The Scent of Ownership

Obsession, Eroticism, and dominance

By
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“THE SCENT OF OWNERSHIP”

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PROLOGUE

Now

The white man was kissing her arse.

And not just her arse.

As she rested upon all-fours, her anal cavity, she knew, was puckering at him and his lips could not resist the urge to press soft and reverent kisses at its rim.

There had not even been a need to instruct him, so far had he fallen under the spell of the powerful African that had done so much to overcome his antipathy towards a face that was almost terrifying in its primitivism. Her obsidian eyes and mashed coal-black features unable to detract him from his new desire to… *serve*… her. To revel in his subservience to her less than pristine hygiene and the earthiness of a body he had once not only professed complete disinterest in but left her in no doubt repelled him.

And yet here he was.

And *there* she was.

Above him, and in all ways.

And in the England of his birth.

His country may have decided upon the suicide that was Brexit, in order to gain back a sovereignty that had not been lost in the first place, but the sovereignty he had surrendered to this monstrous example of the African continent's womanhood was both real and, seemingly more so by the day, irrevocable.

"Hold your mouth open," she ordered in an English still thick with the accent of her mother-tongue, sensing her order instantly obeyed without needing to turn; confident now of her ability to master the handsome Englishman she had in her thrall.

The triumph surprising her almost as much as it surprised the forty-something man who knelt at her rear and waited to do her bidding.

Surprised and protective of her power, but not worried on its behalf, she did not hesitate to arch her back and grind her buttocks into his face, knowing instinctively that, with each indignity she forced him to accept, the likelihood of him ever regaining his self-respect and his former position in life became no more than a dim and unlikely prospect.

The deep and seemingly unwilling breaths he drew through his nose, that he might savour the scent of her most intimate and proscribed orifice, telling her with more certainty than words that she, a poor immigrant from the people's Republic of Liberia on Africa's Atlantic coastline, was now in receipt of her own white chattel.

And a handsome and solvent white chattel at that.

“Let me feel your lips around my succulent African rim,” she ordered, emboldened by the knowledge her most intimate – and degrading – scent was filling his nostrils, displaying her growing command of the English vocabulary. “Show your black master how much you wish to please her.

Her own words, and the man at whom they were directed, inflamed her growing sadism and, again, her powerful black body, naked and smooth upon all fours, twitched as she felt the lips of her employer fasten themselves to her anus without a moment’s hesitation.

Which was when, positioning her arse-hole over his open mouth, that she allowed herself to supply him with his greatest humiliation thus far in their relationship and...

Farted.

Even from in front of him, she could smell it as he gagged on her putrid gas.

And yet…

So beaten did she have him, so obsessed by the perfumes of her black body and the need to breathe them in, he neither flinch nor halted for a second in taking as much of her scent through his nostrils as they were capable.

But; those men, and women, amongst you reading this must surely be asking; how could this man – *any* man find himself in this position?

How could such a man be *ordered* to not only accept such an indignity, but actually savour it?

And be ordered by *such* a woman?

“Lick my arse-hole,” came her next directive in her heavily accented Liberian English that only served to make their situation in regard of each other more… *outlandish*.

This time, she sensed him balk.

“Your Master is serious,” she said over her shoulder. “You ever want to feel her strong hand or her shapely black feet ‘bout your pitiful little man-thing, you best lick it like your life depend on it. Show Master you worship every single inch of her superior black body.”

The pause that followed seemed longer than it was, and she knew a part of him didn't want to do it.

And yet…

Not for one second did she worry that he might rebel and find enough of his manhood to order her from his house and his life.

He was *too* far gone.

The time when he could rebel against her in such a way had passed long ago.

Now – now that he was totally addicted to both her scent and her control of him – there could be but one outcome to any battle of wills between them and, as she felt the first fluttering of his tongue against the arse-hole it would shortly be penetrating to show its devotion with all the more finality, she knew with finality that it was *she*, and not *he*, who ruled the home in which she had once cleaned and skivvied as his employee.

Suddenly, after the initial reluctance, his tonguing of her rim became more… *enthusiastic*… and her already moist pussy – hairless and monstrous below his slavering tongue – became a river at high-tide. Her thoughts, as they considered just how far she had come with him in so short a space of time, served only to take high-tide to flood. How incredibly humiliating it must be for him to be compelled to pay such degrading attention to a woman of her race, looks, and class. What would those friends – the same condescending men and women she now forbade him from either seeing or speaking to – say if they could see him at this moment? How would they react to the sight of him all but swooning over the orifice of a lowly black woman upon which his tongue must surely detect at least a trace of the faecal matter still remaining upon her asshole?

She could actually smell her own scent wafting into the room as his tongue moistened her rim and his worship of his black master became more fervent and more…

…*Abject*.

She felt his lips press firmly and wetly against her rim as he began to sniff even more intently and she allowed her arse to pucker slightly.

She smiled.

He was losing himself in her. His humiliation nothing but the price of admission he must pay to gratify his new and unlikely obsession. A final surrender to the power of her awful attraction for him that would ensure he would be hers forever, if she so chose.

And she did so choose.

“Hold your mouth open for me,” she said, regretting only that her position upon all-fours did not allow her to witness his shame; promising herself that some strategically placed mirrors would soon take care of *that* particular problem.

To the delight of her flooded cunt, she felt his mouth open on the instant and without a hint of hesitation or question. Then she pushed the arse that now obsessed him; along with the rest of a body he had once professed to himself he found monstrous; squarely into his face. Knowing he would be able to see his own nose wedged into the crack of the buttocks her hands were keeping apart that he might have greater access to the shame that was her anus.

The smell, she knew, must have been incredibly earthy and feral as she had not bathed since the night before; which did not lend any patience or sympathy to her voice when she felt his mouth, understandably, snap shut:

“Keep it open!” she barked, the thick accent in which her English was delivered only serving to make her victim’s humiliation greater in his mind.

The mind of the one-time womaniser and king of his own castle reeling as what free-will and logic tried to make sense of a situation palpably beyond both.

Then, his body acting, it seemed, with a volition requiring no input from the cranial cockpit, his open mouth made a perfect seal over her asshole.

“Good boy!” she praised, marvelling herself that she could have brought the handsome and financially secure Englishman to such a pass in so short a space of time.

Which was when, as the long, wet, fart delivered its windy and foul-smelling discharge into his mouth, that her arousal and the joy of control took her over the edge of the precipice; her thoughts, even as she fell, providing a montage of images that served as a storyboard for their time together.

Not knowing that it was a not so magical mystery tour that her white chattel had made many times himself…

ONE

Now… and Then

It made for a bizarre and disturbing sight – or would have had it been made available to a public wider comfortably prone black woman.

A man by the name of Rupert Graydon was curled upon the floor at the foot of a comfortable and warm looking bed.

A bed he was proscribed from visiting.

His bed.

In *his* bedroom.

In *his* home.

And proscribed it by the black woman currently residing in it at her ease; thoroughly comfortable in the knowledge that the owner of the bed, and the home that went with it, had considered himself her superior up until not very long ago.

Yet here *she* was, and there *he* was. At the foot of a bed he owned but was no longer allowed to visit. *She*, resting snug and warm beneath the heavy and reassuring Tog of an expensive and luxurious. *He*, curled up in a ball on the carpeted floor with only a single blanket to protect him from the chill of a late autumn night and without a pillow to add some small softness to the floor-covering beneath his head.

For he remained an owner in name only, and only for as long as she allowed him the conceit. Of this he was no longer in any doubt, and when his eyes stared up as one perfectly tended black foot – so delicate, shapely, and out of keeping with the rest of the oversized and monstrous dimensions of his erstwhile housekeeper's body - peeked out from beneath the quilt, the almost white sole staring down at him in stark contrast to the coal black instep above it and the peach nails he himself had painted only that previous morning.

Not to mention the smooth black armpits she had insisted he cleanse with his own tongue before she retired to her sleep in his room and his bed.

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 – and before he quite realised he was about to do it - he slid from under the thin blanket she so graciously allowed him and strained his head upwards that he might place a slobbery kiss upon the lowest extremity of the African woman who insisted she owned him.

An African woman as removed from the models, actresses, and society beauties he was used to bedding and leaving, as a dung-beetle was removed from the butterflies fluttering above it.

And yet, he realised with a frisson of terror that did nothing to lessen his desire for the black foot beneath his worshipful lips and the woman above it.

A low-born, ill-educated, West African woman who thought she had hit the jackpot when landing the job of cleaning his home and tending to his laundry on a daily basis. And for little more than her room and board in a small basement room and a pittance of weekly spending money.

Only to find that fate had a far more compelling storyline in mind for both her and her new *"Master"*.

The cock that had been in state of rut virtually the whole of that day – the perfume of his monstrous tormentor somehow managing to pervade his nostrils and remain there – arrowed upwards from his groin and he could only marvel at the extent of the power this… *creature*… now wielded over him that he felt unable to indulge his natural imperative and take his release into his own hands.

To do so would be to disobey her.

A woman from Liberia he had employed for a pittance to be his…

Flunkey.

As the tangy aroma of her toes 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…

*****

"…It says here that you arrived in the UK only three months ago," he asked the thirty-something African woman seated opposite him in the ground-floor study of his three-storey terraced home in Chelsea's, Cheyne Walk, a cough and a spit from the famed King's Road itself and the Sloane Square underground that made the rest of London easily accessible. A home that had been his father's before him, and his grandfather's before…

A home he seldom entertained in – given his own determination to keep the home pristine – and, apart from a lover or two, preferred private.

"That is right, Mr Graydon, sir," she told him, obviously, and much to his sense of condescencion, in awe of finding herself in such plush and unaccustomed surroundings when juxtaposed alongside those of the small coastal town in Liberia she had known for most of her life. Her accent was thick and heavy with her African roots and, had she not been a cheap option and solution for his domestic problems – namely finding a domestic willing to work hard and be on tap while not breaking the bank; for he was notorious among his few friends for his parsimony – her somewhat large dimensions and almost bestial features would have ensured he felt a little embarrassed, to be seen in her company.

A consideration made redundant by the fact she was here to be his flunkey – not his paramour.

He also - by dint of a native and barely disguised xenophobia that had led him, naturally, to support Farage's UKIP and the calamitous decision to exit Europe - found her offensive. A handsome but shallow man in his early-forties, if it was not English it was second-rate. And the recently arrived African woman, he told himself, was not even that.

Given the house and trust-fund left him by his late uncle, who had been his last surviving relative, a case could have been made to justify the sense of entitlement and self-importance clinging to a man unused to the daily struggles of a great proportion of the world – in the UK as well as beyond its borders. But that would not have mitigated the stupidity that led to him believing in his own superiority and that of his own race when it came to his interactions with the rest of the world's many and varied citizens. He was, apart from his aforementioned good looks, and a certain low-grade and soon tarnished charm, a giftless and feckless non-contributor who had seen his own flaws as reason enough for their being and - until Nigel Farage spotted his own self -interested niche and formed a party of like minds (sic) – found the British Conservative Party more than worthy of both his cross and his support.

His lack of political correctness and empathy was shared by his friends and acquaintances and, consequently, he felt no need to change a status quo that served the needs of his ego and quelled any unlikely desire to rebel a distinctly absent social-conscience might make.

To him, employing a domestic from the "Dark Continent", and, even better, having her occupy servant's quarters in his basement, seemed his small contribution to the attempts of the slippery one and his party to return his country and his people to the position of superiority and spurious moral authority it had once held.

Authority won with superior weaponry and military discipline, rather than solid ethical argument.

"If I were to give you this position," he told her, unaware of just how pompous and patronising he sounded and hardly likely to be bothered if it were to be pointed out to him, "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 she gave no sign of it. In fact, for all her bestial features and over-large dimensions, she looked cool and collected, along with her obvious pleasure at the décor of his home, and the sleeveless black tunic come dress she had worn to the interview revealed skin that was as flawless as it was obsidian.

And there was a faint odour coming from her that seemed to originate from her hairless armpits and which, while it first offended him, soon began to arouse other sketchy sensations in him he was – being in no way an analytical man – unable to describe and found himself somewhat affronted to be experiencing.

Even if he did grudgingly concede that she could hardly be held to account his reactions to her.

"I was educated in domestic studies at Liberia University in Monrovia, Mr Graydon, sir. You will see on my resume that I also gained a qualification in both maths and English 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 coughed dismissively, letting her see by his facial expression that he was displeased with her presumption.

"Before you get ahead of yourself – and should I offer you the position – please know that you will not be "managing" my household," he told her, nose wrinkling at a scent it was picking up. A scent that, while he knew it emanated from her did not, surprisingly, offend his sensibilities the way it should.

Its effect upon him, in fact, one he could not admit to and, consequently, was back-doored for later consideration.

If he considered it at all.

Putting the faint but pervasive scent to one side, he forced himself to continue:

"I am more than capable of that," he told her, voice and expression serious and unsmiling. "No. What I am looking for is a woman who can look after the domestic side of things and the more… menial… duties a man such as myself finds so tiresome."

"I understand, Mr Graydon," she said, voice contrite and features unreadable."

"I see you took up a nursing position in the Royal Brompton and will need to give notice," he went on. "Is there any particular reason you are leaving a job you were trained to do so early?"

"Nursing is my vocation, Mr Graydon," she assured him. "But I am finding it increasingly impossible to live in London upon the salary I am paid as a nurse – even in the shared accommodation the hospital found for me."

Nodding at what was a satisfactory answer, he scanned the resume before him and noted the qualifications mentioned.

They were hardly earth-shattering, he told himself, conveniently forgetting the many thousands spent on his own education and the paltry return he delivered upon the investment.

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 she had a visa to work and overseas domestics – especially the African variety - were cheap and, because of their fear of being forced to leave, extremely hardworking.

And especially if, like her, she had no family in the country to turn towards if things were not to be to her liking.

Or friends either, as far as he could tell.

The above and the fact she spoke fluent English – even it was spoken in a thick accent he thought might prove impenetrable if she became stressed or excited.

She was also no long-necked, trim-limbed, type African of the type favoured by certain fashion-houses and white Anglo-Saxon rock-stars.

Very much the opposite.

And of absolutely no concern to him whatsoever.

Truth be told, and given certain ante-bellum views he still held in a country removed from that period by both an ocean and over a century of elapsed time, he would have had no intention towards romancing her had she been the belle of the Milan catwalks.

And of that she had less chance than Idi Amin had of being resurrected and awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

The "Mongrelising of the races", as he was wont to tell likeminded friends and other equally narrow minds, something to which he was vehemently opposed.

The strange and, at this point, subtle odour that permeated his nostrils made its presence felt again and he felt a strange response at his netheregions that he did not connect with what he now told himself was the faint odour of her armpits inside the sleeveless black tunic. For the merest instant, before his thoughts mocked him for such stupidity on behalf of an uneducated and less than comely African woman some twelve years his junior, he felt tiny before her; despite being a respectable five-feet-eleven. For, though he was not muscular and heavy-set, he was lean rather than skinny and certainly not so physically inconspicuous he would or should feel such a way in front of her – notwithstanding the dimensions opposite his subconscious were already coming to describe as "Monstrous".

For Islah Bartuah was a muscularly built woman whose huge breasts could not be camouflaged beneath a heavy jacket and the flimsy fabric of the white shirt below it attempting to restrain their largesse concealing them. Her skin was the deepest black and its facial smoothness indicated the body beneath it would be unmarked and flawless. Something that would not be able to be said for features with dark and deep-set eyes and a, somewhat, splayed nose above lips that were large even for a woman of her descent. She had adopted trousers for her interview but he could see from the way the material seemed to groan over her thighs that her legs were at least as powerful as the body above them – indeed, he would discover later that, despite being well-shaped, her calves and thighs were big enough to be seem a caricature of the female form.

And with a strength that in no ways belied their dimensions.

Another sobering and disquieting fact he would soon be discovering about her.

There was, of course, not one smidgen in that first meeting of sexual attraction from the would-be European employer towards the African jobseeker.

Save, that is, for the peculiar and all-pervading scent that seemed to grow more distinct within his nostrils as the interview went on.

A scent that was not at that point, and as already pointed out, either overly repellent to him and of a kind he had yet to acknowledge as being… sexual.

As said: "not at that point".

She was, he realised after no more than a few minutes in to their interview, exactly what he was seeking in a live-in menial.

Cheap.

Seemingly in awe of both him and his status.

And, just as importantly, of absolutely no sexual interest to him on any level.

There had, after all, been enough sexual complications in his twice divorced life up until now – the last one had been expensive and it had only been his lawyer's slippery actions that had allowed him to keep a hold of the family home - without adding a dalliance with an African domestic into the mix.

A possibility his complete lack of interest in both her as a person and her physical appearance made risible, anyway.

Though his vanity assured him there would be no shortage of sexual desire coming from her towards him.

Their respective looks and stations in life all but guaranteed it, he had told himself with complete disregard for his own pomposity and easy generalisation.

And in this, though he could not possibly have known it, he was not entirely wrong.

For the woman did indeed harbour certain sexual feelings for him and found herself encouraged by the way his nostrils already twitched at the invasion into his consciousness of her womanly scent.

Though the nature of her desire for him would be, when it was made plain to him, nothing like the desire imagined by his thoughts.

"The salary is not huge," he had told her, tone taking on its usual sanctimonious and superior air when dealing with one he considered from 'the lower orders'. "However, as you will not have to provide living accommodation for yourself and your other necessities will be provided as part of that salary, there are other compensations."

She nodded, it already having been explained to her by the agency with whom she had signed.

"I will also, of course, provide a number of suitable uniforms and working clothes."

"The agency explain all this to me," she said in the thick accent he found a little difficult to follow – his efforts at understanding willingly made, given the buttons he would be paying out for her by way of a wage. "My needs are most modest and, as you have said, they are taken care of as a part of the employment package. To be truthful," she went on, "the salary you say is so small would be princely in my homeland."

Not having ever spared the economic situation in her land – or any other, for that matter - a thought, Rupert Graydon consulted the background sheet on her provided by the agency before speaking again.

"I am a person who values his privacy and, though I enjoy an active private life with my friends, I seldom have visitors in my home. I enjoy the quiet and solitude of privacy and would expect anyone working for me to respect that."

"I understand, Mr Graydon. I value my own privacy equally as highly and would intrude upon you only as much as my service to you required.

He felt a thrill at her choice of words and political-correctness be damned.

It would be "service" she provided him, and he felt no shame for the prospect being one he found… right and meet.

"I am pleased to hear that," he told her. "As I am sure the agency made plain, I am a very private person and prefer to enjoy my diversions without interruption. So, it is most heartening to hear that – and not to put too fine a point on it - that you have a sense of place when it comes to such matters."

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

"I take it that I am right and you do have a sense of what your place in my home would be?"

"Yes, Mr Graydon, 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 look of malice flitting across her less than soft and inviting features as her strange scent dominated his nostrils.

In fact, he was weighing it all up, enjoying making her wait for his decision and the power of yay or nay 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…"

Two

Now

…Not weeks before, it would have been unthinkable.

Risible.

Insulting.

Rage inducing.

Yet here he was, placing obedient and reverential kisses upon the arch of her exposed foot, taking in her scent through his nose that he might actually luxuriate in his submission to the African monster who owned him.

“That is my good white slave-boy,” she taunted from above. “There be no need for words when you suck your Master’s toes. Your worthless white tongue, as it licks your owner like the dog you are, is good enough to show her how proud you are to be in her possession.”

Rather than the mocking and outraged laughter, along with an order to leave his home, such a statement would have provoked been sure to receive not so long ago, the man christened with the increasingly forgotten name of *“Rupert Graydon”* felt fear mix with a perverse excitement and wondered again how he could have fallen so low as to be in the clutches of a woman he considered his inferior in about every way possible other than – unbelievably – her physical mastery of his manhood and supposedly greater male strength.

As her big and muscular legs came over the side of the bed and offered her other foot for his already waiting hand, the contempt in her eyes for this handsome white man with the huge sense of self-entitlement was unmistakable. He had been vanquished and was in her thrall; fixated upon the perfumes of her African body which once would have been guaranteed to repulse him. Testimony to the control she now wielded over him and the obsession he now had for her that she had worked so diligently to nurture.

“Let me see my dog’s tongue.” she demanded, accented voice so confidant of her control over the older white man there was no necessity to raise its tone to ensure obedience from her chattel.

On all-fours before her now, shame only slightly less in size and power to the inexplicable excitement he felt himself taking from allowing his monstrous and inferior black housekeeper to treat him in such a way; he did as she commanded – amazed still by the strength of the erection the scent, and now the taste and, indeed, the sight of her could produce in him.

For there was no longer any question of his being *asked* to carry out her bidding – be it household chores or personal favours.

He was not *"invited"*, to do her bidding; not *"suggested"*; and certainly not *"requested"*.

At some point, and he was unsure exactly when, her requests had become…

"Commands."

As he forced his tongue past his lips, still on his knees before her and looking like little more than the most servile of domestic canines, begging his owner for an indulgence, he could see the results his shame inspired upon the features of his tormentor.

Features he described to his own politically-incorrect thoughts as, *"simian"* and, in doing so, sensed the magnitude of his own fall from grace and how far he had allowed such a creature to lower both his standards and the sense of himself as a superior English gentleman.

Raising a foot, she placed its ball upon his tongue and then slowly lowered it, that he may taste the sole from toes to heel, relishing the expression of disgust and naked desire that vied for pre-eminence across his features.

"Keep your eyes open!" she snapped, as he tried to at least block the sight of his conqueror, if not the taste and the smell of her, from his shame.

They opened immediately and found hers, their former vivid blueness dulled and moist in their new reality.

"That better," she told him, voice becoming a little softer as if to encourage him in his obedience.

Before going on to threaten a more… *physical*… encouragement should his behaviour not prove… *pleasing*.

"You cried and begged like the pitiful weakling you really be after I take you across my knee the last time you disrespect me," she reminded him. "So be on your best behaviour with me unless you want a repeat of it."

She saw the knowledge of the interlude in his eyes, as he recalled not performing a chore to her satisfaction and having the shorts she insisted he wear about the house yanked down to his ankles before being forced across the smooth and muscled black thighs. Could almost hear his shamed and affronted thoughts as the sounds of his own childish and girlish cries and entreaties begged her to show leniency to her abject servant. Knew he was recalling the way she left him to sob in his corner, shorts still around his ankles, until he was ready to crawl to her feet and beg her forgiveness for his tardiness.

A smile crossed her lips as she recalled ordering him to use his tongue to *"bathe"* her armpits and the look of horror and intent to refuse that was only countermanded by the beating she had just given him and the threat of another – even more severe – interlude over her knee.

Her smile mocked him as, once again, he tortured himself further by wondering what the former friends he was no longer permitted to see – not to mention the divorced wives with whom he had always been so controlling - would say to see him in such a condition.

And with *such* a creature!

A black woman whose toes currently rested upon his lolling tongue.

A woman he had intended to be – and who had been, for a while - *his* underpaid flunkey.

His thoughts were – thankfully – distracted when, toes still upon his tongue, she brought up her free foot to flick at his hanging balls.

To his amazement, this insouciant gesture, full of contempt for his manhood, served only to take what had become an iron-rod, as hard and needy as anything he had known since she first took possession of him, into dimensions of arousal formerly beyond his comprehension.

The whole situation, his thoughts screamed, was utterly inconceivable.

And no less real for his inability to understand how such a state of affairs had come about or was allowed.

As he stared, lost and defeated, into her animalistic eyes - 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 salty black toes upon his tongue, and the feel of her other foot as it flicked against his scrotum, 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?

And how?

When did he become so risible and pusillanimous that he could allow this piece of black filth to defile both him and his manhood – his country into the bargain - in such a way?

It was…

Inconceivable!

What was the hold this monstrous black woman had over him the prevented his having her removed from his home and his life?

And how could he feel such intense excitement for her treating him with such contempt that he knew he would soon expend what he had once regarded as his manly juices on the instep mashing up against his balls; rather than rise-up the way a man of his quality should and restoring what was no more than the natural order of things as the Good Lord intended?

Something, he told himself, even as he felt the molten heat of his cream about to spew itself over her demeaning and commanding toes, that he should have done on that very first occasion when, having been in his home just under a month, she had decided he was ready for their relationship to be taken to what she knew to be the next and *truly* natural level of things…

THREE

Then

It made no difference that a part of him knew it was a dream.

A dream, moreover, that was utterly preposterous, so impossible were the events transpiring within it.

His new housekeeper swayed naked above his prone body and her massive, yet still self-supporting, black breasts and aroused nipples imprisoned his gaze as surely as those of the viper locked in that of the rabbit it was intent upon devouring. Unable to tear his gaze from her he was aware just the same – how could he not be – of the erection at his groin that threatened his ability to remain compos mentis should yet more blood be diverted from the head to support its desire. In dire need, he was, even as he dreamed, attempting to mitigating his response by putting it down to the alcohol he had consumed whilst reading the latest "Jack Reacher" earlier that evening.

Any other explanation, for a dream involving him in any kind of sex with his black housekeeper, was simply not acceptable.

The teasing black finger that she ran up the underside of his shaft, the expression aimed down at him both mocking and taunting, made his subconscious thoughts jump and, for a few moments, anyway, his reservations and the disgust that went with them were placed on hold.

"You be a good boy for Miss Islah, 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 eager agreement."

"Say it," the unlikely masturbatrix of his slumbers insisted. "Tell me you want to be a good doggy for Miss Islah."

His lips had already formed the unthinkable words of respect; this even as his sleeping persona raged at his sense of pride and manhood to not give the black abomination what she was seeking from him.

A persona that was no match for the sensations provided by the teasing of her black finger against a shaft he had not known as so desperately sensitive before now.

A shaming need that overpowered his feelings of anger and distaste even as they formed.

"I… I want to be a good…"

A part of his dream persona raged at himself for what it was about to say, shame diminished not one iota by the fact a part of him knew he was dreaming and that he would soon awake.

Knowledge that neither lessened his disgust for the dream nor reduced the arousal of his cock as he dreamt it by a whit.

"I… I want to be a good… doggy… for… for Miss Islah," he heard his dream persona say, his nausea for the words surpassed only by the incredible elixir of unmanly excitement that seemed to set each nerve-end tingling for having her take control of him in such a way.

The vision that was his nightmare housekeeper smiled evilly at his near instant capitulation and lowered her head to be closer to his that he might feel her warm and perfumed breath in his nostrils as she stared into his eyes and began to casually, slowly and very deliberately, manipulate his foreskin over the rocket at his groin that was already shaking on its launch-pad prior to lift-off. He felt the soft yet firm cushion of her breasts and their projectile 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 inside of him respond to her almost bestial mastery of him; as if his manhood had decided to bend its neck before a force far greater than itself. A force that supplied massive pleasure to run in tandem with the shame and outrage the situation also evoked in him.

"That be my good doggy," she said in the accented English that so infuriated him if he was required to listen to anything more than a sentence of it. "See how much pleasure Miss Islah can give her white animo if he be pleasing to her?"

No response was possible from him as her hand began to rise and fall with greater regularity and the breath left in his throat was sufficient only for a gasp of pleasure that was answered from above by a look of bestial triumph in the eyes that still held his so unblinkingly.

"When I say the word 'Dife'," she told him, "you may spurt all your useless white seed over your own stomach."

His eyes widened, held by hers in a tractor-beam of the purest horror and unable to look away as he knew he had not the strength to disobey her.

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?

Was he ill or something that he could actually be experiencing a dream of such a nature?

And find it so debasingly arousing?

"Disobey me," she went on, "and I take the back of my hand to your lily-white buttocks until you scream like the little girl you are."

Despite his other competing sensations, Rupert Graydon saw that his dream persona could only stare up at her with incredulity.

Surely she could not be seri…?

Which was the last thought he could remember before he felt the build-up of warm-cream rushing to the head and realised he was going to lose it whether she was ready or not.

Which was when she intervened….

"Dife!" she commanded and, as if he truly were no more than a well-trained beast awaiting permission from his owner, 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-head to land upon his stomach and chest."

This as her derisive and self-satisfied laughter provided a backdrop to the humiliation and sheer sexual arousal thundering in his ears…

…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, but became aware of a sound to his left.

When puzzled and confused eyes turned towards the sound he was just in time 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 Mail that was his own right-wing think-tank.

She was dressed in a loose black tee-shirt and tight black leggings that were *not* 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.

Her failure to wear the uniform he had provided for her, however, the least of his concerns on this particular morning.

"Yes, Mr Graydon, sir?" she responded, looking him straight in the eye and waiting for him to take the lead, leaving him unsure if her reply contained insolence or was merely ambivalent.

Forcing himself to adopt a stern air that, in his opinion was entirely warranted despite his own embarrassment for the events of the previous night, he held her gaze.

There was, after all, no need for embarrassment on his part.

Even as he consciously fought *not* to feel it.

It had been *his* privacy that had been invaded, when it came down to it.

The *"privacy"* he had stressed he valued so much and was so protective of when offering her the position.

And a privacy that had been invaded by his own flunkey.

A lapse, he knew, and fully intended to punish, which could only result in her dismissal and removal from his home.

No matter how inconvenient the subsequent search for a domestic so cheap and efficient might prove.

So why was he hesitating…?

"What about last night, sir?" she questioned, the memory of the most powerful orgasm he had ever experienced and the sleepless night contemplating it that followed, making him hesitate.

With an effort, he pulled himself together.

In both manner and tone of voice; the inconvenience of finding a replacement for her when she had proved so… *capable*... thus far one he would just have to suffer.

If he allowed her to get away with a transgression of this magnitude, he told himself, there was no telling where things might lead.

A suspicion later events would soon show to be wholly correct.

"Why did you think it permissible to enter your… *employer's*… room when he is sleeping?" he asked in a grave tone he felt certain would leave her in no doubt as to the gravity of her situation and the job and lodgings she could be about to lose.

A *gravity* that did not seem to have impacted upon her.

Yet.

"I was disturbed by a noise and came upstairs from my quarters in the basement to check," she lied. "That is when I heard you calling my name from your room on the first-landing, Mr Graydon, sir."

"I did no such thing!" he exploded. "Why on earth would I be calling out for…?"

"You were calling out my name, Mr Graydon, sir," she came in, overriding him for what he was to realise later would be the first time. "You sounded as if you were having a problem, but it was not until I raced upstairs to be of assistance I understood why."

Handsome man of self-vaunted superior quality or not, Rupert Graydon's face flushed crimson and he immediately berated himself for such a reaction before a woman of her race and station.

A woman who was, after all, his domestic.

“Wh-What are you saying?”

“Do not feel ashamed, Mr Graydon, sir,” she told him, making his cheeks flame brighter and his anger rise all the more swiftly. “I am a trained nurse and I am quite used to such reactions from men – whether they are awake or sleeping.”

It was outrageous!

The hulking black she-devil actually thought he had been having thoughts about… *her*.

His cheeks becoming redder, as he realised *that* was exactly what he had been in the process of doing.

And achieved the most explosive orgasm of his life to that point in so doing, he acknowledged to himself, as the odour of her again made its somewhat earthy yet sickly sweet and pervasive entry into his nostrils and he realised he was on the verge of sniffing more deeply that he might savour it.

“What in the name of a flying fuck is happening to you, man?” his thoughts raged while he attempted to keep his expression impassive.

“You were stroking your erect penis,” she went on in a plain-speaking matter-of-fact way that only emphasised the excruciating embarrassment he felt and stoked the fires of his anger.

How dare she speak in such a private and personal way in front of him!

It was to get worse.

“You were also calling my name as you pulled upon yourself.”

“But…?” he began, before she cut him off again for the second-time, fuelling his indignation at her temerity and a sudden and deep thrill of sensuality her speaking to him in such a way seemed to trigger in him.

With her scent clogging his nostrils, he also realised that her manner towards him, though still respectful, seemed more… *forceful*.

“You are a handsome man who is alone at the present time,” she told him. “It is only natural that you must start having certain… *thoughts*… towards me.”

“But…?”

Again – the third time in as many minutes - she came in over him; almost as if she were in control of their interaction and he must listen to her:

“In my own country, it is not unheard of for a woman in the employ of another to… *help*... that employer.”

Her smile was unfathomable and, for reasons he could not decipher at the time, sent chills the length of his spine.

“Should, that is,” she finished, “her employer require it.”

His mouth opened but no words spilled out as the full implications of the night before rushed in upon him and he realised it had been only partly a dream.

The black hands that had manipulated him to orgasm had *indeed* been hers.

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*...

“If my desire to help you was offensive to you, Mr Graydon, sir, I will make sure to ignore the situation should it arise again.”

Horrified by the confirmation she had actually taken him in hand and witnessed his shameful explosion – had actually demanded it, if the dream was to be believed in total – he was at least reassured a little by her continued and respectful attitude towards him.

Another juxtaposition to go alongside the scent of her armpits in his nostrils – a scent he should have found repugnant and didn’t – that ensured his thoughts in her regard swung towards one extreme and then to another.

From having made up his mind that she would have to be dismissed – and to hell with the inconvenience - Rupert Graydon had a conundrum of an entirely different nature to ponder.

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

Knowing also that, as her scent took an ever-greater hold of his erotic senses, he was already anticipating experiencing such a high again.

FOUR

Now

On all-fours before her, Rupert Graydon could smell the powerful and pungent odor humming from her pussy with such strength his only surprise was that he could not see it.

Never, he confessed to his growingly beaten down thoughts, had he been anywhere near close to a cunt this… *pervasive*… before.

He also suspected it wasn't just the excitement she took from having control of him contributing to her ripeness.

A suspicion that 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-dog?" she asked unnecessarily, the glazed eyes of her older and white man-thing all the answer that was required.

Her eyes totally dominated his now and he could no more remove them without her permission than a sliver of metal could remove itself from the tractor beam of a powerful magnet.

"My little white piglet be pleased his black master aster take care not to wash her fragrant and superior cunt so that her little doggy can show her how truly he love to worship and respect it."

An inescapable cloud of the aroused and unwashed imprisoned his senses as, for the zillionth time, he told himself he could still put an end to his torment and the cemetery she was making of his manhood'

Knowing, even as he tried to reassure himself of the fact that it was far too late to ever rise to his feet and be the man he had once been again. His position in life now, both literally and metaphorically, would be determined by the monstrous young black woman who had somehow taken possession of both him and his home and ensured he was so lost in his new world of fealty and submission he would never raise his head in a manful way again. No matter how much his unspoken thoughts assured him they wished to do just that.

Having been in a condition of rut the entire unslept night, his cock suddenly became even more attentive to its needs and arrowed towards the womanhood that owned both it and him as if it were a missile on a mission of its own.

A missile that was now beyond his own ability to control.

“You are going to show respect to Miss Islah’s black pussy now,” she told him in the dark and accented English that was, like him, dominated by her African ancestry.

“Forget the pitiful white cock that will never know its master’s cunt and put all your efforts into showing your owner the pride you takes in being her possession.”

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

“Unless, that is, you want to find yourself over my knee again for another spanking, or have Miss Islah 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.

In fact, he was not sure what he found worse.

Being chastised by the younger black woman as if he were no more than a recalcitrant child in the care of some ethnic and draconian governess from some Dickensian nightmare.

This before being placed with his nose in the corner afterwards, that he may reflect upon his disrespect as she sat at her ease and regarded the war-zone she had made of his arse.

At least until she was convinced he had learned his lesson and allowed him to slither over the carpet upon his belly that his lips might show her toes how much he regretted displeasing her.

Or… and for reasons what small pride he had left was loath to analyse…

The prospect of her leaving him alone and without her… *supervision and guidance*… that seemed to truly terrify him.

Suddenly, 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.

Had succeeded, in fact, in making an addict of him.

An addict to her scent, her control, and her abuse of him.

“It is a most exciting perfume, is it not, my little white doggy? 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 sweet cunt would not even feel this little worm.”

Her laughter was not pleasant.

“Even if I was ever fool enough to let you ever put it inside me.”

He gasped with pain as she tightened her grip but, incredibly, the cock residing above the balls being manhandled 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 animo how to use it, you will have a new sense of purpose in life.”

The hand squeezing his scrotum withdrew and, by way of motivation, gave his desperate manhood a couple of quick and feather-light stokes that almost ensured he must cum there and then.

Prevention occurring only because of his fear and of what her reaction would be if shed its load 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 worship Miss Islah’s pussy you must start very slowly. Take in the air she permit you to share with her through your nostrils and familiarise yourself with her smell until you feel the reverence all creatures such as you should feel in the presence of a superior black woman.”

Pulling him back from her gash, she slapped his face as a reminder of what he might expect should his devotions prove… disappointing.

Then, guiding him back to her womanhood by the hair:

“Sniff your owner like the dog you are.”

Without the slightest hesitation, Rupert Graydon drew her fragrance into his bewitched and enslaved nostrils, eyes straining up into hers in the way she demanded that she might witness every moment of his degradation as it fed into her own consciousness through the windows leading to the soul she was intent upon utterly enslaving and torturing at her whim.

The low-born Liberian woman having absolutely no idea where her desire to ill-treat and subdue a white-man such as her former employer had sprung from.

And, given the unholy joy her ownership of him provided, entirely untroubled by this lack of self-knowledge.

“That is my lovely and obedient white doggy,” she cooed, adoring the shame she could see in the recesses behind his moist and shamed eyes. “You please me so much when you obey me so readily.”

A thought struck her, despite knowing instantly that she would never act upon it and draw unwanted attention to the orgasmic situation she had forged for herself in this new land.

“Perhaps it would be a help in your obedience training if we invited some of the friends I no longer allow you to see to witness how well you are responding to the firm hand of a strong black master.”

His sniffing stopped and a look of pure horror beamed up at her.

So amused was she at his reaction that she actually reached out and patted his head as if he truly were a canine and – unbelievably – she actually had some affection for him.

“Oooh, don’t be looking so terrified little doggy, Miss Islah only jesting with you.”

The relief on his face was palpable.

Her tone became more serious then, tugging his hair to bring his nose back into contact with her labia and lip curling in a derisive smile as, without being told, her white peon began drawing deep breaths through his nose that he may take in the scent to which he had become so addicted.

“You have my permission now to use your tongue and lips to pay proper homage to the lower portion of my superior mound, just above the button leading to her fragrant shit-chute.”

Not for the first time, she sensed his wonderment and the sense of self-disgust his obvious enthusiasm for such an abject act of devotion aroused in him; could almost hear his thoughts asking:

“Why on earth would I accept such treatment?”

From a black-bitch who was his inferior – and in *all* ways.

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

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 he continued to sniff at her, self-disgust not so strong he could prevent himself, he wondered just what base, and previously unsuspected, weakness of character ensured he not only accepted her unlikely elevation over him but responded to her treatment of him with a sexual yearning that seemed all the more powerful for having no logical basis.

The musky and yet tangy odor of her ferocious womanhood filled his nostrils and enflamed the newly forged delight in sexual submission his domestic had somehow triggered within him as her next words came to him as if from out of a black cloud, his submission to her taking on a finality assuring him 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 more and more addicted to her humiliating supervision.

And, subsequently, more and more weak and biddable.

"You must NEVER put your tongue inside your master unless she give you express permission to do so," she told him, her tone of assumed and absolute command now – and the accented Liberian English in which she spoke it - jarring up against the received wisdom and perception of white superiority his background had instilled in him, yet still doing nothing to inspire anything in the way of a rebellion against the power she deemed it her right to wield over *him*. "I expect you to concentrate your efforts upon licking the area between the top of my shit-chute and the lower approach to my pussy. Miss Islah is most sensitive there and enjoys long periods of such…. *Worship*… before she is moist enough to need attention higher up."

Her voice took on a dark and, conditioned to her as he was becoming, it was all that was required to make him fearful – recalling, as he did, the punishment she was capable of handing out to him with no apparent effort on her part:

"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; coming back to the moment only as she added:

"*That* is a place for real 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,” she told him with the kind of huge condescension that had once been his province and was no more.

Pat *him* on the head?

As if he truly were no more than a functional household pet in his own home?

And yet, all his outrage fetched from him was yet another mystifying lurch from the traitor jutting from his loins.

“This will be your sign that Miss Islah’s black pussy is ready for you to 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 clitoris.”

For a moment, so instant was the seismic shift at his loins, Rupert Graydon thought 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 prevented him from losing it.

His eyes were completely riveted upon the hairless mound before him now and the smell of her seemed to be overpowering *all* his senses.

For the first time, he realised, he actually wished to 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 will.

“To start 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, “you must circle my love-button with the tip of your tongue. Show Master your respect and devotion. The reverence and gratitude you feel for her having given your worthless life some meaning. Convince her you have found your rightful place in the world and will be her most obedient and servile chattel in return for the favour she has shown you.”

At this, his eyes raised to meet hers and he stopped sniffing at her, fully expecting a rebuke for disobeying her order.

None 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 to become more and more exalted and superior to him by the hour.

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…

FIVE

Then

"...I have been waiting for..." he said accusingly, entering her quarters with only the most cursory of knocks before stepping into the basement he had allocated to her.

They were the only words he got out as the breath seemed to leave his lungs in a rush, making any further speech impossible for the moment as he took in the sight of her displayed upon the bed while reading a book whose title escaped him then and continued to do so.

His housekeeper was completely and utterly naked.

The first time he had seen her in the flesh, so to speak.

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

But it was the depilated and utterly hairless mound of her sex, resting atop commanding and toned thighs below an utterly flat stomach, that robbed him of all thought save for the naked and gargantuan body she seemed so unconcerned to have on display.

"I think it would be more respectful if you knocked from now on," she told him, voice 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

Still spluttering, shame-faced now and 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, he could make no coherent reply.

Feeling 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 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 hurried him.

Unbelievable!

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

Unsuccessfully.

"Not tonight," she told him, apparently unconcerned by the reaction sure to follow.

"Not…?"

"Tonight, I would prefer to use my free time to relax."

"But…" he began, not sure which was strongest; his annoyance at her attitude, or the prospect the nightly manipulation of his cock he had consented to as if he were actually doing her a favour would not be happening.

Drawing himself up before her, he tried to pretend he could not see her naked breasts and her hairless gash:

"May I remind you, Islah," he said condescendingly, "that it was your idea to… help me… of an evening."

"That is true, Mr Graydon," she agreed, the lack of the 'sir' with which she usually ended the term of respect notable only through its absence. "And I am happy to help you satisfy your… needs."

He was colouring up now and fought the urge to avert his eyes from her own unblinking scrutiny.

"My help, though, I remember saying at the time, was offered voluntarily."

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

"Or are you saying 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 – and they were believed - Rupert Graydon's manner became a little more… conciliatory.

"Not at all," he reassured her as his thoughts raced and came up with what would prove the most unfortunate of responses – for him, anyway. "I just thought that… that… You know?... You enjoyed it too."

"Really?" she asked, puzzlement seemingly genuine as he began to feel more and more uneasy in her presence – more and more… small – and more than a little miffed. "Did

I not make it clear that I only wished to help you with these new feelings you have developed for me?"

His anger soared, even as he stood before her with pyjama-bottoms tented at the sight of her nakedness and… and…

Something else.

Something else he recognised, even as he refused to acknowledge it.

Her attraction for him.

But as for the "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.

And certainly not those of the finer kind.

"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 Islah 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 Islah'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.

Almost as if he were a…

Supplicant!

Totally stunned by his own reaction, he felt the urgency of his erection go off the scale, aware, despite the distraction, that she was waiting for an 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.

For he also knew that to admit to his need would be to lose face with the lowly born African.

An eventuality he would NEVER countenance.

Or so he had thought.

Almost as if his thoughts had formed into words without his being aware of framing them, heard himself say:

"Islah, as you well know, I enjoy your visits."

Was that triumph he spotted flitting across her somewhat simian features?

Whether it was or not, it did not prevent him from finishing what he had started:

"I… I would be… appreciative… if you continued to make them."

Hurrying on, then, as the reality of what he was saying kicked in and anxious to mitigate any sense of weakness she might have spotted in him – unaware at this point that the damage had already been done – mindful also to allay any possible accusation of improper behaviour she might make to her agency; even if he did consider it highly unlikely anyone in their right mind would believe such an accusation about him coming from such a… specimen:

"But, and I stress this, only if it is your wish to continue making your visits also."

She made no reply to this and, feeling more uncomfortable by the second and resenting the fact, he went on, wishing only to take his leave of her while keeping both his face and her continued visits.

"Your nightly visits to me are much appreciated," he went on, "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 at least 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 Graydon," 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, Islah," 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.

"Because, when I started to think about it," she began, "I not remember you once asking me if I would like to come to your room."

He swallowed with difficulty and realised her whole manner seemed somehow more… authoritative… to him.

Almost as if she felt she was the one in control.

And the scent of her was so strong he felt almost light-headed!

Chiding himself for such ludicrous thoughts on her behalf, he once again assured himself that he could send her packing at a time of his choosing and simply write off her stay with him as yet one more exotic – and inexplicable - experience in his life thus far. 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'.

Adding, when she made no reply:

"I appreciate the… 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 put him on the backfoot in such a way.

Though his resentment was not so great he could ignore the raging of his cock and put her in her proper place.

Even if her next words almost accomplished just that:

"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?"

"It would also," she went on, unfazed by his obvious annoyance, "be more… polite… 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 yet another violent lurch at his groin that seemed to respond to her new manner with him.

Yet more evidence of the masochist he would soon come to see as having been awaiting release for all those years he had spent in ignorance of its existence until her advent into his daily life.

Reddening that seemed likely to blow the cranium from his head, when she added:

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

SIX

Now

She had not bathed for at least two nights.

And he knew it.

A lack ensuring 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 an impregnable base-camp inside his head; was on a level known to no scale.

But there was another, more positive, reaction running concurrent with that aforementioned revulsion.

For if he was so repulsed by both the woman and the act she insisted he perform for her, then why was he following her commands as if his very life depended upon supplying his black owner with the evil pleasure she insisted was now hers by right and his responsibility to provide?

It was not an opportune time to peruse the reasons behind his submission to such an ignoble routine. But, so incredible and sexually euphoric was the pleasure he took from his service to her demanding and unwashed African womanhood, so earthy, spicy, and, yes, *malevolent*, that he did so at one and the same time as he gave himself over to the sensations of acting under her control. Despite which, he still managed to ask himself why he embraced so readily an act he had always been against performing in the past – and for women of his own race and social standing who far surpassed the African housekeeper currently riding his face as if she were a well-heeled equestrienne and he a steed under her sole control.

A train of thought that, and again not for the first time, given his vehement opposition to the *"mongrelizing of the races"* and sense of his own superiority, that led him to suspect he might be on the wrong end of some ancient and primitive form of spiritual possession or tribal witchcraft.

After all, aside from those modern contrivances she had learned to adopt and drape herself in that she might function in a world different to hers, she was, essentially, barbarous and barely civilised. It was entirely possible, a woman from so barbarous a background could have access to some ancient wisdom not offered by either Cambridge or St Andrews that gave her a measure of power over a superior and evolved non-believer such as himself. An explanation the normally less than credulous Brit was swift to find plausible, given his inability to accept her superiority over him as anything rather than his own inherent weakness and the strengths to which a person of her kind might have access.

An elucidation that appealed to both his battered self-respect and a mind weaned in childhood on the exotic colonial tales of writers such as Sax Rohmer and other authors

who saw the continents East of their own Europe – and, more crucially, “Blighty” - as a rich and dangerously exciting setting for stories of adventure and surrender.

Though, if asked, he would be hard-pressed to name a tale in which the hero was so abjectly enslaved without appearing to have the slightest chance of extricating himself.

The above thoughts, of course, were no more than an attempt by his stunned self-conscious to supply a fantastic and farfetched logic to mitigate his pathetic surrender and weakness while, at the same time, easing the shame he took from her seemingly effortless dismantling of him.

And were, anyway, no match for the debasing electricity with which his submission to the monster energised him.

And continued to do so, despite a night spent on the floor at her feet with only the most sporadic interludes of sleep.

Still legally the owner of both his home and his savings, together with his savings, 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 shock that a man of his own nationality and social standing would desire to commit to such a course.

And with such a creature!

A form of semi-legal and metaphysical indenture which, while perfectly status quo and above board, rendered him the woman’s dependent until such a time as he could regain his reason and take back his life from her.

As his tongue moved upward from the sensitive and smooth black skin above her *“shit-chute”*, and between her lower labia, he savoured the savage combination of diminishing resistance and the natural juices saturating the outside of her hairless slit and already drenching his face with her scent.

The unmistakable and piquant tang of dried urine, mixed with the fresh juices of her arousal, assailed his sensibilities as he tried yet again to analyse the feelings of repugnance, hatred, fear, and sheer sexual exhilaration, that kept him in her monstrous thrall.

He considered the way his limbs became deliciously liquid in her presence, as if she had the power to override his entire masculinity and make it obedient to her superior mental and physical strength.

But, at the back of all his rationalising and self-excuses, 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 savage and unappeasable queen from her lowly and beaten 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 how, via flashback and in increments, she had not only instilled

in him a need for her body and the proximity of its destabilising scent, but had embroidered upon her success until he was obsessed enough for the threat of being denied her presence to ensure his shameful and growingly total compliance to her will.

And all in the knowledge that was no clinic or authority on the planet able to provide an intervention that would wean him from the sexual and moral dependence the woman known as Islah Nabudere now exerted over him.

Dependence that had seen the end of his once free and independent life.

From an unasked-for hand-job, given to him in his sleep, she had somehow weaved a web of silken control around his senses that was as strong as any dungeon constructed with stones and bars. So successful had she been that, far from following through on intention to ask her to vacate his home the next day, she had actually persuaded him to agree to having her repeat the process on a nightly basis. An appearance, he could see now, that had swiftly become something he not only anticipated with sexual glee but had swiftly become dependent upon.

So dependent that she had no difficulty in persuading him to visit her room instead.

He saw now that what he had actually done by allowing his inexplicable need to drive his decision-making was to gradually boost her confidence in her ability to manage him and cede more and more power to her.

A power underlined by the increasingly destabilising effect the perfume of her body – be it foot, arse, pussy, or armpit – was having upon him.

Fastidious to the point of compulsion when it came to personal hygiene himself, he could not help but mark the fact he was responding to an African body that had not felt the cleansing coolness of water for the past two days at least.

"You sick fuck!" he heard a distant and outraged voice below the waterline of those thoughts he could actually find the volition to observe. An outraged voice so muted beneath the layers of need and fear she had instilled within him that it was more whisper than scream and possessed no power whatsoever to either deflect him from his new duties 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 empty his balls recently.

The fact he had obeyed his black housekeeper, though in reality there was nothing to prevent him from doing so, spoke volumes for the levels of fear and control she now wielded in his regard.

As well as buying into his face-saving suspicion of some *"dark spiritual possession"* being responsible for his fall.

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

A little, anyway.

“Lick my arse now,” 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 an erect cock itself.

For just a second, the situation and the indescribable scent of her most intimate parts threatened to make him vomit.

And yet, he was still unable to take his mesmerised eyes from the sight before them.

Was he truly so lost to the abject sexual and domestic humiliation she heaped upon him he could be made to perform such a gross act?

What would the friends she no longer allowed him to see and with whom he was now denied any kind of contact think?

Worse!

The ex-wives with whom he had been so controlling.

He felt a muscular female arm go behind him and reach under his own arse to go between his legs.

And, not a second later, convulsed in agony; not finding breath enough to even scream as she applied pressure to his balls with a strong and controlling hand; pulling the sac further away from his body to increase his discomfort and emphasize the control she wielded over him.

“Are you going to make me repeat myself, white-dog?” he heard her whisper into his ear, the scent of her breath sliding past the lobe to enter his ever-receptive nostrils as she loosened her grip on his vitals.

A little.

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 were you told to do?” she demanded, menacing tones resounding like the wrath of Odin 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*, not *‘asked’*, to lick my arse.”

Rupert Graydon felt himself began to shiver and acknowledged the mortal fear he felt for this younger and uneducated woman from a small town in Liberia. That she was

physically his superior, in terms of both strength and physical combat, was no longer in any doubt with him – and he would *never* again initiate the one confrontation that proved the fact for him. A confrontation that left him bloodied, bruised, and broken, and ensured he was in no further doubt as to her superior strength, endurance, and will when it came to him.

He knew also that she would not hesitate to discipline him viciously if he did not obey her.

Her power and growing influence over him ensuring he would never have the strength of will to overturn the power-of-attorney he had granted her over his affairs.

A course of action he knew was available to him and, just as surely, was 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 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 the basement so much, would it not make sense for me to have one of the larger upstairs bedrooms…?

"As I do so much for your pleasure it is only fair that you rub my feet for me when they ache…?

"Given what I do to guarantee your little cock its satisfaction, do you not think it would be nice of you to help with the chores around the house while I go over the household 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, that soon began to resemble – before actually becoming - demands:

"It is silly for me to ask you for money for necessary bills and other household items when you could 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 some shorts and a nice apron for 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… indulge… you…"

He recalled how he had finally rebelled and ordered her from his home.

And found himself instead, bare bottom naked across her hard and muscular thighs as she beat him relentlessly and reduced him to high-pitched schoolgirl screams and piteous and repeated begging with no more than one black hand and the peach painted nails of its long, prehensile looking, ebony hand.

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 forced him to kneel with his nose in the corner before locking him in the basement that had once been hers and was now his for the night.

By the following morning, he had not only been relegated to said basement on a permanent basis 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 as she slept above in total comfort.

Even now, despite what he knew was his sexual infatuation for such a monster, he could not bring himself to understand why he hadn't called the Police and had her removed from her home.

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

A place far *less* to his liking.

"P-Please, M-Master," he began, the sheer incongruity of having to address her in such a way sickening what was left of his pride – and energising his inexplicable desire still further. "Please let your white dog show his respect for you by licking your superior black arse."

Her face moved to within an inch of his own, the faint trace of a smile upon her simian features and 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 dog sure?" she asked. "It has been a while since Miss Islah bathed. She would not be happy if her doggy decided it was too much for him."

He cringed inwardly, taking pains not to let her see the revulsion he felt for such an act, knowing that what awaited him at her back passage was bad, but nowhere near the pain and further humiliation he could expect if he were to somehow find the moral strength of will to refuse.

"Yes, Miss Islah," he heard his own obsequious and pitiful voice answer. "Your white servant is sure and would be honoured to place his tongue at the disposal of your superior black arse."

The smile that greeted this abject and final capitulation was demonic was its composition as she ruffled his hair in the way a mistress pleased with a pet's progress rewarded her cur.

"That is the correct response, my tame little white-doggy," she told him, demonic smile taking on the merest hint of affection.

Going on, then:

"Our life together will be good. You will see. Miss Islah will be a kind and loving master to the white dog who knows his place is below her."

She stroked his hair as if he were indeed a dog.

Adding:

"And we have many years for you to learn how to serve your black master in the servile way a white man should."

When she again reached between his legs, he flinched.

Then sighed with both relief and desire as she took his engorged 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 Miss Islah?" she asked.

His only answer was to stare into her eyes with all the yearning of the frisky puppy being allowed to rub itself off against the leg of his owner; the older man's a facsimile of itself as he croaked out:

"No, M-Miss Islah. Only you."

"That's my good little English puppy," she said, emphasising what she was doing to him and the type of creature for whom such treatment was usually reserved. "As he is so nice and respectful to his African owner, Miss Islah has a gift for him."

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 thrilled her to her core, so much satisfaction did she take from having reduced this proud and conceited Englishman to such a condition.

And in so short a period of time.

"But first doggy must show his devotion by cleaning his Master's superior black arse."

Feeling both benumbed at the prospect of the demeaning task and energised by it at one and the same time, Rupert Graydon placed a tentative kiss on each of the buttocks presented to him as she rose above him and turned away that he may set about this most unmanly of chores.

“I did not tell you to kiss my arse-cheeks,” she said, using her hands to pry apart the smooth and unblemished skin of her massive buttock and presenting him with the outer rim of her chute. “I instruct you to clean my anus with your tongue until it is as pristine and fresh as if it had just been pampered for a few hours in a warm and perfumed bath.”

Rupert Graydon felt her hand at the back of his head as his face was forced closer to the puckering hole of her chute, wincing at the indescribable smell wafting towards him as the anus and its surrounds he was expected to bathe with his servile tongue took centre-stage within his vision.

For a few moments, despite the raging of his cock 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 wilfully disobedient?” he heard snapped back at him from over her shoulder; this as he stared upwards at the expanse of smooth and unblemished black epidermis leading to her strong neck, the piteous eyes that begged for mercy receiving, as he had known they would, no quarter.

“Clean my arsehole, you piece of English filth, before Miss Islah decides to introduce you to the pain the sole of her shoe can bring, rather than simply putting you over knee.”

He recalled her showing him the flat-heeled shoes she intended to use upon him if he ever provoked her too much with his *“insolence and disrespect”* and shivered with fear as he visualised what she could do to him with it after she had reduced him to a blubbering wreck with no more than her hand.

It was all the motivation he required to close his eyes and place his lips against the outer-rim of her anus and begin planting respectful kisses upon it.

He felt the tenseness leave her body and knew he had won himself a small respite from her anger.

Very small.

“That is all very well,” he heard from above him as he realised his close proximity to that place from which she made waste was, far from sickening him, beginning to take his shaming desire for her to even greater altitudes. “Soft and respectful kisses to your master’s arsehole are always welcome.”

It was his turn to tense, knowing as he did the words that would fall from her lips next.

“But when Miss Islah tell you to *‘clean’* her arsehole, that is what she means. When she wants her doggy to *‘kiss’*, she will let it know.”

With his nose pressed against the lower part of her slit, lips still fluttering at her rim, Rupert Graydon suddenly felt himself cave completely as the intimate scents of his tormentor overrode his synapses to completely short-circuit any remaining pride and manhood left to him.

Realising he was about to give himself to her in his totality, the Englishman's arousal soared stratospheric and his balls twitched as he realised that he was about to set himself upon a path that, if it had not been irrevocable before, would surely be irrevocable the moment the tongue that was beginning to protrude from his mouth found the inside of her African shit-chute and, in entering it, he owned it her right to insist upon such service from him at any time she chose to exercise it.

As the tip of his tongue made entry into her most intimate – and, for him, shaming – place, the sigh of the African woman he had once employed as cheap labour to skivvy for him, and who he now knew as *"Miss Islah"*, was the womanliest thing he had ever heard escape from her.

As his terror vied with his unholy desire to motivate him in his efforts to please her, his previously unwilling tongue made its way past her rim and into the deeper recesses of her arsehole.

"Oooh, my good doggy!" he heard his *'Master'* sigh, and, despite the indescribable taste of her upon his taste-buds, he realised it was his desire for her that was becoming even greater rather than the nausea inspired by the effect upon his olfactory senses.

Before he realised it, his tongue was darting in and out of her butt-hole with an almost furious desire to clean and serve this savage low-born black-woman who had taken his life from him.

He was actually enjoying the service towards the lowly part of her anatomy she was forcing upon him.

And was beginning not to care what such service meant for either his life going ahead or the last remaining scraps of his already diminished manhood.

"That is my lovely white doggy," she said again with a huge and self-satisfied sigh. "Show Miss Islah that you know your place and want to prove yourself to her."

The demeaning words, far from inciting what was left of his masculinity to rebel, had entirely the opposite effect upon him and, suddenly, he was thrusting his tongue into her arse-hole and rotating it that he might clean its every crevice, his submissive nature that had lain dormant for so long now fully activated in the cause of his black conqueror.

"Ooooh, yes!" she gasped, sensing the final bricks in the wall that had been his manly independence crumbling before her assault upon its dignity. "That is right. What a good arse-cleaner you are. Just as your master knew you would be eventually. Twirl your tongue and make Miss Islah's every last crevice as fresh as the day she was born."

The gasp of pure and perverse pleasure that was drawn from her was genuine and heartfelt as her peon followed her advice to the letter.

For Rupert Graydon was doing what she required of him without a trace of hesitation now, images of her flat-heeled shoe her strong hand no longer required to provide him with the motivation needed to place his lurching stomach in the background of his thoughts. So lost was he to the sensations of total service and in thrall to the mastery of

his black owner, now that the last barrier between his masculinity and the life of total service awaiting him beyond it was no longer in place. Without his knowing it, the Englishman had entered into total subspace for the first time and, also without knowing it, he would never leave its confines again.

The tongue in her anus was frenzied now and was providing his owner with a pleasure that, while diametrically opposed to that of his own, was at least the equal of his own, as she gyrated upon his worshipful tongue and savoured the sensations that were both physical and mental as the knowledge she had now totally mastered and subjugated the white-man vied with the pleasures that same servile white-man was providing her with a tongue she had finally made completely abject.

Both of them assured that, as of now, there was *nothing* the black serving woman from Liberia – the same black-woman he had looked down upon as if she were a lower form of life - could *not* make him do.

“Ooooh, you good, good, doggy,” she cooed, voice made croaky by desire as she used a finger to diddle her engorged clitoris and take her arousal into another dimension. “Yes! That is it! Use that doggy tongue to show your master there is nothing you will not do for her.”

Suddenly, as if his every nerve-ending had been enflamed, the ferocity of his erection again off the charts - and feeling the full sexual power of the feelings evoked by the knowledge one was utterly and completely owned by another human-being - he doubled his already considerable efforts to please the monster who had subdued him with such ease and poked his pointed tongue into her rectum with such need he drew a cry of the purest pleasure from her. The taste upon his tongue as he explored deeper was even more sharp and earthy now, but he was too far gone in subspace to even consider it, let alone care. His every effort now was concentrated only upon pleasing his black goddess that she might look upon him with enough favour to… *reward*… him.

No matter there were very few men walking the face of the earth who would have described the sexual pleasure she granted him – and the way in which it was given – as anything resembling a reward.

And even then, deep in subspace and determined to win the gift awaiting him should his efforts prove acceptable to her, a part of his dislocated soul still couldn’t bring itself to believe he had been reduced to such… *obeisance*.

Even as he tasted her animal-like muskiness and she urged him to greater *depths* of worship her, a minute and renegade voice from his former incarnation as a prideful male insisted he could put this at an end at a time of his own choosing.

Or, as an even more risible and renegade voice had it: he would wake at any second to find himself under the duvet in his bedroom and all right with the world that had turned upon him with nightmarish ferocity.

It was not to, and nor would it ever, be.

“Lick my brown hole; 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 as he realised she was near the edge of her own sexual delirium. “Put your tongue at the service of my tight little asshole. Clean-up up my shit-hole.”

Unable to increase his efforts with his tongue, he thrust his nose into the bottom of her slit and was rewarded by a scream of delight from his owner and tormentor.

“Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees!” came her scream; a scream that must have surely been heard the length of the Kings Road and in the park upon the opposite side of the Thames.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!!”

A veritable earthquake of desire was set-off inside him as she reached her crisis and for a second he thought he must surely ruin his chances of later release by exploding prematurely right there and then.

Miraculously, however, he managed to hold back from the chasm and, instead, withdrew his tongue from her shit-chute to slather the length of her anal crack as if he were indeed a dog licking spilled ice-cream from a kitchen floor.

“Yes, yes,” he heard her preoccupied mutter as she came down from her orgasmic high and appreciated the slavish and worshipful attention of his tongue as it revered her obsidian derriere. She was still thrusting back onto him, rocking his head back and forth with no thought whatsoever as to the comfort of the creature who was serving her needs and, incredibly, and even more tellingly, was the heightened reaction of his already frenzied cock from being able to elicit such a reaction from her.

She was coming down from her own high now but continued to grind her arse against his face – all the while making soft, almost feline type, mewing sounds that he had not heard from her until now.

“Oh, my good, good, doggy,” she mewed. “You are going to make your owner so happy in the years ahead of us.”

With the unholy taste of her shit-chute still thick upon his tongue and his desire for the woman his thoughts still described as an abomination running at a level he felt sure neither science nor guesswork could ascertain, he felt a perverse delight at her words. Suddenly it no longer came across to him as either ludicrous or disgraceful that such a creature could consider herself his owner. 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 Rupert Graydon’s soul acknowledged an unquestionable truth.

He was no longer, and had not been for some time, his own man.

As of now, he was utterly, totally and completely, owned.

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.

And, when she did, turning from him to gaze down upon the creature she had subdued, her look of surprise was swiftly replaced by the delight of his still kneeling form.

A still kneeling form, her most intimate juice still smearing the face that gazed up at her, she knew for certain had been broken beyond all possibility of local, national, or even universal care.

It was written upon both of their faces.

As incontrovertible as if it had been chiselled into granite and placed in the most sacred and secure place their respective countries possessed.

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.

Rupert Graydon 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.

“I do believe,” she went on, placing a finger beneath his chin and raising up his head that she might look down into eyes that burned with the desire to serve, that her little doggy has earned himself a reward from his Master…

EPILOGUE

"Mummy, why is that lady telling the man off?"

The young girl helping her mother place their shopping in the back of their Fiat with the help of her younger brother pointed towards the couple opposite in the car-park of the Wandsworth shopping mall.

Her mother, a thirty-something single-mum, looking frazzled as ever with the handling of two young kids and the provisions that went with it, flicked the couple in question a cursory look and, in the way of all mums when bereft of an answer, decided to do some teaching instead:

"Britney, don't point. I've told you it's rude?"

"Sorry, mummy," said the five-year-old as she turned to place another bag of shopping in the boot, the arguing couple already forgotten.

Though not by her curious mother.

Given they were far enough away for the tongue-lashing being handed to the man to be was hard to decipher, the force with which way the handsome man accepted it from the black woman berating him had no such problem making itself plain.

Far more mystifying, however, was why such a distinguished looking and older man was allowing a large African woman to treat him with such disrespect.

And in public!

He was not answering back and she could see a few other shoppers observing the phenomenon with equal curiosity, puzzled as to why he was not only allowing himself to be browbeaten and disrespected in such a way but was, to the contrary, standing to attention as if he were a lowly Subaltern receiving a tongue-lashing from a particularly vengeful General intent on having him cashiered.

A Subaltern who, in a white shirt without a collar, and black trousers bereft of pockets, put her in mind of not so much a partner but a… *servant?*

She loaded the last of the shopping and strapped the kids in the back before easing the car out towards the car-park exit; watching in the rear-mirror as the white man held the back door of their Mercedes for the black woman and she climbed in.

Leaving the older and handsome man to take his own place in the driver's seat.

Pulling into the afternoon traffic, 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.

It was, she told herself, oddly… *erotic*.

A horn commented on her distracted driving and she continued on, the odd little scene all but forgotten.

But not quite.

Aside from the strange eroticism she took from witnessing a handsome Englishman kow-towing to a woman of her own African descent, there was something else.

The young mother could not help but feel she had just witnessed something…

Not right!

*****

As Rupert Graydon drove his black master back to the home that, in theory still belonged to him, he was unaware of having been observed and the thoughts his dressing-down from his owner had provoked.

Though, if he had, he would have had no trouble whatsoever in agreeing with the young mum that his situation was definitely…

"Not right".

When it came down to it, how could he possibly have disagreed.

His story, after all, was a 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.

An African woman whose scent continued to overmaster and *arouse* his senses.

A *"Scent"* he was forced to endure these days kitted out in the gift she had given him after his abject tongue had provided her with the most explosive orgasm of her life to that point.

Though there had been too many to count in the days since.

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

A *"gift"* it was only possible to remove with his owner's consent.

Consent she had not provided until now and seemed ever further from his reach after her displeasure with his *"less than respectful"* behaviour in the supermarket.

Behaviour that had seen him out of position when she reached for a product from a shelf and was about to place it in their trolley.

Though he felt sure his tardiness would not prevent her from making full use of the tongue she adored so much.

Be it used upon her arse, pussy, feet, or armpits.

Again!

THE END