Owned by Masika

In Human Bondage to His Housekeeper

A Tale of Erotic Female Governance

By
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SFPG

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One

As had become their nightly ritual, Roy Medwin was sprawled upon the floor at the foot of what he still considered *his* bed, in *his* bedroom, and in *his* home. Above him, snug and cosy beneath the snug weight of a heavyweight and expensive quilt, the *real* owner of that home – if not legally, then metaphysically for sure – slept without care. One perfectly tended black foot protruded from the quilt, the sole staring down at him a lighter tone than the coal black instep above it and the electric blue nails he himself had painted only that previous morning.

Wholly unable to resist a thrill of submissive longing he had not been aware existed in his psyche before the advent of the woman into his employ, he slid from under the blanket she so graciously allowed him and craned his neck upwards that he might place a reverential kiss upon the lowest extremity of an African woman the world saw as his housekeeper and was in reality, he realised with a frisson of terror, coming to take greater control of his life in almost *all* its aspects.

The cock that had been rock hard virtually the whole of his restless night twitched yet again and he could only marvel at the extent of the power this… *creature*… now wielded over him that he felt unable to resist the natural imperative and relieve his own longing.

For to do so would be to flagrantly disobey her.

"Him?"

"Disobey her?"

The woman from Uganda he had employed to be his…

As the tangy aroma of her salty flesh pervaded his nostrils and he darted out a tongue to better savour it, he once again marvelled at the extent to which his life had been changed by the advent of her into his home not five months before…

"…It says here that you arrived in the UK only a month ago," he asked the thirty-something African woman seated opposite him in the Starbucks on Lower Regent Street, not five minutes' stroll from the offices of the agency that had set-up the meeting between them.

"That is right, Mr Medwin, sir," she told him, obviously, and much to his self-conceit, being somewhat in awe of sharing a table with a man of his standing and looks in what, to her no doubt, was a rather glamorous setting when placed next to that of the small town in Uganda she had known for most of her life. Her accent was thick and heavy with her African roots and, had he not been interviewing her for a domestic position in his new home facing the sea on a relatively secluded plot in Kingsgate, a short drive from Broadstairs on the Kent coast, he would have felt a little embarrassed to be seen in her company.

It did not strike him that a casual observer would have no idea what their business was with each other, of course and that, for all they knew, he could have been just another middle-aged man meeting a prospective mail-order wife for the first time.

Given his perception of himself as a handsome and successful writer still; despite being in his mud-forties and not having had one of his "out-of-vogue", and pseudonymously written, spy-thrillers published in the past seven years, along with an agent who only rarely answered or returned his calls these days; the above view of his meeting would have caused him much in the way of anger.

The lack of political correctness; together with the benign, if no less insulting and stupid, racial superiority permeating his works, adding another reason for the reading world's neglect of him.

Though the royalties still accruing from his old work was, if not often and prolific enough to make him stinking rich, enough anyway to ensure he had money to live on and did not have to dip too often into the remaining capital from what had been, if not his glory years, then easily his most lucrative.

"If I were to give you this position," he told her, unaware of just how patronising he sounded, "it would mean the complete running of my home. You would be responsible for all domestic duties as well as balancing the household budget from the amount I would allocate on a weekly basis."

If she was offended by his patronising airs she gave no sign of it.

Yet.

"I was educated in Jinja College, Mr Medwin, sir, in my hometown of Jinja. The school was founded many years ago by the Missionary fathers and was upgraded A' level status in the 1980's, long before I studied there. You will see on my resume that I gained a qualification in both maths and the sciences as well as the nursing skills that came later and enabled me to receive a visa to work in your country. I think you will see that I am more than capable of managing your household for you.

He scanned the resume before him and noted the qualifications mentioned, even if the qualifications themselves had been gained only by the skin of her teeth. Not that this bothered him. Nor the fact she had been given a visa in order to nurse and would, in fact, be doing nothing of the sort if he took her on.

The main thing for him – being as the wife who had divorced him some three years before had told him: "a bone fide tight-arse" – was that overseas domestics were cheap and, because of their fear of being forced to leave, extremely hardworking.

It had been the appeal to his pocket, after all, that had attracted him to the Oxford Street agency from their online blurb in the first place.

That and the promise that all the domestics on their books spoke fluent English – even it was spoken in a thick and oft times impenetrable accent.

She was also no long-necked, trim-limbed, type African of the type favoured by certain rock-stars.

On the contrary, this example of African womanhood seemed built more with the abattoir than the boudoir in mind.

Physically, he felt tiny before her; despite being a respectable five-feet-and-ten-inches in his shoes and, though not muscular and heavy-set, he was lithe rather than skinny and in no way what people of a certain intellectual capacity, or lack of such, would call typical nerdy writer material.

Masika Nabudere was a powerful and sturdily built woman who would, no doubt, run to fat in her later years and the tight blouse beneath a heavy grey jacket did nothing to deflect that fact and was not helped by a pair of monstrous breasts he glimpsed straining beneath the fabric concealing them. Her skin was coal-black and flawless; which was more than could be said for features that, along with deep-set and piercing brown eyes, were pinched and flared above a pair of lips that were large even for a woman from her part of the world. She was wearing trousers for their meeting, but he would discover later that, despite being well-shaped, her calves and thighs were big enough to almost be construed as caricatures of the female form.

There was, in that first meeting, not one iota of sexual desire from prospective employer for prospective employee. – which was exactly what he was seeking in his live-in factotum for his cost-cutting seclusion by the sea. If he wanted female company, there was a certain lady in London's Camden more than happy to oblige him. And without breaking the bank.

Though, in regard of sexual desire from her towards him, the complete reverse of his feelings, even if he were not to know it at the time, was the case.

Not that it was the usual desire of a woman for a successful man.

Nothing like it, in fact.

"The salary is not a massive one," he had told her, "but then you will have no living costs and I will provide a suitable uniform."

"The salary was mentioned to me," she said in that thick accent he had to concentrate hard to understand – an effort made worth the while by the pittance he would be giving her for the services she would provide him. "It is enough for my needs. And, as you have said, my food and keep is a part of that salary."

Adding, with what he swore was a flash of bitterness; though it passed too quickly to make a lasting impression upon him:

"Though, as small as you say my salary is, it would be a princely sum in my homeland."

Not sure how to respond to this, and considering himself disconnected from the economic situation in a land so far away for which he had seldom, if ever, spared a

thought, Roy Medwin consulted the fact sheet provided by the agency containing her personal details before speaking again.

"It says here that you have no problem with relocating from London to the Kent coast? The home I've just bought is quite secluded. Perfect for a writer such as me who enjoys the quiet and solitude of privacy, but not so much for a woman of your years, perhaps."

"I understand and this is also acceptable to me, as I come from a small town by the sea myself; though the agency did not tell me how many people I would be working for."

"That surprises me," he told her, "as I made it plain that I prefer to live alone – apart from my housekeeper, of course – and would be the only other person in the house."

He threw her a look that seemed to invite a contradiction of the words that were to follow:

"I take it you do not have a problem with this?"

"No, Mr Medwin, sir," she assured him instantly, her deference bordering on the obsequious again and delighting his less… 'egalitarian'… impulses.

Nodding, he took another look at her resume, missing as he did so the eager look of someone presented with an unexpected opportunity that flitted across her less than soft and inviting features.

"I see you don't have a UK driving-licence yet, but that's not a problem as it is a short walk along the sea-front to some local shops and there is a bus that can be caught outside them that goes into the nearest town. Also, it will be a break for me each week to drive you to the new shopping complex on the outskirts of Broadstairs to do our bulkier shopping at the supermarket there."

He seemed to be weighing it all up, enjoying making her wait for his decision and the power it conferred upon him.

Then:

"Very well. If you're agreeable, I'll call the agency and we can sign contracts for a one-month trial-period…"

…Her voice from above, this as he placed tiny and reverential kisses upon the sole and instep of her exposed foot, breathing through his nose that he may do what was unthinkable only weeks before and take in her scent, startled him.

"Suck Master's toes, now. If you are going to worship me then do it properly and tell her without using your worthless white tongue how proud you are to be in her possession."

Rather than provoke the mocking and outraged laughter, along with an order to leave his home, such a statement would have been sure to receive not so long ago, the writer

known by the increasingly forgotten name of *"Curtis Hanson"* felt instead a shiver of pure fear mixed with excitement and wondered again how he could allow himself to be treated in such a way by a woman he considered his inferior in about every way possible other than her undeniable – and shaming – physical mastery of him.

As she slung her powerful great legs over the side of the bed and offered a foot for his already waiting hand, the contempt in her eyes for this handsome and affluent white man she had subjugated was unmistakable.

As was her enjoyment of the control she now wielded and the unlikely obsession he now felt for her and she had worked so diligently to nurture.

"Show Master your tongue first," she said, accented voice even and low; so certain was she of her control that neither inflection nor a raised decibel level was required to fetch obedience from her chattel.

On his haunches before her, as ever with a sense of pure, ashamed, wonder that he could allow his monstrous and inferior black housekeeper to treat him in such a way - and still unable to believe the strength of the erection jutting out from his naked body - he did as she commanded.

Not *"asked"*, not *"suggested"*, not *"requested"*.

"Commanded."

As his tongue protruded from his lips and left him on his knees before her looking like little less than a fawning cur begging his owner for a treat, he could see his shame beamed back at him from his tormentor as her simian and, as he described them to his own thoughts, *"antediluvian"* features mocked both his manhood and his whiteness.

Raising a foot, she placed its heel at his mouth and slowly lowered it against his tongue that it may cover the length of her foot until reaching her toes.

"There," she began, as he – and not for the first time – allowed his thoughts to torture him further by wondering what his former wife would say to see him being treated in such a way. Or *anybody* who had once known him prior to the entry into his life of the black woman whose toes currently rested upon his lolling tongue. A woman he had intended to be *his* underpaid flunkey.

"Does this not seem a natural position for us to adopt towards each other now?" she asked, knowing her toes upon his tongue made reply impossible; this before bringing up her free foot to jiggle his hanging balls below what was becoming an iron-rod as stiff and unyielding as anything he had known since she first took possession of him – and certainly at any time before that.

As he stared, lost and defeated, into her animalistic eyes that were devoid of any feeling for him other than contempt and the sheer and unholy joy she took from her ownership of him, the taste of her toes upon his tongue and the feel of her other foot as it played with his undercarriage threatened to make him lose it all.

“But why?” his thoughts screamed.

Why was her total control of his body and soul having such an effect upon him?

When did he become so pitiful an excuse of a man that he could allow this piece of black filth to defile him in such a way?

And how could he allow himself to feel such excitement in the so-doing that he was on the verge of spending his manly juices on her instep rather than banishing her from his home and restoring what he had always *thought* of as the natural order of things?

Something he should have done that very first night when, having been in his home just under a month, she had obviouslyconsidered both of them ready for their relationship to be taken to what she knew to be the next and utterly *natural* level of things…

Two

Despite a part of him knowing it was a dream and that such a likelihood was impossible, and sure to always remain that way if he had any say in the matter, he could not help a gasp escape his lips as his new housekeeper swayed naked above his prone body and her stupendous black breasts and projectile-like nipples captured his gaze as if they were a metronome and he their hypnotised prey. He was monstrously erect and in dire need. Even in his dream he was mitigating his response and blaming it upon having taken too many brandies while catching up with "Breaking Bad", courtesy of Sky Box-Sets.

What else could explain the fact he was having a sexual dream about his black housekeeper?

The smile on the features he described to himself as "Neo-Simian" was both taunting and pleased with itself as its owner ran a teasing finger up the underside of his shaft.

"You be a good boy for Ms Masika, if she let you cum," he heard her ask and, amazed at his quiescence, even in the unreal world of his dream, he felt himself nod."

"Say it," the unlikely masturbatrix of his slumbers insisted. "Tell me you want to be a good boy for Ms Masika."

His lips were already forming the words even as his dream persona screamed at him not to give her what she demanded, the teasing to-and-thro of her black finger against a shaft he had not known as desperately sensitive before overpowering his reservations prior to their even having fully formed in his thoughts.

"I… I want to be a good boy for… for Ms Masika," he heard himself say, his horror only surpassed by the sheer and unmanly excitement he seemed to be taking from having her control him in such a way.

With an evil smile for his instant capitulation, the dream Masika lowered her head to be closer to his and he could feel her warm African breath upon his cheeks as she stared into his eyes and began to casually, slowly and very deliberately, manipulate his foreskin over the girder hard totem that was his erection. He could feel the soft cushion of her breasts and their bullet-hard nipples pressing against his chest and, rather than feel angry and claustrophobic at the easy way his employee was mastering him, began to feel something giving way inside of him; as if his manhood had bent its knee to a force greater than itself and felt massive pleasure and relief in the absolution conferred by its acknowledgment of female control.

Even female control of such a kind and… pigmentation.

Her hand was beginning to rise and fall faster now and his gasp of pleasure and need prompted a look of bestial triumph in the eyes that still held his so unblinkingly.

"When I say the word 'Cum'," she told him, "you may spurt all your useless white seed over your own hairy stomach. But not before."

His eyes widened, held by hers in a tractor-beam of the purest horror and unable to look away.

Even for a 'Dream' this was all just too weird, he thought. Was she serious? Did she truly expect him to come on demand?

HER demand?

Which was the last thought that was not concentrated on his rock-hard penis as he felt the build-up leading to detonation and realised he was going to lose it whether she was ready or not.

She was though.

"Cum!" he heard the command and, as if he truly had been waiting for his permission, the ejaculate left him with such force and power it seemed his life force must be evacuated from his body along with it as rope after rope of his middle-aged semen left his cock to land upon his stomach and chest…

…The scream that awoke him from his slumbers was no more shocking for the fact that, as he became focused on his surroundings, he could not only feel the sticky mess he had made of himself on his chin as well as his upper body, he heard a sound to his left and turned to see a shadowy black form leave his room and close the door behind it.

*****

"About last night," he said to her after he had finished his morning cereal and made an unsuccessful attempt to concentrate on the morning's Daily Telegraph that was his own particular right-wing, *"Be careful of Johnny-Foreigner"*, window on the world.

She was dressed in one of the white cotton shirts and black trousers he had chosen as her working attire and, thus far, had shown no outward recognition of the events of the night before.

"Yes, Mr Medwin, sir?" she responded, looking him straight in the eye and waiting for him to take the lead.

Forcing himself to meet her gaze, he managed to adopt a stern air that, in his opinion was entirely warranted. *She* had invaded *his* privacy, after all, and he knew such a lapse could only result in her termination.

And yet…

The memory of the most powerful orgasm he had ever experienced and the sleepless night contemplating it that followed, made him hesitate.

“Do you think it right to enter your… *employer’s*… room when he is sleeping without permission?” he asked in grave tones he felt certain would be making her re-assess her actions.

He assessed wrongly.

“I was returning to my quarters with a cold drink when you called out to me as I was passing bedroom door, Mr Medwin, sir,” she answered without any hint of concern for herself that he could discern – though he was too shocked by her outright lie to discern much of anything else at that point.

“I did no such thing!” he exploded. “How dare…?”

“You were calling out my name, Mr Medwin, sir,” she came in. “You sounded out of breath and it was not until I entered that I understood why.”

The blood rushed to his face and he immediately cursed himself for such a reaction in front of a woman who was, after all, his servant.

“Wh-What are you saying?”

“You must not be embarrassed, Mr Medwin, sir,” she told him, serving only to enflame his cheeks further. “Though I have no memory of my family, I spent a number of years as a nurse and I am quite used to such reactions from men – whether they are awake or sleeping.”

It was monstrous!

The serving woman actually thought he had been having thoughts about… *her*.

His cheeks becoming redder, he realised *that* was exactly what he had done.

And achieved the most explosive orgasm of his life to that point in so doing!

“You were touching your stiff penis,” she went on in a plain-speaking matter-of-fact way that only emphasised the excruciating embarrassment he felt, “and calling my name as you stroked yourself.”

“But…?” he began, before she again cut him off, feeding both his indignation she could have the temerity to do such a thing and the deep thrill of sensuality his submission to her of the night before had triggered in him. Her manner towards him, though still respectful, seeming more… *forceful*.

“You are a handsome man who is not with a woman of his own at this time,” she told him. “It is only natural that you might start having certain thoughts towards me.”

“But…?”

Again she came in over him:

“These matters are considered more lightly in my own country and it is not unheard of for a woman in the employ of another – such as me to you – to… *help*... that employer should he require it.”

His mouth opened but no words spilled out as he realised it had been only partly a dream and it had indeed been her hands that had manipulated him to orgasm.

As he asked himself *“Why?”* he would have been harbouring subconscious thoughts of such a kind towards his African housekeeper, totally unaware of having had a waking sexual thought in regard of her that he could recall, she confirmed her part in his… *self-pleasuring*...

“I was only trying to help you, Mr Medwin, sir.”

Equal parts mortified by the confirmation she had actually taken him in hand and witnessed his… *pleasure*, and reassured some by her continued and respectful address to him, her employer’s thought see-sawed, first one way, and then another.

From having made up his mind when entering – almost, anyway – that she would have to be dismissed, Roy Medwin was now in a quandary.

Never had he known a sexual high of such… *volcanic*… intensity.

Knowing also that he was already anticipating experiencing it again.

Three

Even from his position on his haunches before her, Roy Medwin could smell the powerful and pungent odor fairly humming from her pussy and realized that he had never smelled a cunt anywhere near this… *pervasive*… before.

He also suspected it wasn't the excitement she took from having control of him alone that explained her ripeness and his suspicion was proved correct when she placed a commanding forefinger beneath his chin and raised his eyes to hers:

"You smell that superior black-pussy, white-boy?" Her eyes held his in the way a more powerful magnet held captive a metal possessing far less puissance. "Master take care not to wash her beautiful black cunt so that her little piglet can show her how truly he love to worship it."

Disgust and a certain nausea battled with his senses as a miasma of the aroused and the unwashed enveloped him as he told himself it was not too late to rise to his feet, both literally and metaphorically, and banish the abomination from his life and his home before he was lost to all recovery in this new world of fealty and submission to which his monstrous housekeeper had introduced him.

The cock that had been in a condition of rut the entire unslept night, suddenly became even more attentive to its needs and arrowed towards the source of the smell with all the power of a smart-bomb honing in on its target.

Albeit, his own manhood was no longer a missile under his own command.

"You are going to pay homage to Master's black pussy now," she told him in the dark and accented English dominated, like him, by her African ancestry. You forget about that puny white cock and put all your focus on making my black cunt feel good and doing what pleases your owner."

The threat, or the last part of it, with which she followed up her statement should not have had the effect it did upon him.

"Unless you want to find yourself over my knee again for another spanking, or have Master Masika leave.

The prospect of again going over her knee like an errant schoolboy and have her black-hand reduce him to a gibbering mass of agony and nonsensical apology, was bad enough, but – and for reasons what small pride he had left was loath to analyse – the prospect of her leaving him alone and without her… *supervision*… seemed to truly terrify him.

Had she somehow made him addicted to her?

The women from his past flashed across his vision in a montage of images and, given their superior looks and the fact there was not a woman of colour amongst them, he

wondered how this monstrous and coal black example had managed to triumph where they had all failed.

"It is a wonderful smell, is it not, my little white servant? It is only a shame that I do not have the cock of a superior black man here to please the source the way nature intended." She reached out and took his balls in her commanding hand. "My cunt would not even feel this pitiful little worm, even if I was to let you ever put it inside me."

He gasped with pain as she tightened her grip but, incredibly, the cock residing above them did not wilt under her attentions and, if anything became even more urgent.

"It is a shame that a man of your age – even one so pitiful – does not have a cock sufficient to properly service a woman. But at least you have a tongue, and by the time your new Master get through with teaching her boy how to use it, she may have a use for you after all."

The hand squeezing his scrotum withdrew and, by way of motivation, gave his girder-hard manhood a couple of quick and feather-light stokes that fetched from him a gasp as he thought he must cum there and then and of what her reaction would be if did this without her express permission.

He felt her hand at the back of his head drawing his face closer to the source of the smell that, shamefully, aroused him even more than it disgusted.

When his eyes were no more than an inch or two from her suppurating gash she tightened her grip on his hair that he could go no further until she permitted:

"When you lick my juicy African pussy you must start very slowly. Act towards her as if she is a very great lady and you know how lucky you are to be in her presence. Take in the air she permit you to share with her through your nostrils and familiarise yourself with her smell until she give you permission to use your tongue and lips to pay proper homage to the lower portion of her superior mound, just above the button leading to her fragrant shit-chute."

Not for the first time, his sense of wonderment and a need to analyse its cause overcame his sense of self-disgust and asked him why on earth he would accept such treatment.

She was his *inferior*, for crying out loud!

And by a long, long, way.

In looks, background, intelligence and education, she was so far less than him it was almost as if fate had fashioned her to be his serving vessel.

And yet here he was, on his knees at her feet after having spent the night at the foot of a bed that had once been his.

This, as she slept soundly above him without an apparent care in the world.

His housekeeper.

As she ordered him to start taking in her scent through his nostrils, and he obliged, he wondered just what base, and previously unsuspected, weakness of character ensured he not only accepted her unlikely dominion over him but had him responding to her treatment of him with a sexual yearning that seemed all the more powerful for having no basis in any logical explanation?

The musky and yet tangy odor of her dark-continent womanhood filling his nostrils and enflaming his newly triggered delight in sexual submission, her next words came to him as if from a black cloud hovering above his head. All the above as he pondered his situation and came up with the usual lack of a resolution. Every time she spoke lately, he realised, her voice seemed to take on yet more confidence in the… *rightness*… of her command over him.

Together with an unshakable confidence that he would *never* find the strength to have the manhood she was stripping from him returned and would, with every passing second under her command, find himself addicted to her humiliating supervision.

So, knowing this, why was he still, on his knees before her as she explained just how he, a handsome man who was her superior in almost all ways save youth, should serve the gash that was her African cunt in future?

"You must NEVER put your tongue inside me unless I give you express permission to do so," she told him, her tone of assumed and absolute command – and the accented Ugandan English in which she spoke it - jarring up against the received wisdom and perception of white superiority his background had instilled in him. "You must focus your initial efforts to licking the area between my shit-chute and the lower approach to my slit. Your master is most sensitive there and enjoys many minutes of such…. *Worship*… before she is moist enough to need attention higher up."

Her voice took on a dark and threatening tone he had come to know well and, like one of the charges of Pavlov he sensed himself becoming, it was all that was required to make him fearful – recalling, as he did, the punishment she had handed out to his unprotected buttocks with no more than her hand the last time he had… *"Disappointed"* her:

"But NEVER; unless you wish to go over Master's knee again and be made to scream and beg like the little white-bitch you are; dare to put your unworthy tongue inside her."

He winced at the memory of that strong black hand coming down on his virgin buttocks – again and again and again, as he squirmed in her iron grasp and squealed for mercy like a little girl; coming back to the moment only as she added:

"*That* is a place for real African men only."

The cock he thought could become no more aroused, suddenly twitched again at her words and for the life of him he could find no rational explanation for an obsession that was threatening to dismantle his life. Especially now he was under no illusions that he had any power to fight it. So far had she taken him from his initial denial and the assurances he had made himself that he would use her to explore his surprising new obsession before sending her on the way and finding another household drudge.

"When I am ready for you to move higher I will pat your head twice," she told him, her condescension, as if he were no more than a functional household pet in his own home, fetched yet another mystifying lurch from the girder jutting from his loins. "This will be your sign that Master is ready for you to… *slowly*… use the flat of your tongue to please her upper labia. You must use your own initiative and my own reactions to work out how long you should continue in this way – and I will be *most* disappointed if you spoil my enjoyment by getting it wrong – before placing yourself and your respectful white mouth at the service of your Master's superior African love-button above."

For a moment, so great was the seismic shift at his loins, Roy Medwin thought as if he must erupt, and it was only with a massive effort of will – and utter fear of what she would do if he orgasmed without permission – that prevent him from losing it. His eyes were riveted upon the hairless mound before him and the smell of her seemed to be overpowering his senses. He *wanted*, he realised, to actually abase himself before this monstrous creature. To bury his head in her ferocious womanhood and proclaim himself hers. So great was the hold she taken of both his conscious and subconscious wherewithal.

"To begin with," she went on, a sneer in her tone indicating she somehow sensed his thought processes and the level of need that went with them, "I want my little white boy to circle my love-button with the tip of his tongue but not to touch it. Show your Master your devotion. Your reverence. Convince her you have found the place in the world most fitted for you and will be her most obedient and servile chattel that you may be allowed to remain there."

Reflexively, his eyes raised to meet hers at this, fully expecting a rebuke for disobeying her order to not take his eyes from her cunt.

No such rebuke was forthcoming.

Though the pleasure she took from her ownership of him could not be missed in those dark and simian eyes that, for all the inferiority he allocated to them, seemed too see everything.

Again his thoughts slid back to the early days of his obsession with her, an obsession that had taken root, so to speak, immediately after he had woken to that first explosive orgasm and realised it had been at *her* hand…

… "I was waiting for you," he said accusingly, entering her bedroom with only the most cursory of knocks before stepping into the small room he had allocated her at the end of the upstairs hall.

The breath leaving his lungs in a rush and further speech impossible for the moment as he realised she was displayed upon the bed while reading a magazine.

Completely and utterly naked.

From the top of her monstrous head, with its spikey, short and cropped, hair and the animalistic features below it, to the blue-painted nails of her dusky feet.

But it was the utterly denuded mound of her sex, resting above powerful thighs and below a washboard flat stomach, that rendered him silent and robbed him of all thought save for the naked and gargantuan body she seemed so unconcerned to have on display.
"I think I would like it if you were to knock in future," she told him, voice for the first time taking on a tone that could be mistaken for one of expectation… and command."

"I… I…" he spluttered, manfully trying to lift his gaze from her hairless mound to the eyes that interested him far less.

"Is there something you… need?" she asked, command and expectation joined by a hint of mockery

Red-faced and spluttering, quite unable to believe the events of the past few weeks, let alone the fact that he should find himself before her in such a way. Almost as if HE were the one employed in HER home. But then, he told himself, what he was there for was somewhat… unusual.

Add: mystifying.

"You, hmm…"

She placed her magazine to the side and swivelled to the side to lean against an elbow, the full impact of her stupendous breasts, naked to his eye for the first time, fair taking his away his ability to breathe.

"It's just that… that…"

The widening of her eyes told him to… What?... Get on with it?"

Unbelievable!

"I was expecting you," he reminded her, trying to inject a little authority into his voice.

Unsuccessfully.

"I am not in the mood tonight," she told him, seemingly unconcerned by what his reaction might be.

"Not in the…?"

"Tonight I would prefer to use my free time to relax," she added before he could go any further.

"But…" he began, not sure which was strongest; his annoyance at her attitude, or the prospect her nightly manipulation of his cock would not be happening on this particular evening.

Not wishing to appear weak, he drew himself up before her and tried to pretend he could not see her naked breasts and her hairless gash:

"May I remind you, Masika," he told her, "that it was your idea to… help me… of an evening."

"That is true, Mr Medwin," she agreed, the lack of the 'sir' with which she usually ended when addressing him not picked up on at this point. "And I am happy to help you with your… needs."

He felt himself blushing and fought the urge to avert his gaze from her all-seeing eyes.

"But, unless I have this wrong," she said, eyes mocking the way his own could not prevent themselves from flitting over her naked form whenever he thought she would not notice, "my help was offered voluntarily."

She gave him a few seconds to ponder this, then accented African/English seeming even more… disrespectful… to him:

"Or do I have this wrong and my nightly visit to your room is now considered one of my… duties?"

Aware of the problems he could have if she reported such an arrangement to her agency, Roy Medwin's manner became a little more… conciliatory.

"No, no," he protested, caught unawares and thinking on the hoof. "I just thought that… that… You know?... You enjoyed it too."

"You thought that?" she asked, puzzlement seemingly genuine as he began to feel more and more uneasy in her presence – more and more… small. "Did I not make it clear that I only wished to help you with these new feelings you have developed for me?"

"Feelings?" his thoughts raged, even as he stood before her with pyjama-bottoms tented at the sight of her nakedness and… and something else. Something else he knew, even if he did not wish to acknowledge it.

Her power.

But what were these "feelings" she spoke of? Other than a surprising need to feel her strong black hand around his pulsating cock, he was aware of no such "feelings" towards her on his part.

"I apologise," he heard himself offer, voice sounding weaker and more uncertain of itself than he would have liked. "I seem to have misunderstood things. I take it you no longer wish to continue our…"

His mind flailed for the best way to describe their arrangement before realising he already had:

"…our arrangement?"

"You would prefer if Masika did not visit you in your room, then?"

The question, and her reference to herself in the third-person that seemed designed to draw attention to what she saw as her own importance, threw him a little… a lot, actually.

"I… Well…"

"Do you not enjoy Masika's visits to you?" she asked, third-person reference not only throwing him but, for some reason for which he could not account, increasing the excitement he felt to be standing before her in such a way.

No longer the master of his own domain, it seemed.

More, in fact, like a… like a…

Supplicant.

Totally bemused by his own reaction, he felt the urgency of his erection go off the scale aware, despite the distraction, that she was waiting, intent upon his answer.

An answer he was loath to give; not so far gone in his unaccountable lust for his monstrous housekeeper that he was unaware of just how the balance of power between them could be affected if he were to respond to her question truthfully.

But then, how else was he to answer? To tell her he did not enjoy her visits to him would certainly be to lose them. And the power of the orgasms he received from her hand alone were enough to make such a prospect deeply unwelcome to him.

Yet he also knew that to admit to his need would be to lose face with the lowly born African and his own pride made this almost as unwelcome.

Almost.

Without being aware of having framed his thoughts prior to uttering them, he told her:

"Yes, Masika. I enjoy your visits. As you very well know. And would be… appreciative… if you continued to make them."

Hurrying on, then, quick to allay any possible accusation of coercion she might make to her agency:

"But only if that is your wish also. Your visits to me are much appreciated but I want you to know that they are voluntary on your part and in no way a condition of your employment."

As he said the words he actually wondered if he could cover himself further by getting some kind of written agreement or one of the verbal and recorded variety. It would, he knew, be difficult. But it was something he could think about later.

"I am most glad to hear you say that Mr Medwin," she said, still omitting the 'Sir' and swinging her powerful coal-black legs over the side of the bed, completely unfazed by

her nakedness and the unobscured view of her hairless pussy she was granting her employer. "Because I was beginning to think it was something you did see as a duty on my part and it was beginning to… upset… me."

"That, hmm, was never my intention, Masika," he assured her, on the back foot in front of his housekeeper and not enjoying the sensation – even if his cock showed no sign of losing its… neediness.

"Did you ever ask me if I would like to come to your room?" she asked, her whole manner seeming somehow more… authoritative… to him; almost as if she felt she was the one in control.

He scoffed at his thoughts before answering, assuring himself that at any time he could simply send her packing and write off her stay with him as yet one more exotic experience in his life as a writer – despite the fact most of those "exotic" experiences had stemmed from his imagination rather than the more prosaic, if enjoyable, coupling of real life. She was history the moment he decided that was what he wanted. But, and in the meantime, he may as well allow his cock the attention it seemed to want from her so desperately and unaccountably.

"I'm sorry," he said the word to her for the very first time, not seeing his intention to buy his erection some 'playtime' as the admission of weakness his housekeeper would take it to be; neglecting to add that, as she had been the one offering to come to his room in order to assist with his 'Needs', he had seen no necessity to 'ask'.

Going on:

"I much appreciate the, hmm, unusual lengths to which you have been prepared to go to, hmm, help me, and I apologise if I haven't made that plain."

She nodded and he felt a little surge of resentment towards her for having laced him on the backfoot in such a way – but not enough for him to ignore the raging at his groin and put her in her proper place.

Though what she said next almost prompted the reaction:

"Perhaps next time, it would be nicer if you were to ask if you could come to my room for my assistance," she told him as his jaw dropped towards his chest.

"Your…? Your room?"

Again she nodded, the dark pools of her southern-hemisphere eyes drinking him in with what his own writer's eye described as a "growing confidence".

"It would also be more… polite…" she continued, "if you waited for me to give you permission to enter after knocking; rather than simply walking in upon me."

His cheeks reddened further at the rebuke and he would have retaliated had it not been for the violent lurch at his groin that seemed to respond to her new and… authoritative… manner with him; yet more evidence of the masochist he was reluctantly

beginning to think had been awaiting release for all those years he had spent in oblivion before now.

Reddening that went off the colour charts when she added:

"And from now on Masika would also appreciate a thank you after she has given your white cock the pleasure it needs from her…

Four

Knowing, as he did, that she had not bathed these past two nights, his revulsion towards the act he was compelled to perform; along with the pungent aroma of her unwashed sex that pervaded his nostrils and seemed to have made a commanding base-camp inside his head itself; was off all scales known to him.

And yet…

If the above were the case, then why was he eagerly following her commands as if his very life depended upon making a good expression and providing the black monster with the pleasure she insisted was now hers by right and his responsibility as her white *"bondsman"* to ensure she received?

It was hardly the time to contemplate the reasons for his shameful capitulation, so incredible and sexually unmanning was the pleasure he was taking at the unwashed African cunt that smelled so earthy and, yes, *evil*. Yet, through his semi-delirium and ever-present shame, he did ask himself when he had embraced an act he had always been loath to perform in the past – and for women of his own race who far surpassed the African housekeeper currently riding his face in ways save, perhaps, force of personality and physical strength. A train of thought that, and again not for the first time, that led him to suspect he might be on the wrong end of some ancient and primitive form of voodoo or tribal witchcraft.

She was, after all, barbarous and barely civilised – save only for those modern contrivances she had learned and in which she had draped herself that she might function in a world that was not naturally geared for her. It was entirely possible that a person of her kind might have access to the knowledge of ages which, while not to found on the syllabus at Oxford or the Sorbonne, or any university anywhere, conferred upon its owner an ability to control and overpower the instincts of another. An explanation that appealed to both his battered self-respect and a writer's mind weaned in childhood on the tales of Rider Haggard and other authors who saw the African continent as a rich and exotic setting for exotic stories of adventure and surrender.

The above thoughts no more than an attempt by his stunned self-conscious to supply a logic to the fantastic and farfetched that might just mitigate his pathetic weakness and ease with which she had forced his submission to her.

Thoughts, anyhow, that were no match for the debased energy and excitement he took from being before her in such a way, after a night spent on the floor at her feet with only the most minute amount of sleep.

For that was how he saw it now.

Submission.

His to her.

Still legally the owner of both his home and his savings, together with the book-royalties that still provided him with a living in his middle-years; despite the fact there was no call or demand by either agent or publisher for the penning of more; he had neither say nor access to his estate and had signed the forms necessary for *Her* to administer such concerns for him before a notary who could barely conceal his desire to commit to such a course. A form of metaphysical indenture which, while legal and the status quo readily attainable the moment he decided to take his affair back under his own control, rendered him the woman's dependent until such a time as he could find his reason and take back his life.

If, that is, he could find the will and the desire to do so.

As, incredibly, his tongue moved upward from the sensitive and smooth black skin above her *"shit-chute"* and between her lower labia, he savoured the womanly but savage combination of the natural juices saturating the outside and already drenching his face with her scent. The unmistakable tang of dried urine, made liquid again by her aroused moistness, assailed his sensibilities and he tried yet again to analyse the conflicting feelings of repugnance, hatred, fear, and sheer sexual exhilaration, that combined to make him helpless before her. He considered how, as now, his limbs became deliciously watery in her presence, as if he were on the mend from some tropical illness and she his loving but forceful nurse. Describing his reaction to her in such a way even when, in reality, he knew had been vanquished for all time and that the sense of helplessness he felt in her presence was no more than the fealty due to a queen from her lowly subject.

As the flat of his tongue lapped at her in the manner she had told him she preferred and he became even more heady with the pungent and overpowering combination of her pussy juices, he recalled via flashback how, in increments, she had not only instilled a need within him but embroidered upon it until he was obsessed enough for the threat of its withdrawal to act upon him with all the force felt by a crystal-meth addict being denied further contact with the source of his deepest need.

The only difference between the metaphors being that, with the correct care and institutionalisation, a meth-addict might come out on the other side of his addiction.

There was, to his knowledge, no clinic on the planet that provided the intervention and weaning from sexual dependence necessary to remove him from the clutches of Masika Nabudere and the iron-hard hold she had of his once free and independent life.

And, had there been such an organisation, he seriously doubted he could have found the will necessary to contact them.

From a simple, and unasked for on his part, hand-job, she had somehow gotten him to agree to having her repeat the process on a nightly basis until, he could see now, her appearance in his room each evening was something he not only began to expect but one that – missing a woman in his day-to-day for the first time in his adult life – he truly looked forward to enjoying.

Not realising, of course, the power that need would give his housekeeper.

As if to underline his powerlessness, and just how low she had taken him in so short a space of time, he realised he was finding her… *smell*… intoxicating!

Fastidious to the point of compulsion when it came to personal hygiene, he couldn't help but mark the fact he was responding to a body that had not touched water for the past two days at least.

"What fuck has happened to you?" he heard a distant and outraged voice cry; one so far below the waterline of his conscious thought it was more whisper than scream and possessing no power whatsoever to either deflect him from his duty or resurrect the man he had formerly taken himself to be.

With the smell torturing him, sexually rather than aesthetically, he was more than ever conscious that she had not given him permission to cum recently.

The fact he had obeyed his black housekeeper, though in reality there was nothing to prevent him from doing so and her discovering he had save for her proscription itself, yet more evidence of her hold over him.

As well as buying into his writerly suspicions of *"darker forces"* being at work.

Another piece of denial that, at least, allowed him to soften his shame for the weakness that had led to his current position.

"I think I would like you to lick my superior black arse," he heard from above him as he was about to turn his attention to a clitoris he could see budding ahead of his tongue as if it were a child's cock.

He felt suddenly sick, and yet was unable to take his mesmerised eyes from the sight before them. Was he truly so lost in this new world of personal service and abject sexual humiliation he could be made to perform such a gross act? What would his readers think, his friends, the ex-wife who had left him for his controlling ways?

But then, the only readers he had nowadays were those that bought his out of licence thrillers he himself had placed on Amazon and Lulu, and any other number of publishing platforms and any friends he'd counted as his had vanished into the ether after taking his wife's side during the divorce. And as for his ex-wife herself…?

It also helped his sense of delusion on the subject of working his way through his… *"unnatural passion"*, and resuming the life he knew on the other side of it, that he was new to this particular area of the Kentish coast and nobody could possibly know what happened in the home he had chosen for being some way from any others.

He felt an arm go behind him and reach between his legs before convulsing in agony, unable to find the breath to even scream as she began squeezing his balls; pulling the sac further away from his body to increase his discomfort.

"Are your ears faulty, white-boy?" he heard her ask, sucking in breath as she relaxed her grasp upon his vitals.

His forehead had come to rest upon the labia his tongue had just been servicing and he struggled to regain his voice lest she be tempted to squeeze his balls again.

"What did I tell you to do?" she demanded, menacing chocolate tones resounding in the way of thunder in his ears.

"You asked… asked me to… to lick your… your arse," he managed to croak out.

"Wrong!" he heard, before his hair was taken in her hand and his head was wrenched from her shaven mound so that she might stare into his eyes with a menace that rivalled her voice and went some way beyond it. "You were told to lick my *'superior black arse'*."

Roy Medwin felt himself began to shiver and acknowledged the mortal fear he felt for this younger and uneducated woman from a small town in Uganda. He knew from experience now that she was truly his physical superior in both strength and endurance and that she would not hesitate to discipline him viciously if he did not… *please*. Knowing also that, power-of-attorney over his affairs or otherwise, he could still have her removed from his life and *his* home if such was his preference. A *preference* he was becoming more and more convinced he would *never* opt to take as the sense of… *rightness*… he was beginning to feel from her growing ownership of him and the deeply warped sexual satisfaction he took from humbling himself at her feet became to feel… *natural*.

"Try it again," she demanded, eyes still blazing into his with complete confidence in their ability to master and enslave her white bondsman. "And make sure to ask your black master with respect."

As he prepared to do her bidding, erection above the scrotum she had just squeezed between her hands still as urgent as it had been for what seemed like hours – even more urgent perhaps, the incremental demands that had led him to his abject and demeaning place at her heel resounded in the way of a verbal montage upon his inner-ear:

"As you are visiting my room so much, would it not make sense for me to have one of the larger bedrooms…?

"As I am doing so much for your pleasure would you mind rubbing my feet for me when they ache…?

"Given what I am doing to ensure your satisfaction, and when you are not in your study publishing your writing to wherever you publish it, do you not think it would be nice of you to help with the chores around the house while I go over the accounts and make sure that all is running smoothly…?

Questions, as he succumbed to the inventive nightly use she made of her hands and her feet upon his ever-eager cock – on one glorious occasion she had actually masturbated him between her incredible black breasts – that soon began to sound like demands:

"It is so much trouble for me to keep asking you for money for necessary bills and other household items that I feel we should make me legally responsible for your financial affairs…

"I do not like you wearing your good clothes to do your chores and have bought you a nice apron to go over them when you are doing our laundry or cleaning the floors…

"If you wish to ever feel my hand upon your little white cock again, you will always kneel before me and kiss my feet to show your appreciation before asking your Master to… pleasure… you…"

He recalled how, perverse new need or not, that had been the moment he had rebelled and told her to leave his house.

Only to find himself bare bottom naked across her meaty thighs as she reduced him to schoolgirl screams and piteous high-pitched begging with no more than one black hand and it its blue painted nails.

All thoughts of forcing her to leave, and the help he would need to make that happen – *"help"* that would necessarily have to learn of his shame at her hands – vanished after she had… *chastised*… him with such ease and locked him in the spare room that had once been hers and was now his for the night.

By the following morning, he had not only been relegated on a permanent basis to the room that had first been hers while she took his, but had woken up to find he had not experienced a nightmare and she truly had spanked him as if he were an unruly boy before making him spend the first of many nights on the floor of his old room as she slept above in total comfort.

Even now – and forgetting the humiliation of having others know of his treatment at her hands – he still couldn't bring himself to understand why he hadn't called the Police that same morning and had her removed from her home.

But then, as he came back to the here and now and stared into those unforgiving and simian eyes that appeared to see right through him, he realised his answer was in the same erection that, even now, was straining upwards as if he were lowly compass and she a lofty and magnetic pole. A *magnetic pole"* he longed to be able to place his rigid cock inside that entrance might somehow purge him of the unshakeable hold she had upon both his senses and his body.

A *"magnetic pole"*, she had assured him often enough, whose interior he never be allowed to either feel or taste.

A shiver of pure fear chilled his skin as he realised she was waiting for him to acknowledge his desire to feel and taste her in another place.

A place far *less* to his liking.

"P-Please, M-Master," he began, the sheer incongruity in one such as he addressing a creature like her in such a way stunning him almost as much as the show of respect and

subservience energised his sexuality. “Please let your white servant show his devotion to you by licking your superior black arse.”

Her face moved to within an inch of his own, her hot breath dank and animalistic upon his own as she again took a hold of his hair for added emphasis:

“Is my little white boy sure?” she asked. “It has been a while since Master Masika bathed. She would not be happy if her servant decided it was too much for him.”

He swallowed with difficulty, knowing what awaited him at her back passage and even more afraid of lay in wait were he to refuse.

“Yes, Master Masika. Your white servant is sure and would be honoured to place his tongue at the disposal of your superior white arse.”

The smile that greeted this abject and final capitulation made him unsure of whether to be relieved or terrified – so demonic was its composition.

She ruffled his hair in the way a mistress pleased with a pet’s progress rewarded her cur.

“That is a very polite and respectful answer, my tame little white-boy,” she told him, demonic smile almost becoming affectionate.

Almost.

“We are going to have a good like together, you will see. Masika is a kind and loving master to the white servant who knows his place below her and we have many years for you to learn how to serve her the way a white man should.”

She again reached between his legs and, this time, took his shaft in her hand.

“Is there another woman in the whole of this country who could make you so… *excited*… as your lovely and kind Master Masika?” she asked as his eyes looked into his with all the yearning of the frisky puppy being allowed to rub itself off against the leg of his owner.

Roy Medwin’s voice was a facsimile of itself as he croaked out:

“No, M-Master Masika. Only you. Nobody else.”

“My, we are a good little English puppy this morning,” she said, picking up on the inevitable correlation between what she was doing to him and the type of creature for whom such treatment was usually reserved. “And, as you are so well-behaved and respectful to your kind African owner, Master Masika has a gift she wishes to give you.”

Believing that gift to be permission to orgasm – or, better still, to orgasm under her hand or between her black feet – his eyes sparkled with an animation that almost made her laugh.

Again:

Almost.

“But that will be after you have shown your devotion by cleaning your Master’s superior black arse.”

Motivated, despite the hateful task ahead of him, Roy Medwin placed a tentative kiss on each of the buttock presented as she rose above him and turned that he may set about the chore.

“I did not ask you to kiss my buttocks,” she said, using her hands to pry apart the massive cushions of her African derriere in order to present him, first the outer rim of her chute, and then the shit-chute itself. “Your job is to clean it with your tongue until it is as fragrant and fresh as if I had spent an hour in a warm and perfumed bath.”

Roy Medwin winced at the indescribable smell wafting towards him and looked at the anus and its surrounds he was expected to bathe with his servile tongue. Despite the raging at his groin, and what he took as her promise to relieve it afterwards, his stomach lurched and he thought he must throw up.

Until:

“Are you being disrespectful?” she snapped over her shoulder as he stared upwards at the expanse of smooth and unblemished black epidermis leading to her strong neck, the piteous eyes he aimed at her receiving, as he had known they would, no quarter.

“Lick my superior black arsehole, you piece of English filth, before your Master decides to introduce you to the pain of her cane rather than a simple hand-spanking.”

He recalled her showing him the vicious and hand-carved strip of bamboo she had purchased online and quailed in fear as he visualised what it would do to him in her hand.

The sigh of the African woman he now knew as *“Master Masika”* was the most womanly thing he had ever heard escape from her as his terror led an unwilling tongue onto the rim of her arsehole; the effect upon his taste-buds even greater than the nausea inspired by his olfactory senses as he fought not to actually vomit over the lowly part of her anatomy she intended him to serve.

“That is my good white-boy,” she sighed. “You are beginning to know your place and prove yourself useful. Yes. That is right. Use the tip of your tongue to clean the rim. I will tell you when to insert it into my superior African shit-chute and clean your Master’s interior.”

Roy Medwin did as she asked without hesitation, images of that bamboo cane and her strong hand providing all the motivation required to place his lurching stomach in the background. It not being long before he actually found himself becoming used to her aroma and taste and beginning to lick her more actively. Realising at that point that

there was *nothing* this monster of a woman who had taken over his life could *not* make him do.

"Yes. That is right and well, Get your white-boy tongue in there and clean it thoroughly for me."

Suddenly energised, erection again off the charts and feeling the full power of his own submission as it made him… *biddable*, he doubled his efforts to please the monster and poked his pointed tongue deep into her rectum. The taste upon his tongue was even more sharp and earthy than the one possessed upon its rim, but he was too far gone to care now and concentrated only upon pleasing his black goddess that he might win the gift awaiting him should his efforts prove acceptable, Yet still, a part of him couldn't believe he had been reduced to such… *obeisance*… and, even as he tasted her animal-like muskiness and she urged him to worship her *"superior African hole"* he assured himself yet again that he would wake at any second to find himself under the duvet in his bedroom and all right with the world.

It was not to be.

"Lick my brown hole as if your life depends on it, you worthless English dog," she spat, her own excitement evident to him in the breathiness of her voice and urging him on to greater efforts.

"That is right! Put your tongue at the service of my tight little asshole. Clean-up up my shit-hole."

A veritable earthquake of desire was set-off inside him by her demeaning words and he felt he must ruin his chances of later release by cumming prematurely right there and then. But, miraculously, he seemed to veer off from the brink by concentrating on inserting his tongue further into the shi-chute she was now busy thrusting back onto him, rocking his head back and forth as if she were intent upon taking it inside with his tongue itself. Equally as miraculous, and even more bewildering, was the pleasure he took from being able to elicit such a reaction from her.

She was grounding her hips against his face now and making soft mewing sounds that seemed to him entirely out of character as his tongue kept up a relentless assault upon the anus it had been tasked to clean. To his perverse delight, he could tell the woman who considered herself his owner was nearing orgasm and a huge rush of unhealthy pride kept him to his task as he came ever closer to the chasm. For the first time, he was aware of not only wanting to please the monster that he might avoid pain and receive pleasure himself, but because… because…

"It is her right!"

As the thought emblazoned itself upon a mind already fevered, a logical and completely truthful corner of Roy Medwin's soul acknowledged itself as utterly. Totally and completely, owned.

When her orgasm arrived not minutes later and nearly took his head off in the process, it was a devoted and thoroughly subdued white-man who waited for the monstrous

black goddess who had mastered him to come down from her high and notice him once again.

When she did, a look of surprise that was swiftly overmastered by delight took in his still kneeling form and the juice smeared face that gazed up at her so… *adoringly*.

They both of them now knew one thing for certain.

He was now hers in both body and soul.

“I do believe we have reached a more complete understand of each other,” she declared, patting her white pet’s head with what might almost have been described as affection.

Roy Medwin looked into his owner’s eyes with a new appreciation of just what she had become to him and prayed that she would consider him worthy of the largesse she had hinted at before he placed his tongue at the disposal of her black arse.

When she considered he was, and gave him his gift, he was both pleased and *desperately* disappointed…

Epilogue

The young girl helping her mother place their shopping in the four-wheel drive was puzzled as she pointed towards the couple opposite in the car-park of Broadstairs newest supermarket, some forty-yards distant.

“Mummy, why is that dark lady telling the man off?”

Her mother, a thirty-something soccer-mum still carrying the spare tyre she had not been able to dislodge after giving birth to the precocious near four-year-old questioning her, and like all mums when bereft of an answer, decided to do some teaching instead:

“Lucy, how many times have I told you it’s rude to point?”

“Sorry, mummy. I was just wondering what bad thing the man had done.”

In truth, *“Mummy”* was mystified herself, given they were far enough away for the tongue-lashing being handed to the man in what she took to be heavily accented African/English was hard to decipher. More mystifying still was why an obviously older but far more handsome Englishman was allowing a large African woman to treat him with such disrespect in public – even if the car-park was deserted apart from the four of them. A handsome Englishman, it occurred to her, who was not answering back and was, to the contrary, standing to attention as if he were a lowly private in receipt of a tongue-lashing from a particularly formidable Sgt Major.

And why did his white shirt and black trousers put her in mind of nothing less than the modern day livery of a flunkey?

She was still puzzling upon it after loading the shopping and strapping her daughter in the back-seat and easing the car out towards the car-park exit; especially when she saw the chastened white man open the back door of their Volvo and wait for the black woman to seat herself inside before closing it and taking his own place in the driver’s seat.

As she pulled into the afternoon traffic, she was still sneaking glances in her rear-view mirror, fully expecting to see the man don a peaked chauffeur’s cap as he ferried the black woman to wherever they were going.

A horn commented on her distracted driving and, minutes late, the odd little tableaux was all but forgotten.

Which was a shame.

Later that evening she and her husband were hosting a dinner-party for friends and, had she known the full story behind what she had just witnessed, she would have won herself a most interesting, if deeply warped and scarcely credible, tale of one man’s fall into human bondage and slavery in the England of the new millennium.

A tale of one Englishman’s descent into servitude at the hands and feet of an African housekeeper, who not only insisted he perform those very duties for which she was engaged, but insisted he serve her personal needs also.

Whether the needs in question be those of the kitchen, the bedroom, the bathroom or the…

Toilet.

And to attend those *"needs"* with the gift she had given him upon the night his servile tongue had provided her with a wonderful orgasm, courtesy of her unwashed and sensitive shit-chute.

A *"gift"* that consisted of the finest Teutonic engineering; designed to fit about a man's scrotum and attached by tiny but impregnable combination padlocks to the cage imprisoning his penis.

A *"gift"* he could not have removed without the necessary welding equipment removing his genitals along with it, and one that made his submission to her complete.

Well… *almost* complete.

It would, after all, be necessary to release him from his cage that they might have no problem with airport security.

Though she would certainly re-attach it the moment their plane landed at Entebbe International.

After all, she wanted her English manservant to be at his most obedient for her soon-to-be jealous family and friends during the two-week stay in her birthplace before they returned to *her* home in England.

THE END