a lot!

I masturbated every night now, thinking about the things we'd done, the things she'd done to me, the things Chaka had done to me...

Chaka, the Zulu warrior, tall, powerfully built, and as black as Zamile. She had let him use me, made me beg to be used, and his cock had pounded me so hard my brain had almost fallen out! God, it had been impossibly intense! I had been sore for days, but it was worth it!

The heat, the wild thrill of it all, had been beyond anything else I'd ever experienced, and my life was so boring now compared to that! I spent some time guarding various other minor foreign dignitaries, and, briefly, a congressman with delusions of grandeur. But it was sooo boring. I just stood around doing nothing all day!

I hadn't joined the secret service last year to guard people. I'd joined it out of college, where I'd taken accounting, to be trained in and involved in financial crimes. I was beginning to suspect they'd stuck me in the protective detail because they had a shortage of female agents.

So here I was, an accountant, with a gun, standing around doorways watching for bad people to attack whoever I was assigned to. Mostly, that never happened. Which left me doing pretty much, uhm, nothing, but standing around.

And reliving those wild days in my mind, those incredible, breathless, shocking, wicked, wanton days where I had done stuff which made my mind squirm, stuff I wouldn't tell anyone about! Got, I had acted like such a slut! It had been... degrading, in a lot of ways. But it had been sooo hot!

Which was why when I got the email from Zamile, I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of my stomach. I felt an instant thrum of excitement as I read the words. She wanted to talk, to Skype. It had to be right after I got off work, because they were several hours ahead of us in Africa.

A part of me felt amazed they even had the technology, but then, that was probably my American arrogance.

So two days later I found myself looking at her in my PC monitor, doing my best to seem as calm and casual as I could with those deep brown, arrogant eyes piercing me again.

“There is my little golden haired girl,” she said in accented English.

She was likely just shy of her mid thirties. I was twenty two. To my mind, that really didn't make me a little girl, especially since I was fairly tall for a woman, but I wasn't going to argue.

“Hi, Zamile,” I said.

“Me-gan,” she said, stretching out my name. “Have you missed us?”

I wasn't sure if she meant her and Chaka or if it was the 'royal we'.

“Uhm, kind of,” I said, flushing.

“Have you considered what I taught you about where your spirit wished to go?”

“I'm still not sure what you meant,” I said.

She snorted. “And do you still have the present I sent?”

I flushed a bit more, but nodded.

“Show me.”

“Uhm.”

“Now,” she said, voice hardening.

I hesitated, then got up and went into my bedroom, opened the side table and pulled out the big black dildo which had come in the mail. It had a note saying it was exactly the same as Chaka's 'spear'. I doubted that, but it was certainly long and thick, and very... realistically made.

I brought it back to the front room and sat down, then, blushing, kind of waved it at the camera.

“Hold it up, little girl,” she ordered.

She had this... voice thing going for her. It was a very determined, very insistent voice you hardly thought about disobeying.

So I held the dildo up in my hand, and I remembered the last time we were together, with Chaka driving himself into me while I licked her to orgasm. My pussy thrummed hotly and my nipples tingled within the cups of my bra.

“You did not have time to pleasure Chaka properly when you were with him,” she said. “When you come here, you will have more opportunity.”

I felt the thrum growing more intense.

“I don't know when I'll be able to – .”

“I will send you plane tickets,” she said.

My eyes widened. “Oh you can't – .”

“Do not say that I can not do whatever I wish to do,” she ordered, eyes narrowing.

Zamile did not like to be contradicted.

“But... I'll have to put in for a vacation and – .”

“Then do so. But first, you must learn to please Chaka.”

I blinked in confusion and she smiled.

‘You have demonstrated a small amount of talent with me in that regard, Me-gan, but I require more. You will exercise your tongue, do stretching exercises to make it stronger. And you will learn how to properly please an African man's spear. That means you will take every inch into your body.’

I blushed again.

“I uh, can do that,” I gulped.

“Into every orifice of your body,” she said.

I blanched. I looked at the thick dildo then back at the screen.

“Can you insert every inch of that spear into your mouth, Me-gan?”

I shook my head. “No.”

“You will learn this. It is not difficult.”

“Are you kidding?” I blurted.

She snorted, then lifted up what looked like an identical black dildo. She tilted her head back, slid it into her mouth and then, with only a small hesitation, slid it down her throat as I watched. She pulled it out again casually and raised her eyebrows.

“It is merely a matter of a strong mental outlook, little girl. Your mind controls your body, not the reverse. You will learn this thing and demonstrate it, and then... you will come and see me again. I have much to teach you about freeing your spirit about removing the bonds around your mind.”

Then she disappeared. I looked at the screen, then back at the dildo. It was easy to dismiss it as impossible, but then I'd just seen her do it. Of course, Zamile could do anything she set her mind to.

Then again, I had once thought that of myself...

The idea was intriguing, frankly, and something inside me wanted to prove I could do it, both to myself and to Zamile.

But I wasn't going to start with this monster! I bought a much smaller one, and set out to practice. I read what I could about it, and much of it, as Zamile said, involved mind over body. You swallowed food without any problems, after all, so it was just your mind that made you gag when you, for example, put a finger down your throat.

I practiced before eating, naturally. I practiced laying on the edge of my bed, with my head drawn up and back, and I gagged a lot at first. Then I thought to get aroused first, to work myself up to the point I was nearly ready to climax. Then I tried, and I guess I had a slightly different mindset then. It wasn't easy, at first, but I did it.

And that was the big breakthrough. Once I knew it was possible, it became easier. My mind now knew I wasn't going to choke on the thing, so it was less likely to cause me to gag. I felt a rush of excitement and success, and did my

best to push it. I knew that Chaka would not be gentle, so I was able to gradually pump the dildo in and out reasonably quickly without gagging, and even breath around it.

The first time I tried the big one I still gagged, but I knew I could do it, and I learned how. It wasn't easy but I learned, and the more I did it the easier it got. I was determined, after all. I wanted to... prove I could do it to Zamile.

But more than that the thought of going to Africa, of feeling that incredible thrill of heat and fire in my blood again, was like... it was like I was an addict who needed her fix!

And the place to get it was ... Africa.

*

Dodoma international airport was... well, an African airport. There wasn't a lot to it, and there were very few white faces, and none that were female. I had only brought one large bag. Zamile had said not to bring anything since she would see to it I had whatever I wanted, but that didn't seem realistic.

There was a very thin, old black man in a suit waiting for me, holding up a sign with my name on it. I went to him, a bit nervous, and he bobbed his head and grabbed my bag, then took off without a word. There wasn't much I could do but follow.

It was hot and it was dusty, but hey, I was in Africa! That was wild! I looked around excitedly as I followed him to a dusty black sedan, a Mercedes, actually, and watched him put the bag into the trunk, then hold open the rear door on the passenger side.

I got in and he closed the door and went around to the drivers seat, then got in and we started off.

The roads were better than I would have expected, at least at first, and the city was, well, not as ugly or crowded as I would have thought. It was mostly two and three story buildings, and nothing you would write home about, but I was fascinated and excited anyway.

But we were soon driving away from it and out on a long highway with nothing

on either side. The highway was again in amazingly good shape, though of course, they didn't have to deal with frost and road salt. And we were the only car on the two lane highway! I stared out the window at Africa as we drove, still more than a little amazed I was here!

We drove at an uncomfortably high speed, though, so I guessed either there were no traffic cops or the drive wasn't worrying about them. About half an hour later we slowed rapidly, and then turned off onto a one lane road, which was also paved.

It was hemmed in tightly by trees and brush on either side, seeming to have barely enough room for the car to squeeze by. We drove for another ten minutes, though not at as breakneck as speed. There wasn't much to be seen given the tall brush and trees. Then we turned off onto a dirt road.

It was in good shape as far as dirt roads go, again, probably not getting a lot of traffic. But it was another twenty minutes before we pulled up in front of a three story stone building. The first two stories had wide porches running along their front, with stone rails and pillars to the roofs above. The third floor was set back a bit, and now that I looked, I saw there were windows in the peaked roof above, indicating an attic.

There was a kind of round turret shape to the center portion of the building, encompassing the entrance door and the rooms above, and its round roof was also peaked. It was a large building, but there didn't seem to be a lot of people around. Then a man in a sort of cream colored robe scurried out from the door and took the bag from the driver, carting it inside.

“Uhm, excuse me?” I asked.

He ignored me and kept walking, so I quickened my pace, following him inside, not wanting my clothes to disappear.

And almost ran into Chaka!

Seeing him almost took my breath away. My eyes went wide and I took a step back gulping and flushing as he looked down at me.

“Uh... uhm... h-hi!” I gulped.

We hadn't actually spoken the last time. There hadn't been time for that.

We were in a large, high ceilinged entry hall with round pillars painted in a wild array of colors and symbols, but that was all background as my eyes were caught by the tall, broad shouldered man in front of me.

He wasn't wearing a robe. He was wearing loose white trousers which hung low on his hips, a bright, colorful, thick belt, and a kind of matching beaded necklace. I'm not talking about one string of beads here either. It was like a dozen of them stuck together in alternating patterns of blue and red.

He wasn't wearing anything else, and his muscular black physique, lightly gleaming with sweat in the heat of mid-day was... well... eye catching.

And then my face was pressed against it! Not the front, but his back, as he casually bent and lifted me up across his shoulder, then turned and walked down a side hall!

“Hey! What! Wait!” I gasped, hands pressed against his back.

I was belly-down over his broad shoulder with his arm clasped around my legs to hold me in place! The rest of me hung upside down down his long, broad back!

“Chaka! Let me down!” I exclaimed.

Crack!

I yelped as his hand slapped against my bottom, which of course, was conveniently placed for him on his shoulder.

“Ow! Don't!”

“You have much learn,” he said in a very deep voice that was more heavily accented than Zamile's had been. “Zamile show you.”

Mentioning her reassured me, but I was still anxious and fidgety and embarrassed to be carried down the hall like that! It got worse when we passed another man, wearing one of those cream robes. But he paid us little attention.

We climbed a flight of stairs, not to the second floor, but the third. He wasn't rushing, but was incredibly casual, as if he did this sort of thing routinely! But there didn't seem to be any point in trying to fight him! I was tightly held and my only alternative was to start slapping and punching at his back, which seemed pretty nicely muscled. I was pretty sure he wouldn't respond well to that.

He stopped, knocked, then opened a large dark wooden door and carried me through.

“Ah, our little golden haired girl,” I heard Zamile say.

I felt a sense of relief, then gasped as I felt hands on the waistband of my light linen trousers and they were jerked down over my hips, down my legs, and off!

“Yes, this looks familiar,” she said as I blushed deeply.

I felt the fingers grip the back of my thong and then it too was pulled down and off, leaving me naked from the waist down across Chaka's shoulder!

Embarrassment flooded me, but so too did a raw, wild heat!

It wasn't like I hadn't expected... something, but not so quickly!

“Such pale skin,” she said, her hand sliding up and down along my thigh, then cupping and caressing my naked pussy.

“In Tanzania, we wear bright colors over our dark skin. Your skin is very light, so dark colors, I think, will accentuate its beauty.”

I felt her hand sliding down my leg, caressing my ankles, even massaging my foot briefly. I tried twisting around to see around in front of Chaka, and gasped, face reddening further as I saw that not only was she standing there, wearing a brown and golden robe, but there was a younger woman there with her!

I felt suddenly horribly embarrassed, and instinctively wriggled to try and pull myself free. That got me a sharp and stinging slap on the bottom from Chaka.

“Your fear of your flesh being seen, little girl, is one of those things binding your spirit,” Zamile said. “It is one of those things we shall do away with.”

I felt something placed around my right ankle, something which felt... metallic and long. Then a similar something was placed around my other ankle. She moved around behind Chaka and I gasped as she wrapped my hair around her fist and then used it to lift my head up and back. She smiled at me, leaned in, and kissed me lightly on the forehead.

“Welcome to Africa, little girl,” she said. “You will learn much about yourself here.”

I was wearing a loose khaki blouse, which was now kind of bunched around my belly because of my being upside down. Zamile simply grasped its collar and yanked and it slid right down over my head and down my arms, then off.

“Zamile!” I cried, blushing again in the presence of the others.

“Nudity is not something to be ashamed of, girl, especially with a body as lovely as yours,” she said, undoing my bra and then removing it. I gasped, falling back against Chaka's back, my breasts pillowing against his warm, muscled skin as Zamile took one of my hands and stretched it out.

Panting, I pulled my head up and back, trying to see out from under my hair. She had a ... band in her hand. It was gaudy and thickly carved, painted gold, or at least, I assumed it was painted. It opened down the middle, and she closed it around my wrist. I thought it was probably the same sort of thing she'd put around my ankles.

I was not surprised, but blushed when I saw the stranger out of my peripheral vision, handing her another one. She fit this around my other wrist, then the woman stepped forward again, with something similar, but quite different. It was a collar. Thickly and intricately carved, gold colored, and matching the bracelets, if you could call them that, she'd fit around my wrists.

Heat and dark excitement grew within me, despite the embarrassment and anxiety, and I did nothing to resist as Zamile fit the collar around my throat and locked it together behind my neck.

Oh my God! This was insane! This was impossible!

Zamile said something and Chaka abruptly bent forward, throwing me up and over, catching me, and setting me down on my feet facing all three of them.

Naked!

I gulped, wide-eyed, as he turned me around once more, but saw the woman handing a chain, a golden chain, to Zamile. My wrists were lifted up and the bracelets, or whatever they were, were joined together above my buttocks. The chain was attached, and that then pulled them up a bit more as it was fastened to the back of the collar.

I was roughly twisted around again to face them all – still naked, of course, and I had never felt more naked in my life! I squirmed inside, my face hot, as Chaka gripped my hair behind my neck to keep me from dropping my face low and hiding it.

“Your breasts are as lovely as I remember,” Zamile said, cupping my breasts.

I felt another hot thrum of sexual energy roll through me, even as my embarrassment grew worse!

Her fingers plucked at my stiff nipples, and she said something to Chaka in Swahili, who rumbled something in reply.

Then the woman, who was tall like Zamile, and just as black, reached out, running her finger along my pussy and saying something questioning to Zamile. I flinched, but couldn't very well move away, and Zamile replied to the girl, who snorted in amusement.

“This is Aida, and she will help to teach you to understand yourself,” Zamile said. “For I have duties and cannot devote all of my time to your enlightenment. Chaka will assist her, of course.”

She smiled shrewdly. “I do not think this will cause you difficulties.”

I was in a state of shock by all of this. It had happened so suddenly! I just got here! And already I was naked and shackled! Oh I had been expecting wicked bedroom games with Zamile, and probably Chaka too, but... but later, at night, in private!

“Your knees, girl,” Chaka said in his thick, heavy voice.

He jerked downward on my hair as he spoke, and I gasped, forced quickly to my

knees facing the other two women.

“First you will show Aida that you have mastered that task which I set you,” Zamile said.

Chaka dropped his loose trousers and stepped out of them, and my face burned hotly as he turned me to face him. The idea of... of sucking his cock was actually making me hot, and I would have been happy to show him what I could do.

Doing it in front of Zamile just made it even hotter, though it also gave a wild mixture of embarrassment and anxiety.

Doing it in front of this stranger, as well as Zamile made it something else again, something wild, shocking, incredibly daunting yet amazingly arousing. My face was horribly hot, but the flush went right down my body, as my wrists pulled unconsciously against the shackles.

“Open mouth. Wide,” he ordered.

I opened my mouth, flinching despite myself, heart pounding, pulse racing.

“Wider.”

I opened my mouth wider, mind squirming as the two women looked on.

The three of them spoke, and I remained ignorant again.

Chaka gripped his flaccid cock and pressed it up against his belly, then guided my mouth in towards his balls.

“Please me, girl,” he growled.

He mashed my face in against his balls, and I gulped, heart thumping, and hesitantly began to kiss and then lick them.

The three of them exchanged words, and Aida walked away, then returned as I continued to lick at Chaka's balls.

Crack!

I screamed at the sharp, stinging blow across my bottom, twisting my head, or

trying to, to see what had happened!

Chaka kept my face where it was, but I was able to see Aida holding a long, slim black stick or crop.

“You know nothing of pleasing a man, you cow,” she said in English which was accented as though she were from an upper class British family.

She knelt beside me and I felt her smaller hand taking control of my hair, jerking it back sharply and painfully.

It was funny, but the first day she'd met me Zamile had looked at my hair, which hung just past my shoulders, and said no warrior woman would leave herself vulnerable to being so easily controlled by someone gripping her hair. She'd been using my hair like a handle ever since, and so now was Aida and Chaka!

Her hair, of course, like Aida's, was very short.

“You will treat his testicles as if they are the most beloved thing you know,” she growled. “You will treat them as the most tasteful objects ever to enter your mouth! You will worship them, and caress them with your tongue and your lips! You will marvel at their goodness, and at your fortune at being permitted to touch them!

She jerked back on my hair sharply and I cried out, hands jerking against the shackles.

“Now, you will start with your tongue, long, slow licks that demonstrate your love and awe of the bounty given you.”

Zamile snorted behind me but said nothing, as Aida pushed my face forward and I began to lick at Chaka's balls. The stinging blow on my bottom made me even more anxious, and aware of my own helplessness, as I pushed my tongue out and licked long and slow and gently across and around his large black balls.

“Kiss them gently, letting your lips slide partly over them. Suck lightly,” Aida said.

She held my hair in her right hand but suddenly, the left slid in to cup and fondle my breast! I flinched and jerked, but continued to lick and suck on Chaka's balls

as her fingers kneaded my breast and rolled and pinched my stiff nipple.

Her hand slid lower then as she spoke.

“Now let your lips kiss them and slowly suck them in, parting your lips slowly, almost reluctantly, letting it slide slowly into your mouth as you suck.”

Her left hand slid down between my legs, and my hips jerked again. A part of me wanted to tell her to stop, but my body was thrumming with sexual electricity like a high tension wire! The feel of her fingers against my clitoris made me want to grind myself against them!

Her fingers brushed lightly across my clitoris, then pressed into the flesh on either side, trapping my clitoris between them as they slid slowly up and down, up and down, squeezing a bit, then less, then more as I sucked on Chaka's balls.

Chaka stood stoically, like a huge black statue above me as I worked on his balls, then slowly began to lick my way up and down his now hard shaft, staying well clear of the head. I mouthed his shaft sideways, letting my lips and tongue caress it, then returned to slicking on his balls, then licked back up again.

Chaka let his cock fall, but it didn't fall that low. It pointed up at an angle as Aida guided my mouth up at last, letting me lick at the head, letting me mouth it, massaging it with my lips alone.

The single sharp blow across my bottom had focused my mind very sharply. I was so intent on doing what I was told that I obeyed Aida completely in all she said, and my embarrassment began to fade away as I concentrated on the task before me, which was learning to please Chaka's cock the way she wanted!

Finally, she had me take him into my mouth, spreading my lips wide around the thickness of his now glistening shaft. I bobbed my head in and out, sucking it, licking it, taking it deeper and deeper into my mouth.

Aida had stopped massaging my clitoris, pinching and rolling and tugging at my nipples instead. It was... distracting, often hurting more than anything else. Her voice would harden as she saw me do anything she didn't like, and her fingers would pinch or pluck harder at my nipples at the same time.

It was really amazing, at least, when I thought about it afterward, how quickly I

came to heed her voice, how anxious I was to please her so she didn't pinch my nipples sharply. I mean, it wasn't like she was torturing me or anything. It was just a little nipple pinching! But the pain, the repeated pinching and tugging and twisting, built up an awareness in my mind that obeying instantly would lessen the pain, and that any delay would inevitably have her nails digging into my tender nipples to make them burn with pain.

“Now take him into your throat,” she finally said.

We'd been at it almost half an hour, by then, or so it seemed! My knees were aching! My nipples were burning! But I was still incredibly aroused, even if anxious and helpless!

I gulped in air and began to bob up and down using longer strokes, then I thought I heard her inhaling, inhaling in the way she did before saying something. I felt a pulse of anxiety, and forced myself down further, gurgled and almost gagged as his big, slick cock pushed into my throat, then forced myself forward, impaling my throat on his thick staff.

It pushed deep into my throat, and my eyes watered, but I forced myself all the way forward, gurgling weakly as my throat strained, as it ached, but swallowing inch after inch of black meat until my lips were wrapped around the base.

“On a scale of one to ten you perhaps merit a two,” Aida sniffed. “We will train you to much better before we are done.”

I moaned as she pulled back on my hair, and I gurgled again as I stared, cross-eyed, at the thick black cock emerging from my mouth. Inch after inch after inch slid out into the light until it came free of my throat, and pulled back. I coughed, and saliva kind of dripped over my lower lip and down onto my chest.

“You will learn,” Aida said.

She made me suck on his balls again and lick up and down the shaft, then take him into my throat once more. Again and again she had me practice it, and when her nipple pinching didn't seem to be accomplishing what she wanted, Zamile used the crop, snapping it across my bottom with stinging force!

The weird thing is it didn't even occur to me to protest any of this!

I took Chaka down my throat a dozen times, evidently improving, but not enough to please Aida. Nevertheless, they called a halt to it. I was light-headed, teary-eyed, gasping for breath, and finding it harder to concentrate.

They spoke and then Aida jerked my hair back painfully sharply, bowing my body.

“Now you will submit to Chaka,” she said.

She pulled me down onto my back on the floor, and Chaka knelt between my legs. He gripped them behind the knees as Aida released my hair and stood up. My chest was still heaving, and I was still feeling kind of faint as the two African women looked down. Then my attention was completely diverted by Chaka.

He pushed his slick cock against my opening and I groaned aloud as I felt the force of him pushing my swollen pussy lips in and then back – and back more, stretching my opening as his thick girth slowly forced its way into me. He forced my knees back over my shoulders as he drove himself into me, and I moaned dazedly, staring up into his chest, my body bent and squeezed beneath his powerful hands.

His cock pushed deeper and deeper, and I shuddered with rapidly rising heat as he lowered his body. His weight shifted onto my ankles and he forced them back farther and farther, elevating my buttocks as he began to stroke.

The other two simply... watched. But their presence, their watching, did something weird to my mind. It wasn't just Chaka's powerful body over me, and his big cock thrusting into me. They were an audience, and Aida in particular, was a stranger. A part of my mind squirmed with discomfort at that, but the intensity of the heat gripped me like a fever and shut down any other consideration.

My arms were already shackled underneath me, raising my hips up, but as he pressed down, letting his long, powerful arms push against my ankles, it spread me open obscenely before the other two women, and raised my hips higher. The backs of my bare feet were pressed against the floor as his hips began to slap against me with a heavy, jarring blow that forced my hips downward, only to have them jerk back up once again as he withdrew.

I felt achingly full at every thrust, his black shaft being both thick and long. The head pushed firmly into the back wall of my pussy, the pressure doing something wild to my mind. The harder he thrust, the harder his head punched against the back wall of my sex, and the hotter I got!

My breathing was ragged and my body flushed with heat. I moaned and gasped continuously, grunting or crying out with every deep stroke as he drove himself into me. My body flared wildly with a dark, seething sexual pressure and heat. And it came to envelope my mind, to wash away all other cares or concerns.

Nothing else mattered, nothing but that fiery burning hunger! I could hardly breath, but didn't care. My body ached inside and out, but that wasn't a concern. And then the orgasm hit and despite how uncomfortable I was with the other two women watching, I lost control. I could do almost nothing to protect my pride or conceal the depths of my heat.

I cried out, cried out again and again, my voice finally giving way to a long, animal howl of pleasure as the big man rammed himself into me hard and fast! I didn't care about anything but embracing that pleasure, grasping it to my body and soul and living with it forever!

Aida and Zamile talked as I came, as they watched me. I was aware of it, aware of them, but didn't care. The orgasm had me in its grip and nothing else mattered. It seemed to go on and on, as if it would never stop! My insides were twisting and spasming violently, so much that I was aching from it! But I couldn't do anything but sob out every breath in a wail of pleasure!

A part of me emerged which almost wanted to beg him to stop, because I couldn't take it any more! But I couldn't work up the control to speak aloud, to form words. It was as if my mind had melted under the explosive heat of the release!

Until, finally, it began to ease, and I felt my eyes close, my muscles finally stop spasming and jerking, and I began to breath again, or tried to, gulping in air as I groaned there on the floor, barely conscious.

Of course, the backs of my feet were still pressed against the floor above me, and Chaka was still ramming himself into my body, but that was just a distraction. I grunted weakly, but didn't really care what else was going on just then as sank into a kind of languorous afterglow.

Zamile spoke to Aida, who nodded, replying briefly, then she turned and left the room. Chaka continued pounding into me for a long minute, then stopped with a groan of relief and release, jamming himself deep inside my aching body and then slowly pulling free.

He let my legs slowly rise up and back, unfolding. My groaning back knew a sense of intense relief as he dropped my feet to the floor and stood up. He and Aida spoke, and then he pulled on his trousers and left.

Aida looked down at me, then sniffed, and nudged my side with her foot.

“On your belly, dog,” she ordered.

I groaned weakly, but when I saw her pick up the crop I forced myself to roll over, grunting as my tender breasts pressed against the cool stone floor.

“Raise your hips high, dog,” she ordered.

I licked my lips with growing nervousness, then obeyed, forcing myself up onto my knees. She swung the crop lightly, but it still stung a bit as it hit my bottom.

“Bottom high, face low,” she said, stepping closer.

She nudged my face with her shoe.

“Now you will demonstrate your gratitude and submission to me.”

I didn't know what she meant and gasped as the crop snapped down stingingly on my bottom!

“You will lick my shoes, dog,” she ordered.

Gulping, I obeyed. Again, it was like I hardly thought not to. Had I become conditioned to obey her in so short a time, or was there something inside me which was inherently... submissive?

I licked at her black sandals, flushing a bit, pride returning, enough anyway, to feel it damaged. But with it came a charge of sexual electricity, for this was so... outrageous! But I did it, as she caressed my upraised buttocks with the thin black crop.

“Enough. Spread your legs.”

I obeyed, flushed, as she moved away. She returned to kneel behind me, and I felt something thick and soft and... familiar... pressing against my pussy. I gulped uncomfortably as I felt myself entered by what felt like a dildo. It was almost as thick as Chaka and it pushed deep into my still hot, slick pussy.

Then it began to widen appreciably, stretching the lips of my sex. I gasped aloud as they strained to envelope it, before the thing abruptly narrowed once more. I was sure it was the same dildo as Zamile had used on me in Washington, the one with the bulge an inch from the base.

I felt her finger against my wrinkled back passage next, and my face grew hotter. Her fingers was... slick, slippery, and cool, as if she'd put some lubrication on it. It pushed into my ass, and I squirmed with even more discomfort, mostly mental. But Zamile had put butt-plugs inside me in Washington, and promised me she was readying me to be taken there.

She'd even made me wear a butt-plug during the day at work!

Now I was completely unsurprised when the finger pulled back and what felt like a butt-plug began to push into me. It was thicker than I remembered. The one she had used was narrow, then got thicker and thicker as it pushed in, until it abruptly narrowed once more.

This one was ... like the dildo in my pussy, and I soon realized that was what it was! It pushed achingly deep! I moaned uncomfortably, feeling cramps inside as she slowly twisted and pumped it in and out. But again, I never seriously considered protesting! I don't know why. It was like I had ceded all control to Zamile and... her people!

Then came the familiar bulge as it widened, before narrowing again, with, I presumed, an inch or so protruding.

“Oh!” I gasped, as she gripped my hair and yanked me up on my feet.

But there was nothing I could do as she held my hair wrapped in her fist and then walked across the room. I awkwardly crawled along on just my aching knees, head forced low, breasts wobbling as she simply walked along with my hair in her hand. I could neither rise nor lower myself, and had to force my

aching knees to push me along on the cold stone!

Thankfully, we moved onto a bright red and gold rug, a very thick, soft one, and I felt a deep sense of relief for my knees.

I hadn't really looked around much at the room. It was a large room, and had a very high ceiling with two slowly rotating fans. The furniture seemed light and the colors were cool and serene.

She dropped my hair finally, and I gasped in relief as she undid her robe and removed it. Her body was much like Zamile, tall, muscular, lean, with small hard breasts high on her chest. She sat on the edge of the bed and spread her legs, then looked at me.

“Service me, dog,” she growled.

What was this dog business? I wasn't sure, but then I didn't really care what she thought of me. I really only cared that she kept that crop off me!

I leaned in nervously and began to lick at her thighs as she gathered up my hair and twisted it into a thick mass atop my head. I took my cue from how she'd had me perform on Chaka, and what Zamile had shown me in Washington.

She picked up the crop, and I felt a rush of anxiety, but kept licking, using long licks, moving slowly towards her pussy, caressing her flesh up and down on either side, then slowly pushing my tongue between the tight lips and skimming it up and down between them.

I jerked as she stretched out her long arm, the crop in hand, but she slid it in under me, and up against my pussy, the shaft pressed along my abdomen and then directly against my clitoris as she rubbed it slowly up and down.

She had gathered up my hair into a kind of thick topknot held in her fist, guiding me in where and how hard or soft to lick, to use my lips, and to suck. Her words were reinforced by tugs on my hair, or by the slow stroking of the crop against me moving faster and harder.

The crop was not smooth, but had a kind of dimpled surface. A slow made my pussy throb with pleasure, but a harsh, fast stroking made me gasp and jerk my hips in discomfort.

And, when she chose to emphasize something, she would instead lower the crop and slap it up lightly against my swollen, overheated pussy, making me yelp or cry out.

I had to lick her until my tongue ached, and then lay it against my lower lip, using that to reinforce its strength, as she became increasingly impatient, rubbing harshly with the crop more often, slapping me, and even drawing it out to snap it down across my buttocks.

I think... I never really had a chance to get my balance, to settle my mind, to... to consider my situation or anything like that. All that was set in my mind was I had to learn whatever she was teaching me because, well, because I had to. Because Zamile had assigned her to teaching me, and me to learning.

And it wasn't like I was opposed, in the least, to learning how to do things better! I was feeling like much more of a sexual person since I'd met Zamile, and I wanted to be good at things! It made me feel more... I don't know, valuable, important, accomplished, to be good at them.

But I should have resented her brusque, stinging discipline, and I didn't. Instead, every blow or pull on my hair only made me more anxious to learn to do this properly!

When I was sure my tongue would drop off if I kept licking, and my bottom was starting to burn from the sharp, snapping blows of the crop, she called a halt. Using my hair again, she walked me across the room, or rather, she walked, and I knee-walked, gasping and moaning as we moved along the floor.

We reached a low stool, and she bent me back across it, ignoring my gasps of discomfort as she bent my head and shoulders over one side, and then, somehow attached the back of the collar to something, a chain, it felt like, on the far side. She drew my feet into the sides and the metal shackles chained in place. Then disappeared for a long minute.

She returned, but I couldn't see what she was doing up above me, for my head was upside down, almost touching the floor, looking in the other direction.

I felt her fingers on my breast, felt them pinching in against the flesh just around my nipple, making it push up and out, then felt a sharp, a very sharp, stinging pain to my right nipple.

“Ow!” I cried. “Oh! What! What are you doing!?”

“Be silent,” she said casually.

I felt a... a tightness, and ache, a throbbing pressure against my nipple, or, well, not against it, not in any familiar way, but a pressure.

“Aida!”

“You will call me mistress, and Zamile Great Mistress. To do otherwise is to draw punishment.”

“But what – .”

“I said be silent!” she barked. “I am carrying out Zamilé's orders to pierce your nipples.

I gaped at the far wall as I felt her fingers pressing against my other nipple, then felt another very sharp, stinging, piercing ache!

“Ow!” I cried, jerking helplessly.

“There, that is the second done,” she said. “Do not be such a child.”

I felt her fingers pinching, felt the pressure again, then she unchained my ankles and reached beneath and behind my head and unfastened the chain from the collar. She pulled me upward by the hair and I almost collapsed dizzily, for all the blood had rushed to my head when it was upside down.

She half pulled, half dragged me across the floor on my knees again as I gaped down at the sight of the thing gold rings piercing my nipples.

Then she gave a sharper pull, and I cried out at the pain in my scalp, my legs scrambling to lift me up to my feet. That was apparently what she wanted. A moment later she attached a gold colored chain (I refused to believe it was actually gold!) to the front of the collar around my neck, then opened the door and led me out into the hall.

I gasped in alarm, my head quickly jerking left and right in fear of someone seeing me! I tried to draw back but she was a strong woman and jerked forward on the chain, forcing me to stumble.

“Come, dog,” she said curtly.

There was nothing for it! I found myself dazedly padding along the stone floor of the wide corridor completely naked, with my wrists shackled behind my back!

And, oh yes, with the dildos she'd inserted in my pussy and my bottom sticking out fairly obviously to anyone who passed us!

She was in no hurry, and led me casually up the hall, then down a flight of stairs.

I gasped and felt my face burn as a man in a cream colored robe turned his eyes on us, then stared at me with interest!

I dropped my chin to my chest, horribly embarrassed as we passed him by. Then we passed a woman in a blue and white robe, and she stared at me doubtfully! I was utterly mortified! My face was flaming!

We passed two more people, then she led me into a small room, much to my relief, and across the floor to what seemed to be a strange closet. Its door was oval, and it slid aside, rather than opening on hinges. Inside was a mirrored cabinet, rather than a closet, with a small light set high above.

On the floor in the center of the round cabinet was an upright object, about a foot high.

It was wooden, and shaped like a long, elongated egg. That is, it was narrow on top and bottom, and wider in the middle. The entire surface was criss-crossed with carvings of symbols I didn't understand.

I felt my arms forced up, which bent me forward at the waist. Aida gripped the base of the dildo in my pussy and slowly pulled it back. I groaned as the swollen part spread my pussy wider, then the long length of it slid out of my hot, thrumming depths, leaving me feeling.. empty.

She pushed me into position in the round cabinet and then pushed down, dropping to one knee as I knelt.

“Down,” she ordered, forcing me to bend my knees further, to lower my pussy towards the top of the object.

I gasped as I felt the pressure against my pussy. I was, despite everything which had been happening, or maybe because of it, still very moist, and the tip of the thing pushed easily into my body. The lower I moved, however, the wider it got. I moaned as the lips of my sex began to ache from the strain, as Aida kicked my knees wider apart, making it harder to keep myself up.

“Down all the way, dog,” she ordered.

“It's too big!” I gasped.

She laughed softly. “I think not.”

She had the crop in hand and laid the tip against my clitoris, rubbing softly. The thing is, the tip wasn't of the same dimpled material as the shaft. It was soft, flat leather, and the feel of it rubbing against my clitoris was – not unpleasant. I gulped, eyes wide still as I stared down at my be-ringed nipples in something like astonishment.

It wasn't that the idea horrified me or anything. I had just never considered it before! I wasn't the sort of girl who had pierced nipples! And yet, the idea now that I looked at it made me feel ... very sexual, very hot, and I felt myself anticipating what Zamile would think, whether she would think they looked hot.

“Down, dog.”

I moaned as I slid slowly down, the thing spreading me even further apart as the straining lips of my pussy slowly, achingly stretched wider! I reached a sort of... point on the thing, where it didn't get any wider, and slid slowly down, inch by slow inch, my hips starting to jerk convulsively as my inner heat rose with her stroking of my clitoris.

Then the thing began to narrow and I groaned in relief as my pussy sank further down. I could feel the thicker part stretching out the walls of my pussy, but they were more elastic, I guess, and though the thing utterly filled me inside, to the point of aching, the ache was a softer, throbbing thing as I sank further down.

At the very bottom was a small, square leather pad as wide as a postage stamp, but several inches high. It was on a piece of polished wood, which itself sat on a slim wooden arm which seemed to be spring driven. As I slid down, the top of my pussy pushed back the spring arm and the leather pad pressed against my clitoris with some force.

I groaned as my buttocks met my heels and I had the thing fully within my belly. I was a little amazed, but relieved. Aida did something behind me. I could feel something, a chain, I thought, and soon realized she had fastened my wrists to my ankles.

She drew back, then, and slid the door to the round cabinet closed. The door was, I saw, mirrored on the inside, just like the rest of the cabinet. I was in a round mirrored cabinet, I supposed so I could watch myself.

I liked what I saw! It excited me! The collar around my throat and the rings in my nipples made me feel so incredibly surreal! It was like I'd walked into some kind of dark African fantasy which was even more thrilling and exciting than I had imagined!

Looking behind me, at the mirrored walls, I could see the matching golden bracelet – or shackles, around my wrists and ankles, chained together. It was all so kinky and hot!

And then, of course, my eyes shifted, looking at the thick base of the 'egg' thing my pussy was wrapped around, and the narrow leather pad pressing against the top of my sex. God, this was all so incredibly wild and wickedly exciting!

My pussy adjusted slowly, but it did adjust. The thickness of the thing inside me still ached, but not much. I felt the bubbling heat within myself rising, but my feet were starting to ache fiercely enough to distract me from it. I was kneeling, sitting on my buttocks, which meant my toes and the balls of my feet were bent back against the floor pretty sharply.

Gasping, groaning, wincing, I eased my heels aside, shifting my position. I had to ease my body lower on the egg, and that made me ache even more, deep inside. But I succeeded, drawing my feet in, straightening them with relief. Now the backs of my feet were flat against the floor and my buttocks were only partly seated on my heels.

The pressure inside me was greater, but the sharp aching pain to my feet was gone.

I wondered how long Aida intended leaving me here, and what the intent was? Was this some kind of strange African ritual designed for me to 'face myself'? Zamile had talked much about that, about recognizing myself and what I was.

My arousal deepened, though, now that my aching feet weren't distracting me, and it was almost without thinking that I raised up a little, mostly just to ease the ache and pressure against the back of my pussy.

I succeeded, and that felt good. What felt even better was that sliding up made the carved object slide through my taut pussy lips so that the carvings caressed me in a delicious way! Even more Delicious, though, was the leather pad on the end of the little spring arm, pressing down against my clitoris. As my body rose,

my swollen clitoris slid along the leather and I moaned softly, excitedly.

I sank slowly back and groaned again at the thrill of feeling the thing sliding up deeper, combined with the thrill as my clitoris rubbed along the leather. The nose of the 'egg' pushed achingly hard against the back wall of my pussy, though, so I pushed myself up again, only this time with more purpose.

I slid up an inch, two, three, gasping softly as the egg widened and began to stretch my pussy lips wider once more. The feel was deliciously erotic, though aching! I sank slowly down, gasping and groaning as the carved egg caressed the lips of my pussy, and my clitoris rubbed along the leather pad.

Needless to say, the sexual energy inside me began to grow more and more intense, and my movements became more and more energetic as I rode slowly up and down the long, thick egg, gasping and wincing, moaning and shuddering as the heat within me began to fry my mind!

I stared at myself, at my face, at my collar, at my pierced nipples and golden ring, and at the thick carved wooden object now glistening from my inner juices as I rode slowly up and down!

I couldn't ride really fast because it was so thick! And like I said, it got thicker in the middle, so the more I rose, the wider it got! Still, as the fever heat struck me and I began to gasp for breath, as my chest heaved and the flush spread downward I began to ride more and more desperately, crying out in a mixture of pleasure and pain every time I filled myself with the hard, thick egg and it pushed against the back wall of my pussy!

I felt isolated, alone, and my voice rose helplessly as a dark passion settled in my mind. I sobbed with pleasure gasping and writhing, my head thrashing and back arching as I rose and fell, rose and fell. My legs ached from the effort, but I didn't care! I found the energy in my own sexual hunger, and when the climax tore through me I screamed and dropped low, rising up and down in short, rapid movements that rubbed my clitoris furiously against the leather pad!

But after that, after the incredible orgasm had torn through me, I was left dazed and exhausted, moaning helplessly as I knelt, impaled on the thick, hard wooden cock, sweating and bedraggled from the effort and the heat, both inner and outer.

A few minutes later the rear door slid open and Aida knelt, removing the chain

which linked my ankles with my wrists. A sharp, insistent pull on my hair lent me the motivation to force myself up, up, up, despite how my pussy ached, and then finally, off the thing and staggering to my feet.

I stumbled back as she pulled on my hair, then bent me over by raising my shackled wrists. She slid the dildo back into my pussy, which took it easily, now, for it was thinner than the egg. The swollen part slid through my pussy lips, and then she pulled me upright. She attached the leash to the front of the collar again and pulled me to the door and out into the hall.

I followed, gasping, head low, sweat trickling down my body as we walked along the hall and then turned at the corner. We walked a little further, then stopped at a pair of double doors. She opened them and pulled me through.

I blanched and dropped my eyes, mortified again! There were a dozen people in the room! And all of them were women! There were a couple of other young women Aida's age, a number of them who were with Zamile, and a few older women. All were Africans, and all were wearing bright and colorful robes.

The room was wide, with a very high ceiling. Fans rotated overhead. On the right were broad, open doorways which let in light and air, and gave a view of a lake beyond the neatly trimmed lawns. But it was what was to my right which shocked and horrified me.

It was an oval glass wall, much like the door in the room I'd just come from. Inside, I could see a round, lighted cabinet with a chain dropped carelessly on the floor. It was the chain which Aida had used to link my wrists and ankles together! I could see the long, thick carved wooden egg sitting there, still glistening with my juices!

I gaped at it in shock and horror. It couldn't be! Yet, of course it could. What I had thought of as a mirror was, it seemed, a one way mirror. The women in this room had been able to watch me, and probably hear me, if somewhat muffled, as I had ridden up and down it and climaxed so powerfully!

Could there be a more shocking blow to a woman's pride than this!? I felt flaming heat filling my face to such an extent I thought I would burst into flames!

There was a narrow red carpet on the floor. Zamile sat on a low padded bench at

its end. The rest of the women were sitting on two padded benches which bordered the carpet. They were all looking at me with a mixture of curiosity, amusement and contempt.

Aida pushed me down onto my knees on the red carpet, and down further, until I was sitting on my heels again.

“Spread your legs wide,” she growled, jerking stingingly on my hair.

I gasped in pain and spread my knees apart, still staring down at the rug, waiting to die of embarrassment.

Only I didn't die, of course.

I heard one of the women speak, and Zamile's voice, then another. I had no idea what they were saying as I knelt there, but heard a ripple of amusement at one point. I assumed they were discussing me. What else would they be talking about?

“Karine says you are not so pale as I had told her. You are more red than white.” she said in amusement. “You are still ashamed of your body and your natural desire. That will pass in a short time, I assure you. You will come to embrace who and what you are.”

She said something in Swahili, and Aida released my hair.

“You are still not used to heat,” Zamile said. “Neither that of the air around you, nor your body within. But that too will become a normal thing in time. Now, come to me, girl.”

I gulped, heart pounding, sweating, and eased up off my heels, for I couldn't refuse her direct order. I mean, it didn't occur to me to refuse her direct order...

I started to move forward on my knees, figuring Aida wouldn't want me walking, but felt her foot abruptly against my back and gasped as I was flung forward, twisting to land on my shoulder, mostly.

“On your belly, dog,” Aida growled.

Zamile didn't say anything, so, pulse racing, face still burning, I tried to kind of...

wiggle forward, rolling from wide to side, using my weight and pushing with my toes against the rug. I gasped and winced in pain as my breasts were squeezed beneath me. My just pierced nipples were already throbbing and aching, but now I was grinding them over the rug!

But I had no alternative, as I saw it. I wriggled forward across the carpet as they all watched, Aida pacing along slowly behind me until I reached Zamile.

“Raise your hips. Spread your legs,” Aida ordered.

Blushing horribly, I got my knees under me, raising my bottom high, then spread my knees, obscenely displaying the base of the two dildos protruding from my pussy and ass!

“Now show obeisance to the Grand Mistress,” Aida growled.

I wasn't sure what she meant until Zamile wriggled her foot, which was inches from my face. I felt another surge of embarrassment, but then, with it, a sudden dark flush of... a strange, thrumming heat. The embarrassment was more powerful, more intense, but then I gasped in pain at the sharp stinging blow across my buttocks.

“Now, dog.”

Panting, moaning, I wriggled a bit further forward and began to lick Zamile's foot, my tongue lapping up and down along her sandal as I rolled my eyes anxiously up at her. It was mortifying to do this in front of a dozen strange women, especially in this position!

But I did it.

She smiled and reached down to grip my hair, and I gasped in pain as she lifted it up, dragging me further forward. She combed her fingers through my hair and then raised her robe up as she spread her legs. She had no underwear underneath, and I felt another shock that she would really want me to... do this... in front of all these women!

But she twisted her fingers in my hair in a way which made me gasp in pain, and drew me forward so that I began to lick at her pussy. She spoke as I licked, but not to me, and I didn't know what she was saying. At one point my knees came

closer together and Aida snapped the crop across my bottom again.

“Legs open,” she ordered.

I jerked them wider with a gasp of pain, and continued to lick Zamile as Aida had taught me. My tongue ached, but there was no question of refusing!

Her orgasm was a lot less demonstrative than mine. Her face tightened, her breathing grew more ragged, and her fingers tightened and pulled at my hair as she drew me in more sharply against her. Then she closed her eyes and shuddered as my tongue lapped energetically across her clitoris.

She released my hair and then Aida gripped it, pulling my head up and back, positioning me on my heels again.

“Legs wide,” she barked.

I jerked them apart, still cringing under the eyes of so many strangers.

The women talked, and then Aida pulled at my hair, guiding me up and to one side. She led me, on my knees, over to another young woman, who smirked at me as she drew her robe up and spread her knees.

I quivered in shame, but Aida pushed me forward, and I began to lick as the woman reached forward and began to caress my breasts. She spoke to the others as I licked, again, in their own language, and there was another ripple of amusement.

But there was that dark heat within me, still, and it was growing. I guess you could only be mortified for so long in front of the same people before you sort of start to get used to what's going on. I was still horribly, horribly self-conscious and embarrassed, but it wasn't as bone deep as it had been at the start.

I licked her to a climax fairly quickly, then Aida half dragged me across to the other side of the rug and I had to lick another woman's pussy. My tongue was getting ready to fall off, though, even using my lower lip to support it. I sucked as best I could, and it seemed to work, as the woman climaxed. I felt a sharp sense of fear that I would have to perform oral sex on every woman there, and knew I wouldn't be able to continue!

But Aida dragged me back to the middle of the red carpet, then pushed me down again on my face before Zamile, my bottom in the air and my knees wide. Zamile spoke to them and there was more laughter, then I sensed, rather than saw, another person moving up behind me. I jerked my head a little and rolled my eyes and gasped as Chaka stepped forward, naked!

Crack!

Aida's crop snapped down across my raised bottom.

“Face forward, dog,” she ordered.

I jerked my head forward again, gasping, moaning as I felt Chaka's hands on my bottom, on my hips, then between my legs. His fingers caressed my pussy around the protruding dildo as the other women looked on, then began to stroke my clitoris.

I gasped as he drew the dildo out of me and dropped it on the floor. A moment later he sheathed his own long, thick cock in my throbbing pussy and ... the difference was shocking. The rush of heat made me cry out. There just is nothing like it! The psychological impact was enormous, as well. I was more embarrassed, for I felt more... outraged by what was happening.

But even so the heat was scorching! I saw a servant in a cream colored robe passing out plates of sweets as the women watched me, as they watched Chaka start thrusting into me with long... long... looong smooth strokes! In and out, in and out, as my breathing became more and more ragged and my mind began to dissolve under the overwhelming flood of emotions and sensations!

He began to thrust harder and faster, his hips slapping against my buttocks now, rocking me forward on my knees and shoulders, and I grunted and gasped at every deep stroke as his hips struck me, as his cock jammed deep inside me! There was an air of unreality about it all, for I could still hardly believe what was happening.

But my body didn't care, and the heat pounding against me as he thrust harder and faster. My soft cries were nearly continuous as he rode me, as he yanked up and back on my hair and thrust a large hand in beneath me to roughly grope my breast.

With my hair pulled up and back I was facing forward, and saw Zamilé pluck some sort of delicacy off a tray and pop it into her mouth, then turn back to watching me. It was all so impossible, so shocking and wicked and wild!

My mind was buffeted by it all, so that I was dazed and my eyes began to go glassy. I didn't care what I was looking at anyway. I only cared about the incredible intensity of the sensations pouring through me as Chaka rode me! I felt the heat burning hotter and higher, and gulped in air as sweat dripped off my body.

He released my hair and my chin dropped to the rug as he gripped my hips and thrust harder, jerking me back to meet his strokes now, his hips striking with bruising force as his cock speared deep into my overheated belly!

My mind floated on a tumultuous flood of pleasure and exhilaration, all else fading away as Chaka pounded into me and the orgasm swept me into its embrace. I was aware of the women watching, and some part of me wanted to... to cling to some semblance of dignity, to avoid making even more of a spectacle of myself, if that were possible.

I couldn't. The explosion of sensation made me cry out loud again and again, writhing and twisting and bucking back as Chaka drove his cock deep into my belly again and again! And I think my spasming, clutching pussy pulled him into my climax, as it squeezed down hungrily around his shaft, for his fingers tightened on my hips and I heard a low, rumbling groan beneath his deep, rushed breathing as he shortened his strokes.

Afterward, I knelt, panting for breath, eyes glazed, sweat soaked and dazed as Chaka rose from my body. I felt a foot against my upraised bottom which shoved me forward and I grunted as I collapsed onto my belly. There was another ripple of laughter, and more words I didn't understand, then a hand gripped my hair and forced me up onto my knees.

It was Aida, and she walked me... on my knees back along the rug to the end before attaching the leash to the front of the collar again and pulling me to my feet. I swayed weakly as I followed her away, still too dazed to think much.

We didn't go far. Instead of heading back where we had been before she turned me in another direction, and we entered a busier part of the building. There was an intersection of several corridors here, with a tiled stone floor beneath a round,

foot-high pedestal.

The center of that pedestal was... well... it was a black penis. I mean, it was a thick black post clearly carved to look like a penis, made of some kind of gleaming, polished black stone. It rose several feet high, though, which was, now that she pulled me up onto the pedestal, just about the right height to press against my pussy.

I gasped as she maneuvered me over it, as I felt the hard, cool pressure against my moist, swollen sex. Given the ride I'd just had, it wasn't difficult for it to slide into my body, even though it was even thicker than Chaka. I groaned as the fat head pushed up through my dripping wet pussy lips, but I adjusted easily enough.

Until Aida forced my legs apart. I gasped and moaned as she made me widen them to the edges of the pedestal, then attached small chains there to the golden shackles around my ankles. Spreading my legs this wide lowered me a good ways on the big 'cock' , which pushed much deeper into my pussy.

Then Aida did something, and the pedestal began to sink.

I gasped as I felt the thing pushing up deeper into my pussy!

“Oh do not be foolish. You have no more than six... now seven inches inside you,” she said. “You know you want more.”

I gasped as it slid deeper still.

“Only nine inches. You know you want more, dog.”

“I-I'm not a dog!” I gasped helplessly.

She slapped my face and I gasped weakly.

“You are a bitch in heat. What else should you be called? Ten inches now.”

I moaned as I felt the thing lodged deep, achingly deep inside me!

“This should suffice for now.”

She turned and walked away, leaving me in place, impaled on the long black cock, legs apart, still trying to gather my shattered mind back together. My chest was heaving and I was sweating, my hair a mess.

A woman in a cream colored robe walked past me, snickering. A younger one passed in the other direction, and giggled. Two men walked up to me from one hall and one reached out to grope my breast while the other rubbed his fingers against my clitoris!

You would think after what I'd just gone through that I couldn't get embarrassed any more, but you'd be wrong. Every time someone walked past I flushed. Every time someone, man or woman, reached out to see what my white skin felt like I blushed.

Was I aroused? Yes. Despite the terrible embarrassment. It was all so shocking, so wicked, so unbelievable! I was gripped by this strange darkness, an enthralling sense of... I don't know what. I'm not sure what I saw myself as being here, but the sexuality of it all was a wild rush! Some part of me felt as though I was in a dream!

Sometimes people would stop in groups, staring at me and talking to each other. Sometimes they would reach out to touch me, on the belly, on the shoulder, on the leg, or in much more intimate places. I had no idea what they were saying, and felt something like an animal at the zoo! All I needed was a cage!

I don't know how long I stood there, but certainly more than an hour! And yes, I did start to get used to it. I still blushed when I was touched, though. The women were worse than the men, especially the ones who snickered and laughed, or who tried to put their hands completely around the thick black cock, then slid their hands up to where it disappeared inside me.

Aida came and got me, at last, unfastening the chains around my ankles, then doing something which made the pedestal rise once more. The big cock sank slowly down to the point where I could pull myself off it

She didn't bother to put anything else inside me, but attached the leash again and led me back up the corridor.

We found Zamilé in a dining room. Everything was rich, dark wood, including the walls, the chairs very high and wide and heavily carved. Aida set me down

on the floor on my knees, however, next to where Zamile sat.

“Knees apart, girl,” Zamile said immediately.

I gulped and spread my knees wide.

“Shoulders back. Do not slouch,” she ordered.

I had no idea what was on the table, but the scent reminded me I hadn't eaten much of anything for a long time. The food on the plane was horrible and I'd barely touched it, and of course, I hadn't eaten since landing. I was also very thirsty. I had been sweating since I'd landed in Africa!

“And have you learned anything yet about yourself, girl?” she asked.

“No,” I gulped.

“Great mistress,” she said, eyes narrowing.

“No, great mistress,” I said, my voice raspy.

“Enlightenment takes more time for some than others,” she said.

She reached down and her long, black fingers caressed my lips. They were wet, those fingers, and when she slid them into my mouth I licked at them. She nodded and drew her fingers back, then pushed them forward again, into my mouth. They were wet again, and again I licked at them, though I needed a lot more liquid than that!

“Some are meant to lead, and others to be led,” she said.

She lifted a bowl in her other hand, then held it up, too high for me to reach, but she cupped her other hand and dipped it into the bowl, then brought it out dripping wet and placed it against my mouth. I licked and sucked at the small pool of water in the palm of her hand, then did it again, then again, licking at her fingers each time she pushed them into my mouth and pumped them in and out.

“I am the former,” she said, as I licked and sucked thirstily, “You are the latter.”

She held a piece of meat before my mouth and I licked it out of her palm, not

even knowing what it was. I chewed quickly and swallowed, still not sure. It tasted a little like chicken, and a little like pork. Maybe it was some kind of African delicacy, I had no idea. I was too hungry to really care, though.

She ate herself, with fork and knife, but now and then she would lower her hand to me and feed me a piece of whatever it was she was eating, or let me drink water from the palm of her hand.

After lunch Aida reappeared with the leash, and she and Zamile spoke in Swahili. Then Zamile set off down the corridor, and Aida followed her, holding the leash to pull me along behind. We turned and Zamile headed outside. The day was overcast, but the heat still beat down as she walked down a cleanly swept stone path towards a row of trees.

I looked around a bit anxiously, but it wasn't like I had any choice but to follow. We walked between a row of hedges and the path became just dirt, partly overgrown in places. Zamile occasionally spoke, but only in Swahili, and Aida answered her in kind.

But I began to hear the sounds of people, and gulped anxiously. The further we walked the louder the sounds! My reluctance showed in that Aida had to tug sharply on the leash several times, and once slapped my bottom hard. Zamile just walked serenely on as if noticing nothing.

We came out of the woods onto a wide dirt road which led into a village! Again I shied back, but Aida jerked hard on the leash, forcing me to stumble forward. We walked along, Zamile's head back, mine dropped low, and now instead of passing the occasional person there were people everywhere!

The village... was not exactly picturesque. This was not a village of quaint little mud and straw huts. This was a modern village, which meant it was a ramshackle affair of dozens and dozens of buildings with tin roofs and plaster walls, all one story but in a wide variety of sizes. Most were unpainted, but here and there was a house or building in bright pink or neon green.

There were hundreds of people, and scores of them stared at me with wide eyes, chattering and laughing and following along in a crowd as Zamile walked along. No one came closer than ten yards, but there was soon fifty people following us, staring at me!

A broad river came into view, with long, narrow boats drawn up on the beach. Zamile stopped and spoke to a man there, and after a moment I felt a hand on my hair and Aida forced me to my knees on the dirt road.

“Legs wide,” she hissed.

Face hot, I obeyed, spreading my knees wide as I bowed my head, so blisteringly embarrassed I was dazed by it.

Zamile made a gesture, and Aida tugged on the leash, pulling me forward, then shifted her grip to my hair. She forced me up on my knees, and made me crawl the last few feet on them until I was directly in front of the man and Zamile.

The man looked at me excitedly, and Zamile spoke as she ran her fingers through my hair. Then the man raised his robe to reveal a long, black cock already hardening, and Aida pushed my face forward. I gaped, just as he thrust into my open mouth!

What else was I to do but perform on it!? I had to! I mean, there didn't seem to be anything else I could do! So I sucked on his cock as the man pumped in and out, and the crowd watched with interest. Aida shoved my head forward suddenly and I gurgled as the man's cock slid down my throat.

It was a good thing I'd gotten used to that sort of thing, given I'd just eaten. Mind you, I hadn't eaten much...

The man pumped eagerly in and out of my mouth and throat, eagerly and... roughly, so that I gagged and gasped and moaned weakly as he buried his long cock in my throat again and again. Zamile simply looked on tolerantly. The crowd looked on with deep interest.

When the man finished he said something which made everyone laugh, then put himself back into his trousers. Zamile spoke some more, then Aida jerked me to my feet and we walked back towards the house, the crowd following, laughing and crowding around us.

They fell away the moment we stepped through the hedges, though, and we continued in silence until just outside the house. Zamile said something to Aida, who replied, then pulled me off the path and around towards another doorway as Zamile carried on.

We stopped just outside and Aida worked a hand pump, filling a bucket with water. She then poured it over my head, soaking me. I gasped in alarm, at first, but to be honest, after the initial chill I was glad of it. I felt more than a little... dirty.

Aida filled the bucket again but didn't pour it on me. Instead she picked up a jar and shoved her hands into it, then shoved her fingers into my wet hair. Her fingers felt greasy, at first, then soapy, as the stuff began to lather up.

She soaped up my hair, and I closed my eyes, again, relieved, in a way. Aida began to soap up my body, her fingers moving briskly and not lingering. Another bucket of water poured over my head, then two more, to finish rinsing me off.

She pulled me inside, then, dripping wet, and used a very thin, scratchy towel to take some of the water out of my hair. Then it was upstairs and into what looked like a reasonably modern looking bathroom.

By modern I mean it had plumping, by the way. It wasn't exactly modern. It did have a toilet and what looked like a long, antique cabinet with a mirror over it. It had a wide tub and a shower with a curtain around it.

Apparently what had happened outside was just the initial cleaning. Now Aida cleaned me more thoroughly, using soap and brushes. First she started on the inside. She gave me an enema! I didn't even know what she was up to, at first! She pulled the dildo out and thrust something else in, then I began to feel the water pouring into me!

Apparently douches weren't unknown to them either, as she cleaned my pussy too. Then she scrubbed my skin until it felt as though she'd taken the top layer off. She brushed my teeth, soaped up and rinsed off my hair and body, then filled the tub with warm water and put me in it.

And it was then that Zamilé came in. Apparently I was now clean enough to come into contact with her, as Aida left and she removed her robe and got into the tub with me.

“And have you learned anything about yourself, girl child?” she asked.

“I-- don't know... great mistress,” I gulped.

She snorted and sat down, then pulled me in against her, positioning me so that I was sitting across her lap. Her hand pushed between my thighs and her fingers began to caress my pussy.

“You have experienced much today which goes against your notion of what women are to do, how they are to behave, what their lives are to be like. You have been exposed to many eyes, and used before them. You have been shown to be a sexual creature, an object of desire and for use by strong men and women. Others have seen this, but have you?”

I stared at her in confusion and she combed the damp hair back from my forehead.

“You are an obedient girl,” she said. “Why? You have made no demands or refusals.”

Her finger slid deep into my pussy and I gulped aloud.

“You feel warm and ready still for more use. You are a girl whose body was meant to be used often, yet you have been neglecting this use.”

Her hand rose and caressed my breast and then she kissed me, drawing me in against her own warm body. This was somehow comforting and familiar, more like what had happened back in Washington, and after the whirlwind events of the day, and the public humiliation I had experienced, well, this was a deep relief.

My wrists remained shackled behind me, so there wasn't a lot I could do, but Zamile seemed content to do whatever needed doing, be it kissing me, running her hands over my body, or sliding her fingers between my legs to soap up and caress my increasingly heated pussy.

I almost came, but she stopped, pushing me down to my knees and guiding my mouth in between her legs. I licked eagerly, excitedly, and as Aida had shown me, though my tongue was still aching and sore. It was enough to quickly make her come, but after that, she didn't do anything to reciprocate, which confused me.

She was gentle, however, in patting me dry, in drying my hair, in brushing it and then leading me out of the room.

Still shackled and collared, and still with the butt-plug in my ass. Again I was led down the hall, amidst servants and others, blushing, but not as hotly as before. This time we went to an office, though a huge one, with broad windows and a balcony.

Zamile positioned me near her desk, but then moved behind me. The chain binding my shackles was removed, and my arms dropped momentarily, though still locked together. But a moment later I felt her gripping my wrists and raising them up. This forced me to bent over fairly far, about ninety degrees, with my wrists roughly straight up above me. She then locked them into place somehow, perhaps with a chain. I couldn't really see.

I gasped as she slapped my bottom, ordering me to spread my legs a bit. That made my arms ache and bent me over more, but a moment later my attention was focused on my pussy, as her fingers slid into me and pumped in and out. I was still moist from earlier, and wasn't surprised when the dildo was reinserted and thrust deep.

She came around in front of me and gathered my hair up, then pulled up and back, tugging on it, forcing me to open my mouth wide so she could push a ball gag into my mouth. With that done she let go of my hair and let my head drop, then moved over and sat down at her desk for a a bit.

After a few minutes she got up and came around behind me, and I felt my attention rising. I tried to turn and look behind me, but got a rude awakening as a quick movement behind me signaled her arm swinging forward.

Something hit my bottom, something thin and light of weight, but causing a burst of stinging pain! I yelped into the gag, twisting helplessly as her arm drew back. I twisted my head frantically from side to side as another blow cut across my bottom, eyes wide, and caught a glimpse of a thin black strap!

I didn't know why she was using it on me, but then she'd spanked me for little purpose back in Washington, but this... well, it was better and yet worse. The sting was sharper, but lighter. But she brought the belt or strap down across my buttocks repeatedly, and each time she did the sting jolted me and made me cry out, and heated my bottom.

Then she stopped, her fingers going between my thighs to rub and massage my pussy, and then went back to her desk.

Perhaps ten minutes later she got up and strapped me again! I yelled and twisted and moaned and tried to communicate anything through the gag, but couldn't. Or at least, if she understood the unintelligible muffled cries she wasn't showing it.

She went back to her desk again, and again, ten minutes later, she got up and strapped me! My bottom was red and burning! I felt tears forming in my eyes, though they were more of frustration than pain. I mean, yes it hurt, but the really intensely emotional part was that I couldn't do a thing to stop it or control it or even affect it!

When she came back the next time she didn't immediately begin strapping my bottom. Instead she grabbed my blonde hair, wrapped it around her fist, and slowly pulled my head up and back. This forced my back to kind of arch painfully, for with my arms forced up high I couldn't straighten!

Her other hand reached down and began to knead my breasts, fingering, lightly pinching, and rolling my hard nipples, plucking at them. Her hand slid downward, along my taut belly and in between my legs, her fingers finding my clitoris and rubbing at them, pushing them back against the thick dildo inside me, protruding from my tight pussy opening.

“I can do anything I want to you. You realize this, yes, little girl?” she said softly. “Anything. I am as a goddess to you, with the power of life and death, pleasure and pain. I can bring you food and water or withhold it. And whatever I choose to do, that is what will happen. You must understand that within yourself, for it is the difference between submitting and dominating.”

She dropped my hair and I gasped as my head fell heavily forward. Her other hand stayed between my legs, but the one which had held my hair now reached behind me, caressing my buttocks, then gripping the dildo. I gasped as I felt it drawn slowly back, for there was that wide bulge near the end, the one which forced my pussy lips wider and wider before sliding through.

But then she pushed it forward and I groaned anew as she slid the long, thin shaft deep into my belly, ending with the rounded bulge forcing my pussy lips wide once more.

My body had been gripped by heat since I had arrived. And I'm not talking about the external heat of this place that made me perspire almost continuously. The internal heat had risen and fallen over the course of the day, in large measure

depending on how humiliated I was at any given time.

Now it rose once again as she pumped the dildo and fingered my clitoris, my aching and discomfort cast aside as my mind locked its eager attention to the pleasure and kinky thrills of what she was doing.

She abandoned me and moved away, and I moaned in disappointment, thinking she was returning to her desk again. But she soon returned, and I saw, glancing down between my legs, and around the side of them, that she was bare-legged. That meant she was nude, and my excitement rose as I felt her hands on my hips.

She moved around in front of me and lifted up my head by the hair, and I saw she was wearing a series of straps around her waist and hips, descending between her thighs. Projecting from the center of them was a large, thick, slightly curved black dildo! I felt a surge of shock, anxiety, and heat hit me all at once as she slid it back and forth across my cheeks.

She unstrapped the ball gag, and pulled it free, then forced my head higher.

“Am I your great mistress, little one?”

“Y-Yes, Great mistress!” I gasped breathlessly.

She pushed the thick head of the dildo into my open mouth and I moaned around it, rolling my eyes up at her as she pushed it slowly deeper. It was so thick my jaw could hardly open wide enough, but she forced it slowly deep, pumping it in and out, then nearly choking me as she pushed it down my throat!

It ached! My eyes bulged, and I think my throat could barely take something that big! But she forced it all the way to the hilt, her fingers twisting continuously in my hair, tugging and jerking on it as she buried the dildo in my mouth and throat and held it still for long seconds.

My heart pounded wildly for I couldn't breath at all, and my chest began to burn even as my throat ached fiercely! Then she slowly drew the thing back and out, and as it popped free, saliva poured over my lower lip as I coughed dazedly.

She jerked up and back on my hair again and I cried out.

“Am I your great mistress, little girl?”

“Y-Yes, Great Mistress!” I gasped in a choked voice.

She dropped my hair and head and moved behind me. I was still gulping in air, feeling light-headed, as I felt her drawing the dildo out of me. The new one pushed into place, though not easily, for it was thicker, and then she began to ride me.

“I am demonstrating my superiority, my dominance, in a way every part of your subconscious will understand, little girl,” she said as her hips worked slowly in and out. “You are like a helpless conquest before me.”

She jerked back on my hair again and her hand roughly groped my right breast.

I didn't care, though. My eyes were glassy and I was still gulping in air as she worked the thick dildo in and out. It ached a bit, though not as much as my hair, but neither sensation really seemed to matter all that much.

The raw heat which had gripped me earlier rose once more, though, and as the dark eroticism of what she was doing caught more and more of my dazed mind's attention the heat began to rise and intensify. This was all so wild, so raw, so thrillingly sexual!

And her cock inside me felt so big, so hard, so deep!

Oh, I know it wasn't her cock, technically, but I was thinking of it like that, I was thinking of it just then as her cock, pounding into me harder and harder! I moaned and gasped and cried out as her hips slapped against my upraised bottom, as her hand jerked on my hair, as she groped my breasts. It was just all such an incredible rush!

It was deep enough to punch against the back wall of my pussy as she thrust deep, to do it repeatedly, drawing gasps and groans and cries from my dazed lips. But that only seemed to add to the heat somehow, and I felt the fever taking hold, sweeping through my mind, and then my body, taking control of me and shutting out all thoughts and cares but the wild animal hunger and pleasure coursing through my body!

She released my hair and my head dropped, only to bounce and jerk bonelessly as she drove her hips into me harder. Her long fingers gripped my hips as she rode me, and I moaned and cried out again and again as she rode me deeper into

the crackling sexual fires of something like total sexual overload!

And then overload is exactly what happened, as the orgasm swept over me and made me howl, made me tremble and jerk and shake, all higher levels of consciousness swept away by the force of pleasure consuming my mind!

My head bounced and rolled, my breasts wobbled, and my hips jerked in and out as she punched the thick black cock deep into my pussy with devastating force, drawing dazed cries of pleasure from my open mouth. The pleasure buried every part of my mind that might care about anything but pleasure, and I existed, for an eternity that was all too short, amidst the howling maelstrom of pleasure it roused.

A pleasure that was so all-consuming it was worth anything... everything!

And then, when it was finally over, when it eased away, leaving me gasping for breath and sweating heavily, she drew the long, thick black cock out of my body, replaced it with the other one, but the gag back into my mouth, then shed the straps, pulled on her robe, and went back to work behind her desk.

Ten minutes later, or perhaps more, she strapped me again. And then ten minutes later, she did it again. And then again.

And then a man came into the office. It wasn't Chaka, but it could have been his brother. Like Chaka, he was tall, slender, but lithely muscled, and he dressed much like Chaka. He seemed a bit older, though, from what little I saw trying to peer up between the thick, tangled mass of my hair.

His presence made me blush, but not nearly as much as it would have the other day. I dropped my eyes, as he and Zamile spoke, hoping he would soon leave.

But he didn't leave. Instead, still talking to Zamile, he came forward and gripped my hair, much as she had, jerking my head up and back so he could look at me. They continued to talk as I gasped and moaned into the gag, and my blush deepened as his big hand slid down and began to caress and knead my breast!

But the flush that spread down my body was not necessarily all from embarrassment. If he was like Chaka, dressed like Chaka, he might be here for... for the same sorts of things Chaka was brought to me! I felt anxiety, but also heat, for the orgasm Zamile had given me hadn't ended the sexual hunger

gripping me, and neither had the strappings I'd had since then!

He dropped my hair and moved behind me and his hands moved over my buttocks, then between my legs. I moaned as I felt him grip the base of the dildo, felt him pump it slowly in and out and finger my clitoris.

He thrust it deep and twisted it from side to side, and I cried out, twisting and moaning and writhing before him. He laughed softly, slapping my bottom, then pulled at the butt-plug. I groaned as it pulled free, feeling another wave of embarrassment, but I felt a sudden alarm as I felt his fingers pushing into me there!

A moment later what had to be a cock rubbed up and down against my buttocks, and I moaned as Zamile stepped in front of me. She pulled over a chair, in fact, and sat down, then gripped my hair and lifted it up so that my face was looking directly into hers.

Just as I felt the cock behind me pushing into my ass! My eyes widened and she smiled softly as I began to tremble and moan into the gag. I stared at her beseechingly and she smiled.

“It is what you are for. Every part of your body is there to give pleasure to others,” she said.

I groaned and winced and moaned as I felt the thick cock pushing deeper into my ass! But of course, I could do nothing but stand there as the man, a man who's name I didn't even know, a complete stranger, pushed himself into my ass and then began to pump in and out.

Zamile sat in front of me the entire time, locking eyes with me as the man used me. And when she moved one hand up my body and in between my legs to finger my clitoris, raw heat began to pump into my nervous system, and then crackle up my body into my mind.

I took it, grunting, gasping, moaning, as the stranger sodomized me, as Zamile smiled into my eyes, as my body jerked again and again to the hard drumbeat of his hips against my buttocks.

And suddenly, it really didn't matter who it was, or whether I knew him. And it didn't matter what he was doing either, not as long as the wild dark thrill of

sexual pleasure gripped me as tightly as it was gripping me.

Zamile rained soft kisses on my forehead and cheeks, fingering my clitoris, as the man drove his big cock achingly deep into my ass again and again, and as surreal and bizarre as it all was, any care or concern I had was soon swept away by wave after wave of dark heat and hunger.

The orgasm wasn't quite as powerful as the one Zamile had given me, but it seemed to last even longer! Nor was it the first. For another man came into the room, another of the same type, and as the first finished, the second thrust himself into me to continue!

Zamile continued to caress and kiss me and talk softly through the second sodomy, but then got up and returned to his desk, leaving the man to finish on his own.

To be replaced by another.

And another.

After that, Aida came and fetched me, led me away to another shower, another enema, and then I took my place on my knees next to the dinner table as Zamile ate with several guests. She fed me by hand, and on occasion, one of the others would feed me, then I knelt next to her chair on a back veranda as they talked – in Swahili, drank, and watched the sun set.

Later that evening, Zamile took me to her bed, then strapped my bottom and my breasts before fucking me hard and fast, making me come repeatedly.

I slept, not on the bed, but on a kind of doggy bed next to it, legs curled up, as naked and shackled as I'd been all day, as I would, in fact, be for quite some time.

But there was no anxiety in me, no regret, no fear. I slept soundly, even though still wrapped in a dark, kinky sense of heat and excitement, living a thrilling fantasy where all the inhibitions which had gripped me all my life were removed.

In fact, everything, all the cares and concerns, the thoughts and plans and considerations, all that was gone, at least for now. Because I had no knowledge

of and no say over what would happen tomorrow or the next day. I felt a sense of peace, as if I were floating along on events I had no influence over, so didn't need to think about.

But still gripped by a dark, thrilling heat as I waited what might come next!

* * * * *

Her Black Mistress

Her African Mistress

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

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