

Look Away part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Yeeees, ma’.....yeah of course I notified the workplace. I’m not just gonna bail on a random Friday without saying anything.....yes I packed many clothes.....” Zuri is talking to her mother on the phone, whilst sprawled on the passenger seat of her own car. Her pretty, bare feet are resting on the dashboard and her cute, toes, nail-painted a fun purple, are wiggling absentmindedly, as the car is speeding down the nicely asphalted country roads, driven by her boyfriend, The handsome man (24 years young) chuckles at the interaction he has heard many times in many variations. Despite being about as generationally close as a mom and daughter can be (Beatrice, or just ‘Bee’ as Zuri sometimes calls her, is only 39) there are still moments of unnecessary worrying and frustrating overprotection.

It doesn’t matter how far your kid will go in life, sometimes you can’t help but babysit them.

Dressed in a pair of booty-hugging, high-waist jean shorts and a cropped blouse with puffy sleeves, Zuri is a gorgeous black girl with a slim, caramel body that reaches 5’7” and curves in all the right places, giving her a thick booty and some pretty, C-cup titties. Her long hair is dyed blonde and fashioned into box braids (the roots betraying their natural dark color) that fall down her skinny waist, the braids kind of lazily opening up at their ends. The girl has a bright, toothy smile and some gloss on her otherwise natural pinkish brown lips. A pair of fun, chunky sunglasses covered her beautiful, light-brown eyes.

Besides the hum of the moving vehicle, the hip-hop song “Players” by Coi Leray can be heard at a soft volume coming out of the car’s battered speakers. It’s a dusty-ol’ Citroen C3, circa 2003, but the 21-year-old girl loves it with all her heart. The fact she has handed the wheel over to Joshua is a testament to the trust they’ve built over this past year of their relationship.

“Ok, Bee’, love ya’ back” the girl finishes the call with her mother. “Damn woman can never chill” Zuri mumbles as the young couple sees rows of beautiful trees deepen on either side of their route. The countryside estate of Joshua’ family is about 20 more minutes from here.

“Aaaaaaaaah” Zuri lets out a big, tense sigh. “It’ll be alright, tiger” Joshua reassures the girl using her nickname. It surely fits the girl’s feisty, spirited personality. He knows she’s nervous; it would be weird if she wasn’t. Meeting your boyfriend’s family for the first time can be nerve-wracking. But after a couple of rejections, Zuri had agreed to this 3-day trip; and even though she was getting some cold feet (and not for them being naked on the dashboard) she wasn’t the person to back down on a promise.

“I know...” the girl said and rubbed the driver’s shoulder with a courageous smile, silently thanking him for being there for her. Dating hadn’t gone that well for her so far, but Joshua was...different. Funny, caring and a true gentleman that could also ‘fill’ the black girl’s ‘demanding’ pussy up with his generously hung ‘gifts’.

Three days with her boyfriend’s family. Relaxing in the gorgeous, peaceful countryside. Going horseback riding with Joshua. How wrong could things go?

“I’ll be fine” Zuri reassured him, before cranking the volume up and start dancing her nerves off on her seat, whilst singing along with the hip-hop song.



“Welcome, kids, welcome!” the middle-aged patriarch approached the couple with literal open arms, as the ‘kids’ were stepping out of Zuri’s cute, sky-blue Citroen.

Eustache Marvin had a nicely trimmed, grey-white beard that made a point a few inches below his chin, probably compensating for his balding head, its hairs having a matching greyness. He was wearing a freshly ironed shirt and some similarly presentable summer pants, in the faint September breeze. Along with his warm, welcoming vibe, he also exuded an air of slight eccentricity.

“It’s great to meet you-oh!” Zuri went for the more reserved handshake but was surprised by the 51-year-old man’s hug, instead. “I’ve heard so many great things about you” the father spoke in a deep, scotch-grainy voice, appearing nothing but sincere.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir” With her chin now forced over the back of the man’s shoulder, Zuri could now lay eyes on the rest of the Marvin family, standing a few meters behind in the distance, all gathered in front of the gorgeous, two-story house, with a triangular roof and a pretty, wide porch.

Lined up as the Marvins were, Zuri’s pretty brown eyes first fell through her shaded sunglasses on grandma Edith, a shriveled, wrinkly old thing with her blonde/white hair caught in a conservative bun, and many layers of summery shawls tossed over her weak, sunken shoulders. With her veiny, mole-ridden, wrinkly hands clasping one another in front of her lap, her expression was far from a reassuring one.

Next to her was her husband and Eustache’s father, Leland, a geriatric man with skin so white it was already getting sunburnt as they waited there. His bald, leathery head was obscured by a dark-brown Irish hat, even in this warm weather. It looked as if it hadn’t left his head in decades. A cane supported the extremely hunched man’s all-but-trembling knees.

And next to them was Eustache’s sister, Adelaide, a scrawny blonde woman in her early to mid-40s. While her mother Edith did not attempt to conceal her feelings, Adelaide’s polite smile tried to cover her resting bitch face. Still, her grey-blue eyes seemed to burn into Zuri’s beautiful chocolatey complexion. The pointy-nosed woman wore a very modest autumnal dress in muted colors that reached down her ankles. This, like any other facet of her appearance, accentuated the ‘spinster’ image the woman exhibited, as she held her arms at the elbows in front of her droopy, small chest.

In the duration of this slightly awkward hug, Zuri also managed to glimpse at the two people at the right side of this daunting lineup. The only other two black people for many miles around.

Remembering Joshua's words, the first must have been Eustache's current wife (he had remarried, as Joshua told her). She was a jaw-dropping gorgeous Caribbean black woman in her late 30s or early 40s. Her dark-brown hair was fully straightened, the far opposite of their natural, curly shape, as they reached down her eye-drawing, F-size, heavy breasts, presented by the scoop-shaped cleavage of her blue, form-hugging, bodycon dress. It showed off both all her curves, paired with some elegant and sexy, black heels.

Finally next to the smiling bombshell stood extremely dutifully a much younger African-American woman, of similar age to Zuri. Her very traditional French-maid outfit betrayed her role in the estate. The B&W, puffy-short-sleeved dress possessed a frilly skirt that was much shorter than what an employed person might be comfortable with. The end-straps of the black girl's white, fishnet thigh-high stockings could be seen hugging the girl's slim thighs, just below the wide, black miniskirt and the overlapping white apron of the same length.

The young maid, a small, skinny thing (no taller than 5'3", but with her tall heels she was now 5'6") had her brown/red hair caught into two cute, frizzy pigtails on the sides of her pretty face. The petite, chocolate-skinned girl was flat-chested but with an ass made for a trashy rap music video. Not older than 20, She stood there with the same wholesome smile as the black lady, her hands respectfully held behind her back, her posture straight as an arrow.

Joshua comfortingly guided Zuri with his hand on her lower back, as he and his father brought her to greet the family. "Hello Zuri, you're very beautiful" the soft-spoken Adelaide said as she shook the black girl's hand, her words sounding half as a compliment and half like a guest at an art gallery, commenting on a fine piece. "Thank you, you look gorgeous, too!" Zuri threw the compliment back with a lively tone, even if Adelaide was not half as attractive as she was. She disregarded the pale woman's slightly weird inflection; her social skills always helped her through these kinds of 'minefield' interactions.

"Welcome to our home, Zuri! My name is Kristen, I'm Eustace's wife" the black woman said and gave the girl a big, albeit kind of stiff and robotic, hug. "Nice to meet you Kristen!" Zuri tried matching the woman's enthusiasm, storing aside the thought *"What kind of black woman is named Kristen?"*

"I'm Maddie! Welcome Miss Zuri!" the black maid next to her did a short, servile bow with a smile. "Nice to meet you Maddie" said Zuri. *"Maddie? What's up with these white-ass names..."* she now had to swat the thought down like a pestering fly, keeping the same jovial appearances.

"It's a pleasure to meet you" Zuri made sure to speak loud and clear, leaning over to greet Josh's grandparents. They both managed only a reluctant, micro-nod, not appearing the most wholesome of hosts.

“Don’t mind my grandparents, they’re both in the brink of dementia” Joshua whispered in Zuri’s ear to put an end to this awkward beat by leading his girl inside the house.

While Maddie the maid started brewing some fresh, homecoming coffee, Eustace took the ‘reins’ of the house tour, showing Zuri around his family’s exquisite home, with his son and wife following. The architecture was reminiscent of older, colonial times, but every modern advantage available.

“We’ve been living in this place for centuries” he explained to an actively listening Zuri, whose sunglasses were now resting on top of her head, showing off her gorgeous brown eyes. “You have a beautiful place, Mister Eustace” the girl complimented, her eyes scanning around a classically old place, furnished with lots of pristinely varnished, wooden antiques, exuding an air of history and a bygone kind of social class. On the walls, there were many photos of deceased family members (expectedly, all white as snow) and some larger group photos.

“Oh I know this, that’s ‘the Horse in Motion’” Zuri pointed to a particular framed picture, showing a shadowy individual riding a black horse. A frame from the ‘first movie ever made’, the 1-second shot of a galloping horse and its rider, made in 1878.

“Yep, who you see there on that horse is my great-great-grandfather, Charles Marvin” Eustace informed with deep pride. “Lots of people don’t know of him, because his image in the 24 photographs was altered so that he wouldn’t fade into the white background” Eustace said as both he and Zuri kept their eyes on the form of what looked like a dark-skinned jockey atop the horse.

“Still, that’s impressive” Zuri found some comforting words to say, exchanging confirming glances with Josh. “He is a piece of cinema history!” she added with a bit of artificial glee. “He really is” Eustace looked back at her with a wholesome smile forming through his thick beard.

Eustace’s eager house tour continued, with Zuri - despite being tired from the trip - not wanting to disappoint her bf’s father in this first impression. She didn’t hear much from his ebony wife, Kristen (god what a strange name), who silently followed them everywhere with a warm smile. Joshua simply seemed elated to be showing off his family home to his girlfriend, letting his father do the talking he liked so much. Each space Eustace presented was accompanied with a bit of relevant history.

When they finally stood outside a closed, beautifully engraved wooden door, a thick tension arose.

“I don’t think Zuri would wanna see that room, dad” Joshua seemed apprehensive and uncomfortable. “I think the young lady has earned the right to know, son” Eustache replied. “We don’t only show the pride-worthy pages of our family history. I want Zuri to know, troubling as it may be” the older chap said and Zuri’s curiosity was peaking.

“This is my father’s old study room” the middle-aged man turned to Zuri. “What lies inside it is controversial, but I’d rather be here to give you some context, instead of you discovering on your own and getting the wrong idea” he said to her before opening the door.

During the first millisecond someone laid eyes on it, the interior of the study was pleasant and cozy, ideal for some hot cocoa and a good book in the winter. The walls were lined with bookshelves of a warm, reddish brown wood, the drawers and closets making up their lower half. Everything looked spotlessly clean, the varnish shining under the morning sunlight that came in through the large window on one side of the room.

Those warm, autumnal colors of the room were complimented by the darker brown shade of the rest of its furniture, namely its desk, two chairs on the opposite side tall from the desk and a wider bench, next to the large window of the connecting wall. All made out of some pretty, dark wood, like ebony.

But a single blink of the eyes was enough for anyone, including Zuri, to realize that there was something seriously wrong with this darker-hued furniture:

They were all made out of the lifeless, varnished bodies of naked women! More specifically, the desk, the bench and the two chairs were comprised of five black women in total. Their shapely, frozen, glistening bodies had been maneuvered to form each desired piece of furniture. Their not identical, but similar brown color came not from some kind of wood, but from the naturally dark complexion of the women’s skin!

- The desk’s base was made up entirely of a gorgeous black girl; she couldn’t have been over 35, with a big, round ass and some heavy tits on her, not to mention a pretty skinny waist (especially given the mid-19th century timeframe). Her cloth-less form held an impressive acrobatic move, balancing on both her forearms, at an angled handstand, as her back first tilted 45 degrees with the floor, then curved upwards with the natural curvature of her slim waist and juicy hips and ass, until her ass was ‘pointing’ at the ceiling.

Her long, nicely toned legs were graphically spread in a 120° degree angle, being level with the underside of her juicy ass and forming together a nicely flat surface, onto which a rectangular frame of antique cherry wood (that nicely complimented the woman's skin tone) was placed, making up the flat top of the desk.

To keep the (beautifully engraved across the edges) desk top from shifting or turning, an 8-inch long, 2-inch thick, steel cylindrical phallus, located at the middle of the frame's side and resembling a human male organ with its rounded end, was inserted vertically down the black woman's correspondingly vertical pussy-hole. It made a perfect fit as the metal phallus could slid effortlessly through the perpetually inviting, pink pussy-lips and the 8-inches-deep cunt, everything stuck in a perfectly round, hard shape, to accommodate its 'fitting'.

This girthy insertion secured the frame onto the woman's body, which played the role of its legs/base. The frame would be able to swivel around the black woman's obscenely filled sex-hole, but it was prevented by the frame's corners perfectly fitting with the backside of the woman's heels, their distance the exact same as the frame's length. The two fastening points made for an easy, snug fit.

Still, if not for the heavy (featuring an even heavier, metal core inside it) and wide, octagonal wooden base that matched the flat top's wood and onto which the statuesque woman's forearms had been industrially glued, this lopsided 'piece' would certainly tip over, towards the side of the female's straight-spread legs and the added frame on them. Now, the contraption was completely stable, even with the African native's large, E-size tits 'trying' to tilt the piece over. Their shape defied gravity, as they stayed nice and perked on the half-inverted woman's chest.

Her pretty, very wavy, dark hair fell as a single, petrified black layer on either side of her shoulders, like invisible magma had fallen on them and froze them in space and time. Her alluring body was encapsulated by a thick coat of glistening, clear resin that preserved her for over 250 years, from head to pussy to toes. On her pretty face was a frozen, dead expression, as the girl was slack-jawed with her lips half-open and her relaxingly open, hazel eyes appeared like two glossy marbles, as they were stuck 'looking' straight ahead at the wooden floors that were only a few inches away from her face.

- While the desk had an actual, normal desk chair behind it, the two 'guest' chairs on the nearby window wall of the room were far from normal.

The first one exhibited a pretty, very petite, black girl, around 25. Her small, short body looked like condensed lust, with its heavenly waist, wide hips, slender neck and beautiful B-cup titties presented to everyone. She had very short (only an inch from her head) very curly black hair, which now looked as if it was carved onto her head by a masterful wood craftsman.

The girl made up the chair's 'base', with her graphically spread legs secured the chair from tipping and presented her pussy to anyone with eyeballs. Her parallel calves and her delicate knees made up the supporting element of the chair, in contact with the floor. The beautiful black girl's face had been tilted uncomfortably backwards, so that her face pointed directly up, her dead, blue marbly eyes staring at the ceiling.

The separate seat portion featured an identical metal protrusion as the one nesting inside the desk-woman's pussy. That same long, girthy bar of steel was 'sheathed' inside the girl's perpetually 'waiting' open mouth (making as perfect of a seal as the desk-girl's pussy with its top-holder).

After the 8 inches of the thick, glistening metal of the seat's cylindrical part had been buried down the lifeless girl's throat (which as one might expect from the sheer size, had been immortalized in a permanently bulging state) the bar then transitioned into its wooden element (some gorgeous, dark Wenge wood), widening its girth in all directions to form a beautiful, antique wooden seat with a nice puffy cushion of red velvet and a matching back.

One knew when the retractable seat was securely attached to its human component when both its smooth, wooden underside met the perfectly outlining shape of the girl's raised, 'holding' hands AND the cylinder's expanding diameter fitted seamless over the girl's wide, round lips, unable to 'sink' any further. The lifeless girl had 8 inches of metal, plus an extra inch of wood stuffed in her facehole (since the metal bar met the connected wooden seat just before 'peeking out' of the girl's mouth).

All these smooth fits happened satisfyingly simultaneously, a product of expert craftsmanship. The cute black girl was 'holding' the seat mostly visually, since most of the load was carried on the axis of the seat's metal bar, supported by the small girl's core via her throat. Though a delicate piece of 'woodworking', with the enhancing nature of the petrifying, shiny resin, the human chair could easily 'take' the weight of virtually any one person.

- A few feet next to that chair, was a second one, of a different 'design'. This one had two 'external' wooden elements in order to be complete. The chair was made up of a beautiful, tall and skinny young woman with much less 'meat' on her than the desk-girl, but resembling a current-era model's measurements. The 30-something woman, had a small, feminine face with sharp angles and a pointy chin. Her loooong, pitch-black hair zig-zagged in the same way all the way below her tight butt.

The nameless, 'exotic' (only to the colonial white folk that 'run into' her) girl had been posed in a position similar to what someone would have if they were sitting on an invisible chair. Her legs were spread (not as wide as the others, but still making a right angle) and her knees bent at another right angle, like the woman was holding a difficult squat (long before the exercise term had been invented).

Her arms were also posed symmetrically, a bit pulled of her sides, then the forearms resting parallel, facing forward. The hands ended in closed, straightened palms that also pointed forwards. Her arms, ironically enough, were making up the chair's armrests.

Her cute A-cup titties did not poke against the seated person's ribs, as the woman's torso made for the chair's hard (but so entertainingly textured), slim brown back, with her long, hardened layer of black, fused hair providing a beautiful extension of the chair's back past the curvature her small, but round and tight ass made with her thighs, which together made another right angle.

The physics issues of this design were fixed with the two accompanying elements. A chair with two legs does not function as a chair, but a three-legged chair does, if the three legs make up a symmetrical triangle. That third leg came from yet another 2-inch, metal cylinder, another fastening point, which was stuck vertically up the woman's 'steel-bar-shaped' asshole, gaping and 'ready' for it. Like with all these bizarre creations, the bodies had been petrified with these steel components penetrating them, to make that snug, made-to-measure fit.

The metal part reached 8 inches deep straight up the (thankfully not suffering anymore) woman's bowels. Then similarly to the other chair, the exposed part of Wenge wood 'fanned' out underneath the woman's crotch, in a beautiful arcing way, making a sturdy, third leg on the back of the chair. To provide the piece with some extra stability, the two 'strands' of the dark Wenge wood separated from the third leg and arched parallel to the floor, ending in some chunky, C-shaped wooden holders, matching flawlessly to the outline of the 'squatting' female's shapely calves. Both these elements circled the backside of the girl's calves, eliminating any wobble that the lone sphincter-buried-leg would have.

Of course, someone would need a seat to not just fall butt-first through the skinny bitch's open legs. The seat, of identical red velvet cushion to the previous one, had a mostly triangular shape, since it perfectly paired with the empty space between the girl's legs. The wooden sides of the seat had a concave C-shape to perfectly slip onto the woman's inner thighs, like a drawer sliding across a runner.

The woman had a stoic, stern, lifeless expression, her pretty lips closed in an expressionless way and her big, gorgeous, brown eyes, devoid of any spark of life for centuries, stared blankly ahead.

- Lastly, on the opposite wall to the desk, was a bizarre, two-person backless bench. The ‘two person’ adjective was pertinent not only because the bench was made for two people to sit on, but also because it was made out of two unfortunate African beauties.

The two young ebonies appeared almost identical, being possibly twins, certainly sisters. Both appeared to be in their mid-to-late 20s, with a similar curvaceous body type, with bubbly asses, wide, child-baring hips, juicy thighs and naturally slim waists that ‘opened’ back as we moved upwards into two pairs of ample, D-cup boobas. They both had dark hair that made wide, voluminous curls (inch-wide hoops), the first sister’s dangling in a suspended, statuesque animation above her dainty shoulders, the other’s being longer, draping behind her back and merging into one with it, due to the resin smoothing everything together.

To make up the shape of this bench, the two sisters were on all fours, with their slightly arched backsides making the pretty, comfy seat. Their lean arms, perfectly straight and their hands flat on the floor, made up the four corner legs of this bench, further reinforced by their kneeling legs, in the middle of the furniture.

The sisters were not actually fused together by the resin. Rather, the idea behind the bench’s design was that it could be detached into two separate halves, with each half functioning as a pretty, backless seat of its own. In that case, each ‘sister-chair’ operated as its own seat, with the girl’s knees making up the two more required chair-legs.

Currently in its ‘bench form’, the black twins were linked at a single point, via a more practical, yet more invasive method. Similar to the contact points of the previous furniture, a 16-inch-long, 2-inch-wide metal cylinder operated as a double-sided steel dildo (its two ends rounded out for easier insertion, just like with all previous phalluses), linking the two sisters ass-to-ass.

As one would easily realize though, simply inserting the straight bar into the girls’ perfectly lined up, 2-inch-agape anal cavities would not be enough to effectively connect them, since pulling either one the opposite direction would simply detach them.

This was why right after the petrification process, two holes were drilled 6-inches deep in the rectum of each vandalized African girl. The cylindrical-shaped holes were one inch long and a quarter of an inch thick, made perfectly perpendicularly across the girls’ permanently stretched anal canal and lining up with each other, on either side of the large crevice. The holes’ shape was perfected via the insertion of two metal wall plugs in the created holes.

This definitely inhumane, desecrating procedure was made so that the two spring-loaded pins, located an inch from the two dildo’s ends, could snap into these grooves made deep in the girls’ rectums. All it took was pressing a discreet, mechanical button in the middle of the long bar whenever inserting it, for the pins to be withdrawn inside it. Then you’d slide the whole thing in the ebony furniture’s rear-hole until you heard that satisfying double-click that meant

the dildo was firmly secured in place. Repeat the process on her sister, and you had yourself a beautiful, ebony couch.

The two sisters faced opposite directions of the study, as their mostly symmetrical bodies met each other at the ass, with only anatomical different that one sister had her crawling legs slightly more spread, so that her sister's more closed ones slid perfectly through them, making a satisfying, seamless fit as the 'outer' girl's calves nicely encased her sister's more bent legs.

Thanks to the fixed point of 'sisterly connection', the ebonies' bubbly asscheeks made a nice little hump at the middle the bench visually separating the two seats of the furniture. The round peaches were always a whisker away from touching, both covered with the thick coat of clear resin as the rest of their exhibited bodies. Along with the attractive, slight 'valley' that their slim waist created between their back and meaty ass, their chocolatey backs and waists created an ideal seat for any white supremacist.

The sister's heads were gracefully, slenderly tilted back, playing the part of an elaborate armrest on either side of the bench. The seated person could tap their fingers on the top of the inanimate head, or even drape more of their weight on it after a tough day. Both sisters had this kind of lost look, with slightly agape, mouth-watering lips and their green, dead eyes pointing towards the top of an opposite wall, where it met the ceiling. They were as beautiful of creatures as the earth could make them.

All four woman-made furniture pieces looked more-so stored inside this room, than routinely used. There was a faint coat of dust covering these artifacts, over the thick resin one.

A shocked expression had formed in Zuri's face. Though it could be, this furniture did not look like the creations of an expert craftsman. They looked too... realistic, too...characteristic, too unique to be wood carvings. "Are these...real people?" she asked Eustache with a look of visceral disgust that showed part of her didn't wanna know the truth.

"I know this must be upsetting" Eustace rushed in with a reassuring voice, seeing Zuri's shocked expression. "My ancestors were, as they say, on the wrong side of history. Ulysses Marvin, an 18th century slaver, often travelled to the west coast of Africa. He had a perverse fascination with the African body and sometimes experimented with it in his more... creative endeavors" the man signaled towards the macabre pieces of furniture.

Indeed, his colonialist ancestor often handpicked the most alluring of dark, exotic beauties out of the enslaved bunch, to satisfy his more...curious tastes. He usually kept these most alluring of captives for himself, instead of selling them. But during his trip to what is now the coast of Senegal, he came up with a more demented idea, which he utilized his five gorgeous, clueless catches for. The uprooted,

native women spent only a few days in their slaver's captivity, before meeting a dreadful end and being preserved in perpetuity as ornamental novelties.

Zuri was now overtaken by a morbid curiosity, slowly walking up to take a closer look at these creations, as Eustace remained standing behind her at the entrance.

"I could have burned these heirlooms that have been passed down to me for many generations, but I believe in owning up to one's history, as grim and unpleasant as it may be. Turning a blind eye does not erase it nor does it fix the pain caused" the man finished his reasoning, his tone now a bit mournful and apologetic, as Zuri was examining these offending memoirs of the Marvin family's exploits.

As insulted as she was, she couldn't help but be a little amazed. There was a real African woman in front of her, frozen in the peak of her beauty for over 250 years. For such an aged relic, it looked pristinely preserved.

"Well, Mister Eustace, I don't know if I agree with your approach, but I understand what you're saying" the young girl said in a still hazy voice from what she was seeing. She shared a race, a background, a generational history with these women that had been so brutally turned into lifeless objects for someone's amusement.

Not something easy to wrap your head around.



After that last, intense part of the house tour concluded, the two interracial couples were seated in the sunlit living room, where Maddie the maid had just finished serving everyone's iced coffee along with some refreshments. "Thank you Maddie, you can retreat" Eustace politely waived the servant off.

"As you wish, Master" the overzealous black girl gave a courteous bow and stepped away from the room, the clicking of her tall heels fading away. "This is some real Downton Abbey shit" Zuri thought to herself, seeing how the black girl behaved. Her family never had house helpers around, never mind a full-time French-maid that called you 'Master'.

With Zuri sitting by Josh's side and Eustace next to Kristen at the large, round table, the group conversed with some much lighter subjects than 18th century colonialism atrocities, like the perks of living in the countryside and Eustace's horse stable (his favorite hobby). The ice broke, just like the ice-cubes inside their coffee drinks, and Zuri put that shocking sight in the study at the back of her mind for now.

"How did you two meet?" Zuri asked Eustace and Kristen, getting to know more about Joshua's father and stepmother. "Well, she liked horses, and that's often enough for me, hahaha!" the snowy-bearded man joked as Kristen kept eyeing him with some dewy, love-stricken eyes. "To be perfectly sincere, she changed my life. When I saw her riding around the track, so powerful, so...dazzling, I thought to myself 'I gotta have her'" the man said as he wrapped his arm around the curvy black woman and placed a kiss on her cheek.

"Eustace is my whole world. I am nothing without him" Kristen exclaimed in a way-too-cheesy line. "That's...beautiful" Zuri thought of something agreeable to reply with.

DING

The sound from the oven's timer was heard, coming from the kitchen. "I got it, can you help me Kristen?" Josh sprang up from his seat. "Of course, Joshua. I would love to" the woman spoke, in that same, buttery voice she always did as far as Zuri knew; never fluctuating much in emotion or intensity, but with a pervasive calm and agreeableness of her own, she promptly followed her unofficial stepson to the kitchen.

Eustace and Zuri were left briefly alone at the table. "I'm sure I've nauseated you enough by going on and on about our family. What about yourself?" Eustace diverted the focus on his young guest, with some softball, generic questions about her work, her hobbies and her origins.

Zuri had no trouble answering, though throughout her talking, she noticed that the actively listening man was doing this absentminded thing of tapping the four fingertips of his hand on the table, in quick succession, making a galloping sort of tapping sound.

Another of his hand ticks perhaps, but nothing unique; people do all kinds of fidgety things with their hands, often without even being aware of them. Zuri picked at her fingernails when she was nervous, the reason she never bothered painting them.

Eustace never really stopped it, his seemingly mindless finger-galloping adding to the background ambience of their little chat, along with the surrounding outdoors and some light shuffling coming from the kitchen. But Zuri didn't mind it.

In fact, it felt weirdly calming.

