

BORN TO SLAVERY
2nd Edition

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Chapter 1

Yosef Mohammed groaned nervously as he sat back in his chair. He was having serious trouble thinking.

It was absolutely necessary for him to clear his head and complete the concession deal for the Nigerian oil field his family owned. There were millions of dollars at stake, a large part of his family's future wealth. Indeed, it was why he was in Saudi Arabia to begin with. The Arab he was considering doing business with was a shrewd bargainer and he desperately needed to concentrate on the negotiations. But the naked white women were making that nearly impossible.

Not that they were in any way rude or noisy. They knelt quietly beside the two men, offering trays of fruit, baklava and wine. Each one was an exquisite creature with flawless pale skin and free flowing long hair. They were young, late teens or early twenties and they seemed somehow to belong in the opulent meeting hall of Ibn Al Taif's home.

The one dancing at the moment was particularly distracting. She was a petite, gray-eyed blond with perfectly sized and shaped breasts. They seemed to bounce with the same fluid and grace with which she moved - just a fraction of a second behind her. Her hips swivelled and churned, thrusting her vulva in lewd, coital motions. As she moved, Mohammed could hear the slap of her bare feet as they danced on the smooth stone floor. The whole effect was of total hedonism, made all the more sensuous and exotic by the fact she was roundly pregnant.

God, how he wanted a creature like this. In those six years he had studied in America, he'd seen white women aplenty. He had been told by some that it was easy for a black man to "score" a white woman on a college campus. Somehow, though, the secret to bedding them had eluded him. The arrogant and self-reliant white women he met had little use for him. He had always dreamed but never saw his dreams fulfilled.

The woman danced closer, swirling and writhing, moving in a way obviously calculated to inspire the basest instinct of any male present. A lovely, full-breasted white woman, he thought, closing his eyes. He wished he had been the one who had bloated her belly. He could visualize himself pushing her onto her back, mounting her and feeling her long smooth legs wrap around him. He would have made her beg for it, plead with her voice and her body for the seed that would render her in this conquered state.

Yet that state did nothing to detract from her allure. Incredibly, it seemed to make her appear even more graceful and liquid in her movements. Her hands raised over her head, open-palmed as a gesture of submission. As she gyrated, her belly bounced and jiggled, but she seemed to know just how to incorporate this into the dance, even to draw attention to it and centre the eye on it. This was a woman who appeared delighted to be naked and pregnant before her master. It was easy for Mohammed believe she was proud to be dancing naked before *him*, as if she were swollen with *his* child.

Mohammed sighed. He had no doubt she would be an incredibly enthusiastic fuck. Especially after she'd been soundly whipped!

"... And so I'll think you'll find my offer very competitive with any other international proposals."

"Huh? Oh ... yes of course, Effendi," said Mohammed. "Very competitive. I have to say however, that the American Oil Company has also made an exceptional offer."

The Arab smiled, running his fingers along his beard thoughtfully. "You're quite impressed by my serving girls."

Mohammed was startled. He had been doing his best to seem business-like and unperturbed. Despite the fact that the Arab was greatly his senior in years, there was his family's reputation as cool hagglers to uphold. Was his obsession that noticeable?

"I'm sorry, Effendi. I am a little distracted. Please forgive ..."

"No need to apologize," laughed the Arab, waving his hand reassuringly. "I am aware of your fondness for the bodies of white women. I make it a point to learn the tastes of my prospective clients."

"As you can see," he continued, "it is a predilection I share. The white female is after all, one of Allah's most beautiful animals."

Mohammed nodded. He wondered if the Arab had any idea of the full scope of his “fondness” and the bizarre fantasies he fostered about women in general. White women in particular. In the corner of his eye he could still see the dancing girl, her convex abdomen bouncing provocatively. *I wonder how she danced when her belly was empty!* He thought.

“Allow me to enhance my proposal,” said the Arab. “And make an offer the American Oil Company is not likely to match. I will include the blond dancing girl in my existing offer. She will make a good addition to your harem.”

Mohammed was stunned. He was skilled negotiator for his age, but he had not anticipated this. “I ... I don’t really have a harem,” he choked. “Just some mixed race servants who were with my father.”

The Arab frowned. “No harem? You are a young Islamic man with means. You must obtain a harem. This wench would be a good piece to start with. She’s British, from a good, cultured English family in the south. And,” he chuckled. “She’s well trained.”

“How ... How did you obtain her?” asked Mohammed. His head was still spinning from the offer and he could think of nothing else to say.

The Arab smiled. “With extraordinary difficulty. Suffice it to say her family believes she is dead and she has no outside entanglements.”

Mohammed licked his lips, leering at the girl. He had never considered this kind of deal before, but the Arab’s offer was an excellent one even apart from the woman.

“How do I get her to Nigeria?” he asked.

“I can have her brought down in my private plane. A few well-placed bribes and she’ll be kneeling on your doorstep in a few days.”

Mohammed laughed with satisfaction. The Arab was right, he should have a harem. It was just that he preferred fair skinned white women and there had been, until now, no easy way to obtain one. He knew that Ibn Al Taif’s company badly needed his oil field to diversify out of the Middle East and that the man was making an exceptional offer. He decided to act quickly.

“Done,” said Mohammed, smiling. “I’ll be back tomorrow and we can sign the papers.”

Ibn Al Taif clapped his hands. The background music faded and the girl stopped dancing. When he snapped his fingers she ran and knelt before him, casting her eyes to the floor.

“You are being sold to this young Champion of the Faith. You will obey him as you obey me.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied meekly. But her eyes registered doubt, as if she were feeling revulsion at the thought of being a slave to a black African. She glanced over at Mohammed with a look of disdain. It lasted only a fleeting second, but her Arab master saw it instantly.

Without warning he slapped her viciously across the face. “How dare you show insolence in the presence of my guest?”

Her laboured smile faded to open mouthed horror and she whimpered, “please, Master ... please forgive ...”

Mohammed could tell that Ibn Al Taif was not about to show weakness or mercy in dealing with a slave, particularly in front of him. The Arab ordered the girl to bend over and grasp her ankles, which she did despite her maternal condition. One of the other slave girls scurried to bring him a black lacquered cane from wall and presented it to him, kneeling subserviently.

The blond girl’s face was a mass of anguish, but she remained silent and holding tight to her ankles.

Al Taif brought the cane down on her bottom with a quick snap of his arm. The girl screamed, her eyes wide with agony, but she did not get up or release her legs. The slave had apparently been disciplined this way before.

The Arab gave her five strokes. When he was done the slave girl’s cheeks and lower back were glowing with wicked red weals. The pregnant white girl sobbed pathetically, but still dutifully maintained her position until he snapped his fingers. She then knelt, chastened at his feet. “Thank you for correcting me Master,” she said, trying to keep her voice steady.

“You are fortunate I do not want to mark you for your new Master,” said the Arab grimly, “or I’d give you a dozen more with the cat! Now get up. Show this young champion of the Faith what else you’re good for aside from dancing.”

She crawled over to Mohammed, looking up at him and smiling. Her face was beaming with joy at being allowed to service him, but he could tell in her eyes she hated what she about to do. She was simply too cowed to make even the slightest protest. Mohammed took mental notes. Ibn Al Taif was obviously a master of training white women and had just demonstrated it. He could learn much, simply by association with this man.

The blond girl moved her soft hands deftly to unzip his pants and pull out his manhood. Mohammed sucked in his breath as she ran her lips along the rock hard shaft a few times and then took it into her mouth. Then she looked up at him, her blue eyes as limped and servile as any man could hope for.

“Aaahhh,” he sighed, as the woman skilfully stroked the underside of his glans with her tongue. She did not break eye contact with him as her mouth descended down his shaft.

The young black man’s balls churned and he gritted his teeth to keep from cuming. He needed to distract himself quickly to avoid the embarrassment of ejaculating as quickly as an inexperienced boy.

“I ... I thought the Arabs always veiled their women.”

“My wives, yes, in public or in the presence of other men. But these are mere whores. They are here for my guests to enjoy as well. These white women don’t cover their faces in their own countries. Why should they be afforded a veil in my house?”

“Yes ... quite,” Mohammed managed to gasp. “Do ... do you want the child returned when it’s born?” He naively assumed Al Taif had sired the baby.

“Oh no,” said the Arab. “I have many others. I breed them, you know.”

“Breed them?” choked Mohamed, astonished.

“Yes, I have a young white boy who I use to inseminate all my white slave girls. Despite the rumours, I do not have unlimited wealth. It’s much cheaper and easier to breed them than capture them. And it’s gratifying to know the little creatures have been created for me, by my will, for my use. In fact, I am going to acquire another boy, blue eyed and blond haired so I can breed for the characteristics I want.”

It was only minutes before the woman’s expert swirling tongue, grazing teeth and gentle sucking action brought Mohammed to a rousing climax.

The girl swallowed every drop of his semen, still gazing at him with her wide blue eyes. She licked his organ clean and carefully zipped up Mohammed’s pants. Then she dropped back onto her heels, her hands folded primly in her lap.

“I told you she was well trained,” laughed the Arab.

“Wha ... what shall I do with the child when it comes?” sighed Mohammed, still not fully recovered.

“Oh,” said the Arab, his eyes twinkling. “I believe you’ll think of something.”

Beth Kaylor sighed, bored almost to tears. She was on her nightly walk, having just finished her home schooling assignments and all her chores. It was still early evening, a gorgeous mid-summer dusk in Alabama, complete with fiery sunset.

Beautiful as it was, Beth was restless. She wished that something, anything interesting would happen. It was a crime to be a beautiful sixteen year old woman and alone on a night like this, she thought wistfully. Well, not alone exactly, her *parents* were here.

She turned on the gravel, country road and headed back to the house. Back for another quiet evening of family time. They would be waiting for her when she returned with a board game or some instrumental music on the old phonograph. Then her father would launch into another of his political tirades. They would finish the game and she would retire to her room to read a romantic 19th century novel, completing the day.

Until recently, she had thought herself happy. Lately however, an odd dissatisfaction had grown in her psyche, as if she were inexplicably out of place. There was a feeling within her that somehow there must be more to her life than the isolation and religious piety her parents had chosen. It seemed to the

young girl like an endless, monotonous circle, as if she were marooned on a remote island, uninhabited, except for her and her parents.

Because of her youth and sheltered upbringing, however, she simply didn't know why she was so restless. But there was a reason. Within her loins churned the first stirrings of womanhood. Strange feelings that Beth, brought up in a conservative, even prudish home had no preparation for. There had been no discussion of the "facts of life," with her parents, nor would there ever be. Her father figured the job belonged to Beth's future husband. And mother? Well her ultra-religious mother considered sex a filthy, degrading act. Fit only for animals to indulge in and certainly nothing that a proper young lady would discuss with her mother! Even with her very limited knowledge of the specifics of procreation, Beth wondered how on earth her parents had ever had her.

Beth herself was a lovely girl, petite in stature but proportioned perfectly. She had large, expressive brown eyes, long chestnut hair and skin the color of a porcelain doll. Her recent metamorphosis from comely little girl to womanhood's bloom was evidenced by two perfectly shaped breasts and a ripening womanly figure. She was in fact, a quite exceptional beauty.

Beth was above all, however, a good girl, in the most proper sense of the word. With every fiber of her being she wanted to be the chaste and virtuous daughter her old fashioned father expected her to be, even if that meant shunning the attentions of boys her age. But despite the isolation they lived in, there were a few boys that managed to talk to her before her ever-watchful father intercepted them. Beth always gave them a polite brush off, explaining that her father was not allowing her to "court" until she turned 18. Even then, she told them, she would need a chaperone.

This was almost always effective on the conservative boys at the church, the only place she had any social contact since she did not attend public school. The few boys who were persistent were dealt with decisively by her father.

"Did ... did you have a nice walk?" asked her mother as Beth strode into the house.

"Yes. Where's father?"

"He's upstairs ... on the phone."

Beth noticed the tight, simpering expression on her mother's face. She often looked that way, but the young girl sensed that tonight there was something bothering her.

It was difficult to tell for sure, though. Both her parents were moody by nature. Robert Kaylor, her father, was the last of his kind. An avowed racist and white supremacist, he was ostracized and despised by modern society. Even in this area of the South, most people were offended by her father's overt racism. The feeling was mutual. That was why he had moved his family to this corner of rural Alabama. To be away from "niggers," and "nigger loving white trash". That was also the reason Beth never attended the public schools. He did not want his daughter in even casual contact with black people.

"Mom, do you think I could go to the Melson town social this month?"

Her mother frowned. "Beth, you know how your father feels about dancing."

"I know, mom, but this is just folk dancing. Traditional stuff ..."

"Beth, it's still dancing. And there might be coloured boys there."

"Mother, the other girls at church do things. I never get to go out."

"Be thankful you have family, Beth. Some girls don't have loving parents," said her mother tearfully. The older woman was mysteriously emotional at the moment and Beth wondered at the cause.

An hour later, Beth was in the kitchen washing a few dishes when her father called her into the living room.

"Beth ... We ... we have something to tell you, honey," said her mother. She looked very pale and Beth could tell that this was not good news. Her father sat red-faced as though angry or perturbed. Like the way he sometimes looked the rare times when Beth misbehaved. (Even at the age of sixteen she was not beyond reach of his belt.) But she couldn't think of anything she had done wrong.

"Sit ... sit down, honey," her mother said, weeping. "We need to talk."

“We should have told you this long ago,” said her father. “But we never thought this day would come.”

Beth felt a cold chill run through her. Even her father was getting emotional. This must be really bad news.

“Mom, Dad, what’s wrong?”

Her parents looked at each other, then her father sighed. “About sixteen years ago, we received a call from an agency of the church that handles adoptions. They told us that a baby girl was available and we could take her home within a week if we wanted. Your mother and I had been trying to adopt a child for years, but the waiting lists were a mile long. Anyway, we went and saw this child ...”

“She was beautiful,” said her mother, her eyes watering. “We fell in love with her instantly.”

“Yes,” said her father. “We had been trying for so long to adopt, but there were no white children available and we didn’t want a nigger baby. But we were surprised and delighted that this girl was white. She was everything we had been hoping for since ... since we found out your mother can’t have children.”

Beth gasped. She suddenly understood what her parents were talking about. “You mean ... I’m ... I’m not your daughter?”

Her mother shook her head. “Of course you’re our daughter. You’re just not of our blood. We adopted you, honey.”

Beth shook her head slowly with an odd mixture of shock and relief. She had been worried something really bad had happened. Still, the revelation that the only family she had ever known was not her true blood relatives gave her a peculiar feeling of betrayal. They had never even hinted at the truth before.

“Honey,” said her mother. “We need to tell you the rest of it.”

“Beth, you weren’t really adopted,” said her father. “Not legally anyway. When we took you we had to sign a document that our role was as foster parents and that we would turn you over to your father when he sent for you. But we were told that would probably never happen. They didn’t know very much about your biological parents except that they could not take care of you at that time and maybe would never be able to take care of you.”

“We meant to tell you honey,” said her mother. “But the months and years went by and, like I said, we thought that phone call would never come.”

“But it did come, didn’t it?” said Beth.

“Yes honey,” said her mother. “We got ... we ...”

“We got the call yesterday,” said her father. “Your bio parents are exercising their custody rights and want you turned over to them.”

The girl felt as though she were going to faint. Her world had just been turned upside down.

“I ... I have to leave you?” Beth asked, tears beginning to flow.

“Yes,” said her father gravely.

“But I don’t want to go. You’re my parents and this is my home.”

“I know, I know, dear,” said her mother.

“But isn’t there anything that can be done?” asked the girl.

Her father shook his head. “We tried to contest it, but a lawyer came out to the house yesterday and produced the document we signed. I checked with our own attorney and he said there is nothing we can do. Your bio parents still have legal custody of you. We might be able to delay it, but it would cost thousands of dollars and we’d almost certainly lose.”

“We can’t contest it Beth,” said her mother. “If we alienate your birth parents, we might never see you again. As it is we’re going to ask to spend time with you certain times of the year.”

“When do I have to go?” asked Beth, her face now streaked with tears.

“They want you to fly to New York in three weeks,” said her father. “Your bio parents will pick you up there. Their name is Smyth.”

Beth found it hard to sleep that night, her mind filled with mixed emotions. Part of her was terrified. She had never been away from her parents for even a few days. She had no friends her own age and was utterly dependent on them emotionally, as well as physically.

Despite the fear and uncertainty of leaving her safe little world however, there was also a feeling of excitement. Finally, she was starting out on an adventure, a trip to New York City to meet her real father. She had hardly ever been out of Melson, Alabama!

Maybe now she might meet some young people her own age. She was terribly lonely, with no friends in her rural area. She did know some girls from the church, but they seemed into little more than boys and their own cliques. New York was a huge town. She was sure she could find some friends there. Maybe she might even find a nice boy!

Beth closed her eyes, wondering what it would be like to actually date a boy, to hold hands, maybe even kiss. She felt a little strange about it, since her parents had forbidden it, but it was the very fact that it was forbidden that gave her an odd feeling in her belly.

Beth's mother had slapped her hands viciously when she had masturbated as a young child. Since then the girl had occasionally felt the strange feelings. They usually occurred when she saw other kids scantily clad at the swimming hole. Or also very puzzling, a few times when her father whipped her. Because of her mother, Beth had always thought those feelings nasty and she had never actually masturbated again. But the feelings were still there.

What she knew about males she had primarily learned from the syrupy, sterile romance novels her mother let her read. None of them held even the barest hint of sex. It was ironic that she had only a very superficial identity of herself as a virgin, because she had no real knowledge of the act of carnal union. The truth was, not only was Beth Kayler a virgin, she was a totally innocent one.

The three weeks passed quickly and the preparations were completed for her trip to New York. At last the day came, with Beth as emotionally conflicted as ever.

Her adoptive parents bade her farewell at the airport in Birmingham, Alabama. "A man in a green tie will be waiting for you at the gate in New York," said her father. "He'll know you by name and he'll take you to your bio father."

"Call us as soon as you get to New York," said her mother.

"Yes and remember, New York's full of niggers," said her father. "Be careful and stay away from them!"

"Oh father, you know I'd never let a black man touch me. They're disgusting."

"I know, princess. All the same, you watch out! I'd go with you, but we can't afford it and your birth parents asked us not to accompany you in person. As I said, whatever you do, stay away from the coloured boys!"

"Yes sir," she smiled sincerely. What was he thinking? She would never let a black boy near her.

She didn't kiss or hug her parents. They frowned on displays of affection in public. But she stopped in the boarding hallway and waved goodbye. Then the young woman they'd raised for sixteen years was gone.

The three-hour flight was fun. She had not been on a plane before and was delighted to see a TV. Her parents had never allowed television or radio in the house. There was too much possibility of corrupting influence on their young daughter.

She donned the headset in her seat but had to have the stewardess show her where to plug it. Then she settled back and watched curiously. She enjoyed the cartoon they showed, but when a news promo came on she was shocked by the views of vacationers on a Florida beach. The women were walking around publicly, wearing nothing but very skimpy bathing suits. She had seen young kids dressed like that when swimming, but it was still disgusting and immodest, especially for a grown woman!

She tried to get comfortable on the crowded plane, but the conservative dress she was wearing was not well suited to travel. Beth never wore shorts. Her father simply would not allow it. Even pants were

ordinarily unacceptable. If she were working at a dirty job around the house, painting or gardening, she would wear her one pair of dungarees. Otherwise it was long dresses and button up collars, white knee socks and sensible shoes, proper decorum for a young lady.

The fact that her father's idea of appropriate dress for a teenage girl was 50 years out of date made no difference.

The excitement of the trip, however, dispelled any discomfort. She even enjoyed the airline meal and gaped with wonder at the New York skyline before they landed.

She exited the plane at Kennedy and picked up her bags, looking eagerly in the waiting area for the man in the green tie. She almost missed him. He was the one who found her.

"Miss Kayler?" he asked.

"Y ... Yes?"

"I'm the man you're to meet."

She would never have seen him. She never would have guessed the man meeting her would be black.

"Your father sent me to assist you. He is not here in New York; this is just a stopover. I'm here to see that you make your connecting flight all right."

Beth frowned, confused. Why wasn't her father here to pick her up personally as she had been told?

Then the man handed her an international ticket, for a flight to Nigeria.

"Hurry," he said. "Your plane leaves in half an hour."

He seized her bags and whisked her over to the international terminals, making sure she got to the right gate.

"... But, I need to call my parents in Alabama. I told them I would call when I got here."

"No time for that," said the black man. "You can make a call from Lagos. Here now, hurry."

He handed her a Nigerian passport. It had her picture, with her bio name on it. Fala Smyth.

He helped her to move quickly through the check in process, but provided no answers. Beth was dazed and confused. Nothing was going as she thought it would. The black man was obviously on the level. He had the green tie and the passport bore her father's last name. But why hadn't she been told about a trip to Africa before now?

Her questions were met with shrugs and directives from the man and a half-hour later she was in another plane, crossing the Atlantic.

Beth tried to sleep on the plane, but found it difficult. It was a long flight, 12 hours, but in due time they landed at the airport in Lagos.

An exhausted and groggy Beth Kaylor exited the big plane, into the hot, equatorial sun. She felt very out of place there. It was an utterly alien environment and most of the people in the terminal were black.

She had assumed that her father would meet her at the airport and she looked in vain for welcome or recognition in the faces of the few white men she saw.

Once again, it was a black man who approached her. Just like the last man, he was wearing a green tie and called her by name.

"Fala Smyth?"

"Y ... yes."

"Come with me."

The man helped her through customs, which went quickly as she was officially, a returning Nigerian national. Her white skin raised some eyebrows, but there were a few naturalized Caucasian Nigerians, so it was of little note.

They took a taxi over to an adjacent airport for small craft. It looked as though she were in for another plane ride.

"I need to call my adoptive parents," she said.

The man shook his head. "Plane on flight plan, already late. You call from your father's house."

He loaded Beth's luggage on the two engine craft and made sure she got aboard. He didn't leave until the plane was in the air.

Once again Beth watched with interest as the plane flew over jungle and farmland. She was the lone passenger, but the pilot refused to talk to her. She thought at first he did not speak English, but she could hear him talking with controllers in perfect English. Perhaps he's not allowed to talk while in flight, she thought.

Two hours later they landed on a remote jungle airstrip. The airport here was little more than a small open-air terminal and some hangers. It was warm and humid, like Alabama in the summer. Beth's long dress clung to her clammy body and she desperately craved a shower.

Fortunately, her bio father had someone waiting in the terminal to meet her. A well-dressed black couple in their early forties asked if she was Fala Smyth as she walked by. It took a second for her mind to register the unfamiliar name, but when she replied yes, they told her they had been sent to pick her up.

"Are ... are my parents here?" asked Beth as they walked out of the terminal and into the bright African sunlight.

"Both of your parents are away on business," said the black woman. "I am Judith, your parent's housekeeper, this is Randolph. He is your father's chauffeur."

"Pleased to meet you," said Beth politely. "You mean my parents aren't even here to see me?"

"Your parents are away a lot," said Judith, "that's why they've not send for you 'til now. They think you're old enough to stay at the house now however, with some supervision from the servants."

Soon a valet brought a black Mercedes limousine to the curb in front of them. Randolph loaded Beth's bags, and opened the rear door for her. She settled into the back seat, relieved that she had apparently finally arrived at her destination. She did not know that her real adventure had just begun ...

Chapter 2

As they drove from the airport, Beth looked out the window at the incredible poverty besetting most of the population. Many people apparently toiled all day to scratch out a living. Of course, she thought, they were just blacks and probably didn't know any better. It was not that Beth was cruel or unfeeling, it was the way she had been brought up. By no means did she hate black people as her adoptive father did, but she definitely felt that whites were superior and was glad she was white and the daughter of obviously wealthy parents.

The town that had grown around the airport was small, but an important regional administrative post. As they drove past, Beth saw a police station, a hotel and various other establishments. This part of town was the sole area with modern well-kept buildings, but it was small. Very quickly they were again driving through slums filled with naked children, domesticated animals and dilapidated houses. Once off the main highway the roads were dirt and the homes grew increasingly primitive.

This was a bush town and everyone she saw was black. She wondered what exactly her parents did for a living out here and decided they must own a large farm. Perhaps they even owned the whole district. She figured there would be plenty of labourers to be hired, dirt cheap, from local population.

The house belonging to Beth's guardians was only about ten miles from the little town, but it took over half an hour to get there because of the poor condition of the road and the livestock that blocked it. As soon as they arrived, however, it was apparent that her parents lived in the most luxurious house in the area. It was enormous and magnificent, occupying a low wooded hill. The landscaping was incredibly well maintained and detailed, sprawled over a large area. Several well-dressed servants emerged from the main house after they had parked the car. Randolph said something briefly to an immaculately dressed older black man, who removed Beth's baggage from the car. He showed Beth the way politely and they went inside along with Judith.

A mulatto girl hurried out the door to meet them. She was the only one of the servants not immaculately dressed. Barefoot and dirty, she wore a simple, ragged dress that ended in tatters above her knees.

"Saylee, take Miss Smyth's bags to her room," said Judith tersely.

"Yes, Mistress," said the mulatto girl quickly.

Judith showed Beth through the first floor of the house while the mixed race girl struggled with her bags.

"I have some correspondence that was left for you by your parents," said Judith, handing her a sealed letter.

Beth eagerly opened it and read.

My Dear Daughter

I am very sorry that your father and I are unable to greet you in person. We have urgent business in Kampala I'm afraid. Know that you are in good hands with our servants, who will take extra care of you until we return. Be sure to do whatever Judith tells you. She is your governess while we are away. Also you are to respect and obey Mayinga. He is our butler and chief of the household. I know you will be a good girl until we return.

Your Loving Mother

Beth couldn't believe it. She was to have a governess, at her age. She was incensed by the tone of the letter, which addressed her as though she was a child. She was a woman of 16.

She was very disappointed that her parents were not at the house to meet her and looked with consternation at the terse letter, which did not even mention her or her parents by name.

But Beth was a good girl and her instinct to fit in and not cause problems guided her thoughts. A moment later she remembered her manners and smiled at the servant woman. "Is this ... all that they left?" she asked, trying to sound poised.

"Yes, Miss Smyth," said Judith. "She said she did not know how long they would be in Kampala, but that we were to take good care of you until they returned. Your mother said we were to especially take your education in hand, so I have enrolled you at the local academy. It is a fine school, Miss."

Beth felt suddenly very tired and Judith showed her upstairs to her bedroom. It was magnificent. If she had not been so dog-tired she could have spent an hour just exploring and admiring it. But her first priorities were a shower and sleep.

Her private bathroom was a brightly lit, gleaming affair of marble and gold fixtures. The bathroom at her adoptive parents' home had been nice, but nothing this ostentatious. It seemed almost a shame to take a mere shower in that huge, sparkling bathtub. But for the present a short shower would have to do until she got some rest. Maybe tomorrow night she would try a long, relaxing soak, but if she tried it now she knew she would fall asleep in the bath.

She unwound for a bit, unpacking her things and putting them into one of the chest of drawers. To Beth's delight, the closets were already filled with beautiful clothes that appeared to be just her size. Dresses and underthings, stockings, hats and pair after pair of expensive shoes. She felt like a little unofficial princess.

Once again however, she felt the fatigue of the long trip creeping up on her. She yawned and went into the bathroom and began to disrobe, removing her shoes and socks. She unzipped her dress, letting it fall away from her body and stepping out of it. The young white girl folded the garment fastidiously and laid it on the counter. She wore a light slip beneath her dress that had caused her to swelter in the African heat and it was a relief to have it off. She wondered how any properly dressed white lady could survive in this climate. Probably they just suffered through it as she did through the Alabama summers, she thought. Then she unsnapped her bra and pulled it off. She looked into the mirror, making faces and assessing her hair, deciding to wash it and forgo the shower cap. Finally she hooked a thumb under the waistband of her sensible cotton panties and peeled them down, sitting on the toilet seat and reaching to pull them off her feet.

Mohammed smiled and brought his hand to his crotch to pet the hair of the slave girl who was licking his balls. His shaft had suddenly become stiff when the white girl had entered the bathroom and begun to strip.

Mohammed was startled himself at the effect she had on him. He had not expected the cameras, even with their first revealing look at her, to yield a moment this hot. He had taken many white women, had owned a few as slaves, but he had never seen anything as fresh and innocent as this.

The girl was truly lovely, he knew that already from the photos her adoptive parents had sent him. But they of course had shown very little of the girl's flesh. Now he could see it all as she stood in her bathroom preparing to bathe. Her skin was white and clear, her breasts were rather small but they were perfectly shaped and he was sure they would fill out as she matured. They were topped with delightfully pink areolas and diminutive nipples. He had a camera positioned directly in front of her on the toilet and he could see right up her perfectly formed legs to the open, neat patch of pubic hair, chestnut like her head. She urinated into the bowl and he wished the light were better so he could get a closer look at her tight little pussy. It was not the best camera angle, but he could still see the tight pink outer lips, nestled in that dark hair. She wiped herself daintily with toilet paper and got up, turning on the shower.

The girl was having such an effect on him that, despite his uncanny control which allowed him to pound a woman all night without ejaculating, he actually had to stop the slave girl from sucking his cock and direct her to lie beside him. He was afraid any added stimulation would make cum premature.

Beth stepped into the shower and Mohammed switched to shots coming from the stall cameras. Her facial expressions and behaviour were totally natural since she had no idea someone was actually observing her.

Mohammed stroked his manhood lightly. It was magic watching her bathe, seeing her lather the soap over her supple, pale body. It seemed so forbidden and illicit. It took him back to when he had leered in vain at the pert, lithe bodies of the white woman in college, before he inherited his great wealth and the ability to buy and keep white female flesh. But somehow this was even better, the anticipation sharper. None of those co-eds had fraction of the innocent allure of this girl.

She raised her arms and turned, letting the jets of water rinse the suds her form and unknowingly giving Mohammed the most salacious performance yet. Her delicate, white hands passed vigorously over her flesh, making her breasts bounce and sweet little butt jiggle. He could imagine the near future, when she would be using those hands to caress him and it was all he could do to keep from rushing upstairs and raping her immediately. No, he told himself. Stick with the plan- and savour every minute of it.

She finished the shower and stepped out, drying herself with the towel. The modest girl donned her pyjamas in the bathroom and Mohammed cursed with disappointment. He had been primed to watch her naked in the open area of the bedroom, where there were more camera angles. He hoped that she might even lie on the bed and masturbate or something, but apparently, the show was over. It was a little frustrating, but also brought a smile of satisfaction to his handsome Negroid face. Her decorous purity was not just an act, it was genuinely her. So she was indeed the prim and proper young, white lady he had hoped for - excellent. That would make what he had planned all the sweeter.

She was going to be looked at tomorrow by a friend of his, a doctor. He was sure she was healthy, but he had wanted to check if she was a virgin. It was not the sort of thing he could have asked her adoptive parents without the risk of letting the cat out of the bag. And of course even they could not know for any certainty. Looking at her now though, he was sure she was untried. Given her background and her demure bearing, he could almost tangibly sense the aura of virginity.

He snapped off the closed circuit TV and immediately rolled over, entering the pliant slave girl with one wicked thrust. The ardent body of the woman received him graciously, but he was still thinking about his newest plaything. It had been quite a sight, that soft little white body that he felt sure no one else had ever glimpsed. Mohammed felt the white woman beneath him surrender to his rut, wrapping her legs and arms about him and returning his thrusts with vigour. She writhed and churned, fucking him just the way he liked; the way he had taught her for the last sixteen years. He took his pleasure from her, picturing the face of sweet innocent Beth beneath him as he pumped her boldly. Finally slammed her into the mattress, holding her pinned with his weight as he inundated her with his sperm.

When he had caught his breath he rolled off of her and she hurried to lick his organ to clean him up. He stroked her head affectionately. He had owned her a long time. She was his first slave girl and still his favourite, she seemed to anticipate his needs and know exactly how to please him. He knew her servile behaviour was to some extent the product of his own hard work, the relentless training he had given her. But he was also intellectually honest enough with himself to know that the girl was a natural submissive. There was a need in her blood to be owned, disciplined, fucked. Mohammed laughed to himself as he remembered the little virgin. *If only chaste little Beth Kaylor knew what was in her genes!*

As she lay in her bed in the luxurious bedroom Beth began to relax. She felt a vague feeling of disquiet, as though something was not quite right. A sensation of being trapped or watched had invaded her conscious mind, but she thought it must be the culture shock and her own ignorance of her new African home. If she had known that she was going to Africa before she left her adoptive parents, she could at least have done some research and found out more about it. As it was she wondered why her parents had waited until she was in New York before giving her a ticket to Africa. It gave her a feeling of unease that they had no idea where she was.

It was Beth's submissive instincts that took over at this point, however and she dismissed the negative thoughts. The odd feelings stemmed from that fact that she was exhausted and in strange surroundings, nothing more. *I should concentrate on fitting in here*, she said to herself. After all, she should expect to find the customs here in Africa to be different from rural Alabama!

The fatigue from her trip overtook her at last. She realized that she had essentially been awake for nearly 24 hours and had covered thousands of miles. She rolled over in the soft bed and turned out the light. "The adventure's over," she sighed softly to herself. Now it was just a matter of settling down. She was home.

Beth drifted into sleep feeling safe and secure, little suspecting the events that would be set into motion the next day.

Still suffering from jet lag, Beth awoke earlier than usual. But even though it was only about seven, she could hear others working in the household. She decided to get started since there was no hope of returning to sleep. She went downstairs to see about breakfast and was greeted by a chagrined Judith.

"Why are you down here Miss Smyth? You should be taking breakfast in your room."

Beth was a little confused. "There wasn't any food brought up to my room."

When Judith heard this she frowned and told Beth to return to her room. She would be served a hot meal in bed.

Twenty minutes later there was a knock on her door. Saylee, the raggedly dressed girl entered with food on a tray. She placed it carefully on Beth's lap, but the white girl noticed the poorly dressed servant could not meet her eyes.

Then Judith entered the room and Beth saw she was holding a short, black whip.

"Saylee should have had your breakfast ready when you required," she said. "What do you have to say for yourself, Saylee?"

"I am very sorry, Miss Smyth. I will be more attentive in the future." The mulatto girl curtsied to Beth, then looked nervously at Judith.

"We do not tolerate laziness or inattentiveness from the servants in this household. Saylee is aware of this and she will be disciplined accordingly."

Judith turned to the girl and barked a command. "Stand for correction."

Instantly the girl bent forward at the waist, grasping her bare ankles. Before Beth's astonished eyes the black woman lifted the girl's short ragged skirt and threw it over her back. She wore no undergarments so her backside was bare. Without warning Judith snapped her arm forward and delivered a vicious blow to Saylee's rear cheeks with the whip, provoking a scream of pain from the brown skinned girl.

Beth was so shocked she could do nothing but watch as Judith struck her again and again in rapid fashion. The white girl wanted to speak up and assure Judith that she didn't really want breakfast in bed and that Saylee had done nothing wrong. But the black woman was so intimidating that Beth simply could not speak. She watched in dumbfounded silence as the girl continued to cry and Judith landed several more lashes on her soft, dark behind. When woman finally stopped, Saylee was bawling, begging for mercy and swearing to be more efficient in the future.

Judith seized the hapless Saylee by the ear. "Ask Miss Smyth to forgive you, or you get half a dozen more."

"Please, Miss Smyth!" cried Saylee contritely. "I serve you better tomorrow, I promise."

"Shall I give her another six?" asked Judith.

A strange feeling came over the young white girl. She knew that Saylee didn't deserve the punishment, yet there was a tingle of excitement in her tight, virgin snatch at the sight she had just seen. She had little regard for the mixed race girl. Her father had taught her that such people were even lower in some ways than pure blacks. She was unfamiliar with the mechanics of procreation, but even so, the idea of someone half-white and half black was so disgusting, that Beth couldn't help but dislike her. She almost told Judith to continue whipping the girl, but at the last second she relented, feeling smugly pleased at her own mercy - and power.

After the two coloured servants left, however, Beth began to feel both a little bewildered and a little ashamed of herself. Why had she sat and allowed Saylee to be disciplined so harshly without speaking on

her behalf? Why had Judith whipped the girl in the first place? And most of all, why had she felt that strange pleasure between her legs while witnessing the girl's punishment?

Beth's life was uneventful for the next month. She did, just as she had resolved, fit in at her new home. There was plenty to keep her occupied. There were stables on the grounds and ponies to ride. The surrounding property was lined with bridal and hiking trails, which snaked through the forests of strange and unfamiliar trees. There was an extensive library in the mansion, as well as exercise and entertainment rooms. Nor did Beth neglect her schoolwork. She attended her school, driven every day to the door of the facility by Randolph. She worked hard and dutifully completed her studies each day. Life was comfortably fitting together.

There were certain things, however, that were disquieting. The worst concern was that her parents still had not returned from Kenya, nor had they telephoned. They had sent a couple of letters, but Beth found this strangely cold treatment for a daughter they had not seen in sixteen years. She resented the neglect and thought about the stark contrast with the constant hovering and control of her adoptive mother. The families she had known seemed to employ parenting theories at the opposite extremes of the spectrum.

Another thing that had begun to grate on Beth was the servant's insistence on calling her "Fala," or "Miss Smyth." She explained to them several times that she was used to Beth, but they would always shake their heads firmly and say, "Master say your name is Fala. You must answer to that name." Beth sighed. She would have to get used to the new name for now. When her bio parents got back she would tell them that she preferred to be called Beth and she was sure they would have the servants accommodate her. In the meantime she did her best to fit in and remember to answer to "Fala".

Another concern was the servant's refusal to allow her to call her adoptive parents. They told her steadfastly that only her real parents could authorize contacting her "old" parents and that she would have to get their permission when they returned. She thought about telephoning clandestinely, but she realized she did not know how to make an international call and she was nervous about the consequences of disobedience.

It was soon afterward that she discovered just what those consequences were.

One day when Fala (as she was now known) was at school, she made a very serious mistake. She decided on impulse to try to make contact with her adoptive parents using the school's phone in her teacher's office. She had been unsuccessful in getting through quickly to an operator for assistance and had been caught by her teacher before the call went through. The woman informed Judith and Fala knew she was in for trouble when she got home. Even so, she was unprepared for the violence of her governess' reaction.

Judith was absolutely enraged. She pulled the girl up to her room by the arm and shouted at Fala, calling her a disobedient and spoiled brat. Fala was shocked that the woman would speak to her that way. But she was so intimidated and felt so guilty that all she could do was hang her head and sniffle. When Judith finally took a breath, the young white girl was ready to accept her punishment. She thought she would be grounded or not allowed to ride the pony for a while. She was not prepared for the bizarre chastisement Judith demanded.

Saylee had entered the room to clean and Judith ordered her to stand next to Fala. The ragged serving girl complied, her face showing some anxiety.

"You are so spoiled and so arrogant, Fala Smyth. Saylee is so humble and so obedient. I think we should even the score a bit, make things more fair. Fala, I want you and Saylee Mosongo to trade places."

Both girls looked at each other, confused. They switched sides, Fala to the left and Saylee on the right.

Judith laughed. "No, no. I mean for you to exchange roles in this household. Saylee, you shall have the position that Fala now enjoys and be treated as the daughter. Fala you will be the maid. You will trade everything, rooms, possessions, clothing, everything.

"I ... I don't understand," said Fala.

Judith continued laughing. Her voice was thick with condescension. “You don’t have to understand, girl. Just do. As of now, you are Saylee’s maid.”

“WHAT? But ... but why! Why should I ... we, trade places?”

Judith looked straight into the white girl’s eyes. “Because I say so,” she said with a glare.

Fala looked at Saylee, but she appeared to be just as confused. Both girls seemed frozen with indecision until the black woman’s stern voice broke the awkward silence.

“Trade clothes. Do it here, now,” said Judith.

Fala was getting over her shock at the strange demand. Now anger and outrage were taking over. Tempering this, however, was her meek personality. She was used to obeying her elders, as a properly brought up young girl should. Was this some kind of game the black woman was playing? Maybe she thought Fala was being unfair to Saylee and wanted to teach her a lesson for a few hours.

Saylee accustomed to doing as she was told and having nothing to lose was already removing her dress. Fala could see that she wore nothing underneath. No bra or panties, no undergarments of any kind. She dropped the ragged, filthy dress and stood naked, waiting for Fala to remove her clothing.

The white girl’s face registered the confusion and consternation she was feeling, but she was simply too timid to resist her governess’ demands. Unable to look the woman in the eye, she turned away and began removing her shoes.

In the corner of her eye, she could see the surprised smirk on the face of Saylee.

Judith’s stern eyes induced Fala to pull her socks off and unzip her dress. She pulled it off along with her slip and stood blushing bright with shame, standing in nothing but her bra and panties. She looked up questioningly at the black woman.

“Get out of it. Change now.”

“Please, I can’t take my undertakings off in ... In front of Saylee!”

“You can do whatever I tell you to do. Take them off, now!”

“NO!” gasped Fala, wide eyed. She was totally bewildered by the woman’s demand but had felt sure she would relent and not require her to strip further. At least she thought, Judith would make the mulatto girl leave the room. It was mortifying enough to be seen in her underthings.

“Finish,” said Judith simply. “Take off the rest now, or I shall have one of the male servants come to help you.”

“NO ...” yelled Fala. “You ... you can’t ... I ...”

“Then remove your clothes now, before I lose patience!”

Fala’s face and neck flushed red with shame as she came to the realization that she would have to disrobe completely, in front of these two people of colour. But Judith’s authoritarian demeanour and the threat to summon a male servant won out. She unsnapped her bra, allowing her growing breasts to spill into view. Then she skimmed out of her panties. Hot tears were rolling down the white girl’s reddened cheeks, as she stood naked, using her hands to try to cover her mammaries and sex.

“That is good,” said Judith, “However, from now on you are not to take so long to obey my orders. You will be punished if it happens again.

“Now,” she continued, “you may get dressed. You are both close to the same size, so Saylee should be able to wear your clothes, Fala.”

Fala watched Saylee putting the clothes on for a few seconds, the shock of seeing the lowly mixed race girl in her clothing overriding even her own shame as she stood holding her hands over her breasts and pubis. She started to walk over to the dresser and get something else to wear, but Judith’s barked order stopped her instantly.

“Ple ... please,” asked Fala. “Couldn’t I ... put something else on?”

“No,” said the governess flatly. “You must learn. Put on Saylee’s old dress. Obey me, both of you.”

“Saylee continued donning the clothes that had been Fala’s until moments before. The young mixed race girl had no idea what was happening, but she knew better than to defy Judith. Besides, she rather liked the idea of wearing these nice clothes. She had never had a pair of shoes and had rarely worn

anything clean. It was like being a princess herself and she turned to see herself in the mirror, feeling a bright spark of pride.

Saylee was also wondering with a little thrill what it would be like to see the haughty white girl wearing her old tattered dress, but she frowned with discomfort at the strange feel of the underclothes. She would have left them off but Judith insisted. She fumbled with trying to fasten a bra for the first time in her life and Judith had to hook it for her. Finally she pulled on the socks and shoes, which felt tight and confining on feet accustomed to being bare.

Saylee was almost fully dressed now and that added immeasurably to Fala's mortification.

"Are you going to put the dress on?" asked Judith, smiling. "Or are you going to go about like that all afternoon?"

"No," said Fala, whining. "Please. Let me put something else on!"

"Those are Saylee's things in that drawer. Your dress is over there," she said, pointing to where Saylee had discarded the brown rag.

"But ... but you can't be serious about making me wear that," Fala cried. "It's disgusting!"

"I am serious," snapped Judith. "That is your dress! Your only dress."

Still Fala hesitated. The ragged brown garment had revolted her, even when Saylee had been wearing it. It also did not look or smell too clean. Now she was expected to wear the ugly thing?

"Now put the clothes on," Judith ordered Fala impatiently.

It was extraordinarily demeaning for the white girl, raised as she was in a racist home, to even think about wearing the ragged clothes of the low class mulatto serving girl she looked down on. But she couldn't stay naked. There was nothing else to do but pick up the rag and put it on. She would just have to stay in the room out of sight until Judith relented and let her wear her own clothes.

She was crying softly when her shoulders drooped with resignation and she padded over to pick up the ragged, brown dress. Unable to stand her nudity any longer, she swallowed her pride and slipped the threadbare cloth over her head.

Fala glanced at herself in the dressing mirror and blushed with humiliation. The hemline came barely halfway to her knees and the sleeves were so open that someone beside her could see nearly all of her breasts if she leaned forward. She kept having to push the material back onto her chest to prevent being shamelessly exposed.

Fala could also smell the mulatto girl's unwashed body, the odour permeating the material. She stood in the middle of the room, eyes gazing down at her now bare feet, utterly confused and humbled.

"Come with me, Fala," said Judith. "I will show you your new room."

The white girl was reluctant to leave the privacy of the bedroom dressed in the demeaning rag, but Judith insisted, her eyes narrowing. She led Fala down two flights of stairs to the basement. In a dark, dirty corner of the underground foundations of the house was the stark, room that Saylee had lived in. It was much more aptly described as a dungeon than a bedroom. It was lined on four sides with concrete and was accessed by a single stout wooden door. There was only a very small window, a vent really, high on the wall. The floor was also bare concrete and there was an old, yellowed mattress lying on the floor in a corner. The only other objects inside were two buckets, one empty, one filled with water.

Fala wrinkled her nose. The dank, musty odour that Fala recognized she always smelled on Saylee pervaded the small space. Her eyes strained to adjust. Besides the feeble shaft of sunlight from the vent, the only other illumination in the room was from a single, naked, low wattage bulb hanging from the ceiling. It cast a sickly dim glow across the room.

"You want me to stay in here?" squealed Fala in disgust, her hand over her open mouth. "This is horrid."

"You didn't think so when Saylee was here. It was good enough for a coloured girl. Now it's good enough for a white girl. For you, Fala! In you go. Get used to your new room!"

She pushed the bewildered girl into the filthy room and left, slamming the wooden door behind her.

Fala now felt not only humiliated and confused, but ashamed as well. It was true. She had never realized and would not have cared that Saylee had to endure these conditions. When her parents returned,

she was going to have a lot to say about the way both she and the serving girl had been treated. But where were her parents? When were they going to get back?

The following day, Judith introduced Fala to the joys of heavy housework.

Fala had gotten up in the morning, sore from the unaccustomed lumpy mattress. She had endured a bad night; sleeping in the foul smelling dress and curled up in total darkness. Several times during the night she had heard rats scurrying in the rafters and in the trash littering the basement. She had almost called out in fear to beg the black woman to be allowed to return to her luxurious bedroom. She knew though that Judith would not relent and that calling her down with screams or shouts would make things worse.

At long last the morning came and Judith came down to unlock the wooden door. Fala figured the lesson in humility was over and that she would be permitted to put on a decent dress for school.

“Saylee needs a better dress, I know,” she said, pouting. “But couldn’t I get something else out of my room to wear now?”

Judith’s dark eyes narrowed. “You have nothing else. The room you speak of belongs to Saylee now. Your room is here in the basement and there is no extra clothing.”

Fala whined, “please, you don’t really mean I have to wear this ugly thing all the time, do you? Please, Miss Judith, I ... I need my clothes back for school. I need to ... to switch with Saylee now.”

“No, the change is permanent. You are the maid now, Saylee is to be treated as the daughter.”

“But I can’t wear this rag all the time. Especially at school. At least give me my clothes back.”

“You can wear that dress, or you can go naked. It’s your choice. As for school, you were removed from the roles this morning. Saylee was put in your place.

“You can’t pull me out of school! My parents won’t allow it!”

“I am in charge of your education, Fala,” said the black woman with an evil smile. “And I’ve decided you will learn a domestic vocation. Your first course will be in floor scrubbing.”

Fala’s face wrinkled with disgust. This whole charade had gone far enough. She couldn’t believe the choices the black woman was giving her. She was the daughter of the owner. How dare Judith take her out of school and treat her like some stupid mulatto house-girl!

“I want my clothes and my room back,” said Fala, her anger spilling over. “Or I’m going to tell my parents when they get back.”

To Fala’s astonishment, the woman just laughed. But there was no humour in her voice when she seized the white girl by the hair and pulled it back painfully.

“You’ll say nothing, you understand?”

“Ouch! Please. Let go!”

“It’s time you learned proper behaviour, young miss,” said Judith. “You’ve seen Saylee in the correction position, now you take it.”

Fala’s mouth fell open and she stared, dumbfounded. This woman, a servant in the house was going to discipline her like the lowly Saylee. A whipping on her bare behind! It was too much.

“How dare you even suggest laying a hand on me you fat Nigger! I’m going to summon Mayinga immediately and have you fired.” Fala’s eyes flashed with the uncharacteristic assertiveness, but a moment later she was confused and even frightened by the woman’s reaction. Judith was laughing, but her eyes were narrow, filled with malice.

The black woman suddenly seized her. Moving like lightening the much larger Judith gripped Fala’s arm and raised it behind her back painfully. She reached up to Fala’s heaving chest and pinched a nipple between her thumb and forefinger. She was causing Fala excruciating pain in her shoulder and breast.

“I’m your governess. I decide what you wear, I decide what you learn and I decide how you will be punished when you disobey. Do you understand, little brat!”

“Ouuuch. Please ... let me go. Please let me go! Yes, yes ...”

Sensing the girl’s surrender, Judith released her. Fala stood sobbing, shocked at the rough treatment. But far worst was to come.

“Stand for correction,” said Judith evenly. Fala’s mouth dropped open with shock. Surely the black woman didn’t really expect to discipline her that way. She wasn’t a mulatto girl!

SLAP! The black woman’s open palm struck Fala’s right face cheek with such force it turned her head. For a second, the sheltered white girl was so surprised that she stopped crying and stared at the black woman open mouthed.

SLAP! Judith’s other hand impacted her left cheek, sending her face whirling the opposite direction. Fala quailed and cringed, covering her face with hands. “Stop it. All right, all right ... please.”

“Stand for correction!” the governess barked.

Fala sniffled with humiliation, bending over to grasp her bare ankles. She closed her eyes tight and bit her lip when her governess lifted the bottom of her dress and threw it over her back, leaving her soft, white rear end exposed.

Judith took the black whip from her belt and swished it through the air menacingly. Fala looked on, feeling real fear for the first time. She had often seen the object used on Saylee, but never suspected it would ever be used on her. The idea that she, a proper white girl of sixteen would be subject to physical discipline at the hands of coloured woman was devastating to her psyche. Fala looked on with horrified disbelief, Even as the big black woman’s arm descended to land the blow, she still could not believe this was actually happening- until the pain exploded on her behind.

Fala screamed. She had never undergone anything like this. The spansks from her adoptive father had been love pats in comparison. The blows rained down and Fala howled in pain, letting go of her feet to try and rub her stinging rear cheeks.

“Get back in position, or I give you ten more!” yelled Judith.

Fala yelped and cried, but she obeyed, reaching back down to hold her ankles tightly. As the remaining stripes fell, it was all she could do to keep the degrading stance and not incur more punishment. When it was over the white girl still stood, grasping her ankles, but swaying weakly and sobbing with mortification. When she straightened up the dress fell back over her reddened backside and she cried out again with the sting.

“Now you understand what happens if you disobey,” hissed Judith. “Go get a bucket and rag. I want entire the first floor scrubbed by this afternoon.”

Chapter 3

That afternoon had been a turning point in Fala's life. As she would later reflect, from that moment she was trapped in a whirlpool of ever increasing sexual and physical abuse.

Numbly, she had walked downstairs to start the demeaning job. She had been thoroughly chastened by Judith's whip and wanted only to get back on the black woman's good side and get the humiliating turnabout over with. She figured that sooner or later, before her parents arrived home, her governess would be forced to end the degrading lesson and restore her position. After all, she was white and the flesh and blood of the owners. All she had to do was behave herself and tough out her sentence.

One of the servants found her a bucket and some rags from the kitchen and showed her the areas that needed scrubbing. Fala gritted her teeth and set about doing the menial work.

The modest white girl quickly discovered that although she and Saylee were the same size, her legs were longer and the dress tended to ride up when she was bent over. Unfortunately, that was her normal posture as she cleaned the floors. She had to continually pull the garment down to prevent exposure of her upper legs or even her rear cheeks. Several times she saw the servants sneaking surreptitious glances whenever the errant dress permitted.

At the end of the day she had succeeded in completing the chore Judith had set for her, but her back and arms were aching. Her only reward was a cold supper in the kitchen, after the other servants had eaten. Then she was ordered back to her "room".

As the next few days passed, Fala discovered that the switch with Saylee was indeed at least semi-permanent. The disorientated girl, still not comprehending what had happened to her, had to get used to her new life as a de-facto servant. The other servants dropped the respectful "Miss," and simply called her Fala. When they weren't giving her orders, they simply ignored her. But it was Saylee, the white girl's former maid who really rubbed salt in Fala's psychic wounds.

Immediately after they had traded places, Saylee seemed to avoid her former mistress. She refused to look at Fala and when they met she would walk by without a word. She was obviously afraid to offend Fala, in case their roles were reversed again and she ended up as the servant.

Gradually, however, Saylee sensed the changes favouring her were set and her position was safe. She began to be more assertive with Fala, tentatively at first. But as time went by and Judith encouraged her, Saylee grew increasingly confident in her new role as princess of the house and was taking to lording it over the white girl with relish.

One day Fala was scurrying to clean Saylee's bathtub and toilet before she got home from school. She knew she would have to face Judith's wrath if Saylee's bedroom and bathroom were not spotless.

The white girl had just managed to finish the work and breathe a sigh of relief when she heard Saylee yelling at her from within the walk-in closet.

"My shoes not properly shined, Fala. I tell Judith and she cane you lazy white ass."

Fala padded into the room, her face ashen with fear. The charge was false and both of them knew it. Fala had worked over the footwear with spit and polish only the day before, after performing the same task the day before that. Even more galling was fact that the shoes Fala was continually forced to shine had once been hers. Now she was always barefoot while Saylee owned dozens of pairs. But Fala was simply too afraid of Judith and her whips to offer even the meekest back talk.

"Please, Miss Saylee, I'm sorry I didn't shine them well ..."

"Judith teach you, she make you very sorry. I call her now ..."

"Please Miss Saylee, give me another chance," gasped Fala, her voice breaking, "I'll shine your shoes better next time. Please don't call Miss Judith."

"Very well, Fala. I let you off this time. But I want all my shoes shined tomorrow while I at school. You see it done."

"Yes, Miss Saylee," said the white girl, eyes down.

Fala hated herself for the servile tone she was obliged to use. But she well knew any hint of insubordination would see her in the punishment position, feeling her bottom stung by Judith's whip. That knowledge, coupled with her timid nature precluded any rebellion. She was sacrificing her pride for her skin.

More days, then weeks went by. Fala endured the daily humiliation of being the mulatto girl's maid, serving the girl under the watchful eye of Judith. She worked as hard as she could and was respectful to both her governess and Saylee. She did her work with diligence, but every day now Judith seemed to find an excuse to whip her.

Saylee continued growing increasingly abusive and made it a point to be present whenever Fala was told to stand for correction. She was even beginning to make things up blatantly now, just so she could watch the punishment.

Yet still the displaced white girl was obliged to bite her tongue. Fala had, in the last few weeks, become even more terrified of the black woman's whip as the punishments grew more frequent and the lashes harder. It was too great a risk to fall into the trap and argue with the coloured girl. Though it was a bitter pill, the white girl had learned it was better to acquiesce, or even grovel. It saved her tender behind from a painful sting.

What astonished Fala, however, was the ease in which she herself accepted the demeaning, servile role they had forced on her. Only a few weeks earlier she had been the privileged daughter of white plantation owners. Now she was a ragged little serving girl, racing from one chore to the next, cringing and kowtowing lest her black governess whip her. There was no more resistance to be found in Fala. All she could do was wait and look forward to her parent's return- a hope that was becoming ever more confused.

In fact, Fala might even have adjusted to her new role completely had her unknown master, Mohammed, not decided it was time to take her to the next step. She was soon to unwittingly provide him with the perfect pretence.

She was in the kitchen working at another menial task when Randolph walked in and sat down at the table.

"There is some guava pie in the cold cabinet. Get a plate for me," he said.

By now, Fala was used to being curtly ordered around by the servants. "Yes sir," she said meekly and hurried to get him a plate and fork.

She placed the food in front of him and continued to work. But his eyes watching her every move, glistening with undisguised lust as he gazed at her creamy, naked legs. Once she had to bend over to get something under the sink and she could almost feel his dark eyes tracing up her thighs, following the curve of her behind. Somehow his hot, itchy stare repulsed her and excited her at the same time.

"Come here," he said, calmly.

She obeyed and stood next to him. Confused as to what he wanted.

"I know how they treat you here," he said in a low, sympathetic voice. "It's shameful. You're a white girl."

He looked at the door as if to make sure they were alone. Then he leaned forward to whisper into her ear. "If you'll write a letter to your parents, telling them how Judith treats you. I will mail it for you. Then they'll come home and she will be sacked."

Fala's eyes widened with surprise. "You ... you would do that for me?"

Randolph nodded. "No love lost between that old bitch and me. But ... you will have to do something in return."

"What ... what do you want me to do?" asked Fala innocently.

"Come out to the stables at midnight. Have your letter written and meet me there."

Fala could not imagine why the chauffeur wanted to meet her out in the stables in the middle of the night, but she knew Judith was a very powerful figure in the household. She thought perhaps that Randolph wanted to be sure he was not seen taking the letter from her.

While cleaning Judith's office a short while later, Fala found pen and paper. She sat down and hurriedly wrote a note, nervously listening in case someone entered the room. In five minutes she was able to jot down a note and seal it in an envelope, also from Judith's desk. She wished she had time to pen a neat, well-composed letter, but she was terrified that someone would come in and see her. Also she knew she had to complete her cleaning chores, or feel more of her governess' whip.

That night, Fala crept out of the house and over to the stables. She padded barefoot over the gravel on the road, up to the large, barn like structure. It was almost totally dark when she went inside, but near the back in the last stall she saw a few rays of light streaming through the partition slats.

Randolph was sitting on a fresh carpet of straw covering the floor and some bales of hay at the back of the stall. This part of the barn had been recently cleaned. A small lantern gleamed overhead and Fala could see a blanket had been spread on the bales.

"Hello," said Randolph pleasantly. "I was wondering if you were going to make it."

"I ... ah, I'm sorry, sir, I had to wait for Judith to go to bed, I ..."

"Well you're here now," he said, his eyes glimmering oddly.

"Yes, I ... I have the letter. I'm grateful for your help. I don't know how I'll be able to thank you."

"But you are going to thank me," he chuckled lewdly. "I told you there're some things you can do for me."

"Wha ... what, sir?"

"Well to start, you can take that ragged little dress off."

"Wha ... I ... I don't understand."

"What is there to understand, little one? Take your dress off."

"But ... but, sir ..." she gasped, "I'm not wearing anything underneath it."

"Good. Then you'll be naked- the way I want you."

Icy fingers of fear crept up Fala's spine as she realized she was alone with this man. She was sure she could not outrun him back to the main house and it would do no good to call out. She was probably out of earshot from the other servants. Worse, if she did scream there was no way she could explain why she was out here in the first place.

"Please sir," she whimpered. "I ... I can't get undressed ... out here!"

"You're a virgin?" It was as much a statement as a question.

"Yes," she choked, almost inaudibly. She looked up at his face, hoping that revelation would engender some mercy.

The black man laughed. "Do you even know what that means?"

"Oh please... I."

"Answer me," he snapped, his eyes suddenly flashing.

"It ... it means ... I ... I'm pure. I ... I ..."

"What do you mean by that? Explain for me what you mean by 'pure'."

Fala sniffled and frowned. How could she explain her concept of virginity to this uncouth, middle age black man. She had no knowledge of the specifics and physical mechanics of sex. Her notion of virginity was the same as a very young child's. It revolved around the vague idea of being "proper", covering up her body so no one could see and not allowing anyone to touch. A "good girl" was not unchaperoned with a white boy her age. To be alone in a stable, late at night, with a middle age black man- *who wanted her to undress in front of him!* That was unthinkable!

"I ... I think I'd better get back to the house ..."

He grabbed her, arm holding her in front of him. "You owe me little one. I'm taking a big chance crossing that fat assed governess of yours."

"Please. You're hurting me ..."

He loosened his grip a little, but his eyes were smoky, intense. "I'll hurt you a lot worse, little white girl, if you don't do as you're told. Now answer my question. You don't even know what a virgin is, do you?"

"N ... no ..." she whispered. "... Not really."

Randolph's eye's glowed. He had known that she was sexually innocent. But the emotion of this moment was starting to get to him. His manhood throbbed inside his pants, impatient for chaste, helpless pussy flesh to penetrate and conquer. Innocent, creamy white and salmon pink, pussy flesh.

"Being a virgin means that you haven't been *fucked*, Fala. Surely you have heard that word spoken by friends. Or perhaps you know of the act of mating from some other source? Tell me."

"I've ... heard the words, sir," she admitted, hovering on the edge of tears.

"What do they mean?"

"I ... I don't ..."

"Tell me!"

"Fu ... the F word is nasty and ... it means ... it's when a boy and girl get undressed and ... and touch each other and ... mating just sounds ... it sounds like ... it's what animals do, sir."

He chuckled, thoroughly entertained now. "Then this is a good place for a girl like you to give up her virginity. In a stable, like an animal."

"Please, don't hurt me ... I don't know much about ... about those kinds of things ... please."

The man was leering openly at her now, grinning now from ear to ear. "Fala, take off your dress, now. Or I'll rip it off!"

Something in his face or manner frightened the young white girl, even more than she feared Judith. She was mortified by the idea of disrobing in front of him, but she was even more terrified of refusing him.

Shaking with shame and trepidation, she reached back and slowly pulled the worn zipper down. Her delicate white skin gleamed in the flickering lamplight and Randolph licked his lips with anticipation. The tattered garment fell away from her front, dangling from her nerveless fingers.

"Nice," he said nodding. He reached for the material and pulled it from her grasp, releasing it to drop off her hips and pool at her feet. With the loss of her simple garment, the chaste young girl was naked. She blushed red and crossed her hands primly over breasts and sex in the instinctive female reaction.

Fala's eyes widened with disbelief when Randolph also began undressing. His eyes never left hers as he pulled his clothing quickly off and stood before her, nude as she was.

"See, now we're a pair, Fala."

"Ple ... please ..."

"Please what, Fala?"

"Please don't hurt me, sir."

"I'm not going to hurt you, Fala, as long as you obey. Are you going to obey?"

"Ye ... yes ... sir."

"Good girl. Now I want you to lie down on that blanket, on your back. That's a good girl."

"Please ... what do you ... what are you going to ...?"

Randolph reached to his pants, and pulled his belt from them. "I'm getting tired of hearing that word, 'please,' Fala. I don't want to hear it again unless you mean 'please fuck me,' do you understand?"

"Yes," she squeaked.

"Now, I want you to spread your legs. Wider. Much wider, Fala."

"Please ... I ... aiiihhhggggg."

He brought the belt down hard between her breasts. "I told you not to say that word, unless you want to be fucked. Now complete it. Say 'please fuck me.'"

She hesitated, not wanting to say the disgusting word.

"Aaaaiiggghhhhh."

Another vicious cut with the belt landed. This one across her pale belly. "Say it, Fala."

"Please ... please fuck me ..." she choked.

"Good girl. Such a sweet, agreeable virgin. Now, spread your legs very wide, Fala. Do it slowly, open your little pink flower to me."

The white girl was crying softly with shame and embarrassment. She placed her feet flat on the blanket but spread her thighs, as he demanded, opening them all the way. She groaned and instinctively placed her hands on her pubic mound to shield it from his devouring eyes.

“Get your hands away,” he shouted. “Place them over your head. Good. You move them and I’ll flay your puffy little pink tits with my belt.”

She groaned and complied.

He moved down between her legs to study her sex up close. It was a perfect little slit, running south, demure and tight, from a small patch of soft, downy hair. She cried softly to herself as he traced the length of her vulva, watching it twitch and shudder from his touch.

Randolph placed his thumbs on either side of her pudenda and pulled the labia apart, revealing the juicy pink folds inside. At the top was her delicate little clit, exposed for perhaps the first time from its well-guarded hiding place. He brought his face close to her slit, blowing cool air directly onto her pleasure bud.

Fala bucked her hips. Strange tingles emanated from her secret little place. Feelings she had occasionally felt when she saw a scantily clad boy at the swimming hole, or when her father spanked her over his knee. But she knew those feelings were nasty and that good girls shouldn’t have them. She tried to drive them from her mind.

“Aaaahhhh,” she gasped. His thumbs, which had been sliding along the smooth swell of her outer lips, had pushed inward, grazing for an infinitesimal instant on the tip of her clitoris.

“Ple ... I mean, sir. Stop sir. It feels ... bad sir.”

Randolph smiled. “I think you mean it feels *good*, Fala. *Too* good for an innocent virgin. You’re right, a virgin shouldn’t indulge in those sensations. I think we should remedy that right now, then we can play with your clit ‘till it pops like a firecracker.”

He moved up and mounted her, blocking her instinctive attempt to close her legs with his body. He brought his powerful shaft to her belly and pushed the head playfully into her navel.

“Reach for it and take it in your hands, Fala. I want you to handle it, play with it. Go on, touch it.”

She reached tentatively, touching the spongy glans with her fingertips and quickly pulling her hand back. She thought he would be angry, but he just smiled. “Touch it, Fala. Get your soft little white hands over it.”

She tried again, this time closing her fingers around it, feeling how stiff and hard it was. It was ebony black like the rest of his body and throbbed with heat and potency. He let her study it. Her curiosity was evident and despite the emotionally charged atmosphere, it was a moment of discovery, her first contact with an erect manhood. He smiled kindly and that gave her the confidence to pump it slowly, instinctively, feeling the soft skin slip over the hard, blood-filled inner shaft.

He thought about making her suck it off, but what he wanted most was that sweet, pink, virgin pussy. There would be plenty of time later to teach the nuances of pleasuring cock.

“See. That’s not so bad. It’s nothing to be afraid of, is it, Fala?”

“N ... no sir,” she whispered.

“Work up some saliva in your mouth. Now spit on your hands. Lick it on there. That’s good. Now Fala, I want you to spread your spit all over my cock.”

She touched the organ again, less afraid this time and did as she was told, coating the black shaft with her spit, feeling the heat through her hands and wondering what on earth he was making her do.

“Now lay back. Put your arms over your head again. That’s good. Keep them there until I say to move them.”

He reached down to guide the lubed shank to her labia, nestling the head into the folds. Fala was looking between her legs with mixed horror and fascination. He was acting like he was intending to push that monstrous thing into her, where she peed. Surely he didn’t really think it would fit in there!

Seconds later though, his muscular body was in position. He started pushing it in, letting his weight descend on her and trying to stuff it inside.

She panicked. “You ... you can’t get that in there ... It’s ... It’s too big. Ugghhhhh, TAKE IT OUT, IT’S TOO BIG!”

She heard his laughter and looked at his face. “Too big, huh? You bet it’s too big, little white girl. But we’re going to get it in anyway!”

It was the lubrication of her spit, plus his persistence that allowed him, after several thrusts, to gain the barrier of her hymen. He could have pushed it in faster, but he did not really want to hurt the girl. He certainly didn’t want to tear her. He planned on getting lots of use out of this tight little hole in the near future.

She felt him against her maidenhead and thought he had bottomed out. She relaxed with a sense of relief, thinking there would be no more stuffing of her abused little pussy. She was about to receive the shock of her life.

“AAAhhhhhhhhggggggg,” she screamed when the big black man pushed into her with one massive thrust. He had in fact planned to be gentle, but the sudden impalement was necessary to break her virgin membrane. The power of the stroke and the rending of her sheath combined to send a sheet of pain up her spine. She thought that the man had broken something inside her, ruptured her guts and displaced her internal organs. In fact of course, something inside her had been broken. She did not know that breaking of a hymen was normal.

Fala was sobbing now. She wondered if he was actually going to kill her. It felt like he had already torn her open, yet still he was pushing further up into her. He seemed determined to get the entire length of his phallus inside her, something she did not think was possible. Suddenly he stopped, holding still within her. She felt his testicles bounce against her puckered anus and looked down. Incredibly, his big thing was all the way in!

They held still for several seconds, Fala afraid to move and Randolph wanting to savour his conquest. The sharp pain in Fala’s stretched vagina faded, giving way to an uncomfortable feeling of being stuffed.

“Ahhhh, very nice. Aren’t you the tight one?” he laughed.

The black man lifted up on his arms, withdrawing his phallus from her slowly. Fala watched, thinking he was going to take it out. But as soon as it was almost free he reversed, pushing the big organ back in, all the way to the hilt. He repeated the movement, then did it again. After a few moments the withdrawals and re-insertions became smooth seamless strokes and he began moving in and out his entire length with a slow, gentle rhythm.

Fala sighed. Her vagina was growing used to the presence of his large penis and her fear was subsiding. He seemed to be getting what he wanted now and had set aside the threats and rough treatment to enjoy this act. Whatever the *act* was. Fala had no knowledge of intercourse and no idea she was actually engaging in sex. She only knew the experience of being penetrated thusly was not so bad, once she relaxed and let it happen.

He was slogging her with a well-established coital motion now. He smiled when he felt her wetness, easing him in. She was loosening up well and it was time she learned to participate.

“Like it, Fala? Move on it. Go on, it’s just us. Don’t worry about being a good girl, just make it feel hot.”

Fala could feel it. When she relaxed her body accepted him and began to transmit the normal sensations of sex to her brain. The innocent girl was grappling now with real sensual pleasure, coursing through her loins and up her spine. Her body and sex were rapidly coming alive and she realized with a mental shock that she was enjoying it.

But she didn’t want to be enjoying it! She was sure what she was doing with this man was illicit and forbidden. It was bad enough to be doing it at all, but at least until now she could assuage her conscience with the fact that she had been forced. If she began to enjoy it and participate, her shame would be incalculably greater.

Randolph was reading her mind like a book. He knew this was the moment to take her further. Her eyes were tightly closed as she tried to control her body. She didn’t see him reach over and take the belt. Without warning he sent it crashing down onto her belly and breasts.

She squealed and her eyes opened wide like saucers.

“I said, get your ass moving, Fala. Buck your hips with me. Come on, you know how.”

Without another thought, the girl began moving with him, female instinct taking over. He put the whip down and she gave an inner sigh of relief. She would give him what he wanted, if that meant less pain.

“Treat me like your boyfriend, Fala. Wrap your arms and legs around me. Think of me as the handsome white boy of your dreams,” he laughed.

She did it. It was beginning to be difficult not to embrace him, even without his demands. And when her arms and legs entwined around his strong body she lost her battle for control. She was surprised at how quickly her will to resist evaporated, but her petite body seemed to know what to do on its own. It just seemed OK now, as if it were totally natural to cling tightly to a man who was doing this, and pump her pleasure tunnel up and down on his rampant shaft. All thoughts of who this man was and all considerations of propriety and poise flew out of her mind. She was fucking him back for all she was worth.

“You’re an animal,” he breathed lubriciously into her ear. “You like it, don’t you? You’re naked and fucking in a stable, Fala. And you love it - my little slut.”

He felt her hands tighten and grope on his back muscles and the friction of her soft heels as they bounced on his buttocks. They were rutting with abandon now, making the bales beneath them churn.

“Say it now, Fala. Say please fuck me.”

“Please ...” she breathed, “please fuck me. Please fuck me!”

“Yes ... that’s it,” he chuckled. “Fala wants to be fucked. Fala needs to be fucked!”

They were building fast now, racing to fulfilment at breakneck speed. He was thrusting in and out of her wildly as she wiggled beneath him, her carnal impulses taking complete control. He was dizzied with a rush of power, knowing he was inveigling her from chaste schoolgirl to little stable whore. The thought brought him to the edge.

“Faaalaaaa, I want to suck all that precious virginal innocence from you. I want you to cum. Come on ... yessss, Fala. I’m gonna make that formerly pure little cunt explode.”

Fala’s head lolled from side to the side. The swirling pleasure was beginning to come in waves, rippling from her charged sex. She crossed her legs tightly around his back and pushed her rock hard nipples into his chest hair as they rutted on. She felt him stiffen, drive into her with one last heaving thrust and then groan with ecstasy as a flood of liquid fire bolted from his rod. His semen gushed forth from his manhood, splashing against her vaginal walls and inundating her freshly deflowered pussy. Fala spasmed, holding her skewered pudenda tightly around the base of his phallus, unconsciously trying to milk the last drop of the soothing, warm liquid, screaming as the waves within her peaked to a climax. They came together and were united, black and white. Their universe complete- one gasping, jolting, orgasmic flesh.

Finally their frantic movements slowed and they lay entwined, covered with the sweat of their illicit exertions. Fala fought for breath, still impaled, supine and helpless as Randolph rose on his arms. He surveyed her for several seconds as she tried to recover, then he laughed and pulled out of her. He wiped the residue of their lust from his genitals using her dress and brought his hand to clasp her now swollen vulva closed.

“That’s called ‘FUCKING,’ little one. And you,” he said, giving her clit a quick, sharp pinch, “are not a virgin anymore.”

It was past 2 AM when Fala made her way back to her dingy room in the basement of the magnificent house. The semen running down her legs felt cool in the night air and made her feel dirty, inside as well as out. She wiped some off with her dress, but it continued to run out. She thought about going to the kitchen for a paper towel, but rejected the idea. She was too afraid someone might hear.

As least, she thought, as she pulled off the dirty dress and curled up on the old mattress, her letter would be sent. Despite her sore vagina and the psychological trauma of losing her virginity in a stable, to a black man, her mind was strangely accepting of what had happened. She knew her letter was on its way and that filled her with a new sense of hope.

Chapter 4

Fala awoke the next morning, having slept surprisingly well despite the short night's rest and the dried semen caking her labia. Though she had lost her virginity, she felt better about things than she had in weeks. She thought for sure that her parents would rush home as soon as they got the letter and fire the odious Judith, maybe even have her charged. Fala was going to see to it that Saylee was sent back to the dirty little village she had come from- wearing her grubby brown dress. Her mind was ablaze with all of the things she was going to say and the servants she would report. She had a long mental list and it was going to be very gratifying when she got her revenge.

The white girl bounded upstairs, a new spring in her bare feet. She told herself she would have to play it cool for the next few days until her parents arrived. In the meantime she might get more of Judith's whip if she stepped out of line. But even this sobering thought could not dampen her spirits. In a few days she would be the princess of the house again and wearing clothes fit for a white girl.

Fala was in such a good mood when she entered the kitchen that she scarcely noticed that both Judith and Saylee were already up and sitting at the table. Saylee was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Fala ignored them coldly and went to the refrigerator to get some milk. While her back was turned Judith spoke matter-of-factly.

"So I am horrid and cruel, am I, Fala?"

The white girl nearly dropped the milk. She turned around, the colour gone from her face.

An evil, mirthless smile played across the big black woman's face as she pulled an envelope from her handbag and waved it in front of the paralysed young girl. Fala nearly fainted when she saw it. It was the letter she had sent to her parents!

"So you have been busy, Miss Smyth," said Judith with mock politeness. "Busy writing naughty letters full of lies. I'm glad I found this on the seat of the car. I suppose Randolph was going to mail it for you."

Fala was totally speechless. There was no way she could deny it and now that her letter had been intercepted there was no telling when her parents would be back. All she could do was stare at her governess with guilt and wide-eyed terror.

Judith got up and walked over to Fala. She brought her face down, inches away from the white girl's and spoke in a deceptively pleasant tone. "I wonder what you did for him to get him to send it, huh?"

Fala shut her eyes tight with shame. She could tell that the black woman had guessed exactly what had transpired the night before.

Judith smiled cruelly. She took the letter and began to read it aloud.

"Dear Mother and Father. Please, please come home as quickly as you can. I am being treated shamefully by the servants. I have been forced to wear rags and do the servant's work. Please come. Judith is horrid and cruel and beats me brutally and took me out of school. I have been forced to serve Saylee, the mulatto girl, as a maid. I've never met you but I know you must not be aware of what the black servants have done. Please return. I cannot write more. If I'm caught I will be beaten!

Your loving daughter, Fala."

Fala's voice trembled with fear. "Please ... Miss ... Miss Judith ... I ... I didn't mean ..."

The governess' face was clouding and any pretence to civility was disappearing. "You are a wretched little girl, Fala Smyth," she spat. "You were warned not to tell your parents about anything that goes on here."

"They should know," cried Fala, her temper boiling over. Her voice was keening and high, tinged with panic. "They're my parents and your employers, they should know about the way you treat me!"

Fala's face flashed with impotent rage, her anger now vying with her fear. But in the next moment she was shocked into stunned silence. Totally without warning, the black woman slapped her across the

face. It was a vicious blow and Fala stared open mouthed. Judith had never hit her quite that hard before, or with the demeaning backhand.

“Please ... please don’t hit me!”

“I’ll hit you whenever I feel like it, you little trollop! And if you ever threaten me again I’ll do much more than that!”

“But ... you can’t keep treating me like this. My father will discharge you ...” the white girl whined.

“I control you. I can do as I like to you,” said Judith. “It’s obvious I have been too lenient with you. I think instead of using the short whip on you, we will introduce that soft white butt of yours to the cane.”

Fala blanched, silently shaking her head with disbelief. Everyone had told her the cane was much worse than the whip. The young white girl dropped her eyes, all thoughts of defiance evaporating with the mention of the dreaded object. Saylee was giggling with unrestrained glee.

“Go get the cane, Fala,” said Judith. “Bring it to my office double quick. You’re in too deep already.”

Frightened and not knowing what else to do Fala raced downstairs to where the black lacquered cane was kept. Crying with anxiety she hurried back up to the woman’s office, presenting the feared object to her governess and staring at her toes nervously. The hopeful, revenge-planning Fala was gone. The fearful little barefoot serving girl was back.

Fala cringed as she heard the woman swishing the thin whippy rod through the air.

“Ten, I think,” said Judith, “since this is your first caning.”

“Please ... please, Miss Judith,” Fala began babbling. “Don’t use that on me.”

“Get that dress off.”

“Please ... Miss Judith!”

“Be silent, you little white rat, or I’ll beat your face instead of your ass!”

From the look in the black woman’s eye, Fala knew her governess would do just that. Trembling with fear she unzipped the dress and let it drop, so frightened she no longer thought about her modesty.

“Stand for correction.”

Fala obeyed screwing her eyes shut tight. She heard Judith walking behind her, swishing the limber rod through the air, then for several seconds the room was quiet except for Fala’s soft sobbing and Saylee’s snickers of sadistic anticipation.

Thwack! “AAAAAIIIIHHHHHHHH ...” Fala screamed like never before. The pain that seared into her soft white rear cheeks was indescribable - so bad that Fala jumped out of the punishment position and ran to the far end of the room rubbing her cheeks and sobbing with agony.

“GET BACK INTO POSITION!” shouted Judith. “Five more for disobedience!”

“Ohhhhh, Noooooooo, no no,” wailed Fala. “I can’t take that ... please ... I can’t take ... I can’t, I can’t.”

“Back now! Or you get ten more!”

Fala hurriedly assumed the position, but wailed and begged pathetically.

Thwack! “AAAAiiiiieeeeeehhhh,” the white girl screamed. She nearly panicked and let go of her ankles, but managed to cling with desperation as she were hanging from a cliff.

Thwack! “AAAAiiiiieeeeeegggghhhh, Miss Judith please ... please ... oh please, I can’t take it ...” She was hysterical now. Unlike the whip, the impact of the cane seemed to sting continuously as if it were coated with the tendrils of jellyfish.

Thwack! “AAAAiii AAiiii AAAAhhhhgggg, Oh please stop ... Oh please, Miss Judith I’ll do anything! Please, I can’t take it!”

Thwack! “Ahh Ahhh Ahhh Ahhhiiiihhggggg, Pleaseeeese ... Miss Judiiiiittthhh! Ooohhh god!

Thwack! “Ahh Ahhhh Ahhh Ahhhiiiihhh phfff,” The white girl lost control of her bladder, wailing as a golden stream poured from between her legs. She could hear Saylee burst into peals of malicious laughter, literally staggering with joy. Fala sobbed and tried desperately to shut it off but once the flow began she could not will her shocked body to obey. The urine continued until her bladder was empty.

Thwack! “Ahhh Ahhh Ahhhh Ahh Haaaaa haaaa ... please ... Miffsss ... Juuudd ... dddiii ... thhh ... I ... aahhhh ...” she babbled incoherently. But such was her fear of the black woman that she still did not release the hold on her ankles.

Thwack! “AAAiiiihhheeee Ahh Ahhhh ... Oh pleassssee ... I swear I swear I swear ... I’ll mmmmmmmhhh ... doooo ... any ... thiiinnnggg ...” she screeched insanely. The room seemed to sway and even Saylee’s hateful giggles of delight seemed to be blotted out.

Thwack! “AAAiiiihhheegggg ...” She was teetering on the edge of unconsciousness now, able only to gibber with mindless, vain pleading. Still she clung to her ankles, her fingers white with the strain.

Thwack! “AAAiiiiiggg Aiiii Aiiiiee Ohhh OOOhhh God ... oohh Missss ... pleaasse ... oh please ... oh please ... Miss Judithhhhh! I swear I’ll be ... I’ll be good. I swear I’ll never do it again. I swear I swear! Ahhhggghh!” Fala held the correction stance. She was literally blind with tears and exertion. She continued to sob uncontrollably and beg, promising anything if her governess would stop the searing agony.

Such was her divorce from reality that it was several minutes before she realized she was alone.

Fala panted, trying to catch her breath. The room stunk with her urine and her face was streaming with spittle and mucus, thrown up by the intensity of her screams. Her entire body was bathed in sweat and the pain on in her back; rear cheeks and legs still reverberated with barely diminished puissance.

She could taste vomit in her mouth and desperately wanted to rise from her inverted position. When she could stand it no more she straightened up, afraid even to rub her back and rear cheeks for fear she would find only bloody pulp.

“Get back in correction position!” shouted Saylee, who had just returned to the office.

“Yes, Miss Saylee,” whimpered the white girl, instantly obeying.

“Miss Judith say you stay like that ‘til she come back to give you last five strokes!”

Five more stokes!

“Oh please, Miss Saylee, please ... I can’t take ... please no more. Ask Miss Judith, please.”

“We see what Miss Judith say, Fala. For now you stand for correction ‘till she get back.”

Judith returned moments later and Fala began shaking with terror when she saw the black woman was still carrying the cane. “Well, Fala, five more for leaving the punishment position!”

Fala wailed and launched into more piteous begging.

“Shut up!” snapped Judith.

Fala immediately stopped, except for the low weeping she was quite unable to suppress. The fat black governess sat in her comfortable desk chair, observing the quaking girl who still grasped her bare ankles with desperate obedience.

“Come here, Fala.”

The hurting girl rose and scrambled over, standing in front of the woman, looking directly to the floor.

“So you don’t think you can take any more? Very well. Kneel here and beg my forgiveness.”

Fala complied without demur. It was not a time to stand on pride.

“Oh please Miss Judith ... I swear I’ll never do it again ... please, I can’t take any more ... I beg you Miss Judith ...”

“Very well, I think you have had enough for the moment. We will postpone the remaining five strokes until the bruises on your ass have healed.”

Fala started sobbing once more, this time with relief. At least the punishment would not be today. “Thank you ... Thank you Miss Judith.”

The rest of the day Fala worked racked with hopelessness yet propelled by fear of the cane. She realized that the remaining five strokes were still pending, like the sword of Damocles over her head. She had barely been able to get the old dress on over her burning back. When she looked at the mirror in servant’s bathroom she saw her rear was a mass of black and blue bruises and lurid red stripes. The beating she had received was far beyond anything that had happened to her yet.

That night she could not lie on her back. She slept on her side and would awake with a cry whenever she turned onto her punished posterior.

The next morning, Judith had business in town and Fala concentrated on her chores. By evening her back was just beginning to recover, but her heart caught in her throat when she was told see Judith in her office.

Fala began whimpering even before her arrival. She was afraid she was going to get the remaining strokes and the thought of them being delivered onto her already bruised backside was horrible.

When she walked into the room, Judith was seated and the dreaded black cane was lying across her desk.

“Now, Fala,” said Judith. “Because of your mischief I think we must set some new ground rules. You understand now the punishment for threatening us, or trying to contact your parents?”

“Yes ... yes, Miss Judith.”

“From now on, you will address me as Mistress and the other servants as sir or ma’am, including Saylee. Is that clear?”

“Yes ... Mis ... Mistress.”

“Good. Now get up. Stand up straight. Take off that dress.”

Fala grimaced, expecting the next five strokes now.

“Please ... Miss Judith ... I mean, Mistress ...”

“Get it off, Fala, or we’ll finish your punishment.

“Yes, Mistress.” The nervous girl unzipped the tired, soiled garment and dropped it in front of her.

“You complained to your parents about your clothing,” said Judith. “Very well, we shall teach you to be grateful for any clothing at all. Until I say different, you will wear only this. Nothing else.” She tossed a pair of ragged cotton panties at her. They landed on the floor near her bare feet.

Fala’s face and neck flushed with embarrassment ... “Please ... you ... you can’t mean ... I can’t.”

“You can. And you will,” said Judith. “Saylee, tell Veema to take that old dress and burn it.”

“Yes, Miss Judith,” said Saylee.

The white girl’s eyes widened and her mouth fell open. She was to be left practically naked!

Fala’s voice was high-pitched, with a hint of panic. “NO ... please ...”

“It is decided,” said Judith calmly, “it’s simply the way it is, Fala.”

“Mistress please ... I can’t go about like that ... without ... hardly anything to wear!”

The black woman smiled mirthlessly and Saylee held her breath, grinning and listening.

“Put the panties on now, Fala. Or I’ll have Veema burn them too. Then you can show your little clam to everyone, just like you showed Randolph last night.”

Beaten, Fala picked up the panties with a whimper. She quickly skinned them on and averted her eyes, blushing brightly.

“Now get your work done. Down to the laundry.”

Fala was literally trembling now, torn between the unthinkable shame of such exposure and the intolerable agony of the cane.

“Please Mistress ...” said Fala, her voice cracking hysterically. “Don’t make me go like ... like ... this ... please! My chest is ... bare!”

“Perhaps ten more with the cane!” said Judith.

“NO, PLEASE!”

“Then run, Fala! Run and do the laundry, and I may change my mind.”

Once again fear of the shiny black rod drove out all pride and modesty. Fala practically flew down to the basement, thinking of nothing but obeying and escaping the cane. She was crying uncontrollably as, clad only in the panties, she began the work of sorting the soiled clothes into the tub.

Fala would never have believed she would miss the ugly, ragged dress she had worn. But as she worked weeding the garden she longed for something, anything, to cover her near nakedness.

It had been two weeks since her transgression with the letter. Two weeks in which she had been obliged to work her chores shamefully exposed. Fala would not have thought such humiliation was possible. Only a few months before she had been a modest, chaste girl, an only child to two white racists living in Alabama. Once her parents would have grounded her for a year if had worn a one-piece bathing suit in public. Even here she had been a privileged daughter of the manor. Now she was nothing but nearly naked serving girl, dressed in a way that she knew would have shamed a coloured girl half her age.

The bright sun was shining down on the forlorn girl. Fortunately the preceding days had been largely overcast and had given Fala's formerly snow white skin a chance to tan. Her back and rear cheeks were fully healed now from the horrible caning, but the scars remained on Fala's psyche.

Judith had never delivered the last five strokes of the cane, but that was not a blessing. Fala knew that it was only a matter of time before she would have to pay her debt to the black rod and in the meantime she lived in dread of the inevitable.

Fala choked back tears of misery. The ragged panties hid nothing but her sex and butt. Everything else of course, was on display. Her breasts bounced and flopped shamefully, fully exposed and her slender lithe body was shown off as never before. Back in Alabama and before her fall from princesshood, Fala would have felt embarrassed being so scantily clad alone in her own room. Now the male servants ogled her openly now as she scurried about, performing her menial tasks.

The night with Randolph had changed other things too. She had seen the chauffeur speak to Mayinga. The old butler shook his finger and called her a wanton. Hypocritically he was continually eyeing her now, his expression anything but one of propriety.

Fala finished weeding the north garden and padded inside. She still had much to do and it was nearly 10 A.M.

She worked quickly on the floor of the workroom. There was a very large pile of laundry to be done and Veema; the head maid, had told her if it was not clean by noon she would take the whip to her. All the servants had the right to punish her now and the white girl had learned enough in the past month to know that the old black woman did not make idle threats.

It was at that moment that Mayinga appeared.

"White girl, my apartment is a mess. There is laundry to pick up and the bed to make. And I want my bathroom cleaned."

Beth knew why the older man wanted her in his rooms. He had the same stare when he looked at her exposed breasts, as Randolph had that night. She had tried to find an excuse to stay away from him and so far had succeeded.

"I ... please ... I have other chores to do. Perhaps Huring could see to ..."

"I did not give the task to Huring, white girl. Go to my apartment and await me there."

"But ... Veema says I have to have these clothes done by mid-day," she whined.

He leered and took a handful of her hair, forcing her to look into his eyes. "Then you better make me feel very good, so I'll speak to her on your behalf. Now, up to my rooms. Go."

He gave the girl a sharp pinch on her rear to emphasize his demand. Knowing she had no choice, Fala quickly went upstairs to Mayinga's room.

Fala had begun to clean his bathroom when he arrived minutes later.

"You're filthy, white girl. And you smell. Get into the shower."

"Yes ... sir."

Fala was in no mood to argue. She was afraid of the old butler, having felt the sting of his whip a few times. She had seen the younger maids Huring and Zima also fall under his discipline and knew it could be far worse for her. Besides, he was right. She did need a shower. In fact it would be nice right now. If only she didn't have to worry about falling behind on her chores.

Fala turned the soothing water on and dropped her old panties, setting them on the sink. She stepped in the shower and began to bathe. The feeling was wonderful, the first time she had been allowed to wash for a couple of days.

She was so engrossed by the pleasant moment that she didn't notice someone slipping into the bathroom. She was rinsing the soap off her face, her eyes tightly closed, when suddenly two large hands seized her breasts! Fala shrieked with stunned outrage and the stranger pushed her forward, pinning her face on to the tile while he pressed his body roughly onto her back.

"Hello, slut. Mind if I join you?"

Fala was so startled she could barely catch her breath.

"Please ... who ... what do you want?"

"I want some of what you've been handing out, little white whore. Don't yell again, or I'll twist these right off."

He pulled painfully at her nipples to make the point.

"M ... Mister ... Mayinga, sir?"

"That's right. Who else do you think would be in this bathroom?" he chortled lewdly. Fala felt him press the hard shaft of his erection into the small of her back and he pulled her from the shower wall, still palming her breasts.

"I'm going to fuck you raw before you leave this apartment. But first, you're going to bathe me. Turn around."

He released her and she turned to face him. She flushed bright at being naked, so close to a man who was also naked. Without thought, her hands went to shield her genitals and she lowered her eyes with abashment.

Mayinga began laughing and Fala realized how ridiculous she must seem. She had been scurrying about for days, clad in nothing but the pathetic panties. Now she was panicked simply because a man was in the shower with her. Of course the panties at least kept her sex hidden, but wasn't it better to be seen naked by one man, than clad only in the briefest panties by everyone? Still the shower stall seemed so intimate and private and his manner so crass, she couldn't help feeling self-conscious.

"Stop trying to hide your charms, girl. Take the wash-cloth and soap. Wash me."

Fala bit her lower lip with indecision. It was nasty enough to be standing with him, alone, naked. She couldn't touch him as well!

"My whip is in the bedroom if I need it. But if I have to get out of this shower dripping wet to get it I will give you a proper thrashing, white girl."

Fala whimpered and picked up the cloth. She lathered the soap in it and proceeded to wash him. It seemed so strange to be doing such a simple, intimate thing as bathing him. Yet she had to admit it was exciting as well. Fala blushed again as she realized she was getting the strange hot feelings inside that had overwhelmed her when she had been with Randolph. This man was at least ten years older than Randolph was and she would never have thought of him with anything remotely like romance. Yet there was that unmistakable urge. She knew her body wanted to feel that filthy black organ of his and it disgusted her. She would have to be careful to keep from losing control again.

Mayinga seemed to know what she was thinking.

"Drop the cloth, girl. Soap your bare hands and use them. Wash me."

Fala declined to argue. She followed his order and began running her lathered hands over his body.

He smiled, amused that she washed him everywhere, but seemed to accidentally skip over his penis and scrotum. That was fine. She could save those for last.

By the time she had rinsed him, his manhood was rampant and he was ready to move on to more meaningful exercises.

"Wash my cock girl. It's part of my body and don't you dare regard it as dirty."

Fala took a deep breath. She cradled the soap and went to her knees lathering her hands again and scrubbing his shaft and balls. It was only the second male organ she had ever seen. This one was different from Randolph's. It looked old, knurled. It was fatter than the chauffeur's but not as long and it seemed to taper below the bulbous head. It throbbed in her hand as she touched it and was bobbing vivaciously by the time she rinsed the soap off.

"Stand," he said simply, grasping her chin. "That's right, cream girl. You can perform for *me* now."

“Sir ... I ... I ...”

He pushed her back against the tile again, pressing his superior weight against her. “Spread your legs.”

“Please, I was a virgin before Mr. Randolph. Yours is very ... big and ... I ...”

“If you can take his you can take mine, white girl. Now spread your legs. I’m taking the cane to your ass when we get out. How many strokes you get depends on how well you fuck me, understand?”

“Yes. Yes sir. Oh please, don’t cane me...”

“Fuck real good and I might use the short whip instead.”

“Yes sir, yes sir.”

He bent his knees to bring his member close to her prim little slit. “Put me in.”

“Sir?”

“Put my cock in,” he said, teeth gritted. “Do it now!”

She hesitated for a split second from implementing the lewd demand and his right hand landed a stinging slap on her delicate face.

“You belong to the master and I am his man. You will learn to respect and obey!”

She closed her eyes with humiliation and grasped his phallus, guiding it to her slot. When she had centred it and tucked it between her labia he began to push using short little stabs, driving it deeper each time.

“Yessss. Aggghhh, that’s tight,” said Mayinga.

Fala just leaned passively against the shower wall. What could she do? If she didn’t cooperate, he would use the dreaded cane on her. And she knew he was going to ravish her anyway. There was nothing to be gained with resistance, but she whimpered with the humiliation of it.

A few seconds later and he was home. She was stuffed with him and could feel her neither lips stretched tight around the wide base.

“Get your legs up. Wrap them around me, girl.”

She tried to lift one leg at a time.

“Please ...” she gasped. “I ... I can’t keep my balance ... I can’t ...”

“Get them up!” he snapped.

She held onto his shoulders and lifted both legs at once, entwining her legs about him, locking her ankles under his buttocks.

“That’s better, cream girl. See ... you can when I say you can.”

He started to hump into her, his thrusts slow and gentle at first, then gradually building with power.

Fala had never felt so helpless. She was absolutely at his mercy. She couldn’t pull away from him. There was nothing to push against with her lower body and if she did push him away, she would be sent sprawling onto the hard tile floor. There was literally nothing she could do but accept his manhood and try to please him any way she could.

He was pushing deeper now, ploughing into her with violent strokes, as if trying to punish her for some crime. She clung to him, passively accepting his rut, trying to move with him in a way that would convey her surrender and appease him. Her only thought was to avoid punishment and pain.

“Take it, white girl,” he hissed into her ear. “Take it and fuck back. All my life I have served your kind. Now I intend to take you. I’m going to rape you! And I intend to go on raping you. I’m going to fuck you now and I want you to writhe and buck like the whore you were born to be.”

“Please ...” said Fala. “I’ll do what you want. Just don’t hurt me ... please!”

He pounded her into the hard shower wall as the warm spray from the showerhead continued to rain over them. The air was thick with steam and their gasping cries of passion. Fala felt like a tiny slave child being defiled by an evil, perverted master. She grasped him tighter, opening her mouth to his invading tongue and rasping plaintive little sighs of lust and submission.

Fala was enjoying it now, wallowing in the wet heat of their fornication. She was very much a willing partner at this point, as they consummated their wild, raucous, bathing orgy.

Mayinga neared his climax and shagged her with frantic speed, carrying her primed body to the edge along with his own.

“Yesss, white girl. I’m going to drain in you. UUUaaggg. And if I don’t see your grateful smile and hear your rapturous joy when I cum in you, I will cane you until you are unconscious. Uuunnnnggg ... Do you understand?”

“Ohhh, yes sir. Fuck me, sir!”

He stabbed her with several final thrusts, then skewered her with one last great heave, almost knocking the wind from her lungs. Fala screamed as her orgasm tore through her, feeling his torrential gush and swooning with masochistic delirium.

“Yesss. FUCK, YOU WHITE PIG!” he bellowed. “I’m going to give you a little black baby ...! TAKE IT ... TAKE IT ALL!”

Fala’s feet were barely back on the tile floor when the old black butler had shut off the water and ordered her to towel him dry. Then he had summarily thrown her out of the apartment. She was barely able to snatch her ragged panties from the counter when he seized her by her wet hair and tossed her, still dripping wet into the hallway.

He must have kept his word about speaking to Veema. She was not punished that day even though she failed to complete her work. But that fact was of little comfort to the traumatized girl. Her second encounter with sexual intercourse had left her with even more questions than the first one had.

Just what did it all mean? What were the strange and powerful feelings that had surged through her? Why did he say she belonged to “the master” and what did he mean when he said he was going to give her a “little black baby”?

Fala had no reference point, no experience with which to put these things in perspective. Her hitherto sheltered life supplied no hints or means to resolve the cognitive dissonance cause by the rapes. She was in completely uncharted water.

Fala’s subconscious mind, however, was working as a safety valve. Its old tendency to conform and submit took over, explaining, rationalizing and justifying. Perhaps these strange acts were normal in this culture and her odd feelings were just a temporary reaction. Maybe he just said those bizarre things in the heat of passion.

But Fala also had the growing suspicion that she was missing something important. It was as though she was been manipulated and moulded by someone who had a specific design and agenda.

Chapter 5

Fala sat on the cool, stone steps of the back porch, the pungent odour of semen mixing with the earthy smell of the corn she was husking. For nearly a month, she had worked the most menial jobs in the household wearing only the scanty, threadbare panties. She was finally getting used to the exposure at least when there was no one else around.

She kicked at the pile of husk leaves lying between her bare feet and squirmed uncomfortably. When she could bear the oozy, sticky feeling between her legs no longer she stood up, skinned out of her soiled little panties and wiped the male cum off the crotch with a corn husk. She also wiped the leaf through her swollen, sopping labia to dry them off. It was a humiliating ritual she had to perform several times a day now.

The shower fucking she'd been subjected to by Mayinga turned out to be the breaking of a dam. The old butler had raped her daily in his apartment after that day, taking her since in every possible position. Soon afterward he had invited all of the other male servants to take her at will and all had managed to get her alone. She had been raped over and over- until it wasn't rape any more.

The young white girl had capitulated. A small amount of persuasion from the whip was all that was needed to get her spreading her legs without resistance. Hence the filthy condition of her humble little panties. Three or four loads a day were now pumped into her, yet she was never able to wash the ragged garment. They were now soaked with sperm leaking from her pussy most of the time, foul with dried and stale jism.

At first, Fala hated the almost daily sexual use by the men. Mayinga was the oldest man to take her. He was in his fifties and was very, very black. His contempt for her was still unabated and he not only permitted, but indeed encouraged the other male members of the staff to use her carnally. Ommba, the mechanic, as well as Stewart and Mason, field hands, were also the recipients of her charms. They employed a new tool to coerce her submission. A cattle prod, used to herd the livestock, was applied to her person whenever necessary. Its scorpion-like sting ensured the white girl's total obeisance. Fala had become the sexual toy of five men of colour.

As the days went by however, Fala began to adapt. It was as if something in her mind had snapped with the stress, forming a schism. On the one side was the girl she had always been the pure and pristine Beth Kaylor who had grown up sheltered and innocent. On the other was the new Fala, a wanton whore who fucked like a banshee with anyone who could corner her. But although she seemed new, there was something latent about the whore Fala, something very old. As if the whore Fala were her true and original self, brought to the fore by circumstance. It was absurd, of course. Fala had never had these feelings until coming to this house. But she could no longer contain the two manifestations of herself concurrently. She knew that one of them, Beth or Fala, would win and drive the other to annihilation.

Another thing puzzled her. She had not had sex with Randolph again. Fala felt a tiny shudder of shame when she realised she was actually disappointed by that fact. Randolph had taken her virginity and had given the girl her first orgasm. Thought it even now caused her to blush, his big black phallus seemed the perfect size and shape. And for some unknown reason, whenever she had sex with the other men, she thought of Randolph.

"FALA!" she heard Judith calling.

"Yes, Mistress?" asked the girl.

"Go to Mayinga's suite. "He has some work for you."

Fala frowned. She knew what kind of work she would be doing for the old butler.

"Mis ... Mistress. I haven't shucked all the corn for tonight ..."

"You will have to finish it later, Fala. Go see Mr. Mayinga."

"Yes Mistress," said Fala. There was nothing for it. She hurried up the stairs to perform for the man.

Mayinga's treatment of her was as rough as it was bizarre. He never fucked her now without restraining her in some form of bondage and inflicting some pain. Unlike the other men, Fala knew she would get some taste of the whip from him no matter how abject and servile she grovelled. She served

him as best she could, though, despite the pride-murdering things he demanded - because he withheld the cane and used only the whip if she performed well.

Today he ordered her straight to his bedroom and into the shower to wash off the dried cum and garden dirt. He had not joined her there, but when she emerged naked from the bathroom he told her to lie face down on the mattress. He secured her outstretched arms to cuffs on the bedposts and told her to keep flat with her legs extended.

Then, with no preamble or warning he began to whip the girl.

Fala's anguished cries permeated the room, but her servile pleading had no effect on the force of his blows, or their number. Her legs bent and writhed pathetically, but he had left them loose because he enjoyed the sight their helpless flailing. The most horrible thing was that all through the terrible ordeal, as the lashes stung the flesh of her back and rear cheeks, he would never tell her why she was being tormented. Her pleading entreaties brought only his sadistic laugh and the statement that she was a white slut created for just such treatment.

He worked slowly, methodically striping her with bright red welts from her heels to her neck. Finally, after they were both panting, her with pain and he with exertion, he released the sobbing girl from the cuffs and told her to turn onto her back. He replaced the bonds on her wrists and ordered her to spread her legs. Fearing further punishment, Fala did so without the slightest hesitation.

He re-secured her arms and proceeded to punish her front in precisely the same manner, marking her with welts from her toes to her neck.

Fala begged and begged for mercy, swearing with humility and conviction to correct her behaviour, if only he would tell her what she had done wrong.

When at last he stopped, Fala's mind was convulsing. The whole whipping had been far less painful than the cane. But the psychological effects were just as devastating, in a different way. The fact that she was tied and was being whipped by an older black man was part of it, but when he released her and pulled her by the hair to a mirror, Fala's pride slumped to its lowest point yet.

He made her turn and gaze at reflection of herself.

The sight brought even more tears of mortification and debasement. She looked like a human zebra, or a work of highly developed erotic art. Mayinga held her fast by the neck, grinning at the spectacle he had just created.

"Look at it," he hissed into her ear. "It's perfection. A perfectly whipped whore. Say it."

"I ... it's ..."

"Say it," he demanded, tightening his grip on her neck. "Admit what you are."

"It's ... I'm a per ... perfectly whipped whore, sir."

He dragged her over to the bed and threw her in, shouting, "on your back, legs spread!"

Fala obeyed instantly, whimpering with fear because she thought he might be preparing to whip her again. He grinned down at her with the most lecherous, evil smile she had ever seen.

"White girl," he hissed. "You will fuck me as I wish. You will thrust yourself up to me and offer your body as though I were your young white lover boy, or I will whip you 'til blood splashes from your shredded back."

Fala whimpered, knowing the man meant every soft-spoken word. "Yes ... yes sir. I love ... love it when you do it to me sir."

He delivered a backhand to her face. The blow was not extremely painful physically, but the unexpectedness of it made her quail.

"Yes? What have I told you? What are you going to do?"

"I ... I will fuck ... fuck you and ... and enjoy it ... sir. Please don't slap me ..."

He knelt on the bed and moved between her widely splayed thighs, bringing his rampant manhood to her pink neither lips.

The black servant, almost four times her age, forced his rod into her, bottoming out with four or five strokes.

"Get those soft, smooth legs about me straight away, girl," he said. "Remember that we are lovers."

Fala brought her legs up and wrapped them around his back with a submissive sigh. As usual, he began to rut immediately, pushing his hips into her pelvic basin.

“So the little white girl likes it when a black man, a real man, fucks her tight little pussy?”

“Yes sir,” breathed Fala. She wasn’t lying, though she hated herself, she was enjoying the feelings. His manhood did feel good inside her. It was so easy to surrender, be the obedient little slut and give him what he wanted.

They shagged for several minutes. Fala noticed he seemed more interested than normal in turning her on. She found that odd since that had never been a priority for him before. He fondled her breasts and reached down to play with her clit. Fala responded, panting and humping back against him, feeling the lust surge in her loins. The fallen girl knew she was playing the harlot, but she also knew she had no choice. What was more, she didn’t care. They were all alone and no one would know what she was doing with the older black man. She was more than willing to be his whore now if that meant she would be spared the cane and the whip later. Then he suddenly he stopped and Fala looked at him quizzically.

“I’m tired,” he said. “My white cunt slut can do the work for a while. He pulled out of her and laid flat on his back, motioning her to mount him. She straddled him and brought her drenching pussy to his manhood. Kneeling over him she centred the rampant tool at her opening and let herself slowly drop onto it. Fala gurgled as the organ pushed her vaginal walls aside gloriously.

She had never done it in this position before. Mayinga had taken her on her back, on all fours like an animal and his favourite way, standing in the shower. The younger men were not very imaginative and seemed content to plough into her for a few minutes as she lay on her back. Fucking a man from on top, with her doing the thrusting and setting the pace seemed strange. But the timid girl knew better than to argue and began an energetic coital motion immediately.

Mayinga relaxed, placing his arms behind his head. He smiled up at her as she slid up and down his big stake, her breasts bouncing licentiously and chestnut hair waving about.

The formerly innocent white girl flushed at his stare. She could see herself in the mirror in this position and couldn’t believe the incredibly lewd picture she made. Her body, still covered with the bright stripes from the whip, moved and wriggled in the most obscene way imaginable. Anyone seeing them would have thought she was the one raping him!

Fala was fucking him with alacrity, humping up and down on his shaft like a little minx when suddenly Judith entered the room. Startled, the white girl automatically paused with her pumping action.

“Aaagggghhh!” He slapped her on the breasts painfully. “No one told you to stop, white pig. Now move!”

Fala hung her head. The light, vibrant feelings of sexual voracity that had built up within her, died. The simple addition of another person to watch her wanton behaviour brought back the old feelings of shame with a vengeance and she closed her eyes tight with embarrassment. But the cane ruled her thoughts and she resumed the coital motions, as he demanded.

Because of her position, she couldn’t easily see Judith. Fala concentrated on continuing the illicit act for a few moments then craned her neck to see the black woman.

Her jaw almost dropped from her head. The grossly fat woman was naked and black rubber dildo was strapped to her hips.

Fala almost laughed out loud. It was the most outlandish thing she had ever seen in her erstwhile sheltered life. Seconds later however, the humour was gone. She saw the expression on Judith’s face as she took a tube of some gel and spread it on the dildo. Fala was still confused- until Judith reached down and began to work a dollop of the lubrication into her exposed anus.

“No ... please. You can’t put it in there!”

Mayinga trapped her ankles under his legs and there was no way she could close them! Fala panicked. She knew the black woman was going to sodomize her and was gripped with an overpowering disgust. Nothing to her mind could be as hideous and filthy.

“Please ... no please, I can’t take that big thing down there. Oh please, Mistress!”

“Quiet, you little trollop! It’s past time you learned to take it there and who better to teach you than your Mistress?”

“Oh God no, please ... you can’t do that! Please no ... you’ll tear me!”

“Everything is well greased, Fala. Now relax your muscles because it’s going in.”

Fala panicked and tried to get up. But Mayinga still had her feet pinned and he seized her shoulders, trapping her upper body. Fala was helpless.

Judith nestled the tip of the lubricated rod into Fala’s anus and began pushing the object in. Already the girl could feel a sharp pain as her clenched muscles resisted the intrusion.

“Loosen yourself up, Fala,” growled Judith. “It won’t tear you if you open yourself to it. Relax your bung hole and take it like a whore!”

“I can’t,” wailed Fala. “Pleassssse! Miss Judith ... Mistresssss ...”

“If you don’t want it to hurt, you have to accept it. Relax yourself and let it slip inside.”

Still impaled on Mayinga’s now re-hardening phallus, Fala wept with shame and degradation. This new humiliation took her to depths she had never dreamed existed. But the pain was an immediate reality and she tried to will her muscles to loosen her back passage.

She screamed as inch after inch of the cold hard object bore into her, slipping past her stretched ass passage. Then Judith began pushing even harder and bucking forward with her weight. A sharp, deep stab of agony ripped through the girl and her cries became shrieks of pain, revulsion, and terror.”

“Stop it! Stop it! Take it out!”

Fala thrashed around in panic, trying to push the woman away. In her blind fear she hit Judith squarely in the breast, quite unintentionally. A second later Mayinga captured her arms and held them beneath her, but her mistress was enraged.

“You’ll pay for that, my little slut. But first we’ll rip your anal virginity from you! None too gently now.”

“Nooooo ... Take it out! I’ll tell my parents! I swear I’ll tell them. STOOOPPPP IIIITTTTT!”

The black woman did not relent, however she mercifully stopped a moment to allow the terrified girl to relax and adjust. In a couple minutes, she gripped Fala’s ribs again and began to push further into her vitals, driving her harder onto Mayinga’s big organ. Judith’s tool finally bottomed out and the white girl groaned. She felt close to retching as the hateful thing displaced her insides. Surely this was the deepest pit of depravity she could sink to.

Fala continued to cry and squirm ineffectually, but the deed was done. She lay impaled on two cocks; a helpless, petite white girl sandwiched between two large black tormenters.

After several minutes the pain in Fala’s rear passage faded to a dull ache. She had been passively letting them have their way, but Mayinga knocked her in the ribs and demanded she take a more active role. When she began to move and grind, Fala experienced the most abysmally horrible thing yet. Her body began to respond!

The lifeless rod in her anus seemed to force her onto Mayinga’s living phallus in a way that utterly inflamed her masochistic proclivities.

Her Mistress was rutting her avidly, pushing the base of the strap on phallus onto her own clit and groaning in her husky voice. Judith’s thrusts were like a catalyst, causing Fala to react with a sudden twisting, mewling, transformation from frightened young girl to hungry slut. She bucked and gurgled with pleasure, throwing off any scrap of inhibition as she rushed toward a shattering orgasm.

The schism within Fala widened and the whore Fala inside her screamed with insane triumph, “Yes, fuck ... fuck me. Fill me. Kill meeeee!”

Judith heaved forward and Mayinga slammed up into her, pushing her onto Judith’s dong. At that instant his potent black snake erupted, spitting venom as he filled her helpless impaled belly. Fala writhed, held almost immobile between them as the climax in her guts raged.

Then they were spent, the black servants and their white slave slut as well. After the embers of her orgasm died, Judith got up and Mayinga released the white girl. Fala stood, her legs unsteady - and yet another trickle of viscous semen began leaking from her well-used sex lips.

Judith grabbed a handful of Fala's dishevelled hair and scowled at her.

"You have behaved abominably, Fala Smyth," she said. Her voice was calm, but her eyes betrayed the intensity and malice that Fala had come to fear as a harbinger of terrible punishment.

"Because of your resistance and for striking me, tomorrow you will be caned in the morning, twenty strokes. After that, I will have the field hands rape your ass several times. For threatening to tell your parents, you will be treated to a few bites from the cattle prod after your caning. Ten at least I should say."

Fala gasped, open-mouthed. That was far beyond any punishment she had yet received. She honestly doubted she could survive it.

She started to protest weakly, terrified of the punishment but also afraid to make things worse.

"Please ... I'm s ... sorry Mistress, Judith ... please, I can't take ..."

"Silence, or we'll make it thirty!"

"Oh no, oh nooooo," moaned Fala. "Aaaiiiieeee."

Judith slapped her hard across the face. "No more talk from you, my disobedient trollop. Go now. Think about tomorrow."

Mayinga and Judith laughed. Fala was thrown out of the room without even being allowed to her pick up her panties. Sobbing, she ran naked down to her sparse abode in the basement, utterly distraught.

That night, Fala finally reached the end of her rope. She was terrified of the servants now, but knew there was no end to the degradation they would force on her and the terror of her imminent subjection to the cane and the cattle prod was even worse. She knew she had to act before they locked her in the room for the night.

Fala knew Judith and Saylee would not be back from a dance until much later in the evening and this afforded her one final chance. Summoning the last scraps of her courage, she crept up to Saylee's room. She took some clothes that used to be hers; a sturdy dress, clean underwear, socks and some good walking shoes.

The first challenge was to escape the house without detection. She knew if she were caught running away, particularly wearing Saylee's clothes, that they would take the cane to her for sure. Then she would still have to face that horrible cattle prod again. She was literally shaking with fear and had to pause for a moment to compose herself. *Don't think about it.* She told herself desperately, fighting the panic welling up her throat. *Don't think about what they would do. Just get out!*

Fala found some money in Saylee's, (formerly hers) jewellery box and a little pen flashlight. She silently finished dressing and warily sneaked into the hallway. It was odd and frighteningly forbidden to be wearing clothes for the first time in weeks. With humiliation she realized she was feeling like a naughty serving girl, dressing and acting far above her station. Even she was beginning to see herself as a dirty little half naked menial.

The servants were in the kitchen, talking and laughing. She was supposed to be cleaning the servant's bathrooms on the first floor so she knew they wouldn't miss her for an hour or two. Taking a deep breath, she tiptoed down the grand staircase, hoping against hope that no one was in the front foyer.

She was in luck. The entryway was deserted. Nerves on edge and muscles as tight as bowstrings, she opened the front door and slipped outside. The porch light was blazing, but she could hear the field hands whistling and working in the stables. If she could just make it across the well-lit yard she would be free.

Fala's heart stopped when Randolph emerged from the garage. She was in the open and sure he could see her! But it was dark and she remained utterly still. Even when he looked in her direction he apparently did not see her. He continued walking to the door of the house and went inside.

With freedom before her, Fala bolted. Panic finally took hold and she fled; away from the evil Judith, away from the cane and the prod, away from the humiliating rapes and the forced nudity. Away- into the inky blackness of the African night.

Chapter 6

Fala did not stop running until she had reached the main highway and her blind fear began to ebb. She looked back up the dirt road to the plantation house, half expecting to see the headlights of a car coming to take her back. The route was dark and Fala breathed a sigh of relief. Her spirits soared with the realization that she was free- out of that poisonous household. She had cheated the cane of twenty strokes!

Her elation died, however, when she took stock of her situation. She was in wild Africa, several miles from town. It was very dark and she wasn't sure how long her little flashlight would last. She realized though, that she had been running in the dark and that she could in fact see the dim outline of the road in the faint starlight.

In the distance, she could see the glow of the little town's lights in the sky. She switched off the flashlight, in order to save the batteries and set off in the direction of civilization.

Minutes later she heard a vehicle on the road behind her. For an awful instant, she thought it might be a car from the plantation pursuing her. But it sounded like a truck and it was approaching from further up the highway, not the plantation house. At any rate she was already in the vehicle's lamps and she knew the driver had seen her. He pulled up next to her and stopped.

"Do you need help, Missy?" asked the young black man at the wheel.

"My ... my horse went lame," she lied. "Could I get a ride into town?"

"Yes, of course. Climb in, Missy."

Fala felt a little twinge of apprehension. Like other youngsters she had always been told not to accept rides from strangers. This however, seemed a circumstance different from a normal hitchhiking scenario. She thanked the man and climbed in.

For once in the past few months, her fears were unfounded. The man was a perfect gentleman and took her straight to town, dropping her off at the police station as requested.

Then a curious thing happened. As Fala got out of the truck, she smiled back at the man with gratitude. It was then that she realized how handsome he was. She had always been conditioned to think of Negroid features as ugly and the Caucasoid face as the ideal. But the intimate sexual relations in the past few weeks, all with men of dark colour and Negroid extraction, had changed this preference. She thought this kind young man was the most attractive male she had ever seen.

She would have wondered more about this, but he waved goodbye and continued on his route. Fala watched him go and went into the station.

It took some talking and cajoling to make them understand what was happening. Like all police, they asked questions with suspicion and probed for answers.

"Please, oh please, you have to believe me. I'm an American, I mean, my name is Fala Smyth ... It used to be Beth Kaylor. I grew up with different parents in Alabama, in America."

"Then what are you doing here, Miss?"

Fala told him the story of her stay at the plantation house and the officer nodded seemingly believing her.

"I need to discuss this with the chief constable, Miss Smyth. I will return shortly."

Fala sat nervously for a while, thumbing through some of the old magazines in the lobby and watching the clock. At length the officer reappeared and another black man, apparently the chief inspector followed him in.

"Fala Smyth," he said. "I know of your situation and of your family. I called your house and they said you had disappeared tonight."

The white girl's gut churned. She was afraid he would take her back to the plantation.

"Please ... sir," she whimpered. "You don't know what they've done to me! I ... I can't go back there! Please ..."

He held up a hand to stop her. "No need to worry, Miss. I have contacted your parents. Your mother is flying back from Nairobi and will be here tomorrow. In the meantime we will put you up in the hotel."

Fala broke down and cried with relief. Her mother was headed home!

The next morning, Fala was feeling fantastic. For the first time in months she had slept in a bed and taken a shower, without having to fuck a man four times her age to earn it. She was wearing clothes. Real clothes fit for a girl of her station. Best of all, her mother was coming home to see her. The horrible ordeal at the hands of the servants was over.

This time she had little stomach for revenge. Her tormentors, Judith, Mayinga and the others were still too frightening and fresh in her mind. It would be enough that her mother would sack them, then she would not have to see them again. After that she could get her life back in order and go back to being prim and proper Miss Beth Kaylor. Yet, she wondered, could the “Whore Fala,” ever be totally submerged in her subconscious again?

She also thought about her adoptive parents in America. She would have to ask her mother for permission to call them. They must be wondering about her and were probably worried sick. At the same time she felt an odd aversion to talking with them. Her horizons had expanded greatly both personally and sexually and she was beginning to see them for what they were- bigots. Ironically, all the copulation with the servants had not given her a hatred of black people. On the contrary, being taken exclusively by blacks had fixed her physical and sexual tastes on Negroes. She was no longer attracted to white males. She could only imagine what her adoptive father would have to say about that!

Just before 9 AM there was a knock on the hotel room door. Breathlessly Fala opened it. Standing before her was the most beautiful woman Fala had ever seen.

“Fala?”

“Mother?”

The two embraced for the first time in almost seventeen years. Fala was crying tears of joy. She was in the arms of her mother!

The blond woman went into the hotel room. Perhaps there was some bias in her viewpoint, but to her daughter the woman seemed poised with such confidence and grace that Fala instantly adored her and wanted to be like her. There was a certain warm elegance about her, as if she were a woman capable of extreme generosity. It told in her smile.

“Mo ... Mother? Asked Fala stiffly. “I don’t even know your name.”

“Oh Fala,” said her mother, stroking her daughter’s hair tenderly. “It’s Catherine.”

She smiled and Fala smiled, then she laughed and Fala began laughing too. The ice was broken and mother and daughter began get to know one another.

“What’s happened, Fala? I got an urgent phone call to come back here.”

“Oh mother! It was horrible. The servants did awful things to me.”

Fala proceeded to tell her mother everything. The rapes, the clothing deprivation, the menial labour, everything. When she was done Catherine caressed her neck reassuringly.

“It will be all right, Fala. When I return I will see about any adjustment to be made. I promise things will be normal for you. And Judith will no longer be your governess.”

“Where ... where’s my father?” asked Fala.

Catherine sighed. “He’s in Saudi Arabia at the moment, Fala, the guest of a prince.

“Fala, I’m sorry about all this happening to you. I thought you would be in good hands with the servants.”

Later that morning they checked out of the hotel. Fala hugged her mother again. She felt comfortable and secure for the first time in weeks. Her parents, one of them at least, had finally arrived to put an end to the horrible nightmare of the cruel servants. She was seated in the Mercedes, dressed at last in some decent clothes and gliding back to the house she had left with such terror two nights before.

When they got there, Fala could see that Catherine had already made some changes. None of the servants were still there except for Huring and Veema, both appearing very subdued.

Saylee was not there, but Catherine told Fala to sleep in the guestroom. Fala relaxed for the remainder of the day and talked with her mother. In the evening she read in the library then went back to

the guestroom, intending to go to bed early. She showered and when she emerged from the bathroom she found a note on the bed, atop a white linen robe. She picked it up and read:

Fala, before you retire, please put on the robe I brought for you and come down to the entertainment room. I really want to see how lovely you are in it and I have a surprise for you. And don't forget. The robe is all you need. Don't wear anything underneath or it will spoil the effect!

Fala sighed. She was very tired with all the traumas of the past few days and weeks. Still, she wanted to please her mother so she did as she was asked, slipping on the thin, silky robe without putting anything on underneath.

The house was dark with most of the servants gone. Fala padded down to the large room, experiencing the familiar feel of her bare feet on the thick wool carpet.

"Mother ..." she asked, timidly looking past the doorway.

The room was dimly lit and she could discern the identity only of the figures that were seated. "Come in, Fala," The voice was not her mother's.

Puzzled, Fala entered the dark room. On the couch facing her was Randolph, but he was not wearing a chauffeur's uniform. He wore a flowing white robe and shoulder wrap of purple and gold fabric. An enormous gold chain hung from his neck. At his right sat Judith. She wore a bright multi coloured dress of African cut, flowing and airy. They lounged comfortably, like an African pontificate and wife.

Fala could now see there was a figure kneeling before them. Solitary, vulnerable and kneeling abjectly, like a slave.

It was surreal. Fala had thought that her mother had sacked these two. What were they still doing here?

Suddenly the lights came on, illuminating a scene that stopped Fala's heart. The kneeling figure was a white woman with blond hair. She turned her head into the light and Fala saw it was her mother!

"Strip, Fala," said Catherine, "and kneel. You're in the presence of our master."

The girl tensed with fear and sudden shock. "M ... Mom ... what are you doing?"

Someone seized Fala's robe from behind. It tore away and in an instant she was naked.

Fala turned with terror. All the servants were in the room. Her hands went automatically to her breasts and sex and everyone burst into laughter. There was Mayinga and Veema, Huring, Zima and the two field hands. They were all clothed and chuckling with knowing expressions, as if they were in on an incredibly funny joke- at Fala's expense.

Standing behind her was a huge black man she had never seen before. He was the one who had stripped her.

"Aaaiigghhh." Fala crumpled to the floor from a blow to the back of her legs.

"You were told to kneel," said the man holding her robe.

"Mo ... Mother ..." cried Fala. "What's happening? What is this?"

"This is where you learn the truth about yourself, Fala," said Randolph."

"Wha ... What have you done to my mother?" asked Fala, crying.

"It's all right Fala," said her mother gently. "Just relax and listen. Obey and no one will hurt you."

"I am Yosef Mohammed," said Randolph. This is my wife Judith, who you knew as your governess. The servants of my house you have met."

Judith rose and walked over to Fala, stooping in front of her to grasp the girl's confused and trembling face. Fala wondered if this could be a nightmare. Unfortunately it seemed all too real.

"She's progressed very well," said Judith. "It's time for the final phase."

"Please mother ... please mother! What's happening?" asked Fala, her voice was keening with fear and dread.

Judith slapped the girl's face. It was not terribly painful, just meant to get her attention. But for Fala it brought back all the memories of the past few weeks. Her mind was on the edge of collapse.

Judith waved a finger in her face. "Silence, my little slave! You barely have the right to speak at all, let alone in my presence without permission. And there is the little matter of twenty strokes of the cane waiting for your ass."

Judith smiled with the evil leer the white girl remembered from her punishment sessions - and her nightmares.

It was too much. Fala's fear overwhelmed her and she fainted dead away.

When she awoke, the room was dark and empty, except for her mother, who was still kneeling, holding her.

"So you are back with us?" Catherine smiled warmly.

"Mother ... what happened? Was it a dream?"

"Fala," said her mother gently rocking her. "All life is a dream. But in this dream, my darling, you are a slave."

"I ... I'm no slave," said Fala, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"You *are* a slave, Fala. You were born a slave, conceived a slave."

"But ... how is that possible? You own this house ... this land."

"Your master owns me and this land, Fala. Just as he owns you."

"My ... my ... master? I don't understand ..."

"The man who spoke to you tonight, the man who took your virginity. He is your master."

"Ran ... Randolph?"

"His name is Yosef Mohammed, he has vast wealth and is greatly respected here. In fact, he is one of the most influential men in this country."

"But ... he's a chauffeur!"

"Fala," said Catherine, shaking her head patiently. "That's what he pretended to be, in order to amuse himself. And to pierce your maidenhead without revealing his plan."

"But what plan? Why are they doing this?"

"Fala, you're a slave. I'm a slave. This man is our master. He does what he wishes with us."

The white girl looked at her mother. The beautiful woman was now wearing only a gleaming, chrome collar. The air of sophistication and independence that Fala had seen in her was gone, replaced by a demeanour of servile resignation. She did not though, appear to be sad or in despair. And the elegant grace was still evident.

"But I'm ... we're white," said Fala, crying into her mother's naked breasts. "We can't be slaves."

"Oh Fala," said Catherine kindly. "You have so much to learn."

"Hold still," said Judith. "I want this tattoo perfect. If you move I'll have you branded instead!"

Fala gasped. The fear on her face revealed she took the threat very seriously.

Fala had spent the night alone, back in her stark little cell, the door to which was now locked from the outside. In the morning, the very large black man who had stripped the linen robe from her the night before unlocked the door. He stood in front of her, seemingly appraising her.

"I am Kareem, master slave trainer," he said simply. "You will obey me," He led Fala naked, out to the stables. There she was fitted with a sturdy, black leather collar and told to lie on her back atop a worktable.

That was her current position. She had been secured to the table spread eagle and a folded blanket was placed under her rump, forcing her belly and mons up and out.

They had shaved her pubic hair and were now applying a tattoo halfway between her navel and clit. It was somewhat painful, but nothing like what the punishment would be if she resisted. Fala tried to remain very still.

At least the old man working on her seemed to know what he was doing. He licked his lips with extreme concentration, worked the strange tattoo gun back and forth, checking a pattern every few seconds. He had been at it for over three hours and Fala's back was becoming very sore.

“Hold her down,” said Judith. “She’s sure to jump around when we pull those strips.”

Kareem and Judith leaned onto her with their weight and the tattoo artist proceeded with the only part of the process that was truly excruciating. He took a scalpel and carefully removed two strips of skin from a couple of areas inside the tattoo.

The pain of being flayed was unbearable. Even though the sections being skinned were small, Fala screamed and begged. Even Kareem and Judith together were barely able to hold her still. But the man kept working.

Finally he put the scalpel away. “All done cutting, missy,” he told the still softly sobbing girl. Then he took two vials of coloured powder and sprinkled small amounts onto the wounded area, spreading the particles evenly and rubbing them in with tiny spoon-like tool. This was also agonizing and Fala’s screeching pleas began again.

This time the worst of the pain was short lived. The old man gently applied an antiseptic and what felt like a topical anaesthetic and the sting was immediately alleviated. He covered the area with a bandage and Kareem and Judith stood up.

“Replace the bandage every 24 hours,” said the tattoo artist. “In a few days take it off and allow the skin to dry. Be careful not to smudge it until the skin heals.”

Judith turned to Fala. “Leave the bandage alone, understand? If you damage the image we’ll do this all over again- after you’ve been caned.”

Judith paid the old man and he left. Fala thought the travail was over. She was wrong.

“Now, piglet,” said Judith. “Kareem is going to give you a little training aid.”

Fala watched wide-eyed as the smirking black trainer knelt between her bound legs. With his thumb and forefinger he pinched the little hood of flesh above her clitoris. She could see that in his other hand was a needle and as she looked on in horror he brought the point to the little hood and began to insert the sharp object into her flesh.

“No ... No ... Oh please no ... don’t do that ... aiiiiieehhhhh!”

He calmly jabbed the needle through the pink flap of skin while Fala screamed hysterically.

The pain, while sharp, was actually not as severe as one would think from listening to the girl’s screams. Her anguish came primarily from the bizarre and barbaric nature of what was being done to her intimate flesh. She did not know she was being pierced and fitted with metal for a utilitarian purpose. She thought the big needle was there merely to torture her at the sensitive spot between her legs. To her mind they were maniacal sadists who were sticking pins into vulnerable places to cause pain. She envisioned her eyes or ears as the target of the next attack.

Judith laughed and shook her head. “Such a fuss over a tiny piercing,” she said. “Some women have it done voluntarily.”

The white girl craned her neck and looked down. She almost fainted at the sight of the blood, thinking that she had been maimed. In fact there was very little blood, it was the sting and shock and unknown that were driving her fear.

Finally they wiped the blood away and applied some antiseptic; they released her arms and legs and allowed her to stand. The still crying girl yelped when she felt something bounce with a tiny, hot tingle, right on her clit.

“A gold ring with a little tungsten ball,” said Judith proudly. “Every time you move, it will bounce against your clit and remind you of what you are. You are a sex slave, available to all.”

Fala nodded miserably, too frightened and cowed to make any protest.

She was taken back to her cell and allowed to rest. But the next morning Kareem collected her and marched her back out to the stables to begin a strict regimen of strenuous exercise.

She soon found that Kareem was a man of few words and consistent discipline. When she disobeyed or her performance fell short, he would deliver a single agonizing bolt of current from a small cattle prod he carried. When she did well, or he sensed she had at least done her best, he would reward her with an approving smile and a gentle little flick of her clitoris with the tiny ball.

After four days her tattooed area was healed enough to touch and the bandage was removed. She lay on her back on the table once more and Judith and Kareem carefully removed the protecting gauze.

“Ahhhh,” exclaimed Judith. “Wonderfully done. Yosef will be most pleased.”

“Now that skin healed, you want to begin sex training with her mother?” asked Kareem.

“Yes, straight away. Today in fact.” She wormed a finger into Fala’s vagina. “I know Yosef is anxious to make use of this again.”

They chained Fala to a ring in the stall and left. Alone, the girl got her first close look at the image on her lower abdomen.

She was astounded. The tattoo was hideous- and beautiful. But most of all, stunning.

It was large, about three inches across and consisted of the jet-black head of a jackal on the body of a man, the symbol of Mohammed’s house. Below it was the likeness of a kneeling, naked white girl, so skilfully done and detailed that one could count her fingers and toes and see individual locks of her hair. The image was very recognizable as Fala herself. A length of chain ran from cuffs on the girl’s arms, legs and neck to be gathered possessively in the fist of the jackal/man. Two other chains ran from Fala’s navel and clitoral hood to the same grasp.

It was the jackal/man itself, though, that made Fala gasp. The body had been the area where the artist had removed a section of skin. In its place, raised scar tissue had formed. Imbedded in the scar were shimmering traces of the powder the artist had sprinkled in. Now they reflected the light like glitter. The African skill at scarring had been combined with tattooing, giving the image a three dimensional appearance. It was not the flat, dead colour of most tattoos. Its vibrancy and depth seemed to leap out and proclaim her status as the property of Yosef Mohammed.

It was the most obtrusive body marking she had ever seen and Fala did not know whether to be proud, or weep with shame.

She was still observing it curiously when Catherine and Kareem entered the stall, followed by Stewart, the field hand. The black boy quickly stripped and Fala was ordered to lie on her back on a blanket-covered mound of straw.

While the two older people talked among themselves, the boy quickly mounted Fala who automatically spread her legs. He inserted stiff organ and began to fuck her. The two youngsters were given a few minutes to get into the act and then Catherine sat next to her daughter as the girl squirmed beneath her lover.

“Now Fala, I want you to listen carefully. I am going to teach you about *the gift*. The gift is the first thing you will learn about, because the gift is one of the most important things in your life.”

The black boy was jamming into Fala frantically; fucking her quickly as a younger male is wont to do. Suddenly at a word from Kareem he pulled out of her. An instant latter he was cumming, spewing his copious seed on her soft, white belly. Fala watched with fascination as the milky fluid spurted from his little cock hole in long strings that reached all the way to her breasts. Lines of it coated her belly, but the highest concentration of the viscous white liquid was pooling in her navel.

The black boy sighed and moved away. Kareem gave him a smile and a pat on the shoulder. The boy dressed and went back to work, leaving his essence spattered on Fala’s naked torso.

“Look at it, Fala,” said her mother. “I know you’ve felt it inside you when the men climax, but you’ve never actually seen cum squirted from a cock, have you?”

“N ... no,” said Fala timidly.

“And you have never studied it up close, have you?”

“No, mother.”

“Pick some up with your fingers and look closely at it.”

Fala coated her fingertips with the warm jism and held it in front of her face.

“That’s it. Good girl. Isn’t it a beautiful, pearly white fluid? That’s the *gift*, Fala, the reward your body works for when you buck and rut on a man until he cums in you. It’s called semen, cum, spunk and lots of other names.”

“I’ve ... I’ve seen it, mom ... it’s leaks out of me after the men are finished.”

“Yes dear,” purred Catherine. “But do you know what cum does?”

Fala frowned and shook her head. She was totally in the dark on that issue. She assumed it was just something that came out of a man, like saliva or urine, but she had no idea that cum had a purpose, or what that purpose might be.

“You really don’t know, Fala, what cum does?” Catherine smiled in the direction of the camera. She knew her master was watching and listening and it made her wet. She knew Mohammed would fuck her like a madman tonight, while he replayed this on tape.

“No ... no mother” said Fala with genuine innocence. “I don’t know what it does.”

Kareem laughed. “This girl born to be whore, but she does not know what man cum does. She must grown up in convent.”

“I don’t understand,” sniffed Fala. “Why does everyone keep saying I’m born to be a whore?”

Catherine looked at Kareem who nodded. “The master say time to show her now.”

“Come with me, baby,” said Catherine gently.

She took her daughter by the hand led her up to the house. They went to the entertainment room and Catherine sat on the floor with the girl, since the furniture was off limits to them.

Fala was naked and now that they were back in the house she began to feel the old familiar self-consciousness. She brought her arms to her breasts but her mother slapped them away. “Behave yourself, Fala. I want you to watch this quietly. I will answer any questions you have but you must act like a proper young slave girl in the master’s house.”

Catherine put a disk in the DVD and turned the TV on. Immediately the image of several Arabs in flowing robes came on the screen. They were laughing and talking among themselves as if at a dinner party or feast. Fala could see several slaves in the background. White women, all young and attractive and all naked. They were circulating with the guests, serving food and beverages.

Suddenly there was an announcement in Arabic and the guests moved to sit beside a kind of platform.

A naked white girl appeared, looking very upset as though she had been crying. When she turned her back to the camera, Fala could see that the girl had been liberally whipped. Glowing pink weals criss-crossed her back and rear cheeks. She stepped up on the platform and the crowd hushed. There was a command given and the girl placed her arms over her head and turned in place slowly, her cheeks bright red with shame.

It was when the girl faced the camera the second time that Fala recognized the identity of the girl. She looked at her mother, eyes wide with astonishment.

“Yes Fala, this is me, seventeen years ago. I was just about your age. I had been recently kidnapped from my home in England and I was almost as innocent as you. I was a virgin, but I knew what fucking was about and I was terribly ashamed and humiliated at what they were going to do to me.”

“What did they do?” asked Fala breathlessly.

“Shhh,” said Catherine, “Watch and see.”

On the screen a large black man waved a whip and the young slave girl Catherine sat facing the camera. There were curious little pads laying on the platform beside her and Catherine arranged three of them in a row and laid gently on them, wincing from the condition of her back. Another barked order from the man and the pretty girl spread her legs.

Fala caught her breath when a white man appeared. He wore a thick metal collar with a chain attached, with which he was led to the platform. He was just a boy, really, with long dark hair and smooth skin. It was evident that he too was apprehensive and embarrassed, being naked as well. But his erection bobbed about with anticipation.

The crowd began to hoot with excitement as the boy also turned, showing himself off. He was very fair skinned and his buttocks were striped with fresh marks showing that he too had been whipped. Fala could see the tears on the slave girl’s face as the boy knelt between her splayed thighs. He spoke to her as if to calm her, idly caressing her labia.

Fala watched with rapt attention as the boy mounted her mother. Though she had done it herself, she had never actually seen anyone else fucking and the sight was fascinating. The supple skinned male centred his pink erection at the door to Catherine's pussy and pushed, quickly penetrating her to the hilt.

There was little preliminary. The boy began to rut almost at once with youthful exuberance. Fala was struck by the stark corporeality and the sheer bestial display. There was even less romantic ambiance than the encounters Fala herself had performed. It could have been two dogs or two monkeys mating on that little platform.

A servant approached the platform with a long thin rod. He touched the end of the rod to Catherine's exposed backside. Instantly the girl squealed and began to hump back, moving with the boy energetically.

Fala looked at her mother quizzically.

"The master thought I was not putting on a good enough show for his guests," she said. "He had the servant shock me with that prod to make me fuck with more enthusiasm."

The camera now zoomed in on the joined genitals of the two slaves, showing the incredibly lewd action of his penis pistoning in and out, clasped tightly by the girl's stretched labia, his fat testicles bouncing between her soft globes with every thrust.

The enthralled Caucasian couple was locked into each other now, oblivious to the audience. They rushed to fulfilment, typical of such young lovers, short and sweet. Finally, Fala could hear their orgasmic cries. She saw her mother's legs wrap possessively around the boy's lower back. She watched his balls suddenly tighten and his thrusts become spasmodic as he pumped his cum into her.

The camera panned to the brown faced, Arab guests who now smiled and chatted as if they had witnessed a child's musical recital. They obviously regarded the event as amusing, but trivial. Appetizers and wine were served to the guests and some animated conversations began, but the two white teens on the platform remained obediently mated together.

"They made us stay coupled for about an hour, Fala. Then we fucked again while the guests watched."

The camera showed another act, this one identical to the first. Except this time there was no need to sting the girl. Catherine was moving salaciously enough to entertain. After the climax, the video ended.

"This is the act of mating, Fala. You've done this, haven't you?"

Fala nodded, though a little embarrassed.

"Do you understand the significance?"

Fala shook her head, looking confused.

"Didn't those stupid foster parents tell you about this?"

"N ... no ..." said Fala, in a tiny voice.

"Didn't you learn it in school?"

"I ... I was home schooled, mother."

Catherine shook her head with disbelief. "I told you about the gift. A man's cum."

"Yes, mother."

"That's how a woman becomes pregnant, when a man spurts his cum, his *seed* into her. The man's cum contains sperm. This liquid fertilizes an egg inside a woman's body and a baby develops in her womb."

Fala's eyes were wide with discovery.

"It's fucking, Fala. Fucking makes babies."

"But ... but I've been ... fucked by the master and the servants. How come I didn't get pregnant?"

"It can only happen certain times of the month. Before this event took place, the master carefully timed my mating so it would "take", result in a pregnancy."

The light was on in the young girl's mind. So that was it. No wonder fucking was so important. It wasn't just something nasty that felt good, it was how we all came to be.

"But Fala, the video I showed you was not just random sex. Do you know why that particular act was important?"

"N ... No," said Fala, innocently.

“That’s *you*, Fala. This was the moment you were conceived, when he squirted his gift inside me. This video records the actual instant when you were pumped into my belly! That boy was your father. Your biological father.”

Fala’s mouth was agape. She now saw the implications and she shook her head silently with disbelief.

“Yes, Fala. My master at that time created you ... in front of his amused guests. He forced us to fuck and make you. You were his slave when that boy squirted you into me. You’ve been a slave ever since.”

“Just before I gave birth, the Arab sold me to our present master, Yosef Mohammed. He’s the one who placed you with those foster parents so they could raise you. He wanted you totally innocent so he could bring you here when you were the right age and transform you from virgin to slut. From the moment you were conceived, Fala, it was your inescapable destiny to be a slave whore!

“That’s why everyone says you were born to be a slave. They’ve all seen this disk. They know what you really are, Fala. Even you’ve seen it now. You’ve watched your own conception!”

The blond mother stroked her daughter’s hair lovingly, trying to comfort, yet wanting her to know the entire truth.

“Sweet, lovely Fala. To them you’re just a slave boy’s cum load that slithered into my womb while a roomful of greasy Arabs watched and laughed. Such a creature is fit only for whoredom.”

“But why? Why did they do this?” asked Fala, crying.

“Fala,” said her mother gently. “It’s useless to ask why. It was the price of your existence. If my master Ibn Al Taif had not ordered the mating of two of his slaves, who had never met, you would never have been born. Do not fret about what you cannot change; just accept what you are. You’re a slave.”

“But why send me to the Kaylor family in Alabama? I was raised so strict, I feel so ashamed to be naked ... and ... and ... fucking all the time. Why didn’t they train me like this all along?”

“It was our master’s wish,” said Catherine “It pleased and amused him. Having been such a pure and innocent virgin, it will be all the more evocative and profound when you’ve become a seasoned whore. He will know that every carnal talent you have, every coital move, every orgasm that screams from your lips will have been ordained by him. You are his creation. His perfect ideal of a white woman- a perfect whore.”

Fala was crying softly now, shock, despair and shame all vying for possession of her soul.

Catherine embraced her, “Oh, baby,” she said softly. “I know it’s hard to accept. Remember, I was your age when I was captured and I was raised almost as conservatively. It was so hard for me at first to learn what they wanted me to learn, become what they wanted. But I did, I’m a whore, a plaything for my black master. And Fala,” she said lifting the girl’s chin to look straight into her eyes- “I love it.”

The young girl now burst into sobs, clinging to her mother as the last lifeline of hope and compassion in a malignant world.

“Don’t fight them, Fala,” said her mother, rocking her gently. “Learn to be a slut, a little sex toy. The faster you become the whore that they want, the sooner you’ll be happy and fulfilled.”

“But I don’t know how to do those things, mama. I don’t know how to be a good whore!”

“Don’t worry, Fala,” said her mother. “We will teach you.”

Chapter 7

Under her mother's tutelage, Fala had to learn an entirely new set of behaviour that was expected of "proper young white ladies".

"You can't go walking about looking like that, Fala," her mother chided the naked girl. "Comb your hair and retie your ribbon."

Catherine was showing her daughter how to "dress up" for the master or his friends.

"There, that's better. The master likes a white girl's hair clean, silky and brushed 'til it shines. And your little ribbon should be tied on a front strand, just off to the side."

When Fala had asked Catherine about make-up, she had been told that she was a "young white lady with an air of innocence about her". It was not proper that she should present herself to the master, made up like some haughty, modern Western girl. Aside from the clit ring and the tattoo her master had given her, piercings and formal cosmetics would be more appropriate when she got older. She did allow Fala to paint her nails with a clear polish and rouge her nipples and aureoles with some pink highlights. She also gave the girl some lipstick, a soft red with glitter appropriate for teens, to apply to her mouth and nether lips. Clothing was allowed on special occasions, however Fala would normally be naked in the house and on the grounds.

Fala still had a bad habit of hiding her breasts and her quim whenever she got nervous. This, as well as all forms of body modesty was right out for a proper young whore.

"Don't cross your hands and arms over your charms, dear," her mother would scold. "It's unattractive and more importantly, the master doesn't like it. There's nothing worse than a comely young girl who tries to cover her tits."

Like all mothers, Catherine was continually reminding her daughter not to slouch. "Keep your back straight," she told Fala. "Make your breasts as prominent as possible. They should bounce and spring gracefully when you walk or move. As you get older, they will fill out more, but you need to learn how to make them move on your chest now, while you are young."

Fala also had to be re-educated on how to sit. She had been taught since childhood to keep her knees and feet together, or cross her legs demurely, one over the other. If she twisted to the side, her folded legs went with her, always together, always very prim.

Catherine would shake her head with exasperation, "what *did* that foster mother teach you anyway! Spread your legs when you sit, Fala. Is that what they taught you to do in Alabama, cross your knees? How horrid! Keep your legs apart, you're kept naked for a reason. The master should always see the little pink flower between your thighs open and freely offered. That's how a proper young white lady should sit in the presence of a black man."

Fala's modest posture and habits were hard to break. But her mother was determined and relentless. The girl's behaviour would be modified, she would see to that!

"You have a lovely little quim to go with that stunning tattoo. It should be visible at all times. Get into the habit of sitting cross-legged, Fala, even when in a chair. And play with your toes and your feet; stroke your fingers idly in the hollow of your foot. Men like that. But most importantly keep your legs open. You must remember, Fala, that you're a whore. Your sex is the most public part of your body."

Her mother also had to re-mould Fala's fundamental attitudes about sex. Mrs. Kaylor had thought that sexual intercourse was dirty and disgusting and had passed the aversion of sex and sexual things onto the young girl she had raised.

Fala's real mother taught her that virginity was a nasty, selfish state and she should be ashamed that she had waited as long as she had to engage in fucking. A girl Fala's age should have shagged many boyfriends and discarded her infantile virginity long before.

"Chastity is a pernicious habit, Fala. A proper young white girl should be thinking about sex the moment she sees a male, particularly a black man. Always let your eyes say hello to his crotch. Look at strange a man as though he were pushing you onto your back and preparing to enter you and he won't be a stranger very long."

Catherine also was concerned that Fala acquire an intimate knowledge of her own body and its carnal proclivities.

“Your vaginal muscles need toning, Fala. You should have already been doing this while you masturbate.”

“You ... you mean touch myself down there?” the young girl asked, innocently. “But I ... I’ve never done that!”

“Yes and it shows,” said her mother. “For goodness’ sake, Fala, how can a girl get to age sixteen without knowing how to masturbate properly? Look, here is how it’s done. Take this hand and stroke your clit. Then with the other you push your fingers into your pussy. Probe deeply and caress the inner walls ...”

In time Fala did learn to keep her legs open, but despite her mother’s best efforts, the girl could simply not keep her hands from shielding the spot between her legs instinctively whenever someone entered the room.

Catherine hit upon an idea to help Fala turn this behavioural problem into an asset. Whenever Fala saw that she had brought her hands to her crotch unconsciously, she was to begin stroking her little clit with the ring and ball and running her fingers along her labia. That way she would not get into trouble for trying to hide her pussy and the little feelings would help her get over the inhibition.

Catherine was a loving mother to Fala and there was soon a strong maternal bond between them. Fala’s mother never whipped her daughter herself, but she did watch approvingly whenever Kareem physically disciplined the girl. It made her wince and sometimes cry when Fala screamed from the kiss of the cane, whip, or prod, but the older woman knew that her daughter’s destiny and future happiness lay in acquiring the skills and attitudes of a whore. And she approved of any means needed to teach sluttishness, in its finest points, to the girl.

Every day Fala would be taken out for a long morning run. Saylee loved to ride and was eager to help train Fala. Before school each day the mulatto girl took one of the ponies from the stable and a long whip. A tether, with one end attached to Fala’s braided hair allowed her to keep the slave girl close. A large black rubber penis was inserted into the slave girl’s quim and secured with thin leather thongs. While Saylee rode, Fala would run along in front of her, naked of course, motivated by the liberal use of Saylee’s long whip. They would range far, three or four miles on the riding trails and be back for breakfast. This and other outdoor programs were having a wonderful physical effect and Fala grew more tanned and toned every day.

Kareem continued to push Fala through the program of heavy exercise. Some of these activities like the callisthenics and the workouts were aimed at promoting and building her general physic. Others were designed to condition her mind and body for uninhibited, highly refined carnality.

Kareem fucked Fala every morning in the stable stall, in order to gauge which areas she needed to work on. He would then consult with Judith and Catherine on methods to help the girl improve on various areas of her sexual technique.

Early on, they decided to have Fala work on controlling her internal muscles. Kareem took Fala into the open area of the stable, to two wooden crates set about four feet apart. He secured her hands with cuffs and ordered her to stand with one foot on each pedestal. The girl was obliged to spread her legs obscenely in order to remain stable. Her big black tutor then raised the ropes attached to her arms, lifting them over her head. She found the position was actually not terribly uncomfortable, at least compared to some of the things she had already undergone. She could balance her weight between her outstretched legs and her arms. Fala breathed a sigh of relief. At least if they left her this way she could stand it for several hours before her muscles cramped. Kareem however, soon revealed there was more to the position than simply standing.

He pulled a long, black plastic dildo from his pocket and held it inches from her face. “This going in Fala cunt. Will stay in cunt. You do best to keep in. Draw in with muscles. Each time dildo fall you get one stroke with cane. Understand?”

“Yes ... yes sir.”

He smiled and slowly inserted the plastic phallus. It didn't seem to be a very difficult thing, but her vaginal muscles were untrained and in a few moments, gravity caused the object to slip from her neither lips.

Fala looked at Kareem; eyes wide open with fear. He calmly took the lacquered cane and delivered a sharp blow to her rear.

"Aaahhh Ahhhhgg, please ..."

"Once again," he barked. Use cunt muscles. Hold in slut hole!"

The dildo was re-inserted and Fala concentrated with all her might on keeping it in. She did a good job for several minutes, but she simply didn't have the muscle control. After a valiant effort the plastic cock fell from her sex with a plop.

Kareem said nothing. Indeed Fala suspected he knew she would lose the battle. He casually pulled back the cane and landed another agonizing lash to her cheeks.

"Aaaggghhhiiii, please ... it's too hard ... I can't do it!"

"Learn to do," said Kareem. "Or ass cheeks get very sore."

It went on for two hours like that, Kareem skewering her with the object. Then, seeing that her internal muscles were beginning to tire, he relented and switched Fala to an upper body workout.

Fala's mother also worked on conditioning her daughter's internal muscles, attempting to size and tone her vagina for a "custom fit" around Mohammed's penis.

"But mom, it's too big," cried Fala.

"These are moulded from the master's penis, Fala."

"I know that mother," she wailed. "But they're still too big for me."

"Fala," said Catherine kindly but firmly. "You'll just have to get used to them. Your vagina needs to be trained and moulded to be a perfect fit for the master. You're sixteen and still very elastic down there, so this is the best time to do it. Kareem has lubed you up well, now I want you to insert this one all the way in."

Fala sobbed with the humiliation. She brought the tip of the huge black rubber dildo to her labia, pushing the outer lips aside but hesitating to thrust the object all the way into herself. She closed her eyes tight and bit her lower lip.

The young girl heard a snap and an instant later her rear cheeks exploded with pain as they felt the impact of Kareem's cane.

"Get it in!" yelled her mother, at the end of her patience.

With a groaning sob Fala slowly pushed the rod into her pussy, feeling the blunt head fill her. The veins and ridges moulded into the shaft rippled past her neither lips, now stretched tightly around its black girth.

"Uuunnnngg," she grunted inelegantly as the object bottomed out against her cervix.

"They're moulded from your master's cock, Fala, so they are his exact size and shape. All of the exercises we are going to do will be with these dildoes, in order to fit you perfectly to his manhood. You will be taking many, many other cocks Fala, but your master's is the most important and his is the one you must prepare yourself for."

"Get on all fours!" yelled Kareem. A cowed Fala complied.

Kareem looked closely, smiling as he ran a finger over her lips, pink and taut around the black rod. At the end of the dildo there was a small brass eyelet imbedded into the plastic base. The black trainer attached a light weight to the dildo, only a couple of ounces, but enough so that it wanted to slide out of her.

"Squeeze your muscles, Fala," said her mother. "Don't let the dildo fall out or Kareem will give you three with the cane."

"No. Mother, please."

"You must keep it in, Fala," said Catherine.

Fala whimpered but complied. She was gradually gaining some measure of control and strength over her vaginal muscles and was able to keep the dildo in, if she concentrated and tried very hard.

Both Kareem and Catherine were appalled to learn that Fala had virtually no experience with fellatio. She was immediately placed on an intensive program of training for cock sucking.

They had to overcome some initial resistance in the girl with a five stroke caning, but in the end, she submitted. Stewart, Mason and Ommba were each sequestered two or three times a day for sessions in the stable while Fala built up her mouth muscles and practiced her techniques. Kareem would test her at the end of the day to see if she had mastered the basic skills before moving on to more advanced methods.

“Yes ... that’s good ... lick under head ... just like that ... good girl, Fala ... no, keep suction ... that better ... remember move head back and forth. Very good girl ... going very deep no gag ... good, Fala.

“Tomorrow you work on using teeth to graze cock. And you do better at swallow all of cum or you feel whip down back.”

Fala’s answer was, as always now, a meek, “yes sir,” and a genuine effort to improve. She quickly developed an affinity for the taste of semen and her guts were inundated with several loads a day from both ends.

The only area in which Kareem still encountered any resistance was in cunnilingus training. It was crucial that Fala develop skills in this area because Judith enjoyed it. Fala balked at first when told she would have to practice on the pussies of Veema and particularly, Saylee. But the cane changed her mind and soon Fala was eating and licking Saylee’s cunt with true skill.

At times, alone in her basement room late at night, Fala had time to reflect on her status. She understood now why the black servants looked down on her so. With the exception of Saylee, they had all known what she was from the start. She had thought herself so superior with her white skin and stodgy upbringing in a racist, American home. She had always assumed white people were the master race.

Now she understood. She was nothing. In terms of social standing, birthright and hereditary class she was at the bottom. The servants were descendants of proud, independent forefathers. Even Saylee Mosengo was child conceived and born like a human being, within an indigenous culture. By contrast, Fala knew she was chattel, the offspring of planned breeding. A piece of livestock.

She had arrogantly thought herself better. Now she realized how vastly inferior she really was.

Fala’s lessons continued with gruelling physical and mental conditioning for sixteen to eighteen hours each day, day after day. She was given no respite, in part because the goal was to break her down. The more fatigued her mind and body were, the more pliant and open to behaviour modification she would be.

After two months, her trainers had made significant progress. Her physical skills were mastered and ready to be finely honed. The mental and emotional aspects of fucking were becoming deeply engrained in her mind and soul. Her mother was busy now, teaching the more advanced points of the fleshly arts.

“Look your master in the eye when he is fucking you, Fala,” said Catherine. “He should see a hunger and a need there. He should also be able to sense the welcome you feel for him, just from your eyes.”

She was having Fala practice “fuck etiquette” while mounted on young Mason. The young black field hand was gritting his teeth, desperately trying to keep his healthy young testicles from erupting as the luscious white teen bounced on his cock. Her vaginal muscles were massaging him as she moved up and down his length. Her hands rubbed him enchantingly, playing with his nipples. Even her toes curled and caressed him behind his knees.

“Ohhhh Mason ... love that big black cock. Give it to me, darling!” said Fala, doing her best to look down at him adoringly. Her rear cheeks were already scored with where the whip had been applied to induce her smiles of welcome and willingness. As her conditioning progressed however, it was becoming easier all the time to smile and say those words for real. She was becoming accustomed to and even dependant on the constant stimulation of the male phallus. And her vaginal muscles were now quite strong.

It was too much and the young man burst. Semen gushed and gushed inside her and Fala squealed and held herself fixed to him, trying to capture every drop.

The once-innocent white teen progressed further with every passing day. In a few weeks her vaginal muscles were so strong she could hold a dildo inside her with ten pounds of weight attached.

Kareem and Catherine introduced a new training tool. It was shaped as a normal dildo, except at the bottom it had a curious tube sticking out. At first Fala was afraid of it, fearing it emitted a shock or something.

In fact, all it did was measure the amount of force Fala could exert by squeezing her vagina. After it was inserted, she was required to dilate her pussy and reduce the friction on the artificial phallus as much as possible. After this reading was recorded, she was told to flex and tighten around the object. This established the baselines. Kareem had her flex and loosen, alternating rapidly as he watched the gauge. This was a most effective device for helping Fala learn to massage a man's penis with exquisite results and Fala practised with it for at least an hour every day.

The last vestiges of Fala's pride and modesty were attacked when Saylee required her to pull a little human drawn carriage on the road to her family's village. She was in the harness and Saylee was at the reins when the destination was disclosed.

"But I can't pull this carriage all that way with someone on it!" she wailed.

"Yes you can," said Saylee. "You can and will, or Kareem say you get twenty strokes with the cane."

Fala's eyes widened. "Please, Saylee. Don't make me go into a village like this. Please ... aiiihhh."

The mulatto girl slashed her across the face with the crop. "You call me mistress. I rich landowner's daughter now. You just white slave girl. Everyone see you now, know you my slave. Go now, or this crop take the skin off your back!"

With a moan of despair, Fala turned and began to pull the little buggy. It proved to be easier than she thought. The wheels had ball bearings and the carriage was no more difficult to move than a heavy bicycle.

Fortunately also, the road surface was smooth packed sand and though the surface was a little too hot for comfort, it did not damage her bare feet. Saylee delivered two more cruel lashes on Fala's back before the young white girl was able to get her stride. But soon they were headed down the road, Saylee smiling with satisfaction and Fala blushing with shame.

Saylee directed Fala to the tiny village where she had grown up, only about three miles from the mansion. Once they arrived Saylee told the white girl where to pull up to one of the larger houses. The brown girl dismounted and strolled proudly inside wearing a magnificent dress that had once been Fala's.

Fala was left the harness. She stood sweating, dirty, naked, wondering what was to happen next.

The mulatto girl was inside for about an hour, visiting her aunt. When she emerged, several of her relations came out with her. They laughed uproariously at the naked white girl who was being used like a little pony. The younger children threw pebbles and the older boys felt her up, flicking the tiny ball that hung over her clit. Fala wanted to shrivel up and die.

At last, Saylee mounted the carriage and one boy showed Fala an unexpected kindness. He gave the white girl a ladle-full of water and tapped on her clit ring, much gentler than the others.

Fala looked at him with gratitude and he whispered, "Next time you come we fuck. I'll have a sugar cube for you." He laughed and Saylee snapped the reins. They headed back to the plantation house.

After three months, Fala had been brought to the zenith of sensual prowess. She had reached to a state of induced nymphomania in which she was emotionally and physically addicted to fucking and constant sexual stimulation. Every waking moment she had one of the lifelike dildoes in her mouth, pussy, or anus. Her body was superbly trim and fit, her breasts even firmer and fuller. Fala's vulva had changed dramatically. Once a tight little clam with a single diminutive slit, the vaginal conditioning, exercises and frequent stretching around a male member had swollen them so that they now protruded luridly, pushing the outer lips aside. Their colour had deepened from pink to red and they glistened with secretions, both male and female all the time. The effect spoke volumes of pure licentiousness.

Mohammed watched every night from the cameras in her little cell as Fala masturbated frantically with the plastic phallus when she thought she was alone. She lay back on the old mattress with her legs splayed obscenely, pumping the object in and out of her love hole with maniacal vigour. He could even hear the

babbling as it spilled from her throat and was picked up by the microphones. Always it was the word "master," that she gasped as her orgasm gripped and her hips bucked the air.

Finally one night, after observing the girl's self-debauchery with special interest, Mohammed decided his plan had at last come to fruition. He pulled the pliant body of her mother onto his. She centred his cock and he grasped her hips, skewering her downward with one stroke. He fucked her quickly, without mercy, slaking the lust gleaned from watching Fala in all her glory. Minutes later he flooded the slave woman with a draught from his balls and seized her soft neck, drawing her face to his. He whispered into Catherine's ear, "Fala's ready."

The next morning, Fala was surprised when Kareem did not fuck her to start the day. He simply led her out to begin her exercises and callisthenics. When it was time for her run, the trainer inexplicably omitted her dildo and strap and she ran the course in front of Saylee and the pony now truly naked, save for the tether in her hair.

After lunch, she spent the normal two hours with her mother, learning the finer points of being a well-poised young slut. But there was no practice session with the field boys.

Conditioned as she was to continual penetration of her vagina, the absence of cock for an entire day began to tell on Fala's nerves. She went from bewilderment to irritation as the day wore on.

Kareem finally brought one of the boys in to see her, but only allowed her to suck him off. Worse, when she had reached down to play with her little clit her trainer had slapped her hands away telling her she was to refrain from self-gratification for a while.

Fala was feeling seriously frustrated by the time the day ended and padded eagerly back to her cell, anxious for relief.

Her consternation became alarm, however, when she discovered her dildo was gone!

"No playing tonight, Fala," said her mother. "Give me your hands."

She chained the girl's arms over her head to the wall. There was plenty of slack so it was not uncomfortable. Except that she was quite unable to reach down to stimulate herself.

"Mama?" asked Fala in a small voice. "Why can't I ..."

"Shhhh. Go to sleep now, darling. Think of master. Dream of master's black cock all night." Catherine kissed her daughter and left.

It was a bad night for Fala. She tried pumping her hips to make the little ring ball bounce on her clit, but that only made the deprivation worse. She did dream. Dark men and their erect organs seemed to flicker through her mind, their satisfying members just out of reach. In the morning Fala was fully awake early, alert and hopeful of her salutary fuck with Kareem. She was to be frustrated again.

It was another day of denied release. Fala went through all the training, earning several lashes from the whip because she could not concentrate on her lessons. Back at her cell that evening the girl was literally crying with need.

"Please mama, let me touch it, please ... Let me play with it!"

"No, Fala, you must be restrained again. Think of master. Think of his wonderful big cock."

That night was even worse than the previous one. Fala seethed with pent up sexual energy. In the morning she was begging Kareem.

"Please sir ... fuck me like you used to ... oh please sir ..."

"No, Fala, you must finish your lessons."

The day went on interminably for the white girl. She could think of nothing but release and focusing on her tasks was impossible. When at last Stewart came into the stable, Fala literally cried for him. She was salivating, her eyes as big and round when he stripped. But she was only allowed to suck him, and when she had finished they boy had tormented her by caressing and fondling her breasts and labia. Kareem literally had to pry the young male from her grasp as she clung to him when tried to leave.

"Please ... oh please ... give meeee."

Her mother came in and Fala went to her knees. "Please Mama ... let me play with it ... please, I need it!"

Finally, they relented and allowed the desperate girl to abuse herself on the straw covered floor, watching her scream out an orgasm only seconds after rubbing the little ring rhythmically onto her clit.

Release swept over Fala like cool water in a parched desert. She collapsed, weeping with relief. She made it through the rest of the day, but discovered quickly that the fulfilment was short lived.

That night, they did not bind her arms. Fala played with herself continually. Dark dreams of naked black men assailed her every time she nodded off. Phantoms with huge, rampant rods appeared pressing her onto her back and forcing her weak legs apart- only to dissipate and vanish when they began to penetrate. Each time Fala would awaken in a cold sweat and masturbate frantically, bringing herself to a shattering cum. But it never satisfied. She used her fingers, desperately pushing them in and out, trying to hit the spots that itched. But it just wasn't the same. The need for deep penetration could only be fulfilled with a large, stiff phallus. Preferably a living one attached to a black male. Fala needed cock.

They let her suffer for three more days. The once innocent and chaste girl was masturbating openly nearly all the time, begging and pleading with all the males to copulate with her. Twice she got long painful stings from the cattle prods for stealing dildoes and attempting to insert them when she thought no one was looking. Finally she broke down in front of her mother and trainer, blithering mindlessly for something to put in her empty little sex.

"Have you learned, Fala?" said her mother. "Have you learned what a horrible, lifeless thing chastity is?"

"Yes mama ... oh yes."

"You're a slut, Fala. Your highest purpose and calling is to fuck, to give pleasure and receive the gift from a man's body. Do you understand this, my darling? Do you now believe with every fibre of your being that you're a whore?"

"Yes," she whispered, her tearful eyes lowered.

Catherine reached down and lifted the girl's chin, looking straight into her face.

"Say it, Fala," she said gently. "Say it as you mean it."

The girl felt the schism within her widen again and heard the outraged screams of Beth Kaylor receding, growing faint. Fala said clearly and with conviction. "Yes mother. I'm a whore!"

Kareem smiled and rewarded her with one of the big plastic dildoes. Fala took it greedily and plunged it into her sopping vagina, sighing with little whinnies of satisfied relief.

They took her up to the house, into the guestroom where Fala showered and shaved her pubic mound.

Catherine helped her daughter prepare for the most important moment of her life. Her hair was combed and arranged in an elegant swirl that left her neck exposed. Her nipples and facial cheeks were rouged and a tiny amount of eye shadow was spread above her lashes. Lipstick was applied to her mouth and neither lips and an expensive musk daubed onto her sex, navel and behind her ears.

Fala was given a flowing robe of sheer white silk and led up to the master bedroom to the man who owned her body and soul.

In a normal family in Europe or America, Catherine might be watching her daughter walk down the aisle in a white wedding dress, to be met at the altar by a young white man who would marry her and make her his wife. But this was the closest thing to a wedding Fala was ever likely to have. Her daughter was being formally introduced to her master, in simple, pure white like a bride. The dream of every proud mother. Catherine could not suppress a few tears as they knelt before the richly clothed black man, who set imperiously on a huge bed.

"Master," said the mother. "This is my daughter, Fala. I wish to present her- and beg you to possess her."

Mohammed arose without a word and circled the girl. He pulled the single thread which held the feather-like garment closed. It parted, wafting to the floor around her. She stood nude, save for the tiny ring above her pleasure bud. The black master pulled a short whip from behind the chair.

"On the bed," he said. "All fours."

Fala obeyed and he proceeded to whip her mercilessly. She gasped and writhed, crying out in pain- and ecstasy. He lashed her thoroughly, moving around the bed so that the stripes crossed her back in all

directions. Catherine smiled to see the master take such meticulous care with the initiation of her daughter.

When he finally stopped, her sex was dripping onto the bed.

He ordered her to turn onto her punished back and the delicious sting went straight to Fala's belly and exploded. Her legs spread wide and she watched with awe as her mother disrobed him.

Then it was there, poised above her labia, that throbbing, living, sacred object that haunted her dreams and her nightmares. It had been almost three hours since her last cock and her vagina was beginning to churn with hunger. The sight of his perfect phallus made it ravenous.

She fondled it with greed and adoration, tucking it into the folds of her vulva, to the very doorway to her soul.

Mohammed smiled and pressed downward. Into the enveloping warmth and goodness of Fala's welcoming belly.

Fala accepted the gift from her master three times that night, on her back, on all fours and finally on her side, from behind. She slept safe and secure filled with her master's fecund essence. The black phantoms were gone and Fala's dreams were of one man only. One black man, with one perfect cock.

When they awoke, Mohammed allowed Fala to write a letter to her adoptive parents for the first time. She penned it on his chest, while impaled on his rampant manhood:

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Kaylor

This is Fala, the girl you once called Beth and thought of as your daughter.

I just wanted to let you know I'm well and happy and living in Nigeria. That's in Africa.

First I should tell you what I am now. I'm a whore. That's right, A WHORE! More than that, I'm a whore for a black man, a receptacle for his lust. I have learned that the greatest purpose in my life is to be a sexual object, a toy for my black master.

I am the slave of a black master who uses me, or has me used daily. Actually a more accurately, I'm FUCKED multiple times daily. It is impossible for me to put into words how deeply your innocent little girl has been corrupted and debauched.

I want to thank you for raising me as a proper young white girl so that my Negro master could take my virginity.

You should know, Father, that thanks to you, I have never been touched, never kissed or even held hands with a white boy. But I've been fucked by several black men. Think of it, Father, you would not even let a white boy look at me, yet now my once untouched belly is flooded with potent Negro semen two or three times a day.

Don't be too disappointed in me, my erstwhile parents. You see, this is what I was created for, literally. My real mother was a slave. Almost 18 years ago on her master's orders, she was impregnated by a white slave boy. You were chosen as my temporary keepers, because my master wanted someone to bring me up proper, innocent and virginal until I was ready to be raped and deflowered in a stable, like an animal.

I hope you enjoy the photos and the videotape. They show some of the ways I've been fucked and some of the things I've learned.

That's all I have for now, but I hope to write again soon!

Your loving, former daughter,

Fala Smyth

PS Reading this has gotten my master so hot; he has pushed me onto the bed and is sliding his fat African cock up my tight little ex-virgin cunt right now. Feels sooooo goooooood !

Epilogue

Fala knelt quietly in the ornate meeting hall. She kept her eyes glued to the floor between her widespread knees; waiting, listening, totally naked and vulnerable and in an unknown place.

Early in the morning, Fala had been taken to the airport and put on a small plane. She had not been told where she was being taken, only that her master had loaned her to a friend for about a month, to celebrate an anniversary of sorts. Beyond that neither her mother nor the servants would say anything. It had been a long flight and when they had landed she boarded a limousine and was told to kneel on the floor until it arrived at a magnificent residence.

Fala was led into the back of the building, through a service door, a lone black servant guiding her in without a word. She was unrestrained with bonds or lead and she did not need to be. The bonds in her mind secured her to her master's will more effectively than physical chains.

She saw the beauty of the room's appointments when she entered. The architecture and interior design of the house were strongly Middle Eastern and she was surrounded by extravagance and luxury.

The petite white girl wondered about the identity of the man she was being loaned to. Judging from the house, she decided he was probably an Arab. It made no difference to her, however. She was a whore and she would fuck with competence and enthusiasm anyone her master told her to fuck, regardless of their sex, age, or race.

The servant took her to a large room, ordered her to kneel, then turned and left her alone. She had automatically assumed the submissive posture she had learned with long hours of tutelage; knees spread wide, soles of her feet upturned behind her rear, back straight and breasts thrust out proudly, head bowed. She had now been kneeling for some time and her body was tiring of holding the pose. But she dared not move from it, knowing someone might enter the hall at any moment.

In fact, seconds later, someone did.

Fala knew better than to look up. But she could tell by the sound and gait of the footsteps that it was a man, a strong, confident man. He walked up to her and stood for a moment, though Fala could see only the bottom of his robes. He circled her slowly and she could see his shadow cast from where the last day's sunlight streamed through a window. Fala held her breath as he paced for several seconds, simply assessing her. Then he strolled over to a dining table and sat. When he spoke, his voice was melodious and clear.

"You may look up, Fala."

He was indeed Arab. Well groomed but somewhat homely and older, perhaps in his late fifties. He clapped his hands twice. "Dance. Show me grace and beauty."

Music began that she was familiar with and she danced as she had learned with long hours under her mother's eye. The instruments and arrangement were Arabic, but her movements were original, classic gyrations of belly dancing combined with African elements. The girl twisted and churned with the beautiful fluidity of youth, arms undulating over her head, hips rolling with lithesome grace. She glided and stepped elegantly, almost silently, then the movements mutated. African dance was manifested by the pelvic thrusts, a parody of stylised sexual intercourse. The tattoo on her lower belly seemed to rivet the eye and summon attention to her slit, where the little ball in her clit ring bounced with each hip thrust. She sprang and leapt, bent knees and legs spread wide. Her hips were pumping lewdly, as if fucking an invisible lover while dancing with joy. Her breasts bounced and jiggled boldly and her bare feet slapped the floor. It was entrancing, consummately skilled- and utterly erotic; ending as she screamed out an orgasm caused by the dance and the clit ring.

When the music ended, she was bent over, grasping her ankles in a position identical to that she assumed for Judith's correction.

The Arab was stirred. That kind of energetic performance, even by a slave, deserved reward.

"Come here, on your knees. Sit here by me," he said, gesturing to a spot on the floor near his chair.

She crawled over to him on all fours and knelt beside his chair, still panting with exertion. There was a light meal spread before him and he began to eat, ignoring her for several minutes, but finally addressing her abruptly.

“Are you hungry, Fala?” he asked, shoving a succulent morsel of meat into his mouth.

“Ye ... Yes, Master.”

He took a slice from his plate and allowed her to eat it from his fingers. She took it gratefully, licking his hand and kissing the wrist.

The Arab man continued his meal, outwardly indifferent. But he was in fact highly impressed. There was certainly no trace of innocence or virginity on this girl. Her dark wild hair, (clean and carefully styled) full body tan and clit ring dispelled that. The tattoo between her navel and pudenda told the rest of the story. But that was just the start.

Her every move seemed minutely choreographed to inspire lust, not just the dancing, but walking and even her seated posture. Her lip colour shone ruby, nipples rouged with pink glitter, vulval folds wet, swollen and dark lurid red with frequent use. The full nuance of her demeanour and bearing bespoke of prurience and sexual revel. Everything about her shouted WHORE, in a universal language.

“Why are you here, Fala?”

“To serve you, Master.”

“And what kind of service do you perform?”

“I’m a slave, Master. A whore.”

“And do you like being a whore, Fala?”

“Like, Master?” she asked, slightly confused.

“Do you chose to be a whore, a slut, a woman who joins carnally with men frequently and without discretion?”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, her eyes flickering.

“Why?”

“Because it is what my Master wishes.”

He nodded with approval. “And why else, Fala?”

She looked at his face, unsure of his meaning.

“Because it is true purpose of your existence. It is what you were created for, isn’t it, Fala?”

“Yes, Master.”

He smiled, pleased and brought his cup from the table for her to sip from. “You may stand, Fala. Walk with me. I want to show you a little of my home.”

He strode gracefully through the large hall in his flowing robes, pointing out art, fixtures, things of note. Fala padded along behind him, naked and overwhelmed by his presence.

“This is a special room, Fala. Many important events have occurred here. Great enterprises and historic ideas have begun in this very place,” he smiled, petting her soft hair. “And some not so important, but highly entertaining things have happened here. Some small, beautiful little things have been conceived right in this room.”

“Yes, Master,” she said dutifully, marvelling at the opulence of the great hall. He was right, the room was special. And yet, there was something else. She had seen the room before but couldn’t remember where.

Near the centre of the great room was a platform, supporting a large, comfortable looking bed. The Arab reached up nonchalantly and retrieved an object, dangling from behind one of the stone columns. Fala could see instantly it was a whip.

“Bend over, Fala. Put your palms to the floor.

“Yes, Master,” said the white girl. There was a tremor in her voice, but she obeyed immediately.

“I think a light whipping for now. You will be keener for my rut when I push your stinging, striped back onto the bed.”

“I will be keen for you, no matter what you do to me, Master,” she breathed.

He brought the whip down on her tan back and Fala gasped and cried out the pain. But she was well trained and did not move or try to deflect his blows. He continued for some time. The individual lashes were not extremely hard or painful, but he landed many, so that her entire backside was laced with thin, bright stripes of red from her ankles to her neck.

As Fala remained bent over, breathing hard with the latent stinging, the jaded Arab was panting himself. He had seen the disks his friend had sent as gifts. He had watched little Beth Kaylor preen herself in the mirror and shower the first night, seen her progression as the servants and then her mother and black trainer had instructed her. He had witnessed with bated breath her defloration in the stable at the hands of her master and beheld her transformation, from virgin to slut. All had been painstakingly recorded in minute detail by Mohammed. Now she was presented in all her glory by a proud master.

His libido was seething, as it had not been in years.

He disrobed quickly and eased onto his back on the bed, resting on the huge pillows. His phallus rose from his loins, throbbing and potent. The coiled the whip lay at his side and he spoke pleasantly.

“Come up here, little whore. Kneel astride me.”

Fala obeyed, mounting his legs and bringing her sex into line with his. Her own excitement was fever pitched and she grasped his organ, centring it between her labia. She was about to force herself down on it when his hand moved between them, stopping her.

He took the whip and draped it gently over her shoulders and down her back. Even though it was not a blow, the presence of the object caused her back to sting and her form to stiffen.

“Yes, little one,” he said. “Your chastened flesh confirms what you are. But do you know *why* you are, Fala?”

The girl shook her head slowly, confused.

“Look about you. Look at the room carefully. You’ve been here before ... with your mother and father, as it were.”

Fala looked around as she had been told. For a moment she frowned, still utterly confused. Then her eyes widened, stunned. She suddenly realized where she had seen the room before. She recognized it from the video as the place where her mother had been mated. This was where two abject white slaves had fucked for the amusement of a crowd of Arabs. The very spot where she had been conceived under their leering stares, eighteen years ago!

Eighteen years! Fala suddenly realized the significance of the anniversary.

“I am the god of your creation, Fala,” said Ibn Al Taif, pulling his hands from between them. “Offer me homage.”

Her mouth open, panting with overwrought emotion, Fala descended, her vaginal sheath sliding around him like a glove. Gazing at him with awe, she placed her soft bare feet under his calves, grasping his ribs in her hands. Even as she felt his rock hard phallus kiss the depth of her cervix, she spoke softly, reverently.

“My ... my mother told me about you, master. I saw the video. I was fucked into her while you watched, your whip in hand. *You caused me to exist!*”

“I have bred many slaves,” said Ibn Al Taif. “Many lovely white girl children. But you, little one, are perhaps the most perfect. In two weeks, Fala, you will come into season. Then I’m going to have party here. In front of my guests you will be fucked on this platform by a cute little white boy I’ve recently bought. He’s even younger than you, but I’m sure he can throw a good little whelp. Your master tells me if you have a girl he is going to have her placed in a nice, religious, conservative home in America.

“You’re going to look so enchanting roundly pregnant, my child,” he said, stroking her hair. “Your mother knows a delightful little dance she can teach you.”

Fala sighed. She had found the meaning of her life. Everything, for the first time was clear. The schism within Fala widened to infinity. Somewhere in her mind, far, far away, she heard the thin, final wail of Beth Kaylor’s tortured soul, quenched in desolation and outer darkness, lost forever to oblivion.

Only Fala, the little slave whore remained.

She slid slowly, ever so deliciously up and down on the fat old Arab's rampant manhood, feeling it throb as her caressing vaginal muscles moulded loving around it. He was one of the ugliest men she had ever seen, almost four times her age. Yet, she craved his lust and could not remember ever being so aroused.

He was her god. And in the realest sense, the only father she would ever know. She looked into his black eyes, feeling the glorious friction inside her and the thrill of her clit grinding on his cock base. She gripped him lovingly with the well-practiced muscles of her sex and curled her toes under his knees. Her lips met his and their tongues entwined and she pressed her breast and nipples into his chest, letting him feel the beat of her carnal heart.

Raising her face enough to focus on his eyes and, still gazing into his shining face, Fala whispered softly, meekly and very hotly – “Ohhhh Master... It's my conception day. Have you a 'gift' for me?”

THE END