

## Look Away part 4

By Denkira7

### GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Beatrice's windshield wipers were working overtime to deal with the pouring rain. The black woman squinted her eyes as she drove through the rather empty country roads. She was certain Zuri's phone was last 'seen' somewhere around here, but the exact details were now a luxury. The beautiful, mature black woman, clad in a cheap rain jacket whose exterior was already soaked, scanned left and right for signs of life.

She had already stopped at four previous houses down the road, but none of the (exclusively white) residents had spotted a black girl with long, blonde dreadlocks passing through. But Beatrice would not simply give up. Obstacles only seemed to make her more determined.

One way or another, she'd return home with "her baby".

"Finally..." she mumbled, spotting a big, beautiful, white-wood cottage at the end of a sideway. It was almost concealed by the many trees on either side of the road. She could see through the windows that the lights were on. Perhaps there someone could help.

She parked her worn VW on the muddy exterior and rushed under the front porch's awning. A balding man about 10 years her senior, with a grey, pointy beard and an immaculately ironed vest over his shirt, answered the door.

"Hello, how can I help you?" Eustace spoke with a hostly energy. "Excuse me sir, but I'm looking for my daughter, she visited with her boyfriend...Joshua...something. He lives around here" the woman sounded irritated to not have access to her daughter's boyfriend's last name. Zuri did not see it important to share information that didn't concern her mom.

"I'm really sorry, but we haven't received any visitors in a while" the man said with an apologetic frown. But please, do come in. There must be a way we can help" he gestured her inside. In need of a pit stop, Beatrice obliged.

The lit fireplace and the heat that filled the living room offered a sharp contrast to the rough conditions outside. Soon, a cup of hot cocoa was nesting between her cold hands. It was brought to her by a woman who introduced herself as Eustace's sister.

"Thank you so much" the woman had taken a seat at the round table, with Eustace sitting opposite and Adelaide rummaging in the nearby kitchen, behind Bee's back. She was wearing an orange sweater that warmed her appearance much more than the dark rain jacket, that was now left to dry on a coat hanger. Her hair, the same dark brown color as Zuri's, albeit much shorter, was frizzy and fanned behind the hairband that held them from 'overflowing'. They barely scrapped her caramel, slender shoulders.

"I'm really worried about her. I can't reach her for over a week. Her phone is dead, too" Beatrice gave the kind man the gist of her troubles. "Have you tried contacting the police?" Eustace asked, receiving awkward silence from her.

Like most people of color, Beatrice had (rightfully so) little faith in that institution. Her encounters with law enforcement were always...problematic to say the least. She hoped she could find Zuri by herself, but was starting to doubt she could do so without some more...formal help.

"I'm sure they'll be able to help you find Zuri" Eustace comforted his guest with an encouraging smile. "I might need their help" Beatrice said as she sipped the sweet drink that warmed her insides.

The next moment, with her lips still wrapped over the edge of the cup, her brows creased as an odd realization occurred. "I... never told you my daughter's name..." she turned to Eustace with a confused, jaw-slacked, apprehensive voice. The man across her did not alter his faintly smirking mustache, only kept watching her.

Two frozen seconds later, two seconds that seemed like two horrifying, Lovecraftian eternities, Beatrice turned to a fast, whooshing sound behind her. She never really saw the cast iron pan that Adelaide slammed against the side of her head.



"I told you to be careful. Always pick estranged ones!" a blurry, shaky, Dutch-angled image of a displeased Eustace was what Beatrice's heavy eyelids first opened to. He was talking to a man, a younger man, scolding him.

"I thought she was, dad! Raised by single mom, no extended family, few friends. I'm always cautious!" the tall lad defended himself, appearing to Bea just as hazy and shapeless as the first man. Though there was something recognizable in his voice.

"Gmmfff...gnnn..." Beatrice's slumped head tried to straighten up, but failed. It felt like it weighed a ton and rang like hell a church bell. The woman's pained groans came out stifled, due to the blue cleavage-gag that had been securely tied between her lips.

The woman was tied onto a chair, her arms going over the backrest, and her wrists roped together and secured to the back of her seat. Her ankles were tethered separately to the front legs of the chair, the harsh rope going over her mom jeans.

Everywhere she turned, the woman's eyes were overcome with books, brown furniture, varnished wood. All melting together. Going in and out of it, Beatrice spotted through her debilitated senses was an old TV set, being wheeled in front of her. She remembered a fleeting image of the blonde scrawny woman that had clubbed her over the head, watching with folded arms. Between the pauses of head-trauma-fainting, she picked up jumbled words from the two male captors.

-...she's not even that hot...

-...we can use her as a toilet one... or just give her to grandpa...

Then another undefinable period of darkness, before she'd hear them again, never registering her presence.

-...might as well try...otherwise we off her...

-...wouldn't mind sparing myself a second hole-digging... *(alluding to the unceremonious, shallow grave that held 'Kristen's' dirt-covered, decomposing body, behind the stables)*

Then back into her slumber she fell.

"Gmfff..." Beatrice groaned into her gag as she was this time snapped into consciousness, with some smelling salts placed under her nose. The 42-year-old woman had to blink more than enough times for

her vision to clear. She was inside a study, with that old TV right in front of her chair. Who she saw next to Eustace made her really wake up.

It was Zuri's boyfriend, Joshua! She had only seen that handsome white boy during a video call with her daughter, but she was certain. It was him!

"GNMMFFFHHGG!" she tried to blare some insults that would sound like "what have you done to my daughter!?" but the tight piece of cloth, wrapped many times around her face, gagged her pretty well.

Joshua had no apprehensions about slapping the older woman to shut her up. The blood from the wound on Beatrice's head had caked as it was left to drip down her left ear.

"I usually have more time to develop a neural hypnotic link..." Eustace addressed the bound woman, not mentioning his son's face slap. "But we're going to have to fast-track this one..." he spoke with little care of whether the woman understood him. "If it fails, well, it's just one less nigger out there" he concluded with a chillingly cold tone. Bea's eyes perked wide with horror at the sound of that last sentence.

But they should have "waited" for what happened next. Clad in their skimpy, degrading house-slave outfits, Maddie and Zuri entered the room, with that ever-present distant glow in their hypnotized eyes.

"FFUuu'i!!" (*Zuri!*) a shocked Beatrice tried calling out, but it was like her daughter was not registering her, even as she gracefully walked (in her tall, white heels) towards her, side by side with 'Maddie'. The TV screen turned on and the same animation Zuri had seen of a figure, riding a black horse, started playing on loop. "I'll leave you girls to it" Eustace said and both scantily clad black girls uttered "Yes, Master" in unison, as they both firmly grabbed Beatrice's cleave-tied face and held it steadily in front of the equestrian projection.

"NNNNGG!!! FFFUUUHHiii! FFllllleeeaaahh!" (*Nooo! Zuriii! Pleasee!*) Bea tried shaking and pulling her face away from the eerie animation, but the two smiling black slave-maids held her securely, not letting her avert her eyes. After a few seconds, the woman's resistance softened, her moans subsided and her pretty, brown eyes remained glued to the TV, as any other sound faded and was replaced by a different, building one:

*clop-clop-clop-clop*

*clop-clop-clop-clop*

*clop-clop-clop-clop*

*clop-clop-clop-clop*

*clop-clop-clop-clop*

*clop-clop-clop-clop*



Joshua opened his eyes, after a nice, refreshing sleep on his double-king-sized bed. He always liked to spread out himself on the bed. Sleeping cuddled with a girl (and a filthy, mud-skinned one at that) for the past year was not his most comfortable. But all is well now.

The beginning of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D major could be heard from the living room's speakers downstairs. His father liked to start the day with some 19<sup>th</sup>-century classical music, "the pinnacle of human art". It was a beautiful, uplifting piece that currently matched the young man's peaceful mood.

The young heir to the Marvin fortune got up, slipping his feet into some comfy, leather slippers as he sat on the bedside. Before his (lady magnet) butt could lift from the sheets, he heard a knock at his bedroom door.

"Breakfast, Master Joshua?" a sweet, servile voice came from the other side. "Sure" the white master mumbled and Maddie/Brianna entered, holding a tray with fresh-baked pastry she had gotten up at 6 AM to make. Some muffins and 'pain au chocolat' along with a bowl of nice, warm oatmeal with peanut butter, blueberries and cranberries on top. A steaming cup of black coffee to finish it all off. He would (perhaps expectedly) 'whiten' it with plenty of milk, which was waiting in a little serving jug next to the coffee mug. The African-American girl was in her ever-present, milky attire. Her poor excuse of a bra, her micro-skirt, her thigh-high stockings and heels.

"Leave it there" a yawning Joshua said, not ready to feast like the King he very much appeared to be. The black chick, her slim body and fine ass very much flaunted by her clothing and posture, gently placed the tray on the foot of her ruler's bed. "Would you like a morning blowjob, Master?" a dutifully eager 'Maddie' asked, her pretty knees already beginning to buckle in anticipation of her imminent task.

"Maybe later" Josh waved the black hottie off and she departed after an "As you wish" and a polite bow.

In his matching PJs, the young Caucasian stepped down the curving staircase to the ground floor. His aunt was enjoying her morning tea, sitting alongside his father, who was loosely reading a leather-bound antique of a book. "Morning" Josh greeted them and they reciprocated kindly. Far behind them in the opposite end of the room, his eye caught Zuri/Amanda, who was cheerfully waving a feather duster over the family's...unique, human-made furniture. Eustace deemed they needed a good dusting after staying in the study for a "full four days".

Zuri seemed really content with her cleaning job. Keeping her dark, stocking-clad legs daintily closed, she had her waist bent enough to give anyone behind her a tasty eye-candy of her nice, round peach of an ass. She didn't seem the least bit bothered that the objects she moved her cute feather-duster over where brutally enslaved and murdered ancestors of her race.

In her empty little head, she was just cleaning the place, like any good maid ought to. She must have dusted every surface of the woodified women's beautiful, nude, shapely forms about three times over and over. "I believe I'm finished, Master Eustace" she turned with her hands clasped in front of her tiny apron, awaiting feedback. She looked almost unrecognizable in her 'good girl' blonde ponytail, a hairstyle she always despised.

"Go upstairs see if my parents need anything" Eustace did not think much about the order, focused on his book. "Of course" she said with a smile that would otherwise scream "please tip me, I need cash" coming from a server or waiter. But Zuri's seemed absolutely sincere. As her tall heels clicked towards the staircase and she passed by Josh, she greeted him with a little bow and a "good morning Master", only receiving a hard slap on her exposed, juicy black ass as a reply.

She wasn't offended at all, only kept her route upstairs.

When Zuri opened the far end door of the upstairs indoor balcony, the graphic sight in front of her did not alter her affable expression at all. Two single beds were separated, on opposite walls of the room. On the girl's right, Grandma Edith was lying under many covers on her bed, watching a black and white western show on a little TV. On the left, Grandpa Leland was a little more...lively, fucking a bent-over Beatrice. On all fours, the black milf was facing the door (and her daughter), supporting her upper body on her forearms, while getting violently and roughly 'poked' from behind by the sweaty pop's ugly meat-needle. He had only socks on, stretched to the calves by some very out-of-style sock suspenders. The worn leather cap that had almost fused with his scalp was also on his decaying head.

Beatrice's 'flappable' C-cups flopped back and forth at the pace of her Master's slow, awkward cunt-pushing. They were fully out of their ineffective cover, the quarter bra that every slave wore. The rest of her attire did not seem to pose an obstacle to her readily accessible holes. 42-years young, her body was mature in its texture, but unblemished by scars or any remarkable signs of time. Her belly and arms were slightly flabby in parts, but her physique was overall lean and well-maintained for a single mom.

As her Ass-Up-Face-Down frame was softly pushed forward again and again with each geriatric thrust, her expression remained one of almost blissful resignation. Not so much that she was actively enjoying her grandpa-dicking, but moreso that she was only partially there to experience it. Her foggy eyes and stuck half-grin confirmed that notion.

“Do you need anything, Mistress Edith?” although focused on the singular goal of pleasing her owners, Zuri’s still functioning brain deduced that the old man was too busy to require assistance at the moment.

“Change my pan” the old lady barked with a bit less than her usual grumpiness. It was as if the old couple was constantly fuming with racism. Not that it bothered ‘Amanda’ or her co-slave, who did not yet possess a name.

She had been left to the old folks’ discretion, like slavery leftovers.

“Right away, ma’am” Zuri obliged with a smile, taking the piss-filled bedpan and putting a fresh clean one in place. As she did so, Leland, as if overcome with a newfound hatred in his few brain synapses, started spanking his black fuck-toy’s ass again and again. Maybe because he was getting soft? Or just feeling like it? Hard to guess.

“MMmmm” Beatrice let a moan that should have signaled pain, but due to her hypnotic state, was difficult to read. Her right asscheek was getting nice and red from the repeated spansks, and yet she kept backing it up to the ‘dinosaur’s sandpapery pelvis and the aging prick she had hand-washed (along with the rest of grandpa) only minutes ago.

“Come ‘ere, I wanna seat on your face” Edith ordered Zuri. No filter or shame was audible in her raspy words. Only impulse. “Right away, ma’am” Zuri obliged with the same smile as if she worked the counter at a Starbucks and the old lady had simply ordered a cappuccino.

The ponytailed maid laid on her back across Edith’s bed, her heels placed against the wall as her long, caramel legs could not fully fit without bending. The shriveled, hag took lifted her gown and groaned as she lifted her leg to plop her ass onto the girl’s waiting face, straddling it from the front. Her hips and crotch were boney and at the same time riddled with droopy fat folds with all kinds of moles and discoloration.

It smelled and tasted like expired canned tuna (if that was possible). But the young black girl ate it with the diligence of someone who likes that sort of muff stank, gently wrapping her arms around the woman’s pale thighs to steady herself. Her munching face was effectively supporting the featherweight granny’s seated frame. Edith was definitely not bothering to ‘ease’ her weight on the colored whore’s face.



The slow, sloppy slurps of Zuri's tongue and lips working her elderly owner's bushy crotch and ass, were meshing with the 'plopping' of her mom's black booty as the old fuck raped her in a what seemed like a very consenting way.

Just then, Beatrice was snapped out of her hypnosis! The Marvins' "test run" had worked, though she often fell out of her trance, more often than usual. Still getting pounded by the racist 50 years her senior, the woman's blank, silly expression changed into one of discomfort, worry and confusion. Her pussy hurt, her ass, too and now Bea was feeling it all, coming to her senses with a thin, long, 91-year-old dick inside her.

"Wh...what?" she grimaced, turning to face the man fucking her behind her back. Leland was too old and out of it to register what was taking place. But Edith was more lucid, and upon seeing the black slut's demeanor drastically change, she snapped her wrinkly, old finger and thumb. "Back to work" grandma Edith muttered and at the click of her fingers, Beatrice's all-fours body locked up, her face did the same, and her momentarily clear and emotion-expressing eyes returned to their foggy, carefree place. "Yes, Mistress" Beatrice replied to her fucker's wife, and took her senior dicking with increased investment, as her daughter was being happily smothered by Edith's hairy cooch.



It was aunt Adelaide's "night shift" again. Her duties required her to bind the two newer slaves to their shared quarters and re-hypnotize them in case they caused a fuss in the middle of the night. Eustace and Joshua were rather typical with this necessary chore, but the sarcastic lady was always bored to death of it. Especially tonight, after too-many-to-count glasses of Merlot, she was in no mood.

She drunkenly ordered Maddie and the pair of mom-and-daughter hypnosluts to lie on their beds. Bea and Zuri had to uncomfortably share the single one, but they did so with no complaints. Then they ballgagged and cuffed themselves, meaning three of their four limbs. They obeyed without delay. Already tripping over herself from her inebriated sleepiness, the blonde woman closed the door without locking and headed straight to bed.

Inside the small storage room- turned slave quarters, a deep dark sleep took place. Even a hypnotized slave requires sleep to refuel her energy and effectively serve her superiors; her white owners.

A small leak of droplets, coming from the malfunctioning faucet of the 'renovated' storage room, was not waking up anyone. Funny enough, this was not a ploy of mental-conditioning. Simply lack of care for their slaves' resting space.

In her dream, Beatrice was seeing herself inside a clear cube, that was underwater, about 2-3 meters below the calm surface, which glistened with the colorful light of a setting sun. She knocked at its walls again and again, but she saw the surface of the sea grow further and further apart from her, as she very slowly sunk towards the abyss. Turning her gaze towards the scary deep, where light could no longer reach, the woman spotted a smaller cube, much deeper than hers, but sinking just the same. Inside it was Zuri. Her daughter!

"I'm getting you out!" Beatrice yelled in her dream and banged with sea-muted thuds against the immovable walls that were surrounded by water from all sides.

A cracking sound was heard.

"Mmff" Beatrice was jolted awake, in more ways than one. She was bound and gagged on a tiny bed, nude as a baby. She turned to her side, her daughter's equally nude, equally restrained body was

tightly pressed against hers, save from falling over the side by a few centimeters. There was another girl a few feet away, also sleeping and bound.

Bea took deep breaths out of the gaps between her lips and her thick ballgag, composing herself. Then she felt it. Her right hand! Her right hand was free! She awkwardly moved it behind her head and after a few struggles, unbuckled the strap of her ballgag. Maybe she could reach over and grab something.

Something sharp.

In the all-but-inky room, she challenged her eyes to scan around, blindly searching with her fingers for a tool. She found a flat surface, a table and pawed around. She grabbed something like a faux-leather item of clothing, a skirt? No, too small to be a skirt. Examining it she felt a cotton lace garment over the leather one, and...and something stiff, something metal, inside a pocket. It was an apron! An apron with something inside its single front pocket.

With her heart pumping, she stretched her arm over her daughter and grabbed it. She prayed it was a knife, but she sighed to see it was a handheld cheese grater. The woman had probably stored it there whilst preparing/serving the Marvins' dinner and forgot about it.

"It will have to do" Beatrice thought to herself and started running the tiny blades up and down the leather that circled her wrist.

10 hard, stealthy minutes later, Bea had clumsily 'sawed' the leather cuff off her wrist. 10+10 more sweaty minutes followed, until her ankles were also free. She tip-toed over to the light flip-switch on the wall and flicked it on. A bare, dusty light bulb, barely hanging on by its ceiling cable, shined a dim, dying light that illuminated the room with a weak, orangey light.

It was then that Beatrice took a better look at her surroundings. The cuffed women, the skimpy outfits, neatly tucked away and waiting for them. It did not look good. Beatrice eyed the framed pictures on the walls of the narrow room, depicting the surviving members of the Marvin family. All smug, paper-white folks. She saw the man and woman that had abducted her, as well as Joshua, with his arm wrapped around them.

Her attention then fell on a framed manuscript, with short instructions and depictions of a horse and a person's eye. There were steps, too overwhelming to consume, but Bea's eyes fell on the last one:

To reinforce hypnosis, a clear  
snap of the fingers is sufficient.

Beatrice took a step back, piecing everything together. "Fucking white people..." she mumbled in a 'disappointed at an entire race' tone.

The mother was free, but there was no way she would leave without her daughter. She didn't waste any time, cheese-grating Zuri's restraints to shreds. Her arm and hand ached, but she didn't dare stop. These tools were not meant for leather eaters that much was certain.

In the middle of freeing her, Zuri woke up. Her eyes had that eerie fogginess, betraying her trance. Beatrice ungagged her daughter, wanting to relieve her of the jaw-stretching soreness. "Mom, you're awake alrea...?" the girl tried to enquire but Bea's hand smothered her far from stealthy voice. "Shhh, we have to be quiet" Bea whispered to her hypnotized daughter. "Why is that so?" the girl continued speaking normally the moment the hand was removed from her lips, with an emotionally detached tone. "Just...shut up...the fuck's wrong with you?" Bea did not understand why Zuri was acting so weird.

"I'm inquiring why we are up of our own accord. Usually, our esteemed Caucasian Masters will come to make us available for the day" Zuri spoke in this weird, Cambridge English kind of way, referring to her captivity as mere 'unavailability' to serve. "Where's this cocoo shit coming from?" Bea was really trying hard to control her voice's volume.

She then spotted the way the dim warm light caught the girl's foggy pupils. She had the bad habit of trying to micromanage her daughter's appearance. She would definitely know if the slightest thing was off with her daughter's looks.

"Zuri, it's me. Your momma!" she grabbed tightly the girl on both cheeks and put her forehead up to Zuri's. "Snap out of it, please..." she hugged her daughter with all her strength. "Relax mom, now let's go and serve the leading race together" the detached girl kept the same brainwashed rhetoric.

Beatrice kept hugging her girl tighter and tighter, softly begging for her to 'return'. She didn't know what to do. The girl kept sinking deeper and deeper down the abyss, too far to ever reach the surface again.

Still in her naked arms, Bea started softly singing a lullaby that she sang to Zuri when she was a baby. It was not mockingbird or twinkle, twinkle little star. It was something that belonged only to them.

Their song.

And suddenly, something very primal, very internal, clicked in Zuri's mesmerized synapses and that drowning, boxed girl burst through her glass cage! "Mom!" Zuri spoke like the girl Bea always knew. Her eyes looked...as beautiful as ever. Normal.

"We gotta get outta here" Bea said with a determined look, after giving her actual daughter a big reuniting hug.

Beatrice insisted they needed to move, but Zuri didn't wanna leave without 'Maddie', so the two freed her and took the similarly butt-naked girl with them, pulling her alongside by the hand like a clueless child, since Brianna was very much under the effects of her unhelpful, hypnotized state. "We have to be quiet to not wake up the Masters" Bea advised to a chatty Maddie to keep her silent.

As they tiptoed around the ground floor, they heard sound from upstairs. Someone was awake! "In here! Zuri gestured to the study room, remembering an important artifact that might help them. Indeed, as they entered Eustace study, mounted on the wall inside a glass cage, were two old-timey musket rifles, loaded and ready, with a belt of ammunition hanging on either side each.

These weapons were literally used to subjugate and enslave the women's ancestors a couple of centuries ago. Both women exchanged a smirking look full of meaning.

The irony would be delicious.

As a hangover Adelaide rushed down the stairs to see what was wrong, the study room door was flung open and the skinny, night-robed bitch was greeted by two curvy, butt-ass-naked dark beauties, each dressed only with the single ammo-belt that went over one shoulder and diagonally across their bare boobs. Zuri and Bea looked like the most majestic 70s spoof porno actresses. Like two breathtaking African Rambo-ettes, though much sexier and even less clothed.

Adelaide could only let a shocked gasp before she was blasted backwards by the female musketeers. After two loud, smoky bangs were heard, the woman was unequivocally dead, lying on the blood-stained living room floor with two large gunshots on her chest.

"My Mistress! Noooo!" a similarly stark-nude, still hypnotized Maddie cried out behind them and launched at Zuri's back. "Get off you dumb bitch!" Zuri overpowered the much smaller black girl, elbowing her in the face amidst their brief struggle and sending her to the floor with a bloody nose.

Zuri and Bea reloaded their colonial muskets like pros, as if such a white-meat hunting spree was a family tradition. There was no point in making a stealthy run for it, now.

They rushed up the stairs, where all the bedrooms were. Edith and Leland were just exiting their bedroom, rattled by all the violent commotion. With a vengeful cold blood, the black punishers blasted the racist ghosts straight into hell, an hour earlier. Only the patriarchs of the house were left. Bea kicked in the last couple of bedroom doors, but no one was inside.

Moving sneakily and carefully hunched, like proper hunters after their prey, mother and daughter scanned their surroundings; over the balcony and through the windows. No sound or sight of Eustace or Joshua was perceived. The tense silence of a life or death situation filled the bloodied country house.

There was no second chance for a missed shot. A simple snap of the fingers could be their doom. There was no time to drop everything and search the place for some earmuffs or something that would grant their ears protection from this enslaving 'spell'.

Maddie was too out of it to do much from her recent elbowing, sitting on the downstairs floor and muttering curses against her very own race. The pair of naked gunslingers walked back down the staircase, muskets pointing at the ready. Then, they heard a quick, shuffling noise coming from the kitchen and Joshua's foot disappearing behind the wall. Zuri run after him, not having the luxury of an automatic rifle, letting bullets fly left and right. A misfire would be game over.

The scared young man was chased around the narrower corridors, unable to both run and audibly snap his fingers at the same time. He came back around the living room, where a 'camped' Beatrice unloaded a heavy dose of lead, right in her lower abdomen. "GAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaahhh!" a terrifying squeal of pain left Josh, who fell forwards to the floor, not far away from his dead aunt. His floored hand made the motion to snap his thumb and middle-finger together, but just before he could do so, his hand was crushed by Zuri's stomping, naked foot, which shattered his bones.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA, you biiiitch! YOU FUCKIIING BIIIIIIIIITCH!" the man screamed with an expression of demonic anger and pain, looking up at his 'girlfriend'.

"I kinda knew white boys would be trouble" Zuri muttered a cool catchphrase, before lowering the barrel of her gun and blowing his handsome face to shreds with another smoke-puffing gunshot. The facial explosion got some droplets of brain-blood on her exposed, perky titties.

One white supremacist left. The women reloaded their muskets and stuck their backs against one another, standing in the strategically vulnerable center of the living room, amongst a couple of white corpses and a dazed black girl. Their eyes were wide with vigilance, scanning the place with adrenaline, dreading that singular, plain sound that would signal their peaceful surrender.

"Approach, you filthy cavewomen! Come and kill your guardians! The ones who civilized and dressed you and showed you GOD HIMSELF!!!" Eustace's angry voice, full of righteous bigotry, boomed from somewhere on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor, undoubtedly beckoning them into a trap.

Zuri and her mother eyed each other with a shared acknowledgement, moving slowly back up the staircase of the massacre-filled estate, following the white man's voice. They had to proceed with extreme caution.

"WE TOOK YOU FROM THE DAMN JUNGLE AND GAVE YOU SOME GOD-WILLING PURPOSE INSTEAD OF EXTERMINATING YOU. AND THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR GRATEFULNESS!?!?!?" the man sounded delirious, wherever he was hiding. Zuri signaled to the closed door of the bathroom, an unlikely place. The door was not fully closed. Through the thin slice of a gap, Beatrice thought she saw a faint shadow, behind the shower curtain. She hoped it was a more than a shadow, otherwise it would all be fucked. They could not risk getting closer and losing everything.

She signaled to her daughter to be ready, and aiming through the crack of the door, fired the gun.

Through the puff of gunpowder smoke and the rubble of the ruined door, Bea spotted that the light-colored shower curtain had a small splatter of deep, blood red. She had hit something, something living. “GO! RUN!” not knowing how fatal her shot was, but assuming it had earned them a few seconds, Beatrice grabbed her daughter’s hand and they both stormed out of the house!

Without any cars around, the naked, blood-splattered African-American women run and run until they reached the stables and Zuri randomly grabbed one of the horses. A beautiful, white one.

“Get on!” Zuri said, and with her mom behind her, they both rode the beautiful beast bareback, far away from this hellish landscape, as Eustace Marvin, fully slumped down against the wall of his shower, let out his final breath.

“Can I get you Masters anything?...” a stark-naked Maddie asked. She appeared like a malfunctioning robot, standing dutifully with crossed hands in the middle of the living room. She seemed completely unfazed by the caked blood that had run from her nose down her lips and chin, keeping a big, wholesome smile. Surrounding her was a group of face-blown, chest-exploded, bled out white folks.

“...Anything?...”

