

Her Black Mistress

by JJ Argus



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

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It had always seemed to me that the name of the Secret Service ought to be changed. I mean, there wasn't anything secret about the organization any more. That thought had occurred to me when they'd first recruited me in college, and I still thought it entirely valid.

How had I gotten recruited? I was in my next to last year in Financial Accounting. I had come to believe, more and more, that the career path I'd chosen, mostly because I was good at numbers, was going to be a very boring one. Oh, at first, the formulas had been challenging enough, but after a while I just got bored of it all.

Only with so much invested already, in terms of time and energy, not to mention money, I couldn't simply quit and start anew at something else. That was especially so since I didn't know what else I'd prefer.

The Secret Service doesn't just protect the President and other big shots. Most of its efforts are directed at counterfeiting and major fraud. Now that sounded interesting! Oh, I'd have to do their silly little training thing, which would include learning about guns and self-defense, but really, that was just a formality. I'd never have a use for any of it. I'd be working in an office going over accounting figures.

That was pretty much what they told me anyway.

But a funny thing happened after I graduated, went to the Secret Service Academy, and graduated from there. I learned that junior agents tended to be stuck with the worst jobs. That didn't surprise me. What surprised me was that the worst jobs for the Secret Service didn't involved sitting at a desk going over figures, but protecting people.

Yes, being on the President's detail had a certain cachet in terms of prestige, but that wasn't where they put junior agents. The Secret Service was also responsible for providing bodyguards for senators and congressmen, for other members of the government deemed at risk, and for foreign VIPs in the United States.

The thing is, in 99.999 percent of the time in these jobs, the most exciting thing that might happen is you annoy your protectee, and get a black mark on your career. Because, by and large, the people you're protecting are big shots, and the

Secret Service, like any other agency, is devoted to sucking up to big shots.

So what do you do? Most of the time you stand around a lot doing nothing, watching for evil assassins that aren't going to make an appearance, and being bored out of your skull. You don't even stand around where anything is going on. You stand around outside the closed doors to offices, watching hallways.

Ugh.

I was not looking forward to it. The older agents seemed to enjoy regaling us with stories about how boring it was and how unpleasant the people we were supposed to be protecting. Most of them were not very important, but liked to think they were.

I was assigned to protect the Ambassador from Tanzania. Why me? Because the ambassador was a woman, and they had asked for a woman after some white pride group in Idaho had threatened her. It seemed ridiculous to me, but nobody asked my opinion. Which was how I wound up being assigned as her personal bodyguard for a while.

Her name was Zamile Diamini, and meeting her was an experience. I grew up in New Hampshire. We don't have a lot of Black people in New Hampshire, so I was expecting a Whitney Houston or Beyonce, or maybe Oprah Winfrey. That is, the Black women American television focused on.

Most Black women on TV in America are light of skin, with features which often show more than a trace of Caucasian or Arabic ancestry somewhere in the gene pool. Zamile Diamini was 100% Zulu warrior princess, with skin as dark as the ace of spades. She was tall and lithely muscled, with a narrow face with high cheekbones and bright brown eyes.

She had short, curly hair, disdaining the habit of so many African American women to try and make their hair resemble that of Whites and Asians. Her nose was narrow and aristocratic, and she had soft lips and perfect teeth, which surprised me, she coming from Africa (and yes, I was pretty ignorant about Africa).

Oh, and she was a bitch. Make that a Bitch, with a capital B. Everyone pretty much agreed on that score. So why did we put up with her? Because the State Department was sucking up to them, something about rare minerals some

American mining companies wanted to get out of them, and a base the military wanted. So pleasing them was important.

She walked with a straight-backed gate any military man would have envied, except that her head tended to be up and back so she could look down her nose at everyone, which probably gave her a better view of the sky than what was underfoot. She was surprisingly young to be an ambassador, somewhere between thirty and thirty five, was my guess.

When I was introduced to her she frowned and then looked me up and down like she was buying a horse but didn't like the looks of it. She walked up to within inches of me, eyes boring into mine. I'm tall for a woman, but not as tall as her. Still, I didn't have to cock my head back, so didn't. She moved around me, doing a full circle, and I kept my face forward.

I'd been warned she was a bitch, and also been warned State didn't want any more complaints from them. Suck it up, buttercup, was what my boss had said, if she irritated me.

She moved around to my other side, still frowning at me.

“How old are you, girl?” she asked in accented English.

“I'm twenty two, Ma'am,” I said.

She snorted, her eyes still flicking up and down.

I was dressed the way we always dress, which was a dark blue suit, the blazer single breasted and hip length – kind of mannish, actually – open collared white blouse, and flats.

She was wearing a high necked red and gold dress, or maybe it was a robe, high heels, and a gold necklace as thick as my thumb. She reached out and briefly slid her fingers through my hair.

“A Zulu woman would never wear her hair so long,” she said. “It can become a leash your enemy can use to subdue you.”

I felt my eyebrows raise. It wasn't like my blonde hair was that long, but yes, it normally was just over the shoulder. Right now, on duty, I had done it half up,

half down, and some bangs crossing my forehead. It wasn't like I had a pony tail hanging halfway down my back.

“I'm not worried,” I said.

Her eyes narrowed, which made me figure I'd said the wrong thing.

“I like it better when my bodyguard is concerned about being overpowered,” she said.

“It won't happen, ma'am,” I said.

She snorted. “I could overpower you myself.”

What was I to say to that? If I argued it would probably just tick her off more.

“You are very white,” she said. “You are the whitest woman I have ever met.”

“I don't think that will affect my ability to protect you, ma'am,” I said.

“You will wilt in the heat, little girl,” she said.

She might have a point there. Washington in the summer made a lot of people wilt.

There was a black man in a suit standing with her, and he kept saying things in whatever language they spoke in Tanzania, probably Swahili, which sounded like he was trying to placate her. She was ignoring him.

“You have a gun?” she demanded.

“Yes, ma'am,” I said.

“You will shoot any of your white racists who dare to assault me?”

“I'll do whatever is necessary, ma'am. There's no need to worry.”

“I do not worry. I am Zulu. We do not fear our enemies. We hunt them down and kill them. But I am told this would upset your American government.”

“That's probably true, ma'am,” I said.

She snorted and said something to the man next to her, who bobbed his head obsequiously and left. She turned back to me. “Come,” she said.

I opened my mouth uncertainly. This was the home of the Tanzanian ambassador, which made it foreign territory. My understanding was we'd wait just outside and only go with her when she traveled, but I followed her into the house. It wasn't a huge house, though obviously a lot bigger than mine. It looked like a large eighteenth century New England brick home, one with five or six bedrooms, and very high ceilings.

It was furnished in what I took to be African modern, which was definitely not my thing. I was more into Danish modern, personally. Ikea is my favorite store.

Whenever she passed anyone they bobbed low, like she was a queen or something. They looked at me curiously, but didn't say anything.

She led me through the house and out to the back yard. It was a large back yard, with an in-ground pool. It was very sterile, though. That is, the grass was perfectly manicured, leading up to high, thick green hedges. I frowned at the hedges, for anyone could be hiding in them, though my briefing said there was a high fence behind them and alarms.

The pool was rectangular, with a six foot wide border of interlock stones. It had roman columns at both ends, and a little waterfall spilling out of a stone bench which served as a diving board on the near end. It was very... regal, but I would have preferred more plants and bushes, personally.

There was a comfortable round table poolside with a chair pulled out before some papers and forms, as well as a half empty glass. I gathered she'd been sitting there and working when I'd arrived to replace Amy, the woman on the shift before mine.

The last thing I expected, therefore, was for her to reach up and back and undo the dress. It slid down her body like a snake shedding its skin, and when she turned she was completely naked. She had, as I said, a lithe, but athletic body, with small, high, firm breasts. Her belly was flat, her hips flaring, and her legs very long and well sculpted.

She turned and walked gracefully to the pool, then dove in with me looking on, trying not to show my surprise – and some embarrassment. My mind spun as she

swam the length of the pool and back, and I wondered if she was trying to offend me or simply distract me. I'd been told she was new here and liked to ask a lot of uncomfortable questions. She often pretended to be culturally ignorant so she could get away with doing or saying something just to observe the results.

She climbed out of the pool very easily, very smoothly pulling herself up and out, and getting to her feet, rivulets of water trickling down her body as she walked back to where I stood. I felt a rueful admiration for the fact her hair wouldn't even need drying, and she didn't have to worry about it being out of place as she picked up a small towel and patted the front of her briefly before tossing it onto the chair and sitting down.

“You may swim if you wish,” she said.

“No thank you, ma'am,” I said.

“Do not call me ma'am again. It makes me feel like an old woman.”

“We're required to observe – .”

“Yes, yes, yes, a certain formality in public,” she said, waving her hands negligently. “We are not in public. You will call me Zamile.”

Not you 'may' call me Zamile, you 'will' call me Zamile.

But then, I suppose if she was going to be naked, a certain formality was in order.

Zamile, I said reluctantly.

Speaking of which, I was starting to feel kind of awkward, she being naked, and all. I mean, it's not like I generally have conversations with naked people. We in New Hampshire tend to be a bit on the conservative side in terms of what we wear. Of course, being a Secret Service agent, that made my available clothing styles even more limited.

I wasn't quite blushing, but I was feeling uncomfortable, which I figured was probably her intent.

She was smiling, apparently enjoying my discomfort.

“Tell me about these people who threaten me,” she said in an imperious voice.

“Idaho is a long way away, ma'am... I wouldn't worry if I were you.”

“Do not call me ma'am. I have instructed you already. In Tanzania we beat servants who disobey us,” she said.

“I'm not a servant, ma'am... I mean, Zamile, and we're not in Tanzania.

“You are mistaken on both counts. This land is Tanzanian. And in Tanzania there are those who rule and those who are ruled. You are of this latter group. Your job is to do as you are told.”

Not by you lady, I thought, though didn't say it.

I was starting to get hot. The sun was shining down on me and I was in a dark suit.

“If I told you to stand on your head, you would stand on your head. If I told you to jump in the pool, you would jump in the pool. If I told you to please me sexually, you would do this as well.”

I felt a flicker of confusion and uncertainty as she aimed those dark eyes on me. I knew she was smart enough to realize things weren't like that in America, and certainly not for a federal agent, so why was she saying all this?

“We do things differently in America,” I said.

“Yes. Your streets are filled with criminals and vermin who should have been put down years ago. The lower classes do not know their place in your country. In my country, your place would be here,” she said, pointing at the grass next to her foot.

“Cleaning my foot with your tongue.”

She was deliberately trying to provoke me. I wondered why. Did she not like blondes?

“Not part of my job description, Ma'am,” I said.

“Yes, you are all so independent, you Americans. But this robs you of the satisfaction of serving those above you as you truly should, of the loyalty which should pass between you. Your upper classes have no loyalty to those beneath them and those beneath them have none for their employers and superiors. It is a mad system.”

“We like it,” I said.

“You know not how wonderful life can be dedicating your life and loyalty to those above you. Your life here has no meaning. You seek 'job satisfaction,'” she said with a shake of her head, “when every one of my servants is thrilled to work for me and worships the ground upon which I walk.”

“I'm not much into worshipping people,” I said.

“This is your problem,” he said with a firm nod of her head. “You need someone to heed, someone to take care of your well-being, to be responsible for you. Thus it is so in proper countries. Yet you are adrift with no chief or council to show you your proper path. All your people are adrift.”

I rolled my eyes longingly towards the pool. My head was burning from the sun.

“You are hot, as I thought. You wilt in the sun.”

“The suit is hot in the sun,” I conceded.

“Because it is a dark color?” she sniffed, standing and holding out her arms.

“You see my skin? It is blacker than your suit. Yet the heat does not touch me.”

Standing up just showed even more naked skin and made me even more uncomfortable, but I fought not to show it as she looked down her nose at me. I wondered why I was being subjected to all this. None of the others mentioned anything similar. Maybe she was just in a bad mood today. Then I thought of her saying I would have to please her sexually if she wanted it, and felt a strange little rush of confusion and uncertainty.

Was she a lesbian?! Did they have lesbians in Tanzania?! I mean, dumb question, but homosexuality was illegal in much of Africa. They would never appoint anyone as ambassador if they thought they were gay.

That chain of thought had a weird effect on me. I mean, it's not as if lots of guys, and not a few women had expressed interest in me over the years. I'm tall, blonde, attractive, and I have nice boobs. Sure, I've had lots of people show interest, but never when they were naked. In any event, I had dabbled, I guess you could say, with a few girls in college, but not gone very far with them. I had some curiosity, but a lot of hesitation about the whole notion.

But I suddenly had the thought, as far out as I figured it was, of me and Zamile together, naked, and I felt a hot rush of desire that made me suck in a breath of air.

Why, I don't know. I hadn't ever even imagined sex with a Black man before, much less a Black woman. Maybe it was how black her skin looked, as opposed to how white mine was. Maybe it was how stern and, well, aggressive she was acting. I liked strong men, so why wouldn't I like strong women?

And not to put too fine a point to it she had a really nice body. It was sleek and beautiful and exotic looking as she stood before me. I gulped and licked my lips, then turned my head to look towards the house.

“This used to be a swamp, you know, Megan,” she said, walking past me and gesturing around.

I turned in surprise. It was the first time she'd used my name. I thought of objecting, but that seemed silly given she'd told me to use her first name.

“I know,” I said.

“It is a place built for people like me, not people like you,” she said, glancing pointedly at my suit.

“The city fathers frown on us running naked in the streets,” I said.

She stepped back to me, and her long legs made it a very long step so that she was suddenly right in front of me.

“You think we run around naked in Tanzania?” she demanded.

“Well, no, of course not.”

“We are not savages in Tanzania, Megan,” she said.

“No, Ma'am,” I said hurriedly.

Her hand shot up suddenly, fingers cupping my chin and lifting it up a bit. “Call me Zamile or I will punish you.”

I blinked at the threat. Punish me? What did that mean? Call the state department again?

“Uhm, Zamile,” I said, grasping her wrist gently and pushing it down and back.

Putting her on her belly and twisting her arm up behind her back would probably not go over well with State.

She snorted and yelled something towards the house. A woman's face peeked out, and Zamile yelled something at her. The woman scurried away, then hurried back with another woman. They rushed over to a shed, opened it, and dragged a large umbrella from it, carrying it over to the table and sliding it into the hole in the center, then opening it.

“Sit,” Zamile ordered. “We have much to discuss.”

I was grateful for the shade, so sat, and she began plying me with questions about America, about New Hampshire, and about me and how I became a Secret Service Agent. She veered all over the map, between simple questions about American culture, to highly personal questions like whether I was a virgin and how often I slept with men and why.

She remained naked the entire time, getting up occasionally to jump into the pool and swim a couple of lengths, then coming back to sit down naked again. One of the female servants kept her drink fresh and brought me an iced tea.

This was just not the sort of thing I'd been told to expect, but saw no way to tell her I'd rather sit outside in the car by the gate. Not only might it piss her off and get a complaint to State but it was a lot better sitting here in the shade drinking Iced Tea and talking than watching the street out front.

After a couple of hours she put on her robe, with one of the servants helping, and went inside, leading me to an office area, and insisting I tag along wherever she

went. She did drive downtown later for a meeting and sat with her in the limo, then stood outside the office door.

Everyone seemed to speak English but none of them spoke English amongst themselves so it was just a lot of chattering to me. I had very little idea what they were doing.

But there was no mistaking how everyone bobbed and sucked up to her whenever she came near, and they seemed happy to do it. Maybe jobs were in short supply in Tanzania. She didn't seem to take advantage of it, though. She glided around, acting very regal, like the Queen, bobbing her chin tolerantly at them.

At the end of the day, I made my report and went home. It was a more or less complete report, but left off that she was naked. I just didn't feel comfortable adding that bit in case whatever guy (and it would be a guy) read it started thinking thoughts about lesbianism and stuff involving me. That would have been way too embarrassing.

I told myself she was simply a woman comfortable in her skin. Obviously she didn't feel any shyness about her body, and that was the entirety of it. But I couldn't help thinking about me and her, couldn't help feeling a strange little breathless sexual thrill at the image that brought to mind.

She was an impressive woman, after all, strong, intelligent, and beautiful. Maybe if I'd met her in college and she'd expressed an interest... but not now. Now, even if she did have an interest that would destroy my career. Sleeping with anyone on the job, particularly the person you're supposed to be protecting, would get you booted out faster than kicking the president in the butt as he walked by.

Which, by the way, one senior agent had told me he had often fantasized about in the past.

I went home to my small apartment and got undressed with relief, shedding the dark blue suit, stripping naked and enjoying the cool of the air conditioning against my bare skin. I looked at myself in the mirror, and thought again of me and her together, my pale white skin against her dark black, my more generous rounded breasts against her own small hard breasts.

It was a deliciously exotic and erotic fantasy, but it was a far out thing that was

never going to happen. Nevertheless, when I stepped into the shower and soaped up, as my hands slid over my now slick, soapy skin, I felt the images come to mind, and felt a breathless excitement that grew much greater when I began to stroke my clitoris.

I came very quickly and very powerfully, with that image filling my mind, then relaxed, rinsed off, put on shorts and a tank top, and made dinner.

*

Every day Zamile had something new, colorful and exotic to wear. I wore mostly the same thing every day. She needled me about that every day, too. One day she casually flipped open my blazer, releasing it before I could even react.

“Yes, I thought so. You have good breasts,” she said. “You should display them better. How do you expect to attract a man?”

“I'm not trying to attract a man,” I said indignantly.

“Women?”

“No,” I said, blushing. “I'm working!”

She snorted. “And when you are not working you are home in your tiny apartment by yourself where there are no men to see your breasts.”

“I don't want a man who's only interested in my body,” I replied in irritation.

“The body is the bait, girl. You have good bait, I think, but you hide it.”

“Your clothes aren't exactly tight,” I said.

“I am a married woman, girl. You are alone, and need someone to take care of you.”

“I can take care of myself, thanks,” I said.

“Everyone needs someone to take care of and to be taken care of,” she said.

I was sort of getting used to her. Her bark seemed worse than her bite, and I knew some of the things she was saying, especially the more outrage things,

were just said to gauge my reaction. She tried to get me to act the servant role, including carrying and fetching things, but I resisted, pointing out I needed my hands free to grab my gun if necessary.

She called me 'girl' or even 'little girl' a lot, and suggested she could protect me better than I could protect her. I assured her I was capable, but there was no doubt she was an impressively athletic woman and not one to panic easily.

Once she gripped my blazer again, on the left, and flipped it open.

“What kind of gun is that?” she asked.

“It's a Sig Sauer P229, 357 caliber semi-automatic, Ma'am,” I said, using the 'ma'am' to annoy her since I knew she was trying to annoy me.

“It is a small gun. I thought Americans liked guns as big as possible, to make up for their small penises.”

“Some men do,” I said with a faint smile.

“You do not like big penises, Megan?” she asked.

“Big guns are harder to hide, ma'am,” I said.

She sniffed. “I am surprised you can get it out past your enormous breast.”

I flushed a bit as she turned away.

“My breasts aren't enormous,” I muttered.

“They are big,” she said.

“They're average,” I replied curtly.

“You are a skinny girl to have big breasts. Are they plastic? I hear many American women go to a doctor to get plastic breasts.”

“They're real,” I said.

I felt that now familiar little sense of fluttering in my stomach at the personal nature of the conversation. I'd had no confirmation either way of whether she

was interested in me 'in that way' but the thought, the fantasy, had come up reasonably often, especially when I showered.

“In my country some chief's son would capture you, strip you, put you on a carry pole, and his men would carry you back to his village to be married.”

“A what?” I asked, startled.

“A carry pole. It is used for carrying game after it is killed. You tie the front and back legs together together, and raise them, then put the pole under and carry the beast back to your village. Sometimes it is done with captives, as well.”

“I guess I better not go to your country then,” I said. “Ma'am.”

She looked at me down the long length of her nose.

“Impudent girl servants are strapped in my household,” she said.

“I'm not in your household, ma'am, nor a girl servant.”

She snorted and walked on down the hall.

“I understand American girls begin to have sex when they are fifteen years old,” she said. “How many men have you had sex with, Megan?”

“I think you're referring to statistics about the average age, Ma'am. It doesn't mean every girl does,” I replied, feeling that fluttering again.

“But blonde girls have more sex, yes? Much more sex. You must have slept with many men by now.”

“That's a cliché, ma'am,” I said.

She looked back at me in disbelief and I tsked in irritation.

“When girls who aren't blonde want to... or think they will look sexier, they dye their hair blonde. That's what gives blondes a bad name. All those non-blondes who want to look sexy and be sexy and attract men. Marilyn Monroe was not really a blonde, you know. Madonna isn't a blonde, nor is Britney Spears nor Lady Gaga. They're all slutty brunettes.”

“I see, so blonde girls do not have sex with men,” she said.

“That's not what I said, ma'am.”

“And women? All American women have lesbian relationships, yes?”

“Uh, no.”

“I read they often do, merely for fun.”

“Some do, younger women,” I said hesitantly, feeling that fluttering in my stomach again.

“College girls?”

I shrugged.

“You were in college, yes?”

I frowned at the back of her head. “What I do or don't do in my personal life is really not open for discussion,” I said firmly.

She stopped and turned so abruptly I almost ran into her.

“I am not used to being spoken to like this by servants,” she growled.

Suddenly she grabbed me by the lapels, and I was too stunned to react as she turned me and shoved me against the wall. Then she kissed me! I was so shocked I did nothing, even as her lips crushed mine and then her tongue pushed into my mouth! I was just starting to think about reacting, like grabbing at her wrists, when she pulled back and continued walking.

“I am going jogging,” she said over her shoulder. “You will follow, yes?”

I stared after her until she had disappeared, my mouth open, still totally shocked by what she'd just done. I mean, well, there sure wasn't a lot of doubt now about her interests! Unless, of course, she was just doing that to test me or to confuse me, which, I admitted, was certainly possible.

“Wait... what?”

Jogging!?! She couldn't go jogging! At least, if she did I had to come and I was sure not dressed for jogging! I hurried after her, my confusion and uncertainty about the kiss being pushed aside by professional needs.

But where the fuck was she!?

The hall ended in the garage, but there was no sign of her there, though the garage door was open. But she couldn't have gone out jogging in that outfit! I backtracked, and looked up the stairs, then, gulping, I trotted up the stairs to the second floor.

Most of the doors were wide open, but one was closed and I put my ear to it, then knocked anxiously.

“Yes?”

'Uhm, it's Agent Stone.”

“Come in.”

I hesitated, hand over the doorknob, but I had to tell her not to go jogging, or at least, to wait until we could cover her. I couldn't jog alongside her in a freaking suit! I drew in a deep breath and opened the door to find her across the room naked, pulling on a pair of shorts.

Shit!

“Ma'am, you can't go jogging just yet. We're not prepared for it. We haven't scouted out any routes and no one is here to jog with you.”

“You said there was little concern,” she said, pulling a sports bra out of a drawer and drawing it on over her head.

“There isn't, so long as you let us protect you.”

“If you wish to come, you may, of course, come,” she said.

“Ma'am I can't jog in this outfit,” I said. “I need to get other clothes.”

“So do so.”

“I would have to get them from home. If you want to jog tomorrow – .”

“I wish to jog today,” she said imperiously.

“I can't go jogging with you today and we don't have any other agents who are appropriately dressed who can – .”

“I wish exercise,” she said. “I could swim.”

“Sure, fine. Swim.”

“Only if you swim also.”

I gulped. “I can't do that, ma'am.”

She moved across the room to me.

“I have told you, have I not, to not use this form of address with me?”

“Uhm, Zamile,” I gulped.

She was way too close and I backed up a bit, but that only made her smirk, and I felt another swirling sense of confusion and uncertainty about whether she was just fucking with my head or not.

“I am used to getting my way, Ca-Si-Dy,” she said.

“I'm sorry but I can't – .”

Her hand slid behind my head. My hair was, as usual, kind of half up, half down, which meant it was very easy to get a thick handful of hair behind my neck. She did, and jerked my head up and back without notice. I gasped, instinctively jerking my hands up and back to grasp at her wrist.

It was then her lips came down on mine again!

The Secret Service had trained us in hand to hand combat, but the thing is, most of what came to mind for getting away from her was, well... violent. I couldn't punch her or hurt her, and while I tried to twist her hand away it looked like she was stronger than me, and ignored my effort!

Suddenly, just as I had about decided I was going to have to get rougher, she jerked me forward sharply, almost throwing me against the foot of this huge African type bed! My belly, or really, my abdomen hit a thick, rough round horizontal post and I fell across it, hands shooting out to grasp the mattress to push me back.

But then she was on me from behind! She grabbed my wrists and jerked them up and back behind me in an instant.

“Zamile!” I cried. “Stop it!”

“But I wish my exercise,” she said, as I felt something soft spun around my wrists.

I gasped, but it was already too late, as she tied my wrists together with some kind of soft scarf!

“Zamile!”

I cried out as she gripped my hair and jerked me up and back once more, turning me, smirking down at me, then kissing me again. I squirmed against her, then finally bit her tongue – though admittedly not hard. She jerked back, glaring.

“Untie me right now!” I demanded, face flushed.

“Or what?”

“Or I'll arrest you for – !”

She laughed. “I cannot be arrested, little girl, You know this.”

“I'll report you to – .”

“No, you won't,” she said with a lazy smile. “You will have sex with me instead.”

“I will not!” I exclaimed.

“You want to.”

“I don't!” I said desperately, trying to pull my wrists free.

“I think you do.”

“You're wrong!”

“Your words will not convince me. Only your body will convince me. If your body is cold to me then you do not wish to sleep with me.”

She was combing her fingers through my hair as she spoke, untying it, letting it fall straight.

“Look, you have to untie me right now!” I said in as stern a voice as I could manage.

She just kissed me again, pressing me back against one of the thick vertical bed posts.

She didn't kiss me harshly this time, though. She cupped my cheeks and kissed me gently, her lips subtly caressing mine as she held my head in place, her tongue just lightly sliding across my lips, then easing back.

“Kiss me,” she ordered.

“No!”

“Obey me,” she said with a growl.

I gulped, feeling my chest tighten, my stomach fluttering wildly as she kissed me again. Then she grasped my hair again, jerking my head up and to the side as her mouth moved down along the exposed nape of my neck, laying small kisses and bites along the way as I gulped in air.

“Za-Zamile!” I gasped helplessly, still wriggling and twisting.

“Shhh, girl. You do not know your own needs and desires. You have no one to show you. That is the problem you people all have. You do not have betters to guide you.”

I gasped as she bit harder into the side of my throat, then began to nibble at my earlobe. At the same time her left hand slid up to cup my breast through my blouse, squeezing gently.

The thing was... she was right. I mean, partially right. I had been thinking, fantasizing about what it would be like since that first day. I did want to sleep with her! But it was career suicide if anyone found out!

But her hand kneading my breasts sent an almost exhilarating rush of excitement and heat through my body even as her lips moved back up along my throat and onto my own again.

“I feel a very hard nipple here,” she said softly.

I gulped, face already so flushed it was hard to feel it heat further, but I did.

“Your body does not seem dismayed by my ugliness,” she said, easing her lips back.

‘You're not... ugly. I'm not... I'm a Secret Service Agent!’ I exclaimed.

“Yes, and so? They cannot have sex, these agents?”

“Of course they can! But not with a protectee! I'm supposed to be guarding you!”

“But I am in my bedroom in my home. I need no guard here,” she said with a smile.

She kissed my chin, then began to kiss down along my neck, forcing my head up and back again by the hair. She abruptly abandoned my hair, then, both hands cupping my breasts as she brought her lips back onto my mouth when I dropped my head. I moaned into her mouth, a wild swirl of emotions battering at my senses!

I was feeling incredibly aroused by her hands against me, by the thought of exploring sex with her, but I was also horribly anxious about what would happen if I was caught, about what the Secret Service would think of an agent who had, let's face it, lesbian sex at all, given what a sexist bunch they were, but with a foreign ambassador, and a protectee all rolled together!

Her tongue flitted through my lips again, and for a long moment I felt an incredibly sensual delight as it caressed my own. Then that fear of what I was doing, of the forbidden, of being caught, jerked me out of that delight and I bit

her tongue.

She drew back, glowering. “You are being a very naughty little girl,” she growled.

“It isn't allowed!” I exclaimed desperately. “If my agency found out – .”

“But they will not,” she said.

She grabbed my hair again and I gasped in pain as she jerked it up and back, then forced me to march to the door. At the door, though, she closed it and locked it.

I felt my stomach lurch.

“Now, for being such a bad girl, I think you must be punished.”

She marched me back to the bed and shoved me, belly down, across it again.

“Zamile!”

Crack!

“Ow! Hey!”

Crack!

“Ow! Zamile! What – ?!”

Crack!

She was slapping my ass! And it stung!

Crack!

“Stop that! Ow!”

Crack!

“Are you crazy!?”

Crack!

“You are a very bad girl indeed,” she said. “Very impudent and rebellious.”

She jerked me up and back by the hair again and again I cried out.

“I did tell you, did I not, what use your long, pretty yellow hair could be put to?” she said with a smirk.

Her other hand caressed my breasts through my blouse, then slid down my belly and unbuckled my belt.

“Wh-what are you doing!?” I gasped.

“Whatever I choose. I am a Zulu princess.”

“But – !”

She undid the catch in the front of my trousers and they slid down around my knees, then my ankles.

“Hmm, a lovely color for underwear. It goes with your pale skin,” she said, letting her hand caress me through the light purple thong I was wearing.

“You – !”

She jerked sharply down on my hair and I cried out as my head was forced way back.

“Your blouse seems too tight for your breasts,” she said, caressing me through the thin fabric.

Then I felt her unbuttoning it! Her long fingers were nimble and the pressure of the fabric pressing against my breasts eased quickly as I felt the cool air against my bare skin.

“Lovely,” she said. “I like a woman whose underthings match even when no one would see. It shows she cares about how she looks even to herself.”

She fingered my nipples through the thin bra, then tugged the cups down!

I felt an incredible jolt of ... of shock, but it was like a shock of sexual electricity, it was a shock of disbelief and intense heat as my breasts were bared.

“Lovely,” she sighed.

Then her mouth closed on the center of one throbbing breast and she began to choose on my already overheating flesh, her tongue swirling and caressing my very, very hard nipple! At the same time, her other hand slid down my belly and into my thong!

I cried out again, another shock hitting my mind, another hot rush of sensations sweeping through me!

Her mouth came off my breast and then she tugged my thong down.

“Fascinating. I knew of this thing you in America had for denuding your hair everywhere,” she said.

She eased up on my hair and let my head come forward, face burning as I saw her gazing at my naked pussy.

“It makes you look like a little girl,” she said. “But on the other hand, it is very clean looking, especially if you have a very pretty pussy. And it makes certain things easier...”

She shoved me forward roughly, so that I fell, belly-down, across the foot of her bed, then dropped low, yanking my thong and trousers down around my ankles and off. I gasped as I felt her strong hands on my thighs, forcing them apart.

Then, a moment later, her mouth seemed to envelope my pussy!

Another shock hit me, a hot, bubbling, boiling, roiling shock that sent me reeling! I shuddered as her mouth seemed to suck on my throbbing flesh, as her tongue pushed forward and slid up and down the line of my sex.

“Mmmmm, yes, this feels lovely against my mouth,” she said. “I can see why you American girls do it.”

Her fingers caressed me, then pulled apart my labia, her tongue pushing into me, pushing incredibly far into me, so my eyes bulged and I bucked helplessly against the post I was bent across. God she had a long tongue!

And there came a point where protest and resistance was simply futile, even if you wanted to. And to be honest, the flood of heat had melted away my inhibitions, along with my concerns about what the Secret Service might think about it.

I moaned and then gasped as her tongue found its way up higher. Her hands spread my legs much wider, and then her lips closed around my swollen clitoris, sucking rhythmically as I trembled and moaned and my breathing became more and more ragged!

“Such a delicious little girl,” she cooed.

I gasped as her fingers pushed into me, finding me very, very wet already. Two long black fingers slid deep into my pussy as her tongue began to lap at my clit, and my insides churned with a violent mix of passion, pleasure and desire!

Her fingers pumped and twisted inside me as her mouth alternated between licking and sucking on my clitoris, and I just lay there, gasping, shuddering, overcome by the lust, giving way to the inevitability, and to my own deep, dark fantasies.

I didn't even notice, for a few seconds, when she abandoned my pussy. I felt her hands on my wrists, and my dazed mind barely registered before she had undone the scarf, or whatever it was she'd used to bind them together.

An instant later she jerked back my already opened blouse, as well as the blazer, and, not incidentally, my shoulder holders, roughly pulling them down my arms

and off. A split second later the bra was gone too, then she pulled my wrists together and tied them tightly once more.

I let out a helpless cry as I felt her grip a fistful of hair again and force me upright. I gaped at her, flushed, panting, helpless, and she smiled darkly.

“Naughty girl. Did you think your punishment was over?” she purred.

She forced me across the floor and pulled out a straight back chair, then sat down and dragged me across her lap, belly down. I was still reeling and confused and not sure what she was doing until – .

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Please! Don't! Z-Zamile!” I gasped.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You are a naughty girl. I must teach you the proper respect for your elders.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“To say nothing of your betters.”

My head and upper body was hanging upside down across the left side of the chair, my legs hanging down, flailing and jerking, on the right. My bottom was positioned directly across her lap, and she was holding it in place with her left hand on my hip. Her right hand was – .

Ow! Don't!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You do not tell me what to do, child.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“That hurts! Don't! Please!”

“If you wish my forgiveness, you must ask for it.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Don't! Please! Zamil! I'm sorry!” I gasped.

“Sorry is not the appropriate term. You must beg my forgiveness, child.

My ass was burning! I mean, nobody had ever spanked me, not like this, not so hard or so long! My ass felt as though it was on fire, and every new blow brought a sharp, painful explosion of stinging pain!

“I'm sorry! Forgive me!” I cried desperately.

Her hand caressed my throbbing, overheated bottom, then made my eyes pop as it slid down between my trembling thighs, cupping my bare pussy. I felt two fingers sliding into my body once more, and moaned as they pumped in and out.

The proper term is please forgive this one, mistress. You refer to yourself without name, for your name is so unimportant. You are a mere servant.”

“I'm not a – .”

Her fingers pulled free of my pussy and slapped down sharply against my bottom again!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! I'm sorry! Okay! Please!”

Her fingers slid down between my legs again as I moaned helplessly.

“Please forgive this one, mistress,” she said, fingers caressing the mouth of my sex.

“P-Please forgive this one, mistress!” I gasped.

“Much better,” she said, fingers sliding deep into my tight, thrumming pussy again.

They pulled out, then began to rub against my clitoris while what felt like her thumb pushed into me instead. The thumb pressed in against the bottom of my sex, up below my clitoris, as her other fingers pressed down on it, rubbing up

and down. I shuddered at the wave of heat which rolled through my body, my legs jerking helplessly as I moaned in heated anguish.

“Do you like this little girl?” she purred.

She reached down with her left hand I cried out as she gripped my hair once again, then used it to lift my head up and back. Instead of staring at my own legs under the chair I was now staring at the wall in front of me.

But she kept pulling, and I cried out again as the force her pull lifted my torso up and back so it was almost horizontal, and then even more, bowed up and back while her fingers rubbed me harder and harder, her thumb pumping in and out of my sex, rubbing against the flesh underneath my clitoris!

My legs jerked spastically as a fever heat swept over me. My scalp ached, but that didn't seem to matter compared to the wild heat pouring through my body, and then the orgasm took me, and I cried out in incredible in something like exultation, my hips jerking against her lap as waves of pleasure swept through me!

It was so intense I thought of nothing else but the desperate hope it went on forever! It didn't, of course, couldn't. My mind would have burned out, to say nothing of my nervous system. It did fade, finally, leaving me limp, gaping for breath and moaning as her fingers lightly traced my spine.

“Such a naughty girl,” she purred.

I groaned as she gripped my hair again, using it to pull me off her lap and onto the floor. Then, holding my hair as though it were a leash, she walked to the bed, forcing me to crawl unceremoniously across the floor on my knees, gasping and wincing in pain.

She raised me up at the side of the bed and threw me forward into it.

“On your back, girl,” she growled.

I stared at her dazed, but she had already peeled off the sport bra. I saw her push the shorts down and off and climb into bed, naked, lithe, powerfully built, and gulped helplessly.

Her strong hands rolled me over and slapped my still red, sore bottom again, then rolled me again, positioning me in the center of the bed. Then she... dove atop me. I gasped as her lips found mine, as her hands found my hair yet again, twisting the long, soft strands around her fingers, tugging now and then, just to make me gasp and since.

Her soft black skin lay pressed atop mine, moving smoothly, slowly, her small, hard breasts pillowed out against my larger ones, our nipples rubbing together as her tongue pushed deep into my mouth. Her hips ground against me, my legs spread wide around her as our joint weight crushed my bound arms beneath me.

She pulled back, a fierce look on her face, and raised herself up, spreading my legs achingly wide as she pressed her knee in against the mattress next to my right hip. Then she raised my right leg up and pressed it back, turning her hips at an angle to bring her pussy directly against mine. She began to grind herself against me in smooth, languid motions that made me gasp and gurgle as I watched. I was completely helpless, still laying on bound arms, the tendons in my left thigh aching as she stretched my leg up and forced it back.

“Naughty little girl. You must come to learn who is your superior,” she said.

Her hips ground faster and heat suffused my body. My pussy thrummed with an incredible, almost continuous thrum of exquisite pleasure as her own pussy ground back and forth across it!

Despite her words about my shaved pussy, she had very little hair herself. She had a narrow landing strip above her pussy, but her soft lips were as naked as mine as they ground together, and the tactile pleasure of it flooded my mind with pleasure.

I was already so... hyper-tense, my nervous system, my mind, already so filled with crackling sexual electricity, that it took very little of this before my breath was ragged and my face a mask of helpless pleasure! I moaned and gasped for breath, my head thrashing from side to side as she ground herself harder and faster against me!

Then the orgasm hit, a tremendous, wonderful, incredible orgasm that almost blew my mind! I cried out, back arching, head rolling and beneath me as she jammed her pussy against mine and ground them furiously together! I felt a stunning release of sexual energy that blew away every care in the world I had

but my own pleasure!

I saw her own face, though, eyes closed, pleasure and heat filling her as she arched back herself, awash in pleasure and release, but making almost no noise as she ground herself against me.

I went limp as she dropped my leg, and I could hear her own heavy breathing, but then she slid down out of sight, though I felt her spreading my legs apart again. I moaned, opening my eyes to see her on her belly between my legs, her tongue moving in to caress my inner thighs, then slide up and down along the flesh to either side of my pussy.

This was all a huge shock, quite aside from, well, that it was her, that it was here, that it was while I was supposed to be working and protecting her. I had dabbled, as I said, with women, but for some reason the intensity of all of this was wilder and more exciting, more thrilling, than any sex in my life!

“Oh! Oh don't!” I begged as her tongue slid across my clitoris.

I felt so incredibly sensitive there that even the light brush of her tongue sent an uncomfortable blast of sensation through my body!

She ignored me, her tongue circling and caressing my throbbing clit as she pinned my thighs with her forearms. The raw force of the sensations made me clench my teeth, made me writhe and gasp, as they continued, but then they slowly began to shift, and then became something else again, became incredible waves of pleasure!

“Oh God!” I gasped.

She began to lick and suck in earnest, as I writhed below her, moaning and gasping and begging her to go easy.

But then, when it looked like I was going to come again she stopped and climbed up my body. She kissed and licked her way up my abdomen, up my heaving belly, across my breasts and then in under my ear, chewing and sucking, her hands moving everywhere on my body as she ground herself against me.

But then she slid higher, rising up above me, repositioning herself with my head between her thighs. She looked down at me from her incredibly high position

way up the length of her black body and smiled thinly.

“Now, girl, you will please your mistress.”

I felt a surge of anxiety, my eyes flicking back and forth between her face and her pussy.

“I-I don't ... don't know how to – . I mean, I've never – .”

She slid her fingers into my hair, tilting my head up as she leaned over.

“Then you had better learn,” she said.

She slid forward and I gasped as her pussy rubbed across my lips.

“Please your mistress, girl,” she ordered again.

My heart was thumping, but I was still enveloped in heat and excitement, and pushed my tongue out hesitantly, licking at her clit. True, I'd never done it before but I knew what she'd done, what guys had done, what I liked.

I began to lick, began to suck, and she let me know whether she liked it by simply twisting at my hair if she didn't. It was an entirely new experience, but I felt determined to show her I could do it, licking strongly at her clitoris, mouthing her, sucking the same way she'd done to me, and accepting her guidance without complaint other than gasps of pain if she pulled particularly hard.

It was hard to tell, except when her head finally went up and back, and I saw her back arch, her small, hard breasts pushing up and out as she moaned softly in pleasure. I licked even harder at her, eager to make her come, and her hips began to grind against my mouth and tongue as I heard her ragged breaths!

*

I had no idea what to do now. I mean, after I went home. I couldn't tell anyone! I sure wasn't going to tell the Secret Service! I couldn't even ask to be moved! If I did, they'd want to know why. You just didn't ask to be moved from your first assignment! It wasn't done!

I was devastated by what had happened, and could think of nothing else! I mean, it was the first time I'd had a ... a lesbian experience. The other things, they'd just been fooling around, just games. This was total, no holds-barred lesbian sex! And it had been... incredible!

I didn't think that was because it was with a girl, though. It was because it was with Zamile. It was because she was so... strong and beautiful and intimidating and so totally in control of herself, and of me!

I could hardly believe she'd spanked me! Yet, I didn't resent her for it. I didn't resent anything she did. I think I was kind of in awe of her.

No, all I could hope was that nobody ever found out about it. It didn't seem like Zamile would have much motivation to tell anyone. The only thing was... if I went back, there'd be more of the same. Zamile would not just... not ... want to not do... stuff. I was horribly anxious about that, but at the same time, as much as my stomach swirled anxiously at the thought, my pussy burned!

I'd always admired strong women, and maybe joining the Secret Service had been, in part, my hope of making myself a strong woman. Not that I felt I was particularly weak-kneed, or at least, hadn't once. Now, comparing myself to Zamile, and how she had taken control of things, well, it was clear I wasn't in her class.

So what was going to happen when I went back, I wondered nervously. I would have to talk to her, make clear that what had happened between us was due to an inexcusable lapse in judgment on my part, that I wasn't into girls (though I recognized it would be hard to make that case given the obvious strength of my orgasms) and we had to resume our professional relationship.

I would be firm, and unemotional. I would be clear and yet diplomatic. Perhaps I could even suggest we might get together, as friends, sometime in the future, when she wasn't an official representative of her government.

*

I looked up at my wrists in a kind of disbelief. They were high above my head, and there was black rope wrapped around them. I could see six distinct loops bunched tightly together, laid side by side, not overlapping. Then, with my wrists bound tightly, Zamile had laid two more loops down between my wrists, circling

the others, binding them even more tight.

I was in the attic of her house, of her 'official residence', and it was hot and I was completely naked!

This was not how I had pictured this day going!

It had started off normally enough, with me replacing Agent Conway. I hadn't even seen Zamile for the first hour and a half, then she had been brusque and all business. I had thought, foolishly, that she had regretted what had happened as well and was going to now pretend it hadn't.

I had felt relief, but also disappointment.

Still, I had wanted to talk to her, which was how I'd let her persuade me to go upstairs – for privacy. But the maid was vacuuming so she'd jerked her head towards another door and I'd followed. It had stairs and I'd followed her up to the attic.

And then she'd done what she had the other day; grabbed me by the lapels and mashed her lips against mine, her kiss forceful and determined to the point that I felt my toes curling up as her powerful arms kept me in place and her mouth ravished mine.

I had remembered her tearing off my clothes, and now... here I was, tied up again, naked, completely at her mercy as she smirked at me with all kinds of nasty thoughts probably going through her mind.

“Zamile – !”

Was all I got out, all of the attempt to sound reasonable, to convince her to... stop. That was when her strong black arms and slid around me and her naked body had pressed against mine and her lips stopped me from saying anything at all.

I was on the balls of my feet, which made me about the same height as her now. She had one hand in my hair, controlling my head, the other sliding up and down my body, front and back. The feel of her hard breasts, her stiff nipples, rubbing against me, was like a hot, shimmering wave of tactile pleasure everywhere they touched.

I moaned into her mouth as her tongue slid around mine, over it, under it, daring and darting and teasing me as she twisted her fingers in my hair to produce gasps of pain. Her free hand ran up and down my back to knead my buttocks, then up my front to roughly squeeze my breast.

“Nasty little girl,” she whispered as she finally pulled back from the kiss.

I gulped in air, sweating in the heat.

“It's... hot in here!” I gasped.

“Weak little girl,” she teased.

She moved behind me and her hand slapped sharply against my bottom. I yelped, hips jerking, almost losing my balance.

“I-I”m not from Africa!” I complained.

I gasped as I felt my hair jerked sharply back from behind, forced back through my arms, and then she shoved something into my mouth! My eyes widened as I stared at it, as my mouth instinctively pulled wider. It was like... a ball, a black ball, and I was completely baffled, at first, as she worked her fingers to squeeze it and force it past my jaw.

Then I felt a hot jolt of understanding as it filled my mouth, as she drew a pair of thin straps across my cheeks and around behind my head, then buckled them behind me. I felt her fingers combing my hair up and out from underneath as I realized it was a gag to keep me silent! Anxiety and alarm filled my mind, but had to co-exist with the raw heat which flooded me as well.

“Nasty little girl,” she said softly.

Crack!

I cried out, this time my voice deeply muffled by the ball filling my mouth and holding my jaw open.

“It is the responsibility of kings and queens, of lords and ladies, to guide the ordinary people in the world,” she said softly, her fingers tracing up and down my spine. “I think you are very much in need of guidance, little girl.”

Her fingers rose up my back, up my shoulders, both of her hands then combing fingers through my blonde hair.

“Such soft hair,” she said, kissing the back of my neck.

She moved back, and then returned, kneeling behind me. I jerked my head down and back and saw her with more of the same black rope, watched her quickly wrap it around my right ankle, six times, just like around my wrists. I moaned anew.

“Do not worry little girl. I would not harm you,” she said.

She tied the rope around my other ankle, looping it six more times. But I didn't realize it wasn't the same rope until she got up, holding one, and moving aside. I squealed as the rope tugged my right foot out from under me, pulling my leg out to the side at a sharp angle as she tied the rope around a ceiling post.

She smiled at me, then walked back, gent, and grabbed the other rope, then tugged my left foot out from under me! She tied that off to another ceiling post, and I was hanging by my wrists! The ropes she used were soft, but even so, they dug into my wrists as I hung there, and I felt my body heating even further with effort, with pain, with excitement, the beads of sweat which were already standing out on my forehead spreading out.

She moved behind me and I twisted my head around to try and see what she was doing. She picked up something from a low table, then returned.

The attic, I should say, was pretty much a normal attic. It was long and dusty, with a high, peaked ceiling overhead. It was relatively clean, as attics went, but clearly used for nothing more than storage, with boxes and furniture half filling it, aside from this central area.

She walked in front of me and my eyes bulged as she smiled and showed me what she had. It was... it was a dildo! It was a big black dildo! It was very lifelike, except that there was like a thick round bulge about an inch from the bottom.

She dropped to her knees, ignoring my rapidly shaking head, and began to rub the head of the dildo up and down against my moist, already overheated opening. The moisture wasn't all from sweat, I assure you, and as she rubbed the

head, she licked at my clitoris to produce more!

I moaned helplessly, writhing slowly in place as her tongue lapped expertly at my clitoris. I felt the head slowly pushing harder, then harder still, and groaned as it forced its way into me, pushing back the lips of my sex and sliding up through the tight elastic walls of my pussy.

She pumped it slowly in and out as she licked, as she sucked, and despite my anxiety, despite my fear, despite the heat which was now causing sweat to trickle down my body, my own inner heat blossomed into an incredible fever of sexual desire and pleasure! I shuddered and cried out as she forced it deeper, then deeper, her tongue lapping hungrily.

I cursed, I shuddered, I writhed as the dildo drove achingly deep! Finally, I felt the thing widen, then widen more, as it forced my opening to expand still further. I groaned, feeling the stinging tension, then the bulge was inside me and the lips of my sex were able to narrow around the base.

She released it, with the nose lodged deep inside me, her hands sliding up my sweating belly and chest to cup and knead my breasts as she continued to lick.

And then she stopped, stood up, pulled on her African robe thing, and walked away, leaving me like that, gasping for breath. I stared after her in disbelief, eyes blinking against the sweat, body trembling and twitching, my pussy squeezing hard around the thick black cock she'd shoved up inside me!

It was difficult to measure time. I hung there, moaning, gasping, chest heaving, sweat slowly trickling down my body as I stared around at the silent attic.

I had a lot of strange thoughts then. I wondered if she would return with some Secret Service agent, to humiliate me. Or maybe she would return with other members of her embassy! With men! Men who would fuck me, gang-bang me! Or worse, stare and laugh and point.

To be honest, I feared the latter more than the former. She had roused me to such a feverish hunger that the thought of a man coming up there, a stranger, and using me, fucking me, was... exciting. Oh, it would have been mortifying, and frightening, but to be honest, I'm pretty sure I would have come pretty strongly.

I hung there long enough for the heat, that is, the inner heat, to fade somewhat,

but the outer heat only seemed to grow worse. Hanging there was not exactly relaxing! It took a lot of out of me! Still, it was also so wildly, unbelievably kinky and... and raw and sexual and exciting, that my nipples tingled with heat, my breasts swollen, my pussy thrumming.

I heard footsteps on the stairs and my eyes widened as I stared towards the entrance. I felt relief when she returned, alone. She smiled at me, and held up a pitcher of water, with ice in it.

“It was getting a little warm,” she said, quickly stripping off her robe.

Naked again, she poured the water into a glass and came over to me, then drank deeply. She smiled at me, smirked, then reached behind me and gripped my hair again. I gasped as she jerked my head up and back.

“Nasty little girl,” she said. “I have many things to teach you about yourself.”

She took another drink, but caught the ice cube in her mouth, then leaned in, and I moaned as she gripped it in her teeth, between her lips, and slid it up and down along my exposed throat.

“You seem to be hot, little girl,” she said, rolling the cube around in her mouth.

She jerked my head back again, and I shuddered as she popped the cube into her fingers and rolled it back and forth around, then over my right nipple.

She chuckled softly, rolling it across my chest and over my left breast, circling my nipple, then freezing it.

“Naughty little girl,” she said.

She popped the cube into her mouth again, and released my hair, then bent to fold her cold lips around the center of my left breast. I groaned as she bit into the soft flesh, as her lips sucked, as her cold tongue lapped at me. The ice cube, partly melted, was still in her mouth, and moved around, touching me, not touching me, touching me again.

It was a very strange sensation as her mouth moved up and down across my breasts, her teeth nibbling, chewing, biting, her tongue licking, her cold flesh making goose bumps appear on my overheated skin.

She slid downward, sucking and licking and chewing at my belly, then began to lick at my clitoris. At first, the cold was very uncomfortable, but the cube had melted now, and her tongue began to heat itself against my flesh. The cold on my clitoris seemed to make it even more sensitive as it melted.

She licked harder, faster, and I felt something like sexual electricity crackling and circling and spiraling its way up my body until it seemed to envelope me! My muscles spasmed and jerked and my hips were bucking feverishly against her as my muffled cries filled the attic.

She halted and stood up, then her hands slid up my body, kneading my breasts, then rising higher, rising to encircle my throat. She squeezed, and I gurgled as I lost the ability to breath. She leaned in, choking me, raining small kisses along my cheek and then forehead and the bridge of my nose.

“I show you,” she said, her head easing back, even as her hands continued to squeeze tightly, “That I have your life in my hands. I can do anything to you I wish. I can harm you. But – .”

She released my throat and I gulped in air, dazed, panting, moaning.

“I do not choose to,” she said.

Her hands moved up and down my body again as I caught my breath, then found my clitoris.

“Do you wish to orgasm, little one?” she asked.

I moaned dazedly, my hips starting to grind again.

She pulled her hand up and slapped my face sharply and I gasped, head thrown to the side.

“Answer me, little one. Do you wish me to give you orgasm?”

I nodded dazedly.

She slapped my face again, this time the other cheek.

“You will speak. Beg me to give you orgasm,” she said.

But I was gagged, I thought dazedly.

She slapped my face again.

“Obey me,” she growled.

“Please let me come!” I moaned into the gag, the words, I was sure, unintelligible.

She reached behind me and unbuckled the gag, then pulled back on my hair again and gripped the ball gag, slowly working it out of my mouth. I gasped, gulping in air again as it came free, my head reeling from all this.

“You will say this. You will say, please great mistress, give pleasure to this one. Say this.”

I moaned and she slapped my face again.

“Say this,” she ordered.

“P-Please... please great mistress,” I gasped breathlessly. “Please... give pleasure to this one.”

She slapped my face again and I cried out, my head thrown aside.

“Again.”

“Please, great mistress give pleasure to this one!” I gasped.

Her hand slid behind my head and jerked me forward, her lips crushing mine. Her other hand slid down my body, and I let out a helpless cry as her fingers hooked over the base of the dildo and pushed hard, forcing the nose to jam painfully against the back wall of my pussy.

At the same time, her thumb began to stroke rapidly against my clitoris!

She jerked back on my hair again.

“Speak the words again,” she ordered.

“P-Please, Great Mistress!” I cried. “Oh! Oh! Please... Please! Please give

pleasure to this one! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

Her thumb ground furiously against my clitoris, her other fingers pushing up, then easing, pushing up, then easing, so it felt like the nose of the dildo was punching against the back wall of my pussy again and again!

Then she jerked my head forward again, kissing me once more, rough, voracious, like... like a conquering Zulu warrior princess...

My hips were grinding feverishly, bucking uncontrollably against her fingers as her breasts ground against mine and her tongue swirled within my mouth.

She jerked back on my hair again and bent to close her mouth against my exposed throat, and I came, crying out, my voice rising, shrill, passionate, animal-like as I lost control of my body and mind! I screamed, my voice undulating as my hips jerked spastically against her thumb, against the dildo, waves of raw pleasure tearing through me with an intensity I'd never known!

She kept rubbing until I went limp, then pulled away, untying my ankles, letting my feet fall imply to the floor. I groaned dazedly, gradually getting control of my body, standing up against the weight dragging down on my wrists. She untied my wrists and I half collapsed against her.

“Such a foolish girl to deny herself so,” she said gently.

She caressed me and kissed me, then drew my arms together behind my back and tied them there.

Moving around before me, she wrapped my already damp, tangled hair around her fingers, around her fist, and looked down at me, then drew my face in against her groin.

“Now pleasure your mistress,” she ordered.

I moaned and licked, as her fingers tugged and pulled at my hair, guiding me in how best to pleasure her. I was exhausted, sore, totally overheated, and only able to keep from collapsing by her hand in my hair. But I licked, because not licking wasn't an option.

*

Every afternoon, she brought me to the attic, where I sweated like a pig, screamed like a whore, and learned how to service her, how to please her with my tongue. Sometimes she used her tongue on me, sometimes her fingers, and sometimes other sex toys.

The next day, she had me kneel before her, already trembling with hunger and sweating with heat, then gripped my hair ruthlessly. She definitely had a thing for my hair, and used it as a handle all the time. She shoved down, forcing my chin to the floor, pressing my sweating breasts against the raw wood, then slapped my bottom to force me to raise it high and spread my knees.

That was when I discovered the dildo she'd used on me the other day had a harness which attached it to her body. She entered me, fucked me, pounded me, rode me into screaming, sobbing orgasms, yanking on my hair, slapping at my bottom, my breasts, grinding her hips into me as she rode me into the floor and turned me into a breathless, dazed, limp mass of exhausted, soaking wet flesh.

A week later she tied me tightly to one of the rough wooden ceiling posts. The post had a narrow, triangular piece of wood jutting out the side right under my pussy, or at least, right under my pussy as long as I stayed up on the balls of my feet. Sliding down meant it jammed right into the soft flesh of my naked sex.

Meanwhile, she positioned a vibrator against my clitoris, then left me there to sweat, tremble, shake, and scream as orgasm after orgasm blew my mind! They hurt, those orgasms, as my pussy ground down against the narrow edge of the wood beneath it, but the pleasure was too intense to resist.

I don't know how I managed to put myself together in time for my replacement to not notice anything every day. I had to pull my hair into a tight bun, of course, and dash water over my face. But I was drained each time, and crawled home to strip and throw myself onto my bed naked, groaning as the air conditioning played over me.

*

She tied my wrists above me, but well apart. I had been aroused before even arriving, and when she stripped me she checked to make sure the dildo and butt-plug she'd ordered me to wear under my clothes were in place. She pushed the ball gag into my mouth, then drew me into her arms, my pale flesh pressed against her dark black as she began to kiss her way along the nape of my neck,

across my shoulders, then down onto my breasts.

By the time she'd reached my pussy my hips were already grinding helplessly, and it took very little work on her part to set my mind on fire again. It was like I was putty in her hands!

That was when Chaka showed up.

My eyes were glazed and I was half hanging by my wrists, moaning, arching, hips rolling, gasping for breath as she sucked on my clitoris. The movement barely caught my eyes, and then barely caught my attention, but then my eyes fluttered as I focused, and I saw him.

He was tall, like Zamile, and very black. He was wearing nothing but a loincloth and a kind of red stone African necklaces. He had a rectangular face with a strong jaw and full mouth. His eyes were dark, and almost... scary as they stared at me. His chest was powerfully muscled, as were his broad shoulders.

His black skin glistened in the heat as he walked slowly up behind her, and I stared, shocked, moaning as he halted right behind where she knelt, his eyes boring into mine! My mind, such as it was at the time, reeled and I gaped at him as his eyes raked me.

He said something, probably in Swahili, and after a moment Zamile answered, before returning her lips to my clitoris. His eyes gave me a determined look, a superior look, then he swept off his loincloth to reveal a cock that was as big as the dildo – even though it was only half erect! I was thunderstruck, overwhelmed as he gripped it in his hand and started to pump his big fist up and down its length.

It hardened, lengthened, thickened, and I moaned deep in my throat as he moved behind me. I felt his fingers sliding through my hair, then undoing the strap on the gag. He pulled back on my hair, and his big fingers pulled at the ball, tugging it slowly out of my mouth until it came clear. He dropped it on the floor behind him and then wrapped his powerful arms around me, squeezing my back against his chest.

His right hand closed on my left breast, his left on my right, squeezing as his teeth began to chew at the nape of my neck. Zamile continued sucking at my clitoris, pumping the dildo inside me.

Then she stopped and stood up, a dark smile on her face.

“You know what I have taught you of your needs, little girl,” she said. “You know what your body craves, what your spirit desires.

I moaned and tried to shake my head.

“Do not deny yourself, and do not insult me. You want his staff inside you. You need it inside you. Beg me.”

I cried out as the then unknown black man behind me jerked on my hair, forcing my head up.

“Beg!” she ordered.

“Please!” I gasped.

Her eyes narrowed.

“Please, great mistress!” I cried, using the term she had been teaching me now since that first day in the attic.

“Please what, little one.”

“I-I... this one... this one begs for... for...”

“To be used.”

I moaned, staring at her, and her eyes hardened.

“This one begs... to be used... great mistress!” I gulped.

“Spread your legs.”

The words hit me like a hammer, but I did it, having gotten used to obeying her.

“Bend forward, push your bottom back at Chaka, grind your buttocks against him.”

Whimpering, I rose onto the balls of my feet, raw, wild sensation flooding my mind and body as I felt myself rubbing against his hardness!

I felt him rubbing at my pussy, then grasping the dildo and pulling it free. It too dropped onto the floor.

“Beg,” she growled, slapping my face lightly.

“Please! I.. this one begs to be used, great mistress!” I cried dazedly.

I felt the hard black cock of the man behind me pushing against me, and shuddered.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, God!” I whimpered.

He was thick, but I was sopping, practically dripping wet! I felt the lips of my sex spreading wider and wider, straining against him, then giving way as he pushed up into my belly.

Zamile cupped my jaw, her eyes holding mine, staring at me as I stared back, but more and more of my focus shifted to the thick black cock pushing deeper and deeper and aching deeper into my trembling belly! My eyes began to blink, then flutter, then lose focus as I cried out, as he drew my hips back and drove his cock all the way up inside me!

I felt... impaled! It hurt so... so good! His big hands settled around the front of my thighs and he began to thrust, in and out, using long, deep strokes as Zamile continued to stare at me. She dropped my chin, finally, and her right hand slid down my body as her left began to knead my breast. She found my clitoris, and began to rub forcefully as Chaka thrust harder.

It was utterly insane! I was so overwhelmed with it all that I hardly knew who I was! But then, the only thing which mattered was the wild, animal heat within me. I began to cry out as he thrust, as his hips slapped against my buttocks, as the head of his cock jammed against the back wall of my pussy.

I felt his teeth on the nape of my neck, on the right side, and then Zamile eased in, rubbing her breasts against mine, her teeth coming down on the nape of my neck on the other side, her fingers still rubbing expertly against my clitoris as Chaka drove his powerful cock into me with harder and harder thrusts!

I came, screaming uncontrollably, the intensity of the release shaking me, literally, mind and body, convulsions wracking me as he rammed himself into

me and my body flared with overpowering pleasure. I screamed until my throat felt as though it had ruptured! His cock felt impossibly big! It felt as though it were filing my torso as he rammed into me! I writhed and sobbed and came for long, long, long seconds, until I nearly blacked out.

But of course, I couldn't be allowed to black out, certainly not before servicing Zamile.

Chaka came inside me. I only know it because when my mind finally started functioning again he was soft. I found myself on my knees, arms bound behind me, licking his balls, sucking on them, drawing them into my mouth to massage them and let my tongue gently caress them. It took very little time to get him hard again.

Then it was time to service Zamile. She sat on the floor, knees wide, hands in my hair, holding me in place to lick and suck as Chaka entered me from behind again, using long, smooth, slow strokes as he and Zamile ran their hands over my body.

I licked her to an orgasm, then another, my mind awash in heat and dark hunger, and then Chaka thrust harder, faster, and Chaka sat there, smiling darkly at me, watching as I lost control, as Chaka took me up to the heights again, pounding me, slapping at my bottom, tearing at my hair. I came again, twice, before Chaka finally spent himself inside me.

*

The agent who replaced me told me this was to be the last day. The agency had determined there was now no legitimate threats to Zamile and so I would be assigned elsewhere now.

I barely heard him, my mind still half dazed from the wild events of the day.

I had to tell Zamile, though, and called her from my place. She seemed unsurprised.

“I knew it was your final time here. That is why I wished to make it memorable. But fear not, little one. You have not left my service. I will be returning home soon, and I will expect you to come to visit. My family has estates outside the capital, and I am certain you can be made... comfortable there. The heat is not so

terrible, and you have learned how to function in heat. In fact, you have learned the heat is within you.”

“I-I don't know if I can,” I gulped.

There was silence on the other end of the line.

“Great mistress, I mean,” I added.

“You will, for I have ordered it. I have much more to show you about yourself, little one, and about what your spirit hungers for. Chaka will be returning, as well. He says he enjoyed your white body, and looks forward to making use of it again.”

I flushed, standing there naked by my phone in my bedroom, heat and anxiety spilling through my mind.

“You will learn much about yourself there, little one,” she promised.

I didn't doubt she was right.

Don't miss the next in this series: Her African Mistress!

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