

## Look Away part 3

By Denkira7

### GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

**\*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 gorgeous black woman, and Josh's unofficial stepmom spoke in that warm, buttery voice, before following the young Irish man to the kitchen.

It was only about an hour since the interracial couple had arrived in the Marvin residence, and Zuri had already gotten a taste of the family's...eccentricity. That study room was as intriguing as it was insulting to her black heritage.

As the young black woman was left to socialize with her boyfriend's father, Eustace, Josh appeared rather...restless as he and the black woman, almost-15-years-his-senior, were now alone in the spacious, spotlessly clean kitchen.

"Get on your knees and suck me, you fuckin' garbage" the young man whispered with a horny, mean anger, as he urgently unzipped his trousers. "Yes, Master" the curvaceous black woman, clad in her mouthwatering blue bodycon dress, did not waste a second before getting on her lotioned knees, her face now on similar level to the young man's hardened cock. She looked and sounded as affable as ever, despite the young man just calling her "garbage". Her back was almost touching the huge, silver-doored fridge, as her and Joshua's form was obstructed behind the wall.

About 10 meters away from his faithful girlfriend, who was cluelessly chatting with Eustace, the Caribbean-born woman referred to as 'Kristen' dutifully and willingly wrapped her juicy lips around the young man's girthy and long, pale cock and begun fellating it with the 'gusto' of an expertly trained whore, her golden-brown eyes stuck up at Josh's as she cupped his ballsack with one hand and stroke him with the other.

“I’ve missed those blowjob lips...step-mommy” in the same discreetly soft voice, Joshua both mocked the woman’s fictitious role in the household and gave the reason for his immense anticipation. Indeed, he hadn’t fucked the dark-skinned woman’s face since his last visit home, many months back.

Of course, the entranced cocksucker’s name was not Kristen. Anyone could probably guess that with a look at her complexion, far from the traditional Western-European. Her name was Sanaa, but Eustace deemed it too...exotic for his tastes, like with most of his colored acquisitions. So he changed it. Trapped in this inescapable mind prison for the past 7 years, the full-figured equestrienne had indeed caught Eustace’s eye while horse-riding. That was not a lie.

What was cleverly omitted from their backstory to Zuri was that the woman never really clicked with him. She had been dating Eustace for 2 months or so and was already considering moving on, before the man’s ‘snapping hands’ made her ‘reconsider’.

Nowadays, it never felt like there was any other choice but to stick with her ‘beloved’ Eustace and his Caucasian family.

The woman’s full lips smacked hungrily along Josh’s shaft like she was sucking the soul out of his cock. She was doing a good job. Maybe a little too good of a job. “Do it slower. We don’t want our guest getting a whiff of our little affair now do we?” Joshua was a tad alarmed by the volume of the woman’s lip-smacking.

“As you like, Master” Sanaa spoke softly and obliged, moving her lips a bit slower (and softer) across his lengthy meat. Joshua loved that, too. Being cocksucked by the black beauty, he could also hear his girlfriend and father’s chatter from the nearby room. If he knew his father, (and he did) he had already started with the dumb bitch’s ‘calibration’, as Eustace called it.

Joshua placed both his hands on the fridge door’s smooth surface, breathing deeply, stifling a moan. He was reaaaaally enjoying the nigger-slut’s slobbery work on his cock, which was ‘anticipating’ this nut ever since the C3 entered the wavy roads of the countryside, the ones that signaled the Marvin estate was close.

Josh lifted his black-leather shoe and moved it in-between ‘Kristen’s’ wonderfully chubby thighs and between the blue fabric that reached only half-way on them. He then slowly pressed the dirty with gravel-dust sole at the front of his shoe onto the woman’s crotch, pinning it down with a bit of weight, like it was a car’s accelerator pedal. He felt the lack of clothing on the woman’s moist pussy. Eustace rarely ‘allowed’ his ‘wife’ panties and of course she obliged any wish.

With her cheeks bulging with cock, Sanaa did not flinch, but kept bobbing her face on Joshua's twitching dick.

Feeling his load start to burst its way out of his balls, Josh took matters into his own hands. He made a whole step forwards so that his pelvis fully pinned the woman's head against the fridge. He momentarily turned to the string of smoke coming from the oven. The turkey skin would come out extra crispy. He was sure no one would mind. The hypnotized slave quietly let him go to town on her plugged throat, the back of her head softly banging against the fridge's door;

Being nothing but a cooperating, suffocated fleshlight for her young, white Master.

***\*Thud\* thud\* thud\* thud\****

Zuri registered the muted, repeated thuds barely reaching her ears from the kitchen, but Eustace's words drew her attention back to him. It was probably her boyfriend and his father's wife getting things ready for lunch.



***\*Smack\* smack\* smack\* smack\****

With her foggy, unblinking brown eyes looking up at Joshua with the love of a thousand mistresses, 'Amanda' gave the erect cock the most pleasurable of blowjobs. Her cock-wrapped lips made that wet smacking sound at each airtight slide across the fleshy shaft.

The young Master was comfortably sitting on the dining room couch, with his legs flat and his bare feet resting on one of the two 'bench-girls', which he had grabbed from his father's study. Without any judgmental eyes on them, the Marvins had zero inhibitions about using their one-of-a-kind, made-in-Africa furniture.

The ebony girl, answering to the name 'Zuri' a few days ago, did not appear the least bit insulted by her petrified ancestor being used as a foot stool beside her. Kneeling with graphically spread legs and her arms dutifully holding her elbows behind her back, Zuri only had eyes for Master and his sex organ.

Her stylish, cute clothes had all been burned out in the yard, since they were useless to her new role. The pretty black girl was scantily clad in a leather, quarter-cup bralette of a glistening white color, the purest color of them all. It really hid nothing of her nice, round tits, only presenting them proudly like a platter, with her dark-brown nipples on full display. Under the C-cups, the bralette moved three inches under her exposed breasts, hugging her slim body around her (lightly poking) ribs and concealing nothing of importance.

A pair of glossy smooth, white leather, thigh-high stockings adored the woman's caramel legs. The last three inches of the stockings were made of a pretty lace pattern. From there, the stockings connected to "Amanda's" firm waist via a matching white garter belt.

A white, pleated lace micro skirt that only managed to cover the girl's smooth-shaven pussy and little else (her ass was 2/3rds exposed) completed her 'light' attire, along with an equally tiny lace waist apron, tied around her slim waist and laid over the micro skirt. Lastly, a pair of ...white (naturally) Mary-Jane-style, 4-inch-tall pumps, adored her feet with a little back ankle strap going over her "white-washed" ankles.

Her long, beautiful dreadlocks had been straightened into a softly wavy, blonde ponytail that reached to the small of the girl's back. Any 'blackness' had been literally ironed out from Zuri's appearance. Even her eyeshadow had a milky white color, contrasting with her natural, dark complexion.

Despite her intense attention to him, Joshua never glanced at his former girlfriend-turned brainwashed servant, resting his eyes shut with his hands behind his head. He never actually had feelings for her. His year-long relationship was a ruse. A ruse that had worked out, adding another black toy to his family's household.

With her dimpled cheeks denting from the intense suction she provided her white Master, it was tough to gauge any particular emotion from the stone-faced whore, besides an uncanny dedication to pleasing Master.

Her mind was fixated on her singular goal. Diving into it, you'd see her mind's palace was not so much a concrete structure anymore, but ruins spread across a peaceful sunset sea. Few thoughts (too few) floated on top of it, like one does when they lie flat across the surface of the water. If you were one of these thoughts, the soft waves slowly took you one direction or the other with the light breeze. But you have nowhere to go, no danger to worry, no place to be. You don't care.

Zuri didn't care.

What mattered was that she was doing what Master asked of her, and she was doing it well. At least she hoped, cause she was certainly giving it her best. She knew how much Master liked her warm face-hole and tight BJ lips. She knew he liked when she deep-throated him and simultaneously reached in with her tongue to lick his ballsack. Zuri never did things like that, but Amanda had zero inhibitions. Why wouldn't she do something that made Master happy? That was her role, right? To make all Masters and Mistresses of the house happy. That was her purpose, and she felt it deep within her soul. When they were happy, she was happy.

She didn't recall much of the past week, or anything before that for that matter. General knowledge like her birthplace, close relatives and some key milestones of her life.

She did remember what she used to do for a living, only because Master Eustace had ordered her to call them and announce her immediate resignation, a few days ago. She did it with glee and zero regrets. Why would she even have a job, when she could dedicate herself to the Marvin house full time?

Zuri's consciousness was a wobbly bliss, a weird high. Not incapacitating, only soothing. But her internal monologue let a true glimpse in her changed self:

**I HOPE I AM  
PLEASING  
YOUNG  
MASTER  
WITH MY  
MOUTH... IT IS  
WHAT A  
NIGGER SLUT  
LIKE ME**

**SHOULD  
STRIVE FOR...**

**HIS WHITE  
COCK FEELS**

**SO GOOD, I  
COULD SUCK  
IT ALL DAY...**

**I LOVE  
GURGLING ON**

**WHITE  
MEAT... IT IS  
CLEAN AND  
PURE, UNLIKE  
MY FILTHY  
SKIN...**

**I FEEL SO  
HONORED TO  
BE ABLE TO**



**SERVE THESE  
PEOPLE... THIS  
RACE... IT IS  
THE LEAST A  
HAIRLESS  
MONKEY LIKE  
ME CAN  
OFFER...**

Zuri's disgusting inner thoughts were more insulting to herself and her race than any person had ever come close to being with her. They constantly dripped with worshipping praise for "the white man and woman" and simultaneously brought her own, "inferior" race down, without the slightest doubt. As if they were simply facts.

The girl had taken African American studies in college and was very sensitive about racial and feminist issues. Her hypnotic subservience was...uncanny to say the least.

But while her appearance and personality matched perfectly in this obedient, willing slave, there was still this glimmer of the "old" Zuri. Not perceivable by the hypnotized damsel, but very much there. If her mind was a serene ocean of relaxing submission, way up above it in this orange/pink/purple sky taken straight out of some chill poster, was a clear cube, suspended way off reach. Inside this square box was trapped Zuri's subconscious self, her true self, in the same high-waist jeans and cropped blouse she was wearing when she first arrived at the estate.

The black, young woman was banging on the walls of this cube prison, trying to free herself, to get out. But just like her desperate pounding on the impenetrable walls, her screams never left out her elevated enclosure.

She seemed so small compared to the ocean below her and the sky surrounding her. Her mute despair was only visible by her animated, panicked efforts...

Amidst this diligent blowjob, Zuri/Amanda's pretty, brown eyes were stuck up at her uninterested, but pleased Master. Her dark pupils had lost their focus, appearing as foggy and grey as Maddie's were. Or Kristen's.

But suddenly, in the girl's subconscious, the trapped Zuri made a crack on the clear wall with her banging!

In this moment, those same pupils suddenly turned to their normal dark color, as if the hypnotic spell was lifted! Zuri's love-struck eyes became more lucid as they traced, all confused and disoriented from up towards their higher-seated Master, down to the slobbered-on, veiny shaft that was currently "resting" inside her mouth.

Joshua noticed something was up, only because his vacuum-like dick-milking had paused. Zuri took the drool-soaked dick out of her mouth. "What have you done to me!? What is all?..." was all the pissed-off girl got to utter, before Josh calmly snapped his fingers and her words were cut mid-sentence, freezing her up.

Her indignant, angry expression and the shock at what she was wearing and doing were cut instantaneously, and as her eyes quickly got foggy and peaceful once more, she was right back in her hypnotic trance and her demeanor returned to the affable slavegirl that she was.

That she ought to be.

“I’m deeply sorry, Master. I seemed to have lost my focus for a moment” “Amanda” apologized in her buttery, sweet voice (very different from the way she spoke normally) and grabbed the man’s cock with both hands, giving it a couple of sensual, rotating “tugs” before putting it back where it belonged. Between her enveloping, warm lips.

“It’s ok...Amanda” Joshua stroke her cock-bulging cheek, looking down at his re-entranced ebony whore with a satisfied smirk.



Life was back at its “normalcy” at the Marvin estate. Everyone was glad to put this little charade of roleplaying as disgusting progressives to bed. Treating blacks like...people always felt odd to the white supremacists. But it was a necessary evil for the trap to be laid.

Clad in their identical (and revealing) milky-white attire that signaled a complete disregard for their individuality and personality, “Kristen”, “Maddie” and “Amanda” all served their Masters with glee. Of course, there was never a “wife” or a “house-maid” now. Everyone had the more...generic role of house slave, doing everything asked of them from laundry to bouncing on any penis and from serving tea to munching on ‘stale’, white muff.

It was what “Amanda” was currently busy with, kneeling under the round breakfast table, with her pretty face buried between Adelaide’s scrawny, dry thighs. The middle-aged woman loved starting her day with a good cunt-lapping.

“You ought to be more careful next time, Addie” reminded of last week’s close call, when Zuri almost caught his sister getting licked by Maddie, Eustace gave Adelaide a soft warning. “Ooow, bugger off” the woman waved her brother off, enjoying the warm lapping of another dark-skinned slut.

“Any more cupcakes, sir?” a smiling Kristen stood next to Eustace, displaying both a tray of freshly baked goodies, AND her heavy knockers, barely supported by her quarter-cup bra. The pointy-bearded man simply waved her away without a word or glance and Kristen ‘fucked right off’ after a small bow.

As for Maddie, she was also under the table, with her back to Zuri. She had Grandpa Leland’s droopy ballsack in her mouth, suckling it nice and swirling her tongue over it. Through the small gap between the table and chair, she was looking up at the pale crock with those gorgeous dark blue eyes as if he was her prom date.

The 20-year-old ebony cutie, whose name was once Brianna, was Joshua’s previous ‘girlfriend’, his previous project. Zuri had never really asked him about his past relationships; she wasn’t the prying type. Busy enjoying his croissant, Josh did not seem the least bit bothered by his “ex” going to town on his geriatric grandpa’s hairy ‘coin purse’.

Just like the other slaves, no one paid her any attention.

As impressive as its effects were, the hypnosis wasn't irreversibly... set, at least from the start. Relapses of a fighting mind were frequent, but with each finger snap, the subject sunk deeper and deeper into her abyss of willful submission.

Still, safety measures were taken, during those first days. And especially, nights. In these early, fragile stages, a sleeping subject could very well 'relapse' and break her hypnotic state in the middle of the night. So like her 'predecessors', Zuri was kept in a tiny storage room, restrained onto a single bed, with leather ankle and wrist cuffs.

She had woken up a couple of times in horror in the dead, dark hours, screaming in frenzy into her big ballgag (handy to keep the noise down) and struggling frantically in her bonds. Eventually, some groggy family member would come down and 'snap' her back to a calm state and she could once again drift off to a peaceful sleep.

Sanaa and Briana were safe from that nonsense, sunken deep into their trance after hundreds (if not thousands) of snaps. They slept in their tiny maid quarters, a room historically used by actual slaves a few hundred years ago.

"...you don't have to worry about me, mother. I've decided to move in with Josh at his father's house" a creepily calm and content Zuri spoke to Beatrice on her phone. Her 'usual' sweet and friendly voice was coming out slightly stuttered, only because at the same time, the black girl was straddling Eustace's cock, bobbing onto it with a steady energy as he lied comfortably on his bed.

"Are you jogging while talking to me?! You know I don't like that...anyway what do you mean you'll move in there?! What about your job, what about... me?" the easily worried mother did not need to hear much in order to be worried. What was her daughter talking about? This all sounded so...sudden!

"I'm sorry, mother" Zuri did not stop her 'jogging' keeping her phone to her ear as the older white man was groping her youthful, pretty breast. "This is my decision. Please respect it. I'll be living with Joshua's family from now on" the girl maintained the same calm, affable demeanor as she was slamming her juicy booty onto her owner's white cock, milking it nice and tight with her brown pussy.

"I...I don't understand..." Beatrice sounded distraught from the other end. "It's alright mother, you don't have to" Zuri replied with a robotically distant politeness. Still riding Eustace, she closed the call and handed her Master her phone. "Good girl" the patriarch said in his deep voice, as he took the phone and tossed it straight into a full glass of water that was resting on his bed-side table.

Following his recent fun with the brand new shiny toy in the household (meaning Zuri) Eustace was feeling more and more tired of his long-running slave “Kristen”. He had her for 7 years now, which was more than any previous “wife” (totaling three) he had “married”. He decided his old, rusty model had too many miles on it, and was due to hit the dump.

The woman referred to as Kristen, clad in another chic, seductive bodycon dress and heels, this time of a fiery red color that matched her lipstick, was seated demurely and femininely on the couch, her juicy thighs and smooth legs closed together, with her hands on her lap. He always did them the ‘favor’ of having them dressed to the nines for this special occasion. The African- American even wore some glistening jewellery, a necklace and some sparkling earrings.

Sanaa showed zero signs of distress, as Master Eustace placed a clear plastic bag over her head and secured it snugly around her neck with a few coils of tape, before returning to his sofa chair opposite the couch and continuing his book.

He had simply told her to “not move”.

‘Kristen’ obliged happily, breathing in the precious little air inside her bag with the same hostly smile. Eustace’s eyes were over his book, not even paying attention to her.

Eventually, with each inhale, the bag started sticking to the 38-year-old bombshell’s pretty face, having run out of oxygen. She kept breathing like nothing was wrong, her juicy F-size jugs heaving up and down inside her cleavage. An unsettling sight, but Eustace did not seem shaken in the least, focused on his reading.

The woman’s breaths became more labored, her face now encased in the thin, clear plastic. She was clearly suffocating now, but kept the same happy face throughout, a macabre contrast.

Just then, with her survival instinct kicking in and her air at a critical low, Kristen was snapped out of her hypnosis! Her wide eyes rapidly scanned around her head’s enclosure, immediately registering that something very, very wrong was happening, seconded by the complete lack of air in her lungs!

“UUUh!” she sucked in the thin veil of plastic into her gaping red lips, as her hands reached up in panic to paw at the taped bag, but before her flawlessly manicured fingers had even reached her neck, Eustace had lifted his gaze up at her and snapped his fingers, sinking her back into her blissful trance.

He was expecting that. They all woke up in the brink of death, like their bodies’ last stand to save them. It was nothing to fuss over.

With her lungs burning for oxygen, 'Kristen' simply placed her hands back into their dainty place and her momentarily 'shifty' legs back to their ladylike stance. Seated, she sucked in only carbon dioxide, her beautified, bagged face returning to a mask of happy obedience.

5 or 6 seconds later, she snapped back out of it, again gasping for air in a re-disoriented state, but Eustace's fingers were then to snap her back to 'rest'. That tiny, cube-trapped Sanaa could bang all she wants, but she wasn't going anywhere. She wasn't even taking those useless in-breaths anymore, her smiling face frozen as much as her screaming lungs were.

The woman 'emerged' from her hypnosis a third time, with Eustace looking a bit annoyed that he had to 'quiet her down' yet again. The female nigger was feisty, he gave her that. But just like with her previous attempts, plunging her back into a docile acceptance of her fate was as easy as...snapping your fingers. She remained stiff in her 'Stepfordian' pose, except for the increasingly frequent twitches of desperate self-preservation.

The fourth 'awakening' never came, as about 10 seconds later, the red-faced, but still merrily smiling black woman simply plopped sideways on the couch with a soft, limp thud. Her smiling lips and flawlessly lined, bloodshot eyes remained stuck in death, the latter looking blankly at nothing through the face-wrapped plastic.



# **“THE NUMBER YOU HAVE CALLED IS UNAVAILABLE. PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE...”**

“Dammit!” Beatrice hung up for what seemed like the 100<sup>th</sup> time. Ever since that strange call with her Zuri, she got the same automated message each time she called. She didn’t understand why the girl had decided to just leave everything behind and start a new life. Had she done something to drive her daughter away? The often guilt-ridden woman pondered. She didn’t think so. Zuri showed cheerful the last time they spoke, whilst she and Joshua were driving to his parents’ house.

She didn’t have Josh’s number. Even though she had asked for it many times (“in case of emergency”) Zuri was protective of her private information. Thankfully, her overprotective worrying had worked in her favor this time.

Unbeknownst to Zuri, her mom had installed a parental location tracking app on her phone. If the girl’s GPS was on, then Bee could also see where Zuri was. Naturally, the young, independent woman would object to such silly surveillance, so Bee had to do it behind her back, one time that her daughter was visiting and left her phone unattended.

But the signal was inaccessible ever since that call; it had been three days now. Any help from her friends and former coworkers led to the same conclusion. Zuri had upped and disappeared, presumably moving on to a new chapter in her life. One that only featured Joshua.

It smelled off. Beatrice could not accept that. She remembered that place she last saw on the map was about 30 miles north and 40 miles west, in some rather remote area, not close to any city or town. With a determined look, she got in her rusty old car and turned the ignition key, causing that struggling motor noise until it finally started.

That little shit had some explaining to do.

“MMMMMMFFFF!” Zuri screamed into her gag, pulling with her strength against her wrist bands, which didn’t budge. The ankle ones seemed pretty well-tethered to the corners of the bed, too. It was an unfortunate thing that the captives had no recollection of their captured state, each time their minds ‘resurfaced’ from their mesmerized abyss. So each time they moaned and kicked, causing a ruckus that alerted their captors to their ‘restlessness’.



The girl tried gauging her surroundings. The tiny closet room was dark, the faintest light only coming from the outline of the locked door in front of her. She was totally naked, only an old, clearly used, scratchy duvet covering her slender body. Zuri couldn't quite see it, but her daily outfit, her leather excuse of a bra, her matching thigh highs, her garter belt and heels, were all neatly lined on a table next to her. She had placed them that way, before dutifully locking herself down for the night.

Still, a member of the family needed to be there to lock that pesky final wrist, as well as the door.

"FFFUUMMNNGGUU! HHHHHUULMGG!" (*Somebodyyyy! Heeelp!*) the pretty damsel writhed against her bedding. The countryside crickets were the only reply. The bed-tethered girl turned to her right, spotting the presence of another captive. Another black girl, with auburn pigtails, was also limb-cuffed and ballgagged, sleeping peacefully on a small wooden bed opposite hers. She didn't appear bothered by the girl's moans.

A minute or two passed in active struggling and no response. Then, footsteps were heard approaching and the door was unlocked! Zuri lifted her head to see a lanky, paper-white woman in her mid-40s, shrivel-faced beyond her age from years of too much alcohol and too little sunscreen. She was wearing a silvery, silky night robe. Only having the faintest recollection of her, Zuri didn't really recognize Adelaide.

It was auntie's turn to 'fix' the nightly noise.

"To be perfectly honest, I'd rather you people weren't soooo... numb" she found the word she was looking for, referring to the slaves' hypnotized state with an arrogant tone.

"You don't really get to learn your place, not being fully present with us" Adelaide shared her complaints with the bound, gagged girl, stepping over her bedside and pulling the (already half-pulled) covers off Zuri, revealing her nakedness in full.

"MMNNGGGHFFKUUNFFHH!" Zuri got angry at her inability to cover herself, testing her bonds once more, with the same result. She got even angrier when Adelaide begun running her hands over her melanin-rich, attractive body. "Sadly, times have changed..." the woman continued as she examined her only listener's curves with objectifying, curious touch. She squeezed Zuri's breast, with no regard for her consent.

"We are forced to cower away like...like fugitives" she said, stepping around her captive, insulted. "...Watching filth like you take our homes, our country, our God-given rights..." Adelaide shared her manifesto with a stoic determination.

“Losing what is rightfully ours!” she declared with conviction, grabbing a tight, utterly invasive hold of Zuri’s (hairless) pussy-lip between her thumb and finger, and shaking it like it was a slab of steak on the butcher’s block. “MMNNGG!” Zuri yelled from both indignity and pain, spitting drool that dripped down the side of her tightly strapped cheek.

“You are a privileged one, to live out your destined role in life. You should be happy” Zuri saw Adelaide’s rare smirk even through the foggy darkness.

“Right...at our...” Adelaide slowed down her sneering voice, making sure the girl spotted her lifted arm. Her hand already had the thumb and middle finger touching, in a position that could indicate only one thing.

The boney, white woman’s hand gesture sent a spine-tingling terror through Zuri’s body. She couldn’t explain it. It was no conscious, logical fear. Every time she ‘woke up’ from her hypnosis, her recollections were blurry at best. Like a dream you’re certain you had but can’t recall.

As her lips quivered, wrapped around the thick, red ballgag, the black girl’s eyes widened, looking terrified at the pale, dry hand; hanging from Adelaide’s sadistically slow words.

“...fingertips”

**\*SNAP\***

At once, those terror-filled eyes turned foggy in the pupils, their expression softening up in a calm, blank contentment. Staring nowhere really, Zuri reared her previously lifted head back to her pillow, as if it was a peaceful cloud.

“Lights out... Amanda” Adelaide instructed the girl with a soft voice. “MMhmmm” the bound and gagged girl nodded calmly, already feeling like she was sinking in Morpheus’ sweet arms.

