Her White Chattel

She took away his world and his manhood
…And it was easy!

By
Dominique St Denis

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“HER WHITE CHATTEL”

By
Marie St Denis

With gratitude and friendship to my true friend, Vera Carlisle



ONE

Danika



Having received the text telling me the delivery for which I had been awaiting so impatiently for so long was secured and on its way to my home, I decided to spend the three or four hours it would take to reach me by returning to one of my favourite femdom tales.

Vera Carlisle's "Man-Beast to Male-Pet" never failed to have me in a condition of the highest arousal and what I had once seen as an intoxicating but far-fetched storyline was becoming more and more credible with each tick of the clock that brought my delivery closer…

"…Often it is the acknowledgement of futility that ensures the breaking of the human spirit – and especially that of the male," the attractive Senegalese and Sorbonne educated woman with the elegant and sober clothing and short cropped hair informed Ilse as she sat in her office at the hospital having just taken receipt of a, rather expensive, psychiatric assessment that would ensure her husband would be placed into her care by the already bought and paid for officials of a decidedly flexible court.

"Even as they pine for the life they once knew and can have no longer, Dr. Sandrine Valadon asserted, "the awareness that their situation is hopeless and that they would, perhaps, be in an even worse position were the their owner have no further

use for them soon leads to an absolute collapse of mental resistance. And from the acknowledgment of futility comes acceptance."

The look on the forty-something woman's face as she informed Ilse of this had assured her that such a collapse was not displeasing to either her ethics or her personal tastes and she had pondered the possibility of involving her in the newly made canine's future in some way.

Dr. Sandrine had explained further:

"He has been deprived of the ability to walk except upon all-fours and, along with the surgery to his fingers, even the simple act of feeding himself in the normal way is denied him. Both of these things will impact upon his psyche in the most debilitating of ways."

Ilse had nodded, pretty much having divined as much for herself.

Even if it was nice to hear it confirmed.

"More importantly," the Doctor had continued, a certain… fidgetiness… at her lower half betraying what Ilse took to be… excitement, "depriving him of the voice that has been, until now, from what you have told me of him, such an important factor in his life will demoralise him in such a way as to complete his descent from manhood with even greater facility."

Again Ilse had nodded her agreement; knowing as she did that depriving him of the means to issue the honeyed words that had been so instrumental in delivering a stream of women of all ages and types to the Baxter mattress was a source of great enjoyment to her. A sense of enjoyment not diluted by the knowledge they had been uttered with a more financial end-game in mind in respect of her. It being her end-game that triumphed in the end as all end-games backed by the clout of money and influence would triumph.

As always, pure power and the fact she had been the one behind its exercise delivered a certain wetness and she realised she was almost as fidgety as the good lady doctor.

Almost.

Dr. Sandrine Valadon, Ilse was certain, took as much pleasure if not more from the reduction, in the most literal sense, of a healthy adult male of mature years into a grovelling cur.

That Ilse Ritter's wealth and powerful Senegalese contacts placed an act the world at large would consider both illegal and inhuman beyond that world's capacity to extract retribution on behalf of its victim only served to make the reduction of which she, Sandrine Valadon, was a crucial constituent all the more… pleasing.

"I know you plan for Anobi to be instrumental in both his training and his humiliation while you absent yourself and I feel, given what you have described and what I myself have detected, that this is a wholly sensible move on your part. At Maurice Baxter's age, and with his past history of conquest where beautiful women are concerned," a hand indicated the file Ilse had paid the best private investigators to compile, "beautiful white women it must be said, it will be…"

"Beautiful except for me," Ilse interjected, nothing if not honest in regard of her facial shortcomings.

The doctor shrugged, as if such things were trivial, but then, Ilse told herself, it would have been only Sandrine Valadon's colour and not her striking looks that would have prevented Maurice Baxter exercising both charm and tongue on her.

The good – if mercenary – doctor was nothing if not truthful at a certain level, however:

"Your face may not be the stuff of male fantasy, my dear, but your body certainly is." She smiled. "You also, if I might say, have a devious and highly intelligent turn of mind which I for one find perfectly and divinely decadent."

Another smile followed and Ilse got the impression the doctor was coming on to her.

"Not to mention… perverse," Sandrine Valadon finished.

Finding the woman undeniably attractive but unwilling to complicate an already complex situation further at this stage, Ilse smile her gratitude and left it at that. Regular assessments would need to be made of her husband's condition and she would be seeing the doctor again in the future.

Allowing her eyes to take in the older woman's full and alluring form, she told herself she would be seeing her a great deal more if the whim took her.

"To return to my point, however," the doctor continued, "the fact Anobi is younger and less well-educated, as well as physically unappealing to him and from a race and region he obviously considers inferior, will not only make his humiliation all the greater but will speed the feelings of futility that will eventually hand his spirit to you and ensure he is broken to both Anobi's will and, more importantly, that of his young German owner."

The smile with which she preceded her final word ensured Ilse that the doctor was as excited by the prospect of male submission to the female as she.

"You."

"Anobi is as dedicated to the task of training him and breaking his spirit as me," Ilse assured her.

"That is well, my dear," Sandrine Valadon agreed. "You must tell her not to be afraid to discipline him physically as well as verbally."

"Hardly necessary," Ilse laughed.

"That is also to the good. Punishment of such a kind from the hand of one so young and of a different race can only hasten this pompous and proud man's breaking"

…Once again, Ms Carlisle's words had brought me to the edge of a crisis as I asked myself if such discipline would be as effective at the hands of a man.

A suitably loyal, and powerful man.

A man who, thanks to my own efforts and money, had not been in the country long and was indebted – as well as besotted – by the woman who had delivered him to the promised land of his dreams.

A suitably loyal and powerful *African* man.

Taken nearer that crisis, my feverish fingers finished the job…

TWO

Vincent



In the end, it happened too quickly for me to react.

I had seen him watching me for some time now and, despite priding myself that I was a masculine and private man in my own right,, something about this huge and muscled black man who seemed to be studying me provoked a feeling of foreboding.

Had it not been for the fact there were always people around, and despite his size, I would have confronted him – at least verbally - but, on this particular day, I would be the one confronted.

He had followed me into the supermarket and, making no secret to me of his interest, followed me along the aisles while keeping a good few yards between him and myself as the other shoppers went about their own business.

It was unnerving.

I tried losing him and, after a time without seeing him, aid for my shopping and left.

He was waiting beyond the automatic doors as I left.

Taking him for gay – not to mention intrusive *and* mistaken – I flipped him the bird and headed to my car.

At thirty-five, it's not as if I'm not good-looking still and I'd had his sort come on to me in the past; albeit not in so blatant and so sustained a way.

But he had really pissed me off.

I was putting my purchases in the boot of my Toyota when I sensed a van pull into the space next to mine and heard doors open.

It was the last thing I remember as a pair of strong arms put me in a half-nelson and somehow managed to mash a wet rag against my nose at the same time…

*****

I've no idea how long I was out, but when I returned to the land of the living and regained my scattered senses I found myself in the darkness, bound and trussed and with my mouth gagged, in the back of what I assumed was the van that had pulled up next to me in the supermarket car-park.

"What the fuck was going on?"

The darkness of the van and the fact I was trussed so securely both angered and terrified me and I knew it would be the black guy who'd been following me this past week or so I had to thank for my unwanted journey.

I was not wrong.

We must have driven for hours when eventually the driver stopped and the doors were opened, it was, sure enough, the same powerful looking African guy who stood regarding me; for all the world as if he had just purchased *me* from Safeway.

Handling me with an ease that disturbed me, for at five-eleven and 190 I'm not exactly a pygmy myself, he grabbed my wrists and hauled me from the back of the van and I found myself in a large adjoining garage next to an immaculate and expensive Lexus.

Whoever this bastard was, I told myself as I promised to do him bodily harm somehow, he wasn't destitute.

As I grunted my dissatisfaction from behind the gag, this as he loosened the bonds about my legs enough for me to walk, he simply pulled me along behind him into the house itself before unlocking a heavy door and pushing me through it.

I was led down some concrete stairs to a windowless basement and forced down by the head until I was upon my knees.

Angry and mystified as I was, I was also becoming fearful.

Was the fucker some kind of gay serial killer?

"Stay!" he snapped in a commanding tone one might use for a Little Vinnie, the inflexion in that one word telling me that not only was I right and he was African.

An African who'd not long entered the country.

I had been snatched from the streets of Chicago – and in broad daylight – by one of fuck-head Trump's illegals!

So my addled and incoherent thoughts ran at the time.

Steps descended the stair then and those addled thoughts became more focused.

We had company.

And, unless it was one of the LGBT crowd in heels pecking their way towards my turned back as I knelt on the concrete, it was a woman.

"Well, well, well… If it isn't Mr Vincent Daley," came a voice in my ear, tones unmistakably chocolate and female.

Tones I recognised…

THREE

Vincent



She wore black boots with a spiked heel, a matching black bra and panty set and that was it.

Typical dominatrix garb.

Unimaginative and as wearyingly prosaic as most such get-ups are.

Except I knew she was no dominatrix and this wasn't some convoluted gag put together by me fellow execs back at Muller Holdings.

Even they wouldn't go to this much trouble for a gag.

Her hair was long but pushed from her face and tied at the back to give the complete lack of feminine prettiness and horsey overbite its full effect.

I knew those oversized and sparkling white teeth only too well from the past and was, as you can imagine, in no way pleased to see them again.

She looked me over with her vivid and startling eyes that were the only saving grace of a face I'd always considered… off-putting.

Not that they saved her features much.

Back in the day, she had been a secretary. My secretary. Until I asked HR to let her go.

Danika…?

I struggled to put a surname to the bitch.

"…Nwadike!" Pronounced: *"Nwdeekee"*.

Recall of it would make things easier for the Police when I got away from her and had her carcass put behind bars – or a padded-cell – where it belonged.

I remembered back to the days when she worked for me.
It did not take long for her true colours to surface.

So smitten with me had she become, in fact, that her attentions more than qualified for sexual harassment.

Something HR actually agreed on with me for once.

In fact, as I remember, I felt a little affronted she could believe a guy like me might.

Conceited?

I guess so.

But then I was feeling a little pleased with myself at the time that I was already boffing a fellow exec.

The building's lust object and utterly delectable and faithless wife, Denise.

I flinched as she moved in close to me, her big teeth looking as if they wanted to devour me as she smiled and her warm breath played over my nostrils as I sucked in the air the gag prevented me taking through the mouth.

And then she held up the shears and my terror increased as I tried to edge away from her upon my knees.

"Stay!" came the command again and, this time it was accompanied by a cuff to the top of my head from a massive paw at my back.

I felt as if I had been hit with a mallet and would be no less pained when I came to realise later that the man had simply given me a tap.

"Thank you, Saul," she said, taking my wrists from the man and kneeling in front of me to draw me in against the breasts heaving against the confinement of her bra. "It is early for him yet but we will soon teach him not to flinch when one of his black master's honours him with their touch."

My eyes went wide with horror and sheer embarrassment.

"What the fuck is she talking about?"

"Black masters?"

She had never seemed entirely right to me I remembered. Not from the time HR had assigned her to be my personal-assistant after my promotion to head of the sales-department. This at the property development company where we both worked.

Some *four* years ago now!

But this?

Abducting me and… and…

The crazed black bitch had not only gone off reservation but had taken a trip off-world!

Just the same, the memory of that *"tap"* and what the guy could do to me in my current condition had me remain still as she took the scissors and cut away my clothes.

Within minutes I was butt and cock naked on my knees before them.

"There, doesn't he look so much better now, Saul?" I heard her ask as I cringed and tried to cover my shrivelled and utterly disinterested cock with my tied hands.

This time it was her hand that cuffed the top of my head, and if there was any decrease in power, I didn't notice it.

"Move again, inja and I'll squeeze your worthless balls until your eyes pop from your head.

I would later come to learn that *"inja"* was the Zulu for *"Little Vinnie"*, but I was more concerned with the threat to my jewels from the certified lunatic before me than learning a new word at this time.

"Your little white cock is my property now and you will *never* hide it from your owner."

It was Saul who snatched my bound hands up and away from my manhood and held them above my head with such force I knew it was useless to struggle.

"Pass me his collar, Saul," Danika Nwadike asked the man behind me when she was convinced I was going to obey her and remain still; this as I used the privacy of my thoughts to concoct all kinds of painful and lasting paybacks upon the two of them the moment I freed myself of them.

I was, as you no doubt understand, utterly convinced at this time that I would be at some time.

Free of them, I mean.

It would be fair to say I am nowhere near as confident now – if at all.

Then, taking receipt of a thick leather collar with a buckle and a ring dangling from it, she belted it around my neck before locking it shut with a tiny padlock.

But worse… *far worse* …was to come.

As I looked on in a condition of shock and terror, too afraid of the consequences if I were to struggle, despite the bravado of my vengeful thoughts, the long fingers with their pink painted nails of the black woman – the same black woman I'd once had removed from her employment - manipulated a steel ring around my scrotum before inserting my shrivelled and equally terrified cock into a cage fashioned of sturdy steel bars.

Believe me, there was not one frisson of desire, unwanted or otherwise, that greeted the cool touch of her black fingers as she inserted my cock into its new home.

The click of the padlock as it took control of my manhood away from me, brought my condition – and how easily it had been achieved – home to me.

In the space of a few hours, as I was about to kick-back and enjoy a long relaxing weekend, I had been taken from a supermarket car-park, placed on my knees in a strange cellar, had my clothes cut from my body and been placed in a Little Vinnie-collar while my cock and balls had been caged.

The chain onto which I watched her slide the padlock key, prior to fastening it to her ankle, only served to heighten the almost complete sense of unreality assailing my senses.

"You are going to serve me," she said, the words sliding past those brilliant and oversized ivories with total conviction. "From this point on, you are to think of yourself as my property and Saul here, the man who looks after my property, as your master."

She hesitated a second until, with a broad smile that did noting to make her any prettier:

"Your Black-Master."

I simply stared at her as if she had arrived fresh from the court of Ming the Merciless and Flash Gordon himself would shortly drop by to bast her to infinitesimal bits with his ray-gun; hoping the lasting ramifications for the rest of her life once she was – as would be – caught and sentenced transmitted themselves to her.

"I am Master Danika," she went on, my transmission failing, "and this is Master Saul. Failure to address us with proper respect will earn you a punishment at our hands."

She nodded to the man named Saul and, still holding my arms in the air, he began to remove the gag from my mouth.

"Be very careful, little Vinnie," she told me, taking me by the chin as the gag left my mouth and I drew in copious lungful's of air.

“Speak again without either my permission or that of Master Saul and I will strap you to that ladder over there and have him use you just like the bitch I intend you to become for him.”

Already in a condition of some fear, the prospect she had just described sent my feelings of terror into orbit.

I was a straight guy who’d never had a single homosexual thought his whole life; so you can only imagine the effect of her words upon me.

“Good boy,” she remarked with a sneer when I remained silent and quelled the litany of threats and abuse I’d had ready to lambast her with.

“How will you address me from now on?” she asked.

I felt nausea work its way from my very bowels to the back of my throat at the prospect of addressing her – or anyone – in such an unmanly fashion.

“I shall count to three,” she told me, rising to her feet upon booted and surprisingly shapely legs and staring down at me with a look of pure animal joy on her ungainly features as she contemplated my naked, collared, and chastised body beneath her.

There was not a scrap of desire in me for her.

Though I was not to know how quickly that would change.

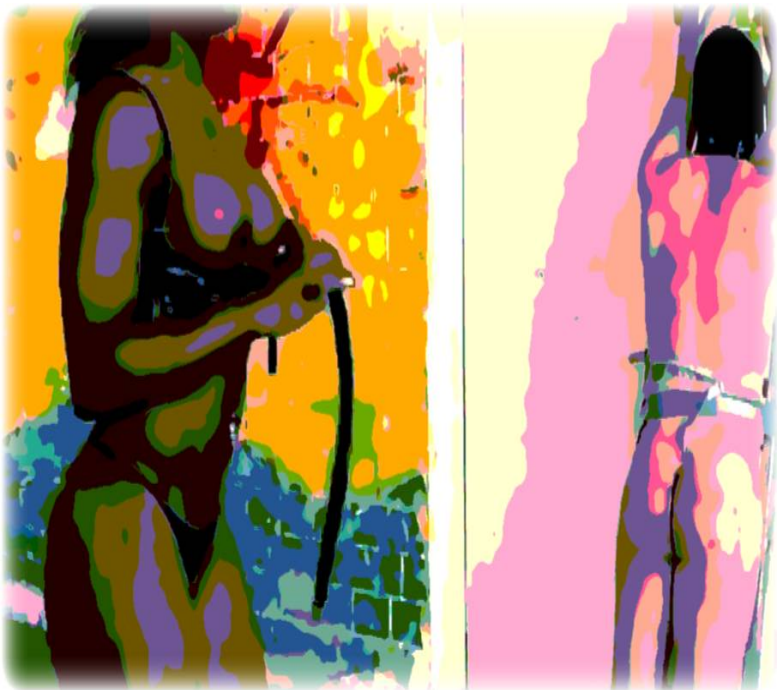
“If I do not hear the words: *‘Master Danika’* from your lips when I finish you know what will happen.

My nausea threatened to blast from my throat and past my horrified lips as the huge black man behind me actually ran a hand through my hair possessively.

“One… Two… Thr…”

FOUR

Vincent



After the man had actually untied my hands and feet – so confident was he of his mastery over me – he had swatted away my attempts to fight him and manhandled me to the ladder under the excited eyes of Danika Nwadike before re-tying me to the top and bottom rungs.

“Oooh, doesn’t our new white-boy have a cute little bum, Saul?”

I cringed, never having felt less masculine in my life and trying to bite back tears at the effortless way in which my manhood was being stripped from me as one of his hands stroked my flanks possessively. As if for all the world he actually a part-owner of me.

“While you make him more… *obedient*,” she said from behind me, tone demonic and self-satisfied, “I’ll get his cage prepared for his first night as our submissive slave boy.”

“Yes, Madam Danika,” he said, not looking back at her but turning my head from the ladder so I could stare into his eyes.

I tried to turn my head away and, to my further horror and deep humiliation, e brought his free hand down upon my unprotected buttocks with such power I yelped.

“Do not look away from your Master, boy,” he told me as my eyes returned to his own.

Unwillingly.

He towered above me, black as the African night and more powerful, no scintilla of doubt in his eyes questioning his ability to keep me subdued visible.

With or without tying me.

The face beneath the hairless dome of his head was as simian and unyielding as that of the woman he addressed as *'Madam Danika'* and it was obvious his body beneath the casual cotton shirt was muscled and powerful. I felt truly intimidated by him and – if I were truthful – by the bitch who had once been my personal assistant as well.

And then I jumped as I felt his black hand stroke my ass and insinuate a finger into the crack.

"Stay!" came the command, as if I truly were a canine he was training and, with an effort that was aided by my growing fear, I managed to do as he commanded as the sound of a cage door being opened came from behind us.

"Please!" I heard a voice beg and realised it was my own.

The hand that punished my buttocks actually made me scream and I heard a giggle from the woman behind both myself and my tormentor.

Again and again it came down and along with the unmanly tears flowing from eyes, I heard myself actually begging another man to show me some mercy in a voice so piteous I struggled to believe it was mine.

And this from nothing more than the impact of his big black-hand against the lily-white skin of my virgin buttocks

"Do not be too hard on our little boy Saul," she said mockingly. "I'm sure he will try harder in future."

The man grunted in my ear and, to my relief, removed his hands from me and stepped away as the bitch herself came into my peripheral vision.

"You do want to be a good little boy for Master Danika and Master Saul, don't you?"

I was still finding it hard to believe this was happening. No more than a few hours ago I had been a carefree thirty-something bachelor looking forward to a relaxing weekend and the salivating prospect of a hot-date with Crystal from accounting. Now I was here, bollock naked with a collar about my neck and my cock in a cage being told I was a little boy.

Her little boy.

And his, of course

"Don't you!" she snapped, the harshness of her voice and the expulsion of breath accompanying it blasting into my ear as I flinched away from her.

“Y-Yes,” I heard myself tell her, an image of having my humiliation witnessed by my peers at the workplace only serving to heighten my shame.

“Yes, WHAT?” she asked.

I truly felt sick and I’m sure it was only the prospect of what would be done to me were I to void my stomach over the austere but pristine concrete of the basement helped me to force my nausea back.

“Y-Yes…” I had to force it out. “Yes… M-Master Danika.”

“Good boy,” she cooed, hateful voice becoming less harsh as she ran a hand through my hair and ruffled it by way of some sick reward, oblivious or simply uncaring of the flinch I couldn’t prevent at the contact.

As I prayed the door would suddenly be caved in and a handful of Chicago’s toughest and finest charged in to set me free and place the certifiably perverted and insane duo under lock and key in snug-fitting straitjackets, my former secretary ran a black hand from the nape of my neck to the crack of my buttocks before patting my flanks as if I were a skittish colt she was reassuring.

I promise you, it did NOT work.

“Things will be much easier for you going ahead if you accept what has happened to you and make the most of your new life.”

“New life?” I suddenly exploded, not only speaking without permission but doing so at the top of my lungs. Are you fucking…. *Aaaaaaaagh!*”

My hair was suddenly yanked back and I was staring into the scariest pair of eyes I had ever seen so close-up as the black bitch stepped to one side and allowed the onrushing Saul to once again take his huge hand to my already tender ass.

Once again I was amazed at the power of the man until the pain drove all coherent thought from my mind and all I could think about was getting him to stop and began to scream and entreat for mercy, just as if he were some all-powerful potentate and I the white captive he was intent on torturing.

Think of a young girl’s hysterical shrieking and amplify it a few times, and you might come close to the desperation with which I begged him.

So painful was it even my shame took second place to my need for it to stop - and if you don’t think a man can lose consciousness from a simple hand-spanking then think again…

*****

…The water that woke me was ice cold and when I regained a semblance of my senses I realised I had been taken from the ladder and was upon my back on the concrete of the basement floor.

My African tormentor – the male version – was standing a few feet from me with his arms crossed and looking angry.

He was also naked.

To my utter horror, looked even more powerful and intimidating minus the camouflage of clothes and the fact he was also sporting the longest and thickest erection that I could ever remember seeing - not being the kind of guy to seek such sights out – did nothing calm me.

It was as long as the gap between my wrist and my elbow, with throbbing veins pulsing it's coal-black length.

Feeling nausea to match the pain from my seared buttocks, I took my eyes from the sight and tried not to think about what his nakedness might mean.

There was no sign of the bitch who was in cahoots with him and my hands reached beneath me to try and soothe the fire searing my butt cheeks.

"Take your hands away now," he ordered in his thick but legible English."

I am sorry to say I did not have the courage to disobey and did as he asked; though I was unable to look in his direction.

"That is my good boy," he praised, shaming me further. "Up on your knees now and show me how obedient you intend to be from now on.

Body shaking with fear in front of the black giant, I did as he asked raised myself up onto my knees, still unable to meet his piercing and simian stare. I was exhausted and still in a condition of shock in the face of what was happening to me. Everything seemed as if it were geared to emphasise my surrender to both him and, even more so, my former secretary.

My head hung in shame, I could see his bare feet upon the concrete in front of me and tried not to ask myself just *why* he was naked and why we were alone.

I watched those feet step towards me and my shaking increased as I felt him take me by the chin and raise my face to his.

The eyes staring into mine were alive with the joy of having a handsome, reasonably affluent and successful, white man below him and were about as inflexible and scary as one man's eyes could be.

"Look at Master Saul's cock," he ordered.

"P-Please," I pleaded forgetting again in my desperation the order not to speak without permission.

I would do my best not to forget again.

This time it was not one of his massive black hands that cuffed me to submission as he held me in place by my hair.

Would that it had been.

Suddenly, my cheeks were being rocked to one side and then the other as he used his throbbing erection to bitch-sla me.

“You…”

Slap!

“Do not speak…”

Slap!

“Without…”

Slap!

“Permission…”

Slap!

“From either me…”

Slap!

“Or Master Danika.”

I heard myself actually sob and an image of my colleagues, girlfriends and family looking on as I was treated in such a way only served to fuel this most unmanly of reactions.

“Tell me you understand,” he demanded, cock held at the ready to humiliate me further if I resisted.

Adding, before I could answer:

“And be respectful to your Master.”

My whole body literally vibrating with fear, I did not hesitate, even if I did stammer a little:

“I… I understand, hmm, M-Master Saul.”

The brute who was controlling me with such ease nodded with satisfaction.

“That is my good boy.”

All thoughts of shame and rebellion left me at that point and I realised I was too relieved not to have offended him to bridle under his patronising and demeaning way of describing me.

“Now I want you to look at your Master’s cock that you may know what a real man’s penis looks like.”

Even this command that made me feel as if I would empty my stomach once again, did not stop me obeying – at such a level of fear did he have me already.

It was rising above his taut and swollen balls – so different to those of min trapped in the embrace of the ring and the cage above containing my own example of manhood.

So great was his excitement and its own taunting power, the organ seemed almost… *alive*.

And seemed to be growing even bigger as it stood out before him as if it were a cannon being primed to fire.

Well over nine inches, my dislocated thoughts assessed, and probably closer to ten with a prodigious width and a shiny and swollen knob at its apex.

"Lick Master’s balls", he said in a commanding voice implicit with threat.. “Then put it in your mouth."

Which was the exact point that my stomach could take no more and I turned my head to the side as the vomit gushed up to my mouth and projected itself onto the concrete floor…

FIVE

Danika



Breaking off from the reading of my book to savour the anticipation of what awaited me downstairs in the basement, I posed before the full-length against the backdrop of the pulled curtains that led to the extensive gardens of my home and flexed the muscles beneath the black leather bodice I had decided to wear for my second meeting with my new…

"Slave!"

Just saying the word out loud had me wanting to rush to the basement.

To have the once so-superior Vincent Daley use the tongue he had once used to bark orders at me to lick my feet from toe to ankle like the worshipful Little Vinnie I intended him to become for his female master.

Surveying myself in the glass, I knew I looked powerful.

This I had to concede.

But…

Something wasn't quite right and I knew I could do more to have the impact upon him I required.

Nodding to myself, I decided the longer Saul had with him the more… *biddable* …Vincent Daly would be and I could use that time to read a little more and come up with a more fitting outfit with which to impress him.

Not seconds later, I was again engrossed in Vera Carlisle's all too brief story as it detailed one gigolo's fall from grace as a man to become a human canine at the hands of his young German heiress wife.

More pertinently, I was riveted by the description of the former gigolo's supervision under the hands and feet of the heiress's monstrous Senegalese housekeeper…

Anobi…

…Gulping in great draughts of the air he was being starved of, Maurice Baxter kept his ears pricked, just the same, for the girl's instructions.

Barely seven weeks had passed since he had been securely delivered to Anobi's clutches by Private Ambulance, but it had time enough to fill him with a deep and abiding terror of the large African girl who seemed intent upon dehumanising him beyond all recognition.

Forever naked and forever on all fours – when not curled upon the blanket she had placed at the bottom of the cage in which she insisted he slept and returned to when she did not require him – his every waking moment was full of the black girl and her commands, rebukes, and instructions.

"I not hear my Chien-Blanc sniffing Anobi's big black arse," came some of the most humiliating words ever to be aimed at the head of a proud middle-aged Englishman as he lay with his back pressed to the terracotta floor tiles of Ilse's hateful Senegalese hideaway – hated by him, anyway.

The instant way his nose dove into the crack of the black arse that hovered above his reddened and oxygen starved cheeks spoke volumes for the level of fear the young black girl had instilled in him during the past weeks with greater clarity than any words ever could.

Though the smile of satisfaction with which Anobi greeted his capitulation, had he been in a position to see it, would have told him she was in no need of such words anyway.

As it was, the only view available to him, what with his nose buried between the earthy and none too clean cushions of black flesh she was determined he should "show respect", was the broad sweep of her naked and coal black back as it towered above his prone form.

And even that was blurred from the tears of self-pity that seemed forever in his eyes these days as the sheer, unrelenting and inhuman, humiliation of what had become his daily life at the demonic black teenagers hands and feet kept him constant company.

Knowing all too well what was required of him now and steeling himself not to retch as he went about the God forsaken task.

"That is good, my obedient little Chien-Blanc," his trainer and tormentor sighed from above him as she felt the tip of his surgically lengthened tongue insert itself into her puckering anus. "Light fluttery licks to begin with then… Yes!... That is the way!"

Pleased she was pleased with his efforts and would feel less inclined to motivate him with either a young and clubbing black-hand or the sole of her shoe, his self-disgust for what he was allowing her to force him to do was not lessened.

"Yessss… You are taking to your lessons very well, just like Ms Ilse say you would…"

Relieved she seemed happy but hoping to get the malodorous task over and done with as swiftly as possible - still in a state of some shock that he, Maurice Baxter could find himself being used in such a way by a black girl who was by some way his social, physical and intellectual inferior; the once alpha-male and proud de-flowerer of women, women so far beyond the monstrous black girl whose arse he was being forced to worship as to be invisible to the naked eye, thrust his tongue deep into the surprisingly tight anus being pressed down upon him.

The hand that slapped his unprotected thighs came down with such force he would have screamed an expletive – had, that is, his mouth not been full of her nether-regions and he had been in possession of the equipment necessary for such a sound.

"Bad Chien-Blanc!" she told him, accompanying her rebuke with yet more slaps to his swiftly reddening thighs. "You meant to savour the arse of Miss Anobi. You privileged to be allowed your tongue into her glorious black shit-chute and must take your time to please it the way you know she likes.

Below her, thighs beginning to burn and the black skin of her capacious buns not inches from his moist eyes, Baxter nonetheless found a space in his torment to wonder at the pure madness of the words being directed at him; thoughts wandering again to his friends and lovers back in England and how they would react were they to see him being used in such a way.

And by such a person!

"Start again," she ordered. "Concentrate on Miss Anobi's lovely black arse but don't forget to give her juicy young pussy some attention from your Little Vinniegy tongue.

With his recently modified and extra-long tongue he slid forward from her arse and lathed at her pussy in the way she demanded, the little mewing sounds reaching down to him evidence he was doing what she wanted to her satisfaction.

"Lick Ms Anobi's black arse now, Chien-Blanc," she ordered after he had spent some time working at her clitoris. "Show her how well you learn her lessons."

Feeling as low as he could imagine any human being ever having felt, the Little Vinnie, formerly known as Maurice Baxter, did as his black handler bade him and inserted his tongue into the crevice between the smooth and capacious mounds standing guard either side of her "shit-chute", as she put it.

Only a huge effort of will, inspired by his terror of the demonic black teen, prevented him from gagging as the familiar and soul destroying taste no man of pride and self-respect should ever know again made it on to his tongue.

Lining up her pucker hole up with his face, Anobi's voice took on an even sterner tone:

"Lick me slowly, now Chien-Blanc, the way Ms Anobi teach you. I knows you not like having to put your Little Vinniegy tongue in her shit-chute but you got to get used to it. This your life now. If it not be my black arse you worship then it be that of Master Ilse, so you best get it right."

In spite of all he had been through at her hands, a fresh thrill of horror crashed over his senses like a wave of flood water ready determined to decimate Baton Rouge.

Being forced to perform such an act for the black girl was one thing; she was a low-bred monster and, for a reason he had yet to explain to himself, doing it for her, though humiliating, was less soul-destroying for the knowledge that, even in his current condition and the circumstances that had given her control of him, she was not and never would be his equal either physically, mentally, or socially.

To perform the same demeaning act for the German bitch responsible his current situation – a young woman from the same social strata as himself with whom

he shared mutual acquaintances; a young woman, moreover, he had married, if only for her wealth, and had yet to even touch intimately – was mortifying in a way that sickened him to his very core. He would be inserting his tongue into the "shit-chute" of a young German girl he had seen as a meal-ticket to wealth and independence. The same German girl who had used that wealth to have his body modified in such a way he could no longer walk on two legs the way a man should or use his hands now his fingers had been fused together. Neither could he speak nor find the strength to fight back after her bought and paid for surgeons had done their work.

Worse, she had used her money and contacts to ensure that his treatment had been logged as a result of a fictitious motor accident that had also resulted in mental instability on his part that had led him to convince himself at times that he was really an animal while, at other times, his paranoia would result in his accusing his lovely and caring young wife of having put him in the situation in which he found himself.

It beggared belief!

Except it didn't.

This was his reality and there would be no respite from it. To all intents and purposes, the authorities here regarded him as physical and mentally unstable and – backed up by medical and psychiatric assignments of his inability to look after himself – it was only natural he be made a ward of the court and his welfare given over to the loyal young wife who was wealthy enough to look after him.

"Why you stop, Chien-Blanc?" the hated voice of his black handler cut into his latest retracing of the steps that had led him to be on his knees with his tongue in an overweight teenager's arse.

"You wanting to annoy, Ms Anobi?"

The threat implicit in her tone was all it took for him to instantly respond in the negative in the way she had taught and trained him before plunging his lengthened tongue back into her chute with – if not alacrity – purpose. The alternative of time spent across her big black thighs as her reprimanding hand came down upon his buttocks in all their vulnerability something of a motivation. Her threat to do so in front of the German bitch responsible for his descent even more so.

"That better," he heard her sigh, much to his relief. "Show Miss Anobi you grateful for the honour she does you to make sure you perform well for Master Ilse when she come back and want you to do the same for her."

As she parted the Black Sea and the rosebud serving as a riverbed was revealed to his blurred eyes, the cowed, modified, and utterly mastered Maurice Baxter did exactly that…

…It was then, for a reason beyond me, that I knew what I needed to wear to make the impression I wanted on my new white slave…

SIX

Saul



I am a simple man. My needs are not many and my loyalty, though hard to win, is total and complete once given. Not being blessed with great gifts by way of intelligence or creativity, I take pleasure from serving those who I feel are worthy of my devotions.

Such a woman is Ms Danika.

We had gotten to know each other through the wonders of chat-rooms and Skype and, though we each lived on different sides of the Atlantic Ocean, we both shared a common African ancestry. But it was only after a number of months that she offered to help me with my desire to become an American citizen and experience something of the life I had seen portrayed in the various movies that had come to the school building we used as a cinema in our small and poor village.

I still have no idea how she managed to arrange my work-visa after I had been turned down so many times.

Though I did know the lonely, elderly and wealthy, gentleman she had looked after in the form of housekeeper had passed away and left her his entire worldly belongings.

A considerable package that had ensured it would be she who now employed a housekeeper.

A position she offered to me the moment she considered my English good enough to impress US Immigration officials – at least once they could get past my heavy accent.

Allow me to make plain, Ms Danika and I are not lovers – though she does allow me to please her when the urge takes her – and though she is not a beautiful woman I see in her a woman of character and authority it is my privilege to both serve, please, and protect.

It was some months into my time with her that she confided to me the wrongs done to her by the man she once worked with.

A handsome man who was still unmarried in his thirties for whom she had developed… *feelings*.

To say I was enraged to learn that this pig had seen to it she lost her position within the company employing them, was to come nowhere close to describing my anger that anyone could dare to treat my *Ms Danika* in such a way.

Which explained my willingness to assist her when she told me what she would love to do to him if it were at all possible.

More months later, and with much planning, we were both agreed that it was indeed possible and we began to proceed with our plans; the success of which may be assessed by the fact that the man himself, naked and kneeling before me in her soundproofed basement, was not only addressing me as *"Master Saul"* but had actually crawled to me upon all-fours and licked my balls before taking my cock-head into his mouth and making a tolerable first time effort at pleasing my superior black cock.

Anything, it seemed, rather than have me take him over my knee and punish him like the pretend man that he was.

"We must remove all this nasty hair from your puny white body," I told him, angry that the body itself and the boyish features above were of the kind my lovely Ms Danika was most attracted; rather than my own physically larger and superior black body with its tribal marked face and hairless scalp.

Much good her attraction to him would be for him when he was fully conditioned as her white-slave.

He knew better by now than to speak without permission and simply knelt, still shaking in fear of me, as I continued:

"I am going to remove your body-hair," I told him. "But for now, or until Ms Danika orders it, I shall leave the hair on your head alone… Understand?"

There was, as my eyes blazed into his own, no hesitation, though he did stammer a little, and I found his easily won subservience pleasing.

"Y-Yes Of course, M-Master Saul."

My mocking *"Good boy"* reddened his cheeks with humiliation as I knew it would and I pointed to a long table behind the mesh cage that would be his sleeping quarters from now on.

“Lie on your back upon the table and spread your legs,” I ordered,

He complied upon wobbly legs and his body was soon spread out beneath me as I took the key to his cock and cage ring to release his decidedly shy penis.

I will not bore you with the details of how he averted his eyes when my big black hands handled his shrivelled manhood and proceeded to remove his hair; but I will say that I worked very carefully and slowly to ensure his body was pristine and free of all hair save for what remained upon his head.

Just as my lovely Ms Danika wished him at this point.

“Master Danika,” I began, simply to torment him, “feels that as your cock is so small when compared to mine, you are as inferior to me as a boy is inferior to a real man. A real man can grow hair as tick as a lion’s mane if he so chooses. But you are not a man but a boy and not only should you not be allowed pubic hair but you do not deserve to have manly body hair of any kind.

When he was smooth and naked to my satisfaction I ordered him into the shower Ms Danika had asked me to install in the corner of the basement and rinsed of the depilatories I had used to make him smooth after using the clippers upon him.

He did as I asked and winced after when I ran my hands over his body to make one last check.

Just to underline to me that this was no real man, there were tears in his eyes.

It was delicious and I knew my lovely Ms Danika would be proud of the way I was reducing him to little more than a boy.

“Get on your knees and face me,” I ordered, remembering the instructions of my mistress.

Face a picture of misery, he did as I commanded.

“You are no longer a man, *Mr Daley*,” I told him, almost spitting out his name. You are a little boy and you will be pleasing and obedient to your Master Danika or you will know pain at my hands you cannot imagine.”

His face paled even further and I decided it was time to strip him of what remained of his manhood:

“You need to be marked as the chattel or your masters you are to become,” I told him. “Fist as mine. Then, more importantly, and at a time of her choosing, by Master Danika.”

I could tell from the warring emotions upon his face that he had no idea of what was about to happen – at least not until he saw the first drops of my piss dribble emerge from my cock.

As my stream became as powerful as that of a hose to spray over his chest with humiliating force, a groan of sheer demoralisation reached my ears and, though I am not a cruel man, there seemed to be something… *just* … in treating him with such contempt. For the first time in my life in relation to those with a white skin, I felt… *powerful*. I was no longer the lowly African the white man looked down on. I was, exactly as my lovely Ms Danika promised I would be, the master of my own white servant – even if it would be she who exercised total control of him.

I looked down upon him feeling kingly as he knelt miserably upon the shower tray, body shaking with humiliation and repugnance as my urine glistened upon his pale skin, and even though my natural desire was for a woman rather than a man I felt my manhood pulse with what I knew to be the joy of conquest and breaking the will of a white man to my own.

For a few moments, I toyed with the idea of making him clean me with the mouth that had already so unwillingly sucked me to completion, but decided there was too much to be done still and that Ms Danika would be waiting.

"You are forever marked as my inferior now, *Mr. Daley* – or should I say: *'Little Vinny'*. And soon Master Danika will mark you as her property for all time. I will also mark you regularly to remind you that you belong to me also."

I was again feeling like an emperor as I stood above the pathetic kneeling form of this white man I had mastered as easily as if he truly were a boy and had to fight the urge to have place his lips around my hardening cock once again, were it not for the fact that I knew my lovely Ms Danika would be anxious to see how her new chattel were coming along and there were question he needed to be asked before his female master took the trip that would make his servitude to her – and me – more binding.

Disappointed, but knowing there would many more such occasions in the months – *years* – to come, I ordered him to wait until my piss had dried upon his body and then to shower once again before crawling to his cage and lying down inside and answering some questions.

Truthfully.

Unless he wished to go over my knee in front of his former secretary and feel my full power and strength…

SEVEN

"Vinny"



She cleared her throat and stood before my cage, inside which I rested upon my haunches, the top of my head pressed against the steel-mesh of its roof. Unlike before, the stereotypical BDSM wear of leather bra and spike-heeled boots were gone and replaced by everyday clothes that made her look as if she were going to a days work at an office. Much the same as she had come to work for me before I had HR let her go.

A blue shirt, black pencil-skirt to just past the knee, black hose and shoes with a spiked heel, met my eyes as she stood before my cage next to the black bastard who had just defiled me and of whom I was now in complete terror. He was no longer naked and was again clothed, while all I was wearing was the collar around my neck and the cage in which they had locked my cock and balls. She was looking down at me with amusement and pleasure as it struck me she had been wearing the exact same outfit a few years ago in my office when the representative from HR explained her services would no longer be required.

Her gloating smile told me she knew I had made the connection.

And just how the shoe was now on the other foot.

A foot that was not mine.

"Did Little Vinnie answer all your questions, Saul?" she asked, voice near purring as she rolled out my new and demeaning name. "Has he been a good little boy for his new black masters?"

“He has been a very good boy,” Saul told her, eyes catching mine and smiling. “I have written his answers down as you asked and he knows what to expect if any of them prove to be untrue.”

He was referring to my giving him the domestic and financial details of my life – most of which he seemed to already know – and the correct passwords and online banking details I had given him; too terrified of this black madman and his power to punish me to even consider lying.

“I have a feeling they will be the right answers,” the woman the black beast called *‘Ms Danika’* laughed. “Look at him kneeling there in his cage so obediently. He is already terrified of displeasing his new owners after only a few hours as our property.”

She crouched down so that she could better look into my eyes and see the misery in them that she had brought about, the skirt rising above her knees to reveal more of her legs in their black hose. There was something familiar about what she was wearing. But, understandably I think, I was too preoccupied right then to come up with what it was.

“I always knew he was a weak little man underneath all the posturing, Saul,” she told him, eyes never leaving mine as I lowered my own, unable to meet the intensity of her gaze.

“Your instincts were correct, my lovely Ms Danika,” he told her. “he will make you the most obedient of chattels”

I wanted to shout out a denial and would have, even knowing what would happen if I spoke without permission.

But then images of myself with my lips around the head of his cock after having licked his balls and then being marked in the shower stall flashed across my inner-vision.

How could I deny that?

“In fact,” Saul told her, “he wants to show you his respect before you leave for his home and take care of his affairs.”

My innards turned to mush as I knew what this brute expected of me and that my fear of him ensured I would do exactly as he told me.

“He also wishes to apologise to you for his behaviour when last you met,” he said, moving to the age and crouching that he might release its meshed door.

Then, as I waited for his signal, he took a step or two away and snapped his fingers.

The word of command that followed when I didn’t react fast enough to his order held enough in the way of a threat to send me to all-fours and through the cage-door instantly.

“Heel!”

Tears dropped from my eyes to the floor of the cage and then onto the concrete floor itself as I crawled all on all fours to the waiting feet of the woman who had once worked for me.

They were about as useful to my plight as the ring around my balls was useful to the imprisoned cock above it.

“Show Master Danika how ashamed you are of your behaviour towards her,” boomed the terrifying and accented African voice above me.”

This time I did not hesitate. And not only because I did not want the ordeal to last any longer than it had to. I was truly in awe of the black bastard above me and terrified of displeasing him.

As I lowered my head to kiss the toes of the black woman’s shoes, I felt the lead click onto my collar and sensed Saul hand it to her.

“Not the big white boss man, any longer, are you?” I heard her say from above, though chose not to answer.

Wisely, as it turned out.

She laughed.

“Do you see how quickly our little boy learns, Saul?”

“Yes, my lovely Ms Danika,” said the man, obviously more comfortable in the form of his service to her than I could ever be – almost, it seemed, as if his whole life had been destined to end as her housekeeper. “He is perfect for what you have in mind and will soon adapt to your desires.”

“And to yours too, my loyal Saul,” she reminded him as an image of the brute’s cock as it marked me did nothing to lessen the nervous shaking that threatened to topple me prostrate to the floor. “Do not forget, he is as much your property as he is mine.”

“You are as generous as always, my lovely lady.

“I must also congratulate you on the painstaking way you have removed all that unsightly body hair from Little Vinnie’s carcass.”

She laughed again and was joined by her monstrous male housekeeper.

“Why, anybody would have thought that our little boy here had delusions of manhood.”

“If he did,” Saul observed, still laughing, “I believe he has them no longer. In fact, Ms Danika, I am as sure as I can be that between us we can make Little Vinnie a most useful, if lowly, member of your household.”

I heard her agree and then felt my lips lifted from her toes as pressure on the lead raised me from the floor and to my haunches.

To find her eyes beaming into mine.

“I am going to make the journey to your home now, Little Vinnie,” she said, as my right cheek was pressed up against the outside of her skirt and the muscled thigh contained in it.

“I will be staying for as long as I require to tie up all the loose ends of your existence so that nobody cares to look for you, then I shall return and you can begin your life of service to Myself and Master Saul.”

I shuddered, knowing that though I had friends, if no family, it would be unlikely anyone would be too concerned if I were to disappear apart from my superiors at my place of work.

“I will give you a last chance to reflect upon the answers you gave Master Saul to his questions,” she went on. “But I warn you now, if I find any of them are not correct when I access your computer and bank-records, I shall call Saul and have him make you wish you were never born.”

My eyes darted away from hers, unable to meet the strength of purpose bordering on insanity I could see in her own.

She jerked the lead and returned my ead and the eyes in it to where it had been.

You may speak.”

My voice was a pitiful croak as I assured her everything was as I said, praying as I did so that I would soon find a way out of their clutches and bring what they had done – were doing – to me to the attention of the authorities.

“Very well,” she said, nodding to herself. “I choose to believe you and shall take you at your word.”

Crouching down, she placed the simian features I was coming to fear as much as I hated next to my own and allowed her warm and somehow animalistic breath to play over my face.

Then:

“When next you see me, the money in your accounts will have been donated to Afro-Caribbean charities of mine and Saul’s choice and your accounts closed. The outstanding rent on your apartment will be paid to your landlord and your belongings – all of them given to Goodwill.”

A feeling of utter despondency joined my terror of the two lunatics holding me as I realised that, even if I did eventually manage to free myself from their grasp, I would essentially have to begin my life anew.

Despondency deepened by the next words she delivered into my face from less than six inches away.

“I shall of course compose a letter of resignation to your bosses, explaining that you feel the need to leave the rat-race for your own sanity and will send a similar letter to any friends and girlfriends I find amongst your emails.”

She smiled and ran a hand through my hair as if to underline that I was no longer a man but was instead her boy, her pet, and her chattel at times that would be of her own choosing.

“Then, when I am satisfied you will not be missed,” she went on, “I shall return here to see how well Saul has trained you in my absence and we can begin our new lives together.”

She handed the lead to the man in whose care I was about to be left and rose to her feet.

“Walk him upstairs with us, Saul, so that he may kiss his female master’s feet goodbye…”

EPILOGUE

Master Danika, Master Saul… and Little Vinnie



<u>One Year on:</u>

Her guests had departed some hours since and, though she was tired, she was also thrilled at the reaction of her Black Sisters in Supremacy group to visiting her home for the first time.

More importantly, she was elated at the positive her more trusted Sisters within the group had reacted to being waited upon by a handsome white servant as he was supervised by the hunk of facially unappealing but bodily desirable African to whom he deferred so obsequiously.

Slavishly.

Of course, they could have no idea of the planning and the work that had gone into destroying the white man's life and binding him to their Sister, but Danika Nwadike was unconvinced that her selected female guests would have been less enthralled had they known that, far from simply being a white manservant to a black woman, the handsome white man was little short of being an indentured slave in the way of their own forebears of no more than four or five generations past.

It was a real joy to see the growing arousal of her Sisters to being waited upon and served by a white-man who did not come across as the usual white pervert who sought such servitude out.

It was one reason she was so pleased to see her sisters leave.

Any longer and Danika knew she would have been tempted to give them more concrete evidence of her ownership of the man.

And, she thought - this as she pictured herself in one of her favourite positions, using the man she had once worked for and now owned as a stool, her arse upon his bare back as she sat before her dressing-table mirror or elsewhere - she was not yet totally convinced they were ready for such a revelation.

Even if she could not wait until that time when she *knew* they were.

Now, watching Little Vinnie as he cleared up after their departure rather, his expression not so closed she could not tell he was glad to see them leave, she looked forward to that time when she trusted her selected band of Sisters enough to show them just how much power and control she had over her white bondsman.

The exercise of which being something she knew with certainty – sadly for him – she would *never* tire.

She sometimes found it hard to believe that it had only been a year since Saul had acquired him outside that Chicago supermarket and gave thanks to providence for ensuring her path had crossed with the black African who was as devoted to her in the way of a slave without her once thinking of him in such a way.

Danika recalled her feelings of lustful joy when she had used her former boss's keys to let herself into his leased apartment and begin the process that would transfer ownership of his life from him to hers. The fact he had not lied and was so terrified of the man who was now his black male master as she was the female version boosted her confidence that what she wanted was achievable.

And with nothing in the way of risk to either her or Saul.

All the passwords for his laptop and other details such as banking had been correct and she was soon composing the emails from his laptop to her own that would ensure – in the unlikely event he managed to involve the authorities – that he had actually sought out his servitude to herself and Saul.

As she watched him tidy after her departed guests beneath the strict supervision of his black master, Danika allowed her mind to wander back to the composing of those emails she had sent herself by way of a personal failsafe and her replies to them…

… Most Glorious Mistress Danika

I know you were shocked by my declaration of last night after I had travelled to see you, but I beg you to think about my most genuine offer and please allow me to repent for the wrong I did you since I had you wrongfully terminated from your employment. My conscience has plagued me since and has become so heavy that the only way I can see to atone is to offer myself in the role of your unpaid servant for as long, and in any position, as you want me.

This is a deathly serious offer and one of the reasons I will soon leave my employment and find some other form of penance if you do not accept my offer.

I always sensed the commanding presence beneath your professional demeanor and I pray that in having me at your domestic and even sexual beck and call will convince you to forgive me for the wrong I have done you.

Since having you fired I have regretted it every day and have come to realise my actions were prompted by my growing desire to be of use to a strong black woman such as yourself. I heard of the money and property you inherited from the elderly man for whom you went to work after leaving the company and I know you could easily afford to pay a servant of your own choosing if you wished. My hope, however, is that my offer to serve you for nothing more than room and board will prove my sincerity and make you look favourably upon my petition.

So, yes, I was serious when I asked you to become my Mistress and take charge of me on a 24/7 basis. I cannot think of a greater honour than to serve a powerful black lady such as yourself – and especially when it would allow me to find peace with myself for the wrongs I inflicted upon you.

Please, my superior Ms Danika. Take this weak and unworthy white man as your servant and allow him to repay his debt to you. Help me, please! I wish nothing more than to serve you – and in ways of your own choosing. I have sent you pictures and details of male-chastity devices to assure you that placing me in such a contraption would not only make you feel safe but give you complete control over my sexuality.

Think of the power you would feel at those times when I dropped to my knees before you and begged to be released from my confinement that I might masturbate to thoughts of you or, if you are feeling generous, feel either your hand or the soles of your superior feet around my cock as I bask in your lavish kindness.

I will serve you in any way you wish without setting a limit as to my time in your service and I cannot wait to feel the sole of your superior foot against my servile head as it presses me to the ground below you, prostrate and obedient.

Tell me you will at least think about it, my would-be Mistress Danika. I am sick of my life at the moment and the pain I feel for having treated you so despicably I know you are younger than me by a number of years, but I also know that you are a caring and dominant personality in your own right and that your ownership of me will only serve to progress your development into the superior and self-confident young woman fate surely intended for you to be.

Please give this serious thought my hopefully and soon-to-be "Mistress Danika".

I am ready and at your disposal.

Yours with hope,

M…

…She remained proud of how she had put the emails together, having learned enough of his overly formal style of writing from those in his sent-items folder, together with her knowledge of that style from having worked for him, for even his letter of resignation from the company citing emotional issues to be believed.

By the time she had spent four days in his home and done everything she could to take him off the map in the way she had told him she would shortly before leaving, Danika was as convinced as she could be that the emails she had sent from his laptop to herself would be all that was required to put her beyond the law should she ever be accused of abduction or holding him against his will. And the longer she kept him at her side, with Saul's help, the less persuasive any accusations would be and the harder it would be for the former Mr Vincent Daley to claim back the life she had just effectively given away.

As she had finally driven back to her own home after Goodwill had stripped his apartment bare and she had mailed the keys back to the landlord, his personal documents such as a Passport and birth certificate were in her possession and he was effectively without a job, a home, and money.

His accounts had been emptied to various charities with an ethnic overview – underpinning the desire stated in his bogus emails to her to serve a black woman – and she had been scrupulously careful to ensure neither the money nor the charities themselves could be inked to her in any way.

As she drove back to her home after four days without any contact whatsoever with Saul, save for some unanswered calls to her own cell-phone in a desk drawer in her office at home to log the fact that Daley had been calling her, she realised how heightened was her anticipation of what she would find by the lack of any news.

The docile, obedient, and utterly compliant man she found waiting for her when she did arrive back – and after only four days away - made her hard won patience more than worth it…

*****

He was a broken and beaten excuse for a man now and could do no more than acknowledge it. That he hated the woman and the black giant who terrified him even more now than he had at the beginning of his nightmare was not in any doubt in his mind. Even if he would never express anything but the most profound obedience and devotion to their face if questioned.

Yet even his thoughts had to confess that, aside from the physical attentions both required from him and never seemed to tire of, he was not physically mistreated apart from those times when either *Master Danika* or *Master Saul* considered his behaviour required…

Correcting.

As he showed the last of his Master's black guests from the home to looks that mingled desire and contempt with envy for the woman he served, he felt relief at their departure.

For no matter how far he had fallen from the manly heights he had once thought himself to occupy, being submissive and attentive to strangers did not come easily to him.

In fact, it was probably only the brooding and supervisory presence of Saul that kept him diligent as he served the ladies with a face reddened with humiliation for being forced to act the role of manservant.

He recalled the *"training"* he had been given by Saul during those long and interminable days of her absence as she stripped his life from him and realised how far down the ladder he had been taken since then.

These days, though he still occupied the cage in the basement, there was no longer any need to keep him restrained or the doors – to the cage or elsewhere – locked.

He was considered…

Tamed.

And all he needed to convince himself of his own continued docility and desire to please was to recall the utter hell of humiliation and physical threat and discomfort the black man had subjected to during those first four days of his initial training for what he was told was to be his new life. With her. A new life he could see no way of escaping.

How could he?

He had nowhere to go if he left, and even if did persuade the authorities to believe him he knew they would not have a case. There was, after the bitch had taken care of things, nothing for him to leave for. Though he was unwilling to admit – even in the privacy of his own thoughts – that he had gradually become institutionalized to being in her home and not having to make decisions for himself anymore.

In fact, the more he thought of returning to the outside world the more frightening the prospect appeared to him.

What he would *never* get used to, however, was the free and easy way the man called Saul ran his hands over his body and made use of his mouth.

If, thankfully, nothing else.

Though he felt the man could be persuaded if *she* so desired it.

What he had gotten used to was using that same tongue to give the woman he now referred to even in his thoughts as *"Master Danika"* the pleasure she demanded from him and never seemed to retire of receiving.

He had even gotten used to her making him take the face dildo in his mouth as she strapped it to the back of his head. His caged cock throbbing uselessly as the scent of her arousal dominated his nostrils and the artificial latex version took her to a place the real version throbbing between his legs would never be allowed to attempt again. With *any* woman.

Which did not mean either she or Saul – and far preferably her – would not allow his *little dicklet"*, as they described it, from its restraint when they considered he had earned it and allow him to satisfy himself in a manner of their choosing.

A manner that was without fail as humiliating to him as it was impossible to refuse.

His chastity made worse on those occasions when he was forced to watch Saul satisfy the woman with his own prodigious cock.

A cock his mouth knew only too well.

Its smooth and hairless balls also.

The accented African voice he hated almost as much as he feared cut into his unpleasant reverie.

"Finish your chores down here then come to Master Danika's room and join us."

*****

As she rode the cock of the African she had brought to the country and who seemed almost as much her slave as the pitiful white specimen kneeling at the side of the bed and watching as instructed, Danika Nwadike was under no illusions regarding her white chattel's unspoken feelings towards me.

After all, was she not the one who had stripped him of his life and removed from him the trappings of his manhood of which he was so proud?

The one who had taught him to become adept at using his tongue to worship his Master; whether it be her feet, her cunt or her arse desiring his attention and going about the above tasks in the knowledge that even if he pleased her – and he invariably did – there was no guarantee she would free his cock and allow him to hump the outside of her smooth and muscled black calf or please himself in some other equally degrading way.

Having such power over him was intoxicating and, rather than obey the usual rule of diminishing returns, seemed only to grow in power.

She often thought to herself that she was as much an addict as one of the women who sold sex to be able to buy her next fix.

The difference being she had no need to sell anything to feed her own addiction and neither did it injure her physically – though she was careful to avoid dwelling on the harm her treatment of him as a human being was having upon her own mental health.

As she eased slowly up and down the black cock that never failed to please and fill her in ways her white chattel never could.

Even were she to allow him the privilege – she wondered what it was in her that could not be satisfied by a simple fucking yet could be taken into orbit simply by ordering her *"Little Vinnie"* to look on.

And look on while knowing that, when his black master Saul had deposited another copious load in her stretched pussy and he was alone with her, his tongue would be required to make her all sparkly and pristine once again.

It was, she knew, other than using that same tongue to clean Saul himself, amongst the things the poor man hated most.

"What a shame," her understandably distracted thoughts mocked as Saul brought her to a crashing climax and pumped copious amounts of his semen against her cervix as she fell forward onto his massive chest.

It was a few minutes or so later that she climbed off her housekeeper-cum-lover and allowed him to leave before planting the twin-columns of her powerful legs either side of her still kneeling white-slave's head to give the one-word command that was unnecessary these days but which she just loved to give:

"Tongue."

Unseen by him, her lips curled in a smile as, not seconds later, she felt herself being lapped and cleaned in the way she had taught him; the gagging that he had been unable to prevent on the first few occasions entirely absent after she had corrected his disobedient ass with the back of her hairbrush.

After reaching her second explosive orgasm thin minutes of the last, she patted him on the head and ruffled his hair in a way that would have seemed affectionate to anyone ignorant of both relationship and situation.

"Your Master is pleased with you Little Vinnie," she told him, never tiring of addressing him in such a way. "It won't be long before I'm pleased enough with your improvement to let your little cock from its cage and let it get all nice and hard for me."

She raised his head up by the hair so he could look into her eyes and smiled.

"I do so love to see my little boy's face as he pleasure's himself at his Master's orders."

Danika Nwadike felt rather than saw the desolation behind his eyes and knew it was the fact he would *never* stop comparing his old life to the new and hating her for having stripped it from him – even as he continued to serve her and Saul – that played such a huge part in her continued desire to own him.

Desire she could not for a second imagine ever waning.

"Am I not a kind Master to you?" she asked.

There was hesitation, but so brief as to be hardly noticeable:

"Yes, Master," came the reply in a once vibrant voice that had become faltering and uncertain over the months of his emasculation and servitude to her. "You are very kind to your humble servant."

As the words left his lips, and despite still being in the afterglow of another huge orgasm, Danika was tempted to have him fetch the face-dildo from her dressing-table and strap him into it that he might serve her ravenous gash yet.

And managed to restrain herself.

She did, after all, have the whole evening ahead of her.

“Good boy,” she told him instead. “You really are embracing your new life with your black masters.”

The eyes staring up at her flickered briefly and would have looked entirely beaten, had it not been for a certain *hatred* he could not prevent from simmering beneath the surface; even as the scent of her pussy in his nostrils ensured his cock continued to attempt to harden in its captivity.

It was a look she adored – especially as she was the one responsible or having placed it there.

“What a good Little Vinnie you are,” she praised again, plonking the round and muscled black buttocks that looked both firm and soft at one and the same time on the mattress and pulling him into her superlative breasts, reaching down with her free hand to cup his painfully full scrotum and roll his testicles between her fingers proprietorially.

Exactly as considered it was fitting for the young woman who owned them to do.

“Oooh, poor Little Vinnie,” she half-mocked, half-commiserated as his eyes, understandably, were drawn to the key to his cage that hung on a thing silver chain adorning her neck and making a startling contrast to her unblemished and coal black skin.

She drew his face from her breasts that she might read his expression:

“Would you like it if your Master allowed you out of your cage for a while?” she asked the elixir that was pure power that flowed through her veins as she exercised such personal power over another human being intoxicating enough to have made her legs buckle beneath her had she not been already seated.

She could see him thinking furiously, trying not to make his need too obvious and come up with an acceptable answer at the same time.

Danika Nwadike was on the verge of laughter for his timorousness when:

“Only…” he began, eyes flickering nervously. “Only if my Master considers my behaviour worthy of such a gift,” he finally answered, knowing how easily she could be displeased and not wishing his chance of release to go with it.

It was simply too delicious to see how far the man had been reduced from the swaggering and self-confident ladies’ man who had felt no conscience for having her removed from her employment.

And simply because she was obviously attracted to him but did not meet his requirements when it came to girlfriends.

“Hmmm,” she said, pretending to think about it. “I suppose you have come a long way since those first days of your training under Master Saul and his powerful black cock.”

And now she did laugh as she saw his already beaten expression take on a new misery at the reminder of how Saul had used his own manhood to break him.

“I have, Master,” he said eagerly, sensing she might be serious about allowing him an early release.

“And you truly know your place in life is with me now?”

“I do, Master! I do!” he cried, the self-confident executive and womanizer who had seduced so many women apart from the black secretary who had worked for him unrecognisable in the naked chattel who knelt at her side.

“And what is that place?” she asked caressing the key to his cage tauntingly.

“As your slave, servant and pet, Master. Whichever of the three you choose.”

“That is pleasing, Little Vinnie,” she told him. “I truly believe you are coming to mean what you say.”

Raising her leg, as naked as Little Vinnie himself, she presented a shapely and immaculately cared for foot, nails resplendent in pink varnish Little Vinnie himself had applied, to his lips.

“Show me your sincerity,” I ordered.

Obedience, given his sexual need, was instant and the sight of the lips in that handsome head lowering themselves to pay homage to her feet and the feel of his tongue as it laved at her smooth brown instep turned an already overheated pussy into a literal fountain of perverse arousal.

Long and wonderful minutes passed as she allowed him to continue of the dutiful canine she and Saul had made of him in all but speech and appearance, save for the collar at his neck both had decided would be permanent.

Perhaps with the addition of some more permanent signs of ownership applied to his unblemished white body.

It felt heavenly for a young black woman with her facial limitations to be able to command the attention of a man so handsome.

Not to mention… *white*.

So, heavenly, in fact, she decided to allow her property what he so obviously craved.

But not without conditions.

“Would Master’s Little Vinnie,” she began, “like his young black master to unlock the cock that now belongs to her and allow it to squirt its pitiful seed?”

So great was his need, her degrading language was ignored and the licking of her foot became kisses as he tried to force a positive decision from her.

“If it pleases, Master,” he began, using the patterns of servile speech taught him by Saul, whose own English was basically formal and precise. “Little Vinnie will be the most grateful of servants for such a gift from his owner.”

“And if Master allows Little Vinnie to hump his inferior English cock against the calf of his Master will he be prepared to clean his worthless and useless seed from her superior Arab skin afterwards?” she asked, almost making it seem as if he had a say in the matter.

His reply was akin to poetry to her controlling nature:

“Little Vinnie will be honoured to obey any order his superior black owner gives him, Master,” came the instant response, speech becoming more difficult as his cock throbbed against the metal restraining it and anguished groans underpinned his mode of communication.

“And afterwards, when his servile tongue has ensured the calf of his Master is as pristine as it was before she allowed him his release, will Little Vinnie place his tongue at the service of his young Master’s superior black ass and continue to lick and soothe until she is lulled to sleep and beyond?”

“It would be Little Vinnie’s great privilege, Master,” he answered, voice a mixture of utter longing and the discomfort provided by the cage itself.

“Very well,” she said, kicking his servile face from one foot with the other as if he were a dog whose attempts at ingratiation had begun to irritate, the act of casual cruelty provoking nothing more than anticipation in her former employer.

Sliding the chain over her neck and using the key to release the padlock attaching the metal foundation to his scrotum, she released him and with no small effort slid the cage from the engorged penis attempting to surge against it, enjoying the absence of hair ensured by months of electrolysis to both his sac and his crack as well as the rest of his body below the scalp.

His denied cock sprang free like a party-joke from a gift-box and pointed at her young and full breasts in accusation as if they were the culprits responsible for his situation and he wished to spear them.

Placing the ball of her foot on the carpet and her left leg in a position sideways onto him, sh presented its sleek black calf to him, the pressure of a foot on its tiptoes ensuring a dimple creased the calf-muscle and ran upwards.

“You are not to touch me in any other way and will keep your hands behind your back,” she ordered. “Should you get too carried away and disobey me on this you will not only be locked away for an even greater length of time but I will have Saul personally beat your balls until they are swollen beyond three times their usual pitiful size.”

Hands immediately went behind his back and she knew they would require no restraints to keep them there.

It was not the first time she had used the same motivation and she had no reason to expect it would be unsuccessful on this occasion.

“Begin now,” she ordered, “and keep your eyes upon mine the whole time that I may see the gratitude and respect in them. Lowe them, even for an instant, and I will remove my leg and place you back in the cock-cage. Understand?”

“Yes, Master,” he almost whispered, lust and need making his breathing ragged as he looked forward to a treat it was no longer within his power to reward himself with.

“Do you revere your Master?” she asked, aware of his desperation to spurt his seed and finding it delicious to prolong his anticipation.

“Y-Yes, Master,” came the low and sibilant response.

“I did not hear you!”

“Yes, Master,” he almost screamed.

“And is your Master Danika your purpose for living?”

“Yes, Master,” the look on his handsome face telling her he almost meant it at this point.

“And are you going to make your young female Master proud to own such a docile and deferential slave?”

“Yes, Master.”

Holding his eyes and allowing him to see the pleasure she took from reducing him to such a pitiful condition, she reached out a hand and stroked his cheek possessively; much as one would stroke a particularly pleasing spaniel.

“Then begin,” she ordered.

He needed no second urging.

Despite the shame offered by his position.

Not a second later, she felt the warmth and hardness of his cock as it thrust up against her calf and he struggled to maintain eye-contact with er in the frenzy of his lust.

He was breathing with difficulty as he humped her leg and she decided to add some sound effects of her own.

“That is as it should be, my good boy” she told him as his breathing grew still more laboured and his eruption became imminent – even as he tried to prolong the pleasure of having his cock free and against a female.

Despite the fact the female in question was on he hated to the bottom of his unvoiced soul.

“It is only right that my lowly Little Vinnie should pay his owner such homage after finding her so facially unappealing he had her employment terminated.

As he continued to hump at her while staring into her amused and excited eyes, his black Master seemed to think about it.

“In fact, I think that from now on the only release you will ever know will be against either the smooth brown calf of your Master or against the sole of Saul’s foot.”

He missed a beat at this last but was soon back to humping her leg as she added:

. When, that is, she deems you to have deserv…”

Still holding her eyes and unable to stop himself, he stifled a scream as his cock erupted in a series of explosions that splattered huge gobs of cum against the side of her leg and high enough to splatter the side of her thigh.

On and on, and on, he went, keeping his eyes fixed upon hers even as he swayed upon his knees at the power of his ejaculation, as if, in fact, the power and force of his pent-up release were too much for him and he must pass out.

Finally, his cock lay inert against the outside of her calf and she allowed him a few moments to recover.

Then:

“Now, lick your pathetic mess from your Master.”

It was only when her calf was once again pristine and his tongue was coated with his own discharge that she rolled onto her stomach and presented him with the sight of her smooth, rounded, and muscled, derriere.

No order was required and the tip of his tongue soon found its way to the rim of her anus and teased it in just the way she had taught him; her lust intensified as she wondered what her former colleagues in the secretarial-pool would say to see the one-time object of their desires serving her in such a fashion.

So great, in fact, was her excitement for a prospect that could never happen she almost decided to roll over and have him transfer tongue to cunt that she might again find her own release.

Which was when an image of her friends from the black women's group her servant had waited on earlier came to her as they witnessed him worshipping her ass and she did just that…

The End