

Black Domination

By
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This electronic book published by 4Play Press
4Play Press is an imprint of Fiction4All
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Prologue

World War III some survivors had called it. Certainly it was the greatest war in human history. A war in which hardly a shot was fired, but which cost the lives of countless millions. A war with little material destruction, and no territory conquered. A war without victory, yet it altered the global and racial balance of power more significantly than any event in the previous three thousand years.

The Bio War, as it came to be called, was also by far the greatest killer. Hitherto, in their long, sordid history of conflict, men had primarily murdered each other with tools; inanimate weapons fashioned from rocks and sharpened sticks. Down through time technology had followed this logical progression all the way to hydrogen bombs and laser guided missiles. But still the ability to wreak death was limited. Missiles struck and bombs exploded, but even the most powerful of these munitions were, in the final analysis, simply tactical weapons. They dispatched a limited number of the enemy when deployed, then their energy was spent. But there were some among the war planners of great nations, who knew that this was not the only method of waging war.

The clever, hideous minds of scientists and academics remembered that the hand of man, after all, was not the most efficient slayer. An enemy far older and insidious than humanity itself claimed that distinction. Disease wielded might and terror undreamed of by the most ambitious warmonger. From the kingdom of virulent contagion, the nations of mankind had but a feeble defense. And the sovereign of that kingdom was the virus.

Viruses had destroyed billions, and had altered history before. The Americas had been largely depopulated of indigenous people not by the white man's guns or even his malice, but by the diseases he brought with him from Europe. In ancient times in both Europe and Asia, armies had catapulted diseased corpses over the walls of enemy cities in an effort to spread the pestilence to the besieged inhabitants. But the effectiveness was limited. Moreover the microscopic sword could be two edged if the wind changed.

It was, as usual, technology that provided the solution. In the very early years of the twenty-first century, the human genome was precisely mapped and cataloged. Using super computers and sophisticated techniques, scientists were able to discover, in minute detail, the blueprint to the human body. This knowledge could be used to treat, or even cure countless diseases. It could also be used for military purposes.

Researchers in China, the United States, and Europe learned quickly that the genetic codes of viruses could also be mapped- and manipulated. It was possible, even cheap and easy, to produce deadly strains that would attack only specific racial groups. Since, with few exceptions, the political balance of power on earth was vaguely divided between Asians and Caucasians, the possibilities of such weapons were clear.

Yet still, diplomats, leaders, and populations were blithely unconcerned. The implements of mass destruction; nuclear, chemical, and biological, had been present in the arsenals of great powers for decades, they reasoned. And those powers had found the wisdom not to use them.

The atomic threat had been dealt with, or at least contained. And while millions had marched and protested the build up of nuclear forces, biological weapons, deadlier still, drew little attention from anti-war groups. Surely, thought politicians and citizens on both the left and right, the world had many other worries more threatening than flu bugs. It was a complacency that would kill nearly all of them.

The new bio weapons were qualitatively different from previous weapons of mass destruction. They were even less understood in terms of their real potentials than their nuclear or chemical cousins. Also increasing the likelihood of their use, was the political shield of plausible deniability. A biological attack could always be blamed on a naturally

mutated virus. Leaders and despots could threaten and strike covertly, and express their innocence and desire for peace publicly.

Given these factors, and the economic and social pressures of a burgeoning global population, deployment of these weapons was tragically inevitable.

The crisis between China and the United States festered for some time, but the war itself came and went quickly, with speed that belied its horror. Nearly 400 million Caucasians, and over three times that many Asians, were dead and rotting in the streets of their cities, towns and villages. Entire regions were swept clean of their human inhabitants in scant days.

The white populations of the United States, Canada, and Western Europe were devastated, as were the people of Central and South America. Nine out of ten white Australians died, and in Japan, Indonesia, Malaya and the Philippines, the death rate approached 98 percent. China, India, and their client states virtually ceased to exist. And it all took just over a month.

Governments throughout Eurasia and the Americas collapsed, and in the ensuing chaos many more people starved or died of secondary diseases. Organization broke down and institutions centuries old became extinct along with the populations that fostered them. But the viruses were short-lived, and mutated into less virulent forms just before some populations were wiped out completely. And in one place on earth, humans survived relatively unscathed.

Africa's status as an international backwater spared its populations, and in the sub-Sahara, people of all races escaped the greatest effects of the war.

Ironically it was the African Whites who were first to take advantage of earth's new global power vacuum. More organized and better educated, they quickly moved to supplant native black governments and impose a system of white rule and white social culture. White coups seized power in South Africa, Zimbabwe, and half a dozen other former colonial nations. Many other smaller black nations were annexed to white owned territories. Surprisingly much of the African population were relieved at the return to power of the white man, who belatedly were seen as relatively corruption free. African regimes by comparison had often been run by despots and tyrants who had ruled post colonial Africa.

For a brief time, all went well for the whites. They attempted to strengthen their ascendancy and keep the blacks, who heavily outnumbered them, off balance and under control. At the same time, they tried to pacify the black populations by restoring fundamental services, such as free education and health care that had disappeared under indigenous rule. These changes reassured the black population that the "good times" were returning.

At least that was the way the white propaganda had put it.

In fact things were getting better. But the whites at the same time began to rebuild the institutions and structure of apartheid and white supremacy, knowing that their political and economic survival depended on those structures.

The white's hold on power however, was tenuous. They needed time to truly consolidate power, and history was loath to give it. Africa was ripe for revolution, a powder keg waiting to explode. It was Mohammed Hakeem who supplied the spark.

Hakeem was the charismatic leader of a powerful rebel faction in South Africa. The child of a Zulu father, and a Bantu mother, he was hailed by tribes and nations on opposite ends of the continent as a hero, destined to lead the black peoples on to a glorious new era. When his armies won a few key victories, oppressed blacks, mostly from the core of political fanatics, rallied to his flag in the millions. They had been deprived of power and the chance for wealth by the return of white rule, and they were

not about to miss a chance to get it back; to bring back the “good old days” of black rule. They gradually began the conquest of Africa.

A long war ensued, with many bloody battles. Both sides won victories, and suffered defeats, but the whites were vastly outnumbered and gradually beaten back. Region after region fell to Hakeem’s forces and many whites fled. But as white territory dwindled and their enclaves were taken, more and more whites fell into the hands of Hakeem’s soldiers. The first to be captured were exterminated, but as his position became more secure and total victory ever more certain, Hakeem and his followers began to see the hapless, defeated whites not as dangerous enemies, but as potential source of wealth and labor. The institution of slavery was re-born.

Hakeem also dealt successfully with many black rivals; warlords of autonomous tribes and Islamic fundamentalists. But as his empire expanded outward, so did his power expand inward into African society and black African minds.

Hakeem the general became Hakeem the prophet. He blended Islam and local black shaman faiths with a personality cult revolving around himself, to form a new religion. His hatred of whites and his fanatical belief in the racial superiority of the black African were codified onto the laws of his new empire. The scripture of his new faith, his “Hakeem Koran” promulgated his views, transforming them in the eyes of his followers into holy writ- the word of Allah. And his armies continued to conquer until they broke the back of white power and pride.

Africa was consolidated and unified quickly and millions of black Africans came to see him as more than a man. He was Hakeem; Allah’s chosen instrument. Spiritual and temporal Messiah in one. And in one short decade, his mind, his beliefs, and his will, became Africa’s.

As the story of Black Domination opens, it is twenty years since the biowar, and ten since Hakeem began the glorious African revolution. The last of the white strongholds are falling and the racewar on the African continent is ending.

Hakeem has remade society to his own liking. Slavery of the conquered whites is widespread, and a legal and lively slave trade flourishes.

A unified Africa is filling the global power vacuum and is taking off economically. The black masses are reaching levels of wealth and standards of living unheard of in any era. A new Afro-centric world culture has flowered, and black African art, music, and literature are now totally dominant. Young blacks are pursuing business and educational opportunities. Millions are now enjoying the comforts and appointments of a modern society, and Hakeem is universally credited as the fountainhead of these accomplishments.

The economic boom however, has created a severe labor shortage, particularly in agriculture. Whites, who have lost all rights and freedoms in this society, are systematically enslaved, but the demand for menial laborers remains tight. New arable land is being carved out of the jungles and savannas and is being cultivated, but there is not enough mechanized farm equipment. This shortage is further fueling the demand for white slaves, needed in ever-increasing numbers to work the fields and rice paddies. As most blacks move into the middle and upper middle class, and some into a new aristocracy, they consider menial labor beneath them and the labor shortage grows ever worse.

The last white enclaves and large population centers in Africa however, have been at last been taken, and the supply of new slaves is limited. In the future, the system of black plantation economy and government will depend on two methods of labor supply;

the development of procurement organizations to capture new slaves from the remnant white populations of Europe and America- and slave breeding.

Chapter 1

An insistent pounding at her front door awakened Andrea early that fateful morning. She had been staying at her father's villa in the suburbs while her husband was away. One of the last places in Africa where the whites still ruled, the enclave was under constant pressure, and there were rumors that its defenses were nearing collapse. The white populous was on edge. News of the military situation had been mostly bad for weeks, until the past few days when the reports had stopped altogether. Andrea however, had always tried to keep the wider anxieties of the war at arm's distance. After all, her father was a leading general who had great confidence in the bravery and competence of white soldiers- and there was enough to worry about with her beloved husband an officer on the front lines.

Andrea stumbled in the pre-dawn darkness. Except for the incessant pounding the big, luxurious house was quiet, even peaceful in the warm African night.

Her younger sister Cecelia was still apparently asleep as she passed the girl's bedroom, so Andrea donned a robe and hurried to the entryway, wondering who it could possibly be at such an hour.

"For God's sake Andrea, let me in!" someone shouted desperately outside the thick wooden door.

She recognized the voice and turned the lock immediately, but gasped in shock and amazement when the door was opened and her husband stood before her in a soiled uniform, blood streaming from a gash in his head.

"Jeff! My God, what's happened?"

"The army has collapsed," he said. "We're falling back into the city."

"Come in... here, let me help you," said Andrea, aghast at seeing the blood.

"No. It's all right," he said. "It's just a scratch." He came into the house and she led him to the kitchen, seizing some alcohol and gauze from one of the drawers.

"Where's Cecelia?" he asked.

"Sleeping."

"Better get her up," he said. "We need to prepare."

"Prepare for what?" she asked. She was frightened by the agitation in her normally confident husband, but she was still unprepared for the news.

"Andrea, I'm sorry, your father has been killed. We fought hard but their numbers overwhelmed us. Colonel Smithson is in command now and he is negotiating surrender. This enclave will be under the control of the blacks by noon."

"Oh my God," said a voice at the doorway. Cecelia had arisen to see what the commotion was and had just stepped into the room. "You mean the Negroes are here? Now?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," said Jeff. "I don't know what they're going to do, but you ladies had best get dressed and get some things together, in case they come to collect us."

"Collect us?" asked Cecelia, her breath catching in her throat.

"Yes," he said. "I'm sure they will register the population when they occupy the city."

"When is father coming back?" she fretted. "He'll know what to do."

"Cecelia," said Andrea softly. "Father is dead."

The younger girl's eyes widened in horror and disbelief. For a second, Andrea was afraid that she would faint. But she was able to sit down.

"No," she said. "Oh nooooo."

"I'm sorry we couldn't break the news to you under better conditions," said Jeff.

Cecelia looked up at them, crying now. "So... so the Negroes have won?"

Andrea looked to her husband, who turned away.

“Yes,” he said with a choked voice.

The women shuddered, their faces pale with horror. Cecelia began to weep softly, “What’s going to happen to us now?”

News of the impending surrender spread through the enclave like wildfire and was greeted with an ironic mixture of despair, panic and relief. Whites in the coastal city were still comfortable and affluent, trading with the remnants of Caucasian nations in America and Europe. Their Western institutions were intact and they were deeply proud of their culture and heritage. But after nearly ten years of war the population desperately wanted the conflict to end. Now that the end was at hand, however, the specter of failure, and surrender to the blacks brought an uncertainty that fostered fear.

While they were at war, the objectives had been well defined and the cause they fought for was clear; resisting a hated enemy and maintaining the trappings of self-evident white superiority. Now that the war had ended in defeat, they would be at the mercy of an enemy they considered racially inferior. No one really knew what sort of treatment they could expect at the hands of their conquerors- those they had dominated for centuries.

Andrea, Cecelia, and Jeff waited anxiously all morning for news and official information. The morning paper had not come. They watched the television and listened to the radio, but aside from reporting the news of the surrender, those channels had little more to report.

Jeff phoned around to friends and exchanged bits of information, but no one seemed to know any more than they did. The white army had disintegrated and individual soldiers were streaming back into the city in a disorganized rout- back to their homes and families. The television reports did show many thousands of white residents fleeing in panic to the waterfront, but the ships had withdrawn fearing capture themselves. Shortly after noon, the broadcasters went off the air one by one in quick succession, and they were left guessing as to what to do. The best course of action seemed to be to sit tight and be patient.

Both women engaged in nervous conversation, while Jeff tried to make contact with someone on the military short-wave frequencies.

“Father said the stories of black atrocities are merely war propaganda,” said Cecelia. “And Mr. Pratt, at the school, says at worst we will have to move to Europe. He says the blacks have a right to be mad at us for all the years we’ve exploited them. But he says they will treat us well if they win because they want the white man’s ingenuity. He says they know we can teach them how to run their society and economy. They need our expertise...”

Andrea could sense the fear in her younger sister’s ramblings. The sixteen-year-old had always been her father’s daughter, sheltered and eager to please. What effect their father’s death would have on her was unclear, but Andrea was concerned. There was something fragile and malleable about the girl who was so innocent and chaste of spirit, and Andrea felt the need to try and reassure her.

“Surely the bad stories can’t be true,” said Andrea, as her husband returned to the room. His effort to glean something useful from the radio had been in vain.

“I’m sure their people are told the same stories about us,” continued Andrea. “Now that the war is over, the black government will want to rebuild. Your teacher is right. They will need our help, so I’m sure we will be treated well.”

Jeff nodded, but Andrea could tell by his eyes that he was unsure himself just what to believe of the horror stories of abuse and slavery. The war between the races had been fierce and total, and little was known in recent years about black African society or economy. Nothing except that their army grew ever stronger. He had not been privy to the scant military intelligence available to the white army, but he did know that with the fall of this last stronghold, there was no longer a viable white government anywhere in Africa. Indeed white populations were being encircled and overrun even in the remotest corners of the continent. There was absolutely nothing to stop the blacks from doing whatever they wanted with their captives.

He looked at his wife and sister-in-law. Andrea with her light brown hair and hazel eyes, Cecelia honey blond and gray eyed. Both women had gloriously lithe figures and flawless white skin. Both had attended an exclusive girl's school and had grown up extremely sheltered, especially for these turbulent times. General Taney's daughters were so lovely, and so charmingly prim and proper. They trusted him totally. It was his instinct and duty to protect them- but how?

Andrea embraced her young husband. She was so thankful he was here with them. Without his quiet strength and resolve she knew she would be deathly afraid, especially since the news of her father's death a few hours before. She clung tightly to him, putting her cheek against his solid chest. He encircled her with his strong, muscular arms and she felt the warmth of his well-trimmed beard as he kissed her face. Then their lips met, and all she wanted was for the world to go away. Somehow in his masculine arms Andrea felt safe, protected, and she realized how much she needed a comforting male figure, now that her father was gone.

Suddenly they heard shouts outside and felt a rumbling in the floor. Jeff went outside to see down the street and returned seconds later.

"There are two tanks, one at each end of the street," he said. "They have antipersonnel machine guns mounted on them."

"But what are they going to do?" asked Andrea.

"I don't know," said Jeff, his voice quiet and calm, so as not to alarm the younger girl. They made their way to the window, where they could see one of the street corners. A convoy of military trucks was winding slowing toward them.

"Looks like they're making the rounds in trucks now, loading up civilians. That much I heard on the radio before the last channel went off the air."

Cecelia entered the room. The younger girl was also very frightened.

"The phones are dead," she cried, on the edge of hysteria. "I was talking with my friend, Gina. She said that the blacks came pouring into the city with trucks as soon as it was noon. Our soldiers are being arrested as they surrender. She told me that all the men are to be taken and held and they're rounding up the women as well. Then the line went dead!"

"It's probably nothing to worry about," said Jeff, trying to calm the girl. "When one army takes an area they always inter the soldiers. I'm sure everyone will be released after they report and are disarmed."

The two women moved to the window and peeked cautiously from behind a curtain. Large military trucks were moving slowly down their street now, and soldiers were going from house to house. They were removing whole families from each house at gunpoint, and lining them up in the street. It looked as though they were separating the men, women, and children.

"Perhaps we should flee," said Cecelia, panic evident in her tremulous voice. "Through the back gate!"

"No," said Jeff. "The enclave is completely surrounded and we're cutoff from the sea. There's no place to go. We'd surly be caught and then it could really be bad."

“But where are they taking those people?” asked Andrea. “Where will they take us?”

“Probably just to register us as enemy citizens. Relax, ladies, you don’t see them shooting anyone, do you?” He tried to sound as calm and confident as possible, but he was more than a little disconcerted himself at the current turn of events.

Andrea looked back outside. As Jeff had observed, there were no shootings and no gunfire. But that was far from completely reassuring.

She could tell that the men, women, and children were indeed being segregated and loaded onto the trucks. Soon the soldiers would be at the Taney house. In fact, she could see men running up the driveway now.

She looked at her husband’s face again, seeing him through teary eyes as he tried to smile reassuringly.

“Can’t we do something?” she asked. “Hide until they leave?”

Jeff shook his head. “Don’t resist or try to hide. Just answer their questions and follow their orders. Maybe it will be all right.” A trained fighter, he hated the impotence of his words and worried that the women could hear the indecision in his voice. But he could think of no solution save capitulation. He could not believe his wife and sister-in-law would be harmed. Surely even Hakeem’s savage men would respect women of such noble bearing and virtue. They were white women after all!

There was a sharp pounding on the door and Jeff reached to open it, then stepped back to embrace his terrified wife.

At the entryway stood a black sergeant and two black soldiers brandishing automatic weapons.

“Everyone out of the house, now!” shouted the sergeant. The two young soldiers rushed past them to search the home.

“Line up at the street,” bellowed the sergeant. “Anyone hide, we shoot. You first,” he added, pointing at Jeff. “You soldier?”

“Yes, Major Jeffery Forester.”

“Take him out,” he ordered to the two young black soldiers, who stepped forward and trained their guns on Jeff.

Andrea quailed as even more men entered the house. She was crying, clinging tight to her husband. She looked fearfully into his face and he gave her one last kiss. Then she felt the steel grip of the soldier’s hand on her arm, pulling her roughly from his arms, tearing her away from his comforting grasp.

“Oh Jeff,” cried Andrea. “Don’t leave us!”

“Apparently I have no choice,” he replied grimly. “Don’t worry, I think they are just going to register us as prisoners of war and let us go. The war is essentially over now.”

“But why are they separating the men from the women?” asked Cecelia, on the edge of panic.

“Probably just routine,” he said, smiling bravely. “Look, you two, don’t worry. I’ll bet we’re back here in a couple of hours.”

“Oh Jeff, I love you!” cried Andrea.

“Go. Now!” ordered the sergeant. One of the soldiers struck Jeff brutally in the head with his rifle butt.

Andrea cried out in anguish as he fell. Two soldiers picked him up and dragged him, half-conscious out of the house. When he was gone, the sergeant turned to the women.

“You have jewelry, gold?” Demanded the sergeant.

“A... a little,” said Andrea, shaken. “Upstairs.”

“You show me,” he said.

The two women led the black sergeant up to the bedrooms. Soldiers were already ransacking the upper floors, stuffing whatever small objects of value they could find into their fatigues. The sergeant barked something at them in Bantu and they reluctantly left.

Andrea knew their home was being looted, but she was too frightened to protest. As she looked out the second story window she could see her husband laying in the back of a large truck crammed with white male prisoners. A soldier waved to the driver and the truck left with Jeff.

Inside, the sergeant rifled through drawers and closets, finding a few items worth taking. Then he turned to the women and summarily ordered them to disrobe.

Both Andrea and Cecelia held their breath, thinking they hadn't heard him correctly. He repeated the order sharply, and Cecelia turned to her sister, eyes wide with terror.

Andrea knew her sister was a virgin, and was sure that the younger girl was so innocent that she had no real mental concept of sex in such a context. She was reacting with instinctive fear to the idea of exposing her body to a fierce man of color. Unlike her older sister, she understood only vaguely that such a demand under the circumstances was certainly a prelude to rape!

"Take off white woman's clothes!" he shouted impatiently. Then he seized Cecelia by the collar and yanked her blouse down from the back. Buttons scattered everywhere and the garment tore away from the front, but the girl panicked and bolted to her sister, clinging to her and crying hysterically.

The sergeant grinned with lust and moved to grab her again.

"Don't touch her, please," pleaded Andrea. "She's only sixteen. She's a virgin!"

The sergeant laughed under his breath, but stopped for a moment as if thinking. He took Andrea by the arm and led her into the hall where the shuddering Cecelia could not hear them.

"You wife of officer?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who other girl?"

"My... my sister."

The sergeant's eyes sparkled, but he appeared undecided. Then he smiled.

"We make deal," he said. "You fuck me good, I let other girl go. Good to take virgin, but even better to fuck pretty, young wife of Cauc officer!"

Andrea's blood ran cold. She could not believe the "deal" this man was suggesting. She wanted to fly out of the house and run to Jeff. Her instinct told her to flee, hide until her husband returned to protect her! But she could see a hardness in this man's face. She knew if she did not do something he was going to rape them both within the next few moments, starting with the delicate, fair skinned Cecelia.

It was a horrible dilemma, but the young wife could not bear to see her innocent sister defiled in such a coarse, obscene way. Andrea's love for her sister won, and she decided to make the bargain to get her sister out of the house. Then she hoped she could reason with the sergeant and dissuade him, or stall him until Jeff returned from being registered.

"Let... Let my sister go first," said Andrea.

The man frowned, but shouted downstairs to the soldiers who were pilfering on the first floor now. The men came in and took the trembling younger sister from the bedroom, escorting her out to where a group of white women were being held in the street. Andrea could see from the window.

"There," said the sergeant. "Virgin girl gone. Now wife of officer fuck me good in husband's bed. Take off clothes now."

"There's still some valuables in the house," she said helplessly.

His eyes narrowed. "What, where?"

She led him though the upper floors, but all the small objects of significant value were already gone. It was obvious she was stalling.

"We fuck now," he said seizing her by the hair and pulling her roughly back to the bedroom. He tossed her sprawling onto the large, canopied bed, yelling sharply, "Get clothes off!"

Andrea's head was spinning with shock and horror. She sat on the bed weeping, but made no effort to disrobe.

"Please..." she gasped. "I... I've never betrayed my husband!"

The sergeant calmly went to the closet and selected one of her husband's thin, black dress belts from a hanger. He smiled cruelly.

"Take off clothes now. I beat you 'til they come off!"

Andrea could scarcely believe that a man would do that to her. The propriety of her upbringing would not let her immediately come to grips with the brutal realization that he actually meant to rape her, and thrash her if she resisted. She swallowed hard but continued to plead.

"Please... Just take what you want and... please, I can't..."

The sergeant walked behind her, waving the belt slowly, then without further ado he brought the leather down on her back with savage force.

"Aaaiiiiee," Andrea screamed, pitching forward beside the bed and onto her knees. She had never been whipped in her life and the sting of the leather striking her flesh was psychological as well as physical. Another blow fell almost immediately, then a third. The white girl's shock and disbelief were so great that for a few seconds she was frozen, paralyzed with the pain and knowledge that the big Negro sergeant was actually whipping her!

The belt continued to come down on her defenseless back and she made a desperate, instinctive attempt to get up, escape. His hand was on her soft white neck in an instant, squeezing and forcing her back down. She was crying out continuously now, fear and pain and outrage causing her to shout with a whimpering urgency.

"Please, aiiieeee... please stop. Aiiieeee... please... I'll do what you want! Aaaiii eeeaaaahhh."

He stopped. She remained on the floor, sobbing, but immediately began stripping, pulling off her shoes and stockings as she cried from the humiliation and her still stinging backside.

"Hurry," he yelled. "Take all clothes off or I whip harder."

Literally and figuratively beaten, Andrea hung her head and continued undressing. He struck her twice more with the belt to emphasize the need for haste and seconds later she stood, shaking with fear, naked in front of him.

He quickly pulled off his pants, boots and shirt, then pointed to the bed. "Lay down on back. Spread legs."

Andrea whimpered and obeyed, wincing as her chastised back made contact with the bedspread. A second later, he delivered a blow again between her naked breasts.

"Spread legs wide! Open white cunt up!"

Andrea squealed when he made another motion with the belt and spread her legs as wide as they would go.

She stared up at his robust barrel chest and powerful brown hips, but had to look away from his gloating face. The moment seemed to stretch into an eternity, his black strength and potency regarding her delicate whiteness, her fragility. Then he fell on her splayed form, mounting her without preamble, guiding his stiff member to her slit. He smiled broadly when he found, to Andrea's utter mortification, that she was already wet.

“Cauc wifey like big, black sergeant,” he said, sliding into her in two or three strokes. He began a rhythm immediately, rutting lewdly onto her as she bit her lip and closed her eyes tight.

“Jeff... forgive me,” she muttered to herself. “But I just can’t let Cece go through this!” Andrea was struggling to keep control, but the black man purposely ground himself against her clitoris on every downstroke, sending waves of unwanted pleasure straight to her brain. Now, to the appalling reality of rape was added the even more emotionally devastating knowledge that her body was deriving pleasure from it. She turned her face from him, utterly ashamed of the servile, traitorous need that was simmering in her guts.

He was really fucking her now, plying her with long strokes that pushed the head of his penis all the way to her cervix. It was beginning to take Andrea’s utmost concentration to keep from responding to him.

Suddenly her chest erupted in pain as he brought the belt down with sadistic force. She screamed but he lashed her with the whip again, striping her other breast.

“White wife fuck back good, pump hips and wiggle. Not lay like dead fish.”

Andrea groaned but complied, thrusting back at him in the most salacious way. Her deep vaginal nerves exploded with pleasure. There was nothing else she could do. She began to hump and gyrate like the most wanton whore. It was now a race to save the last scrap of her honor. She had to end this act before he made her cum. Then she could tell herself she had hated it all along.

“Don’t close eyes,” he said. “Look at me. Smile.” She obeyed, tightly smiling and looking at him with glazed eyes.

He lay his belly flat against hers, pushing his barrel-like upper body down until he could feel her nipples bounce with his thrusts, dragging the tips through the hair on his chest.

“My name N’guna,” he hissed into her ear. “Say ‘I love you, N’guna. Fuck me good, N’guna’.”

She merely groaned, but he knocked her hard in the ribs with his fists.

“I... I love you, N’guna,” she gasped, the demeaning words spilling from her lips. “Please f... f... fuck me.”

“Get arms and legs around me. Fuck back now!” he demanded.

Andrea finally gave in; completely encircling him urgently with her limbs and rutting back with abandon. She tried to tell herself it was just to get it over with, but deep inside she knew. She was enjoying it. She was cheating on Jeff.

“Say I better than your husband. Say ‘cum in me, N’guna. Cum in me on husband’s bed.’”

The words gushed from the defeated girl without volition. Even as she said it she was horribly confronted by the truth. He *was* better than Jeff. He was much larger and her beloved husband had never given her feelings like this! Dear gods did she really want him to cum in her?

“Yes... yes,” she whispered with genuine passion as he rode her. He was pounding her now, building to his climax, dragging her unwillingly to her own.

She told herself she didn’t mean what she was about to say. He was forcing her and she just wanted the act to be over. Yet he was now pushing her over the edge of a precipice and as the words tore from her she knew deep inside that she meant every word.

“Oh yessss. Fill me. You are better than my husband, N’guna... Cum in me on my husband’s bed... Fill meeee!” she cried. He gave her one last, long stroke, pinning his raping rod up to her very heart. Her legs tightened around his back and she pressed her bare heels into his buttocks. Then the room began spinning as she rocketed into orgasm, and she reveled in every word and movement that might excite her ravisher.

“Yesss... yesss... fuck me N’guna!” As her orgasm swirled inside her like a vortex, she turned her head. She happened to look right at the wedding picture she kept on the night stand, fixing her eyes on it just as the black sergeant began to cum, bellowing out his lust.

“Whiiiiite Cuuuunnnt... cumming in it!”

Andrea gazed dispassionately at the picture, helpless under the huge black sergeant’s weight as she felt each spurt of his semen splash deep inside her. She felt an unfathomable sense of shame, as she looked at the image of herself in her white wedding dress, the virgin bride of a proud husband. How could she ever look at that picture again and not think of this act, not feel like a whore. For that was exactly what she was. She had purchased the chastity of her innocent, virgin sister with her body and that could never be undone. “I’m sorry,” she breathed, inaudibly. “Jeff... I sorry!”

Finally he was sated and his dark mass lay twitching upon her like an obscene burden. They lay that way for several minutes, each of them panting in temporary exhaustion, still fused in loveless intimacy.

Finally the sergeant withdrew himself from her. He got dressed quickly and so did Andrea, dreading to look at his face. She felt such shame that she could not bear to look any human being in the eye at that moment, even her rapist.

The sergeant went to the nightstand and picked up the wedding photo. He chuckled, then broke the frame and glass on the bedpost. He took the photo and tore it in half, separating Andrea’s image from her husband’s, and placed the remnant in his pocket.

She had her clothes back on now and he grasped her hair and pulled her face to his. He kissed her passionately and then said. “I keep bargain. Virgin sister go on truck untouched. Go now. Out to street.”

There was no time to freshen up before he seized her hair and led her, his jism leaking lubricously into her panties, down to the first floor.

A soldier took her arm and walked Andrea out to the street to join the other women, her face red with shame as much for the reaction of her own body as for the rape itself. A strange man, an enemy had just raped her in her own bedroom. And she had enjoyed it!

“And... Andrea... are you all right?” asked Cecelia. She didn’t know why her sister had been gone so long and was startled by her disheveled condition. “They didn’t hur... hurt you did they?”

Andrea shook her head but could not meet her younger sister’s concerned gaze. How could she relate what had just happened to her untried sibling. She felt oddly dirty in the chaste girl’s presence and didn’t wish to reveal the nature of the sacrifice she had made to preserve her sister’s virtue. It was enough that the sixteen year old remained safe, her virginity intact.

“I... I’m fine,” said Andrea, trying to steady her voice. “I’m just a little scared that’s all.”

A large military truck pulled up in front of them. “Get in,” shouted one of the soldiers. “Hurry, get in women’s trucks. You go to register then you be released. Hurry now.”

Dozens of women struggled to climb aboard the vehicle, the high step to the truck bed taking its toll on their dignity. The soldiers grabbed some women and threw them onboard, barking at others to climb faster. Cecelia cringed at the grasp of a black men. She had been raised by a conservative father and brought up in the culture of white supremacy. She disliked intensely having the black soldiers handle her. But though she whined and tried to push his hands away the man did not release his grasp until he had

thrown her sprawling up onto the truckbed. Once on the heavy vehicle they found places to sit, then listened and watched what was happening to their neighborhood.

All around them, the normally placid street was in an uproar. Andrea could see the panicked commotion in houses of their neighbors and friends. The spacious, neat, modern homes and their manicured lawns told of affluence and order, but the setting contrasted with the sight and sounds of physical violence, coming from those houses whose occupants had not co-operated. Desperate male voices of protest were met by the sickening thwack of rifle butts hitting flesh. Pandemonium now reigned, building like some demented symphony of pillage, to the screams of women, the harsh guttural laughter of gleeful African soldiers, and then shots- the killing of guard dogs. A jeep was cruising up and down the street, an officer yelling into a bullhorn for everyone to leave their houses and report to the trucks.

Down the entire length of the street they could see the chaos as families were sundered, children packed into one truck, women into the next and men into a third. Everywhere the air was rent with shouts and curses, screams and abject pleading.

Some of the residents still refused to capitulate, but the black soldiers seemed pleased at the opportunity for sport that such resistance offered. One white man was beaten bloody by three soldiers on the street in front of his house. He was unconscious or dead when his wife, half-naked and bruised, was dragged from their home and thrown onto a vehicle.

A few children tried to run but were easily caught. Some mothers clung to their crying sons or daughters and had to be pried away. All the children were tossed onto a separate truck and chained together by the neck.

Elsewhere, many of the whites were passive. Couples exchanged tearful good-byes, then climbed onto trucks, unsure when they would see each other again. Perhaps in a few hours, they hoped. Perhaps...

Andrea could also see other women, walking from houses sullenly, hair and clothing disordered and dull looks in their eyes. Apparently she was not the only woman who had been raped.

After the truck Andrea and Cecelia were on was full with about forty white women, two soldiers got into the cab and drove the vehicle out. Three more armed men in a jeep followed them. On the main highway they joined a convoy of many more trucks, just like the one she was on. All of them were packed with prisoners and all were headed in the same direction, out of town.

They stopped at several checkpoints and the women looked around for any clue as to where they were being taken. Once, one of the more assertive women climbed down from the truck and started to walk to one of the guards, intending to inquire about their destination and complain about the rough treatment. She had scarcely set foot on the ground when the guard fired his rifle three times into the air. She hurriedly scrambled back onto the truck.

They continued to travel further behind black African lines, through areas recently captured by the blacks. Andrea could see evidence of the violence everywhere; ruined buildings, smoldering military vehicles, even unburied corpses. The whites had not given up without a fight, but their defeat was total. On and on the truck rolled, finally arriving two hours later at what looked like a detention camp.

The black government had appropriated a recently captured industrial area with cavernous warehouse buildings, adjacent to a convenient railhead. There was a large open area in front of each building, intended as a parking lot. Now however, the lots were filled with white people who had arrived on the trucks, thousands it looked like. The buildings and lots were surrounded by barbed wire fences, search light stands, and watch towers.

Andrea could see several other trucks delivering their human cargo into the holding area. Many were already empty and were apparently headed back for more, while several fully loaded vehicles were still waiting outside. It looked as if every white inhabitant of the enclave were being brought here to be registered.

Andrea and Cecelia's truck pulled up to one of the kiosks and the guard and driver exchanged some paperwork. After waiting several minutes, the truck backed up into one of the open areas. The soldiers got out and lowered the tailgate.

"Get out!" yelled a man over a loudspeaker. The white women came climbing and tumbling from the truck. When Andrea and Cecelia were out, they could see several men, all black soldiers, yelling instructions to the white people as they exited the vehicles. A few of the soldiers had automatic weapons. Dozens of other blacks were brandishing meter-long metallic cylinders and pointing them at the white women.

"Follow me. Leave all your bags!" yelled one of the black guards.

Several of the women were reluctant to leave their purses and bags, but the men were insistent. "Leave all bags. You pick them up later. Into building. Now move!"

The bags were left in a pile. The women were pushed, actually herded, into the building, through a large steel door. Once they were all inside, Andrea could see that the interior of the huge warehouse had been partitioned. She could hear shouts and cries from other small groups of women beyond the partitions, but not see them.

They themselves were in a compartment about sixty feet square. Two large metal bins lay on the concrete floor near the center of the room. A smaller plastic box sat beside them. About two dozen strong looking, uniformed black woman formed a semicircle around the whites. Some were carrying the metallic cylinders, others brandished leather whips. Andrea heard the steel door clang shut behind them, and instantly, a black woman sergeant yelled, "STRIP!"

All the white women jumped, startled. A second later the woman repeated the command, and punctuated it with a crack of her whip.

"STRIP!" screamed the woman. "Put your shoes in the first bin, the rest of your clothing in the second bin. Place all of your rings and jewelry in the small box."

Many of the bewildered white women were slow to respond, outraged that they were being told to denude themselves in such a semi-public area. The black female guards, however, showed little inclination to tolerate this reluctance. They immediately began to touch the ends of their strange rods to the white girls' backs and buttocks, actions which brought sudden wild eyed screams and wails of pain as the women jumped away.

"DO NOT WASTE TIME! STRIP! EVERYTHING! MOVE OR YOU FEEL WHIP!" yelled the woman in charge.

None of the whites argued or delayed further. All of them quickly removed their shoes, clothes and jewelry, dumped them into the appropriate bin. Very reluctantly, Andrea dropped her wedding ring into the plastic box. The women moved with haste now, but several of the slower ones were given a taste of the metal rods. The crackling spark when the tip met flesh was followed by shrieks of pain and terrified outrage.

In short order, all the white females were naked, most of them sobbing and clinging to each other in fear.

The black woman in charge held up one of the cylinders. "This correction rod. Some of you already feel. You all obey, or feel sting. You come now, move quickly."

The naked women were quickly herded forward, holding their hands and arms over their breasts and genitals. As they ran barefoot over the cold concrete floor, Andrea and Cecelia could hear the shrieks of pain from the women in the back of the group as the guards stung them with the rods. The women behind were pushing the ones in front of them, desperately trying to avoid the bite of the cylinders.

Another door opened in front of them and the panicked group of women was pushed into another large room.

“Form lines!” screamed the sergeant. Quickly the whites lined up in front of an odd assortment of six tables, each of which was accompanied with three or four people in white medical coats. There was a computer terminal on a small stand, and other equipment near each table. All the tables had a bar suspended about three feet above the table top. Padded manacles hung from chains at either end of the bar. It was a curious arrangement, but any mystery to the tables was to be quickly dispelled.

The first six women were told to mount the tables and lie on their backs. The command was enforced by liberal use of the whips and correction rods. The two Taney girls watched in horror as the women’s legs were spread and placed into what they could now tell were stirrups, then the manacles were locked around their ankles and their feet suspended. It was very similar to some kind of gynecological examination.

There was absolutely no privacy. The tables were in the main part of the room with no partitions or panels. There was a doctor and a couple of nurses at each bench.

The waiting women watched in mixed disgust and fascination, as the first six of their number were put through several tests. The process took several minutes and, judging from the faces and reactions of the women on the tables, was not all together pleasant. One by one, the examinations were completed, and the women were directed to another room, out of sight.

Then it was Andrea’s turn. The shy, conservative girl could not however, despite her trepidation, bring herself to mount the table and lie in such an exposed fashion. She hesitated and an instant later screamed as one of the guards shocked her with a rod. The pain was indescribable, like being stung by a scorpion. It only lasted a second but it was sufficient to induce her to scramble quickly onto the table and assume the position, her modesty forgotten. Her legs were brought up and out, her ankles were placed in stirrups and her feet were raised. She was told to open her mouth, whereupon her teeth were examined and the inside of her cheek scraped with a plastic probe.

One of the nurses asked her a series of questions; her name, her age, was she a virgin, was she married, was she pregnant, did she have any diseases, had she borne any children, if so, how many. Even more questions ensued. When she became reluctant to share such personal information, the doctor brought out what looked like a small version of the correction rod, and nestled it into her navel. It emitted another sting, which caused Andrea to gasp and jerk her hips convulsively.

The doctor held up the little rod to her face, saying calmly, “cooperate and you won’t be hurt. Resist and you’ll get this. Understand?” Andrea hurriedly nodded.

“And don’t lie,” he added. “Or you’ll be very sorry later.”

The nurse resumed her questioning as if nothing had happened, and Andrea answered truthfully. The black woman busily entered the information into the computer as she spoke. It took only a few moments, but to Andrea, lying naked with her legs apart in a room full of people, it seemed like hours.

The two other nurses took three syringes from a pile near the table and gave Andrea three shots. The doctor told her these were inoculations, but she immediately began to feel more relaxed and care-free. She thought it must be a mild sedative, but the drug made it difficult to concentrate and her fogged mind decided that it wasn’t important anyway. It was a rather nice feeling, actually. The fear and apprehension seemed to fade, leaving her still conscious, but listless and drowsy as if drifting into a nap on a warm summer’s day.

The doctor placed a long, tube-like instrument at the lips of her vagina and carefully slid it into her. Andrea gasped at a sudden feeling of being filled, but she smiled and giggled a little. The drug had driven out all fear and will to resist.

The doctor checked the computer monitor, which held a picture of the interior of Andrea's vagina, transmitted from the cameras inside the tube. After several seconds, he satisfied himself that she was healthy and withdrew the tube.

"Classify A5," he announced and entered the same into the database. Andrea was then released from the table. The drug made her feel happy and docile, and she padded over to the next station as told. Her sister took the table immediately after her and was subjected to the same examination.

At the next station Andrea allowed them to bend her face down over another padded table without protest. Then a small incision was made in the cheek of her left buttock. She started at the momentary sting, but the pain was minor and in her drugged state she immediately returned to being happy and unconcerned.

A tiny silicone chip no bigger than a grain of rice was inserted into the muscle tissue. The cut was so small that it barely bled and did not even need stitches. A topical antiseptic was wiped over the wound.

Then one man moved in and held her head still, pinning her neck to the table. The other brought a tattoo gun to her neck and proceeded to apply a number behind and below her ear. She did not try to fight them. They were not gentle but nor did they hurt her and even the pain of the tattoo gun was not severe. Finally, the tattooed area was also swabbed with antiseptic and she was released.

Drugged and happy, she was led down a corridor and over to a gate in a large cage, holding about 100 other women, most of them asleep. Andrea was pushed in and the gate clanged shut behind her. She found an open spot on the floor, then curled up, naked on the foam mat, sighing contentedly. Several minutes later, Cecelia was also put in the cage. The girls hugged each other and giggled brightly, then lay down side by side and slept.

When Andrea came to, she was in a different holding cell. She did not know how long she had been out, but Cecelia was nowhere to be found. She looked around and tried to rise, but her head was still slightly fogged with the tranquilizer. She lay back for a few minutes, but was finally able to rise and walk about the cell. All of the women in this cage appeared to be about the same age as herself, early twenties. No longer drugged, she felt her fear return with a vengeance.

Like the last holding area, this one was also large, but instead of bars and chain link walls, it was more like a concrete pit with a small door at one end, and a large steel door at the other. Above them, armed guards on catwalks slowly paced back and forth. There were two portable toilets, but they were open, so that anyone using them could be seen by all.

Andrea continued to explore the room. There appeared to be about 100 women held here also and she made a thorough check for Cecelia. Once she had satisfied herself that her sister was not present, she tried to talk to a few of the women. Unfortunately, most appeared to be in a state of shock and were in poor condition to converse with. Her stomach was growling and she realized she had not eaten since she had arrived at the camp, or detention facility, or whatever it was. She realized also that she didn't know how long she'd been here. Was it hours, or days?

Andrea was just settling back down on the mat when the small door opened and two guards entered with a cart laden with bowls of food. They stayed long enough to make sure each of the women received a bowl and a plastic bottle of water, then left.

Andrea sat in a corner with her bowl. It held a piece of bread and a quantity of a porridge-like mush. It did not look particularly appetizing, but it was warm, and she was very hungry. She cleaned every spec from the bowl.

After the meal, Andrea finally broke down. She had avoided until now, using the open toilet which afforded no privacy. But her bodily needs at last required her to use the facility and she did, blushing with shame.

In the ensuing hours, several more women were put into the cell. Andrea hoped she would see Cecelia but she did not appear. It was the first time she had had a moment alone to think since her rape, and fear that the black sergeant might have gotten her pregnant haunted her. Andrea sat, hugging herself, wishing she had at least had a chance to douche. There was nothing she could do about it now however, several hours at least had gone by since the man had spurted his seed into her.

The small door opened again. This time, several guards appeared all holding whips or the correction rods. The frightened young white women moved away from the guards, toward the large steel door at the other end of the cell. Seconds later, the large door was raised and the incredibly bright, full sunlight flooded into the room. They had all been indoors for some time, and the outside sun was so blinding, they could not see beyond the outline of the door.

“Out! Out onto the dock!” yelled one of the guards. “Into the car. Move, all of you out!”

The guards began fanning out into the cell, sweeping the women before them. The naked white women moved quickly. By now they were all familiar with the correction rods and none of them wanted to feel the sting on their backsides. They hurried out the door and onto a concrete loading dock.

The outside air hit them like a wall of heat. The concrete was scorching to the touch and the African sun beat down, just as merciless as the whips of the guards on their exposed feminine skin. They were confined to a small area of the dock by a chain link fence that extended on either side of them from the building to the open doors of a rail car. The women were quickly pushed on board, and as Andrea’s eyes adjusted to the sunlight, she could tell it was a cattle car.

There were more young women already on the car and, by the time they were loaded, the space was full but not so tightly packed that the girls could not sit down. At either end of the car were more open portable toilets. Andrea hoped to see Cecelia, but after calling out and looking for several minutes it was apparent she was not on board the train, at least in the same car.

After Andrea had found spot at the side of the car to sit in, a fair skinned girl with chestnut hair moved close to her and sat down. She looked a little younger than Andrea, seventeen or eighteen perhaps.

“Do ... do you know where they’re taking us?” she asked. Andrea could tell the girl was very frightened. Her large, striking brown eyes were reddened, and the dried tears on her face confirmed she had been crying, just as most of the other girls.

Andrea shook her head, and tried to sound reassuring. “No. Have you asked anyone else?”

“No one knows where we’re going,” replied the girl, whimpering. “Why do they keep us naked, and why did they put us in a cattle car?”

“I don’t know,” said Andrea gently. “I’m Andrea, what’s your name?”

“Dana ... Dana Wilke. They told us they would let us go home.”

“They told us the same thing,” said Andrea. “But I think that was just to get us to go along quietly.”

The younger girl began crying again. “I’m scared. Are they going to kill us?”

“No,” said Andrea, with a confidence she did not feel. “They would have shot us by now if that’s what they intended.”

“But what *is* going to happen to us?”

Andrea felt intense compassion for Dana, but they were all in the same boat and at the moment, there was nothing to do about it. She could see that the girl needed a distraction.

“Dana, I’m looking for my sister. Her name is Cecelia. She’s slender and blond, a little younger than you. Have you seen her?”

Dana shook her head. “I don’t know ... I don’t know anyone here by name.”

Andrea smiled. “You know me by name.”

The younger girl sobbed and embraced Andrea. Even though she was a total stranger, Dana held onto her tightly, desperate for the warm comfort of a friendly human body. She nuzzled her face to Andrea’s breast, but the movement was totally asexual.

There was a jolt as the cattle car began to move. After some back and forth runs to hook onto other cars the train headed out with its human cargo.

Chapter 2

Andrea Forester looked out from the slats of the cattle car, and watched the lush African landscape gliding by. It was such a beautiful place, she thought. If only it was five or six years ago, when there had been peace and this part of Africa had been controlled by the whites. She would love to be touring through these hills in a comfortable, air-conditioned car with her family. Andrea began to sob quietly. Her father was dead, and she didn't know if she would ever see her husband or sister again.

Her tears dried quickly in the parched air. She was grateful for the breeze created by the train's movement, as it rushed between the slats. Without it the heat in the cattle car would have been unbearable. The movement and the draft also helped keep down the flies. She dreaded what would happen when the train stopped. The car would fill with the buzz of malaria carrying mosquitoes, hornets, and horseflies. They would find the soft white skin of the women easier to penetrate than the cattle that they usually found on these dry plains. Dana was sleeping fitfully beside her, the younger girl's head leaning against Andrea's shoulder.

Andrea closed her eyes to think. She remembered the scenes from Nazi death camps in Europe during World War II. It was much like this. People being shipped in cattle cars to camps where they were held in abysmal conditions. Worked until they dropped and starved, finally being pushed into gas chambers and ovens. Did the same fate await her, or members of her family? She shuddered in fear and bitter tears rolled down her face.

It was obvious that the other women in the train car were thinking the same thing, though no one dared voice their dread out loud. Many of the women stared almost zombie like, not responding to anyone. Others chattered incessantly and inanely about topics that now seemed so trivial. Were they in denial? Or were they unconsciously, desperately trying to wring a few more moments of normal life from eternity. She knew what could lie at the end of this train ride, degradation, dehumanization, and lingering death. And the others she felt sure, knew it too.

It all seemed so meaningless and wasteful. Their personalities, their talents, their memories, might soon be seared to nothingness. All their hopes, dreams, lives, and loves could be burned away in a death camp's ovens, to be swept literally, once consumed into the ash heap of forgotten history.

Andrea glanced down at the younger girl huddled close to her. Like her sister Cecelia, she was elegant, delicate- just entering the full flower of her womanhood. Her skin the color of warm cream, hair a rich brown, one could drown in her round shimmering eyes. She was a lovely creature. Creature...

Andrea grimaced and closed her eyes tight. She had a sudden vision of Dana not as human, but as a piece of live stock. She wondered insanely if perhaps they were all just animals after all. Was Dana no more than a monkey, a rat... or a dung beetle? Would not this lovely, vibrant creature, eat and breathe, defecate and procreate the same way they did? Would she be a lover someday, and a mother? Would she multiply her flesh, as all organisms strove to do, into countless blended copies of herself? Or would she soon be just a fine layer of ash floating onto the ground, to be taken up into plants, and reformed by nature into monkeys, rats and beetles. Would she, and every other beautiful young woman in this car, including Andrea herself, simply be a particularly loathsome and corrupt volume of soil in a few hours? That was, she realized, the true nature of their physical existence, without the miracle spark of life.

Andrea knew she wasn't thinking clearly. The events and psychic trauma of the last couple of days were warping her mind. She held onto the slats of the cattle car for

support and she put her face to the smooth wood. Tears flowed again silently as she contemplated what might be her fate, perishing alone in a death camp. She cried, unable to stop herself now, beyond pretending to be brave. She wanted to live. She was only twenty and there was so much life that should be hers. She wanted to live, more than anything else! She knew it made her a coward but she knew she would do anything to stay alive.

She thought about how her father would feel about such thinking. Robert Taney, the man of honor, so virtuous and dignified. How would he feel if he knew his daughter would do *anything* to live? She was ashamed at her own weak thoughts, but knew it was the truth.

Dana stirred and Andrea held her a little closer. They had been traveling now for three days, moving into the interior of Africa, the heartland of Hakeem's new empire. In reality though, they had only traveled a few hundred miles. The train stopped at least twice a day at special fenced enclosures to allow the prisoners to exercise. While they were out of the cars they were fed, the toilets emptied and the drinking water tanks filled. At first the women were reluctant to exit the cattle car, being naked and out in the open. But as the trip progressed, the women lost any self-consciousness and eagerly pushed out of the car at every opportunity.

There was no chance of escape at any of the stops. Most of them were located in desolate areas, and even if the women had managed to elude their captors, they would quickly die of exposure in the desert. Indeed, none of them made even the most feeble escape attempt. Being soft skinned whites, they were more used to being in the shade of their cool tiled verandahs, than naked and exposed to the sun of an African day. It would take time for them to develop a protective tan. They huddled under shade trees or the open, roofed pergolas.

Andrea and Dana were especially vulnerable due to their fair skins, but managed to keep from being seriously burned.

After about an hour the women would be loaded and the trains would head out again. There were however, frequent stops at sidings to allow passenger trains to pass.

Andrea watched these express trains with interest. They were very modern and clean, not at all how she had envisioned passenger trains in black Africa. They were filled with well-dressed travelers, all of them Negro, and from what she could see from glimpses as the trains whizzed by, were well appointed.

The windows were larger on the first class cars, and she could see well into their sleek interiors. Each time one of them passed, Andrea would peer into them with wonder, (and more than a little jealousy) at the sophisticated, smartly dressed people moving past in air-conditioned comfort.

Finally, late on the third day of their journey, they passed into a region of farmland. Andrea watched as they rolled through fields of tobacco and cotton. Towering orchards of bananas and sunflowers waved majestically in the warm breeze.

Mile after mile the land was covered by the fragrant stalks of ripening maize. Then the railway ran close to the river, and the land became wetter, more and more dominated by wet rice cultivation.

Some of the fields and paddies bordered the rail line. Andrea, and Dana, (who by now was also looking avidly out the spaces between the slats), could occasionally see the small parties of field workers. They were cutting the corn ears with machetes and gathering them in sacks, to be hauled in what looked like back breaking labor to heavy farm trucks. Without exception, the workers were white, though the majority were well tanned. They wore a simple white cloth, about a foot wide, wrapped around their waists. Andrea realized with a shock, that most of them were women, and all of them were bare breasted.

The paddy workers were also white. They worked in the hot sun without even the shade of the maize stalks. Their first harvest was complete, and they were planting the second crop, stooped in the muddy water of the rice paddies. They too were half-naked and seemed oblivious to the trains as they trundled by. Andrea could also see the bosses, all black, who supervised the work from pickup trucks or small trailers parked in the shade.

They passed through small towns too. And because the trains slowed considerably, the two girls could get a brief glimpse of the character of them. They all seemed to be busy, prosperous agricultural hamlets, the inhabitants mostly black. They did see a few Caucasian females, always accompanied by a black. The whites carried bags or boxes, and always walked a step or two behind the fully dressed black person. In every case the white woman was bare breasted and wore the same wrap-style clothes.

Once the train came to a stop in one of the little towns, holding on a siding to yield the right of way for an express train.

It was here that Andrea saw something that was in some ways the most horrifying thing she had yet witnessed.

Their car had stopped near the back of some kind of warehouse or mill. As Andrea and Dana watched, a large black man emerged from a rear door, dragging some kind of object. An instant later they realized the object was a young white girl, held bent over by the man's grip on her long auburn hair. She was naked and dirty, and they were just close enough to hear she was crying, pleading with the man. He ignored her, pushed her roughly and ordered her to do something. She bent over and grasped her ankles, her long hair falling onto the ground. Then the man proceeded to take a short leather whip, and thrash the girl soundly.

Andrea noticed that although the girl was obviously in considerable pain, she did not let go of her ankles, or try to move away. She screamed with each of the lashes, babbling and begging abjectly for mercy. But the black man continued to whip her, raising ugly red welts on her alabaster skin.

Andrea could feel Dana holding fast to her as they watched the grim spectacle, eyes wide with horror. They could hear gasps and cries of despair from other women in the car as well. It was not just the brutality of the beating. It was the fact that it was being administered by a black man, on the person of a white woman that made it seem even more unspeakably savage.

Andrea had seen things just as bad at the detention center. But somehow this was different. It was semi public and Andrea watched a few people pass by on the street while the girl was being beaten. No one did anything to stop the man. Indeed they acted as if the public beating of a naked white girl were a common event, hardly worth a second look.

At last the punishment ended. The man pulled the girl erect by the hair, and yelled something into her face. She nodded miserably and followed the man to area not visible from the street, but still within sight of the train. The black man sat on crate and unzipped his trousers. Then to the utter disgust of the women in the cattle car, the lovely white girl went to her knees and buried her head between her punisher's legs.

The black man worked her head over his organ with both hands for several minutes. Finally he began bucking his hips and grunting. When he released her head she pulled away, red faced and gasping for breath as semen dripped from her chin. She staggered to her feet just as the train began to move again, and when the black man brandished the whip she scurried on her bare feet, back into the mill.

The train was moving now, leaving the little town. But Andrea shuddered, wondering what kind of culture these people had.

Their cattle-car tour of central Africa ended an hour or two later. The train pulled into a massive enclosed complex, far larger than even the detention center. Permanent guard towers and observation posts bristling with machine guns dotted the grounds. Andrea could see that the perimeter fence was electrified, and topped with razor wire. Escape from here would be practically impossible.

Andrea studied the buildings closely. She half expected to see chimneys belching human soot and ash from the ovens. But there was no such structure. There was an air of nervous foreboding in the cattle car as the women strained to look through the slats on walls. They viewed the facility with mixed emotion. Glad to be at the end of the difficult rail trip, but fearful of what might lay in store for them.

The train slowly pulled alongside what appeared to be one of the main buildings. Like the detention facility, there was a concrete loading dock at the same level as the car floors. There were some jolts and clangs as the cars halted, and a few seconds of silence. Then all hell broke loose.

There was a deafening command through the loudspeaker, and the door to the cattle car opened.

“Out,” yelled the voice. “OUT! NOW! HURRY!”

Suddenly correction rods appeared through the slats of the car on the opposite side. Prisoners on that side began screaming as guards began blindly stinging the women from the outside. The prisoners panicked, stampeding and tearing at each other in an effort to exit the car and avoid the rods. Andrea could hear the same shouts and commotion in the other cars as the train was being unloaded. Fortunately, Andrea and Dana were on the opposite side, near the door, and they escaped without getting stung. As soon as their bare feet hit the concrete however, they were herded into the building, like sheep into a pen.

All 100 of them were inside before they even knew what was going on. The thick metal door slammed shut behind them, and they heard a bolt snap shut. They were in a concrete lined bunker perhaps twice the size of the rail car. The room appeared to be sealed, and even the lights were recessed behind glass. There were metal pipe fixtures extruding from the ceiling. The kind, Andrea suddenly realized that could be used to spray chemicals into a room!

Suddenly one of the women screamed, as she made the same conclusion about the room’s purpose that Andrea had.

“They’re gassing us!” she cried. “THEY’RE GOING TO GAS US!”

Screams erupted from every woman in the room. Dana once again clung tightly to Andrea, crying pathetically, as other woman, wild eyed with terror began pounding on the doors and scratching the walls. They wailed and cried in mortal fear and panic.

Then the lights went out and they were plunged into total darkness. Andrea held Dana close under her chin, sure they were living the last seconds of their lives. She felt herself gasping for air and realized that she too was screaming.

They heard a hissing noise and felt a liquid being sprayed on them, and instantly the noise inside the cell rose to shrieks of utter hysteria, like a roomful of animals being slaughtered.

And then the lights came back on. Andrea realized she could breath without difficulty and the spray was not choking her or hurting her eyes. It was hot, but not noxious. Indeed it felt soothing and familiar. The chemical being sprayed on them was water.

Andrea held Dana close, clutching her soft hair and whispering to the trembling girl. “It’s all right... It’s all right... It’s water!”

Some of the women had fainted. A few were still screaming insanely, but even they abruptly stopped. Women cried now, weeping and sobbing with relief.

Andrea released Dana and the two girls began to bathe themselves in the soapy spray. They began laughing and giggling without volition. She hugged Dana tightly once more, this time with joy. It was the most wonderful feeling to be soaking, and bathing... and breathing... and alive. The soap stopped and the water turned from hot to warm. They were rinsing the dirt and soap from their bodies. By now all the women had calmed down and revived the others who had fainted.

The shower lasted several more minutes, then the water stopped. The door at the other end of the room opened and the women were ordered by loudspeaker to exit.

They filed out quickly, every one of them cowed and fearful. They emerged into a larger room, where they were told to kneel on the concrete floor.

Not a single woman protested or hesitated. All of them felt as if they had just escaped death by an eyelash and that their lives hung by a thread. It was exactly the effect their captors wanted. After an episode of such terror and emotion their minds were open and pliant, their wills temporarily submerged. A powerful psychological tool had just been used on them. Training had begun.

A short, fat black man appeared through the door, followed by even more men with whips and correction rods. He spoke tersely, without preamble, as someone stating facts that were irrefutable to persons who were mere chattel.

"White women, you have been brought here as prisoners of the Islamic African Empire, and have been purchased en mass by the Bantu International Service Company. As of this moment, you are no longer prisoners of the government... You are slaves."

He paused a moment to allow his final sentence to sink in. A week before, that phrase would have brought howls of indignant protest from these formerly free white women. Now they were so chastened there was not a whisper of dissent.

"Some of you have guessed the truth. Yes, a few short years ago, we killed whites with cyanide gas, in the very chambers you were just in."

There were some gasps, and still more whimpers of fear.

"But our Prophet and Emperor Hakeem, may Allah defend him, is merciful. You are to be allowed to live, to serve him, and his people."

"This is where you will begin your new lives as useful slaves. You will be taught about the foundations of our society, and the basics of your role as slaves. But more advanced training will be done by the master or mistress who eventually buys you."

"Forget who you were. Forget your husbands, sweethearts and families. Forget your cultures, religions and traditions. The relationships you had in your former lives are irrelevant now. You are slaves."

He paced to the side a little, and his voice took on a soothing, oily quality. "I know you feel despair, hopelessness. You think your lives are over but they are not. You will start new families. You will know fulfillment and the joy of life. But you must submit, accept your identity as a slave. If you resist, you will feel pain. You will continue to feel pain until you obey. If you submit the pain stops."

"You must always remember this. Say it over and over to yourself. 'While I resist, the pain continues. When I submit the pain stops. I will submit.' This is to be your mantra while you are here."

With that, he turned and walked out, leaving 100 naked white women to ponder their fate.

Throughout that night, the women were separated into small groups of about eight or ten, and taken to holding cells. Andrea and Dana were taken together. There was straw in their cage. Nice soft straw. A pleasant change from the concrete they had just come from, or the wood floors of the cattle cars. The room was warm too, and soon the exhausted women were sleeping soundly, though their dreams were often too much like reality.

The next morning, women from their cell were removed one by one. When Dana was taken, the girl was apprehensive about being separated from Andrea. But there was nothing for it, and Andrea nodded as reassuringly as possible.

When it was Andrea's turn, she was taken by a guard down several corridors, and up an elevator. Finally, she arrived in a room where she was made to kneel, and put her head in a stock-like fixture, which the attendant promptly closed, securing her. He surveyed her neck for a few seconds and reached into an open cabinet. He pulled out what looked like a ring. Andrea could see as she strained her neck around apprehensively. It appeared to be a steel strip covered with black rubber. He stamped a number onto it, and fitted it to her neck. Then he took a stainless steel ring attached to a flange, and snapped it over one end of the ring, closed it, and snapped the other end in place. It fit loosely around her neck. He then brought up a small, tong-like tool, with wires extending into a machine. "Don't move, or you'll be burned," he told the white girl. Andrea held her breath, and the man welded her collar together.

Next he checked the number tattooed on her neck, and accessed a computer database. He nodded to the guard, who led Andrea back to her cage.

Dana was there, wearing the object on her neck and looking miserable. The black rubber surface of the collar contrasted sharply with the girl's white skin. And her face flushed with shame. The effect was overtly servile and erotic, and Andrea already suspected that Dana's future led to some affluent black man's bed. She refrained from comment however, and tried to console the girl by pointing out they all had the collars.

Andrea had not gotten a good look at her own collar, and of course could not see it under her own neck. All of the women's collars seemed to be basically identical, so she studied Dana's.

Besides the fact that it was a rubber-coated band of steel, there was at the front and bottom, a ring about two inches in diameter. Above this ring was a shiny red badge, affixed to the collar. The badge bore the logo of the company that now owned them, the acronym B.I.S., in stylized letters. Dana also examined Andrea's collar curiously, knowing it was essentially identical to her own.

After they were fed, the whole group was taken to an exercise yard. They were worked hard for a couple of hours by a trainer, who watched them and kept notes on their performances.

Later they were taken to small room, where a black woman of about thirty-five sat on a chair. The slaves were instructed to sit on the floor around her, and once they had settled down, their lessons began.

"Slaves," she said pleasantly, "I am mistress A'ala. I will be your teacher and trainer."

She picked up a correction rod and sat it in her lap. Andrea noticed that this rod looked a bit more sophisticated than the ones used by the guards. It had a small box, and data screen attached to the upper end.

"Now you must all pay close attention while you are here. As you can see, I have the means to enforce your will to learn."

"We are a slave preparation facility," continued the black woman. "We don't do very much actual training of slaves in specific tasks, here, simply because we don't know what your masters will be using you for."

“We do however, instill a few rudiments of discipline and behavior that are expected of all whites. In short, we teach you how to be a slave.”

A’ala leaned forward, making eye contact with her students. “Listen carefully now. These are the basics, the things you must do to survive and avoid punishment.”

“First, never try to escape, or desert your master. Escape is quite impossible. The police are very adept at catching slaves, and there are numerous private companies that also specialize in slave recovery. Punishment is severe, and repeat attempts lead to the slave being destroyed. ”

“Second, never harm a black person. Slaves who commit violent acts against black citizens are usually forfeited to the government, and are consigned to the mines. A court may also order a violent slave destroyed, or committed to research facilities for vivisection and medical experiments.”

“Third, you will address all black people, regardless of age or station, in a respectful manner- as “sir,” or “Ma’am.” When you are purchased, you will call your owner whatever he requires, but he will probably have you address him as master- or mistress as the case may be. Until you are sold, you will address all black people at this company as “master,” or “mistress.”

The lesson went on for about an hour. Then she rose and summarized. Finally, she said, “before we leave each lesson, we will have you recite your mantra. What is it?”

The women looked at each other. None could remember the exact words.

“Forgotten already?” said A’ala, with mild irritation. “Listen carefully, for tomorrow you must know it by heart.”

“While I resist, the pain continues. When I submit the pain stops. I will submit.’ Now you say it.”

They all dutifully recited the mantra, and the black woman dismissed them.

Then they were taken back out to exercise, and finally to be fed.

The next morning was more of the same. They exercised for two hours outside, were fed, then exercised again, this time in an indoor gym. This was more formal conditioning than sprinting and running around the grassy enclosure. In the gym, they climbed ropes, worked on leather gymnasium horses, and did extensive calisthenics. Again, their performance was carefully watched and recorded.

Then it was back to the small “classroom,” for further lessons. The same teacher was there, and this time there was a small table near her chair. Once again Mistress A’ala had the white women sit on the floor around her chair, like small children. This time however, she told them to sit cross-legged, in a lotus position. The girls were a little reluctant. Most of them were still unconsciously covering their pubes with their hands, and had sat demurely with legs folded to the side. The lotus position meant their legs were spread and their vaginas were exposed and open.

“Come on,” A’ala insisted. “All of you, sit cross-legged. Lock your feet turned up, behind your knees. That’s right. You are all young females, this should be no problem for you. Hands at your sides. Now hold the hand of the girl next to you. That’s good. If any of you drop your hands, both slaves will be punished. Good. Now you are in a proper position for learning.”

A’ala picked up the correction rod, and suddenly brought it down, nestling the tip between the folds of Andrea’s sex. Andrea jumped and almost let go of the girl’s hands beside her. But the expected jolt did not come.

“What is your mantra?” asked the mistress.

Andrea struggled to remember, her mind racing as she felt the cool, smooth metal rubbing her clit. At the next instant she knew it could deliver a jolt of unspeakable pain.

“While... while I resist the pain continues. When I submit the pain stops. I will submit,” said Andrea fearfully.

“Very good,” the trainer smiled. Then Andrea saw her pull the trigger. The white girl caught her breath, then gasped and bucked her hips involuntarily. Instead of a painful shock the rod emitted a pleasurable little tingle of current, right onto her clitoral bud. A’ala held the rod there for several seconds, and the feeling was so good that Andrea was quite unable to keep from rubbing herself on the blunt tip of the rod. When it ended she blushed and sighed, embarrassed yet glad she had not felt pain.

“Right answers are rewarded,” said A’ala. “Wrong answers earn a sting. Understand?”

The other slave girls nodded.

“Now we come to the subject of names,” said the teacher. “Your names. Once you are sold, it will be whatever your master decides. He or she may change it, or leave it as it is, or you may have only a number. For our purposes, we do not require you to memorize your number. While you are here, your name, your only name, will be your first name. Your last names are no longer relevant, and you are to forget them. White slaves do not have last names. You identify yourself with your first name and the name of your owner.”

Once again A’ala brought the rod down between a girl’s legs. “You would say, ‘I am slave Merri, I am the property of BIS.’ Say it.”

The girl said it properly, and sighed softly. She too moved her hips as the black woman pulled the trigger, and rubbed her clit with the rod.

“All of you, say it.”

The women repeated the phrase, adding their own first names.

“Now,” said A’ala, continuing. “The black African is the master race. The white Caucasian is the slave race. The Prophet Hakeem has taught us this.”

“The black African is the Adamic race and the direct descendent of Allah,” continued the teacher. “The black race is destined to rule earth from Africa. The other races exist to serve the black race.”

A’ala quickly brought the rod down again between a girl’s legs. “Who is the master race, Tina?”

“The black race is the master race. Ahh ahh...” the white girl replied, receiving the tingle.

“Who is the slave race, Janet?”

“The white race is the slave race, umm... ummm.” she replied.

“Who is the prophet who brings us this truth, Andrea?”

“Hakeem is the prophet... haaa... aaahh.”

It was poor little Dana who got the first sting.

“What is your full name?” asked A’ala.

“Dana Wilke... AAAAAaaaaaaaiieeee,” she screeched. The pain was so bad she almost let go of the other girl’s hands. But knowing they would be punished as well, if she let go, they hung onto her tightly.

“Your name is Dana! You are the property of BIS! White slaves do not have last names!” shouted the black woman. “I will review your lesson at times, and you must remember.”

Dana was left gasping and sobbing pathetically from the punishing shock of her extremely sensitive clitoris. She recovered in a few minutes, but the example made a deep impression on the other girls.

A’ala went on, teaching hour after hour. The lessons were heavy and relentless with repetition, and her voice become increasingly chant-like and mesmerizing. But the points were always clear and concise. The black woman circled continuously behind the cross-legged white females, lightly touching the tip of the correction rod to the soft skin of their naked backs and buttocks. Without warning she would deliver a painful shock to

any girl who slouched her posture, or appeared inattentive. It was a combination of instruction and brainwashing, designed to open the mind of a young woman and change both her conscious and sub-conscious thoughts and attitudes.

“Thousands of years ago, a wicked man named Yacub rebelled against Allah and the prophets,” said A’ala. “He was a learned man of science, and built a laboratory secretly in the forsaken wilds of Europe. He captured the Neanderthals, an ape-like humanoid, and experimented on their bodies. Slowly he bred them and manipulated their DNA and their genes. With dark arts and science he mingled the blood and flesh of these creatures with pigs, monkeys and rats, producing a light skinned humanoid, a grotesque parody of the Black human form.”

“Still the creature could not talk, and wanted nothing more than to wallow in mud and hide in the shadows. He needed the spark of human spirit. He mated the creature with the lesser Adamic man, the Asian. And finally the creature gained the power of speech.”

“He and others like him had created the Cauc, a crime against nature and the true Adamic man.”

“Yacub and his followers were rejected by the great council of Adamic Africans. As punishment for their abominable experiments in cloning and gene splicing they were banished from Africa.”

“But Yacub was an arrogant and deceitful man. He would not accept his punishment. He devised a plot to invade Africa and overthrow the Adamic leaders.”

“Though weak, mentally and physically, the Cauc had the sexual drives of the monkey and the rat. They bred and multiplied by the thousands. Soon Yacub had an army of Cauc creatures with which to wreak vengeance on the Adamic Africans who had exiled him. Yacub made war on his own people. He attacked Africa with armies of his soulless Caucs.”

“But Yacub and his followers were defeated by the leaders of the ancient Blacks. They burned his laboratory and should have destroyed his evil creations. But their mercy prevented them from killing the hapless things. They were allowed to escape into the wilderness of the north, to survive or die by Allah’s will.”

A’ala continued, the lessons and the ideas behind them pounded into the girl’s captive, vulnerable minds like the ocean surf, endless and irresistible. The teacher’s ever-present rod punctuated the demand, driving the need to listen and retain, assimilate... and believe. That became the imperative. Believe or suffer.

“In Africa humanity flowered,” said A’ala. “The Black ancients produced technology and culture of surpassing beauty and power. They invented and composed. In latter days everything that was good in the warped culture of the Cauc was copied from their records and relics.”

“But the old ones displeased Allah with their disunity. To punish them for a time he decreed that the inferior sub-race, the animal Cauc would rule the world for 2000 years. Then He would remember the divine race and re-establish the Black Adamic man as master.”

“Our time is the fulfillment of Allah’s promise. The white so called race is to be brought back to its animal origins. The Cauc, henceforth and forever is to be the chattel of the Adamic human.”

“Look at yourselves. Your skin is the same color as your cousin the pig. Your hair is brown and straight like the rat. Your lewd sexual proclivities and behaviors are identical that of the monkey. You are descended of all of them and yours is the lineage of base vermin.”

“You are slaves. You will be slaves for the rest of your lives. Your offspring will be slaves and all your decedents forever. That is what the prophet teaches us.”

A'ala resumed her seat in the center of the circle. She refreshed herself with wine, poured from a bottle at the table. The slave girls sat with bated breath around her, clasping each other's hands tightly and straining to hear and understand. The black woman began again, seeming to take a more measured, slower tone.

"Hakeem is the prophet, come to lead the Black race to its rightful position as masters of the world. You will not speak the name of the prophet while standing. You will sit on the floor or go to your knees and speak his name with reverence and awe. Any disrespect for the prophet or his Clerics will be severely punished."

The air was electric as the white women worked hard to listen and remember. A'ala would stop every few minutes and ask questions, each time placing the correction rod between a white woman's sex lips. There were occasional screams of pain, but mostly the answers were correct, so hard were they trying to learn.

That the lessons were genetic and historical nonsense didn't matter. The all-important object was to learn the proper answer, and repeat it back when prompted. As the session wore on the questions became harder and more frequent. Once, after Dana answered a particularly difficult one correctly, A'ala did not pull the trigger on the rod nestled between the girl's legs. Dana frowned, wondering why she didn't get the pleasant little tingle. The teacher reached into a box and removed a small brown object. When she brought it close to Dana's face the other girls could see it was a chocolate.

"Would you like this?" asked A'ala.

The chocolate looked very good. None of the slaves had had anything to eat but bread and the insipid gruel since they had been captured.

Dana looked up at the mistress with her big, soft brown eyes, and answered meekly, "yes."

The teacher pulled the sweet back, and rubbed the rod slowly, tantalizingly up and down in the girl's sex. "You did not say, yes *mistress*."

Dana's eyes clouded in fear and her muscles tensed in anticipation of the shock. But nothing happened.

"It's all right," said A'ala, petting the girl's dark hair softly. "We haven't covered that yet."

She brought the chocolate back to the white girl's face. "Stick out your tongue."

Dana obeyed, and the teacher dropped the sweet onto it. A'ala was pleased that the girl did not pull her tongue in and close her mouth until receiving permission.

"Good girl! Go ahead," said the teacher.

Dana retracted her tongue and ate the treat. Then she gurgled and smiled as A'ala pulled the trigger on the rod, sending the delightful current into her little pink pleasure bud as a further reward. She humped shamelessly on the rod and even wiggled her toes unconsciously, her face beaming with gratitude for her mistress.

"You must learn to trust us," said A'ala. "You will not be punished if you obey. You will be rewarded if you submit."

It went on like that for two more hours. A'ala taught them more about the origins of the glorious black race, the benevolent hand of Hakeem, and the proper role of white slaves in the new Africa. A'ala relentlessly probed them for answers, and whenever she was especially pleased with a girl, she would feed the slave a chocolate as well as the delicious bit of current. She also did not hesitate to apply the agonizing current for incorrect or non-enthusiastic answers.

The girls responded by striving their utmost to remember every scrap of detail, parroting it back with conviction, as though they had believed it all their lives. They also lost all inhibition when reacting to the stimulus of their clits, mewling and humping against the rod shamelessly. This also pleased the teacher and she held the current trigger down longer as a reward.

As hard as they had tried though, their legs were becoming cramped, and their minds were saturated. A'ala could see that they'd had enough for the day. She dismissed them, but not before having them recite with alacrity and in unison, their mantra.

"While I resist, the pain continues. When I submit, the pain stops. I will submit!"

Their indoctrination as slaves was well underway.

The days that followed established the same routine. Working out, eating, being taught, working out, eating, showering, and sleeping. Gradually the duration of the brainwashing sessions lengthened. Soon they were being taught ten to twelve hours a day. The same lessons were repeated over and over and over, as mistress A'ala drilled them mercilessly. They were compelled to memorize and internalize every intricate detail, until the beliefs they were being presented solidified in their brains, becoming their beliefs. Still A'ala probed and programmed them with ever increasing intensity.

"You are Caucs," she shouted. "All your lives you have lived within the bubble of white society. But the bubble has been pricked and you now see yourselves as you really are. You are slaves, animals. You must not think of yourselves as equal to the Adamic black person. You exist to serve the master race."

After six weeks of A'ala's tutelage, they had learned to say "yes master" in several Bantu languages. They knew and understood the details of divine ancestry of the black race. And were taught the specifics of white animal origins, and their servile fate decreed by the Prophet Hakeem.

With these lessons and many, many others, they were totally inculcated into a slave mentality. It seemed perfectly natural that they were slaves. They were white, part animal, and inferior to the master race. It seemed amazing to them that they had ever been free, or had ever seen themselves as anything but slaves. Their old cultures and identities faded rapidly from their young minds, as they began to accept the legitimacy and traditions of Hakeem's Africa. Of course the Prophet was correct. Black Africa was society structured as it should be. The whites had been so wrong to resist.

Andrea understood why she was a slave. She saw herself as a slave. Indeed she now *needed* the emotional validation of being owned by a black master or mistress.

And yet, it was still only six weeks. They had managed to twist Andrea, to mold her mind into believing that she *should* be a slave. But she still cared for, and missed her family.

As she lay in her cell at night, sleeping on her mat, she wondered what had happened to Jeff. Was he still alive? Was he in the mines? She wondered what their lives would have been like if the enclave had not fallen. She thought about him, and his body, as she lay night after night without the touch of a man. She regretted they had not had married sooner and had a child, but that all seemed so distant now. She doubted she would ever see him again. She realized with shame that she was forgetting about him. Whether it was the conditioning of the slave facility, or the trauma of the past weeks, she did not know. But even now she could not visualize his face when she closed her eyes. He seemed increasingly irrelevant and unreal... like her life before that fateful day seven weeks past.

She drifted to sleep easily these days, mainly from the exhaustion of the training and lessons, though she often dreamed of her family and life before her capture. Her old personality and identity seemed increasingly surreal and her concerns trivial. Still she remembered and flashes of her old life played back in her dreams, days of innocence and freedom.

They came to life now only in her dreams, when she and her dignified, proper sister were the most sought after young women in the enclave- and the most aloof. She nodded, and sleep enveloped her ravaged mind, bringing dreams from an alien world, only a few months in the past.

Life was so unfair, thought Andrea Forester, with a petulant little frown. Unfair and cruel!

"But why to they have to cancel the ball?" asked Cecelia, on the verge of tears. "Everyone was so looking forward to it."

"I know, I know," said Andrea. "This hideous war."

"I was hoping to dance with a whole roomful of cute boys on leave. Now it will be just another evening at home," lamented Cecelia.

Andrea laughed. "Cece, you know you only want to tease the boys. You have no intention of letting them do anything but dance with you."

The comment brought a blush of color to the younger girl's fair cheeks. "Andrea, you know father doesn't like us to make bawdy talk."

The slight frown on her sister's fresh, innocent face and the timbre of her voice told Andrea that her remark had been taken a bit more seriously than she intended. She reminded herself once again how delicate and sincere her sister's purity was.

"I only meant that the ball would have been a good place to meet a man of quality," said Andrea.

Cecelia sighed. "That's the worst thing about the war. It's destroyed any social life we could have had."

Andrea nodded, but suddenly felt a belated guilt at her feelings and the comments she had just made. It was disappointing, yes, to have to forgo the annual serviceman's dance, but their sadness and loss was nothing compared to that of the families who had lost loved ones recently.

"They're right to cancel the ball, Cece. It would be very insensitive for us to go dancing and celebrating in light of the casualties on the front in the last few weeks. We have to set an example, especially since father is in charge of the army now."

"I suppose so," said Cecelia. "But I was so expecting to find a dashing young man at the ball."

Andrea suppressed a laugh. The younger girl's romantic ideals and her lack of a boyfriend was the subject of much good-natured fun within the Taney family. It was not as if the girl were unattractive, quite the contrary. She was stunningly beautiful. Her long golden hair, pale flawless skin, and incredibly lithe body meant she was asked out frequently by the young men of the enclave. So frequently that the other girls were jealous.

"Oh, when will I ever find the man of my dreams?" Cecelia asked melodramatically.

This time Andrea lost her battle to refrain from laughing.

"It's all right for you," said Cecelia. "You already have a dreamboat husband."

"Oh Cece," said Andrea. "There are lots of men. You just have to give one of them a chance. I know. I was single until six months ago too, remember?"

Cecelia smiled bravely. Like her sister, she was naturally shy and her father had forbidden both girls to date until they were seventeen. She had little social contact with males and no experience sexually. She was a virgin, just as Andrea had been before her wedding.

Not that she would have had it any other way. They were their father's daughters, virtuous, chaste and deeply conservative. Their time in Africa had been as a moment in the sun; beautiful girls of an important family, sought after and admired. They were the

unofficial royalty of the enclave and did their best to live up to their father's high standards.

Andrea had rejected many a suitor and she too had had many. Her long, light brown hair, her hazel eyes and trim figure had been the subject of many a boy's dream. She had a fair complexion and blushed easily when embarrassed, together with a certain good-girl look that said loud and clear, virgin.

She had been married for six months, but still had the air and bearing of a virtuous, chaste young woman from the American South, where the family had originated.

"What's it like?" asked Cecelia abruptly.

"What?"

"What's it like when a man... makes love to you."

This time, Andrea blushed, "well... it ah..."

"Yes?" asked the younger girl breathlessly.

"I don't think this is a conversation father would approve of," said Andrea, smiling.

"Oh really," said Cecelia sarcastically. "I'm sixteen and father says I have to wait another year to go out with a boy. Oh Andrea, all my friends have boyfriends, and I've never even been kissed!"

The older girl shrugged. "There's more to making love than kissing. And I thought you didn't want to hear bawdy talk."

"All right then, go ahead and keep your secret," said Cecelia with mock exasperation. "After all, you have your man."

"Yes," said Andrea, her smile fading. "One I haven't seen in four months. That's why I was so looking forward to the ball."

Cecelia sighed. "Will this horrid war never end?"

Chapter 3

Andrea and Dana knelt respectfully, eyes down, in front of the fat agent again, along with over 100 other slaves who were almost finished with their basic training.

They had been warned by Mistress A'ala that this was an important moment. This man was the president and top agent in the company and thus their ultimate master. They were to give him their undivided attention, and listen to him as well as they had listened to her. A large rack built to secure and bind slave flesh had been rolled on wheels beside the agent. Andrea shuddered as she wondered what was about to transpire on that rack.

"You will all soon be auctioned off to new owners," said the agent. "And it is very important that you behave properly while on pre-auction display, and on the block. You will be led out to the display hall before the customers arrive. Before they come in, you may talk, move around or play within the limits of your chain, however, when the hall opens, you are restricted to your mat. You may stand or sit, but you must remain basically still when being inspected, unless told otherwise. Do not speak unless you are told otherwise. You may be ordered to turn, or bend over, or perform other displays, if so, obey immediately. This is a time for customers to evaluate you as a slave they may wish to purchase. You will be watched, both by the customers and by the guards and trainers. Any disobedience or poor behavior will be punished."

"When you are placed on the block itself, however, you will not be examined closely, since our customers will have already inspected the slaves they are interested in prior to the actual bidding. You need only to stand still and smile, and follow any simple instructions."

"You are very lucky to have come to this facility. It is state of the art, and you have all been treated well here. Your pens are sanitary, we are patient with your training, and you are even allowed to socialize. But do not make the mistake of believing that we are soft. This company is a commercial enterprise. We broker, prepare, and sell slaves. A poor performance in demonstration or on the block effects our return, and we do not tolerate it."

The agent walked over to two slaves who had been singled out. One was a pretty blond woman of about twenty-five. The other was a white man of about thirty. He was the first white male Andrea had seen since being captured, but there was something odd about him. He had no body hair, and his shape was subtly effeminate and rounded, like a woman's. Indeed it was hard to tell he was a male, except for the tell tale genitalia between his slender, feminine legs.

Two trainers took the young woman and she looked about nervously as they led her to the rack and secured her face down by the wrists. The whole frame then pivoted forward, and the woman was lifted from the floor, lying diagonal across the frame.

"This female's offense was minor," said the agent. "She did not smile at the buyers, and display a docile manner. As a result, she did not sell above the minimum and was removed from the bidding. She is a newly captured slave, so this time her punishment will be light."

A trainer with a cane moved beside the bound white woman. Her face clouded with horror as she realized what he was going to do.

"Oh please. Please, no. I'm sorry, I'll smile... I'm sorry. Oh please..."

The thin cane whistled through the air and struck the slave's bare buttocks with a loud pop. She instantly screamed and tore at her bonds. Her arms were held fast but her bare legs and feet waved wildly. The cane swung again and the woman repeated the desperate but futile struggling. She received six strokes, all the while pleading for mercy from the agent and screaming her willingness to cooperate at the next auction.

And the cycle continued over and over. Each time he passed out his face was doused with water and the current resumed. He was screaming still but the cries were more rasping and breathy. The spasms became even more violent and for a moment it seemed as if the man would tear his own body apart before their eyes. And still it went on for interminable minutes more. The man burst forth with a shrill, long scream of inexpressible agony and then lost control of all bodily functions. He urinated and defecated, vomit poured from his mouth and bloody mucus dripped from his nose and lips. Many of the other slaves were trembling and crying. Andrea watched as Dana stared, her mouth gapping with shock and despair.

Then it stopped. Or at least the current stopped. The man continued to twitch and spasm for several seconds and his eyes rolled back as he seemed to hover on the edge of consciousness. The bucket of water was flung in his face and the white man was awake again. He looked wild-eyed at the agent as he approached.

The black man leaned to his face and said something that no one else could hear. Then he seized the slave's head and pointed it to the crowd of slaves.

"Master, master." The white man was sobbing, like a little boy.

"Say it louder, louder you white Cauc!"

"Master... you are my master."

"Say it, all of it. Louder you wretch or I'll leave you on that rack until your brain boils."

"No please. Master, no more... master... please..." babbled the white man.

"SAY IT!"

"I AM YOUR SLAVEBOY... A PRETTY SLAVEBOY... I SERVE THE BLACK MAN! I will obey, master," he whimpered pathetically. "No more master, please... I'M A PRETTY LITTLE SLAVEBOY AND I WILL SERVE MY BLACK ADAMIC MASTER! I am a Cauc! A male sex slave! I am a pretty slaveboy..."

The agent turned and addressed the other slaves. "What we expect is simple and we do not feel it should require any special training. When you are placed on display and on the block, you will appear docile, happy and above all, as obedient slaves, because if you are not sold, this will happen to you."

On the eve of the date when they were to be auctioned, about 400 naked white slaves were brought early in the morning, into a very large, open building. Inside, running the entire length of the building, were rows of steel loops, sticking out of the concrete in the floor. The loops were spaced about ten feet apart, and beside each was a colored foam mat, and a plastic sign with a number. The slaves were brought in a few at a time, chained together in small groups. One by one the guards released them, and reattached their collar chains to the loop. The lengths were long enough to allow them to sit or stand even to get close to the slave next to them. The chains were light and not uncomfortable.

The slaves were grouped according to their basic training and value. The group which included Andrea and Dana, females in their twenties or early thirties, were the largest group. They occupied more than half the pavilion. There was also a large grouping of males ages twenties through forties. These slaves were more heavily chained and further apart. Andrea noticed more guards among them as well. At the other end of the building, she could see the feminized males, who were to be sold into a specialized market. These were attractive young white males in their teens or early twenties who had been treated with female hormones- males like the one she had seen punished. They were kept in small cells and given limited exercise, so that their musculature atrophied and became more feminine. Andrea had been told by A'ala that they had not been actually

castrated, but that the chemical treatment they had undergone had the ultimate effect of rendering them like pre-pubescent boys; temperamentally, physically, and sexually. These males were intended for the bathhouses and brothels of the Empire's large cities, where, as A'ala had put it, homosexual expression was legal- as long as it was the white slave boy who was being "fucked."

The balance of slaves were older males and females who were to be sold off cheap, perhaps in package groups. Andrea had had no contact with whites from this group and had no idea what they would be used for.

Andrea and Dana had begged to be displayed together, and their trainer had relayed this to the sales personnel. The assistant agent had shrugged, and assigned them consecutive numbers in the catalog. It made no difference to him, and trainer A'ala said it might make them more docile and less nervous. They sat next to each other now, chatting and whispering, and generally deriving a feeling of security from being next to each other, just as they did in the cell.

Andrea watched the preparations for the event, and marveled at the enormity of the room. It looked like a convention or exhibition hall of some kind, or perhaps a fair. In addition to the slaves themselves, there were semi permanent concession stands, and individual tables for equipment dealers, outside trainers, and even booths with banks to provide the necessary financial services.

This was the pre-auction display area, where prospective buyers could inspect slaves prior to bidding on them the next day. It was the only time they could get a close look at the slaves before buying them, so it was a hectic day.

Thousands of blacks walked by, checking their catalogs against the numbers on the slave's mat, poking and probing and making marks in their notes. Most of the customers were very professional, inspecting teeth, feeling musculature and shinning little penlights into eyes and ears. Andrea and Dana would have been very respectful, but the buyers rarely spoke to the slaves or asked questions. Most of the important information about them was already in the catalog.

Occasionally, they were looked over by men who obviously wanted a sex slave, but there were only two who really frightened the girls. One man waited until there were no other customers around then approached Andrea.

"Where're you from cunt?"

"I... I'm from the eastern Enclave, master."

He reached out, fondling her belly, then her breasts.

Andrea caught her breath, but did nothing to hinder him.

"So you were married? To an army officer." he hissed into her ear.

"Yes master."

He stroked her quim with his middle finger, then probed deep. Andrea gasped in spite of herself, but managed to keep from pushing his hands away.

"I should buy you for my brothel. I'd have you fucked by 2000 men a year. My clients like the wives of white soldiers."

She closed her eyes, wanting to die of shame and misery.

"Unfortunately," he laughed, releasing her. "I'm looking for a blond."

Later another man stood leering at Andrea and Dana. They smiled at him dutifully, but he sneered with disgust. After several minutes he walked up to Dana and began fondling her. She remained still, but he began pinching her painfully. "You filthy white cur. I'm going to buy you and have you raped by my dogs."

Even after all she had been through Dana was shocked. Not just by the statement, but by the sheer naked hatred in the man's eyes.

He poked his finger in her navel. "How many pups can you carry bitch?" he laughed.

He stepped back and again she saw his eyes. His gaze was fixed on her exposed breasts, staring with lust and hate filled eyes. Acting purely on instinct, she brought her hands up to cover herself. The man's face suddenly clouded with rage.

He stepped forward and slapped her across the face, so hard it spun her around and she crumpled to the floor. She cringed in stunned terror on the mat as he moved on her again, fixing her with his malevolent stare. But one of the guards had heard the slap.

"Hey, don't damage the merchandise."

"Fuck you!"

The guard spoke into his radio, and seconds later a company agent arrived. Dana was shaking now, whimpering with fear. She was afraid the incident would cause her to be removed from the auction and earn her a caning.

"Why Mr. M'tuma," said the agent sarcastically. "It's you again."

The man scowled, but said nothing.

"What is it this week, Mr. M'tuma?"

"This white slave cunt insulted me!" he shouted.

"Really?" said the agent, "How did she do that?"

"She was primping in front of me," he raged.

"She's a freshly captured virgin Cauc, Mr. M'tuma," said the agent. "We want the master who buys her to have the pleasure of breaking her of that."

"I'll knock her fucking teeth out!"

"Buy her first, Mr. M'tuma," said the agent angrily. "Or you'll get a hell of a bill from us for those teeth."

The man fumed, then stormed off.

The agent turned and stooped down to the crying girl. "Calm down," he said gently. "Stop crying, it's turning your eyes red. We want those big brown eyes nice and clear."

"He hur... hur... hurt me, master," she trembled, her voice breaking.

The agent checked her carefully for damage, he didn't find any. Then looked at her face and understood why she was so frightened. The man had hurt her. Not to punish a misdeed or induce a desired servile behavior, but simply because he wanted her to feel pain. She wasn't used to that, even here. He couldn't blame the creature for her reaction.

He took a cool, soaked towel from one of the guards and wiped her slap-reddened face. Then he told her to open her mouth.

"Anything missing here?" he asked.

"No," she sniffled meekly. "I'm... all right, master."

"Good," he said. "Now don't worry, most buyers are not like him."

"Yes master... Master?"

"What?"

"Are... are you going to have me caned?" Dana asked, her voice not quite steady yet.

"Of course not. Now quiet down and smile. Just push your chest out, and make your breasts bounce a little. Look up at the buyer with those bright eyes and say 'please take me home, master.'"

"But... master," whimpered Dana. "Wha... What if *he* buys me tomorrow, master?"

The agent smiled and combed her rich hair back to its former order. "I doubt it. He's much to tight to pay for unspoiled, white virgin cunt-flesh like you."

The following morning the slaves were awoken early again. They were bathed, feed, and their bodies given final checks. Then they were sent back briefly to their cells.

They were taken to the huge auction hall in small groups, each slave appearing in order as they were numbered in the catalog. Andrea and Dana were collected, along with the rest of the women in their class, and lined up behind the platform waiting for their turn on the block.

They could hear the auctioneer taking bids on the other human stock. White people just like them who a couple of months before were living happy, free lives. Now they were slaves.

As they moved up the line, they were finally able to see the auction block, and the activity surrounding it. Andrea watched with morbid fascination as slave after slave was sold to the highest bidder. She saw the feminized white male who had been caned two days before, the one who had resisted at the last auction and shouted defiantly at the crowd. Now he stood docilely, turning and smiling meekly at the buyers, but also looking furtively back at the handlers. It was obvious he did not want to risk another encounter with the rack. The electrical torture had transformed another proud white man into a slaveboy.

Then came the dreaded moment. It was Dana's turn. "I love you," whispered Andrea into the younger girl's ear. "Whatever happens... if we don't see each other again, just remember someone loves you... me."

Dana turned back and embraced her friend, "I love you Andrea," she said, the tears filling her eyes.

"Don't cry," said Andrea. "You're going to be bought by a kind, handsome master who will love you forever."

"So are you, Andrea," she cried.

She kissed her friend and protector, and Andrea looked into those round, chocolate eyes one last time.

Then the agent took her collar chain and led the beautiful, naked white girl out to the block.

"Catalog number 2119. Full blood white female, seventeen years of age, never married virgin. Carries an A-5 government health certificate, and is judged well suited for breeding. SID number, 117-B102714C. Answers to 'Dana.' Bidding starts at 10,000, do I hear ten? Thank you, do I hear ten-five...?"

Andrea had to turn away, bile welling up in her throat. Even with all the conditioning she'd had the past weeks, she couldn't bear to watch her lovely young friend auctioned off like a piece of live stock.

"...Twelve-five once, twelve-five twice, sold to bidder 153.

The girl looked back at Andrea as the agent led her off the block and back to the pens. And Andrea closed her eyes, hoping that wasn't the last time she would see her friend.

Then it was Andrea's turn. The assistant snapped the lead chain into the front of her collar and led her out onto the block.

The room was filled with perhaps 300 or more bidders who made offers by holding up paddles with numbers. There was a circle of seats, almost filled to capacity, and people hurriedly checking catalogs and notes. She arrived at the block and the agent led her onto it. Then he dropped her chain and stood back. The lights nearly blinded her and she fidgeted nervously on her bare feet, as she looked out over the audience. So flushed with shame and humiliation was she, that she very nearly forgot to smile, and turn around when prompted to do so.

"Catalog number, 2125. Full blood white female, twenty years of age, previously married, no offspring. Carries an A-5 government health certificate, and is judged very suitable for breeding. SID number, 117-B102761A. Answers to 'Andrea.' This particular female is the daughter of the former white leader of the eastern enclave, for who those

find that of particular interest. Bidding starts at 10,000, do I hear ten? Thank you, do I hear ten-five, ten-five, eleven, eleven-five, twelve... twelve, thank you. Do I hear thirteen? Twelve-five, thirteen anyone? Twelve six, do I hear twelve seven? Do I hear twelve eight...?" Twelve seven is the bid. Do I hear twelve eight? Twelve-seven, twelve-seven... going at twelve-seven, sold to bidder 61..."

Andrea was then led off the platform, her mind numb with mortification. Her previous life; her marriage, the love of her family, all she had ever been, seemed to crystallize in this moment, shattering like glass goblet under Africa's boot. Even the weeks of her training had not efficiently expunged her identity as those few minutes on the block. Lovely Andrea, daughter of the proud William Taney, had just been auctioned as a naked slave- sold to a Negro master.

Chapter 4

Andrea was led back to another holding pen, where the other slaves sat listlessly staring.

The straw was fresh and clean, and the room was warm. None of the other slaves seemed willing to talk, so Andrea, exhausted emotionally, curled up on the soft straw and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning she was awakened early by the guards as they removed slaves a few at a time, checking the numbers on their collars. After verifying her collar number with their notepads, they snapped the lead chain on the front of Andrea's ring and led her out of the pen and down the corridor.

Andrea searched the other pens as she walked by for Cecelia or Dana, but saw neither of them.

Finally, she arrived in what she recognized was the collar fitting room. Again she was made to kneel, and put her head in the stocks. The technician placed a special tool on her collar near the joint behind the ring. With a quick movement he snapped off the old ring, wiped it off, and returned it to the rack.

He checked a computer monitor and opened a large cabinet. After several seconds he brought out another collar, this one quite different from her old one. It was a little thicker, but lighter. It was made of plain black leather and had no logo. There was however, a ring to fasten chains to, and some numbers. The man adjusted the collar so that it gave her neck plenty of room, then he punched six holes in the leather and inserted rivets. This collar was apparently meant to be permanent.

Her final preparation complete, Andrea was led out to the loading dock. Near one of the bays she was chained by her collar to a steel loop in the concrete floor. It was a very busy loading dock, seemingly bustling with recently sold slaves waiting to be picked up by their masters. Most of them were young women, and all were very subdued, perhaps ashamed of their new status.

Sitting before the adjacent bay, only twenty or thirty feet away was a cuffle of six feminized males, chained together and apparently awaiting transport to their new owner. Andrea was surprised at how detached and pacified they looked, as if not only their capacity for resistance, but their very wills, had been quelled. They squatted in a row, naked, silent, eyes on the floor before them, looking for all the world like half a dozen flat chested girls, with fair complexions. Only the small but definitely male appendages between their legs said otherwise.

Andrea turned her face away in disgust. She didn't know why, but seeing so many white men in this condition was a shock, and it affected her deeply. In the traditionalist culture she had been raised in, she had always thought of white men as strong, dominant, the protectors of the family. But she knew that these "boys-" that was the only way she could think of them, were from her enclave. Only a few short weeks ago they had been men, brave soldiers and husbands, proud and independent. Now...

Another group of males was led onto the dock. This set was lined up even closer to Andrea. They looked just as pathetic and docile as the first group, shuffling barefoot across the smooth concrete deck, they knelt in a row before the roving black guards. They were not even chained to the floor. Did the blacks consider them even less of a resistance threat than the women, she wondered?

Andrea watched, fascinated and instinctively repelled, both by the white "men," and by what had been done to them in only eight short weeks. She realized now just how far the blacks had advanced the science of slavery.

"Andrea."

She heard a course whisper, and turned her head in surprise. She thought the third boy in the line had said it, but she didn't recognize him.

"Andrea."

Curious, she stood up, and walked to the edge of her chain. She looked closely at the boy, then gasped out loud and brought her hands to her mouth with astonished horror. She had to look carefully again to make sure she was actually seeing what she thought she was seeing! But the look in his eyes didn't lie. She hadn't recognized him, so totally was he changed- but the boy urgently whispering in the line next to her was her husband, Jeff!

"Hello Andrea," said the boy. Even his voice was softer, more effeminate.

"I... Jeff... What... What have they done to..."

"Andrea... I'm sorry... They..."

The young wife's tears were flowing as she looked closely now at the man she loved. His beard was gone, as well as every strand of his dark, manly body hair. His well kept military haircut had grown out somewhat, and been restyled into a very feminine wedge. His skin looked soft, healthy but pliant, like a young boy's. But it was the overall condition of his body that shocked her the most.

Vanished were his muscles, his arms were as thin as hers and his legs every bit as lithe. Between then she saw... Oh God! She saw what had been his manhood, small and flaccid, shrunken to the size of a ten-year-old's!

"The hormones," he choked, reading her mind and crying now himself. "They give them to us intravenously at mega doses! Our bodies respond very quickly, and the changes have only begun... Andrea," he sobbed.

Andrea was sobbing softly also now. "Jeff... I..."

"They rape us anally every day," he said bitterly. "They make us suck them off."

"Can you... can you still...?" Andrea asked, her voice breaking.

The drugs block male hormones and shrink the male sexual characteristics, but actually sharpen the drive and need for orgasm. They make us play with each other like nasty little boys to get any relief. We... We were sold yesterday to a bathhouse in Kampala!"

"Please don't tell me anymore," whispered Andrea. She was ashamed of herself. She knew what had happened to him was not her husband's fault. But there was the sudden feeling of deep betrayal and a revolution for him. She had trusted his strength... *'But it's not his fault,'* she cried to herself. *'It's the drugs they've put in him!'* But another voice screamed inside her mind. The voice was teacher A'ala's, drummed into her mind by weeks of intensive indoctrination. *'Look at him! He's just a slave boy! You must obey your master! You must obey the black man!'*

Jeff reached for her, but Andrea instinctively pulled back. Then came the angry shouts. The guards had seen them talking. A large female guard rushed over, her voice menacing and authoritarian.

"No touching the female Caucs, slave boy. You know better!"

Jeff immediately went to his knees. "Please... please, she's my wife!" he whimpered plaintively.

The guard ignored him and pulled the whip from his belt. Andrea watched as the big black woman began whipping her cowering husband.

"AAAAAHHH... please... AAAAAHHHAAA... please, mistress... AAAAAHHHHEEE..."

Andrea bit her lip as the scene unfolded. Her husband not try to fight back or even run. He simply scrambled about on the dock, holding up his arms in a feeble attempt to ward off her blows. He was begging for mercy. Yelping and crying shrilly with each lash. The other white slave boys remained kneeling and silent. Andrea could tell by their faces

that they had no thoughts of helping their fellow white male. The same drugs had reduced them to weak, cringing slaves, bowing their heads and hoping that the powerful black woman did not decide to punish them too.

Finally, the whipping stopped. Slave boy Jeff crawled to his tormentor and his conditioning kicked in. "Thank mistress..." he murmured, kissing her feet. "Thank you for correction!"

Tears coursed slowly down Andrea's face. She tried to feel for her hapless husband and consider his drugged condition. But her mind was filled with the voice of A'ala. *'Your white man cannot help you! Submit to us! Submit and the pain will stop!'*

"I will submit," whispered Andrea to herself, over and over. "I will submit!"

For the half-hour that he and the other slaves waited before being loaded onto trucks, Jeff sat quietly, thoroughly chastened. Head drooping, eyes lowered in servile obeisance, he never tried to talk with Andrea again, or even make eye contact. Finally, the slave boys were taken away.

After about an hour, a female guard and an un-uniformed black men arrived and unlocked her collar from the chain. The man was apparently Andrea's buyer. He was the darkest, blackest man she had ever seen, huge and powerfully built. He checked a computer printout against the number on her collar. Satisfying himself that this was the slave he had purchased he casually grasped her by her long hair and pulled her roughly into the bed of a waiting truck. He pulled a thin white cloth from the cab, telling her to wrap it about her hips, then he cuffed her hands behind her back and secured her chain to the vehicle. Finally, he got in the truck, and drove away with her.

It was a long windy drive to where ever it was that she was going. Andrea quietly sobbed as the wind streaked through her hair and the truck raced through the farmland. She was as miserable as she had ever been in her life. Her family was gone, her husband was gone, and now Dana was gone. How she longed to see even Mistress A'ala or the other trainers. She felt totally alone and totally vulnerable, bound half-naked to the back of an open truck.

They passed many small towns, just like the ones she'd seen from the train. Through her tears she saw people, going about their everyday business, seemingly happy and perfectly normal.

Interestingly enough, her modesty started to return now that she was in public. Her breasts bounced lewdly with the truck's movements, but she could do nothing to hide them with her arms bound behind her back. Though many people could see her in the open bed of the truck though, no one seemed much concerned. The passage of a bare breasted white woman in chains was evidently a common event.

It was a sunny by temperate day. The farmland seemed to carpet the landscape with green, stretching unlimited mile after mile. There were maize fields, sugar cane, and many kinds of vegetable production, all being worked by half naked white slaves. In several places, gangs of whites were digging or dredging irrigation canals, toiling in the oozing mud. They seemed headed into a low river valley, dotted with hills and flooded fields. Gravel roads wound like ribbons between vast rice paddies and the truck turned up one of them. It drove further, past great many large, rich plantations. Then it crested a hill, and Andrea saw a magnificent African villa, amid sparkling landscapes and lawns.

The truck slowed, continuing down into a little hollow. Here on either side of the road were scores of small mud and stick huts. Further down, she could see the rice paddies, and dozens of white slaves busily planting rice in the muddy water. All of them were clad just as she was, just as every other farm slave she had seen, in a simple white cloth a foot wide at their waists.

They finally parked near a small cluster of buildings; barns, silos, and animal pens. The big black man unlocked the chain from her collar, and released her hands. He told her to climb off the truck.

"You paddy slave," he said. "You plant rice starting tomorrow. But now, you come, see you mistress," he said.

"Yes, master," she said.

He stopped. "I am not master. Do not call me master. I am M'buto, overseer. Call me, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Come," he said. And she followed him into a well-kept bungalow, apparently an office.

An obese, well-dressed black woman sat at a mahogany desk, and leaned back as the overseer brought Andrea into the room.

"Kneel before mistress," said the overseer.

Andrea went to her knees; her eyes cast down to the floor.

"Is this the new one from BIS?" asked the black woman.

"Yes ma'am, we just got back." The man grasped her hair and forced her to look at the woman.

"This Mistress Dominika N'kuba," he said. "She own farm. She own you."

Chapter 5

“When do you bleed, bitch?”

Andrea looked up, puzzled. “I... I don’t understand.”

The black woman’s eyes narrowed. She spoke again, her voice softer, more menacing.

“When do you menstruate?”

“I... but why do you...”

“Tell me, slut!” snapped the mistress. “And don’t lie because I’ll have M’buto flay your ass if you do.”

Andrea whimpered. It was so mortifying to be nearly naked, and kneeling before this fat but well dressed African woman and her huge overseer. Despite her conditioning, she was still a well brought up white girl, recently married. How could she answer such a question?

A few seconds later she screeched and tried to stand when the man brought a correction rod to the smooth cheek of her ass and gave her a two-second jolt of current.

“Get down, sow,” barked the mistress. “Stay on your knees or we’ll give you something to squeal about. Answer my question!”

“The... the twenty-first... about three weeks ago, mistress,” the white girl gasped, rubbing her ass. Her eyes went to the floor in humiliation.

Dominika smiled, and spoke to the overseer. “Twenty-two days. We’ll need to have her covered right away so we don’t miss the cycle.”

“Yes ma’am,” said M’buto. “Any preferences?”

“Oh, Jordy I think. May as well break her in right. If we start immediately she should have a fine whelp squirming in her belly before the first harvest.”

“Very good, Ma’am.”

The white girl frowned. Surely the black woman didn’t mean what she thought she did. She looked up when the mistress lightly tapped the black crop under the girl’s chin.

“You will not fight it, slave,” said Dominika. “I want you fertilized several times within the next few days.”

Andrea stared, shocked.

“Wha... what do you mean, mistress?”

“You know exactly what I mean, slave. I want you pregnant straight away. This month if possible.”

“But I’m... I’m married. My husband is... He...”

“Very good, Ma’am.”

The white girl frowned. Surely the black woman didn’t mean what she thought she did. She looked up when the mistress lightly tapped the black crop under the girl’s chin.

“You will not fight it, slave,” said Dominika. “I want you fertilized several times within the next few days.”

Andrea stared, shocked.

“Wha... what do you mean, mistress?”

“You know exactly what I mean, slave. I want you pregnant straight away. This month if possible.”

“But I’m... I’m married. My husband is... He...”

The fat black mistress laughed. “It says in the catalog that your husband was sold as a feminized male. I very much doubt the establishment that bought him will want to breed him. Even if they did, he will not be coming to this farm. I have all the white males

I need at the moment. As for your marriage, slave marriages are not legally recognized. They are not even allowed!”

“And as for you,” Dominika smiled. “There are plenty of males here to inseminate you. You will make sure they do.” She leaned closer to the frightened girl’s face. “Because it is my will.”

Andrea shook her head slowly in disbelief. “I... please, I couldn’t... To have a baby just for... I just couldn’t do such a thing. Please...”

Dominika’s face clouded with anger and her lips tightened. But she remained composed, her voice even. “As I said, we are a small plantation. We cannot afford to carry female livestock which will not mate or produce, and we will not tolerate rebellion.”

“Please... I’m not rebelling. I just...”

“M’buto!” shouted the mistress. “This bitch needs correction. Even more than we realized.”

“Yes ma’am,” he said.

The white girl was cringing on her knees. “But, I’m not... Please, don’t hurt me.”

“Silence,” yelled Mistress Dominika. “I do not intend to argue with a slave. I will tell you what is expected and you will obey! M’buto, put her over the railing.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He grasped the frightened girl by the arm and led her outside. In the middle of a small courtyard, the railing was a long steel tube running horizontally between two poles, at about waist height. It looked like a configuration to tether animals, but Andrea was soon to find it had other applications.

The other slaves and overseers were returning from the paddies as another day’s work ended. Seeing M’buto lead the woman to the railing, the overseers immediately brought their slaves to witness punishment, forming a semi circle around a certain spot on the rail.

Andrea could see the faces of the other slaves. They were frowning with pity and fear. She had obviously touched a nerve with her plea to the mistress, and was in for serious punishment. Even M’buto seemed a little sympathetic.

“You in trouble now, missy. You better learn fast to keep your mouth shut and do as you’re told. Here now,” he said, guiding her to the rail. There were two heavy chain lengths attached to thick steel bolts set in concrete, several feet apart. “Take off your wrap.” A cowed Andrea complied.

“Now bend over rail.”

The other slaves instantly knelt, casting their eyes downward abjectly when Dominika appeared, and strode over to the railing.

The white girl was now crying, her face contorted with fear. M’buto bent down to her, speaking softly into her ear. “You beg mistress like you sorry,” he whispered. “Tell her you fuck like good slave. Maybe she go easy on you.” She looked up at him and could see the genuine concern in his face.

Andrea was really terrified now. If the overseer was worried, the punishment she was about to receive must be horrible indeed!

“Spread your legs,” said M’buto. “Wider. Now grasp your ankles.”

He took a heavy chain and wrapped it several times around her wrists and ankles, on both sides, pulling a length back to the bolts and securing her.

The mistress walked around in front of the bound girl, then seized her hair and lifted her head painfully. The black woman played the length of her crop lightly over the girl’s flushed and anguished face, smiling cruelly.

She addressed all the slaves. “You all know the punishments for defying me, or failing to breed. This female has expressed a reluctance to mate. She is new, so her punishment will be mild.”

“You have two purposes here, sow. Work and breed. If you fail to do either, you will find that this is just a taste of what we can do to you.”

“Yes mistress. Yes, I will... I will submit...” the white girl gasped, hardly realizing what she was saying.

“Good,” said Dominika. She released the slave’s head again and spoke to the overseer. “Give her another thirty seconds to crystallize the memory, then let her loose. She works a full day tomorrow.”

“Oh please, please,” intoned the white girl, “I’ll make love with them, I swear. Please mistress, please don’t turn it back on!”

The mistress walked away, ignoring the girl’s desperate entreaties for mercy. Seconds later Andrea’s servile pleading became hysterical screams again as the current returned, coursing through her guts for another half minute of mind quenching agony. She vomited and convulsed, as the searing hell seemed to stretch into eternity!

When it was over, she hung over the rail like a rag, babbling incoherently. She had nearly lost consciousness again, and was only dimly aware of the overseer removing the chains. The other slaves and overseers were gone, leaving only M’buto and herself in the courtyard.

M’buto lifted Andrea from the rail, supporting her with his iron grip on her upper arm. He allowed her to pick up her wrap and she slowly donned the rag, tying it off at her waist. She found she could walk, and the overseer led her stumbling, over to an older pickup truck. A white man sat in the back, cross-legged; his eyes lowered abjectly, a chain running from his collar to the steel loop in the truck bed. The overseer lifted Andrea into the back of the truck and secured another chain to her collar.

Andrea was still breathing heavily from her ordeal, but the pain had faded, and she recovered her strength quickly. She sighed a little whimper of relief. Apparently, the prod did no lasting damage. She had been afraid that her entire insides were being cooked.

It was only a short trip up to the plantation house, less than a mile. But M’buto had to take it slow over the rough dirt road. Andrea looked at the white man, who stared at her stupidly. It had been several weeks since she’d been close to a white male, and being near him was somewhat reassuring. She knew of course, that he was a slave, just as she was. But at least he was a white man, and would do what he could to protect her.

“What’s your name?” she asked. “I’m Andrea.”

“Jordy,” he replied slowly. He was staring at her, ogling her openly as the jostling of the truck caused her breasts to bounce. He was obviously appraising her, but his expression was dull, almost as if he were dim witted or retarded. She wondered how long he had been at the plantation. He looked about thirty, but that was hard to tell. His thinly bearded face and long hair, as well as his demeanor made him appear wild, animalistic. He reinforced the impression by pushing his wrap back and masturbating openly, still staring at her.

Andrea grimaced with shock, turning away in disgust and crossing her arms over her naked breasts to shield them from his leering view.

Finally the truck approached the manor house, turned alongside the mansion and parked. M’buto got out and unlocked the chains from the slave’s collars.

“This mistress’ house,” said M’buto to Andrea. “You be respectful, especially here. Keep your eyes down and do as you’re told, or mistress really make you suffer.”

Andrea nodded meekly as they headed into the house through the servant’s entrance.

The place was incredibly opulent, and elegant, especially for the manor house of a small plantation. Even from the service rooms, Andrea could glimpse into the main part of the dwelling, where the mistress and her family lived. It was apparent that the villa was

very comfortable, even luxurious in some ways. But Andrea realized that this house must have once belonged to white owners. And some of the sumptuous furniture and expensive appliances were no doubt looted from other whites during the wars.

Andrea wondered why she was being brought here. She had been told she was to work the rice paddies. Had her mistress changed her mind and was going to assign her domestic work? She hoped so. Even though it would be humiliating to be servant to this arrogant, fat, black woman it would still be better than working ten hour days, more than half naked and stooped in the mud. She was sure the decorum in this house would demand she at least be given decent clothing.

In an anteroom they were met by an impeccably dressed black butler- an elderly man with graying hair and an aura of the severe about him.

"The mistress does not want these filthy pigs in the house proper, overseer," said the butler. "Take them down to the kennels."

M'buto shrugged, and led the slaves down a staircase to the basement, then out a door to a small stable-like building. There were three chain link cages inside, about ten feet by ten. The floor of each was covered with straw, and an empty bucket sat near the door. There was also a ball spigot, the type that pets would drink from by licking the tip- but no dogs.

"Get inside," said the overseer. The two slaves obeyed. "Take off your wraps."

Andrea removed her cloth and handed it meekly to the black overseer, then stood sidelong to the white man, hands demurely covering her pubic vee. Jordy shucked his wrap without untying the knot. M'buto took them and tossed them onto the floor, in the next kennel. He took a tube of the clear lubricant from his pocket, and squeezed a line of it onto his hand. Moving to the girl, he ordered her to put her hands on her head, and spread her legs. She complied, and he spread the gel onto her vaginal lips, and up into her vagina. Andrea gasped and fidgeted, her bare toes digging into the straw, but dared not try to push his hands away. She was unsure what he was doing, but he was very gentle, and very thorough.

She sniffled and looked up at him with limpid hazel eyes. He was the only person besides Mistress A'ala, who had offered her even a scrap of kindness since her capture.

He applied a little more of the slippery gel, then finished by flicking Andrea's clitoris lightly a few times.

"Now you be a good girl," he smiled reassuringly, and wiped his greasy fingers in her disheveled brown hair. He then stepped outside the cage, padlocked the door, and left.

Naked once more, Andrea moved to a corner, and sat down on the straw. The white male eyed her for several moments, then moved over to sit next to her. He was still filthy from the day's work in the paddies. For sanitary reasons, the overseers usually bathed the slaves with a soapy spray from a large hose two or three times a week. During the planting season however, this was curtailed, simply because everyone was too busy. It had been several days in fact since he'd had a bath, and he smelled.

She stiffened when he put an arm around her, but she didn't try to move away. He was much stronger, and she was afraid of angering him.

"How... how long have you been here, Jordy?" she asked, hoping to engage him in some conversation.

"I donno," he said, in a dull voice, as if the question had no meaning for him.

"How... how many white men are at this farm?"

"Me, and Brian, and Benny... And lots of others. I donno. You pretty." He leaned over, trying to kiss her. When she turned her head away, he began to lick her neck.

"You pretty."

"Jordy, please, I..." she tried to squirm away from his embrace, but he was insistent, holding tight. Then he brought his free hand up to her feel her belly. Andrea

closed her eyes and tried to calm herself. She had to reason with Jordy, defuse the situation fast before things got out of hand. She looked down and saw his erection, rampant and throbbing near her bare thigh. She turned her head to look the other way, but gasped and tried to pull away again when he palmed her breast.

"Jordy, please..." She squirmed some more when he pinched her bare nipples roughly, but he had her trapped in the corner, and he still had a good grip on her.

"Jordy, stop it... I want to talk with you," she whined, trying to push his hand away from her tits.

"You pretty. Jordy want to fuck you. You have to fuck. Mistress say."

Andrea was stunned. It was suddenly very clear why she had been placed in the kennel with this half-wit. Even though he was white, he was not going to help her or protect her. He was here to mate with her!

Andrea panicked. She shrieked with outrage and torn herself from his grasp, leaping away. He got to his feet, leering at her, chuckling idiotically.

"Stay away. Stay away from me!" she cried, her voice quaking. She looked frantically around the small cage. It was hopeless. He would catch her in a moment, and force himself on her. And she knew he was right. The mistress had demanded that they have sex. The terror of the railing was still fresh and bright in her mind, and she knew if she resisted, she could end up there again. But the panic of the moment overpowered her; the instinct to flee was too strong for volition to quell.

He lunged at her, but she was fast enough, barely, to elude his snatching arms. Andrea whimpered and cried. It was so hideous and demeaning. She had always been such a conservative girl- a faithful wife, never even thinking about having relations with another man until this ordeal had begun. Even when she'd been told she would have to have sex and conceive children here, she didn't think it would be like this, raped in a kennel. She was shocked that any white man could be so filthy and disgusting. Jordy came at her again, but she escaped, slipping through his grasp once more.

If he'd reasoned a bit, he would have seen that it was a simple thing to get her in a corner, and seize her straight away. But his demented and impaired mind was filled with lust, not reason or strategy.

They were both breathing heavily now, staring at each other. *'If only I can keep away from him, maybe he'll give up,'* thought Andrea. She remembered she would still have to reckon with the overseers checking her for evidence that she'd had sex with Jordy. But maybe that could be faked. No one was here with them. Maybe she could lie and tell them she'd done it. It would be her word against his and they couldn't prove anything.

None of this thinking made any sense, but Andrea was in too much of a state of panic to consider things carefully. Jordy was crouching at the center of the kennel, considering his next move. Suddenly, the door to the main building opened, and their mistress, Dominika N'kuba strode imperiously over to the cell. She was carrying a long rod that Andrea easily recognized as a correction rod.

Jordy instantly went to his knees, and Andrea followed. The white girl felt icy fingers of terror inch up her spine. Her anus tightened involuntarily with the memory of the punishment her mistress had given her barely an hour ago, and she retreated, cowering into a corner.

"Mistress... I... I..." the naked white girl moaned.

"You disappoint me, slave," said Dominika, frowning at the young white girl. "You have forgotten so quickly the correction you received for your disobedience? I think perhaps I was mistaken to be so lenient with you." The fat black woman unlocked the cage, and walked slowly over to the cringing slave girl, menacingly waving the prod.

Jordy crawled over, kneeling beside the black woman.

"Mistress... Mistress, please. Oh please..." pleaded the white girl.

"I'm surprised you don't like Jordy. He's my most prized white breeding stud." The male smiled and the mistress idly stroked his hair.

Andrea whimpered, and watched in frozen fear as Dominika calmly pressed the tip of the prod to her buttocks and pulled the trigger. The white girl shrieked with pain and scrambled away. But there was no where to hide in the small kennel. The mistress cornered her again with ease and pressed the rod tip to Andrea's exposed breast.

"AAAAHHHHHGGGGG!" she screamed, as the black woman held the stinging prod to her skin for several seconds. Andrea writhed and screeched in agony, trying to push the object away. But Dominika was too strong for her.

"Get on your back!" shouted the mistress. "Lay down."

The slave girl instantly complied, weeping and begging for mercy.

"Spread your legs... now... do it you sow, or I'll burn your ass out."

Andrea's legs spread wide, and Jordy was on her in a flash. Instinctively reacting, she tried to close them again but his bulk prevented it, and his hands gripped her hips keeping her from moving away. She had placed her hands over her vagina in a pathetic attempt to protect it from the white slave's penis, now poised only inches away.

"Get your hands up," snarled the mistress. "Put your hands over your head."

Again Andrea obeyed, lifting her arms in total surrender above her head, letting them rest lifelessly on the straw. She sobbed quietly now, passively awaiting the inevitable.

Jordy moved his hips forward and brought the head of his manhood to the white girl's lubricated vulva. He took the uncircumcised shaft in his hand, skinning back the foreskin and guiding the red glans back and forth through the length of her slit. It was the second time the virtuous wife had felt the male organ of someone other than her husband and the shame was unbearable. But the threat of horrible punishment was too real; the will to resist too subjugated. She was beaten.

Jordy now flexed his hips, ready to begin the act of mating, but at a word from the mistress he stopped.

"Wait Jordy," she said calmly.

"Yes mistress," he replied, pushing only his glans between the slave girl's vaginal folds, and panting with expectation. He leaned forward and planted his hands on the straw, on either side of her shoulders.

"Open your eyes, bitch," said Dominika, her voice now oily and calm, as if she were preparing herself to savor a moment of pure joy. "That's good. Look right into Jordy's face, right into his eyes. There... isn't he handsome. He's one of your own kind, a white, a slave like you."

Andrea opened her eyes, staring blankly into the man's face. His pupils flashed primal lust. He was literally salivating, slobbering pedantically with anticipation, and carnal greed.

"I want you to bring your hands up and put them on his back. Good, like that. Caress his back. Softly. Good girl."

"Now I want you to beg him to fuck you. Go on, beg him."

The white girl whined with outrage, but when the mistress reached for the rod she sighed, a soft groaning wail as if part of her soul were being torn out.

"Please... take me. Please make lo... love to me... Jordy."

"That doesn't sound very convincing," sneered the black woman. Say it again. And I want you to beg him to fuck you. 'Fuck' you. That's the proper language for a white slave girl in heat. Say it again with feeling, convince him... and me!"

"Please... please Jordy..." the girl sobbed and turned her head to the side unable to meet the man's eyes any longer.

“Look him right in the face...!” yelled Dominika, reaching again for the rod. “Look right into his eyes and say it!”

The fear of imminent punishment brought her gaze back to his face, and her eyes clouded over in surrender.

“Please, fuck me Jordy,” she groaned, this time with forced conviction. “Please fuck me...”

“Yes, yes it’s time, Jordy,” said the Dominika softly. “It’s time! Push it in now, slowly... that’s it, very slowly in. Make her feel it. I want her to feel every inch. Yes, that’s it, sloooooowly.”

Jordy was pushing forward, penetrating, feeling the head glide smoothly into her tight but lubricated depths. At eight inches he was almost twice the size of Jeff, the only other male besides the black sergeant, that she had ever accommodated.

“Ahh, mistress... she feels good,” said Jordy, grinning like a small child.

“Good boy Jordy,” said the mistress. “All the way in. Right to the balls, slave boy.”

“Yes, mistress,” he replied.

Andrea gasped when he bottomed out. She felt stuffed, but no pain. The lubricant had worked well.

“Go as deep as you can, Jordy. There,” said Dominika. “Hold it there, Jordy. That’s very pretty, just how I want my slaves to look. Hold it still, Jordy. I just want her to feel it inside her for a few minutes.”

The mistress circled them slowly, surveying the couple from all angles. Then she squatted beside them, reaching over to idly stroke the underside of the girl’s bare foot.

“I know who you are... who you were. The pampered daughter of William Taney.” The black mistress saw the girl’s eyes roll with humiliation, and a hot thrill coursed in her own loins.

“Yes,” said Dominika. “It’s all in the documents we get when we purchase a slave,” she laughed sadistically. “His beloved child... his very flesh and blood. So poised... so proud. Yes, Jordy is the perfect choice for breeding you.”

“Shall I tell you something about Jordy, slave girl? I’ve owned him for about four years. Jordy did not like it when the whites ruled. You see Jordy, as you’ve probably noticed, is a little slow. Well, he’s retarded, actually. Mentally challenged, as they used to say. He’s big though, in a lot of ways. And you know what? Jordy just loves to fuck.”

“Jordy had a problem, though. Before our armies overran the white enclave where he lived, he couldn’t find any girls to fuck. None of the white girls wanted to have sex with a retarded male.”

“But all that is changed. Jordy has his pick of the girls now. As I said, he’s my best breeder. He has a very high sex drive and can cum three or four times a day on a regular basis. In fact, Jordy has plugged every slave female on this farm. He has a very high sperm count, so most of the girls who are pregnant, have been made that way by him. And one more thing, all of the frozen sperm we have is his, so if you’re artificially inseminated, it will be his whelp that swells your belly.”

“Agghhh,” Jordy groaned, feeling the woman’s love canal adjust to his size. He shuddered and ground into her a little, tickling Andrea’s clit with his pubic hair. He desperately wanted to begin rutting in and out but dared not disobey his mistress. He looked up at her imploringly, eyelids drooping and mouth slack.

Dominika chuckled condescendingly. “So impatient, Jordy,” she said, stroking his hair. “All right then, let’s let nature take it’s course, shall we. Go ahead Jordy, you may fuck her.”

The white male immediately began to thrust his pelvis, sliding his huge cock in and out, slowly at first. He established a rhythm, then lowered himself onto the girl. Her

nipples grazed through the thick hair on his chest as they bounced with each thrust. He brought his mouth to hers, trying to snake his tongue between her teeth.

“Kiss him back, bitch. And get those legs up and wrap them around him. Go on, show Jordy how much you need him. Now move with him... do it!”

The white slave girl complied, lifting her soft white thighs over his dirty legs and draping them prettily over his ass. Nature was indeed taking its course as the mating act continued. Andrea actually started to relax a bit as the warm sensations of pleasure washed through her. Jordy's cock was much bigger than her husbands, but she was getting used to his size, little by little. He was going deeper, and touching places inside her that her husband had never reached. But the sensations she was experiencing were not new. She had felt them before- with the black sergeant!

Jordy was pumping her evenly now, thrusting in and out of her warm belly with practiced strokes. The feel of his long, filling shaft and the tingle in her clit had a pacifying effect. There was no pain anymore for Andrea, no uncertainty. Even the fear of the correction rod had subsided. She was obeying her mistress and knew now that the terrifying instrument would be withheld as long as she continued to obey. Her conditioning kicked in again and the words they had brainwashed into her mind played back, ‘...when I submit the pain stops... I will submit!’

A faint echo in her mind screamed at her, and Andrea saw flashes of her husband's face, and remembered their brief lives together. Could he ever forgive her, for what she was doing? With a sob she realized that he might never know of this betrayal. She might not ever see him again.

To her surprise and shame she found that prospect almost a relief. For she knew her strong, loving husband might be changed by now into someone- or something that could in no way be called a husband, or even a man. Moreover, she could not resist her mistress further. Her marriage vows and love for Jeff could not survive here. The black society, which demanded the obeisance of her mind and body, was simply too powerful. She had to capitulate to avoid the intolerable pain they could inflict. And though it stripped her of every scrap of dignity, self-respect, and virtue, she would consummate the sex act as her mistress had ordered.

Andrea sighed, and a faint smile pursed her lips. It was as if a great burden had been abruptly lifted from her, and she was free to yield to the black woman. Her entire body loosened and relaxed. It was nice to simply give in and perform, and not feel pain.

She looked into Jordy's face as he took his pleasure. He was holding her, grasping her possessively as he continued to hump her. He brought his lips and tongue down again and began licking her face, gasping and purring in his own wet, balmy paradise. He raised his face a few inches from hers and Andrea studied it once more. It was so serene. She had feared and hated him so much a few minutes ago, but now his face seemed so ardent, and so caring. It was not his fault. The pain and degradation of the last few weeks, was not his doing. She knew that now. He was just a man, a boy really; doing what boys liked to do. And she knew now that the little primal boy in Jordy only wanted to please his black mistress, and feel the earthy joy of climax. He would not hurt her out of malice.

She felt safe once more, as he held her, covering her with his strong, virile body. Safe, and warm, and secure. They were feelings she had not had for weeks, and to the deeply traumatized girl they promised succor, at least for the moment, from her ordeal. It was so easy to forget her shame and humiliation, so easy to give in. Just surrender and obey, accept her position and fuck like a good slave.

“Jordy,” Andrea whispered, caressing his back. She grasped his shoulders and pulled him down, thrusting her breast to his chest and dueling his tongue with her own. She moved with him, thrusting her hips up to meet his strong thrusts. “Jordy, I want you. Oh, yes, darling, yes... Let's fuck. Fuck me, my love.”

Dominika smiled. It was obvious that the girl had broken. It was so easy when she stuck to her methods. The two slaves were rutting with abandon on the straw, now. There was no shame, no pride, and no resistance. Just two slaves copulating at her direction and command. It was an almost omnipotent feeling, and it was, as always, intoxicating to know that in this small way the future of the white race was in her hands!

She let them continue until they seemed close to mutual orgasm, then there was one last demonstration of her complete mastery. The psychological coup de grace.

"Stop Jordy," she barked. He froze in mid thrust, with a despairing groan. Andrea continued to hump but she could not match the friction or power of his lunges from below. "Stop, both of you," the mistress snapped. "Don't cum until I say so."

Both white slaves were panting, on the edge of orgasm, but neither dared move and risk Dominika's displeasure.

"Now. Do you want to cum?"

"Yes, yes mistress," replied both slaves. Andrea lay shaking with frustration, her bare feet twitching over Jordy's stilled buttocks. Her eyes widened with alarm and bewilderment when the big black woman took the rod, and nestled the tip into her anus, just below Jordy's hanging ball sac. Was mistress going to sting her now? She was being a good slave; she was mating with Jordy. *'I'm submitting!'* she thought. What more could the black woman want?

"You may have Jordy's seed, in your womb," said Dominika. "Or the sting of the rod in your ass. But if you want Jordy to cum in you, you must beg me. Beg me to allow him to impregnate you. Beg me to allow the Caucasian race to continue."

The words gushed from Andrea without hesitation. "Please, mistress. Please let Jordy cum in me. Please let him impregnate me. Please mistress," she wailed, feeling the cold touch of the correction rod on her anal opening. At any instant it could deliver an agonizing sting.

"Are you sure?" purred Dominika. "Are you sure you don't want the prod? What about you marriage, your husband?"

Suddenly Andrea knew in her lust and fear fogged mind what her mistress wanted, and what she wanted her say. It would be the final act of self-abasement that would confirm her as breeding slave. And she would do it- now.

"Please mistress. Please let Jordy cum in me. I want Jordy's seed. I don't want my husband. I want Jordy. Please, I beg you. I don't want my husband! I WANT JORDY'S BABY!"

Dominika fixed the slave girl's gaze. "Why?"

Andrea's breath caught in her throat. "Because it is your will, mistress!" She gasped.

The black woman smiled and removed the prod from Andrea's anus. It was time to savor victory.

"Very well, you may cum in her, Jordy. Squirt your seed in now. Pump it right into her belly."

"Yes mistress," he gasped, and the rutting immediately resumed. This time there was no stopping them. They bucked madly at each other, caring for nothing but their abject, carnal need- needing only the moment of fulfillment, craved by their very souls. And through it all they could hear the soothing, hypnotic voice of the black woman; "yes, yes... Serve mistress... It feels so good to obey mistress... Mistress commands you to mate... Slaves fuck for their mistress... Mistress gives pleasure... And life... And seed... Mistress breeds you as she pleases... Fuck for your mistress!"

It took only a few more seconds to finish, to complete the act of servile mating before their black owner. Jordy gave Andrea one last desperate thrust, and began gushing his sperm into her. Dominika grinned with satisfaction as she watched his testicles

bounce as they pumped. Andrea's mind swirled with lust and joy as her toes curled and she ground her bare heels into his ass. She felt a final bulging of his big cock then the release; a flood of his fertile, liquid essence right into her womb.

They continued holding fast to each other for several seconds, little spasms and flickers of orgasmic afterglow flashing through their still joined bodies. Andrea cooed contentedly, still stroking his back with her loving hands. She unlocked her ankles and slid her bare feet softly down his thighs to the straw. She sighed as the flesh-joy faded, and then the laughter of her mistress invaded her consciousness.

"Very good, little slaves," chuckled Dominika. "Mistress is very pleased. Now slave girl, I want you up, on all fours."

As Jordy pulled his deflated penis from her with a soft pop, and rolled off her, Andrea felt her shame and humiliation returning with a vengeance. She flushed red as her Negro mistress gloated. But she obeyed the woman's orders.

"Get your knees up. Now put your face to the floor. Slope your back down... that's right. Spread your legs a little."

Dominika reached down and clasped the girl's slippery wet vaginal lips, clamping them tightly closed.

"Let it all run up inside you. Work your muscles and draw the semen deeper, right into your uterus."

She placed her hand on the girl's belly, below the navel, feeling the muscles to make sure Andrea was obeying. "That's it. Work it harder. You begged for his seed, now make sure it runs all the way in. Can you feel it flowing?"

When the slave girl didn't answer, her black mistress picked up the rod, and pushed the tip of it onto the sole of Andrea's upturned bare foot. The girl immediately knew what she was feeling.

"Yes... I can feel it... Please, I'm trying. I'm sucking it in," cried Andrea plaintively. "Don't sting me... please, mistress!"

"That's Jordy's whelp inside you. I want it to take," snarled the mistress. "You stay in that position until you're fed, understand. If you get up I'll put one stinger on your ass and one in your mouth."

"Yes, mistress," said Andrea, her voice cracking with humiliation.

The fat black woman picked up the rod, and opened the kennel door. Then she closed it, locking it behind her.

"Yes, I think you two will do especially well, paired as breeders. You will be fed shortly, and then I expect more mating activity."

"Each time Jordy cums in you, white girl, I want you to assume this position, and stay there for at least 15 minutes. In case you haven't noticed, there are cameras trained on the kennels. They have night vision capability, so even when the lights are off, I can see everything you do. If I see you disobeying, or offering Jordy any resistance, I'll have M'buto put you on the rail again. And this time you'll get a full ten minutes instead of one. Is that clear, little sow?"

"Yes mistress," whimpered Andrea.

Chapter 6

After her mistress left, Andrea, fearful she was being watched, dutifully remained in the insemination position until the old butler entered the building's outer door. He was carrying two metal bowls of food. He opened the feeding door at the bottom of the cage and pushed them in, then left without a word.

Both slaves quickly scrambled after the food. It was a kind of pasty white gruel, with some bread mixed into it. There was also what looked like slices of cheap meat. It was dark and tough. Horse meat, or maybe dog. Jordy wolfed down his share, cleaning the bowl with his fingers, then licking the bowl and his fingers clean.

Once such food would have made Andrea nauseous, but at present, she was very hungry, having not eaten since the previous evening. She too scooped up the contents of the bowl with her bare hands and licked it clean, just like Jordy.

After the meal, they licked water from the ball spigot. Jordy showed her how. It was dreadfully demeaning, but she was thirsty, and there was no other water. She knelt on all fours, and put her mouth to the pipe, pushing in the ball with her tongue. It worked. With a combination of licking and sucking she was able to drink her fill.

Andrea moved to a corner of the kennel and sat down. Her mind a mass of conflicting emotions and impulses stemming from this day's psychological trauma. She put her head in her hands and cried softly.

At length, she was able to stem her tears, but she and Jordy did not speak to each other. The retarded white male looked at her curiously, but made no move to approach her. He giggled mindlessly and lay on his back, idly playing with the straw and humming to himself tunelessly. With nothing else to do, Andrea silently watched Jordy. He seemed to have no sense of conventional human decorum. He ran his fingers through his ass crack, then examined them and sniffed them. He continuously handled his genitals, caressing and fondling his penis and scrotum. His antics lasted for about an hour, then got up and stretched like a tomcat. Sighing contentedly and smiling, he squatted on the straw and began to masturbate, unabashedly leering at her. In seconds, his penis was throbbing, and stiff, and he crawled over to her as she sat, resigned in a corner of the cage.

He grabbed her toes, pulling at her gently, "Jordy fuck you 'gin."

Andrea knew it was likely she was being watched, and since she had already had sex with him there was no point in risking further punishment by resisting him. She emitted a soft sob, and nodded. "All right, Jordy," she whispered, moving onto her back and spreading her legs voluntarily.

He moved down and squatted between them, placing his hands on her flanks and stroking her. He smiled down at her, not the leering smile of a few minutes ago, but a beaming little-boy grin. He nestled the head of his prick into her slot and reached down to pull it back and forth along her slit. Andrea sighed despite herself, and brought her hands up to idly stroke the skin of his arms.

"What your name again?" he asked innocently.

"Andrea," she gasped.

"Drea," he whispered. "You pretty."

"Thank you, Jordy," she replied, wanting to be kind to him. "You're handsome."

Jordy's face beamed even brighter, and he pushed forward. Andrea was already well lubed with his spend, and he glided right in to the hilt in one easy thrust. He lowered his body onto hers, putting his weight on her and holding her tight with his arms. He moved his mouth to her ear and began whispering excitedly. "Ohhh, feel so good Drea."

Andrea began to feel the betrayal of her body again. She had decided to simply turn her mind off and let him have his way. But as it had an hour before in the presence

of their black mistress, his big manhood stirred her libido salaciously, stimulating her lust.

He kissed her passionately and she did not fight it. She brought her arms behind his neck and back and caressed him affectionately.

He began to rut into her now, plunging his fat, eight-inch penis in and out. Each thrust brought their pubes together, mixing her light brown hair with his black mat.

She brought her own hand down to manipulate her throbbing clit as the little fingers of lust slid up and down her spine. The couple established a smooth coital rhythm now, and Andrea's legs rose and entwined themselves around his back.

Jordy pounded her now with his brute strength and greater weight. His lovemaking was utterly without finesse or technique and Andrea was surprised to feel herself building toward a climax so quickly again. This time she didn't try to fight it and gave in to the feeling from the onset. She thrust her loins up to him, matching his strokes, and locked her bare feet over his ass as he pumped in and out of her warm receptive femaleness. She cooed and wriggled, bucking and moving with delight.

"Oh, Jordy. Yes, darling, fuck me. Fuck your Drea."

"Dreaaaaaa," gasped Jordy. "Sooooo pretty..."

Jordy and Andrea were fucking with abandon now, and the black mistress lay back on her bed and chuckled as she watched them on the screen. Her arousal was still at a fever pitch after watching the performance of the new slave, what was her name, oh yes, Andrea.

Dominika enjoyed personally initiating all the white females after she'd purchased them. It was an incredible feeling of control and superiority to bring them to the level of animals, watching as they mated, trying to produce more slaves to expand her wealth.

It was also sweet revenge.

For the first 16 years of her life, she had been Judith Mills, a penniless black South African orphan. Her parents had been killed in an uprising when she was an infant, and a white planter family took her in, supposedly as an act of kindness. From her earliest days she had learned about slavery first hand, as a slave herself.

They didn't call it slavery of course, but in the house of the rich white farmer she was a slave in everything but name. She cooked and cleaned for the mother, preened the white daughters, and later served in the white man's bed. She had grown to hate the whites but had yet at that point to realize it.

When South Africa had been liberated the first time, in the 1990s, she had escaped to Johannesburg and by chance befriended a woman professor at the University. She had learned well and even earned the chance to study in Britain at Oxford. She had wanted to be a psychologist, and her studies had taught her much about the human mind. There she also learned about politics, and how the white colonial system had enslaved her people.

She met other black Africans, and learned still more. Returning to South Africa just as the whites regained control she quietly simmered in rage. She could protest and defy, but the global hegemony of the whites was simply too powerful. Substantive change was impossible.

Then came the bio war.

With most of the European and American whites dead, there was a chance of dealing with the African whites. She had seen Hakeem early as black Africa's salvation,

and her support had paid off later when the spoils of white property and positions, (and later the whites themselves) were distributed.

She had received this plantation, and prisoners, who shortly were slaves in name as well as fact. That had been six years ago, and since then she had become one of the richest landowners in the region.

But she had never forgotten the torment of her youth, even as the wheel turned. Now *she* was the mistress, and every time she watched her white slaves toil in her paddies and fields, every time she sold a white baby, and especially, every time she had a white female impregnated, she felt an almost orgasmic joy.

She had indeed found owning a plantation and breeding slaves to be very lucrative. But the feelings of revenge and power were the greatest rewards.

Between Dominika N'kuba's legs, a naked, white, slave girl continued to lick and suck at her mistress' black nether lips, her short blond hair flopping and her head bobbing up and down as she worked. The girl had been mistress Dominika's body slave for several months, and knew from long experience just how to please the woman.

"Tongue only," said Dominika. And instantly, the young white girl began long stroking licks of Dominika's vulva and inner thighs.

"Stop," said the mistress, and the blond girl ceased her licking.

"Sit up." The girl removed her face from between Dominika's legs and sat back on her heels apprehensively. Had she displeased her mistress? If so, she might be in for a taste of the black woman's small but effective whip.

Dominika's attention however, seemed to be centered on the television picture from the kennels. The white girl, whose name was now Holly, breathed a sigh of relief, and sat on the covers with eyes lowered.

Dominika had the girl kneel across the foot of the bed with her legs folded beneath her. The mistress could then rest her fat feet comfortably up on the girl's warm, satin smooth back.

The mistress smiled and felt the ridges of Holly's spine with her heels. The gray eyed blond looked so much like the one of the planters daughters, who had tormented her so long ago, and the hair style she'd ordered for the girl enhanced the effect. The poor girl never knew why her mistress was so cruel to her, or why she had changed her name to Holly, (she had been born Kimberly Witt). She simply did her best to please the black woman- and survive.

The mistress laughed delightedly. Andrea and Jordy had completed their coitus, and separated. Jordy yawned and curled up in a corner, while Andrea remembered to assume the insemination position to let his seed slide up into her uterus. She held the pose dutifully for several minutes, then crawled over to lie next to Jordy. He lay an arm and leg over her possessively, and she snuggled closer to him, her head on his shoulder sweetly.

"Come back up here and get that pink tongue on my slit. Go on," said the mistress harshly, slapping the leather across the girl' upper back, "get it in there deeper. That's it. Now suck it 'til I cum."

Holly obeyed with desperate enthusiasm, and Dominika turned her attention back to the two slaves on the TV.

Yes, thought the black mistress with satisfaction. The new female was going to make a good breeder.

Jordy was soon asleep after their last coupling, and Andrea had crawled back to the comfort of his body after she'd spent several minutes in the insemination position. Even though they were naked, it was the tropics, and she really hadn't been cold. It had been natural though to seek the warm, strong body of a male after the lights went out. He felt warm and inviting, and Andrea, after such a traumatic day needed the feel of peace

and security, in any man's arms. Their shared intimacies of the last few hours made it seem right.

Andrea could see the full moon through the window of the outer kennel building. It shone with subdued gray splendor, casting a moonbeam to the back of the building, covering Jordy and herself with its pale light. For some reason, it made her think of Jeff. Tears came to her eyes when she thought about how ardently her body had reacted to Jordy's loveless rut. Even with her recent conditioning and knowledge that she had been given no choice the deeply conflicted girl felt utterly ashamed. She knew what her father and husband would think about her if they could have seen her today, if they could see her now!

The profound truth she had discovered about herself in the cattle car, the realization that she would do anything, no matter how ugly or abhorrent to survive, ate at her soul like acid. She groaned, but did not relinquish her embrace of the male slumbering beside her. Instead she ran her hand through the thick black hair of his abdomen, cuddling her head on his chest as she drifted off to sleep.

It was shortly after dawn when Andrea made the muddy, barefoot walk out to the paddies with the other slaves.

The rice paddies were not far from the slave hovels, only a couple of hundred meters in fact. Andrea and Jordy had been picked up by M'buto earlier and released near the hovels.

The slaves emerged from their huts to report for the day. One of the overseers, a man named Tabu, took a paintbrush, and daubed Andrea's belly with a bright red dye. The mark looked like a large dot, a couple of inches across, and was quite indelible once dry. He gave Andrea no explanation, and the rest of the slaves were soon assembled. It was time for work.

It was the planting season, and all of the over 100 paddy slaves were currently engaged in the placement of the individual rice stalks into the flooded soil. When they arrived at the area to be planted, Andrea could see great bundles of the young rice stalks on the trucks, and on flat bed trailers. The overseers were cutting the bands of twine that held them together.

The overseer handed Andrea a bundle, and she followed the other slaves, wading knee deep into the opaque water. To plant the rice, a slave would stoop over, and take a single stalk, from the small bundle they were holding. Then they would push the root end of the stalk into the soft mud under the water. The slave would plant all the stalks in her bundle then return to the roadbed where more of the opened great bundles were strewn along the shore. It was all very labor intensive, and primitive. There was no modern equipment to speak of in the paddies of this farm, but Dominika didn't need expensive machinery. She had slaves.

Andrea learned by emulating the other slaves, but she had of course never done work like this. She was much slower than the others were and soon one of the overseers was barking at her to plant the seedlings faster.

She tried to pick up the pace, but soon she felt the strain in her back. She straightened up and rubbed her lower back, trying to give the muscles a rest.

Thwack! Came the sting of the overseer's whip on her buttocks. She squealed and turned. The black man stood on the embankment a few feet away.

"You are lazy slave," he shouted. "Get to work. Faster or I flay your white hide."

Andrea turned back to the work at hand, rubbing her soft backside and redoubling her efforts to keep up with the other slaves.

By mid-day the stooping was really taking its toll on Andrea's back. She had straightened up to give her back a rest a few times when she thought no one was looking. But always in short order one of the overseers would snort loudly and reach menacingly for his whip, and she once again returned to planting. The bosses were very vigilant.

Andrea tried to take her mind off the boredom by watching the other slaves, as the mud oozed between her bare toes and her back screamed at her. They were mostly women, just fewer than 120 in number. The slave population of the entire plantation was over 200, the balance being breeder/worker males, infants and small children.

Every slave over the age of four or five worked in the paddy. The white males worked side by side with the women and children. None of them seemed to be having difficulty stooping, even the women who were roundly pregnant. 'Probably you got used to being bent over all the time after awhile,' thought Andrea.

Two other young women approached Andrea and befriended her, introducing themselves as Amy and Evelyn.

Evelyn was roundly pregnant, into her seventh or eighth month. She was a blond, and her hair hung loosely and clung to her tanned, sweaty back. She had striking blue eyes, round and wide, and a pretty smile.

Though fairer skinned than Evelyn, Amy had brown eyes and brown hair, darker than Andrea's, but straighter and tied off at the back with a loop of twine. Her breasts were full, and the dark red teats were swollen and elongated. She told Andrea that she had a four-month-old baby, and was a wet nurse for the infants of other slaves.

Amy and Evelyn were both very friendly, and showed Andrea how to plant the rice quickly and just how many stocks to plant in a given area. They taught her how to bend over and plant the rice seedling with a kind of bounce, making it easier on her back. Andrea discovered that Amy and Evelyn had backgrounds similar to hers. They too had been captured when white areas had been overrun, and consigned to slavery. There was an immediate deep camaraderie between them, and soon the three girls were laughing and socializing; talking about babies, and the farm- and the males.

Andrea had already talked with a few of the boys. They approached her when they saw the red dot on her belly. "Would you sleep with me tonight?" they asked, in a direct and easygoing manner. The invitations, though forward in the extreme, were so sincere and unrehearsed that Andrea was quite unoffended by them. When she instinctively told them no, they were unperturbed, and moved on to the next woman in season. There were plenty of females to go around.

Evelyn told her that there were about ten white males. Three of them were mentally retarded. Dominika was partial to them, as they were less of a security risk. They were content as slaves, with enough to eat and all the pussy they wanted. Also they did not have the mental capacity to plan a rebellion, even if they had wanted to. The mistress observed that they mated as well or better than the normal males, as they were less inhibited and seemed more animalistic.

Amy whispered that another reason Dominika favored them was that she was hoping some of their desired attributes would be passed on to their offspring. She knew of course that their mental retardation was most likely not genetic, but it was of course, highly desirable to breed the traits of docility and low intelligence into the next generation of paddy slaves. Since the retarded males were valued for other reasons, it made sense to mate them liberally with the females, and pass as much of their mental "slowness" on as possible. At least that was the black mistress' theory.

In fact, the only real problem Dominika had with the retarded males was that there were just not enough of them. They were prized for the same reasons by other plantations, and they were just too expensive and scarce to use them exclusively for the stud needs of the farm. She had to use normal white males for the many of natural

fertilizations, though the overseers were instructed to make sure the retarded males got first choice of the females.

The girls also explained to Andrea the significance of the red mark placed on her belly. Every day the overseers would review the ovulation charts for the white females. Women coming into season were marked with a circle of red dye, painted around their navels. This was the signal to white males to mate with them. The dye lasted about the eight or ten days that the woman was fertile. The male slaves were not to engage in relations with women who did not have the mark, and hence were not in season. Those females were reserved for the enjoyment of the black overseers.

In this way, the mistress ensured that the vast majority of slave babies on the plantation were purebred white, worth more on the slave market. At the same time it ensured the overseers would have the fringe benefit of all the white females they wanted.

The overseers constantly monitored the sexual activity of the slaves. They frequently checked the women's vulvas, and questioned the white males to see if there were any female slaves who were reluctant to mate. This was primarily a problem of the newer slaves. Once a female had been on the plantation for a few months, and had her first pregnancy, she tended to lose any inhibitions and or loyalties to former husbands or boyfriends. Any women who did refuse to mate however, was subject to the same punishment that Andrea was subjected to, and this tended to cure any cases of chastity among the slaves.

Amy told Andrea surreptitiously that it was dangerous to turn down the boys who approached her for sex, as she had heard Andrea do earlier. While none of the normal white males were likely report her, the retarded ones certainly would, and in any case the overseers were going to make sure she was mated. Amy advised her to agree to a nice warm, wet night with the next boy who asked, or she might get stuck with one of the retarded males.

Andrea however, was disappointed with the normal males. They were all well built and in nice shape, attractive boys. But that was just it. They were *boys*. While the retarded males were in their thirties, Most of the normal males were in their late teens, the oldest, said Amy, was twenty-one.

It was another way the mistress had of minimizing the security risk, by making sure there were no individual slaves, particularly male, who were likely to lead or join a revolt. Andrea could see now that escape from the plantation would be next to impossible, and there was virtually no chance of a slave uprising. The retarded whites where not able to plan such a move and the normal white males were just kids. None of them would have dared to start an action which would almost certainly end in failure, and get them sold to the mines or the quarries- or worse. They were malleable at those young ages and could be cowed as easily as the women.

After about five hours, at mid-day, they took a break. The overseer blew a whistle, and the slaves waded out of the paddy. On the road, two trailers carried long troughs of the rice porridge. A third was filled with a yellowish gruel called suds. This was made from corn meal and mixed into the rice to provide a dietary supplement.

Small loaves of bread and some dried fish and meat provided protein. The slaves all lined up near the troughs, and knelt, waiting patiently. Andrea watched as three female slaves scooped up helpings of the nutritional, but bland paste and slopped it into crude wooden bowls with large spoons.

Chunks of the bread, a few vegetables, and a small piece of the meat or fish were added to each bowl. Then about ten slaves from each group were sent to pick up the bowls, and take them to serve to the others. The slaves would then eat communally within the small groups, dipping their bread into the porridge, or using their fingers.

Andrea wanted to eat with Amy and Evelyn, but Amy told her she had to go nurse her baby and some of the other infants while she ate.

"The mistress does not allow most of the mothers to nurse their babies after about three or four months," said Amy. "When a girl is nursing it is harder for her body to conceive the next child. Our babies are weaned as soon as they are able to eat solid food, so there's usually only ten or fifteen of them, over four months who need nursing."

"To feed them the overseers pick four or five of us who are giving a lot of milk, as wet nurses." Amy sighed. "That's why my breasts and nipples are so big. I have to suckle two or three babies beside my own."

"I still want to sit with you," said Andrea.

"No," said Amy. "We wouldn't be able to talk anyway with the hungry babies crying. Besides, you need to meet the rest of us and find a boy. We can talk after lunch."

Andrea agreed and stayed in the line.

They were given about an hour to eat. The slaves huddled together to socialize and gossip. It was peaceful and idyllic. The females with young babies nursed their children, holding them and rocking them gently as they suckled on the women's exposed breasts. Once the same white women would have considered public breastfeeding humiliating and primitive. But the vast majority of the women were either pregnant, or already had infants, or both. Their breasts were always bare anyway, so none of them was embarrassed or self-conscious anymore about so natural an act as nursing a child.

All the girls with red navels were flirting shamelessly with the males. Some were already kissing and petting on the embankment while they ate their meal.

Andrea was just about to receive a bowl and join Evelyn, when Jamie, an attractive slave boy about eighteen years old approached her. He was carrying two bowls of food. She recognized him as one of the boys she'd talked to earlier in the day.

"Andrea, overseer Tabu is not happy with you," he said. "It's gotten back to him that you've been turning down boys who've been asking to sleep with you."

Andrea looked up at the road. The overseer was looking directly at her, brandishing his correction rod menacingly.

"He said for us to go over to the grove and fuck."

Andrea looked at Jamie. She had wanted to eat with Evelyn.

Jamie touched her shoulder lightly. He was attractive enough, with ice blue eyes and long brown wavy hair. But he was two years younger than she was. Weren't there any older men besides the retarded white males and the overseers?

Andrea glanced at the overseer, who was obviously on the verge of coming down into the paddy with his rod. She knew she was on the edge and if he had to get his pants wet she'd surely get a very painful sting.

Jamie made the decision for her. "Come on," he said. "We only have an hour. And we have to eat too."

Jamie took her hand and led her over to the little copse of trees. From where they were, it appeared to be a small hill, between the two major rice paddies. When the paddies were flooded, as they were now, the little grove was practically an island, connected to the shore only by the service road. Jamie hurried Andrea along, and when they got there she saw that a lush, grassy glade descended a few feet from the road bank, dropping slowly until it met with the water. About twenty huge shade trees knurled with age dotted the flat, and the ground was covered with long green grass.

"Oh how lovely," said Andrea.

Jamie helped her down the embankment, and they padded barefoot, onto the tiny island. Once they were on the grass she could see the whole grove, for it was quite open and airy. But they could not be seen from the paddies, where the other slaves were working. Only the overseers in the truck parked on the road could see them.

It was beautiful and intimate. But Andrea could see they were not alone. Here and there were four other naked white couples fucking boldly on the warm grass, smiling and rutting as if they were in the privacy of a bedroom.

Andrea looked up nervously at the road, but Jamie reminded her that it was all right. This area was technically out of bounds to the slaves, but the overseers tolerated the visits here as long as the purpose was to copulate. Mistress Dominika herself had instituted the long lunch schedule, to encourage mid day sexual activity. Sometimes the visits were even mandated, as was the case for Andrea and Jamie. Rules were relaxed, and the overseers frequently even allowed the couples a few extra minutes at play. They were given extra bits of food to take with them, and couples who performed well were rewarded with slices of fresh fruit or melon and sometimes even candy. At times, the overseers would have some prurient fun with the slaves, jokingly spreading peanut butter or honey, (rare treats for the slaves) on a girl's breast or vulva. The substance was to be licked off by the male and serve as a further stimulation to mating. Any expedient was tried as long as it resulted in more sex, more pregnancies and more pure Caucasian babies to sell.

Jamie sat on the grass and started to eat. He motioned for her to hurry and eat as well.

"I love this place," he said. "It reminds me of home."

"Where are you from, Jamie?" asked Andrea, now scooping the mush out of the bowl with her fingers.

"I'm Afrikaner. I grew up on a farm in South Africa. We grew wheat and flax. My mother had a garden, and there were trees just like these. "

"How did you end up here?"

"Our farm was seized when the blacks took over our region. We escaped, and lived in a refugee camp for about a year, but then that was overrun and we were captured."

"What happened to your family?"

"My older brother was killed in the war. My father's probably dead, he was sent to a quarry. My mother and my two younger sisters are probably alive... somewhere. We were all sold at auction, to different owners."

"I'm sorry, Jamie," she said.

"It's the same for all of us," he said. "But we learn to cope with it. Our lives before are gone forever. We know that. After a while, you just accept it. I'm sure you had family too."

"Yes," she said. "My father's dead. The others, I don't know."

"Were you married?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

It was indeed such a beautiful place. If only she were free and alone, how wonderful it would be to just lay back and enjoy the solitude, and the warm blue sky. The sunlight reflected off the water and sparkled in millions of tiny rainbows thrown into the shadows of the tress. There was the color green, in seemingly infinite shades and nuances. It was as if the little glade were bursting with energy, warm and fertile, the very quintessence of life itself. She had to admit it was a most appropriate place to engender a baby.

They finished up their lunch and Jamie took his wrap off. "We better fuck now," he said.

Andrea looked up at the road. Tabu was there looking at them, waving the correction rod slowly. She untied her wrap and laid it beside her. Jamie pushed her back gently into the soft grass, and knelt between her legs as she slowly spread them. His

manhood was already stiff and throbbing as he worked his delicate young fingers along her labia. He discovered her wetness and smiled.

They could hear the soft gasps and cries from the other couples as they consummated their own casual yet profound unions.

Andrea caught her breath as her new lover lowered his mouth to her crotch. Her eyes widened when he began licking her slit and inner thighs.

“Ahhh haa, Jamie!” she gasped, as his long tongue rasped upward, sweeping across her clit. Her legs doubled and her heels went to her bottom cheeks as she thrust her womanhood up to his open mouth lewdly.

She felt hot with shame. It was so nasty for him to put his mouth there, where she peed! And yet it felt so good. Sooo goood! Every time he licked her clit it brought a little cry of ecstasy from her lips, and by the time he raised his face from her sex, she was seething with need for him.

He moved his loins to hers, and his six-inch boy cock slid easily into her depths.

He was smaller than Jordy, but he still felt very good. She smiled and when he planted her face and neck with little nipping kisses, she giggled, licking his ears and throat. She looked into his smooth, boyish face. He was such a pretty boy, so tender and affectionate, yet fervent and eager. It was not at all like Jordy’s rough, violent lunges or Jeff’s tentative, almost impotent probing.

The little glade was alive now with rhythmic squeals of ecstasy from the females and the sharp, orgasmic cries of the males as they ejaculated. She and Jamie were rutting just as shamelessly as the others were, and Andrea bucked and twisted on his organ with glee.

Suddenly he stopped, bringing his face nose to nose and sliding his manhood from her vaginal grasp.

“Get on all fours,” he said. “I’m going to fuck you from behind. The overseers like to see us do it that way. They think it enhances the chances of conception.”

Andrea loosed a soft whine, but complied. Seconds later, the boy was slogging her like a dog, holding her by the hips and thrusting his stiff organ into her depths. She felt his flat belly slapping onto her warm, soft rear cheeks. Her toes curled as Jamie cleaved her. His penis stroked her vaginal walls in a way subtly different from the way it felt with “normal” face to face sex. Jeff had never done it to her this way. Her upbringing had been so prim and proper that she would have been shocked and disgusted if he had suggested it. But here on the open grass, with this lovely boy, it seemed so right and natural.

He was plunging deeper now. She felt like a beast. And it felt good. Then Jamie reached down to diddle her clit, and Andrea nearly swooned with passion.

“Oh yes... Oh, fuck me Jamie!”

“Oh yes, Andrea...” he answered. “Push back, sweet. I’m gonna cum...”

Andrea tensed as Jamie clamped himself tight to her hips, as deep inside her as he could go. It was so liberating to be a slave- no responsibility, no need for dignity or pride. Just simply submit. Mate like an animal in an open sun-lit glade. Andrea exploded into orgasm, gasping out her consuming lust. Her upper torso collapsed and her face was buried in the turf, her nipples caressing the grass as fecund loads of warm semen were ejaculated into her womb.

She and Jamie did have a few moments for kisses and whispers of affection. Then they joined the other slave couples who were returning to the paddy, males holding hands with their maculate females. Andrea blushed as they walked past the overseer. She knew he had carefully watched them and the other slaves the whole time they were in the glade.

“You like this grove.” Laughed Tabu. “Mistress call this Orgy Forest. Lots of little whelps get start here.”

Andrea's back managed to survive the day, and when the whistle was blown at dusk she walked back to the hovels with Amy and Evelyn.

"You sleep in hut with slave boy Timmy," said Tabu to Andrea. "Do fucky fucky all night. We check you tomorrow, better feel lots of Cauc boy juice in cunt."

Blond, winsome Timmy was even younger than Jamie was, but he knew how to perform. Andrea was indeed given two more injections of sperm that evening, on the little reed mat that served as their bed.

She even talked to him a bit between lovemaking. He pulled out a plastic comb from under the straw pillow and began to run it through her now tangled hair. Caucasoid hair was straight and thick, susceptible to lice. There were no lice on this plantation, and mistress N'kuba wanted to keep it that way, so she issued cheep, fine-toothed combs to allow the slaves to groom each other.

Timmy also massaged her back, easing the pain of stooping. He assured her she would get used to it within a few days.

Andrea returned the favor and gave Timmy a massage and then it was time for another joy session. When they were done, her fatigue took over, and before long she had curled up to his warm, tan body to sleep.

Andrea's second day in the rice paddy differed in only one important respect.

She started the day as before, walking down to the work area just after dawn. She planted rice in the mud for five hours, ate lunch and fucked again in the little glade, this time with Benny, one of the retarded males Tabu selected for her. When finished they returned to the paddy to work the afternoon.

It was just after lunch when an event occurred, common on the farm, but quite novel to Andrea.

A young girl named Kerri, with golden blond hair wadded out of the paddy, and lay down on her back in a grassy section of the road embankment. Andrea had met her the previous evening. She was full term pregnant, and her labor pains had begun had three hours before. Now they were close together and she was ready to give birth. The overseers allowed one of the older women, who already had three babies, to assist the girl. The other woman helped remove the mother's wrap, and placed it under her hips.

It was the slave girl's first child, conceived on the plantation soon after her arrival.

Although careful to maintain her work speed, Andrea watched spellbound. The act of giving birth was disgusting and ugly and beautiful and splendid, and most of all, fascinating and profound. And Andrea happened to be only a few feet away, looking right between the girl's splayed thighs.

It was not a difficult birth. Kerri's belly was full, with a large, healthy child, but her hips were wide and she was in good physical condition. She grunted and pushed, crying and gasping with pain. But the other woman held her hand, encouraging her.

"Come on sweetie... push hard. That's a good girl. Breathe, sweetie... now push."

Kerri gave a sharp cry, groaning from her labor pangs. It took a half-hour more for her to push the baby out of her womb. But finally, Andrea could see the top of the head emerging from the girl's birth canal. She contracted again with another cry and the baby's head appeared. The slave girl whimpered and panted, her now milk filled breasts bouncing with her exertions. A minute later she pushed again and the rest of the baby came gushing out.

The other woman caught the child so as not to let it fall onto the dirt and the baby drew its first breath, beginning the vociferous squalling that characterized a newborn.

Overseer M'buto handed the older woman a cloth, soaked in clean warm water, and she cleaned the baby carefully as the mother tried to catch her breath.

"It's a boy!" the woman said to Kerri, placing the infant at his mother's breast. As the girl sighed, exhausted by the effort to expel her baby, she held the child close. Her muddy toes dug into the grass and her legs remained spread obscenely, exactly as they had done nine months before to receive him- in the green, bright glade.

The infant quieted and began to nurse, and the other woman cleaned Kerri's vulva and legs with the damp cloth. She took the girl's wrap and rinsed it in the paddy water, and laid it on the grass to dry. The afterbirth was kicked into the paddy, to become more fertilizer for the rice.

Mother and child were allowed to rest on the roadside for the remainder of the day. But Kerri had to walk back to the huts with the other slaves, her new infant suckling at her breast. On the way, some of the women (including Andrea) clustered around, fussing over the baby and commenting on his eyes and hair. They speculated on who the father was. Most thought it was probably Jordy. His offspring had the thick, dark hair at birth just as this baby had. Kerri had been fertilized quite frequently by the retarded male her first weeks at the farm. But of course, no one knew for sure. There was so much overseer-enforced transience in their sexual relations that few of them had any idea who the father of their child was.

Andrea was astonished at how beautiful the baby was. His tiny hands and feet were formed to perfection. As was the angelic little face that his wondering mother gazed into.

Andrea padded back to the slave hovels with the others and she thought about how keenly the event symbolized their status as property.

The miracle of life. A perfect white baby, conceived on the demand of the black bosses. Carried, birthed and now breastfeed, by a pretty Caucasian slave girl- all to enrich their black mistress.

Chapter 7

“Uunnggg,” Dana gasped as camera probe went deeper into her belly through her vagina. She was laying flat on her back in a doctor’s office, her legs spread obscenely and secured to stirrups so that she could not bring them together. In fact, she was immobilized everywhere and could move little else except her fingers and toes. A thick plastic tube ran into her vagina. At the other end it was attached to a metal box and wires which ran to a computer terminal. But the screen was facing away from her, and she could not see the images on it.

Dana whimpered as mortal shame passed over her. There were four people in the room. Beside the doctor and a nurse in white coats there were a black man and woman who appeared to be their mid thirties. They were talking among themselves, but in Zulu. Dana could make out almost none of it.

“Ahh,” said the doctor. “See, this is very good. There’s this nice, pink little layer here. A very healthy uterus. I’d say she’ll have no problem with twins.”

“Perfect,” said the man. “I was concerned by this cauc’s small size.”

“Well,” said the doctor, “she’s rather small, while you and your wife are both fairly large, so I’d imagine her belly’s going to be very big before she delivers. But I think she can manage it.”

“Shall we go ahead with the procedure then?” asked the man.

“Yes, I have two of your embryos prepared. All I need is the go ahead from both of you.”

The man and woman conversed among themselves for a bit, then the husband nodded, “yes doctor, go ahead.”

Dana felt small vibrations in the tube. She sensed movement deep inside her lower abdomen, a dull pain, a flowing liquid and a physical presence she had never experienced. She whimpered, the unknown driving her fear. What were they doing to her?

With the aid of surgical cameras and advanced technique the probe had been pushed up into Dana’s birth canal, then directed back and upward, past her cervix and down into her uterus. The doctor was about to implant two embryos, which had been pre-fertilized from gametes taken from the black couple. These were placed directly into the white girl’s womb; the last stage of an ultra advanced in-vitro fertilization and insemination technique. All of the black people studied the monitor intently for several seconds, then the doctor announced success. The apparatus was slowly withdrawn from Dana and the nurse wiped off her labia with a damp cloth.

“We can’t thank you enough, doctor,” said the black woman. “Haile and I have wanted to start a large family for so long, but I haven’t wanted to risk my figure or take the time from my career.”

“Yes, I understand,” said the doctor. “Many women are opting for this procedure these days.”

“And you’re sure the children will suffer no ill effects from being incubated, birthed, and suckled by a cauc?” asked the man.

“I’m certain,” said the doctor. “This procedure is tailor made for busy modern couples and is fast and easy with this new technique. We didn’t even have to break her hymen. The embryos taken from your wife are genetically yours and hers. This cauc female is merely the host. She only supplies the womb to grow them, and the teats to suckle them.”

“So none of her blood or genes will pollute our children,” said the woman.

The doctor nodded.

“Excellent,” said the husband. “We just bought this slave, hoping she would be suitable for this operation. I’m glad we’ve been able to use our investment straight away. By the way, when will she be able to perform sexually?”

“Oh, I’d give the fetuses a day or two to settle in her uterus,” said the doctor. “Then you can make use of her whenever you wish.”

Her new owners smiled. With the doctor they walked back to his office, leaving poor Dana on the examination table. She whimpered and the nurse looked down at her reassuringly.

“You’re a very lucky she-cauc,” said the nurse sincerely, rubbing the white girl’s abdomen.

But Dana trembled, suddenly cold. She had no idea of what had just occurred but she felt apprehensive, violated.

After she had been sold at auction they had taken her in an enclosed van to another medical facility. There she had undergone more than four months of rigorous exercise and physical training. She was fed very well, and received a medical examination far more detailed and comprehensive than the one she had gotten when she was captured. They had poked and probed her, carefully noting everything from her weight and general health, to specifics like her breast size, and the depth of her vagina. No explanation was ever given to her and she was not allowed contact with other slaves. She was still unsure who her new masters were, what her new duties might be, or even why they were so interested in her body and health. Then, just a day ago she had been shipped to this facility. The black couple and their doctor had inspected her and had now apparently selected her. But what was it all about?

As the nurse released her from her bonds the slave girl thought she felt a warmth in the depths of her belly, but dismissed it as her imagination. It felt good to be free from the restraints.

“Yes,” said the nurse, smiling. “A very lucky slave.”

The next day they came to the hospital to collect her. Dana was given a thin white wrap and taken out to a waiting car. She was told to get into the trunk, then the hatch was closed over her. Fortunately it was not a hot day, and it was only a short ride to where her master and mistress lived, a moderate sized house in an affluent neighborhood.

Dana was taken inside through the back door, and told to kneel forthwith.

“My name is Bruna Notabu,” said the young black woman.

Dana shivered. She so wanted to appear submissive and make a good impression on her mistress, as her conditioning was prompting her to do, but she was very nervous. Having new owners was a stressful time for a slave.

“My husband’s name is Haile,” said the African woman. “You will address us as mistress and master.”

“Yes... Yes, mistress.”

Bruna outlined the new slave’s duties for her. She would cook and clean, scrub and toil, performing all the menial tasks in the house. She would also obey everyone in all things. Most explicitly in things sexual. She was not to regard herself as a person, but as an object to be used as her owners saw fit. Fair-skinned, chocolate eyed little Dana was to be the family’s body slave, expected to go at once from sheltered virgin to domestic whore.

Dana frowned. She had always been a good girl. But as a slave now, she hadn’t known what to expect. Somehow she felt her chastity would be respected if she showed them that she was an upright, moral girl. She had no knowledge of the fact that she was

already pregnant, and was still unconsciously hopeful of saving her virginity for a nice white boy. She had yet to learn exactly what it meant to be a slave.

"My father lives with us," said Bruna. "He is a veteran of the early African battles and a hero of Africa. You will treat him with the utmost respect and deference. You will obey him as you do me or my husband, is that clear, little cauc?"

"Yes, mistress," said Dana.

"Now I am going to demonstrate to you the consequences of any disobedience. There is a cane hanging on the door to the pantry," said Bruna, gesturing to the next room. "Go fetch it."

The white girl did as she was told and hurried back to her mistress.

"Kneel," said the black woman. "When you bring the cane you will always remember to present it on your knees, and you will beg for correction."

"Y... yes, mistress," said Dana, "Please correct me, mistress." She was led over to a high padded stool and told to lie face down on it and drape her arms and legs over the sides.

"Put your palms and the soles of your feet on the floor and keep them there," said Bruna. "I don't want to bother binding your arms and legs and I don't feel I should have to. A well-disciplined house cauc will learn to remain still and accept punishment. I do not expect you to keep silent or not to flinch. In fact I do not think you're being properly influenced unless you hurt enough to cry out. But you will not move from the posture you are in right now."

"Please mistress," bleated the cowed white girl. "Please, I've been good... I've obeyed!"

"Yes, you've been a good girl," said Bruna, as if talking to an errant child. "But I want to show you what will happen if you're bad."

Dana began to cry. She couldn't help it. She had seen caning while at the training facility, with terrifying results. Now she was to be punished with the dreaded implement, even though she had committed no infraction.

Bruna saw her distress and took a little pity. "Only six strokes, little Cauc. Just to give you a taste of your mistress' will. If you handle it well, we'll leave it at that," she said.

The white girl sniffled and shut her eyes. As afraid as she was of the impending "demonstration," she was even more terrified of disobeying. She could hear the sound of her mistress' footsteps as she circled slowly around her. The cane seemed to whisper as the black woman swished it through the air for effect, and Dana dug her toes nervously into the thick carpet. Waiting in agony of spirit, the new slave girl began to tremble. The first blow when it came, though searingly painful, was almost a relief.

"AAAAGggghhhh... unnggg." Dana clenched her teeth and closed her eyes tight. A bright red welt rose on her pale back and her mistress smiled. The slave girl had remained still in her vulnerable, servile position.

"AAAAGggghhhhhh, please, mistress..." Dana begged.

"Very good," said Bruna. "Only four more. Keep your hands and feet flat on the floor."

"AAAAAAGggggghhhhhh, oh god it hurts!"

"Of course it hurts, little she-cauc," said the mistress. "It hurts so bad you will never, ever want to disobey!"

"AAAAAAGggggghhhhhh," please mistress, please stop... I'll obey I swear it!"

"I know you will obey, little cauc," said the black woman pleasantly. "Because we are going to train you correctly from the very start."

“AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH... it... uhhhh... hurts!” Dana’s fingers and toes were now clawing into the carpet, her face a mask of tormented anguish, wet with bitter tears.

“Learn the lesson and remember this well. In my house you have no will. Think of the pain, cauc. Let it fill your mind and soul. The pain is your friend. It compels you to obey and saves you from worse punishments. You are a slave. My slave!”

“AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH... uhhhhh, uuhhh, uuhhh.”

“Very, very good. Kneel before me and thank your mistress for the correction.”

Dana obeyed, though it hurt to move rapidly she had no choice. “Tha... Thank you for... teaching me, mistress.”

“You may get up now and rub the marks.”

The white girl stood up, whimpering when she touched the stripes on her buttocks.

“Do you feel them?” asked Bruna sharply.

Dana nodded and squealed when she received a snap of the cane across her enflamed buttocks.

“Answer me! Do you feel the stripes, you little whore?”

“Yes... yes mistress... I feel the stripes!” said Dana quickly.

“Those are marks of ownership, my ownership of you. I know you were conditioned before you were sold. But I remember when your kind held sway over Africa. I was only a small child but I know how my people were kept in squalor and degradation by your clever schemes. That’s what caucs do best. So feel those stripes and rub them. Contemplate them so you understand fully in that little white monkey brain; I’ll cover your backside with bloody welts if I even suspect you’re scheming.”

“Yes, mistress. Please, I’ll be good!”

“There,” said Bruna finally, speaking evenly, almost kindly again. “That was only to enlighten you, little one. If you were being punished for real you’d get twenty or thirty strokes. Now get up. You have work to do and I expect it done before my husband gets home. In case he wants to sample your charms.”

Dana complied, shivering from the remembered pain. But what frightened her most was the black woman’s seeming instability. She acted calm and temperate one moment. At the next, the least thing could set her off. Dana was very apprehensive about being in the power of a woman like that.

Chapter 8

“Mistress want you to have white whelp first time,” Said Tabu. “But Tabu take you in other holes so not have to worry,” he laughed.

Andrea was kneeling outside overseer Tabu’s small bungalow house. She had now been at Dominika N’kuba’s plantation for nearly three weeks, and had yet to have her period. A very good sign for all concerned. She was either pregnant now, or her period was late. In any case, she was out of season and now fair game for the overseers.

Tabu had been keen to use the new sow, since her arrival. There was something about her look that gave him a leech. He had seen to it that she had a partner at the “Orgy Forest,” each day, and had watched leeringly as she coupled with the male he had chosen for her. Since it was not a sure thing that she was expecting, he would have her put to another “red belly” cycle with the white males in a few days. In the meantime he could enjoy her himself, as long as he took some precautions.

She was told to shuck he wrap at the door, and enter naked, crawling through the doorway.

“Head down. Stay on all fours,” he said. “Special treat for white slave girl to be allowed in Tabu’s house. What you say now?”

Andrea repeated the words he had ordered her to say when he told her she would be spending the night in his dwelling.

“Thank you for favoring me tonight, sir. I will do my best to be worthy.”

The overseer laughed condescendingly, and told her to get busy and scrub his floors. She found a bucket, a rag, and some soap under his sink and was shortly hard at work.

While Andrea toiled, he watched a soccer game on the tube. His team won, and this put him in the mood to celebrate. He called the white girl into the bedroom. Tabu lay back comfortably on the bed, naked, his hands behind his head resting on a pillow.

“You come. Suck my cock. Get your mouth on now,” he said, spreading his legs.

Andrea grimaced with revulsion. She had heard of that disgusting act but didn’t know anyone actually did it. Of course she’d enjoyed Jamie’s oral stimulation, but for her to practice it on a male seemed filthy and repellant.

“Please... I can’t do...”

He had anticipated the reluctance and reached for the correction rod, which lay near the bed. He calmly brought the tip to her breast and stung her on the nipple. She squealed with pain and recoiled, standing up at the foot of the bed.

He crooked his finger at her but she was too frightened to approach. “Please... please sir,” she whined.

“If I have to get up, I’ll stick this thing up your cunt and sting your belly from inside out.”

Andrea gasped with terror, and bounded onto the bed.

“Now, I want my black cock sucked. Get mouth here, now,” he said, snapping his fingers.

She climbed between his muscular legs and took the rampant member in her hand tentatively. She wouldn’t mind so much if he wanted sex with her in the normal way. She had gotten over any inhibition in that area. But that was natural, this was perverted.

She felt the tip of the correction rod on her rear cheek and instantly popped the bulbous head into her mouth. She began swirling her tongue over the purple head before he had a chance to pull the trigger. He took her hair and pulled her mouth down over his eight inch rod until it hit the back of her throat. She nearly retched, but he let it out a little, and she was able to swallow the contents of her stomach back down.

“Now suck, and lick. White woman make Tabu cum, then she swallow. You let some of Tabu’s seed fall, I whip you. Then make you lick up.”

Andrea tried to turn her mind off and concentrate on his phallus. She instinctively began to work her lips up and down, simulating the motions of sex.

“Use tongue,” he said. “Lick under head.”

Andrea obeyed and soon the big man was bucking under her, driving himself in and out. Finally, he seized her by the ears and held her mouth down on him as he erupted, squirting great gobs of his spunk as she desperately tried to swallow.

She was successful in ingesting it all, but again nearly heaved when he released her hair and allowed her to turn away. She sobbed in misery but the overseer laughed.

“White woman learn to like Tabu’s cum soon enough. Tastes like candy to white slaves.”

He busied her for the next hour with menial tasks. After he had taken a shower, he made her stand outside, and sprayed her with water from the garden hose.

“Tabu not fuck no smelly white slave on his bed. Clean up slave,” he said, tossing her a bar of soap.

When she was finished, he grabbed her hair again, and forced her to double over as he led her to his bedroom.

“Get on bed, all fours, spread legs. Now, white bitch!”

Tabu put two pillows under her belly. Then he stood behind her, and brought the tip of his correction rod to her inner thighs, but did not fire it.

“Spread legs more,” he demanded, using the rod to direct her movements. She obeyed and she felt him applying some of the lube to her ass crack.

Andrea wondered why he applied it there. He missed her labia entirely. It did not occur to her that he was going to sodomize her, and when he brought his manhood to her anus and began to push, she erupted in screams of outrage.

“Nooooo! No please... not there, that’s horrible... oh please!”

Tabu was chuckling again, immensely enjoying himself.

She tried to escape him, struggling as he held her down. She felt the rod tip at her navel, and an instant later felt the agonizing sting.

“Aaaiiiieee... please, oh please. Don’t sting me again, sir...!”

“Be still. Reach back and hold cheeks open!”

The rod won. It always won. Andrea sobbed with shame and disgust. But she reached back as the overseer ordered, and spread herself wide to ease his entry.

“Ahhhh,” he gasped with delight as he pressed it slowly into her. “Tight white ass hole. Make Tabu happy!”

Andrea gave in. She simply lay on her face and cried. The mortification of what he was doing to her was too great to bear, but so was the punishment for not complying. All she could do was react the way a slave always did, with craven acceptance. *With submission.*

He pushed it in slowly, adding more lube. It still hurt, but soon he was gliding in and out of her and she had gotten used to the intrusion. Still she hated it, and shuddered with disgust. But she held still as he pistoned her, digging her toes and fingers into the bed in anguish, all the while waiting for the vile moment to end.

Finally he pressed himself in extra deep. He grunted and she could feel the pulses of his jism as he spent deep in her vitals.

He pulled out slowly, and she gasped with mixed relief and pain.

“Get toilet paper and clean this up,” he said. When she moved too slowly he barked. “Hurry up, or Tabu make you lick you own shit off his dick!”

Andrea moved quickly to get the paper.

Andrea returned to Tabu's hut for the next three nights, sucking him off and being taken anally each time. She got used to the oral sex, licking and sucking avidly to please him. But she could not get over the anal abuse. She dreaded the moment, performed each night when he would order her onto the bed on all fours, or force her to bend over the edge of the couch.

It came to a merciful end five days later, when M'buto applied the red mark to her belly. She was back in season.

This time around, she did not deny any male who proposed sex. Knowing the mistress' preference, Tabu usually paired her off with Jordy in the grove and overnight. For Andrea's part she was now fully resigned to becoming pregnant. Whenever the overseer had not mandated that she fuck with Jordy, she eagerly sought out the normal boys, preferring to carry a child by them rather than one sired by the coarse bodied, retarded man.

Andrea watched Evelyn deliver her baby that week. The girl had been having labor pains all day, but she did not start to give birth until they were walking back to the huts.

This was actually a good thing, since several of the women were able to help. M'buto had become concerned at the duration of the blond girl's labor, and was watching closely. He was about to call Magabu to summon a veterinarian when she finally popped the whelp out.

He breathed a sigh of relief. He did not want to lose a valuable slave and her progeny, but he knew the mistress would be displeased at the expense of a vet.

That night, Andrea continued the effort to engender her own baby. Jordy was being used to initiate a newly purchased slave girl, so Tabu had paired her up with Sandy, a nineteen year old, freckle-faced, red haired boy she'd turned down the month before. The overseer reminded her that he intended to check her labia in the morning for traces of semen, and would also interview the boy.

She complied, receiving him at her hut at dusk and copulating with him long into the night. He was rather taken with her, and supplied three copious loads of sperm deep into her fertile belly. She enjoyed the evening, and slept cuddled warmly in his arms until morning.

Near the end of her subsequent month at the farm, Andrea missed her second period, and it was confirmed. She was pregnant.

This development was very much a mixed blessing. It meant that she was spared the horribly painful session with the punishment rod in her anus, but it also signaled that she was fair game for the overseers.

Mugaba was the next overseer to claim her body for a night. He was a huge black man, perhaps the largest male of any race at the plantation.

He could also be the most brutal and merciless of the overseers, using the cane to beat her with his full strength at the slightest infraction. All the slaves, including Andrea were terrified of him, but he was not a monster.

He did not, as some overseers did, invent rules or misdeeds in order to inflict gratuitous punishments on the slaves. He was very fair, never relenting from punishing a slave, but never malicious.

Andrea eventually found that if she were very careful, and supremely servile, she could avoid his cane altogether. All it took was a total dedication to provide him with a very good fuck. Energetic wriggles and claspings arms and legs, an avid matching of his thrusts and a hot, breathy pleading for more- these things brought pleasure to the black

overseer. The wet splash of his climax deep in her servile body bought a night without pain for the slave.

Another reason Andrea respected if not liked him was that he did not demand any anal or unconventional sexual performances from her. She never knew if he disliked sodomizing a woman, or that he was simply unimaginative. For whatever reason, Andrea's sexual episodes with Mugaba were frequent, but limited to conventional oral and vaginal sex.

Weeks turned to months and, as humans do, Andrea adapted to her environment. She submitted, as she was conditioned to do, to the reality of servile existence. To her surprise she found life as a paddy slave to be very tolerable, as long as she groveled and obeyed. She saw herself as a slave now, so there was little humiliation left to be felt from being topless, or performing sexually while being watched. After she had become used to the stooping the paddy work was not hard, and the nine or ten hour days were not exhausting. There was much time to socialize and play.

One truth at first had horrified Andrea. The slaves were not in fact restless. Their basic needs were met; their lives were secure, and there were no expectations or ambitions to cause dissidence. Once Andrea would have been astonished and disgusted that white people could accept such abject subjugation so easily. But now she understood. It was easy, so easy to be a slave. To grovel when all one's peers groveled. To kneel and beg pathetically for a scrap of kindness. To work and mate and reproduce like a domesticated animal to increase the wealth of a master of superior race.

Hakeem and his society had discovered a system that was invincible. Whites as a race, had not only been enslaved, but utterly pacified. At least in Africa.

At Mistress N'kuba's plantation, life for the slaves was in many senses, almost a utopia. There was no enmity among the slaves, no rivalries, no competitions or jealousies for men, women or possessions. All of them had sexual access to each other and none of them had any possessions.

For all of the work Dominika and the overseers did to facilitate mating, the fact was they had nature squarely on their side. Though the females especially formed close friendships and often talked for hours, there was practically nothing to do at the hovels and no recreational opportunities for the slaves, except for the ever-popular one on one. Young males in their late teens and early twenties do not generally require much prodding, in any case, to engage in sexual activity. Intermingle them with young, attractive, scantily clad females, who are themselves desperate to get pregnant, and nature is bound to run its course.

Thus was life for the slave girl Andrea. She was walking back to the hovels one afternoon with Evelyn, when Overseer M'buto drove up to them in the pickup.

"You sleep in my hut tonight," he said, to Andrea firmly. "Go there straight after dark. Wait for me on porch."

Andrea nodded with a respectful "yes sir," and the boss drove off.

Evelyn was smiling. "Well, aren't you the lucky girl tonight?"

"What do you mean?" asked Andrea.

"Are you kidding? Every girl on this farm wants to be fucked by M'buto!"

"I hate it with the overseers," said Andrea. "They knock you around, or want your... your rear hole, and they're horridly brutal."

Evelyn laughed. "You haven't been fucked by M'buto yet have you?"

Andrea shook her head. "No, just by Tabu, and Omar, and Mugaba. Is M'buto any different?"

"Oh yes, very different," said the blond girl.

"Gentler perhaps?"

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that exactly,” said Evelyn, her blue eyes shining. “Just better. You’ll see.”

M’buto had business at the plantation house. When he returned to his bungalow he found Andrea waiting for him, on her knees, as Tabu had taught her. She had been on the wooden porch for two hours, continually looking and listening for the sound of the pickup truck, that would herald his return.

He smiled with amusement as she entered the house on her knees, and once inside he closed the door and told her to get up.

“Take off wrap and go to kitchen,” he said. “Wash dishes.”

She obeyed, folding her wrap neatly and placing it on the floor by the front door. She went to the kitchen and saw there were several days worth of dirty dishes on the counter. She worked on them and had them washed, dried and stacked in about an hour.

“Gather all laundry,” he said, with reference to the dirty clothing in the bedroom and bathroom. “Put my clothes in machine, then come back here and kneel.”

She obeyed, and returned to the living room to kneel at his feet. He was watching TV, ignoring her. She kept her head bowed and her eyes to the floor, afraid he might, like Tabu, turn suddenly to see if she were watching the set.

Moments later, he snapped his fingers.

“Lay with me here,” he motioned. She complied.

“You may watch TV, keep hands on M’buto.”

“Yes sir,” she replied.

He was going to allow her to sit on the couch! And watch television! She hadn’t seen television in almost five months. She had not sat in furniture for that long either.

Andrea slowly ran her hands through the sparse wiry hair of his chest. She lay her head against his shoulder and looked at the set. It was very different in content to what she had known.

The premise of the shows was the same, even some of the names of dramas and comedies. But whites seem to have been largely edited out. Rarely did any whites appear at all, and when they did, they were always depicted as slaves; stupid, petulant, or as clowns.

There were whites in the commercials. She saw two ads for slave traders, and three more for the brothels. Smiling, attractive white girls were shown lined up for selection at the establishments, posing and moving provocatively. Even a few white boys were shown. Then a sweet little red head that winked cutely at the camera gave the address and phone number of the establishment.

There were commercials for a chain of massage parlors, and several firms who provided rental slaves for domestic use. The language and imagery of the advertisements made it clear the dual menial and sexual service that one could expect from renting a white slave.

The simple and overall message was that there should be a white female slave for every black man. It was a right, even a religious and patriotic duty to keep a slave. The rental companies existed for those who could not afford to buy their own, making the sexual possession and use of white women more common and universal all the time.

Andrea was enthralled by the TV, but she was careful not to neglect M’buto. How different he was from Tabu. By now the younger overseer would have pushed her to the bed, and ordered her to spread her legs. This man exuded an aura of absolute mastery over her. He did not need to drag her from her hovel and fuck her straight away. He could simply command her presence, and could take her in his own sweet time.

They watched a war movie. The black forces won, defeating the evil whites. Then M’buto got up, and told Andrea to follow him.

In the bedroom, he ordered her to undress him. Then they went to the bathroom to shower. Andrea was unsure what was expected of her, but he took hold of her collar, and pulled her into the shower with him.

“Wash me,” he said.

She took a hand towel and began to rub it on him.

“No. Learn how white female wash black man.” He was not angry, and did not bark the command. He simply stated it as though he were training an intelligent animal.

“Take soap and lather tits and body, then rub on M’buto.”

Andrea obeyed, and was soon rubbing her soaped up body over every inch of his. She found it incredibly erotic.

For Andrea, it was hard to concentrate on bathing the man. There were severe distractions. First, she was taking a shower, a real shower in an actual shower stall. She hadn’t done that since her capture. Second, the intimate contact with his unspeakably handsome body was charging her libido with 1000 amps.

By the time they were finished, her pussy was soaking, and not from the water.

Andrea climbed out of the shower first, and reached for a towel to be ready to dry M’buto as soon as he got out. She ran the towel over his muscular ebony skin, then used the cloth to dry herself. She smiled at him and went to her knees. Holding his nine inches of rampant manhood, she moved to place her mouth over it, but he stopped her.

“No. In the bedroom.”

Andrea rose and kissed him passionately. “As you wish, sir,” she whispered into his ear. They walked slowly to the bedroom, M’buto stopping several times to receive her eager kisses, letting his black hands grasp her smooth, tan flesh. When they entered the room, Andrea immediately went to her knees beside the bed, casting her eyes to the floor in submission.

M’buto sat on the edge of the bed. “Come here,” he said, quietly, beckoning her to the bedside between his legs. She smiled and crawled to his manhood. Her hands stroked lovingly over the hard muscles of his thighs and she traced the line of his hairy legs to his magnificent genitals.

Then her mouth descended over the head resuming the act of fellatio she had begun in the bathroom. His balls were heavy in her hands as she fondled them gently. She lightly traced the great rampant shaft with her fingertips before reaching out with her tongue to graze the underside of his glans.

He petted her head affectionately, and she responded by licking his balls.

She had thought he wanted to cum in her mouth, but near his peak he pulled her head off. He moved up the bed and lay back, hands folded behind his head. Crooking his finger at her, he said smiling, “Now, white female worship black god.”

Instinctively, Andrea crawled onto the bed, and straddled him, fixing his eyes. She knew he could see and smell the arousal, dripping from her spread labia. She wanted him to see. It was an offering to her god.

Breathing heavily and still looking directly into his coal black eyes, Andrea grasped his rampant manhood, which stood straight up with regal glory. She mounted him, poised for a long moment with his magnificent phallus just touching her. At the little hole in its massive head, a drop of milky liquid formed. Andrea applied the drop to her throbbing clit, then tucked the ebony rod into her snatch and descended on all nine inches.

She felt the organ fill her, stretch her as none other ever had. He gave her a moment, then seized her breasts, tightly pinching the tips. He tugged firmly, painfully downward. Andrea gasped but he said nothing. A second later, he did it again. The meaning was clear; he was setting the rhythm he wanted from her.

She lifted up, and dropped herself downward the next time he pulled. It continued several times, and she found that she could precisely match his pulls and save herself some pain.

Andrea picked up the lewd cadence, bucking up and down on his cock as he pulled mercilessly on her nipples. But it didn't hurt as long as she obeyed, humping and thrusting exactly as he directed.

Up and down she bounced, riding him with voracity. For several minutes he made her work, finally he grasped her collar and pulled her down on to his chest, just as the viscous bolts of his seed gushed into her belly.

She lay on him, sweaty, exhausted, trying to catch her breath. He pulled a book from the nightstand and Andrea waited for the painful kick or punch in the ribs that the other overseers gave her as the sign to leave. Back to her hovel with the man's semen leaking from her slit. But the blow never came.

He put the book down and closed his eyes. "Where you from?" he asked.

"M... me?"

"No, other slave girl in bed. Who you think I ask about?"

Andrea was astonished. None of the other overseers had tried to engage her in pillow talk. They considered her to be nothing but a whore to cum into and toss out.

"I... I'm from America, sir."

"How you get to Africa?"

"My father was stationed here before the bio war. When the conflict broke out, we were stranded."

"What he like?"

"He was a very... traditional man. From South Carolina, one of America's southern states. My mother died about ten years ago and my sister and I were raised on military posts.

My father had a thing about his daughter's virtue. We wore long dresses, conservative clothes," said Andrea thoughtfully. "We weren't even allowed to date until we turned seventeen. Even then he wanted to approve the boy first."

"What he think of black man fuck his daughter?"

Andrea looked into M'buto's face. She wondered why he was asking such questions. Was he trying to trap her as a pretext to some kind of punishment? She decided the truth was the safest answer.

"My father hated black people, sir. He would have gone insane with rage if he knew I was having sex with a man of color."

"He very foolish man, bring white daughters to Africa," said M'buto, his face expressionless.

"Yes," said Andrea, "I guess you're right, sir."

"You were married?"

"Yes."

"Why your white husband not protect you?"

"What?"

"When M'buto get married, he not let his wife be taken. He fight!"

"We... he couldn't... He had to surrender."

M'buto was shaking his head. "M'buto fight. No one take his woman till he dead!"

Andrea thought a moment. He was right. She couldn't see M'buto surrendering meekly. He would have found a way to escape. Or win. The more she thought about it, the more Jeff looked pathetic and weak. She realized he had been that way, even before their capture. She carried that growing conviction back to the paddies with her.

Around midnight Andrea was awakened by the rain. The lightening crashed and from time to time the eerie light of the bolts illuminated the two figures on the bed.

Two months had gone by since Andrea's first evening with M'buto. She had spent many subsequent nights in his bed.

She lay quietly for a few minutes, admiring his body, then she smiled. She rose up on her knees, and felt for his manhood, discovering he was already stiff, dreams of anticipation sifting through his half-conscious brain. She lifted one leg and draped it over his hips, straddling him. He gazed silently up at her, wondering if he were still dreaming. But when he reached down to guide her hips, she pushed his hands gently aside.

"Relax, my love," she breathed. "Let your white slave girl do the work."

She took his heroic phallus and guided it to her labia, dragging the velvet tip back and forth through her drenched lips. Grinning happily, she wriggled her toes under his calves, and gazed deeply into his smoldering black eyes.

The little lamp flickered and danced in the corner, casting its rays softly on the interracial couple. The golden light seemed to gleam on their bodies, sweating in the warm, humid night air.

Finally the white woman could endure the anticipation no longer. She impaled herself with one easy stroke, and began thrusting her hips ardently, her breasts bouncing, nipples catching the glint of lamplight. He was inside her to the hilt, and she felt the incredible thrill of once again being filled with his manhood, much larger, more rampant, and far more thrilling than her husband's, or any white boy's had ever been.

They were grinding out their rapacious lust, moving together zealously, deliciously. He was holding her hips tight to his at last, grunting out the warm copious spurts of his semen deep within her as she shook and gasped with a climax of her own. He drenched her, their mingled juices spilling onto his balls.

She collapsed onto his firm chest, panting to catch her breath. A few moments later she moved to dismount him. But he brought his strong black hand to her lower back and gently, yet firmly kept her pressed to him. This was his wordless command that she keep his manhood buried in her sex. He sat up on the bed, his back resting against the headboard. Andrea moved with him, never releasing the now soft but still substantial black shaft from her snatch.

She wrapped her legs around him as she sat straddling his lap, holding his hard body in her arms and resting her head at his collarbone.

"It's really storming out there," she said softly.

"Rains come now," said M'buto. "Good thing rice harvest done. Rain come for many days now, flood rice paddies for next crop."

"What work do we do 'til then?" she asked.

"Mistress have slaves work on landscape at manor house, and turn the vegetable gardens. Slaves also repair their own huts. Mostly though, slaves fuck. Mistress say slaves must stay busy making whelps when not working in paddies."

She snuggled closer to him. It felt so soothing, so intimate to be sitting with him, her breasts rubbing against his as they breathed. She felt secure as never before in her life, warm and safe in his bed.

Andrea sighed as she felt his phallus twitch within her. She caressed his shoulders with her fingertips and looked into his eyes.

"M'buto," she whispered to herself. Even his name was so strong, and manly. "M'buto."

She wished fervently that she were not already pregnant by the white boys. How wonderful it would be to conceive and carry M'buto's child, to prove her love and

submission. She fantasized the baby would be a boy, with his father's handsome Negroid face. Her white baby would always be a slave. If she had a child by M'buto it would at least have a chance for freedom and a life outside the plantation.

Andrea chided herself angrily. She was nothing but a slave, a dirty little paddy slave at that. How foolish to fall in love with her overseer. Why would any black man, let alone a man like M'buto, be interested in her for anything more than a causal fuck?

Yet she could not help it. He was so devastatingly masterful and attractive.

In her mind's eye she could see herself and the black overseer in a peaceful domestic setting. He working at his desk diligently. She sitting on the floor by the fire, her chocolate brown baby suckling at her naked breast. It would be like being married. At least as close as she could get in this society. And no one would take her child. M'buto would love it, and her, and she would be happy.

It was a moment of sheer indulgence in female fantasy.

As she straddled his lap, she felt the magic returning to the organ that joined them as one flesh.

"M'buto..." she whispered simply, her head nestled onto his hirsute chest, "I love you."

He chuckled. "You slave."

"I know. Forgive me, sir. I still love you."

As if reading her mind, he stroked her navel with his thumb and asked, "You want baby next time by M'buto?"

He knew the answer, but she looked into his handsome face and replied with a soft rustle of breath, "yes".

He responded with a smile, and pushed her onto her back, his newly hardened penis still inside her. He gave her a sharp thrust downward with his hips, driving his ebony shaft into her cervix. Then he pulled downwards on her nipples. She understood these movements to be a sign that he wanted her arms and legs submissively entwined around him, and she complied immediately.

"Maybe after you have white baby, you move in with M'buto. Then you have M'buto's baby," he said as he began to piston his cock in and out from above. Andrea's heart leapt with a surge of joy.

He smiled. "For now, you practice making M'buto throw his seed."

Chapter 9

Dana had settled into the routine of domestic labor. She had been given a short, drab skirt to wear as she worked, scrubbing the floors, dusting, sorting the laundry. Before her capture she had never done such work, being the only daughter of wealthy parents. They had brought her up well, if overprotected, and a colored maid had always been employed to clean the house.

Dana was not lazy however, and learned fast, completing her chores and duties each day.

Her owners also employed a Filipino maid, Tita, a woman in her late forties. She lived in a modest room in the basement and was responsible for the day to day upkeep of the house. She was therefore, in charge of Dana, and in Bruna's absence was her de facto mistress.

Tita enforced her office with sharp eyes and a wicked little crop. Dana's ass frequently bore the red marks of Tita's discipline. There were times when she failed to finish her work, or missed a speck of dust while cleaning, but to Dana it often seemed that Tita was looking for excuses to punish her. There was a glint in her dark eyes when she ordered the white girl to bend over and throw her skirt over her back. Tita would then apply a few stinging strokes to Dana's bare buttocks and berate her for her carelessness before allowing her to straighten up and return to work.

At night, Dana was chained by her collar to a foam mattress in a corner of the basement. She would cry, humiliated and homesick and wondering how her family was faring. She also thought about her friend Andrea. Would she ever see any of them again? Tears of loneliness dropped to the mattress as she curled up, nodding off at last.

Every morning, Tita released Dana from her chains to perform her chores. At this juncture, the white girl was required to demonstrate her submission to the housekeeper by tonguing her to orgasm.

This was very hard for Dana at first. She was in no way a homosexual and had never had any experience with lesbianism. She resisted the woman's advance the first time and ran to her mistress to report the "unnatural" demand.

This rebellion earned Dana ten strokes with the cane, administered by the Filipino woman as Mistress Bruna looked on. Dana discovered it was expected of a slave to acquire both the trappings and skills of lesbian love. For though Bruna was also no lesbian she did enjoy the feel of a slave girl's mouth on her sex. More importantly however, Dana needed to learn with utmost conviction that she was a slave. She was to obey anyone of color, no matter what the demand.

It only took a few sessions and liberal use of the crop to turn the girl into an eager, if somewhat novice cunnilingus. Dana laved her tongue deeply and used her teeth and lips to caress the dusky labia before her face, whose ever they might be. It became easier and easier until she was able to perform the act without a second thought.

And it was not just the mouth sex. Dana was proving so passive and tractable that even she herself noticed. She had always thought of herself as courageous, from a long, proud line of pioneers and freedom lovers. Now she saw the truth. She was a slave, mentally as well as physically. She was naturally submissive, and in her earlier life had always been anxious to please the authority figures in her world. She had remained a virgin due to the fact that she was a good girl. To be submissive to her family meant chastity and decorum.

But all that had changed now. Submission to the new authorities in her life meant the banishment of chastity. Her new Negro masters did not want a quiet, reserved young girl, waiting to become a virtuous wife and mother. They demanded her transformation

into an energetic and enthusiastic slut. Matrimony was irrelevant to a slave girl, though motherhood was definitely in the offing. This lesson was brought home to Dana in the most forceful way, only a few days after she arrived.

Master N'dumo, Mistress Bruna's father returned home from an induction rally. Though retired, he was still active in his support of the Prophet's armed forces, and had supervised an honor guard.

Dana was sent to his quarters, (as he referred to his rooms) to present herself.

The white girl had grown in confidence in the past few days. She was worked very hard, but that was easy to get used to. No one had assaulted her and she was beginning to dare hope she might keep her virginity. Perhaps she had misinterpreted what the mistress had told her about being a body slave. Perhaps, she thought, she would not be forced to perform sexually with a male at least, after all. She did not know they were merely saving her maidenhead for the esteemed patriarch of the family. Dana knocked on the door timidly after re-tying her hair and straightening her skirt. She had not been told why she was ordered to go to the older man's room soon after he had arrived. But she knew he was Bruna's father, and had been warned that he was a man due great honor and respect. She was to please him, no matter what it took. When the door opened, she was face to face with the blackest man she had ever met.

He waved her inside the room and immediately, without speaking she went to her knees and bowed her head as she had been taught. She looked at his feet but he said nothing for several minutes. When he walked around her slowly, Dana realized he was appraising her with military efficiency.

Finally his deep African voice broke the silence. "So you're a virgin."

"Y... yes master," breathed Dana.

"Do you know why are you here?"

"To serve you, master."

He pushed her onto all fours with his foot, then held something before her face. Dana moved her face back a little to allow her eyes to focus. He was holding a whip.

He circled behind her again, and she flinched a little when she felt him uncoil it, allowing it fall gently onto her neck. He trailed the leather slowly, tracing lightly over her naked back from her shoulders to her buttocks.

"How old are you, piglet?"

"Sev... seventeen, master."

"Seventeen years old and no one has ever mounted you. That's rare for a she-cauc," he chuckled.

He was drawing the whip slowly, almost caressing over her back now. Dana whimpered with fear but marveled at how something so soft and supple could cause so much pain, depending on how it was applied.

"I am fifty-nine years old, little cauc," he said. "I have seen much. Much of what your kind has done."

Dana tensed at the edge in his voice. "For centuries you enslaved us, a race vastly superior to you. Your cauc males took our women. They ravished and soiled the flower of Africa. But that time has ended. Now you, their progeny, must settle accounts. With what do you intend to pay, little one?"

"Please," said Dana plaintively. "I'll do what you want. Don't hurt me."

"Get up," he said abruptly. "Take off that skirt."

Dana obeyed, nervously untying the hip cord that held up her simple garment and letting it fall to the floor.

"Now undress me and fold my clothes."

Dana moved quickly to comply with his instructions. After she was finished she blushed, standing in front of him. Ironically it was his nudity that made her self conscious

and embarrassed. She had never been naked and alone with man who was also naked. Especially such an imposing black man!

The big, black object bobbing between his legs was the source of special trepidation for Dana. She certainly was not so naive that she did not know what that organ was for. Yet as a virgin she could not believe that a penis of that size could possibly be used inside her. She simply was not big enough internally. Black women, she thought, must be much larger in their private places.

“Get on the bed. Turn over on your back,” he growled. “Spread your legs.”

Dana turned beat red, realizing she was going to be displaying her most intimate flesh. But the black man’s tone was insistent. She knew even the slightest hesitation on her part would result in punishment, so she immediately obeyed.

Her eyes widened when without further ceremony, he climbed onto the bed and moved between her open knees. Dana reacted instantly, attempting to close her legs. It was not an action of conscious rebellion. It was simply fear. Fear of the huge truncheon at his crotch and its proximity to her to her virgin slit.

“Aaahhhhh, hhhaaa,” she cried when slapped her belly hard with his open palm.

“Keep those legs spread, slave,” he barked. “Try to obstruct me again and I’ll have Tita give you twenty with the cane!”

Dana’s face clouded with terror and she splayed her knees as far as they would go.

The older black man smiled and ran his hands lightly over the smooth, creamy flesh of her inner thighs. Dana whimpered in misery, but the man watched her face, savoring the mental and spiritual turmoil bubbling up from her soul as the reality of her impending rape sunk in.

N’dumo now moved his loins even closer, so that the dark, shinny head of his glans was poised at the very entrance to her vagina. Its oily kiss on her nether lips made her tense with alarm.

“Please,” she gasped. “I can’t take you! Please master, you’re too big! I’m a virgiiiiinnnn...!”

His only response was to guide his rampant member to her sex and tuck it between the thin, pink lips. Her sharp intake of breath followed as he pressed his weight forward, onto her, pushing the rock hard phallus between her delicate vaginal folds.

Dana now tensed up on the edge of panic. At that instant her denial was shattered and it became obvious that he was going to take her precious virginity. He really was going to try to insert that terrifyingly large, black thing inside her body, and there would be no talking her way out of it. He would kill her with it!

Paralyzed with fear, the white girl watched as he slowly planted his flesh into hers. She felt her labia parting, stretched tightly now around his thick, black member; felt the pain as he gored deeper, ever deeper. She bit her lips when he encountered resistance within her. Then he stopped. Less than a quarter of his great length had been inserted and he had struck what Dana thought was the end, the bottom. In reality he was pressed all the way against her hymen.

He held himself still over her, transfixed by his moment of heady triumph. Beneath him Dana held her breath, conscious only of a sensation of being painfully stuffed. All she could do was lay trembling, wanting to escape his grasp and run screaming from the room, yet knowing that was impossible because of his overwhelming strength. She was afraid to offer the slightest resistance and had no idea what was going to happen next, but obviously, she thought, he couldn’t go any deeper with his “thing.”

N’dumo reached down to place a hand possessively over Dana’s choking vaginal lips, pinching and pulling them with his fingers. “This belongs to Africa now. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master... Ahhhhh.” He slapped her lower belly hard.

“No you don’t, cauc. You have no idea what this moment means to an African Man. Praise be to Allah and the Prophet Hakeem for what he has wrought in my lifetime!” Without warning he lunged downward with irresistible force. Caught totally off guard Dana screamed as his huge penis burrowed deeper, stretching her maiden sheath before it. The elastic “bottom” of her vagina flexed with the strain. He was too big. Too Big!

Then came a sharp pain and something inside her seemed to rupture. The resistance was gone and his big organ slithered in unobstructed now as she sobbed and gasped under him. He bore down with all his weight and strength, slowly but relentlessly penetrating now, all the way in.

Finally, he was home, all nine ebony inches sheathed in her belly as her pudenda at last met the base of his groin. Dana was staring down between her splayed legs though disbelieving horrified eyes, sure her little hole had been ripped open. But N’dumo kept himself still, pinned tightly against her for several minutes, enjoying the feel of her helpless sobs as her body shook. She wept bitterly, thinking herself mortally wounded, her insides torn and bleeding. Fortunately for Dana, he remained motionless for a time, allowing her stretched vaginal canal to adjust to his prodigious size. He rose on his arms enough to take his weight off as she breathed. Then he began to withdraw.

She was not wounded of course, and the rupture she had felt was only her virgin tissue, not her vital guts. But Dana lay still in stupefied shock, closing her eyes tight and wondering why the pain wasn’t worse than it was. Surely she was dying. Wasn’t she?

He was nearly out of her now, and Dana looked down to their loins again, expecting to see her living organs spilling out. There was a viscous liquid coating his fat thing, making it appear slimy. Then she gritted her teeth; he was pushing it back in!

She stared imploringly up into his coal black face and he grinned back. “Pleassssse,” she wailed. “You’re too big!”

He laughed cruelly and slowly pressed deeper until he bottomed out once more. “Ahhhh,” he sighed as he felt the head of his cock kiss the spongy wall of her never before touched cervix.

“Yeah,” he rasped into her ear. “I’m too big. But you’re going to take me anyway. I’m going to stretch this little white cunt to fit an African man!”

Dana whimpered. She had always imagined that the moment she lost her virginity would be one of trust and love on her wedding night, after she had married the young white man of her dreams. Instead she was beneath an old, gray haired, black man, a stranger; her first intimate encounter with a male!

Dana wanted to cry but found herself so overwrought by emotion that she couldn’t. She was too afraid, and simply couldn’t take pain knowing instinctively her choice was to surrender to him or suffer. She didn’t want to feel the cane, and if losing her honor along with her virginity was the cost of avoiding it, she would do it. It was soul a destroying realization and the truth of it exploded into her consciousness. She was a whore!

Relentlessly, the black man continued to hump her, gradually gaining speed with his thrusts. Almost imperceptibly, the pain started to fade. Every time he pulled out again and slid his organ back the friction seemed to ease the sting, soothing rather than irritating.

He had established a slow, deep rhythm, plying her gently but firmly, grinding himself onto her clitoris at the base of every stroke. Dana at last began to relax a bit. The pain was definitely lessening now and he seemed less menacing, engrossed as he was in taking her. She began feel the nuances of sensation missed in the fear and dread moments before.

His body was so hard, his skin so dark. Scarred with age and a rugged life, yet still vibrant and voracious with his lust. The white girl felt the weighty brush of his scrotal sack with each of his plunges, grunting savagely with every down stroke of his hips. The muscles of his arms and legs were like steel, holding her in place for his rapacious needs.

“Welcome me, white girl,” he hissed through clenched teeth. “Embrace me!”

Dana obeyed, enveloping him with her arms and legs. She was rewarded when he lowered his face to hers and ravished her mouth with a passionate kiss, locking his lips onto hers and delving his tongue to lick behind her teeth.

Dana was surprised when it began to feel good. There was a tingling deep in her belly, and the friction of his big cock working in and out of her relentlessly was ceasing to be unwelcome. The white girl, anxious to please, began thrusting her pelvis and humping back to him. It was what he wanted after all, and she was a slave. Alone with him in this room, nothing else existed; only N’dumo, his penis, the dreaded cane- and the warm masochistic glow now waxing behind her navel.

Dana sighed, returning his kisses. Her tongue dueled with his and she began to match his movements, jerking her hips to his thrusting cadence. She was a slave, she told herself. There was no reason anymore for pride or chastity. She had to fuck back like a round-healed little whore. What else could she do?

They were fucking for real now, he was squeezing her like a python in his arms and Dana was bucking up with his rhythm, undulating the way her female instincts told her to. The bed creaked with humankind’s oldest musical beat and she looked up into the older man’s dark, smoldering eyes. There she saw the strangest mixture of race hate and compassion in his furrowed, Negroid face.

Then the most magical thing happened to the white girl. At that moment the truth of her enslavement was more tangible than ever before. And she liked it! She wanted him. No man had ever made her feel this way. There were no bonds or chains, no canes or whips. He was dominating her with sheer physical strength. It transcended bondage even mere rape. It was a demonstration of the dominance of the male over the female in its most profound form, spiced by its interracial qualities. Dana was just female property, which existed to be fucked.

She finally gave in completely, surrendering at that moment to this man, to his society, and to his big black organ. It was not an end to her fear or shame, or but it was an end to all resistance. Never again would she wonder about life as a free person or even long for her old existence. She was Dana, the little slave whore. That was her destiny.

And now it was time for a consummation of sorts. Not of marriage, as Dana would once have expected from this act, but as master and slave. One more husky grunt and thrust and he pinned her to the bed with all his might, pressing himself as hard and deep as possible. When he came, pouring the hot liquid of his essence into her, it was as an iron searing into her soul, branding her forever as his fuck-whore.

And most appalling of all, to the former virgin was that part of her own innermost being that welcomed it so!

Chapter 10

The time passed, and Andrea's belly grew more and more pronounced. She would lie in her hut some nights, running her hand over it with wonder, feeling the delightful little shudders and kicks, even wondering at times who the father might be. During this time, she didn't have much contact with males. She was off limits to the white boys of course, being already pregnant, and she was of little use to the black men aside from the occasional cock sucking they demanded.

Nature took its course, and one day it was Andrea who wadded out of the paddy holding her round belly. She lay in the soft grass on the road embankment as the contractions gripped her. Her friend Amy was at her side.

Even though she'd lost practically every scrap of modesty, and witnessed the delivery of many children, she thought she would be self conscious about giving birth on the very public embankment. She had hoped the labor would begin at night, and she could have the child in her own hut. Alas, the labor pains had begun in the morning, and by late afternoon she was delivering. Once the birth began in earnest however, she found that she was unable to think about anything but the pain, and the instinct to push.

"Come on Andrea, you can do it," encouraged Amy.

Andrea grunted crudely and yelled as the painful contractions gripped her. She was clawing at the grass and grinding her bare heels into the muddy bank.

"Oooohhhh, aaaggg god," she choked out, through clinched teeth.

Amy took her hand and squeezed. "Push honey," she said. "I can see the head now. Push it out! PUSH!"

"UUUGGG... UUUAAGGGHHHHH... oh my god... huuu... AAAGGGGGHHHHHH...!"

"Push now, Honey... its little head's out."

Only two more contractions and Andrea's baby oozed live and squirming out of her stretched vagina. She heard a little gasp for breath and then the high pitched squall. Andrea lay gasping for breath as Amy cleaned the child with a warm, wet cloth. Someone handed Amy a second towel, a cool one, which the girl applied to Andrea's face to wipe the sweat from her eyes. Andrea could see it was M'buto who had supplied the kindness, and it was his handsome face that smiled down at her.

Amy brought the baby up to Andrea's face. "A little girl!" she exclaimed, placing the baby at Andrea's breast.

The new mother cried with joy, gazing into the infant's tiny face. She had never seen anything so beautiful. As Amy cleaned her labia of the afterbirth Andrea felt the hungry little mouth fasten about her swollen nipple, nursing with a robust suction. Andrea looked up at M'buto. She could sense his approval and it filled her with pride.

"Mistress be most pleased with her newest slave," he said, smiling good-naturedly. "The first of many from you belly."

About three months later, Andrea was sitting on the road bank of one of the rice paddies, nursing her baby during a lunch break. She looked down at the beautiful little girl, suckling contentedly at her mother's now swollen breasts.

Like her friend Amy, who was now back working the in the paddy, Andrea had been selected as a wet nurse. Her breasts had naturally responded to the extra milk demand, and were now always full and tender. Her areolas and nipples, once a mild shade

of pink, had become a dark, lurid red, the teats fat and elongated from the constant suction of hungry little mouths.

"Would you feed him, Andrea?" asked Jenny, a teenage, auburn haired girl. She was holding her six-month-old son, who was fussing and squirming.

"I have to go to the grove with Jordy," she told Andrea. "If I don't get pregnant this cycle, the mistress will give me ten minutes with he rod," she fretted. "Even worse, I might lose him," she said, unconsciously pressing the child to her own breast.

"You can leave him. I have enough milk," said Andrea, graciously.

She did indeed have enough milk. Her breasts were uncomfortably full at the moment, and the nipple not in use was leaking and dripping down her tan, bare chest.

Jenny nodded gratefully and placed her baby at Andrea's nipple where the infant immediately began to nurse with greedy little coos.

Andrea sighed and watched the ragged workers as they waited for their food. The water was mostly gone from the paddy now, and the slaves were cutting the mature rice. They sweated in the hot sun; their bare feet caked in the thick, congealing mud. It was like a wheel, endlessly turning, season after season. In a few weeks they would flood the paddy, and the cycle would begin yet again.

Other wheels were coming nearly full circle. Amy had given birth to her third baby, a squint-eyed little male bastard with thick dark hair. All of the women agreed he had been sired by Jordy, with whom Amy had spent several nights during her most fertile time. This was by order of Dominika N'kuba. Kerri, the first young woman she had seen give birth at the plantation, was full term, and nearly ready to drop her second child. And Evelyn's belly was swelling again. It was the way white slave girls marked the time, the planting and harvest of the rice, and the conceiving and birthing of babies.

Generally, the mistress or the overseers, not the slave mother, would name the children. Dominika called Andrea's baby, Kaa. Most of the other women thought that Kaa's father was probably Jamie. She had his round, heart-shaped face and bright blue eyes, a stunningly beautiful child. But like all the women, Andrea's maternal instincts were such that she would have loved the little girl no matter who the male had been. They were very devoted to their offspring. With marriage forbidden and paternal identity made deliberately chaotic by the overseers, it was the only family bond permitted to the slaves. At least, until the child was weaned.

Now however, the slaves were very restless and apprehensive. It was nearing the end of the first rice season, when there would be a short slackening of work on the plantation. The slaves would be repairing their mud and stick houses and the black overseers and farm workers would be doing maintenance on the plantation's equipment. It was also the season when the mistress began to select the whelps to be sold.

Despite the welcome reality of less work and more social time, the slaves, especially the women, lived in dread of this season. Any of them could be sold or traded to another farm, or factory. A troublesome or simply unlucky slave might be sold off to the mines or the brothels, or worst of all, to a university or research center.

Even the overseers and farm technicians were nervous, since it was the time when their boss made decisions on the number of employees that would be needed for the coming year.

It was the slave women with children though; who suffered the most anxiety. Dominika usually did not sell whelps that were still suckling. They were simply not worth a great deal at auction. But any child over the age of about a year was marketable, and therefore at risk. They all knew of course, that the eventual sale of their progeny was likely, probably even inevitable, they were after all slaves on a breeding farm. That knowledge however did little to console the women. All they could do was hope for a reprieve during these times that would let them keep their children a little longer.

This year, the commodity prices for white children between the ages of two and twelve, (picas, as they were called) were very high. The rumor was that the mistress intended to sell a number of picas, particularly the males, in order to finance the purchase of a few more breeder females.

Sure enough, when the slaves returned that evening, about twenty of the women were told to line up behind the rail with their children. The rest were assembled a few feet away with grave faces, as if witnessing punishment.

There was much soft crying and fear on the faces of the women as they waited for their mistress to appear from the office. All of them knew what was about to transpire, but were holding their breath, hoping against hope for some miracle.

Dominika N'kuba stepped outside, and all the slaves immediately went to their knees. She strode imperiously over to the first mother at the railing, followed by M'buto and Mugaba.

The mistress did not even bother to address the other slaves or explain the reason for the assembly. Everyone knew what was going on, and besides, they were slaves and had no say in the business decisions of the plantation. It was a useful disciplinary tool however, for them to witness their fellow slaves being selected for sale.

The first slave was a dark haired woman of about thirty. She had a ten year old boy who had been born to her before her capture about two years earlier, and had been lucky enough to have been sold with him. She also had another child, a girl of about eight months. M'buto took a notebook from his pocket.

"This girl poor breeder. She had to be artificially inseminated with younger whelp. Now she still not pregnant eight months after dropping. Male slaves say she hard to mount and she sometimes turn them down when approached. Sometimes she fight. Also she been insolent to Tabu. She hides from him."

"Please mistress," begged the woman. "Please, I won't be insolent... I will try harder, I..."

"Sell the 'pica,'" said the black woman.

The naked little boy began crying and clinging to his mother, and the woman wailed with desolation. "Please mistress. Don't take my child... Oh please, I will conceive, I'll lay with Jordy every night, I swear! Oh please, mistress... Mistress...!"

"Yes, you will get pregnant, and soon," said Dominika. "Or we'll sell the little whelp as well."

Mugaba pulled the boy from his sobbing mother, and handed him to another overseer. This man picked up the child and carried him to a waiting truck.

They moved to the next slave. This woman had three children, a three-year-old, a two-year-old, and a suckling baby.

"This woman slacker," said M'buto. "Always do less than other slaves. Have to be watched all the time. She stand and talk with other slaves, work slow, even though she warned many times."

"Sell the two picas," said the mistress.

"But... but mistress," she pleaded. "I'm pregnant again. I breed lots of babies. I produce well for you... please mistress, have mercy!"

But Mugaba was already pulling the squealing, frightened children from her grasp. She too collapsed sobbing onto the dirt as they were led away.

"This woman late in becoming pregnant after second child," said M'buto, after they had moved to the next slave. She was a petite and comely girl who looked no older than eighteen. She clutched and rocked a toddler and a baby about six months old, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Sell the older whelp," said the mistress.

The girl wailed and held the children tighter. She looked up at the black woman, her big brown eyes pleading, overflowing with tears.

It was M'buto who spoke. "She good breeder ma'am, fuck like horny little monkey when we red dot her. She good paddy worker too. This girl been sick and M'buto think that keep her from taking. M'buto think she deserve another chance, if mistress say all right."

"Very well, M'buto," said Dominika. "We'll let her keep the whelps if she's pregnant after her next cycle."

"Thank you... thank you mistress," gushed the hysterical mother.

"Thank M'buto," chuckled the black woman. The girl crawled to him and took his hand, kissing it and wetting it with her tears. "Thank you sir," she whimpered, clutching her babies to her breast with one arm and holing his hand to her face with the other. "Thank you, thank you... oh, thank you..." Her miracle had occurred.

On down the line they continued, but none of the women received any mercy except for the one M'buto had spoken for. When they were done, there were nearly thirty naked, crying white children caged in the heavy farm truck, awaiting transport to the slave market. Their mothers wailed and sobbed disconsolately in the dirt, some of them still pleading abjectly for the mistress to relent.

Dominika strode over to the truck with the two overseers to inspect the consignment.

"This very good yield of picas ma'am," said Mugaba.

The mistress smiled. It was indeed a fine group, top quality. All of them healthy and bright eyed. Prices for slaves were very high at the moment, and it was a particularly good seller's market for picas. She figured this lot would easily bring in enough cash to pay for some much needed repairs to equipment, purchase two or three more breeding females and provide a nice profit besides.

Perhaps a short vacation was in order. She could spend a couple of weeks down at one of the posh resorts at the Cape. It would be nice to spend some time on the beaches, away from the farm.

Someone would need to attend the auction of these slaves, but she could send M'buto to do that. There was also the seminar on slave pacification and breeding techniques that she wanted him to attend. Yes, it was time she rewarded him with something extra for his hard work.

Andrea lay on the reed mat in the little mud hut, watching the lightening course through the darkened sky. It had been a nice relaxing day with no real work. The kind of day slaves usually get only on Friday, the Moslem holy day. It had rained hard since morning, and even the repairs to the little hovels had to be put off.

Her baby, Kaa was gurgling contentedly; cooing softly at the taste of the little bits of rice and meat her mother was chewing for her. Andrea had stopped breast feeding a little over a month before in order to increase her fertility. She had passed her wet nurse duties on to the next new mother, who was breast feeding Kaa and returning her to sleep with Andrea.

Mama gazed lovingly into her daughter's pristine little face, wondering once more who the father might be. Was it Jamie? The timing was correct, she had conceived her second month on the farm. She didn't have Jordy's hair, as did many of the other Caucasian infants spawned in the paddies. But she could also be Timmy's, or Patty's or from a half dozen others.

Andrea looked down at herself, still illuminated in the fading twilight. Despite the fact that she had borne a child, she was even more beautiful and trim than before she had been captured. She was tan now from head to toe, even under her wrap which was always off when she fucked in the sunlight in the little glade. Her breasts were slightly larger, having attained their matronly fullness. And her nipples were still elongated teats, gorged red. In her old life, she would have thought them ugly and coarse, but she rather liked them now. The condition was probably permanent in any case and M'buto loved them, suckling and pulling them playfully.

"M'buto," she sighed. How she wished she was in his bed right now! She longed to feel his firm, powerful body pounding on hers. To be taken, swept away by his strength and will. Filled! With his potent essence gushing forth into her receptive womb. She thought about him day and night now and knew it was an obsession. But she couldn't help it. She was in love. And his very racial superiority and "unobtainableness" seemed to add fuel to the fire of her passion.

It was so odd, thought Andrea, but also so natural and so female. Most of the white women, including Andrea, would not have given the big overseer a second thought in their previous lives. But now, here, he was the dream of every female slave. The female always chose the most powerful and virile male, for a variety of reasons. In their states as slaves each woman knew the black males were dominant, and their tastes and standards of physical attractiveness had instinctively evolved with the new order. Negroid features were handsome and irresistible, filling every slave girl's secret thoughts.

Yet M'buto was somehow different. It was not just his commanding physical presence or this stunning good looks. He was a just and equitable overseer, even at times almost tender and kind. This combination of power and substance in a man drove Andrea's libido into paroxysms.

It was true; he had told her he would let her have his baby. But had he said that just to enhance her enthusiasm and performance while he fucked her? It was possible, but Andrea felt he would not tell her that if she had no chance for a relationship. She trusted him.

Andrea watched the last rays of the sun, set in a rapidly clearing sky. In two days she would be red bellied again, but thoughts of M'buto would not leave her mind. She loved little Kaa dearly, but she wanted a child that would have a future beyond the rice paddies and the breeding hovels. She wanted a black baby by M'buto- but she knew she had a lot of white female competition.

Chapter 11

“She looks as if she’ll pop any day now,” laughed the fat woman as she shoveled more grapes into her mouth. The other black ladies twittered with amusement as the naked and very pregnant white girl scurried about, serving them.

“Actually, she still has a month to go,” said Bruna. Then to the slave, “turn again, slowly. Show off your belly.”

Dana stood before her mistress and the three well-dressed guests. She set the tray of fruit she had been serving on the table and obediently raised her arms and arched her back forward, displaying her prominent maternal swell. She turned slowly in place so that every angle of her form was viewable.

The white girl had done this before, moments ago, as she served them from the tray of tea and cakes. Bruna had ordered her to drop her wrap, raise her arms and parade about the table to amuse her guests. Dana had obeyed, keeping her eyes down and her face impassive. Now she had to do it all over again. The women seemed delighted, almost mesmerized by her huge abdomen and its implications.

“I simply must get Omar to buy me a surrogate,” said another of the women. “We should have already started a family.”

“These new medical procedures are amazing, aren’t they?” asked the third black lady.

“Yes, it’s wonderful,” said Bruna. “There’s no need to go through the discomfort of pregnancy and child birth anymore.”

Dana was still turning, afraid to stop lest her mistress become angry. Bruna was especially sensitive in the presence of her friends to any hint of defiance on the slave girl’s part. Dana knew she would feel the cane for even the slightest error after Bruna’s guests were gone. But even with all she had been through there were still traces of modesty in the white girl, and she flushed as she felt their hot, gloating eyes on her delicate skin.

There was a fresh eruption of feminine laughter as Bruna pointed out the slave girl’s swollen nipples and puffy labia.

“She’s such a little whore/sow,” said Bruna. “My father uses her every night and he says she’s the most venial little slut he’s ever taken. She has this innocent exterior, but show her the whip and she’s fucking like a monkey in heat before you put it down.”

“Bruna!” said one of the guests with mock propriety. “You should have more respect for your father’s privacy.”

“That’s nothing,” said Bruna laughing. “I’ve seen how he likes to take her now. She rides him over his hips while puts his hands on her round belly. He likes to feel my little angels kick her slave womb from the inside while she ruts on his shank.” There were more giggles and hands over mouths.

“Well,” said another of the guests. “By the Prophet he deserves it. He waited all his life to see the restoration of the true man. He fought these creatures when they had control of our land. If it gives him pleasure to use a cauc female then I’m glad of it.”

The other women nodded their assent.

“But she’s so big, Bruna,” continued the fat woman. “Do you really think she’ll make it nine months?”

“We thought about a cesarean, and that’s still an option. But the doctor says she is doing fine. Besides, Halie and I would like this cauc to deliver in the normal way, so my father can watch and enjoy.”

“Did you know,” continued Bruna, “that in her former life, this cauc was part of a very powerful family. That’s right. Her father was one of the principle leaders of

Zimbabwe after the caucs seized power there for a while. He was very evil. He mocked the Prophet and had many of our people executed!”

Dana winced despite herself. What her mistress was saying was untrue and the pregnant white slave girl knew it. Her father had done his best to stop the killings. That was all in the past now but Dana couldn’t help shedding a tear as she thought of him.

“Imagine if her father could see his daughter now, swollen like a seed pod with my black babies!”

In retrospect, Dana never knew what got into her at that exact moment. Perhaps it was the fading memory of her father, or her unnaturally raging hormones. But she gasped with indignation, blurting, “YOUR BABIES?”

There was stunned silence, as none of the women, (including Dana) could believe what they had just heard.

Bruna’s face slowly passed from astonishment to murderous rage. Dana quailed but could see hate on her mistress’ face unlike anything she had ever encountered.

“Yesss,” hissed Bruna. “YOU IMPERTINENT CAUC! Yes, MY children. The babies you carry are mine and my husband’s, implanted into you! You’re nothing but a husk! You haven’t been told this because you don’t need to know, slave. You think my father or my husband knocked you up. Well, now is a good time to enlighten you. You’ve been artificially inseminated with our children, Halie and I.”

“Yes, that’s right,” said the mistress in response to Dana’s look of dawning horror. “You’re just a surrogate, an animal, a womb with arms and legs. And now I’m going to make you sorry you even exist!”

The slave girl was shaking now. She knew what her mistress was capable of. She had received many agonizing punishments for misdeeds far less serious as the one she had just committed.

Suddenly the black mistress screamed. “STAND STILL! YOU LITTLE SOW!”

Dana froze with fear. Too afraid even to whimper or cry.

“You piece of cauc filth! You think because you’re in a maternal condition that I can’t use the cane on you? Go fetch it.”

Now almost insane with terror and weeping pathetically, Dana ran from the room. She returned seconds later, her breasts and belly bouncing with her hurried steps. The color had drained from her face as she knelt and offered the object of punishment to her mistress.

“Please cor... correct my be... behavior mistress,” whimpered the slave girl.

“Bend over, legs apart... all the way over!”

The white girl tried to obey, but her expectant middle made it difficult to bend over and keep her balance.

“Please mistress, I... I can’t...”

“Palms and soles on the floor, sow,” she yelled, delivering a savage blow to Dana’s upper buttocks.

“Aaaaggghhhhh, please mistress. I’m... too biiigggg!” she wailed.

“Spread your legs wider. DO IT!”

AAAAAAGGGIIIIIGGGGHH. Bruna punctuated her demand with another lash.

“Please, mistress... Don’t hurt my babies!” said Dana, unthinking in her blind pain that the phrase “my babies” would make her mistress even more enraged.

“YOUR BABIES! SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU WHITE FILTH! Get into the position or I’ll flay the flesh from your lazy cauc ass!”

With the utmost strain, Dana complied. Her huge abdomen hung low, heavy with her owner’s offspring. Finally as she looked up, legs straight, hands and feet flat on the cold floor, the air in the dining room seemed electric.

Even the other black women were looking at each other with uncertainty. The cane was a powerful instrument and none of them wanted to witness a miscarriage right there on the floor. Everyone held their breath as Bruna reared back with the lacquered rod for a tremendous blow- but stopped in mid swing.

“Bruna,” said Halie forcefully. He had entered the room just in time. “May I speak with you please?”

Through her legs looking upside down Dana could see her mistress’ face roiling with fury. But she lowered the cane and walked over to her husband. He closed the door but everyone could hear the muffled argument. Finally Bruna returned calm, a strained smile on her face. Dana was sent to finish the laundry in the basement while her mistress continued with her tea party.

It was horrible waiting. Dana knew that her mistress’ anger was not abated and that there was going to be some terrible consequence for her outburst. When the door to the basement opened, Dana swallowed hard and went to her knees.

Bruna was calm, but the white girl could tell that her temper was barely under control.

“How dare you question me in that tone before my guests!”

“Please mistress, forgive me. I don’t know why... Why I...”

“Silence, vermin! My husband doesn’t want to risk our children by caning you right now, and he’s right. But as soon as you’ve given birth I’m going to give you fifty lashes. Then when I can get another slave to wet nurse I’m going to sell you to a brothel. The cheapest and busiest one I can find. Then we’ll see how special you feel servicing ten men a day to make your owner some pocket change!”

Chapter 12

Andrea almost fainted when she received the news. Tabu told her that she was to be sent to the city with M'buto. Andrea was stunned. She had thought that Dominika had already decided on which slaves she wanted to sell. Tabu was grinning broadly, but she did not realize it was because he had just watched a particularly lubricious performance by Elsbeth in the grove. The woman M'buto had spoken for in line was absolutely desperate to please the overseers, and become pregnant. Tabu and the other overseers had watched and laughed as the girl rutted with three of the white males during the lunch period alone. He was still amused by the way she had followed Jordy, (regarded as the most potently fertile of the males) back to his hovel and begged to spend the night with him.

Andrea assumed the cruel smile on Tabu's face was because she herself was going to be sold.

The slave girl was devastated. Why was the mistress selling her? She was a hard worker and a fertile breeder. She did not deserve to lose her baby, her friends, and her lover, M'buto. Life was so unfair!

The rest of the day she worked in misery. It was the darkest day she had known since coming to the plantation.

She slept fitfully that night. The next morning preparations were being completed for M'buto's trip to the city. Andrea was told not to go to the paddy, but to soap, shower, and also wash her wrap. She continued to be depressed and confused about her upcoming sale, holding her baby close and crying.

At noon she was told to give the baby to one of the other slaves, and get in the back of the pick up. She finally broke down, kneeling abjectly before M'buto, crying and begging. "Please sir. I don't know what I did wrong... I'll be good... I'll get pregnant again my next cycle, I swear. Please tell the mistress I'll be good... Please speak for me... let me stay sir, *please*."

The overseer looked at her quizzically, as if puzzled by her behavior. Then he began laughing.

"Silly slave girl," said M'buto. You not to be sold. M'buto only taking you with him to the city to carry bags and warm bed. M'buto meeting with group of growers, and about purchasing two more female breeders. Also see seminar on insemination methods. Mistress too busy to go herself."

Andrea's mouth dropped open. She went suddenly from the depths of despair to the heights of ecstasy. A chance to get off the farm and see the city, and several days alone with M'buto. It seemed too good to be true!

"But, will mistress approve?" asked Andrea.

"Mistress very happy with last sale of slaves. She want to reward M'buto. Also, no rice paddy work for few days, so farm not busy. Farm survive without one slave girl for few days," M'buto laughed.

Andrea giggled too, unable to keep the relief and joy contained. M'buto reached under her wrap and gave her clit the familiar little flick. He told her to fetch his bags from the bungalow and she obeyed, with a little spring in her step. Moments later she emerged from the house with his light luggage and padded over to the truck. Then she loaded his bags and climbed in the bed, where M'buto chained her down.

After they had left the plantation and were several miles down the highway, M'buto pulled over to the side of the road. He unlocked an astonished Andrea's collar chain, and told her to get into the truck cab.

"Long drive ahead," he said. "M'buto not want to fall asleep at wheel. We talk."

Andrea could scarcely believe she was being allowed to ride in the front of the truck. Clad only in her wrap, she had been dreading the long, windy ride, but figured it was well worth it. Now it looked as if she would be spared the wind and weather.

They talked about the countryside, and the little towns. M'buto told her more about the trip. They would be gone for several nights and stay in a hotel in Hakeem City. He would conduct his business and then they would return to the plantation.

She was interested to discover that another reason Mistress Dominika had sent M'buto was his mastery of Bantu, the high tongue. His English was broken and stilted. But English was the common tongue, considered a profane language. Government and big business were conducted in Bantu, and his eloquence in it was a real asset to the mistress.

They drove on and Andrea noticed the traffic. Everything was bustling and booming, from the road construction to new factories and housing. Even the billboards were interesting. There were ads for everything under the sun, including slaves. There was one sign advertising a major racetrack.

"Come to see the action," it read. "Thoroughbreds. Greyhounds. Caucs. Racing at its finest."

The sign featured a colorful composite of horses, dogs, and whites, all racing in harness, in successive events.

M'buto told her that whites were called "caucs" in the city.

Several hours later, they arrived at their destination, the great, grand and thoroughly African metropolis of Hakeem City, Capital of the Islamic African Empire and now the greatest city in the world.

The city's skyline was most impressive, especially since the vast majority of Hakeem city had been built within the last ten to fifteen years. As such it was a planned city, with broad, grid-like streets and open vistas. Green parks graced the metropolis with regularity and the car traffic was heavy, but not snarled.

They left the modern elevated highway and turned into the city proper. Here Andrea could see more of the people.

They appeared to be in a financial or business district. Many black men dressed in suits traveled the streets. Andrea thought they must be executives or high level functionaries. Their dress suits had a kind of flair to them, making them appear to be distinctly African. Business attire here seemed to be an amalgamation of Western style coat and tie, and traditional African garb. And all the colors were bright, yet distinguished.

Some of the men were accompanied by impeccably dressed black women, who were obviously colleagues or secretaries. Many more however were followed, (always respectfully, two or three steps behind) by beautiful, well-groomed white women. Always the black women were conservatively but colorfully dressed, the necks of their blouses open but high. They all seemed dignified and demure, even, Andrea thought, a bit haughty at times. Always the white women wore an inexpensive looking skirt, and were bare breasted. In terms of the whites, it was almost like a uniform, as if a universally agreed upon slave fashion.

M'buto parked the truck and they walked to a bank he needed to visit. The large, modern office buildings and the public works impressed Andrea. The city seemed cleaner and better ordered than any city that she remembered, in stark contrast to the image she had always had of black African cities as places of squalor on filth.

As they waited on a street corner for a traffic light, Andrea saw a black woman and young girl of perhaps twelve walking with a white male slave following them. He appeared to be thirty-five, or perhaps a little older, and wore a little pleated skirt just like the white women she had seen. Aside from that, he was totally naked except for a collar.

Laden with bags, he stumbled as they passed, spilling one of them. Enraged, the young girl turned, and ordered the man to kneel. The fully-grown white man cringed, but went to his knees on the sidewalk, obediently.

“Punishment position!” shouted the girl. The order sounded audacious directed at an adult white man and coming from a little black girl.

Without resistance or hesitation the man spread his legs and pulled his skirt over his back to expose his buttocks. He put his face and hands on the ground. Then the girl proceeded to lash between his legs with a leather whip, the stinging blows landing perfectly on his testicles. Andrea could see the searing pain on the man’s face as he cried out in agony, begging for mercy and crying like a little boy. The girl coldly continued while her mother looked on approvingly.

Only when the man was screaming, his balls red and swollen did she relent.

“Next time you will be more careful, cauc boy,” said the girl. “Or I’ll give you some of the rod.”

“Yes mistress... yes mistress...” he cried, kneeling in front of the little black girl and rubbing his balls pathetically.

At the bank, M’buto chained Andrea outside in an area, provided for slaves.

“M’buto be here for two hours, maybe more. Send you food later. He patted her on the head and reached under her wrap to flick her clitoris affectionately. “You be good girl,” he smiled, and Andrea smiled back. Then he picked up the leather briefcase she had been carrying and headed into the bank.

Andrea sat down to wait. She continued to marvel at the activity, beauty, and luxury of the city. Automobiles went whizzing by, most of them sleek, later models. Pedestrians walked along the gleaming sidewalks, hurrying to conduct their commerce. All the black people were dressed smartly in silks and the African business suits. The atmosphere was very much like a great city in America or Europe before the great biowar. She noticed though, that while the styles were varied, black people seemed much fonder of bright, vibrant colors and flowing garments than white people would have been. Indeed, it was the white slaves that were clad in drab brown or gray, or like herself, in plain white.

Even the slaves though, appeared to be neatly dressed, certainly better than their counterparts on the plantations. Sitting idly, Andrea had a chance to observe them more closely as well. They were, as she had already seen, nearly all females, though from time to time a curiously androgynous male walked by, usually trailing a black woman. The males wore the same outfit as the white women, a pleated skirt-like garment that started just above their pubic hair and extended to just above their knees. Everyone, even the slaves, appeared impeccably clean, and their clothing in good repair.

Andrea saw her reflection in the gleaming glass exteriors of the bank. She looked pathetic and ragamuffin in her ragged, threadbare wrap, but she was too bedazzled by the sights to care much. She loved watching the people go by.

The place where M’buto had tethered her featured a steel rod that ran the length of the wide concrete walkway. It was obviously designed as a convenient location where masters or mistresses could keep their slaves while they were in the bank, conducting business. There was even a foam mat that ran along the line of the rod, for the slaves sit or lay on.

Andrea looked at the concrete wall behind her, and noticed for the first time, the facilities provided for her. There were water faucets recessed in the wall. Not ball spigots but real drinking fountains! There was a toilet. A real portable toilet enclosed so she could sit in private! And all of it was within easy reach of the tethered slaves. Andrea could not resist, though she really was not thirsty nor did she need to relieve herself, the white girl rose and padded over to the fountains, her long tether sliding along the rod on a

ring. The fountain was marked with the words, “slave,” and the universal symbol of a white figure kneeling. She looked around nervously, still not able to believe that such luxury was for her, but the fountain opened automatically as she bent to drink, and the cool, clear water tasted magnificent on the warm day. Next she tried the toilet, gasping with delight as the door closed, and allowed her to urinate in private. She had not been able to do that in over a year! There was even a small slit in the door to allow it to close over her tether. There was real toilet paper, with which to wipe herself. Andrea was in heaven.

When she emerged from the toilet, (having spent several more minutes inside than she needed to, reveling in its luxury, despite the smell), there was another slave, a woman of about twenty-five, chained to the wall. Unlike Andrea, she was tethered to a loop in the wall, just above her head. She had none of the freedom of movement that Andrea had, and she was forced to stand. Additionally, she was naked, and her arms were tied behind her back, her elbows linked closely together.

Andrea tried to say something to the girl, but she turned with a frightened expression and whispered, “please, I’m being punished. I can’t talk.”

When the girl turned, Andrea noticed that someone had scrawled the word “primper” in black marker, on her belly.

A few moments later, Andrea watched with astonishment as a black man stopped in front of the girl, slapped her in the face, and proceeded to pull roughly at her nipples. The girl gasped, then managed an anguished “thank you, sir.”

Over the next hour, the process continued as every black male, regardless of age stopped, slapped her, and fondled or pulled at her breast. And each time the girl choked “thank you, sir” to her abuser. It was as if they were performing some ritual.

Once a robed Imam of the Faith happened by. He not only slapped the girl and twisted her nipples, but berated her for several minutes, shaking a finger at her as though she were an errant child.

Andrea wondered what the girl had done, and sat quietly lest she accidentally commit a similar offense. After about an hour, the girl’s master emerged from the bank, released her from the tether, and led her off.

Andrea was fed by another female slave who appeared with a paper plate heaped with steaming sudsa. She tried to speak with the girl but the slave ignored her and returned to the bank building.

It was shortly afterward that M’buto emerged from the bank. He unlocked her tether and they walked to the truck. She got in the back of course, not wanting to embarrass him in the city.

When M’buto entered a restaurant later in the day, he had to leave Andrea tied to the truck, since the only slaves allowed were owned by the business itself.

While waiting she saw another white woman tethered to a pole a few feet away. Her arms were also bound behind her and she was being subjected to the same abuse. On her belly was scrawled more writing, beside the word “primper,” in bold black ink.

“Can you talk?” asked Andrea.

“Yes,” said the girl. “As long as no one else is around.”

Andrea smiled. At least this girl seemed to be willing to explain what was happening.

“But why are they slapping you? What does it mean, primping?”

The girl looked at Andrea quizzically. “Are you newly captured?” she asked.

“I’ve been a slave for over a year,” said Andrea. “But I’ve never been to the city.”

“Primping is when a white girl attempts to hide or shield her breasts from view,” said the other girl. “Either with her hands or hair, or by turning away. The black men consider it to be an insult to them.”

“Why is that?” asked Andrea.

“White women must be bare breasted. It’s a demonstration of how we are different from and inferior to their women. Also it’s symbolic of the white female as property of the black man. You know, open and vulnerable to their eyes and their hands. That’s what my master says, anyway. It’s all in the Hakeem Koran.” The girl looked down on the koranic reference on her abdomen below the word *primper*. “Words of the New Prophet: Chapter 61.”

“What does the reference say?” asked Andrea curiously.

“I don’t know. I’ve never been allowed to read from it, but it talks about the white race, and gives rules for how we’re to be treated.”

“I saw another girl being slapped yesterday,” said Andrea.

“Yes,” said the girl. “It is the traditional punishment, quite common.”

“How long does it last?”

“Only about a week, or until your master thinks he’s broken you of it. My master is not a cruel man, but it is an embarrassment to a master to own a slave girl who primps. He’s warned me several times, but it is so hard to learn not to cover your chest when you’ve grown up in the old white society, as a free woman. It’s much easier for me now than at first. Right after I was trained and sold they put me out on the street like this. I was crying and red-faced all the time. I even tried to steal a shawl to wear when my master was not around. An Imam told him about it and it brought shame on him and his family. He caned me. Twenty strokes on the public sidewalk. The first time in my life I’ve felt really agonizing pain. For days after that he made me follow him on the streets whenever he went out. I had to keep my fingers laced behind my neck and elbows back, thrusting out my naked chest. Whenever an Imam walked by he would make me kind of shake, so my tits would bounce and jiggle.”

Andrea listened as she learned yet another thing about African society. She had thought that the slaves were provided with such meager clothing because Mistress Dominika and the other plantation owners wanted to save money. She had not known until her trip to the city that it was some kind of social mandate.

“I’ve never tried to wear anything above my hips again,” said the girl. “But still when I get nervous, my hands go to my nipples. The younger white girls are lucky. It’s easier if you grow up here, bare breasted.”

She was right, realized Andrea. The next generation of white girls, the ones being bred in captivity like her own daughter, would know nothing else. For them it would be totally normal for a white female to be topless.

“How long have you been a slave?” asked Andrea.

“I was captured over six months ago. Since then I’ve been trained in his household... shhh, my master is returning.”

That was the last Andrea spoke with the girl. A minute later her black owner released her from the pole, and led her away.

When M’buto emerged from the restaurant, it was time to find a hotel. There were many in the district they were in. Along the streets slave girls scurried carrying bags or running errands.

But there were also other girls who looked and acted differently than the slaves Andrea had hitherto seen on the streets. They were naked, except for shiny brass cuffs on their ankles and wrists. Each band, including their brass collars, held several small bells that tinkled when they moved. They were very animated and Andrea could see they were in fierce competition to approach each black man as he walked down the sidewalk.

“Who are these girls?” whispered Andrea.

“Those women whores,” said M’buto. “They slaves of hotel owners. They go outside sometimes to find men, and bring them back to hotel to fuck. Then Hotel charge customer.”

Andrea was at once fascinated and repelled by these women. She knew that practically every white woman she had seen today had a black master or mistress who used her carnally. She herself of course, was very sexually active at the plantation. But this seemed different. It was so blatantly whorish. These women weren’t engaging in sex for procreation, or as the “personal assistant” of one man. They were selling it outright on the streets, purely to fill their master’s coffers!

M’buto headed to one of the nicer hotels, and Andrea who was carrying his bags traipsed along behind him. There were several of the hotel prostitutes, a particularly eager lot of them working this section of the street.

They strutted provocatively, swiveling their hips and making their bare breasts bounce. They seemed utterly contemptuous of normal female modesty and every movement was a lewd invitation for men to slake their lust in their ripe white bodies.

But there was something familiar about one of them. As they moved closer, Andrea sensed something in the sound of her voice or the way she held herself.

It took Andrea a few moments before she could place it. The girl was turned away and Andrea could see nothing of her face. But then the bejangled harlot looked at them, and made eye contact for an instant. Andrea realized, with the shock of her life- this particular whore was her sister, Cecelia!

Chapter 13

M'buto stopped in front of the hotel and Cecelia ran up to him and was immediately touching him, kissing him, attempting to rub her naked body against his in the most salacious manner. "Would you like to fuck me at the Shaka Hotel, master? Please take me inside and fuck me, please!"

"How much?" asked M'buto.

"One hundred Hakeems per fucking night for the room, master," she cooed, licking his ear. "Fucking me is free."

"Cece?" asked Andrea, unable to believe the foulmouthed, naked whore was the chaste, sheltered sister she had once known.

The girl turned, puzzled by the strangely familiar voice. Then her face lit up with recognition.

"Fucking Andrea?" She asked.

"Is it really you, Cece?"

"Andrea," Cecelia gushed. "It's so fucking good to see you!"

The two sisters embraced for the first time in over a year. They hugged and giggled. But Andrea suddenly realized that M'buto was watching with raised eyebrows, waiting for an explanation.

"I'm... I'm sorry sir... This, um, this is my sister!"

"I see," said the overseer. "You talk. No punishment."

"Thank you, sir," said Andrea, tearing up a bit.

"What happened to you after we were separated?" Andrea asked.

Her sister told her quickly about the cattle car and the training center. "When I was fucking displayed before the auction, the owner of this hotel saw me. He was looking for innocent fucking virgins like me, to train. He says he likes to train virgins because they don't have to unlearn any bad fucking habits. I wasn't a virgin very fucking long after that," she giggled.

An angry black man appeared. He was apparently the proprietor of the hotel.

"What are you doing dawdling with this slave?" he demanded, pulling Cecelia cruelly by the hair. "There are still vacancies for tonight and if you don't fill one of them, the cane is ready! I should take it to you now for..."

M'buto spoke up in Bantu, "No need to trouble yourself with that sir, I have already agreed to use the whore at your establishment tonight."

The hotel owner looked M'buto up and down. He brightened immediately. This was a well-dressed young man who was obviously cultured and articulate in the high tongue. Perhaps he was the scion of an aristocratic family, or one of the new super rich young entrepreneurs.

"Ah, wonderful sir. My name is N'gato Rasheed, owner and manager of the Royal Shaka."

"M'buto Mohammed. Yes, your slave was very persuasive. She practically ripped my pants off, obviously a well trained she-cauc."

The hotel owner smiled with satisfaction. "Thank you, we do train them to please."

"It seems your slave and mine are related," said M'buto.

"Really?"

"Yes, sisters or some such, though who knows what that means among these creatures."

"Interesting," said the proprietor, guiding M'buto into the hotel. "Would you like your luggage taken to your room now, sir," he asked, moving behind the front desk.

“Yes, that would be fine, thank you.”

“Fuckcelia, take the gentleman’s bags to suite 512.”

“Fuck yes, master,” said the young woman. She picked up the luggage from where Andrea had set it down and scurried to the elevator, her bells jingling.

“Would you like to keep your slave in the hotel’s kennel sir?” the owner asked. “It’s a free service and she’ll be fed.”

“No I’ll require her services in the room tonight.”

The registration took a few minutes and soon the younger sister returned, kneeling beside M’buto.

The hotel owner looked down at her. “This gentleman’s slave is your sister?” he asked.

“Fuck yes, master.”

He nodded with amusement, and said in English, “Tell your sister how many men you’ve fucked, she-cauc!”

“I’ve been fucked 1592 times, by 1073 different men.”

“You know exactly how many?” Andrea asked, surprised that she had the impudence to speak, but shocked by her sister’s revelation.

“They make me keep a fucking exact account,” she replied. “If I’m off I get the fucking cane.”

M’buto proceeded to the room with the two slaves in tow. Once there he reverted to English. “You both unpack M’buto’s clothes. Wait in bedroom ‘til he get back.”

When they were alone, both girls hugged again.

“Oh Cece,” said Andrea crying. “I didn’t think I’d ever see you again.”

The younger girl was crying too. “I’ve missed you so fucking much, Andrea.”

They unpacked M’buto’s things and talked. Andrea looked closely at her sister. All she wore were the cuffs with the little brass bells on her wrists and ankles, and a collar. The collar was a beautiful thing. It looked like polished ivory, though it was probably really plastic. Etched in it however were the most artfully delicate, but obscene images of classic saturnalia. Couples engaged in sexual intercourse, in every conceivable position.

The brass bands were also intricately engraved. They looked Indian, and had a particularly exotic effect on the girl’s white flesh. The tiny brass bells chimed melodically with every move she made. Andrea found her sister’s nudity and sluttish adornments to be totally alien to her memories of the girl. Yet in the oddest way, they seemed to fit her now, as if they were both partly cause and effect of her mutation into her present identity.

Indeed, Cecelia herself was even lovelier now than before they were captured. Her breasts were filling out and her lithe body was even more curved and feminine. Her hair was clean and well kept and there were no blemishes on her skin. Whatever else had been done to her, her nutrition had been good and she had been well taken care of physically.

Andrea told her about the farm and about her baby. “You’re an aunt now, Cece,” she said with pride.

The younger girl giggled with excitement, but a second later became serious. “My master changed my fucking name. I’m Fuckcelia now. Please don’t use my old fucking name when anyone’s around or I could get in trouble.”

“What’s happened to you Cece? I mean, the way you talk...”

“I have to use the word fuck in every sentence,” she said. “If I don’t, and someone hears, I could get fucking caned.”

“Why do they make you do that?” asked Andrea.

"I think it's like a fucking trademark of the hotel," said Fuckcelia. "All the girls are required to fucking talk like this. To show it's always on our fucking minds. It's been so conditioned into me it's just fucking second nature for me now."

"And you're... you're a..."

"I'm a fucking whore," said the younger girl, evenly and with conviction.

Andrea nodded, a little embarrassed. "How... what did they do to you...?"

"The fucking training," said Fuckcelia. "It was fucking horrible at first."

"What... happened?" asked Andrea.

"My master, the owner of this hotel fucking bought five of us at auction. We were all fucking virgins. He wanted girls as fucking innocent and well brought up possible. Anyway, he had this fucking promotional competition for the hotel, even advertised it on the radio."

"He hosted five fucking companies of men from the Prophets armies who were coming from the front. He put them up in the fucking hotel with food and drinks, like a party."

"They fucking split us up, five white virgins in five rooms, one company assigned to each. The contest was to see how many fucking men could cum in one of our holes in 24 hours."

"I fucking won, Andrea," she said, her voice oddly hollow sounding, as if the desolation of that night still haunted her. "They fucked my cunt, ass, and mouth 219 times. They took the fucking sheets with our virgin blood back to the barracks as trophies. It was my first fucking night with a man, Andrea. 96 fucking men."

"Oh Cece, I'm so sorry," said Andrea. She *was* sorry for her sister, but in truth she also felt a salacious tingle in her own loins when she thought of her prudish, virginal sister deflowered in that manner.

"How... how could you survive it with so many..." asked Andrea.

The younger girl smiled faintly. "A woman can take a lot of fucking Andrea, certainly more than most people think. The lieutenant wanted to win the fucking bet, so he made a deal with me. He said that if I fucked at least four men an hour and got them off, he would lube up my pussy and ass and make sure the men entered me slow so as not to tear me. I fucking agreed, but I hated myself. Even though I was terribly afraid, I couldn't believe I had sold myself for a bottle of fuck lubricant."

"Of course after the first couple of hours there was so much fucking spunk in me he hardly needed the lube anymore. But I found I couldn't fucking stop myself. After the first few men I started to fucking like it. By the time the fucking contest ended the next day I was so exhausted I literally couldn't fucking move. But I was having almost continuous fucking orgasms when the men were inside me."

"That's how they fucking started us out," said Fuckcelia. "We spent a month in the fucking brothels near the military base as we learned our trade. It was very fucking hard at first. I was always tired from fucking several men day and night, day after night, night after day. They did some incredible fucking things to us."

"Then they bought us back here and put us on the fucking sidewalk in front of the hotel. The owner said the four of us who brought in the most fucking customers would stay. The bottom girl would be sold back to the fucking brothel. We all brought in and fucked as many customers as possible because we didn't want to go back to the brothel. We made it, Fuckleen, Fucklissa, Fucklizabeth, and me. The girl they sent to the fucking barracks is still there," she said with pity. "They say she still fucking begs to come back to the hotel."

Andrea shook her head with disbelief. Even the things she'd seen at the training center and the plantation had not prepared her this story. It was sickening and nasty- and stimulating.

"They fucking broke me, Andrea. Fucking Completely. I tried to fight for awhile, but you can't fucking win. Sooner or later they will bend you, change you into what they want with the fucking whips and canes and rods. Finally, you come to fucking love it as much as you hated it before. You *want* to be a fucking whore. I'm not a fucking psychologist but it's true. They've got it fucking figured out."

"I'm sorry I was so shocked, Cece. It's just that you've changed so much..."

"Let me show you something else they used to train us. Take a look."

The younger girl lay back on the bed and spread her legs obscenely. "Right here," she said, pointing to the top of her quim. Andrea looked closely and gasped. She could see a shinny ring pierced through her sister's clitoral hood. A tiny black ball hung from the ring and rested directly on the girl's pleasure bud. Andrea could see that every time the girl moved it would bounce on her clit and stimulate her.

"It's like having someone stroke you lightly on your fucking clit all the time," said the younger girl. "You get so you can't fucking think of anything but being sex. You just can't keep your fingers from going down and fucking playing with it. And all the diddling of the little ball makes you even more frantic for something to fuck you deep... deep up inside you. It makes you feel like you're on the edge of cumming all fucking day long."

Andrea shook her head in mute disbelief. No wonder her sister was changed after all she had been through.

"Well, that's the fucking story," said Fuckcelia, her face brightening up. "We live in the hotel and get the fucking cane whenever a someone complains, or we don't bring in enough customers. But I'm fucking well trained now and I rarely get punished. Because I'm the hottest fucking slut on this street," she said proudly.

Andrea's head spun. When she'd seen her sister last, she was a virgin, a borderline prude in her manner of dress and very demure and picky about whom she dated. Now she was a whore! With bitter irony Andrea remembered the day they had been captured. That day she had taken a beating and prostituted herself to protect this girl's chastity!

When M'buto returned he was greeted at the door by a woman almost maniacal in her determination to please him.

"Would you like a fucking beer, master? Or fucking wine perhaps?" asked Fuckcelia.

"M'buto bathe now," said M'buto. Andrea and her sister drew the bath water in the enormous sunken tub. It had water jets and seats. The younger girl undressed M'buto and Andrea applied some bath salts to the water.

The big black man stepped into the bath, and ordered the girls in as well. Andrea removed her wrap and they jumped into the water, sitting next to him, rubbing their bodies against his and kissing him. The girls worked the soap into his dark skin, giggled like ten-year-olds as they frolicked happily.

Andrea reached for M'buto's massive manhood, only to find her sister's hand already there.

Fuckcelia put her arms on his shoulders and straddled him, wiggling under the water. Andrea could tell by M'buto's face that the younger girl had captured his prick expertly with her snatch, without touching it with her hands.

"Ohhhhh, masterrrrr," she breathed. "You are soooo fucking big. I've had lots of hot black cocks, but yours is fucking best!"

Andrea frowned, and M'buto laughed.

The young whore was moving now, fucking him under the water. Her internal muscles were massaging the length of his shaft and her pussy lips seemed to bite

greedily. She was certainly a skilled fuck slave. He had to tell her to stop so he wouldn't cum right then.

They soaked in the hot water for nearly an hour, an unbelievable luxury to Andrea. When M'buto wanted out, Fuckcelia pressed a button on the tub control, and a shower of warm fresh water came on to rinse them.

The younger white girl was still impaled on M'buto's stiff member and she clung to him as he rose from the tub and carried her to the bed. She wrapped her legs and arms about him and he was so strong that holding her appeared to be effortless.

Andrea towed them both dry and M'buto told her to kneel on a corner of the king sized bed so she could watch and learn. The paddy slave obeyed, seething with jealousy as her sister, an expert whore, practiced her trade.

Unlike Andrea, her sister's body was mostly unchanged by her year of slavery. Her skin was still pale and flawless while Andrea's was darkly tanned. Her breasts were slightly fuller than before, but the nipples were still normal sized and pink. Andrea's teats were elongated and dark red from her service as a milk nurse.

M'buto lay on his back and the girl seemed to melt onto him, pressing her soft whiteness into his black form. Andrea watched with mesmerized fascination as her sister lay over him, gently caressing with all four of her limbs and licking his neck and ear with wet profusion. They exchanged soft whispers and the whore rose on her hands and knees over him. With a deft hand she guided his throbbing penis to her sex, then slid onto it with practiced ease. She began to move salaciously, and the young man gasped as her internal muscles began work again.

The spectacle was searingly hot. Andrea had never seen a woman so wildly enthusiastic about the sexual act. She acted as though her very existence depended on him receiving the best fuck of his life. But it was not the jerky, uncoordinated motions of an inexperienced schoolgirl. The seventeen year old blond moved with such incredible grace and fluidity that her sister was struck by the sheer beauty of the act, as well as its conjuring lewdness. The girl's back arched as she rode him, rocking her loins with each thrust. She bounced on his cock, her bells ringing wildly and the bedsprings singing. She was caressing and stroking him constantly, in any place that might excite him, with not only her hands and fingers, but her feet and toes as well.

For a half-hour or more she worked his cock in and out, never seeming to tire. Finally M'buto growled, and held her fast by the hips. He shot his bolt into her and she hung there vibrating while staring into his eyes, her breasts shaking as she felt the spurts of his essence splashing against her cervix.

Fuckcelia sighed, and turned to Andrea. "What would father fucking think about me now?" she asked with a grin.

Even M'buto was not superhuman. It took him about a half-hour to recharge. Fuckcelia and Andrea helped him, licking his face, neck, and shoulders, then moving to his chest. Soon he was gloriously stiff again and he pushed the white whore on her back, spearing her with one thrust.

Andrea watched them from the foot of the bed. She saw the black meat flying up and down, the huge balls slapping the girl's pink anus. All the while Fuckcelia kept a quick beat with her own hips, as they moved to capture the piston of his phallus in and out, along its full nine inch length.

At last he came in her once more. Andrea saw his balls jerk rhythmically, and knew her beloved overseer was spewing his semen into her sister again. He held himself there for a moment, his manhood soaking in their mingled cum. Andrea could see the yang leaking from the girl's labia, her belly a bubbling cauldron of fresh, wicked lust.

He lay on his back, exhausted, but Fuckcelia did not stop. She lay on his chest and writhed slowly, dragging her nipples through his chest hair.

Even from where she was, Andrea could smell her sister. It was the heady odor of raw, consummated sex wafting from her well-used vagina.

It took another hour and an expert blowjob by Fuckcelia. But M'buto was up again. He pushed the whore roughly against the wall, fucking her from behind as she screamed and bucked with passion.

Andrea looked on, frantically stroking her clit. And though she cursed her sister for taking what she craved, she had to admit that the girl was an expert in her craft- the very embodiment of whoredom.

Chapter 14

The next day, Andrea awoke on the floor. The carpet was warm and comfortable compared with the reed mats she was used to sleeping on, but she wished she had spent the night in M'buto's bed.

Her sister was awake, but Andrea could see she lay quiet and still while the big black man was still asleep.

Precisely at 8 AM Fuckcelia wriggled on top of him and began to fondle and touch him. Andrea remembered that M'buto had told her he wanted to be wakened at that hour. It was another of the young whore's roles, alarm clock.

"Master," she whispered, licking below his chin. "Eight fucking o'clock master, wake up."

M'buto opened his eyes.

The white girl was kissing his face and humping her already wet crotch against his thigh. "Would you like to fuck me again this morning, a little quickie?" she asked. "Or shall I fucking have breakfast sent up?"

He shook his head. "M'buto need to get to seminar."

Both girls helped him dress. He told Andrea she was to stay in the suite, as he would be in an area strictly off limits to slaves. She could watch TV if she liked and sit on the couch, so long as the maids didn't see her. He didn't want the manager to think he was soft on his caucs.

Fuckcelia left soon after he did, telling Andrea she had to work the street and bring in a "fucking" day customer or two. She kissed her sister and left.

Andrea watched the TV, but there wasn't much on to interest her. There was religious programming, featuring a portentous, robed Imam extolling the masses to the veneration of the Prophet Hakeem. He had brought prosperity and unity, eradicated AIDS and several other major diseases, (though these cures had really been found in American and European vaults and databases.) healed black African society and brought them back to worship of Allah. He was God's viceroy on earth and his teachings were truth. Andrea had heard all this before at the training center. She turned the channel.

There were several soap operaish dramas, some game shows, and more religious programming. She watched a war movie depicting one of the glorious victories of the Prophet's righteous warriors over "Yacub's hoards;" the treacherous, evil, sadistic forces of the Cauc.

Even on daytime TV there were the commercials for slaves, brothels, bathhouses and sex clubs. Though the explicit sexual content of the ads was more subdued.

She watched it for about three hours, then started to get bored. She turned off the set and begun to tidy up the room. It wasn't necessary, as the maid would do it, but she felt like she was doing it for M'buto and it made her feel good.

While making the bed, she discovered a copy of the Hakeem Koran in the nightstand. She was immediately curious, remembering the reference she had seen written on the girl's abdomen. She thought a bit and tried to remember the reference. Looking through the black, leather-bound book she found it, and turned to *Words of the Prophet*, chapter 61.

1 Sons of Allah, Hear the Words of the Prophet concerning the Cauc, whom Allah has given to serve you:

2 You shall not suffer the Cauc female to live among you with her breasts covered. This is an insult to the Adamic man and an abomination to the faith.

3 You shall not treat her as one of your women, but rather as an object for profane use. The pure flower of the black woman, you shall hold in high regard, for she is descended of Allah, and the nourisher of the true human race.

4 She should dress modestly and carry a proud bearing, in a manner worthy of her position as Allah's chosen.

4 You shall slake your lusts and illicit desires on the body of the white female for she is the Cauc, provided by Allah for such use.

5 Your young men will practice and hone their skills with her. Your married men will enjoy her so as not to stray among the wives of other black men. Your older men will warm their beds with her and rejoice that they have seen the day of Allah's deliverance from the white devil.

6 You shall use the flesh of the female Cauc so that your young women may marry as virgins. The black woman is the star of the heavens and the delight of the Adamic Black Man, descended from Allah.

7 Your Black women shall dress with seemly raiment and with decorum. She shall adorn herself with rich colors and jewelry of stones and precious metals. As befits the royal mother of Africa, daughter of Allah.

8 The Cauc female is as the dust of the earth and the beasts of the forest. For from her loins has sprung the race of the oppressor and at her breast she has suckled the viper, the white man/animal who Allah had allowed to hold sway over the African for 2000 years.

9 But now Allah has delivered you, and given the enslaver into your hand as a slave. And you shall honor the prophet by using the white female.

10 You shall keep her uncovered above the navel. You shall not allow her to hide her breasts, or upper body, for she is not to be treated as your women.

11 Compel her to dress in rags and simple garments around the waist, and she shall serve your women as handmaids and sculleries.

12 You shall keep her barefoot, in order to teach her humility as she walks on African soil. You shall work her as a menial in the fields, the paddies, and the workhouses.

13 The black woman you shall treat with regard, respectful of her modesty in mind and body.

14 Not so the Cauc female. She will suckle her infant openly before you in the streets and the squares. You will behold as she feeds her progeny.

15 For once she nourished the oppressor from her teats, hiding in shadows and behind a veil of pride and calling it privacy.

16 Now, she must suckle her whelp publicly, as a reminder that both she and her infant exist as your livestock.

17 As she trods the dust barefoot, she will feel of your rod and whip. She will teach humility to all generations of Caucs, which issue from her womb and nurse from her teats.

18 Remember well the days when you were slaves and the Cauc female lorded it over your women. For now the She-Cauc has been given over to you as slave, the daughter of dust.

19 This is Allah's law regarding females of all kinds. For both are Allah's gift, the black woman as your wife, glory and consort, the Cauc female as your whore, footstool and slave.

20 The male Cauc you shall debase. For as the black man is the Adamic Son of Allah, so the white male is the spawn of the accursed Yacub.

21 The Black man is the soul of Africa and the morning sunlight. The delight of his women and the Champion of the Faith.

22 You shall honor Allah and the Prophet Hakeem in the body of the black man.

23 The Black Man is above all else of Allah's creation, for he is the pinnacle of life. He shall adorn himself with fine fabrics and robes of honor. As befits the father of Africa, the son of Allah.

24 You shall cleanse the land of the male Cauc and use him in the mines and the deserts. You shall keep his numbers few among you for he is a poisonous viper!

25 He shall dress in wraps about the loins, barefoot and ragged. For you shall regard him not as man, but beast and forest denizen.

26 He shall kneel before your women and children. You shall teach him humility before them with the whip and the cane.

27 You shall not allow him free access to the white female, for the Cauc is given to you. You will control the breeding of the Cauc by your will and for your needs.

28 You shall select the females he mates with and the times he lays with them. You shall oversee his rut, so that only by your bidding are generations of Caucs issued from his testicles.

29 Remember well the days when you were slaves and the male Cauc lorded it over your men. Now Allah has given him over to you as slave. Place your boot on his neck!

30 This is the law of Allah concerning Males of all kinds, for both are sustained by Allah. The Black man as Husband, Champion and Master. The male Cauc as breeder, burden beast and slave.

Andrea read through other parts. The Hakeem Koran seemed to be totally the work of Hakeem himself, and bore only a passing resemblance to the original Koran. It was divided into books on dietary laws, history, and the divine life and immaculate conception of Hakeem himself.

There were more books on the organization of the religion, and on the glorious black race. Hakeem had made other changes to Islam. Alcohol was now permitted, and women were not required to wear veils over their faces. Black women were however, enjoined to be modest and dignified. The rights of black women to work and own property on their own were upheld.

There was also a section on the Asian race. They were considered Adamic (descended from Allah and hence truly human) superior to the whites. But Allah had created them inferior to the Black race. They were not to be allowed to own property or move about without permission in Africa.

It was amazing. The writing was disjointed, poorly organized and frequently hard to follow. But she was sure that no one, white or black would dare to critique it, for every black accepted it as Allah's sacred writ. At least they said they did. Even those with doubts were compelled to keep them quiet in order to avoid severe punishment. Andrea realized this book was the blueprint for an entire society, and a new religion, with Hakeem

as semi-divine prophet. It was now the dominant institution on the planet, for no one, white slave or free black dared to speak against it.

Andrea heard the key in the door to the suite, and quickly put the book back on the stand. She scrambled over to a corner of the bedroom and knelt.

The cleaning slave entered. She was a white woman, about forty-five perhaps. She was dressed in an old wrap with the hotel's logo on one side. She might have been startlingly beautiful once, but now her breasts sagged a little and there were thin facial wrinkles. Still she was far from ugly and hotel patrons in the less expensive rooms used her body frequently.

The woman saw Andrea but ignored her. She seemed to have a forlorn look in her eyes, as if all hope for a better life had been extinguished. Andrea wondered if this would be her fate in twenty-five or thirty years, after she was no longer fertile and attractive? The thought made her shudder.

Early in the evening, M'buto returned with Fuckcelia clinging to him like a drunk to a bottle. "Ohhh fuck, master," she said, licking his ears and thrusting her genitals against his thigh. "I'm so fucking wet for you, master. Pleeease take me in the bedroom and fuck your little white slut's brains out!"

The black man did just that, and for the next hours Andrea watched from her knees, seething with jealousy while M'buto took the younger girl from behind. She was kneeling on the bed howling with lust and exertion as the black nine-inch cock plunged in and out savagely.

M'buto was gasping and Andrea could tell her whore sister was once again using the incredibly skilled muscles in her vagina to massage the length of his shaft.

"Ahhhhggggg," he gasped as he sent what felt like gallons of splooge up into her. She laughed and tossed her blond hair playfully as she felt it surge into her guts.

"How you do that... with... with your cunt?" he asked the girl as he lay trying to catch his breath.

"Lots of fucking practice, master," she giggled.

The bath was the same as the night before, with the young whore fucking him underwater and Andrea dutifully washing him.

In the bedroom M'buto told Andrea to climb onto the bed and lie on her back. Delighted she was going to participate instead of merely observing this time, Andrea eagerly slid on the bed and smiled, awaiting M'buto. She was disappointed.

M'buto told Fuckcelia to lay on the bed opposite Andrea and the younger girl immediately knew what he wanted. She kissed Andrea fully and passionately on the lips, then whispered excitedly into her ear, "Lick my fucking cunt. Suck your man's jizz from my fucking pussy, sister!"

Andrea was shocked. She had never considered putting her mouth on another woman's genitals, let alone her sister's! But it was obviously what M'buto wanted, and Fuckcelia was already positioning her face to her sex. As the whore straddled her sister's shoulders, and pressed her own glistening vulva to her lips, Andrea could already feel Fuckcelia's rough tongue as it laved up and down her sex. Then she gasped when it grazed her clit, swirled around the clitoral hood and returned to dig deeply into her vagina.

Andrea tentatively licked her sister's vulva with her own tongue, then pushed a little deeper, sensing the familiar taste of M'buto's seed. It excited her, and she moved her mouth to cover her sister's labia, imitating her.

Fuckcelia was moaning, bucking her mound against Andrea's face. It was apparent to Andrea that her sibling was no novice at this form of love making either. There seemed to no limits to the sexual expertise of the formerly innocent girl. Yet she

was still only seventeen. Andrea wondered what her sister would be like when she reached the peak of female sexual prowess in ten years or so.

Andrea's inhibition dissolved on the hot, foaming mouth of her younger sister. In turn she worked her jaw over the whore's semen gorged pussy slab, suctioning the viscous seed deposited earlier by M'buto, and other males unknown. When, to the black man's delight they both came at the same time, they drank each other's juices and sucked each other's clits. Andrea was especially fascinated with her sister's clit ring, licking it with her tongue and causing a gasp of pleasure from the girl each time.

Then M'buto told Andrea to sit on a corner of the bed.

"Watch while your sister massage M'buto. You watch and learn."

Gasping for breath, the paddy slave obeyed.

M'buto lay on his stomach and Fuckcelia took a small bottle of oil from the nightstand and spread the fragrant liquid on her hands. She straddled his legs and sat atop his buttocks, dropping a tiny pool of the oil into the small of his ebony back.

"You take your fucking hands and work the oil into his skin," said Fuckcelia, speaking in low tones to Andrea. "Use your fucking thumbs and the ball of your palms to kneed his back muscles. Don't be afraid to push hard and hold it fucking tight. Just like when you're using your fucking cunt," she giggled.

The talented whore worked his shoulders and neck for twenty minutes, then she returned her hands to his lower back. She got up and turned to face his feet, sitting astraddle across his upper thighs. Fuckcelia took more of the oil and pressed it into the flesh of his feet, ankles, and legs, moving slowly all the way up to his buttocks. Andrea could tell the key to servicing a man this way was not to hurry. Fuckcelia took another twenty minutes to massage M'buto's lower body, always moving languidly slow. "When you're massaging a man, Andrea," said Fuckcelia, "you must remember three fucking things above all. He is the only man in the world, you have forever to make him feel good, and his comfort is your only fucking thought. Banish everything else from your fucking mind except your master's body."

Fuckcelia dismounted him and M'buto flipped over on his back. Then the young white whore straddled him again. She sat with his massive cock lying along the length of her slit. But she not buck or squirm on it. Indeed, she made no erotic moves at all and simply concentrated on the mechanics of the massage.

"When you're facing him," said Fuckcelia, "always keep his penis lodged in the folds of your fucking sex, that way you are connected, physically and spiritually. But remember; don't take it inside you because you're not fucking him yet. You want him to fucking enjoy what you are doing to him with your *hands*."

The hyper-experienced seventeen year-old whore began to kneed his shoulder muscles and his neck. She watched his face intently, gauging his reaction to every touch as she worked her way down to his pectoral muscles, smoothing, pushing them with her fingers, thumbs and palms. All the way down to his navel she went, her face a mask of intense concentration. Her smoky eyes moving back and forth between his face and his body. She turned around and worked the front of his legs, massaging his knees and working the oil all the way to his feet. When she got up off the bed she had already spent more than an hour working his muscles.

She knelt on the floor at the foot of the bed, her bottom on her bare heels and her legs spread. M'buto sat on the edge of the bed and placed a foot in her lap.

"His feet are where the muscular massage stops and the fucking erotic massage begins," whispered Fuckcelia. "Foot massage is very fucking sensual and symbolic."

"We always start with the sole of our master's foot, here on our fucking breasts." She lifted his foot placing the heel above her navel, the flare of the toes between her breasts. "It is our rightful fucking place Andrea, beneath the foot of a black man."

Fuckcelia looked up at M'buto, asking softly, "Have I pleased you with the work of my fucking hands, master?"

"Yes."

"May I begin the work of my fucking sex?"

"Yes."

She smiled and took another bottle of oil, anointing his foot and working it into the skin. Then she locked her eyes onto his and brought the bottom of his foot to her lips. She kissed the ball of his foot lightly, then pushed her tongue out to swirl on the sole from his heel to his toes. The white girl took each of them into her mouth, sucking and licking, all the while looking into his eyes with passion, in order to assess his needs.

She licked the hollow of his foot and continued past his ankle and up his calf and thigh. Higher, higher she went, kissing and laving, sucking, blowing and even gently biting, all the way to crotch. There she did not touch his manhood, but pressed her lingual digit into the little hollow space between his scrotum and leg.

What struck Andrea the most, as she watched with rapt attention, was the patience and care her sister put into every second of the act; every tiny action of her lips, teeth and tongue, every motion, every caress. It was as if each movement were of a kind of supernatural carnality, choreographed and ordained by some goddess of whores. A dance of mouth and flesh so intricate that it could only be mastered after months or even years of daily practice. Fuckcelia was indeed an advanced harlot.

The young prostitute/slave started again on M'buto's other foot, sucking his toes and laving the sensitive hollows between them. Once again she licked, kissed and nibbled her way to his lower belly, then up to his navel. She poured more of scented, edible oil into his belly button, playfully swirling her tongue wildly around his abdomen. Her attentions always centered on his navel, licking outwards and back like the spokes of a wheel then returning to blow cool air into its dark hole.

Fuckcelia looked up to his face again. Andrea could tell that she was studying his reaction. The younger girl smiled and brought her mouth to the pool of oil at his solar plexus. She used her tongue now to spread the oil across his chest, then worked it lightly with her hands. She paid special attention to his nipples, kissing, licking and biting very gently. She rooted her nose into his underarm, swirling her tongue into the musky hollow. Then she continued onto his neck and face, to supplicate his lust with a passionate French kiss that seemed to linger for an eternity.

At last she moved away slightly, whispering into his open mouth.

"Turn over master, let me fucking worship you."

M'buto moved onto his belly once again, and the slave girl changed positions as well; this time kneeling prone between his legs. With more of the oil she massaged his ass cheeks, kneading them like black dough in her hands. She spread his buttocks with her fingers and poured a dollop of the sweet scented embrocation directly into his ass crack. Her thumbs lovingly stroked the dark, puckered area around the hole and worked the oil right to his anus, stroking ever so slowly while M'buto moaned with sensation.

Fuckcelia bent her face down to his cheeks and M'buto spread his massive legs to give her the greatest access. She reached to his clean, oiled brown ass hole with her tongue, and pressed right at the opening. M'buto's frame seemed to quiver and a moan escaped his lips as the whore drew her tongue ardently over the center of his bung hole, moving her head back and forth as she swirled her lingual digit with servile fervor. She pressed her face between the cheeks and fixed her open mouth firmly over his anus, using her teeth to nip, ever so gently around the hole. She moved the tip of her nose up and down slowly, sliding along the valley of his crack.

Andrea held her breath, overwhelmed by the sheer eroticism of the moment. The room was silent, save for the soft metallic ringing of her sister's wrist and ankle bells as she moved.

It went on for some time; a deep, profound homage paid by the white woman to body and person of her black master. At length her cheeks hollowed and her jaw began working. She was sucking, licking, moaning as if indulging in a feverish French kiss. M'buto was groaning now, and grunted with a buck. Andrea knew her lover was on the edge of cumming.

Then Fuckcelia released her mouth and moved away, kissing and licking along the surface of his skin with a final tribute.

"Where do you fucking wish to cum, master?" asked the whore. "In my mouth, ass, or my fucking cunt?"

"M'buto cum in your pussy," he sighed.

He rolled to his back and the white girl mounted him. But Andrea saw that coitus, culminating the erotic massage, required a unique position for the slave. Andrea guessed the act was a somewhat common ritual between whores and masters, since they both, without speaking knew what to do. Instead of kneeling over him, her sister squatted, her pubis directly over his shaft. She lowered herself onto it, placing her hands on his shoulders. He took her hips in his powerful hands and lifted, balancing her weight.

Then Fuckcelia began to massage him again, caressing and pushing with her hands, drawing them over his chest and flanks. Even her feet were instruments to be used to caress him, her toes flexing, heels pushing the muscles of his thighs in parody to what her hands were doing.

All this time she was rutting on his member, sliding him in and out his full length with wet, fervid joy.

At last came fulfillment, and a slave whore's reward, the fiery liquid essence of her potent black god.

Andrea watched, her face resplendent with awe.

Chapter 15

On the night Dana's contractions started and she was taken to a hospital. Adding to the pain and stress of childbirth was the knowledge that once she had borne the infants she was carrying, her mistress would take them and cruelly cast her aside.

The infants were indeed unnaturally large for the petite white girl. She heaved and grunted, crying out as her labor pains surged and she pushed and pushed. Finally the babies slid down her birth canal and oozed out, one after the other. They were caught by the doctor and attended to by the nursing staff. Dana, exhausted, turned her head to see them, both beautiful chocolate brown boys.

Dana cried as the nurse cleaned them and took them over to their proud parents, Halie and Bruna. Belatedly, the doctor cleaned Dana's stretched vulva and gave her something to drink. She was wheeled to a dark anteroom and allowed to rest for a few moments. Then N'doma arrived to take her back to her master's house.

Fortunately for Dana, the family had sequestered Bruna with "her" new babies for about two weeks. Dana spent the time in N'dumo's apartment, cleaning and sucking him. Doing laundry and sucking him. Cooking and sucking him. The black ex-soldier also like to suck the milk from Dana's now producing breasts.

This time had given Dana a period when she could recover her strength after childbirth. But she worried about what her mistress would do when she returned to the household in the near future.

It was true that Bruna's rage had lost none of its potency. When she returned she had Dana's breasts milked painfully by Tita, who for a couple of days filled bottles for the babies.

The very next day, Dana was thrashed from one end of the house to the other for two solid hours. No amount of whimpering, pleading or groveling seemed to quell the lust for vengeance that boiled in the black woman's heart. She screamed at Dana, making the hapless girl assume the punishment position time and again, raining savage blows with the cane until she was almost unconscious. Then she would toss cold water onto the girl's face and chase her about again with the whip. It went on and on and the black woman's anger was not sated even when she herself began to tire. The emotionally unbalanced Bruna was literally foaming at the mouth with fury that seemed to build relentlessly as she landed the blow after agonizing blow. At last the black woman was played out. Dana, weakened by her recent childbirth and utterly beaten, lay inert and sweaty on the floor. She cried weakly, twitching, her entire body covered with ugly, red, raised welts.

Panting, Bruna seized her slave's hair and wrenched her head up painfully, looking directly into Dana's face. A hot glow of flint hard hatred radiated from the black woman's eyes and reached into the depths of Dana's prostrate psyche.

"You filthy she-cauc, beast. A brothel's too good for you. Enjoy your last night here because I'm selling you to research center in the morning. In a few days there won't be anything left of you but your organs. Maybe they'll transplant your womb into a woman who deserves it. It's the only useful part of you!"

Too emotionally spent even to even to cringe or plead anymore, Dana closed her eyes and sobbed. She knew about the research centers. Being sent there was a fate usually reserved for slaves who had violently attacked their masters. The doctors harvested organs like lungs, heart, liver and kidneys from live whites for transplants into rich

blacks. They used white slave bodies for hideous experiments and killed the subject outright when finished. The thought that she would end up there, an empty corpse with her vital organs removed was too much for the girl. She was overwhelmed with trepidation and retched on the floor, babbling hysterically, her very soul devastated with terror and despair.

Dana spent a sleepless night on the old mattress in the basement. Pulling herself into a ball and weeping, she pondered the bitter fate her mistress had sentenced her to. To have her babies taken- And be subjected to such draconian cruelty!

In the morning she started when she heard a key opening the cellar door. She began to cry immediately, thinking the end was near; they were taking her to the research center now.

Dana's impulse for self preservation kicked in with desperate hysteria. She would beg, grovel, plead. 'SUBMIT!' her mind screamed. 'SUBMIT AND MISTRESS MAY ALLOW YOU TO LIVE!'

The door opened and the beautiful young white girl went to her knees, falling face down and sobbing. "Please mistress! Please mistress, let me live... Let me serve you, mistress! I'm so sorry... I will never disobey you again... Oh please..."

Dana looked up, intending to grasp the feet of her mistress in one final supplication. But it was not Bruna who walked through the door. It was N'doma.

"Get up," he said tersely, cutting off her sobs. "Come with me, quickly."

He led her out to a waiting vehicle and made her crawl into the trunk. She was fearful and apprehensive. Was she being disposed of now? Was she being driven to facility to have her organs removed? The pretty young white woman shivered, trying to fight the terror within her own mind.

After a long ride the car stopped and Dana was released from the trunk. A chain was attached to her collar and N'doma pulled her to low building on what looked like an old military base.

Dana began pulling on the chain, sniveling pathetically as the far stronger black man pulled her along.

"Please, master... Please, please... Oh please, master, I don't want to die! Oh please, not like this!" she wailed.

"Come along," said N'doma, exasperated. "Don't be silly!"

"But I don't want to die," cried Dana, finally collapsing with heaving sobs. "I haven't done anything!"

"You aren't going to die. This is your new home," he said.

"I... I don't understand, master..." said Dana, plaintively. "Please, I'm frightened... I haven't done anything I should die for, master!"

"I don't want to see you sold to the organ mongers," said N'doma. "Neither does Halie. He believes you're too valuable to be cut apart for transplant organs."

Dana saw a ray of hope and her eyes brightened. But an instant later she whimpered, wondering if she was being cruelly played with.

"But... Mistress... Mistress said I was to be... to be..."

N'doma smiled, his face softening. "You're a good little she-cauc. You've got a warm, claspng cunt and a submissive nature. You should be pleasing Adamic men for years to come. That's where you belong. We've decided to bring you to this post; my old unit, where you can serve the heroic veterans of the wars."

Now the white girl's heart leapt. It was true. She was to be spared! At first she simply lay there, naked and sobbing, but now with tears of relief. Then she rose, unable to keep from embracing the older black man.

"Thank you, master!" she gasped. "Thank you... Oh thank you!"

N'doma looked about him, embarrassed. He did not want anyone to think that he, of all people, had gone soft on caucs. He spoke in a harsh voice now.

"You are being sold as a barrack whore. You must remember to keep your place and do your best to please the officers and soldiers of the Prophet."

"I'll be good for them," said Dana in her clear, sincere voice. "I'll fuck them all so good, master." She was crying now with joy. She was going to live! Of course she would be working as a whore, but that didn't seem so bad. At least she would be alive!

Dana felt a momentary flash of guilt. This destiny would make her a willing race traitor. She would be using her body daily to give comfort and enjoyment to the very soldiers who had subjugated her enclave, her family, her people. She would be fucking the men who were most directly responsible for killing white males. But her training had taken hold. She no longer lived in the white world. It was gone forever. Now the black man ruled, and if she had to serve the conquerors as a fuck slave to stay alive, then that was what she would do.

She followed N'doma now as he led her by the chain to the regimental headquarters, ordering her to sit on the atrium floor while he went in to converse with an old friend, the commanding officer.

Dana obeyed. The cool tile floor felt good against her bare skin, and Dana saw the commander's aide staring at her from behind a desk.

Reacting to his hungry stare, she at first looked away and cringed, intimidated by such a large, uniformed man. But then she remembered her new identity and decided to start out right. She smiled at him shyly and straightened her back to accentuate her breasts. The man also smiled, took mental notes and returned reluctantly to the work on his desk.

N'doma and the commander emerged from the office about an hour later, and walked over to inspect Dana.

"Get up," said N'doma. "Display yourself."

Dana stood at attention and laced her hands behind her head, thrusting out her chest.

"Yes, I think the men will enjoy her," said the commander, appraising her with pleased laughter. "That is, once I've had a taste. We never seem to get enough of the young, attractive ones."

"As I said, she's just given birth a few days ago," noted N'doma. "I suggest you keep her cunt off limits for a month or so to let her love canal shrink back to normal size."

"Certainly," said the commander. "She's got other holes. And we can work her as a scullery for thirty days. How are her mouth skills?"

"Very good. Almost as nice as that tight little cunt. I recommend you have her exercise her snatch on a dildo to make sure the birth doesn't effect it."

"Excellent," said the commander. "But don't you think she should be given a little fucking right away? By a big, gentle army commander? Just to help her retain vaginal tone of course."

"You old lecher," chuckled N'doma. "Yes, I imagine that would be fine."

"You're being donated to this unit, cauc," said N'doma, to Dana with military sharpness. "You belong to the 54th regiment of the Prophet's Homeland African Army, now. You are very lucky to be owned by the best soldiers on the planet."

Dana cried with happiness, nodding with humility. She was surprised that N'doma would offer her this kindness, at such a great expense and sacrifice for his family. She looked up to him, her brown eyes shining in gratitude. She was determined to make him proud and become the best whore the unit had ever seen. She would dedicate herself to it, to honor the man she felt so indebted to. N'doma, her savior.

“Yes... She has a luscious little cunt,” said N’doma, stroking Dana’s soft brown hair. “I should like to visit her from time to time, when I’m on the base.”

“Not a problem,” said the commander, laughing. “There’ll always be a warm bed and a wet pussy here for you.”

Chapter 16

On the morning of the last day of their trip, M'buto informed the girls that he would need run an errand. To Andrea's delight, she was told she would be going with him on a short one-hour train journey. She would finally have some time alone with M'buto.

He produced a small, red pastel cotton cloth and gave it to her. He had bought it the day before and laid it aside with his things. It was one of the stylish short wraps the other slave girls had been wearing, neatly pleated with a little leather tie at the top to adjust it.

Andrea was overwhelmed. She changed into it immediately, looking at herself in the bedroom mirror and turning proudly. It was very bright and festive for a white girl, and Andrea knew intuitively that it told the world she was a valued and cherished slave. She fancied herself next to him in the streets and the markets, walking with pride beside the strong, handsome man she loved. Suddenly Andrea realized how happy she was to be his woman, and how much she longed to be his slave in truth- to call him master. She looked at her overseer, unable to speak.

M'buto smiled but said nothing. In the hotel lobby, he paused at the front desk to make a payment on his bill.

Andrea saw her sister already hanging on the arm of a graying, but obviously affluent black man, kissing and fondling him generously. They were headed for the hotel's sumptuous bathhouse on the first floor. From where she was, Andrea could see inside to the magnificent pool, where other young white whores were already bathing wealthy black patrons. Beyond the pool were the small but comfortable cubicles where the white women serviced their customers in semi-privacy. This was where Fuckcelia worked during her busy day of prostitution. The hotel rooms were for overnight guests.

M'buto finished with the clerk and Andrea followed dutifully, headed onto the street, out to the depot shuttle. She was obliged to sit on the floor at the rear of the bus, with two other slaves.

She felt like a little girl with a new dress and she smiled happily as she watched the magnificent city speed by the shuttle window. The other two white women stared back with hollow eyes. They were young enough to be pretty; old enough to remember a time when whites rode on seats. Andrea didn't care. She was too excited about the novelty of the city.

Andrea could see M'buto in the passenger section relaxing in a comfortable seat. She felt a twinge of jealousy seeing him talking to a couple of fashionably dressed and attractive young black women.

Soon they arrived at the train station. Andrea carried his case, following him a few steps behind. He sat on a bench and reviewed the train schedule, while Andrea sat quietly on the ground beside him, cross-legged.

Having checked the timetable, M'buto was off again, with Andrea in tow. They descended a moving staircase and crossed over to a gleaming express train, waiting a few tracks over.

First class cars were black only. Even on a short trip these were luxurious, with excellent food and appointments. In the second class were Africans of lesser means, and Asians. These were still comfortable and clean. All slaves were relegated to the last car, an older stock marked with the universal servile emblem of a kneeling white in profile. Even this car however, was vastly superior to the cattle container Andrea had been shipped in after her capture. There were wooden seats, windows, and even a lavatory.

The slaves were boarded first and locked in. Andrea wistfully watched through the window as her beloved overseer walked to the first class cars. She took a seat on one of the low, un-upholstered benches beside three other white women.

When the train began moving a few moments later, Andrea struck up a conversation with the others. They were very friendly and were soon bantering with Andrea as if they were all old friends. They talked mostly about their masters, and their master's families. All three of them had been married with children of their own in old the South Africa. But that had been several years ago. They were now totally devoted to their black masters and thought little about their past.

Andrea also watched the countryside through the window, seeing farm after farm glide by. There was agriculture of every kind. Maize on the dryer land, rice near the river, cassava, plantains, beans, millet, and a host of other crops. All tended intensively by countless white Caucasian slaves.

On vast acreages of pastureland she could see flocks of goats and sheep, tended by solitary and nearly naked young white boys who lounged on the grass beneath shade trees. They were some of the few slaves who were allowed to be lazy during the day. Andrea was a little envious of them, though she knew the isolation must be hell.

At last the train slowed as it pulled into its destination. The door was unlocked and M'buto was there to claim her. Unlike the terminal in Hakeem City, this station was much smaller and overcrowded. As she ran to keep up with M'buto, Andrea was jostled and pushed by other travelers and slaves. Carrying his large briefcase was rather awkward and she was having a difficult time. Disaster struck when they rounded a corridor, and met a large black woman running in the opposite direction. Andrea was moving too fast and was too heavily loaded down to avoid her. They collided, knocking the older black woman down and sending her sprawling onto the floor. Several white slaves who apparently belonged to the woman gasped and stood frozen with fear.

"You stupid, cauc," yelled the woman's husband. "Where is your master. You should be caned right here!"

Andrea looked helplessly at M'buto. She knew he had been put in a difficult situation. From the way the woman was dressed and the number of slaves she was with, it was obvious she was at least rich and possible very important as well.

"I am very sorry," said M'buto in Bantu, helping the woman to her feet. "Please accept my apology for the clumsiness of my slave."

"I will teach her not to soil the person of my wife," scowled the man, snapping his fingers and taking a long, wicked looking rod from one of his slaves.

"No," said M'buto firmly. "I will discipline my own slave!"

"Please... I'm sorry sir..." said Andrea. She could tell that M'buto was reluctant to whip her, but there was propriety to be served. He pulled the whip that hung from his belt.

"Bend over and touch toes," he ordered Andrea, in English.

Andrea complied quickly, wanting to show she was contrite.

M'buto did not waste time. He lifted the young woman's wrap and delivered three very painful lashes right on her bare buttocks. Andrea squealed and yelped with the sting. But she knew she deserved it. She also knew her big black overseer had not whipped her as hard as he could have. She suspected he had only done it so that the man would not insist on caning her. And he did not want anyone to think he was indulgent with his female slaves.

"You very foolish girl," he said harshly, for the benefit of those present. "From now on you watch where you go or you get punishment rod up you foolish slave girl's ass for several minutes."

Andrea was crying now. "I'm sorry, sir. Please forgive me," she sputtered.

“Kiss lady’s feet,” said M’buto. “Show her you sorry.”

Andrea obeyed, crawling to the woman in the midst of the busy train station and planting a kiss on each toe. To Andrea’s relief, the black man and women were both smiling with satisfaction. At least they were appeased.

M’buto took the slave girl by the upper arm and led her away down the crowded corridor. Then he turned to scold her. “We no time for this nonsense,” he said. “We need make purchase of new slave equipment today so can be shipped back to Mistress’ farm tomorrow.” He turned around and headed across the station floor while Andrea was still rubbing her smarting buttocks.

The slave girl followed as quickly as she could. She was desperately trying to avoid anymore accidents. But a train had just arrived and was disgorging its passengers onto the concourse they were taking. Before she knew it, M’buto was far ahead of her and she was trapped by the density of the crowd. She saw him exit the station onto the street outside, and followed as soon as she was able. Once on the street however, her overseer was nowhere to be seen. Frantically, she searched and called as she ran along the street in the direction she thought he had gone.

Several minutes later, there was still no sign of him. She was winded and decided to rest for a moment in an alley adjacent to the station. As she caught her breath, icy fingers of fear gripped Andrea’s spine. She was alone in a strange city, lost without her protector.

“What have we here?” growled a voice behind her.

Andrea whirled to see two uniformed men, brandishing batons and cutting off her way back to the station.

“I... I’m looking for my... my overseer... I was separated...”

“Look at the back of her legs. Been recently whipped. She’s a runaway all right,” said the second man. “Probably stole that case. Kneel, love and put your hands over your head. That’s a good she-cauc.”

“Please, my overseer is around here. I...”

They continued to move toward her menacingly. Andrea suddenly realized these men were private bounty hunters, opportunists who roamed the streets looking for escaped slaves, recapturing them and returning them to their masters for a fee.

Most bounty hunters were marginal operators looking for easy money. And many masters considered them little better than thieves. Every white slave lived in terror of these organizations. In panic, Andrea dropped M’buto’s briefcase and bolted, fleeing down the alley away from them. She got only a few steps when something hit her from behind and seemed to wrap about her. It was a net, launched from one of the men’s batons, and it swept her off her feet, immobilizing her. She tried desperately to throw it off, but it seemed to cling to her. In seconds she was trapped, on the ground, hopelessly entangled.

“Stop struggling, you sow,” shouted one of them as he pressed her terrified form onto the street with his boot. He spoke into his radio and seconds later a van appeared.

“Please... oh please... I’m not a runaway... I’m with my overseer.”

“Shut up, slut. You’re an escaped slave and you’re being claimed by Boswego Slave Recovery Company. He seized her by the hair and bared her neck, reading off her slave identification number to the other man. Then she was lifted into the van.

Andrea continued to plead pathetically as they drove off, so one of the men muzzled her. They drove for about twenty minutes before the van finally turned into walled complex near the edge of town.

When they pulled her roughly from the vehicle, they attached a long control rod to her collar. Then she was taken into the building.

Andrea noticed that this place was nothing like the clean, professional slave training facility she had been taken to after her capture. This looked like a small-time operation. The entire complex seemed to be in a state of serious disrepair.

Andrea whimpered and trembled, unable to keep the soft little female whines of fear from leaking through her lips. Terrible things were said to happen to slaves in places like this, and she wondered if they were going to perform some hideous medical experimentation on her. But most agonizing and paralyzing of all was the realization that she might never see M'buto again.

At that moment, she knew in her heart how much she depended on him for strength and protection, how much she would miss his discipline- how much she loved him. She howled with despair and nearly fainted at the prospect of losing him, but the sharp lash of the whip on her back brought her mind to reality.

"Move she-cauc... In you go."

They dragged her into a dilapidated structure, which housed the slave kennels. What Andrea saw when she entered the building was as close to hell as anything she had yet encountered. Just as the poet had said, she abandoned all hope.

"Ah yes," said the agent with a sly smile. "We still have her. Our men picked her up near the train station."

"Yes, that's where I lost her," said M'buto. They were speaking in Bantu, since they were both fluent in it. He had been looking for Andrea for three days, extending his trip to check with the police and private recovery services. Fortunately, Dominika had not returned from her vacation yet and was unconcerned about him having to spend a couple of extra days. She would be most displeased about one of her slaves trying to escape. It looked now however, as if he could sweep this little episode under the rug.

"Is she in good shape?" asked M'buto. "Oh yes," said the agent. "She's only been here a couple of days. Heated little minx, that one. A good choice if you're breeding."

M'buto nodded. "She's a breeder slave on rice plantation. When faced with any uncertainty or stress she's conditioned to start fucking."

They stopped in front of a steel door, locked fast by a thick chain and padlock.

"This building is the main kennel," said the agent. "That was the company's primary business. Now it's a sideline. They bred guard dogs here originally, then diversified into breeding caucs after the liberation. Later we got into the business of slave recovery."

"The company's fallen on hard times in recent months, I'm afraid," said the agent apologetically. "Filed for bankruptcy... but still operating."

Even M'buto drew a deep breath when they entered, and the lights came on.

There were dozens of caged stalls packed tightly along two narrow walkways. Each held at least one filthy, naked white woman and a large dog. All appeared to be starving. Some of the women covered their eyes and cowered in the corner at the unaccustomed light. Others appeared too far gone to move or care.

The stench of excrement and rotting flesh was absolutely overpowering and it was apparent the cages had not been cleaned for some time. The straw was moldy and damp. Carcasses and body parts of several dogs, and at least two humans, were strewn about the cages, covered with flies and maggots.

M'buto stopped in front of the first cage. A red haired girl was crouched on the floor, gnawing on an old bone. She looked up and snarled at them, as if she feared they would steal it from her. He tried to smile reassuringly, but the girl grimaced. The expression on her face was one of pure feral hunger and fear, as if all dignity and bearing, indeed all humanity itself had been driven from her, leaving naught else but the physical animal. She sat in the corner, eyeing them suspiciously.

In the next cubicle there was a commotion as two women fought with desperate fury over the last rancid scraps of a carcass. M'buto was slightly relieved to see that it was a dead dog- Not a human body. He shuddered and nearly vomited. He would have left right then but for the fact that Andrea was there and he needed to recover her.

The agent could see M'buto's face and it made him nervous. This man was obviously articulate and intelligent. Fortunately they didn't get many do-gooders come through. Most of their customers were simply anxious to get their valuable slave back, so they could whip him or her half to death. Still, conditions were worrisome. They were in violation of several servile treatment and containment regulations. Anyone who wanted to blow the whistle could cost the company dearly in fines.

"The firm's bankrupt and there's no money for food, let alone vets," volunteered the agent. "Trouble is, there's a legal battle going on for control of what's left of the company. None of the owners want to commit any capital until it's resolved."

M'buto shook his head, making the agent even more nervous. He knew he should have brought the slave out to the man without showing him the facility. But he was under orders by the firm's executors to show the company's stock in case there were interested buyers.

M'buto slowly walked the aisles between the kennels, searching for Andrea. The floor was slick and putrid with urine, pooling above excrement clogged drains. There were waste buckets in the cages. All were overflowing.

The most curious thing was the silence. He could hear the wails of several hungry babies, but the women said nothing. They simply stared back at the visitors with vacant eyes, seemingly devoid of human consciousness.

"Are these normal caucs?" asked M'buto.

"They won't talk..." said the agent. "They're forbidden to use speech. The collars they're wearing deliver an excruciating shock if vibrations are detected in their throats."

M'buto nodded. He had heard of such control devices at seminars. Their use was rejected by most farms for a variety of reasons, but many factories and breeding farms used them.

He continued to look for Andrea- and find new horrors. In one cell, on the filthy straw lay afterbirth, and the body of a still born fetus. The woman had pushed it into a corner and was curled up in the opposite corner of the small kennel. In a couple of other cages the women, reduced to madness by the darkness, starvation and boredom were having sex with male dogs.

Finally, near the rear of the building, M'buto walked down the length of the last narrow corridor between the cages. It was here that he found Andrea. She and a rather large, ugly white male were fucking artlessly on the straw covered floor, grunting and gasping like swine. They had been asleep, but knew a black person was in the building because the lights were on. That was the signal to put on a mating show to impress a potential buyer. They quickly assumed a position and began copulating, lest the whip's bite find their naked flesh.

"In here we have the male," said the agent. "We put her in here because we weren't sure how long she'd be here, and if we'd have to re-sell her. She's worth a little more pregnant."

M'buto watched as the naked, balding white male pounded into Andrea with mindless fury. She was on her back with her eyes closed, rutting mechanically, but not looking at him.

"That male's been in this cell for three years," said the agent. "They never let him out. Every whelp in his building is his. He does nothing but eat, shit and fuck."

The whites continued to hump enthusiastically on the straw. They gave no indication that they were aware of the two visitors and their faces were oddly

expressionless. They were like biological machines that had simply been turned on and programmed to mate.

The agent laughed. "These two know what they're here for. You might have one more slave than you thought you had, now."

M'buto let them finish. In a few minutes the male was gasping and spewing himself into Andrea's depths. M'buto could see she wanted it by the way she crossed her ankles and drove her heels into his ass cheeks. She always did that when she came.

M'buto waited until the two were still, plaint with post orgasmic bliss. Then he spoke. "I'm glad to see she's been properly treated."

Andrea's eyes flew open. M'BUTO! Could it really be his voice? She pushed the white man off of her and sat up on her haunches. IT WAS M'BUTO! She had almost lost hope. She threw herself to the chain link, weeping. "Please sir. Oh please take me back. Please sir, don't leave me here."

"That'll be four hundred Hakes to cover detention and recovery," said the agent. "I can take a check."

M'buto was stone faced, but Andrea could tell he was thinking, as the shrewd negotiator he was. He spoke to the man, still in Bantu. "I count twenty Cauc females still alive here. Plus five infants and the one adult male. I will pay you 30,000 Hakeems for all of them."

"Wha... Be serious," said the agent. "Those slaves are worth 200,000 Hakeems, minimum."

"No," said M'buto. "They're not. Most of them are nearly dead from malnutrition. I think we will have to put at least one or two down, but I'll talk to our vet. Just getting veterinary treatment for all these Caucs will cost me at least 10,000 Hakeems."

The agent frowned, but M'buto continued.

"If you don't sell these slaves soon, or feed them, they won't bring anything but a few Hakeems for fertilizer. Besides, the Ministry of Servile Control will levee large fines in a case like this. These conditions are inhumane and violate regulations."

"It's not my fault," said the agent. "The owners of this company walked off with a million Hakeems in debt. No one's been by to feed these animals. I'm just an employee. My only interest and responsibility is to sell whatever I can for the highest price."

M'buto shrugged. "35,000 Hakeems. It's a good offer. My final offer. But if I leave here without a deal I'm reporting this to the authorities. Those caucs are too valuable to starve to death."

The agent looked unsure. He was obviously weighing his options. Finally he nodded. "All right, it's a deal."

M'buto pulled a sales contract from his brief case and had the agent sign it. Then he gave the man a check for 35,000 Hakeems. A vet was called in to examine the whites and a trough of food was ordered.

As soon as the whites smelled the food they raced desperately to the chain link walls of their cells, whimpering pathetically. Not wanting to take the time to feed them in their kennels, M'buto had them released into the open, exercise area. They rushed the food as their doors were opened, fighting and struggling to the troughs where they dug into the suds with their hands without ceremony, stuffing their mouths like the starving animals they were. Andrea was among them, eating ravenously. Yet still, not a one of them spoke. The only sounds came from the squalling, hungry babies many of the women carried.

Chapter 17

M'buto made arrangements for the slaves to be shipped directly to Dominika's rice plantation. He had used most of the money earmarked for new equipment, but he knew the mistress would be pleased with the incredible bargain he had made.

Andrea, he took back with him on the train. She was not pregnant by the white stud slave. The vet confirmed that she was just now coming into fertility.

Though he did not tell her, he felt responsible for her getting lost. She had clung to his legs before they had left the kennels, crying and professing eternal loyalty. He had patted her affectionately on the head, telling her that everything was going to be all right.

That night Andrea curled up on the floor next to the bed after M'buto had fucked the teenage hotel whore raw. As M'buto turned off the lights, Andrea thought about how lucky she and her sister were, that such a man as M'buto would condescend to use their bodies.

When the last morning arrived, Andrea and Fuckcelia awoke early, and went into the main room of the suite so they could talk a little without disturbing M'buto.

They shared a few more things. Andrea confided about her experience with the bounty hunters, and her fixation on M'buto. Now even stronger after he had rescued her, the obsession had developed into a desperate need to have his baby.

"I could fucking tell all along, Andrea," she laughed. "Deep inside you've fucking wanted that for a long time. Your face was so insanely jealous when I was fucking him. And the way you fucking look at him, like you worship the fucking contents of his balls."

Fuckcelia giggled and their eyes met. For a moment, she seemed so much like the innocent virgin in the Salisbury Enclave, demurely turning down dates from heartbroken white boys.

Andrea smiled. "I didn't know it was that obvious," she said.

"You fucking love him. I can see it a fucking mile away. But maybe it's just because we're fucking sisters."

The younger girl looked at the clock. "It's almost fucking time. Master wants to be fucking awakened at eight.

They went back to the bedroom and Fuckcelia gently crawled onto the bed. She put her face to his crotch and began licking the sleeping man's scrotum.

"Eight fucking O'clock master," she said, looking up at him when his eyes opened. He smiled, and let her continue to serve him. She continued lavaging his balls and shaft until he opened his eyes and sat up in the bed.

"What's your pleasure this fucking morning, master?" she asked, her face enthusiastic and bright.

"Would you like to fuck me in my ass, or my cunt again?" She rubbed her pubic mound on his kneecap lewdly. "You can fuck me any way you want, master. Or..." she said, knowingly, "maybe you'd like to fuck Andrea?"

Andrea's heart leapt, and her sex began to water. She looked at M'buto with the prettiest pout she could manage, batting her eyes and cocking her head.

"You know what she fucking told me, master?" said Fuckcelia, laughing, as though the idea was incredibly quaint and unsophisticated. "She wants you to make her pregnant. She's obsessed with the need to have your baby!" both M'buto and her sister grinned at Andrea and laughed at her surprised expression.

Andrea was appalled that her sister would betray her confidence in such a way. She had told the girl a secret of her heart, as they often did before their capture. Such intimate talk between them had never been shared with others, particularly with such casual flippancy.

She had of course, discussed her passion with M'buto in the secret hours of the night, entwined intimately with him physically and emotionally. But that was different than talking about in the glare of morning, with her sister present. It was too personal a thing to air lightly in a three-way conversation. And yet, it gave her a hot flutter in her loins to stand in front of him naked, as Fuckcelia told him the little secret craving she had carried so long.

M'buto chuckled with amusement and sat on the edge of the bed. Andrea automatically knelt in front of him, thinking he might want his cock sucked. She had lowered her eyes and was surprised to feel his big, strong hand reach down to caress her under the chin. He tipped her head up and she looked into his coal black eyes.

"Tell M'buto what you want," he said, softly.

Andrea swallowed. It was not, as would have been supposed so easy a thing to ask. She had always envisioned that he would take her as every other male had, with no discussion or input on her part. It would actually have been much easier on her to simply and passively submit to his will, to spread her legs and let him have his way- to receive seed, his child, the way a slave girl should. But her masterful overseer wanted something more from her that she had not anticipated having to give.

"Tell M'buto what you want," he repeated. The room seemed electric with anticipation.

"I... I want your baby, sir," she breathed, the words gushing out that she could no longer contain. "I'm in season right now and... I want you to... to make me pregnant. Please... I know I'm not worthy... I... oh please sir!"

She had said it, bared her deepest longing and expressed the desire that had consumed her with a growing passion for months. She stared into his eyes, her breathing ragged with emotion. She was offering her very soul.

He took her head in his hands, holding firmly, possessively. She could feel the strength in his grasp, almost painful, with all the potency and virility of life itself coursing through his palms. She felt her loins surge with the need engendered by her own delicious helplessness, overwrought almost to the point of swooning. And he was only holding her head with his hands!

He smiled with the leering, superior grin that she now found so endearing. "Get on bed," he said. And with those words, Andrea's broken universe became whole.

She instantly complied, scrambling onto the sheets.

"On back," said M'buto. "Show me how bad you want."

She showed him; with her flushed face, her rock hard nipples, and most of all with the wide spreading her legs. To make sure he understood she reached down, parting her labia with her fingers, to reveal the dripping wetness within and looked up at him with pleading hazel eyes.

He was between her legs then, bringing his rampant nine inches to the doorway of life. He ran his black hand over the flesh of her belly, below the navel and smiled down on her meaningfully. She could feel the spongy head of his glans as it twitched and swelled, nestled between her sex lips.

"You put in," he said.

A soft moan of mixed lust and contentment escaped Andrea's lips as she guided the object of her dearest desire, tucking it into the folds and pulling it forward into her core. And she could not suppress the coarse panting in her throat as she waited for his movements, his indulgence.

He pushed, slowly, unstoping, unrelenting into her. There was no familiar short thrust and outstroke. He simple pushed forward slowly, deliciously stretching her vaginal walls, invading like an irresistible force into the intimate depths of her being.

Finally, he was home. He bottomed out, his penal head nudging into her cervix with the kiss of a conqueror.

Andrea received him, enveloping his body with entwining arms and legs. Opening her mouth to receive his agile tongue, she felt the stirrings of his rut as his coital movements began, driving his hard black phallus in and out slowly.

Andrea whimpered, unable to silence her grateful sighs of joy. *M'buto... M'buto... M'buto was fucking her!*

He gained speed, pumping her like a smoothly greased machine and pushing his flat muscular chest to hers and feeling her fat, engorged nipples rake through his chest hair. She writhed under him, her helplessness an irresistible aphrodisiac. They rode together in a timeless dance, the black man taking his homage and due, the white girl striving to fit over him snugly. The perfect receptacle for his cock.

He fucked Andrea hard, pounding her into the bed with long, lunging strokes. Fuckcelia lay beside them, caressing them both, offering lewd encouragement.

"Yessss fuck her, master. Fuck her like that... see how she wants it."

Andrea knew that for M'buto, this was just one more sexual episode. But even that knowledge inflamed her. She was only a slave, longing through a naive female fantasy to be his wife and co-flesh. She cursed her fallen race and the fate she had been handed as a cauc. She could never be a wife to a black man- but she could be a whore. And that she accepted, for at least it meant belonging to him.

Suddenly Andrea felt the pucker of her anus being probed. A large, blunt object, slick with lubricant was pushing gently but insistently in, even as M'buto continued to thrust into her. She looked down. It was Fuckcelia working a hard ebony dildo at her bunghole. Her sister was slowly inserting the object.

"Move with him, Andrea," she whispered intensely. "If you want his baby, show him. Work for it!"

Andrea began to hump with even more alacrity. She felt the rod in her ass rubbing, thrusting in sympathetic rhythm with her man's lunges. It was clear now what Fuckcelia was doing. She was showing her sister some tricks, directing her where to contract her muscles for M'buto's maximum pleasure.

"Uuuggggghhh... Unnnnggghh," grunted Andrea as the blunt tip of the dildo ground against inside of her rectum, massaging the underside of M'buto's cock from inside her anus.

"Squeeze him, sister. Use these muscles. If you want what's in his balls you've got to coax it out. Tighten your cunt around him!"

Fuckcelia was demonstrating some twists with the dildo, but for Andrea there was no art or finesse, no fancy professional slut moves in this coupling. It was just the sheer joy of a slave girl rutting on her master's manhood. The joy she had been denied so many nights before while she watched her sister perform.

"Fuck her, master," said Fuckcelia. "Fuck her like her white boy husband never did."

It did not last long. It did not need to. Andrea was simply a white whore slave being used by a black man for casual, morning sex. But she loved him, and was determined to make even this little interlude a delightful moment for him. Indeed the thought thrilled her to the very core. The simple fact he would indulge her deepest wish for his baby in such a cursory way. She had been a slave and had been taken countless times, yet he had found a way to make her feel like a virgin, joyously and wonderfully *raped*. He did not fuck her as he had taken Fuckcelia, whom he had taken as a prostitute, with respect for her profession and skills. He took Andrea as an object to lovingly defile. It underscored like never before the depth of her subjugation to him. She was not even

given the dignity of a whore. She was something baser. A she-cauc to be impregnated on a whim.

In that moment her heart was set in stone. She loved him, and would never love another. He was not *giving* her his baby. He was her black *man*. He was raping his child into her. The way it should be.

AND SHE LOVED HIM FOR IT!

M'buto flexed his buttocks and crushed Andrea with his entire weight- impaling her on his shaft and then pulling almost completely out before slamming himself back in to the hilt. He squeezed her like a vise in his powerful arms, allowing only her arms and legs to cling with servile acceptance around him. She was helpless and immobile, staring up at her lover with wide, worshipful eyes.

"Take it," he hissed, his eyes flashing with passion. He was thrusting into her savagely now. Fuckcelia removed the dildo from her ass to clear the way for M'buto's final thrusts.

He responded, hammering his black phallus into Andrea's defenseless white love canal with all the physical power that made him such an Adamic god. With each pounding lunge his great, brimming testicles bounced onto her now gaping anal hole.

"M'buto fill you with his seed!" he shouted. "You take in womb... You swell with M'buto child... For all cauc females to see!"

Andrea pushed at his chest, wriggling in a mock attempt to escape. He squeezed her breasts cruelly and bore down into her with thrusts of enormous wickedness and might. The feeling of utter helplessness enveloped her and she rocketed into orgasm, screaming and squirming and clinging, drenching his ebony rod with the servile offering of her cum.

"Yes... Oh yes," screamed Andrea. "So good. So fucking good to be your slave..." she sobbed.

Yet he continued unabated.

"Yes, fucking fill her, master," Andrea heard Fuckcelia breathe excitedly. "Bloat her fucking belly with your black baby! It's what she fucking wants more than anything!"

The younger girl crawled between the powerful black man's legs and nuzzled her face up to their joined organs. She flicked her tongue where the thick shaft was tightly and lovingly embraced by her sister's stretched nether lips then swirled the lingual digit cunningly over his scrotum.

Andrea's second orgasm was fast on the heels of her first.

"Oh... darling, fuck me," screamed Andrea. "Fill me with your love. Fill me... with your child... aaannnhhh... Oh, fill me... SO FULL! NOW!"

M'buto's balls bounced lubricously against Andrea's anus, wet with her cum- and Fuckcelia's saliva. Andrea's whore sister administered the coup de grace, her rough tongue laving his bung-hole.

Then he was cumming, sending great heaving floods of his male essence pouring into her. Conquering her race once again! Andrea shuddered and squirmed, then exploded into another massive orgasm.

He's cumming in me, she thought, with ecstatic masochistic joy. He's filling my womb with a baby right now and there's nothing I can do about it!

She felt the torrent within her and convulsed as the climax reverberated through her mind and body, screaming, shrieking, "M'BUTOOOOOO FILLLLLLL MEEEEEEEE!"

He held her fast until he had drained his balls of the last drop of live sperm. Fuckcelia breathed with euphoric excitement, still watching from inches away what she fervently hoped was her beloved sister's desperately craved moment of Negroid fecundation.

An exhausted black overseer collapsed on the sheets and Fuckcelia slithered onto the bed. M'buto settled onto the bed between the girls, his penis deflating but still inches deep inside Andrea. The two white sisters turned to him, caressing, licking, kissing and whispering little endearments. At last the now flaccid black organ slipped out, its mission complete.

Fuckcelia giggled with amusement when her sister rose to her knees, back sloping down in the insemination position. Andrea's face was intense as she concentrated on working her muscles to draw the semen in. She smiled, radiating intense happiness as she felt the fluid run up inside, right into her welcoming womb.

"Ohhhh fuck, master," cooed Fuckcelia, her eyes sparkling. She squeezed her sister's drenched labia closed so as not to lose a drop and massaged her belly below the navel. "You dropped a huge fucking load in her. Andrea's going to be filled with you for the next nine fucking months!"

It was checkout time. Andrea and Fuckcelia packed M'buto's bags while he went out to conduct some last minute business. He returned and settled the bill in the hotel lobby. Then it was time to go.

The two sisters were alone for a minute and embraced each other tearfully. Andrea heard the familiar tinkling of the slave whore's bells as she moved.

"Oh Andrea, I fucking love you," said Fuckcelia.

"Cece," whispered Andrea. "Why did you tell M'buto about my trying to have his baby. That was just between us."

The younger girl looked sincerely confused. Then she smiled. "I thought it fucking needed to be told. Besides, it got you fucked didn't it?"

Andrea thought for a moment and then she smiled too. Her sister was right.

Fuckcelia giggled, and patted her sister on her soft, bare belly. "You'll fucking thank me later." Then her face clouded again, as she realized that this really was goodbye, with no guarantee they would ever meet again. She embraced Andrea once more, holding tight.

The older girl read her thoughts. "We'll see each other again," said Andrea, stroking her sister's hair. "I know we will."

But the younger girl could not totally quell her crying. "Oh Andrea, It's so hard to say goodbye."

"I know, I..." Andrea smiled. "Hey, you didn't use the word fuck in that last sentence."

Fuckcelia's face clouded with a frown and Andrea could see the genuine fear in her sister's eyes. She looked about her nervously to see if anyone had heard.

"Oh god, you're fucking right," she whispered. "Don't fucking tell anyone, please!"

Andrea laughed. She deeply loved her sibling still, but there was no mistaking the sadistic thrill that tingled in her loins when she thought about what had been done to the girl and what they'd turned her into. The fact that her younger sister had been totally broken and now seemed happy and well adjusted to her new life only added to the delicious pleasure.

She couldn't resist reaching between the little whore's legs and flicking heavy little ball onto her clit. She felt the girl tense and shudder, and saw the fire in her icy blue eyes.

"I won't say a fucking word... *Fuckcelia*."

Epilogue

The drive back to the plantation was uneventful. They talked about life, and love, and the ice cream M'buto bought her from a roadside vendor. She gazed at the green African countryside and the incredible natural beauty of the land, as she had often longed to. Then she lay back and enjoyed the padded luxury of the truck seat. It was paradise, she thought. She was alone with the man she loved.

For Andrea, it had been an adventurous trip. But it had been far more than just a glorious week with M'buto in the city. She had learned the deepest truths about herself, and had finally come to grips with who she was.

She was a slave. She knew that was her destiny and the destiny of her race. She had changed much since that fateful day when she'd kissed Jeff goodbye. Goodbye forever. She would never see him again. Indeed she would not return to him even if she had the chance. There was no future for white males like him, except where he was, feminized and being raped in a brothel- enriching a black master. But Andrea wanted a future. She was no longer Andrea Forester; she was just slave Andrea.

She served a black man, she thought with pride. The greatest thing a white woman can hope for.

The truck sped up the long dirt road to the plantation. It was good to be back, with her paddy, her friends, her baby. It was good to be home.

When they finally arrived, it was after dark. The plantation house was radiant and aglow on the hilltop. Mistress Dominika was entertaining for her cultured and sophisticated black guests with cocktails and dinner in the formal dining room.

But from the bungalow, Andrea could hear the rustling and soft cries from the little slave hovels. The whites were entertaining as well in their earthy, servile way, copulating as enthusiastically as they always did. The new slaves that M'buto had bought had arrived a few days before and many of the females had recovered quickly from their poor treatment. The plantation was paradise compared with where they had been, and they wanted desperately to please their new owner. There were lots of new couplings taking place, spawning little white whelps in lust and servile submission, as they worked hard to increase their mistress' wealth of white slaves.

Andrea took M'buto's bags from the truck and followed him into the house. She sighed as she felt her bare feet on the familiar, muddy dirt of the farm.

It was straight to the shower. M'buto wanted to cleanup after the long trip. As he allowed her to bath him, he told her he had some news.

"Mistress so happy with sale of slaves and purchase I make, she give you to me. You still work in paddies, but now you live with M'buto. Make him happy."

Andrea almost fainted with joy. Her most fervent wish had come true. She was his! She looked at his face, crying, daring not to speak lest it be a dream.

He laughed, reading her thoughts.

"Yes," he said. "You call me master now."

She was kneeling naked at the foot of his bed, watching, waiting, anticipating. She reached down idly to feel her belly, and realized she was just starting to show. M'buto's baby! And how she relished the thought.

He lay back on the bed and read a magazine as she knelt quietly, her mind ablaze with masochistic delirium.

Her eyes were closed and she brought her hand up to her collar, caressing it lovingly. She brought her other hand down to her clitoris, rubbing it in tiny circles and stroking along her vulva. Her sex lips were fuller now, puffy and bloated as a result of

her pregnancy. So much better suited to gripping tightly, subserviently around his big cock.

I'm his, she thought. I'm really his! Oh M'buto, my black god. How I need to worship you!

He looked down at her and smiled, then he snapped his fingers and pointed to his lap.

She climbed into bed quickly, slithering up his muscular frame, then rising to straddle his massive thighs. Andrea humped her pussy against his hairy leg, unable to hide her overpowering need. She felt as if she had been waiting for this moment her entire life. But she always felt that way in his bed, now. Her past, as the sheltered girl and young wife in a white society had been excised.

Fuck you father, she thought. Your pure, chaste daughters, whom you wouldn't even allow to date white men, are whores for Negro masters now! Slaves who worship a black phallus. It serves you right you white supremacist bastard.

Fuck you Jeff. I hope there's a huge, powerful black African raping you at this very moment! Do you play with your little white, four-inch cock every night between tricks? Do you think of me and wonder if I've been faithful? If you could only see me when I wrap my legs around M'buto, the black master I love far more than I ever loved you. Do you cum in your hands as you try to recall my face? As you try to remember what it was like to be a man? If only you knew, oh former husband, that every night my womb is drenched with the potent seed of my dark lover, and my belly grows ripe and swollen with my black master's child. I hope you rot in that brothel. I only wish you could see how thoroughly the woman who was once your wife has been debauched, defiled and enslaved- and how much she loves it!

Slave Andrea fell onto M'buto's chest, pressing her erect nipples onto his black flesh. Then she grasped his heroic manhood and felt it spring to rock hard life as he flipped her roughly onto her back and pushed her legs apart. She licked his earlobe as he moved to mount her, and whispered hotly the words she had been aching to say all day- all her life! The words which gushed forth from her very soul.

"Fuck meeee, master!"