MAN-BEAST TO MALE-PET

A Novella

By
Vera Carlisle

An SFPG Publication

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MAURICE

He had once been a man amongst men.

The past tense, however, was no longer anywhere near the consolation it had first been since *she*…

The pain of his descent as fresh now as it had been from the start, beaten eyes watered as the memory of what he had once been and was no longer stabbed him to the heart of where his manhood once resided yet again.

Just the same, as he waited in subdued silence, knees tender against the cool ceramic patio floor tiles, it was to this ever-diminishing consolation of *"what had once been"* that he returned in order to take his mind from the living nightmare to which he had been consigned and from which deliverance was no longer an option.

Right now, the young and decidedly unlovely German girl, the same girl upon whom he had used his superior age and charm to woo as his ticket to the wealth he had been singularly incapable of providing for himself, would be indulging herself in the luxury and calm of *her* secluded villa. *One* of them, anyway. A villa high upon the rocks overlooking the Mediterranean and the small fishing village of Cassis. The same village once made famous by the art of Signac and now no longer a village or, apart from its delicious blackcurrant syrop, particularly famous.

And, while she did that, he waited for her arrival a few days hence in yet another of her isolated villas – this one overlooking the Atlantic some fifty miles south of Dakar, the capital and largest city of Senegal in West Africa.

Being located on the Cap Vert peninsula makes Dakar the westernmost city on the African mainland and its position has made it an advantageous departure point for trans-Atlantic and European trade throughout its history.

An advantageous departure point Maurice Baxter would have liked to take advantage of now.

The utilising of it one he knew to be impossible.

For him.

To travel, after all, one needed money.

Not to mention clothes.

The functioning voice and other physical attributes he had once taken as no more than a matter of course would have made matters easier also.

So, instead, while his young wife was free to make full use of her money and the opportunities it provided; despite her unprepossessing features with their equine cheeks and large teeth, he, a handsome man in his forties, used to the attention beautiful women, was on his knees on a rarely visited African patio; overlooking the ocean in the company of the fearsome and devoted Anobi.

The nineteen-year-old hate-figure in question having being his wife's Senegalese housekeeper from the tender age of twelve and a brute of a girl who had hated him with a passion from the very first moment she had laid eyes upon him.

A housekeeper and brute of a girl, moreover, who was now in a position to vent her disapproval, safe in the knowledge her power was total and became secondary only when his *owner* was in residence.

And yet it was as his wife and not *owner* – or *"Master"*, as Anobi loved to so describe Ilse – that he thought of her.

Despite everything.

To do otherwise, after all, was to acknowledge what she had done to him and the depths to which he had sank.

"Master Ilse arrive in a few days, Chien-Blanc," reminded the monstrous young woman from the former French colony of Senegal; her copious if obviously feminine bulk a constant form of threat to him now he was so deep within the power ceded to her by *"Ms Ilse"*, as she liked to refer to her mistress when not describing her to him as *"Master"*.

The excitement in big Anobi's less than cultured or articulate tone was not shared by the white man attached to her by a lead which ran from a heavy steel collar to the girl's left-hand, the right holding an ice-cold tumbler of freshly squeezed grapefruit he could only envy given the tepid water she had poured into his bowl, liquid that was the only refreshment he was allowed other than that which he drank direct from…

Perched on his haunches, he forced his thoughts from the indignity to which the powerful young black girl – scarcely nineteen to his forty-three – had forced him and prayed she was not serious about the wife who was his no longer except on paper requesting he perform the same task for her.

As if divining his thoughts, Anobi set her glass down and reached out to stroke him behind the ear, knowing how much he shrank from her touch and was terrified to show it – unless he wished to be taken across her smooth and immense black thighs until he learned to better appreciate her control of him and the few scraps of affection she threw his way.

If she found anything incongruous in the picture of her, an uneducated and overweight young Senegalese girl of coal-black complexion, sitting at her ease with a handsome, naked, and far older white Englishman at her feet, both collared, leashed *and*, more incredibly, physically modified, there was no trace of it to be found in a face that was both well-defined, despite the corpulence below it, and ferocious in its aspect.

To an observer intruding upon the scene there would be *absolutely* no doubt as to who was the natural master of the other between young girl and older man.

This despite the obvious inequalities of intelligence and looks.

“You like that, my little Chien-Blanc?” she asked, fully aware he had not the vocal chords with which to answer and would be forced to respond in the way he had been taught.

A *way* that was yet one more nail in the coffin the young black girl and her only slightly older German employer and friend had made of his manhood.

Her hand continued to caress him behind the ear as he *whined* his acknowledgement as taught, going on all fours as she left his ear to tug him into position facing away from her via the collar.

“That is a good Chien-Blanc,” she cooed, the heavily inflected accent with which she spoke his native English only serving to make his descent all the more real and dispiriting.

“You learning to be what you always meant to be. Sooner you get it in head you no longer capable of being a man the sooner I have to stop punishing you and your petit-orgue-blanc.”

As ever when she made such a reference, she giggled.

A giggle that was neither girlish nor winning.

At least not to the object of its derision.

Her reference to the cock that, he knew, was in no way *“petit”* and no longer of any use to him except on those occasions when the sadistic African girl freed him of the plastic prison containing it and allowed him to hump her leg after the fashion of the animal he was intended to be, only served to bring a picture of his black handler to mind as she stood above him and smiled with satisfaction at the depths to which she and Ilse had reduced him.

He was slowly losing what remained of himself under the unrelenting treatment the girl was handing out with such obvious relish and it was hardly surprising that Anobi was aware of it too. Unwilling or not, he was becoming more and more servile and cur-like in his obedience. It could, they both knew, only be a matter of time before he lost what was left of his manhood completely.

Even if Ilse had informed him before she left for the Cassis villa that she wished him to always remember his former life as:

“It will make the position of the animal you will always be for me all the more of a torture.”

In that, he had assured himself with bitterness, and on many occasions since her departure, he could find no argument with her.

“Ms Ilse be pleased with her Anobi when she get back and see what a well-behaved pet she now own,” he heard her say by way of confirming his suspicions. “Because if you be a naughty Chien-Blanc when she arrive and spoil it for me I going to ask her if she let me cut off your balls.”

The shudder that ran through Maurice Baxter was, understandably, all the more genuine and terrifying for having experienced the girl’s single-minded delight in correcting his behaviour and the knowledge that, despite her relatively tender years, she was not of a type to make idle threats.

The throaty chuckle that greeted his reaction and the young and proprietary hand that cupped his be-ringed scrotum told him she knew how much he feared her and just how pleasing she found the truism.

Not for the first time, and with as much futility as all the times before, Maurice Baxter, ladies' man, lover of fine-wine and opera, went back over the events that had brought him to his current pass.

As he whined his appreciation, as taught, of the black hand that was gently massaging his scrotum, knowing all too well how that *gentle* massage could soon become a nightmare of sudden pain if he gave offense, he marvelled once again at how he had been taken from sophisticated, if alpha, male with a coterie of available women and a wealthy and not *too* unattractive younger wife, with homes in the affluent Home Counties of England, Africa, Germany and France, to be set down in a secluded villa on the South Coast of France to lead the life of a…

Canine!…

ILSE

She had known when she first met him exactly what Maurice Baxter was.

And wanted him all the more for it.

That he had no use for her mind or her emotions, and certainly not the looks that had been described on more than one occasion as being of the *"German equine variety"*, served only to increase her perverse interest in this self-serving specimen.

A handsome and well-groomed man, nonetheless, some seventeen years her senior, who saw in her the doormat and meal ticket he had been seeking from that time when the obligations of having money and what was necessary to gain it – namely: gainful employment – first reared an ugly and inconvenient head.

It was why, against the advice of her legal people, she had forsworn a pre-nuptial that would have protected the fortune left her by her parents.

A fortune she knew was safe anyway and the only reason this handsome older man was interested in her. Sex being a non-starter and his relief at her insistence there could be no intercourse between them prior to wedlock was obvious to her. Her handsome and would-be seducer unaware that there would be none – at least of a penetrative nature on his part – *after* wedlock.

Yet to reach her mid-twenties, and loving peace and solitude as she did, Ilse, nonetheless, was aware that she wanted a man in her life.

An older man.

The only problem was that to actually function *as* a man was not what she required from her older partner.

The word partner, in her regard, being something of a non-sequitur.

Loving the joy of control as much as she enjoyed the tranquillity of her own space, it was more of a creature obedient to her will than a companion the young Ilse Ritter fantasised over. Someone and something that had seen all choice and free will stripped from it. A possession over which she had sole dominion and ultimate responsibility.

This was the power over which she had regularly fantasised and fingered herself to completion, almost from that time when she had first been able to think with anything resembling clarity and her strange desires had formed and coalesced into what they would be and remain throughout the remainder of her life..

Fantasising, that is, until it occurred to her that money and contacts could always be guaranteed to open doors while ensuring mouths stayed closed at the same time.

A recognition of possibility that would ensure a hard time for the first man to cross her path she would consider… *suitable*.

The man she was to meet fitting her requirements to the letter.

Everything, in fact, that she wanted to dismantle, destroy and own.

When she met Maurice Baxter at a charity-fundraiser outside Henley-on-Thames and his somewhat obvious interest told her he had done homework on her background, she knew the mature and handsome, arrogant and supercilious, lothario was just what she had been looking for.

His courtship of her went more smoothly than even one so used to the acquiescence of women could have expected and it was hardly surprising that he did not for one second question the young horse-faced German girl's willingness to be led and advised by him.

They had been married – again over the strongest of possible objections by her legal people – seven months later and taken off on their honeymoon.

A honeymoon she had *insisted* – and over his own objections - they take at her villa in Senegal.

Despite his annoyance at such an *"unglamorous"* location to celebrate the union he did not intend to remain in place long, Maurice Baxter went ahead with it in the face of the – until then – malleable German girl's insistence it where she intended they spend their honeymoon.

Her refusal to bend to his wishes a harbinger, were he to have realised it, of what he would soon be receiving when they reached her Senegal Villa.

And with a vengeance.

On arrival in Senegal, and exactly as Ilse had expected, the meeting between husband and loyal young housekeeper had proved as entertaining and pleasing as Ilse had known it would.

They detested each other on first sight.

Worse, her new husband's contemptuous and dismissive way of ordering Anobi around showed him as something of a racist.

If not, in his defence, a racist of the first ilk.

In fact, so great was Anobi's dislike of the new *"Master"* that she confessed she would rather return to the village she had not seen since the age of twelve when she had come to work for Ilse's deceased parents rather than spend further time with such a pig.

An admission in regard of her new husband that neither surprised nor bothered Ilse.

And an intention on Anobi's part that swiftly changed when Ilse told the young woman who, apart from her parents, had been, and now was, the most devoted and loyal of the people around her, what she had in mind for the arrogant and handsome white man.

Thus it was, that Maurice Baxter soon found himself in a strange land without a passport – Ilse having said it was required at the local Police Station and then not returning it. An admission that was not pleasing, but was not of any great concern either. Similar, in fact, to the sex that had yet to take place between new husband and wife.

The same sex he had no intention of allowing to happen; believing it would make *"irreconcilable differences"* all the more believable to a divorce court back home in England.

Of infinitely more concern to him was waking up – this after having taken a drink Anobi had spiked - to find himself restrained in a hospital bed surrounded and peered down upon by black-faces with not one word of English between them – so it seemed.

Of even more concern was the fact he would have been unable to converse with them in any tongue.

Given that it was now physically impossible for him to speak at all!

Amongst other, equally as permanent, disabilities.

CHANGE

"Some highly gifted – if not exactly ethical - psychologists have no doubt that, given constant reinforcement and unrelenting attention, you will become little more than the animal I intend you to be for me."

Strapped to the bed, throat burning like hell exactly where his vocal chords had once resided and now didn't, Maurice Baxter strained at the restraints confining him and realised his efforts were not as… *manly* as perhaps could be expected from an enraged male of his relatively youthful years.

The words escaping into the room past his young wife's horse-teeth were, frankly, unbelievable and, at first, he had convinced himself he was in the throes of one of those semi-conscious dreams where everything seemed real but were, in fact, imagined.

He was not to prove fortunate in this regard.

His inability to form words and the bandages covering his hands; along with a suspicion something was wrong with his legs; not doing much to lend hope to his conviction.

"Do not alarm yourself, darling," she told him soothingly, the *'darling'* enraging him even more so condescending and belittling was the way in which she enunciated it. "You are a lot weaker than you were."

Rage placed aside for a few moments, he could only acknowledge the correctness of her observation.

He did feel weak.

Very weak, in fact."

"It is only to be expected after what you have been through," Ilse told him with a tone of ersatz compassion that ensured his rage returned with interest – if not the facility to act upon it. "The good surgeons here at this very exclusive and *very* private clinic pared away much of your muscle. It was very expensive but I think you will prove worth it in the years to come we have together. I told them I loved you but that I could no longer bear the constant beatings and the profanities that rolled from your tongue. They were more than willing to reduce your muscle capacity and ability to speak that you could abuse me no more."

She laughed, maddening him further, the slight Germanic inflection of her English not helping:

"Of course," she added, "the considerable sum of money I was prepared to pay them for their expertise and, more importantly, silence, helped a little too."

Her laughter was not pleasing to him.

“No more honeyed words to poor gullible women anymore, I’m afraid,” she told him. “Especially not to the young wife you thought would be a convenient cash-cow.”

Her smile and accompanying oversized teeth was evil.

“From this moment in time on,” she continued with great relish, “you will be doing more listening than speaking. Not so surprising really, given one requires vocal-chords to form sounds and yours has been removed.”

As her observation triggered some more intense, almost maniacal, laughter, the near apoplectic Maurice Baxter threw himself against his tethers before collapsing with exhaustion onto his back and reviewing the situation into which he had found himself thrust.

He could remember nothing from the moment Anobi had served him a Mint Julep until waking restrained in this bed with inquisitive black faces peering down at him as if he were some kind of lab experiment. He could tell from the response of his body to his attempts to break his restraints that the horse-faced young bitch he had married for her money was speaking no less than the truth. She was looking down at him now as if, for all the world, he had become another of her possessions. With her blonde hair pushed from her face and tied at the back to emphasise her equine features she looked the very picture of a demented Nazi Youth – even though he knew her politics, unlike what passed for his own, were liberal to the point of being wet – and he knew he must have been in this bed and in this hospital for some time for the procedures she mentioned to have been performed.

The tongue she insisted she had persuaded the surgeon to lengthen and now lolled from his mouth whenever his lips parted was – apart from making him feel like some credulous simpleton – yet more proof of how much had been done to him and the time that must have been necessary in which to do it.

But this, he tried to calm himself, was the twenty-first-century!

Things like this just did *not* happen.

He would be missed.

Surely!

Word of what had been done to him would get out somehow and she…

“I know what you are thinking, my poor voiceless husband,” she broke into his thoughts. “We live in civilised times. Such barbarity cannot go unpunished for very long.”

"Damned right!" he agreed to himself, even as he wondered if the damage to both muscle and vocal-chords was reparable.

"But think about it," she advised him. "This might be what was once called *'French Senegal'*, but it is *not* France."

Seating herself on the side of his bed she reached out to stroke his cheek and became angry when he tried to bite her hand.

The power of the slaps she delivered to his face, right-left, then back again, stunned him with their power - she was not, after all, a powerful woman, or even big like the African bitch she had insisted in keeping on as a housekeeper.

Either she was stronger than he had taken her to be or he really was a sight weaker now,

The slaps hurt, whatever the explanation.

"I was asked if I wished to have your teeth removed," she told him, the threat obvious even with the words she added. "Perhaps I should have taken that option."

Anger forgotten, the prospect of losing the teeth that had, and still were, a source of pride to him, reduced him to both stillness and silence – the latter far easier to achieve under the circumstances than the former.

"It is an option still available to me…"

Her eyes flickered to his groin and he understood what her glance implied instantly.

He had, he told himself, awoken to a nightmare and could only pray that he would be roused from it soon – even if it was to wake alongside the ugly young German girl he had married in order to fleece.

It was not to be.

"Amongst others," she finished.

A cold wave of pure fear washed his body from head-to-toe.

"As I was saying," she went on, assured of his undivided attention. "this is not, oh, so civilised France and you are a stranger in an even more strange land. A strange land that will seem much more so to you before too long. My family were well known here and the name of my father is much revered for the prosperity his money provided for the local people."

Still gripped by the fear of her previous insinuation regarding the removal of his pride and joy, Maurice Baxter forced himself to concentrate on her words, sensing they were crucial.

Words, he decided, that were designed to bring home the dire nature of his situation home to him.

Like it was needed!

“It is a tradition his daughter has maintained and there is much warm feeling towards her for doing so,” she went on, referring to herself in the third-person.”

“Like all certifiable egomaniacs,” he told himself.

“Warm feeling that made it extremely easy – along with a show of some financial gratitude on my part – to have the authorities here record the evidence of your car accident and your admission to the hospital for the surgery that saved your life.”

Any hopes he held out – and not just for this being some kind of vivid nightmare – were receding by the second and with every word she uttered a greater sense of hopelessness overtook him.

Maurice Baxter might not have been alumni standard academically but he was not so slow on the uptake as to regard waking up in restraints in a strange hospital bed with his vocal chords removed as something there was no need to be concerned about.

“The surgeons did the best they could under the circumstances, of course,” she told him, “but their best efforts could not make good the fingers of the hands that had been so crushed it was necessary to fuse together the fingers in order to save them or the legs that would never straighten again and would ensure the only form of movement you will make from now on will be either on all fours or in a wheelchair.

The smile she directed his way was purest malice.

“And no husband of mine will *ever* be seen in a wheelchair.”

She was beyond insane, he decided as she gazed down upon him, the quality of her smile almost loving now and changing so swiftly she could only be deranged.

“Moreover, mein liebling,” she went on, knowing instinctively he was not a fan of her German ancestry and her insistence upon addressing him in her mother tongue, albeit partly, would grate, “you are a stranger without either money or a passport and, as of around now, clothes. My devoted Anobi is making a bonfire of them even as we speak and the hospital gown you now wear will be the only clothing you will know for some time – and only then until you are returned home for Anobi to take charge of you.”

Maurice Baxter's eyes bugged out of his head at her words and their meaning.

"Anobi?... Take charge of him?... A corpulent and ill-educated black girl?... Take charge of…?"

"That is right, liebling. It is you I speak of. The full of himself womaniser who thought he would marry an ugly young German girl and then ditch her as if she were so much unnecessary ballast in order to become wealthy through a divorce settlement. *You*, in the charge of a young black woman you despise for no better reason than she is of a different education, colour and physical shape than yourself. I realise you will not see eye to eye with me on this, but I find it…

His wife searched for the word she required, before adding:

"Poetic."

She rose to her feet and stared down at him as, despite knowing it was futile, he attempted to vocalise a response; though whether to abuse or charm his way out of the situation in which she had placed him it was impossible for her to tell.

The latter being her best guess.

He was nothing if not predictable, as well as completely confident in his ability to win over the opposite sex.

Her use of the past-tense to herself unlike to ever be contradicted in the future.

"But why, I hear you thinking, would I have such a thing done?"

Her smile was, he had to confess through his anger, chilling.

"A very simple reason, Maurice. I intend to own you. Body and soul. Such power over one of your sort has fascinated me since childhood and I have both will and the means to experience it. I intend for you to remain with me until either you die or I tire of you, whichever comes first, and I mean to see that you become the most obedient animal any owner ever possessed."

She raised her skirt and he saw her pussy for the first time – albeit through a pair of pink panties that were absolutely soaked through at the gusset.

"As you can see, the excitement such a prospect arouses in me is great."

With amusement, she watched as his eyes went to the legs that, minus trousers for the first time, were bare. Shapely legs with smooth tan skin she knew from observation were a particular weakness of his. The type of legs, in fact, that might have made him think of sex with her in rather a different light,

Had, that is, she ever seen fit to reveal them to him before.

“I cannot be with you all of the time to supervise your… *rehabilitation*, let us say, but Anobi will make sure you recover in just the way I wish you to recover.”

Another smile.

“Then we can truly begin our lives together as man and wife.”

A laugh followed.

“Or should I say: wife and *pet*?

Maurice Baxter’s manly eyes were moistening as she nodded to herself:

“Yes. From beast to pet. It is the journey I insist you make and a road from which my Anobi will ensure you do not deviate.

With another self-assured and satisfied laugh she headed for the door.

His last view of the horse-faced young woman who had already destroyed a part of his life and was about to take the rest were her surprisingly shapely – and unsuspected – legs as they strutted from the room with full confidence nothing and nobody would be able to impair their forward momentum.

Least of all the husband she was leaving strapped to the bed and who would soon be at the disposal and mercy of her young and unforgiving African housekeeper.

ANOBI

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And by such a person!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It beggared belief!

Except it didn't.

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

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

“You wanting to annoy, Ms Anobi?”

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

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

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

RETURN

"Show Master Ilse you be delighted to see her," Anobi reminded him, careful to add the *"Master"* with which she had taken to prefacing her employer's name lately, sensing that her use of the male honorific would humiliate him more than a simple *"Mistress"* and make her power over him seem even more… real.

Two months had passed since Ilse had left for Cassis but today she would return.

Within the next hour if the limousine sent to meet her at the airport was on time – punctuality not a discipline the Senegalese place much store by if Baxter's pre-canine experience of the people held true.

"When she come through that door I want you welcoming her the way I show you. Your master soon be home and she need to see how much her doggy pleased to see her."

The prospect of having the young girl he married seeing him in such a condition – no matter she was the one responsible for it – made Baxter feel physically sick with the anticipation. He was on all fours in the hallway facing the front-door, his whole body, scalp to toe, freshly depilated with a metal collar affixed to his neck and attached to Miss Anobi's hand by a sturdy leather lead. The cock that had once provided him - and others – so much pleasure locked securely away in the cage that was attached to a ring locked around his scrotum and from his position upon the floor tiles he could see the key capable of providing his manhood its freedom dangling from a thin gold chain encircling the black girl's ankle.

"Not worry, Chien-Blanc," the monster had told him after affixing the restraint upon him, proprietary fingers handling his penis and balls as if she had just been handed a deed of ownership and wished to inspect her new property. "Master Ilse also have a key and if you a very good Chien-Blanc for her and Miss Anobi I sure she can be talked into letting you spurt all the Chien-Blanc cream that going to build up in those little doggy balls."

The sound of a car's wheels crunching against gravel is heard from outside and Baxter begins to tremble.

Despite the fact she is ill-educated and none too articulate, *Miss* Anobi is more than capable of reading the thoughts of the Englishman who cowers on the floor at her feet, a collar about his neck to which a lead is attached, the other end of which can be found in the secure embrace of her hand.

Her free hand reaches out run itself over his depilated scalp – the decision to remove his hair a unilateral one on her part and a decision of which she hopes Ms Ilse will approve; though she is confident enough this will be the case.

And if not?

Well, then hair grows does it not?

Even on Chien-Blancs.

“Be calming yourself now, Chien,” she soothes, omitting the *‘blanc’* for once to help the suggested process along. “Master Ilse want her little Chien-Blanc all for herself and not be showing you off to strangers.”

His sense of relief was near immeasurable.

And just as near unbelievable.

He was shaved, voiceless, without the proper use of either hands or legs and on all-fours at the feet of a black girl who held him in place with the aid of a lead attached to a collar about his neck.

And he was mightily relieved for the small mercy of a limousine driver not being allowed to witness his situation!

The sound of footsteps sinking into gravel as they move towards the door reach them.

Two sets.

Baxter flinches and Anobi tightens her grip on his lead.

The voice of Ilse, speaking in French, is heard from outside:

“…y laisser l'affaire, Jawara. Je vous remercie et tenir pour vos problèmes. ”

It is obviously a huge tip as *‘Jawara’* sounds highly pleased:

“Merci beaucoup, Madame Ilse. Vous êtes une femme vraiment grande.”

Anobi can sense the relief of her Chien-Blanc as Jawara’s footsteps head away from the house and the limo door is heard closing behind him before the engine roars to life and the car heads off the drive.

She chuckles and a black hand snakes out to take the lobe of the stricken man’s ear between two fingers.

“You know what to do for Miss Anobi,” she reminded him. “Make me proud now.”

The consequences should he fail to do so scarcely need repeating but Anobi enjoys making him respond:

“Chien-Blanc tell Miss Anobi he understand.”

It is yet one more of the petit-mort’s Baxter suffers on a regular basis and one he knows he will never become quite used to performing.

But he *will* do it.

“Nguff!” he barks, a sound, minus vocal chords, Anobi has taken great pains to train him to make via the constriction of his throat and the expulsion of air.

It is a decent replication and one in which Ms Anobi takes much pride in having brought about.

Ms Ilse will be pleased.

“That is a very good Chien-Blanc,” she tells him, pleasure genuine and pride still more so at the evidence of the control she exercises over this older white man she has effectively turned into a canine. “Make Miss Anobi proud and she ask Master Ilse if she can release your little doggy cock and let you hump her leg the way you like.”

Despite the weeks of beatings, training and conditioning, Baxter is beyond mortification at her words and contemplates his shame in silence.

“Yes?” demands his black handler.

The threat implicit in that simple monosyllable is enough to have him suck in air and restrict throat muscles.

“Nguff!”

A massive black hand descends upon his naked arse and he yelps as she warns:

“Quicker next time, Chien-Blanc.”

The lead attached to the thick steel neck collar, spiked to assure obedience of the most instant kind when put to the use for which it is intended, tightens and Maurice Baxter is brought to his haunches, hands with their useless fingers flopping from the wrists and held out from his chest, the shame of his caged cock and balls visible for all to see.

It is not enough.

“Me montrer votre langue,” comes the order and, though he knows little French, he knows what it is she wants, having heard the same command many times.

The tongue his not so loving young wife had paid the Senegalese surgeons to lengthen exits his mouth and immediately lolls down to a point just below his chin.

Maurice Baxter is, he is only too aware, around as close as a human being can be to a dog without actually being one.

“N'oubliez pas d'embrasser ses pieds,” the black girl reminds him as the handle of the front-door turns and the door itself swings inwards to reveal Ilse.

A smiling and relaxed looking Ilse.

She wears shorts of a lightweight material and the legs Maurice Baxter had seen for the first time and grudgingly admired at the hospital are tanned and smooth. She is, in fact, tanned all over and to the man who has known only the company of *Miss* Anobi in the two months or so of her absence she looks – almost – attractive.

“Bienvenue Accueil mon ami et employeur!” Anobi cries with genuine affection. “J'ai raté vous au-delà des mots.”

“C'est une joie de vous voir encore trop, Anobi,” Ilse replies in the French in which she is likewise fluent, this before her eyes take in the creature residing upon its haunches at Anobi’s side.

“And what do we have here?” she asks in a tone of voice one might use to a small child who has grown in the absence of a controlling adult and reverting instantly to the English she knows that child – in this case an adult male reduced to the status of dog – can understand.”

Dying inside, but terrified to other than ordered by the young black master at his side, Maurice Baxter utilises the small form of communication left to him and whines.

“Ah!” Ilse sympathises. “I think my handsome pet is trying to say he has missed me.”

“A great deal,” Anobi confirms, knowing it to be a lie and unconcerned. “And he has learned many new tricks why you be away.”

“How wonderful!” Ilse coos. “But do take him off the lead, Anobi, so that he may give me a nice affectionate greeting.

The big black girl unclips the lead from his collar instantly and Ilse immediately goes into a crouch and slaps her hands against her tan thighs.

“Here boy! Come welcome Master home!”

Big Anobi's left hand unclipped him and, with a pat from the big black palm of the other on his defenceless white buttock, set his free.

If, that is, being able to crawl on all-fours with tongue slathering towards a young woman who was supposed to be one's wife and who now expected her former husband to greet her the way a domesticated pooch would greet a returning master could be called being set *"free"*.

"He is pleased to see me, Anobi," Ilse said with delight that seemed genuine when the older man whose life she taken from him rises up on his haunches as far as his semi-useless legs would allow and places hands with fused fingers against her tan thighs for balance before muzzling his nose into her midriff and whining the way Anobi had taught him.

"He be a dog. A good dog always pleased to see its master."

Ilse was running a hand over the former womaniser's denuded head she had insisted Anobi shave and keep shaved; knowing how proud he was of his still thick locks and not wishing him to have such a reminder of… better… days.

She nodded to herself with pleasure as he continued, as trained, to muzzle and whine:

"You have done a wonderful job, Anobi. He is the dog I always wanted and the animal he was always intended to be."

Maurice Baxter wanted to die.

"Does he have a name yet, Anobi?"

"I call him Chien-Blanc," he heard his black handler tell her. "He be your dog though, so you must change it if you wish."

There were a few moments of silence as Ilse gave it some though.

"No," she said finally. "I adore it, It is perfect for him. Tomorrow we will have it engraved upon his collar."

ANIMAL

"You ready for hot and juicy, Ms Ilse?" Anobi asked.

On his haunches in a corner of the Master-Bedroom, sprawled upon *his* blanket, the man formerly known as Maurice Baxter looked on as the young woman he had married sprawled upon the bed he himself had shared with her for the first few nights of their, so-called, honeymoon with the monstrous young black serving girl for whom he now had such a deep and abiding terror. That they had not consummated their marriage at any time during those nights had not bothered Baxter at the time. In fact, given the absence of a pre-nuptial and his desire to divorce her as soon as it was feasible, the lack of sex between them played into his plans beautifully and had not troubled him.

Then.

Now, as he took in the incredible body Ilse had kept hidden from him; showing him only the face he found so unprepossessing; a different reaction had set in. Always a man used to regular partners and regular sex – and on *his* – terms, the absence of it was yet another torment to set beside the unbelievable transformation that had been wrought upon him. A torment Anobi's infrequent offer of a big black leg to hump – this after releasing him from his cock-cage and if she considered his behaviour merited such a reward – only served to exacerbate and make the absence of the real deal even more painful.

And now, to make matters worse, if they could possibly be made any worse, was his wife with the glorious and unsuspected body, on the bed naked with the overweight black teen who, for all that, was still curvy enough to spark his deprived interest into life.

Despite the indignities she had inflicted – and continued to inflict – upon him.

On the bed itself, Ilse's eyes were glazed as she was confronted with the sight of Anobi's black pussy so near to her, making Baxter suspect this was the first of such Sapphic encounters between them. Timed, no doubt, to torture him more on this first night of his wife and master's return as well as satisfying desires both had harboured in regard of each other for some time. But mostly, he felt sure, to torture him.

Anobi stared intently at her employer – expectantly; knowing their roles for the moment were reversed and she, the low-born Senegalese girl was in control.

"Does Ms Ilse want to taste Anobi's luscious black pussy?" she asked in words familiar to the former man crouched on the dog-blanket as he watched the unexpected lesbian encounter progress.

Ilse, he noticed through his own growing, and grudging, excitement, seemed unable to respond, so great was her own.

“First though,” said the monstrous black teen, “ I want you to kiss these lips.”

Baxter actually saw her mouth pucker as she invited – no, ordered – her employer to kiss her.

To his surprise, Ilse did not hesitate and instantly placed full German lips of her own upon the those of the black girl’s, kissing her with a passion Baxter had neither seen nor expected from her. Anobi's tongue was already inside, exploring Ilse's mouth as she did the same in return; massive black breasts pressed hotly against Ilse's only slightly smaller, if firmer and better shaped ones. The contrast of white female flesh against black only serving to press his erection against the plastic restraining it with even more urgency.

And discomfort.

A cry of purest lust poured out of the German girl, muffled by the wetness of the dominant Anobi's mouth and the man-dog on the blanket knew this was something she had desired and fantasised over for some considerable time..

Suddenly, Anobi pulled away, nostrils flared and eyes glassy with lust as Ilse's hands trembled on the swell of her hips, eyes betraying the fact she yearned for more.

"Ms Ilse be a good kisser,” Anobi smiled, keeping up appearances and remaining deferential, despite the fact both women knew who was in charge at this point.

The horse-faced German girl actually blushed and Anobi took the opportunity to place her head upon the pillow and spread her legs.

Wide.

“Does Ms Ilse see anything else she like to kiss.”

The white girl hesitated and, for the first time, threw a look in her husband’s direction.

“Ms Ilse not to worry about Chien-Blanc,” Baxter heard to his mortification. “He be just her animal. If Ms Ilse want to worship Anobi’s black pussy it none of his business.”

Now it was Anobi’s turn to throw a look in his direction:

“Unless, though, Ms Ilse want her dog to lick her feet while she give Anobi pleasure.”

As if to persuade her, Anobi extended her hand, which had been working away at her own pussy as she spoke, and held it out, middle fingers glistening as she reached toward Ilse's mouth and Ilse eagerly took them in

"Anobi tastes good, Ms Ilse, and there be lots more where that came from if she wants it.”

"Yes… I want it," Ilse replied weakly, "I… I need it."

And there it was, Baxter told himself, amazed, despite first-hand knowledge of the black girl's facility to… *command*.

Ilse was begging. There was no other way to describe it. It was complete – for now at least - submission to a monstrous black teen she employed as a servant.

A black teen whose smile was full of dominion as, without words, she placed a hand behind her employer's head and exerted pressure moving her downward.

Ilse, though, knew what was wanted and seemed thrilled to be the one chosen to satisfy the desire as her lips finally made contact with the black girl's and she began to place feather-light kisses on its exterior.

Baxter's caged cock engorged more and it took a physical effort of will not to groan with the discomfort as it met the confines of its prison – an effort of will made all the easier by the knowledge of what Anobi would do to him if he disturbed her pleasures.

For now though, she was clearly enjoying herself as her employer continued to work at the outer folds of her labia and throaty moans filled the room and the bed rocked to the thrust of her pelvis as she mashed herself into the face of the willing Ilse. A knowing smile crossed the black girl's face as Ilse served her desire and she continued to take the initiative, enjoying her power over the older white girl who employed her.

"I think Ms Ilse should be on her knees for this," she said, pulling up her employer's head by the hair to stare into enthralled eyes.

Without a moment's hesitation, Ilse did as had been commanded and obediently moved to the floor as Anobi slung her big legs over and to the side of her and looked down with what, it seemed to Baxter, was contempt – even if she was still smiling.

There was a pause as the two young women locked eyes then, by way of consent, Anobi nodded.

Nothing further was required and, as if it was a well-practiced routine between them, Ilse brought her face in close to that same black pussy Baxter himself had been forced to serve on so many occasions recently, the same flesh open before Ilse now, waiting for her to lick and suck and try her damnedest to provide the pleasure Anobi demanded. As with her demoted husband before her, Anobi's cunt filled Ilse's world – if not in quite the same demeaning and forced way. A wet and demanding powerhouse of musky desire Ilse was already attacking with feverish abandon as her black maid and housekeeper ran her hands through her hair and gazed down with approval for her efforts.

It was all getting too much for Baxter and, despite the wreck the two of them had made of his life, he wanted nothing more than to join them on that bed and place his raging erection inside one or the other of them – by this time he did not care which – and piston them to submission.

Instead, though, he was the one in submission and the cock that would have done the pistoning was in no position to do anything of the kind.

From his position on the floor, he could see the engorged flaps of Anobi's labia as Ilse parted them and her inner pussy was revealed like the petals of a flower in bloom; deep brown contrasting sharply with the aggressive red of needy inner tissues that were already glistening with anticipation of the homage to com.

An inflamed and upstanding clit shone like an angry little bulb above the main action and, despite himself and his hatred and fear of the black girl, Baxter recalled the feel of it between his own reverent lips and a shudder of lust and shameless ran up his spine as he gave in to a desire to revere it once again.

Anobi knew Ilse's need and ran with it. A small cry of frustration escaped Ilse's lips as Anobi's hands grasped her head and moved it away a few inches, holding it just out of reach of her slit. Then… slowly… she began to easel her in, raising her own legs higher as she did so and opening herself up even more as Ilse's mouth inched toward her dripping snatch.

As Ilse inched forward, Baxter knew from experience that she must be overwhelmed by such proximity to the black girl's open gash. The inflamed flesh and the intense smell of her arousal would be overpowering his wife's senses just as they had so often overpowered his own – more truly in his case. No surprise then, that, when Anobi finally let Ilse's mouth touch her, the German girl could not prevent a groan from escaping her soon to be busy lips. The heat from Anobi, he knew, was intense, and Ilse would immediately feel the moisture coating her lips.

He watched as his wife quickly sucked the black girl's juices in but then, before she could begin licking in earnest, Anobi started to, slowly and deliberately, grind her pussy into her face in a gesture that was both lustful and assertive; as if she were telling her employer that, though she may call the shots outside of the bedroom, it would be she, Anobi, who was master once they found themselves inside one

It was Anobi herself who was groaning deeply now though, teeth gritted and lips twisted as she attempted to retain the control threatened by the delicious sensations being generated in her crotch. For though she was still in charge and enjoying her power over another young woman who was her employer – her *White* employer - the sensations being provided to her were immense and, Baxter could tell, far in advance of those supplied by her *"Chien-Blanc"*.

And those, he *knew*, had been considerable.

He knew that by now Anobi's flow would be profuse and Ilse would feel the black girl's discharge spreading over her face as the swollen knob of her clitoris belaboured her nose and lips and, as he continued to look on in lustful impotence, Ilse instinctively thrust her tongue into the recesses of Anobi's vagina.

Anobi's cry of pleasure as she lost it was, for some reason, pleasing to him – even if he had yet to inspire the same loss of control in his black-handler.

Denied any release of his own, Baxter could only look on from his blanket as both Anobi and Ilse recovered and Anobi took his wife by the hands and raised her to her feet. The hour-glass shape of the young German woman, whose bodily gifts were so far in advance of those facial features above them, was revealed to the man who had intended to spurn them until Anobi indicated she should take her place on the bed. Anobi herself taking Ilse's former kneeling position to present Baxter with that monstrous behind he now knew so… *intimately*.

"As Anobi returns the compliment," she told her employer and now lover, "she thinks it be nice if Ms Ilse has her toes sucked by her obedient Chien-Blanc."

Despite the lust inspired in him by the scene he had witnessed and continued to do so, Baxter's spirits sank further upon hearing the offer. His wife was being asked if she would like her husband to suck on her toes as her black lover used her mouth to pleasure her. And he was to do so as nothing more than a humble dog.

Ilse's reply relieved him; at least for a few moments:

"I do not think so my lovely Anobi," she declined without a hint of patronisation in her description of the monstrous black teen as: *'lovely'*.

Baxter sighed to himself with relief.

"I think it would be nicer, Anobi," she went on as the ears of her husband and now canine pricked up, relief on hold, "if, while you return me the compliment I showed you, that he…"

With a giggle that was most out of character with her Teutonic temperament, Baxter decided, Ilse leaned forwards and whispered in the black girl's ear.

Anobi laughed.

"Why, I have no objection to that at all, Ms Ilse. I thinks it be good for him."

Baxter waited, full of dread for what might be *"good for him"*.

NIGHTMARE-TO-DREAM-AND-BACK

Sarah had worn a particularly lovely dress, its form hugging black material clinging to her every curve and accentuating her full breasts and flared hips wonderfully. The dress was short and exposed a considerable amount of her long and shapely legs. Legs, her husband Donald realised, that were attracting quite a lot of admiring glances from the male guests.

And one in particular who was keeping himself somewhere in the back ground but was there, just the same, unseen or not.

As he spoke with Sarah he became aware that his wife had been quiet for some while and appeared not to be with him. She looked vacant, eyes staring towards the doorway fixedly. Following the direction of her eyes Donald saw Maurice for the first time, his elegant figure garbed in classical black jacket but made informal by a tee-shirt in the same monochrome and a pair of Ralph Lauren denims and Gucci loafers.

A feeling of unease raced through the husband at the look of absorbed fascination on his wife's face.

The man was leaning against the doorframe as he spoke to a vapid young blonde but his piercing eyes seemed to project themselves across the room to transfix Sarah and, to her husband's disgust, she seemed incapable of breaking off the contact. Then, suddenly, he said something dismissive to the blonde and approached.

"Maurice Baxter," he said as he joined us, not caring if he was intruding or not and knowing anyway that it would only be the husband who would feel that way. "Nice to meet you Sarah," he said to the husband's shock as he took the wife's hand in his and placed a kiss upon the back of it."

Then, as if at an afterthought:

"Nice to meet you too of course, Donald."

"Have we met somewhere before?" the growingly aggrieved husband asked. "How do you know our names?"

"Just good hearing, Donald. It is a party, after all."

There had been something of a put-down in his answer but if his wife was upset to have her husband treated so cavalierly Donald was unable to detect her displeasure.

"Sarah, you look absolutely ravishing. That dress compliments your figure superbly. The way it accentuates your breasts has certainly caught my eye."

"Caught your eye?" the normally mild-mannered Donald had spluttered. "What the shit do you…"

“Don’t be so touchy, Donald,” his wife snapped at him in a voice he had yet to hear her use with him up to that point and without deigning him a glance. “Your wife’s being paid a compliment by a courteous gentleman, that’s all. Be a good boy and go and top our drinks up.”

“Wh-What?”

“You heard. And fetch Mr Baxter here another white-wine while you’re at it.”

The stunned Donald was about to take his normally shy and retiring wife to task when Baxter spoke over his intention:

“No, Sarah,” he told her forcefully, voice honeyed and imperative, as if he had been in many such situations before and there could be but one outcome. “Donald is your husband and I think it only right that he should give his blessing. We want everything above board after all.”

Sarah, Donald noticed, looked disappointed and he noted it as one more thing to confront her with once they were back in the privacy of their own home before another thought struck him:

“What do you mean: *‘his blessing’*. My blessing for what?” he asked as the man maintained eye-contact with his wife.

Baxter turned his attention him.

"Donald, I want to see more of Sarah's incredible body and provide it with the pleasure we both of us know she needs and you are unable to provide."

Donald felt dizzy as the words hit home. How could he know possibly that their sex life had gone from reasonable to completely mundane unless…?

“What’s going on, Sarah? Have you been…?”

“No, Donald,” Maurice Baxter overrode him for what would not be the last time. “Sarah and I have neither seen nor spoken to each other before now, so please forego accusing your wife of cheating.”

“But…?”

“How do I know she is unsatisfied with your efforts in bed and the little cock she can barely feel inside her?”

Donald’s eyes went right and left and were relieved to discover the man had not been overheard. His thoughts immediately ran to violence. Never a powerful man, however, and a little intimidated by the man’s superior physique, he rejected the idea almost the second it occurred to him.

"What’s happening, Sarah?” he protested. “Are you just going to let him speak to me like that?”

Sarah shrugged, flicking him only the faintest of sideway glances:

“You’re the man. You stop him.”

"You are both right and wrong Sarah," Baxter told her, voice stern and full of power. "Your husband should be the one to stop me. But, on the other hand, he is *not* a man."

What had been a pleasant little party had suddenly turned into a nightmare and, as if to underline the stranger's words, Donald felt tears beginning to form at the back of his eyes.

"Please, Donald," the man told him in a voice that was about as friendly as it had been thus far, "you must not think I'm belittling you in front of your lovely wife to take her away from you. Though we have only just met, and despite your failings as a man, I can see that she has genuine feelings for you and I have no intention of interfering with them."

Donald could not help but feel relived, even if he knew that for a man who was not trying to belittle him Baxter was doing a bang-up job.

"Having said that, however," Baxter continued, "I have every intention of allowing your wife to ride upon my man-sized cock this evening – with your blessing or not."

As the man's eyes again returned to his wife Donald could only look on in impotent silence, knowing he was not the man's match and that to go against him would only ensure greater humiliation.

"You want this, Sarah," Baxter told her. "I saw it from the moment our eyes first met. And you can have it too. All you need do is trust me."

Donald's breath caught in his throat as he waited for his wife to respond.

"You do trust me don't you, Sarah?"

Then:

"Yes, Maurice" Sarah suddenly said. "I trust you."

Baxter smiled.

"Then follow me now, please."

Donald could only watch as the man took his wife's hand and began to lead her away before stopping and turning back to him, the unfolding situation either ignored or of no interest to the other somewhat inebriated party-goers:

"You too, Donald," Baxter ordered – and it was an order. "You need to witness this."

Turning then, the man led Donald's loving wife away and left the stricken husband to contemplate the change in his marital situation that had been effected in no more than a matter of minutes.

After no more than a few seconds, and as if on auto-pilot, legs feeling as if they were made of marshmallow, Donald followed……

…….The lights were already on in the room and the heating seemed at a perfect temperature; almost Donald thought as if it had been planned.

“Take that chair and place it in the corner,” Baxter ordered him with growing authority and an understandably resentful Donald, in a last ditch attempt to regain some initiative, squared up to him.

“Now look here, this has gone far enough and…”

The slap the man delivered to his cheeks – not even deigning to punch him the way one man would punch another – rocked Donald’s head to one side and brought the tears gathering at the back of his eyes to full prominence.

“Lock the door, please, Sarah,” he heard the man tell his wife and Donald watched through blurred vision as his wife did just that without a second’s hesitation as Baxter’s attention returned to him again.

“Let us get things in a proper perspective,” the man told him. “You are not man enough to prevent me. Either physically or in any other way. Your presence in this room, knowing that I intend to fuck your delightful wife, tells me that with more truth than any written affidavit.”

Donald’s tear-filled eyes turned to Sarah in mute appeal.

She sneered.

“So,” Baxter continued, “you will take that chair to the corner and sit on it like the obedient little husband you intend to become for Sarah and watch as a superior man gives her the pleasure she deserves and you are singularly unable to provide. If I hear a sound from you, let alone a word of complaint, I will take you over my knee and lay my belt across your behind in front of your wife until you beg me to stop.”

The stricken husband’s face was a picture of misery and disbelief.

“Do *not* test me on this,” the man who had only just entered his life and was turning it into a horror show warned him.

Baxter pointed to the corner.

“Take your chair and do as you’re told.”

Despite his terror, Donald hesitated, knowing he was being destroyed as a man in his wife’s eyes and desperately trying to come up with a way of restoring himself there.

It took only the merest of movements in his direction from Baxter to send him scurrying with the chair to the corner and marital fate, had he but known it, was sealed.

Satisfied with his complicity, Baxter turned now to the waiting Sarah and whispered something in her ear that made her smile.

From his demeaning and childlike position in the corner, Donald watched, barely able to catch a breath such was his disturbed state of mind, as she slipped shoulder straps of her dress over her arms and eased the garment, teasingly, down to her waist.

The beaten husband could see the man who had introduced himself as Maurice Baxter watching her disrobe. His fingers were clasped together under his chin and he studied her every move in silence, fascinated with both her sexiness and her willingness to do such a thing for a man who had been a stranger not minutes before.

Yet another indication of just how unsatisfying she had found her sex life.

But no longer.

Sarah's breasts were completely exposed now and yet she looked completely at ease.

And stunning.

Allowing the dress to fall in a heap at her feet, she stepped away from the crumpled dress and stood before Baxter naked save for her skimpy black panties and spike-heeled shoes with their pointy toes.

At this green-light – not that he appeared to need any – Baxter stepped in and kissed Donald's wife deeply to send knife thrusts of jealousy and ineffectuality through the husband and his watched in impotence silence from his corner.

All three shortcomings exacerbated when the man's hands began to play lightly with her breasts and her nipples reacted instantly to his touch and visibly stiffened. The kiss intensifying as he continued with his caresses while Sarah moaned louder and louder as his touch on her responsive buds became more fierce. The husband watched as her legs began to buckle and only the man's grip on her stopped her from falling as she orgasmed simply from a kiss and the manipulation of her breasts, so great was her need and pent-up frustration.

Yet another nail they were driving into the coffin they had fashioned of his manhood.

Sarah was still coming down from the first of what would be many such detonations that night as he picked her up in his arms and carried he to a table in the centre of the room and sat her atop it to slide the panties down her legs and off her feet.

The shoes quickly followed and the man in the corner whose husband she was soon found herself completely naked; the look she threw to him over her ravisher's shoulder telling Donald that it wasn't just the attentions of the man she was enjoying.

The humiliation of her husband was, he suspected with a feeling of abject misery, equally as arousing.

As Baxter lowered his head to plant his lips upon the succulent labia to which only Donald had once had access and taken the boon completely for granted, he saw that her pussy was sopping from the previous orgasm, juices glistening in the subdued lighting of the bedroom.

Throwing back her head, she screamed as his dexterous tongue lapped at her engorged clit and over the sensitive bud in a rhythm designed to inflame every nerve in her body; the sounds of his slurping oral worship reaching across the room to the defeated and demoralised husband like telegrams of loss from the front.

His loss.

One after the other he counted of one, two, and then, impossibly, *three* explosions of female completion as the man's tongue took Sarah into realms neither her husband's own tongue, and certainly not his cock, had come close to even threatening to visit.

And still he continued, sucking her clit deep into his mouth and nibbling gently on her vulva as a finger disappeared into her anus and brought more screams of ecstasy from her as she first begged him to stop and then urged him onwards; his head only lifting from between her thighs after yet another explosive completion from Sarah left her drained and spent upon the table-top, vagina gaping from his attentions.

As Baxter began to take off his trousers, Donald's feelings of inadequacy were about to take a further downward slide, the man himself unable to quite believe that his safe and secure, if admittedly uninspiring, world had been brought crashing down about his ears in so short a space of time. Having never considered himself to have been cursed with a particularly small penis, Donald could only gasp with realisation and envy as Baxter's long and thick shaft came into view and dwarfed his own. The same shaft, he realised with mortification that was erect in his trousers in response to seeing his own wife tongued to orgasm by a total stranger.

He watched as Baxter scooped her up by the buttocks, her arms entwining themselves about his shoulders, and slid his cock into the orifice he had so ably loosened with his accomplished tongue. The head of his cock looked massive as eased it between Sarah's slick pussy lips and the folds of her pussy welcomed it as if it were a hero returning from saving her honour. Soon, she screaming and threshing upon him and it wasn't long before another cry of pure ecstasy heralded yet another orgasm.

The man was not finished with her yet though.

Not by a longshot.

As Baxter began to work his tool back and forth in my wife's cunt. The husband watched mesmerised as her pussy instinctively grew to take his dimensions and clung to his slick shaft as it withdrew. Each time he penetrated her his cries grew louder and his invasion of her became more rapid the more she screamed, her eyes bugging out of her head as they sought Donald's to pierce him with their unspoken accusation.

"Why couldn't you do this for me?"

The answer, as the man's thrusting grew in urgency and his own crisis approached, was because of the less than gigantic package that lay, shamefully stiff, in his own trousers.

Suddenly, his wife was on the edge again and, this time, so was her ravisher as with a thrust or two more they both came together and screamed their joy to the ceiling……..

……."Uhhhnnnnnnnnnnnng!" was the sound escaping a throat bereft of vocal chords as Maurice Baxter's awoke to the agony of his cock coming up against restraining plastic and preventing any likelihood of his wet-dream resulting in a much needed orgasm.

As he lay upon his blanket at the foot of the bed containing his wife and the black girl, for both of whom he was nothing more than a household pet who had once been a man and was no longer, he came back to his reality with the usual crushing thump and allowed the tears Anobi forbade him from shedding and took great pleasure in punishing him should he disobey her to flow.

The dream had, while it lasted, been a wonderful reminder of his time as a free and vibrant man able to take his pleasure when and with whom he wished.

A welcome return to his past life that, nonetheless, puzzled him a little.

Why, when dreaming it, he asked himself, had he dreamt it from the point-of-view of the cuckolded husband?

FUTILITY

One month after her arrival back in Senegal, Ilse Ritter could only congratulate herself on how wonderful her life was.

With money enough to do whatever she wished to do and able to dip into the society of the wider world when it pleased her to do so, the young woman was happier than at any time in her young life.

And it was not the release provided by allowing Anobi to exercise authority over her in the bedroom – though certainly *nowhere* else – solely responsible for her carefree and satisfied outlook.

That could be seen above the pages of a work from Camille Paglia she could only find somewhat old-hat given where her own female superior inclinations had led and the ramifications for the unfortunate man who had seen both her and her fortune as fair game.

As she watched her Chien-Blanc asleep upon his rug in the corner of the room, ears ever alert for a summons to either his Master Ilse of Ms Anobi, the words of the distinguished looking female psychiatrist – the same psychiatrist whose assistance and compliance had been bought with her money and been so invaluable – came back to Ilse Ritter……

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

"Even as they pine for the life they once knew and can have no longer, Dr. Sandrine Valadon asserted, "the awareness that their situation is hopeless and that they would, perhaps, be in an even worse position were the their owner have no further use for them soon leads to an absolute collapse of mental resistance. And from the acknowledgment of futility comes acceptance."

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

Dr. Sandrine had explained further:

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

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

Even if it was nice to hear it confirmed.

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

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

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

Almost.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not to mention… *perverse*,” Sandrine Valadon finished.

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

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

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

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

"You."

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

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

"Hardly necessary," Ilse laughed.

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

…….Coming back to the present, Ilse drank in the sight of the former lady-killer and would-be beneficiary of a part of her fortune as he lay on his blanket and tried to sleep, hoping no doubt to alleviate his real-time subjugation by dreams of manhood whilst in the land of nod.

Sandrine, as Ilse now knew her, had been perfectly correct and the choice of Anobi as his *"handler"* during the early stages of his acclimatisation and training had been a wise one. The man formerly known as Maurice Baxter was completely and utterly in fear and awe of the young woman he would, at one time, have considered it a kindness on his part to allow to shine his shoes. Anobi had but to speak in a certain way these days and the once all-powerful male would shake as if he had been left outside overnight in the freezing air. Where once his trim and well-kept frame draped itself in the finest suits and shirts of Milan, Paris and London, these days his only items of dress were the thick steel collar about his neck with a metal disc whose engraving proclaimed him as *"Chien-Blanc"* and the device Anobi had attached to his ball-sac and cock which, though only plastic, was perfectly effective in preventing any orgasms, accidental or otherwise.

"Here boy!" she called, loving the way the ears below his denuded scalp pricked at the sound of her voice – sleeping or not.

She loved even more the way he immediately raised himself from his blanket and crawled across to where she sat, making sure to shake his white English arse from side-to-side in the way Anobi insisted that the artificial tale she had attached to his chastity-device shook from side to side in a parody of canine joy for being once again the center of his owner's attention.

Not for the first time, Ilse Ritter gave thanks to the parents she had loved for having left her with the means to know such untrammelled joy.

Even if a voice at the back of her head raised doubts that they would have approve of the use to which she put their largesse.

With a shiver of delight that seemed no less powerful than when Anobi had first directed him to do it, Ilse felt the elongated tongue of her male pet begin to lathe at the arch of her left foot before transferring its attention to the pretty toes with their blood red varnish and inserting it between toes that, despite her immaculate personal hygiene, could not but help to be sweaty given the heat of even the air-conditioned room in which she read.

Not for the first time she wondered – and not with sympathy we can be assured – how it must feel to be in his position. To have been stripped of everything that made him a man. Unable to walk normally or converse in any way save for the ersatz animal sounds Anobi had taught him to make with such patience, given the absence of the vocal chords necessary to make sounds at all. Even eating as a human-being was now beyond him and the fused hands that refused to clutch knife and fork were equally as useless at the handling of the nutritional but uninteresting fare Anobi prepared him. Far easier – if exquisitely humiliating – for him to bend his head to the stainless steel bowls in the kitchen and take his water and food that way.

Treats, when he was good, could be delivered by hand. Their hands. And only after he had begged for them in a suitably canine manner.

"Are you Master Ilse's good little Chien-Blanc?" she asked, speaking in the third-person and adopting Anobi's name for her; adoring being able to speak to him in such a belittling way and knowing that, while he hated her for it, he had no option but answer with one of the ersatz doggy barks Anobi had taught him to make.

"Nguff," he responded, taking his tongue from between her sweaty toes long enough to supply the affirmative single bark.

Her hand ran itself over his perfectly smooth head and stroked him behind the ear as his eyes struggled to maintain contact with hers while striving to convey a look of devotion.

Yet another of the ever inventive Anobi's ideas to keep him forever reminded of his place.

"But what is the matter, Chien-Blanc?" she mocked with just a hint of sternness. "Do you not like Master Ilse's other foot? Why is your tongue not between her toes? Hurry now!"

With a feeling of utter joy she knew was unnatural but was far too powerful for such a small misgiving to rival, she lay back and savoured the look and feel of her older husband as applied himself to licking her foot.

“Who would have thought it?” she asked, knowing the question was rhetorical, given he had not the means with which to answer and, even if he had, she would not have given permission. “Maurice Baxter. No more than an obedient dog for the German girl he thought he would marry and divorce as a way of making enough money to keep him in his sordid and demeaning lifestyle.”

At her feet, she sensed rather than felt him flinch and went on, knowing how much the reminder of his past existence in tandem with the one he was forced to live now pained him.

Her smile was cruel as she continued; voice both mocking and triumphant:

“What would all those women you so loved to fuck and who so loved to be fucked by you think now, I wonder,” she went on. “Perhaps, I can invite one of them over for a stay to see you after your accident left you so helpless and confused. Maybe we can even let you out of your little dicky cage while she is here and you can fuck with each other.”

She laughed at her own wickedness.

“But then, perhaps she would not be so keen to allow a doggy dick into her pussy. After all, Maurice, you are not the man you once were.”

By using his first-name on occasion, Ilse knew she triggered his sense of loss even more than the use of Anobi’s *“Chien-Blanc”* and could tell by the briefest of tremors that ran the length of his body that she was not wrong in thinking such a thing.

“No, that would be cruel. And we would not want to be cruel to our lovely and obedient Chien-Blanc, would we?... No. of course we would not.”

The surgically lengthened tongue at her painted toes continued to probe as she spoke, knowing no response was required other than that of the utterly servile.

“It will not be such a bad life for you,” she told him, almost kindly. “You will be housed and fed and, if you are a very, very, good Chien-Blanc, there will be times when I will allow your little cockle out of its cage for you to rub it against the side of Master Ilse’s calf. You like that, do you not, Chien-Blanc?”

The tongue ceased its probing immediately and:

“Nguff!!”

Ilse laughed delightedly.

“Oh, my poor Maurice. How far down the evolutionary scale my lovely Anobi managed to take you during my absence in Cassis. Are you not ashamed of yourself for wanting to do so despicable a thing to your Master’s leg?”

As beaten eyes that had once been those of a fully functioning man came up to meet hers, Ilse exulted in her power and turned the screw a little more.

“But then it must be terrible for you. To still have all those nasty manly urges. And you just a lowly animal with n way of gratifying them unless your Master or Ms Anobi takes pity on you and lets your poor dicky out its cage.”

The eyes that held his were pure evil and the man once known as Maurice Baxter wondered at the level of stupidity that could ever have prevented him from noting the possibility of her perfidy.

“Would it not be a kindness towards you if I were simply to instruct the surgeons to remove your useless cock and balls?”

The response, as intended, was instant.

Galvanised by sheer terror at the prospect of the last thing reminding him that he had once been a man – and a pretty impressive example of the gender at that – Maurice Baxter began to whine in the way Anobi had taught him and drew himself up upon his haunches and began to lick at her perspiring thighs with the tongue she had insisted be modified with just such a purpose – that and others – in mind.

“Is that a yes?” she teased.

“Nguff. Nguff!!!!” came the answer in the negative before the whining and the thigh worship recommenced.

A hand reached out to ruffle his scalp playfully.

“Oh, all right then. I will let you keep your little doggy cock and balls. For now. But you must remember I can have them taken away at any time if you are disobedient to either Anobi or myself. Understand?”

“Nguff!!!!”

“And I expect you to be more respectful when Dr. Valadon visits next. No more of the tantrums we had the first time she came to visit. This time you will meet her at the door as if it is your Master Ilse herself returning.”

“Nguff!”

“You will lick her lovely black feet like a good Chien-Blanc and show her much you appreciate the time she takes out of her busy schedule to come and ensure you are a healthy doggy.”

“Nguff!”

Suddenly, it struck Ilse that something was different about her husband and pet. Previously he had, obviously, been going through the motions when it came to obeying them and acceding to their more outrageous demands, but now there appeared to have been a change.

A change that had been even quicker than the sexy, completely unethical, and supremely optimistic, Dr. Sandrine Valadon had even envisaged.

“Master Ilse has to go the ladies room now, Chien-Blanc,” she told him, removing his head from her thighs and rising to look down upon him, loving the fact that he could not rise to join her – in any way.

His eyes held hers and there was something in them other than the hatred he was always at pains to conceal and could not.

Sensing what it was and excited by the prospect, Ilse placed her hands on her hips imperiously and stared deep into the soul of the older man her money had helped reduce to the status of domesticated dog.

“Would you like to keep Master Ilse company as she pisses?” she asked.

Was that a look of excitement she saw?

Sure enough:

“Nguff!”

In a reversal of the games of fetch she and Anobi had insisted their animal play with them, this was a ball Ilse was more than happy to run with.

“And when Master Ilse has finished pissing,” she said, still holding his eyes, “will she need to use that horrid toilet tissue to wipe herself clean?”

“Nguff, Nguff!”

“No?” she laughed teasingly, triumph totally hers as the man at her feet conceded himself beaten, accepting, much as Sandrine Valadon had suggested, that his life as man was over and there was no possibility of returning to it; a recognition of futility that led directly to *acceptance*.

“But what will Master use to clean her lovely young pussy after she has finished pissing?”

The tongue that lolled from his head as stared up at her adoringly was an answer in itself.

“Will Chien-Blanc use the lovely long tongue Master Ilse had made for him to clean her?”

“Nguff!”

And will he do the same for his lovely kind Ms Anobi?”

“Nguff!”

Hardly able to wait to take advantage of him in a way even the devious Anobi had yet to utilise – possibly because such a thought had not yet occurred to a younger mind less schooled in the more perverse ways of the adult world – even if she was undeniably perverted, Ilse attached the lead to his collar and strolled towards the bathroom, confident he would follow and excited at the prospect of telling Anobi of the new development.

She was still more excited, however, a the prospect that the thing at the end of her lead, following her so obediently to the bathroom, had once been a handsome man of some fibre and an object of desire for many beautiful women in many countries.

A once handsome man who was about to wait for her to take a piss before cleaning her with his tongue.

The same object of desire who was a man no longer and had been turned from a man-beast into a…

Male-Pet.

End