His Female Master

A Powerful African Woman Makes Him Submit

By
St John Manville

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“A Female Master”

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Prologue

Scared almost to death, I watched her advance on me once again, lift me in a bear hug and hold me helpless in her massive black arms. She had stripped me naked earlier and it was just the two of us in the room. Which increased my chances of escaping her not even a little.

I was truly terrified of this monster and had no idea what to expect from her.

Except for pain if I disobeyed, of course.

And the ever-present humiliation.

"Wrap your legs around my body, white-boy, and put your arms 'round my neck like you cuddling yo' mummy."

Only too aware of what she was capable and what I'd already experienced at her hands and feet, I did as I was told; my shock and revulsion accelerating to even more advanced levels when she thrust her tongue into my mouth and began to explore both teeth and gums, the traditional roles of man and woman reversed as she made it plain she could take what she wanted from me and there was not the slightest thing, physical or verbal, I could do to stop her.

Her body felt like the smooth surface of cast and refined iron and I knew from unwanted experience that there was not an inch of give in it.

She repulsed me.

Which only served to make the cock, rammed up against her washboard stomach as it reacted to her dominance, all the more baffling in its urgent tumescence.

How could I find anything approaching sexual arousal from being manhandled in such a way?

And by a woman such as her!

Not a minute before, I had spurted my own cum onto the black foot my cock had humped against.

And this as I sucked upon the toe of the other foot she had raised to my mouth.

Where was such a response coming from?

In all my life to this point I had yet to feel the slightest frisson of desire for such… things.

So why now?

Suddenly setting me back down on my feet, she appraised the body she had conquered with such ease, hateful features contemptuous and sexually animated at the same time, the stare from obsidian eyes making me feel like the smallest and most insignificant insect under their gaze.

Even though she was more than familiar with my body, she again inspected my lean but fit body as if to satisfy herself I could never be a match for her. Black hands ran themselves over a still hairy chest I had always refused to shave in the face of the latest fascism masquerading as a fashion-trend and then moved down to my still straining cock and the heavy balls beneath it.

"Yo' going to make yo' new master very happy," she told me as I stood submissively before her, knowing I was outmatched and unwilling to unleash her anger upon me by even attempting to prove differently – so far, and in so short a space of time, had she gained ascendancy over me.

Not bothering to wait for any response I might make, my female tormentor picked me up in her arms as if I were some insignificant rag-doll from her youth and lay me, with surprising gentleness, upon the cold and bare floor.

As I stared up at her and tried to tell myself once again that I was simply dreaming and would wake-up any moment in the safety and security of my recently purchased apartment, she began to slide her black panties down past muscled thighs before easing them over the spike-heeled shoes supplying the pressure on her rippling calf-muscles that made them seem even more… intimidating.

The bra containing what I could only confess were a pair of full and incredible breasts – breasts that had lost nothing in the way of femininity in the usual way for women who worked out so strenuously – came off next and she stood above me with hands-on-hips.

Imperious.

A Nubian queen surveying the land below to which she held sole ownership.

Despite my hatred of what she was doing to me and the revulsion I felt for her, it was impossible for me not to acknowledge that every inch of her screamed out "Power."

It was at this point, I believe looking back, that something started to change inside me. A recognition that I… needed …to obey her and would do so whether she used physical force or not. Had she not already forced me to crawl to her on all-fours and place my lips upon her toes respectfully?

And with no more than the tone of her voice and the unrelenting appraisal of her dark and commanding eyes that were the most striking feature of a face that struck me as almost primeval in its physiognomy.

It was with a horrified fascination that I couldn't take my eyes off her overpowering musculature as she bent down to retrieve the soiled panties at her feet and, as I looked on powerlessly, lay them over my face with a strict instruction not to move but to simply lay there and breathe in her foul scent.

An instruction which, to my everlasting shame, despite the physical and mental fear of her prompting my compliance, I obeyed to the letter.

Even going so far in my fear of her to accentuate the breathing through my nose that she might be in no doubt I was complying with her edict.

The aroma through the fabric of the panties was strong and rich and I could feel it seeping into my consciousness and even heightening my growing feelings of subservience towards the monster who was flexing and preening above my stricken body.

The expression beamed down to me via obsidian and compelling eyes one of utter delight in having reduced me to such a condition before her.

I lay still and watched her remove her bra and stand naked before me. She flexed in a double biceps pose, producing huge rock-hard arms. I don't know if it was the strong scent of her pussy and ass from her panties or the fact that I was becoming hypnotized by her muscles, but my dick once again became erect.

My eyes grew wide as she faced herself towards my feet and I watched as she placed her legs placed either side of my head.

With the spiked-heels at either side of my head I stared up past the unnaturally powerful legs and thighs to be met by a pussy that struck me as positively… carnivorous.

A pussy that looked no less intimidating for being completely hairless.

My breath caught in my throat then as I divined her intention and my stomach began to turn; only the lack of any food inside it preventing an evacuation ensured to anger her.

Sure enough, her legs bent at the knee and the puffy lips of her labia began to descend towards me until she was straddling my head, facing my feet, arse spread just inches from my face as once again I was engulfed by the scent of her massive body that seemed to repulse and arouse me at the same time.

"Show master what a good white-boy yo' going to be for her an' lick my arse," her words boomed in my head.

Words, and the horror they described, that seemed to unlock the voice she had warned me not to use without her permission:

"Please, don't make me do that. I'll do anything else, but…"

My pleas ended in a strangled scream as she grabbed my balls and squeezed to cut my entreaties off. It felt as if my whole life-force were being sucked from me via my genitals.

"Be quiet, white-shit," she hissed, voice indicating she was deadly serious. "When yo' master offer you the honour of serving her arse wi' yo' pathetic tongue, yo' best start showin' her yo' appreciate what you be getting."

Then, as I lay powerless beneath her and attempted to suck air into starved lungs, thinking I would suffocate from the aroma already enveloping me, she lowered her monstrous and hairless African womanhood all the way until it rested upon my face.

Which, given my hatred of her was bad enough; but soon became worse when she slid forward to present the mouth I had just clamped shut with her shit-hole.

“Nice, respectful and worshipping, kisses on Master’s big black buttocks now,” her slightly muffled voice reached me, her hand giving my balls firm little squeezes with the expectation of supplying me with motivation.

An expectation I satisfied immediately by placing my lips on the firm yet smooth ebony skin of her left buttock in a kiss, before repeating the procedure with the left.

“That my good little white-boy,” I heard her coo, her own voice thick with the arousal her control of me inspired in her.

Suddenly, I felt her fingers between my face and either side of her buttocks as she prised them apart to reveal her puckered and nasty opening.

“Make that obedient little tongue into a point now and spear it into Master’s arsehole. Show her how much you appreciates what she let you do for her.”

The moistness of her excitement as it dripped from her pussy onto my chin was matched by the moistness of my eyes as I contemplated what she was demanding from me.

I tried to fight the urge my terror of her supplied me to simply submit and closed my eyes to the fetid abomination not inches above them.

A delaying of the inevitable that lasted less than a second or two.

“Go on, white-boy,” she urged when I hesitated, tone of voice unequivocal in regard of what I could expect from her by way of punishment if I disappointed.

Yet still I hesitated, what she was asking of me going against every scrap of the manhood I still had left to me.

Hesitation that lasted no longer than it took for her give my cowering scrotum another, harder, squeeze.

Without thinking, I stuck my tongue directly into her warm and tight shit-chute, feeling myself die yet another death-in-life as the earthy taste and aroma of her most intimate and disgusting place exploded onto and into tongue and nostrils.

“Good boy,” I heard her cooing above me, the sigh with which she delivered the praise revealing the levels of excitement dominating me in such a way provoked in her.

For what seemed an age, she rocked and swiveled on the point of my tongue as I wished for death to take me – my own thoughts challenging the sincerity of my desire in this even as the idea occurred to me.

If I was truly wishing for death to deliver me from my nightmare, then why was my cock – the same cock above the balls she had almost squeezed to pulp not thirty seconds before – extending upwards as if it were aiming for heaven itself?

But there was worse.

Far from maintaining its initial revulsion, my tongue was now actively thrusting upwards into her anus, intent it seemed on exploring the infernal cavity as far as its length made possible.

Which was when, as her latest "Good boy" praised my abject efforts – and for the second time in less than a half-hour, my cock exploded with a power and copious exclusion of cum that seemed unending…

One

From the Daily Telegraph – Tuesday. April 11. 2017:

Brit in Luanda Claims He Was Held as Slave

Britain's Ambassador to Angola, Sir Andrew Waddington, has asked the Angolan authorities to look into the case of a UK man who tried to break into the Ambassador's residence in Luanda in the small hours of yesterday morning.

Grant Yardley, a former PR representative of Hove in Sussex, was restrained by security staff after throwing a rock through a window of the residence to attract attention. According to the Ambassador, he claims to have been held as a domestic and sexual slave for the past two years by an Angolan woman who abducted him in Hove after he used the gym she owned there.

Mr Yardley, the Ambassador tells us, was in a condition of some mental and physical distress and was marked with both tattoos and body-jewelry on legs, upper body, and genitals.

The Angolan authorities have been informed and are making inquiries into the incident while Mr Yardley has been transferred to the British Embassy itself for safe-keeping.

It is not yet known how Mr Yardley came to be in Angola and the victim himself has no recall of how he entered; though he has supplied the identity of the Angolan woman he claims abducted him back in Britain.

Neither the Angolan Police Force nor the British Embassy have released the name of the woman involved at this time.

…The former Mrs Gemima Yardley – now Mrs Gemima Tennison – had sat in the immaculate kitchen of her London home and started to skim the small news item on the Telegraph's eighth-page with mild interest.

Interest that went off-the-scale at the mention of her former husband's name and became horror and disbelief when she read what was supposed to have happened to him.

"Grant?... In Africa?" her thoughts had marvelled. *"As the sex-slave of an African woman?"*

It was preposterous!

"Grant, if not xenophobic, was utterly uninterested in the world outside Europe. Even his taste in food was resolutely Norther European, with a nod to the French and Italians. What could have possessed him to go to Africa, of all places?"

Such were her thoughts as the implications of what she was again already re-reading suggested themselves.

Her morning coffee neglected and chilling in its cup, the highly attractive thirty-something with the Nordic looks ran through the item again, still unwilling to believe it could be about her *"Grant Yardley"*.

Divorced they might have been, but just because she had found a greater love with another man – a love impossible to resist – it did not mean she did not have remaining feelings of a similar kind for the ex with whom she had once expected to spend the rest of her life.

The guilt for having sought another man out while married to him, she knew, would only ever dull and she held no hope of it ever fully fading.

She took in the toxic newsprint yet again, unwilling to bring herself to believe it was her Grant the text described.

And found it no better for a third look.

The journalist had gotten it wrong, she assured herself, and it was simply a case of another *"Grant Yardley"*.

But this *was* the Telegraph.

Not the Sport.

"Sex Slave" headlines, mammoth front-page breasts and sensational and phoney attempts at attention-seeking were as alien to it as attempts at lucid and rational political journalism were anathema to its – *very* - distantly related, semi-porn, cousin.

Gemima's thoughts scrambled about for someone close to Grant she could call for more information.

And came up with nothing except work-colleagues.

Her ex-husband was an only child of deceased parents with no living relations. Or none that she knew of, at least. When it came to friends he was equally insular and it had only been her more outgoing social nature that had brought him out of his shell some.

A truth that had meant her friends became his friends.

Fir at least as long as they were married, anyway.

She knew for a fact that, since the divorce of over a year before, they had not been in contact with him.

Considering his feelings for her, and how what he considered her betrayal of him had sentenced her former husband back to the somewhat reclusive existence he lived apart from his work, this latest set-back in his life was not about to give her a rosy glow and an upbeat beginning to the day.

Hearing the jangle of her new husband's car-keys as he prepared to leave for another day in the City took her attention from the printed page.

“Hugh…!” she all but screamed, a sound that had her handsome thirty-one-year-old husband scurrying to her aid, expression one of relief when he entered the kitchen and saw she was safe, relief turning to annoyance when he realised he had been worried for no good reason.

“It’s Grant, Hugh,” she told him, grateful she and Grant had never had the child together they had often spoken of and that he or she wouldn’t have to read of such things concerning their father.

He waited, expectantly, puzzled and not a little worried at her state of distress..

“You’re never going to believe this…”

Two

…Work, though I enjoyed it, had been killing me and it had been over two months since I last went to the gym. Sure, there were the usual pools and workout areas in the hotels I'd stayed at during my yearly inspection of our Scottish franchises but travelling to and dealing with the people running our nationwide chain of retro-gastro-pubs was more tiring than it sounds. By the time I made it back to my hotel of a night the last thing on my mind was a workout and the first was an ice-cold Estrella – if the hotel of the night served it -and some food.

But I was back at our Brighton HQ now and grateful to take up the slower pace of dealing with irate consumers and carping franchise owners in my capacity as the head of a small team of PR people. A slower pace that allowed me to resume my nightly after-work visits to the gym. A gym I had only recently joined and one that had become something of a comfort after my wife of eleven years had brought the hammer down on our marriage and…

Later.

I'm sure I'll be getting to the deceitful bitch at some length down the line, but for now I'll just concentrate on getting my story up and running.



Despite the image of her in basque and heels tormenting me as I write.

Bitch!

Anyway, my first visit to the sea-front gym near my Hove apartment upon my return changed my life.

Perhaps forever.

And the black woman who changed it, I say with no exaggeration, was as utterly fearsome as I found her incredibly *un*-erotic!

Though, in the latter regard, I have to say that perspectives of the kind can change.

And *especially* when the *"un-erotic"* woman in question becomes the only woman one is ever likely to have intimate contact with again.

Something else, along with my ex-wife, you will hear more of as this story progresses – even if, at the time of writing, I have no idea who *you* are or might turn out to be, or indeed, if anyone will ever get to read this at all.

First things first.

She had actually helped me with my physical work, having seen I was a little rusty – not to mention underdeveloped; at least in relation to her. That she was so obviously my physical superior in terms of strength, and probably everything else, did not make me warm to her a great deal. Especially when, really, all I wanted was to be left alone to get on with my workout. Not all of us, after all, wanted to have the kind of body she obviously worked so hard at maintaining.

Me among them.

My only reason for being in that gym was to look and feel reasonably good and I had nil interest in reaching competition standard – even assuming my approaching fortieth birthday, and a lack of the necessary muscle capacity, didn't make my reaching that standard *highly* improbable.
I was also uninterested in *"getting back in the saddle"*, as the few work colleagues I was comfortable with on an arm's-length social basis insisted I should.

The thought positively pained me.

It was Gemima who had left me for her City whizz-kid, after all.

Hers was the love that had changed.

Mine still remained.

Even if I did fucking hate the bitch!

Apologies…

Back to my physical trainer:

"You going to need a lot of help," she assessed me without being asked, both her accent and her syntax telling me she had not been in the country long; while her rippled and coal-black skin could only have been African in its origins.

I felt like telling her that any work I required doing I was more than capable of looking after for myself.

But, as you've probably already guessed, I said nothing of the kind.

Looking back, I can see that I was probably already a little intimidated by her, but, and like most men, my pride was nowhere close to acknowledging such an unmanly reaction; dressing-up my inability to meet the appraising and almost mesmeric stare of dark and hooded eyes by telling myself I could be forgiven for not wanting to stare at features with flared and flattened nostrils and prominent cheekbones I could only describe to myself as a few forebears removed from the... *simian*.

I know, I know. Terribly un-PC. Painting myself as both a pompous twat and an appearance-is-all bigot.

Hard to believe there was a time when I would have berated myself for thoughts of such puerility, isn't it?

I did though.

Until *she*, building on the sterling earlier efforts of my one-time wife, took my life in her hands as if it was a pet cat she was returning to its home by the scruff and made a nightmare of it.

Anyway, I would discover later that she was from a small coastal village in Angola, to the west of the Dark Continent, and had taken advantage of her late mother having moved to the UK as housekeeper to a minor Foreign Office diplomat of some kind – her own father having passed away when she was an infant.

The working relationship that had morphed into romance and then marriage, allowing the daughter to apply for a UK Passport.

I would also discover she had arrived in the UK after the death of the stepfather had left her mother the owner of Victorian four-storey that was one of only two in a quiet cul-de-sac a short drive from both the seafront and the bars, café's, and bistros of pedestrianized George Street.

It turned out also, that the gym in which I first had the misfortune to meet her had once belonged to her late-stepfather, then to the late-mother, and, finally, the daughter herself.

As she spotted me with the, comparatively, pitiful weights she had chosen as a taster, I found I was struggling even with them – despite trying my best to put a face on it; although I had already assured myself I would not be returning and would find another, more conducive, place to work-out.

In truth, and with no racist intent whatsoever, having her so close above me as she spotted was… *disturbing*.

And no…

Not in the way you may be thinking.

At this point, I swear there was not the slightest trace of sexual desire for her; quite the opposite, in fact.

Which didn't mean it wasn't beamed back at me from the opposite direction.

In fact, when she turned those dark and extremely unsettling eyes upon me I felt like little else than a very small rodent who had been chosen to provide either a meal or an entertainment.

There was no question in my mind that the woman had… *romantic* …designs when it came to me.

Apologies if that sounds vain. Then again, there's no point writing this if I can't tell the truth. Or at least the truth as I perceive it.

There was something decidedly off-putting about her that had nothing whatsoever to do with her origins and I had the distinct impression she was taken with me – after all, I was still told I was a good-looking guy; even if that hadn't been enough to stop the love of my life opening her legs for…

Fuck it!

There I go again.

Sorry.

My love for the bitch still remained - even if I was doing my best to kill it – but it was a love that existed only in the ashes of recollection.

My misfortune being that the fire of a cremation doesn't incinerate memories with it – either good or bad.

But back to my story…



Watching her flex and pose in front of me earlier, as I'd put in a not *too* strenuous session on the treadmill, I sensed even then that the way she was displaying her taut calves and rippling thigh-muscles was calculated to win my interest in her.

Some chance!

She was light years from the petite and Nordic looking blondes I'd made a point of being with to that point.

Nordic blondes such as you know who.

Much good it had done me.

In fact, the muscles rippling upwards from her surprisingly slender ankles to her buttocks and across her back to her neck and shoulders had completely the opposite effect upon me; even if I did admit that the outer casing of dark ebony skin containing them was about as smooth and flawless as one could expect to see on a woman of any race.

Just the same, reservations in regard of her or not, I felt pretty good after the workout and decided to return the night following.

And the night following that.

Within a week I was feeling in a better place both physically and mentally and was actually getting in a night's sleep without tossing and turning as I envisaged various revenge scenarios playing out against my wife and the sleaze ball who'd taken my life from me from me.

My only consolation being that neither Gemima nor I had wanted children.

Bad enough that *one* life had to be trampled underfoot, without taking a wrecking-ball to another, younger and innocent existence.

Sorry to sound so dramatic and self-pitying, but we feel the way we feel.

Anyhow, the only thing I couldn't quite get a handle on was how to tell my Amazon trainer I didn't appreciate the way her hands lingered on me whenever she supervised a specific work-out. Forever. it seemed, finding ways to lay her hands upon my body through the tee-shirt I soon made a point of wearing, that her long fingers might not make contact with my skin. Which did not mean my legs in their shorts – it's just so uncomfortable to work out in bottoms – escaped her attentions.

There were times when our eyes met, and I do not speak in jest, when I actually felt like some small and vulnerable example of wild life before one of the larger and inescapable predators.

Something just wasn't right.

As good a trainer as she was, I was convinced there were a few bolts loose with her.

Even if I couldn't figure out at that point whereabouts in the machine, exactly, they were rattling around.

Another two-weeks later and as good at what she did as she was - and as well as the positive way my own body had responded to her attentions - I was seriously considering cutting my losses and finding another gym.

I left it too late.

On the Friday night it all went to shit for me, she seemed to be more exacting with my workout than usual and, by the time I was ready to hit the showers, I was out-on-my-feet so badly that even the usual endorphin kick wasn't compensating. It was late and, had I been more alert, I might have noticed that we were the only two people left. Me and the woman whose name I now knew was Djamila Quitongo.

"The *'Djamila'*. Would you believe, when I'd Googled it, standing for *'attractive'*.

Attractive, or, *very* much, *not*, as the case had it, the alarm-bells should have been ringing by this time.

And even more so when she informed me in that thick English of hers, that:

“I lock up while you take shower. There be no one else coming this time of night.”

Instead of just grabbing up my bag from the locker-room and going down to the entrance with her, prior to showering when I got home, I was simply too exhausted to think straight and made the decision to take myself off to the Men’s Changing-Rooms and rinse-off.

It was, thinking back, the last decision I would make for myself again in a long time.

At least when it came to decisions of the achievable kind.

When I felt her arms encircle me in the shower I knew who they belonged to instantly and started as if an electrical current had been passed through me.

A shock, I promise you, that was not pleasant.

“What the fuck…?” was my elliptical response as warm breath expelled against my neck.

I made to move from her grasp, even as I felt bullet hard nipples make contact with my back and her breasts mashed against me, but felt her sinewy and powerful arms tighten around my chest, chocolate biceps flexing as she held my arms at my sides effortlessly.

“What do…?” I attempted to protest and could get nothing further out as used her sheer and intimidating strength to squeeze tighter. My arms were locked at my sides and I was struggling to catch a breath as she squeezed me to her chest and stood straight up, lifting me off the shower room floor. All this as if I were a toddler she was lifting up for a cuddle.

Albeit a cuddle of the possessive and terrifying kind.

Think less of me if you wish, but my terror of this woman was as great as the revulsion I felt at feeling her skin against mine so intimately.

Flailing with my legs and using up the oxygen remaining to me, I was still cognizant enough to feel her lips sucking against my neck.

When her lips released themselves it was only in order to deliver a threat:

"I will squeeze the air out o’ your pitiful white-boy body if you not do as I say,” she told me, breath warm against my neck still. “The door locked an’ there be nobody to help you. An’ even if there were, it be your word against mine. Understand, boy?”

Aware that I was only seconds from passing out, I overrode my outrage at being manhandled and spoken to in such a way to give a nod of the head; knowing with certainty, no matter how humiliating the acknowledgement, that her strength was way in excess of anything I could summon up to combat it and the sensible option was to go along with the madwoman until such a time as an opportunity to take my leave of her arose.

Forgiven at this point, for not realising that such a time would not occur for some time in the future yet.

“That my good, boy,” the hateful voice cooed into my captive ear. “Master Djamila going to let you breath for a while now, but she not want you speaking. All she want her boy to do is listen, unless he prefer her to punish him. Understand?”

“Punish me?” my fading thoughts screamed.

With what had to be the last conscious act I would make if her grip didn’t loosen, I nodded once more and the pressure on my chest eased; though she still held me inches from the floor as if the weight of a fully grown adult man so many years her senior.

I sucked in air and saw stars dancing before my eyes, so close had I been to losing consciousness.

Still holding me off the floor and against her chest, she placed her lips against my ear and, remembering her warning, I remained silent despite my anger and revulsion at her black skin against mine and the smell of her perspiring body that was finding its way past the Badedas I had been soaping-up with when her arms went around me.

With a confidant and firm tone that belied her age, intelligence, and background, she said in a voice that seemed thunderous, so close was it to my ear:

“You knows already I am much stronger, bigger and heavier than you will ever be. Younger than you too. That make me your Master… Your *female* Master. If I wants it to. And I do want it to… And there going to be nothing you can do ’bout it.”

All the earlier reservations I’d had about her and couldn’t quite resolve for myself crystallised in an instant.

It was all so simple.

She was fucking insane!

“Female Master?”

“We’ll see about that.” I told myself. *“The moment I get out of here and report your arse.”*

Fuck how embarrassed I’d be to have others hear how easily she handled me.

So my thoughts ran.

Until she both read and disabused them.

“You not be telling nobody about anything,” she told me, as if she were some Dark Continent Nostradamus and my thoughts and all further actions an open book to her.

I was still being dangled some six inches from the shower-room tiles and she showed absolutely no sign of my weight inconveniencing her in any way.

“By the time I get you all nice ‘n cosy back at my place you never do anything without permission of Master Djamila again. I be dreaming of a man like you all my life. And now I got you I not be letting you go…”

The brief passing of air between her next words only serving to make them seem even more disconcerting.

“Whether you likes it or not,” she finished.

Just for a second, and disconcerted or not, wishful thinking got the better of me and I managed to convince myself she was playing some elaborate joke on me.

As I say: *just for a second*.

Not once in the last few weeks had she shown anything like the kind of humorous side required to pull such a prank and I seriously doubted, even then, that such frivolousness was in her locker.

No.

When she told me she was going to get me: *“all nice ‘n cosy back at my place’*; I knew it was exactly what she meant.

She was, I now knew, stark. Staring, *fucking* mad.

Of all the gyms, in all the fucked-up bastard universe, I’d had to walk into hers.

A gym on England’s south-coast.

Not a mile up the road from teeming Brighton.

And no more than fifty from the Parliament that was considered – or at least used to be – the cradle of democracy.

“How the fuck does she think she can keep me against my will?” my thoughts railed at the stupidity inherent in her madness.

None of which altered the fact that, right there, right then, she was doing exactly that.

I was preparing myself to try and buck her off me, though I wasn’t so delusional I held out much in the way of hope – and had no idea what I’d do if I managed it - when she pre-empted me.

Suddenly, her arms tightened around my chest and, still dangling me from the floor-tiles as if I were an infant, my breath was cut off once again.

Her strength I conceded, even though my feelings of humiliation at being handled in such a way by a woman of her type – of *any* type – and the fear for what she intended that was growing by the second, was fearsome.

My own nothing before it and nothing that I could see – save for my superior intelligence that had been rendered academic at this point of time - being in my favour.

The door was locked and there was nobody around.

She was bigger than me.

Meaner and unbalanced.

Stronger by any measure I could think of.

Whichever way my thoughts ran, I came back to the conclusion that the situation was becoming worse by the second.

For me, anyway.

To listen to the hateful African-English being whispered into my ear was to know that the woman holding me captive was almost near joyous delirium at keeping me her captive in such a humiliating fashion.

It flashed through my head, though understandably I was too preoccupied to dwell on the thought, that she was realising some long-held sexual fantasy.

A fantasy that saw her controlling and humiliating a white-male.

Me!

The concupiscent timbre of her voice when she spoke next only emphasising a suspicion she would not be long in proving completely correct:

“I think yo’ best,” she told my captive ear, “have a little sleep while I drys you and gets you ready for home with Master.”

The next thing I knew she was applying more pressure and I could feel the light absenting itself from my eyes…

Three

...Making love to my wife was wonderful. She did, as the piece of overused Hollywood had it, "complete me".

And it was making love.

For those of you who have only experienced fucking, then you'll have no conception of what it's like to have your cock accepted into the most intimate part of a woman for whom your finest feelings are given and accepted. What you're getting is a taste experience minus certain ingredients guaranteed to add one or more Michelin-Stars to the interlude. A feast served-up by even the most gifted short-order cook, tasty as it might be, is never going to be a culinary match for the haute cuisine prepared by a Master-Chef. As it takes all the senses to appreciate a dish developed over time and served with care, so does the same apply to the act of lovemaking.

With Gemima, I wanted nothing more than to fulfil and satisfy her every desire and make the experience of lovemaking more satisfying than the time before. A desire the law of diminishing returns had to thwart at some time or other but, to my mind, a most noble endeavour on my part. And a desire I felt secure in knowing that my beloved wife felt exactly the same way in regard of me.

Gemima, both sexually and emotionally, was the musician who set my life in melody and rhythm. Each facet of our sexual and domestic life becoming more harmonious with the passing of time. Her tinkling and adroit fingers, her drawn-back bow and gifted embouchure, our every coupling and daily interaction became a thing of beauty to be cherished.

Did I fantasise about other women?

Yes.

But rarely.

I know from listening to most men – married or otherwise – do this almost as often as the clock's little-hand makes a minute movement, but I was different.

Forget the Newman analogy.

Hamburgers and Prime beef just don't seem apt enough.

What I'm talking about here is a Thailand Cartier with its workable but inferior movement, crafted by opportunist artisans; as opposed to the 19th Century and superior French variety now based in Switzerland, put together by the horological masters of that period and since and said to be the "jewelry of kings".

That's how I felt about coming home to my sexy, caring and sweet, Gemima after a day of monetary and career improvement at the office.

Uninteresting, I hear you say.

Meat and potatoes every day makes Jack a dull boy.

Wrong!

And about as wrong as you could possibly be.

See above.

When boiled down to constituents, it all depends who's doing the cooking.

And Gemima was nothing if not inventive when it came to matters of the mattress.

Sex with her was wherever our – mostly her – imagination took us.

And, believe me, she was not short on the creative front.

No.

Any position was on the table – often literally. Toys, role-playing, even mutual chastity to build our mutual desire for each other to fever-pitch. Nothing was out of the question save for animals and the underage. We were placed on earth by a rewarding and understanding deity to complete each other and we strove to do that each and every day.

Believe me, the absolute pinnacle of my sense of achievement was fetching her to an orgasm that had her screaming down our bungalow with its views of the seafront at Rottingdean as I outdid myself in the lovemaking department yet again.

In fact, I'm below her now after having done just that; ready to receive the reward she knows rocks my world and serves as a part of my reason for living; waiting with bated breath as she supplies me with a tantalizing smile and prepares to use her luscious and collagen-free mouth to take my cock down to the root and clean it of her own pussy juices, leaving enough of a residue for it to mix with my cum as it explodes into her throat and she swallows as if she has just been fed ambrosia from all-powerful Zeus himself.

And now her face rises and she is looking into my eyes with a love impossible for me to describe with mere words.

Except…

It isn't my face at all.

It belongs to another man.

And he has just emptied his ball-sac into my beloved's throat…

…I came back to reality from my latest reminder of marital loss to find myself in the middle of what I prayed was a bad dream and almost instantly recognised as a return to reality.

Still heart-sick at the sight of my wife as she swallowed another man's cum and smiled her love and appreciation to him for supplying it; I came fully awake to an even more sickening spectacle.

The spectacle of myself upon floor of the male-changing-room, tiles cold against my still naked skin.

The shower was still running and, when my eyes cleared enough to focus, I could see the prime-mover of the dream – the dream that *wasn't* - soaping herself off with her back to me.



The straightened hair she usually kept tied at the back was hanging loose almost to the crack of her arse as she soaped it and I had a longshot of her incredible – if no less off-putting – body as the water sought out each rippled muscle and cascaded over it.

My thoughts went to the effortless way she had squeezed and lifted me prior to depriving me of the ability to breathe and for the first time I knew I was in trouble.

Huge trouble.

The fact my ankles were hobbled and my legs bent only emphasising the revelation. The chain leading from a collar at my neck to my cuffed wrists not six inches away; wrists that themselves were attached to the chain hobbling my ankles not doing anything for my peace of mind either. I was lying on my side, watching the woman who secured me in such a way take a leisurely shower as if she hadn't a care in the world after having criminally restrained me.

But is wasn't until ten-minutes later, when she had dried-off and changed into a lycra pant-suit that accentuated her full muscularity, hair once again pushed from those mocking and simian features, that my fear led to panic and panic to full-blown hysteria.

The massive steamer trunk she wheeled in from her office and placed in front of me could only have one purpose.

And, with my fear of enclosed spaces, recognition of that purpose had me shamefully begging her not to put me inside it.

Begging she answered by taking her black panties and stuffing them in my mouth; pinching my nose shut when I resisted and then shoving the soiled cloth inside until my pleas were no more than unintelligible grunts – at least to her.

"The trunk be all padded out and soundproofed, so you fit nice and snug and not be able to make noise, and there be holes for air, so you not suffocate. Be a good boy and Master Djamila have you home all safe 'n sound in no time."

For some time - my terrified thoughts becoming more hysterical by the moment at the prospect of the padded trunk and her intention to place me in it for an unspecified period - she simply stood above me with hands on hips to survey her handiwork. Glorying, it seemed, in what she had achieved with me so far. Her unnaturally powerful body glowing with the pleasure she took from having me in such a position and her eyes bright with the perversion of personal conquest as her tongue ran itself over plump and oversized lips and teeth lasciviously.

The laugh she aimed down at my captive body was not intended to reassure me.

With that, as my terror increased to eye-bulging levels, she crouched down and slid her black hands beneath me to lift my chained and restricted body as if it were nothing more than an infant she were lifting from its cot for an evening feed.

I shook my head with fear that was pure in its nakedness, knowing the gesture would serve me nothing but too cowed to do anything else – even had there been anything I could have done at this point – and saw the inside of what was to be my home-in-transit for however long it took her to get to where she was taking me.

Yet another unknown aspect that did nothing to calm me.

The trunk was indeed padded, as she had said, and I knew instantly, looking down into it as she cradled me in her arms, that it would mould itself to my body and make movement impossible.

Even the trunk's lid was covered in the same padding.

Once inside I would be immobile and, gagged as I was, unable to make a sound to draw my plight to anyone's attention.

One of my worst fears given flesh!

Assuming there was even anyone around to hear me in the underground parking facility beneath the complex where I knew she parked her new Isuzu D-Max pick-up.

The same god-awful beast I'd heard her telling another female customer about a few weeks before and which seemed such a fit with the woman herself.

And, even if there were someone in the near vicinity, it was by no means certain they would even hear my muffled screams inside my padded transport she insisted was soundproofed.

As well, thank the lord, *ventilated*.

And then, before I could shake my head and wriggle in her arms uselessly by way of defiance, she placed me in amongst the padding and flattened me down.

I felt the padding resist my presence and then impact against my helpless body as the panic of being about to be shut in the confined space of the trunk for an unspecified space of time had my heart hammering against my chest and a trickle of urine left me to soak into the padding along with the cold-sweat covering me.

“Try ‘n stay calm, boy,” her gloating black features spoke down to me, lip curling as she noted my bladder’s inability to cope with my terror. “A bit o’ piss easy to clean away, but you shit yourself in my trunk an’ I take you over my knee an’ make you scream like the baby you behaves like.”

She actually smiled at the prospect, before finishing:

“And we got the whole weekend before us to make sure you knows your place from now on.

The last sight I had before the lid was pressed shut and locked was her serious, uncompromising, and completely insane African face.

Then I was in the darkness and the confinement with nothing but the taste and smell of her soiled panties together with my own shaking body and frenzied thoughts…

Four

Being dominated by a big, beautiful and strong, woman had *never* been in any way a fantasy of mine.

Though, if I had been told it was unavoidable and given a choice of which big, beautiful and dominant, woman to whose strength I submitted, my choice would have been the one I always made, even when it came to marriage, and been the type of blonde and Nordic goddess that had been my preference from the time girls first took my eye.

Preferably one with a brain.

So how much less appeal did it make to find myself under the control of an African woman who was not only the complete antithesis of my physical ideal but was, I was totally convinced, a sociopath into the bargain?

I was still trembling when I awoke, thankfully free of the trunk with legs spread before me. My back against a smooth plaster wall as I recalled her placing me in amongst the padding as if I were an infant she were laying in a pram. All the fears of confinement that had plagued me since childhood having come together with a vengeance at that point as I once again realised her intention and begged and pleaded beneath the soiled panties with which she had gagged me. Of all the many nightmares I had suffered under as an adolescent confinement of such a kind, no matter how long in duration, this one was right up there with the worst and probably held a dubious pride of place.

My last memory having been of the lid of the trunk closing and my hysteria and terror combining to ensure I passed out as the lid slammed down and the locks were heard clicking shut.

A mercy!

Now, though, I was free of the trunk and my fear was receding.

A little.

Free of the padded and claustrophobic confines of the steamer I might be, but I was *not* free of the woman squatting before me.

My first sight upon coming back to the land of the living were the madwoman's eyes as they held mine unblinkingly.

Disturbing eyes.

Eyes that seemed to peer into my soul and declare themselves its owner.

I turned my head to the side to take in my surroundings and she immediately took my chin between her strong fingers and moved my head back into position.

"'Less you wants a good spanking, you never look away from your Master without her say-so again," she told me, her voice a whiplash in the confines of what my quick look to the side seemed to suggest was a windowless room, probably a cellar or basement.

My first thought – being at least aware of men and women who enjoyed sado-masochistic activities and hoping, even if it made the prospect no more palatable to me, that this was some kind of *"scene"* she was acting out with - had been to look for the usual paraphernalia that went hand-in-hand with perverted pursuits of the kind.

That brief look round before she had made her threat had revealed only bare walls, a toilet and a wash-basin in the left corner of the same wall against which I rested and an armchair across from me to the left. Apart from that and the heavy looking door serving as an exit and entrance, there was nothing. The cement floor as bare as the walls surrounding it.

No sign of anything resembling a whip, a cane, or a manacle.

Which absence reduced my fear not one whit.

Her next threat not exactly comforting either.

"Or perhaps you like Master Djamila to puts you back in your trunk until you more obedient."

As if a bell had just been rung and she'd transformed me into a Pavlov-type canine, my body immediately began to shake.

I knew instantly that there was *nothing* I would not do in order to escape being confined in such a way again.

Ashamed at being afraid of a woman – even one of the monstrous variety such as she – I did as she asked and focused on her dark eyes; finding myself, after a few moments, compelled to stare deep into them, as if she were a mothership and me a returning space-launch, feeling, though I was loath to admit it, that my own will was being overmastered by her own and the eyes spearing my own were the manifestation of her mastery.

There was, I could do no more than acknowledge to myself, something… *primal* …in those eyes. Something, still deep enough in my feelings of intellectual superiority over the woman to dismiss the suspicion, that seemed to know things that were withheld from me. Things that conveyed themselves through her unsettling eyes without fully explaining their nature; while at the same time assuring me I would find nothing positive coming from them if she ever deigned to explain them to me.

"Good boy," her mocking praise greeted me when her order was complied with. "You soon be doing as you told by Master Djamila as if it the most natural thing in the world for you to do."

She was wearing a loose-fitting track-suit after having showered with me watching. But, even with her rippled and powerful body hidden, it did nothing to lessen the intimidation I felt in her presence. Also, despite the damp hair still indicative of her recent shower, my nostrils again detected the personal perfume that was her sweat and her… *arousal*.

Having a man naked an under her control – a white man who happened to be me – seemed to act upon her libido in the most powerful of ways and the pink tongue that snaked out frequently to moisten dry and anticipatory dark continent lips only underpinned the suspicion. There was not the slightest hint of irony or self-consciousness in her bearing that might lead me to believe this was some kind of game she was playing with me. With great and sudden clarity, it became crystal clear to me that *nobody* went to the lengths she had gone to in order to bring me to this place unless they were *totally* committed to seeing through what they had started.

My thoughts of her as a sociopath were now defined and there could be no other explanation.

And has there ever been a sociopath who *wasn't* a control-freak?

I was still naked, but the goose-bumps covering my vulnerable body were more her intimidation of me than the cold.

Intimidation that entered a new star-system when, still staring into my eyes as if daring me to avert my gaze, I sensed her hand move between my legs and felt my testicles taken between her strong black fingers.

Sweat, ice-cold and plentiful, drenched my forehead and began to run down my cheeks in rivulets as she smiled at my terror while rolling my jewels between her fingers as if assessing them for weight and quality.

"Not big, but not small," she told me, eyes still holding mine in the tractor-beam of her own effortlessly.

"A typical white boy's cock and balls," she went on. "All the better now for being under the control of their new black-master."

If you are thinking at this point that I was becoming aroused under her manipulation of me…

Think again.

There was not a jot of desire in me for her and she acknowledged it.

"I see my little white-boy not like being handled by his Master Djamila," she said, no hint of either rebuke or disappointment in tone or expression.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

I got the distinct feeling she actually relished my aversion to her.

"It not a problem," she said, underpinning my thoughts. "You soon be feeling different when your Master the only woman in your life."

She gave my balls one quick squeeze and the breath left my body as it felt as if my manhood must erupt from my throat, my whole lifeforce seemingly intent on departing my body.

Though I was not so far gone in my pain and discomfort her laugh couldn't chill me to the bone.

And soon even my fear was a secondary consideration, as she shuffled closer between my legs and allowed her sadistic and proprietary gaze to probe even deeper into upon mine.

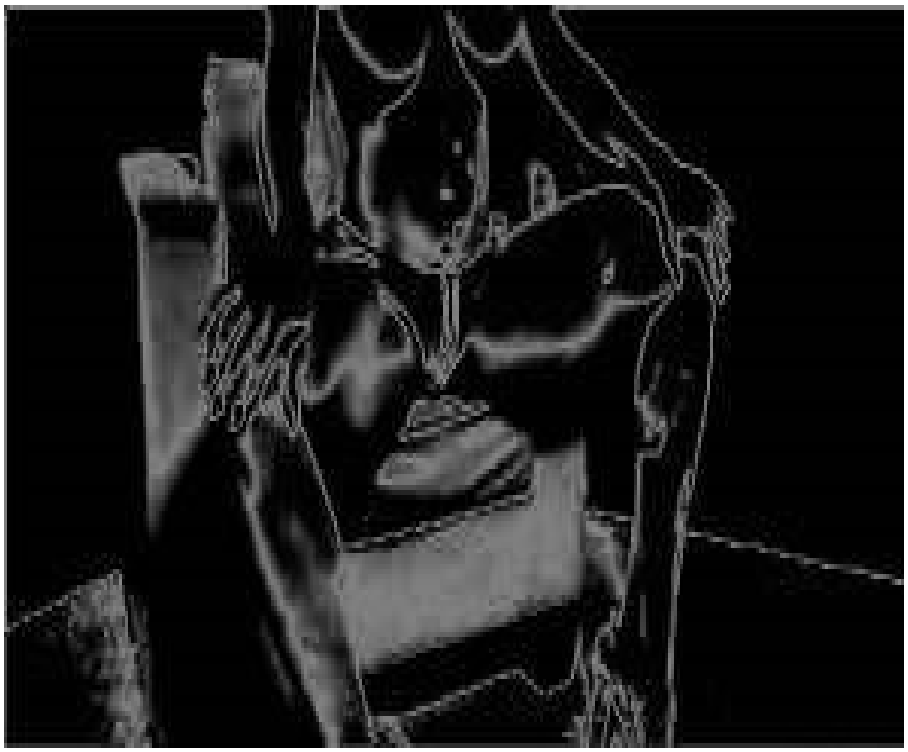
I remember a sudden lassitude coming over me as my pain subsided and wanting nothing more but to close my eyes and drift away, my whole body and mind weak from a succession of baffling and weakening sensations that were, god forbid, almost… *delicious*.

The sensations of submission!

My manhood rebelled at my own treacherous thoughts and only my fear of her words, and my certainty she could back up the earlier threat contained within them, allowed me to keep my eyes open until she said the magic word:

"Sleep…"

*****



I was in almost total darkness when I next regained my consciousness.

Except for the faintest of glows from a tiny lamp in the left hand corner of the room from where I was still propped with my back against the cool plaster.

A tiny lamp that backlit the monstrous form of the African woman who had brought me here against my will and with so very little in the way of effort.

She was seated on a low-backed armchair, the baggy track-suit gone now and wearing nothing but her panties and, incongruously on her heavily muscled legs, a pair of spiked heels.

Her legs were spread and her hands placed upon her knees, the breasts above them naked to the eye with hardened nipples that spoke her desire and anticipation all too truly. The light from the lamp imparted an almost infernal glow to her ebony skin that was underpinned by the eyes lasering towards me and from which – even had she not warned me earlier – I seemed unable to turn from. The whole sight terrifying and revolting at one and the same time.

The trembling that had been with me before she had given me permission to sleep – and I'd complied! – returned with a vengeance and I truly began to be fearful of my future. The fact she

was focused and willing to commit such an obvious criminal act by abducting me in the first place did not make her any less… *fearsome and unpredictable* …in my mind. There were plenty of recorded incidents involving psychopaths where focus, logic, and even a deep if flawed intelligence were at play, and their ability to use logic and see a plan through certainly made them no less terrifying. As all men with no regard for the usual rules of society and neither conscience nor fear of discovery terrified us more normal specimens.

And even if the one doing the terrifying was a woman.

An African woman.

And a physically powerful example at that.

But something else was troubling me alongside these thoughts as she stared across at me from her easy-chair, totally untroubled by my nakedness and the flaccid cock over which I had placed my hands and even less bothered by the swinging of her unfettered breasts and the bullet-nipples protruding in my direction.

Something to do with the way I had felt myself being lost in her eyes before.

Something that told me it was more than just tiredness and anxiety that had sent me crashing into the arms of Morpheus.

Some directly connected with her order for me to… *"Sleep."*

An order I had complied with instantly.

My goose-bumps returned immediately; overlaid with a fear and trepidation that were powerful enough for me to smell.

Physically, as I may have already mentioned, I felt intimidated in her presence – even before this evening. This despite being a respectable five-nine in height myself and not exactly decrepit for a man in his early middle-years. Sure, my work was sedentary, but I always tried to keep active; save for that period after Gemima had inserted the Sabatier between my shoulder-blades when it was all I could do to drag myself to the office, let alone workout. But this abomination of female nature was something else again.

The anxiety I was already feeling increased ten-fold as I thought back to how effortlessly she had overpowered me in the shower and how easily she had lifted me to place me in the padded steamer-trunk.

Not to mention the way she had handled my…

Sweat appeared on my forehead once again as the pain I had felt when she squeezed my balls between her fingers supplied an unwanted reminder of her ability to cause me pain.

And now here we were. In the home in Hove she had mentioned to me, obviously. And in what looked like a cellar.

A secure and windowless cellar with a single heavy-door serving as exit and entrance, if I guessed correctly – and it would turn out I had – that did not look the type of place one could easily leave.

And especially if it was the intention of one person to keep another here against their will.

Again, she seemed to read my thoughts:

"That right, boy," her voice, no less authoritative for its sometimes incorrect and *always* accented English, broke into my thoughts, my eyes still fixed upon hers and feeling more like a small rodent in the presence of a reptilian and hypnotic predator. "You be in my home now. And you better be getting' used to it. Cos this where you be spending the rest o' your life from now on."

The shock of hearing her say this; of knowing that, if she was serious, this was not to be some kind of temporary sado-masochistic interlude where she got her rocks off and then sent me away – confident, no doubt, that it would be a *"my word against hers"* scenario if I complained – only served to heighten the anxiety and fear for my future going ahead already plaguing me.

"Right here," she went on, pointing to her feet. "Where all obedient white-boys should be for their superior black masters.

For the first time, deranged and sociopathic or not, her power came home to me.

Not just the unnatural physical aspects of her superiority over me but the mental dominion she seemed to be gaining in my thoughts.

There was, I knew, far more than simple physical domination going on here.

Underlying her easy assumption of control and her obvious belief in my inability to counter it, was a sense of something… *abnormal*.

Something beyond the usual run of human interaction.

At least as I had known it.

Back lit by the tiny lamp, her skin was coal-black and, I confess, flawless; which was more than could be said for features that, along with the deep-set and compelling eyes that held my own with such ease, were pinched and flared above the kind of plump lips I had always associated with women from her part of the world. She was aware of my appraisal – as much of an appraisal as I could make while still feeling compelled for some reason to seek out her unblinking stare – and was utterly untroubled by it; even though I knew she could tell my thoughts in her regard on both a physical and an intellectual level were not complimentary. Her calves, accentuated by the spiked heels, were dimpled down the side of the muscle itself and her thighs were big enough to almost make one believe they were a figment of the caricaturist's art.

Her voice, when it broke the eerie silence of what I took to be a cellar or basement, startled me as much by its tone of command as the jaw-droppingly staggering words she directed towards me:

“It time for my little white-pet to get better acquainted with his new black-master,” she told me, eyes holding my own horrified gaze even from her chair across the room.

My mouth was as dry as a bone and I could find no response; seemingly incapable of being able to voice the myriad thoughts of anger and outrage vying for prominence in a head that seemed able to think clearly but not act on its own orders.

Though it seemed perfectly capable of acting upon hers.

Despite there being nothing in the whole of this universe and half-a-dozen others that I wanted less.
“Go on all-fours like a good obedient dog for your Master,” she began as my eyes all but bugged out of their sockets, speaking in of herself in the first like all self-respecting psychopaths, “an’ crawl across to her.”

She actually patted the palms of her hands against the smooth and taut black skin of her humongous thighs when I hesitated.

Adding:

“Here boy. Come to heel for Master Djamila.”

Held in some kind of locomotia inertia, the mix of emotions doing battle beneath the surface of my reality creating a log-jam of both movement and speech, I simply stayed put with my back to the wall, unable to concentrate of any one factor in my ongoing nightmare.

Her next words, like the good Doctor’s imminent *“hanging”*, doing wonders for my hurricane-blown wits:

“Come to Master’s heel now, or you go back into your trunk.”

The fear of her threat bubbled up into my consciousness like lava climbing the walls of a once dormant volcano triggered back into life.

Only there was nothing molten about this eruption and the perspiration instantly covering me from head to foot was cold.

Ice-cold.

It took but the merest of movements from her as she made to rise to kick-start my body and have me adopting the soul-destroyingly humiliating position she insisted upon.

To my relief, all else but avoiding a return to that trunk academic to me at this point, the massive and rounded black buttocks I had watched her soap-up in the shower returned themselves to the chair’s cushion, a wet patch at her gusset betraying the arousal she took from exercising her power over the white man she so terrified.

Not wasting words, she simply pointed to the floor between her spiked heels and waited.

But not for long.

About as disgusted with myself for my craven submission as a man could be, yet terrified of the confinement she promised, I didn't hesitate for a second.

As her feet came into the view of my lowered eyes, my skin cringed as I felt a hand ruffle my hair.

"Good boy," she praised. "You soon realises that yo' life be much easier if you obeys your Master instantly."

I stared up at her then, wanting to speak, to plead, but the look in her eyes was as inflexible as the tone of her voice:

"No!... Bad boy!... You only speaks when Master Djamila give you permission. Not before."

I truly felt at that point as if I'd fallen into another dimension. Me… Grant Yardley …on all-fours at the feet of an African headcase, being told he could not speak without permission. Surely, the whole situation was too insane to actually be happening?

Thoughts of the above kind doing nothing to alleviate or supply hope to my situation and only making it all the worse when I had no option but to acknowledge my plight was real.

"From now on," her hateful and deep voice droned on, "if you wishes to say something to your Master, you get down on all-fours like you is now and put yo' lips on her toes."

I knew my cheeks were burning under the humiliation and saw her features grow even more animated as she took note of my reaction.

And she was not finished:

"Then you wait like that for your Master Djamila to give yo' permission."

Suddenly, I was on the verge of unmanly tears. I had never been a coward and had always stood up for myself – even if the last physical altercation of any kind had been way back in my schooldays; and I hadn't fared too well then. So to feel the moistness building behind my eyes and threatening to burst forth and supply her with even more perverted joy at my expense, was something I fought with everything I had."

"Understand?" her voice broke into my combat with fear and self-pity.

With her eyes holding mine and promising me dire consequences if I didn't, I nodded that I did.

"When Master Djamila ask you the direct question you can answer yes or no, *'Master Djamila'*. Understand?"

I was on the verge of nodding once again when something in her eyes made me re-consider.

For the first time in what seemed an age, I heard my own voice; croaky and pitiful as it responded:

"Y-Yes, M-Master D-Djamila."

Again, out came that demeaning black hand to stroke my hair, as if she thought I might feel rewarded by her doing so.

"The fuck I did!"

"Good boy," she applauded, accented voice even and low; so certain was she of her control that neither inflection nor a raised decibel level was required to fetch obedience from her chattel.

Then:
"Now, rise up on yo' haunches and show Master your tongue."

I felt sick. Truly nauseous that this could be happening to me. Part of me still unable to accept it could be real.

Feeling a sense of wonder as I knelt up before her in the way she asked, careful to keep my eyes on hers – even if the humiliation of doing so from such a position was excruciating.

On my haunches before her, with a sense of pure and ashamed wonder that I could allow his monstrous and inferior black woman to treat me in such a way, I did as she commanded.

"Tongue," came her one word reminder.

As my tongue protruded from my lips and left me on my haunches before her looking like little less than a fawning cur begging his owner for a titbit, I could see my shame reflected back at me from my tormentor's simian and, as I was coming to regard them, singularly inhuman eyes as they seemed to mock both my manhood and my race.

Raising a foot after slipping it from its shoe, she placed a bare heel over my lolling tongue slowly lowered it that I might taste its whole length to the tips of her toes.

If I had needed to fight earlier to prevent myself from throwing up all over, the internal fight not to do so now was bare-knuckle.

An image of my former wife flooded my thoughts and I wondered what my former wife would say to see me being treated in such a way.

Or *anybody*.

All those who had once known me prior to the entry into my life of the black woman whose toes currently rested upon my lolling tongue.

A woman who, up until a few hours ago, had been nothing more than my physical fitness trainer.

And now insisted she was both my physical and mental *"Master"*.

"Do this not seem the natural position for you now?" she asked, a question that was nothing of the sort and no more than a simple statement of how she intended thing to be between us from now on; her toes upon my tongue and the indescribable taste of salt, sweat, and epidermis intermingled making a reply impossible.

Even though I took the opportunity to try; seeing it as a way to at least remove my tongue from her foot – even if my agreement with her statement would have been a base-lie.

"No!" she pre-empted me, the iron in her voice actually making me quail before her; so far had she intimidated me. "There no need to speak. We both knows you in the place you meant to be. Just keep that white-boy tongue out for Master Djamila.

Sick at heart and spirit increasingly crushed, my tongue once again adhered to the lighter shaded flesh of her sole.

"Good boy," she praised again, obviously using repetition and familiarity to make me more… *inured* …to the position she intended for me to adopt.

Which was when, for me, the unthinkable happened.

"Fetching up her free foot between my legs, she placed her toes beneath my disinterested balls and flaccid cock to gently jiggle them; a hand moving to my head to stroke my hair soothingly as my tongue continued to rest in abject surrender against the sole of her foot.

And then, suddenly, my balls were no longer disinterested and my cock in no way flaccid.

In fact, the erection her red-nailed black toes were pressing against was as urgent and demanding as anything I had *ever* experienced with the one time love of my life.

Worse, it did *not* go unnoticed.

"Good boy" she cooed, actually smiling at me – the kind of smile one might give an animal one had actually trained to hump one's foot rather than the opposite. "I knew it not be long before you want to be a very special boy for Master Djamila."

As I stared, lost and defeated, into animalistic eyes devoid of any feeling for me other than the unholy joy she took from her total control of my person, the taste of her foot upon my tongue that had been nauseating me suddenly seemed to heighten the arousal at my groin and it felt to me as if the cum gathered in my scrotum was about to go volcanic.

As her other foot played with my undercarriage and then ran itself the length of my almost frantic erection, I realised I was going to lose control at any moment.

"Why?" my thoughts demanded.

What had happened to my pride and manly dignity that I could respond to such a woman?

And in such a way!

And especially since sex of any kind had been of no interest to me since Gemima's betrayal of our marriage vows?

Why was her total control of my body and, increasingly I had to admit, despite the short space of time, my spirit, having such an effect upon me?

When did I become so pitiful an excuse of a man that I could allow this cerebrally-challenged specimen from the third-world to taint and mock me in such a way?

And, now, how could I ever raise my head as a man again while knowing I had not only allowed her to disrespect me in the most abject and craven of ways, but had also allowed myself to become aroused to the point of spending my manly juices on her toes while the sole of her other foot rested upon my lolling tongue as a counterpoint to my fall?

Which was when I felt her foot slide down my tongue and felt a toe insert itself into my besieged mouth.

An act of the purest contempt and disrespect that should have killed any arousal I was experiencing – immense or otherwise – stone dead.

And didn't.

As the red-pained nail of her big toe moved over my tongue and into my mouth, my cum exploded from my cock with a power and volume beyond all my previous experience.

The sheer delirium of the crisis banished all thoughts of disgrace from my mind.

Even worse, when my feelings of euphoria subsided, I came back to planet-earth to find that not only was the toe of my black tormentor still in my mouth but that I was actually sucking upon it…

Five

Terri Bamford looked at me with barely concealed disbelief.

My female boss of the past two years looking as ruffled as I'd seen her since she'd taken over our section.

Normally professional in both dress and manner, my insistence on leaving the company's employ as of the moment I left her office had allowed the veneer of control and workplace discipline my younger superior had always maintained to crack a little. Knowing, as she did, that I was perfectly within my rights to insist on the annual leave I had accrued during my frenzied preoccupation with the job since my split with Gemima be taken as my months' notice.



In truth, the words leaving my mouth were as much as a shock to me.

As was the presence of the black woman at my side whose words they truly were.

And the excuse for including her in such a private and professional setting?

Why, my recent breakdown, of course.

My growing inability to function since my split with Gemima that had reached such debilitating proportions I no longer felt I could cope with the demands of either my job or, increasingly, my life itself.

Demands my *"friend"* had been good enough to help me with and *"was the only person"* in whose company I felt safe in.

This last having fetched a wince to Terri's attractive girl-next-door features and leading me to tell myself through the pea-souper of my thoughts at this point that my suspicions of… *feelings* …on her part towards me had not simply been my imagination.

No matter that it was too late now if it had ever been the case.

"This is all a bit hasty, Grant," she had protested. "You know how much we value your work here. Surely, you can take some medical leave and get some help. The company's medical insurance covers you for…"

“I’m sorry, Terri,” I told her with some force, cutting in over her when I had been unaware of any intention to do so. All my words, in fact, leaving my mouth as if they were being spoken by an alien life-form that had taken control of my body.

An alien life-form that was seated next to me opposite my cross-legged boss.

“It won’t do any good,” protested the words leaving my lips as if through a fog so impenetrable even the one speaking them, me, couldn’t be totally sure of their provenance. “I simply can’t face it on a day-to-day basis. If it wasn’t for Djamila here and all her support,” I heard myself say, half-turning towards the black monster I hated with a passion, detestation no less for her being dressed in a professional two-piece suit in charcoal-grey with matching heels that at least took the edge from the intimidating body beneath, “I simply wouldn’t be able to function at all.”

Terri nodded thoughtfully, peering at me through her glasses and not looking totally convinced.

She was, I knew, a smart young woman and I could tell she sensed something was… *off* …between me and the black woman I had insisted accompany me into the meeting.

For what good it would do me.

It was the strangest sensation.

There I was, spouting words and untruths I had absolutely no desire to spout, seated next to a woman I found about as foul and loathsome as it was surely possible for one man to find another living and breathing person.

Yet I could find no way of expressing myself in the way I wished through the fog of the black woman’s mastery that had command of my mind. So great was her control of me, I even flicked glances at her from time to time to make sure my seemingly auto-piloted speech was meeting with her approval. Glances that only gave her an opening to embarrass me in front of my young and attractive boss even further.

Even if she wouldn’t be my boss for much longer.

“It all right, Grant,” she said this time, my hatred for her burning hotter than a forge in Hades and revealing itself in nothing more than a blank and, I’m sure, helpless expression, “there nothing to be afraid of. Djamila is here and so is Ms Bamford. We want only to help you.”

The memory of her black hand descending, again and again, onto my unprotected arse as I screamed like a pre-pubescent girl and begged her to stop, counterpointed her assertion as the events of the previous weekend seared my consciousness.

If it were possible for a man to be stripped of all that he had - and all that he believed about himself – in a mere forty-eight-hours, then that was what had happened to me.

I had crawled, licked her feet, abased myself before her humongous black buttock, and generally incinerated my own self-perception of the manhood I had once prided myself upon.

And my reward?

An extended period between her legs with my achingly sore tongue laving at her hairless black-slit before she considered herself ready for me to hoover an aroused clit the size of a small penis into my mouth and finish her off.

Actually putting my tongue inside her, she had warned - unnecessarily, I might add – was off-limits to me for some reason and she would punish me mercilessly if I lost control of myself.

A proscription that did not apply to her earthy and fetid anus and her insistence that I familiarise my senses with its… *"essence"*.

Bathing her armpits with that same tongue only a notch above her shit-ejector when it came to my nausea and utter humiliation.

One weekend and she had broken me.

Not only was I terrified of her, but she had, somehow, gained a foothold in my mind.

It was obviously some form of mesmerism her magnetic and bestial eyes had placed me under and all my earlier scoffing thoughts about such things had undergone a reversal.

How else could she have compelled me to not only request and accompany me to this meeting that I might leave a job I enjoyed, and one that had kept me sane during the days and weeks after Gemima's betrayal, but to allow her to accompany me to my own home on the Sunday night and to effectively familiarise her with everything about my life?

A familiarization that included the password on my laptop, my banking details, the location of the deeds to the apartment I had bought after the divorce, and *anything* else she cared to know about my past and my present.

By the time we had returned to her home, armed with a case of my clothes and the aforementioned laptop, my life was no longer entirely my own.

Truth be told, I had become a minor partner and my share of the proceedings was being diminished with every minute I spent invisibly shackled to my Nubian master.

"We have got very close over the last few months," the bitch lied to Terri; fetching another wince as my boss took just the inference she was intended to take and pictured the two of us in some carnal photoplay. "He become very dependent on me and I wants to help him. You have no need to worry 'bout him, Ms Bamford. I see you is a good person and I understands why Grant always speak so highly of you, but I promise he in good hands."

The assertion immediately brought to my mind one of these *"hands"* slapping down upon my unprotected arse and the screams it elicited from me.

The tears and unmanly begging, I'm ashamed to confess, already in place.

My *"Master"* going on to lie some more about my private and domestic arrangements:

"We already spent most o' yesterday going through the mess he make of his private affairs and try to make sure all his bills are up-to-date. It all just seem too much for him."

My flesh crawled as she actually reached out a hand and stroked the back of my neck as if I were a skittish child she were reassuring.

I'm not sure who was most surprised, myself or Terri, when I felt myself actually leaning in to accept her caress.

"That why we going straight from here to a solicitor and get a power-of-attorney signed so I can take care of his affairs an' be sure he not mess them up any worse."

A shocked Terri looked from the black woman to me questioningly, finding it hard to come to terms with the fact her section's star performer was not only handing in his notice but handing over his affairs to another woman.

A black woman he had hadn't mentioned to her when she – subtly, she had thought – inquired of him as to whether there was somebody else in his life post-divorce.

"Isn't…? Isn't that a bit drastic?" she asked, looking from me to the woman at my side when I could find no answer.

Turning back to me then, when no answer was forthcoming from either direction:

"I mean, what will you live on, Grant? Your savings and the month's salary you receive when you leave will only go so far. What happens when…?"

Djamila Quitongo spoke up then:

"He have no need to worry 'bout money," she came in, winning Terri's attention once more. "I has my own home and a good business; so he have no money trouble."

Suddenly, she was on her feet, towering above both me and a decidedly uncomfortable looking Terri.

"'Scuse us now, Ms Bamford. But we needs to be at my solicitor in thirty minutes," she said, tone broking for no disagreement – not that I was capable of any.

"Y-Yes, of course, hmmm, Miss Quitongo. I understand."

My about to be former boss turned to me:

"I'm really sorry to lose you, Grant," she told me. "And if you get over your problems there's always a job here for you as long as I'm in charge."

I managed a nod – though even that was an effort through the fog of what I knew was allowed me and what wasn't.

The hug and kiss Terri gave me, if the look I saw on the black monster's face as she went about it, something she would have proscribed had it occurred to my new *"Master"*.

“I’ll have Human-Resources write it all up and have your severance pay placed in your account,” were the last words I heard from the boss who was no longer and Djamila Quitongo led me by the hand from her office to the life she had awaiting me.

Six

… My fingers feathered her feet and moved up over her calf towards her thigh and past it to her smooth rounded ass, skin alabaster in the moonlight streaming in through the patio windows that faced directly onto the English Channel; careful not to touch her pussy.

She jumped, startled, as I moved around the back of her and, after stroking my hands through the Nordic whiteness of her page-boy cut hair, turned my attentions to her flawless back and on down over equally, well-curved and perfect, arse.

Once again, I made no attempt to engage with the pussy I knew would be next to flooded with desire and anticipation.

"Grant, please! No more teasing. I can't stand it," she part sighed part moaned.

My voice was velvet and commanding:

"Patience, Gemima. Soon, I promise.

I nuzzled her hair with my nose and moved lower to encircle her ear with my tongue.

"Oooooh," she groaned, her ear lobes as erogenous as her 'Zones' got – even if the other responded pretty spectacularly. "That… That's just… wonderful!"

I slowly worked my tongue into her ear and her breathing became even more shallow and raspier. I had not seen her so worked up before despite some pretty steamy sessions before this and I could almost feel her pussy quivering down below. Likewise, I had never been so excited before and felt jubilant that our lovemaking was still so vibrant after all our time together.

Using my tongue to trace her the contours of her face and down to the lips that gave her face such sensual appeal, I slipped my hands to her shoulders and released the straps of the silk teddy and its ravine like décolletage to let it flow over her sculpted and flawless body to the floor.

As her nipples betrayed her condition of dire need, I soon had her naked and groaning.

"Your body is a work of art," I told her before sucking a bullet-hard nipple into my mouth as I fought to contain the impatience of my own rock-hard cock; this before moving my tongue down the front of her body.

She was on fire.

Knowing the time was ripe, and unable to control myself for much longer, I moved my fingers down until they reached the crack of her glorious arse.

Her groan as I lightly fingered her rear crease was almost painful and I knew I needed to press on before my own desire took itself into its own premature hands.

"Ooooooooh," she moaned with anticipation, as if divining my intention.

I cooed and comforted her as he placed his cock at the entrance to her watery shrine before easing my cock-head into its warmth and making little sawing movements back and forth to tease her further.

"Just do it, you bastard!" she screamed. "Fuck me senseless my animal of a husband!"

Her reaction to my manipulation of her was taking me close to the edge and I knew I had best do as she asked before neither of us received the satisfaction the interlude promised.

Without further prevarication, I thrust my seven-inches or so of raging cock into the whirlpool of her cunt and felt her body almost fold itself around it as she let loose a massive sigh.

In and out I thrust for an amount of time it was impossible to calculate, varying both speed and movement as she screamed at the indifferent ceiling; knowing I would not be able to contain myself much longer as I sensed her own crisis near and switching to short and hard thrusts that fetched my own into alignment.

Her orgasm when it came was of a magnitude neither she nor I had experienced to that point and I could only tell myself how much I revered this woman as she screamed my name to the heavens as if I were a love-god placed on earth to make her libidinous dreams a reality.

And then my own explosion was triggered.

Rope after rope of my essence emptied it itself into freshly fucked cunt as I took my turn to scream thanks to the heavens for having brought this goddess into my life.

Screaming that went on and on and on.

Until…

…The sound of my own screams, echoing throughout the basement that was my prison at the sheer euphoria of sex with the only woman I had ever loved the way I'd loved Gemima, fetched me back to the desolation of reality with a sobering and depressing jolt as realisation hit me once again that I had not only lost her to another man, but had lost myself to another woman who was her complete opposite.

And in the worst and most degrading ways a man could lose his masculinity to a female.

Which was when the door to my private prison opened and my tormentor herself stood framed in the opening.

Beckoning me upstairs with no more than a crooking of her finger…

*****

…She commanded me to kneel down and kiss her feet and ankles and I obeyed her without question; unsure if it was the hypnotic hold she seemed to have over my will or if I was just so cowed and beaten down by her she had no need for the necromancer's art any longer.

It making no difference that we were outside in the, thankfully, unobserved, garden of what was her home and my place of servitude; hence her taking advantage of the unseasonal and warm English sunshine to prance around – if such a monster could ever be said to prance – in a bra and matching bottoms; the body that had won my submission with such ease blurry to me as my eyes squinted into the sun from my kneeling position upon her recently fitted decking.



Ten long months I had been with her by this time and, even if I did obey her with an alacrity and subservience no antecedent of hers threatened with either yoke, whip, or hobbling, could have replicated. I was, to all intents and purposes, her domestic, body servant, and whipping boy, in an antebellum world turned upon its head in some cosmic attempt to right the wrongs of a past age. At least that was how I chose to view it on those all too rare occasions when she allowed me time alone to my thoughts and my own devices.

Did my hate burn as bright for her?

You can have no idea.

Unfortunately, it's heat could never keep pace with the arctic cold gripping at my entrails whenever I even thought of disobeying her.

So far had she gained ascendancy over me.

The rule of fear.

And something else.

Something in those compelling eyes that could bring me to instant obedience and/or a condition of sleep from which she could compel me to obey in ways of her own choosing at a later date. Ways that were as alien to my nature as they were impossible for me to fight.

Yet the strangest thing was that my hatred for her came nowhere near close to the hatred for my wife and her lover that had become near all-consuming in my subconscious dreams and my conscious thoughts.

With no attention paid to logic – and not giving a fuck, it has to be said – I placed my situation squarely at the door of the treacherous pair.

My world had been reduced to one of the most humiliating service imaginable.

And a service given to a woman who was the direct antithesis of everything I found desirable in a woman and one I despised almost as much as I feared.

And it would *not* have happened had I not been forced to find another home after we had sold the Rottingdean bungalow and I had moved to the apartment in Hove.

The same apartment only walking distance from Djamila Quitongo's gym.

Wrong-headed or not, the two lovers, now husband and wife, featured in my fantasies of revenge and brutal retaliation even more than the black bitch who had taken what remained of my life from me.

With no life to speak of save for my domestic and sexual obligations to my… *"Master"* …it was no surprise my thoughts would linger on the pair more and more and, in lingering, become vengeful before becoming obsessional.

Had I been armed with a flame-thrower and they had been placed before me, I would have had no problem whatsoever in adopting a scorched earth policy towards them.

"That my good boy," her voice interrupted my latest thoughts on the subject of mayhem and vengeance. "Lick Master Djamila's feet like the obedient little pet you knows yo' is for her.

Naked, save for the ring through the head of my cock that was secured by a tiny padlock to a ring of the same size piercing my ball-sac – more of this and my other markings later – I lowered my head without a milli-second of hesitation and began to place soft and reverential kisses upon her dusky feet and toes in their habitual red-varnish.

"Such a good boy," she cooed, voice full of both praise and contempt and *never* seeming to tire of the repetitions going hand-in-hand with her personal autonomy over her beaten white-creature. "So different from the cock-sure boy who come into Master Djamila's gym and look down on her – even as she try to help him."

I had heard it before many times and knew she would not stop until she had recounted the whole tale of her conquest.

This occasion being no different.

You see, for as much as I hated my existence and her domination of me, she utterly adored it and no routine and repetitive humiliations and re-telling's would ever alter that for her. The insane one actively loved the life she had in her adopted country and nothing save for legal incarceration, I knew, would *ever* compel her to give it up. The one small mercy for me was that she really didn't like the English and get clear of them socially – even if I was paraded around town in a more normal fashion when she needed either an escort or a driver; mostly to push a shopping trolley or follow at her heels as she shopped. This, along with the fact she had no friends from her own country in either Hove or Brighton – probably the whole of Sussex and

extending to mainland Europe itself - at least meant my humiliation was kept… *"in-house"* …so to speak.

As I say, a *small* mercy.

The worst of all my humiliations, of course, was my own response to her.

By that, you understand, I mean my *sexual* response to her.

The early horrors of being familiarised with the heavy and quite fetid fragrance and taste of her extremities had, over time, metamorphosed into something very different.

Now, rather than having to fight the urge to gag whenever presented with either feet, arse, or armpits to make fresh with my servile tongue, the prospect had me hardening in my ringed confinement.

Despite the truly nasty pain such attempts caused me.

Yet another of her triumphs over me and, if I guessed correctly, her favourite.

She had taken my physical aversion for her and substituted it with a need for both her body and her attentions.

That's right. Being a personal-trainer of no small talent, the bitch knew all about motivation. And what greater motivation could a chastised white-slave such as myself have than the possibility of his abject and servile behaviour towards his female-master winning his imprisoned cock a release from either the sole of her foot or the surprisingly slender fingers of a powerful black-hand?

I felt a sharp pain across my back as one it the hands in question slapped down upon it and cried out like the wuss she had made of me.

"Concentrate on what you doing. Nasty dog," she hissed. "Master Djamila do you the honour of letting you serve her superior black feet you show her how much you 'preciates it. Slobber over them like the animal you be."

The cold fear produced by knowledge of what she was capable of doing to me had an instant effect and I immediately began to lap at her ankles. As if I really were the ingrate pet she had escribed me as being. My tongue slathering over the outside of her high-arch and taking in its earthy and salty taste.

"That better. "You want to be a good little boy for Master Djamila, don't you?"

I continued with my pitiful slobbering, knowing better than to try and pre-empt her and finding it made more sense to wait for her permission to speak rather than simply assume it.

"Yo' can answer," she told me. "But not like a man. We both knows you' never been one of them."

Sensing what was coming and all the more grateful for the seclusion of the garden and her semi-reclusive nature ensuring my disgrace went no further than the two of us, I asked myself once again why I didn't just simply end it.

Apart from those perverse moments of euphoria that served only to make me feel worse about myself when I had virtually begged to be allowed them, at either her hand or her foot, my life was an utter misery of nil self-determination and degradation.

So what the fuck was stopping me?

It certainly wasn't hope of a better future.

Even if I escaped my bondage to her and the mesmeric spell her eyes seemed to be able to cast over me at will, I would still know what had occurred between us and just how weak and craven my behaviour with her had been.

A recipe for a miserable life of self-recrimination alone, perhaps; but holding out no hope of my ever taking the manly role in a heterosexual partnership again.

Even if I kept my disgrace from any future partner, I would know of it.

At best I would be living a lie and forcing any woman unfortunate enough to develop feeling for me to live one too.

Even if she didn't know it.

"Answer Master like the doggy yo' is," she sneered down at me, her passion for humiliation beyond estimation.

I stared up from her foot to look at her.

Pleadingly, having forgotten the question.

She shook her head as if she were long-suffering.

"Does doggy want to be a good boy for his lovely Master?"

Not hesitating in my self-revulsion, I remembered her training of me and rose up instantly onto my haunches; going on to hold out my hands before me in the way of paws.

"Woof!" I barked, ersatz impersonation the equivalent of a *'yes'*.

I shall leave it to your imagination to work out what sufficed as a *'no'*.

Her smile was evil incarnate for having reduced a once-proud European to such a condition and her hand came out to ruffle the hair she had so graciously consented to let me keep – even though it was no longer worn semi-long but shaved near to the scalp and spiky.

"Oooooh," I heard her gasp. "My little white-doggy making his master all wet."

I continued licking, ears pricked, knowing what was to come and determined to make it memorable for her.

How else but through pleasing service could she be persuaded to let me spout what she described as my:

"Useless white man-seed."

"I know what my little white-doggy wants," she said, voice thick with arousal. "He wants to clean his big powerful Master out, doesn't he?"

This, I knew, was a question.

"Woof!" I barked an ersatz response.

"Oh, what a good little boy," she mocked in an imitation of a mother's tones – just about the last person on earth I would wish upon a son or daughter. "But Master need to take a shower and be all sticky from the sun. Does my little doggy mind?"

"Woof, woof!" I barked, wanting the release only her hand or foot could provide me and willing to do just about anything to win the temporary escape from my joyless existence her manipulation of me provided.

"What?" she demanded with mock distaste. "You wants to put your tongue in Master Djamila's superior black cunt; knowing she hasn't bathed since being at the gym yesterday?"

"Woof!" I barked, knowing she expected me to be undeterred and too desperate for release not to oblige her. Knowing also that her own love of having my tongue serve her was bottomless and that I would be supplying the service whether I was amenable or not. The pit of her depravity when it came to debasing her white chattel knew no floor.

"Very well," she conceded. "But if you wants to taste Master's lovely pussy you is going to need to lick her arsehole clean too."

She turned her back to me and presented her rounded and humongous buttocks; body rising up in a haze of sunlight above me as I shuffled towards the chore that might just win me a release.

"There you go," she said, pulling the thong of her bottoms from her crack. Do a good job on my arse and then I lets you worship my pussy."

As if at the ringing of a Pavlovian bell, I immediately thrust the point of my tongue into her shit-chute and began to explore its interior; way beyond my initial revulsion when she had first ordered me to worship and clean her in such a way.

Knowing also at this point that she did not require the normal respect and reverence my tongue usually supplied when a more… *soothing* …and docile submission was required.

I probed at her anus so long it felt like my tongue was going to blister but, encouraged by the bestial sounds of utter bliss coming from her, I persisted.

Relieved, just the same, when she reached around and pushed my face from her arse.

Almost dancing across to the patio furniture and seating herself beneath an umbrella, she eased the thong down and over her thighs and kicked them away with a foot before pointing to a spot on the decking between her painted nails.

With no scrap of semi-manly hesitation, I dropped from haunches to all-fours and crawled the distance to my Master's feet; eyes fixed upon hers in an approximation of adoration as she had taught me; sniffing her excitement and heightening my own as her cunt began to flood at the prospect ahead of it.

Her very own, tamed, trained, and utterly domesticated white-man; about to place his tongue at her service once again.

And for as long as she liked.

"See how excited Master's little white-doggy has her. Look how wet my obedient little white-boy 'as got me."

Guided by her hand atop my head, my eyes dropped to the puffy lips of her hairless black labia and the finger she was using to separate it that I might see the evidence of my submission and its effect upon her.

As I did under the scrutiny of her compelling dark-continent eyes, her cunt was mesmerising me.

"Lick me clean now, doggy," she ordered and pulled my unresisting face into her monstrous womanhood.

I licked her as she ordered and felt myself going into a frenzy under her control and her scent, realising for the first time that I was actually coming to find her control of me… *exciting*.

It was some twenty minutes or so later that her massive thighs clamped around my head and she screamed her unholy crisis to whatever African gods she worshipped; pleasure so intense I felt either side of my skull would be fused together by the pressure her legs were exerting upon my head.

Which was when she matter of factly told me that she had to piss.

I made to shuffle away and was cuffed across the top of the head.

"Stay!" she ordered.

Alarmed, praying this was not the new development I took it to be, she read my thoughts and laughed.

"That right, dog-boy. It time you got to serve your Master Djamila properly."

Having thought I was past further shock and demoralisation, my soul descended a few notches further into my own personal cess-pit as I realised what was to come.

But there was something that would turn out to be even nastier blocking my unwanted path towards becoming her personal toilet.

“I wants you to get used to this for me,” she told me, “cos when I takes you back to Luanda wi’ me to visit, I want all my friends there to see how devoted to your Master Djamila you really are.”

The world became even darker to me.

“Take me to Luanda?”

But… how could she?

It just wasn’t possible.

Surely!

Then I recalled that she had my passport and, with the hold she seemed to have over my will, I could be ordered to do just about anything by her and comply.

Memories of myself in the office of my former boss Terri as my African owner had me hand in my notice; before whisking me off to a solicitor to have a power-of-attorney notarised that gave her control of my affairs; rushed to the forefront of my thinking and I knew that if she was intent upon taking me back to her country for some length of time with her I would have no say in the matter.

All she needed was to leave the gym in the care of the young black woman she had appointed her assistant-manager and buy two air-ticket.

My eyes rose to hers again as she shifted in her seat and beckoned me in towards her waiting and just worshipped cunt.

The stream of urine that gushed forth to batter my humiliated and already beaten down cheeks seemed an apt and nasty counterpoint to the horrific scenario she had just outlined for me.

A scenario I was still thinking of, despite the competing attentions of her piss, when she ordered:

“Swallow!”

Seven

I barely recognised myself as I stood naked before the full-length bathroom mirror.

The face was the same, certainly; even if the eyes were no longer the vibrant and optimistic windows that had once gazed upon the world with such relish.

But the body itself?

The pale white-skin she insisted I maintain, so that my origins could not be missed, and everyone might know her servant was a white-man, was covered below the neck with tattoos and body-jewelry my Master had added to me over time; jewelry even my face had not escaped from.

Piercing, I knew, from those rare occasions when I had time, opportunity and, more importantly, her permission, to use the wi-fi in the Luanda villa she had been renting these past seven months - albeit, I surmised, with a subliminal proscription for me to engage in neither email nor social media; for why else would I steer clear of it? - had been around since the dawn of time and had first been recorded around forty-centuries ago.

There is even a mention in Genesis.

The original Hebrew word used was *"Shanf",* translates as *"nose-ring"*.

Of which I had one.

More a stud than a ring, actually.

Worn in my left nostril and sometimes joined to a ring in my pierced ear on the corresponding side by a thin chain.

You can only imagine the looks I receive in the markets and shops of this Third-World land.

A white-man – fully clothed, thankfully – traipsing behind a formidable Angolan woman to whom he was obviously in service, nose and ears pierced to mark him as her… *possession*.

Could there be a more obvious symbolic marking for people to see?

The looks of contempt from both men and women were unmissable and mingled, in the case of the women at least, and unless I misread them, with expressions of great envy.

The tongue piercing that was less obvious to the naked eye, goes all the way back to the Aztecs of course. The tongue being pierced to draw blood and gain favor with the gods and allow communication. The silver stud placed through mine ensuring my tongue *"communicated"* with greater facility when addressing the pussy of my dark-goddess; and taking the unholy joy she attained through her usage of me to new and unparalleled heights she assured me no mere cock could ever achieve.

And certainly not the *"pitiful specimen"* belonging to her white-doggy.

She also had my navel pierced, though this is a more modern phenomenon, and this, together with the tattoos in her native Bantu covering my stomach back and legs, would give yet more clues to her ownership of me, were I to be seen in the flesh, so to speak.

My chastity, of course, traces its provenance back to Victoria's husband Albert, who was reputed to have had this piercing done prior to his marriage to the queen around 1825 and at the time of Beau Brummel and the fashion for tight men's trousers. Men often had the penis pierced in order to secure it to one side or the other and not create an unsightly bulge. To accomplish this some men had their penis pierced to allow it to be held by a hook on the inside of the trousers called a dressing-ring.

A less pleasing side-effect, for men anyway, is that if the penis ring is secured to a ring through the scrotum itself and the chain adjoining them short enough, as mine is, the man pierced in such a way is effectively prevented from achieving an erection without being released by his keyholder and has been temporarily neutered.

Of course, and under her subliminal commands, all my piercings and tattoos were all consensual on my part and the tattooist or body-artist responsible for them had no idea what was occurring, save for the fact I *wanted* myself marked for the black woman accompanying me. My desire met with a shrug by people who had seen pretty much everything in their line of work. Work that was carried out very professionally, from my limited experience of such things.

Though this professionalism did not prevent the worked upon tissue contracting some minor infections that were treated easily with antibiotics.

The black woman who had taken complete and utter control of my life had turned me into a freak!

At this point, I imagine you are asking yourselves how she managed to get me into Angola for her extended visit to her homeland.

An easy answer.

With great ease.

All it took was for her to book tickets in our names and for her to return me my passport for the trip and take it from me again once we had arrived. So under her spell did her eyes have me that she could proscribe me from any number of actions and responses and I would have no idea she had done so until I attempted one of them. This inability to bring the nature of my plight to anyone's attention ensuring our trip was hassle free.

Of course, given airport-security, it was necessary for her to remove all my body-jewelry lest I set the scanners to jangling and an embarrassing strip-search were to be made.

Embarrassing for me, anyway.

The delightful consequence of being free of the jewelry, however – and the fact no subliminal command seemed to be in place as my black *"Master"* had a comfortable flight in Club while I languished in Coach – was that I was able to make a number of *enjoyable* visits to the *"Head"*

in order to enjoy the temporary freedom accorded me and take advantage of my ability to experience an erection without the aid of Djamila Quitongo and her infernal key.

I can almost – *almost* - laugh at the expressions of the cabin-crew and some passengers who must have thought I was a candidate for prostate surgery.

But a flight lasts only so long, and my freedom was stripped from me the moment we exited Quatro de Fevereiro International Airport at Luanda and were ferried to the villa she had rented for her stay by taxi.

Normal service was soon resumed.

And there I was.

Grant Yardley.

In Angola's capital.

A man who had once thought he had the world by the tail. Gorgeous and devoted wife. A lovely, bought and already paid for, home on the south-coast of England and a job that both fulfilled him and paid well.

Very well.

So what had gone wrong? How could it be that, in this 21st Century, I could end up in a third-world country the marked slave of an African woman I would once not have looked sideways at; so unappealing was she to me? And here as nothing more than her abject and obedient chattel she had insisted I would be shortly after having met and taken physical control of me.

The mental and, equally inescapable, mesmeric dominion she seemed able to cast over me following on shortly afterwards.

Again, when considering the question, my red-hot thoughts turned themselves towards my faithless wife and the man who had taken her from me. Reason having no effect on my sense of loss and injustice whenever I dwelt on the life in London they were now living, courtesy of his indecent City salary, and the existence I'd had stripped from me not long after having been discarded. Love that could not be denied or not, I wanted to render and maim both for the misery their coupling had inflicted upon me.

Even my hatred of the black monster who had enslaved me and for whom I toiled and sexually served, paled into insignificance in the face of my hatred for my ex-wife and the lover and now husband I barely knew and had not exchanged a word with – and, believe me, my detestation of my black *"Master"* was at levels of heat not witnessed since Krakatoa's last eruption.

I was in a strange land, with no money, no friends, and without even the necessary wherewithal to make my plight known to anyone; let alone someone in a position of authority who might be able to help.

Marked like the dependent freak she had made of me and unable to even lay claim to my own passport.

A man, in fact, without hope.

Except…

Suddenly, I wasn't.

Without hope, I mean.

From out of nowhere, the hateful black bitch I hadn't known to have a sniffle, let alone a full-blown illness, contracted a virus.

A virus of the debilitating kind that had her flat on her back under home-rest at the local doctor's orders until the prescribed drugs could have an effect.

And what difference did having to be at the beck and call of a sick master or a healthy one make to me, I can hear you ask?

All the difference in the world!

As her physical condition deteriorated – and the physical control she exerted over me contracted with it - so, I noticed, did the power she possessed to influence my thoughts and decision-making weaken also.

For virtually the first time since she had placed me in that padded trunk, I could see things clearly and in total.

And did not feel any compulsion *not* to speak my mind.

With the bitch unable to rise from her bed and having the run of the villa to myself – knowing this was probably my one and only chance to free myself of her – I quickly made plans.

First, came an Internet search to locate the residence of the British Ambassador.

Second, the liberating of enough cash for a taxi from her handbag.

The location of my passport I didn't trouble myself with; knowing that along with hers it was held in a bank-deposit box she had opened upon our arrival.

Last, and certainly nowhere near least, was my instruction to the English-speaking taxi-driver to drop me outside the Ambassador's residence.

A brick through his window; an arrest by his security and a humiliating but necessary explanation and peeling off of my clothes to reveal the body the bitch had desecrated; and a chain of events had been put in place that would eventually see the woman who had made a casualty-ward of my life in either an Angolan or an English prison for a considerable length of time.

Given what I had heard of African prisons, it will not surprise you that ,y preference was for the former.

Epilogue

From the Daily Telegraph – Thursday. February 2. 2018:

Husband and Wife Stabbed to Death Outside Home

A husband and wife, identified as Mr Hugh Entwhistle, a thirty-five-year-old City trader with a leading International brokerage, and his wife, Mrs Gemima Entwhistle, of Bardsleigh Close, Islington, were found dead from multiple knife wounds outside their home in the small hours of this morning.

Prior to what the Police say was a particularly savage attack, they had been returning from a function in London's Covent Garden arranged to celebrate Mr Entwhistle's elevation to the position of middle-east portfolio-director for the Bingham International Brokerage Group. Their bodies were discovered after neighbours were disturbed by the sound of screams from the street in the leafy Islington cul-de-sac. The Police are continuing with their investigations into the double-murder.

A spokesperson for Bingham International said that Mr Entwhistle was a well-respected and liked member of their financial staff and would be sadly missed.

Mrs Entwhistle was the former wife of Mr Grant Yardley, the former project-manager abducted by an Angolan national before securing his own release earlier this summer.

Neighbours say that Mr and Mrs Entwhistle were a loving couple who seemed entirely devoted to each other and were expecting their first child in August.

*****

Terri Bamford let herself in to his apartment with the key he had given her.

It had been almost six-months since his return from the hell the African woman she had met in her office had put him through and she had been one of the first to contact him when he had come through the counselling sessions and the attempts to rectify the modifications his demented female captor had made to his body.

Attempts that had been wholly successful when it came to the piercings - genital and otherwise - that had been forced upon him.

Physically, he was healing nicely – even if the tattoos in Bantu that still covered his body were a source of acute distress to him and explained why the lovemaking they had only just settled into was made with him wearing a tee-shirt to cover his shame she could not persuade him was unnecessary.

Though, with the money seven-figure-sum he was set to make from a tabloid exclusive she had persuaded him as in his best financial interests to make - given his ordeal had made him all but useless to return to his former employment, there was the possibility of paying for the laser-treatment capable of removing them.

So, physically, he was in a far better place.

Mentally, though…

This was another matter entirely.

Many nights after his return since they had become… *attached* …she had held him through a series of screaming and kicking nightmares.

Nightmares that were becoming no better and which were as likely to afflict him during the day as well as at night.

A state of affairs that had her constantly second-guessing what mental condition he would be in whenever she arrived at his apartment.

That condition on this Saturday morning being one she would *never* have guessed at.

And especially not after she had listened to the news concerning his ex-wife and her husband.

“Where have you been?” he joshingly accused her as she entered the open-plan apartment; not giving her time to present an excuse she didn’t require after having arrived at exactly the time she had said she would arrive.

“Come on,” he urged. “I’ve got it all laid out on the breakfast-bar. There’s cereal, yoghurt, toast and a full-English. I’ll pour you a coffee.”

Allowing herself to be seated upon a stool, Terri was both baffled and pleased by this change in his demeanour; despite it striking her as a little too sudden to be lasting.

“You seem… well… happy,” she told him as he sat next to her.

“That’s because I am,” he told her without hesitation. “The past is done now, and nobody can hurt me anymore.”

She knew he referred to his former captor who had been sentenced to twenty-years in an Angolan prison, but couldn’t help feeling there was more to his ebullient and optimistic mood.

“The past is behind me, I’m financially secure and I have no need to work again,” he smiled.

She smiled back, though there was something troubling her at the back of her offered empathy.

“Not only that,” he went on, “but I have a new woman in my life who’s the best thing that ever happened to me.”

A pleasurable flush came to Terri’s cheeks, knowing as she did how much he had worshipped his former wife and just what a compliment he had given her.

“Why shouldn’t I be happy?” he asked her.

He reached out a hand with a plaster stretched across it’s palm and caressed her cheek.

“And why shouldn’t you?”

She nodded and smiled, knowing her feelings for him were the real thing and needed only for him to get a handle on what had happened to him before she saw a real future going ahead for them.

“What happened to your hand?” she asked.

“Just an accident,” he answered, pointing to a set of Sabatier knives resting on their block. “Cut myself with one of them while I was making breakfast.”

Again she nodded, recognising the knives as a set he had told her were given as a wedding-gift to him and his former – now *late* – wife.

“About time,” he began, with a smile that suddenly struck her as sinister, “that I chucked them out with all the rest of the junk from my past…”

THE END