

THE BLACK HAND'S WHIP – BOOK 3

Gordon Kerr

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which caused a suspended victim's legs to flail about with undignified vigor. After a few seconds of this spectacle, the spasms subsided, and she hung inert and exhausted. Julia shed a tear of pity as the woman sobbed quietly, swinging slowly at the end of her chain. Once more, the pungent yellow liquid trickled down her legs, and her toes traced little circles on the drenched tiles as she twitched and moaned. "Huuuugggh... hhhuuuugggh... please... uuuhhhh..."

"Your back is scarred for life," whispered the Imam into the woman's ear. "We are not cruel, and I do not want to destroy your beauty. But next, we will start on the front of your body; your breasts, nipples, belly, perhaps even your face. They will be marred as well and the pain will be indescribable. And all for nothing, she-cauc. You will tell us everything anyway."

The woman wept now uncontrollably, pleading abjectly through her tears. "Please... I told you... about all of them... please no more!"

"Your village and the surrounding area will be raided and a thorough search conducted tonight," said the Imam. "If we discover any adherents to your religious sect you have not revealed to us, we will hang you up again for another ten lashes, and then another and another. Until you tell us of every unregistered cauc family."

The woman groaned, utterly broken at last. "There are two more," she gasped. "A family with one daughter... please, the little girl's only ten! And... and a newlywed couple, they're both early twenties. Please... I've only just remembered them... that's all I know! Please no more!"

"Names and locations," interjected the black woman.

"The Gasteneus have the daughter," gasped the white woman. "The couple's name is Kent. They all live in Carlisle, but I don't remember the street addresses."

The cane flashed, "AAAAAAAAAIIIIIEEEEUUUUUGGGGHHHHHHHHH! HHHUUUU... Please no more... Hhhhuuuggghhh... plleeeaaassee! I swear I don't remember! Oh god, I can't think anymore!"

The Imam turned to the inquisitors. "How many names has she given you?" he asked.

"She's told us about just over seventy families. And say, oh about three hundred caucs," said the black woman who had recorded the captive's statements while closely observing the Imam's methods. "It will be a fine haul, Your Excellency, if the information is accurate."

The Imam nodded. "Let her down. Keep her here until we verify the data, then we'll either put her to the cane again or I'll begin training her. I have a special role in mind for this pale skinned sow. Have the slaves tend to her bleeding."

The Imam left with the interrogators, and Soo-Ling appeared. She briefly examined the barely conscious woman and gave Julia instructions.

"Get Jane and release this cauc bitch. Clean up her wounds and the floor," said the Chinese woman. "Take her to slave quarters for tonight 'til masters find out if she tell truth. She better have, or she be striped like ugly red and white Zebra tomorrow!"

Chapter 24

Julia and Jane worked slowly and carefully on the new woman's back, daubing the antiseptic onto the long, thin strips of broken skin and carefully wiping away the dried blood. Julia could see that the Imam was right about the wounds. They would almost certainly leave the woman's back lightly but noticeably scarred, and that was certainly what he intended. Curiously, at his direct order, the balm that was being applied to the woman's striped back, rear cheeks, and legs had been blended with a vivid red dye which had soaked into the broken flesh. As a result, the light scars had been colored, highlighted to look perpetually fresh- a permanent record of her chastisement.

For a long time the woman said nothing. She simply moaned and whimpered with the residual pain of her torn flesh. Julia looked at her face. She appeared to be about twenty-five, and was indeed attractive. Her eyes, though now bloodshot from her ordeal, were nevertheless round and bright, a lovely shade of hazel. The woman was quite well built and perfectly proportioned, with wide, rounded hips, ample breasts and a smoothly curved derriere. She had a superb figure and a strong, healthy body. But both Julia and Jane were astonished that anyone of any constitution could endure such punishment. Neither of them had ever been subjected to a caning of such severity, nor even seen it in the Imam's household.

The woman was gaining strength now, and realizing that she had told the interrogators everything she began to sob. "Why...? I'm just a church secretary. I was asked... asked to memorize the parish records before they were destroyed. My husband was against it, but... I never thought I'd be subjected to... to..."

"Hold still," said Jane. "Let us get you cleaned up."

The woman startled. "You... speak English! You sound... you're British?"

Jane and Julia exchanged looks. "We're slaves," said Julia. "We were taken in the Levy nine months ago. My name is Julia, and this is my sis... my friend Jane."

"I'm Felicity," said the woman. "But... Where am I?" Both Jane and Julia looked quizzically at her.

"I was arrested and taken from my home in the middle of the night," explained Felicity. "I thought I was going to a police station, but they drugged me. I think we traveled for hours before they brought me here."

"You're in Africa," said Julia. "This is the home of our master, Ibn Mustafa. He is the chief Imam of the whole African Empire."

"Africa?" gasped Felicity. "You... your... master...? You really are slaves... It's true then. Those selected in the Levy are taken to Africa... and made slaves!"

"Yes," said Jane. "All white people in Africa are slaves."

Julia saw Felicity glance down at their rounded bellies. Though both she and Jane were advanced only about five and six months respectively in their pregnancies, their near nudity meant that their abdomens were now quite pronounced. They were even beginning to protrude out over their only garments, the little triangles of linen hanging from their waist bands. Their breasts were growing large, and their nipples were swelling and turning dark on their bare white chests.

'She really is new to this land,' thought Julia. She realized that the new woman's image of Africa was probably drawn from decades old travel logs, just as hers had been; primitive black men brandishing spears; half naked black women living in mud huts; paternalistic governments based on the European colonial model, where whites wielded the real power behind the scenes.

She had no idea of Hakeem's new order and would be shocked out of her old social paradigm in coming days.

For now, it was obvious she still viewed whites as somehow racially superior. There was an assumption in her mind that white, European notions of modesty and dress were universal and still prevalent. Julia could almost feel the woman's disgusted stare on her exposed upper body. For the first time, Felicity was looking about and really taking in her surroundings. The other slave women and girls lay or sat sprawled on their mats or milling about their business, giving only passing attention to the new woman and her wounded back. Busy tending to children or breastfeeding infants, they were, all of them, as nearly naked as Julia and Jane and wore only the small cloths. Julia knew by her expression that Felicity was chagrined that British white women would be slaves or servants for a black African family, and outraged that they would be kept so scantily clad- indeed, topless. The obvious maternal condition of most of the women was creating uncomfortable suggestions, and adding to her racial outrage and the shock of their near nudity.

For the first time in months, a sense of self-consciousness brought a slight flush to Julia's and Jane's cheeks. Felicity's reaction to the slave quarters and its decor made them recall their own former lives as young English wives, an identity which though having largely faded, had nevertheless yet to fully disappear from their psyches.

Colin was sitting cross-legged, chained to a mat in one of the corners a few meters away. Julia saw him ogling the new woman sullenly, occasionally reaching down to play with his genitals in shameless idle fantasies. He was still being used by Hamada as a stud for local white slave girls, but was not allowed to have sexual relations with any of the household's women. Even Jane was now off limits due to her advancing pregnancy and Hamadia's concern for the red haired pica she had worked so hard to engender. All of the slave women knew that contact was forbidden with him and they ignored his mat, staying well clear of his reach.

Felicity's face registered her disgust in seeing a white man masturbate so openly, but when Zar-Caub made his appearance she was even more revolted at his stunted and distorted form. He was naked, and his fat penis hung, hideous and throbbing under his paunch. She watched with open mouthed shock as he boldly selected a female by shuffling over to her mat and grinning arrogantly down at her. On cue and without the slightest resistance, the lovely young blond woman rolled onto her back and spread her legs, presenting herself to his advance.

Seconds later Felicity gasped as the couple bounced and humped artlessly and enthusiastically, copulating as if they were alone and not in a room with thirty or more other people. Soon the girl's lithe arms and legs clung to the malformed little man, and she cooed and whined as if he were the handsomest and most desirable man on earth. The dwarf continued to rut into her, looking for all the world like a naked, demented monkey raping a human female. His sallow, yellowish skin and long, stringy black hair added to his unwholesome ugliness. His stubby arms and legs wound about the blond slave unnaturally, his heels hooked behind her knees and his hands clutched her lower back as he drove his blotched organ into her to her over and over to the hilt. Felicity wanted to retch. This creature's union with so shapely and beautiful a girl seemed an unspeakable obscenity.

At length, the dwarf settled his round pot belly into the blonde's flat abdomen. Then he suddenly went ridged, grunting out his lust and sperm into her. After a few minutes of wheezing and guttural panting, he finally pulled his long, mottled shaft from her love canal and rolled off of her, licking his lips and still sneering at everyone with gloating satisfaction.

Felicity looked closely at the woman, who still lay on her back. Her face was serene, not disgusted. And as the dwarf caught his breath resting beside her, she reached up to grasp her knees, letting her lower legs and feet dangle in the air as she cradled her belly back. The intent of the posture was unmistakable. The woman was attempting to keep all of the dwarf's semen from leaking out of her vagina. She grunted, and rocked back and forth slightly on her spine, and Felicity knew she was trying to contract her inner muscles- trying to draw the seed into her womb! The dwarf snickered knowingly, and brought his fingers to her sex folds, closing them and massaging her sex, helping her to retain the semen.

Long moments later, Zar-Caub had risen again. He circled, leering at the other women, who smiled up at him. At length, he made another choice and the mating process began again, astonishing Felicity that such a deformed man would have such stamina and recuperative powers.

Felicity's eyes narrowed as the full import of Julia's and Jane's bulging bellies struck her. She was devoutly religious and had been so all her life. She had never been tempted to commit what she would have termed, "fornication," and was totally loyal to her husband, whom she deeply loved and with whom she had two beautiful children.

"Were you brought here with your husbands, or... are you... raped here? By... by him...?" asked Felicity with a hushed whisper.

"We are slaves," said Julia evenly, with both bitterness and resignation in her voice. There was no reason to sugar coat the truth for this woman. "Forget your shame. Forget your modesty. And forget having a choice in anything. Don't try to hide your body or resist any advance. You must accept that the master and his family own us and use us any way they please. They keep us as sexual playthings as well as menials. They even breed us to Zar-Caub the dwarf or any other slaves as they see fit- like livestock. They will do the same with you."

Felicity's eyes widened and she brought her hand to her open mouth in horror. "I'm married... I'm a British woman!"

"You're not married anymore," said Jane. "Marriage is forbidden to white slaves. The Prophet calls it an abomination. Matrimony is meant for the Adamic man and woman, the true humans who have the right to choose their own mates. We cauc fuck and breed with whomever our masters pair us with."

The new woman's eyes flashed with anger, "How dare they think..."

"They dare because they have the whips and the guns and the power. This is Africa and they rule. You're just a she-cauc now," said Julia, gently but firmly, "A slave like us. Take my advice and accept it. It'll be much easier on you."

"I'm no slave!" said Felicity with conviction. "And I'll not be subjected to this! I'll escape. I'll kill myself before I'll let someone... do that to me! Bre... Breed me like an animal..."

"Every new slave feels that way at first," said Jane. "But they will train you with the whip, and the correction rod. Soon you realize how vast and powerful Africa truly is, and how dominant the black race has become. White culture, traditions, and notions of superiority will come to seem so weak and archaic, so false, and you will be forced to accept, at least outwardly, the Afro-centric ideas and mores of your masters."

"But you're British," the new woman insisted, her voice tainted with disgust. "How can you accept enslavement like this...? To... to men of color!"

"We're forced to accept it," continued Jane, her voice hushed and philosophical. "The training... It does something to a white woman's mind and heart. I was like you, with a will of iron and the all the hubris of my race. I was a faithful and chaste Christian wife. You think you

are so firm in your beliefs now, your loyalty to your husband and family, to your country and your religion. But the blacks control when you eat, what tasks you perform, where you sleep. They work you. They abuse you. They punish and torment you. They put you with the male of their choice and he takes you, and thus the African will fill even your womb. You try to fight them openly at first, but the pain of punishment becomes too great and your resistance turns passive. You go from hating them for their brutality and pride to hating yourself for your weakness and cowardice, yet nothing changes. You are still being trained. You come to realize as the days and months pass how little control you have- how much you are truly their property. And finally they break you. Totally. When you kneel before them with your backside whipped and raw; alone, naked, pregnant, afraid; the feeling of dependence and the need to submit are overwhelming. You know yourself a slave.”

“Then you will want to please them.” said Julia, whispering and looking at the floor. “You will beg them to teach you Africa’s ways, so that you can please them. You plead to know their will; where you will serve, how you will act, what to believe- who to worship. For you know you are vulnerable and female, and you see the real world with new and profound clarity. The black African must rule, and you must serve! It is the only way to survive without unbearable pain, and the terror of the master’s whip!”

Felicity stared at them with pity, wondering and trembling about her own fate. Then the call to prayer came over the speakers. Both Julia and Jane immediately turned their attention from her and knelt toward the large portrait of the Imam. All of the other slaves ceased their activities and did the same.

“What’s happening? What are you doing?” asked Felicity. Her chain was rattling on the hard floor as she tried to sit up.

“It is the azan, the call to prayer,” said Julia. “We must worship our master.”

“Worship him?” gasped Felicity. The thought of bondage so comprehensive as to compel worship from those it enslaved filled her unprepared mind with both outrage and despair. How could white women, steeped in Western morality be forced to venerate and offer prayers to mortal men- men of color? It was an even greater obscenity than the revelation that the slaves were being selectively mated.

“Yes,” said Jane. “We must worship him, just as you will. We have no choice. You will look upon him as your god, and demonstrate it through your prayers and litany. Or you will be punished beyond endurance!”

Julia and Jane pressed their faces to the cool tile floor and in unison they began to recite the required litany; “Hakeem is the Prophet, and my master is my god. I am only a cauc, I worship and obey. Hakeem is the Prophet, and my master is my god. I am only a cauc, I worship and obey. Hakeem is the Prophet...” Around the large room, the other slaves repeated the words over and over in unison.

Felicity watched as they prayed, kneeling with servile urgency. She was utterly disgusted at their abasement. But she could hear the simplicity of their voices and sense the sincerity of their words. Then the truth of Julia’s and Jane’s words echoed in the latent pain and the throbbing in her own back and buttocks. The hand of the black African could do this! It wielded all power! It branded conviction and submission on the hearts of captive whites, as surely as it could scar their backs!

Then Felicity thought about the white families back in her home country, the ones she had tried to protect and ultimately betrayed. British wives and children- she could see their future now, groveling before a black master. They would be taken from their ancestral homes, from the

security of England. They, too, would be conditioned until they accepted their master as their overlord, adopted his culture and his ways. Until they offered their very worship to the Negroid Africans they presently thought primitive and sub-human! *They would be slaves-* losing all dignity and history, to end finally without hope, desire, or even memory of freedom! In coming years and generations all of white identity would disappear. Only the inculcated, desperate yearning to please and worship their black gods would survive.

The new captive collapsed in sobs, weeping bitterly as her chains rattled and the slave litany droned on. For now the import of the information she had given the Imam was manifest. And the realization that haunted her most was that it was she who had given so many white families over to their fate- just as if she had fixed their chains!

Chapter 25

Emma Fletcher sat at her kitchen table, momentarily numbed with shock and desolation. ‘How can this be happening?’ she thought.

She had been so sure they were doing the right thing when they decided to evade the Levy by illegally declining to register their children. Her husband, Ian, always more cautious, had voiced doubts. After all, they had both been brought up in loyal, middle class families. Emma’s father had been a career military officer, a solid member of the establishment. Ian’s parents had been influential members of the local conservative party. They had taught their children to be respectable and law abiding.

But the Levy was so frightening, and so patently unjust. The Fletchers, like all other white Britons, resented its imposition by a foreign power. Season after season, they had heard the horror stories of families torn asunder, the agony of lost children and wives. Only nine months before, at the last Levy, a family who were close friends and attended their parish church had experienced the loss of all four of their children. In the end, Emma had managed to persuade her husband. They not only needed to protect their own two daughters, they had a duty to their nation as well.

A secret movement of British loyalists had formed. Ian, a former non-commissioned officer, had recently joined and was an active member of the local cell. Emma, deeply patriotic and from a long line of proud Tories, supported him completely. The present objective of the resistance was the passive avoidance of the Levy, though more direct activity was being planned. In recent months, several courageous pastors, vicars, and priests in the area had railed against the evil of the Levy. Well-placed church members and local civic authorities had secretly offered a refuge from the terror. Volumes of birth, marriage, school, and residential records had “accidentally” been burned, deleted, and discarded. Since the Levy database was kept up to date based on the review of these secular and church records, the loss of them meant that some families could escape the chances of Levy selection by moving, and “neglecting” to register in their new neighborhood. Of course it was illegal, but the practice was fast becoming more widespread.

The African Empire’s governor responded with the mass replacement of white civil service officials within the Levy office. Several thousand new black officers, who spoke English fluently and understood the British culture and customs were recruited from the African Empire’s new Island province of Jamaica, and sent to Britain proper.

Still, the young husband and wife thought they were safe. Secular records in their area had been destroyed, and only a few people, trusted church members, knew the complete roll of families in the area surrounding Carlisle. Moreover, many of their neighbors were beginning to defy the registration laws, and they felt a kind of safety in numbers. There was no way the blacks could get the information. The children were unknown to them, as long as they were home schooled.

But something had gone wrong. For the past several days they had heard of other families in the district being visited and apprehended by the Levy police. They had discussed fleeing, but not having anywhere to go Ian had decided they should remain in their home, keeping the girls carefully hidden.

On this very evening however, their little deception- and their world had collapsed.

Ian and Emma had been startled at about eleven P.M. by armed agents of the Levy pounding on their front door. With scarcely enough time to awaken their young daughters and

hide them, they now sat at their kitchen table in bathrobes and pajamas, nervous and cowering before a huge uniformed black man who towered over them both.

“Allow me to introduce myself,” said the big man sitting across their kitchen table. “My name is Marcus Johnson. I am the chief Levy official for this district.”

“I... I’m Ian Fletcher,” said the young white man nervously. “This is my wife, Emma.”

The white couple studied the officer in fearful silence. In addition to dwarfing them with his physical size he had formidable bearing as well. His hair fell in thick, matted dreadlocks over his shoulders, and his skin was as dark as his black Levy official’s uniform. His facial features were strongly Negroid, and his muscular form spoke of a powerful physique. However, he spoke the King’s English.

“You and your wife are in serious trouble, Mr. Fletcher,” said Johnson. “You have not registered your family as prescribed by law.”

The young husband shuddered. Outside, all up and down the street of their formerly affluent suburban neighborhood, he and his wife could hear the parties of agents storming houses. Glancing through the front windows they could see the reflection of the blue strobe lights on the police cars. But the white constables were only there to provide support. All the house searches were apparently being done by official black Levy agents, who were even more intimidating than their Caucasian counterparts.

“But we are registered for the Levy,” protested Ian, finding his voice at last. “I have the papers. I can show you...”

“Yes, I see you and the woman have indeed registered,” said the black official, looking at a clipboard and smiling. “But you have overstated your ages by fifteen or twenty years on the official documents! Your wife is not forty-five, and you are not forty-seven! And you have not registered your children!”

“There... there must be some mistake,” protested Ian. “I... we don’t have kids!”

The black man smiled again and stood, rising to his full six foot five inch height. Emma studied him with dread. Not only was he huge and muscular, he was the darkest man she had ever seen. There was an intangible quality of dominance about him, marking him as a man who took what he wanted, without regard to the needs or wants of the weak. She could tell he was Jamaican. That much was very evident from his accent.

Emma and Ian knew that the Levy enforcement officers were now mostly black Jamaicans, though other English speaking blacks had also been hired from places like Nigeria and Guinea. Nearly all had come from outside the British Isles, since many British born blacks had no affinity for the Empire, and some were indeed found to have secretly sided with the whites. Jamaica had been one of the first non-African countries to be annexed by the Empire. It was now firmly in the hands of the African military, and hundreds of thousands of Jamaicans had emigrated to Africa for jobs and a better life. Many were intensely loyal to Hakeem, seeing him as the Messiah, the new “Rastaman.” Moreover, they had no love for the British whites, who had enslaved their ancestors and brought them by force to work the Jamaican plantations. Now they enjoyed lording it over their former masters.

“Please... It’s... It’s just us,” said Emma.

“I told you, we have no children,” said Ian. “My wife and I moved here from York three years ago. If you check the public records you’ll find it’s just us.”

“Yes... We’ve been wanting children,” added Emma. “But with the economy and the political situation the way it is, we thought we had better wait.”

“Ah, a perfectly plausible story,” said the official, with a broad smile. “However, I don’t believe you. You see, we have an informant who has identified you to the highest authority- identified you by name.”

Emma watched her husband’s face turn pale. “I... I don’t know anything about that,” he stammered. “It’s only my wife and I and we’re both in our forties. We work out and stay in shape. You can see our exercise equipment if you like.”

“I tell you what I’m going to do,” said the black man, getting up from his chair. “I’m going to allow you both to go out to stand in the street. Then I’m going order my men outside to nail the doors of your house shut, and set fire to it!”

Both Fletchers gasped. “NO! No please!” shouted Emma.

“Please our... this is our home!” said Ian. He was very convincing. But anyone could tell by Emma’s anguished face that there was more at stake than just an aging building. The big agent stopped, his face impassive. “Do you wish to tell me something?” he asked.

“They’re in the basement!” cried Emma in defeat.

“How many,” growled the agent?

“Two,” she gasped. “We have two daughters. Please, they’re only eight and ten!”

“Bring them up, honey,” Ian told her finally, hanging his head.

“No,” said the Jamaican. “Leave them hidden for the moment.”

Emma and Ian sat back down, confused.

“Do you know the penalty for failing to register your family, and for making false statements to Levy officials?” asked the black man.

“Prison for the adults,” said Ian softly, looking at the floor. “The children are...”

“The children can be summarily seized by Levy agents,” said the Jamaican. “When I file my report they’ll be taken. You’ll never see them again.”

Emma began sobbing into her hands, her long chestnut hair obscuring her face. Ian looked away, tears rolling down his own cheeks. He knew the mistake they had made was about to cost his family everything. Even though it was Emma’s idea, and she had concurred with and encouraged him at every juncture, he felt responsible as a husband and father. He reached over and took his wife’s hand, but it felt cold and clammy with fear. She loved her daughters more than anything in the world, but it wasn’t just their predicament, he knew, that frightened her so. It was that now the blacks were revealing themselves as the real power in the government. Their worst nightmare was being confirmed- and her husband could no longer protect them.

Emma dropped Ian’s hand. “Please,” she cried. “We... we only wanted to... to protect our little girls...”

“I... I’m sorry, sir” said Ian, grasping at straws. “Please, just take me... I made the decision...”

The big Jamaican allowed the couple to founder in their misery for a moment. Then he rocked back in his chair. “You should all be arrested. That is the law. But what would you say if I told you I could allow you to keep your children, and stay out of jail. I could even keep all of you off the Levy roles.”

Both of the Fletchers looked at him in disbelief. Ian could see the faint glimmer of hope in his wife’s eyes, but somehow he did not think the black man was going to offer them mercy, without a price. There was, however, no alternative to this man’s mercy, whatever he might demand.

“Please, sir,” sniffled Emma. “Please help us. We don’t have much to offer you but our gratitude...”

"I'll take that... and a little more perhaps," said the black man, with a cryptic grin. "Ian, go sit in the other room. I want to talk with your lovely wife."

"I... I think I better stay. Emma might need..."

"Do as you're told, white boy!" snapped the Jamaican.

"Please, Ian..." whimpered Emma. "Please, if there's any way out of this..."

Emma could see mortified pride on her husband's face, but the expression served only to underscore his helplessness and defeat. Looking at the floor, Ian got up and walked out into the hallway to the back of the house. Emma could tell he needed some time alone to think anyway.

When he had gone, the agent looked at the young wife and said smoothly, "You're a very lucky girl."

"I... I only want to save my daughters..." she breathed.

"You're very beautiful," he said. "You're so fair, except for that blush. How do they have it, an 'English rose?' How old are you, really?"

"T... Twenty-six... Ian and I were married very young... Please, sir. Please help me protect my family..."

"You may ask for my favor," he said smoothly, seeing hope flash over her innocent face. "...After I fuck you."

Emma gasped and brought her hand to her mouth. In a dark corner of her mind she had suspected he would make such a demand, but her conscious mind had refused to even think of such violation. "Please... I'm a married woman... a Christian woman!"

"And I'll wager you were a virgin when you were married, and you remain a chaste wife?"

"Of... of course!" she whispered.

He believed her. Her eyes were shut tight and he could see the anguish in her face. "Your fine Christian men took our Africa wives at will," said the man, evenly. "For centuries they exploited black women in Africa and Jamaica and in their numerous colonies, forcing them to toil in their fields and their households- and their beds."

"Please, I'm a mother... And I'm... white. Slavery was wrong, and I've never believed it was right to... to..."

"To mix races?" He chuckled, leering openly at her now. "Indeed. You see yourself as so pure, so very white and righteous. Have you ever thought about what it would be like to be with a black man, Emma?"

"No!" she said, emphatically.

"Of course not! No!" he laughed, repeating her with a mocking tone. "Your kind has such conceit. Isn't it true that you don't even think of me as a man- just a nigger?"

Emma looked away and shook her head. But it was true, and both of them knew it.

"You exploited my fathers and mothers," he said. "You dragged them from their African homes to alien lands, and for the rest of their lives they worked to bring you wealth. They spent their lives, generation after generation, fathers and sons perishing while still in your yoke. The Jamaican man grew strong from the backbreaking labor the white man heaped on him. But now the Prophet has come, and the Adamic man is powerful. We have come to *your* land to take *your* people. The white man cowers and his women beg for mercy. Yet they still regard themselves as superior, the white lady and white marriages as sacred... No, white woman. Now *we* take what *we* want."

He reached across the narrow table with his heavy, muscular arms. His deep, melodic voice was smooth, but edgy. "Give me your hands."

The young wife shied from his touch.

“AAAGGHHHH!” she gasped as he slapped her face twice in quick succession with his palm and backhand.

“You want my favor bitch? You want me to protect you and your family?” he snarled. “Do you?!”

“Yes...” she wailed. “But, please, I’m a faithful wife! Please don’t ask me to...”

“I do not ask. I demand,” he said.

Without further comment the Jamaican extended his hands again, and this time Emma reluctantly placed her soft, cream colored hands in his. For a moment she stared at the contrast in their skin tones. He remained silent until finally she sighed, lifting her eyes to his.

“I want you to understand,” he said, his dark eyes smoldering. “Anytime I want, I can snap my fingers, and your children will be gone.”

“Yes... I know...” said Emma softly, tears clouding her eyes.

The young white woman caught her breath as he took her left hand, and drew the wedding rings from her long, slender finger.

“As of this moment, you belong to me,” he said firmly. “Say it.”

“Please... My husband... I can’t do something like this...”

“Say it!” he snapped. “I have but to walk out and report your crimes. Do you want your children growing up, working in an African brothel? There are men who enjoy little white girls of all ages!”

A fresh wave of shock struck Emma. She reacted as if she’d been slapped again with an open mouth and crimson in her cheeks. “Please... You couldn’t... you...”

He lifted his dark hand to smooth her cheeks. “I’ll protect you and your children- if you belong to me. Now say it!”

“I... I belong to you...” she whimpered.

“My name is Marcus Johnson,” he repeated. “To whom do you belong?”

“I... I belong to... to you, Marcus Johnson... Please, please promise; don’t let them take my daughters!”

“I promise nothing. You may beg for my favor, after you have proven yourself to be my woman. Go tell your husband to come back in here. Tell him to take your children out to the police cars. They are to be placed in protective custody, but not seized for the Levy- yet. Your husband may go anywhere he wishes, but not return until after noon tomorrow. He need not register any of you- for the moment. Go ahead. Now I will see how well my new woman pleases me.”

With wide, vacant eyes Emma rose from the table. She made her way on unsteady legs down the hall, returning in a few moments with her husband. “Ian, take the girls out to the police,” she said, unable to look at him. “Please, go and stay the night with friends. Don’t come back until tomorrow afternoon.”

“But... what are you? I can’t leave you with...” Ian stared at the silent, smiling black man. “What did you say to him? I heard a slap and you...” He turned to his wife and Emma could see the outrage and fear etched in his face. “What is he going to...?”

“Ian, please,” cried Emma. “Please take the children and go! You don’t have to register them for now! We may be able to keep them. Please!”

“Do as you’re told, Ian,” said Marcus; his voice was low, but sharp as a blade. “You’re a good white boy, and you love those little girls very much.”

“Please, Ian,” sobbed Emma.

The young white husband lowered his face, but Emma glimpsed the tears. He hurried down to the basement and brought up his daughters, dressing them quickly in warm clothing and leading them out the back door. They never came into the kitchen. Emma heard Ian telling them that their mother was going away, to visit her cousin.

The back door closed and there was the snap of the lock. An odd feeling of abandonment seeped into Emma's mind. Though she had begged Ian to go, and knew he had no choice, still her heart felt dead with the knowledge that her husband was in essence, giving her up to a black stranger. 'He's leaving,' she thought, surprised at her own bitterness. 'He's really leaving me with this man.' Her husband had obeyed the word of a Jamaican Negro, running away and leaving wife and home to the man's whim! Shuddering, Emma walked silently to the front of the house. Through the curtains she saw two black women leading the girls to a car. She saw Ian talking to one of the white constables, who put his hand on the young man's shoulder sympathetically. Then, as if in a daze, Ian headed down the street to the bus stop. Emma watched as he kept turning, looking with indecision back to his home and wife. Finally he rounded a corner, and disappeared. Her husband had gone.

'He had no choice,' she tried to assure herself once more. 'At least the girls are safe.' Emma gazed down the length of the street, down the rows of older, neatly kept houses. Now the moon was climbing high and the little suburban world outside was still.

Apparently the raids were over, and the end had come for other white English families as well. Next door her neighbor, a frumpy middle aged mother, was crying alone and disconsolate on her front porch. On her tiny lawn, and on many others sat children's bicycles and toys, inert now and bereft of their owners. The Levy agents had taken many in their black, unmarked cars. Though the lights blazed in houses up and down the street, an eerie quietness ruled all except for the weeping of wives and parents and loved ones, and the barking of confused dogs.

Emma jumped as she felt the big Jamaican press himself to her back.

"You see how lucky you are, Emma?" said Marcus. "Most of your friends have lost everything. But I will protect you. Now take me up to your bed!"

Emma's breath caught in her throat, but somehow she found the resolve to preserve her virtue. With her husband gone, she knew it was up to her now to protect her family, *and* the sanctity of her marriage.

"Mr. Johnson, I'm not going to sleep with you!" she said firmly, not even turning to face him. "I'm married, and I'm whi..." Emma caught herself, biting her tongue.

"So you think you're not going to fuck me because you're married, and you're white," he chuckled.

"I... I meant, I'm faithful to my husband," she said, trying to keep her voice from quaking.

"Emma," he said chuckling softly. "You're going to do exactly what I tell you to do. Just like your white boy husband." His sinuous black arms encircled her body from behind. She just stood there, loathing his touch but not daring to even open her eyes. He stepped back a bit and Emma caught her breath as he drew the robe from her shoulders. Too distraught to resist, she allowed the modest garment to slip down her arms and heard the soft flump as the Jamaican tossed it into a corner. Then she felt his arms about her again, and his thick fingers opening the buttons of her pajama tops!

Emma's body went stiff. She was still resolved to resist him, but her courage was flagging. "Please... Marcus, I... Aahhhhhh!" Suddenly she was looking the big, black Levy agent directly in the face. He had seized her hair and wrenched her head back and to the side.

“Perhaps later you will earn the right to call me by my first name- when you have thoroughly pleased me. For now you will address me as sir. Understand?”

Emma whimpered, her resolve crumbling at his violence.

“Alright... I... AAAGGHHH!” now a slap landed on the side of her face, and she realized her error. “Sir! Yes, sir,” she breathed. “I understand, SIR!”

“Take me up to your bedroom!” he ordered again.

“Yes, sir... But please don’t make me... have sex with you... please, sir...” Emma’s will suddenly collapsed in the face of his threatening demeanor. She had never in her life been confronted with physical violence and she continued whimpering pathetically as he followed her up the stairs. At the threshold of her bedroom she tensed again as she felt his palm on her buttocks, through the material of her modest pajama bottoms.

Emma closed her eyes tight. Even the simple touch of his big hand had left her on the verge of swooning with shame, convinced she could not go through with the illicit act he was demanding. The hand was withdrawn, and for a moment, he left her alone. But as she stood trembling she suddenly heard the thud of his boots hitting the floor. She opened her eyes to see him sitting on the edge of the bed, removing his socks and pulling his slacks off.

Emma wanted to look away as he opened his shirt and sloughed it off his shoulders, but the magnificence of his physic held her gaze. His broad, black chest rippled with powerful muscles, and his flat, hard belly seemed chiseled from solid ebony. He stood before her wearing only his shorts, but regal in form and body. And between his legs she saw the outline of his manhood, impossibly long and thick.

“You’re my woman now,” he said, smoothly. “I won’t hurt you, if you obey... but if you fail to please me...” Emma saw him draw his belt from his pants where they lay on the floor. He waved it slowly, staring at her with black, smoky eyes. “Take off those pajamas- now!”

The young wife held her breath, and began to work the remaining buttons on her top. She tried to focus her dulled eyes on the base of his neck directly in front of her, in order not to think about what she was doing. After only three buttons she could go no further. She looked up into his face, beseeching, pleading wordlessly for her chastity and vows.

The thick black arm suddenly swung like a flash. It seized her by the neck and spun her around instantly and effortlessly. It was almost as if she felt the sting of his belt on her shoulder before she realized he was whipping her! By then the blows were falling with terrifying impact and rapidity.

“AAAAGGGGhhhhhhhh, ple... AAAAAAHHHHHHHHIEEEEE... please!” Emma tried to escape his grasp and shield herself with her hands, but he was too strong and too fast. “AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHH! Oh god! Pleeeeaasssssee... It hurts! AAHHHH... HHHAAHHHHHHHH!”

“I said get those PJs off!” he shouted. Emma felt his hand take hold of her upper garment at the back of her neck. An instant later he was ripping it from her body. She felt the remaining buttons give way, and the flannel parting at her chest. She whimpered miserably as he pulled it from her arms, and spun her around to face him. The young wife wept with shame.

She was topless! She had not had time to put on a bra and her breasts were exposed for the first time to a man other than her husband. Emma wanted to run, escape from the evil man who was so violating her modesty. But she felt so weak, so helpless in the face of his massive size, his strength and brutality. She hung her head, wanting to die. Again she felt his slap to her face before she even saw his palm.

“HHHuuhhhhh! UUUUAAAUAUGGGGG!”

“Uuuuggghh... I belong to you... Uuunngggghhh... Please, you’re too big! Uuunngggghhh... I belong to you... Uuunnhhhh... I belong to you... HHHHAAAAA!”

Emma felt the blunt head of his manhood on her vulva! She held her breath as he guided it up and down through her now greasy sex, as if teasing her pink slit. “Pllleeeaaassssee...” she moaned. “I’m a mother and a faithful wife! Don’t do this, you’ll kill me... AAAAAAAAAAIIIEEE.” Yet another slap impacted her now glowing ass, and once again the young woman remembered what she was supposed to say. “I belong to you! I belong to you...”

“Yes,” he laughed. “This pussy belongs to me and I don’t want it torn. I’ll have to be careful ‘til I stretch you. Better keep reminding me so I’ll remember whose woman you are!”

“I belong to you, sir! I belong to you! Please don’t tear me! I belong to you... UUUUggghhhh!” Emma grunted inelegantly as his penis centered on her vaginal core and he began to push. She could feel her slick outer lips parting, and her inner folds beginning to stretch around his unaccustomed girth. ‘He’s entering me!’ she thought. ‘Oh my god... he’s so big!’ “I belong to you! UUUggghhhh! Please go slow! I belong to you! Uuuuuughhhhhh... HHHUUUUUUUHG GGGGGHHHHH! UUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNN...”

Emma was wailing now as the pressure built, and the huge, rampant organ slid ever deeper into her belly. Even after bearing two children, the petite size of her frame made it a tight fit. The comparatively diminutive length and girth of her husband’s penis had done nothing to prepare her to take a man the sheer size of Marcus Johnson. But she was stretching. She could feel it. If he would only go slowly, she thought she might survive.

“I belong to you... UUUhhggggg... Please, it won’t go! UUUnnhhhhh... Please go slow, sir! Unngghhhh... I belong to you... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH...”

Emma gasped and gagged. She lifted her face from the bed, clinging to handfuls of the blanket beneath her and curling her toes in agony. It was as if he were re-arranging her insides, re-forming her to fit his manhood! And still the huge shaft sank further, farther, into her flesh and soul. Much wider and deeper already than her husband had ever gone. “Pllleeeeeeaaasssseeeee!” She begged with a guttural rasping. “No more! I can’t take more of it! UUUUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH...”

“You’ll take it all!” he shouted, lunging brutally forward. “And want more. You’re my woman now! Say it!”

“I BELONG TO YOU, SIR!” she shrieked. “PLEASE NO FURTHER... I CAN’T TAKE IT! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

A final lunge of his muscular hips brought a full throated scream to her throat. Emma was sure he had ruptured her inside as she felt his weight descend on her back. She was shocked to actually feel his spongy glans pressing into her cervix, something she had never sensed with Ian and had not thought possible. The internal walls of her vagina were painfully taut around his shaft, and she felt bloated with his black flesh. But she had taken all of him!

Emma’s senses were heightened and acute. She could feel the soft, lewd tickle of his pubic hair on her outer labia and inner thighs; hear the muted slap of his hard body against hers. Looking beneath them she could see his heavy scrotum dangling bizarrely under the thinly stretched petals of her labia, making it look as if there were a set of massive, Negro testicles dangling from her own sex.

The Jamaican held himself inside her for several minutes, letting her adjust to his size and listening to her grunts and gasps. Emma shuddered again when he lifted himself on his thick, muscular arms and began to pull his sinuous hips away, drawing the great black rod slowly out of her.

“HHUUUGGGHHH... please sir, slow sir, it’s so big... AAAGGHHHH... I belong to you, sir!” she panted.

He withdrew until Emma could feel his bulbous glans just inside her, behind the muscles of her vulva. Then she gasped again as the black man once more began to push his huge manhood into her! She could feel the head as it moved, and every ridge and vein of the shaft. Then as he bottomed out again she rasped when his scrotum rocked forward to bounce against the head of her clitoris, sending shudders of unwanted sensation into her core.

“UUUUuuuuggggghhhhh, sir... I... Uuuggghhh... HUUUUGGGHH, please go slow!”

“Now I’m forming you!” he gloated. “I’m fitting you like a glove, English bitch! Yeah, that’s right. Feel that white pussy stretch. Feel me claim it. Who do you belong to, white woman?”

“I... I belong to you... please, it hurts... so stretched! It hurts when you move it!”

Despite her entreaty, the Jamaican began to work in and out of her faster. In a few moments he had established a rhythm, and Emma gritted her teeth with the knowledge that her carnal downfall was beginning. Now her body was adjusting to him, and they were having intercourse for real.

“AAAAAAAaggghhhh,” she felt another slap of his hand, and renewed her litany, “I belong to you... I belong... Unnggg... to you...”

“Ahhhh, yes,” he sighed, taking possession of her hips with his meaty fingers. “So good... I’m glad your little white boy kept it so tight for me... like a virgin...”

“Uuuuggnnn,” she cried, grunting with a guttural cry at every thrust. “Uunngggh, I belong... uunnggg... to you, sir... hunnnhh... please... Unngghhh...”

“Yeah, taking you, bitch!” he declared. “Feel my ancestors take you! Move with it! Fuck me back.”

Emma obeyed without thinking. He truly was moving easier now. The pain in her sex was fading, and her hysterical mind decompressed as the fear gradually waned. Her thoughts of imminent death were replaced by an oily, masochistic sensation she had never encountered before. In a way the novel feeling was just as frightening as the sting of his whip, but still she knew she had no choice but to obey. She wondered if her very sanity were in jeopardy, for though her mind still reeled, her body was relaxing. It seemed that the fading of pain and fear brought new terrors of its own.

Looking from below with morbid detachment, she watched the ugly spectacle of her own violation. Like a spear in the vitals of a hapless victim the massive black organ glided in and out with little resistance now. So alien, so lewd- so terrifyingly possessive of her most intimate place! And yet there was still the feeling, becoming a bright harrowing pleasure- the hated tingling extended from her love bud to her womb! With mortifying shame she realized how much her body needed it- how it was betraying her. Guilt contested with lust for the possession of her soul, and Emma wondered with despair just what kind of woman she was.

“Uunnnhhh, uunnggg, uuunnnhhhh, uuunnnhhhh, uuunnnhhhh!” they chanted in unison as the ancient human rhythm overtook them. Emma sensed her will warping in the heat of his rutting ardor. The young wife was working her own torso hard now, pumping her hips back to meet his thrusts. The huge manhood in her belly vanquished the loyalty to her marriage, blinding her to the shadows of morality. And as their passion built, and Emma hissed over and over without volition: “I belong to you, sir. I belong to you!”

The Jamaican was now claiming his woman, taking her in the oldest human way, with a hard, brutal rape meant to steal the passion of her body and heart. One of his huge hands took

hold of her hip, slamming her back onto his organ like a wave crashing into the rocks. With his other hand he seized her hair, pulling her head back brutally and forcing a bestial groan from her throat.

Then she felt him press his weight onto her kneeling form, trapping her with his manhood fully sheathed deep in her belly.

“I BELONG TO YOU!” she screamed as she reached the crest of the wave. “I BELONG TO YOU!” Then Emma felt the gush of his semen, flowing from the head of his shaft and past her cervix, into her very womb!

The sensation was too much. The young white woman exploded with unwanted orgasm, blacking out as the ecstasy took her conscious mind and hearing her own voice recede as if falling from a precipice... “I BELONG TO YOU... I BELONG TO YOU...!”

Chapter 26

The Jamaican had kept his word. Ian and Emma discovered the next day that they had not been charged with the crime of eluding the Levy. The young husband had been informed that his family had been placed in a kind of bureaucratic limbo, pending an administrative hearing on the illegal home schooling of their older child. Though the Fletcher girls had been placed in protective custody, both parents were free to visit them at the child welfare facility any day during visiting hours.

Later, just after noon, Ian had returned to his home, having spent the night in a tiny guest cottage behind a friend's house. He was tormented with guilt and a feeling of trepidation, not knowing what state his wife would be in. She met him at the door in a bath robe, and began crying even before she buried her face in his chest. The young husband's heart sank as he sensed his worst fears had been realized. Emma clung to him, trembling and sobbing as he whispered softly, trying to sooth her. After a moment he tried to kiss her, but she turned her face from him.

Ian decided not to question her closely yet about what had occurred. Instead, he took her inside the house, still holding her.

"Honey, why don't you go back to bed," he told her. "I'll call into work and..."

"No Ian. I... I'm fine. I just want to see the girls."

Ian looked at his wife with concern, but decided that it was probably best if she did see her children. "All right," he said softly. "Why don't you take a shower and get dressed."

Emma smiled faintly in agreement, then walked slowly down the hallway, back to the bathroom.

Ian went to the bedroom to change his clothes. Once there he noticed that Emma had changed the sheets and made the bed. As he heard the shower come on, Ian was struck with a notion. He went to the clothes hamper and dug into its contents until he retrieved the bed sheets. What he saw froze his blood.

Toward the center they were clearly stained, still damp in fact and reeking with the smell of sexual discharge. Now there was no doubt. Ian had of course known that the Jamaican official would avail himself of the family's vulnerability, and abuse his beautiful wife. But he had consoled himself the night before with the illusion that perhaps Johnson was honorable. Perhaps Emma would be able to defend herself. Perhaps some issue would call the man away and Emma would be left alone. 'Perhaps,' he thought bitterly. 'Perhaps' was all he could cling to the night before, and all he had- until this moment had dashed the hope from his mind.

Ian cursed himself for it, but the thought of what Emma had done caused an instinctive male resentment to rear up in the back of his mind. 'She had no choice,' he tried to tell his jealous ego. 'She was trying to protect the girls.' Then a wave of guilt washed over him. 'Maybe she was trying to protect me.'

A moistness formed in Ian's eye as he walked slowly back to the bedroom. Emma had never cheated on him before, and he had never even considered what it might feel like to find she had been unfaithful. She hadn't really, at least voluntarily, he told himself. But somehow it felt like she had! Nevertheless the young husband set his jaw. He decided at that moment that he would not let this destroy his family. He loved Emma, and resolved that he would bring what had happened out into the open, assuring her that he understood, and that she was forgiven.

A short time later he heard the shower water stop. After a few moments, Emma emerged from the bathroom. She looked much better. Her hair was no longer disheveled, and she was

wearing a clean robe. Ian went in and took his own shower. When he emerged, she had breakfast ready for him.

Emma was very quiet as they ate. Ian tried to initiate his normally talkative wife in light conversation, but she seemed so distracted and detached. Finally, he decided the moment had come for them to face reality.

“Darling,” said Ian gently, “I know what happened last night. I don’t hold it against you. We have to... we can survive this...”

Emma’s reaction surprised her husband. He had expected her to burst into tears, and then fall into his arms seeking strength and security, and forgiveness. But his wife merely sat there, staring forward with a blank expression. It was several seconds before she spoke.

“I did it for the girls, Ian. And for you. If he’d have investigated further, he might have found out about your position in the resistance. The loyalists are the last hope of our people. But I didn’t consider what it would feel like when you walked out that door, leaving me alone with that man. I... I know you had to... but... you... abandoned me to... and he took...” Now she wept, and Ian’s guilt reared up.

The young man’s guts felt hollow with guilt, but he took his wife in his arms. He held her close, but her embrace was cold and stiff. “I’ll never let it happen again,” he said resolutely.

Emma pushed herself away from her husband.

“Ian, what if he comes back? What if he intends to... sleep with me again? What’s to stop him?”

Ian looked away. He had no answer for that question, and they both knew it. But he had to say something to reassure his wife. He stuttered, trying to sound firm and strong, but his wife could hear the fear and powerlessness in his voice. “I’ll... I’ll... We’ll leave... We’ll go to Scotland and... And live there until... until...”

Emma was shaking her head. “We can’t leave the girls. Ian, he told me they’d be taken to Africa... to a place where men...”

Ian’s eyes widened with horror. “We’ll get them out... somehow we’ll...”

Emma was shaking her head. “That’s not possible, Ian. They’d capture you... and there’s your work... with the loyalists...”

“Even the resistance knows a man must protect his family...” he protested.

“No Ian,” she said, resolutely now. “You would be killed, and girls would be taken anyway. No, we... I... have to do what Johnson wants. I have to protect the girls... You must continue the cause...”

The tears were flowing now, and Ian had run out of things to say.

“Let’s go see the girls,” he muttered finally.

Ian could read nothing in Emma’s manner as they rode into town on the old public bus. She said little, and he was perplexed at whether that meant she was angry with him or just tired. It wasn’t until they arrived at the juvenile detention center that she became more animated.

Emma cried with joy at being able to see her two precious daughters again. The little girls, Donna and Sylvia, had been well taken care of, though they missed their parents. They told their mother that they shared a small room with each other, and had already made some new friends. The family had a close time together and the visitation period went by so quickly that it seemed only a few moments, though it was nearly five o’clock when one of the social workers told them it was time to go.

On the way back home, Ian noticed that his wife seemed more at ease. They made a little small talk, and Emma began to return his little affections once more. After they had returned to

their suburban home, the couple ate dinner together, but the young husband could tell that his wife already missed her children terribly. She started crying, and he had just moved to embrace her when they heard a sharp knocking at the front door.

They looked at each other with shock and trepidation. The rapping continued and finally Ian got up to answer it. Emma stood behind him as he tentatively opened the door, and the couple gasped when they saw the big, black Levy agent standing there.

“Mr... Mr. Johnson,” stuttered Ian. “Wha... what are you...?”

Emma bit her lip with fear when the powerful black man simply pushed his way in past her much smaller husband without a word.

“I’m disappointed, Emma,” said the Jamaican with a mirthless smile. “I gave you the rules last night.”

The young white wife flushed beet red and looked right to the floor in silence.

“Who do you think you are?” asked Ian, his rage at what the man had done to Emma flaring, momentarily trumping his fear. “This is England! Even if you are a Levy agent, you can’t just walk into our home and...”

“Ian, leave now,” said Marcus even. “Whenever I arrive from now on you are to leave quickly and quietly. Don’t let me even see you, let alone hear you.”

Ian stood there, seething with outrage and uncertainty, afraid yet not wanting to abandon his wife yet again. But there was something terrifying in the black man’s calm rebuke.

Emma pleaded with her husband. “Ian, I’ll... I’ll be all right,” she said, her voice shaking in fear. “Please... please go... think of the children.”

The white husband looked at his wife, his face a mask of agony and shame. “Emma, we can’t... Emma, no... not again...”

“Ian, please!” she sobbed. “You’re just making this worse... Please... For the girls?”

Ian set his jaw. He knew they were totally at the mercy of Marcus Johnson, and that they had no choice but to accommodate his whims. In addition to his legal authority, the Jamaican was much more powerfully built, and Ian knew he was no match physically for the black man. Bereft of hope, his resolve collapsed, and he couldn’t look at his wife as he turned and left the room. Without further comment he headed to the back exit of the house.

“Go lock the doors,” ordered Marcus, after the young husband had left.

Emma obeyed, but not before lingering a moment at the back window, staring wistfully out to the street where her husband must have gone. He must have already rounded the corner, as she didn’t see him. Then, with her legs feeling like jelly, she walked back to her front room, where the big black man sat talking on his cell phone to colleagues at his office.

Outside the home, the young white husband had not headed to his friend’s residence. He didn’t know what caused him to linger- perhaps pride, or concern for Emma- perhaps jealousy, or even some darker motive. He circled around to the far side of the house, where he could not be seen. There was an external access to the roof, up a ladder overgrown and hidden with ivy. He had made a rare visit to the attic of his home the week before, and noticed several cracks in the ceiling plaster which he had intended to fix when he had the time. With extreme care he was able to silently ascend the ladder and gain access into the home through an old crawl space door. Once inside, he could easily hear Johnson talking on his cell phone, finally telling his office to hold his calls for the remainder of the evening. Then the Jamaican hung up and turned his attention to Emma.

“Now get undressed, bitch!” said the powerful black man, his voice suddenly taut with irritation. “I told you I demand respect from a white sow. You are to be dressed properly when I’m in this house.”

“I.. We didn’t know you were coming,” whined Emma. “Please, don’t do this again. Please, I beg of you. My marriage, my... family and children... AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

In the room above them Ian stiffened at the sound of a slap. Creeping as stealthily as possible along the slats in the attic, he quietly made his way over to the area above the bedroom. The plaster there was especially buckled, and there were several cracks large enough to peer through. He could see the bedroom from almost every overhead angle, but in the dark of the attic he would be all but undetectable.

“UUUgghhhhhh!” came another slap, and then Emma’s voice pleading, “I’m sorry... I didn’t know you were coming back. Please... think of my family!”

Ian settled over one of the plaster cracks through which he could observe the pair. Emma was standing nervously in the center of the bedroom, small and vulnerable in front of Johnson, who was slowly circling her. Ian could see her head was still recoiling from the slap, and knew that her face must sting horribly.

“Shut up, cunt!” shouted Johnson. “Nothing in your white world means a thing to me! Now get your fucking clothes off before I rip them off!”

The white wife closed her eyes tight, but began to disrobe. Ian watched as she removed her shoes and rolled the socks from her feet, whimpering the whole time. She hesitated a bit unbuttoning her blouse, but under Johnson’s glowering stare her hands were stilled for only a moment. Reaching back, Emma’s trembling fingers fumbled with the catch on her skirt. She freed it, and the modest garment suddenly dropped to pool at her ankles.

Ian watched, amazed and mesmerized to see his wife undressing for another man. Anger and jealousy began welling up in his psyche. Yet despite his pain in the anguish he could see on Emma’s face, it felt oddly exciting knowing that this was what had happened the night before. He’d lain awake for many hours wondering and cursing himself for his weakness. Deep inside he’d known, of course, what had to be happening, but it was impossible to visualize his faithful wife, who he knew to be so upright and chaste, relating carnally to another man.

Suddenly that perception had changed. The sight of his slightly built, pristine Emma standing in her bra and panties, so helpless and alone before a man of such overwhelming physical presence invoked a mixture of passions unlike anything he had ever known. Hate, guilt, and disgust vied with even baser emotions: male curiosity, and lust- pure, pyrrhic lust. Now he was astonished to feel the rise in his pants and the arousal in his blood. It was the result of stress, he told himself. He couldn’t possibly be deriving pleasure from the degradation of the wife he loved so much. Yet the prurient feeling was impossible to suppress. Every fiber in his being screamed for him to rush into that room and rescue her. But as Emma stood there, looking at the floor in shame, Ian was paralyzed and watched in silence.

The Levy official stood directly in front of her. Ian could see an angry sneer in his face. He was not pleased with the young woman. Emma’s eyes rose to meet those of the big black man’s. Ian saw his arm rise and his hand grasp the bridge of her bra between the cups. Then in one surreal instant his arm yanked back with impossible strength. The cotton straps parted behind her and the bra disappeared from her chest, causing her mounds to jiggle slightly as they were freed and exposed. Emma emitted a cry and brought her arms to cover her breasts.

As Ian held his breath the man reached into his coat pocket. The husband's heart went into his throat when Johnson drew out a knife. With a click the switchblade opened, and Emma's eyes grew panicked and wide when he brought the blade to her belly.

"Please..." she sobbed. "Please... I... I belong to you, sir... I'll do what you want..."

At that moment, Ian almost acted. But his duty to England won out. If he tried to stop the Levy agent (even if he succeeded) there would certainly be an inquiry, and they would certainly learn of his involvement with the resistance. Emma was fully committed to the movement and would probably never forgive him for betraying it, or for the loss of her children. Moreover, Ian knew he could not overpower the man. With that knife the Jamaican could kill them both!

"Ahhhh!" Emma squealed. Johnson had seized her thin panties from the front. He seemed to toy with the elastic for a moment, smiling down at her with taunting power. Then with two deft movements he sliced the fabric from her legs without even nicking her. The cotton garment fled her loins as she gasped and jumped. Now she stood nude before the man once more, still instinctively trying to hide her charms with her hands though he had seen it all the night before. Ian stifled a cry of rage with a simultaneous sign of relief. At least Emma had not been cut.

"You stupid white bitch," muttered Johnson. "Put your arms up, behind your neck. Lace your fingers together." Emma, confused and fearful, obeyed him. "Now get your elbows back... Way back!" he hissed dangerously, through clenched teeth. "Now keep them that way!"

The young woman was weeping, red faced and mortified. Her breasts were so thrust out and open, as if she were offering them shamelessly to his gaze and touch!

"Noooo... please..." she whispered with horror, as she saw him produce a short stiff lash, looped like a crop. The wicked instrument was black leather, and seemed to merge into his dusky, calloused hand.

"Shoulders and elbows back," he demanded. "Keep those white tits pushed out!"

"You don't mean to..." she gasped. "You can't use that on me!"

His only response was a broad grin. "You know what this is, sow?" asked Marcus, rubbing her nipple gently with the tip of the loop. "It's called a 'leupa.' We use it on the islands to herd pigs. These days we also use it to train white women!"

"Please... please, sir... please!" she sobbed hysterically.

"I'm going to go easy on you, bitch. Only six strokes if you behave well. This is to teach you to prepare yourself. Dress properly for my arrival and do not attempt to hide your breasts from me. No robes, none of your European clothes to assuage your English modesty! You may wrap a towel or a cloth around your waist, or come to the door naked, but you will be ready to see to my comfort and pleasure."

"Now you will learn to stand still for punishment. You will keep your white chest thrust out at me, and you will count each stroke and thank me for correcting you."

Emma trembled with small sobs, looking with trepidation at the terrifying implement in the black man's hand. 'Surely he's not going to use that on me,' she thought. 'God, he can't use that on me!'

Suddenly, without warning, the blow fell! "AAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIEEEE!" the young wife and mother screamed! She had seen a flash of black against her bare white skin, then felt the indescribable sting below her right breast. Too afraid to even move, Emma merely stared at him, panting through her open mouth.

Ian lay stunned, prone on the boards of the attic as he watched the chastisement of his wife. His wounded male pride screamed at him to do something. 'Go down and stop the man, beat him to a pulp!' But fear kept him frozen to the floor. He knew if he went down there the

Jamaican would at least beat him severely. Even worse than the physical pain would be the shame of being thrashed in front of Emma- beaten into submission in his own home, only hours after his wife had been raped by the same man! Neither his psyche or marriage might ever recover and Ian knew it. He stiffened as the cold hand of terror gripped his spine.

“You will take the stroke over,” said Marcus, “Because you did not count and thank me!”

Emma gasped. “No! Please, I can’t take any more of... AAAAAAAAAAIIIEEEHHHHH...!” Again Emma experienced the flash of the black hand and leather, and the instant of disbelief before the pain exploded into reality. The lash had fallen below her other proud semi-globe and she looked down to see two matching red stripes on her white skin, bright red lines neatly seared under the swell of her breasts. She brought her hands down to rub them.

“HHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEE!” The crop had slashed viciously across her lovely face, and her cheeks stung horribly!

“You stupid white sow!” he bellowed. “I told you to keep your hands and elbows back and your tits out. Do it or I’ll beat your face! And you will count and thank me, or take the stroke over and over.”

“Oh god, one! Thank you!” whimpered Emma pathetically.

“Louder,” he yelled. “Count and thank me louder, so I know your dense little white brain is accepting my discipline.”

“ONE. THANK YOU!” blurted Emma. “Please stop! AAAAAAAAAAIIIEEEEEEE!”

“TWO. THANK YOU! HHHAAAHHHHH!” His open palm slapped her face.

“How do you address me, white bitch?”

“SIR! I’m SORRY! SIR!”

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEE! THREE. THANK YOU, SIR!”

The last two lashes had fallen above her breasts, and seemed to impart a burning heat to her punished flesh.

“AAAAAHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGGGGGGHHH! FOUR. THANK YOU, SIR!”

To Ian the moment was almost surreal. That such a thing could happen in his own wife in his own home made him grit his teeth. Knowing now that he could do nothing to help Emma, part of him wanted to leave. But another part wanted to see how she would react to this man and his discipline. Ian would not have even dared to consider treating his wife this way. He decided to stay, telling himself it was only to make sure Emma was not seriously injured.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” she screamed. The lash had fallen directly over her sensitive nipple, but she didn’t neglect to count and thank him. “FIVE. THANK YOU, SIR! PLLLEEEAAASSSSSEEEE STOP!”

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHIIIIIIIEEEEEEE! Huhh, huuunnhhh huhhh... SIX. THANK YOU, SIR!” Her other nipple had been struck! Emma panted as the sting lingered with a hateful throbbing. She looked down at her breasts with wide-eyed astonishment at the accuracy of his blows. Four raised scarlet stripes on her pale skin ran perfectly around the swell of her breasts. Two bisected her nipples with precision, while one crisply underlay both her areoles. It was as if the wheals outlined an invisible brassiere on her soft, pale skin.

Ian sobbed quietly with impotent rage. Yet at that instant came a bizarre solace. He knew himself a coward, and the voice of a little boy so small and afraid filled his consciousness. ‘You escaped, you’re safe,’ it whispered to him. ‘They don’t know you’re here, and she can’t blame you! Look at how big and frightening he is! At least it’s not you under that whip! Stay here! Please stay here... safe and silent, grateful that it isn’t you facing that cruel man!’

Emma looked up, bleary eyed. The big Jamaican was smiling again, his thick dreadlocks framing his dark face.

“Now I think you will remember to greet me with respect, not your arrogant white woman’s modesty! And keep those white tits thrust out to my gaze,” he said.

Emma nodded meekly, her face a mask of incredulity and shame. She continued to sob softly as the stripes on her flesh still stung. Yet her mind was strangely numbed, in a state of temporary flux. Beaten into submission, but open now to suggestion and the imposition of his will, the young wife stood awaiting his instructions. She still held the pose- fingers laced behind her head, elbows back, and bare chest thrust forward.

The lingering pain brought Emma a moment of introspection as the big man circled her, admiring his work. She could still scarcely believe what she was being subjected to. This was Britain, a civilized, Western country. Women had never been beaten and raped here by government agents, no matter how corrupt the system had become. The horrible reality of the moment could not be ignored, but the shock, disbelief and fear were made all the more acute by the fact that she had been secure and free- and had never dreamed that such abuse could happen in her native country.

Only a day before she had been a normal if somewhat religious wife and mother, proud of her chastity and happily married to a man she loved. She would have felt revolted if a man like Johnson had merely ogled her in the market, fully clothed. Now all that she had held dear and everything that had defined her self-identity was under the direct control of a man she would have considered her social inferior only hours before.

The big Jamaican read these thoughts in her face. “Once your English plantation owners and overseers punished their black female slaves in just this way,” he said. “The women were obliged to thank their masters for the pain that trained them to the white man’s bed and body. Now the black man does the training. But we use the white man’s methods.”

Emma shuddered. She knew he spoke the truth. But slavery in Jamaica was so long ago. Why was she being punished to atone for the evil done by her ancestors?

“Undress me,” ordered the Levy agent.

Swallowing hard, Emma proceeded to take his coat and unbutton his shirt. She lifted it from his back, and remembering his direction from the day before carefully folded it, laying it on the dresser. He sat on the foot of the bed, and she drew off his shoes, socks, and slacks, taking care of them as well. The young white wife could see the big Jamaican’s great manhood, pulsing and alive inside his boxers. She froze, staring at the bulge- and the unwanted tingling in her pleasure bud began again.

“Kneel,” he said simply, crooking a finger. “Come, remove my shorts.”

Again Emma complied without resistance, questioning him only for an instant with a slight frown and soft cry. Her white hands seemed to move without volition, finding the band of his boxers, and drawing them down and off, exposing his heroic black organ.

“Good,” he said. “Now take it in your mouth and suck it, white woman!”

Ian stirred at this new outrage. On occasion he had fantasized about Emma performing the act on him, but he had never suggested it, knowing that with her ultra-conservative upbringing she would be scandalized.

Emma gasped with shock at the demand, watching as the huge phallus bobbed in front of her eyes. She looked up to Johnson’s face, imploring him silently. She knew she could never perform such a filthy act!

The big Jamaican said nothing, but reached casually over to pick up the crop. Then with a quick flip of his arm delivered another stinging slash across her face, this time through the middle of her forehead.

“UUUUUUUUUUaaaaahhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaa!” she wailed.

“Take my cock in your mouth, and suck on it, white pig,” he ordered. “Do it now!”

“I... Please, sir, I can't... I...” Emma babbled. But she had already captured the shaft in her fingers and was bringing her face to his loins. Her body had learned to obey, even as her outraged mind convulsed and twisted with doubt. ‘It’s horrible! It’s dirty and sick!’ she thought- as her lips grazed the dark purple head of his glans. ‘I can’t do this! I can’t!’ her mind screamed, even as her mouth obeyed.

“Yes, that’s it,” said Johnson, leaning back as her lips tentatively engulfed his manhood. “Take it all. As deep as you can!”

“Pwweeeeffff... ahh... aaits... mmmuuunnnfffff... uuuggggghhhh...” the white woman groaned in protest.

“Deeper,” he demanded, placing his hand behind her head and pulling her forward. “Relax your throat...”

“PWWWWEESSEEE... AAAIIIMMM... UUUGGHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh!” In panic she pulled her head free of his grasp and whipped it back. She had been choking!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGGGG!” Another vicious lash landed across her face, this time leaving a glowing pink wheal on her cheeks and the bridge of her nose! Emma sat back on her heels, as her stomach nearly heaved.

“Get you mouth back on it, bitch,” he told her, his voice low and threatening. “Suck it!”

“Please, it’s gagging me, sir!”

“Concentrate,” he told her. “Suppress the gag reflex.”

“Please... This is so filthy... so... so sordid... I can't... AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.” Once again the crop landed with a wicked impact, this time on her left cheek.

“Suck it, or I’ll tear your face up, white sow!”

Emma wept with pure misery. “All right!” she sobbed. “Please... please, I’ll do it. Be patient with me, sir... I can’t take all of it, I can’t breathe!”

His eyes narrowed, but he relented. “Put it in your mouth for now. Get accustomed to it.”

“Yes,” she sobbed. “But please don’t force it... Don’t choke me, sir!”

The crying woman brought her lips back to the stiff man-rod. This time there was no hesitation as they parted to envelop him. Emma’s chaste mind screeched with self-disgust as the overwhelming revulsion had given way to pathetic capitulation, but she was simply terrified of choking- and his whip. Self-preservation took precedence over self-respect.

“Rub the bottom of my cock with your tongue,” he sighed. “Suck. Learn your place, white woman!”

Emma obeyed, all the while struggling to keep from retching. As a well brought up Christian wife, she had never done anything like this with Ian, though she had heard of the act. It was something performed by the lowest, most disgusting of women, for men of lascivious and callous natures. Only whores performed this unspeakably lewd perversion. Now she was doing it! - For a black man!

“Suck,” he ordered firmly. “Let me feel that tongue, or you’ll feel my whip!”

Emma tightened her lips around his black shaft and began to rub her rough lingual digit under its length. She applied some vacuum, hollowing her cheeks slightly and holding her head

still as he moved his organ slowly in and out. Every part of her consciousness wanted to die, but fear now dictated her actions, and a warped sense of satisfaction crept into her mind.

She was pleasing him. She had found a way to influence him, even gain some control over her situation. When she gave him pleasure he stopped hurting her. Emma groaned but relaxed a bit. It was enough that he had put the crop down.

“Yessssss,” he hissed. “Suck it... Love it, bitch.”

Now Emma was bobbing her head in concert with his hip movements. By accident her teeth grazed the flange of his glans as his organ twitched. She braced for a slap, but discovered that he seemed to like the sensation. Looking up, her eyes locked with his, and Emma felt a strange impulse to submit to him- to his masculinity. To his strength.

“Suck it,” he whispered, stroking her hair gently, lovingly. The magic of her submission had transformed him again into the calm, sensually pacified male. Emma whined softly, and swirled her tongue about his penis in a subconscious effort to reinforce his reaction.

For long moments, the couple dwelt in a state of equilibrium. Johnson continued to take his pleasure, as Emma learned and served him with her mouth. As long as he did not try to push it too deep down her throat, she could suppress her own revulsion and inhibitions. But she had forgotten about his semen. And the sudden thought that he intended to ejaculate into her mouth brought her nausea back with a vengeance. She started to pull her head away, just as he neared climax.

Instantly the spell was broken. The Levy agent seized her neck and hair to keep her in place. Emma panicked, pushing desperately at his hips, trying to escape his grasp. But he was too strong. They struggled mightily for several seconds, until finally the big man clasped her dark hair and her ears, holding her solidly in place while he erupted into her mouth.

“Swallow it!” he bellowed as the terrified woman thrashed, emitting muffled screams over his spurting manhood. “Swallow it, you sucking pig!”

Emma felt the seed in her mouth and throat. The hot, thick liquid triggered the reflex to swallow and her eyes rolled, even as her belly heaved. At last he let go of her head, and Emma’s guts erupted. She fell back like a stone and retched violently onto the floor, as the big Jamaican shouted with wrath.

“You bitch! You white cur!” He reached for the crop, and laid into her with a will.

Then she was screaming, still puking, as he lashed her with blow after blow, ravaging her back with a lattice of angry red stripes.

“I told you to swallow it, bitch!” he snarled at her.

Emma couldn’t respond. Supported by her arms she sobbed and heaved; bile, spittle and semen dripping grossly from her chin. Finally she rolled onto her back and collapsed as she wept, her lovely face fouled with the slime. He was standing, looking down at her with contempt.

“You pig. You just lost your daughters! They’ll be in a cheap African brothel by tomorrow!”

“Noooooooooooo,” she wailed. “Oh god, please no. Please sir, I didn’t do it on purpose! Please don’t take my little girls!”

Johnson bounded from the room and strode downstairs. Emma struggled to her knees and followed, staggering, crawling, wailing with desolation.

“Please, sir... please no... please... I’ll obey you. Please give me another chance to... another chance to keep my family. Oh please, sir!”

Ian caught his breath in alarm, fearing all was lost. He carefully moved to another crack in the plaster, this one overlooking the kitchen.

When Emma emerged into her kitchen the Levy agent was already on the phone! He was telling the social worker to close the case on the Fletcher girls and deliver them to the Levy docks!

“Special procurement,” he said. “Yes, they can be sold tomorrow, in Lagos.”

The white mother fell prostrate at the black man’s feet, groping feebly at his ankles and begging, pleading pathetically. “Please don’t do this! Oh god, sir, please. I’ll do whatever you want! I swear it! I swear it!”

“Wait a moment,” said Johnson. “There’s a new development here. Don’t do anything until I call you back.” The Jamaican hung up the phone, and stared down at her.

Emma sensed a ray of hope. “I’ll do what you want,” she groaned. “I’ll be what you want. Please don’t take my daughters!”

“Get yourself and that room cleaned up,” he said evenly. “Then get me some dinner. I’ll see how you please me tonight, and decide about your children in the morning.”

“Thank you, sir,” she replied, crying with a sense of reprieve. “Thank you, thank you!”

Ian relaxed as well. He knew there was nothing he could do if the Levy agent decided to ship off his precious girls. The detention center was well guarded and he was unarmed.

Emma went back upstairs and wiped up her vomit from the floor. Then she staggered on unstable legs into the bathroom to clean her face and try to compose her traumatized psyche.

Half an hour later she was serving the big Jamaican the meal she had planned to eat with her husband, sitting naked beside the black man as he ate.

“You’re a good cook,” said Johnson, smiling genuinely. “And you’re devoted to your children. You are a good wife and mother.”

Startled by his comment, Emma could only whisper “Thank you,” while staring at the floor. She didn’t feel like a good wife to Ian at the moment.

“You must be wondering about your future, what all this will mean to your family,” said the black man casually. Emma shivered. He was back to his easy manner. But was it simply a prelude to another of his explosions? He was just sitting there, relaxing, conversing, eating at her table as if he belonged there- as if she were in fact his woman, his wife.

“I... I only want my children to be safe, sir” she said softly, without looking up. “That’s all I’ve wanted.”

“That’s all a mother ever wants,” said Johnson. He reached for her with his left hand, lifting her left breast as if weighing it. “But a good mother knows she needs a strong man, one who will protect her offspring. You know this instinctively, don’t you, white woman.” It was more a statement of fact than a question, but Emma nodded silently. “You need a powerful man. But to keep a man you must please him- please him in the most fundamental ways. And you must be loyal to him.”

Not knowing what else to say, Emma could only whisper “Yes,” in reply, flushing as he ogled her naked body while idly touching her.

“You English are so stodgy these days,” he smiled. “Your clothing fashions are like the Victorians again. You even dress in the privacy of your homes as though you were on a public street. Nothing visible on a woman below her neck! How did you get to be such a prudish set?”

“Styles change, sir,” she said. “Before the great Biowar fashions were much less formal. Most younger women wore pants or skirts which were much higher. After so many died there was a moral revival. Everyone dressed more conservatively.”

The Levy agent nodded, sighing. “Yes, that is the way of religion. In Africa the Prophet enforces strict propriety between black men and women. Even in Jamaica, which used to be so

free, the black women now see themselves as the upper crust. They dress and comport themselves as poised and aloof as your aristocratic ancestors. There's not a brothel in Kingston with black woman working in it." Johnson smiled, watching her face. "Fortunately, we black men now have the white woman to fulfill our carnal needs."

Emma blushed again and lowered her eyes.

"But I think," he added. "A relationship should satisfy mutual needs. A white woman craves protection. She needs the black man, don't you agree?"

"I... I have a husband already..."

"Speak no longer of your husband to me woman," he snapped. "He's your white boy, and you will get nothing from one so weak!"

"Please... my family..."

"Say it, woman" he demanded. "He's your white *boy*. Say it!"

"Ian... Ian is my white boy, sir," she whispered.

"Say no more about 'white men.' There are 'black men,' and there are 'white boys,' understand? I will slap your face hard enough to rattle your teeth if I hear the words 'white man,' or 'husband,' coming from your mouth again."

"Yes, sir" she replied.

When he had finished eating, Johnson allowed her to fix a plate for herself, then watched her in silence as she ate. Finally when she was done, he pushed himself from the table. "A very good meal," he noted. "Now get me a cigar."

The young white woman blanched. "We... We don't have tobacco, sir," she whimpered. "Neither I or my hus... my white boy smoke, sir. And I didn't know... I didn't know you were coming..."

Emma began to cry, certain she was about to be chastised brutally once again. The black man's eyes narrowed, and he shook his head.

"Should I whip you, white woman?" he asked, with a tight smile.

Emma looked into his strong Negroid face and knew she could not escape his will. He would punish her as he saw fit. But perhaps she could still save her children.

"Yes, I should be whipped," she whispered, her eyes closed. "I should have been prepared to please you, sir."

The white woman's anxiety overcame her and she trembled, sobbing softly. But she did not open her eyes until she felt his hand gently lifting her chin.

He smiled- and surprised her once again. "Would you rather I fuck you, or whip you?" he asked.

Emma shuddered, but the words came with servile ease, though her soul screamed with horror. "Don't whip me, sir. Please... don't... whip me."

"You're my woman now?"

"Yes... I'm your woman... I... I belong to you..."

"Go in and freshen up, then wait for me in the bedroom," he chuckled. "We'll see how enthusiastic you are."

Emma ran up the stairs. She knew she had to keep his favor in order not to lose her little girls, and she desperately wanted to avoid his compact but stinging crop.

From his secret perch in the attic, Ian had seen and heard all. He seethed at the dominance Johnson now had over his wife. She had never been so submissive and obedient toward him! Then again, he had never lashed her with a pig crop! In his mind he could neither condemn her nor absolve her of wrong. Instead he felt the guilt settling on himself. From his

quiet place of safety he had watched with impotent silence as his Emma was whipped, orally raped, and verbally dominated. Now she was about to be raped again. But it was not just her physical torment that so vexed the young husband's soul. He knew now he was seeing the theft of his wife.

Emma was not being merely ravished and abused. The Jamaican was taking her from him. He was changing her, forcing her to adapt to new paradigms and a new reality. Ian had already witnessed the skillful and brutal transfer of his wife's source of security. Now he was watching her loyalty slowly shift. The longer the black man possessed her, the more profound and permanent the changes would be. But, thought Ian, as the acid ate at his guts- THERE WAS STILL NOTHING HE COULD DO! Nothing- except watch!

The distraught husband crept over to a new ceiling fissure where he could clearly observe the bedroom, and the adjacent bathroom. Humiliation and horror like a wave washed over him, but there was another feeling as well. His libido was back, knowing what was about to happen in that bedroom below him. With a stifled groan of defeat, Ian loosened the fly in his trousers. Already his manhood was stiff and throbbing, and his mind succumbed to the need for release. Emma was arriving, and he held his breath, watching her with morose interest.

The lovely young wife was still crying as she entered the bathroom and began to fix up her appearance as best she could. Johnson's mercurial nature was playing havoc with her psyche. He was at times startlingly quick to anger, yet at other times quite indulgent of her errors. It kept her off guard, confusing her and confounding the conscious and sub-conscious efforts of her mind to resist his conditioning. In his presence and in his power it was hard to think of her family, her middle class life, or her desire to be a good wife and mother. Fear of his hand and of his whip tended to dominate her thoughts and drive out everything else but the substance of his will. Now that she was momentarily alone, however, Emma was able to calm herself a bit. She took a deep breath and examined herself in the mirror, wiping her face with a wet cloth and brushing her hair.

Ian saw her gazing at her naked upper body. The welts from Johnson's pig-crop, though fading now, were still clearly evident on her pale flesh. They seemed to frame her breasts, and Emma had a sudden, odd perception about them. *He* had put them there! The dread-locked Jamaican, who now had so much power over her family and her life, had placed those marks with stunning precision. Mesmerized, she brought her soft, white hand to her wounded chest, gingerly tracing the pink wheals with her fingertips. '*He* put them there!' she thought.

Emma's hand followed one of the red lines to her nipple. She tensed as a thick, hot need seemed to suffuse her belly, like warm syrup flowing, seeping through her sex and her brain. She gasped as her nipple hardened and her face reddened. In the mirror her eyes burned with fear and self-loathing, and her visage pulled into a grimace of astonished shame. But in her feminine core she felt the radiance of powerful arousal, and with her other hand she discovered the dripping wetness of her sex. Emma sobbed.

'I can't feel this way!' she shrilled inside. 'I can't feel this way with him!' Yet the fact that he was indeed making her feel that way generated another wave of unwanted lust behind her navel. He was so strong. He was so dominant. He was... Emma heard a noise behind her. She turned and saw him in the bathroom doorway looking at her, smiling with self-assurance. He was here!

The big Jamaican had removed his shorts and stood in regal black nudity before the bed she shared with her husband. His face was unreadable, but he summoned her into the adjacent bedroom with a motion of his hand. Emma lowered her eyes and entered the room, padding off to a corner with her back turned, not daring to face him. Long moments went by as she tried to

control her breathing and her raging, contradictory emotions, then she trembled a bit when she felt his huge black hands on her shoulders.

He made the distraught young wife stand before him again, facing the bed with her back to him as he reached around her and began to play with her charms.

Emma's expression tightened and she set her teeth at the unwanted touch of the black man. Yet she could feel the warm draft of his breath on her neck and his hard chest muscles against her soft back. The flesh of his arms rubbed her sides and he palmed her breasts, lifting them, squeezing them gently but possessively.

"Pleeeaaassee," she hissed, as his wet, eager mouth met the back of her neck and his thumbs worked her stiffening nipples. He was arousing her further, and she was appalled by the new feelings that suddenly coursed through her living frame. Then she became conscious of his lips at her ear, and felt his broad nose nuzzling through her rich, dark hair.

"Look," he whispered, turning their bodies to the side. There in her full length mirror, Emma beheld the sight that numbed her chaste mind in disbelief. They faced the reflection together, naked, almost glowing in the subdued light. Her smooth, white flesh seemed to gleam in contrast to the blackness of his. And as he held her, his long dreadlocks draped and slithered over her chest, mingling with her chestnut curls. He continued to work his thick lips on her supple neck, and his hands now cradled her breasts, his thumbs squeezing the red nubs of her nipples all but painfully. She tried half-heartedly to move away, but he held her fast.

Once again her eyes were drawn to the stripes of his leather, still vivid and glowing on her alabaster skin. She held her breath as he lightly traced the marks over her naked flesh, as if to revel in her capitulation.

"You shouldn't force me to punish you," he whispered into her ear as they watched themselves in the mirror.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered. "I... I've never... cheated my... hus... my white... boy."

Johnson turned her around to face him once more. Then reached down to run his thick fingers through the cleft of her sex. They were sopping now with her thick discharge. Emma was at once profoundly ashamed at the way she was responding to him, and felt revulsion at his presence. Yet she was mentally and emotionally exhausted, and within her there was a need to feel the warmth and strength of a male body. She did not try to push him away, but stood with helpless, guilty bliss with her head on his chest.

His arms encircled her, and though she told herself she loathed his touch, on one more than one level she needed this man. She sobbed, and the big black man simply held her for several minutes, showing surprising patience, even tenderness. At last, as her shaking subsided, he stepped away. Emma realized she had been clinging to him.

"You need a strong man... a man who will protect you," he said again softly. Emma bit her lower lip, but nodded. When she dared to look at his face again, she saw nothing of the cruelty and violence she had imagined before. Now his manner was calm, reassuring, and confident: so overwhelmingly masculine, and so unlike anything she had ever sensed in Ian. She watched in silence as the black man brought his hand to her breast, hefting it gently, pinching her nipple painlessly and using it to pull her back into his grasp.

"You think this is wrong?" he asked, breathing onto her neck.

"I'm married," she gasped. "I... I love my white boy... But please, sir. Please don't let them take my daughters! Please, I..."

“Shhhhh...” He silenced her, placing his fingers at her lips and whispering with intimacy. “You belong to me now. When you are full of my seed and have earned my favor you may ask of me,” he breathed. “Then I will hear the concerns of my white woman.”

Emma sighed and closed her eyes once more. His hands now were roaming, caressing, kneading. His manhood hung in the folds of her labia and she felt its throbbing, coming alive at the contact with her ripe vulva. She whimpered as his fingers once again stroked lightly through the cleft of her buttocks. His palms softly caressed the curve of her rear cheeks before one hand reached forward to her sex. The steely black fingertips delved gently but insistently, churning the liquid offering of lust- the proof of her submission and need. Then his middle digit slowly circled the nub of her clitoris, and Emma groaned.

She would have collapsed were he not holding her. As it was, she had to lean against his mighty chest.

“I claim you,” he said simply. “You will serve me. You will think no more about the white boy while we are together. Do you understand what I am saying?”

As if to emphasize his statement the Jamaican leaned forward to murmur in her shell-like ear. Ian strained to hear but could make out nothing.

Emma nodded, though she bit her lower lip and trembled.

“Show me,” Johnson breathed. “You belong to me. Show me that you understand what that means. Show me you accept it.”

The white beauty separated from his grasp. From his overhead view Ian groaned inwardly, his pride numbed now, his lust raging. While he watched silently Emma slowly turned down the bed cover to the clean, white sheets. Then she placed two pillows at the center of the mattress and gracefully mounted the bed to lie on her back atop them. Emma’s eyes locked with the Jamaican’s and she flushed as she slowly parted her legs, demonstrating her obedient invitation. Her nether lips were still red and swollen from their previous activities, and her drooling slit betrayed the basest female need. She did understand, for he was the strongest male- she needed his protection and favor and felt the gripping craving for it. *She did understand! She would save her family. She would show him!*

Emma folded her knees back almost to her ribs, and let her feet dangle before him as she bared her most intimate flesh. She flexed her hips to make her belly roll and placed her hands on her knees. Then, still staring into his coal black face she whispered softly, as if to keep the servile words even from her own ears. “Do it to me,” she breathed. “Do what you want... please, sir!”

Ian stared as Johnson’s stoic gaze at last warmed. The black man climbed between Emma’s open legs, and she felt his sinuous hips nestle with comforting confidence to her upturned thighs. His great manhood pressed into the wetness of her sex and she groaned, even as her calves rubbed softly against his ribs. And her hands found his shoulders.

Now the man leaned forward, down to find her mouth with his. The white woman’s jaw went slack as his tongue slithered and probed for hers. For a long time he ravished her in this manner, moaning into her throat as his strong arms crushed her torso and his weight held her motionless. Emma’s lust burgeoned with hungry ferocity as the dark head of his penis rubbed against her exposed clit. The little bud swelled with blood and longing as he rocked her slowly, dragging his manhood lengthwise through the trough of her sex- until the moment crystallized. The white woman’s arms and legs enveloped him and she screamed into his mouth as her orgasm shook her ridged frame. Then all was gasping, humid bliss as her consciousness returned, and she found herself still pinned to the bed.

His strength seemed unabated as she panted under him, and she was aware that he had still not even entered her with his manhood.

“Please... Do it to meeee!” she hissed.

Johnson smiled broadly above her, his flawless, pearly white teeth set in stark contrast with his jet-black, Negroid face. “Put it in,” he whispered.

Ian held his breath. He could not imagine, even in her chastened state, that Emma would do something so venal, so symbolic of the betrayal of her vows. He braced himself, thinking there would be more physical punishment of his wife. But he was wrong.

With an urgent sigh, Emma reached down between the agent’s legs. She found the massive organ, now coated underneath with the sundry fluids of her womanhood. Her eyes locked with his as her small white hand enveloped the pulsing shaft.

“We don’t ‘Do it,’ white woman,” Johnson growled. “We don’t ‘make love’ or ‘have sex.’ We FUCK! I FUCK my white woman! Now put it in, and beg me for what you need!”

Ian watched, feeling hollow inside as Emma whimpered with capitulation. She tucked the blunt tip of the thick black rod into her lips at the entrance to her feminine soul. Then the young husband’s ears burned as she cried, softly at first, “Fuck me...” Her mouth hung open and her eyes glazed- as if part of her soul were being torn out. “Fuck me!” she gasped, louder now. “Please... fuck me!”

Ian saw the massive black hips rotate forward and heard his wife’s sharp intake of breath. “Aaaahhhhhggggg huuuu... uuuuuuhhhhhh...” she panted as she returned her hands to his powerful shoulders. He was pushing into her, pressing his weight down and his manhood in-completing their union once again.

“UUUUUhhhhhhh.” Emma was trapped. Impaled on his heroic rod and held utterly helpless by the iron strength of his sinuous arms and legs. This time her body was admitting him with much less resistance and Emma didn’t struggle, remaining still save for the nervous waving of her white feet.

“Aaaaauuuuu hhhhuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuhhhh... You’re... going so deep!” she breathed, gazing at his face. The presence of his manhood seemed so different this second time, as if his claim on her were becoming more legitimate with repeated expression. His manner was so confident, so arrogant. Yet Emma at that moment felt no resentment. She did belong to him, at least at that moment. And they fit together now- already he had stretched her intimate flesh to accommodate his. It was right and proper- and so long and thick!

“Keep your eyes open!” Johnson grunted. “Always keep your eyes open and look into my face when I fuck you from the front... ‘Til I come in you!”

Emma followed his direction, staring with mesmerized intensity into the black void of his pupils. “Please...” she gasped. “Go slow... I’m so full of... of you...! Unnggghhhh!”

He was pulling out! Emma was astonished as her body reacted on its own, with abject disappointment. Her belly tightened, clung, begging him to stay, her ankles dug into his buttocks to push him back in. But the big organ slithered out, and she felt the fat, blunt head as it seemed to drag outward on the wall of her vagina. Then he was gone, and something inside Emma howled at the emptiness.

“UUUNNNNGGGHHHHHHH,” he slammed into her, hard, sending the entire length back into her belly in a single stroke. Once the lunge would have torn her, but Emma was already somewhat conditioned to his size. This time the savage thrust brought not only reduced pain, but also a sparkling wave of forbidden pleasure as his weight drove the air from her lungs.

Powerful hands squeezed painfully at her sides. Emma realized she had disobeyed him. She had closed her eyes. Now with a wordless plea for mercy she opened them and kept them fixed on his face, and he began to move in and out of her body with slow but steady purpose.

“Huuuggggh... uuugggghh... uungggggh... uuggghhhh...” the delicate white woman grunted with each thrust of his dusky hips. Very soon the length of his rod was coated again with the fluid of their lust, gliding in and out with slippery ease. Ian watched as Emma began matching the black man’s ardor, pumping her loins in time with his as their joined bodies bounced on the pillows. But it was not the frenzy of their previous mating. Johnson’s rutting was measured, paced for an extended enjoyment of the act in all its richness. He held his woman in arms as strong as steel, reveling in his possession of her.

The young husband lay there for a long time as the couple below savored a long, passionate physical union. It was only now that Ian realized he was stroking his own manhood. By then it was too late to escape the whirlpool of his own agitation and lechery. Emma looked so small and helpless beneath the big black man, almost like a little girl: innocent, lost, desperate for someone big and strong to take charge. He would never have believed she could take such a huge monster of a man- or his organ. As he listened to their rhythmic pants and watched their fervid grappling, Ian knew he had never made his mate feel the way she was feeling at that moment. The Jamaican was taking her in a way he never had, or could, and that knowledge engendered a sick, masochistic reaction in the center of his brain. His own pleasure was bright now, blinding Ian’s pride as he witnessed the complete ravishment of his wife, mentally as well as sexually.

Emma, used to the brief fumbling and short-lived, staccato pumping of her husband, could hardly believe Johnson’s stamina. He thrust with constant, measured rutting, not pounding her but simply making her know and feel his maleness and mastery from her clitoris to her very core. For more than an hour he plied her, reciprocating with steady strokes in and out of the lush, wet paradise of her balmy belly. It seemed he could endure forever the bliss of carnal union, without cresting. But Emma could not. No fewer than four times was she was hurled into orgasmic eruption, each one more powerful than the last and each a screaming, frantic fit of energy. Yet he still held her, bound in the confining and comforting grasp of his arms and legs and muscular body. Helpless and female, held physically captive in his ardent grasp, the young wife would lose full consciousness; for seconds or minutes, she knew not, only to return awareness again still gazing into his strong, black face. And each time he would still be there in control, rutting, holding her fast as his heroic manhood still dragged in and out, stroking her clitoris and kissing her cervix with each dominating lunge.

Then the slow buildup would begin again. His mouth would descend to hers and capture it in an oral union to mimic that of their loins. Above her he would continue to work, to thrust; every long stroke fanning the flames in her body and heart, burning her fidelity to Ian into ashes. And still her gaze never left his.

The last cycle of arousal and orgasm took the balance of Emma’s motive strength. As it broke the climax charged the remnants of her life energy and she shrilled, gazing into the eternity of terror and joy in his dark Jamaican eyes.

In the attic above her, Emma’s husband ground his teeth to keep from crying out. As his masturbatory orgasm engulfed him, he watched the young white woman he loved spasm with coital convulsions. Emma was bucking and humping to her huge black lover, holding him in the desperate embrace of her fair arms and legs. The contrast of their skin color was so profound. Her pale hands grasped his dark shoulders and pressed into his back. Her delicate white feet

locked by the ankles about his hard ebony buttocks and her pink toes curled as she shrilled and bucked, performing like a whore. Like a woman in love.

Horror and ecstasy in equal measure mingled in Ian's brain, bubbling like a chemical reaction in a test tube. It finally produced a liquid serum of pure lust, which boiled over with uncontrollable violence. Semen gushed into Ian's hand, coating his fingers with warm, urgent spurts as his face contorted. He rolled onto his back on the dusty attic floor, listening with masochistic delirium to the sounds of unrestrained passion below him- to the rhythmic squeal of the bedsprings; to the soft, clammy slap of bare flesh against flesh; to the couple's grunts and groans; Emma's sobs of erotic joy and Johnson's continuing sharp grunts of triumph.

While the glow of pleasure still swirled in Ian's brain he turned languidly over to look through the ceiling crevice. He spied the black Levy agent in the very throes of orgasmic crescendo. His muscular back and chiseled rear cheeks quivered with effort. His sinuous arms and massive legs seemed to dwarf Emma as they crushed her now and pinned her to the bed, as if to hold her fast as he devoured the last scrap of her purity and chastity. Ian caught his breath as the big Jamaican's heavy, hanging scrotum started to pulse, and his buttocks clenched- and the young husband knew his chaste, faithful wife was being filled at last with potent West Indian seed.

Emma felt the explosion of liquid fire blasting against her cervix, and suddenly the entire universe was pulsing, spurting, splashing with a torrent from the end of his huge dark manhood, directly into her womb! "HHHHAAA, UUNNHH UUUHHHHH UUUUAAAHH UUUAAAHHHH UUUAAAAAAAAA! I BELONG... TO YOU! I BELONG... TO YOOOOUUUUU!" she screamed, as her own fulfillment burst forth with blinding fury.

"UUUUUUUUUGGGGGGHHHHH... White CUNT!" bellowed Johnson, grinding his loins into hers and pressing his shaft into the threshold of her womb. "Take it all! WHITE CUNT!"

Ian saw the black man's body become stiff, his spine quivering as he and the woman under him gasped out their long, final moments of coital bliss. Then there was a sudden subsidence, and the squawking of the bedsprings ceased.

Moments later Ian was still trying to catch his wind, becoming fearful that his heavy breathing might be heard in the now quieting room below. The interracial couple in the bedroom was stilled now, sated at last. Ian continued to watch and listen. But now that his orgasm had come, his lust was abated. Without the comfort and overwhelming presence of sexual pleasure his despondency returned with a vengeance. The scene of Emma entangled with the Levy agent, in an illicit simile of connubial peace, evoked only desolation and jealousy. It should have been him down there in that bedroom- his seed filling Emma's beautiful belly, his form embraced by her soft, insistent limbs.

Ian cried as the seminal fluid on his hand slowly cooled and dripped onto the dusty floor. It was a metaphor for how he had been vanquished as a man. His life seed, the essence of his posterity now lay lonely and rejected, desiccating in cold and filth and ignominy. Bereft of his wife's nurturing body it was just so much living, dying slime.

A few feet away his nemesis, a stronger man, lay still joined with Emma. His seed thrived in her welcoming womb, seeking her germ of life to become one with it. The black man had conquered all, sundering husband and wife and usurping the place of sire, progenitor, and master of the bed.

Like his little pool of dying seed, Ian felt cutoff from the source of life- the shame and defeat of a male whose mate had been taken by one of greater prowess. He had to win her back.

His very soul demanded it. But at the moment he felt as helpless and lonely as the runny white discharge on his fingers.

The darkness in Emma's brain lifted and her consciousness slowly returned. She remained beneath the big Jamaican, sprawled and open, naked in his arms. But he was at last at rest, grunting and breathing heavily, still holding her in his grasp- still filling her with his manhood. The afterglow of her shattering orgasm numbed her moral mind, and she felt no regret or remorse. Instead a languid contentment suffused her still heated body, and Emma realized the sweaty, musky contact of their post-orgasmic flesh was more than merely physical. There was an emotional bond between them now. The young wife cooed softly, and reached up to touch the black man's face. He was so handsome, and she felt so close, so complete with him. It was the first time she had felt such an intimacy and oneness with another human being: a unity she had never experienced, even with Ian. This was what it meant to submit to her deepest needs- to submit to the strongest male.

Emma sighed, and lay inert beneath the Jamaican. Her long delicate toes twitched as she felt his seed, hot and flowing, viscous in her womb. As the swirling ecstasy of her orgasm slowly faded the young white woman knew she should be dying with shame, but thoughts of her marriage and husband could not yet assail her conscience. The security and peace of being in this powerful man's embrace was all she could feel at the moment, and the warm pool in her belly was welcome and comforting. Emma took a deep breath, and kissed him.

When Johnson finally lifted his weight from her and rolled to the other side of the bed, Emma rose and made her way on wobbly legs to the bathroom. It was only as she relieved herself that some sense of identity and reality returned to her ravaged mind. Still dazed, she got up from the toilet and opened for the medicine cabinet. She prepared a bottle of solution to cleanse her femininity.

At least she knew she was not in the fertile time of her cycle. She had just had her period. But the feeling of being inundated with the agent's semen now unnerved her, as guilt began to seep into her consciousness once more. She had just placed the douche nozzle between her swollen labia when the door to the bathroom opened.

"No," said Johnson, taking the bottle from her. He did not seem to be angry, but his voice was firm. "Never wash my seed out."

"But... I... I'm afraid I might become pregnant," she said timidly. "Please, I can't get... I need..."

Without further comment he was pouring the contents of the bottle into the sink. Then he lifted her off the toilet seat, and guided her unresisting form back to the bed. He sat on the end of the mattress and pulled her sideways into his lap, cradling her like a young child. Her legs dangled, unable to reach the carpet, while her long disheveled hair obscured her face. With attentive tenderness, he reached up with his dark hand and pushed her damp brown tresses back over her shoulder.

"Please," she breathed with passive exhaustion. "I'm such a mess... so full of your... of you..."

"You may be used to flushing your white boy's scum from you. But you must treasure my seed- cherish it in your heart and belly." His tone was still indulgent, more instructive than demanding- as though he were teaching a child.

Emma sighed. "Yes, sir..." she said softly. "I... I just want to clean up a bit."

The Levy agent didn't answer her. His only response was to prod her legs apart gently, and glide his hand down her smooth bare belly, to lightly rub her still frothy labia with his thumb.

Emma draped her arm listlessly about his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. She was spent, confused, and unable to focus her thoughts. It was easier to obey, to avoid his temper and his switch and let him do the thinking.

Looking down between her legs she could see his copious sperm load leaking, beginning to drip onto the floor beneath them in thick, milky clumps. She watched with odd detachment as he grasped her sex lips, squeezing them together to stanch the flow, and keep the liquid inside her. With his other hand he stroked her naked back, smoothing and caressing under her long hair from the nape of her neck down to her soft, rounded buttocks.

"I told you," he murmured quietly into her ear as they sat together. "When you are full of my seed, you may ask what you will of me. What do you want?"

"I... I want to keep my daughters," she whispered. "That's all... I want to see them... I'll do whatever you want."

Ian's guts churned, but his curses fell on himself. He could tell that after her mental ordeal of being raped a second time in two days, Emma needed to feel secure and loved. If only he could be there with her now.

At last the young woman relaxed completely in the Jamaican's arms. The return to his embrace had driven the worries of pregnancy and life from her thoughts. His stroking hands imparted a temporary guarantee against punishment. She let out a long breath, surrendering to the peaceful moment and her need of his strength.

"I will instruct the child welfare office that you are not to see your girls without written permission," said Johnson, pleasantly, bringing his hand to her sodden cleft. Emma watched, expressionless as he played idly with her now puffy folds. He gathered some of their discharge on his fingers and brought them to her lips, smiling when she tentatively licked the fluid.

"Each time you please me," he continued, "I will write you a slip for the following date. You may spend the whole day with your children until visiting hours are closed, if you wish. But remember, from now on you must be home at 6 o'clock, properly dressed and prepared for my visits. I will have other rules for you. You will learn and keep them all."

With his hand on the back of her head, Johnson turned her face toward him. He leaned forward and brought his mouth to hers, immediately filling it with his tongue and his low, contented groans. His other hand palmed her breasts, finding a nipple and pulling, pinching lightly.

Ian watched this intimate play with hateful astonishment. Apparently the big man wasn't finished with Emma. Passive until now, she was starting to respond again. She brought her other arm around his neck as he tongued and stroked her, gasping for air through his long, possessive kiss. She was moaning with renewed arousal when their lips parted.

"I want a shower," whispered Johnson. "You need to learn how to bath me." He slid Emma from atop his knees, and Ian watched as she followed him dutifully to the bathroom. He could see her turning the water on and adjusted it before Johnson shut the door and obscured his view.

Ian moved to a spot over the shower stall. There were no small cracks here through which he could observe them, but he could hear the couple, even above the spray of the water if he listened carefully. He heard the Jamaican's voice first.

"Like this, woman... Take the soap and lather it in your hands. Wash me."

In his mind Ian could see his wife standing before the Levy agent, her small, ivory hands worked over his huge, ebony body. She was touching him everywhere, tending to his flesh and washing it. He wondered if her eyes were closed- was the man stroking her once again as she

worked to cleanse him? Or were they looking at each other? Were Emma's soft grey eyes locked to his jet black orbs? What was the expression on her face as she rubbed him with soap, and would that contact turn to caressing as they stood, naked under the steamy spray? Ian had never bathed with his wife. Now he realized how intimate and bonding the activity might be. It was a long time before he heard a voice again. It was Emma's, hushed and breathy.

"...So big again! It's so big when it gets hard!"

"Keep your hand on it... like that," said the Agent. "Pump it up and down. Is it bigger than your husband's? Answer me! Is it bigger?"

"Yes... you're bigger," replied Emma, her voice still soft and submissive. "Much bigger, sir... It's hard to believe it all went in me!"

"I'm stretching you. Making you fit me."

"I... I need to clean... Unnnhhhhhhhh... Please, that hurts!"

"I'll pinch it off! I told you never to try to wash it out!"

"Please, there's so much of it running out of me!"

"We won't let it go to waste. Now put your arms around me. Lace your fingers behind my neck," ordered Johnson. "Hold onto me."

"Unnghhhhh..." gasped Emma. "Sir... please put it in slow... Unnnhhhhhh... so big!"

There was movement in the stall below, and a muffled thump like that of a body being pressed into the tiled wall. Then there were more whimpers from Emma.

"...Uuuuugggghhh... it's so big...!"

"Get your legs up! Wrap them around me!"

"Please, sir... I'll fall!"

Ian heard a slap, and Emma's soft cry. "Get 'em up!" growled the Jamaican.

"Unnnngggghhh..." said Emma. "Yes, hold me... Unnnhhhhhh... It's going in easy..."

There was more faint, wet rustling followed by seconds of silence. Then Emma's exerted inhaling of breath. "Unnnghhh... UUUHHggggghhh... It goes so deep! Even after yesterday and tonight... it hurts a little going in so far!"

"It will stretch you permanently soon," laughed the black man. "You'll fit your man like a glove, and you won't even feel your white boy."

"UUnnnngggghhh... It's in all the way!" said Emma. "So slippery from all the stuff in me."

"I told you," he laughed. "Never wash your cunt out."

"You're so strong!" she sighed. "You hold me so easily!"

"Relax," said Johnson. "Rest your back against the wall and trust me. Clasp my shaft with your muscles... That's it... Like that! Practice pleasing me with your cunt... That's how you will earn the day with your little girls, by making me cum in you. Keep your ankles locked! Hold on tight."

Ian could hear a soft, rhythmic contact of flesh and a vibration as Emma's body was pressed over and over against the tile. Groans and breathy cries of passion mingled with the sound of running water, and the talking ceased.

Ian had seen and heard enough. He was overcome with a sense of betrayal and loss. But with his bitter tears came a resolve. Emma's sacrifice would not be in vain. He would continue to discharge his duties to the resistance, and sacrifice his own pride as a husband to keep his daughters safe. One day he would have Emma back- but this was not that day.

While the interracial couple still frolicked in the shower, he slipped out of the attic and down the old ladder to the ground. He was some distance down the street when they emerged from the steamy stall: Emma wet and hot, flushed from the thermal stream and multiple orgasms,

with more of his thick semen frothing and leaking from her now gaping labia- Johnson honed and primed and still rock hard. They did not even bother to dry off before tumbling into bed, to continue their consuming pleasure almost until the dawn.

Chapter 27

Even after two weeks in Africa, the heat of the day still seemed overwhelming to Felicity. She had come directly from England's damp, cloudy winter, into the sun and warmth of her new sub-Saharan home. The dry season was upon them now, and the balmy weather seemed a bit more bearable. Fortunately, her captors had been indulgent of her need to stay indoors and drink plenty of water, though she noticed that in this land blacks and whites alike seemed acclimated to the land. Her wounds seemed to be healing faster as well, in the arid African climate.

Felicity was also slowly recovering from the initial shock of her capture. Though she missed her husband and young child terribly, the human need to adapt and find normalcy began to assert itself. The Imam's household was well disciplined, and there was a sense of security for slaves who served well, and accepted their status.

Through conversations with the other white females she discovered that her introduction to Africa had been highly unusual. Nearly all whites taken from overseas were initiated to their new lives through the training houses and the auction block. Only those born into slavery escaped the now institutional trappings of bondage. The rigors of the breaking facilities were designed to extinguish the will and ego of the slave, but she had been spared this, for what reason she could not fathom. Until one day early in her captivity, the Imam explained it her.

"I wish to know of Britain, the strengths and weaknesses of the caucs there," he said as she knelt before him. "You will tell me everything about their culture, attitudes, and martial spirit.

"I'm just a church secretary," she said dully. An instant later she cried out with the vicious slap from the Imam's hand.

"Do not dare to lie to me she-cauc," he snarled. "I know who and what you are. You are twenty-six years old; you have borne two children, a male age three and a female of fifteen months. You were raised in an affluent, well healed family in the south of England. You were married, to a man very active in conservative politics, and unlike the other caucs I own, you are highly educated. Is this not correct?"

Felicity burned with hate for the obese Imam, but raw terror of his whip stilled any rancor in her voice. "Yes... yes master..." she murmured quietly.

Ibn Mustafa took a folder from his desk and opened it. "You have an advanced degree in Sociology, and you worked for a research foundation that studies human cultures and social stratification. You are reported to have a keen intellect and memory. That is why you were chosen by the leaders of your secret resistance organization to log and memorize the records which were being destroyed."

There was no point in continuing the obfuscation, and Felicity knew it. Her voice listless with defeat, she replied, "Yes... Master. All that is correct."

The Imam nodded, then reached down to stroke her light brown hair. While he was gentle, she could sense no affection in his touch. On his face she could see the strange mixture of contempt for her kind, and admiration for her lovely form. She shuddered, knowing instinctively that he intended to impress that cruel paradox on her existence as his slave. He would at once preserve her beauty, and defile it as well.

"You must learn," he said slowly. "A she-cauc is a harlot to her soulless core. She learns to love her Adamic master because that is what she is created for. A she-cauc will always turn her love and loyalty to the black man who is fucking her, because it is her most basic instinct. It takes but time and conditioning. But I do not wish you love me."

“You represent all that the cauc was in the late age of your kind’s hegemony; the white centered culture, the cleverness, the ingrained sense of racial superiority- everything we want to purge from our caucs. You know much of the false history of your race, which the whites have invented to obscure their true origins. I wish to keep you as a kind of witness to the present and future of your kind, and for this reason you will not become as my other slaves. I will allow you the privilege of fucking me often, though you will be well used by my friends and colleagues. You will rarely have sex with the same man, because I do not want you to form any attachments or loyalties. Each new man will rape you and every time you are with a man it will always be rape, for you are a symbol of the she-cauc. You are an object of Allah’s wrath, but you belong to me totally. I’m going to treat you as a thing- a form of livestock like the cauc himself, yet I want honesty between us. It will go far better for you if you submit and cooperate totally. It will save you much pain. I will take you on my travels about the empire, to teach you about our new world, and your life will be one of comparative ease, though to the outside world I will appear to brutalize you!

“As for your comportment in and outside of this house, when we are alone we will talk as we do now,” continued the Imam. “When others are present, you will not disclose in word or deed that you are a well-educated, or are aware of the information I will disclose to you. In public you will play the part of an ignorant and obedient slave. I will have you caned severely if you breach this order, or embarrass me!

“I understand you are religious as well. I am told you attended your church regularly as you were raised, and that both your parents were quite devout, even before the conservative movement in your country following the Biowar. That is also good, because I want you to fully understand our relationship. You will continue to be devoutly religious. The only change will be that you will accept me as your new god. You will find me a just lord, but quick to anger. You must assuage my displeasure with your worship; curry my favor with the offering of your body. For now you may pray to me. Pray to me she-cauc!” he commanded.

Felicity’s spirit still lived, even as the Imam intended. But her will was broken, trodden in the dust by the memory of the cane. The lovely white woman brought her face to the tile at his feet. As she knelt prostrate before him, still naked, still terrified- she did worship her fat, black god. The words the other slave had taught her spilled from her lips. “Hakeem is the Prophet and my master is my god. I am only a cauc. I worship and obey...”

As she intoned her submission she heard his heavy steps as he circled her, surveying her obeisance with a gratified air. The cold blunt end of the correction rod pressed between her buttocks as she repeated the litany with a faltering voice, fearing any moment that the excruciating current would erupt. It didn’t. But her soul gasped, leprous with each servile word she spoke, forsaking her old faith and embracing her new one. And as she wept with her face to the stone pavement, Felicity’s religious being screamed with impotent rage at the weakness of her flesh, and her flesh answered back with the elation of a slave. It was the pure, clean joy and gratitude in pain withheld, a regard for the man who pressed the rod to her anus- and did not pull the trigger. Such a man was omnipotent: worthy of worship, so her fearful body told her- even if she continued to hate him with her mind.

On that day, Felicity the slave made the inevitable decision, the first of her capitulations. She would worship and obey when being watched. But the conflict within her remained for a time unresolved. The mores of her upbringing were simply too strong. Even after the admonition of her master, during the first few weeks of her captivity the new slave woman was punished for ignoring the call to worship. Steeped in the Anglican religion since her childhood, it was

something she could not bring herself to do if she thought she was alone and unobserved. Even with the motivation of stinging lashes from Soo-Ling's long switch, she did for some time attempt to steal off into a corner before the call to prayer. There she would sit cowering, drawing her nearly naked body into a ball and praying that no one would see her disobedience. Long after the echoes of the azan and the answered prayers died away, Felicity would still be trembling. For when she was caught, the punishment was severe.

She became well acquainted with repeated and extended applications of that long slender cylinder which imparted agonizing bolts of electricity. The implement, called a correction rod, had indeed compelled the hitherto pious Christian woman to join the other slaves with increasing regularity. She learned to go to her knees and bow automatically at the call to worship just as they did, reciting the proscribed words with audible reverence. But her old convictions lingered even still.

Eventually Felicity would discover that there was no place to safely indulge in such rebellion. One day, she was found hiding in a closet during the azan. Having escaped detection several times in this spot, she had become over confident, and could even be heard whispering prayers to her old white god. Dragged from her supposed place of secrecy, the young white woman was taken outside to a curiously oriented set of stocks. There she was made to lie face down on the turf while legs were bent at the knees and her feet were secured, soles up.

As Soo-Ling liberally applied the cane to Felicity's upturned bare feet, her screams could be heard over the entire of the estate. It was the most intense pain she had experienced since her initial whipping during the Imam's interrogation, and none of her pleadings could avail to stay one lash from the cruel woman's hand.

"You will worship your master!" shouted the Chinese overseer. "You place your face in the dust when you called to pray to him! You speak your devotion to him! You will forget your old gods! Now the pain in your feet remind you to go to your knees when you hear call!"

Afterward, the pain in Felicity's soles was so overwhelming that she was compelled to crawl back to the Imam's private office. There, kneeling before him as he sat working, she was compelled to bend her legs so that her feet were once again turned up, offered for inspection and further punishment. Felicity was made to confess her sins to her new deity, and beg fervently for his mercy. For two solid hours she repeated her litany, and every time the conviction in her voice wavered the overseer would apply a sharp snap across her soles with a long, thin rod. The resultant screams of agony would be followed forthwith by weeping supplications of repentance toward her master god and the discipline of his faith. She would kneel! She would pray! She would keep the azan as a sacred offering to her Adamic master! Such she swore whenever she could control the sobbing enough to speak.

At last she was dismissed, to crawl back to the slave quarters. Even there she did not receive any form of sympathy from the other slaves. They were afraid of any association with the woman who vexed their master so. Most of them had been born into slavery. They truly loved their master and knew no other faith. Others had undergone the rigors of training after capture. Having been broken themselves, they dared show no regard for her. The only security from the whip in this house was complete and utter obedience in word, deed and thought. Ibn Mustafa and his family were gods, and they required worship and discipline from the lowly creatures they possessed. Indeed, from then on all of the other slaves assisted Soo-Ling by watching the new woman, making sure she performed the rituals of their servile religion.

It was several days before the chastened white slave could walk normally again on her bruised feet. But the experience brought to an end her rebellion in this area. Henceforth she

would never fail to recognize the azan, or perform the litany. The mere presence of the correction rod was now enough to induce outward compliance. In another week, she had been conditioned to respond to the call to worship unconsciously, her mind and spirit desolate with defeat. The lessons had been well learned.

Chapter 28

The African sun was bright and clear, driving the Imam's distinguished guests under the large, open air pergola on the grounds of his estate. They awaited him anxiously, anticipating his appearance and the statement he was about to make concerning a major pronouncement by the Prophet himself.

News media were there in force, with several camera and sound crews and reporters from every corner of the Empire. Black Africans- affluent local gentry, government and religious officials alike, were dressed in their colorful best. The men wore light suits designed for the humidity and heat, or the ever more popular traditional robes. The women's fashions were gloriously chromatic, yet very modestly cut. The airy dresses were cool, yet covered a maximum of skin. Black women were also arrayed in heaps of lacy finery and gaudy jewelry, and many of them carried fancy parasols or fans. All of the Adamic Africans mingled excitedly among themselves while several comely white slave girls served various refreshments.

The rest of the Imam's household slaves knelt in a neat row on the grass beneath a large shade tree. Even the white women were groomed for the occasion, with their hair impeccably plaited into dozens of slender braids. Their naked upper bodies were oiled and gleaming, and they had their nipples and areoles dyed red in the formal manner. Around their waists were their only coverings: short skirts of shiny wooden beads, which fell forward as they knelt, hiding the cleft but nothing else of their buttocks and legs. The bead skirts rattled softly in the breeze, but the white women's only movements were the occasional nervous twitches of fingers, feet or toes. All of them kept their faces and eyes demurely fixed on the ground before them. As property of the notable and influential house of Ibn Mustafa, they were expected to behave as model slaves. Soo-Ling, the overseer had promised a caning for the slightest infraction.

Felicity too quietly sat on her heels beside her friends Jane and Julia. She could smell their sweaty and raw bodies. Their swollen bellies were becoming so big they were compelled to clasp their hands over them for support, as the kneeling posture put a strain on their backs. Julia's nipples were already leaking tiny droplets of milk.

The atmosphere at the eclectic gathering was very festive among the black Africans, for there were hints and rumors that history was about to be made. But before the presentation, an entertaining diversion was provided. The Imam's son, Al-Rasheed called attention to the household's two male slaves, who were sitting on the grass near the podium. Both of them were naked, except for heavy iron collars which were linked by a chain.

"My father will be with us shortly," Al-Rasheed announced. "Until he arrives, we have a short demonstration for you. As you all know, our family breeds caucs, and we own two males in addition to our kennel of females. We're bringing the two males together now, to show you how they establish dominance. A little "cauc-foolery" if you will."

On cue the two white men rose and faced each other. Though Colin was much taller, Zar-Caub reached up and slapped him in the face. Then he kicked the normal white male's legs from under him and pushed him onto all fours. Colin had been warned by the mistress to submit, and he groaned as the dwarf moved behind to mount him. Fortunately his anus had been well lubricated beforehand, but he gritted his teeth as he felt Zar-Caub's manhood enter him.

The dwarf stood upright, squatting a bit while Colin knelt passively before him.

"UUUGGHHH!" When the red haired slave boy gasped, Zar-Caub reached forward to seize the boy's scrotum.

Colin shuddered. New fear brought tears to his eyes and sweat to his face. He felt the evil little man work his balls to the bottom of his sack, and caught his breath as sharp fingernails gouged into his pink flesh.

“Remember!” hissed the dwarf. “Who breed the she-caucs?”

“You sir,” bleated Colin, as he felt the man’s deformed hand squeeze. “Y... you breed them!” The normal slave boy flushed with shame as he looked over at his sister and former wife. They, along with everyone else present, were witnessing his humiliation. Julia looked on with obvious disgust for him. But his sister’s face registered mostly with pity.

“Spread legs!” demanded the dwarf. “Spread like she-cauc for Zar-Caub.” The little man underscored his demand with another squeeze of Colin’s sack, but when the other male complied and moved his legs apart he finally, released the testicles and moved his hand forward to grasp Colin’s shaft.

“Hhhhuuugghhh!” The dwarf had entered his anus and in seconds was going deep into vitals. Colin lowered his head, weeping. The pain was minor, as Soo-Ling had widened his hole hours before with a plug. But the psychological trauma of being forcibly sodomized before so many witnesses was too much.

At last Zar-Caub’s shaft bottomed out. He began thrusting his hips immediately, moving in and out while he pumped Colin’s much smaller penis zestfully with his hand.

Colin shook. He had been told by the overseer that if he did not cum as the dwarf abused him, there would be dire consequences. He closed his eyes and tried to picture one of the lovely slave girls. He imagined that he was dominant male, filling her with his progeny. It was only minutes, but it seemed so much longer to Colin. He heard the dwarf grunt, then felt the spurts of semen in his guts, even as his own climax broke.

“I breed, slave boy! Even you!” chuckled Zar-Caub. “I breed red-haired boy like she-cauc!” Then Colin was ejaculating as the swarthy dwarf pumped his shaft, gushing his white essence out onto the lawn.

“Ah, the sweet submission of the male cauc!” quipped Al-Rasheed. “This is how we fertilize our grass!” The entire assembly roared with laughter, but there was no time for Colin to cringe with shame. Already the dwarf had pulled himself free and was grasping his collar, forcing the taller slave boy to stoop as he was led away.

The little show was over, and now the Imam appeared. He was wearing the long flowing robes of rich fabric, indicating his august office. Instantly the mood of the crowd was sober, and there was a hush as he mounted the podium. With bated breath they waited for the great man to speak.

“Praise be the Prophet!” shouted the Imam. “May he live forever to guide us!”

The crowd erupted, repeating the phrase with religious fervor, while the white slaves brought their faces to the flagstones at the ritual mention of Hakeem. Soo-Ling watched them carefully as they trembled.

“Adamic Africans!” spoke the Imam in the strong, authoritative voice he used in the Mosque. “The Prophet has directed me at last to make this momentous pronouncement, detailing his vision for the reclamation and development of our sacred continent. As you have been taught, the vast desert in the north was once the garden of our land: an idyllic paradise which once flourished for the sustenance and enjoyment of our people. Allah himself had established its beauty. Then came the great rebellion and apostasy of our ancestors, and the wrath of Allah. The destroyer, the hideous cauc rose to afflict our land and our people like a putrid sore. Life withered and the garden died as the cauc raped our soil. Our god had turned his face from us.

“Today Allah has at last restored his favor. He has given us his holy Prophet to rule over us and show us how we should live. He has given us hope and prosperity, and the assurance that we will never again lose our birthright if we will obey, and keep his commandments. He has restored us to power. The power to rule, and decide our own destiny! And he has given over to our hands the vile pseudo-human, once the dread instrument of his wrath- the filthy cauc!

“Allah and his Prophet have purposed to heal our land, and make it whole once again. The great Sahara will bloom and the desert will be transformed! It will be the rice sack and bread basket of the world! It has pleased Allah to lift the curse of rebellion cast by our ancestors, and to give this vision to his magnificent Prophet Hakeem! You and your children will eat its fruit, and your wealth and happiness will grow with its bounty!”

Then several slaves pulled the canvas covers from a large model of northern Africa. It was tilted up toward the crowd, and the guests could see it was segmented, displaying the phases of a project of majestic ambition- the reclamation of the Sahara desert!

“Praise Allah, and bless his Prophet Hakeem! Your god has decreed that your tormentor of the past age will be the tool to restore your Africa. The sweat, blood, sinew and life of the male cauc will be spent to bring water to your vast new tracts of arable land; the she-cauc will tend your fields and rice paddies. And you will live in leisure and plenty.

“This holy project has begun today,” said the Imam gesturing to the models. “In the first phase, over one hundred and fifty nuclear devices will be detonated to carve canals through the central highlands of our continent, diverting north some of the abundant water which now flows unused into the sea. An inland lake, larger than any presently in Africa will fill the Caar basin.

“Tracts of arable land are already being plotted, and we will soon begin work on the extensive irrigation system,” said the Imam. “In the first phase alone, sections will be surveyed for over ten thousand substantial holdings. These new plantations will be given as rewards to the Prophet’s most loyal subjects. In addition, millions of new business opportunities and well-paying livelihoods will be generated for Adamic citizens in transportation, administration, and in servile control and management. Concessions will be awarded in the coming weeks. This endeavor represents the greatest economic boom in world history!”

The Imam went on to detail the establishment of new cities and the expansion of old ones, the building of roads and rail systems, and the installation of a modern power grid. Everyone present listened with wonder. They were dazzled by the scale and grandeur of the project, and marveled at the power and vision of the Prophet. Hakeem’s longstanding promise of prosperity for every black African would be finally fulfilled.

After the Imam had completed his presentation, there followed a session in which the great cleric took questions from the press.

“What about any latent radiation from the bombs?” asked a robed television reporter.

“We are using devices with a low radiological, but high blast yield,” said the Imam. “What little radioactive material that is left will be cleared by male caucs. The debris and their contaminated bodies will be interred in defunct mines, far below the surface.”

“But that will take millions of caucs!” said another reporter, noted for his skepticism and tough questioning. “We don’t have that many slaves, and prices are already high. And doesn’t the Council remain committed to the Prophet’s promise of a she-cauc to serve in every African household?”

“We will expend only the most violent and dangerous male caucs in the decontamination projects,” said Ibn Mustafa. “Only those which are captured from military or resistance groups.

No reproductive age females will be wasted. They, along with enough docile males to breed with them, will go to the farms and the general slave markets.”

“Yes, your Excellency,” said another journalist. “But where will the additional caucs come from? Many citizens have stakes in the business of cauc brokerage, as you well know. Higher demand will bring higher prices. While this may line their pockets in the short run it will also mean great disruption in the supply and distribution lines.”

“That’s true,” agreed one of the clerics. “These days every breedable she-cauc is already kept almost continually pregnant, so this demand cannot be satisfied by domestic production alone.”

“We are developing new sources,” replied the Imam.

“What new sources, Your Excellency,” asked yet another reporter. “Where will all the new caucs come from?”

“From Britain and Sweden,” stated Ibn Mustafa.

The crowd went silent.

“But the yield from the Levy is already fully accounted for in the market,” said the cleric. “We can expect no more...”

“The Levy is to be abolished!” interrupted Mustafa. “We will invade Britain, and take all the caucs we need!”

Then the crowd gasped, and erupted with cheers. Many of the Imam’s influential guests were heavily involved with the slave trade and had been pushing for the conquest of Britain for some time, though military elements in the African Council were less sanguine.

The joy at the news that millions of new slaves would soon be available effectively ended the presentation. Already a few distinguished clerics were slipping away to take advantage of the Imam’s offer of traditional African hospitality. In private guest rooms of the estate they would slake their lusts in the bodies of his beautiful white slave girls, enjoying their eagerness to please.

Other guests rushed forward to throng around the Imam, and look closely at the models. They posed question after question about the project, the invasion of Britain, and most of all about the land and slave grants. On the latter two inquiries Mustafa simply replied that he was unable to make a further disclosure, by order of the Council.

The other slaves scurried to their assigned duties. But Felicity, being untrained and likely to commit some breach of etiquette was told by Soo-Ling to return to the house and work the laundry alone. She padded up to the manor house and down into the dank, quiet corner in the basement. There she sat, sorting the soiled garments of her masters. But she could not keep the tears from her face, as she feared she had just witnessed history- the end of her nation.

Felicity knew Hakeem was now far too powerful for her small, beleaguered country to stop. She imagined him an old serpent, grinning hypnotically into the eyes of his paralyzed prey- flicking his forked tongue over her as if tasting with cruel glee her fear and horror. Then in a sudden terrible strike the giant snake would encircle her beloved Britain in its coils, smothering and squeezing the life from it. Finally the hideous snake’s jaw would unhinge and its mouth would engulf the meal. The island and its people would be devoured, swallowed whole- their character, uniqueness, and individually reduced and dissolved by the bile of slavery in the snake’s great belly. When fully digested there would be nothing left of Felicity’s ancient nation- only bits of bone and hair voided onto the desert sands. But the black serpent would live on, fat and languid and basking in the sun, sustained by the flesh of its victim. A rigid smile and the nick of a reptilian eye would be all that remained of the glimmering soul of a white nation.

Chapter 29

Two months after her introduction into the house of Ibn Mustafa, Felicity was still struggling to understand her place in it. She knew of her master's sexual prowess, and the fact that he used any and all of his white slave females. Yet despite the enforced near nudity and the banishment of modesty, Felicity was still inviolate. Neither the Imam nor any of his family had laid any carnal hand on her. For that, she was grateful, for she still held to the sanctity of her marriage and her love for her family. Her continued sexual fidelity became a kind of psychological link to her old life and her loving husband, who she still hoped to somehow be reunited with. Had she thought it out she would have been less disposed to invest her hopes and identity in chastity, since this was maintained purely by the whim of her master.

In some way she was being conditioned, and Felicity knew that sooner or later her black master would demand a violation of her vows. She also knew that she had no choice but to obey him, though she shuddered at the thought of what that might do to her psyche.

Now she had been summoned to one of the mansion's bedrooms- by order of the great Imam, himself. She presented herself before the chair he sat in, bringing her face to the floor and waiting for his acknowledgement.

"You may rise," said the Imam. "Kneel facing me."

Felicity obeyed, trying in vain to keep her eyes to the thick African carpet but thrusting out her proud chest in the manner the overseer had warned her was required to demonstrate her respect.

"I have spoken to you before of my plans for you, she-cauc," said the Imam. "I have waited to begin your program so that you could learn the basic disciplines of my house. Now I deem that you are ready to mold."

"Tomorrow we will commence with your physical development. But tonight I intend to use your cauc body. I have waited long enough to taste what it offers."

Felicity tensed. And the reaction brought a smile to the Imam's dark, African eyes.

"You are lovely- and obedient. But not broken. I can see that in your eyes," muttered the Imam. "But I don't want you broken. I want to take you, white bitch, just as you are. I will fuck you, and possess you. But I never want you to lose your present identity or forget your old life, as is common among other imported she-caucs. You are my witness- an outsider; a captured slave. Whenever I fuck you, I will be fucking everything that the white race was."

Felicity's face flushed at the blunt language, and fear gripped her spine. She remembered what this man was capable of beneath his polished, clerical exterior.

"Go to Soo-Ling now," he growled, his voice flint hard with cruelty. "Tell her that I intend to use you, and beg her to whip you!"

The slave woman's eyes widened and she hesitated. "Please... I've done nothing wrong, master..."

"You question me? Do it now!" he shouted.

Felicity obeyed, bounding downstairs in search of the overseer and whimpering with apprehension. She was terrified of the whip, but there were other trepidations as well. It was the first time since her capture that she was to be sexually used other than in her mouth. The moment of her long dreaded rape was at hand, and it was to be even more painful and bizarre than she had feared. She found Soo-Ling in a hallway.

"Ple... please... I... I have to be whipped!"

"What have you done?" snapped the overseer.

“Put your arms on you head and turn,” she said. “Turn and look at your body. You’ll feel your master now! You’ll feel his hands and body when he fucks you. You’ll feel like the whipped slave you are, and you know you better please him!”

Felicity wept softly, nodding her head with defeat. She was told to turn down the bedcovers and arrange the pillows.

“The master fuck you on bed for his own comfort. But after your filthy cauc body lies on the sheets we’ll change them!” said the overseer. “Now you get yourself ready. You make your master feel good or you’ll feel whip for real later!”

When the Imam entered the room, he was met by a beautiful white woman, on her knees. She was staring at the floor with vacant eyes, her alabaster skin stripped from head to toe with thin red lines. She was ordered onto the bed- on her back with her legs spread.

Without a word the Imam removed his robes. His corpulence seemed even more pronounced as he stood nude, hefting his genitals before her dull expression. Felicity was trying hard to hide her disgust. Her friends Julia and Jane had warned her that any display of such toward the old man would be construed as “cauc pride,” and would earn her a bout with the cane. As he settled his heavy black frame on Felicity’s chastised, shapely body, his hulking form and fleshy, obese flab appeared to meld onto her. She winced from the latent pain of her lashes, and hissed as she felt the blunt head of his manhood entering her. It was pushing aside her sex folds, and Felicity groaned with an unspeakable sense of degradation. Back in England she would have found this man odious and revolting beyond words. Now she was required to service him in the most intimate way- without human affection. Without love. Simply to indulge in his need to feel the ultimate dominance over her.

The Imam began rutting in and out of her, holding her in place with his enormous weight. Between her splayed white legs he was grinding his great, jet black buttocks with gross and obscene need. He rose up on his thick arms to look at her face.

“You’re every she-cauc!” he growled. “Every filthy white cauc who’s ever lived! I know you hate this. I know you feel violation and humiliation, and that’s what I want you to feel. I’ll show you what we’re going to do to your kind! We’re going to wipe the British cauc out of existence! And you’re going to watch it all! I will celebrate every victory by raping you!”

The Imam gave her not the barest scrap of warmth. She gritted her teeth as he pawed her tender whipped skin and gored deep into her belly. For Felicity, it was as if she were being raped by some demented derelict in the filth of a dark alley. Yet she was a slave to this man. She would live or die at his whim! From the depths of her being she wanted to retch, but from her womb came an evil, answering flame!

The Imam was staring down at her, offering nothing of the tenderness of kiss or caress. But his fingers were rubbing her clitoris, and his face displayed his gloating contempt.

“Slave cauc bitch,” he rasped as her wetness flowed over his probing hand. “You see what you are! Cum on it! Cum for your god!”

Felicity groaned in utter agony of spirit. This man was an enemy of her nation, a threat to their very existence as a people. Yet she was now his slave, compelled to give aid and comfort to him with her body. The darkest shame assailed her mind, but her body could not deny him the most profound homage of all.

“Uh uuuhh, uuuhhh, uhuh, UUUUUGGGHHHH... hhuuuuuggggg.” Felicity’s orgasm rolled and broke. She clutched at his arms and tried to lean up, desperately trying to capture his mouth with hers, but he held her down by the shoulders, thrusting his hips forward to press her

into the bed. Then came the gushing flow and Felicity felt his old balls pumping, spewing his seed into her with greater vigor than even her youthful white husband.

Once sated the old Imam let his full weight rest on her, crushing her back into the luxurious mattress. She thought he would get up, but he simply rested for a long time while Felicity all but smothered beneath his bulk. When he reached over to pull the rope by the bedside a young slave girl appeared a moment later with liquid refreshment. Felicity was set to licking his shaft while the Imam relaxed. "Keep it wet," he told her.

They lay that way for some time. The Imam read, and watched television. Felicity was too afraid of punishment to take her mouth and tongue from his manhood. After perhaps an hour his organ began to grow stiff again, and she was summarily ordered onto her back once more.

Felicity obeyed, acquiescing limply when he placed his hands under her knees and rolled her back on her spine until her legs pushed into her sides. It was only when delved a finger deep into her vagina to capture their running secretions that she sensed this coupling would be different.

"Your first rape went very well," he said. "But I believe a she-cauc has as instinctive ravenous hunger for the life essence of an Adamic man. You should beg and scream with need for my cum, and your body should demonstrate it by the way you move."

The Imam pulled the rope, and in short order Soo-Ling appeared, with a bottle of ointment. "Now you'll learn fuck like slave!" she told Felicity. The overseer squirted a few drops on her finger and dolloped the gel on the constriction of the white woman's anus, coating the little folds and pressing. When the muscles gave way a bit she repeated the process, transferring the slickness into her neither passage. Then Soo-Ling was dismissed.

Immediately Felicity's anus began to burn. In only seconds the sensation was intolerable, and she began reaching down to wipe the irritating oil away. The Imam slapped her hands.

"Don't touch it!" he warned sternly. "Keep your hands away or I'll have you caned!"

"Please!" Felicity gushed. "Please, wipe it off! Wipe it off. Please, master!"

"The sting will cease when you have made me cum, she-cauc," said the Imam. "Now I think you will be most anxious for my pleasure."

"Please, I can't stand it!" she yelled.

"It's simply a variety of ground curry," laughed the Imam. "It has been used by the ancient Dravidians for centuries to train recalcitrant slave women. Semen neutralizes the chemical heat. As soon as you make me spew you can smear it on your burning rectal tissues."

With a desperation borne of agony, Felicity reached forward for the Imam's shaft, but her master chuckled and shook his head. "Do not touch my manhood with your hands. Make me cum with your she-cauc's body. I am not as young as I once was, and I climaxed an hour ago, so you will have to work for it! Show me your true whore's heart, she-cauc!"

Felicity reacted, her conscious mind devoid of considerations such as dignity, morality, or marriage. The sting on her anal ring demanded her total attention, and got it.

The young woman literally attacked the fat, male body above her, capturing it with arms and legs, rubbing her labia against his throbbing black rod. Her master's organ was growing, stiffening with lust, and he held himself still as the suffering woman undulated under him. But though she worked her sex with frenzied urgency it quickly became apparent to her that he would not ejaculate the soothing fruit of his loins except with full penetration of her vagina.

"Fuck me!" she begged fervently, her voice breaking. "Cum in me! Please master, it burns so bad!"

"Better get it in, white bitch," said the Imam. "Work my cock into that cunt!"

“Please help me, master! Put it in!” she whined, bucking her hips. “Please put it in!”

The scene was wild and raw: a shapely white woman churning beneath a grossly obese black man, working feverishly to capture his organ without the use of her hands. Felicity strained to find the perfect angle for insertion. “Please, master, put it in!” she sobbed, tears rolling down her cheeks.

The Imam was grinning sadistically. “My little she-cauc needs it so bad. This shall be a sacrament for you- a sacred rite before your god! If you wish the pain to stop you will beg for my seed.”

Felicity succeeded in finding her own vaginal entrance through feel, working her loins like a belly dancer as her master’s stiffening shaft finally wormed its way deeper with her efforts. She was angling, thrusting, swiveling her hips, and all the while begging profusely for relief. The Imam didn’t respond to her entreaty, except to laugh with sadistic amusement.

This she-cauc was so proud, he thought, so self-righteous. Only moments ago she considered herself a moral woman. He knew she still harbored the illusion that she could return to her husband and child. Now she was nothing but a writhing slut, thinking of nothing but making her master climax. And all it took was a little ointment applied to the right place.

“What’s this,” taunted the Imam. “I thought you were a faithful wife?”

“Pleeeeeaaaassssee!” she screeched. White, feminine arms and legs clung to a corpulent black body, slender limbs entwining around thickset appendages. The Imam’s now fully rigid shaft was plunging in and out now from glans to base and back again, over and over, fed by the desperation of the distressed slave beneath him. No longer the least bit concerned about chastity or adultery, the white woman raped herself on his huge organ, thrusting and wriggling with an enthusiasm and energy which would put the most seasoned whore to shame. Even so, it seemed an eternity before Felicity could sense her master’s climax beginning. By then she had long since given up her verbal pleading. She had accepted the requirement to make him cum, but the sting still brought periodic screams to her throat as her body rutted with hysterical abandon

Her anus felt as though an unseen hand were holding a flame to it as the massive ebony rod veritably flew in and out of her belly. The slave girl was bouncing from the bed, finding her voice again for one last, long scream and plea. “Cum in me! MASTER... PLEASE CUMMMMMMM INNNN MEEEEEEEE!”

At last, enervated but still driven by the agony, Felicity gasped with raving submission and joy, receiving the liquid reward for her violent self defilement. The Imam was spewing forth, and she could feel the soothing jets.

As soon as his orgasm subsided, the master rolled onto his side, finally breaking the desperate embrace of his tormented slave. With maniacal urgency Felicity sat up, scrambling her legs apart with unrefined crudity. She brought her hand to her just vacated sex, scooping her fingers into the copious semen and smearing it onto her burning anus. The relief was nearly instantaneous, and the desolate slave girl sobbed with effuse palliation.

Almost paralyzed with exhaustion, she was nevertheless compelled by her terror of him to climb off the bed, and kneel on the floor before him where he sat.

“From now on that is how you are to respond to me whenever I fuck you, she-cauc. If you do not display like enthusiasm and energy with every thrust and move, Soo-Ling will douse the fire curry over your whole sex, and tie your hands for an hour while you writhe in agony. Then I will fuck you again to see if you have learned your lesson. I’m going to bring your tawdry inner she-cauc slut to the surface of your being. You’re going to scorch my cock with your

eagerness and alacrity. Within a week, if you are not the most frenzied and electrified fuck-whore I've ever encountered I'll make you douche with that ointment!"

"Yes, master... yes, master..." cried the weeping slave girl, bringing her face to his foot and pressing her pliant lips to his toes.

overseer took an aerosol bottle and guided an anesthetic spray to her burned area. Immediately the pain was greatly reduced. After a few more moments the quaking slave was released from her bonds and prompted to sit. Then she got a look at her abdomen.

There was a vivid design imparted onto her previously flawless white flesh half way between her navel and her pubic cleft. The image was that of the Mustafa family emblem, which appeared on the belly of every slave belonging to the Imam- A black hand holding a whip. Felicity simply stared at the mark in appalled silence. Now her very flesh bore the token of her African master's house- a mark of his ownership, emblazoned permanently on the skin of his white slave.

Felicity was told to shuck corn in the scullery until evening, and was kept apart from the other slaves. The next day she was taken out to the workshop next to the stables. There, under Soo-Ling's watchful eye, the Imam's black mechanic fitted thick bands of copper to her wrists and ankles. The metal had a green patina, and appeared to be very old. The mechanic riveted them permanently in place, but their inside surfaces were smooth and did not chafe and the overseer said she would grow used to them. Another article of the same metal was fixed around her neck, and Felicity was compelled to lay docile and motionless while the black man drove the rivets into place.

As she lay there, the slave girl looked closely at the shackles which now encircled her wrists. They were each inlaid with colored enamel disks, depicting an erotic act. There were several on each band and no two were alike. There was also writing which she could not read, in flowery Arabic script.

Felicity was allowed to stand and was taken back to the clinic in the house feeling once again a distinction from the other slaves. They wore but simple leather collars about their necks. But when the new slave girl saw herself in a mirror she was struck by the aesthetic of her bands. Crude, yet elegant in a way- utilitarian yet works of art. The effect was enhanced by a short chain of the same copper metal which Soo-Ling affixed to small loops on the cuffs linking Felicity's hands.

"Take off your cauc clothes," ordered the overseer.

Felicity slipped the leather cord and triangular cloth that covered her sex from her hips. She handed it to Soo-Ling who threw it away with obvious contempt.

"The master says you are to wear this," said the overseer, who handed Felicity a strange curving object. She slave girl examined it quizzically. It certainly wasn't a garment, and she didn't see how she was supposed to "wear" it.

"Put it in your cunt," ordered Soo-Ling.

Felicity's mouth hung open and her face flushed as understanding dawned. The object was a kind of dildo. The shaft was made of polished ebony. It was thick and ribbed, and the overseer had applied some kind of lubricant to it. On the outer end was an oval disk of the same copper metal and color of her bonds. It depicted the leering face of a beast; a horned goat, grinning with tongue protruding. The young white woman looked to her overseer with helpless objection.

"Please! It's lewd!"

Soo-Ling was already reaching for a whip. "Put it in," she repeated. With a whimper, Felicity capitulated. Spreading her legs where she stood, she guided the object to her sex and slowly inserted it to the hilt, grimacing as the thickness entered her. When it was in all the way, Felicity could see that the disk hid her sex lips, but nothing else. Moreover she felt a nub on the back of the oval, which contacted her clitoris. When ordered to walk about the mortified white

woman discovered that it rubbed with precision on her joy button, and sent little unwanted thrills into her guts at every stride.

“Don’t let it fall out,” warned Soo-Ling. “You’ll get the cane if you do!”

The white woman frowned, but reached up to push the object back in when it began to slip from her vagina.

“Don’t use your hands!” barked the overseer. “Keep it in with your cunt muscles!”

Felicity tried to contract her labia, and squeeze her vagina around the ribs. It worked and held the object in her sex. But it required constant effort, and made the clitoral stimulation that much more acute.

“Please... I... I can’t keep it in... without.”

“You’ll learn to keep it in,” said Soo-Ling. “It will make your love muscles strong for your master, and keep you anxious for his attentions.”

Then Soo-ling took a pencil and drew an outline around the copper oval as it sat against Felicity’s pubes. Using hot wax, she permanently removed all of the slave girl’s dark, copious pubic hair from outside the mark. Once again Felicity’s sharp cries of pain could be heard down the hallways. The overseer not only removed her pubic hair, but that of her armpits as well. When she was finished, Felicity was left only a small tuft of soft, dark hair around her vulva, which she was told to keep trimmed so that it did not show from under the disk.

Next, Soo-Ling went to work on Felicity’s head. Her beautiful, long dark hair was not to be corn rowed like the other slaves, in the predominant African style. Instead, it was pulled back into a tail, quite familiar and natural for a white woman. The tail was secured by a metal copper cylinder which again matched her bands and collar. The length of her hair fell down her back, but the end was brought back up and attached to the ring, creating an odd loop. Attached to this loop of hair were slender metal rings affixed with small bronze bells. They hung behind her shoulders and Felicity was forbidden to touch them or quiet them in any way. Thus the little bells would chime with a faint melodic whisper whenever she walked or turned her head.

For the last operation, Felicity was warned. Though it would be painful she was not to move, or she might be seriously injured. The overseer took a long needle and pierced her nose between the nostrils. Then she worked a thick green copper nose ring into the hole. The slave was still the whole time, though she could not keep the faint sobs of mortification and pain from her throat. At last the ordeal was over. When she was allowed to stand the nose ring hung heavily over her upper lip. Soo-Ling however appeared satisfied that it completed the look of her face.

Over the next few days Felicity was given light duties while her various wounds healed. She did indeed learn to work efficiently with the short chain binding her wrists together. She also learned to keep the dildo in her vagina by claspings her muscles around it. It quickly became automatic, and she did not need to consciously think about it. But the stimulation remained, and the formerly innocent white wife found herself constantly aroused.

Prominent on her belly, the new brand healed neatly, displaying the emblem of the house of Mustafa- branded, not tattooed. The other white slaves had wondered about this. They had heard her screams as they echoed through the slave quarters. All of them had been marked with the far less painful tattooing method, and whispered fearfully to each other wondering what crimes or insults the new woman had committed against their master. None dared voice sympathy for their sister, but instead covered in the prescribed way of slaves, thankful that the Imam’s anger had not fallen on them.

Her station seemed strange in other ways as well. Unlike the other slaves, who at least carried the small cloths over their genitals, Felicity was now kept naked, save for her bands and

the obscenely bizarre disk covering her sex. She received a brush and was ordered to keep her hair in the manner it had been arranged. She was given the run of the estate, with few duties except those of accompanying the Imam when he went out.

Finally, she was told that she no longer bore the name, "Felicity." She and the other slaves were forbidden to utter her old name, on pain of the lash. Henceforth she would have no name, and would be known to everyone of the household simply as the Imam's personal slave whore.

Curiously, the Imam ignored her carnally for several more weeks, except for the use of her mouth. Felicity began to wonder if he had lost interest in her. At last one night, the Imam summoned her once more.

Soo-Ling fussed over her, making her scrub in the shower and inspecting every inch of her pale skin. She brushed Felicity's rich brown hair until it shone and set it back in the rings. Her nipples were oiled, her bands were polished, and her facial cheeks were rouged.

"Remember the whip, and your burning asshole?" said the overseer as she led Felicity to the Imam's quarters. "Remember how you fucked him that night? You better be even hotter tonight. You show him how happy you are to be his slave. You show him your she-cauc slut heart or what you felt last time is just a taste. He wants you to rape yourself on his manhood. He expects a she-cauc's true worship and homage, and you better not disappoint him."

Soo-Ling left her in the Imam's stateroom. He was not there, and the slave girl stood, nervously curling her toes in the carpet. Her clit had gotten a workout from her insert as she climbed the stairs, and her pulse was racing with arousal. As was usual now she thought about the Imam and his colossal form. Somehow he seemed much more desirable and handsome than she had regarded him in the past. His blackness, his power, his mastery over her all seemed a powerful aphrodisiac.

Felicity took a deep breath, and tried to calm her jitters. She looked about the room she saw a full length mirror. There were none in the lower slave quarters and she had not had a good look at herself in weeks, since her capture in fact. Her curiosity piqued and she approached the mirror- and at that moment, Felicity beheld with incredulous shock the most brazen whore she had ever imagined.

The young woman nearly swooned. Her entire self-image was based on her appearance before her capture. The creature which stared back at her bore no resemblance to the girl she remembered. Her visage was dominated by the nose ring, and she reached up to finger it lightly, seeing it on her face for the first time. Between her legs the disk protruded securely, drawn up tight over her sex and hiding with mocking primness her vaginal folds. The brand showed glorious now, crisp and colorful on her belly. And there were the bands on her wrists and ankles. She had wondered what the markings meant.

"They are very old," said the master, who was suddenly behind her. Felicity turned and immediately went to her knees.

"The shackles were taken from your British Museum," continued the Imam. "Four hundred years ago a white slaver abducted a black Adamic princess from the Ashanti tribe. He kept her in those collar and cuffs, and abused her nightly- for years it is said. I suppose it amused him greatly to see her thusly, knowing she came from a proud culture and had a loving husband, and fine children. Imagine her outrage at losing all that- being taken from her family and the land of her birth, never to return. Think of her hopelessness and despair at becoming nothing but a body for a cruel, alien man to enjoy. Imagine all that as you wear her chains, she-cauc."

Felicity stared at the floor with her dark eyes. Indeed she did feel the hopelessness. But amidst the desolation was the courage to survive, and the cowardice to do whatever it took to avoid pain. Already she could feel her sex growing slick with anticipation, and a tingle in her spine.

“Give me your hands,” said the master.

Felicity obeyed, offering up her arms with the short chain binding them together. The Imam inserted a key in a tiny lock and the chain parted.

“When we fuck, I will unbind your wrists- only when we fuck. Do you understand, she-cauc?”

“Y... yes, master. I am... for you pleasure...” Though she felt no love for this man, a strange attraction was making her vagina so wet that the ebony phallus was slipping out. She had to clench the muscles of her canal to prevent it and the action sent her libido into overdrive.

“Undress me,” he ordered.

Felicity rose, dutifully taking his robes and under things and hanging them up. When finished she stood at the foot of the bed, looking at his fat, greasy body as he lay back atop the sheets. His enormous organ stood erect and throbbing, and Felicity’s eyes fixed on it as lust battled fear in her tortured mind. The Imam reached over to the nightstand and picked up a douche bottle, holding it by its insertion nozzle. “This is filled with the fire ointment,” he said evenly. “Shall I make you use it?”

Felicity was shaking her head in horror. “Nooo... No, please!”

“Then show me, white sow,” he barked. “Show me you understand what a she-cauc ought to do for her lord and master!”

Inside Felicity, a portion of her mind snapped. Suddenly her fear and need coalesced and her body, ravenous for sensation eclipsed all thoughts of morality and self. Suddenly she really was his “she-cauc!”

The dildo dropped from her womanhood with a thud, leaving a vagina gaping, dilated and dripping. Felicity threw her head back, and a scream issued from deep in her lungs. “HHHHUUUUUUUUUGGGHHHHHHH!” She leapt onto her master, straddling his form and seizing his organ; impaling herself on it, even before bedsprings could recoil. The Imam received her, grasping her snow white breasts in his black hands and closing his thumbs over the nipples. Then her hips were flying, thrusting with berserk abandon over the entire length of his shaft.

“Yes, cauc,” he shouted. “Worship... pray to me in your whore she-cauc way. You’re a harlot to your core.”

Felicity was literally howling with unrestrained lust, shrilling with inhuman screams. She was pounding her flesh to his, using her arms and legs as leverage and bounding up and down on his cock. Her eyes were wide and a vacant smile crossed her face. But there was nothing of her mind in that look. “Fuck... Uuuhh, uuuhhh, uuuhhh, uuuuhhh, fuck me! Fuck me! Master!” she chanted.

“Yes,” laughed the Imam. “Pump it cauc. Pump it to a froth... rape that white cunt on it!”

“FUCK... ME... MASSSSSTEERRRRRRR...” Semen was gushing and Felicity was sobbing, convulsing on the length of his shaft as the torrent from his balls spewed forth deep in her belly.

The older black man was spent, sated. But Felicity was still thrusting her hips mindlessly. He lifted his leg and kicked her off onto the floor with a triumphant grunt. Droplets of sperm splashed and flew about the room as the white woman sprawled in a heap of limbs and creamy

skin. Then she seized her discarded dildo, holding it in both hands and plunging it into her cunt with insane violence.

The Imam laughed and sighed. “At last. The real she-cauc comes to the surface!”

Felicity screamed, humping the object of her delight without cognition, or even volition, wondering only in a trackless corner of her mind what she was becoming. Then the darkness fell, and she blacked out.

Chapter 31

Ian stumbled along in the darkness of the back country road. The sliver of the moon climbing high among the stars gave inadequate light for a traveler, but he couldn't risk an electric torch.

He was trying to find a small parish church. He had been instructed to go there, or rather to the home of the vicar who lived on the grounds. An important meeting was to be held there, one involving the resistance group in which Ian was now deeply involved.

As he walked the lonely byway, Ian thought about the events of the past four and a half months. That was how long it had been since the raid on his home, and the subsequent upheaval of his life.

After those horrible two nights of his wife's initial rapes, Ian had feared the worst. Afraid that the Jamaican would continue to spend nights with Emma, and that he could do nothing about it, the young husband had nearly gone out of his mind. To his astonishment, however, Johnson failed to show the next evening, and the night after. For over three weeks the Jamaican had been absent, and Ian began to suspect that the black Levy agent was coercing the wives of many of the area's white families. Perhaps he was too busy, and perhaps the rapes were a one off event after all.

The wounds to Ian and Emma's relationship had even begun to slowly heal. He did not demand sex with her at first, and they had begun to talk about what had happened, expressing their love for one another and their hopes for a future with their daughters. In a way, the couple had been brought closer than ever before. Ian was attentive and very solicitous, and Emma seemed appreciative. In a few days, she had begun to be receptive toward her husband again, but there always seemed to be some reluctance. Ian was immensely relieved to discover that his wife had begun her period just a day after the Jamaican's final visit. He could not imagine the damage it might have done to their marriage had she become pregnant by the man.

Ian thought it best not to reveal that he had watched Emma and Johnson from the attic. He was embarrassed for himself, and he knew that Emma would feel awkward too. He was convinced that his wife still loved him, and that she had done and said those things for the sake of their children.

One thing only marred their relationship in those days. The couple's girls were still being held in the child welfare facility, and when Emma went to visit them after the first two days, she found her access barred. There was no explanation; she and Ian were simply not allowed to see their girls. But both of them knew the reason, and Ian shuddered at the implications.

Isolation from her daughters was very hard on Emma. She cried often, and leaned on her husband for support. But every evening, Ian noticed she would become oddly anxious, looking out the windows and pacing about nervously. The question that tormented him was whether it was fear that agitated her so, or anticipation. Was Emma hoping the Johnson would return so that she could earn the right to see the girls?

One day Ian's resistance contact appeared, and talked to him while he lunched away from work.

"There are some big things about to happen, Ian," said the man. "Our sources in the government are convinced the Africans are intending to expand the Levy. Our people won't accept that. They'll rebel. That's the moment we need to seize power! We'll set the rightful king on the throne and restore the kingdom. But we must be prepared. We need you to travel to one of our camps in Wales for training."

“There are camps?” asked Ian.

The man looked about nervously. “Yes. Very secret. I’ve convinced them of your loyalty, and they want you to train as an officer in the new British army.”

“How... how long would I be gone?” asked Ian.

“Basic training will take almost four months. We will cover for you at your work. Your boss sympathizes with the cause. You must tell no one where you are going.”

Ian looked down in silence. “This is... a very difficult time for my family. My children have been seized and Emma is under a lot of stress.” Ian could not tell the man of rape of his wife, or his own helplessness to prevent it.

“I know,” said the man. “But many of us are suffering as well. Our families are one reason we must fight!”

Ian nodded.

“Talk it over with your wife. But I’m not going to tell you where the camp is until you report back to me. You may tell your wife what you are doing, because she already knows you are working for the cause. But it will be safer for her and us if she doesn’t know where you’ll be or even how long you’ll be gone.”

That night Ian discussed the matter with Emma. She agreed that he should go, but the young husband sensed the sadness in her voice. There was a feeling of further abandonment in her heart, though she denied it, and Ian was torn.

“I know what you have to do,” she said tearfully.

“Perhaps you can come as well,” said Ian. “I know women are being trained.”

Emma shook her head. “If we leave the girls we might never see them again. You must go, and I must stay, Ian. We must accept that.”

That had closed the issue. He and Emma had spent their last night in each other’s arms, but as usual she had trouble opening up enough to make love with him. He tried a few times to coax her into the mood, but she ended each attempt by pushing his hands away. He did not question her motive or her love, but simply held her as she cried, gradually breaking down her resistance. In the end they lay whispering in the dark.

“Ian I’m ovulating,” she sighed. “If we make love I could become pregnant... and...”

“I love you, Emma,” said Ian softly, thinking her reluctance a product of the unsettled times, and an aversion to sex brought on by the rapes. “I’m your husband. And I want a son.”

Emma looked into his eyes as tears escaped from her own. He had the feeling she desperately wanted to tell him something.

“I love you Ian,” she breathed, seeming to waver. “But I’ve been warned...”

“What about?” he asked.

The young wife closed her eyes. “Nothing,” she sighed. “I... Remember our talk about another child? I want your baby... your son. It’s just so hard to have courage...”

“I love you, Emma,” repeated Ian. “And I want another child for you... for us.”

Emma had relented. For the remainder of the night the young husband and wife grappled in their passion. Ian performed like never before, climaxing in his wife three times before sleep overtook them.

He had shipped out the next day, saying goodbye to Emma with an affectionate peck, and very much gratified by her warm smile. Then he had boarded the train.

Ian had been warned that because of security concerns he would not be allowed to contact his wife. Phones were bugged, and physical letters were out of the question. Even email were curtailed due to the fear that something could be accidentally disclosed to African agents.

Ian immersed himself in the training. It was rigorous and exhausting, keeping his mind and will occupied. Only at night did his worry about Emma and the children trouble his mind. As his wife had said, there was nothing he could do to protect them. But the feeling that he, as a husband and father, needed to be there dogged him. When he had successfully completed his initial training, he put in an urgent request for leave. It was denied. He was told that the resistance was newly formed in his area and it was vital that begin work at once. After his initial assignment, he might well be granted leave.

Ian's first orders specified that he make contact with a local resistance leader in the vicinity of Carlisle. He knew that man to be the vicar of a tiny county church in the district to the north, but that was all he knew.

At last the church was coming into view as he crested a hill. Looming in the dusk, he could now see the cottage behind it, a little vicarage where he was to meet his contact.

Ian made his way through the tidy courtyard and down the walkway to the residence. He was greeted at the door by a lovely young girl.

"I'm here to see the vicar on a family matter," said Ian, employing the password phrase.

"I'll call for him," said the girl. "Won't you please come in?"

She led him through the darkened home to a cellar entrance, which she rapped on three times. When the door open a crack, Ian repeated the phrases. He was admitted to a brightly lit room, and told to remain still. He also heard the bolt of an M16 being pulled back.

"Who are you?" asked a voice before Ian's eyes could adjust.

"I've come on a family matter," answered Ian. "I'll discuss it with the vicar."

"I am Thomas Wright, I lead this flock," said the man.

Ian relaxed. He had been given the correct counter password. He was shown a chair at a table where six other men sat. He sat down among them, and immediately noticed one of the men was black. His hair was grey and he was obviously of a very advanced age.

"I'm sorry for the rude reception," said the vicar to Ian. "We have an important guest and we have to take precautions. Alas, these are perilous times for England."

"For free people everywhere," said the black man.

There was a tension in the room because of the presence of the black man. Whether it stemmed from rank racism or legitimate mistrust or both, Ian could not tell.

"Most of you don't know each other," said the vicar. "And your superiors want to keep it that way. You are here to gain information for your individual cells however, so I'll make one introduction. This is Ibriham N'Fume" he said, gesturing to the black man, "My friend for many years in Nigeria. He comes of late from the African Empire, with news and intelligence."

"On what grounds do we trust this ni... this man?" asked one of the white men. Ian could hear the racial bigotry in the question, but he preferred to listen and remain impartial.

"I vouch for him," said the vicar. "You may leave any time you wish if you cease to regard this meeting as profitable."

The suspicious white man narrowed his eyes, but made no move for the door. "Alright," he said. "So what does *this man* have to tell us?"

"That you and your race are doomed unless you act quickly," said N'Fume firmly. "Even now, the enemy of your island is massing for an attack. Soon the trap will be sprung and he will move against you. And you don't have the power to resist him."

"The British man will defend his home..." countered another of the white men.

"And will die doing so," snapped N'Fume. "Unless you come to understand what you are up against, and unite as a people against it!"

“People are afraid,” said the vicar. “They know if they resist their families will be targets for the Levy.”

“Consideration of the Levy will soon be overtaken by other events,” said N’Fume. “There is an invasion of Britain planned.”

Ian heard the intake of breath among the white men, and saw the fear in their eyes. All of them had dreaded the specter of military invasion for a long time, and it was the one thing holding leaders of the resistance back from more desperate, violent acts.

“I feel obligated to point out a different path we might take,” said the vicar. “If resistance is prompting an attack, then might we at least buy more time to prepare with temporary capitulation?”

The black man was shaking his head. “You must fight, and soon. You have no alternative. Surrender or defeat, it makes no difference. They will both result in slavery. I wonder if any of you really comprehend what that means.”

“We understand the loss of freedom, and the humiliation all too well.” Said Ian. “Some of us have already gotten a taste of it.”

N’Fume smiled tightly. “You know nothing of what slavery in Africa means. The British are still so arrogant and naive. Your race does not run the world any more. African traditions and culture now dominate, and throughout Africa the ancient institution of human bondage permeates society once again.”

“So what of it?” asked another of the white men. “It’s the same under any occupation, and with any tyrant. Hakeem is Africa’s problem. We want to end the Levy. We should concentrate on that!”

“No,” said N’Fume. “You clearly don’t grasp what is about to happen to your nation. But let me try to make it personal for you.”

“When you have fallen into Hakeem’s hands, you and all the other men, including your sons who have reached the age puberty, will be shipped in horrendous conditions to Africa. You will rot for weeks in the stinking hold of a slave ship, bound by chains while your pride and humanity are slowly leached from you.”

“A moment please, my friend,” interjected the vicar. “Anne,” he said, addressing the young blond girl. “Please... ah, go and fix us some refreshment... some tea I think...”

“But isn’t it late for tea?” asked the girl.

“Ah, no. All my guests are traveling tonight.”

“Father I want to hear about Africa. About what it’s like for my sisters...”

“No, Anne. I don’t want you to hear this,” said the vicar, looking away. He did not want her to see the pain in his eyes. “Please go upstairs.”

The girl frowned but obeyed her father. When she had gone, N’Fume continued his statement.

“None of you really know what a slave ship is. But Africans know. West Indians know. Those hell-traps were branded into our collective memory centuries ago. Today, millions of whites also know firsthand about the Hades pit of a cargo hold! Many an African revels in this, but it holds no solace for me.”

“All you have of value, including your clothing, jewelry, everything, will be taken from you. You will be herded into the ships possessing nothing but your body, and your fear. The trip to Africa will take almost three weeks, and during that time you will learn to what depths your race has fallen to. You will discover the slave hold is nothing but a great steel box to contain your cheapened flesh. The air inside is hot and stifling and there is no light to see by. There are

no tables or chairs, no pads or blankets, no bunks or cots to sleep on- no lavatories and little water. There is nothing but the dark steel box, and the bodies of the other men packed around you. By the time you reach Africa's shores you will be crazed by the heat and the darkness, by the stench of vomit and excrement. The dense crowding and limited food will set you against one another, and without even realizing it, you will take on the demeanor of an animal. Driven by thirst, and desperate for light and open space you will bolt naked and mindless from the hold when the doors open, fleeing what you will then regard as hell.

"But your ordeal will have just begun. As you run headlong into the slave pens you will be evaluated and sorted. Some of you will go to work the quarries, some to the mines. Others will be claimed by the massive public works projects building canals and roads. All of the work is manual and backbreaking. You will toil in the sun or the hot mine drifts for twelve hours a day, seven days a week while your back will be flayed by the whip. Your food will be simple, and barely enough for subsistence- your life expectancy a year or two. Though an unlucky few may live a couple of more wretched years.

"When you have finally succumbed, your bodies will be hauled to the desert and dumped onto refuse heaps, feeding the ants and the thousands of vultures which circle endlessly overhead. And while your bones are bleaching, inert and lifeless amidst the hyena dung that was once your flesh, your women and children will learn to serve their African masters.

"They will be taken first to special facilities to be trained as slaves. Then one by one, your cherished wives and children will stand naked on the auction block while black African men and women bid greedily to possess them.

"Your youngest sons, those who have not yet reached puberty will be purchased to stoop in the rice paddies and toil in the cornfields, as their buttocks are stung by their overseer's correction rods. After they come of age, they may be used as studs to inseminate the female plantation slaves under the watchful eye of a black mistress. Or they may be neutered, to serve as fair skinned eunuchs and chamber boys in the manor houses.

"Your comely daughters will become the carnal playthings of older black men of substance and influence who will buy them as body slaves. Or they may be taken to ply the brothels, learning to prostitute themselves eagerly to avoid punishment. Or perhaps they will end up on a farm, breeding more white babies into a life of bondage.

"Your wives will toil in endless drudgery by day. At night, they will warm the beds of their black owners, spreading their legs at his whim. While you work every day under the lash, they will adapt, learning to obey their new master's hand and will. When you are far away, spending your strength and vitality into the African dust, you will remember her embrace, and long in vain for even a glimpse of her from afar. But she will find intimacy with the body of her black man. As you waste and die, rotting with forgotten ignominy, unburied and corrupt in the sun, she will be gradually coming to love her master even as her love for you fades. Finally, as all trace of you dissolves into the African soil, your now faithful and loved wife will be accepting her status as concubine, eagerly satisfying the fleshly passions of her owner in exchange for his favor, and the blessing of a half black child.

"Her master will beat her, work her as a menial and subject her to the authority of his black wife. Yet her loyalty will be to him, for the sake of her occupied womb. Her hatred will be for you, for your weakness- that is the way of women and the age old law of Africa. All she will remember of you, as she suckles that colored baby at her breast, is that you failed. You failed your nation, yourself, and her. And however much she loves you now she will despise you then- as the little brown lips encircle her nipple, and a large black hand caresses her supple back. As

the years go by and she is filled over and over with his dark manhood, and his essence, and his children, your memory will bring only curses.”

There were long seconds of silence among the white men. Then Ian spoke up. “All right, you have our attention, and you’ve made your point. We have to fight.”

“Maybe that’s all bollocks,” said the suspicious man, with nervous doubt. “He’s trying to force us to commit before we have the facts...”

“How could such a society exist in the modern world?” asked the vicar in disgust.

“This is not new, Thomas,” said N’Fume. “Hakeem’s new order has been evolving for over forty years, and the enslavement of whites has become ever more institutional and draconian. But it started out more benign, as a perverted whim.”

“How so?” asked the vicar.

“I can still remember,” said N’Fume, “The outrage and anger of the small white population in Hakeem’s early domains. It was the onset of the Biowars and before his invasions of neighboring states. He was generally opposed in his quest for power by whites, who regarded him as yet another minor African dictator.

“To punish them for their opposition Hakeem issued the decree now famous in Africa, that the proud foreign devils should dress no better than the poorest Africans. White men were allowed only the barest rags to cover their loins, and white women were to go bare breasted and barefoot, to show their humility before the new African.

“The law was intended only to demonstrate that Hakeem the leader had power even over the whites, for he had as yet no real designs on the white property, or the people themselves. Everywhere the expatriates attempted to defy the edicts as ludicrous, but what surprised Hakeem was the eagerness to which his followers and the black population gleefully enforced them. White men who broke the dress laws at work were fired or beaten. Women were publicly accosted and given a simple cloth to wear around their waists. They were warned that in the future, they’d be raped if they continued to resist.”

“You saw all this?” asked the vicar. “In Nigeria? We never heard about it.”

“That is because the Biowar was unfolding by this time. No one in Europe or America thought or heard of anything else. After you left Nigeria, my friend, I worked for a while as a gardener for a white expat family. I recall one day the wife of my employer sobbing with shame. She had been in town shopping when she was stopped by the police. As they questioned her a gang of men surrounded her. They accused her of arrogance, and warned her she was no better than their women. Since she was in Africa, they said, she should follow their customs. She was stripped right in the street, and her howling protests were met with brutal slaps.

“The police were without sympathy for her, standing by as the gang threatened her, but they did prevent her from being raped. In the end, they confiscated her car, and bid her to walk home like an African woman. She was given an old half kanga and told to wrap it about her hips.

“My employer’s high class, sophisticated, and very white wife was forced to walk over five kilometers back to her home. Barefoot over the hot dusty road, crying and desperately trying to hide her naked breasts with her arms, she presented quite a picture to the poor black neighborhood she had to cross. Then as they jeered, taunted, and threw garbage at her, the Africans realized the audacity of their new ruler, and loved him for it.

“My employers left Nigeria in the next few days, owing me my month’s wages by the way. It’s amazing how powerful pride and dignity are. It seems strange, in light of what would happen to whites in subsequent years, but nearly every Caucasian left Hakeem’s territory, unwilling to be subjected the humiliation. They, with many other wealthy whites fleeing the

plagues in Europe and America swelled the new white enclaves, and led to the latter day white governments in Zimbabwe and South Africa.

“That was the beginning of Hakeem’s present slave owning culture. In a sense, a taboo had been broken. There was a realization that white people *could* be treated in such a way. It was a shift in a paradigm centuries old in the mind of the common African- the end of white untouchability. In order to unify black Africa’s diverse people and cultures into one he invented the myth of the Adamic man and woman, who were seen as the noble, true humans. Their status ascended as the whites were debased.

“It is a well-established pattern with dictators,” said N’Fume. “They like to use a racial or ethnic minority as a straw man. Hitler did it with the Jews, Nero with the Christians. And members of tribal minorities have long been exploited in Africa. When the fiend Hakeem claimed to be the Mahadi and instituted his Islamic heresy, he discovered that repression of the whites was very helpful for unifying the diverse black populations of Africa. It galvanized his followers, who were all too eager to emulate their leader in his sensual tastes.”

“So all this is just vanity?” asked the vicar. “A whole empire, founded to feed the lusts of men- of one man in particular?”

“No, that is an oversimplification,” said N’Fume. “Although it is well known that Hakeem has a pate’ for white women and girls, and there has ever been sexual opportunism when there are repressed populations, his primary goal was always power, not sex. In most of Africa it was not uncommon or lewd to see black women topless. The legs were and are considered much more suggestive. Thus, ironically, white women who wore shorts were unconsciously already putting on a show, so to speak. So the real demonstration of power was not forcing white women to display their bodies so much as it was forcing them to Africanize. Widespread use of the white female as a sexual object did not come until later, when his position was secure.”

“Then what was his secret?” asked one of the white men. “How did this Hakeem rise to dominate the world?”

“Shrewdness,” said N’Fume. “And luck. The pure, blind luck of being in the right place at the right time. At first, he sought only to rule central Africa, but the continent was ripe for a religious messiah. The Biowar eliminated white military power outside Africa and weakened it within. It created a vacuum that Hakeem, with his claim to be the Mahadi, was able to fill. In time, and as his conquests progressed, the goal became the unification of Africa, and its social and cultural transformation.

“Hakeem studied both the white colonial systems and the traditions of Islam and admired their power. He discovered that both fostered conservative sexual mores and modest dress, particularly for women. There were the Burkas in the Moslem culture, and the long dresses and buttoned collars of the Christian Victorian era. Hakeem decided that his new religion and empire would adopt a similar mode of dress for black women.

“But many African cultures were still pagan, and sexuality was more open. In order to placate this tradition, he determined that white women would be sexualized. This doctrine had the added benefit of humiliation of the hated Caucasians, degrading them in the eyes of black Africans. He determined to destroy the image of the white female as an untouchable “lady,” replacing it with one of common derivative, the new black lady. To underscore the changes the new order would bring in society, black women were introduced to affluence first by fashion, and rich, complex clothing. Modesty was the order of the day. Dignity, virtue, and a new pride were stressed for the Adamic woman.

“White women, in contrast were presented now in the traditional African dress of menials and women of the lowest status. They were required to assume an aspect of submissiveness and humility, particularly toward the Adamic black man. They appeared everywhere barefoot, and bare breasted, wearing only the half kanga. Although they hated it, white women who defied the new social order were beaten and raped, and new code of dress and behavior soon became commonplace.

“Black women were now to be respected in their persons. They were no longer to be liable to fondling from strange men. But black men were to have the freedom to touch and grope a white woman in any manner they wished, as they had done formerly with black women.

“But there was a question of politics as well, particularly as Hakeem’s power grew and he evolved in the Mahadi. From the beginning, the repression of whites has been a difficult consideration. At first Hakeem and his henchmen were in a quandary as to what to do with the whites. In the very early days, when he was building his Central African Islamic Coalition his biggest fear was that America or Europe would interfere if there were wholesale genocide of whites. After the Biowar, the military capacity of the Western powers was so weak that this was not a concern. His soldiers began killing the whites who fell into their hands along with anyone else who did not submit to his new cult. There were those among his followers however, who saw the whites as a potential labor source. These men wanted to transform the economy of Africa.

“The formal institution of slavery came with Hakeem’s wars with, and his decisive victories over the white run countries. At that time it was seen as the solution to the shortages of labor in agriculture and industry. The newly self-proclaimed Prophet placated his adherents with generous grants from the tens of thousands of white captives. As the new slave economy took hold, the demand for slaves grew, quickly outstripping supply. It was economic pressures that drove the subsequent conquest of Europe and America far more than political concerns. Yet even today Africa’s economy continues to explode and her black populations become ever more affluent. There is no end in sight to Africa’s appetite for slaves. Now it is a scarce upper middle class household which does not have at least one Caucasian slave. And possession of a white female has almost come to be seen as a birthright for African men.”

“What about the black women?” asked the vicar. “Don’t they resent this? Don’t they object to their black husbands in sexual liaisons with white women?”

“No, they don’t,” said N’Fume. “Not as a matter of course. First there is the tradition in Africa of multiple wives. Second, the white slave woman is no threat to the black wife. The slave, or “she-cauc”, as she is called, cannot marry her master, and her children, even if they are half black will not inherit his goods. The black woman is always superior to the white female slave, in any family setting.”

“But you’re black... So why are you helping us?” asked the suspicious white man.

“I am old,” said N’Fume. “And the fiend Hakeem has betrayed the true Prophet Mohammad. In fact, Hakeem has killed more blacks than whites. Black African Moslems, Christians, and anyone else of color who does not accept him as the Mahadi is put to the sword. Hakeem annihilated the remnant Arab populations which survived the Biowar, because they would not embrace his new Islamic heresy. The genocide against them has been so complete that none remain, save for a few old women. Whole black tribes in Africa have suffered the same fate. Hakeem has ruthlessly dealt with anyone who has opposed him. His lust for power is approached only by his hatred of white flesh.”

“Can he be stopped?” asked Ian finally.

“I don’t know,” said N’Fume, shrugging his shoulders and smiling. “As I told you, I am only an old man.”

“Father, the tea is ready,” said Anne who had just entered the room again. “Would you or your guests like anything to eat besides the crumpets?”

“No,” said the vicar. “I think we’re done here, for now. I have sealed orders for all of you,” he said to the four young white men.

The meeting broke up and the men took their leave, stealing away into the night. But Ian stayed a bit, pointing down the hallway where the golden haired girl stood quietly. “She is your daughter?” the he asked.

The vicar nodded. “My youngest. Three others of my family have been taken in the Levy, two daughters and a son-in-law. That’s why I got involved with the resistance in the first place.”

“Revenge?” asked Ian, gently.

“No,” said the vicar. “To protect the virtue and free life of my youngest daughter. To be in the resistance, and a man of the cloth- It is... a heavy burden.”

Ian sighed. He had hoped he could confide in the old man about his worries for Emma, but it seemed the vicar had troubles of his own.

“She’s very beautiful, your daughter,” said Ian.

“Yes,” said the vicar. Ian could see the pain in his eyes. “But that is a curse.”

“I understand,” said Ian. “As your friend said, that is why we must fight.”

When Ian had left the vicar bolted the door behind him. He looked up and his daughter was still in the hallway. “Perhaps I will have a sherry, Anne,” he said.

The vicar watched the girl as she worked. Anyone could see she was indeed lovely, her figure shapely and ripening, even when wearing the ultra-conservative fashion of the day. ‘So much like Julia,’ he thought. Except for her blond hair. Anne had the same reserved shyness, the same noble, lovely features and proper bearing of a woman of quality.

But the vicar wondered what his older daughter was like now. How had nearly a year of captivity in Africa changed her? The old man closed his eyes. He simply could not imagine his chaste Julia subjected to the things his old friend had talked about. And what of Patricia, Jane, and Colin? Were they all together? Had Colin been able to protect them? Or had the degradation he feared been their lot? Were they even alive? The vicar could not imagine Christian women, particularly his daughters, as harlots. They would die first, he told himself...

“Here you are, father,” said Anne, handing him the small goblet. “Would you like your pipe as well?”

‘Yes,’ he replied to himself. Anne had a gracious nature, and would be a fine, traditional wife for a young English man someday. But what if... ‘What if she’s taken in the Levy, or captured?’ he thought with inner torment. ‘What would it be like for blond, innocent Anne if she were to become the slave of a black Hakeem Muslim?’ Anne... his last daughter, and barely sixteen. How he had sheltered her for the past year. How appalling it would be if she were taken to Africa, that land of iniquity... ‘If...’

‘No,’ he thought. A father couldn’t think of such things...

“I miss my sisters,” said the girl softly, “And Colin and Jane. What are their lives like, father? I wonder all the time. What do they think? What do they feel? What will they be doing tomorrow?”

“They are adapting, just as we must,” said the vicar.

“I... I always wanted to be like Julia, father. Will I ever see her again?”

“Perhaps... perhaps we will see her,” said the vicar. “We can always hope.” He did not voice his own fear however, that they might not recognize the daughter and sister they loved.

THE END