

THE BLACK HAND'S WHIP – BOOK 1

Gordon Kerr

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The Black Hand's Whip – Book 1

Chapter 1

It was a lovely, moonlit night in northern England. The air was cold and biting, but the wind was not up as it could have been in late November. There was a thin layer of snow on the ground, an oddity in the Fall. Not enough to make their walk difficult, but sufficient to render the surrounding countryside dazzling in the bright, pale moonlight.

Julia stopped to let her eyes glide over the frozen landscape, and Colin held her close. From the low rise they were on they could see a long way in the clear evening air; the gently rolling hills and little woods separating them, the cluster of cottages below with smoke spiraling up into the starry sky. Julia Warren knew this place well. She had lived near the small, picturesque village in the farm country near Carlisle all her life. It was home.

“Come on,” said her husband, whispering in her ear. “We’re going to be late.”

Julia was lost in the moment. She could see her breath condensing in the frosty air and her mind wandered. Her father had seemed upset about something when he had called earlier and asked them to come by.

Julia smiled to herself as she anticipated another evening with her loved ones. She and Colin spent many happy nights, gathered with her extended family in the vicar’s quaint and cozy home.

The world outside of England was so complicated now, and seemed so hostile. She thought about how lucky she was to be living in the heart of Britain, seemingly so far from the trouble that vexed other places. The horrible disease wars, the collapse of the West, the rise of a powerful black leader in Africa- all of it had been terrifying. But over thirty years had passed since the man-made plagues of the biowars had swept across the globe. Africa, for centuries the under the thumb of white colonial powers and petty black dictators was for the first time in history unified by one government. An ascendant and mighty empire had filled a vacuum and come into being almost overnight. It brought Negroid people unprecedented power, prosperity and unanimity of purpose under a new faith. But its progenitor had not been content with one continent. Hakeem the Prophet sought to dominate the world. And had succeeded. His armies had invaded and overrun Europe and most of North America had been subdued. Though African troops were still engaged in wars in Russia, Scandinavia, and Australia, black armies carried booty and resources back to the booming economy of their homeland. Hakeem’s Empire seemed to hold sway over all the world. But in England, there was peace.

Britain had never been conquered. Almost alone among white nations she had kept her culture, her identity, and her nationhood. But there had been a price. Britain after the biowar was far too weak to stand up against Hakeem’s global empire. Her existence and autonomy had not been secured by military strength, but by a political deal.

Julia watched as a bright meteor flashed silently across the sky. She felt her husband’s comforting nearness and his warm breath as she watched the falling star fade. She was happy. Happier she was sure, than any other woman on earth. If only the moment could last forever.

And yet, standing on that lovely hill, amid an evening so serene, she suddenly felt an unexplained sense of foreboding- almost a premonition as she remembered her father’s mysterious distress. It was inexplicable, but something told her she was seeing

this place for the last time. The feeling only lasted a moment and she reached for her husband's hand. It wasn't there.

"Colin? Colin, wait," Julia laughed playfully. She hurried down the path now to catch up. He had grown impatient while she gazed at the full moon and had wandered ahead a bit. "Colin!" she giggled, "wait for me!"

"Do you want to be out in the cold all night, love?" asked Colin.

"Oh darling, the moon is so beautiful tonight."

"Yes, but the vicar is waiting. And anyway, my fingers are growing numb."

Julia laughed again and quickened her pace. "It's just my father waiting. And he'll not care if we take a few moments to enjoy the stroll."

Colin Warren sighed. It was difficult not to indulge his lovely blond-haired wife. She caught up to him and took his hand. He watched as the bright, iron-white moonlight played across her face, seeming to bathe her pale skin and sweet smile in its luminance. He could see the lunar disc reflecting in her eyes- eyes like the moon, he thought, round and gray, and so pure. The steam from her breath hung between them and he kissed her. He pulled her body to himself and felt her warmth.

"Julia, I love you," he whispered, embracing her even closer.

"I love you so much, Colin," she said.

"Julia," he sighed. "I... I want to... tonight..." He nuzzled her soft neck and fumbled with the words to express his need. "Tonight, I want to make love to you..."

She stiffened and turned away.

"Julia. You're my wife. There's nothing wrong with us being..."

"I know, Colin... It's just..."

"But we've been married four months now and we've barely... I mean, we've only just consummated our marriage. I love you, Julia, but... How can we ever have a family if... if we don't..."

She looked up at him with her open, innocent gaze. "Please, Colin. You know I love you. It's just... Always the same... I'm afraid it will hurt, and... I feels dirty... Sinful."

"Darling, we're married," he said. "Even the church will tell you..."

"I know, Colin. I do love you. I saved myself for marriage- for you. I just need more time."

He held her closer, her vibrant form shivering a little now that they had been standing still. He did indeed love Julia dearly and wanted to avoid hurting her. That was why he had not insisted on sex. When they had been dating she had told him she wanted to stay pure, something he had wanted as well. After they married however, he had expected a normal relationship. That had not been the case.

Their wedding night had been a disaster, with Julia detached and stiff. She wore a flannel nightgown, refusing to take it off with the lights on. He had bumbled about nervously in the dark of their bedroom- trying to undress her while she grew even more rigid at the feel of his naked body. Then she had fought and cried as he attempted to mount her clumsily. Finally she had broken down and pushed him away with all her strength.

Colin had finally reached over and turned the light on, hurt and confused and looking away from her. Julia quickly found her nightgown and put it on. She sat up in bed, crying and clinging to him, but with her legs nonetheless clamped tightly together. She had implored for time to adjust, time to steal herself to a wife's duties. Soon, she promised, they would share a physical love as well.

But it had been nearly a week before they had consummated their marriage. That time and every time since had been dreadful. Julia had lain motionless and impassive as

he had rutted her artlessly. Nothing he could say or do would shake her conviction that the act was “dirty” and “animalistic.” She allowed him to do it, occasionally, but considered it a decision of wifely volition, a duty. Neither of them found any joy in union.

The wedding had now been more than a season ago, and she had not advanced in her thinking. She still rebuffed almost every advance, gently and adroitly to be sure, but effectively. The comely bride was so modest; she would not even undress in the same room with her husband. And she kept the flannel sleepwear.

Colin knew he should demand a husband's due, or they should separate if she did not relent soon. But he simply did not want to face the prospect of losing her. He loved her so much he could not bring himself to force her, or let her go, and so his conundrum went on.

She's so beautiful he thought. Seeing her like this tonight with the round, cold moon in her eyes. Feeling her heart beat and her warm breath on his face, it was easy to hope: so simple to believe it would be all right if he would just give her a little more time. But there was the dull feeling of rejection which grew in his gut with every sexless night-and to be honest, a persistent ache in his balls.

“Come on,” she whispered. “My father's waiting.”

They started down the path again and crested the low hill. Colin thought as he walked. Perhaps he should speak to the vicar about their marriage issues, after all, he was the local pastor; part man of God, part psychologist. But it would be a bit of a strain talking about his problem with his wife's father. And Colin knew the man was burdened enough. He led a fairly large church of several hundred parishioners. But British authorities, acting on the insistence of the African Embassy had banned large assemblies. The church was forced to meet in small groups for worship, over which the vicar was obliged to preside. He was a very busy shepherd trying to keep a scattered flock. Julia helped him greatly with organization and visitation. She kept the parish records and knew every family in the church on a close personal basis.

Up ahead at last was the village church, and a little thatched house on the grounds behind it. They turned off the road and passed through the gate, up the narrow walkway to the cottage. There was a sign under the little lamp on the front porch that read, “Vicarage.”

Colin rapped on the ancient wooden door and waited.

It was answered by an older man wearing the formal garments of the clergy.

“Hello, Dad, you asked us to come by tonight,” said Julia.

“Yes... yes, come in,” he said solemnly.

Julia could tell immediately that some great anxiety weighed on her father's mind. She and Colin quickly filed in and followed the Vicar to his little parlor, where the other members of the family already sat.

Colin's sister Jane was there, with her husband Richard. They were newly married as well, and lived nearby. Colin welcomed the chance to see her. Seated on the old couch was Julia's other sister Patricia and her husband Ben. Her younger sister Anne, who still lived with her father, sat on the piano bench. But Colin and Julia saw none of the smiles and happy ambiance that they were accustomed to.

“Would... would anyone like some tea? I don't have very much to eat I'm afraid,” said the Vicar.

“Dad, what's wrong?” asked Julia.

“Just come and sit down, all of you, please... this is very difficult for me,” said the Vicar, softly.

Julia and Colin exchanged puzzled looks, but complied with the old man's request that they enter.

"I... I have an old friend... in London," stammered the Vicar. "With the Home Office... He... He called today to tell me..."

"Dad, please, tell us what's wrong," said Julia.

"I... don't know how to tell you all this... girls," he abruptly looked away, and Julia realized there were tears on her father's face. She had never seen him cry before.

"Oh my daughters... my precious girls," he said, his voice cracking. "I've been informed that you... Julia and Patricia, have been selected for the Levy... Jane as well, and you too, Colin..."

There were gasps, then shocked silence.

"You... you mean... how could all... Jane and Patricia, and... all of us have been...?" Asked Julia finally, unable to accept what he had said.

"Yes," choked the vicar, "and as I said, Colin. But not Ben or Richard, thank heaven."

"What about Anne?" asked Julia. She could see the sensitive younger girl was crying. She was only fifteen, but already a beauty.

"No, Anne was not proscribed," said her father.

"Why so... why so many from one family?" asked Jane.

The Levy Officials must have seen us all together in church," said the vicar. "Perhaps on one of the holy days. I've heard they monitor such events."

Everyone groaned with misery. They had all known there was a risk. Many families home schooled their children, and did not go out to church or market often, to avoid being seen by the Levy people. Girls and young women were at particular risk.

"Can't we petition the government?" asked Jane. Her eyes were wide with horror as she realized she was going to be torn from her husband and the home in which she had spent all of her young, sheltered life. It was said that no one ever returned after being taken by the Levy.

"Please, I... I can't go... My... my baby!" said Patricia, her expressive face registering the devastation they were all beginning to feel. She was six months pregnant and her maternal condition was very apparent already, despite the conservative dresses she wore. "Ben, you can't let them take me! Please, we're a family now, like you always wanted... I can't go without Ben!"

"Patty, I'm sorry," said the Vicar, gravely. "The law is very explicit. There are no exceptions and no appeals regarding Levy selection."

"No," cried Ben clutching his wife. "I'm not going to lose you... we'll run, hide out!"

"Where will you go?" asked the Vicar. "There is no place to hide and the government spies are everywhere. You will be hunted for the rest of your lives. If you're caught you will be executed, both of you. Or be shipped to Africa anyway. And even if you do elude them for a time, the Levy quota must be filled. Some other English family will lose a wife, or daughter, or mother to buy you a brief freedom."

"Maybe there's some mistake," said Colin.

The vicar shook his head gravely. "No. The man who called me is a black African friend I met in Nigeria years ago. He immigrated to this country before the biowar and is now one of the top Levy officials. He was taking a terrible personal risk by informing us a day before the list becomes public. I'm sure he would have double checked."

Now even Richard was crying. "This is inhuman. What can we do?"

"There is nothing we can do but submit," said the Vicar, his voice breaking. "And hope for the best, for those we love and will miss."

No one said anything for awhile, and the men held their wives close. Anne clung to Julia and sobbed softly, the two were very close. Then Julia, wanting to comfort her family said, "at least we'll be together, Colin and I... and, Patty and Jane. That's a good thing, father," said Julia.

"I don't know," said the Vicar. "I don't know if you'll be together where you're going."

"Where are we going?" asked Colin. "How will they treat us?"

"I don't know," said the Vicar. "Most of those taken in the Levy leave for Africa, but... no one ever returns, so... so we don't really know how our people are treated there or what becomes of them."

"I was in Africa, Nigeria, as a young man," said the vicar. "Before the Biowar. It was a strange place. Partly modern, but much of it brutal, backward and fragmented. Africa had amazing people, but there was nothing to unite them. Then Hakeem came out of nowhere..."

"The prophet they talk about," said Colin. "They almost worship him."

"Yes," agreed the vicar. "He has become the Mahadi, their messiah. He has indeed remade Africa to fit his vision. Some say he is remaking the world."

"I've heard of what his world is like... and what happens to those chosen in the Levy," said Jane grimly. "Execution might be preferable."

"Don't talk that way," chided the vicar. "We don't know the validity of any of those reports."

"We know that slavery is an institution there," said Patricia, biting her lip with a whimper and hugging her ripening belly. "They keep human beings as property."

"As did we British, generations ago," said the vicar.

"Would we live among them? Might we be... might they even make us slaves? Like... like their ancestors were?" asked Jane in a small voice, tinged with horror.

"I don't know, child," said the vicar.

"I've heard there are death camps," continued Patricia almost hysterically. "Please, I don't want my baby to die!"

Ben held her close and let her sobs gradually die down.

"Filthy black buggers," spat Richard. Ordinarily quite reserved, he was brimming with an anger to match Patricia's fear. He was not a racist, but the stress of the moment brought hate into his mind. Colin and Jane's grandparents had been rich landowners in Zimbabwe, which they had still called Rhodesia. When they had lost their property to the black regime it had left an indelible mark of hatred, despite the fact that the family had remained well to do. Even though Colin and Jane had grown up apart in separate exclusive boarding schools, the resentment of their father toward all blacks, especially Africans had festered and been conveyed to his children.

The economic chaos of the last few years had forced the family back onto their ancestral lands near Carlisle. Colin had moved there as an adult to help his ailing parents, though both had died the preceding year. Jane had just turned eighteen and had met Richard. Colin was engaged to Julia, so these relationships had kept them in the little village. But their racial attitudes had to some extent set them apart.

That had been the one reservation Richard had before marrying the reserved and cultured Jane, the pathological disgust she had for blacks. Richard envied Colin in this respect. He had married Julia. She and her sisters had been brought up by the vicar to be tolerant.

"Africa suffered much at the hands of the white race," said Julia, stroking her husband's hand and trying to calm him. "The slavery, the colonialism, the exploitation..."

“But that was decades ago,” said Colin. “That doesn’t justify the Levy.”

“There are many in Africa who remember,” said the Vicar. “And Hakeem uses this. They say he has a pathological hatred of white women because one tormented him as a child. But this may only be a story. White people have not been able to visit Africa for many years.”

“We know they’ve been brutal in Europe and America,” said Jane.

“Those are occupations,” said the Vicar. “The reports from those countries might be made up or exaggerated by those who resent the occupiers.”

“Perhaps they intend to kill us!” said Jane, bitterly. “They’ve always hated the white race.”

The vicar laid hands lightly on the girl’s shoulders. “We must face our fear and not terrorize ourselves with stories. I do not think their intention is genocide. They say that Africa is a modern country now. I think they are enlightened enough to treat you well.” He turned to the three husbands who sat desolately, looking at the floor. Since the imposition of the Levy he had known this day might come. Now he only wanted to sooth his family despite his own fear and grief. “If they wanted to kill us, they could do it here in England without the bother of transporting people. They control the government and the police these days.”

“Then there’s nothing we can do,” said Colin, his voice dull with defeat.

“Except hope,” said the vicar.

“Hope?” asked Ben, bitterly.

“We may one day be together again, who knows what hope may bring,” said the vicar. “And we can share that hope among ourselves in our last hours. We are, and ever will be, a family.”

Chapter 2

“No, no, no, ‘this slave wishes to serve you, mistress. Would you like wine or cheese?’ Now say it.”

“Me-slave... ah masta serve... Me-slave want wine and... ahhhhhggg...”

“No, now listen carefully! ‘This... slave... wishes... to... serve... you... mis... tress... Would... you... like... wine... or... cheese...?’ Now say it properly!”

The young white slave girl knelt before the beautiful, elegant black woman, her naked chest heaving as she cried with frustration. Bantu was so hard to learn, and her black African mistress punished every mistake with the obedience collar or the cauc-whip. The slave girl sniffled and dug her bare toes into the thick carpet, trying to concentrate.

“Me-slave wish... wish...” she said, desperately trying to repeat everything correctly. “Me-slave wish serve masta... want wine... wine and mud...? AAAAGGGHH... AAAAIIIIIEEEE!” The girl’s neck erupted with pain.

“NOOOO, you stupid cauc!” shouted the mistress. “We don’t serve mud to our guests, and you do not address a woman as a man!”

Behind them, Ohzuma was laughing, thoroughly amused. “My wife, the language teacher.”

“Zuma, darling,” sighed the black mistress with frustration. “You’re the best slave broker in this province. Do you have to acquire the stupidest caucs to serve in our own home?”

“Might I suggest less use of the shock collar and more patience?” he chuckled.

“Zuma, this is serious. We’re hosting the Levy party in less than a week and we have several slaves without the barest notion of how to speak and serve at a formal party.”

“Now Veta, she’s obviously trying. The Bantu word for cheese sounds a lot like the word for mud to their ears. And both gender and tenses are particularly difficult for them. English has comparatively little inflection. Besides, my dear, she’s just a cauc.”

“The caucs in my father’s house could speak the master tongue well enough.”

“They were born slaves, Veta. These caucs were born wild. You must remember, this is England, not Africa.”

“Yes darling,” she sighed. “But we must keep up appearances even in this remote, Prophet forsaken...”

“Why not just let them speak English?” he asked. “Everyone coming to the party understands it.”

“I will not have that gutter slave language in my home, it’s scarcely fit for the streets,” she said. “Zuma, please be serious. This is a formal party! The governor and his staff will be here!”

Veta turned her attention back to the kneeling slave. “Repeat, Vhee. Say it as I taught you.”

“Me-slave wish... masta serve me-slave... want wine...?”

“NOOOO!” shouted Veta, crisscrossing the girl’s breasts with two sharp slices of her whip.

Ohzuma smiled and shook his head. “I’ve told you Veta, use pain to punish rebellion, use rewards to teach.”

“Oh, it’s useless,” cried the mistress in exasperation. “Get up you brainless cauc-slut. Go help in the kitchen!”

The weeping white girl rose and smoothed her short skirt, the only garment she wore. "Yes, mistress," she whimpered in English, and hastily disappeared down the hall.

"Darling, you must not let them see you frustrated," said Ohzuma. "A she-cauc is really quite easy to handle. Remember that you are the mistress. You are superior. You are always in control."

"You're right, Zuma," she said, with a tired roll of her eyes. "I just want this party to go well, for you and your business."

"It will, my dear. This is already turning out to be a very good Levy. It should yield some top quality stock. Now I leave you to your labors." He smiled that warm handsome smile that she loved so well. "I'll see you tonight."

Unlike America, Canada, Australia, and other parts of Europe, Britain had never fought the African tide. So decimated had the English been by the plagues of the Biowar, that what was left of the government had no choice but to submit to the Africans when they came, soon after they had subdued their own continent. There had been no invasion army, and very little bloodshed. The Africans simply dictated terms, declared Britain a province, and moved in with their own provincial government.

All of the countries of mainland Europe had been conquered by the Prophet's armies, and had perished utterly. Their national boundaries had been erased, their cultures were being extinguished. Large portions of their populations had been exported to Africa, to feed the voracious demand for slaves. Black African colonists, totally loyal to Hakeem, had moved into the land and reduced the remaining whites to identity-less helotry.

Only the peoples of Russia, Scandinavia and Britain still existed as nations. The Nordics fought on, still sustained by their wild lands and remoteness, though beleaguered and disorganized. The Russians were demoralized and currently being routed. In both sectors private raiders based in black controlled Europe took many Swedish, Norwegians and Caucasoid Russians to the slave markets of Africa. But the demand for slaves still far outstripped supply.

England had survived the depredations of war by timely submission. She was granted a limited self-determination and allowed to keep many of her own laws and customs. A Parliament still met to rubberstamp the edicts of African officials, a small army of traditionally uniformed constables still maintained order, the culture endured. There was even a King, who lived in a modest flat in London, (Buckingham Palace being occupied by the African governor) and appeared at official events.

But...

Every six months came the dreaded Levy, the price of Britain's limited autonomy. The nation was compelled to deliver 25,000 persons of white genetic descent to the London docks. They were selected by African officials and their agents who toured the provinces of England, Wales and Scotland. They visited homes, schools, churches, public houses, markets and anywhere else they chose. Desirable candidates were identified and logged onto lists of requisition. Every six months the requisition registers were published, and it was the responsibility of every citizen to check for names, report dodgers, and surrender those listed.

The power of the Levy Officials was absolute; no appeal, no debate, no resistance. There was no advance notice and those chosen had but 24 hours to report. Officially they ceased to be British subjects, and were remitted to the custody of the Levy Directorate, the representative of the African Empire. Practically, it was the great African ships

moored at the London docks that took them, and the planes commandeered from the airlines and air forces of defeated nations. They devoured the flower of British youth and beauty, spiriting it away to the homes and plantations of new African masters. The Levy was a model of efficiency.

Ohzuma's drive to work was uneventful as usual. There was little traffic, mostly the trucks and older cars driven by Asian laborers and the sleek late model cars of black professionals. Very few indigenous white Britons still owned automobiles.

On the site of old London's docks was the new shipyard, a spacious facility which held the extensive slave pens. The area was high security and strictly off limits to anyone but authorized personnel, since indigenous whites were to be kept ignorant of the precise disposition of those taken in the Levy. This was considered important to maintain the current pacification of the British provinces. Ohzuma's offices were near the slave pens to make managing the stock more efficient.

"Good morning, Maska," said Ohzuma.

A beautiful black woman, tall and impeccably dressed handed him a cup of coffee. "Good morning, sir," she said, smiling.

"How are we looking so far?"

"A good yield I should say, sir," she noted brightly. "Our bid should bring us at least 2,000 caucs. A net of 60 million Hakeems at minimum."

"Good, very good. I'll be in the office," said Ohzuma.

He was very lucky to have Maska working for him, and he knew it. She was quality, from an aristocratic Africa family. All black young people were offered a university education, paid for by the state. She had chosen a career in servile management and was working as something of an apprentice under him. In reality though, her family connections were better than his.

Ohzuma sat down at his desk and immediately got to work. He needed to formulate his final strategy for the coming Levy bids, which would occur in only two days. In the mean time he would check his inventory and contact his clients to get a feel for their needs. Then he could decide on a plan after he had seen the available slaves on display before they were shipped to Africa for auction.

There were four basic markets for the newly acquired stock taken in the Levy; the household slave market, the breeder market, the industrial market, and the brothel market.

Domestic slave owners preferred females who were petite and slightly built. Youth, attractiveness and health were sought after traits for body slaves, while women of any age or appearance were suitable for housework.

Slave breeding was a diverse field with many specialties. Preferred females for this application were large and healthy, with wide hips and generous pelvic basins. These traits reduced the chances of complications during birthing. Large breasts were also a plus as the female could then suckle and supply milk for more than one infant. Desirable males for this market were very young and pliable, or older with limited intelligence.

Brothel keepers needed young, attractive individuals, mostly females, though there were some establishments that catered to homosexual clients. These slaves were intensely trained, and immersed in sex and the arts of the flesh. There was no set anatomical trait that was preferred in the brothels. What ever the customer wanted was provided and customer's tastes varied widely. It was noted however, that a brothel owner seldom went wrong with blue or gray-eyed blondes, and pale skinned red heads.

Industrial markets could use slaves of either sex. These buyers were from large farms, plantations, mines, factories, and public works projects. They wanted strong, docile slaves at a low comparative price.

These were general trends however. In actuality, the supply of slaves was so tight and the price so high, that almost any fertile, young or middle aged white female could be used in every application.

The Levy, so hated and dreaded by the white population of Britain was the lifeblood of African economics in the British province. It was the reason Britain still existed. And the reason Ohzuma was rich.

Government and industry projections were that Caucasian slaves would remain in short supply for at least the next twenty years and probably well beyond. All of the populous white enclaves in Africa had been conquered and the whites from them had already been marketed years before. Their descendents, the first slaves who were the product of captive breeding were now the primary domestic stock of the Empire. Procurement of new slaves in the Americas, Europe and Australia was fueling a burgeoning slave trade, but not keeping up with the demands of the economically booming unified Africa. It was estimated that at least 150 million new slaves would be needed, just to keep prices stable. Since imports were a comparative trickle, breeding was considered the only method that could bridge the gap, but it was expensive and took much time.

England's Levy was a way to harvest adult slaves at little cost.

Ohzuma spent a long day filling out paperwork and viewing stock photos. By five o'clock he was spent. The Levy was shaping up to be the best ever, and he wondered if it was time to take a break. He had a luxury villa in Hakeem City, and decided to take the family there and relax for a few months. He'd been thinking of buying a brothel in that city, just to keep his hand in business.

"Maska," he said to the intercom, rubbing his tired eyes.

"Yes, sir?"

"Please call my wife and tell her I have a surprise for her after the Levy party, tonight. And call Pan African Air, get tickets for the family and I to Hakeem City on Friday. First Class."

Chapter 3

The train that pulled into the station at Carlisle was packed almost to standing room with other vacant eyed unfortunates. Most of them were young women, but a few were male, more boys than young men. All of them were fit and attractive. The vicar shook his head and a solitary tear rolled down his cheek. Year after year, Levy after Levy, Britain was being drained of her most vital and fair youth. And despite what he had said to comfort his family, he knew in his heart that none of these handsome sons and daughters of England would ever see her shores again.

He watched the men on the platform, come to bid goodbye to beloved sisters, daughters and wives. Their faces were downcast and flushed with impotent shame. Unable to protect their women, farewell was for them a bittersweet purgatory. The last moments of embraces and kisses which would become tomorrow's fading memories. And the vicar suddenly thought of Africa.

When he had served his internship there, it had still been wild and backward, before the biowar, and long before the unification wrought by Hakeem and his new religion. Africa was so different today, but in the world at large some things had not changed. Strong tribes took women and slaves from weaker ones. That was the way of Africa, and it had been for thousands of years. Now with the hegemony of the African Empire, it was the way of the world. Just one more example of how black African culture now dominated- everywhere.

Dozens of women on the platform were crying, some wailing, clinging with hopeless misery to the final moments of their old lives.

With a sad smile the vicar hugged his daughters Julia and Anne. The younger girl's pale blue eyes were clouded with tears, and Julia clutched her blond head to her chest and let her cry. Patricia and Jane still held desperately to their husbands and wept as well.

"Please... please Ben," Patricia sobbed pathetically. "Please don't let them take me..."

"I'm sorry, Patty," said her husband. "You know we can't stop it."

"Please Ben. Our baby! Please don't let them!"

"Ma'am," said a constable who had just walked over. "Time to board."

Jane gave Richard a final kiss, and along with Julia, and Colin quietly got into the coach. But Patricia clung to her husband. Ben spoke to her and tried to gently push her away, but she held onto him too tightly. Even the vicar was unable to pull her away from him.

"Ma'am," said the constable forcefully. "You must board immediately."

Ben finally tore himself away from her desperate grasp, and the policeman pulled the sobbing woman to the railcar. "Come along, that's a good girl," said the officer, trying to be careful of her condition.

"Ben, please save me!" she screamed hysterically from the crowded coach. "Don't let them take me... Ben!"

The pneumatic doors closed, and she was gone from their sight. The train began to pull away, and the remnants of the shattered family stood among a multitude of others in shock and agony of spirit. They watched as the cars eased forward and slowly picked up speed, each passing window revealing an anguished face. At last the final car whisked by and the train pulled away. There was dead silence on the platform as the coaches receded, finally round a curve and disappearing from their sight.

Anne embraced her father, sobbing disconsolately at the loss of her sisters. Ben cried silently and Richard walked slowly back into the terminal. The vicar felt suddenly very old. His heart laden with sorrow and final resignation as he gathered his one remaining daughter. He looked away from Anne and the other devastated men on the platform- down to the dark earth of England under the rails.

“Let’s go home,” he said softly.

It was a long ride through the green countryside to London, but not long enough. The coach was so crowded that there were no seats available, so they sat on the floor of the car as it jostled and jolted along its route. Jane, Julia and Colin tried to console the deeply distraught Patricia. But the girl was glassy-eyed, staring at the back of the seat in front of her. She clutched her swelling belly, shaking her head slowly, as if in her own world of denial. Meanwhile the landscape of England slipped by.

At last, a few hours into the trip they were able to talk to her and get a response. “He... he let em go...” said Patricia. “I thought Ben would fight for me. We could’ve escaped together.”

“Shhh,” said Julia. “That’s crazy talk. Ben had no more choice than the rest of us.”

“But I don’t want to go to Africa, Julia,” she said, crying softly. “I’m afraid. What will happen to my baby?”

“All of us are afraid,” said Julia. “Hush now, so we don’t upset the others. There are children here.”

“Yes... Of course,” nodded Patricia. “I’m... I’m sorry.”

It was after dark by the time they arrived in London. Several uniformed and very large figures were waiting outside the overcrowded train cars as they disgorged their passengers. The captives could see little because of the glare from powerful spotlights trained onto the concrete unloading area. As they exited the car, they heard an authoritative, rasping voice repeating over a loudspeaker, “Exit immediately and form lines. Females to the right, males to the left. Do not bring bags or luggage. Exit immediately and form lines. Females to the right...”

The nervous occupants of the train continued to file out of the passenger car. Julia and Colin embraced, not knowing if it was for the last time. “I love you,” he said simply.

“I love you, Colin,” she replied.

“Move, all of you!” barked a large black woman. Colin let go of her hand and pushed through the crowd to the men’s side, disappearing into the shuffle.

Julia and her sisters stood with the other women, a little dazed as the uniformed officers directed them to move to disks imbedded in the floor. Patricia was clinging to Julia but two women guards insistently pulled them apart and positioned them on the markers.

“Attention... Give me your attention,” shouted a muscular woman guard. She had a superb British accent and was obviously of West Indian origin. The white women went silent as she spoke.

“On the floor are marker disks,” she said, “stand individually on them.”

The women assembled as ordered, their faces uncertain and apprehensive.

“You are no longer British subjects,” said the black woman. “From this moment you are the property of the Islamic Republic of Hakeem, the Prophet. May he live forever. You will forget everything you’ve learned or think you’ve learned, about Africa, about the world, about yourselves. You will be taught what to think and what you are.”

Julia heard the faint sound of girls weeping quietly. They were told to follow the black woman in queue, and were led into the main building. There, one by one they stood in front of a man at a large desk, who identified them and checked their names off the

Levy roster. Numbered, steel bracelets were locked on their wrists, and their mouths were swabbed for DNA samples.

Next they were led to a large tiled hall with flowing showers. They were told to disrobe, leaving their clothing, shoes and jewelry on the benches. The showers felt good. Julia, Jane, and Patricia, who were still together, soaped and bathed, soaking up the warmth of the water. They were a little self-conscious however. Their family propriety was such that they had never seen each other nude.

They did not talk, but Julia noticed how her younger sister seemed to follow her closely, biting her lower lip nervously. When the water stopped, they were led through a different door from the showers and not allowed to retrieve their clothing. Uniformed black women ushered them along, but as long as they kept moving and obeyed directions the women were not menacing.

Julia noticed that none of the guards or technicians in the facility were white, all were black, with a few Asians here and there. Being in the nude, she was afraid men such as the workers that had been present might see them when they disembarked the train. But all the guards they had seen inside the facility so far were women, and this made her a little more at ease.

Now the three of them were split up and taken to examination rooms. Patricia was somewhat apprehensive about being separated from Julia, but the older girl smiled reassuringly and entered one of the rooms alone.

Inside was a doctor, and nurse who told her to lie back on a padded table. Julia would have been embarrassed with a black man in the room, but he was so smooth and pleasant that she was no more nervous than she had been when undergoing her gynecological exam the year before. While they did place her feet in stirrups and forced her to spread her legs the entire procedure was neither painful nor needlessly demeaning. Julia trusted him as she would any doctor.

He inspected her eyes and ears, and told her to open her mouth. With a tongue depressor he looked intently at her tonsils and teeth. As he worked, the nurse recorded his observations on a clipboard. He palpated her breasts with his dark fingers, but his face remained impassive. Then he donned rubber gloves. "Don't be nervous," he said smiling. "I need to check a few things." Julia groaned slightly as he examined her vagina and rectum, but he went slow and was very gentle.

"What is your name?" he asked with a friendly smile.

"Julia Warren."

"It's just Julia now, remember that," He said cryptically but with a pleasant smile. "You mustn't worry about your future, Julia. You are going to be treated well."

When he was finished, he released her and allowed her to sit up, where he tested her reflexes. The only painful part of the process occurred when the nurse ordered her to bend over the table. She was given a series of five shots, which she was told were inoculations.

It was all very professional. The kind doctor even thanked her for her cooperation.

Finally, a nurse attached a curious red paper tag to her bracelet marked with the words:

"High grade stock. Transport by air."

She was reunited with her sister and Jane in the corridor, and saw that they too had the red tags on their bracelets. Then they were taken to a large dining area and fed.

"Have you seen Colin?" asked Julia.

The other girls replied they had not. Julia exchanged encouragement with the others, all of whom seemed to be a bit more at ease.

While there did not seem to be any prohibition against talking, the dinning hall was oddly quiet. There were scores of women eating but most, being strangers, kept to themselves. Their behavior was rather subdued. What little talking they heard was in the form of low chatter among a few individuals who seemed to know each other.

After about half an hour, several guards came in. They segregated the white women according to the colored tags on their bracelets and took them to smaller holding cells. These were brightly lit with low, foam furniture and carpeted floors. There was soothing music coming from speakers in the ceiling and a pleasant airy feel about the room. It was more like an airport terminal than a prison.

The sisters talked among themselves and decided that things weren't so bad. Certainly they were not being treated as harshly as they had feared, though they were very self-conscious because of their lack of clothing. They were in the holding area for perhaps three hours, then several guards appeared and ordered them out.

"You're being shipped out now, follow us," said the guards. The women in the cell obeyed. "You're very lucky," a black female sergeant told them as she padded through the corridors. "You will be taken to Africa by air. Most others travel by sea for two weeks."

The women experienced embarrassment and bewilderment however, when they were led back out on the platform, outside the building. They were still naked, and they tried to cover themselves with their arms. Even though it was night, they were not used to public nudity. The women were loaded into curious rail cars with no windows. It was a tight fit as over one hundred young white women were squeezed into the railcar. Then the door was locked and they were on their way.

They rode for perhaps half an hour. When the door was opened again, Julia could see the dawn creeping into the horizon. They were at an airport, and could hear the roar of jets taking off.

More uniformed black women appeared and ordered them into a large hanger type building, housing a jumbo-jet. It was unheated and very cold. Several hundred women stood nude and shivering on the concrete floor. They pushed themselves quickly up the ramp and into the plane when the doors were opened, in order to escape the cold hanger.

Over six hundred white women, all of them healthy and beautiful, were packed into the plane. As they filed in, Julia noticed there were many other women in various stages of pregnancy. Like Patricia, it seemed difficult for them to lie comfortably, since there were no seats, just a padded floor. The fuselage of the plane seemed to be divided by bulkheads, with a lavatory in each segment. The sisters found a spot among the bare, white bodies and sat down.

"Are... Are we going to Africa now?" asked Patricia.

"I think so," said Julia.

None of the sisters had been on a plane before, and it was actually a little exciting. Julia only wished the circumstances were not so uncertain.

The plane took off and the lights went down. Many of the other women, including Jane and Patricia went to sleep on the soft floor of the aircraft. Julia thought to herself-what would it have been like to live in the time of her father's youth, before the Biowar. Her race had controlled the world then. She smiled, picturing herself with Colin as they toured the world together. Flying in style in a plane with seats.

"Oh Colin," she whispered to herself. "Where are you? Will I ever see you again?"

Chapter 4

Julia awoke several hours later. She had been so exhausted by the stress of the previous day that she had slept until the plane actually touched down. It taxied over to a low ramp building.

The other women were stirring also.

“Are we in Africa now?” asked several girls, innocently.

Suddenly they heard screaming in the forward compartments, and what sounded like frantic movements. Julia wondered if there was something wrong with the plane and people were panicking to get out. Then the bulkhead rose, and several tall, muscular black men appeared snapping whips and brandishing long metal rods!

“Out,” they screamed. “Out of the plane, caucs! Now!” They were swinging the whips savagely, lashing frightened, creamy skinned, naked white women who scrambled before them to escape.

In terror, all the whites fled the menacing guards, many screaming and jumping at the touch of the strange metallic rods. Those women unlucky enough to be trapped near the violent black men pushed desperately forward into their fellow captives. There were more screams of mixed panic and pain, amid whimpering entreaties for mercy. But the black men continued to press them out the door. Once clear of the plane the sisters ran with the rest of the captives through a narrow corridor. They had no idea where they were going. The instinct to escape and hide had kicked in. In a long, gray corridor they slowed, looking back toward the plane and sighing with relief that the cruel black men were not pursuing them.

Suddenly all of them began jumping and dancing- wicked jolts of electricity shocked their bare feet, seeming to grow worse by the second. All the women now were screaming with pain. They ran forward blindly to escape the electrified floor, and found that the intensity of the shock was less- but building. Only by rushing forward down the wide, windowless corridor could they keep the pain at a tolerable level. Again there was panic. There was no concern for dignity, modesty, or bouncing, bare breasts. Only the need to escape from the surging current tormenting their soles. The pregnant women fled with them, their bellies jiggling, breasts dancing even more salaciously. They reached a huge, open pen and hurried inside where they stopped, panting and looking about fearfully. The floor here was not electrified, and even the cold concrete felt welcome.

Julia was concerned for Patricia, but she looked all right, though winded. They were in a kind of oval chamber with a raised platform circling it. Standing on the platform were many more of the guards, all of them powerful looking black men with whips or rods in their hands. Several of them jumped into the pen. One of the men, apparently the leader cracked a whip.

“Kneel!” he shouted above the din of trembling, wailing white women. “Kneel, all of you. KNEEL!”

Most of the whites knelt. The few who declined or were slow to obey had their feet kicked from under them by the black guards, and received long agonizing stings from the metal rods as punishment for resisting the command.

“Please,” said one of the bolder white women. “We’ve done nothing. Please, don’t treat us like criminals.”

They all watched in disbelief as she was pulled to her feet by her hair and surrounded by three guards. Her screams reverberated through the building as they stung her repeatedly with their rods. None of the whites dared to help her or even move while

she was tormented. After a minute, which seemed an eternity the guards finally stopped. The woman lay twitching, almost unconscious in a puddle of her own urine.

“Criminals?” asked the man, laughing cruelly. “No, you are not criminals. You are slaves. Property of this company. You will not speak unless we tell you, you will not resist. You will not think.”

Julia could see Jane and Patricia, as well as all the other white women cringing and cowering before the violence of the man. Their faces mirrored the fear and horror in her own.

“I am breaker Otho,” said the big black man. “I am your living god while you are here. “YOU WILL SUBMIT! ALL OF YOU WILL SUBMIT... TO ME!

Many of the white trembled. The man was obviously unbalanced. But he had the whip! They were all in his power!

“YOU ARE CAUC ANIMALS!” the man screamed, cracking the whip again, over and over. “RAW, WILD, CAUC MEAT! YOU ARE SOULESS AMIMALS! You will be taught to serve the needs of the black Adamic African- this is your only purpose, the only value a cauc can have. Any rebellion or disobedience now that you are in the Prophet’s Holy Land of Africa, will be severely punished.”

“GET UP!” shouted a burly guard.

All of the whites sprang to their feet. There was no defiance, no protest or assumption of human rights- only abject fear and a sense of shock that they were to be made actual slaves. Though they had heard the stories, and deep inside most of them had known what the Levy might mean, the prospect of actual slavery was still hard for them to conceptualize. For centuries, whites had been the masters. Now to be standing naked and powerless before a man of color who called them slaves seemed a terrifying violation of their racial identities. Whites had never been slaves before now.

They were herded then, like the servile animals he had proclaimed them to be. Huge, muscular guards moved among them with the shock sticks. They roughly pushed and shoved the whites, sorting according to certain characteristics and whipping them down long corridors into small cells.

Julia and the girls ended up together. Unlike the facility in London, these were devoid of furniture with only rubber mats to cushion the floor. The front of the cell was enclosed with bars. They could look down a long, wide hallway and see many other cells, all filled with naked, hapless white captives.

The three girls sought out the back corner of the room and huddled close. In time they calmed, but the trepidation remained. Julia knew she was going to have to strong, especially for Patricia. She was simply too traumatized psychologically to cope with what was happening to them, and Julia was afraid of what effect it all would have on the other girl’s psyches. Particularly Patricia in her condition. She was so young, and so sensitive to her environment.

Julia noted that all of the other captives were attractive and young, and she was already beginning to suspect the nature of what their captors intended for them. She idly stoked the hair of her sleeping loved ones.

Jane, her sister-in-law with her beautiful red hair and dark eyes. She was thin and willowy, but was possessed with a will and temper. Julia knew that what was happening must be particularly galling to her, given her family’s dislike of Negroes and her deeply ingrained conviction that they were loathsome and inferior.

Patricia was lovely and honey-haired, the baby of the family. She was even of smaller build than Julia, but still a well-framed woman with a fantastic figure. She was in good health, with strong limbs and vibrant fair skin. Her wide hips and generous bosom

promised ease in childbirth and efficacious infant feeding despite her petite size. She was genetically well suited to motherhood.

Both sisters were very sheltered. Their mother had doted on her before she had passed away, and the youngest girl was the apple of her father's eye. Until her recent marriage she had had no contact with men or boys, and had met Ben at her father's church.

Julia suppressed a feeling of foreboding. Everything was happening so quickly. Less than two days before they had been free, living meaningful, fulfilling lives. They had hopes, dreams, and futures. Then the might of the African Empire had swept them up and cut them off from their happy existence as a scythe harvests sheaves of wheat.

They were to be made *slaves*. Indeed, they were slaves in fact already.

The next morning they were awakened early. Four black men opened the door in the bars and ordered them out. The women stood slowly, trying to hide their breasts and pubes with their hands and arms. The night before, while being whipped from the plane, they had been too terrified to be modest. Now however, after the adrenaline had died down they felt acute embarrassment, being naked in front of men of color.

The guards were having none of it. One of them cracked a whip against the floor. As they scurried out he snapped it at their bare heels, forcing them to run.

Again, Patricia was given little consideration for her pregnancy. They were herded outside, onto what was obviously a large exercise area. For two hours the men forced them to jog around an oval track. Any girl not keeping up received a painful lash on her rear cheeks, though Patricia was allowed to move more slowly.

When they were finished, they were whipped back inside and ordered to sit on the floor. There was food before them, bread and fish on large plates, but they were told sternly not to eat until given permission. Julia and Jane observed Patricia closely, but she told them she was fine, except for being very tired. She ate ravenously when they were allowed. Afterward they were returned to their cells.

That was the routine for the next three days. Workout, eat, and rest in the pens.

On the fourth day, before exercising, they were taken back to the large pen where they had run to from the plane. The guards followed them with whips, but the white women did not receive very many lashes. Already they had been trained to run, respond instantly and eagerly to a black person's orders. Once inside the large oval, they were told to kneel again. None of them disobeyed. Julia could see there were a few white men among them as well. They knelt just as submissively as the women.

The breaker, the black man who had spoken so cruelly to them when they had first arrived stood before them. He seemed less violent now, but no less menacing.

"I trust all of you are learning your places, and how to behave in our society? You are learning to obey instruction? Listen carefully now. The instruction I give you here will enable you to survive the next few days with a minimum of pain.

"You will all be put on the blocks in two days. Tomorrow you will be displayed to prospective buyers. Wild caucs are usually conditioned for six to eight weeks before they are sold, but you will be here less than a week before you are claimed by your new masters."

"As you are vended, both during display and while on the block, you must appear completely docile and submissive. You are to obey any customer or staff member when instructed to do something, no matter what it is. You will never display anger or

rebellion, and you must never threaten any black person. You must remember what I show you now, because this is what will happen to you if you don't."

Four whites, two males and two females shuffled into the room. They were naked except for chains about their necks, and were led by large black guards who held leashes attached to their collars. Julia and her sisters gasped at their humiliation, and the implication that they had been reduced to beasts. But it was the look on their faces, and in their eyes which evoked the most horror.

Their expressions were utterly vacant, their movements methodical and zombie-like. There was absolutely no intelligence in their stares, and Julie instantly that something had been done to their brains.

One of the males was singled out and dragged by his collar like a reluctant dog, to the center of the room.

"Heel," ordered the guard holding his leash.

The white man went to all fours, obeying without the slightest hesitation. The looked straight ahead, as if oblivious to everyone else in the large hall.

"Speak," ordered the breaker. Then came the sound that chilled Julia to the bone. The white man began to bark.

As the whites looked on in terrified silence, the man barked loudly and convincingly for several seconds. Most incredible of all was his expression. There was no hint of shame or reluctance, spark of defiance or trace of humanity in his eyes.

"Heal," shouted the guards who controlled the other male and the two females. "Speak."

They too went to all fours and began to bark and howl, as if they were canines in a human body. The white slaves that looked on dropped their jaws and brought their hands to their mouths. Here were men and women of their own race, whose minds had been destroyed.

"These caucs were un-trainable. They refused orders and displayed rebellious attitudes when they were displayed for sale," said the breaker. "Watch now, and see these caucs prove their true value," he said, smiling sadistically.

As the new slaves looked on, the males were led by the leash behind the females. They pushed their faces to the women's vulvas, licking and sniffing as if becoming aroused by their scent. Their penises erected, and they became agitated. Then without ceremony, both males mounted their females from behind, rutting and growling while the women whined like bitches being put to whelp. After few moments, there was a sharp bark by the males, accompanied by a contented panting by the females. It was the most degrading spectacle Julia had ever seen.

Finally, their performance void of even the slightest show of affection or human consciousness, the two white men pulled out of the women. Semen dripped from their now limp penises and from the women's vulvas as evidence of the authenticity of the act, and all four of them returned to heel obediently at their handler's side.

The breaker waited, observing the terror on the faces of the slaves. When he spoke, his voice boomed with power- with the authority of the African Empire.

"YOU ARE CAUCS! YOU ARE ANIMALS! YOU ARE LIVESTOCK!" he repeated. "If you do not accept this fact we have the power to force you to accept it! Our science of servile control has drugs and conditioning, and surgical procedures to render each of you like this. You will submit, to us, to your sale, and to your new masters! YOU ARE SLAVES!"

Julia and her sisters whimpered with fear as all around them; the blacks snapped their whips at the bare feet of the kneeling whites. They were told to get up, then

all of them were herded out to the exercise yard. None of them, male or female demonstrated even the slightest trace of rebellion.

Chapter 5

“I’m looking for something different this time, Ohzuma,” said the robed Imam. “I have plenty of field stock, and my sons are becoming bored with the domesticated she-caucs.”

Ohzuma nodded, listening carefully. The man he was talking with was none other than Ibn Mustafa, confidant of the Prophet himself and one of the richest and most learned men in the Empire. He was also one of Ohzuma’s best customers.

“I think you’ll be delighted with what we have to offer at this auction,” said Ohzuma. “You know that the British Levy has taken place...”

The Imam cleared his throat. “You know I don’t approve of that arrangement, my son. I have always said we should eradicate cauc cultures and simply take all of them for the markets, as we did in Europe and as were doing in most of America. Only some of the council seem to think there is some advantage to setting the British Isles up as another preserve.”

“Yes, your Excellency,” said Ohzuma. “Be that as it may, the Levy has just been conducted, and I’ve acquired some very good stock.”

“Wild caucs?” said the Imam, stroking his beard with doubt. “But they have no training.”

“Indeed,” said Ohzuma. “That’s part of their charm. These caucs have even less training than normal. I brought them over by plane and they’ve been in my pens for less than a week.”

“Less than a week?” asked Mustafa. “How could you have conditioned them in that time?”

“They are not conditioned,” said Ohzuma. “They are totally raw.”

“And you’re selling them on the domestic market?”

“I’m selling them to masters expert in the training of slaves. They will be a challenge, but the advantage is that they can be trained exactly as the master wishes. Think of it. These slaves are as close as we can get genetically and culturally to the British Imperialists who invaded our land and oppressed our people for centuries. It will be most stimulating to break them.”

Ohzuma’s pitch seemed to strike a chord in the old Imam. The man firmly believed the religious doctrine promulgated by the prophet Hakeem, that whites were not human, and were in fact an artificial species cross of apes, rats and pigs. Ohzuma did not share this belief, but he was a consummate salesman. The old imam smiled with approval.

“But I need house caucs,” said the old man. “It might require some effort to fully break them so that they’re suitable to be in my home, let alone presentable to guests.”

Ohzuma smiled. “Your family are renowned slave trainers. Your Excellency’s house is the model for millions of devout Africans. And...” smiled Ohzuma, “you said your sons were becoming bored.”

“I did!” laughed the Imam. “Very well, Ohzuma. Let’s go see your wild caucs.”

Ohzuma led the venerable old man out to the display pen. On the way they talked and shared insights. There was a mutual respect and friendship between them, even though the Imam was more than twenty years Ohzuma’s senior.

“You know, now that I think about this, I’m intrigued,” said The Imam. “How did you know I’d be interested in bringing wild caucs into my home?”

"I didn't. My wife gave me the idea. You see, in my own home, we have only caucs from the Levy, which we've trained ourselves. She's in charge of teaching them to serve at our social functions."

"Then she's mastered the art of controlling and teaching them?" asked the Imam.

"No," said Ohzuma laughing. "But she's learning, as she goes."

The display pen was a very large, warehouse type building, with an open interior. Julia, Jane, and Patricia, like the rest of the slaves were seated on mats, one ankle secured to the floor by a chain. Their arms were bound behind their backs with nylon cinch straps, and each of them had a small placard attached to a cord around their necks. Colin had been chained next to them, causing mixed emotion within Julia. She was very happy to see him again, but the humiliating condition in which she saw him now had a profound effect on her.

Like the women, he sat naked, with his arms bound behind him. He was looking down, as if too ashamed to meet even the eyes of the other slaves. Julia was engulfed in a sense of shame as well. Colin was her husband, who she had looked to for security and protection. Now he sat beside her, as helpless as she. It was desolating psychologically to the young wife. In a way she felt it almost as a betrayal. She knew of course there was nothing he could do about their present condition, yet deep inside; in her female core she wanted and expected strength from him. Yet now, Colin was show to be weak, unable to protect her. For the first time, in the innermost recesses of her soul she doubted him, and wondered if she would have to find another protector. As much as she loved Colin, the shock of seeing him naked and displayed as a slave was shattering to her conception or their relationship. She could never think of him the same way again.

Prospective buyers roamed between the mats, studying the characteristics of each slave. They fondled, caressed, probed and slapped at the white flesh displayed before them with general detachment, as if examining meat or produce at a market.

One prospective customer, a very obese black man stopped in front of Patricia and ordered the girl to stand. She obeyed, and he read her placard. He told her to turn about slowly, and watched her as she did, taking in every inch of her naked body with a critical eye. He was especially interested in her distended belly.

"Very pretty," he said, placing his open palm on her navel. "Are you really nineteen, you look younger?"

"Ye... yes, Patricia gasped softly. "I... just turned nineteen."

"I like the color on you, little cauc. Very fair... almost snow white with soft, virgin pink in all the right places. This is your first whelp, is it not?"

"My... My first baby, yes... sir..."

The man roamed her abdomen with his hand, feeling, probing gently. He moved his hand to her swollen labia, massaging them, seeming to test her response. "Move your feet apart and spread your legs."

The pregnant white girl frowned and bit into her lower lip, but again she obeyed.

"Nice and fresh," said the customer, smiling. "And you can still fuck. My clients will like having those milk-swollen tits in their hands while you bounce on their cocks. They love how the pregnant ones move. So much energy. So sensitive to the sting of the whip."

Julia held her breath with impotent indignation, longing to lash out at the man and curse him as a pervert. But fear of punishment and the knowledge that it would do her sister no good stayed her tongue. She looked hopefully at Colin to somehow assert

himself, or at least draw the man's attention from Patricia, but he just sat looking naked and pathetic, staring dully at the floor.

"Spread your legs wider," ordered the man. Patricia whimpered and complied.

The man began to stroke the girl more insistently on the vulva, and began to rub her clitoris with his thumb. Shocked by such liberty, Patricia instinctively tried to back away and turn from his hand. The man stiffened for a second, but appeared more amused than angered.

"Excuse me," he said, summoning one of the guards. "I want to examine this female cauc. The little breeder seems a bit skittish."

The woman guard talked on her radio. Seconds later the dreaded man who had so terrified them all, Otho the breaker, appeared along with a company agent. He walked over to Patricia calmly and grabbed a handful of her silky, golden hair, pulling her head back savagely. With his other hand he then delivered a wicked slap across her face. The girl emitted a muffled cry but the man placed his hand on her face, "Lick my fingers," he ordered.

Patricia hesitated, but the muscular black man stepped on her bare foot and began to crush her toes against the floor. "Do as you're told, you little bitch!"

With a small cry of surrender, the white girl opened her mouth and began to lave his fingers. As her sister looked on with outrage, the breaker took his saliva-wet hand and reached between her legs. Patricia groaned in protest as he began to insert his middle finger into her while stretching her labia brutally with his thumb. Again she tensed as if to step away, but the man exerted weight painfully on her foot again. He nodded to the guard who placed the end of his rod on her butt cheek and delivered a brief but effective jolt.

"AAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIiiiiiehhhhh... Please... sir..." she screamed.

"Hold still", said the breaker. "Or I'll shove the stinger up your cunt!"

"Please don't hurt her," bleated Julia.

"Ohhh, ahhh, aaaa, haaaaaa, please..." breathed Patricia as the man's fingers probed deeper, up her vagina. "AAAHHHH," she raised up on her tiptoes even as the man still stepped on her foot, trapping her in place. Then she squealed when his fat finger grazed the deep sides of her inner chamber.

The other slaves watched with disgust as the breaker chuckled lewdly, his flabby jowls shaking. He began to squeeze one of the girl's nipples with his other hand, then pushed the fingers in her vagina even higher, pressing deeper. Patricia groaned with shock and maternal terror when his cruel hand surged upward. He found the bloated, sealed door of her cervix and she could feel his fingertips!

"PLEASE... PLEASE... PLEASE..." The terrified white girl gushed, holding her breath. The stretching of his hand was agonizing, but at the moment her mortal fear was for her child. "Please... please don't hurt my baby!"

"A wild whelp?" sneered the breaker. "Answer me, sow!"

"Please..." sobbed the white girl.

"What's in here?" ANSWER ME!"

"Please... MY BABY!"

"Fucked into you by a wild cauc male, in some filthy little cave?"

"Please... It's my husband's child!"

The man frowned darkly and exploded with rage. "YOU DON'T HAVE A HUSBAND AND YOU NEVER DID!" he shouted "You're a savage, an animal, breeding indiscriminately! That's the way of the cauc! I ought to pop your womb open right now. Make you spill it right here! Want me to do it? Huh? HUH? You want to drop your half-formed cauc spawn right now? RIGHT HERE!" He punctuated the insane

question with a painful flick of his finger at the plug of her uterus. She could feel the finger digging! Ready to rupture her!

“NOOO... PLEASE NOOOOOOOOO!” screamed Patricia.
“PLEEEEEAAASSSEEEE!”

“Please don’t abort the fetus, sir,” said the aid, nervously. “It’ll cause a mess and it will detract from her value.”

The man chuckled maniacally and the slaves shuddered. Julia held her hand over her mouth in horror. They all knew what the evil guard leader wanted to do at that moment. They could tell the unspeakably evil man would relish the spectacle of a beautiful white woman miscarrying on the mat in front of everyone in the building.

“IT WAS SPEWED INTO YOUR CUNT YOU RUTTING WHORE!” screamed the breaker maniacally. “YOU WERE FUCKING SOME STINKING MALE CAUC IN SOME DARK SHIT HOLE!” ITS FILHY CAUC SPAWN!”

Patricia was hysterical. But somehow she knew what the breaker wanted. Submission! Her lungs exploded as she screamed out her capitulation.

“YES SIR... IT’S CAUC SPAWN! I’M A WHORE! I FUCKED A STRANGE MALE CAUC IN A CAVE! IT’S CAUC SPAWN SIR... IT WAS SPEWED INTO ME! MY BABY IS FILTHY ANIMAL CAUC SPAWN!”

The girl’s verbal submission had an immediate effect on the breaker. His smile returned and he relaxed his hand a bit.

“Sir, please,” said the company agent urgently. “She’s prime stock. The Levy director will not be happy.”

Otho seemed to compose himself now. “Very well. You’re right, Ummah. That’s for a paying customer. Perhaps one more discriminating about quality offspring, have it flushed out. Wild breeding produces trash whelps. Who knows what kind of feeble, inbred stillborn you’re carrying!”

The man slowly withdrew his hand. Patricia was whimpering, still on her tiptoes, afraid even to move.

“You’re going to be the perfect little docile breeding sow,” said the breaker. “Here and on the block. If you’re not sold in the first block I’ll reach right in and pull it out by the neck. And we’ll make you clean it up while it’s still writhing! Understand me?”

“YES! YES SIR...” sobbed the nearly hysterical girl.

Everyone, including the black customer and agent breathed a sigh of relief. The breaker pulled his hand from her belly and wiped it off with her hair. A few seconds later he was gone, off to brutalize the next errant slave.

The customer moved in, a bit contritely. He hadn’t wanted to cause such a fuss and he was by no means a cruel man. “Thank the Prophet,” he muttered to the agent. Was he really going to pop her right here and waist the whelp?” He found Patricia’s clitoris with his thumb and stroked her in an effort to calm her.

“Otho is the best cauc breaker in Africa,” said the agent. “But he’s been reprimanded by management for going too far and destroying the stock. I’ve seen him bull whip a defiant male cauc to death more than once. Apparently his entire family was killed by whites before the liberation. But they say he has a pathological need to obtain total submission from white slaves. He hates them, but wants to force them to submit even more than he wants to kill them.”

“By the Prophet that’s a warped man!” said the customer.

“But, as I said. A consummate cauc breaker,” noted the agent.

“Nuaaaaa, uuuhhh, uuuhhhh, Patricia was gasping as he rubbed her pleasure button.

The customer laughed, “That’s better. You like that, don’t you, little she-cauc?”

“It... it feels good... please... don’t hurt me!” gasped Patricia.

“You’re obviously fertile, and need to be covered by a docile, well-bred stud. But no buyer would abort it this far along.”

Patricia hung her head with shame. But she was grateful when the agent produced a soothing douche, meant to act as an antiseptic and heal the inside her vagina, in case the evil breaker had damaged her.

Meanwhile, next to them, another less kind customer had taken an interest in Jane. He was trying to test the size and depth of her vagina with a dildo-like instrument. The guard had ordered her to lay back on the mat and spread her legs, but the girl was afraid.

“Open up,” the man demanded. “Or I’ll can the overseer back.” Julia could see the fear in Jane’s face at the threat.

“Please, don’t do this to her,” begged Julia. The man and the guard ignored her. “Please... she’s innocent. She’s never been with a man other than her husband.”

“Nuuggghh, uhh, uhhh, uhhhh, please...” Jane panted as the well-lubed implement was inserted. She turned her face, but could not look Julia in the eye. The embarrassment of having a man of color do such a thing to her, in front of many witnesses was too much. But terror of the cruel overseer kept her from resisting.

“That’s it... good,” said the man, feeling the tension in her love canal, the fit of the ribbed cylinder and force needed to work it in and out. “Deep but very tight. Cum on it,” he ordered her, rubbing her clitoris. “Juice it up good.” Jane was flush-faced and crying with shame now. The stimulation was too much and she once again tried to turn and scramble away.

“AAAHHHH!” The customer pulled back hard on her hair.

“Spread your legs further and stay still, cauc!”

Jane groaned but obeyed.

The fat man continued to manipulate her sex, going deep with the shaft, touching her in places her husband couldn’t reach. She had never used a dildo on herself, and the instrument felt hard and cold. But the black customer was merciless and understood the female zones well. In seconds he brought her to the brink of a shuddering orgasm. Then, just as her knees were folding back and she was humping her crotch into his hand for more of the unwanted joy, he stopped.

Jane looked up into his leering black face and gasped, hovering almost painfully on the edge of release. Then he rolled her clitoris with his thumb and shoved the implement still deeper. Jane instantly exploded in orgasm.

“Well, aren’t you just a juicy little peach,” he grinned maliciously, removing his probe from her sex and wiping his fingers in her hair. “I think you can take a horse. You’ll make a fine addition to my pen. Tomorrow, you’ll be mine.”

He and the guard walked away, leaving the acutely mortified red-haired woman lying on her back before everyone with her face flushed and her vulva dripping. The sisters looked at each other and wept. They had expected to end up as domestic servants in decent houses. The prospect of sexual abuse had darkened their dreams, but they had tried to put it out of their minds. What if there were other men like this man? What if a man like this was to purchase them?

There were indeed others. Throughout the day, they were periodically inspected by men and a few women who were obviously looking to acquire a slave for pure sexual exploitation. Though none were as cruel as the jowly fat guard leader, or as crass as the man who had examined Jane, all of them poked and prodded, probed and pinched the displayed slave flesh, testing for responses and temperament. Patricia seemed to be their favorite, though all of them, even Colin, were subjected to like treatment. Later in the day

they were approached by two blacks. An older man in a robe and a much younger one in a business suit, speaking in Bantu.

“Here’s an interesting set. Two sisters- and the male there was the older blond haired female’s husband,” said Ohzuma.

“My son,” said Ibn Mustafa. “Please do not refer to these animals as having been married. You know as well as I do that the Prophet’s doctrine states that caucs cannot be in a married condition, anymore than dogs or monkeys. We must set a religious example here for other Africans. The cauc is not human, and it is blasphemy to infer human institutions upon them as if they were.”

“Of course, Your Excellency,” said Ohzuma. “I was merely trying to be descriptive of the relationship between them, and point out that it will be interesting to acquire them both.”

“This one, as you can see,” chuckled Ohzuma, pointing to Patricia, “is pregnant. Her owner will get a wild-bred pica in about three months.”

“Profligate she-cauc,” spat the Imam with disgust. “No cauc should breed without the command of the Adamic man. We will control their procreation and their genes.”

“Yes, Your Excellency,” said Ohzuma. There was no percentage in arguing with the old man. “Over here we have more blond females, very young and with nice wide hips. Those teats will give milk for years to come...”

The white women and Colin understood none of the conversation between the black men, since it had been in Bantu. They had not been given any commands and so sat still, even though they knew the two men were discussing them. When they moved on, Julia could hear Patricia crying softly.

Each of them received many more inquiries, particularly Patricia, who was made to perform the demeaning act of displaying herself over and over. But most of the later patrons were not quite as crass or brutal, and the terrifying guard leader did not come back. Julia still had hopes that they would all find decent, moral homes to serve in.

She was already beginning to accept the fact that they were slaves, and despite the degradation of their new stations had decided to make the best of it. They had no choice.

Chapter 6

The slave market at Hakeem City was not as large as the one at the entry port of Lagos, where most of the slaves from Europe and the Americas were unloaded, but it was still very busy. This market sold mostly domestically produced slaves, bred by black African masters. But there were some high-grade import allotments, many of which were flown in. This was the case with the British Levy slaves on the block now.

Ohzuma looked up. He was dining on a delicious steak, seated alone at a table. A distinguished looking black man had approached.

“May I join you?” he asked.

The restaurant and observation floor overlooking the auction pit was very crowded. It was proper etiquette to offer the chair.

“Yes, of course,” he said, standing and offering his hand. “I’m Ohzuma al-Hassan.”

“Dr. Ottawa Umbange. Thank you so much.”

“My pleasure,” said Ohzuma, overlooking the impeccably dressed man who was watching the block intently.

“Are you buying today, sir?” asked Ohzuma.

“Oh, yes. If I can find exactly what I’m looking for.”

“Just what kind of cauc do you need? Perhaps I can help. This is my allotment being sold at the moment.”

“Ah, I see,” said the man. “Thank you, this is quite fortuitous. I’m a professor at the Hakeem University, in the College of Primate studies. I flew into the city yesterday and did not have a chance to personally view the stock.”

“Well,” said Ohzuma. “This is a fine allotment. The first of this season’s British Levy.”

The professor’s eyebrows went up. “Oh, really. I thought the ships would be delivering them in about two to three weeks.”

“They will,” said Ohzuma. “But I had a thousand of the best flown here. Fresh and wild. Only a few days ago they were in their cold, quaint little island hovels.

The professor laughed. “You know, that may fit my needs perfectly. Any pregnant females?” asked the professor.

“Yes,” said Ohzuma. “Quite a few. Have you ever owned a wild cauc? It’s different than managing the domesticated, African bred slaves.”

“Oh, I’m not looking for a house cauc,” said the professor. “I need female breeding stock for a government research project. My grant is very generous and I can pay good money for top quality she-caucs.”

Ohzuma nodded. “I tell you what. I’m going to be making some bids myself. I’m looking for some lush, white skinned teeners for my new subsidy brothel. My man is on the floor now. If you like, we can watch the auction from here and I can point out stock that might be appropriate for you. If you want to buy, I’ll signal my man to bid.”

“That’s most kind of you, sir,” said the professor.

They watched as the auction got underway. Naked whites were already queuing behind the block to be vended in the proper order. All of them were silent, looking down. Unable to quite believe they were being sold like livestock.

“I’m curious,” said the professor. “You said you are bidding yourself, but if you’re one of the importers, why don’t you just pull a few of the freshest she-caucs out of your allotment?”

“Government rules forbid it in the case of Levy caucs,” said Ohzuma. “They must be auctioned to establish actual value, and to assure that the tax is paid. I know it seems like I’m buying my own stock, but, got to follow the rules.”

Behind the block, Patricia turned to her sister. She was ahead of them in line and would be the first of them sold. Suddenly acutely aware and self-conscious of her nudity, she was not sure she could stand in front of the large crowd without fainting. She knew however, that the consequence of disobedience to her masters was unthinkable. The guard leader had told her what he was going to do if she was not sold. And there was a high minimum bid on prime Levy stock. She listened and watched as the white captives were brought out, one by one. As they stood and endured the incredibly demeaning bidding on their persons, some were indeed not sold on the first block. The buyers were looking for evidence of docility and malleable temperament. The best way to demonstrate this was with snap obedience to commands, pliant smiles, and unselfconscious bodily display- what the auctioneer called “showing well.”

The slaves who did not sell were led back to their pens with abject fear etched on their faces. Patricia knew she had to show well, or lose her baby in the most horrible manner.

The young, honey-haired girl closed her eyes, and tried to imagine being somewhere else- perhaps in an English meadow on a warm summer’s day. But the reality of moment could not be blotted out. “She was about to be standing naked and pregnant, before a huge roomful of strange people- *who would be bidding to own her!*

Patricia turned around and buried herself in Julia’s arms.

“Number 623-E18554815A,” announced the auctioneer. It was Patricia’s turn.

Having just seen what it had been like for the other women vended, Julia could scarcely take the horrid spectacle. Her shy and innocent sister, the baby of their family clung to her, weeping and imploring Julia to somehow stop what was about to happen.

“Julia,” she whimpered, “Don’t let them... please don’t let them... I... can’t bear this... please Julia.”

The older girl pushed her face close to her little sister’s, trying to comfort her. But a huge Asian man seized Patricia by the collar and pulled the younger girl from her grasp. He hauled the mortified but unresisting teenager onto the block. “Stand still and display yourself. Raise your face and smile,” growled the Asian, Brandishing one of the electric correction rods. “Or you get this!” Patricia obeyed.

“Here we are,” said Ohzuma, leaning back in his comfortable chair. “One of the best pregnant females of the lot. Shall I have my man bid on her for you, professor?”

“Yes, thank you. She does look like a healthy primate...”

Ohzuma signaled the floor. “A good choice, I think,” said Ohzuma.

“Thank you for your help,” said the professor, shaking Ohzuma’s hand. “Yes, I think she’ll do.”

Julia felt the bile well up in her throat as she watched the lights come up on the naked body of her sister, sensed the hundreds of dark eyes rake over her flawless pale charms; her burgeoning pale breasts with their red nipples; her round, maternal belly; her smooth, tight, almost hairless pudenda. She was a flower at the cusp of guileless childhood and nubile womanhood, and a mother- a proven, fertile womb.

Her eyes vacant, as if unable to comprehend the intensely humiliating reality of being sold as a slave, Patricia reached up to idly touch the collar around her neck. She whimpered, but the gesture had seemed to charm the crowd. She shifted the weight on her bare feet and looked out onto the sea of black faces as tears streamed down her cheeks- and she smiled.

'I must be sold!' she thought desperately. 'I must make them want to buy me... the breaker said if I'm not sold he'd... oh god... pull it out by the neck... my baby! I have to be sold!'

"Youngest sister of this lot," said the auctioneer. "Nineteen years of age. Certified pregnant with first offspring and an A1 health grade certificate. Bidding starts at thirty thousand, do I hear thirty thousand... thirty, do I hear thirty-five... thank you, do I hear forty?"

Patricia felt the baby kick, and unconsciously brought her soft hand to her lower belly. This seemed to please crowd even more and the bids came in briskly.

'I must be sold,' thought Patricia. 'I must!' She did everything she could think of to make herself appear attractive, healthy and obedient. She licked her lips and pushed her breasts and belly out proudly. The Asian man led her about on the platform, and walked with a spring in her step, as if it were the most natural thing to be naked and pregnant on an auction block before hundreds of black Africans.

As the bantering progressed, Julia could see the leering expressions of the men who were bidding on the girl. They were almost salivating with undisguised lust. Julia could tell now that her sister's fate would not be to work as a simple maid or servant in an African home. She recognized all the men still bidding on Patricia were the ones who had touched and inspected the sisters so boldly and pragmatically the day before. Julia's head swam with the ugly realization. Her lovely, delicate little sister, still a virgin when she married and the apple of her father's eye, was going to a breeding farm or a brothel, in either case a life of continuous sexual use and degradation.

But Patricia was showing well. She turned immediately at the Asian man's command, and clasped her hands behind her head as ordered. She lowered her face and eyes, conveying submission, until the man lifted her chin with the point of his thin, black cane.

Then the bidders beheld her fresh, open, innocent face. The wide blue eyes and the desperate willingness to please. Again the unborn infant kicked and the little ripple below her navel was visible to all. The bidding surged again.

Finally the contest slowed. The bidding came down to two determined bidders. Anne's value had reached 62,000 Hakeems when one bid finally held.

"Sold," cried the auctioneer, rapping the gavel.

Julia was devastated. The man who had won the bidding was a fat, odious pervert who had fingered Anne during the inspection and confidently predicted she would be his. He sat back smugly in his seat as the lovely girl, the vicar's youngest daughter, was led weeping with shame off the block to a designated pen. But her baby was safe. Patricia and the little unborn slave within her would await the claim of their new master.

"Ah," said Ohzuma. "My man won the bidding."

"Excellent," said the professor. "I'll have you grant manager cut a check."

"I'm curious," said Ohzuma "What is the nature of your work, Professor? You're not going to vivisect this charming little cauc I hope."

"Oh no. I run a government funded project that is trying to regress small populations of caucs, back to the level of chimpanzees or gorillas. We're introducing pregnant females into the Africa jungles among apes, hoping they and their progeny will adopt the simian lifestyle. Eventually we hope to establish safer preserves, where the caucs have no knowledge or even conception of writing, history, or technology. The Prophet and the council acknowledge the need to maintain wild cauc populations, but they eventually want to do away with the British agreement and the North American preserves.

“It sounds fascinating,” said Ohzuma. “But how do you propose to erase the basic society and culture of a cauc population? I know there had been fabulous success in the past thirty years in reducing literacy among slaves to a very low incidence. But oral traditions are quite different.”

“Yes, that’s correct,” said the professor. “Our project involves several planned stages. Inserting pregnant females into gorilla clans is the first. We are also placing small groups of caucs in the jungles and imposing a very primitive, almost pre-stone age life style on them. We don’t know which method will work the best, but the government has funded us well, and we plan to try them all.”

“If you’re successful that would eliminate the need for levies and reserve police. We could simply move in and harvest the individuals we wanted with a minimum of effort.”

“Yes, but the real goal is security. The Prophet has said the greatest threat to Africa’s long term future is the wild cauc. We must not make the mistake of our ancestors. The labor of the cauc is important economically, but the cauc must never be allowed to rise again. If we can keep them as primitive and ignorant as possible in the wild, that threat will be minimized.”

Ohzuma wanted to hear more. But the auction was proceeding and he had promised to post bids for the Imam. The professor invited him to the university to see the project sometime, he hurried down to make arrangements to ship his new specimen.

On the auction floor a new slave had been brought onto the platform. It was Jane. Julia watched as she mounted the block, but there was a kind of dignity about her, absent from the others. She stared at the bidders, fire in her eyes and defiance evident in her face. They might be in control, but to her they were still kaffirs, blackwogs, and niggers. And her body language and facial expression conveyed the way she felt very effectively.

Ironically, this seemed to stimulate the bidding, as if the African slave owners recognized this behavior as valuable and accepted, even relished the challenge of taming her.

But Jane did not waver. She kept her head held high. When the bidding finally ended she had to be pulled from the block by the Asian, who stung her in the buttocks to the applause of the crowd.

Ironically, this seemed to stimulate the bidding, as if the African slave owners in some counter-intuitive way recognized this behavior as valuable and accepted, even relished the challenge of taming her.

But Jane did not waver. She kept her head held high. When the bidding finally ended she had to be pulled from the block by the Asian, who treated her to a prolonged sting in the buttocks. Her shrieks and undignified thrashing were echoed by the applause of the crowd.

Next it was Colin on the block, and Julia watched as the black men in the crowd bid on him. The auctioneer noted that the subject male had been the “mate” of the next female, which would be Julia herself. For some inexplicable reason, that announcement caused Julia to feel an even deeper embarrassment.

She looked away and closed her eyes tight. She realized with a start that she was ashamed of Colin- ashamed of being his wife. The mental image of her white husband standing naked on a platform and being sold as a slave was burnt into her memory. Even long before they had been married she had always thought of him as her protector. After they were married she had seen him as a husband and had loved the feeling of his confidence and strength. Now, in a moment, all that had changed.

Julia cringed inside. Standing helplessly on the block Colin seemed so weak, so pathetic- a sub-human, unworthy of a wife. The auctioneer reminded the crowd that

though the white male was slightly built, he could still make an excellent house slave. Colin was ordered to turn around, bend over and spread his buttocks. He hesitated a bit, but obeyed when the Asian man brandished the correction rod. The bids climbed, but Julia bit her lip.

When it was done, Colin was led away hanging his head, beaten, shamed, sold. Julia felt shame as well, but her conscious mind chided her. "It's not his fault," she whispered to herself. "It's not his fault he's a... a slave. They forced him to be so... pitiful. I'm his wife and I have to remain loyal. I have to... I have to... don't I?"

Finally, Julia herself was auctioned. The bidding went high for her as well as she gazed with stunned disbelief at the sea of Negroid faces. The psychic sting of being bid on like an object brought a flush to her face and naked breasts. But by now Julia was numb. She turned and walked around a bit at the order of the Asian, but the moment seemed so surreal, her soul and spirit so detached. It was as though she were watching from the bidding floor, seeing her own body sold, and feeling the pain as her ethereal being was strangled. Then she was back in her body, as only a body. Her spirit and soul were gone and she was merely a thing- a slave.

Something had snapped inside Julia, but she actually felt better. As if the surrender of her mind had lifted some irresistible weight from her psyche. And one happy and unexpected thing happened. When the auctioneer banged his gavel she saw that she, Colin, and Jane had been sold to the same buyer.

"Excellent," said the professor. And what did you say you were buying her for?"

"I'm buying a theme brothel, run by the man you saw handling my bids. Kwaazi Mombassa is his name. He selected the she-cauc at the display yesterday. He's going to add her and a couple of others to a coffle he has in the city. My new pleasure house."

Chapter 7

Julia was returned to a solitary cell after the auction, and spent a quiet night alone with her thoughts. The actual experience of her vending had brought home the reality of slavery, driving it like a stake through the heart of her identity. The humiliation was mind numbing. To have stood naked, displayed like an object, while hundreds of men of color made bids to own her person... To have watched as other members of her family were similarly sold like livestock... She wept; knowing that a part of the souls of the people she loved had been ripped away in those few moments. What kind of country was this? What kind of people *owned* them now?

The next morning she was roused and taken to a room where she was fitted with a leather collar, and a steel ankle cuff. Then she was taken to a dock where she saw many other slaves being loaded into small trucks and vans.

Julia's heart leapt when she saw Colin. He was seated on the concrete floor of the dock, chained by the leg to Jane and another women. Julia was taken to the same vehicle and chained to the floor near Colin. Overwhelmed with the emotion of seeing each other again, they reached to embrace, but on of the guards stopped them.

"Do not touch," he said, waving his prod with menace. "Be silent and still."

Still naked, the slaves were loaded into the back of a low, double decked van. It was no taller than a normal van, but a platform inside allowed them to sit on the floor, and a kind of shelf above, thus saving space. Colin, Jane and another women were chained below and Julia and another girl were told to crawl above. It was not comfortable, but it meant that Julia could see out the window.

When the van had been loaded and the doors locked, it pulled out of the huge slave facility and onto a large modern highway. Julia was surprised at the amount of traffic. Most of the automobiles seemed to be late models, and all were driven and apparently owned by blacks. They drove for some time, and Julia watched as the terrain rolled by.

The land seemed dotted with large farms. There was wet rice cultivation in some areas, and production of wheat, millet and corn in others. There was also much cotton, and growing of various types of truck farming crops. On all of the plantations she saw work gangs of white people in the fields and paddies, mostly women, toiling in the sun and wearing only rags about their waists. Even though she was naked herself, and had been surrounded by other nude whites at the slave facility, she was still shocked to see white women bare breasted in public, working at manual labor.

Here and there were a few black men among them, carrying long whips or the now familiar shiny correction rods. More than once she saw those whips in use on the back of some poor white man or woman, and Julia shuddered with the shock and horror of it. The farmland stretched for mile after mile, and Julia realized that there must be hundreds of thousands, if not millions of white slaves working for plantation owners. She wondered if there were any white landowners. She looked for white overseers or black slaves but never saw any.

Grand mansions adorned many of the hilltops. They had manicured landscaping and many amenities such as pools and tennis courts. She could see occasionally, well-dressed black families lounging about or playing on the decks and verandas. Their appearance and bearing always spoke of affluence and wealth.

Small mud huts clustered in various hollows, usually far from the stately manors. It took awhile for Julia to realize that these rude shelters were probably the houses of the slaves. They seemed deserted. Their occupants were busy toiling in the fields.

Julia's shock and disgust was even greater when she saw white people having sex openly in the fields! In was approaching mid day and the work gangs seemed to be breaking up for a meal. In every section that they passed, there were a few white slaves blatantly engaged in intercourse, some right alongside the public roadway!

At one point there was some highway construction and their van stopped for a time. Julia could scarcely believe it when two darkly tanned and filthy whites dropped their meager waist wraps only feet from the stalled road traffic. The woman knelt on all fours and the man mounted her quickly. He shoved his erect shaft into her with a couple of artless strokes and commenced to rut energetically as a leering black man with a whip looked on. After a bit, the overseer flicked his bullwhip lightly on the white male's buttocks. He immediately withdrew, and Julia could see he had ejaculated into his mate. The slaves cleared off hastily to be replaced by another pair, who performed the same act, as if oblivious to the hundreds of eyes looking on from the highway. Julia swallowed hard. It seemed so bestial- and so efficient. She realized that this activity was being done at the direction of the black overseers. Were the white slaves were being bred? Beside a very public thoroughfare!

Most disturbing of all was the look on the faces of the white people as the copulated. There was no horror or mortification, and not the slightest reluctance evident. Some were almost expressionless, vacant, on other faces Julia saw smiles! As if they were enjoying a rare moment of pleasure. There didn't seem to be very much reaction by the black motorists either as they waited in traffic. It was obviously it was all a normal part of everyone's day!

Then, further from the road, Julia noticed dozens of white slaves engaged in sex under a shade tree. They were all young and very fit. A few large black men roamed among them, brandishing the metal correction rods, but only occasionally prodded the buttocks of a male who did not seem to be rutting hard or fast enough. Then a whistle blew, and the copulation ended. All of the slaves hurriedly returned to the fields to pick lettuce.

The road was opened soon afterward the van resumed its journey. As they rode on, the traffic became even heavier. They came to the outskirts of a major city, which Julia could see sprawled in the distance. They passed road signs, some of which were in English. One of them read:

WELCOME TO HAKEEM CITY
DWELLING OF THE HOLY PROPHET
OBSERVE THE LAWS OF ALLAH AND REVERE HIS PROPHET
MOSQUE OF THE ADAMIC MAN- 68 Kilometers

Soon they were driving through modest but comfortable looking suburbs, and the open farmland was behind them. They were now in the city proper, and Julia was struck by how massive and affluent Hakeem City was. The van drove for miles along the modern elevated highway, but always the well-kept, comfortable houses continued for as far as the eye could see. When they finally exited the expressway, in a denser section of town, Julia was able to observe the inhabitants of the great city.

Everything she saw was totally contradictory to what she had expected Africa to be like, since she had only seen photographs which were several decades old. This was a modern city, with modern sophisticated people- not the primitive grass huts and half-naked savages she had known from old magazines and books.

All of the black people in the city looked healthy and happy. They too were well dressed, just like their rural counterparts. And she saw few signs of poverty. There seemed to be no homeless persons or derelicts in the streets, little trash and very few dilapidated buildings. The signs of wealth and plenty were everywhere.

The black women wore colorful and utilitarian clothing; blouses and skirts, light and loose in the warm weather, but still very conservative. Men often wore buttoned shirts and slacks, and carried briefcases. Black people of both sexes and all ages dressed in clothing that was clean and in good repair.

There was also a lot of jewelry worn by Africans particularly the women. Quite common were heavy ornaments of gold and silver which would have been thought extremely ostentatious in Britain, even before the austerity imposed by the biowar and the later capitulation to African authority. Fine glass beads seemed also to be very much in vogue, and there were plenty of precious stones on display. All of it glittered in the sun, a bright illustration that modern black Africans, like their ancestors, liked to show their wealth.

Some men and women wore clothing that seemed very reminiscent of traditional African garb. Others were clad in Western style dresses or suits with ties. The fashions however, were definitely a little lighter and far more chromatic than she would have seen in Carlisle, among the white population.

Julia never saw a black person, particularly a woman, wearing anything indecent or even indecorous. No revealing necklines or exposed midriffs- nothing that could be considered revealing or immodest. Most of the women wore dresses, and hemlines extended well below the knees. Even the sleeves were generally long but loose. Some of the hats or purses might be considered extravagant by English standards, and the bright colors in the garments were downright gaudy at times. But every black African seemed to take a universal pride in their clothing and overall appearance. It seemed a confident, yet conservative society, organized around one unifying religion and the vision of one revered man.

The whites, however, were another matter.

Julia was shocked to see that the white women, even here in town, on public city streets, went topless! Seeing slaves working half naked on rural plantations had been shocking enough. Here, in this modern, seemingly conservative major city it seemed so incongruous and lewd.

As they continued on she realized that all the white women were that way. What was more, they seemed completely unselfconscious, as if it were the norm. Nearly all of them wore what appeared to be a simple, cream-colored skirt-like garment about their waists, or a short kanga, an inexpensive traditional African wrap. The skirt was often pleated and usually looked clean, but rarely extended below mid-thigh. The kanga might be brightly colored, but likewise never covered the knees. All the whites were naked above the navel. Some had leather or metal collars about their necks, but that was the only exception.

The streets were very busy. Blacks commuting from place to place and Caucasians engaged in menial tasks like picking up trash and sweeping. Some of the whites here were young males, boys really, who were dressed even scantier than the women. Often their genitals were covered with a small cloth pouch, leaving their buttocks and the rest of their bodies exposed. Some whites followed a black mistresses or

masters as they made their way along the crowded sidewalks. The whites were always a few steps behind, and they kept their eyes and faces down.

All of the whites, male or female appeared to have long hair. Sometimes it was gathered at the back and coiled about their heads, others had their hair cornrowed in a more Negroid style. On a few of them their hair was loose, cascading down their backs and shoulders and blowing in the wind. Most of the males were very effeminate, and often Julia could only tell the difference between the sexes by the presence or lack of developed breasts.

Finally the van entered an even more exclusive part of the city, into a residential section of luxurious homes and immense, manicured lawns. Julia was astonished again when they stopped at a traffic light. Very near them, on a private lawn, she saw a blonde white girl, who could have been even younger than Patricia. She sat on the ground, simultaneously weeding a garden, and nursing a naked infant, which appeared to be perhaps a month old. It was a very public place, with numerous passers by in cars and on foot, yet the girl sat, suckling her baby at her bare breast as though she were in a private bedroom.

She too seemed totally at ease, as if she were used to such exposure. The girl clutched the child tight as it breastfeed, sucking hungrily. Julia could see the mother's other breast. It seemed so out of place on so young a girl, hanging swollen with milk. The nipple was maternally large and red, and leaking tiny white droplets. Julia felt totally embarrassed for the young mother, but the girl didn't look shamed. When the light changed they moved on.

They started over a hill, overlooking the city. This wide, green parkland was dotted with luxury estates on very extensive grounds. One of the biggest and most beautiful sprawled over a lush green landscape near the end of the drive.

The van drove up to the back entrance of the great villa, driving onto a concrete slab near a low block type building. The rear doors of the vehicle opened. Into the van stepped two very muscular black men who brandished the dreaded correction rods. They released the captives from their restraints, and prodded them off the mats.

"Out," snapped one of the men. The whites began filing out, a little stiff from the long ride; their hands still bound behind them.

"Hurry along, caucs. Your mistress is waiting." The black men punctuated their demand with short but painful zaps of current from the ends of their correction rods, making the whites yelp and jump. They exited the vehicle as fast as they could and were lined up as they looked about their new home apprehensively.

Before them were two large women, one black and one Asian. At their side was one of the most repulsive human beings Julia had ever seen; an ugly, mal-formed male dwarf who sported a huge pot belly. He was white, but had a swarthy, squint-eyed look. He exuded a distinct air of petty cruelty.

"Kneel, slaves!" ordered the dwarf.

Intimidated, the four women went to their knees. But Colin remained standing. They may have been sold as slaves, but he was not going to humiliate himself before this silly little midget, especially in front of his wife. The dwarf walked over and sneered up at him. Colin stared back, and the two engaged in a momentary and silent contest of wills.

Julia looked on. She was very afraid, yet she felt a surge of pride for her young husband, also. He was so brave to stand up to these people and refuse the surrender his dignity. Perhaps he was not so weak after all!

"Well," said the black woman, smiling. "These caucs are *very* green."

“I will break him, mistress,” said the dwarf, baring his teeth and looking up at Colin menacingly. “Kneel, boy!”

“Not to you,” said Colin. He studied the small man briefly. He was only about three and a half feet tall, and appeared to be of mixed ethnicity. His skin was sallow and oily and his face was horribly pockmarked. Grotesquely malformed, his limbs were very short, but heavily muscled; yet he had very long fingers and toes. The effect was almost comical, and Colin would have laughed at the little man. But he was holding a short, thick knife, and in his small, close-set eyes could clearly be seen an overweening arrogance and an iron will.

Suddenly the dwarf moved like lightening. Before Colin could react or move away the grotesque little man had reached over to seize the young slave’s genitals. Colin saw the flash of the blade in one of his hairy hands, and felt the grasp of his testicles with the other. The dwarf was so fast! Colin stopped struggling instantly and held his breath, his eyes widened with terror as he felt the sharp edge of the knife on the base of his scrotum.

“Kneel,” shouted the little man. Julia watched as her proud Colin obeyed. A moment before she had thought him so strong and confident, now he shuddered impotently. Her momentary pride in her husband turned to dust as she could see the naked fear in his face. The dwarf’s cold, steel-like fingers tightened, squeezing Colin’s testicles down into the bottom of their sack.

“Let me cut, him, mistress,” said the little man. Colin gasped as the dwarf dug his long, gnarled fingernails into the sensitive flesh. “A quick slit in the pouch and I can pop them right out before he can move. I’ll feed his balls to the dogs while he watches. It’s the only thing for a rebellious male cauc.”

“No Za-caub,” said the black woman, smiling. “We will break him, but your master wants this one trained and intact- for now.”

“Yes, mistress,” said the dwarf, frowning with profound disappointment. He released Colin but his eyes narrowed with malice.

The young black woman strode in front of the kneeling whites. Her bearing was very poised and it was obvious she was the presence of authority here. She uncurled a long whip in her hand and snapped in sharply on the ground, close to bent knees of the whites, causing them to jump. “This is the symbol of my father’s house,” she said, holding her hand aloft. Her voice seemed to command obedience. “This is my black hand, and my whip. You will learn to obey the black hand, and fear the whip!”

The black woman seemed to survey the new slaves, but none of them could tell if it was with approval or consternation. She circled them slowly as they knelt nervously, still self-conscious of their nudity. “Take them inside and feed them,” ordered the black woman, finally. “Then Soo-Ling can begin their training.”

The three white women and a badly shaken Colin were taken into a large room at the rear of the house. They were told to sit on the floor, facing each other. A young white girl entered the room. She wore only a strip of white cloth that hung low across her loins and just covered her sex. It was suspended from a narrow, black leather cord that encircled her hips. The girl bore a plate of warm, steamed vegetables, which she sat on the floor amid the new slaves. Colin could see that from behind the girl was nearly naked. There was only a thin string that pulled the cloth up between her legs and attached to the cord. Her buttocks were bare.

“At least they’re going to feed us,” said Julia, leaning over to caress her husband’s arm to sooth him. “Perhaps we can... Aaaaaahhhh.”

A very large black man in a security uniform slashed the whip across her shoulders. “No touching the male,” he barked.

“There is to be no talking among yourselves slaves,” said Soo-Ling, “until you’ve been trained. Eat quickly, there is much to do.”

Julia looked at Colin, his flushed face told of the humiliation and fear he was feeling. She longed to be close to him, to tell him it was all right, though that was a lie. But he could not even meet her eyes and she dared not disobey Soo-Ling.

The two other white women said nothing as well, and the four of them ate quickly. They were hungry and the food was good, but their surroundings were still alien to them. As they ate in silence the uncertainty and insecurity of their new positions etched each of their flushed young faces with fear.

“Come with me,” said Soo-Ling, when they had finished the meal a few minutes later. They rose and wordlessly followed her down a long hallway, their bare feet padding over the cool marble floor. Colin looked at Julia with an expression of resignation, as the Asian woman delivered them to which appeared to be a small clinic. He tried to reach for his wife’s hand, but she seemed distracted.

“Sit with your backs to the wall,” ordered the Chinese overseer with a snap of her fingers. “We will process you all, one at a time.”

Soo-Ling brought a small tray holding an assortment of surgical instruments; a few scalpels, needles, and some odd metallic objects, as well as gauss and alcohol.

"Please," choked Colin, sheer panic now enveloping him. "I... please don't... don't cut me!"

Again the dwarf grinned. Colin was trembling and pulling maniacally at his bonds, but he was held fast. He looked down at Jane and Julia as they watched from the floor, cringing with horror. He was sick that they would see this.

The dwarf began to laugh with cruel amusement. Colin felt panic charging up his spine as he felt the ugly little man grasp his testicles. He watched him pick up one of the blades and slowly bring it to the base of his victim's scrotum. His yellow eyes never left Colin's, and his face shone with a kind of pedantic, instinctive gloating- a gleeful anticipation of ultimate and final victory over another male.

Soo-Ling saw it too, and drew in her breath nervously. "Zar-Caub, Mistress say no... Zar-Caub, we will be punished!"

Zar-Caub looked at her with irritation, then sneeringly back at Colin. He seemed to waver a bit with indecision. Then the helpless white man saw the dwarf's face harden, and heard Soo-Ling gasp.

There was a sharp stab of pain on his genitals and Colin screamed! The room seemed to spin. The helplessness, the terror and the sheer horror of those seconds finally overwhelming his psyche. He fainted as the dwarf smiled down at him, knowing as the blackness closed in what the odious little midget was going to take from him, and that he would not awaken as a man.

Colin's consciousness returned, and he was cold with sweat. His two tormentors were still working between his legs, but Colin was afraid to look down, afraid to feel. He shuddered and whimpered like a child.

"Done," said Soo-Ling. "Swab the wound with alcohol. I'll report to the mistress."

Colin could not stop himself. He wept and pulled once more at his bindings, weakly, pathetically- and there was a sickening, dull ache in his groin. Zar-Caub frowned with contempt, and methodically began to release him.

Listless and exhausted, the white slave merely lay there, knowing there was no further need to resist. But the dwarf it seemed wanted more. He reached down to Colin's loins and grasped with his pudgy hand.

Colin gasped with the pain and pressure. With alarm he tried to close his legs, but Zar-Caub was too strong. He squeezed, and Colin curled in agony. His balls were still there!

"Mistress wants you uncut for now, but remember this, slave boy," he hissed in Colin's ear. "I am the breeding male here! All the white females are mine! It's *my* seed that swells their belies."

"Yes..." gushed Colin. "Alright... alright... please don't... don't cut..."

"If you dare touch any of them I'll snip these off without a thought," said the dwarf, digging his fingernails cruelly into the boy's pink scrotum. "The mistress will have me caned, but it will be worth it. *I'm the breeding male!*"

Colin was released. There was no resistance in him now as he dragged his legs weakly off the table. His penis felt heavy, and swung as if something had been attached to it, and there was a stinging sensation under the head. A profound confusion of emotions surged through him, but he could now look down between his legs- and gasp at what he saw. Like the women, he had been tattooed with the same emblem, as he lay unconscious. But there was something else also. A thick, metallic ring had been fitted through the skin at the base of his perineum. It was attached with a small chain to a larger

ring that encircled the base of his scrotum. The larger ring was loose enough not to chafe or be uncomfortable, but tight enough as to be impossible to remove unless it was opened. His genitals were still there, quite undamaged. But the chain between the rings would make erection difficult and probably painful. Intercourse would be impossible.

All three slave minds were reeling as they were led to a dimly lit room with pads on the floor and no furniture. After they had locked the door and left them alone inside, they lay back on the floor, too ashamed to converse. Colin felt for his violated genitals. They had not castrated him, and he wept with pent up relief. But the appalling rings felt so alien- a tangible symbol of his enslavement piercing and encircling his most intimate flesh. Instinctively he knew the deeper meaning of his bound masculinity. He would be allowed to keep his manhood. But it, like the rest of his body and existence was owned by the black family which had purchased him. He was no longer Colin Warren. He was property. The women felt it also, knowing now that they had only begun their descent into the de-humanization of slavery. They were objects that someone else owned, and they existed to serve the wishes and whims of their owners.

Chapter 9

Julia and Jane were given some time to eat before being led to a large room below ground level in the great house. On the floor of the room lay many pads, each with a blanket and pillow. There they were given the same black leather cord and linen strip they had seen on the other slaves of the household and were told to don it in the same manner. The two white women were ordered to sit quietly on the floor of a small anteroom await their trainer.

Soo-Ling appeared a short time later, her obese frame swaggering, almond shaped eyes narrowing with disapproval. She sat on a low padded chair in front of them, examining, scowling. She had come to teach.

“Sit cross-legged,” she barked at Julia and Jane, who were sitting as demurely as possible with their legs together and folded beneath them. “I want your sexes open- and pull your loincloths aside, I may want to discipline you.”

Reluctantly the white women obeyed, only to receive a gratuitous slap on their faces. “Get your arms down, away from your breasts,” snapped the Asian woman. “This is the house of Imam Ibn Mustafa. You will not display your rebellious cauc-modesty here! Sit straight, shoulders back. Alert and ready to learn. There is much to teach you, wild caucs.”

“You are very fortunate to be in this house,” continued Soo Ling. “You will be well-kept and well-fed. But your master has little tolerance for stupidity, and none for disobedience. You must learn proper behavior quickly.”

The white slave girls watched in helpless apprehension as their fat Asian overseer reached for one of the dreaded correction rods at her side.

“Remain still,” said Soo-Ling sternly. “This is just to give you a taste of the punishment for willful caucs.” Then, before Julia’s widened eyes, she nestled the purpose end of the rod into the girl’s exposed vagina, and pulled the trigger.

“AAAAAIIIIIIIEEEEE!” Julia screamed, fear and surprise amplifying the pain. She had done nothing. Why was she being punished!

The sting only lasted a second and she managed to hold her position, but a shocked Jane reacted, bolting in blind terror she tried to make it to the door. A big black man was there and seized her by the throat. Trembling, she looked into his face, and her panic caused her to flail about while trying to escape. She inadvertently struck the man on the face, and Soo-Ling gasped with horror and outrage.

Finally Jane calmed and went limp. Soo-Ling bowed low to the man and spoke gravely. “I am shamed. Please accept my apologies, young master,” she said. “These females are green, and I did not anticipate that one would commit an unspeakable act. I will call the collectors and have her destroyed...”

“These wild caucs are so skittish,” said the man, rubbing a bleeding lip. But he seemed more amused than angry, and was even now smiling. “Red haired caucs!” he laughed. “Inglube...”

Another white slave girl appeared and fell to her knees before him. “Yes master,” she asked with a nervous voice.

“Get me some cotton for my lip. I have to go out latter.”

“Yes master,” she squeaked, and hurried off to obey. Soo-Ling remained bowed until he was gone.

Jane was standing in a corner, weeping, terrified, but not fully comprehending what she had done.

Soo-Ling had composed herself, but as she stood before the errant white girl both Jane and Julia could sense the outrage and anger in her bearing.

“Please...” whimpered Jane. “I sorry...”

“That man was Ibn Al-Rasheed! You struck the Imam’s son!” said Soo-Ling, glaring at the girl. “You’re going to be ground into fertilizer.”

“Ahhh... Ammmmmm,” gasped Jane, as the Asian woman delivered a vicious slap to her face. “You have caused me to lose face with my employers. Before the collectors come I’m going to...”

A Black woman entered the room. She was the woman who had taken charge when the whites had first arrived. Soo-Ling bowed once more.

“I will take a hand now,” said the black mistress calmly. “You may see to the other caucs, Soo-Ling.”

The Asian woman hesitated slightly, as if confused. “She should be destroyed, mistress. Shall I call...”

“My brother told me what happened,” said the mistress, dismissing Soo-Ling with a wave.

The Asian woman made a quick bow. “Yes mistress.” She threw a momentary, hateful glance at Jane, and headed quickly down the long hallway, the heavy flop of her open sandals fading as she went.

“Please... mistress... I didn’t mea... mean to... to...” babbled Jane.

“Kneel,” said the black woman simply, pointing to the floor at her feet. “Both of you. Always kneel when an Adamic African enters the room.”

Both white women immediately obeyed, scrambling to the spot the mistress had indicated.

“Eyes down,” commanded the black woman. “Look at my ankles and listen to my voice.”

“I am Fatima Mustafa al-Hakim, the daughter of the exalted Ibn Mustafa, who serves the prophet himself. My family are master cauc trainers and breeders. We are renown throughout Africa, and our methods are emulated throughout the civilized world.”

“You are slaves. Caucs are animals, created to serve the Adamic race. But since you are wild caucs, you are totally unfamiliar with human society. We must teach you the rudiments. You will submit. You will obey. You will accept us as your gods.”

Julia remained kneeling on the spot, too afraid to move. The mistress gave more orders, and another white slave girl arrived, carrying what looked like a leather harness. Jane, now compliant, was led to a large pad, near the center of the room. The slave girl removed Jane’s loincloth, and proceeded to fit the odd harness tightly around her hips. A long, black cylinder hung by a strap from the harness, between the red-haired girl’s legs. Though it had been greased, Jane still grunted from the unexpected intrusion, as the slave girl inserted it into her vagina. She was gentle but insistent, and when the full length of the phallus had been lodged in Jane’s body, the girl looped the strap between her buttocks to snap onto the back strap.

The slave took a rope that dangled from the ceiling and attached it to the back of Jane’s harness. There was also a wire receptacle, which plugged into the phallus and led to a line imbedded in the rope. When the slave operated a hoist on the ceiling, it retracted the rope and lifted Jane, who now hung off the mat face down.

“Place your palms and soles flat on the pad,” commanded Fatima. The frightened girl obeyed.

Chapter 10

Julia and Jane spent the remainder of their day working together in the estate's laundry in a basement. In the early evening they were collected by Soo Ling. Along with Colin, they were taken to an opulent drawing room and they were told to kneel.

Soo-Ling looked them over with an appraising eye. She nodded to herself, then went over to Julia and delivered open palmed slaps to both sides of her face. The blow was very light, and did not hurt. But Julia, instinctively offended by the violation of her person looked up on impulse and frowned.

"Keep your head bowed and your eyes down, cauc!" Snapped the Chinese overseer. "Or I'll put the stripes down your back!"

"We need to put a little color into your pasty faces," she said, moving in front of Jane and Colin and repeating the slaps. "The master wants to see that he's purchased healthy slaves."

Soo-Ling further coached them on their posture and demeanor, before they heard heavy footsteps in the hallway. "Look your best now," said Soo-Ling. "Your master is here!"

A heavy, robed black man entered the room, and though they strove to keep their eyes at his feet they could sense he was someone of extraordinary bearing. To the whites, he appeared to be some sort of religious leader. He was dressed like a Muslim Mullah, but with some important differences. His flowing robes were black, but trimmed with gold. And he wore brightly covered strips of cloth over an outer robe that appeared to be similar to vestments. A large embroidery of the family's crest, the black hand with a furled whip, was emblazoned on his turban of office, and completed the look.

Suddenly they heard the crack of Soo-Ling's whip on the floor. All three young whites realized that their eyes had strayed to look at the regal man. They quickly returned their gaze to his shiny black shoes.

"Caucs!" said the robed black man, imperiously. "I am Ibn Mustafa, chief Imam of the Empire and adjunct to the Prophet! You are slaves in my home. I do not tolerate rebellion in the cauc animal, in any form! You will adapt to your training! You will obey! You will always obey! You will worship me and the members of my family, your masters and mistresses, just as we worship Allah!"

Julia, Jane, and Colin fidgeted nervously but did not dare to look up or move. The Imam then continued, his voice oddly chanting as if he were pronouncing some religious truth. "For the Adamic man there is no God but Allah and Hakeem is his prophet. Hakeem has taught us that the cauc has an animal soul and belongs to the Adamic man. The god of the cauc is your master, the Adamic man. Henceforth you will put aside your own primitive gods. You will worship only your masters, the Adamic African man."

The Imam stepped forward and placed his foot Jane's naked back, just below her neck. "I am your master and god," he said, loudly commanding. "You will worship me and my family. When you hear the call to prayer, all of you will kneel facing my dwelling, with your face to the ground. You will do this wherever you may be. YOU WILL ALWAYS DO IT, WHEN YOU HEAR THE CALL TO PRAYER!"

"This is how you will pray: say 'Hakeem is the Prophet, and my master is my god. I am an animal cauc. I worship and obey. Hakeem is the Prophet and my master is my god! I am an animal cauc! I worship and obey!' You will repeat the litany until the call to prayer had ended. Say it, cauc. Pray to me! Worship me, now!"

“Your master is your god,” reiterated Soo Ling, lifting the girl to her feet by her hair. “You will never question him!”

“Master... Is my... Is my god,” said Julia. “I... I won’t question him! HHHHAAAAAAA!” Julia reeled. The robed man had slapped her breasts hard but his anger seemed to have receded.

“The teats on this sow are not large,” he observed.

“She has never borne a whelp, master,” said Soo-Ling.

The man appeared puzzled. “How old is she?”

“The catalog says she is twenty, master.”

“Twenty and no offspring? Is this she-cauc fertile?”

“I believe so, master. She is a wild-cauc. The male here was her mate. He apparently has failed to impregnate her.”

“So why hasn’t she found some other male cauc to reproduce with?” he asked.

“Their wild cauc religion precludes it, master.”

“Monogamous caucs!” scoffed the Imam. “That’s ridiculous overseer, perhaps even blasphemous!”

“Forgive me, master,” said Soo-Ling. “I only repeat what’s in the sale papers.”

“Caucs breed like rats, overseer. The she-cauc is genetically engineered to be in heat all the time. That’s why their reproduction needs to be controlled.”

“Yes, master,” said Soo-Ling. “The male is obviously a poor breeder. We have already had him fitted with rings so he can’t dilute Zar-Caub’s stud line. But shall I have him cut anyway?”

The Imam stroked his beard as if considering. “Wait and see if he proves docile. If you have any trouble with him go ahead and geld him.”

“Yes, master,” replied Soo-Ling. Colin could hear the disappointment in her voice.

“It’s getting late,” the Imam told Soo Ling. “Take them to the west pen.”

“Yes, Excellency,” said the Chinese woman. She was smiling now. Her position with her powerful employer was still secure. All three young whites, thoroughly chastened, followed her meekly to a large room where the household’s slaves were kept for the night.

“Into the showers with the other caucs,” ordered Soo Ling. “Then we’ll assign you each a sleeping mat.” The Chinese woman guided them to the communal showers, where a number of white slaves were bathing. All of them were female except for the many children who seemed to be of both sexes.

The newcomers surveyed the other slaves with curiosity. Almost every white woman appeared to be pregnant, or accompanied by one or more children, or both. Some were suckling infants at their breasts nonchalantly as they stood under the gentle spray of the showers. Others helped their young children wash under the stiff shower spray, lovingly attending to them as they sputtered and spewed the water from their mouths and eyes.

There was something about the children that struck Colin as odd- something of their look, the shape of their faces and eyes, their thick, black hair. Then it dawned on him. All of them had been sired by the dwarf! As they matured, some of the older children were beginning to show the telltale signs of the dwarfism handed down from their father. Others looked perfectly normal. The common trait seemed to be their thick black hair, which seemed to predominate despite the hair color and characteristics of the mother. But Zar-Caub’s genes were dominant in many subtle ways.

After the showers, Soo-Ling ordered them into the main sleeping area with the others. On the floor were at least two dozen foam mats arranged in lines. Jane and Colin were given adjacent mats, but Julia was assigned one across an aisle a few feet away.

Soo Ling ordered Colin onto the mat, then leaned down to tell him in a low voice. “You stay on this mat all night, cauc boy! You leave this mat once, we’ll let Zar-Caub take your balls! Those are the master’s orders. We have to be sure you are docile!”

Colin closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. He hated the Chinese overseer to the very marrow of his bones, but feared her and the ugly dwarf even more.

All of the whites were now slowly padding into the open hall. The women were lying down, playing gently with their babies and whispering to fidgety children, trying to get them ready for sleep. Surprisingly, most of the infants were quiet, content to feed at their mother’s teats. It was a very domestic scene, given a kind of communal ambience because there were at least twenty adult white females now reclining on the mats.

They heard a loud crackle on the speakers and long drawn out acclamation in Bantu. It was the evening call to worship, and all the slaves knelt to face the large picture of the Imam, hanging on the wall. Bowing with their faces to the mat they began to chant, “Hakeem is the Prophet, and my master is my god. I am only a cauc, I will worship and obey. Hakeem is the Prophet and my master is my god...” over and over as Soo-Ling looked on. The new slaves tried to simply go through the motions, but the overseer brought the whip down on their backs and warned that she couldn’t hear their voices. Colin, Jane, and Julia joined the litany, repeating the phrase until the call was over and the other slaves rose.

Colin noticed that all of the slaves, women and children, had their hair plaited and cornrowed, with a glass or plastic bead at the end of each braid. It gave them a strange look, more Negroid in appearance. He could see that the slaves were merely, whether forced or simply by initiation, taking up a style of hair which was Afro-centric, just as black slaves in centuries past had adapted to white European and American modes of hair dressing.

All of the women were exceptionally beautiful, but only lightly tanned as opposed to the darkened skins of the agricultural workers. Evidently these women were household slaves, who spent little time outdoors in the African sun. There were no tan lines across their chests either however. Like every other white woman he had seen, they never covered their breasts. Colin felt a tension and subsequent pressure at his groin. His bound genitals were coming to life at the sight of so many nearly naked, attractive girls. Both the piercing and chain on his penis made erection painful, and he had to squeeze the base of his organ to forestall it.

Activity in the room seemed to slow as the mothers settled their children for the night, laying beside them, holding and touching affectionately. It was obvious they loved their children regardless of who the father was. Colin thought about how horrible it must be for a normal, young white woman to be forced to accept the carnal attentions of an ugly, malformed dwarf. To be impregnated by him and forced to carry his child!

Colin watched as several of the women inexplicably removed their thongs, moving naked onto their backs and lying with legs spread. They reached to the juncture of their thighs with their smooth hands, and Colin realized with shock that they were masturbating! As the minutes passed they squirmed shamelessly on their mats- and looked to the doorway from the showers as if anticipating something. Then, as if on cue, Zar-Caub entered the room.

Colin shuddered. Soo Ling was standing some distance away, but Colin was wary of any confrontation with the nasty little dwarf. He knew both of them were seeking a reason to emasculate him and he was terrified that they might find one.

Zar-Caub swaggered over to the mat of a creamy skinned, dark haired girl who Colin had seen carrying an infant earlier. She had apparently given the child to another woman for the night. As the dwarf approached, he loosened the ragged leather covering tied off at his loins and let it fall to the floor. The lovely young woman smiled, opening her legs wider as he knelt and scrambled between them without preamble.

Colin marveled at the size of the dwarf's genitals. His nine-inch penis was thick and stiff, and the fat head bobbed up and down with his heartbeat. The shaft was speckled with ugly blotches of red and brown, throbbing with potent intent. But it was Zar-Caub's testicles that impressed the most. His scrotum hung low and heavy, his balls the size of small lemons. He grasped the girl's knees and brought his loins to hers- and she guided the monstrous organ to her folds with her own delicate hand!

"Aahh, aaaahhhhHHH," she gasped as the hideous little man flexed his hips. He pressed himself into her and his manhood sank- all the way to the base with one slow thrust!

"Hauuuu uuunnhhh, Zar-Caub!" she groaned. But Colin saw acceptance and pleasure on the girl's lovely face- and need in the way she encircled him immediately with her arms and legs.

The dwarf began a coital rhythm almost at once, plying his enormous shaft in and out with smooth confidence. His body was so short compared to the girl that when he lay down on her his face rested above her puffy breasts. He took one of them into his mouth and suckled noisily as his buttocks pumped.

Colin, Julia and Jane looked at one another in disgust. This artless mating seemed so bestial and raw, like something they expected to witness in a jungle, performed by primitive ape-like primates. But the participants were human, white Caucasian human beings! They moved and humped as though they didn't care they were in a room filled with other people. The three new slaves saw frowns on the other women, but as the act progressed with lubricious energy they realized that the expressions were actually pouts of jealousy. A few moments more and the coupling drew near its climax.

Colin watched as the girl began to spasm. She held onto the little man and squealed. Zar-Caub stopped thrusting and held himself ridged as his hips twitched. His organ was buried to the hilt, and his scrotum throbbed. He was orgasming inside the girl, spewing his seed into her receptive belly as she whined in ecstasy.

Then it was over. Their lust now fulfilled the pretty young girl and the ugly midget turned on their sides, still joined at the hips and entwined in each other's arms. The girl seemed to be not in the least ashamed or self-conscious as she cooed softly into his pockmarked face. Colin looked away finally and drew a deep breath at the lewd spectacle he had just observed.

For nearly an hour the couple lay relaxing, fussed by the dwarf's prodigious manhood. When at last they stirred the room had settled and most of the infants and children were asleep. Zar-Caub finally pulled out of the girl, and she rolled onto her back. The new slaves saw her bend her knees, and fold her legs back toward her ribs. Then she grasped her ankles and lifted her feminine gash. At first Colin was puzzled, then he understood, she was trying to keep the pool of the dwarf's semen inside her. She wanted to conceive! Several other female slaves immediately took notice that the pair were finished and rolled onto their backs again, spreading their legs and looking to Zar-Caub hopefully. Colin suddenly realized they were presenting themselves, offering their bodies as well- a wordless, open invitation to the breeding male.

Zar-Caub rose and Colin noticed with surprise that the little man's huge organ was still erect. It glistened, still wet with the residue of the first girl's lust, and the testicles hung low. He was ready for the next rut!

The dwarf looked directly at Colin, smiling with a kind of cruel arrogance that hit the young husband like a slap in the face. Zar-Caub wandered the room slowly, as if considering which female to inseminate next. Then his eyes fixed on Colin and his grin widened. To Colin's horror he stopped at the foot of Julia's mat.

"Lay back," he ordered her. "Open yourself up for me!"

Julia looked at Colin, her face flushed with panic. "Please... I'm married! Please, Colin!"

The young husband started to get up but heard Soo-Ling's whispered voice behind him.

"Stay, slave boy. Stay on the mat or we'll cut you tonight! Zar-Caub is going to fuck her in any case."

With a groan Colin sank back to the mat. But his eyes remained glued to Julia, and the odious little man. Then like a flash the dwarf was on her, struggling with his sinuous arms to separate her long, shapely legs! She cried out with fear and revulsion at his touch, and tried to kick him, but he was too close and too strong. Soon he had wedged his hairy, loathsome body between her thighs despite her efforts. He reached up and quickly subdued her thrashing body with a painful pinch of her nipple.

"AAAAGggghhuuhhhh, stop it... get away!" she spat. "Colin, please make him go away!"

Tears were welling up in the young husband's eyes but he remained on the pad. "I... Please don't hurt her... I'm... sorry... I'm, sorry... Julia!"

"HHHHUUUUUaaaahhhh, aaaiiiiieeeeEEEE!" Julia shrieked when the determined midget slapped her hard across the face. "AAAAAAGGHHHH!" He struck her again, this time so hard she had to check her teeth.

"Spread your legs!" shouted the dwarf.

"Please, I can't take you! You're too big! PLEASE!" she begged in near hysteria. "Colin, help me! Please, help me! UUUAAAHHHH!"

"Open your legs and lay still, wild bitch," snarled Zar-Caub. He was brutally wrenching one of her nipples now with his stubby fingers.

"Please... IT HURTS! PLEASE! COLIN!"

"Lay back now or I'll twist it off!" threatened the dwarf.

With a sob of defeat the young woman complied, falling on her back and letting her legs part. In a flash the ugly little man was between them, grasping her ankles and mounting her with stunning expertise, and a total lack of grace. Julia turned to look at her husband, pitifully imploring him to rescue her.

"Colin... Please stop him! Why don't you do something! Colin, I'm your wife! Please, stop him!"

The dwarf was guiding his manhood to her opening now and she felt the cool, spongy glans against her vaginal lips. Julia gasped and tried to wriggle away but he backhanded her with another vicious swipe. The girl groaned and her resistance crumbled. With one last glance she looked at her husband. Dying with shame he had turned his face from her to stare at the wall. Julia sobbed- and surrendered.

The moment destroyed what was left of her soul. Julia loosed an open mouth sigh of pure despair as she felt Zar-Caub's shaft enter her. It was throbbing, rampant now as it flexed, worming, gorging, slowly stretching her. Julia curled her bare toes into the mat. "Too big! You're so big...!" she panted. "Please... uuuugggghhh... Zar-Caub!"

"Yessss," hissed the dwarf. "I will make you to fit me, wild she-cauc! Take me!"

"Please!" wailed Julia. "Go slow. Its... sooo big!"

Zar-Caub gritted his teeth and pushed deeper. The woman was straining now, capitulating, trying to widen herself to accept him and ease entry. She had given up and

was no longer pleading for her husband's help. It was the dwarf who was master now. The ugly little deformed man who decided whether she would hurt or not. He was the one with whom she pleaded. He could be gentle now- now that she knew she belonged to him!

"Uuuunnnhh... so deep... Zar-Caub, please go slow," she muttered urgently.

"Just a bit more, little sow," he whispered. "I am the male who will breed you!"

"Yes..." she breathed hesitantly, sadness mixed with conviction etching her voice. She was still acutely aware that Colin could see and hear, but she had no choice. In her stressed mind, her husband was too cowardly to save her. The dwarf, ugly and revolting as he was, represented strength and security! She knew now if she capitulated the pain and violence would stop, and since her husband was powerless to help it was up to her.

Then she felt the dwarf's manhood bottom out, and the spongy glans pressed against her cervix. She sensed he was pleased with her new acquiescence, and she could relax a little now and concentrate on adjusting to him without worrying about his wrath. Her voice softened; "Yes, just go slow... I... I can take you if you just go slow..."

The words and Julia's tone stunned Colin. He turned back to see what was happening to his wife. It was tearing his guts out to watch her being raped by the gross creature, but somehow he could simply not force himself to turn away. He loved her, more than anything- but the memory of the dwarf with that blade on his genitals was too much. He sat in silence- and watched.

Jane saw too, and wondered about the rapid transformation of her sister-in-law's demeanor. But she had been separated from her husband since leaving England. She too had undergone the same ordeals and knew the same longing for safety and the arms of a strong man. The dwarf still disgusted her, but she was not surprised at the response of Julia's body to the stimulus of his huge phallus.

Julia had brought her arms up to drape over Zar-Caub's back. She began to grasp his shoulders, at first simply to draw strength from his sinuous form. But the dwarf was slowly working his massive shank in and out of her now, and the young woman was feeling things she never felt from her husband. Zar-Caub allowed his weight to settle on her, and his hirsute, paunchy belly pushed her harder onto the mat. She was pinned like an insect, but taking him fully. She gasped when his tongue swirled about her nipple and whimpered when he suckled like a child. But it was not until he bit her nub lightly with his teeth that her legs went up to embrace his flexing hips. And all the while the dwarf was rutting in and out, slowly breaking her in.

Zar-Caub was staring into her face and Julia met his gaze, suddenly seeing the man in a different way. His face was calm and serene, and somehow he didn't seem so evil or cruel. She still feared him, but he was less of a monster and more of a man. A man who could protect, as well as frighten. He was, after all, the dominant male.

Julia began to move with him, enjoying the new sense of emotional stability, in the hands of an alpha male. She had never felt this way before, never belonged to man who took what he wanted. His ardent thrusts were gaining in power all the time, but Julia discovered that she wanted it. Even with her husband lying close by she wanted it!

Colin held his breath as the dwarf shifted his position, claspng Julia's lower back and lifting himself and her up on his haunches. His slime-coated meat was flying in and out of her now without resistance.

To the young husband it was a scene of unspeakable lewdness as the malformed body pumped with maniacal energy into his wife's helpless form. Stubby, muscular arms and legs twined about lithe, slender limbs as the hungry midget's spine bent like a drawn bow. He fucked her with raw, possessive power, looking for all the world like a giant,

loathsome spider drawing the life and innocence from its victim. The sight sickened Colin, but to the young husband's horror Julia was bucking against the filthy beast, matching his hips with thrust after thrust of her own.

"You love me, woman," rasped Zar-Caub. "Like all the other females! You need my cock... and my seed!"

"Yesssss... Yeeesssss... Zar-Caub... darling... take me..." gasped Julia as the words spilled from her gasping lungs. Her legs waved with abandon behind the dwarf's back, and she felt his balls, laden with semen bouncing against her up-turned anus. She no longer cared where she was, or who was watching, only that the massive organ in her belly stayed where it was, and kept moving. In and out, in and out- a cadence that matched the heartbeat of her feminine core.

They kissed briefly; locking lips as she strained her neck down to reach his ruddy face. Then she felt the heaviest thrust of all. The big head of Zar-Caub's shaft hit hard against her cervix and burrowed into the entry to her uterus. Julia groaned and clutched the hairy head of the dwarf to her breasts as he bit her nipples- and came with a torrent!

"Breeding you!" shouted Zar-Caub with delirious triumph. "Breeding you, wild bitch!"

"Aaaaaiiiiiieeee!" Julia screeched. The feel of the dwarf's hot semen gushing into her womb caused the orgasmic wave she had been riding to peak, breaking and crashing with the power of the ocean surf. She held onto him with desperate need, savoring his strength and will, craving every drop of his essence!

At last the flow slackened and Zar-Caub oozed his hairy potbelly onto hers. Still connected, they relaxed, now languid in their post climax. Colin watched, utterly revolted by the illicit intimacy, and the tender affection he now bestowed on her. The young husband's lips tightened at the way his wife's soft hands caressed the dwarf's neck and back as he lay on her. His eyes narrowed when Zar-Caub's manhood finally slithered from Julia's swollen sex lips and he pushed her knees back to her armpits.

With the end of the act, orgasmic bliss faded in Julia's mind. The shock and revolution returned suddenly with a vengeance, once the dwarf had rolled from her body to lay inertly on the mat. Julia began to sob quietly, but Soo Ling was there.

"Get on you back again!" she demanded. "Now. Hold your legs up with your hands! DO IT! NOW!"

A weeping Julia complied, folding her legs back and grasping her ankles as she had seen the other woman do. She groaned as she felt the pool of semen slowly run up into her womb.

"Keep you legs up!" ordered the overseer. "Don't let one drop escape or I'll cane you to a pulp!"

At length Zar-Caub left her, incredibly to service yet another white slave girl. But Colin gazed at Julia, still loving her, still longing to see her face. It had been rape, he thought, at least at first. And he had done nothing to help her! He needed to ask for her understanding- and forgiveness!

Julia lay on her back, still grasping her legs and tilting her pelvic basin to trap the dwarf's seed. Her eyes were tightly closed. After a time the young husband broke down, sobbing in a low voice the agony of his deepest being. "I'm sorry, Julia... I... I'm sorry, honey..." But the young woman ignored him.

Finally she did turn to him and Colin sat up. He was hoping for a faint smile, a whisper that she loved him with some absolution for the sin of his cowardice. But his heart froze when the wife he cherished looked at him with an expression of psychic agony and felt betrayal. In her eyes he found no forgiveness, no understanding, and no

love, for now she was filled with the essence of another, stronger male. And Colin shuddered, with sharp despair, at her unmistakable glare of pure hate!

Chapter 11

Patricia shivered and clutched at her round belly as she sat alone in the big cage. The noise of the animals around her echoed through the concrete building, and told her it was feeding time. That made her feel good. She supposed they would move her any day now, just as they had said. But she was already hungry, looking forward to some of the cornmeal.

She heard a shuffling in the corridor, and saw a black hand set a bowl of the cold sudsa through the feeding panel in her cell. The naked, pregnant white girl rose and moved eagerly for the bowl, sitting back down cross-legged on the straw and scooping the mush out with her fingers. She licked them clean with her pink tongue before sinking them into the gruel for more. She liked the stuff now. It had seemed so bland and unappetizing at first, but the combination of an empty stomach and a full womb had changed her tastes.

Days earlier she had been auctioned as a slave, enduring the most humiliating moment of her life. Exposed, profoundly apprehensive, and eight months pregnant, she had stood on the block and listened to men of color bid on her person. Even as the child within her had kicked innocently and caused her belly to ripple, she had seen the excitement and amusement in the black faces that leered up at her. Each one of them had reveled in her shame, each had dreamed of owning her. One man had bought her.

It had been a long ride over the highway, sitting and lying on the floor of the van. Twice she had not been able to hold her water, due to her condition, and was compelled to urinate onto the straw covering the vehicle's floor. Patricia had called out several times that she needed them to stop so that she could use a restroom. Either they could not hear her through the door to the cab, or they ignored her. She had also been unable to look out of a window, and the van's motion was making her nauseous, but toward evening they finally reached their destination.

The two large black men who had taken her from the auction house and loaded her in the van then fastened a leash to collar. She tried to talk to them, but they said nothing as they led her to the side entrance of low sprawling building. She assumed they could not speak English.

Already unsure of her steps from the long trip and her heavy belly, she had to fight to keep her balance. They walked too fast for her, dragging her forward as she stumbled on her bare feet. She did catch a glimpse of a sign above the door:

**African Primate Institute
Hakeem University
College of Primate Studies**

Patricia frowned and tried to hide her naked body with her hands as they threaded their way through corridors. She had been kept without clothing since coming to Africa, but neither the breaking facility nor even the auction pit had seemed quite so public as the hallways she now traversed, past fully clothed black people. They seemed to give her little notice and in a few minutes they reached a heavy steel door.

An access code was required for entry. Patricia stood between them as one of the men keyed the code onto the pad. The door opened, and as they stepped inside Patricia

could see row after row of cages. Her nose was accosted with the pungent smell of animal bodies, fresh urine, and feces. Monkeys with bright inquisitive eyes appeared at the front of their cages to watch them as they walked past. Patricia gasped with confusion. She had no idea why she was there or what they were going to do to her.

“New specimen for Professor Umbange,” said one of the men to another black man at a desk.

The man got up and looked her over. He was wearing a white lab coat and carried a large ring of keys.

“Please, sir,” said Patricia relieved to discover they spoke English. “Would you give me a robe or something? I need to use the toi... Ahhggghh!”

The young girl’s eyes instantly grew round and her hand went to her stinging face. The lab technician had slapped her viscusly.

“Do not speak, cauc!” he snapped. The girl bit her lower lip and nodded submissively.

“Number six is open and correctly labeled,” said the tech to the men who held her leash. “I’ll update the keeper’s list.”

Patricia was silent, holding her breath and wondering why they wouldn’t talk to her. The lab tech grasped her directly by the collar and pulled her along, leading her down a walkway. There were cages and cells on both sides of the aisle, housing primates of various species. The nude young white woman was intimidated by their presence, and cringed as they passed. Startled monkeys jumped and gibbered, peering with senseless animation through the heavy screens. Apes thrashed in rage about their cells, rattling the bars of their enclosures and spewing high-pitched hoots with bestial violence. The cacophony in the specimen room grew deafening, but the lab tech led her on, seemingly disinterested.

Patricia noticed that the cages were labeled in front with the common name, and genus/species designation of the animal they contained; spider monkey, rhesus, chimpanzee, gorilla, bonobo.

The tech put a key into the door of one of the larger cages. As they stood waiting, Patricia read the placard, and caught her breath with outrage. They were putting her in a cell marked; Caucus Sapiens- CAUC.

She stared at the black lab tech, and flushed with humiliation at the import of the label. But he simply pushed her roughly inside the cage, shut the door, and left. Alone with the screeches and cauls of the monkeys and apes around her, Patricia put her hands to her ears. Fear and sheer mortification drove the white girl to the back corner of the cell, where she circled in bewildered silence for a few minutes before sitting on a low mound of straw.

The lights had dimmed, and the noise from the animals slackened. Patricia began to sob quietly as she lay in abject despondency. The rigors of being torn from her home and loving husband; the rough treatment at the processing facility; her terror punctuated encounter with the cruel breaker in the display hall; and the soul destroying sale on the auction block, all combined to fill her mind with hopelessness and shame. There was a malaise in her gut, and she wondered miserably if she were going to abort her child because of the stress. The thought filled her with panic. She loved her baby, and knew it was her last link to a husband and family she might never see again.

There she had stayed in a state of semi shock for days. In a few hours her stomach settled and she felt with relief that her child was safe. The black lab workers had fed her and changed her water twice a day, just like the other animals. At first she had sat sullenly, ignoring the bowl of mush thrust into her cage, but very soon the needs of her pregnant body began to demand capitulation. Driven to accept the nourishment, Patricia

subsequently went to the meal as soon as it was delivered, quickly and avidly consuming the tasteless contents as the non-human occupants of the other enclosures did.

Watching the apes, she learned to defecate and urinate in a corner over a drain. She soon grew accustomed to the stench of the room as her own body acquired the smell of an unwashed animal.

Boredom overtook fear. There were long hours when the lights were low and there was little stimulation. Patricia understood why the apes and monkeys became agitated whenever someone or something new passed along the walkways. Desperate for human contact, she tried twice more to talk to the lab technicians when they delivered her food. One of them stung her with a correction rod. The other whipped her startled face with a short crop. After that she got the message and refrained from speaking.

Then, after she had been in the cell for several days, an older black man in a lab coat unlocked the door to her enclosure. He wheeled a chair into the cell and sat on it while she stood in front of him, puzzled.

“Sit down in front of me,” he said kindly. “I wish talk with you for a moment.”

Being under the close attention of a fully clothed man brought back a sense of modesty to Patricia. She folded her legs together primly as she sat, and enclosed her breasts with her arms.

“Now, that can’t be very comfortable,” said the man with amusement. “As you’ve probably guessed by now, you’re just another primate here. Spread yourself out and sit with ease.”

Patricia parted her legs, bending one of them and keeping the other straight as she rested on the floor. It was indeed more comfortable for her bloated belly.

“My name is Doctor Umbange,” he said, smiling pleasantly. “I’m a professor here at the African Primate Institute. You may speak with me while we are alone. But you must remain silent if anyone else is in the room. Do you understand?”

“Yes...” she said, watching him closely to make sure it wasn’t a trick to get her to speak. “They... They hit me when I tried to talk to them...”

“Yes, a few of my graduate students can be a bit overzealous at times,” said the professor. “They are being trained to regard you the same as the other primates we have.”

“I’m... I... Please sir. My name is Patricia Rivers. What are they going to do to me?”

“You are just a cauc,” he said. “You are no longer have any other identity. You are just a female cauc now. An animal. You will be expected to behave as such.”

“Please sir, I’ll do what you want. Please don’t hurt us.”

The professor grinned broadly at her use of the word “us.” “The auction catalog said you were married, and that this is your first child?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And is this cauc fetus the spawn of your husband?”

“I... yes... It’s his child.”

“How delightful,” said the professor. “When is the little creature due?”

“My... My baby is due in a month,” she answered.

The enigmatic man chuckled now, in a way that made Patricia uneasy. She subconsciously brought her hands up to belly protectively.

“I will tell you what is going to happen to you and that little wild cauc you’re carrying,” he said, his smile now definitely threatening, even a bit cruel. “This institute is world renown for the study of simian and general primate behavior. We conduct many research projects for the government; some of them mandated by the Prophet himself. One of these is a program to de-evolve a population of caucs back into a state approximating that of the apes.”

“It is quite complicated and will take many years to come to fruition. All you need to know is that we are currently regressing a group of caucs right here at this facility.”

Patricia stared at him in horror. She comprehended the basics of what he was telling her, but she couldn't understand why anyone, any university or government would do such a thing.

“We're located here inside a national park,” he continued, “and have several large clans of gorilla, which are protected in this area. We've built a containment wall about several square miles of rain forest, and partitioned it, so that we can isolate groups of primates for study.”

“For the project I'm speaking of we select a group of gorillas and find a gorilla mother with a newborn infant. Then we tranquilize the mother and take the infant away, planting it in another clan. When the mother wakes and discovers her baby gone, she becomes frantic; searching everywhere, as the maternal need engulfs her. A few hours later we replace the gorilla baby with a newborn cauc infant. We have found that the mother will nearly always take up the new baby, suckling and protecting it as her own.

“We've been doing this for over three years now, and have placed nearly forty newborn caucs into the gorilla clans. They assimilate totally, learning from their simian mothers the complex culture of the animals. When these little caucs come of age they will be truly wild-feral and without language or even the crudest technology. We will build their numbers, and allow the apes to teach them how to behave. Then we plan to slowly reduce the number of gorillas in the clan until we have a group comprised entirely of caucs, who behave precisely as their ape cousins.

“Why... For what...?” asked Patricia.

“For many years we have pondered what to do with the wild caucs. We need a genetic reserve to augment our domestic stocks, but allowing them to retain their traditional heritage and nationalism presents the danger that they may someday rise to threaten us again. The Prophet has said that the collective and personal identity of the cauc is to be annihilated, along with their institutions, religions, and cultures. Eventually all cauc populations outside of domesticated servile control will be contained in the rainforest; mindless animals, subject to our management.”

To this end the Prophet has mandated plans to seed these clans of wild caucs throughout the equatorial forests of Africa. They will be allowed to propagate until their numbers have reached close to saturation. Then they can be harvested, and the youngest trained as slaves. They will retain no knowledge of their racial or historical past, and the Adamic man will have a perpetual supply of tractable slaves, without danger of rebellion in the wild population.

Patricia was broken, weeping at her fate and the fate of the baby she would birth, but might never know.

“You will have your baby in this cage,” said the professor. “As soon as it is born it will be taken out and given for adoption to a gorilla mother who will raise it. When it is weaned it will be transferred to our de-evolution unit, where we are building our population of animal caucs.”

“Please,” Patricia sobbed. “Please don't take my baby. Please don't... don't do that... to my child. Oh please, sir...”

The professor let her think and cry for a moment.

“You do have one alternative which I am prepared to offer you.”

Patricia looked up into his Negroid face, sensing a ray of hope.

“Our institute also runs a demonstration zoo, in which we showcase various primates in their natural habitats. The cauc exhibit is fairly new, and meant for school children, families, and older students. A pregnant female would make a good addition to

it, but it would require your total cooperation, obedience, and discipline in the areas we will discuss.”

“Please sir, I want to keep my baby!” she begged.

“You will not only have to adopt the mannerisms and demeanor of chimps and gorillas,” he said, “but you must train your child in them as well. It will be explained to you in a few days when you are transferred, if you submit yourself totally to the regime. If you fail me, I will have you sold to a brothel at a profit, and your child given to an ape mother to be raised by her. Do you understand and intend to obey, and perform as required?”

Patricia looked at the straw covered floor of her cage, past her naked breasts and swollen belly. She was still not completely sure what he was talking about. It sounded demeaning in the extreme, but the alternative was the loss of her child, the last link she had to Ben.

She looked up at professor Umbange in his lab coat, searching his black face. Was he offering her kindness, or cruelty? She did not know, but had to turn her head from the intensity of his stare.

“Well? He asked, reaching down and pulling her head back by the hair. “Will you assimilate yourself and your child totally into our exhibit?”

Patricia’s lips trembled and her face flushed, but she knew she had no choice. She was to become a thing, some kind of display, but she would also remain a mother to her precious baby. With a final sob of humiliation then she looked into the professor’s coal black eyes- and whimpered, “yes.”

Chapter 12

Julia and Jane knelt in a corner of the grand dining room, their heads bowed. The master had a guest, and they had been told they were to serve at his table. Of course they were expected to conduct themselves properly, and display the utmost submission.

Both girls wore only a strip of cheap fur around their waists; rabbit pelts stitched crudely together with crude leather cords. Their long hair had been teased so that it appeared wild and unkempt, then pulled back and tied with a rawhide cord and a pin carved from bone. Across their bare breasts and on their faces were markings; crude lines and symbols drawn in black charcoal and white clay, supposedly reminiscent of their primitive, tribal origins. All of it made them look stone age, like the cave dwellers of Europe's distant past, though in seeming contradiction they had also been showered, perfumed, and carefully groomed by Soo-Ling. The effect of near animal-like primitiveness was stylized, and intentional.

It all seemed so incongruous to the two white girls, who fidgeted nervously on their knees before the elegant dining set. They were to serve at the family's meal that evening, and the dinner was obviously to be formal. They felt very out of place dressed up as cave women among the fine china, the crystal, and the spotless linen. But the Imam was expecting a distinguished guest, and wanted them to look like "authentic wild caucs." Even though they appeared aboriginal, Soo Ling had warned them against even the slightest show of rebellion. She had coached them in a few words of Bantu, telling them they must look wild, but act impeccably. They were to reflect and represent the family's expertise in slave training- the ability to take the backward and primitive British island whites and train them for civilized domestic service.

As the family of Ibn Mustafa slowly strolled into the dining room, the two slave girls tensed nervously- the threat of the whip was always present. They watched the formalities and protocols of an affluent, but devout Hakeem Islamic household. Some of it was familiar to Julia and Jane from their own culture, but there were elements that were uniquely African as well. The white girls knew they were expected to adopt and accept African culture, and learn their place in it. Already they were beginning to view themselves as slaves, and appreciate the superiority of their master's ways, even as they began to doubt the identities and values of their old culture. It was simply a matter of fact now. The black African and the society of Hakeem Islam were supreme, the only true civilization.

Each member of Ibn Mustafa's family stood behind a chair respectfully. The Imam's wife, along with his three sons and two daughters waited until the Imam himself, the patriarch of the family, arrived with his young guest. All of them remained standing as he entered the room, and he said a grace of sorts in the Hakeem Islamic tradition. It was a short speech praising the prophet, cursing "the Cauc," and the enemies of Hakeem, and extolling Allah. But since all of it was in Bantu, Jane and Julia understood none of it.

Four other young white women rose from kneeling positions on the opposite side of the dining room when the family had seated themselves. They were not made up as savages, the way Julia and Jane were, but wore the simple, clean, short white skirt commonly worn by slaves in public or formal settings. They hurried busily about their tasks, and their lovely, bare breasts bounced as they scurried to and from the kitchen.

Without any real training or language skills, Julia and Jane were instructed simply to stand quietly behind the diners, to keep the water and wine glasses full, to keep their eyes down, and never to look any black person in the face. After a few moments two of

the other slave women appeared with trays of appetizers and stood quietly, ready to serve them on the men's side first.

A modern African home was steeped in the mixed traditions of African clan mores, Hakeem Islam, and the vestiges of the dead White colonial culture. The women and men ate together if they wished. But the sexes were segregated to the opposite sides of the table and there was usually little verbal interaction. The men talked among themselves, as did the women. All of the conversation at the dinner table was in Bantu. English, the common tongue on the streets, would have been brutishly vulgar at any black African dinner table, especially in the home of Ibn Mustafa.

The entire family of the famous Imam was there. His wife, a fat and petulant, but impeccably dressed black woman sat at the opposite end of the table. She was heavily adorned with gold jewelry; necklaces, bracelets, earrings, much of it glittering with encrusted diamonds, an ostentatious but traditional African display of the family's wealth. The Imam's sons, Al-Rasheed, Omar, and Ibriam sat beside their father. His daughters, Fatima and Hamadia sat with their mother. The guest was given an honored seat directly across from Ibn Mustafa himself. After they had all been settled the Imam addressed the young black man who was seated before him. "You honor me and my house. May the Prophet live forever."

"I am honored," said Ohzuma, completing the proscribed proper greeting. "And I thank you for this gracious invitation to dinner. Peace be upon the Prophet."

Protocol satisfied the slave girls began placing the small, artfully done appetizers before each seated black person. A second pair of white slave women had arrived and was serving another light dish. All of the white women were obviously well trained. They moved with grace and efficiency, even as the black men reached up occasionally to idly fondle their shapely breasts and firm nipples. Julia noticed the white women never pulled away or in any manner tried to block the men's hands. Indeed if a man were touching them they would remain still until he withdrew his seeking fingers. The women smiled pleasantly, always lowering their eyes in submission, and responded instantly to any request.

"I trust you are not having trouble with your move to Africa?" asked the Imam. "Your family is here now?"

"Yes, your Excellency," said Ohzuma. "The move went very well. But there was much to do at my firm. A lot of documentation and paperwork from the Levy."

"I must thank you for the Levy caucs you sold me, my son," said the Imam. "I'm very pleased with them so far. My oldest daughter tells me they are healthy and appear very trainable."

From across the table, a young black girl blurted. "The two she-caucs my father bought from you are the ones pouring the drinks. We dressed them up in their native clothes to make you feel at home!"

Ibn Mustafa sighed at the breach of etiquette. "My youngest daughter, Hamadia," he said, glaring at her. "Please forgive her indiscretion at addressing the men. I indulge her too much. But yes, the caucs are dressed up to honor you."

Ohzuma wanted to tell the girl that the British didn't really dress in skins, and go about as nearly naked savages, but he knew that was what she was being taught in school. He didn't want to contradict it in front of her father, who probably supported the revisionist curriculum- or might well have even written it.

"Why, thank you, your Excellency," replied Ohzuma, adding diplomatically, "I've lived in Britannia for many years. But like all black men, my true home is Africa."

“Of course, of course,” said the Imam. “And we’re glad to have at hand a man of your expertise in handling caucs. My family has kept and trained the cauc for at least thirty years. We specialize in breeding and bloodline grafting.”

“Yes,” said Ohzuma. “I’ve heard a lot about your efforts to create distinctive breeds of cauc, as has been done for centuries with other animals. I’m very interested.”

The Imam smiled with gratification. He liked the young slaver very much. “We’ve been working on our primary bloodline for several years now with great success. We’ll soon have a stock of purebred picas reaching sexual maturity.”

“I’ve read about it in the journals,” said Ohzuma. “You’re using a dwarf male stud?”

The Imam nodded. “My oldest daughter has supervised the program from the beginning. We’re very proud of what she’s been able to accomplish so far.”

“Others are impressed too,” said Ohzuma, turning to Fatima. “Many in the industry say it’s the future of cauc breeding.”

“Indeed,” said the Imam. “Indiscriminate and undocumented mating is fine for the average rice farm. All they need is field slaves. But the new servile applications and domestic expectations of today’s society will require a more sophisticated approach. We will need specially bred caucs for the specific needs of the African household. Fertile, physically charming females; strong and virile, but extremely docile males. Above all we need a cauc genetically engineered to be the perfect slave, mentally incapable of rebellion or violence- the fully domesticated cauc. My young friend, I believe it’s possible through breeding. And we’re well down the road to achieving it.”

“Here we track inseminations, chart the pedigree, and cull our stock; all with an eye toward producing caucs with the desired physical and temperamental attributes. In our case, establishing a breed of genetically stable dwarf cauc, designed for domestic service.”

“Do you also use dwarf females?” asked Ohzuma.

“No, not at this stage. All of our first generation females are large and healthy base stock. We will keep the offspring that exhibit the desired traits and interbreed them in the second generation. Then we will go for genetic diversity in the third by crossing them with wild stock, and so on, inbreeding and out-breeding in alternating generations. It’s a time honored method of producing pigs and cattle in Africa, employed by the Zulu for centuries, though to my knowledge its never been tried with caucs before.”

“Fascinating,” said Ohzuma. “So you’ve overcome the problem of genetic defects in inbreeding.”

“It’s standard livestock breeding method, Mr. Ohzuma,” said Fatima, breaking into the conversation. “If one controls mating and allows only the healthy, docile individuals to reproduce, genetic defects are eliminated. All it takes is intelligent control of the stock. Throwbacks and defectives occur only when the animals are allowed to sexually mingle at random.”

The Imam seemed to roll his eyes at the latest interjection, now coming from Hamadia’s sister. But he shrugged, “My eldest daughter, who is similarly ill-mannered.”

“Our guest wishes to discuss a subject that interests him,” said Fatima, sighing at her father’s old-fashioned ideas. “What is wrong with hospitable conversation?”

“I’m expecting my son to provide that for our guest,” said the Imam, gesturing to the young man beside him. Both new white girls recognized him as the man Jane had accidentally run into.

“Father, you know your sons are all Koranic scholars,” laughed Ibn Al-Rasheed. He was the eldest- the heir of the Mustafa clan. “We study the Prophet’s holy words and know very little about caucs and the production of them.”

“I’m going to start my own breed, too!” interjected Hamadia, the younger black girl proudly. “It’s my two year project at school.”

The distinguished Imam fell silent and smiled. He had obviously lost the battle for decorum at his family’s dinner table. But as his guest the slave trader seemed unperturbed, indeed rather entertained, he allowed his daughters to talk.

“My youngest sister has decided to carry on the family’s tradition in managing caucs,” said Al-Rasheed. “Fatima started the same way.” He smiled at Hamadia, encouraging her precocious antics.

“You caught the new Caucs in the English jungle?” Hamadia asked Ohzuma with awe. “I’ve always wanted to go and see the wild places outside of Africa. Have you ever been attacked by male-caucs in the jungle? I’ve heard they carry spears and practice cannibalism. How did you capture these caucs? How many male caucs have you killed?”

“Hold on,” said Ohzuma laughing, holding up his hands. “Give a man a chance to answer. First, there are no real jungles in Britain, but there are woods. These caucs are very tame, and are not cannibals. They come from farm country. They were taken in the British Levy...”

There was a sudden commotion at the end of the table, where the Imam’s wife sat. “AAAHHH, OHHHHHHH, YOU STUPID CAUC!” snapped the elder black woman. Her fury was directed at Julia, who now stood frozen with terror. She had stubbed a bare foot on one of the chair legs and spilled a hefty slosh of ice water on the older woman.

“Pweese... Maasta... want waataah...?” Julia stammered in broken Bantu. The white slave girl was shaking with fear, and the old woman was furious, but Ohzuma could see that nearly everyone else at the table, including the Imam, was smiling with amusement.

The imperious woman stood and delivered a powerful open-palmed slap to Julia’s face.

“YOU BRAINLESS SOW!” shrieked the woman. “Soo Ling, have this she-cauc caned! I want her back flayed!”

The Chinese overseer entered the room, alarmed. But Al-Rasheed intervened. “Mother, it’s just water. She’s wild, and so primitive she’s probably never used a pitcher before.”

“She’ll learn well with a bloody backside!”

“Go on along, Soo Ling,” said Fatima. “We’ll take care of this.”

The Chinese woman looked at Julia and her eyes narrowed. But she turned and left the room.

Fatima addressed Julia, who was crying quietly as she trembled. “Put the pitcher down,” said the young black woman firmly. “Go kneel in the corner and press your face to the wall.”

The white girl obeyed quickly, sobbing quietly despite her desperate attempt to be silent.

“My teacher says caucs are almost like monkeys or dogs in the wild,” continued Hamadia without missing a beat. “Howling at the moon, killing game and eating meat raw. Living in caves and fallen trees...”

“They live mostly in small villages in Britain today,” laughed Ohzuma. “But I think they are grateful in their own way, to be here in civilization among charming girls such as yourself.”

Hamadia beamed. She was very taken with the dashing young slave merchant and found him very handsome and engaging.

“The English caucs are not mindless brutes,” said Ohzuma. “After all, their language is spoken throughout Africa. And their ancestors once held sway here.”

The room fell silent. The Imam cleared his throat, sensing it was time to regain control of the conversation. "English abounds because it is elemental and easy to learn for the simple minded cauc. That is why it was taught to them, and why it serves Africa as a universal tongue even today. It did not originate with them, but was taught to them by our ancestors who gave them the gift of language. As for the dark ages when they roamed free over Africa, those days are gone. The Prophet has taught us that the cauc is clever. All of his technology and learning that he used to suppress us he had stolen and copied from our black Adamic fore bearers. The cauc can and must be domesticated like any other animal. That is Allah's ultimate purpose."

Ohzuma knew he had inadvertently strayed into a difficult subject: that of the period of colonial white supremacy in Africa. He had no desire to appear impious or at odds with the teachings of the great Imam. "Yes, of course," agreed Ohzuma. "The cauc is simply a gene-spliced primate. We must all accept the Prophet's teaching."

"Still," added Ohzuma. "You will always need the wild Caucs such as the ones provided by the Levy, as a primal gene pool if nothing else."

"True," conceded the Imam. "But that does not mean I approve of this levy arrangement we have with the British caucs. The tolerance of semi-autonomy there is a bad precedent. The cauc should be directly subjugated wherever he is found. The wild populations should be moved into new preserves with tighter controls and security."

"It's a debatable point," said Ohzuma, smiling now. He was thankful he had been able to turn the conversation. "But perhaps I could hear more about your new breeds?"

The Imam and Ohzuma dominated the remainder of the dinner conversation, with the occasional philosophical entry by Al-Rasheed. The Imam's younger sons remained quiet, wanting to impress their father with the silent dignity of scholars who were above the vulgarity of slave breeding. Jane continued to serve the water and wine while an anxiety riddled Julia trembled with her nose pressed into the corner of the room. When the main course had been eaten the other slaves reappeared with an African dessert of sweet cakes and fruit.

"Will you join us in the smoking room?" the Imam asked his guest after the sweets had been consumed.

Ohzuma acquiesced and Ibn Mustafa rose from the table, prompting all of the slaves to go to their knees where they stood. The men retired from dinner to converse, as was the custom in an aristocratic Hakeem household.

As they entered the adjacent hall they were met by a male white slave who knelt inside the entrance of the room. Colin kept his head bowed and watched the black men's feet as they strode into the smoking chamber. He too seemed oddly dressed for the opulent room. The decorum was rich with African art; figurines of carved ivory and rare woods, chairs of fine leather and the polished bones of elephants, curtains and fans made with the plumage of ostrich and other native birds. Even the throw rugs were leopard skins or zebra. Gold glittered with abundance- used everywhere in common elements and fixtures, and worked into faces and beasts from African fables and mythology. The old Islam forbade such images, but Hakeem's new religion had set the artistic world free. The new scripture, the Hakeem Koran, encouraged the expression of afro-centric culture and craftsmanship. The room displayed the wealth of Africa's masters, rich in the new chic-Black African art and motifs, rendered in African traditional style.

But Colin was clad only in a ragged, discolored, linen cloth tied about his waist. He felt out of place in the splendor of the room, but did not realize that like the women, he too had been made to look a part. He was the lowest of the low- a captured white male serving in a house of the master race. He was fortunate to be afforded even the tiny, worthless rag as covering- fortunate even to be allowed food and life and maleness,

denied to countless others of his kind in the history of Hakeem's regime. The smoking room was a metaphor of masculine black dominance. In a way, the cringing, nearly naked white slave boy fit perfectly into the decorum. And Colin certainly looked the role.

The slave boy remained kneeling, nervous and motionless until the black men were seated, then he rose quietly and picked up a jewel encrusted cigar box, bringing it to the Imam.

"Smoke, Masta? Smoke, Masta?" Colin asked in Bantu. He too had been taught a few words of it by Soo-Ling. And like the women, the accent imparted by his English tongue was pleasing: lilted and servile to the ears of Black Africans.

The men did not acknowledge the white male slave directly, but took cigars from the box as they were offered. Colin took a lighter from the box and dutifully lit each of the black men's cigars. He then placed the cigar box back on the desk and returned to the corner, kneeling with his head bowed.

"My own American and Cuban blend," said the Imam proudly of the cigars. "We have estates there- and a critical shortage of caucs to work the fields I'm afraid. I have wondered about the possibility of importing slaves from Britain to America, to work the cotton and tobacco plantations."

Ohzuma was shaking his head. "Probably, it would not pay to buy them from a Levy. There are just not enough of them and the prices would be too high. In fact, most of Europe is playing out these days. African demand for labor is so high, and their numbers were so decimated by the biowar and our own invasions. But there are still boats shipping slaves from other parts of the Americas and the Empire's new holdings in Australia."

"Yes, but the prices even there are rising," said Al-Rasheed. "And there are few new cauc areas left to conquer."

"If only the foreign office were more enlightened," said the Imam in frustration. "They could abrogate the British treaties and bring the rest of them down. Forgive me my young friend; I know it would destroy your business in the long run. But you would make much more money for a few years and that would give you time and capital to diversify."

"True," agreed Ohzuma. "There are other opportunities to be sure. The Prophet, may his name be praised, has given mankind unprecedented prosperity. But rounding up all the caucs in Britain would require another military operation just as the war in Australia is heating up. We're getting young, healthy slaves now at very little cost. I question whether it is wise to spend vastly more for the remainder of them, and destroy the resource in the process."

Al-Rasheed sensed another delicate moment of disagreement between the young slave trader and his father. He decided to break the tension. Looking at Colin, he snapped his fingers and pointed at his father's shoes. The slave boy responded instantly and took a small bottle of black polish from a shelf in the wall. He padded over to the Imam and bowed low from the waist. "Shoe shine, masta?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Imam, with a dismissive gesture.

Colin knelt before his master and placed the man's foot on his bare white leg. He applied a measure of polish to the fine black leather shoe, then pulled the tattered cloth from his waist. Working quickly, but careful to do a good job, Colin cleaned and buffed leather. Then, as Soo-Ling had instructed, he brought the clad foot to his face, and kissed the bottom of the sole. He then returned the man's foot to the floor and commenced to work on the other shoe in the same manner.

"Perhaps we should consider more mechanization on the farms. Most of Africa has modernized at an incredible rate the last twenty-five years. But agriculture is still done largely the same way it's been done for thousands of years."

“Abundant cauc labor has made mechanized farming unprofitable,” said the Imam.

“Exactly, father,” said Al-Rasheed. “And now the price of slaves is going up.”

“I believe we’d be better off leaving farming as it is,” said Ohzuma. “We need more mechanization in heavy industry so we can reduce our dependence of slave labor there. Slaves should be kept on the farms. That’s where they’re easiest to control and breed.”

“At any rate, Africa will need more slaves and heavy equipment,” said the Imam. “We can get both in Britain. I’m trying to get the council to request an invasion, but the order will have to come from The Prophet.”

Ohzuma thought for a moment. This revelation directly impacted his main business. But he was grateful that the Imam, had taken him into his confidence.

“It could become expensive, Your Excellency,” is the council willing to foot the bill for wars in Australia and Britain at once?”

“I’m proposing we move in stages,” said the Imam. “We could take southern England and Wales first, then allow the autonomy agreement and the Levy to continue for a time in northern England and Scotland.”

“But this is a year or so away,” said Ohzuma. “What about the slave markets till then?”

“The war in Australia is going very well,” said Al-Rasheed. “A new population of slaves is being loaded onto the boats as we speak. And slave breeding becomes more efficacious every year. I think the economy will continue to improve whatever we decide to do with the caucs in Britain.”

“Masta shoe shine?” Colin asked Ohzuma. The young black man answered him by placing his shoe in the slave’s kneeling lap.

“What about the caucs in Canada?” asked Ohzuma. “They’ve been joined by many refugees fleeing across the border. That could be a valuable resource.”

“The council is considering action,” said the Imam. “But again, it would require the approval of The Prophet. I have informed him that I favor an eventual invasion. The wild caucs in Canada could be a danger to our new plantations in the American South.”

“Indeed?” noted Ohzuma.

“Yes, my son. There could be significant commercial opportunities for a slave broker there as well.”

The conversation continued for some time, in Bantu all the while so that Colin could follow none of it. He finished with Ohzuma’s shoes and went on to shine Al-Rasheed’s. Then he made off quietly, back to kneel in the corner as the rich cigar smoke filled the room and the robed black men droned on. He replaced the now soiled cloth around his waist. Somehow he was self-conscious, even now, about the cruel, steel cage encompassing his manhood. He studied the room with curiosity, but managed to generally keep his eyes down. Fortunately the distinguished occupants of the room mostly ignored him.

Finally the men got up. Passing the lowly white boy who groveled on the carpet, they placed their cigar butts into a tray on the desk and walked out of the room, still conversing casually. Colin was left alone.

He was not so inured yet to slavery that he did not feel the sting of humiliation at his servile performance. But any shame he felt was quickly overcome by the fear in his guts, lest he had committed some error. He wanted desperately to please them. Soo-Ling had said might keep his testicles if he proved himself a docile house slave. Otherwise it was a simple procedure to render him a eunuch- a fate, he knew, that had befallen many other white males.

In the dinning room long after the dinner party had left, Julia was still on her knees facing the corner. At length Fatima came back in, ordering her to remove her fur waist wrap and assume the punishment position.

“Please... please, I’m sorry,” cried Julia in English. The furs had been dropped and she was already trembling, going down to the awkward position, palms and soles to the floor- on all fours. She was terrified that her punishment would be brutal. “Please mistress... I tripped and... I didn’t mean to... aahhhhhh.” Julia felt the blow on her bare buttocks. It stung sharply, but she could tell that the black woman was using her belt, not the cane or the whip.

“You must learn to be less clumsy, especially around my mother,” said Fatima. “For now we’ll simply put a little red on your white rump to satisfy her.” The black mistress delivered three more moderate lashes to Julia’s rear cheeks. Then the slave girl was allowed to kiss her mistress’ hand and thank her for the correction before she was dismissed. Soo Ling led the still crying white woman back down to the laundry, admonishing her all the way for her carelessness and reiterating how lucky she had been that mistress Fatima had stepped in. For lesser offenses she had seen the cruel wife of Ibn Mustafa whip an errant white girl until the blood trickled down her back.

Chapter 13

Weeks passed, as all three of the new slaves in the Imam's household learned the routine of life, and their service duties.

Colin was set to various simple, menial tasks; cleaning the huge estate's toilets and bathrooms, mucking the dung from the stables, weeding and tilling the gardens, emptying trash containers, cleaning pools and fountains, and washing automobiles. He polished the shoes of every black person who entered or visited the house. He spent quite a bit of time outdoors, but his skin tended to freckle rather than evenly tan. Hamadia seemed to take personal charge of him often, supervising his chores more and more. Colin learned much from her about Black society, and its attitude toward the white race.

The young Black girl would parrot off what she had been taught in her school about the origins of the "cauc animal." She told him his "pasty" white skin was the product of his "pig genes." His Caucasoid facial features were inherited from now extinct forest apes, and straight Caucasian hair was the result of gene splicing from other animals. Brown hair came from rats, while red and blond had been taken from monkeys. All the forms of the Caucasian had been created by the mad scientist Yacub thousands of years before, by mingling the blood of various lower creatures with hapless, captured primates, applying a now lost genetic art. The cauc "pseudo human" had been the result.

In time, Colin grew weary of the girl's relentless diatribe. The doctrine was of course pejorative, and demeaning in the extreme for whites. But though he knew it was false, it was now the prevailing theory for the origin of whites, almost universally accepted by the empire's scientists and educators- who were of course all black, and all adherents to the Hakeem Islamic faith.

Colin was always careful to answer a simple "yes, mistress," to her declarations, but young Hamadia often seemed to be speaking beyond him in an odd sort of way. He realized after awhile that she was reciting her lessons as though she were standing in front of a mirror. She was manifesting her indoctrination, and his presence was merely incidental: a child speaking to a dog who could not really understand. But Colin could not think why she bothered to watch and direct him so frequently, unless she was simply learning to manage slaves and order them about.

At first, Colin chaffed badly at being under the direct command of a sixteen-year-old girl. She treated him as though she was training an animal, and he soon learned she was not afraid to use the whip. She had a sharp eye, and was very conscientious of what she apparently saw as her job. If he did not work hard and perform well at whatever he had been assigned to do, he would be ordered to the punishment position to receive a painful lesson from the switch in her small black hand. Though her blows were not powerful, as Soo-Ling's or the black male guards, she nonetheless knew exactly where the most sensitive areas of his body were. And her lashes were incredibly accurate.

Hamadia also possessed a small but fully potent version of the punishment rod, and was quick to use it as well. She never punished him gratuitously, but demanded his abject submission in every deed and behavior, and any form of rebellion or defiance invariably had excruciating results. It was demonstrated to him that there was no context in modern Africa for a white man's pride. He was a slave boy. Trying to retain his dignity or the Western concept of manliness simply made him a rebellious slave boy. He got no sympathy as such from his mistresses or masters, or even from the other slaves. He was expected to cry and beg pedantically when faced with chastisement, and he was astonished at how quickly the power of the black society he now lived in compelled him

to do so. In a very short period of time obedience became second nature, childlike submission became ingrained.

Whenever Hamadia would order him to bend over for punishment, Colin would cringe inwardly with fear and humiliation. He never refused to assume the position however. The powerful black male guards were no more than a shout away. With palms and soles to the floor or the African earth, he would contemplate the error of his ways. But the pain of the cattle prod was so severe, and the anticipation of its use so tormenting, that he would often break down with a young boy's sobbing or pleas for mercy.

"Please, mistress... please forgive my foolishness. I'm sorry mistress. Please... mistress..." he would beg the young black girl. She seemed to want to encourage such servile pleading and child-like subservience from him. Sometimes she would indeed reward his groveling display of contrition by relenting. But more often than not he would catch his breath as he felt the blunt end of the rod pressed to the sensitive flesh between the base of his scrotum and his anus. He would tense and grimace, trying to steel himself for what was coming, but the terror of pain remembered would tear soft pathetic sobs from his throat.

Then it was pure hell! The white slave boy would howl and scream as the agony raced into his belly and up his spine. Pride and dignity evaporated instantly, leaving a residue of raw, servile capitulation- the mindset of a slave. Seconds seemed like hours during any punishment, but through the brief eternity of unspeakable pain he seldom moved from the proscribed punishment position. (If he so much as lifted a hand or foot Hamadia would mercilessly repeat the procedure.) Finally, the current would stop. Colin, panting hoarsely and eyes bulging would collapse in a gasping, cringing heap, chastened to his very soul.

And then Hamadia would be standing over him, calm and poised, ordering him evenly to resume his work. After rasping the requisite "yes, mistress," Colin would quickly obey- his mind cleansed of notions independent of her will, filled only with a loathing of self pride and a new determination to obey.

As days, then weeks went by it became apparent that she was indeed training him, and in a very competent manner. He learned under her tutelage; to go to his knees whenever she approached, keep his eyes down, comply quickly with her commands, reply "yes, mistress," to her orders, and most of all to display a docile demeanor at all times. Any behavior, save the most servile, pliant response to her direction would earn him the lash or the rod.

Still there was the puzzle. Why did she so diligently and so closely observe him and supervise his chores. She rarely addressed the other slaves, except for Jane, with whom she took a similar interest. It was as if she regarded both he and Jane as her distinct personal property and responsibility. As if they belonged to her, and not the family.

Colin's genitals remained locked in the restraining device. He had largely gotten used to it, except that it was still painful whenever his male instincts were aroused. Over time, he got better at controlling his erections, but there were still numerous instances when the bare-breasted, nearly naked young white women inspired his youthful, natural lusts.

Colin was able to talk to some of them. All of them spoke English, but with an African influenced accent, as well as Bantu. Nearly all of them had been born as slaves, and knew nothing else. Most of them had infants or small children, all sired by the dwarf, and a few were late term pregnant. Colin was told that as soon as a woman was confirmed pregnant she was moved upstairs to provide pleasure and comfort for the family. Since she was already inseminated, the black males could indulge in her without the worry of impregnating a white female and engendering a mixed race child with little

commercial value. That, he discovered, was the significance of the blue ankle band he had seen on some of the slave women. It marked a white female who had been properly bred by the dwarf and would bear offspring consistent with the household's genetic program. If a white woman had been accidentally impregnated by a black male the band was gray. But Colin never saw a gray band.

All of the women Colin talked to looked forward to assignment upstairs. The work was lighter, and there were treats (candy) for girls who performed well. There was also time off when the family members were not present, when the white women could talk among themselves, discussing their pregnancies, and the proclivities and desires of family members.

It took concentration, but Colin was usually able to control his lust for the female slaves- with one important exception. More and more he was becoming obsessed with Julia, and longed to be with her. Their marriage had been legally dissolved automatically as soon as they had become slaves. He had been told that white slave marriages were expressly forbidden by the Prophet, as they implied that the black man did not have the exclusive right to match white individuals, mating them according to his will and thereby controlling white reproduction. Soo Ling assured him that he could be severely punished for even referring to Julia as his wife. White marriages were almost considered a religious blasphemy, a kind of white rebellion against an essential tenant of the Prophet.

But though Colin wanted desperately to in some way keep the relationship with Julia alive, the Chinese overseer rarely allowed him to get close to her. When they met in a hallway or the laundry room, he found Julia herself cold, even hostile toward him. Her initial rape by the dwarf while he watched with impotent horror, had changed her feeling for him in a way he could not understand or reverse. And her disdain for Colin seemed to grow with each succeeding night, and each carnal union with Zar-Caub. But Julia's new unreachable state seemed to sharpen Colin's desire for her- and her exposed body fired his chain bound maleness.

Colin now saw Julia in a way he had not seen her when they had been husband and wife, before their forced deportation to Africa and subsequent enslavement. He quite literally saw much more of her.

Back in England, Julia, like all young women had dressed in long woolen skirts and button up blouses. Her garments were dark in color and highly reserved, designed for warmth. The climate dictated it for comfort, but there was more to it than protection from the cold. Desperate to preserve something of their culture and collective soul, the British had returned to the prudish mores of the Victorian era. After decades of secular moral freedom, there was a new emphasis on "decency," and "decent behavior."

The national trauma of the biowar had been the catalyst, turning the culture back to a period more religious, more psychologically reassuring. The fashion in clothing and social behavior became far more modest. Church attendance had soared and women's hemlines had descended to their ankles. Dresses of the day were intended to obscure the lines of the female form for propriety's sake, and young women were expected to conduct themselves with "demure."

Julia, daughter of a country vicar, had been the picture of the chaste, Christian wife, conforming to the fashions and realities of her conservative post-biowar society.

Here in Africa however, she was immersed in a new reality, and a new society. The Black Adamic Man was the ascendant measure of human culture, and the Empire's mores were dominant. Moreover, Africa's climate was much warmer, and the traditions saw clothing as an indicator of social rank.

Julia was now properly dressed to reflect her new station- scarcely clad, as befitted a white female slave. Ironically, only now could Colin see the near totality of her

corporeal charms, and admire her true physical beauty. The smooth grace of her lithe ankles, legs, back, and arms; the swell of her naked breasts and their slight bounce whenever she moved- the small, pink nipples so perfectly bobbing; her delicate feet and hands; the flare of her hips and her shallow navel; the exquisite tension in the flat muscles of her belly and the ripe curve of her buttocks; the sleek lines of her neck and calves; and the red of her tight but ever thickening vaginal lips, frequently glimpsed when she was working on her knees. All of it served to inspire his longing and need. Her skin was flawless and vibrant, still fair and clear as porcelain as her duties were indoors. And there was that delicate, vulnerable pink in diverse places; the lips on her face, her fingertips, and the soles of her feet and long, elegant toes, and her petite areolas. Much of it covered and hidden before- back in England.

Here, Julia dressed neatly in the same scant garments common to all the female slaves serving indoors; a simple leather cord around the waist with a thin, triangular strip of white cloth hanging in front to imperfectly hide her sex. The cloth passed between her legs and tied off with a thin string to the cord at the back, covering superficially only the cleft, but not the globes of her lush bottom. All else was bare, displayed for the eye of the Black man- for so the prophet had promised and decreed.

Colin had begun to understand something of how the slaves were dressed, from Hamadia's recitation of the prophet's decrees. In the past, before the enlightenment of Hakeem Islam, the form and deportment of the white Caucasian female had been held up as the standard of feminine beauty and virtue. The white man had invaded Africa and instilled many foreign ideas. His woman, dressed in the western mode was the model of womanhood's pinnacle. But for five hundred years of western European world dominance she had been forbidden to the Black man.

Hakeem had commanded that the memory of white supremacy was to be erased in his new society. In keeping with his decree, the old cultural type was to be superseded by the new model of the black woman as the true definition of womanhood and beauty. Changing the standard required the debasement of the Caucasian feminine motif. The white female body was to be shown as a common and cheap facsimile of the real human female form. She was to be reduced to extreme vulgarity, her loveliness and charms retained, but profaned by gratuitous exhibition to all. It was a reversal of the era when the White man had beheld the innocence of the African woman in her native dress, and soiled her with his lust- taken her to his bed at will. In Hakeem's new order the White woman was the chattel of the Black man.

In Africa, "decency," for the white female consisted of understanding and accepting her proper identity as a whore. A "demure" white female passively welcomed the groping hands of a black man on her most intimate flesh. "Decent behavior," meant the free and uninhibited display and offering of her body for the Adamic Man's carnal use. She was to present herself with two predominant goals. The banishment of her own white female modesty before the African man, and the facilitation of his "righteous" lust!

Colin's lust was stirred as well. Deprived of a male's release for so long, he simply could not help it. All of the women were lovely- and exposed. But Julia drove him wild! He missed her warmth and her old personality. He missed her love and companionship. But there was a new need. He wanted her now in the basest sense!

There were times when Colin thought he would go mad with desire, and the imperative to suppress it. He wanted Julia! Wanted to throw his formerly chaste and modest wife on her back and rape her the way the Zar-Caub had done- the way he should have when he'd had the chance; when he had been her husband- and a man!

Now, as a slave in this land, (he had to choke back the shame when he thought about it) he was no longer permitted even the feelings, much less the actions of a man. In

Colin's genital bound state he had to concentrate carefully to avoid arousal. If an erection did start, he found he could save himself some serious discomfort if he acted quickly to squeeze the base of his penis. But doing so brought a fresh stab of humiliation. He was not allowed to indulge in physical desire, not even for the beautiful woman who had been his wife. So fully had he been enslaved that he had to murder his own masculine thoughts. In order to escape the horrible pain of an erection he had to throttle himself as a man, even a male- kill his natural arousal with his own hand! And stifling his physical needs only served to heighten the desire in his mind, as his pent-up libido roiled and burned, directed within.

Worst of all were the nights. Each and every evening, at the shouted order of Soo-Ling, the slaves would untie their cords and remove their loincloths. They would kneel naked, facing the huge portrait of the Imam. They would bow to it, repeatedly dropping their faces to the floor in unison to the overseer's calls, worshiping him as their god and master. Every slave participated, in prayer and supplication. Reverence toward their god/master was enforced by the whips of the guards.

After the final call to prayer, the slaves would return to their assigned mats. Then the dwarf would rise, and swagger about the sleeping quarters- his harem. Colin watched with nauseous jealousy as the beautiful women shamelessly fawned on him; smiling invitingly, turning so as to make their breasts move salaciously, parting their legs to reveal the glistening wetness already seeping between their labia.

The dwarf would make his choice, and without ceremony would scramble between the woman's opening thighs. Then he would mount her, and proceed to fuck her boldly on the mat before all. He used each woman with the lewdest profligacy, pounding himself in and out of her belly with violence and energy until he spent in her. Then he would hold himself still between her legs, rolling her body up while still fully ensconced in her, so as to force as much of his seed into her womb as possible before he pulled out.

Zar-Caub usually took three or four of the women every night, pausing for perhaps an hour between each mating. Julia was always one of the women receiving his carnal attention.

After the initial rape, Julia had, mercifully, never again pleaded verbally for Colin to intercede. At first, she displayed a kind resignation lying under the dwarf. Often she would try to remain still, or stare blankly into space. Early on, she had looked at Colin imploringly, while Zar-Caub rutted rhythmically into her. But with each successive night, Julia had slowly been transformed.

The dwarf had first vanquished her physical resistance, slapping her brutally about the face or breasts whenever she attempted to escape from him or push him away. After a couple of encounters, he demanded that she match his thrusts and offer herself with alacrity, again punishing her violently until she complied. Before each of his orgasms she was directed to wrap her long legs about his portly torso, and assist the power of his pelvic drive with her heels. If he did not feel them digging into his buttocks he would stop and backhand her, then resume his rut as she wept and sobbed- and obeyed. Zar-Caub's deformed legs were so short that he could get them beneath his body as he copulated with a woman, in a grotesque sort of squatting posture. This allowed him to thrust his huge manhood into her with greater power, and his stamina was tremendous. But to Colin, he looked for all the world like some hideous, alien creature. The woman always climaxed before or with him, and Colin noted that Julia was no exception. Though for days Colin could tell she tried to fight it, the dwarf was relentless. Her surrender was inevitable, and she always ended the mating session bucking and gasping with unwanted joy.

All the while, Colin would look on with the latent instincts of a husband. He longed to save her, to come rushing to her rescue like a man. If only now to take her himself. But the white slave boy never left his mat. As time went by he burned more with lust and jealousy than with compassion for her. And he could still not manage to tear his eyes from the searing reality of Julia's forced intercourse, every night. Colin had to reach down periodically to choke off his manhood, and swallow the bile in his throat. But it was Julia's latest actions, which so tortured his soul.

As Julia's resistance had begun to crumble, her grappling with the powerful little man had become more passion than protest. As the weeks went by and things progressed, Colin realized that the dwarf had ceased to punish her as her body moved coitally without his direction. Her arms and legs now surrounded him eagerly, even possessively from the beginning of their union. As the mating progressed Zar-Caub would often turn her body so that Colin could witness their earthy coupling from below- see the actual joining of their flesh. The dwarf's hips pumped furiously as his prodigious penis flew in and out of Julia's belly. Colin saw the instinctive need with which his wife's pink vaginal lips held him, stretched so tightly, so longingly around the fat, slimy shaft. Julia's long, elegant legs hung in the air at times around the humping body of the dwarf, her bare feet seeming to dance to the rhythm of his thrusts. Her toes curled as he gored her deeply, Colin could not see her face, but could hear their gasps of passion.

Bitter tears of frustration, humiliation and jealousy stung Rick's face when he saw the ugly dwarf's huge, hanging scrotum begin to twitch and pump. Zar-Caub turned his face up and the couple kissed passionately, deeply. Colin could hear her muffled scream. The dwarf clutched her now and his hips shook. The white slave boy knew that the odious dwarf was drenching Julia's womb with his seed, trying to impregnate her fertile belly with dwarf baby. And to Colin's horror, he saw that Julia wanted it! She was crossing her ankles behind the brutal little man's buttocks now, driving them hard behind his heaving rear cheeks, clamping tightly to keep his gushing shaft as deep in her belly as it would go. He could see her body spasm as her orgasm took hold, and hear the squalling, breathy screams of female fulfillment.

Then it was done. The gasping, helpless young slave girl lay back, spent. Her toes still twitched as his weight remained on her and he slowly withdrew his length from her ravaged love canal. But even now there was an appalling affection between them now too. Julia continually cooed and whispered to him, kissing his ugly, pockmarked face with tenderness, fixing her open mouth to his.

Colin had noted that Julia had begun elevating her legs automatically at the end of every mating with the dwarf. She arched her hips and laid back, elevating her pelvic basin and cradling his hot, liquid seed as it trickled into her womb. She wanted his baby! And Colin choked on the dry spot in his throat. So slavery *was* stronger than their love, and their marriage was no more. Colin cried quietly every night, listening and watching. But Julia now would not even look at him, preferring instead to exchange whispers and kisses with her dwarf lover.

Finally, Colin saw that Julia began looking for Zar-Caub every evening after prayer, with the same longing and invitation of the other women. She sported the same wetness and flushed anticipation, brought on by her own fingers playing on her avid love button. On his arrival at her mat the dwarf was met with open arms and legs, a beaming smile, and a female sex already dripping with need. And all the while Colin had looked on helplessly, gnashing his teeth.

Colin was so absorbed by the taking of his wife, that he scarcely noticed a continuing mystery. Zar-Caub had disdained the equally beautiful Jane in every one of his nightly trysts. For some reason he had ignored her completely, though she was as

vulnerable to his advances as any of the other white females. Colin pondered this curiously at times, but his thinking always returned in short order to his obsession with Julia.

One day he met Julia in the laundry room, when no one else was around. It was an awkward moment, but the only time they had met in private since coming to Africa. Colin looked about nervously, knowing the overseer had forbidden him to talk to her. But he could take it no more. There was still the remnant of a husband in his crushed soul, and his wounded pride won out.

“Julia... Please... forgive me...” he stuttered, unable to find the right words.

“I don’t hate you Colin. I did for awhile, but I don’t anymore. I know you’re a slave and you had no choice.”

“I... I’m sorry I wasn’t able to... to stop Zar-Caub,” said Colin. “I know it must be terrible...”

“It’s not so terrible anymore Colin,” she replied with a slight smile. “Zar-Caub is a real man... And he’s very big in one important place.”

“Julia, you’re my wife... I should have been there to...”

“We aren’t married anymore, Colin,” she said, cutting him off abruptly. “You don’t have to risk your manhood to save me.”

The words hit Colin like a slap in the face. They were true, but he couldn’t stand to hear them coming from her.

“Julia...” he groaned. “We could... we could still have...”

“We have nothing, Colin,” she said firmly. “We’re slaves. We’re going to do whatever they tell us to do. We’re going to fuck whoever they tell us to fuck. Our marriage is over, accept it, Colin.”

“But we could try to escape... together,” he said, his voice breaking with emotion. “We could be together again... sometime.”

“Colin, that’s insane and you know it! We’d be caught for sure. You must accept the fact that we’re slaves. You must accept that Zar-Caub is fucking me, and you can’t ever again.”

“But you fought him before... for a while...” Colin breathed, hating the whine in his voice.

“Colin, Zar-Caub is the breeding male. Zar-Caub and I were obeying the mistress...”

Colin was holding his breath. As she looked at him her lovely face softened, and he beheld something of her old love for him. “Please, Colin...” Then he saw her delicate hand move unconsciously to caress her lower belly, and her eyes moistened. A moment later though, they narrowed and she turned away.

“I thought we were going to have a family,” he said quietly.

“We would have,” she whispered dully. “The Levy changed all that.”

Colin was crying himself now, while Julia regarded him quietly, as though appraising. At length she brought her face to his. Now her eyes were flashing and her voice was firm, even hard. “Colin, I want Zar-Caub now. The pleasure he gives me is the only joy I have left as a slave. I want him. And I want to obey our mistress. I want *his* baby.”

“Julia...” choked Colin. “Julia, you said that no matter what happened, you would always... love... love me...”

“Colin, Zar-Caub is the breeding male and I am obeying the mistress,” she snapped. “Zar-Caub makes me feel good, and I would choose him over you now, even if I were allowed a choice.”

Colin sneered. There was venom in his own voice now. “I’ve seen you with him... You have... feelings for him now?” he asked, with shocked, hateful despair. “For that... that disgusting little dwarf?”

Julia didn’t answer for a moment. But then she turned and brought her eyes back to his. She spoke with flint-hard determination- and finality. “Colin, I... Yes. How could I not love the strongest male? The best male available! I do love him, Colin!”

Stunned into silence, Colin hung his head. As she walked away, he noticed for the first time the blue band encircling her slender ankle. Julia heard his gasp and turned, saying coolly, “I will be loyal to the father of my child, Colin. Zar-Caub has made me a woman- his woman. He’s made me a mother. And now I can serve the masters upstairs!”

THE END OF BOOK 1