

A Model of Obedience part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Aaaaand that’s a wrap! Thank you sweetheart! You were straight up gorg’!” the unquestionably gay photographer walked onto the set, as Kate stepped out of the giant oyster she was being photographed in, clad only in a bikini piece (designed by a top-tier brand she had a multi-million contract with) and some sexy heels.

It was far from the first time the young blonde was tantalizing the male (and female) with some modest cleavage on her juicy D-cups and a sneak peak of her side-cheeks from that Brazilian style bikini bottom. As for her shapely, long legs, her perfectly flat belly, her wide hips and her skinny waist, those were in full view. With her wavy, shoulder-length hair and her large, hazel eyes, the young woman was the embodiment of feminine sex appeal. And being that paid very well.

“Thanks Joshua! Always a pleasure” the 5’10” (with the heels she was 6’2”) British blonde beauty gave the much shorter man a friendly, but ‘mass-produced’ hug, the kind she often gave acquaintances in the industry. Not her actual close people.

Inwardly, Kate Naughton was soooo relieved to have finished this streak of shoots. Her schedule had been fully booked with fashion shows and photo shoots lately, then there was another piece on Sports Illustrated, then another on Cosmopolitan. You can’t really say ‘no’ to those when they come up.

But the past was in the past! The important thing was, she was done. For two weeks, she would bask under the sun, her divine body getting a nice tan in the beautiful beaches of Madagascar. Her assistant had arranged for Kate to be picked from the photoshoot, straight to the airport. She didn’t wanna miss a minute from these two off-weeks.

Her agent had advised her to take a bodyguard with her, but Kate did not want to be bothered by anyone’s presence. She wanted to sit back, relax and blend in, (as much as a gorgeous, ivory-skinned blondie could blend in, in an African island). She didn’t want to draw any further attention. Having recently broken up with her boyfriend, an equally famous football player, the 23-year-old model just wanted some peace, away from the spotlight, away from paparazzi, and worries.

"Here are the keys to your room, Miss Naughton, I hope you enjoy your stay" said the receptionist of her 5-star hotel. She was a beautiful, very-dark skinned woman with a perfectly made dreadlock bun and a big smile, speaking in perfect Westerner's English. With her favorite sunglasses doing the bare minimum to disguise her celebrity, Kate simply nodded with the briefest of smirks and headed to the elevator, being not that polite to the native hotel staff.

Kate didn't waste any time and after settling her things in her room, she got her big sunhat, her sunglasses and her cute designer sundress (that costed more than the locals here made in a month), and headed for the beach, in her elegant platform beach sandals.

She wondered around the more touristy market downtown, drawing looks from many passersby. It was hard not to. If it wasn't her top model fame that people recognized, it was her jaw dropping beauty that made double take. And if not all that, the blonde white girl stuck out like a sore thumb amongst a sea of black folks.

"Finally, just what I've been dreaming of" Kate thought to herself. The sun was caressing her well-oiled and sun-screened body. She had used about 5 products on her flawless skin before heading out in the strong sun. She had to maintain all aspects of her beauty, after all. Her looks were her career and she didn't take them lightly.

Falling back on the comfy cushion of the high-quality, wooden sunbed (she hit the more expensive side of the beach) Kate let out a big sigh of relief. Only thing heard was the sound of the waves hitting the shore and the occasional seagull song. It was perfect.

Ayane and Patrick Bakayoko were an old Madagascan couple, living in a small hut of a rural village, near the beautiful rainforest. Ayane was 64. She had skinny legs and arms, which had more strength than they showed due to their decades of field work, and a donut-shaped gut that betrayed her body's natural aging. Her light grey hair contrasted her dark complexion, her curls zig-zagging like crazy as they fanned into a puffy mane, which she usually caught in a large back-bun. Her face, reminiscent of a beautiful girl in her youth, was now full of intense wrinkles from the constant yardwork out in the sun.

Her husband Patrick, 66 years old, was a chubby, mustached man, his grey sides the only thing left on his balding head. Though his belly was getting larger and rounder, he was strong and sturdy, in shape for a man approaching his 8th decade.

The couple had lived in the village their whole lives. Like most villagers in the area, Ayane had a small vegetable farm and sold her goodies to the local markets, while Patrick worked as a blacksmith. No

pensions and luxuries like these were available to those who lived a tougher, simpler life in these small communities, under the scorching Madagascan sun.

Still, the old pair was far from miserable, content with the little pleasures of life, the ones you have to look a tad closer to appreciate. Ayane was the more extroverted of the two, while Patrick was more laid back and reticent. They had bickered about many things in their over 30 years of marriage, but they shared many more.

One thing they certainly shared was a deep hatred for white folk. A hate not unfounded. In their eyes, these people had disrupted the island's natural beauty and brought their corrupt Western values over to this innocent place. They had come and bought the native's own land, causing their island to become a series of beach hotels and exotic clubs.

Ayane was returning from the street market, having sold some potatoes, onions and a few tomatoes, which helped her buy some cheap clothing. She was tired, walking an hour every day to the market and back home, the sun burning her scrunching eyes.

Suddenly, she bumped shoulders with a passerby. Ayane was startled. "Watch where you're going, will you? Jeeez..." she hears a woman's voice. It sounded unmistakably foreigner. Ayane turned and saw a young white woman pass her by.

"What an entitled, pale cunt...I should put you in your place..." the old woman mumbled to herself in her native language. As she took a few steps forward, Ayane saw at a nearby kiosk that the same rude slut was on the front page of a magazine!

"She's famous, too?" the older woman was fuming. But then, an idea popped in her head. A twisted idea, the kind that older people with too few things to lose might ponder. That pale bitch could in fact solve all of their problems. Before she lost her, Ayane u-turned and started following the famous model from afar.

Kate returned from the refreshing ocean, taking a seat back on her sunbed, as she squeezed the excess water from her gathered blonde hair. Salt water dries the hairs up, after all. She laid back, enjoying the peace, letting the water drops that rested on her heavenly skin evaporate with the summer heat. Most of the sunbeds around her were vacant as far as the eye could reach. They cost like 50 dollars a pop, so if there were no rich vacationers, there was usually no one.

Kate turned around at one point, thinking she heard some rustling on the coconut trees behind her. It was nothing. A lingering point of anxiety created by having paparazzi following you around. It was fine. No one would disturb her privacy.

After some more sunbathing, the girl felt starving. It was time to get going. She got her things and walked towards the small, wooden little hut for changing purposes, which was located deeper into the trees, to change into her pretty sundress.

The blonde hottie was removing the top of her bikini, being momentarily topless, when she heard a squeaky sound behind her. Before she could react, the girl felt a strong blow to the back of her head and collapsed to the sandy floor. She looked up and in her blurry vision, saw an old black woman looking down at her with a stern, unpleasant expression.

In her hazy, head-turning state, Kate thought the woman looked familiar. Then, everything went dark.



Tututututututututututututu...

The rough, grinding sounds of a small bike's motor fade in on Kate's ears. Her mouth feels dry and her head hurts like no amount of painkillers can fix. Sunlight is partially coming through a beige cloth that fully surrounds her head. It also covers the thick scarf that is tied tightly between her lips. In addition, another rag has been stuffed in her mouth, rendering any calls even weaker. The girl groans weakly, her head still spinning, her senses weak. She feels her body squeezed between two people, one in the front of the moving, 2-wheeled vehicle, another behind her.

The supermodel blinks a couple of times and it is now clear that the rough metallic roar belongs to the engine of a small, barely kicking Vespa, which is making too loud of a rattling noise for her dizzy disposition. In much need of restoration, the old bike's seat is barely long enough for two people, so three people squeezing in there forces Kate's body to be really crammed between them.

Beside her bikini's bottom, only a dirty, ragged, large formless cloth has been tossed over her body, concealing it down to her thighs. Only her light-colored legs and her bare feet are visible from the sides of the bike.

In her crammed seat, her (never re-dressed) bare breasts are pressing against the rider's back (over that single beige cloth layer). Kate senses a pair of legs 'spooning' hers from behind. More importantly, she senses one arm wrapped snugly around her slim waist, and another keeping a hold of the girl's rope-bound wrists, which have been restrained behind Kate's back.

"MMggffhhuff" a weak, head-wounded Kate tries to alert anyone to her peril, but her bound body is being disguised both by the cloth over her as well as two bodies sandwiching her. Nobody noticed anything out of the ordinary and the worn Vespa is now long gone from the more populated asphalt roads of the town center, now cruising through the recluse, bumpy dirt roads that lead to the village, the uneven ground jolting all three passengers together every now and then. A guy or woman will be seen walking across the side of the dirt road, not paying much attention to the passing bike and its passengers.

"PllUuUuhhhgg!" Kate lets a louder moan, trying to cut through the motor's noise and jerks her crushed body softly. Upon doing that, she hears the man driving in the front speak, in a language foreign to hers. She then hears Ayane behind her answer him reassuringly in the same language. What are they talking about? What's happening? Questions that rush through her hazy, trauma-sustaining head.

“Getting funny, huh?” Kate hears the old black woman’s voice coming from behind her, in very broken African English (Ayane meaning something along the lines of “getting antsy, huh?”) and a moment later she feels her skinny, leathery arm reach around and wrap around her neck in a sleeper hold!

“Gmnfff! Gghh!” Kate yelps in her gag, or rather, tries to, since Ayane’s firm chokehold is cutting off her air and her blood circulation. Kate tries to shake out of that, but her delicate, roughly roped hands cannot help her. With no room to escape, she twitches with too little noise, on the small space she occupies on the bike, Ayane keeping the ruthless pressure on her neck, pinning Kate against herself.

“Mora izao...” (*‘Easy now...’ in Malagasy*) Ayane mumbles right as the white girl is knocked out and her hooded head falls limp backwards onto the old woman's collar bone. “Zazavavy tsara” (*Good girl*) Ayane says, patting the concealed, unconscious damsel’s head over its covers.

The village is only 10 more minutes away.

Kate Naughton opened her eyes, for the second time in a short while. Her environment appeared vastly different than the seat of Patrick’s Vespa and she could now see it free from any makeshift burkas. The curvy girl was completely nude, but for the remaining sky-blue bikini bottom. Her movement was again very limited. She was inside a metal, barred cage; a 3ft x 3ft x 3ft cube, that Ayane had lying around for trapping wildlife that was eating her chickens.

But the girl did not even had the ‘luxury’ of the cage’s already small space, since a snug piece of hemp rope had been knotted around her neck, the rope-collar attached to one of the bars at the top-side of the cage by a very short piece of rope, keeping her from lying down or shifting much. Her wrists were bound with more tight rope behind her back and her elbows had also been painfully restrained, almost touching. Forced to seat on the floor with her head grazing the bars above her, Kate was still gagged with that ruthless cleave/stuff gag from earlier, which cut into the delicate corners of her lips.

“Gmff...gmf!” the girl groaned as she tested the sturdiness of her bonds. They were not budging.

The hostage was in the middle of a room; on second glance, it was a full house. The wooden-walled hut with its cute triangle roof consisted of one single room and it was smaller than any suite or hotel room the supermodel had ever booked.

There was no toiletry, since there was no sewerage system in the 50-person village. Kate spotted a small, ragged two-person couch with an ancient, tiny T.V high up on a shelved corner. There was a kitchen counter with a small dining table nearby, and a double (though Kate would call it at most a

comfy single) bed over on the other side. The scarce electricity of the house came from a rusty generator. The hut's floor was elevated a couple of feet from the hot earth, like a bungalow. The brown, wooden walls were bare, like the girl's body, no pretty wallpaper of paint-job there. Two small windows let the strong sunrays enter through the room.

The supermodel had about 10 seconds to scan the space, before seeing her two captors enter. They were already talking to each other, in their native language. Of course, Kate had no idea what they were saying. Born and raised in London, before moving to the US for her modeling career, she never needed to learn a second language, never mind whatever obscure shit these grandparents were speaking.

Kate's eyes fell down on her free-hanging, pale jugs, which were now fully exposed to her captors. She squirmed at her inability to cover herself, causing her perfectly fat tits to jiggle and ironically drawing Patrick's eyes to them.

The elderly couple seemed to be discussing her, which Kate could tell only because they were now glancing at her as they spoke.

"MGG! LL MGG UG GHH" (*Hey! Let me out of here!*) she yelled at them through her effective gag and they both turned to face her, their conversation halted. The older woman leaned menacingly in front of the cage and pointed her wrinkly finger at Kate. "QUIET...or pain" she spoke with her broken English, though her tone left no room for interpretation. "DDNn WWUU HRRh MM, WW UHH HGG!" (*Don't you threaten me, you old hag!*) even in her very disadvantageous position, the privileged white girl still had the nerve to bite back.

"Hitanareo? Tsy nangina mihitsy izy ireo. Nolazaiko taminao fa tokony nokapohinay izy" (*"See? They never shut up. I told you we should have gagged her"*) the old woman reminded her husband she was right about keeping the whiny bitch gagged.

Kate understood nothing from Ayane's words, that ignorance adding to her fear. Ayane walked over and fetched her broom. Without much warning, she shoved the broomstick through the bars, poking the helpless girl with the wooden end with all her strength, practically stabbing her!

"MMNNNGF! NNNNNG!" the girl tried to shift her shapely body away from this violence, but with her wrist hitched she had nowhere to go, crying at every jab her petite body took. Her sensitive body, without a hint of manual labor (besides her gym sessions) would become very quickly bruised from these. Her ego already was.

The bound, gagged girl shut the fuck up, staring up at the black woman with wide, terrified, pitiful eyes. This was suddenly very real. For the first time in her life, the spoiled hot chick wasn't the one calling the shots.

The couple's initial plan was to ransom the 'valuable' white girl. After she had fetched them a generous price, they would run away to live a peaceful, comfier life, somewhere in Southern Africa. But as the days passed, no steps were being taken towards that goal. Any actions to facilitate their kidnapping plan were being put off again and again.

In the meantime, Katie was confined inside their modest hut, either bound and gagged, caged, or more often, both. The whole time she was left completely naked, with Ayane tying the girl's scantily-concealing bikini thong around her upper arm, as a sort of trophy, adding insult to injury. When she wasn't arm-bound, Kate tried covering her gorgeous, round breasts with the length of her arms. She had done that provocative pose many a times during more...spicy photoshoots, but now it was too real. She was truly feeling exposed and vulnerable.

She occasionally tried calling out to someone, especially when Ayane and Patrick weren't around, pointlessly banging on the bars of her small prison cell (though hilariously weakly, as it hurt her delicate hands.

Ayane and Patrick kept their cards close to their chests. They were still uncertain of the reception their latest 'import' would have from their neighbors. So they kept her incognito during the first days. She was only ungagged and untied to be watered and fed (through the bars of her cage) and the door of the cage was only opened for Ayane to hand her or retrieve the copper piss/shit pot that the rich girl had to use for her needs.

The first few times, Kate pleaded to the old black woman, to avoid doing this very private thing in the middle of the room, but after she found no sympathy, she resorted to emptying her bladder and bowels in the pot.

Seeing her predicament get more and more serious, Kate's bossy bitch persona melted into a helpless scaredy cat. Whenever bound to her cage, any gagged outbursts of indignity and desperations were dealt by Ayane slipping her hand through the bars and twisting her nipple excruciatingly hard. It always put the whiny bitch at ease.

But even during the short breaks of caged freedom, Kate's attempts at speaking to Ayane and Patrick's more...charitable side failed her. "Sssh!" Ayane humiliatingly shushed her every time (preferring it from the more challenging English word 'quiet') and when that didn't work, she'd broom-jab her with any sympathy. At the rare times when if her broom wasn't beating any sense into the caged girl, Ayane would straight up splash Kate with her own urine, right from the girl's piss pot. That last one was a particularly 'humbling' experience for the famous rich girl, especially since Ayane would leave her piss-drenched captive to stew a bit on her own filth; really let her obedience lesson 'sip in'.

With each passing day, the fair-skinned beauty's hopes of a policy discovery and rescue dwindled. And so did her brattiness and resistance, since they were based on the assumption that the old 'savages' would be sooner or later arrested and made to spend the brief rest of their pathetic lives behind bars.

But it didn't seem like that was going to happen.

Kate's eyes are half-closed with heat-exhaustion. She hasn't gotten used to such temperatures without any AC unit or a dive in the sea cooling her down within 10 minutes. Sweating like a (gorgeous) pig, she's slumped over her cage's wall, bound and cleave-gagged inside it.

Ayane does not register her captive, moving in and out of her hut, doing various small chores. "Whu..tu" (*Water*) the firmly gagged blonde mumbles with a labored breath. The old woman doesn't acknowledge the bitch's pleas, until the third time she utters the much muffled word.

"Indray?" (*Again?*) the black granny says annoyed. She had watered her two hours ago. How weak is she? "Olona fotsy simba" (*Spoiled white people*) the durable villager, raised in this tropical climates, mumbles as she dunks half a glass in the water tank.

Kate's eyes look appreciative, as she sees the woman reach her hands through the bars to undo her gag. She leans over the drink and gulps greedily. As soon as the glass is empty she asks Ayane with puppy eyes: "When can I go home?Gmm" but just as she finishes her sentence, Ayane shoves the saliva-soaked rag back in her mouth and ties the cleave back between her lips; not in the mood for questions.



It had been 11 days since Miss Naughton's abduction and without really communicating it, the elderly couple was slowly realizing that they were in over their heads, and their scheme was harder to pull off than imagined. They obviously couldn't let her go, and really, Ayane did not WANT to let her go.

The rude, colonizer spawn would get hers one way or the other.

Eventually, the couple decided on making Katie their very own, white slave, without ever really announcing it to her. The more they thought about it, the more Patrick and Ayane relished the opportunity to teach this pampered whitey some humility.

Ayane in particular was looking forward to taming the slut and 'showing her around' her mature muff. As for Patrick, he did not mind having a white fuck-pet for his golden years.

The spoiled bitch had probably never spent a day of her life hungry, discriminated, or looked down on. She would get a good look at what it felt like to be treated like less than.

They couldn't keep her in a cage forever, though. At least, not all the time. A more permanent solution to the girl's captivity was required. Patrick's blacksmithing skills came in handy when it came to that. In the span of a day, the poor beauty found herself adorned in relentless, stiff iron, caressing her precious body roughly and tightly.

First, two iron wrist cuffs and two ankle hobbles were irremovably placed on her extremities. Via their own rings, they could be hooked to other points or fastened together with padlocks.

The biggest piece of Miss Naughton's permanent 'fashion item' was a chunky iron waist-belt, about 3-inches wide, which was placed around the hourglass-shaped girl's already slim waist. The belt constricting it further, making her hip-bones and her ribs show as it strangled her midriff and stretched the skin over these bones. Her corseting belt had the utility of working with her wrist-bands, which could be attached to the rings of the belt via short chains and partially restrain the slave, while allowing her to make some basic hand tasks, but never allowing them to say... rise enough to strike their owners.

Meanwhile, Ayane had crafted a cool bit gag, made from a 2-inch-thick green bamboo bark. She made two holes on the sides of the bit and passed thick hemp rope through them to create the two straps, which were harshly knotted each time behind the girl's head. Kate looked cute (and more importantly, silent) when that hard wood stretched her lips wide.

Perhaps the most degrading part was the way the girl would be led around. With no collar, the more vengeful granny elected to instead use the girl's own, curvaceous body, by piercing the girl's pretty, milky flesh with rings that could then be pulled, or have a rope tied to them. More accurately, some of Kate's pink parts would be pierced; her pretty nipples.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmggg!" Katie cried out in hysterics when the old woman pushed the thick, hot (so that it sterile) needle through each nipple, as Patrick was holding her steady by her (already locked behind her back) arms. Two-inch-thick, iron hoop-rings were then fed through the fresh hole and Patrick came over to solder them shut. They would prove a handy way to maneuver the slave around.

AS would the last 'rope-hitching-spot'. A final ring, as crudely wide as the ones on her nipples, was forcefully placed on the poor girl's septum. More screaming moans and more tears came from the milky-skinned girl's hazel eyes, as the sizzling-hot needle was pushed through her septum, before the ring was slid into place and then sealed shut by Patrick, left to dangle under the girl's beautiful, delicate nose like cattle.

Kate could not be feeling more insulted and humiliated by her new 'outfit', if you could even call it that, sobbing quietly all through the first nights. While once only high-end, designer outfits had the 'honor' of adoring (and strategically covering) her coveted body, now it was crushed and shaped and held by Patrick's chunky, ungraceful, industrial irons. The weight of her metal bands was constantly felt on the girl's slender wrists and ankles and the thick waist-belt felt less like a skin-hugging corset from a sexy photoshoot and more like livestock being cruelly compromised.

The once golden or diamond jewellery that adored her ears and neck had been replaced by the blunt iron hoop-rings (of identical red/brown hue to her corset and cuffs) that had been pierced on her septum and her nipples. With their far from subtle nature, they again looked nothing like a sexy piercing, and more akin to cattle identifiers.

- Ary hafiriana no nanananao azy? (*And how long have you had her?*)
- Telo herinandro. (*Three weeks*)
- Toa milamina. (*Seems calm enough*)
- Fantany izay mahasoana azy. (*She knows what's good for her*)

Kate timidly observed Ayane and her neighbor (a cute, buck-tooth, pitch-black woman in her late 40s, with her head wrapped in a scarf) talking about her. It was always unnerving when she was being discussed, without any clue as to the context. Both dark-skinned women were standing above her cage, peering down at the naked, bit-gagged slave through her cage's bars. Ayane's fellow villager was curiously examining the white captive as she talked to her owner.

She wasn't the first person to have the slave showed off to her. But it never got less shameful for Kate, who was involuntarily flaunting her nakedness and her humiliating state to these strangers. She looked just as self-conscious and timid now, looking up at the two women with apprehensive eyes, like the captured animal she very much was. Her body language exhibited the same defensiveness, with her body kind of balled up and her arms self-soothing covering her ample chest. Though her hands were free they didn't dare touch the stiff bit-gag that spread her lips and silenced any pesky English.

"Manome olana be anao izy?" (*She's giving you lots of trouble?*) the newest onlooker asked, noticing the many cane marks that decorated the beautiful girl's body.

"Mihatsara izy" (*She's getting better*) Ayane's stern, brown eyes pierced through Kate's scared hazel one at that last sentence.

Indeed, Ayane was slowly, but surely, breaking the dumb slut into shape.

A high pain tolerance was never a requested talent in any modeling agency, so Katie found herself backpedaling on any proud stance of disobedience, as soon as the cane came down on her sensitive flesh or her rope-leash was painfully tugging against her sensitive nose or nipples (a Y-shaped rope, split at the end towards each nipple, had been put together for that specific use). With her hands often restrained behind her back by her cuffs, Kate could not do anything to either block the cane or grab her rope-leash to keep it from being pulled.

The blonde bombshell had a few seconds to spare, being rather... vocal in response to her orders, protesting with ample moaning through her jaw-splitting gag or curses in the only language she knew, if the big-gag was missing. It was then when a couple of fierce cane strikes on her hard-to-miss tits or her bubbly rear or a sharp, warning tug on her tits or septum would make the helpless girl quickly restore her pledge of servitude to the elderly African couple.

Little Miss Naughton had never experienced as much pain in the recent weeks as she had collectively in her entire life. It was all a lot; the degrading treatment, the nudity, the disciplining violence. Born into Western Wealth, the young woman had never been truuuuly ordered around in her life and starting now with the older couple was definitely a jump into the deep end. Being whipped into submission or led around by her piercings like an animal always filled her with a sense of helpless frustration, usually

externalized in the form of pathetic whimpers and angry looks that immediately switched to docile puppy eyes whenever Ayane saw them.

Gradually, everyone in the village was aware of the Bakayokos' lucky catch. The cultural grudge against the colonizing white folk was mutual amongst the villagers, so the look of the enslaved "tovovavy fotsy" (*white girl*) brought vengeful smiles to their faces.

With the secret out, Ayane could now take the nose or titty-leashed, wrist-bound and shackled Kate out to 'do her needs'. Pretty much like walking a dog, the black woman would lead the much taller, fully naked and barefoot girl over to an empty spot on the dry ground, where a hole had been dug. She'd then make the slave degradingly squat over the hole and do her 1s and 2s. Kate was 'walked' two times a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, and releasing her filth at any other time (and soiling her owner's home) would earn her a horrible beating. After the first punishment that got her ass riddled with purple line-marks, she never 'tried it' again.

More pertinently, Ayane utilized her new servant on all kinds of manual labor, putting her to good use on her little field of crops. Ayane relished the chance to drastically lower her workload, watching the ivory slut do most of the hard work, without a tool in her hands, to boot.

"Tsy manary aho mba hanome angady an'ilay bibilava" (*I'm not dumb to give the bitch a shovel*) she joked with a chatty neighbor, as they both watched Kate digging the muddy ground with her bare hands. Her gorgeous ass was pointing at them, as dirt-covered and sweaty as the rest of her body. Her heavy tits almost grazed the hot dirt, bent over as she was on all fours. It couldn't be helped, since Ayane had connected the white girl's nipple rings to their respective wrist-bands with two short chains.

This not only kept the bitch on all fours, but in order to allow her the space to utilize her soil-digging hands, it forced her to have her face and torso lower towards the ground and subsequently raise her ass higher, providing a nice, 'inviting' view.

Momentarily stopping her work, with all her nails full of the dark-brown dirt stuck underneath them, Kate shyly turned her head over her shoulder towards the two talking black people, firmly gagged with her Mistress' bamboo bit. Her (now longer) sunny hair had been caught with rope into two pigtails, to not get in the way of her work, whatever that might be.

"AZA MALAINA!" (*Don't slack!*) Ayane barked at the lazy slavegirl and even though Katie didn't know what the words meant, her ruler's tone was more than enough for her to turn over and return to her hand-digging.

Ayane continued her conversation, with a comfortable straw hat protecting her head, keeping any eye on her lazy slave, her cane dangling from her fingertips. The sight of the young girl, dressed in her permanent irons, getting layers of dirt caked onto her alluring naked body and 'popping' her round ass up at them, was a feast for Ayane's eyes.

She had spent so many years working those fields for breadcrumbs, it was time for the 'Whole Foods' bitch to get some work done herself.



Of course, it didn't take long after her status changed from kidnap victim to permanent slave, before the aging couple's previously numb sexual urges were reborn. With a succulent cover-girl hottie at their disposal, their sexual appetite was whetted.

With Kate's hands always tethered behind the kneeling girl's back during her oral services, leashing the girl's nose-ring to some rope was often all that a spread-legged Ayane needed in order to easily 'guide' her arm-bound, terrified slavegirl towards her black, leathery, dangling cunt-lips, complete with a grey bush as puffy and tangling as the Madagascan rainforest.

The girl's pitiful pleas were easily put to rest by a simple brandishing of the cane and a small tug on her nose-ring. She'd then reluctantly (then with some training, more eagerly) place her lips and tongue between the sprawled woman's brown, over-matured loins and 'get to work'.

Ayane never showered when she was about to use her newly found sex-toy. Miss Naughton was in no way thrilled to lap at the elderly woman's wrinkly, hairy pussy, and adding its potent stinky musk to the equation did not help.

But she had literally no choice but to bury her pretty face between Ayane's fatty, skin-broken thighs, and lick those 'dark-roasted' cunt-lips with great enthusiasm. The cane reminded her of that 'enthusiasm' each time she forgot it, by coming down hard on her snow-white, peach bottom, which by the end of the month, had changed its color into a mixture of brown sun tan and cane welts.

The pear-shaped old lady often relished the opportunity to have her feminine, wide, but also cellulite-ridden, black ass eaten by her unlucky captive. She really liked taking a nice, long sit on that 'Janga's (Bitch) face. Ayane would straddle Katie's face like a horse's saddle as the girl was lying on the bed, with the rest of her iron-bound body sprawled in front of her 'riding' Mistress.

With her wrists clipped to her waist belt, it left those big, milky tits 'wide-open' for any 'encouraging' canings, should Katie's tongue grow tired and uninspiring around the 64-year-old asshole. Ayane did not seem particularly worried with suffocating the young slave with her ass, only lifting it off 'her seat' when Katie's smothered moans were becoming too desperate to be ignored.

Ayane's favorite time to use the professionally-sexy, English brawd was after lunch, when the black woman would lay across the couch, a little sleepy and with her droopy stomach happily full. She loved that peaceful, siesta time of the day. That time when only the sound of the cicadas and the girl's slurping tongue were heard in the quiet of her little hut.

The older woman will never forget one incident, where the girl was dutifully lapping at her aged cunt, and a news segment about the world-famous model's disappearance popped on the open TV. Kate instinctively went to turn her head, as she recognized her own name, amongst the unrecognizable words of the anchorman, only to be redirected to her task, by Ayane's trusty cane. After a pitiful, muff-muffled moan, blondie returned to her lapping, while Ayane's eyes remained at the TV screen, which was now showing a montage of her British sex slave's modeling work.

Patrick was also happy with the ivory slavegirl's presence in the house. While he wasn't as sadistic or hurtful as his wife was, he took every advantage of his slave's abilities. Kate wished that cock-size also deteriorated with age, like skin-tightness or constitution, but she was devastated to discover the 66-year-old man's 10-inch-long, Coke-can-thick hog, which she would have to 'get wet' on the regular.

Being fucked by Patrick was a true ordeal Katie had to 'get through'. She breathed long and deeply just to be able to process the black man's enormous 'advances', which filled and stretched her pussy to the brim. During the first month, Kate was crying out in pain every time Patrick 'filled her'. Both in girth (his pussy was stretched to its limits) and length (Patrick's hog could easily poke the girl's cervix with a nice, good thrust)

Patrick loved getting his monstrous dick sucked off by his increasingly docile toy of light complexion. With blowjobs a long-since retired sport for his wife, the old, balding, bear-bellied black man made it his mission to train his new slavegirl into giving him the most orgasmic of dick-guzzlings.

But first, Katie had to actually 'get the thing' to fit in there. Just opening her jaw enough to get it to enter her scared, dewy-eyed face, took some strain on its own. But she'd only get 5 or 6 inches deep ("only" half-way of her Master's rod) before she'd start coughing and choking and getting all bloodshot-eyed.

Motivated not so much by the cane, but by Patrick's bare, heavy, black hands, 'encouragingly' smacking the 'African-BJ' student around, Kate gradually learned to relax her throat and bypass her gag reflex, her round-shaped lips 'moving' closer and closer to the man's grey, curly pubes, each week. Patrick made sure to keep his slave's oral training challenging, by merely hooking his index (or pinkie) finger through her iron nose-ring and softly tugging for his slave to 'follow along', ordering her to 'fit' a tad more of him in her (already pretty full) mouth. He wasn't swayed by any furred, blonde eyebrows

or dick-choked gurgles either, only letting the bitch breathe when she had earned it by making progress.

After only a few of months, the previously avert-to-deep-throats Katie could swallow the entirety of her owner's brown horse-cock, letting it graphically bulge her neck as it slid in and out of her throat, all while looking up Master with those cute, hazel eyes.

She found that relaxing her nasal breathing and more importantly, avoiding the panic that naturally came with being suffocated, helped the muscles relax and he could slide it in, not easy, but easier. What had mostly done the 'trick' was repetition. Repetition of her throat muscles being stretched and loosened time and time again, until they could accommodate this Loch Ness monster.

As for her asshole, it took much, much longer before the man managed to stretch her poor, virgin asshole enough to sodomize it, having to 'console' himself with her other two fuck-holes in the meantime. For many months it was unfeasible, his fat cockhead fully did not fit, but with practice and patience (and a lot of tears from Kate's part), the man worked the novice anal-whore up, first with his index finger, then adding another, then another before the British slut could 'take' him after a whole year in captivity.

For once, it was the old-timey light-skinned blonde the one that felt like a stunning, exotic curiosity, caged for her black owners' amusement. The historical tables appeared to have been flipped, and the white, blonde-haired Pocahontas was now the odd-one out in this little village of dark-skinned natives.

If only the ignorant girl (her brain was mostly filled with Tik Tok dances, than history or science) knew of Pocahontas' true story, she could make a comparison to her own, perilous state.

She looked worse off.

