

A Model of Obedience part 2

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

There's a dull, idle peace at the Bakayoko hut. Ayane is mindlessly watching TV, seated on a chair as she's making a bamboo basket, skillfully weaving the light-yellow strands together with her wrinkly fingers. A few feet away from her is Katie, her tired, sorrowful eyes looking blankly into nothing, as she's lying as much as the small space of her cage will let her. It's not much, so she has her back against one barred side (even though it's not very comfortable, it's the best she has) with her legs sideways on the cage's floor. Her cage has been pushed up against one wall (the one opposite of the home's entrance) for a while, as to not be obstacle in the middle of the room.

Like this moment, Ayane always keeps the slave bit-gagged, if there's no immediate reason for her not to be. Why would she care about anything the white bitch has to say, anyway? The girl's wrists are tethered to the side-rings of her waist-belt, with two 3-inch-long thick chains. It is the default position the slave has, when she doesn't pose any immediate threat, so usually, the bondage she's into when inside the cage.

Her once silky, smooth and glistening blonde hair are stuck and clamped together, since the two large pigtails they've been tied into have not been freed for many weeks. It goes without saying that no shampoo has touched them either. If the water doesn't wash a twig or dirt or even a crawling bug away, it'll most likely stay in the girl's cluttered hair.

It's been 78 days since her capture. Long enough for a pattern to her days to be established. Like most sunny afternoons, Kate just wants to rest, tired, though not more so than any other day. Ayane works her in the fields all morning, until the iron belt that's tightly squeezing her pretty waist and ribs has heat up by the sun, lightly burning her with its firm contact. When the work is done (something only Ayane decides), the British girl is a filthy, dirty mess, literally from head-to-toe.

Ayane gives her the courtesy of cleaning her, by first hooking her nipples to a standing pole near the hut (literally there for hitching horses or donkeys) and after dousing her with a single bucket of water (she would never waste more of this precious commodity on the slave) she'd scrape her naked curves

of the mud with the rough twigs that make up her broom's hair. It's a very unpleasant and dehumanizing practice, which the girl only withstands for the benefit of her slightly improved hygiene.

After cleaning the nipple-hitched damsel, she'd leave her out in the sun for 5 minutes to dry, before getting her inside.

The sound of Patrick's still-rolling Vespa is heard from outside. He usually comes home from work around this time, so the ordinary auditory signal does not disturb anything in the quiet hut. A few moments later, the elderly black fellow enters. He looks fine, albeit a tad stressed. Like he could use some release.

Not even registering anymore the nth time that her drool drops from the edge of her big-gag down on the cage floor, Kate's tired eyes follow the man steps, as he puts his things away... kisses his focused-on-her-weaving wife on her temple... downs some water.

Those same eyes finally perk up when they see Patrick approach her cage. Patrick places the key on the heavy padlock and turns it with a loud clank to unlock the ceiling-side of the cage, lifting it open. The old, but still sturdy old man is courteous enough to lift the pretty girl out of the cage, allowing her to stand on her feet after the five or so hours she's been caged.

The thickly bit-gagged girl looks at him with slightly apprehensive eyes, the kind that show respect, fear. The girl is right to be somewhat fearful. Patrick never frees her for any particularly good reason. Patrick waits until the girl has lifted both her legs out of the cage, before he hooks his finger onto the iron ring dangling from her right nipple and leads the girl along towards the bed. "Gnf" the softest of moans leaves the girl, who follows the man obediently where he needs her.

Not wasting much time, Patrick 'drags' the girl's nipple-ring (and thus the whole girl) until Kate is forced to climb onto the bed on her knees. He keeps pulling until his finger touches the mattress, bringing the girl's full, round chest to rest onto it, along with her big-gagged face that rests on the side.

"Gmfff....gmfff..." Katie's moans are not so much voluntary cries, as anxious breathing, as the African man takes off his shirt and pulls down his pants, letting his giant slong thud out from them and climbs right behind her porcelain, welt-marked booty. Even though she knew that was exactly what would happen, it is now that Katie's nervousness really shows up.

Ayane does not bat an eye at her husband taking care of his full balls, enjoying her TV program and making her basket. What's about to happen is not infidelity. Infidelity happens with other people and the white "Janga" (*Bitch*) does not classify as one.

With her arms stuck to her sides by the belt and her elbows locked in an acute angle, Kate does not have a way to support her upper body or hold on to anything. Her scared eyes struggle to look behind her back at the erect man, who takes his time to lean over her and puts his hands on the top of both her porcelain asscheeks.

“Mora izao... tony” (*Easy now...calm down*) the man appears almost kind, speaking softly and comfortingly in his deep, smoky voice, while the palm of his hand soothingly strokes the woman’s lower waist, right above the tailbone. It doesn’t do much, the “ankizivavy” (*girl*) still looks very uneasy and worried, under his body. But it’s better than nothing.

Lubing his cockhead up with his spit (far less than what Katie would have preferred), Patrick starts rubbing it up and down the girl’s tight slit, preparing it for him. As he does so, the old man keeps rubbing Kate’s lower back, below where her belt ends. “Mmmm.....mmmm...” the girl’s heavily gagged moans sound more like scared whimpers now. She knows it will hurt. It always does.

Too hot and bothered to wait any longer, the bear-bellied man pushes his 10-incher until it ‘bursts through’ the woman’s youthful, pink pussy-lips. “MMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm” a long, pained cry leaves the bent-over girl, as the man now has really leaned over her, wetting his dark ebony cock with her cunt. Ayane appears completely apathetic to the girl’s misery. After all, this is what she’s here for. At least one of the reasons. In a way, this is how she earns her dog-food and water.

The old man enjoys the tight, milking sensation the girl’s pussy gives him, keeping a good, maneuvering grip on the woman’s wide, light-pink hips, pulling them onto his stationary cock more than he is thrusting by himself. Doing so, causes his black, hard manhood to burrow deeper and deeper in Katie’s narrow, petite cunt.

Fucking her at his own pace, the old man ignores the woman’s gagged sobs. Despite giving it a courteous go at preventing them, they were probably inevitable anyway.

He never had any idea who Kate Naughton was, and even when he and his wife brought her home, he didn’t do any research, besides taking Ayane’s word that she was famous.

The old African blacksmith was always a more practical man, of simple needs. He liked the novelty the slut provided (he had never fucked a white woman before) and he especially liked that contrary to a lot of the anorexic-ly skinny tourist chicks he came across when downtown, she had some meat on her.

Part of the recent trendier breed of supermodels that scored both with 'thicc-booty' enthusiasts and the more conventional skinny-figure lovers, Kate had the juicy thighs, the wide hips, the big, swaying titties. And an ass that bounced back and forth when he spanked it, all while never reaching more than 125 pounds.

He wouldn't have wished her to be any different.

Speaking of which, Patrick gropes the slavegirl's readily available asscheek, digging his fingers in the soft, round, wobbly flesh as he's giving Kate pretty much 'all of him', making her always slim lower belly bulge in the shape of his hard cock. He then instinctively grabs the girl's head by both her large pigtails, and yanks them hard enough to lift the girl's upper body towards him. Even though he's about the same height as the generally tall girl, he's much, much stronger. "MMM!" Kate lets a surprised yelp, from being caught off guard and also from the roots of her pigtails hurting from having her entire upper body lifted by them.

The big, black man wraps his arms around her heavy tits, capping her white udders in his big, manly, steel-forging hands, as he briefly holds his fuck-toy up to his body, not thrusting really, but just wanting to really feel her body up against his much, much different one.

Kate does not oppose his whims in the slightest, being as vulnerable as an iron-bound girl with a black 10-incher 'lost' inside her can be, totally tamed in the man's spooning embrace. She was not always this...content with Patrick having his way with her, but she has long since learned that his hands are still surprisingly heavy for his age. And they can always remind her who's in charge.

In his overpowering hug, the dick-stabbed Kate feels Patrick sniffing the scent of her blonde hair, his wide nose sticking where her two large tufts of blonde, wavy (now increasingly more frizzy) hair split into the two pigtails. He's taking her feminine aura in. Any 500\$ perfume she was wearing the day of her abduction has long since evaporated, by to Patrick, she still smells magnificent, even with a faint coat of too-hard-to-scrub-off dirt lingering on every pore of her skin.

It's all pheromones now.

The girl's arms remain stuck and half-folded to either side, like a fuck-puppy begging for her ebony daddy's cock. Her cheekbones, bulging over the squeezing bit-gag, are wet with the tears that formed when her Master first entered her.

You'd think letting someone basically treat you like a ragdoll cum-bucket would involve a deep connection with that person, a strong intimacy. In reality, Kate knew very little about Mr. Bakayoko. She didn't know this old, Madagascan man's background, his insecurities or his passions; she didn't know anything apart from what she saw through her cage's bars:

A quiet, introvert old African man, content with his daily routine. Their communication was whittled down to barely any words and none that the English girl understood. This 'relationship' was strictly carnal, so Kate had come to be familiar with other things about him, like his old, smoky (from all the metal-work) body odor, the feeling of his callused hands moving across her body. The smell of his grey pubes or how the texture of the veins and foreskin on his huge dark-brown slong felt on her O-shaped lips. Or that of his wrinkly ballsack against her tongue.

Things that even his spouse of 30+ years did not know.

Patrick puts his ivory-colored cock-sleeve back Face-Down-Ass-Up and continues ramming her from behind. Kate's pussy is incredibly sore, thoroughly 'tenderized' once again by this black python. She can feel her vaginal walls vaguely prolapsing with the fat cock sliding across them; thankfully, as much use as that poor pussy has gotten, it's never damaged or altered in its youthful, tight appearance at all.

She just hopes he finishes soon.

Thankfully, after a few increasingly fast 'pumps', Patrick shoots his load inside Katie, lying on top of her to catch his breath, with his squirted snake still buried inside her creampie'd pussy.

"Nilaza ny zanak'olo-mpiray tam-po aminao fa mila fanampiana izy hanamboatra ny vavahadin'ny toeram-pambolena" (*Your cousin said he needs some help to fix the farm gate*) without lifting her eyes of her craft-work, Ayane notifies her naked, panting husband, who's still crushing the wrist-hobbled, bit-gagged "tovovavy fotsy" (*white girl*) between his fat, dark-brown body and the bed.



As Miss Naughton's 'stay' at the Bakayoko household was solidified more and more with the passing months, Ayane and Patrick started exploring ways to further benefit from their fair-skinned property. Apart from being their personal orgasm-dispenser, Ayane was already using Kate as little more than cattle for her field work. A lot of their villagers did not have the luxury of Patrick's rusty bike and had to walk long distances daily, to transport goods, food or water. With too few of them having mules in their possession, they would benefit from the ability to rent a human one to do their carrying for them.

And so, the couple started doing just that, renting the female, white beast by the hour to any of the 50 or so villagers that inquired for her. Naturally, Kate was appalled by the idea, but was never consoled on it.

Instead, her 'reins' (namely, the end of the hemp rope that was leashed to her large septum ring) were handed over to any man or woman of the village, in exchange for a few coins being dropped on Ayane's open palm. It was adorable how the big-gagged, wrist-tethered (to her belt's sides) and ankle-hobbled Katie kept looking worryingly behind her shoulder at her owners, the first few days that a strange black man or woman started leading her away from them.

"Mandrosoa" (*Go on, move*) the tiny, pitch-black, head-scarved woman said, dressed in a traditional, multi-colored dress that reached her ankles, as she gave the reluctant, white mule-girl an 'awakening' slap on her exposed ass. It did snap Kate into obediently following her, despite being like 7 inches taller than her.

That 'shrimpy whore' (Kate's inner-dialogue words) made Kate do the back-and-forth route between the nearby river and her hut 3 times. The distance was about a 1.5 miles, meaning that Katie made 9 miles that day, all prior to sundown. A 9-mile walk in the sun walk might be almost humane (even though Kate was always averse to walking, hitching an Uber even if her destination was a mile away). But the young model had to make that distance barefoot in the dusty, dry, red soil and most importantly while carrying multiple clay-made jugs, full with water from the river.

She had one jug rope-tied to each of the four rings of her snug waist-belt (one on the front, one back, one right side and one left side), as well as two more, secured to the ends of some wooden stocks. The plank had a neck-shaped hole in the middle that was locked on the mule-girl, and two metal rings nailed on its sides, where things could be tied to and hang from. So Kate was made to carry one jug of water on either side of her arm-bound body, taking their weight on her poor shoulders and adding her tally to 6 clay jugs and about 12 liters of water.

Zuri, the tiny, ebony Madagascan woman (only a few years older than Katie, though she looked older, since she wasn't keeping up with the same diligent skin-care routine that Kate once was) had cut a thin tree branch to use as a birch, whenever the British animal was getting too lazy and was stopping for

breaks too early. A pathetic, heavily bit-gagged whine later and a sweat-drenched Kate would pick her bare feet (and her cumbersome load) up and keep trucking under the scorching sun.

Her slow, but steady pace, was dictated by the slack allowed on her septum-leash, whose other ends rested loosely on the woman's hand. If she didn't want her nose to stretch like Pinocchio's, the little blonde bitch had better keep up with her renter's walking speed.

"Ampondra fotsy's" (white mule, as she was came to be known around the village) rental 'gigs' resembled her afternoon with Zuri, one way or another. Some grueling, dull, manual labor, mixed in with some heavy doses of degrading abuse, which was derived not so much from some pent up rage or sadism, but from the villagers' need to get shit done and get on with their days. Not needing some dumb cattle slowing them down. It went without saying, that the 'ampondra' was not to leave the immediate radius of the village, or else everyone would lose on this useful commodity.

All around the village and the surrounding areas, the rare, white slave was made to transport burlap sacks of goods, water jugs, bundles of 2-by-4s or giant stacks of twigs, used for roofing.

Sometimes, not for any particular efficiency but just for some fun convenience, lighter things the villagers would normally carry with them, were also hitched to the white mule by the 2-inch iron rings of its nipples. Smaller things like a pouch of coins or a key-ring painfully pulled the girl's juicy udders a tad more towards the earth, adding to the pile of her misery.

Whatever the beast of burden carried, it was always returned to its owners in a physically debilitated state. Not to mention, a mentally broken one. The girl was feeling her humanity slip away day by day in the couple's captivity, but it felt that process was being sped up by having a whole village treat you like your wants never matter and your only use comes from your physical qualities (either for labor or in the couple's case, labor AND arousal). Around the village, whether women or men, few said no to the free ass or tit-squeeze, which the wrist-bound lass could never reject.

One day, Kate even had a couple of younger, dark-complexioned girls curiously slip their exploring, dark-brown fingers past those very exposed pussy-lips. "MNngg! PLGHHH!" the bound and gagged girl begged and tried backing off, only for the tightly-held rope-leash to pull her pierced nose (and the rest of her naked body) back towards the two black girls who were killing time with the helpless 'ampondra', before their father arrived to take her to his fields for some ploughing.



Seven months had passed, seven perspective-altering months for Kate. After mourning their top model's tragic loss (in reality, mourning the millions of dollars in lost revenue) for a brief time, the modelling world started looking for the "new Kate Naughton". The blonde bombshell slowly became a footnote in fashion history, an old news story, a trivia question.

She now was simply 'that famous blonde model that mysteriously disappeared during a leisure trip'.

That was in the Western world. In the small village settlement, she was known widely as the "ampondra fotsy" (*the white mule*). Ayane had a more...personal name for her around the house, simply calling her "Janga" (*whore*). The old ebony-skinned lady had never bothered to explain to her the meaning of the word (or any words for that matter), but through context and repetition the white slavegirl had gathered that this word was her name.

Ayane spoke very few English commands during the first month or two, but these faded too as she couldn't be bothered. After all, her cane was a great interpreter, communicating her needs to Katie just fine.

That same daily repetition had instilled some more Malagasy words to the Arian-looking pet's vocabulary. Besides her assigned name, she had learned the general meaning of the word "anatiny" (*inside*) which was barked at her whenever her cage's door opened. Whenever she heard it, she had about one second to climb into the cage before the cane came swinging.

She also knew the word "avy" (*come*) which was often used in conjunction with "Janga". With or without her name next to it, when Ayane said "avy" (usually followed by the old woman patting her knees in a beckoning way), she was to crawl over to her mistress (she was rarely allowed to stand, if not necessary).

Katie had no real clue what "mijanona" translated to, but Ayane's use of it gave the girl the connotation of 'stop' or 'shut up' or 'don't'. Generally whenever the slavegirl was being fussy or shifty, that order was enough to pump the brakes on whatever the white fuck-toy was going through and return to her docile, quiet ways.

The word "alaivo" she had learned to mean something like 'faster' or 'pick it up', a phrase uttered to her in many different contexts, whether she was slacking in her field work or load-carrying pace, but also whenever Ayane needed her lousy tongue to flick her aged bean, or swirl around her extra-wrinkly, dark-grey asshole at a more lively pace.

There were a few more that the girl could recognize, but without any real idea as to their meaning. It didn't matter of course, the white girl was akin to a trained dog, phonetically recognizing and responding to these foreign words. Though this was only the upper layer of her thorough training. In reality, the (now) 24-year-old English girl saw her elderly owners as the start and end of her existence.

She depended on them for anything, only because they had taken everything from her.

Maybe because he was getting used to the luxury of the fair-skinned girl's pretty pink lips around his shaft, or maybe because he had made his slave fellate him one night as he was lying in bed, minutes from falling asleep, but Patrick had an idea to prolong that wonderful sensation throughout the whole night.

To do this, the black man pierced himself with a 1-inch metal ring, right at the upper base of his shaft, where his pelvis met his cock. He'd then fasten a short, thin chain to "Janga's" septum ring and attach the other end to his own piercing, essentially leashing the poor girl's face onto his cock.

The trick was that he made Kate swallow his limp cock (which still was like trying to fit a large, dark-brown calamari in your mouth) THEN he'd tether her nose to the base of his cock. The girl's moist, warm, cock-cave would then make him 'swell up' rapidly, even if poor Katie did not try to 'agitate' it at all. As a result, the limp (but still thick) 4-incher would grow into its solid 10 inches inside Kate's mouth, 'lodging' her onto his cock, since the girl could not 'back off', with her cute nose trapped about 3 inches from Patrick's shaft-base.

Katie could only try to mentally 'recite' her throat-relaxing training to herself, as she was forced to spent these difficult nights, curled up between Patrick's spread, hairy legs, with her lips involuntarily wrapped around his hog for the man's 9-hour sleep. If the man slept on his side, the poor white chick was pushed against the wooden wall of the hut, scrunched up so that her two owners could fit comfortably in their no-that-big bed. Whatever her position, her wrists were always cuffed to the sides of her constricting waist belt and her ankles cuffed together.

It was arguably difficult to fall asleep with a fat, smelly (from a day's worth of labor) cock half-blocking your windpipe. And Kate only stole minutes of exhausted sleep, largely going in and out of consciousness during these nights.

Patrick, on the other hand, enjoyed his sentient cock-warmer immensely. There were even the odd instances where Kate's cock-hugging lips and throat would cause the old man to have wet dreams. It was always a rude awakening for Katie, being surprised by a sudden surge of cum filling her mouth, unannounced. The girl would try to suppress her choked coughs and gags, since Master did not like being woken up in the middle of the night. There was no way for it to go but down, too, so the poor slavegirl would regrettably allow Master's nightly load to go down 'her drain' and just try to go back to sleep.

Initially, Ayane did not care for Patrick's after-hour fun, mostly because it reduced her bed-space. Katie was lucky to be spared a few nights of pickling Patrick's dick in her throat, only because the grey-haired black lady wanted her leg-room.

But a few weeks after her husband's neat trick, Ayane wanted to try it, too. She had no reservations about piercing her old clitoris with a small hoop ring. It was just wide enough for 'Janga's' nose-ring to be able to interlock with it, since Ayane's piercing had a removable clip. The two-inch width of Katie's nose ring left her precisely enough radius of movement to be able to slurp at her female owner's baggy, shriveled genitalia until dawn.

And so, Katie's nights were spent less and less in her cage and more frequently hitched between either Ayane's mature loins or Patrick's aged crotch. Ayane got mad if she happened to open her eyes in the dead of night and feel an absence of licking from her white 'crotch pad', so Kate tried to trace her tired tongue on those ebony cunt-lips, dank with the tropical humility and the old woman's crotch sweat.

Her bedtime cunnilingus had the result of getting rid of Ayane's morning, smelly pussy, only because Katie had lapped all these stale odors with her poor tongue.

Time was not particularly structured in the small Madagascan village. Westerners liked to divide and control everything, even time, breaking into minutes and seconds and milliseconds. But here, the seasons were only as useful as farming requires. The day was simply separated in morning, afternoon and night, basically whenever there's enough sunlight available for outdoor chores.

Katie only had the increased summer temperatures to let her know that about a year had passed. She looked very different, when she arrived in this vacationing place. Her strong sun tan was still unable to separate her British-white complexion from the indigenous folks of the village.

Her blonde pigtails appeared more and more like two rope-tied strands of blonde dreads, with how frizzy and stuck they had become. They used to reach her dainty shoulders, but now fell down the sides of her big, pierced tits. Ayane ought to trim them one of these days (simply using a machete and a good hold on the end of the hair strand) but she never comes around to it.

Her body looked as slim and voluptuous as it used to. Even though her midriff could not be seen, corseted tightly by her chunky iron belt, it remained as slim and fat-free as it once was. No longer seeing an array of dieticians, her diet had shifted from sushi, tofu and matcha teas to whatever cheap, dry dog food Patrick brought from downtown. The hungry slavegirl lapped it up like it was a 3-Michelin-star restaurant.

Her caloric intake remained about the same in this intense shift. Her juicy rump and full breasts remained as mouthwatering as they were, only difference the fact that the latter now constantly

hanged freely from her chest, without the support of a cleavage-making, lace bra by Victoria's Secret or Intimissimi.

The routine of her household was pretty established by this point. After the on-and-off sleep she'd have, nuzzled either between Patrick's or Ayane's thighs, she would most likely be woken by the morning sunlight, coming through the bedsheets that often covered her. When she felt her owner's body shift awake, she would usually intensify her pleasing efforts, sliding her lips across Patrick's shaft (working the length that her hitched nose allows) and even reaching with her waist-shackled hands to cup and caress the man's balls, knowing that her master is awake, and needs a good load-milking to start his day.

Similarly, she would start lapping Ayane's salivated sex even more eager than before, to wake her black mistress up on a positive, orgasmic note.

Only after every drop of semen had been poured down her gullet and every drop of creamy discharge had been lapped clean, would Katie's owners unlock her septum ring and cage her, to start their day. "Janga" would be watered only after the two old folks had opened their eyes properly and were ready to start their day.

After an hour or two, during which Katie would try to catch some proper sleep for the long day ahead, Ayane uncaged her and led her outside to start work on her field, instructing her whilst sitting in a nearby folded chair, wearing her favorite straw hat.

Either that or she rented the 'ampondra' off to some villager.

Her cruel labor usually lasted until noon, when the exhausted cattle was hastily cleaned and brought inside to be fed and watered again. If she was lucky, Ayane tossed the leftover scraps of her lunch through the bars, which the girl gulped in grateful silence.

Usually Ayane then enjoyed her relaxing afternoon siesta/orgasm on the couch, in front of the low-volume TV. If she was more energetic, she could 'play' with her slave for a while, sitting on her face and making the white whore slow-lap her elderly ass crack. There was a good chance she would also make the restrained slavegirl lick the soil-dirt off her crooked, callused, old, black feet, something that "Janga" dreaded terribly, but did with great enthusiasm thanks to the cane's mere presence. During these times, Kate could only hope that the old lady run into some form of obligation or unexpected chore, in order to discard her in the cage and grant her some peace.

In the afternoons, Patrick returned home and more often than not had his way with his private white slut. He was always trying to teach her some new trick, like a well-trained bitch that could always learn something new. At the end of that first year, Patrick had really instilled some knowledge to Katie.

While having his huge cock balls-deep down her throat, he 'taught' her to be able to poke her tongue along the underside of his shaft and lather up his ballsack, with her airway fully blocked. He also taught her to skillfully jerk his brown snake with double fists, whilst suckling his hairy, bull-sized balls in her mouth.

But he also acclimated the young woman to less pornographic practices, too, like kissing him passionately and with lots of tongue. The old man often liked to 'full-around', putting his docile, 43-years-younger, interracial 'girlfriend' on his lap and kind of ... play with her in a less horny state of mind. Placing his fingers through the girl's nose-hoop and pulling her tongue through it, teasingly tugging at her nipple-rings. Whatever it was, he liked gauging the girl's reactions, usually revolved around the girl's dewy, gorgeous eyes looking at him with a fearful reverence, always a bit nervous about what he might do next, with her wrists 'out of his way', locked to her sides as always.

He sometimes tantalized the girl's sex, spreading her thigh with a simple pat of his hands (which the slave complied with immediately) and putting his large, dark-hued fingers on her pretty, fair-skinned sex, which now sported a blonde, natural little bush that Katie hadn't grown since her late teen years.

The usually bit-gagged, Katie would give him these adorable, ambivalent eyes, as he'd tease her with a bit of pleasure, tickling her labia-lips or even briefly inserting a finger inside her. It entertained him to see her mixed emotions, as her cute, gagged moans came both from protest and horny teasing.

When he couldn't be bothered, Patrick simply enjoyed the touch of her alluring body, having his naked slave on his lap and absentmindedly stroking her firm, juicy thighs, as he chatted with his wife or a fellow villager visitor.

After Patrick had his 'fill' with her, Kate would either be loaned again as cattle, or spend the rest of the day caged, until night-time.

It was dull as it was hard. Miss Naughton looked back at how breezy of a life she had, how carefree and eventful her days were. It all was taken for granted. Nowadays, she was glad to have some boiled vegetable or stale bread, along with her dogfood, or be allowed to spend the night, unbothered and peaceful in her cage, instead of her throat serving as Patrick's dick-sleeve or her face as Ayane's pussy-juice sponge.

She was grateful just to not be welted by Ayane's cane or have a red imprint of Patrick's hand on her ass. Ayane was never physically kind to her, but Patrick sometimes was, during those idler pet-and-owner quality times. A soft scratch between her pigtails, or a soothing caress of her tired back, even a gentle, embracing squeeze of her tits, felt better than the most expensive spa treatment.

Katie hated herself for this, but she fully appreciated these innocuous touches from Patrick, causing her to be all over his fat, dark-brown cock later in the day, just to have something like this the next day.



In the middle of the summer was the yearly festival of the village, a tradition dating back to tribal times. It was basically an opportunity for the whole village to gather together, light a big campfire and share in the food, singing and dancing through the night.

The Bakayokos thought it would be nice to bring their white 'catch' to the celebration, offering her to the community for this event. Her presence also prompted the resurgence of a particular custom that hadn't been practiced in many, many decades.

So as people chatted, laughed, danced and dined around the illuminating fire, Kate found herself in a rather vulnerable position. With her ankles and wrists tethered to the top of four, 3-foot-tall, wooden poles, Kate was forced into a strenuous spread-eagle, that stretched her body in an X-shape, so taut that even gravity did little to lower her suspended body, which faced the starry, night sky. A short wooden cylinder had been stuffed in her mouth and secured snugly behind her head with hemp rope (that had been knotted on the inside through two holes made on the cylinder's sides) making for an uncomfortable kind of elongated ring-gag/receptacle.

Some red and green lines of paint had been thumb-brushed by some village women over Katie's face, her tits and her sex, as well as lining her arms and legs. Their significance and meaning eluded the westerner, but it only increased her worry.

Kate slowly realized that she more than just a curious attraction to his celebration. She was to be the ceremonial scapegoat. Not that the villagers would slit her throat or anything. They weren't savages. Besides, it would be dumb and wasteful. Instead, a more reserved ceremony would take place.

In the ancient lore, this type of scapegoat drew out the people's negative emotions, or at least excessive amounts of them; Anger, hate, lust, all the excess could be placed on the sacrificial scapegoat, and thus be relieved from the village's people. At least that was the old saying.

It was at seemingly (to Katie) random point in the night, that the male villagers started approaching the earth-pegged girl, in hordes of 5 to 10 people. "GguugggNngg!" Katie moaned into her cylinder-spread gag with widened eyes, when she look up at them all, taking out their dicks and beginning to jerk them and rub them against the girl's soft, shapely spread body. They fully disregarded the girl's pleading moans, her pulling and shaking doing nothing to alter her strung-out state.

From her pretty face, her blonde hair, her skinny arms and firm legs, to her big jugs, her wide hips and of course, her presented sex, there wasn't an inch of the girl's fair skin that was not stained with some precum and oiled with some dick grease. Her elevated state at crotch level made her fully accessible from any angle and soon, Katie was surrounded by men 'letting out their evil' on her. The scapegoat could not actually be penetrated, being a soul-sucking succubus or something along those lines, but that didn't comfort Kate, who squirmed amongst dozens of large, black cocks, each of them taking a bit of her body paint off of her.

One after the other, the surrounding mob came all over her, coating her taut flesh in semen. Many of them chose to 'deposit' their evil on the waiting receptacle that was the girl's cylindrical ring-gag. Another person would courteously hold the shifty janga's head upright, so that the 'unloaded' sperm would go straight down her throat, Katie having the option to swallow, or choke indefinitely. She eventually always chose the former.

The porcelain cum dumpster was left idly bound for a brief time, before the next and last portion of the ceremony was due (at least the one that involved her). It was time for the village's women to let go of their anger and rage. Similarly to their male peers, they slowly started circling the cum-drenched girl, holding rotten tomatoes and eggs in their raised hands. Katie's pitiful head-shakes were ignored as with a loud yell, the women started pelting the defenseless girl from all angles with rotten tomatoes. "NNNGGUuuuuuuuuugh! HHTTUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUK!" the girl squirmed frantically in mid-air, twisting and turning in an effort to find a way to avoid the incoming onslaught, but nothing worked. With an excited, fun-having smile on their faces, each women 'cleansed' herself from her anger, by decorating the poor scapegoat with smashed, sickly-red tomatoes and the egg yolks with stuck pieces of shells lingering on her beautiful body.

The rest of the night was spent in merry celebration of drinking and dancing, with the shamed scapegoat left aside, a messy aftermath of the ceremony, which would not be cleaned until the early, hangover hours of the next day.



EPILOGUE

Ayane is sitting on her rocking chair, just outside the entrance of her hut, where the extended roof gives some extra shade. She is flipping through the pages of a fashion magazine, which she bought during her most recent trip downtown. She never cared for this sort of trashy/lifestyle journalism, but for some reason, she thought it wouldn't hurt that day.

Her aged, brown eyes glance across all the finely preserved human specimens, all gorgeous women (most of them African, but some white there too) posing seductively, in order to sell her something. The old villager does not understand many capitalistic things. Who just sits to be photographed for a living? Nearing 70 now, Ayane gets it, but she also doesn't really get it.

Still, she reads it casually, almost like a guilty pleasure, like a curious exploration into something strange. A different world, far from her own. She's slowly rocking back and forth in her chair, her favorite straw hat in place. The sun is hot; it always is here.

Down the road, she sees two small boys, no older than 12 or 13, with their frizzy dark hair trimmed short, leading a naked, blonde woman by a rope leashed to her nose. The boys move in a vivid pace, while the woman tries to catch up with them in her sore feet and not fall down face first on the red soil that picks up dust with each of their step.

The old woman watches them make their way towards her with a relaxed smirk. When they reach her, the boys hand her the end of the rope, along with a set of a few coins. A 29-year-old Katie looks extremely tired, her sweat glistening from the bright sunlight on each curve of her body. She appears completely resigned to what's happening, with a blank stare that's stuck to the ground and her fierce bamboo bit-gag drenched in her drool, more of it falling down her large udders. She's definitely not registering people's words around her, even if they reference her.

"Indro ry Ramatoa Bakayoko. Manontany ny dadanay raha afaka mahazo azy koa izy amin'ny tolakandro" (*Here you go Mrs. Bakayoko. Our dad asks if he can have her in the afternoon, as well*) the boys tell the old lady, adorably almost in synch.

“Misaotra ry malalako, lazao aminy fa namandrika azy aho mandritra ny andro sisa” (*Thank you my dears, tell him I have her booked for the rest of the day*) the grey-haired granny replies with a polite smile. The kids simply nod and leave, running down the same dirt-road they came from.

Ayane watches them scatter along with a wholesome, then swifts her expression as she turns to face her property. ‘Janga’ isn’t promised to anyone this afternoon. Ayane just felt she wanted to ‘spend some time’ with her porcelain pet. The girl’s debilitated, humiliating sight causes her to rethink just how soon she wants that.

“Avy” the elderly black lady simply utters, without raising her voice or even altering her tone, and the wrist-bound Kate obediently kneels before her. The white girl tilts her head down so that Ayane can undo the knot of her bit-gag’s rope/strap, which presses tightly on the back of her head, above her nape.

Without any other words required, Ayane gives a quick, scanning look around the people-barren area, as she gently guides the girl’s pigtailed head between her slowly opening legs, under her dress. The young woman does not need any instructions to start dutifully lapping at the old hag’s pantyleless cunt. Her cane is nowhere near Ayane’s rocking chair. It doesn’t appear to be needed for “Janga” to do a damn-good job on her African lady’s sex-hole.

“Aawwww” Ayane lets a pleasurable moan, pushing the light-pink face further ‘into’ her dark-brown crotch, over the light fabric of her dress.

