

The Destiny of Weaker Men



LUTHERAN MAID

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About this book

This is an erotic adult fiction book and not suitable for readers aged below 18.

It deals with explicit and provocative sexual themes. The book describes a sexual dystopia, and a world in flux. The characters within the book are entirely fictitious and do not describe living or dead individuals. The polemics portrayed in the story are a dramatic

device, designed to add frisson and do not reflect the views of the author.

Erotic literature is like a 3D movie. It doesn't necessarily seem sexy, unless you bring along the relevant spectacles to appreciate it. There is no universally appealing erotic novel. Erotica works intimately with a readership. Response to an erotic novel depends on your sexual interests and attitudes. So this novel is for those who tote 3 D spectacles of certain kinds. It will be of interest to submissive males and dominant female readers. It will interest those in cuckolding relationships and those who are cuckold lifestyle curious although the dystopia represented here remains firmly a fiction and individuals should consult carefully when planning new forms of relationship. Sex involves recurring symbolic themes, that which embellishes and extends coitus. Human beings bring symbolism and imagination to most things, including sex. This story deals with interracial sex and the symbolism that becomes attached so powerfully there. It presents a world, in which sex is used to correct past inequalities. Past inequalities are replaced with a new elite and new inequalities, for every force there is a counter force. Whilst the story provides examples of compassion and friendship under difficult circumstances, it also describes crime related violence and deals with sexual slavery.

This story is narrated by, Ian Webster, a slave. Webster learns what life means when sex becomes a bigger part of identity. Appetite is not necessarily well reasoned, desire something best left unbridled. Webster wouldn't recommend his life to you....

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Other books from Lutheran Maid
(available through Amazon)

The Intimacy of Three (a cuckolding novel)
Another Kind of Bitch (erotic short stories)
Measuring Men (erotic short stories)

Chapter 1

This is sex, right now implicit within the rather superior Bond Street jewelers, purveyors of fine pre owned designer watches. Sex is not just an act, nor yet only a relationship, it is the far reaching connections that are made between the mind, the body and etiquette of the most intimate kind. Fucking is not just sticking master sticking his black cock in a woman, it is the fucking of her mind, so that she realizes all that she could be if convention was ripped away. Sex is the discarding of all her previous relationships, so that the reason for living is having more sex, doing more sex with the man that she is utterly infatuated with. Sex happens everywhere, even in a jewelers shop. You cannot separate it out of from life. it is integral to every breath, every thought, every gesture.

Lester, my wife's lover, Emma and I stand before the counter as the attendant shows the Cartier watches that she has in stock. They are poring over the trays of tastefully lit chronographs whilst I wait quietly behind. My wife already owned a Cartier Santos from the vanilla time of our life, but there are a couple of other models that Lester insists that she adds to her collection. First, a sleek Cartier Ruban watch on its integral silver bracelet, the face black and chic. Then there is a Cartier Americaine in gold and a tank francaise on its steel bracelet. Emma has slim wrists so all of the watches fit her, sitting just a little loose in the manner that Lester prefers. I wait behind them doing the mental math. The bloody Cartier Americaine alone costs upwards of eleven grand and the other two add another five thousand pounds plus to the cost. I am in at the deep end of seventeen grand. No

wonder the sales woman smiles indulgently. If she is on commission then this is going to be one fine day.

'There,' said the woman, arranging the perfect watches within perfect gold tooled red leather presentation boxes. 'Will you be paying by credit card Sir?' She had looked at Lester. He smiled and answered yes. He glanced back my way and I reached inside my sports jacket for my wallet. I drew out the credit card that had taken a severe battering this year alone. The sales assistant looked at me, her eyes judging me. Yes, I was the cuck husband. I was the lemon who picked up the tab. I entered my pin number and waved goodbye to another seventeen thousand pounds. Being such a large sum of course there was a security check and I had to key in some extra numbers, but then it was done. Emma slipped her arms around Lester's bull neck and kissed him sweetly on the lips.

'Thank you darling' she simpered.

The sales assistant watched me. I stood barren faced as the three watches were added to Emma's Gucci handbag. Good job that it was a capacious one wasn't it? Good job that it was equal to the acquisition of a few treats now and then. Lester and Emma turned to leave the shop and the mesmerized assistant moved to get the door for them. No need, I was there first. I was always there first and never more so than in a situation like this when my gut ached, my teeth felt on edge and I just had to get the fuck out of a place.

It had been humiliating.

Emma had barely registered my presence even as I handed over the credit card. There had been no smile, no brief nod of recognition. Lester was adding to her wardrobe, increasing her allure, the sense of entitlement inside her pretty head. What had Lester said once, 'you're too good for him so use him,. When he's worn out we'll find you another.'

They're walking down the street now past the tube station entrance. I have been warned to remain alert as muggers sometimes follow people who have left shops like this. A mugging is not beyond possibility. Lester told me that I had to sacrifice. I was to take a hit for them both. I was to place myself between them and danger. My mistress (I still called Emma my wife...sometimes) was to be protected at all costs. Clip, clip, clip Emma's boots trip along the pavement and Lester's voice is a base drone as he remarks on some business deals that he currently has in hand.

May be you wondered something back there? May be you said to yourself, hell man, if he has such a penchant for seeing his woman dripping expensive gear, then let him pay for the watches? But you guessed different didn't you. You, my friend you know about these things. You're street wise, human relationships savvy. Lester was never going to shell out for the gear. It was always going to be me. The watches are badges of her status. She is posh and black owned. Lester owns her and he likes her dressed to the nines. The brothers that Lester will give her too, periodically, they all like smart, well dressed, expensively set up white bitches. This is how it all works.

This month, this week, sometime very soon Lester is going to gift my wife to a bro and she will retire quietly with that man to a bed. The door will close and then her neatly manicured fingernails will dig into his thick black hide whilst he takes her. On her pretty wrist the expensive, the lush minutes will tick by to the rhythmic pumping of the big bro's cock. There will be no sheath, no courtship...he will just take her. After all, she looks like an arrogant insult, waiting to be beaten into gasping submission.

We're out and about quite often these days. I'm along, the demonstrated conquest, the also ran husband. I have been instructed to walk behind them never beside or before them. Lester told me that I was to walk face downwards, but that's frankly unrealistic all of the time. If I'm to be a minder too, then I have to look about. So I walk casting glances, left, right and then behind. Emma

and Lester walk at varying pace. Sometimes he stops abruptly and kisses her lavishly on the lips. It gouges out something very deep inside to watch how she opens her mouth to him. She is so receptive, so responsive and kitten like. It is as if she is in love, eighteen years old and stepping out with her beau for the first time. Each time they promenade this way it is the same. Chat, stop, kiss, laugh, tease move on and without the slightest regard for me. If they glance my way then I look down.

When Lester first started dating my wife, he said that there were to be occasions when I was to 'walk out ' with them. I was to step behind as I have just described. But I was never to address my mistress. I was always to remain silent unless spoken to. She in turn would become accustomed to dismissing me. Touching, kissing, teasing, petting, they would act as if I was no more than a shadow. You cannot believe what that does to your head. You cannot imagine how it rips open your identity, rifles through the contents and casts what was dear to you like charity shop oddments across the pavement. You are the shadow of things past, the memories easily set aside. You are the little reminder of progress, ascendancy and arrogant acceptance of rights.

'Webster, bring the car down to the street, we will get in there' said my mistress.

I am Webster, not Ian, not darling or sweetheart. She is not Webster, although she has not yet divorced me. I am a surname, a slave in their indulgent world.

'Yes Miss' I answer.

Lester wanted me to call her mistress. I held out. No matter what privations he arranged for me I could not do that in public. In the home, under duress, through clenched teeth I often addressed Emma as Mistress. Out here though, in public, she is Miss. It's a quicker term, a less humiliating one. You cannot believe what humiliation can mean to a man like me. You cannot begin to

appreciate the nuances of that. I hurry to the car park stairs, secure in the knowledge that Lester is with her and in full street view. It would have been dangerous for Emma to carry seventeen grands worth of watches into the darker recesses of the underground car park. So I hurry below to fetch the Jaguar. I drive the car up, draw it into the curb and get the rear passenger door for Emma even though some bastard is already on the car horn complaining about the delay.

I'm by no means a chauffeur. City driving, with crazy cyclists and irritable cabbies, worry me. So as I navigate the Jaguar out of the city and towards the leafy and oh so discreet suburbs where we live I have to concentrate hard. In the rear, all is calm. Lester holds her hand. He is dressed in his immaculate suit and slick tie. He looks every inch the businessman. My mistress is dressed in high heeled soft Italian leather boots, stockings, a leather pencil skirt with exposed front zip and a black blouse and snug bolero jacket. I can't bear to look at her dressed that way for too long. My dick starts to ache and as it is going no place, locked in the cage, the lingering look would only be tortuous.

'Shall I invite Suzanne and Carl over this evening for drinks darling?' she asks him.

I've noticed that she talks in a low and silk like voice. It's almost a whisper and I suppose designed to signal a quiet, calm, orderly life.

Suzanne is relatively newly owned. May be she is twenty three or twenty four years old. Carl, her black lover is a couple of years more. Suzanne had a disappointing fiancée, a freckle faced white dude who was doing a masters degree at college. Carl took over and it was pretty sure that Suzanne would draw the hapless fiancée back into the trap, to serve.

'Why not' agreed Lester. His voice unconcerned. They are mentors. They set examples for other couples, interracial, unequal couples.

Someone asked me once whether it was the black prongs that hooked women into relationships with men like Lester. I laughed. Whether or not it was an urban myth, the thing about big black cocks was irrelevant. What the women usually craved was the unequal relationship. They wanted their man to be entirely dominant, masculine, interested in seeing what he could turn a woman into. Women who submitted to the black man had a deeper and a dirtier need inside their pretty heads. They wondered what it was like to be a man's bitch.

We're making progress now, exiting the city when most traffic is inward bound. I feel my grip on the steering wheel slacken some. Plate glass windows and swish care dealer forecourts start to give way to well manicured gardens and locked iron railing gates with gilded spikes pointing up to heaven. My mistress is trying on watches in the back of the car, looking longingly at Lester and accepting his soft and tender kisses on her rouged mouth.

'You make me feel very spoilt' she whispered appreciatively.

He chuckles. Yeah, well, that was the intention wasn't it? That was the vibe he needed. She would be a spoilt bitch, blonde and unattainable to some, a teasing vision for those that he permitted at his court. Sincerely, in the year or so since he has settled centre stage in her life I have never seen Emma better dressed. The look is always sexy, superior, snobbish I suppose. She looks aloof, indulged, discerning.

'Have you time, when we get home?' she wonders.

Emma needs to fuck. She needs him to do what he does with her. It is not only that she needs more sex these days it is that she expects to fuck in dirtier ways. It is as if sex was found again in a dark recess of the house and brought resplendent into the room. I never managed that for Emma. I never made her feel that way.

'I'll feed Webster first, but then yes, sure darling...of course' he smiles indulgently kissing her again.

Feeding. You don't know about feeding do you? Well, its not high chair stuff and jars of baby food. It's nothing like that. I've been addicted to Strohman, a synthetic drug that is more powerfully habit forming than any fucking chemist has ever dreamt up. It's the drug of choice that black guys use to control white cucks like me, the goo that they use to secure compliance and then an almost messianic worship of their bloody cocks. How can I describe that shit to you? It induces in your head a dreamy relaxed state that isn't entirely removed from the world about you but which lends your mind a sense of erotic conviction and purpose. Life is about achieving this serenity, over and over and over again. Go without it and you become an anxiety bucket. Fuck, go without it a day or two and you could be climbing up the wall. Lester dips his cock in a pot of the goo and I suck it off. I come to his cock as eager and as willing as a gay fag might do. It habituates me to sucking cock for Lester and it cements in mind what Emma then witnesses. Lester has me to heel. Lester rules the roost.

I park the Jag outside the front of the house and click the security gates shut. Once I owned this large house jointly with Emma but I signed the whole of the imposing property over to my wife on Lester's instruction. Chartered accountants earn very reasonable incomes and they can afford very nice houses. But once the sexual chemistry happens, once the dynamics of a relationship changes, that income means little. I hurry and get the car door for my mistress and then the other door for Lester.

'Good driving' observed Lester casually.

'Thank you sir' I respond. Listen, I'm needing a fix OK. I need a fix.

We proceed across the large hallway and through to the kitchen where Emma proceeds to pour them two cold glasses of white wine. I watch her hand one to Lester and I wait expectantly. Once I know

that I am going to get another dose, the fixation of that inside my head starts to dominate everything. It is as if an imp has hold of my brain and the bastard is twisting it back and forth on its stalk. I can feel the beads of sweat running down my cheeks. I look a mess.

My mistress goes to the safe and keys in the combination code number. The door clicks open and she takes out a pot of Strohman. It looks like spunk, it has the same glutinous consistency. The drug is perfectly potent as is now, but when it is administered in concert with semen, after sex, it can do powerful things inside your head. You can spend hours feeling that the world is pretty damned near perfect.

Lester checks my expression. I am fidgeting, one of my fingernails damaged by the clicking nervous tugs. I really do need something now. I really, really.....need.....something.

'Come' beckons Lester and he gestures with his finger to the spot on the tiled floor before him.

I go and kneel. I do so quietly, anxiously, like a penitent at the altar rail waiting for communion. This is my fix, this is my identity. Emma is beside him, holding the pot in her manicured fingers. She is ready to watch me capitulate again.

'You adore your mistress?' he asked.

'Yes sir'.

'You pleased to have bought her the nice things today?'

'Yes sir'

'She too good for you?'

'Yes sir'.

Emma smiles momentarily. That really is a sweet and indecent pleasure for her, hearing such words.

'You going to learn to address her as mistress in public Webster?' Lester pauses. He has unscrewed the lid of the jar and the first whiff of delicious surrender has reached my nostrils.

I glance up at Emma. She is waiting too. She wants what Lester directs. That is how this operates.

I nod.

Lester smiles. 'Tell Emma what you want to call her in public' he suggested softly.

'I....I want to call you mistress' I stammered to her.

She smiled and stroked my hair.

'Of course....you shall....you shall' she confirmed.

This is no small moment. It took a while for Emma to overcome her natural reserve, her kindness, to become more arrogant with me. Lester broke her in too, teaching her how to be a bitch. So the transition of address, from Miss to Mistress could take a while for her as well as me.

'Please sir' I begged. The scent of goo redemption was clawing away inside my head. I needed to suck.

Emma watched me. There was a mixture of disgust and pity written in her look. She watched Lester unscrew the lid and then dip his circumcised cock in the mixture. As was his wont he worked the mix into the collar of his glans and then some down his shaft and onto his heavy balls. His cock was only semi erect at this stage, big and imposing. I would ensure that it grew so much more. I would ready it for what my mistress craved most of all.

Lester held his phallus steady. He watched me place my hands behind my back as required and open my mouth looking up at him. Lester pushed his cock inside and when he nodded I started to suck. His cock was hot. I could feel the pulse in its meaty length. I felt the flesh filling and stiffening inside my mouth. As the Strohman hit the back of my mouth, where the chemical receptors for that particular shit are my head zinged. It was like the sharpest, the best thrill up my spine and it fizzed inside my head like a firework. I imagined him fucking my mistress, fucking her, grinding her harder and harder against the bed, she clinging to him as best she may.

I started to suckle on his cock, running my tongue like a cradle back and forth beneath his thick shaft. I worked my lips around the glans breathing heavily. Lester doesn't like me to grunt on his cock, but it's hard to resist the noise making once the drug is up your nose as well as down your throat.

'Suck it nicely!' ordered my mistress irritably and cuffed my ear.

Lester didn't seem to mind. He liked a cheap white mouth on his meat.

I started to bob my master's cock, pushing back and forth on it like a supplicant. Emma used to film that on her phone, a novelty to show girlfriends. Webster did tricks...look! Now though it was common place and I was trying to get Lester's glans to the back of my throat.

She kissed him gently, stroking his dreadlock hair. 'I worship you...' she mewed, 'you're so good with him.'

Lester grunted 'yeah'. It was a strange sensation having another man suck your dick. It was power surged inside your head and dirty too. Not a single cell inside Lester's body was gay and he knew it. Types like me had to be dominated this way and hell, the fucker could suck. There were just plain times when you dumped a load

down the back of the faggot's throat. Not this time though, not now. He was going to give my mistress a seeing to.

'Stop tugging so hard' he told me.

I winced. I might take a punch to the head. I eased back on the sucking even though my head was up in the middle of an aerial firework display. Lester pulled his cock free, glistening wet with my spittle. He held it upright so I could lick down his shaft and onto his balls where the rest of the delectable Strohm lay. I lapped greedily, urgently, never sure exactly of when I might be fed again.

My mistress was kissing him. The sight of my submission was making her ache for a fuck. She needed what I had stiffened up somewhere much deeper and personal to herself.

'Kick him away...let's make love Lester darling' she urged.

I pursed my lips, catching at his pubic hair as much as I could. I needed to suck off every drop of the elixir. When Lester didn't kick me away, because he was enjoying the sight of my abject submission, Emma did it for him. With the toe of her boot, she kicked me sharply in the ribs.

'That's enough Webster!' she ordered firmly.

My head hit the tiles of the floor as I buckled forward, wincing with the pain in my ribs. Fuck! Fuck that was sharp!

'Stay there' she ordered, clearly annoyed that I had overstretched my feed. I heard the click, click of her boot heels as she walked with Lester out of the kitchen. The stairs were carpeted so I heard none of that progress, but I pictured them ascending, up and into the master bedroom.

Had she broken one of my ribs? I wasn't sure. It hurt like hell. Every intake of breath seemed to cause it to spasm, back into my spine,

mingling with the deeply erotic and sensuous effects of the Strohman. The floor was immaculately clean for I had mopped it only that morning. I pressed my hot cheek against the cool tiles and tried to control my heaving chest. My fix should have made me impervious to the kicking, but it didn't. On the contrary, it seemed to take the pain and the humiliation and somehow wrap that into the aching state that my mind was in.

Glancing up I checked to see if they had left the pot of Strohman behind. No, of course not. Overdose on that and you ended up a cabbage in casualty. My mistress had strolled away with the pot in hand. I thought about Lester's cock in my mouth. It had seemed bigger and harder than before. It had seemed more virile. That must be the Strohman. I ran my tongue around my gums searching for residues. Right now, this minute, master would be fucking my mistress. The skirt would be abandoned on the bedroom carpet and her shapely legs would be forced up over his bull shoulders as he pummeled into her. She would beg for it, for his master cock, thrusting deeper and deeper inside her. She would beg him to ejaculate hard, dosing her with his baby milk.

I imagined that my chest would feel better if I could sit up or better still, stand. Then I could force my hands back on buttocks and try to fill the tops of my lungs. But I wouldn't. I was to stay here, literally here, on my knees. I was to adopt and keep the supplicant position. My mistress could think about that, knowing that I was denied sight of their coupling. I was left down on the tiles, where she had kicked me.

Emma's grey fine haired Egyptian cat came into the kitchen and brushed against me. It was purring contentedly, as if it had just popped upstairs to see how things progressed. It rubbed its cheek against mine and sauntered forward to eat prawns from the dish in the corner. It looked at me again, as if wondering why I continued to kneel there. Then it ambled out.

I have tried to reason Strohman before. I've tried to analyse it's hold. It's not LSD, there is no crazy trip. Yes your spine and brain fizzes with a fabulous sensation, but it is not deranging. Instead it feels as if your soul is being stroked and that you feel as if the secrets of life were beneath your nose all along. The sense of contentment, submission, peace, is overwhelming. There is definitely a connection to the limbic system... it fuels the dirtiest thoughts. I have only to allow a second's thought about my mistress and I am immersed in her pleasures. It is as if I can feel him fucking her, deep within my gut. I rub against the floor, trying to brush my caged cock free. Then my damaged rib intervenes and I jolt again.

I am a fortunate man. My master feeds me Strohman in judicious measure, enough to keep me well and truly hooked, but not enough to start overloading my system. Less disciplined bulls had been known to overdo the drug, to secure quick fixes and then the side effects kicked in. Overdose too much, on too regular a basis and your kidneys took a hit. Get down on it too hard and too erratically and the panic attacks that came on as you missed your fix could eat you alive. If Strohman didn't whizz you over the mental roller coaster as you took your measure it was capable of strangling the fuck out of you if ever you tried to live without it.

I kneel on the kitchen floor listening intently for movement upstairs. He must have fucked my mistress by now and I know that he has a business meeting this afternoon. Even a casual ride on his handsome cock is liable to leave my mistress feeling delirious. I think about it, the smell that fucking imparts to a room. It is as if he has marked his territory, making the room his alone. Christ, the Strohman picks up on that and I want drill my aching cock through the tile floor. I want to fuck the concrete beneath my body.

Again I listen and ache from holding the position so long. Is it twenty minutes since they retired? May be it is more. I've noticed that my drug does things with time too. It distorts things subtly so that you feel unsure about acting quickly or decisively. It is blissful.

At last there are voices above, first my masters and then my mistress's. The talk isn't silky and sensual now. It is urgent. Footsteps are pounding down the stairs. I look up as Lester enters the kitchen again and remembers where I was left. It's a little nicety, but he likes me to lick his dick clean once he has taken my mistress. He steps over, unzips his fly and pulls out his cock. I nuzzle it, licking off the excess semen, the juice's from my mistress. Semen tastes bitter, alkaline, but I have grown accustomed to it. My mistress comes into the kitchen too. She is wearing tight blue denim jeans and her boots over the top. She watches me toilet her lover. I would dearly like to toilet her, but now it seems that this won't be possible.

As Lester packs his cleaned cock away I am shot a question.

'You know Medlar don't you?' he interrogates.

My mind races. Medlar....David Medlar. He is someone that I knew from the golf club. Medlar was once upon a time a pretty fine player? Back four or five months ago though Jenny his wife cucked him. She found a man with a bigger attitude, a more masculine demeanour and a black skin. Jenny was 'seeing' the man that Lester called 'bro Lucien'.

'Yes sir...' I answered quickly.

'He's gone AWOL' said Lester abruptly. There was anger in his voice. 'Where might the little snot go if he was running away Webster?'

I searched my memory. Medlar didn't have many friends, he was a relatively private man. There wasn't any close family that I was aware of. Jenny had been the man's life and now she was with the infinitely more interesting Lucien. I imagined Medlar running away to think. He was the sort of man who would run away and curl up some place. If the transition was too brutal then (I feared) he was also the sort of man who could do something nasty and very final to himself.

'There is a pub out on the river at Frensham' I said. I couldn't remember the name of the place I knew just that David had once described it as the most perfect and quiet spot on earth.

'You'll take me there' said Lester firmly. He was already ringing around, summoning brothers to the search. My mistress said that she would go and pick up Jenny in her car. She could drive her out to the pub if necessary.

'Sir, I can't...I'm not capable...the Strohmans'. My voice faltered as I spoke. It sounded insolent. I felt sure that I was about to take a hiding.

'I'll drive' said Lester and ordered me up on my feet. I was to get my jacket on.

Chapter 2

Lester drives the Jaguar like it was meant to be driven. We have taken the A3 towards the south and my master has punched Frensham into the satnav. I feel faintly sick courtesy of the speed at which he drives and the Strohman onboard. Lester's big hands bat the steering wheel around and he kicks down hard as we accelerate past other traffic. My mistress drives a Porsche, something that I bought her with true affection during the vanilla days. I insisted that a sophisticated woman should drive a very chic sports car and that 'porky', the 911 in guards red was the epitome of chic. When I think about it, buying her things like that, pampering her even in the pre Lester days was always a risk. Make a woman look spoilt and she became a target for men like Lester.

'What's Medlar like?' Lester asked.

I searched my memories of the man. He was an acquaintance and little more. I didn't know him as a close friend.

'I think that he worked in software computing..' I suggested. Some snippets of information seemed pointless, but you remembered what you could. 'He doted on Jenny. It was a gentlemanly thing with him, seeing Jenny treated just so. Very golf club member I'd say'.

'Anything on how he reacted to Jenny bitching him with Lucien?' demanded Lester.

That was difficult. It was the subject less talked about even in the men's locker room. You simply didn't talk about the fact that your wife was now dating a black guy. For one thing there was the obvious shame that he had an appeal that you didn't and for another there was the gnawing fear of what the final outcome might be. Rumours spread like ink in water, reaching out from the centre of events. It was said that the women who 'had gone black' sometimes didn't simply divorce their husbands, they changed them in certain ways. Of course I knew about that. I knew all about that, but presumably Medlar hadn't.

'I know that he was devastated' I said. Well, the news had crippled him. Jenny had morphed over night becoming waspishly critical of her husband's abilities in so many different ways. Then he saw her out with the guy, the handsomely built, easy speaking Lucien.

'Medlar a respecter of niggers?' Lester asked.

He used the term, not me. Lester was allowed to use the term. He used it casually. What my master really meant was did Medlar have an inferiority complex about black guys. Did he assume that white women would always go to the black guy if he approached her? Did he feel that only the prejudices of society had held back the tide of instinct, that which brought black men and white women together? It was a matter of creed for Lester, for our household that black dude and white woman coupling was the instinct norm. It was the corrective for all the vile racist and prejudiced practices of the last two centuries.

'I think Lucien awed him sir. Don't think he knew his place as the white man, but I think that Lucien frightened him'. I whispered the words. I felt them likely as an explanation of Medlar and his response. If you ever met Lucien you would understand. The man was powerfully built and he has the lean alert looking face of a black hawk. Lucien is guileful. He knows more than you can imagine, faster than you imagine. When I once saw Jenny at his side at a

wedding, looking up at him cow eyed, I knew in an instant that Medlar had lost. This had only one destiny.

'Would he ever kick back against black authority you reckon?' Lester interrogated.

'No sir' I answered quickly. I knew that instinctively. It wasn't the colour of the man's hide that determined the matter though, it was his presence, his physical strength. Medlar wasn't a physical type. He would be frightened of violence and well, men like Lucien, men like Lester used that when needs be.

'May be Lucien has been pushing the little shit a bit fast' mused Lester aloud.

I knew that I wasn't meant to comment. I hadn't been asked a direct question. Cucked men had no public opinion. To suggest otherwise was to encourage insolence. Humility rested in silence, acquiescence. Still I thought that what my master had said was probably true. The early stages, the dating time was a delicate phase. The husband had to learn not to question the dates, to watch his wife prepare herself for time in the alpha male's company. He had to learn to wait quietly at home if she slept over elsewhere. There would be the long weekend city breaks away whilst his wife spent quality time with her lover. Then, then there would come the time when he had to accept that his wife brought her lover home.

Just when Strohman was introduced wasn't a set matter. Lester had addicted me to the elixir once he was settled in our house. During the early months of that I had resisted and either Lester or one of his associates beat me. I had to learn that Emma was taking black cock now, and that it was simply safer to accept that the black man ruled the bedroom and everywhere else too. I came to Strohman already acquainted with how blissfully happy and sexually content Emma was with my master. I had watched her climaxing hard and repeatedly on his cock. He thrust and she gasped. He called and she came. Then, when I had stopped struggling quite so hard Lester had

introduced my enslaver. He drizzled it over Emma's soft blonde curly pubes to addict me to licking her sex and he lathered it into his cock so that he had control of me too. I became the addict.

'If Medlar is found at that pub,' said Lester, 'he is going to take a hiding. Understood Webster?'

I nodded, yes of course. I knew what happened. If you disobeyed, if you didn't nurture the lifestyle, then you were punched back into line. To my shame, sunk in the drug that ran around and around my febrile brain I actually thought that was what Medlar deserved. He should have done what Lucien told him and made Jenny feel like a princess.

'If he's not there Webster, you'd better have a suggestion of where else to look..understood?' warned Lester.

'Yes sir' I answered nervously. I didn't have another suggested location. I didn't. I would have to make one up and pray.

May be forty minutes after leaving Lester drove the Jaguar off the A3 and out past Farnham towards the tiny riverside village of Frensham. I remembered the place myself. There was a bridge over the river and a run of water in which children paddled about with nets, trying to catch small fish. The pub was white washed and it looked out onto a green on which in the summer men in white flannels played a genteel game of cricket.

Lester brought the Jaguar to a halt beneath a large oak tree. The pub was there, 'The Cricketers' what else! There were already two further cars parked up, both BMW saloons, out of which four imposing black men stepped out, stretching like big black cats. One of them was Lucien and he looked irritable. It was a mark of the authority of my master though that the men had waited, rather than ploughing brusquely through the bar searching for Medlar. Lucien and my master hugged, I waiting patiently behind, head bowed as was the custom. Lester's mobile rang and it was my mistress. She

and Jenny were sitting out at the golf club with two black bro's in case Medlar turned up there. My mistress was capable of superintending a hiding if one was absolutely necessary. She had passed that point, the rubicon of niceness, the point at which it seemed unlady like to revel in violence. A black man's bitch knew that sometimes weaker men needed to take a hiding. Medlar wasn't at the golf club, there was then a fair chance that he was here.

'What's he drive?' Lester asked.

'A Renault estate car, a beige looking thing with a save the whale sticker in the back window,' came Jenny's response.

My master smiled. Beside the stone wall of the pub garden there was parked a beige Renault estate. He couldn't be sure what the sticker in the back window said, but Lester was willing to bet it was some weak whimp cause about hugging whales.

Lucien scowled. From his leather jacket he took out a small cosh. Medlar was going to take a hell of a hiding.

'We're going to send Webster in the fetch the little fucker out' said my master calmly, 'that way we don't cause a load of hassle lifting him from the bar. If he comes out nice and meek and takes his punishment, then you can keep that fucking tool in your jacket.'

I looked at Lucien. He didn't seem inclined to agree, but when the other brothers nodded the cosh was pushed back away from view.

'If the fucker fights or tries to run Lucien, then I will personally hand him to you to leave him in no doubt whatsoever that he comes home with his fucking tail between his legs.'

Lucien nodded.

Lester glanced my way.

'Best you prove persuasive huh?' he said and pushed me towards the pub. As I walked numb towards the pub Lester rang my mistress. It looked as though Medlar was here. He would be sorted. Why not take Jenny for a drink in the golf club and tell her just how sweet I had become after my early teething problems?

The bar of The Cricketers was crowded with late lunch drinkers. There were walkers in there and country types who ran the local estates. I squeezed in through the throng and ordered a pint of cider. I couldn't see Medlar yet but that didn't signify much. If he had taken a room at the pub the guy could be upstairs someplace. Looking about I had barely a clue what to say to the man. Look, lie down, take the kicking and say thank you. It was hardly an appealing prospect was it? Still, in essence that was what I was going to have to ask Medlar to do. Jenny wanted Lucien. Lucien had his prong inside her, she had tasted the fruits of the union. Medlar would never seem enough again so he had to be something else, something that Lucien directed and she used. This was sex too, the essence of the life. The alpha male determined what the beta became and the woman became a bitch. She learned that she didn't have to lift a finger. Her role was simply to see her erstwhile husband completely subjugated.

I moved out of the front bar and through an archway to where a pair of sofas were situated in front of a log fire. It wasn't that cold but the fire had been set anyway. Medlar was seated there. He was trying to read a newspaper but that was just shit. The way that he kept looking up told me just how petrified he was. I smiled. So this was what it was like to be death. I must have looked like a vision of hell to the guy. He glanced up, recognized me instantly and he visibly shook. I nodded, making calming gestures with my hand. Don't run. You can't run. Behind the pub was the river, deep and fast. To the front of the pub were Lester's men all parked up. They had likely nobbled the Renault already. There was no place for Medlar to run.

'Ian' said Medlar, half rising from his seat. He looked about him. The other drinkers barely noticed the greeting.

'Medlar, as I live and breathe' I said, affecting a happenchance bonhomie.

It was no use though. I was already causing the blood to drain from his face. It was hardly a chance meeting was it? I was Lester's bitch, Emma's cunt licking slave. He had heard things, he had had heard difficult things about where life led.

'Mind if I join you?' I asked and Medlar signaled the space on the sofa beside him.

We settled a moment and studied our drink. I felt crazily easy, still suffering the pump of Strohman at the back of my mouth. Lester, my master had a fucking handsome cock on him. No wonder it gave my mistress such intense pleasure.

'You trying to run David?' I asked, running a finger up and down the side of my glass.

Medlar blanched. Yes...it was that kind of visit. I had been sent to fetch him.

'Needed a day or two alone' said Medlar. His lip was trembling. He looked as though he could descend into tears in a moment. Medlar wasn't an ugly man, he had a decent stature, but right now he looked pretty fragile.

'You ask Lucien's permission for that?' I asked. My cock jerked in my cage. Strohman again. Fucking hell, it worked with cruelty too. It seemed to counter any sense of decent regard for another. Sex, sex was everything.

'No' admitted Medlar and he dropped his head.

'You ask your mistress's permission' I continued. He checked my expression. Yes, I mean your wife my look insisted back at him.

'No' he said.

I sighed. 'You can't do that Dave. You can't just run away and hide. Jenny, Lucien, they are starting a new order, in your house. They're starting a new order just like so many white women are doing these days. She wanted that black man Dave, she wanted him and once he has her, the change begins.'

Medlar gulped down his drink. I thought about saying no, you're going to spew it up when they hit you, but I thought too late. Right at that moment Medlar needed the pull on his pint. He needed to hope that maybe Lucien would forgive him or something insane like that.

'They going to give you a hiding man' I said as quietly and as simply as I could. 'They going to give you a real hiding for running and another, for not encouraging your mistress to the lifestyle. They want your sort bred out, so there is only one response that you can ever offer. Submission.'

Medlar shook his head.

'No, fuck! Christ no, I can't take a hiding. I won't survive a hiding' he blurted, his voice barely subdued.

'You'll take it Dave. Bruises heal, they go down. You can see a dentist to fit you some dentures. You can survive almost anything. You'll change nothing, Jenny is Lucian's bitch.'

I clutched his arm as I spoke. The guy looked as though he was going to bolt. May be he thought that he could swim the river or something?

'You can limit it David, you can limit it man. You call Miss Jenny on her mobile, apologise for being a cowardly prick and tell her that Lucien is so right for her. You tell her that and may be she will call Lucien and beg on your behalf.'

It was pointless, but Medlar didn't know that. Discipline would be meted out anyway. If he begged his wife to intercede on his behalf though, if he signaled that he accepted how right they were together, then that indicated something for the future. Medlar could be bent. He could be bent into the couple's fag.

'You think that possible?' quavered Medlar.

'May be' I said, 'reckon you got a hiding coming anyway, but may be it doesn't leave you maimed...its that kind of thing'. Strohman surged through my veins. Christ, the quiet acceptance of it, the fucking designer chemistry of what it did inside you.

Medlar looked across at the door. May be he thought he could run. May be there was only Lester outside?

'Five brothers outside David...you can't run. They will run you down and you'll be the worse for it' I whispered. 'You try and hunker down in here and they will lift you anyway. Some of those guys carry shooters, some knives, you know they do.'

Medlar started to retch. It could have been an olive stuck in his craw but I knew different. He was already anticipating the punches. I watched him take out his mobile and switch it on. Missed messages from his mistress pinged up. They seemed like an indictment. He punched in her mobile number and waited his hand trembling.

'Jenny....it's me. I'm sorry....I am so sorry....' He started to beg. I watched him as he clung to that phone and pleaded with his mistress. Right now he thought of her as his wife but he would learn as I did. You can only pretend that to yourself some of the time. He was listening to her ire now, may be her instructions, egged on by my mistress. Emma knew how to be cruel. Periodically Medlar's face twitched.

'Of course I accept Lucien darling, of course I do. It's natural that you should date a guy like that. It's natural that you go out with him.'

I winced and my rib hurt. I imagined just how much worse Medlar's ribs would feel when they had finished with him. You can puncture a lung with a broken rib, it wasn't any shit to laugh about.

'You said that you were going to see him come what may and I accepted that...' Medlar was stringing out his stance. He hadn't learned much. It was simply better to agree with all that his mistress said. It was simply better to accept her judgement.

'I didn't sulk Jenny....I didn't sulk...I was shattered, sure I was shattered but I didn't sulk...please don't say that...'

Medlar was digging a grave. He was trying apologise and to set caveats. You cannot do that. You are going to learn to be dirt beneath her boots and dirt doesn't answer back. I shook my head. Medlar paused and frowned at me.

'Tell her you know that Lucien is waiting outside and that you will surrender yourself and take your medicine if that is what she directs' I said calmly.

Medlar was prevaricating. Lester and his men wouldn't wait forever. Lucien would come in and peel Medlar out like a stone from an apricot.

'Tell her...it's your only hope' I insisted.

I listened to Medlar beg. He said what he had been told to say and begged her to speak on his behalf. He was almost spluttering the words. I could imagine the response. I don't control Lucien, he does what he wants with you. You should have thought about that before you ran away. I didn't have to hear the response. I guessed what she was saying.

'Tell her you will bend the knee to Lucien and suck his cock' I said quietly. Somehow our near neighbours were not listening.

Medlar shook his head- no! NO!!!

'You will eventually' I said to him. I didn't add that we all do, but it was there in the back of my drug crazed mind.

Medlar stared at the phone. Jenny had ended the call abruptly.

'Now call Lucien and beg for a hiding. Tell him something crazy over took you and needs knuckling out' I said.

Medlar jolted in his seat. What was left of his beer spilled over the arm of the sofa on which we sat.

'Tell him you accept his authority, that you have phoned and apologised to your mistress and that you are coming out quietly to accept his judgement.'

My words sounded like those of a psychopath. You agree? Of course you do. There was not a shred of decency or sympathy in them was there? Medlar was simply to do as he was told and start the downward slide into becoming a white piece of shit on an increasingly perfect new order horizon.

'Please Ian...please...you have to plead for me. Tell them you see signs of change in me' he whined.

'If they ask, ' I said, 'I will. Only if they ask. You don't prompt alphas David.'

'Christ!' said Medlar and he keyed in Lucien's number. I knew he had it. It was one of the first thing that black alpha's do, establish lines of communication in order to dominate the beta male.

'Lucien...I know you're outside....I know....Christ, please! I've....I've spoken to Jenny and apologized. I really won't resist any more, she loves you, she loves you not me....' His voice tailed off into a murmur. Medlar was crying.

I took the phone from him and calmly addressed Lucien on the other end.

'Sir, I'm bringing him out, there is no need to come in and extract him. He's crying' I said.

Lucien's voice sounded testy. He was fucking well fed up being messed around by the shit.

'Yes sir' I said dutifully and guided Medlar to his feet. The man was shaking all over. His teeth chattered as he started to step through the crowd.

'Say goodnight as you step out' I told him, there was to be no untoward attention invited.

Medlar complied.

Lucien and his compatriots seized Medlar as soon as he stepped free of the pub door. The day was cooling so the drinkers had all retired indoors. I heard the guy yelp as Lucien's big hand gripped his arm and pinched hard. In one deft movement the cosh was wielded with the other hand, across the back of Medlar's legs so that he buckled immediately under Lucien's control. Medlar made a sound like a terrified hare, one fearing for its life. Another whack with the cosh followed and this time to the man's groin. I shuddered.

'Shut the fuck up!' snapped Lucien and dragged him out of the pub garden and forward to the road.

Lester watched and then checked my expression. I remained stern faced. There was no congratulations, no recognition of my

diplomacy. Instead I was instructed to call my mistress and to stream the next events over the phone so that Jenny could see what was being done with Medlar.

'Mistress, we have Medlar in hand' I told Emma. It was the first time that I had addressed her that way in public. Lester smiled.

Medlar was being pushed up against the large oak tree for his hiding but Lester intervened.

'Take him to the river' he instructed.

Medlar was frog marched to the river, begging, pleading, crying. Lucien looked almost insane with anger. He wanted to beat the hell out of the guy. Still, Medlar had stepped forward for his punishment. May be that registered in some way with my master.

'Dunk his head some' said Lester.

I watched Medlar being forced onto his knees on the bank of the river. Lucien still had hold him, twisting his hair in that sledgehammer fist of his. I filmed the punishment, Medlar's head forced beneath the water. There was a struggle, spluttering, and the bubbles burst up. They burst there for a moment or two but when Lucien jabbed Medlar in the ribs, they ended abruptly.

'Head up' instructed Lester firmly.

Lucien persisted, Medlar's head shaking and then suddenly limp.

'Head up!' snarled Lester. Two other brothers pulled Medlar's head up. His face looked terrible. He was pulled back on the bank, his face up. Lester stepped forward, took out his cock and urinated in the hapless guy's face. Medlar spluttered afresh, begging, no more, that he would do all that was required.

Lester watched Lucien. The guy was fizzing. Left to his own devices he could have killed Medlar.

‘Just taken a piss Medlar...you gonna clean my cock for me?’

I waited. It was hard to keep the mobile phone pointed correctly, but I knew that my master wanted Jenny to see. She had to be hardened off, acquainted with exactly what Medlar was.

Medlar nodded urgently. He was about to do anything to stay out of the clutches of Lucien. I watched him kneel up with difficulty and lick my master’s cock. He didn’t suck, but he licked thoroughly, begging all the time for Lester’s mercy. Lester was clearly the master. Lester was Lord.

‘Collar him’ said Lester gesturing to another brother. I watched the bro take out a rubberized collar with a black box attached to the front. It was the sort of electronic control device that got outlawed for controlling dogs. Now though it was to be used on Medlar. The collar was buckled about Medlar’s throat and then Lester handed me the control.

‘Zap him’ said my master.

I gulped and hit the button. Medlar jolted with the sudden electric shock. May be it was worse because he was wet from the river. I kept the button down looking at my master for permission to release. When Medlar hit the grass squirming Lester said OK, that was enough. Medlar would be coming home with us. He couldn’t trust Lucien to train the guy. His fuse was way too short. Instead we would train Medlar, to come nicely to mistress or master when called, to put his trust in the new order.

My mistress was talking on the phone. I listened.

‘Tell your master that is fine, we will sort Medlar. Tell him that Mistress Jenny is pleased.’

I relayed the message and Medlar was dragged to his feet. Once the guy was trained, may be, may be he would hand the fellow back to Lucien, provided that the bro had thought some about controlling a cuck properly.

'You're my collar man Webster' said Lester as we walked towards the Jaguar. 'You'll learn to hurt Medlar when he doesn't do as he's told. You'll help teach him about your dirty little habits'. He winked at me and I pushed Medlar along.

Shit...what did this mean? Another cuck in the house? A huge part of me was relieved that Medlar had not been left in charge of Lucien. Something very nasty might have happened. But the idea of another beta in our house, well, it was unsettling? My head raced with the risks. What if I didn't discipline my associate enough?

Chapter 3

It was early evening by the time that we arrived back in London and our quiet suburban street home. My master drove smoothly whilst I sat in the back of the Jaguar with Medlar. Our captive's hair was dripping, so he had to sit on a car rug saving the fine leather interior of my master's car. Medlar was in shock. He stared vacantly out of the window as the scenery flashed by. Lester was in ruminative mood. I could see him glancing back at Medlar and I supposed that he was wondering how best to mould him. However confident he was in his bitch's ability to madam a new male, this was still a first for us.

My mistress heard the car scunch its way across the gravel drive at the front of the house and she came out to watch the arrival of the escapee. My mistress was still in her tight denim jeans and high heeled boots whilst Miss Jenny wore a tiny little black leather skirt. It wasn't the usual attire of the golf club I reflected. I remembered how that sort of change had racked me too. Seeing my wife start to dress so much more provocatively was arousing and a terror in one. Emma wasn't dressing that way for me! I got the door of the Jaguar and ordered Medlar out.

'Kneel' I ordered as he came before the ladies.

My finger had simply to hover over the button control for the collar. Medlar dropped to his knees on the gravel.

'Lick your mistress's boots' I ordered glancing at the strikingly attractive young wife of Medlar. Miss Jenny looked at me, but my mistress took her hand and squeezed it. The beating was over now and Medlar's rehabilitation would begin. This was part of that.

Medlar bent forward and started to lick. He was entirely without dignity, without a formed sense of self. Right then Medlar was relieved to still be alive. When Medlar had licked one boot till it glistened wet in the evening light, she placed her other boot forward and he licked that too.

'Is Lucien coming over to stay for a few days too?' she asked Lester.

He shook his head, watching the cuckold lick.

'Best Lucien stay away for a while and cool it Jen darling. He was way too fierce when we picked up Medlar.'

Miss Jenny nodded.

'Now my mistress as well' I ordered Medlar. The truth was that men like Medlar, men like me had to learn to treat all black guy owned women like royalty. My mistress watched Medlar start on her boots. She smiled briefly and glanced my way. It was kind of pleasurable to have another cuckold come to heel.

Medlar was to sleep in the bunkhouse shed at the back of the house with me. There had always been a spare single bed in there for visiting cuckolds, though none had so far used it. I led Medlar through the extensive house, along the serving quarters corridor and down the steps into the garden. The place was warm enough but shabby. I had a small picture of my mistress and her beau on the bed side table and the place was lit with small lamps. It was like something that you might have seen on a sugar cane plantation.

After Lester had kicked me out of the master bedroom for a while I had been allocated a single bedroom next to the master. That still

existed if they wished me to attend them. But it had pretty soon become obvious that there were times too when mistress wanted me at arms length. Distance seemed to help establish the hierarchy of things. It enabled her to relax with my master as though I didn't actually exist. In any case there was a call bell in the bunkhouse. I could be summoned at any time they chose. The bunkhouse had been my humble space. Until the cock cage was fitted, it was where on some dreadful lonely nights I used to masturbate into a handful of paper tissues.

'You got off light' I told Medlar and passed him a towel to dry his head. He was seated on the other bed, his head bent forward and he shook as though reaching this sanctuary was another wonder to him.

He nodded. Medlar knew. If Lucien had had charge of him he would have ended up in casualty or worse still dropped over the side of the dredging boat somewhere out beyond the Isle of Dogs. Change was coming and the liberal element approved of it. Interracial marriages were on the up, new living arrangements conceived and it was now fashionable for white women to date black men. Those deeming that society needed a corrective of this kind didn't remark on the comparative dearth of black women white men unions. It just seemed enough that social mores were shifting and all the racial bigots could just get on with living with the fact.

'You have to forget about the Jenny you knew' I told him fixing a pot of coffee, 'she has gone, she is Lucien's now.'

Medlar sobbed. He was really shook up. The guy had nearly drowned when Lucien held his head below that bit longer.

'Jenny is infatuated with Lucien and it is something lock tight' I warned him, 'nothing is going to change. If anything it will get more intense. You're just a nuisance. She would leave you and marry Lucien. It's only Lucien and his kind that keep the likes of you and me in a woman's life.'

'Christ' he whispered.

'You're going to have to learn to please your master to have a hope with Jenny. You're going to have to learn to be oh so malleable friend' I whispered and handed him the hot drink with added sugar.

I watched him sip the hot fluid. It must have burned his lips but it was still the best thing for him.

'You a masochist?' I asked.

Strange question I know. Very strange. But it was an important question. I'd formulated the view that all men sit somewhere on the spectrum, machismo, through vanilla to masochist. Some men were already edging to the masochist end of the rainbow. They needed their wives to be haughty, to act in a disdainful way. It was just easier to undergo the training if you had a masochist tendency. If you were resistant, dominant in your head, and you came up against black cock society, well, you were going to take a lot of hidings until you thought differently.

Medlar hadn't answered me.

I needed to know. If I was going to guide as well as discipline him I had to know what I was dealing with. I stroked the button and he jolted. He just about held onto the coffee cup.

Fuck Ian....Fucking hell!' he protested glaring at me. 'You didn't need to do that!'

' I am Webster, you are Medlar, we are just surnames, understood?' I asked. My finger hovered again.

'Yes....alright...yes!' Medlar protested.

I grimaced. He had to learn.

'Now about my question' I prompted.

Medlar eyeballed the control paddle. He might have wrested it from me but when Lester found out, when he learned that...

'I don't know!' he insisted.

True, one didn't know, did one? Not until you had encountered a few things. Not until you pondered a few experiences. Perhaps Jenny had humiliated him at a party and he had accepted the insult. Perhaps there had even been a frisson, a tingle inside? Perhaps Jenny had kissed Lucien in front of him and his little winky had gone stiff and hard? I tried to help Medlar out with ideas.

'No!' insisted Medlar. He seemed affronted. He seemed exasperated. Of course he wasn't like that! He wasn't a fucking perv! Watching Lucien kiss his wife had been hell on earth. He had wanted to bludgeon the man. I grunted, OK. Medlar was going to have a very tough time of things. He was going down the descent kicking and screaming. With me it had been a mite easier. I had always put Emma up on a pedestal.

'You're going to learn to worship Jenny, as your mistress,' I told him, 'the bitchier she is, the more you will adore her. This is what love will become for you. It is all that there is.'

'I won't' contested Medlar and his look dared me to use the collar on him again.

I smiled. 'You will. How many beatings do you think it will take to learn that it is best to do what your mistress bids? How many terrible accidents do you think it will take to learn that Lucien can do with you as he will?'

Medlar rocked back and forth. It was a terrible bit of news and on top of the dunking. I chucked him a spare shirt and some slacks and ordered him to dress. We had chores to do and there was an

evening meal to prepare. One thing Medlar hadn't contemplated yet was the exhaustion of the lifestyle. He wouldn't have the energy to run after a week or two.

'You're wearing a collar' Medlar observed, noticing my leather strap about neck. I showed him. There was no control box, only 'Lester's' picked out in silver lettering on the dark brown leather.

'I'm owned' I told him, 'you will be owned too. Lucien may be'. I smirked. It was nasty but I smirked.

'It's the bloke's name' Medlar said.

I nodded.

'The black man owns you and he puts you in service to your mistress. There's no marriage anymore, no matter what the paper work says' I told him and led him back across the garden.

We went into the big house and I led Medlar to the living room. My mistress and his were drinking cocktails as they lounged on the sofa. My master was on the phone to Lucien and clearly acquainting him with cuck training etiquette. I bowed my head first to my mistress and then her friend.

'Mistress, shall we clean your boots before preparing dinner?'

My mistress extended a leg and I hurried forward to unzip her boots and remove each in turn. Miss Jenny followed suit, requiring Medlar to remove her boots. There was a distinct difference between the two pairs. Those owned by Miss Jenny were dull, those owned by my mistress, highly polished. Medlar would learn.

I took Medlar into the kitchen and showed him how to bull boots. It was all down to the right amount of polish, spittle and the gentlest circular motions with the cleaning cloth.

'I can't make these look like those' insisted Medlar.

'You will' I assured him. An hour later and the boots had a healthy shine to them. I smiled at the hapless Medlar. He would impress his mistress at this rate.

'Will he fuck them, fuck them both?' Medlar asked at length.

I glared at him. That was impertinent. One didn't speculate about that.

'Will Lester fuck my wife?' pressed Medlar.

I twitched with anger. He deserved another zap. But may be he needed to talk this out.

'You aren't here to question your mistress. She is above you. If you do that its insolent and you get another hiding.' I hissed the explanation at him. Fuck you Medlar, can't you just watch listen and learn?

'Lester will fuck her won't he? Its part of turning her into something like your wife' Medlar persisted. He was polishing and interrogating too.

'My mistress' I corrected him. The man exasperated me. 'My master has real authority. You saw it at the river. I'm sure your mistress will go with him if that is what he requires.'

Medlar spat vehemently onto the now gleaming boot.

'They pass them around, they share them' he observed.

I set my boots down. The urge to inflict pain on Medlar was immense. He reminded me of my shame and that was almost intolerable.

'We're going to cook supper, once you've set the cleaned boots in the hallway for your mistress' I told him.

Once upon a time I didn't cook that much. Now I did it all the time. Somehow I held down my accountancy work and kept house as well. There were no nights off, no breaks for an evening at the pub. I cooked, cleaned and fagged for my betters. This was like a regression into Victorian times. They didn't know what weekends off were either. I showed Medlar how to cook the lamb cutlets just so and took a cold dessert out of the fridge that I had prepared the day before. I reminded him that he could take a hiding for poor cooking too. When the stakes were high you learned very fast indeed.

'Go and take the pre dinner drinks order' I told to him. 'You bow to mistress Emma first, she is the alpha, and then to your mistress. You listen hard and get the order right.'

Medlar looked like a rabbit in headlights. He had never played butler before.

'Just do it' I snapped irritably. Fuck, I wasn't sure that I was cut out for the training role. Medlar seemed stupid.

Through the open door I watched his attempt at a bow. He blurted the question before he had checked that he had the alpha's attention. My mistress reprimanded him for being premature. I watched her stand, glance at Miss Jenny and come and casually slap Medlar's face for him. Christ, don't react I thought.

Medlar whimpered.

'Sorry...mistress' he whispered.

The order was taken and trembling Medlar scurried back into the kitchen. I superintended the drinks mixing, binned his first effort at a gin and tonic as it would not be as my mistress liked it and sent him back with a rattling tray. The little bastard was a bag of nerves. How

strange it must have seemed to him. The alphas just took their drinks from his tray. There were no thanks given.

I positioned Medlar discreetly in the corner of the room, head bowed, hands together over his crotch, instructing him to take dishes away when he was beckoned. He was not to speak unless spoken to. I glanced at my master and he nodded his approval. I then served the main course, ensuring that the dishes were arranged just so. An amiable conversation started up. Medlar might have been a grandfather clock stood in the corner. Time passed.

When Medlar collected the dinner plates he was deft enough but his phraseology lacked refinement.

'Have you finished, may I take the dish?' he enquired softly.

Back in the kitchen I scolded him. He was always to address the women as mistress and the men as master. Jenny WAS his mistress I reminded him. That was how it would be. He had to get this right. Medlar shook his head. This was, he whispered, 'fucking insane.' I sent Medlar back to his station and served the dessert with its Tokay wine accompaniment. By now I noted Miss Jenny was relaxing. It had been a trying day with Medlar running off. Then there had been the sordid beating at the river. It was a relief that Lester and Emma brought a quiet assurance to proceedings now.

Dessert plate collection and Medlar did his best. He addressed Jenny as mistress, but there was a barely suppressed smirk on his face. Fuck it...he thought it a game. Had the river experience faded that fast? I shuddered. Inevitably, my master stirred. He dabbed his mouth with a napkin, took Medlar by the arm requiring him to set the finished plates on the side. Then he took Medlar quietly into the hallway and hit him once, in the face. I heard the man yelp, and the ladies must have. My mistress glanced at her guest. Sordid, yes, but necessary. Medlar was led back in, his nose bleeding and my master gave him a napkin to mop up the mess. Medlar gathered up the plates and he almost staggered into the kitchen.

'Fuck him' Medlar muttered, 'fuck the bastard!'

I watched him. He was going to take a few more smacks yet.

Whilst Medlar was set to washing up, my master came and had a quiet word with me. Did Medlar still seem shocked from the river dunking? How had he reacted in the kitchen after my master had hit him? I admitted that Medlar had cursed. He was certainly shook up by his capture, but there was a resentment too. Lester said that a cuck had to learn to fear his master. It wasn't ever enough that he was simply addicted to what he got fed. My master was right. You did have to fear the lord of the house. You could never assume that you were beyond chastisement. My master told me that after washing up the meal things I was to bring Medlar back into the lounge. He had one more lesson to learn before he was sent to bed. I was not to use the collar, my master would do the discipling, just so that Medlar learned to fear a master's anger.

'Thank you master' I whispered. In truth it was a torture using the collar on Medlar. I wished to hell that he would just learn quick time.

Medlar was duly pushed in. His nose had swollen and it and it looked pretty sore. Lester studied him and then turned his gaze to me.

'Webster, show Medlar how he must pleasure his mistress' he said.

I looked at my mistress. I had never done this before! I had never given head to another mistress. I gawped for a second and my mistress nodded. I would be fine her look assured me. I licked very nicely indeed. Her look said that Mistress Jenny had been forewarned about this. Perhaps it had always been coming. Cucks were not men. Having them lick your sex was a pleasure, it was not a sexual congress. Sex, proper sex was always with your bull.

Mistress Jenny looked up at me. Her look was curious, quizzical, about what this would be like, what it would feel like, seem like. I

watched her release the front zip of her leather skirt, so that it could peel back to reveal her body.

'Medlar, you never take mistress's panties or thong down. You never touch her with your hands' rumbled Lester. He was stood right beside my fellow and right over me. 'You kneel and present your mouth to madam's sex, and you lick only when told. You will always have your hands behind your back.'

Miss Jenny removed and discarded her lacy panties. She lay back on the sofa a little and with polished nails, revealed the moist interior of her sex. It was patently obvious that she had been lying with a black bull. Beneath the curly hairs of her pubes her sex gaped. I knelt glancing up at my master for his approval. My mistress watched, crossed legged and amused. When I got the nod, I moved my face a few inches away from Mistress Jenny's sex. I positioned my hands behind my back so that at all times the mistress felt in complete control of proceedings. Her sex smelled of coupling, hard coupling at some time earlier in the day. Lucien had taken her and she smelled fecund.

'You sniff' said Lester, scowling at the anxious Medlar. 'That way you take down the scent. It's going to be something you habituate to... over time.'

I inhaled deeply. Miss Jenny smelled different to my mistress, perhaps more salty. But there was the unmistakable smell of sex, of rutting and it made her smell delectable.

'Tell him to lick you' whispered my mistress. Her eyes narrowed. 'Tell him how and where you want to be licked...control him.'

The order was given. I nuzzled her ample labia with my nose and ran a delicate tongue up and down her quivering lips. My touch was light and reverential.'

'You lick delicate, you worship what she gives her bull' said Lester. He fixed Medlar with a look and the man nodded in return. He looked terrified. 'You lick nice, no sucking, no pulling or blowing, it should feel like a wet feather playing there' insisted Lester.

My mistress smiled.

'Mistress submits to the black master, you submit to what she gives him. You worship what he takes'.

I licked as carefully and skillfully as I could. Miss Jenny's sex was pretty hypnotic. I thought about Lucien pumping her, the torrid orgasm she would have on his cock. A handsome black, pulsing and ejaculating big black cock plugged inside a white pussy is a compelling thing. I licked a little deeper.

Mistress Jenny was starting to rub her sex against my mouth. I felt her hand take hold of a clutch of my mane. She mewed softly with the pleasure of it.

'Fuck his useless face whenever you want' my mistress invited.

Miss Jenny moaned.

'Open your mouth on her cunt' ordered Lester. He nudged my rear with his boot as he spoke. I opened my mouth against Mistress Jenny, working my tongue in rolling tumbles up and down her bare sex. '

Their guest now ground against my face. She had charge of my head and pulled it this way and that as she pushed and jerked against me.

'Your face will get used. You will get used' Lester promised Medlar, 'you don't resist. If you're ordered to lick clitty, you do it'.

Medlar stared transfixed.

'Queen him' said Mistress Emma.

Jenny seemed unsure, so my mistress directed me onto the carpet with arms tucked in, face up, so that could be demonstrated.

'Sit on his face with his arms trapped to the side' said Mistress Emma.

Mistress Jenny positioned herself, straddling my face. I dragged down a quick breath, something that Medlar would learn to do as well. The lights went out for me and there was only moist, fecund, suckling darkness and body heat. Mistress Jenny began to writhe on my face. She ground down until the air was almost forced from my chest.

'Fucking stop shaking!' I heard Lester command. The risk of asphyxiation must have surged upward inside Medlar's head. It was like having his head stuck under water all over again. Mistress Jenny ground on, pulling my face against her bare sex. She rubbed and rubbed her sex against my nose, mouth and chin and soon it was happening, she was ejaculating on my face. Aware of what happened then I opened my mouth and swallowed as best I could. May be I could last a minute or two, may be I could.

'That's lovely hun, so lush,' cooed my mistress, 'you're riding his face so nicely. Climax babe, you take what you want.'

The woman on top of me convulsed. She arched with the force of her orgasm and the squirts of hot liquid came.

'You're thinking of Lucien aren't you....you mare!' Emma enthused.

'Yes!' gasped Mistress Jenny.

'That's sweet, that's so right darling' my mistress encouraged.

I started to jig my legs. It was the only sign I had left to say that my breath had almost failed. I was at risk of asphyxiating. Mistress Emma pointed it out and her friend lifted upwards so that I could drag down two quick breathes. I sounded like an asthmatic sucking down the air.

'OK, OK Jen hun..that's it, take a breath, wasn't that fab?' My mistress stroked the other woman's arm.

'Yes' managed the woman seated on my chest now. Her sex dripped fluid.

'Now have Webster lick you clean, first pussy and then shuffle forward for botty as well, that way you don't spread germs into the wrong place.'

I licked whatever the young woman positioned over my tongue. First her sex, then bridge tissue below and then at last her bottom as she rested forward on my face.

Lester looked at Medlar. He wasn't standing anymore he had slumped to his knees, staring, staring wildly towards the pair of us, his mistress on top and I licking clean below.

'You will pleasure your mistress as and when she requires. You will use your mouth, that is all' warned Lester.

'yes sir' I heard Medlar answer.

Yes sir...we were making progress. It was but the first day of many to come.

Chapter 4

That night Medlar slunk to his humble bed. He shuffled across the bare wooden floor like he was a good ten years older. His ribs hurt, his neck hurt from where the men had wrenched his head out of the water and his nose felt like a dirty great fungus on the front of his face. He kept touching it as if to check that it was still there, that it was somehow stable. Medlar hadn't commented on how I had licked his mistress out, he had simply stared. I blinked in disbelief too, smelling and tasting Mistress Jenny on my lips. The Strohman had abated now and there was only the smell and the taste of her arrogant sex. It was crazy, but I was proud that she had orgasmed on my mouth. My licking worked and I was worth something.

'You'll learn to go to your mistress that way,' I said pulling the covers over my shoulder, 'you'll learn to go to my mistress too, that way. It's not sex, its submission' I said.

'I felt jealous' he said at last, after the lights had been switched off, after we agreed that the scurrying sound was just grey squirrels on the roof of the bunkhouse.

'That's normal...you still think of mistress as yours. She isn't yours. She is Lucien's. She is too good for you. She won't offer you sex, but she might use your face, my face, we are much of a kind.' I let the

point sink in. I had the collar control with me, just in case. Just in case Medlar did something entirely stupid in the night, attacking me or trying to make it over the back fence of the house.

‘She looked callous...callous about you, callous about me’ he whispered into the darkness.

‘Yes’ I agreed. Then, trying to help the guy, I added, ‘can you imagine what its like to go with a really physical black guy like Lucien or Lester. Can you imagine what happens inside a woman’s head once she has the strength of orgasm she does on a cock like his?’

Medlar couldn’t, he admitted as much.

‘She clamps down on that prong and she siphons and siphons all the goodness out of it. She hooks onto the guy and clings to him begging for more and more of what he is shooting up her. She has never had such a big load before. She has never had a fucking quite like it. She is sore, replete, astonished. Her heart is racing. You’ve never watched Lucien fuck her yet...have you?’

‘No’ conceded Medlar. His voice was wavering again. He was dead emotional.

‘When you do, you will understand why. You will understand why she looks down her nose at you. You will understand why she is callous and could sit on your face, my face and use it to imagine a coupling with *him*.’

‘Why them?’ he asked, shaking beneath his blanket. It wasn’t that cold. The guy was wrecked.

‘Black guys?’

‘Black guys’ he confirmed.

'Instinct,' I said, 'they will give them better and more babies. Deep down, that, I think is what drives the women. Their genes are driving them to men like Lester and Lucien.'

Medlar sobbed. That was a thought too far.

'They have always wanted that kind of man Medlar' I said, consoling ineptly, 'they have always wanted the perfect physical specimen with the right mental attitude. We white guys went metrosexual. We bent too far on the feminism trip. Fuck, we were more feminist than some of the women.'

'You want to live this way, as their slave?' Medlar asked.

'I need to live this way' I answered evasively. I didn't want to say things about Strohman quite yet. It would make Medlar's subjugation easier, more terrible and utterly complete. Once you understood that cocktail, you understood why I lived like a sad white bitch boy for the couple.

'They got your mind' speculated Medlar.

'Yeah, they got that' I confirmed and turned for sleep.

Next morning the alarm rang as always just before six a.m. I shook myself forcing a look outside to the garden where the rain tumbled down. I padded over and filled the kettle. Then I kicked Medlar's bed and told him what time it was. He groaned loudly and tried to roll back again, wrapping the blanket around and around him.

'Get up, you have work to do' I said.

As I fixed the coffee and poured the sour milk in, watching the stuff separate in the cup, I summarized what lay ahead for Medlar. If I was cooking the breakfast, then Medlar would take the morning coffee and orange juice to the bedroom that his mistress occupied and to the master bedroom too.

'If your mistress calls you to pussy, you go to it. No fucking screaming, resisting, huffing about fucking principles right?' I checked.

Medlar stared at me. It was too early in the morning.

'You kneel by the bed, hands behind your back and let her wipe her sex on your face. You let her control things. Afterwards, you say thank you mistress.'

Had his mistress her full wardrobe in the house Medlar would have been directed to help dress her, but that wasn't something for this morning. Chores were learned one at a time. After serving breakfast and clearing things away my mistress was going to take Medlar out on a training walk. I would be along with the collar just in case. Lester would drive Jenny across to their house to pick up clothes and her car and would then go off on business. He didn't expect to hear report that evening that Medlar needed another good hiding.

We slugged back the coffee, I prepared the morning trays, one for Mistress Jenny one for the master and the mistress of the house and directed Medlar where to go upstairs. He was to start with the master bedroom, bow his head, greet them both good morning in the 'polite' way and then leave the tray. Ordering matters in that way, if his mistress chose to use him, there would be ample time to proceed before breakfast was ready. This morning Medlar looked a jerk. Some of the fight of the previous day had gone out of him and he looked diminished.

'Remember, manners,' I said, 'she is your mistress now'.

Medlar moved up the stairs balancing the tray as best he could.

The trip to the master bedroom was a short and well executed one. I let Medlar return for the second tray. Then though, discreetly, I followed him up to where his mistress had slept. He knocked quietly

and was bade enter. I could see through the doorway that his mistress was dressed in a borrowed short silk dressing gown. She looked carefully at Medlar's swollen face. Seeing Medlar as the servant intrigued the woman, I could see that.

'Where do you sleep?' she asked him.

'In the bunkhouse mistress' Medlar replied.

'With Lester's slave' she checked.

'Yes Mistress'.

'Do you feel safe here Medlar?' she asked.

Medlar looked uneasy, settling on one foot and then the other. No, he wasn't entirely safe was he. If Lester was better than Lucien then he had still delivered a smack to the nose. He had to answer somehow though.

'Not entirely mistress, but I can't be...I have to learn'. It wasn't a bad answer.

Mistress Jenny studied him. She was clearly weighing matters.

'You don't want me to report you as insolent to Lester do you?' she said slowly.

'No Miss!' Medlar blurted.

His mistress smiled. I watched her climb out from beneath the sheet and position herself doggy fashion, kneeling on the bed with her butt towards where Medlar stood. May be it was a taunt or a test. Either way, Medlar guessed right. He dropped quickly to his knees and then when she glanced back and nodded, he toileted her bottom for her. I watched her rock back against his face and heard the sound of him licking. I tiptoed down stairs. I was smiling.

When Medlar reached the kitchen again he was trembling. He shook his head and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. He seemed disgusted with what he had just tasted. I didn't want to state outright that I had watched them so I worded it as an instinctive guess about what had just gone down.

'Your mistress is making a nest and requiring you to line it,' I told him, 'someplace for her and her man to feel arrogant, superior, secure and successful. You have to be made less, inferior, unworthy of respect.' I searched for words. Medlar looked really disgusted with himself. 'So you'll find yourself paying for her pleasures, through your wallet, down on your knees licking her butt, abasing yourself before her friends because that is what she requires.'

Medlar fetched down the plates and put them on the hob warmer.

'She made me lick her butt hole' he said at last.

I smiled. Yes, of course.

'You'll learn to fixate on the smell of her body, front and back, the intimate places. She'll rewrite herself in your head through the way that she smells and tastes. When you were married, when you considered yourself her equal, did you know her through smell and taste?'

Medlar shook his head.

'So now you know her a different way. Jenny, mistress, is a concoction of scents and tastes wound up with arrogance. She is nothing like the woman that you knew. She thinks and behaves nothing like the nice woman that you knew. She is pushing you down, raising Lucien up.'

Medlar spat in the bin. The taste in his mouth wasn't that good.

'Bet she threatened to get you a hiding if you didn't do as you were told' I said, resisting the laugh.

'Christ yes...she put it that way! He said. 'She did that to me.'

'She would do it too. Believe it. My mistress has got me so many hidings I lost count. The rule is absolute, uncompromising, ruthless. You know something Medlar, they did an experiment once, getting some students to role play. Half were assigned prison guard roles and the other half had to play at being prisoners. After a day or two the prison guards became brutal. They accepted that power had to be exercised.' I started to cook sausages and directed Medlar to prepare toast.

We were half way through the breakfast preparation when Medlar's mistress walked in. She was wearing the now highly polished boots. Medlar jumped like a cougar had danced out in front of him. He bowed his head towards her and then suddenly panicked he dropped onto his knees. It was an over reaction. Mistress Jenny ignored him and addressed me. I bowed quickly, subtly with my head, a quick gesture that in our house acknowledges the hierarchy smoothly.

'I will have croissants and preserves this morning Webster, nothing cooked understood?'

'Yes of course mistress' I answered.

She turned and left.

'Get up' I told Medlar. That was disgusting.

We got through breakfast without mishap. If anything was untoward it was probably my staring. My mistress wore leather jeans and another pair of chestnut brown high heeled leather boots, with a Russian Cossack white linen blouse, topped by a wide slouch leather belt, the buckle of which rested on her crotch. She wore a

pearl choker about her throat and the Cartier Francaise watch. It was pretty vamp. Frankly she looked stunning. I watched Lester kiss her as she settled herself at table. One of the things I've discovered living this way is how a woman can down you just with her dress. If she dresses aristocracy, uber chic, conceited and spoilt, there is no place to go inside within your head other than worship.

I stared at her and needed to lick her crotch. Now I felt jealous of what Medlar had just done earlier that morning. My mistress saw my look, the aching stare. She blinked and was about to remark to Lester that I was 'staring again'. Such an offence didn't automatically result in a knuckling but like points on a driving licence it could mount up and then Lester would just punch me in the belly and remind me suddenly about manners. I reckoned I was near a critical points total so dropped my gaze immediately.

My master and Mistress Jenny left to collect her clothes from home and I superintended Medlar on the washing up. I wasn't sure what time my mistress required us for training so I then had Medlar wash the kitchen floor, scrubbing on his hands and knees. I couldn't just watch him, I got down there too.

'This is fucking slavery' complained Medlar.

'Yes' I answered.

We were still down on all fours when my mistress came in. Our view was of a pair of perfectly appointed leather boots. Neither of us looked up, Medlar instinctively following my lead.

'It's stopped raining, have Medlar clean my car will you' she said in a clipped voice.

'Of course, immediately mistress' I responded.

Click click, click, the boots walked away.

The red Porsche 911 was parked around the side of the house and Medlar and I carried out the buckets and wash things to clean it. Medlar shook his head. Shit, it looked immaculate. The rain had already taken away the grime and it gleamed in the emerging sunshine.

'It doesn't need cleaning' he observed.

I laughed.

'So shall I tell my mistress that you didn't bother then?'

Medlar pulled a face. He guessed the score. He knew what followed next if I did that. Hell, I might even be tempted to press a button myself. I knelt down ran my fingers under the sill of the car and showed him the grime from there. I had him inspect the dirt that had worked its way into crevices of the alloy wheels. I handed him a tooth brush and with some muttering beneath his breath he set to work. I was aware that as we worked my mistress was watching us through the front window of the lounge. She was on the phone, laughing and joking with someone. I could only sneak furtive glances at her but she looked so poised, so lady like and relaxed. When had I facilitated that....answer, never.

Twenty minutes passed and we'd worked our way around the wheels and sills. It was soon time to polish the lustrous red paintwork of the car. I heard the crunch of her boots on the gravel. Suddenly they were moving around the car, my mistress inspecting what we had done.

'Don't half do a job,' she said icily, pointing to an oily smear on one sill that Medlar had missed. She didn't look angry, she looked insistent, her blue eyes narrowed and critical. 'Shock him' she said calmly.

I blinked. Shock him? But it was the faintest blemish and we would check again before finishing the car. Her lips pursed.

I hit the button on the control and Medlar yelped like a dog. Involuntarily he exclaimed 'fuck!' as the current raced across his throat.

'Again' my mistress said, who hated profanity.

I hit the button as quickly but as lightly as I could and watched Medlar tense once more. No nasty words this time, as he glared up at the woman who had directed his pain. Medlar was dragging down breaths, shaking at the prospect of even more discomfort. He glanced my way and blinked. His look seemed to signal forgiveness. I felt sickened by what I'd done. This was getting impossible.

When my mistress then slapped my face for me I knew what the punishment was for. I had hesitated on the button. It had only been a moment but I had hesitated. My face was smarting. I had never got used to being slapped. Above me mistress took another call, a girlfriend checking whether it was time soon for a little 'retail therapy'. Mistress said that it was, walking away from us so that the conversation could be private.

We labored on for another hour and shivered despite the warming sun. What if my mistress didn't approve of the work done? More humiliation. Medlar suggested that we could smack her one and run and I laughed. I understood, he was joking. I laughed because of the irony in his words. Here I was inculcating submission in his soul and there he was reminding me how pathetic I was.

Our cleaning passed the test, although there were no congratulations. Mistress ordered us to clear away the buckets and then to follow her upstairs. We did so quietly, unsure of what was required next. Watching her move before me though, her butt snug in the leather jeans was a cock aching agony. I caught the whiff of her perfume. She wore a distinctive one now, one that Lester dictated and one which left me nostalgic and sad for our more

romantic past. There really had been a time when I had dated Emma.

We were led into her dressing room and from a large cupboard she took down several boxes. They were of the plain brown packaging kind. I watched her highly manicured fingers rustle through the tissue paper within and she took out a stainless steel cock cage.

‘Show me your genitals’ she said to Medlar. Genitals...the word sounded so clinical. It was like saying, show me your finger or your tongue. Show me your cock had a sexual frisson to it, but this instruction betokened calm cruelty and little more.

Medlar glanced my way. I looked back, squinting, signaling, you have to. You have to do whatever to your cock a mistress tells you. I watched Medlar unload his tackle, drawing down his zip fly and pulling out his penis. It was flaccid and surprisingly small. Even my flaccid cock looked bigger than that. My mistress handled it, feeling the weight of his balls and the dimensions of his cock. Her touch aroused him, I saw his cock jerk against her fingers and she slapped his face for the insolence. The steel cage contraption, one such as I wore was put away in the box again and something smaller with a perforated baby pink hood was drawn out instead. It was so much smaller and Medlar gawped.

My mistress tugged Medlar’s scrotum and fashioned the cage around that and then his dinky cock. Closing the gate of the thing I was sure that his balls bulged a bit. It looked fucking tight!

‘Please mistress’ Medlar whispered.

She didn’t slap him, instead checking that there was indeed still a flow of blood to his balls. It was there, just, but the cage allowed hardly any movement at all. An erection would be incredibly painful. She shut the gate of the cage and locked it using the combination code, announcing that she would inform Mistress Jenny what that was in due course. Medlar winced. It felt fucking tight. My mistress

then went into another cupboard and pulled out a pair of lacy pink panties. Medlar was to wear them beneath his clothes and was ordered to don them now.

‘Your mistress wants you looking feminine’ she said matter of factly.

I blew a silent and very discreet sigh of relief, looking away from Medlar as he changed. I’d never been subjected to that kind of crap. Neither did I want to be. Still, mistresses handled this in different ways I supposed. If a male was made to look female, around his genitals then ergo he couldn’t be masculine. He couldn’t be someone that she could ever really want to fuck anymore.

Medlar stood dressed in the pink panties, his cock baby pink packed and locked beneath. He waited for my mistress’s appraisal.

‘Alright, pull your trousers up’ she said.

When that was done, my mistress proffered the back of her hand for Medlar to kiss. I watched him kiss her cocktail ring.

Walking back down the stairs was difficult for Medlar. He was acutely aware of the cage on his cock. My mistress had told him that it would stop him masturbating, but if he still had a wet dream accident, then he was to clean up as best he could. The cage wasn’t coming off any time soon. I’d forgotten how it feels to walk with a cage on your cock as mine had been locked in place so very long. Now though Medlar was learning about that for the first time. I watched him looked down at his crotch. He looked at the slight bulge there as if it was huge and embarrassing. In truth it is not. A practised eye quickly ascertains if a cock has been caged, but those less in the know would barely notice it.

‘It will get easier’ I promised as we waited for my mistress to fetch house keys. We were going out on a training walk.

Whilst we waited I did my best to help him understand exactly what a training walk entailed. It had three purposes. First, most obviously, it was designed to establish etiquette, displaying to all with any observational powers at all that she was the mistress and he was the slave. Medler had to learn the behaviours, the responses that enabled mistress to feel in complete control. This was no idle thrill, there would come times when the alphas socialized and their cucks served. The social behavior of cuckold slaves had to be impeccably correct and without all the time instructing them. The second purpose was to humiliate the man. During his new life he would get loads of that. He had to swallow up the humiliation, learning in what little regard she held him. They say that humiliation gets easier. They say that you learn to accept humiliation more easily. It's argued that you can protect a kernel of self respect deep down inside, away from anything she does. I don't know, do you? I mean I am proud of my ability to cook, I'm quick to read what master or mistress requires. I feel a certain pride in being a good servant...but does that protect me from humiliation...I doubt it.

The third purpose of training walks is to display your humble status to others. It's about outing you. It's about acquainting some folk with just how low you have sunk. You might wonder whether a woman can be bitch enough to do that? Well, I can assure you that she can. Once she has decided you're a lost cause, once she has judged you and discarded you, as a husband, then she will out you. The point is that she has another man, a bigger man, a better man. She has done the maths. Some friends are going to be appalled that she is such a bitch. But there are others who will admire her and even want to emulate her. There are other women who know deep down that they too need to hook with a black dude and judge also rans that way. Today, Medlar isn't being walked in his neighbourhood. The outing is a risk that will be set aside for another day. But he will still learn loads.

'Watch, listen, learn' I told him. 'She will just condition you. There won't be teaching per se. You just learn to be her door mat. You take all the dirt she dishes out and you simply accept it.' Medlar had

donned his incredulous face again. It was getting to be one that I understood oh so well.

‘Sometimes, ‘ I told him, ‘this gets political. I’ve been on walks where my master has wanted us to rub some dirt into the faces of the angry white guys. When my mistress walked out with her beau it was black owned bitch taunt. The angry mob could see me trailing behind, head down and it goaded them. They didn’t want sexy white bitches going black you see. It riled them.’

Medlar blinked. It must have sounded like a fantastic game of chess to him.

‘I’ve known my master lay traps for the angry mob, ‘ I told him. ‘We would go down to a bar used by a lot of black owned women and then the snotty unwashed white boys would follow on and look for opportunities to start a fight. Lester would have bros around the corner to walk the snotty boys into. It was a trap. The envious types would take a hiding, may be even a knifing if they resisted too much.

‘That’s sick...it’s fucking insane’ Medlar observed.

‘No...its purposeful,’ I insisted, ‘there are weak white guys who go down to those bars, just hoping to be picked up and treated like shit. They need a mistress and some of them will wade in to help you in a fracas. I know of one mistress who picked up two slaves that way. It was easy...easy as pie.’

My mistress is back and she has a large leather shopping tote bag over her shoulder. Ostensibly we are going down to the market to buy a few things. But the journey, oh fuck, the journey was never just about veg.

‘I don’t expect you to be slow on the button Webster’ she told me firmly.

‘No Miss’ I answered.

We followed my mistress out of the house, through the high metal gates and down the pavement towards the row of shops and the market held down there each week. My mistress walked in front of us, her hips swaying in that way that seems inevitable when a woman wears stiletto heeled boots. Medlar was playing copycat, walking a few paces back, looking down at her perfect bottom as she walked. Mistress paused and checked her phone. We paused too, looking about. It would have been a sin to draw level with her, let alone advance beyond her. I saw my mistress study Medlar as she replaced her phone in the cropped jacket that she had put on.

‘What do you think of the area?’ she asked him.

‘Quiet, smart, it’s a bit exclusive isn’t it...’ he began unconsciously.

She slapped him with the back of her hand. The ring lashed across his face. It didn’t matter that we were out in public, she just hit him anyway. He shuddered under the strength of her blow, wondering what to do next.

‘Sorry mistress’ he yelped. He wasn’t entirely sure why he had been hit. She had asked him a question after all.

‘Tell mistress why you are sorry’ I prompted softly.

Medlar flinched. Why was he sorry?! He didn’t quite know.

My mistress nodded in my direction and I lit the collar up about his neck. Medlar looked as if he had just had a quick fit. Some kids went by on skate boards, grinning. Beads of perspiration blossomed on his forehead. He looked lost for words.

‘You don’t have chatty conversations with a mistress. Your opinion doesn’t count. If she wanted you to assess something then she would add your name at the end, ‘how do you assess the area

Medlar?' I grimaced, Medlar was really wound up. He looked furious.

Mistress spat in his face. It was a calculated provocation, right now when Medlar was seething. I watched the spittle trickle down his nose. He was about to wipe it away, but I got the button first and another charge zinged around his neck.

'You accept all judgements, no matter how expressed' I told him.

My mistress smiled. She liked to see me working as a trainer. As much as I hated the fucking collar around Medlar's neck, it was clear that I would use it. I would hurt people so that people like my mistress didn't have to dirty their hands doing it. She walked on, promenading. She waved to a neighbour and she in turned laughed across the street at my mistress.

'Dog walking!'

My mistress gesticulated. Of course! Medlar couldn't know this but around here there lived several bitches, hitched to black men, powerful black men. Neighbours have begun to become accustomed to what a bitch did. If there was a cocktail party then they might discreetly ask about it. It was kind of sexy that these women seemed to exert an almost hypnotic control.

As Medlar walked his gaze fixated on mistress's rear. I knew it then, he wanted to fuck her. She was such an arrogant bitch that that was exactly what she needed. He would fuck the ass off her. Well, see what you think. But I reckoned that was a hiding par excellence if he ever tried to make a move. The spittle reached his chin and dripped off his face. He was looking pretty fed up.

After turning a corner and walking through the exclusive but modest sized park that populate this part of west London, we reached the row of stalls selling fruit and veg. My mistress knew some of the stall holders and opened a light hearted banter with them. They said it

was nice that she had someone to carry her bags. Mistress never carried bags, they knew! She picked up two apples from one stall and consciously let one drop from her fingers. I watched it tumbling down, bouncing off her boot and beneath the barrow.

‘Pick it up Medlar’ she ordered.

Medlar nodded, glancing quickly my way for clues in case this was a trap too. When he was down on his hands and knees and about to search underneath the barrow, she kicked his face lightly with the heel of her boot. It was a brief, an incidental movement, almost an accident, may be but it caught Medlar’s sore nose. Medlar grunted. That fucking well did hurt!

‘Don’t jostle Medlar, you made me drop that apple’ she said calmly.

He hadn’t! He bloody well hadn’t and the stall holder could see that. The guy was saying it didn’t matter, what was one apple? Medlar was still down there and mistress stood on his fingers, her heel crushing down on his ring finger. Quickly he reached for the errant apple and made to stand up. His hand was pinioned there though. So he raised the apple from where he knelt. Mistress Emma glanced the top of her boot against it. The apple would smell of leather.

‘Eat it’ she said to him crisply.

Medlar was wincing. His mouth contorted in agony.

‘Eat it your fucking self’ he snarled, unable to take the insult any more.

‘Excuse us a moment’ she told the stall holder, having me hand over a fiver for the apple. She had me lead Medlar into a quiet doorway further down the street. It looked like the entrance to a very smart house.

'Open your legs' she said to Medlar. Medlar glowered at her.

Mistress nodded to me and I held the button down. For a second Medlar tried to hold out against the pain but it was excruciatingly. With a gasp he opened his legs as ordered. Her knee came up sharply into his crotch, exactly where the cage allowed little or no movement. Medlar bent double. I thought that the knee might go straight back into his nose but I hissed,

'Say thank you Medlar, for fuck's sake say thank you for the instruction.'

Medlar thanked her, 'thank you miss'.

'Shall we continue now?' she asked him silkily.

'Yes mistress' he mumbled.

Medlar staggered on. I was sure that the stall holder had got the gist of all that and he was gossiping to a neighbour. Christ, you should have seen how she treated him! He just stood and took it. I wondered whether the stallholder got an erection thinking about that? I know that weak men do. Weak men need to see a woman behave like a bitch. It takes them back to feeble brained times in a cave some place when the top of the clan, male and female, ruled the rest with an iron rod. May be they had a primal brain or something. May be they thought elemental.

'Do you hate me now Medlar?' my mistress asked as she walked ahead of us.

Panic struck, Medlar looked at me. How was he meant to respond? I nodded. He was to acknowledge to mistress that she had hurt him, that she had his undivided attention.

'Yes mistress' admitted Medlar.

She smiled back at him. The look was almost kind.

'Does it make you want to fuck me...because I am so cruel?'

'Yes mistress' he said sullenly.

'Well, you can't can you, otherwise Lester will beat you to death' she responded smoothly.

We turned another corner and he was there, Lucien. Whether my mistress had pre planned this I don't know, but he stood smiling at a stall that sold vintage books. He was thumbing through a copy of a 1950s fashion magazine. Medlar's face went as white as a sheet. Without hesitation she went to him, smiling, slipping her arms about his neck and kissing with him, mouth to mouth. I watched her open her mouth to Lucien who quite obviously tongued her, before breaking off and smiling first at her and then at us. Medlar couldn't have known. This was how all the interracial alphas greeted. A white bitch opened her mouth to the black man. Whether she went to his bed depended on what her bull directed.

'They behaving?' Lucien asked. He looked tetchy, that Medlar wasn't already back in his control.

My mistress looked at Medlar. She waited before answering and hell opened up like a monstrous maw to swallow the poor guy. That was the look on his face!

'You're learning, aren't you Medlar' she said lightly.

'Yes mistress' he answered hoarsely. He sounded as though I had half strangulated him with the collar.

'You're not a book fan are you?' she teased Lucien.

He laughed. No, that wasn't likely.

'Dropping by later to take my bitch out' he said, 'Lester he fine with all that'.

'She's missing you already' said Mistress Emma.

'I figured so' said Lucien. He was, arguably, the most arrogant fucking dude I had ever known. He was arrogant without the intellect of my master.

'She adores you Lucien, you know that don't you? It's all going to work really well.' My mistress smiled as she paid Lucien the complement.

'Lester fucked my cuck yet?' Lucien wondered.

I winced. More things that Medlar simply wasn't ready for!

Mistress Emma laughed.

'You're terrifying him Lucien, you wolf! Stop it!'

They kissed again, intimately. When then my mistress moved on, and we followed, Lucien brushing against Medlar's arm.

Chapter 5

That evening, after the walk and whilst Medlar still ached in his nether regions my companion was assigned to mistress date preparation and I was required to attend my mistress alongside them. My mistress has a part shaven sex, her pubic hair trimmed so that presents a teasing inverted triangle running down to her lush swollen labia. Her sex looks petulant, pouting and available to the right sort of man. It makes her sex hypnotic. One of my chores is to trim her bush carefully so that the sumptuous look is maintained. It was something that used to terrify me for to cause even the most minor scratch was to invite a thumping. My mistress lounged on Miss Jenny's bed, legs akimbo whilst I knelt before her, razor and hot water to hand, ready to delicately, painstakingly, make her sex look even more seductive. I drew breath. She had a dainty stud bar fitted through her labia, tight to her clitty, so I had to work around that.

Mistress Jenny watched, secure in the knowledge that Medlar was to heel. He had seemed very subdued after the training walk and stood naked in the corner of the room, naked that was save for his pink cock cage and matching panties. She looked over at my mistress, envious perhaps that she had secured such absolute control. It was a measure of the future, where life was meant to lead.

'I'm going to have a stud put in Medlar's tongue, so that he can pleasure properly' Miss Jenny said nonchalantly discarding her silk wrap after her shower.

'That's so sexy' my mistress responded, and signaled for me to begin the shave.

'Lucien wants his lips botoxed, so that they look plump and peachy' Mistress Jenny continued.

My mistress checked across towards Medlar. He shifted uneasily. The thought of Lucien terrified him. Just the mention of his name seemed to make the cuckold stiffen. It was like you brushed his skin with something venomous. Asking sweet Lucien to meet them at the market had been a master stroke she decided. Nothing persuaded Medlar to submit quite as much as the impending doom that was Lucien. Soon there would be the addictive, mind bending elixir that was Strohman, but for now, and oh so powerfully there was the terror that was Jenny's bull.

'Careful with that stuff darling' my mistress advised, 'use too much of it and you leave cuckys face distorted. If you mess his face up, then you might have to discard him completely.' She smiled at Medlar, looking for and seeing the sign of relief that flitted across his face. Medlar amused her. It was evident that afternoon that she had enjoyed humiliating him. Whilst she wasn't routinely into sissifying a cuckold, he did look nicely dressed in pink.

Mistress Jenny hummed her agreement. 'True' she said and beckoned Medlar forward. He was to kneel on the carpet before her and lick her sex so that she was aroused for Lucien during their date. I remembered her luxuriant bush and the sweet licks that I had been allowed earlier and watched Medlar take up station with interest. This was symbolically different for Medlar. He wasn't simply paying homage to a bitch mistress, licking between her legs, he was licking pussy so that it was ready for Lucien. It had an entirely sharper charge to it all. I knew what Medlar would be thinking as he licked the woman who was once his wife and who was now his mistress. He would be imagining Lucien's fingers down there, Jenny moaning, and then that brutal phallus of his, pushing bare inside her body. Of course she would heave on that big cock, women always did even

those stretched to fit, but the coupling would quickly become eager and urgent. Once he occupied her, her nipples erect and hard, she would suffer any discomfort to orgasm extravagantly on him.

I watched Medlar's young and very fertile looking mistress open her labia for her cuck, so that he could view how he was ruled and inhale her soft perfume. She warned him firmly that he was not to 'lick clitty' as she was seeing Lucien. Medlar responded 'as you direct mistress' and with the bitch's nod he began his delicate work. Medlar was learning quickly, running his tongue smoothly against her intimate flesh. For sure, he was a little noisy, slurping at her sex, but that too had a certain charm. My mistress cuffed my ear. I was meant to concentrate on the shaving.

'I think that Lester wants to fuck you Jenny, you don't mind do you?' My mistress enquired.

The other woman looked dreamily across at her.

'Goodness...of course not. He is so handsome!' she said.

Mistress stroked my hair as I shaved. My hand trembled less these days.

'It's just that he feels that the hierarchy needs firming a little. He has charge of a dozen or more brothers, but Lucien is a wild cannon. Lucien has to learn that Lester is Clan Lord.'

Mistress Jenny nodded, moving slightly so that Medlar could lick a little deeper, she replied,

'If I'm Lester's, if I'm gifted to Lucien, then the authority is reinforced.'

'Exactly,' said my mistress. I will be Clan Mistress and you will be my trusted ally. You will go to Lester whenever he directs and be reward to Lucien just as long as he sustains the brotherhood.'

The young woman moaned. May be it was the way that Medlar licked, with considerable eagerness, listening to the flow of the conversation. May be it was that Jenny had always worshipped Lester. There were alpha males and then there were Clan Lords.

'I would always do as you directed' she whispered to my mistress.

'I know that you will,' came the reply, 'don't worry. I accept that Lester will own other women too. '

Mistress Jenny looked almost euphoric. I hadn't quite finished shaving my mistress's sex, but she patted my head and stood. I watched her walk confidently over to the younger woman and present her sex to her face. Mistress Jenny kissed pussy reverently. It was with pursed lips and then a shy run of the tongue against my mistress's clitty.

My mistress rocked against the younger woman's mouth, musing aloud.

'The men will fight, there will be bloodshed, but Lucien will either submit or be pushed out.'

'Yes' said Miss Jenny.

'We will have you and Medlar in our household if Lucien doesn't behave' my mistress whispered.

'Thank you' said Mistress Jenny.

Mistress Emma laughed, 'Lester could breed us in turn' she said.

The other woman kissed Emma's sex softly, expansively. It was a kiss, goodness of relief. The look on her face suggested that she had always admired Lester.

'So be lush with Lucien darling, he is a fine buck. But be ready too. He does have to learn his prince place in the hierarchy of things.' My mistress stroked the other woman's hair.

Mistress Emma returned to the bed and my shaving. There were just a few rebel curly hairs to trim. Her sex looked divine spittle wet. I stared wonderingly at it. Having watched her kiss Lucien earlier that day, that way, in the market, I realised just how ruthless my mistress was. She would have control of things. Master Lester would rule.

Just how many emotions that triggered you might guess. Medlar must have felt ecstatic, Lester, brutal but consistent, the lord who might check Lucien. He was licking his mistress like a dog now. I though felt entirely different emotions. I hated the thought that Medlar might end up here for good. I hated the prospect of more slaves coming under the control of my mistress. What was I if they arrived? How close and intimate could I remain with my mistress? The idea freaked me and I tensed as I washed my mistress clean and put away the bowl.

The power was running in my mistress's veins. She was aroused by the conversation just ended. She smiled at Medlar and remembered the knee to his crotch. She remembered kissing Lucien in front of him. The images purred in her brain.

'Medlar...' she whispered, 'pleasure me.'

I winced. The bowl didn't drop to the floor, but I felt it slip in my hand. My mistress watched me. Her look burned into my head, scrutinizing me, challenging me. You are nothing, just another cuck, it said.

Medlar came across. His own mistress watched appreciatively. This was such an intimate bedroom now. He knelt between my mistress's shapely legs and looked up at her. Was there hate there? No, I was certain of it, if anything the feeling was one of adoration. He looked gratefully up at her.

'Open your mouth, show me your tongue' she said to him.

He did as bade, 'yes, Jenny, have a stud put in there' she directed. 'open your mouth, eat my sex as if you hate me'.

I gasped. It came from my lips without warning and quite involuntary. Medlar began. He opened his big mouth to her and pressed against her pubes hard. His mouth was like a beak on her sex, pushing., probing, feeding.

Fucking eat it...' my mistress snarled. She grabbed his head and wrestled it back and forth, locked against her sex. She gasped triumphantly, looking across at me. There...there! Stop thinking you have any purchase at all, her fierce look said. Medlar was gobbling at her sex, hating her, worshipping her. She had looked so perfect that afternoon.

My mistress arched against him, thrusting her cunt rhythmically against his tongue. Her nipples were bolt hard, showing through the diaphanous material of her wrap. She was climaxing. She was climaxing on Medlar's foul fucking face.

Mistress Jenny giggled. She looked at me and she giggled.

I dropped my head, hating, hating, everyone. Where was the collar control? Where was that fucking control when you needed it?

When my mistress had finished with Medlar it looked as though he had had his face in the cake mix bowl, licking out the residues. His mouth was smeared with her pleasures. The slime covered his ugly lips glossing the soft pink flesh.

'Thank you mistress' he whispered.

The fucker meant it. He fucking adored what she had done with him. Kick the fucker, knee him in the crotch and bring him to cunny. I shook, my neck sweating. I felt physically sick inside. It was that

hollowed out, horror feeling that I remembered from the early days, when Lester first took control of her.

'I will wear the burgundy dress this evening' my mistress said, wrenching me from my reverie.

I bowed my head, and hurried to the walk in wardrobe, searching out the dress, suspender belt, stockings and matching high heeled court shoes. Medlar returned to his mistress and started to manicure her toe nails. I hoped that the fucker would bodge the job completely. I hoped that the lacquer would run everywhere and that she slapped the hell out of the bastard. I felt livid with him. I felt furious that he had given mistress such a pleasurable orgasm.

I'm afraid that Medlar's manicuring was more than competent. He did a good job of both toe and finger nails.

'When you get home from fucking Lucien summon Medlar for cleaning duties will you' said my mistress, 'he needs to taste Lucien on you.'

Mistress Jenny nodded. She had wondered whether Lucien might be invited to sleep over but she guessed that would be forbidden given what Emma had observed. It was just too soon after the river and Medlar had looked a wreck whenever Lucien's name came up. It was sufficient now then that Medlar lapped up her bull's semen and appreciated just what did happen to her sex when she coupled with a vigorous male. Medlar was ordered to help his mistress don a very tight pair of black cord jeans, her highly polished pair of black leather boots and a new black silk blouse. The whole attire made Mistress Jenny look rather rock chick.

Medlar was directed to pass her the chosen perfume, but he was premature this time inadvertently squirting some at the base of her neck. Perhaps he was nervous. Perhaps his fingers were a little jittery. His mistress scolded him. My mistress handed me the collar control and I hit the button with a good deal of venom. Indeed, my

thumb lingered there causing Medlar to drop onto the floor, clutching at the collar.

‘That’s enough’ said my mistress who spotted my enthusiasm. Bastard Medlar, feel some of that!

‘That’s enough!’ demanded Miss Emma briskly.

I let go of the button and dropped my head in submission.

My mistress looked irritable. She had quickly recognized my vindictive stab on the collar control. She frowned at me.

‘After you have finished cleaning your mistress upon her return home,’ she told Medlar quietly, ‘you will come and do the same for me, do you understand?’

Medlar’s eyes were fucking moon shaped. He looked mesmerized by my mistress. Inside I boiled with anger. She had done that to slight me. I wanted to attend master and mistress and to lick her clean after she had been serviced.

My mistress watched me like a hawk. Well, do you have anything to say about that? She well understood the cruelty of that gift. I was desperate to go down on her and worship. Shaving her sex I was inches away from what I craved.

‘Webster you will go and sit in the bunkhouse. I will stream the worshipping to the screen down there, so you can check how Medlar is progressing.’ My mistress stabbed me with the words. I pictured that scene, Lester fucking, Medlar licking, I seated on a fucking rudimentary bed wishing that I could pull my cock off.

Still, I managed a response, ‘yes Mistress.’

A little under an hour later Lucien came to pick his date up and Medlar was made to open the door greeting him ‘good evening

master'. That gave me a great deal of pleasure. The thought of Medlar so close to his nemesis. I imagined how his little dick would be trying to retract back inside his body! I imagined the terror inside Medlar's heart in case he said something inopportune. Mistress Jenny kissed her date in front of Medlar. It was right in front of him and I smirked. We all watched as Mistress Jenny stepped out to Lucien's car. Medlar was required to get the doors and then the car roared off down the drive. I glared at Medlar. You little fucker. Don't think that you can curry favour, its not going to work! I told him that he was to prepare the evening meal, lemon sole. We would see whether he could fuck up at fish. My mistress smiled. She heard the clipped tone that I used with Medlar. Your mistress is out with her beau. You are going to work in the kitchen. You get the drift. Medlar a Cinderella, in pink lace. Little shit.

Soon after dinner whilst Medlar was washing up and I was cleaning my master's brogue shoes, I was summoned to the lounge. Mistress was seated cross legged on the large leather sofa and my master stood beside her. They had drinks in hand. The last few days had been a distraction from my accountancy work. I had to earn a living too, as well as serve. I entered the room, bowed my head and went quickly over to them. May be it was about my tetchiness, may be it was about work and serving the household, I couldn't be sure. I was directed to kneel before my mistress. Lester looked down at me. He wasn't angry looking, or even brooding. But his face was serious.

'You were jealous of Medlar this evening, weren't you Webster' mistress began, sipping the brandy from her glass.

I blushed. I blushed puce red. 'Yes mistress' I admitted sheepishly.

'Why?' she asked.

I shifted on my knees. I was pretty sure that she knew why. She knew why and was now toying with me.

'You seemed to favour Medlar Miss. You had him come to your sex, and I...'

She put up her hand to me. I stopped.

'You're a slave Webster. You have no rights' she told me icily. She glanced up at her bull. He nodded too. This was the party line.

'None Mistress' I conceded. My ears were burning red. I felt so angry, so ashamed.

'I will use whichever cuck that I want and have favourites if I so chose' she told me just as calmly.

'Of course Mistress' I answered quickly, lamely, but perhaps unconvincingly.

She nodded and sipped more brandy.

'Webster, I am likely to gather a number of slaves in our household. You will just be one of them, do you understand?'

'Yes Mistress'

'You will learn to share and to be grateful for any attention I offer. Have you thought about when you grow older, do you think that I will want an old man licking my sex?'

I was forty for goodness sake. My mistress was ten years younger, but neither of us were anywhere near old.

I blinked at her.

'I will select younger slaves to perform the bulk of my intimate service. You will just work in the kitchen, the garden and act as our driver.'

She was describing how slowly, inevitably over time I would be pushed out. I wouldn't look fashionable licking her sex for her. She didn't need me and quite frankly I would become superfluous. I jolted at the thought of it.

'We could get rid of you' my master said. His voice was gruff. This wasn't a nice speech to give. 'You could be put out on the street without Strohman. We could give you away. Your place in this household is entirely dependent upon the quality of your service. The more you are committed to the cause, the longer and more secure your tenure.'

Committed to the cause. He meant the interracial coupling, the domination of the most beautiful and eligible white women by suitably selected black males. It was no secret what Lester wanted. He wanted to shift the community where we lived, so interracial couples were the norm.

'Please master no....' My voice was quavering.

Lester smiled.

'A long way off Webster and you have done well. You have taught Medlar that he is just a slave. He will probably be Lucien and Mistress Jenny's slave. But your mistress enjoys using Medlar and that must not be contested, do you understand? If she wants to use Medlar she will?'

'Yes sir' I answered briskly. I craved a reassurance. Medlar would go to live with his mistress and master. Medlar would submit to whatever Lucien meted out.

Lester stepped around and put his hand on Emma's shoulder. She pressed her face lovingly to it.

'As it stands we intend that you will help finish the training of Medlar and he will be despatched to his master and mistress's house. He

will become another slave and Lucien and Jenny will example the cultural change that we are all working for.'

I nodded. Relief!

'But it is critical that Lucien learns to manage Medlar well. If we are to recruit more women to our cause, they must feel assured that their bulls are dominant, firm and yet fair in the handling of slaves. It must be comfortable for them to be mistress of the house and of any demoted males.'

'Yes master' I responded.

'We are a little unsure that Lucien will respond to the brotherhood and master others in the way that we require. Lucien is a prince, handsome, strong with powerful attitude, but his temper is erratic. For that reason we will assess him over the next weeks. If he fails then Lucien will be made to look again for a bitch. I will take his bitch and you will serve both your mistress and her. They will use you as they chose'.

I swallowed hard. It was as I guessed. My mistress and master were always so direct, so level, so powerful. It meant that they could own more, demonstrate more, rule more.

My eyes filled. I didn't cry, not openly, but inside I felt as though my lungs were being squeezed. My mistress was watching me intently. Once, once I had been her husband. Right then it seemed an aeon ago. She raised a court shoe to my mouth and I kissed it briefly.

'Now,' said my master, 'put this on'. He had taken something from a drawer in the coffee table. Dear God...

God....

It was another control collar.

I stared at it. It was exactly the same as the one that I used on Medlar. It was fucking identical. My eyes must have betrayed my horror. They gave me away. Lester stiffened.

'You're a slave. You will look like a slave, just like Medlar. He has to see what you are too' my master said darkly.

My mistress watched quietly. I didn't think that my petulance up in the bedroom would go unpunished did I. She had taunted me with that fucker Medlar and I had failed. My facial expression had failed. Pride, I suffered from pride. I considered myself better than Medlar. I was a head butler or something. Now I was being disabused of such arrogant ideas.

I bent my head forward so that master could unbuckle my leather collar and replace it with the vile electric thing. Whilst the wiring was covered in leather the thing felt like a garotting tool. I broke out in an instant sweat.

'I'm well controlled master...the Strohman' I protested.

Insolence. I knew. That had been insolent, contesting what was considered good for me.

My mistress stunned me with a concerted shock. Her thumb hit the button and lingered there. It was horrendous. The sudden pain, and then, the dizzying loss of control. I felt as though I had been tasered. I realized in an instant why Medlar always looked so fearful of the collar. The jolt pushed me forward over the coffee table, where I rested for a second gasping down breaths.

'What are you Webster?' my mistress asked in the silkiest voice.

'Your slave mistress' I gasped.

She shook her head and her thumb hovered again, over the red button on the tiny control console.

'Just a slave Webster..one we happen to own' she corrected.

'I'm a slave, I'm a slave!' I yelped.

I fucking hated that. Even as I cried the words out I guessed that Medlar could hear in the kitchen. I loathed that. Even as my neck prickled with the shock, I loathed the thought of Medlar realizing my descent from pride.

'Drop your trousers Webster' said Lester from behind me.

Now I was trembling. I felt as though my limbs were out of control. My mistress moved position so that she could monitor my face. I watched her settle herself, crossing her legs so that a glimpse of her stocking top was on show.

I did as my master said, edging down my trousers, hearing my metal cock cage then rub against the coffee table edge. Sometimes my master took my ass. Mistress said that it was his right. It was a potent symbol of his power, a reminder that I was so much less. The act was neither gay nor even intimate in some terribly strange way. It was simply a symbolic and a painful power that he exercised over me. With one big hand I had my neck pinioned to the coffee table top and with his other I felt something injected into my bottom. It was a syringe load of Strohmman. There was no needle, only the bolus gush of fluid that made me feel as though my gut had a life of its own. I felt my tummy knot and then the ultra rapid spread of bliss up through my chest and into my head. I'd n ever taken my 'medicine' this way before and the instant rush of the drug astonished me. I moaned softly.

'That's better....isn't it...' my mistress soothed, 'you were getting all tense and shirty upstairs.'

I stared at my mistress. She was leaning forward and watching my eyes. She was watching how my pupil's dilated as the drug took hold

of me. It seemed a bigger dose than I usually had and the effect was mesmerizing.

'How are you feeling?' she enquired, her voice seeming to arrive from everywhere. Her perfect lips moved, but the question echoed inside my head from every part of the room.

'I adore you' I managed. Even my gums seemed to hum with the sweet sweet drug then.

'Good' she said smoothly, as though it was the most obvious observation in the world.

She glanced at Lester who must have had his cock out by now.

'Do you need Lester....do you need him to take you?' she whispered.

As far as I could with my head pressed against the coffee table top, I nodded. My head was swimming with the drug, swimming with the image of my mistress looking perfect, perfect, perfect, perfect.

I felt Lester's cock occupy me, the stretching and the discomfort. I felt the thickness of his shaft, in train behind that bulging head. His cock started to glide, lubricated by the Strohmman in my body. His cock glided majestically. Soon there would be semen, a thick delivery of that which would accent the drug a hundred fold more. I did what I could to prepare, sucking in air, exhaling through pursed lips. Then, dear god then, I felt the rhythmic gushing within and it was as if my head was blowing up like a balloon and as if the room contorted to his rhythm.

My mistress took out her mobile phone. She was filming the conquest. She was filming me.....

Chapter 6

I woke the next morning, lying on my bed in the bunkhouse. I hadn't managed to undress myself and feeling below, I felt the wet patch where I had discharged as Lester's cock worked back and forth over my prostate. I had climaxed on Lester's cock and had no control over that. My head felt incredibly fuzzy and I reached up and felt the electronic collar about my throat. My head pounded with what felt like a migraine but wasn't. The dose of Strohman had been a hefty one. Lester wanted me to remember that, the association between bliss, submission and discipline. I looked across at the alarm clock and panicked, seeing that it was already six a.m. Rolling to get out of the bed I encountered Medlar seated there. He was handing me a mug of coffee and was already washed and dressed.

'You were out of it' he observed casually. 'My mistress came home, and I did as I was told. Fuck, it was shit. She tasted of him. Then, then I was ordered to Mistress Emma's bed and I licked all over again.'

I blinked at him. He seemed disgusted with himself. Of course, early days. It was early days. He would lose that over time. He would crave what he just did, especially if mistress was fresh from love making. He would learn to associate that alkaline and creamy taste with something deeply submissive and needful in a far recess of his brain. Watching a bull take a bitch before that submissive act would be a fecund and deeply powerful prelude. He would learn to adore that too.

'I don't remember getting here' I told him, taking the coffee.

'I carried you' he said, 'Mistress Emma came and got me from the kitchen, told me to take you down here and to keep an eye on you whilst you recovered.'

His smile seemed kind. There was not a hint of triumph in his face. He glanced at my control collar, but he didn't remark on it.

'I feel delirious' I admitted. My head was still swimming. I felt crazily centred, fitted in a perfect world, serving perfect people.

'Look' he said, nudging my shoulder in a friendly way, 'I have to go and dress my mistress and then cook breakfast. Your mistress has given you an hour's dispensation, but then you have to report to her in the office.'

'Thank you' I mumbled. He started to move to the bunkhouse door.

'Medlar...thank you' I whispered.

'No worries' he said and left.

I dragged myself around the room, kicking off the soiled trousers and cleaning my private parts as best as I could in the sink. I felt too unsteady on my feet to trust myself in the shower, so I splashed water and soap on my face and then under my arms too. There was only ever cold water in the bunkhouse, so the wash freshened me up quickly. I blinked at the drawn face in the mirror and saw again the new accouterment around my throat. It looked bloody brutal. Fearing that leaving it wet from the wash would heighten any discipline shock I dried it with trembling fingers.

'You look like a slave' I whispered. I checked my bloodshot eyes. My gums which still tingled a bit seemed in good shape. I shaved. I looked better then and dressed as quickly as I could. It seemed that the more upright I was, the easier things became. It was bizarre, I had felt groggy and now I felt mildly euphoric. I put on tight jeans that

would show off how my cock was caged and a white open shirt so that my control collar showed. I wanted, wanted, crazily to please my mistress as much as possible. I combed my hair and squirted cologne about my face. I felt that I had to look very presentable.

Hurrying up to the big house, in through the servant's door, I breezed past Medlar who was washing up breakfast things. I felt sudden compassion for the man. He looked so focused there, washing pans that he had used.

'You OK?' I asked him.

He glanced around. He nodded. Then he said,

'My gums itch...that normal?'

I nodded back. They had started to feed him. My mistress in her wisdom had drizzled her sex with the elixir after going with Lester and Medlar had been brought to it fresh. It was probably just a drizzle, no more.

'It'll pass in an hour or two. You feeling good?'

He smiled thinly.

'Strange...but good' he admitted.

Mistress Emma sat in the office of the house. She was dressed in a pair of ultra white skinny designer jeans over which she wore a pair of calf leather boots. Her blouse was immaculate white as well and she had an extravagant looking pendant at her throat. Today she wore her blonde hair up so that she looked prissy, severe. I knocked gently on the door and when she commended enter I slipped inside, shut the door behind me and bowed my head.

'How are you feeling this morning Webster?' she asked sounding remarkably like a family doctor.

'Well, thank you mistress' I answered politely. I reflected that mistress was my new norm vocabulary,. Miss was used much less frequently.

'Grateful to your master for last night?' she asked, checking my expression over a pair of half framed reading glasses that she sometimes used.

'Yes mistress!' I chirped. It was not only the required response, it was an honest one too. If I thought about it the tetchiness about Medlar's privileges might indeed have been associated with Strohman withdrawal. Now I understood too that mistress was starting to feed Medlar. It was natural that he would be fed it from pussy until he was subjugated further.

'You needed fucking didn't you? Lester was extremely generous, loading your rear and then creaming you too.'

'I was stupid mistress, I am so sorry. I'm very grateful that master handled it that way. I deserved a good hiding.'

She smiled briefly.

'So do you now want to serve the cause, to help other women benefit from living our way?'

I agreed that I did, very much so. I would do everything to promote it.

Mistress switched the computer screen on and showed me a prototype blog site. It was called Ebony-Lock-Ivory. There was a picture of a very svelte looking white woman in a ball gown being held warmly by a black man in a tuxedo. She was looking up at him in that adoring fashion that society photographers set up at hunt balls and the like. Whilst the front page of the blog was sparsely populated at present, it was pretty obviously a dating site.

'We need to get more eligible professional white women introduced to very alpha, very healthy, successful black men Webster' she told me.

'Yes mistress' I responded.

'It cannot be done by happenchance and just down in the sexiest bars in town. The most fertile, well educated, promising young white women must go to the beds of the alpha black males.'

I nodded.

'This is about breeding Webster. The alpha black males will breed the best bitches.'

You might react to that word, bitches. But my mistress used it entirely without malice. The women that the black alphas took were their bitches. My mistress was a bitch, Lester's bitch. She entirely submitted to Lester and she understood fully that other white women needed that too. They wanted to be owned by a suitably dominant black man. Being owned meant that she did as he required. She treated the white man as an also ran. If you had the misfortune of having been her husband, then that did not figure very much. You had to be pushed down...it was a political matter.

'So we are going to arrange a dating and a selection site that speeds the natural instinct change up and positions black men and their bitches in key positions, first within our local communities, and then later in society more generally.'

'I understand mistress' I said. Much of this had been hinted at on many occasions.

'There will be no marriage Webster, no monogamy, the black man will own several bitches and breed them as he chooses. They will live with him in clan houses and those houses will be served and maintained by slaves like you. Every bitch who lives in that house

will be a mistress. They will outrank the slaves and require absolute discipline of those who are serving there.'

I nodded. I could only say yes, so many times and in any case mistress was moving on.

'So in this house Lester is your Clan Lord. Lester owns me and he will own Mistress Jenny too.'

I glanced her way, trying to understand. The night before they had not made the matter quite so cut and dried.

'I don't think that Lucien will make the grade Webster. He is not sophisticated enough, determined enough to press the cause, so Mistress Jenny will be taken off him. Mistress Jenny will go to Lester's bed as directed. She will treat me as the Clan Mistress. That will probably mean that Medlar remains a slave here. Do you accept that?'

I flinched.. Another test just dropped into the conversation.

'Entirely mistress. I haven't forgotten your words last night'.

'Good' she said.

She showed me another draft screen page. It included some psychological tests that the applicants to the dating website would have to complete. As far as I could tell they were about attitude. The more the applicant accepted the need for elites, the better their chances of getting in. Then there were the profile questions, about education, schooling, cultural abilities and such like.

'There is a problem Webster' she said, 'we know how much white girls are turning to black men, how few white men are getting a look in with this burgeoning fashion. That is of course natural. Women select mates. Black men are so much more masculine. But that is causing resentment amongst some of the also ran males. We cannot

stop the fights over the women, but we can create a more discreet place for cultured white women to meet alpha black men, somewhere away from the nastiness of the street.'

'Less vulgar mistress' I whispered, just a little awed even by the skeleton blog pages.

'Just so. But we will need to help the ladies with the transition. They will need help building confidence to subjugate weak men and to indulge instinct with their bulls. There are a lot of quaint social mores to be unpicked. People were conditioned to think of homes as exclusive, monogamous. They were encouraged to think that living in that silo was normal. We are taking them back to living, where the powerful control the weak. However much a white woman adores a black man it takes a while for her to learn to live like a bitch.'

I knew, it did. Mistress Jenny was in transition.

'So we will build the blog site with Medlar's help. He works in computer software. He will help us create the facility that brings the right young women to meet the right black men, at our door. The ladies will learn what it is like to be a mistress, using you, using Medlar, using other slaves who will come to live in the bunkhouse.'

I gawped. This was way bigger, more thought out than I imagined.

'You will serve the young mistresses and encourage them to treat you in the required way. They will come here to fuck with their bulls and you will support them. You will also work with any discarded husbands, or recruited slaves that we place with a new couple. It is important and relentless work Webster.'

I gulped. My mistress even smiled.

'That is why you are just a slave...I have no special regard for you. Nothing from our marriage lingers on. The husband in you is dead.'

You will do this work diligently, or else master will put you out of the house without Strohman.'

'I'd die mistress, the anxiety would take me, then the hallucinations. People who lose the Strohman top themselves.'

'Yes' she said simply and closed the blog page. She swiveled on the chair to inspect me.

'I like the jeans, the way they show off your cage' she said.

I bowed my head. I sensed in an ideal world men of my station would wonder about with our caged cocks exposed. It would be a mark of the lowest sexual caste.

'Today, we start the work then.' She checked the Cartier Americaine on her wrist. 'Medlar will work here on the blog page and continue his habituation to Strohman. He will be fed by us both. Because he needs to feed so much, he will delay the piercing of his tongue and his branding. You will take the lead instead.'

I blinked twice. I was unsteady all over again. My legs felt weak.

'Last night master gave you a bigger dose of Strohman. You can take more than you expect today. You will have your tongue pierced and a stud put in. It's a painful procedure and the tongue swells. Talking and eating will be difficult for a day or two. But the tongue heals and when it does you will be fit to pleasure a mistress again. You will be able to show your tongue to ladies on the blog.'

Mistress let that sink in. If I really meant what I had said the previous evening, well now I had to prove it.

'You will be branded with the insignia of the house of Lester on your left buttock. It will show that you are owned. Painful, I know, but this is how it will be. Tattoos are more easily burned off or disguised in something darker.'

My mouth felt dry, very dry.

'OK, I think we should go now, the appointment is at ten thirty'. I watched her rise from the chair. It was a very svelte movement. 'Bring along a cushion from the lounge Webster, you will need to sit on that when we drive home.'

I did grab a small cushion and followed her out of the house. I watched her remote open the doors of her Porsche and she ordered me to get in. In a moment she was beside me and pressing the engine ignition button.

'It's going to seem strange Webster,' she said, 'not hearing yes mistress constantly for a day or two.'

I dropped my head. There was nothing to say.

The clinic was some thirty miles out of London, located down a leafy lane, and presented simply as a 'clinical consultancy' company. I wasn't sure whether my mistress was trying to reassure me or something, but she indicated that lots of other rs had their slaves brought here. The change in society was bigger than I imagined. Tongue studs and branding were probably the most commonly used measures, but some studs had dumb bell like studs positioned through their cocks. It meant that they could get an erection, but that masturbating was very awkward and ejaculation incredibly painful as their metal work affected the flow and pulled on taut tissues. Control of sex was a fashion issue. Nevertheless, my mistress assured me that the facility was scrupulously clean and used to doing what they would do to me today.

I got out of the Porsche and felt feint all over again. I steadied myself against the hood of the car. Mistress was already out and she stood before me, showing me the remote control within her shoulder bag. It was so quickly to hand. I didn't need a verbal warning, nodding immediately and following her towards the glass doors of the clinic.

We proceeded through to the reception desk, which was run by an older woman dressed rather primly like someone from the local women's guild. She checked my name and invited us to take a seat in the waiting area.

Mistress met an acquaintance of hers. The woman was called Tamsin, a raven haired, extremely well dressed woman in designer jeans and an extravagant black silk blouse. The two women hugged and air kissed, smiling extravagantly. It all seemed entirely false. I looked at the man seated quietly on the chair behind the woman. He was tidily dressed, but he must have been fifty or so. He looked a good twenty years older than Tamsin. The fellow didn't look up and I noticed there was a still red mark on his cheek. It was the sort of 'scratch' that I now knew happened when cocktail rings made contact.

'New cuck?' asked my mistress. She seemed both intrigued and amused.

Tamsin laughed. It was too silly wasn't it! The man hardly looked attractive after all.

'Cucky's older brother. I've fed him for a couple of months and now I'm having him branded. He will tend the grounds. I don't want him for anything else..' she added, frowning as if to suggest otherwise would seem terribly bad taste.

'Of course' answered my mistress.

Tamsin looked at me. My mistress explained,

'In transition Tammy darling. I'm having Webster studded and branded and then I will have our new slave, Medlar done next month.'

I shuddered. Even the mention of the procedures, even the mention of the fucking words freaked me. It seemed that there was

competition amongst mistresses. I realized then that mistress had no plans whatsoever to allow Lucien to take Medlar away, despite what she claimed. She wanted control of Medlar and his mistress.

The receptionist picked up the phone and told the woman called Tamsin that she could take her charge into clinic room 3 now. I guessed that was the branding parlour. Evidently the guy didn't really want to go, but one quick jolt to a collar around his neck, beneath the turtle neck sweater and he rose obediently and promptly. I imagined the story line. The brother fascinated by the young woman, her fashion and attitude. May be he was mesmerized by her sophistication and ability to bring his brother to heel. Then Tamsin would have noticed. She would have befriended him and probably fed him Strohman from the palm of her hand. After that, well, the poor fucker was finished. He was bound for servitude. I wondered what her bull was like? Ambitious, he was surely that, and probably quite unyielding as regards those who came to live in their big house. Tamsin looked the sort of bitch who would be exacting. He would have made her that way.

The door to clinic room 3 clunked shut behind them and I realized that the noise meant that the room was probably sound proofed. No one would hear the poor fucker scream.

I was dragged from my thoughts by the voice of the receptionist. She had called me to the desk and had paperwork for me. I had to sign consent papers and to pay just short of £600 for the pleasures that awaited me. The forms were detailed. I had to give reasons for wanting the stud in my tongue. I listed three.

To serve my mistress, I am owned.

In hope of intimate service

To signal my status to others.

I handed the completed and signed form back to the receptionist. She read the reasons, glanced at my immaculately dressed mistress, then at me, but she didn't comment. The balance of gender

power was changing. Having paid by credit card I was told to sit down again. I was trembling.

When we were called it was to a larger looking clinic room. The place was set up like a dentists, with a reclining chair and with a trolley of nasty looking instruments set out in regulation order. I was introduced to a woman called Nadia, who was going to 'pop the stud in' for me. Emma told me coldly that Nadia was a mistress too and so I bowed my head.

'How are you and Lionel?' my mistress asked her.

'Really well! Things are really great right now. We've bought a summer place just outside Seville and I'm leaving Fletcher to keep house there.'

Fletcher, a slave. I wondered whether Fletcher liked being sent abroad? I wondered how long he had to wait to see his mistress? Did she have someone out there to drop buy and administer his fix of Strohman? May be it was like a 'groceries' to home delivery. I felt sickened.

'Tell me..studs, do they make things really sexy?' my mistress queried.

Nadia smiled, and patted the chair for me to get up on. I was to have my arms and legs constrained with big leather straps. Then there was another strap that went across my throat.

'Divine! Absolutely divine!' the woman enthused, 'although you'll have to keep that wiggling stud off clitty until you're entirely ready to climax!' Her face lit up as she spoke. She knew about studs, not only the insertion of them but their enjoyment too.

She turned to me.

'We're just going to pop some local into your tongue darling, so its let's painful when I pierce it.' Her voice was schoolmistress like. She sounded as though she had instructed a thousand men on this very practical matter.

I listened to a kidney bowl clatter as the syringe with a pre loaded cartridge of local anesthetic was taken up. She squirted a little on my cheek to ensure that air wasn't about to be injected into my tongue. We didn't want an abscess forming did we! I was required to open my mouth wide, my mistress checking that I followed instructions. The needle went in, three, may be four times and I winced.

'We'll just let that numb up now whilst I chat with your mistress' she said, rubbing my shoulder. I stared wide eyed at her. Was it possible to numb your fucking tongue up too much and then have problems swallowing! In my head, I started to panic.

'Tell me about Lionel, what's he doing now?' my mistress asked.

I learned, my heart pounding that Lionel had set up a subsidiary business in Spain and that there was an increasing chance of exports to Scandinavia. He was so happy, so suave, so in control. He'd taken on a second bitch, a freckle faced, innocent Irish girl called Niamh. But she had come with an easily subdued English husband and now there were virtually nothing for Nadia to have to manage in the home. It was wonderful!!'

'So no problem sending Fletcher to Spain?' my mistress asked.

Yes, yes, I realize too. Fletcher had been her husband. He had once upon a time meant something to this woman.

'He sulked, of course he sulked' the clinician smiled, 'but they always sulk don't they?'

I was nudged by the woman.

'All numbed up yet Webster?' she asked.

I didn't know. I bloody well didn't know! I hoped so. I fervently hoped so. She tightened the strap across my throat, and then another around my forehead.

'Don't wriggle...you will rip your tongue open if you do' she said calmly and proceeded to drag my tongue out with a pair of paddle forceps. There was no check whether in fact my tongue did feel numb. My tongue was clamped out and without more discussion she took up what looked like a hole punch device that was forced top and bottom of my tongue.

'Well to the front of his tongue Emma, more pleasure that way' Nadia said firmly.

She pressed the device together and a hollow needle contraption was forced through my tongue punching a neat hole there. I felt it. I bloody did. It was a grinding, twisting punch, and then my mouth started to fill with blood. My mouth wedged open, the woman told me to breath through my nose for a couple of minutes whilst she stemmed the flow of blood with a gauze swab.

'How are you getting on with Niamh?' My mistress asked conversationally.

'She's lovely, quite lovely. But goodness it's taking a while to teach her to be arrogant. She's so soft and so comfortable, just as long as she is called to Lionel's bed.'

My mistress smiled.

'We're going to set up a dating and training agency. Webster is going to help, aren't you Webster?'

I couldn't answer. My tongue felt massive.

Nadia was very enthusiastic. There had been trouble at a concert, the night that Lionel had seduced Niamh. Her husband had objected and so had his friend who had come along. The young and impressionable Niamh had had to watch her husband and his mate bludgeoned to the floor by a couple of Lionel's bros. Others had watched whilst the beaten men were held to the floor. Lionel had kissed the girl casually and led her away. The husband had been brought along too, his lip bleeding. It was all terribly vulgar.

'So you will be terribly selective and very exclusive' Nadia quizzed my mistress. Her fingers were vice like on my tongue. It felt as if it had been locked in a wood work clamp.

"Yes, breeding is every thing' Mistress Emma said.

'That is sooo sexy' the clinician said, and immediately asked if she could make referrals if she knew the right sort of young lady. My mistress smiled, of course!

Mistress Nadia returned to my tongue. When she released the gauze it continued to bleed, I could taste the blood. I whimpered.

'Gold with a nice bulbous bobble on the end of the bar' suggested Nadia.

'Thank you' said my mistress.

'Gold sometimes risks more infection for the cuck, but the pleasure, the look, the sensation of gold is so much sexier, don't you think?' Nadia opined.

My mistress did think. I watched as best I could in the over hanging mirror as the woman slotted a bar stud up through my tongue and then screwed the top bobble on. I couldn't believe what a fucking great hole seemed driven through my tongue. But the bell bar stud was a good tight fit. Nadia said that would hurt more, but there was

less chance of the stud pulling down through when my tongue swelled up. I wanted to speak, but couldn't.

'Show mistress your new stud' said Nadia.

I pushed forward the tongue that I could barely feel. Nadia said that my tongue would swell but that I could have analgesia. I was to take salt water mouth washes every four hours and in the meantime to suck ice. I wasn't to speak, or eat for twenty four hours. There was to be no use of sweetened ice popsicles, as sugar in the wound could increase the risk of infection.

'That wasn't so bad was it Webster?' she said, and immediately handed me a small cardboard cup with ice chips loaded inside.

'Are you branding him immediately?' Nadia wondered.

'Yes' said my mistress, it was simply best to get the discomforts completed in one day.

'You're hurting now Webster, but one day you will thank me. A stud extends your life as an intimate.' Nadia smiled as she spoke. 'Off you go now'.

The straps released I got up shakily and was led by my mistress out of the clinic room. The receptionist said that Bradley was already available in clinic room 3, so we should go straight in. Shit, the room looked equally clinical, with a couch in the centre. It was the sort that you lay face down on. Bradley was an imposing black guy with the build of a blacksmith.

'Would you like some attendants in to hold him?' he asked my mistress.

She assured him that wasn't necessary. Webster was well behaved. Yes, strap him to the couch, but he would lie face down very nicely indeed, his jeans eased down. I felt the straps pulled tight just as

soon as my jeans were dropped and I was up on the couch. I wanted to scream, but you can't, not with a tongue that felt as thick as a fillet steak in my mouth.

'House of Lester?'

My mistress nodded. The coat of arms consisted of a capital L, with scrolls, upon which nestled a closed padlock. It was elegant and simple. Bradley consulted his register, I was the first branding with this. My mistress assured me that another would be along in a couple of weeks. She wondered how many slaves had been branded by other Clan Lords? Bradley said that it was no more than a couple for each master, but he saw the coming trend. Masters would start to own half a dozen or more slaves. Strohman had already made a profound difference and more slaves were coming to be branded.

I tried not to look but in a neat little gas fired oven that glowed not in the corner of the room, Bradley heated up the metal brand that would be used to mark me. There was to be no local anaesthetic this time, only a sizzling brand and then a burns dressing stuck neat to my buttock.

'Look away you stupid shit' the burly Bradley ordered.

I refused, staring resolutely in the direction of where the brand was heated.

My mistress watched me amused. It was all just a little arousing. Her fingers strayed down to the crotch of her jeans. The oven door clunked open and the red hot brand came out on its branding iron. I screamed silently. The bastard just strode over to where I was strapped on the couch and stuck it hard down on my ass. I jolted, tensed, and fuck, I felt as though the thing was pushing my butt forward through the leather. I nearly clenched my teeth, but you know what was in the way.

For seemingly several moments he wagged the branding iron against my buttock and then he lifted it off. My mistress inspected the angry red mark, the wheals rising L and in the shape of a locked padlock. The bastard went and got a burns dressing with a film on the front that wouldn't stick to my skin. He taped it in place and said that the dressing was to be changed daily and until the redness and swelling went down.

I was sobbing by the time that he let me up.

'That's a very good boy,' said Emma, 'Mistress is terribly proud of you.'

She kissed my forehead and handed me her lace trimmed handkerchief. I was to dry my tears and brace up again.

'Now shake Bradley's hand' mistress said after I had composed myself. Evidently she didn't expect me to say thank you. I did as bade and felt the strength in his big paw. Bradley was the sort of black guy that worked part time as an enforcer. He was like some of the men who worked for Lester.

'Shall we go' said my mistress.

I bowed my head to her. We would leave and I would go find that bloody cushion.

Chapter 7

My pain eroticized life in the household. Whilst I sat at a computer catching up on accountancy work, Lester took Mistress Jenny upstairs and he fucked her. It started in the office where they had come to see whether I was working on scripts for the blog. I wasn't. I was earning a living to buy Mistress Emma nice things. Lester looked at my face. He looked at how my mouth seemed distorted by my swollen tongue. He saw the marks across my throat where the strap had been a bit too tight. He watched the way I shifted gingerly on the cushion. Mistress Jenny was with him and he said simply,

'I'm having Medlar marked up the same way'.

I remember her looking at him. It was a wondering, wide eyed, submissive look.

'Yes, as yours' she said.

'As mine' he responded thoughtfully. 'I'm not going to fuck about with this. I'm going to tell Lucien his fortune.'

Mistress Jenny went to him. He stroked her hair and ran his hand down onto her buttocks. She let him draw her body to his.

'I'll always do as you say' she said. After he kissed her indulgently she added, 'I will always do what Emma says. She is my mistress.'

I tried not to look. My mouth was sore and my ass was stinging. The recovery after such events is a long and painful one. But the seduction made my cock stiff in its metal dungeon. Lester was always so much the master. Seeing Mistress Jenny submit was erotic.

'If Lucien resists, I might have to get rid of him.....permanently' he whispered, kissing her again.

I paused my typing of an account report. Permanently. Lester's business interests included security. He employed a lot of strong arm black men. I could imagine what 'permanently' meant. It didn't seem beyond comprehension that Lester could have Lucien rubbed out. The better solution was for Lucien to accept his fate. He had been judged and found wanting. He wasn't the classy black buck who fucked the best bitches, he was upon closer inspection the rough enforcer. If he but accepted that he worked for Lester, hurt a few people and picked white trash bar bitches up, then all would be well. My master had decided that Mistress Jenny was a superior bitch, one fit for breeding.

'Please, just get rid of him....I want you...I will do as you say' Mistress Jenny responded softly.

He kissed her again. Glanced at me and led her away up stairs.

My mistress was out but a few minutes later I was shouted down to, first to fetch Medlar and then to gather up the leather hood from my mistress's dressing room. I hurried to complete my order, searching for Medlar. He was cleaning his mistress's car this time. I'd taken my notebook and pen with me because quite honestly I couldn't talk. It was just too fucking sore.

You must attend master. He is fucking Mistress J. I wrote.

'Yes, OK...OK' he whispered. The thought of any of the black guys fucking his mistress was hard on him. Inside, somewhere far inside him, there were vestiges of self esteem still. Medlar dropped the chamois leather and walked resolutely into the house followed by your truly. I followed him up the stairs , only diverting from Mistress Jenny's bedroom to collect the leather hood. Medlar and I arrived softly, submissively in the bedroom as Lester dragged Mistress' s Jenny's thong down and pushed his fingers inside her. There was a wet, a sumptuous squelching sound. I knew it, of course I knew it, she wanted him. Most women I ever knew wanted Lester. He didn't seem bothered that we had arrived in the room, alighting quietly like a pair of doves. He continued to seduce our mistress nonetheless. I watched him unbutton her blouse and drag it free. I watched him discard her bra so that her lovely breasts bobbed free. Mistress Jenny was a beautiful, beautiful woman and it seemed entirely natural, inevitable, that my master would own her.

'I adore you' she gasped, ignoring the sweating Medlar who stood beside the door with me. I realized then that they say that, the bitches. It is devotion, worshipping of the black master, his phallus. In the new world love is a rare thing. May be Lester and my mistress loved one another. But a junior bitch told her master that she adored him.

Lester stripped away her skirt. She was in just stockings, suspender belt, a pair of high heeled court shoes now and little else. There was her beautiful snatch, that which I had previously worshipped. It looked perfect, fertile, wanton. I couldn't help but stare, imagining her belly swelling with Lester's progeny.

'Hood him' my master told me.

I glanced at my companion. Poor Medlar had never worn a hood before. The first time they were terrifying. The fit was so tight, the buckles so hard against the back of your neck, that you were convinced that you would asphyxiate. There were no eye holes in the leather hood, but a grill opening for the nose and a larger

aperture for the mouth. The tongue had to be free to perform its duties. Medlar knelt. His mistress was watching and gently, with circular motions of the tips of her fingers, masturbating. She watched the hood forced over Medlar's head like a tight sock on a foot. He was hyperventilating, sucking in the air and panicking. I tried to console him with a gentle tap on the shoulder. I couldn't fucking talk. My master strode over to where Medlar knelt. He had discarded his clothes and was now naked himself save for a gold chain about his throat. His cock was semi erect and he looked like God.

I held Medlar's face steady, tapping him on the shoulder again as if to conform that I was still here. Master directed his cock into the man's mouth and Medlar started to suckle immediately. Medlar really did know how to suck a cock. I'd decided that some men do. Their core is weak, so sucking cock comes quickly to them. Suckling became little bobby sucks, Medlar moving his mouth, encouraging master to thrust inside.

'You have a perfect cock' Mistress Jenny told him. She had come to stand by them. I knelt a little way away, useless, my mouth aching.

Master Lester smiled, kissed her teasingly and thrust Medlar's mouth some more.

'You wanting it?' he wondered.

'I've always wanted it...ever since I met you' she confessed.

Master pulled Medlar's sucking lips off his stiff cock and twisted his mouth towards Jenny's cunt. He couldn't see it, but he could smell it, fertile, aroused, needing black cock mastery. He started to lick at her sex open mouthed.

'You like that?' my master asked her.

She smiled. 'I like having him do it, you watching him worship what is yours' she said silkily.

The pair of them kissed lingeringly. For a moment Medlar lost contact with his mistress's sex and I thought that he was about to touch her with his hands! He remembered just in time, locking his hands behind his back and searching for pussy like a calf searches for an udder teat. There, he latches on and suckles aggressively, teasing her so that she has to have black cock.

They've ruined you, reduced you to this, I thought. But it is what you are Medlar. It is as if they have stripped layers off you to confront you with what you would always become. It was always meant to be this way, alpha's fucking and betas serving.

My master signaled that I was to get Medlar up onto the bed, lying face up. He was to lie with his hands behind his back. I tapped Medlar on the shoulder to assure him that he had not been abandoned. Still his breathing hurried on, his mouth covered in the fluids of her body. Mistress took up doggy station above her once upon a time husband, her cheek resting on his crotch so that she could feel his cock straining in the cage. She kissed his crotch in what seemed the cruelest of teases and then started to moan as Master rubbed his huge glans around and around her sex.

'You needing it bitch?' he asked huskily.

She nodded, her face moving in an importune way.

'Please master, fuck me....fuck me till it hurts' she mewed.

My master took her. I winced hearing her yelp, but master pushed on in regardless. Mistress Jenny was used to fucking dirty and black, but probably not on a cock quite like this one. I saw it pulsing and straining inside her as Lester looked down and admired the contrast of hides, his black one against her pasty white one. His cock snug in station.

Medlar was ordered to slide further down and suck his mistress's tits. Blind to sight, Medlar felt his way down the bed, reaching his tongue up first onto her belly and then to each nipple in turn. Mistress started to groan and Master started to thrust. It wasn't an urgent or anxious thrust; it was a casual owning. His cock glistened wet with every stroke, master looking across at me as if to say, no morals and only my rules. I fuck any bitch I choose. I nodded, bowed my head and stared again. He was perfect, handsome, authoritative. It was entirely right that he owned bitches. Never in a million years could I be like him, do what he did. I could never make a woman feel womanly.

Medlar was directed back up again. He was to catch the pristine glances of a coupling set of groins. Now his mistress's glancing clitoris, now masters swinging heavy balls as his cock swept in and out of her. Medlar licked whatever came his way and my master felt it, the sweet sense of power coursing through him as he took the bitch and subjugated the also ran. Don't get me wrong, alphas will always fuck, the appetites are large, but so much hornier is the feeling of pushing a cuck face down in the muck as you do it.

'Please Lester....god.....oh god.....please Lester' Mistress Jenny's voice was catching and it was difficult to speak. I watched reverently, rubbing my crotch and wishing my cage was off. She looked stunningly beautiful on his muscular cock. Moving back and forth, dragged by his powerful hands on her hips, she was his to enjoy. She gave herself to him instinctively and of course he took her. This was what crippled the snotty white boys, the envious also rans. The very thought of a woman doing this, surrendering to nature, the master phallus, it emasculated them. How many aching white bitches had gone with a black guy picked up in a bar, because this moment was ordained. The snotty white boys resisted the truth but I embraced it. White women ached for black men. They would always gravitate to superior masculine males.

'Christ Lester, PLEASE!!!!' Mistress Jenny's voice soared as she started to climax. I could see her thighs rhythmically tensing. She

was brushing her nipples against the bed and the feel of big thick cock inside her was enveloping her very ability to think.

'Beg' demanded my master.

A sharp intake of breath and then his bitch was begging. She wanted his semen, needed his spunk. Please, please, please!

Slap, slap, slap, now the moments of bliss. Slap, slap, slap, now the moments of destiny. Medlar couldn't keep contact with his tongue, his mistress was bucking and writhing on that defining black cock.

Slap, slap, slap and Mistress Jenny was incoherent. Her sex was locking on his shaft and she tugged and jerked on his manhood. It was a fierce wrestling fuck.

'Still!' demanded my master.

Mistress Jenny juddered to a panting halt and master started to dump his load inside her. She gasped with unrestrained gratitude as she felt it squirting, squirting inside her. The deluge continued, on and on. Her body was rocking with every thrust now.

'Darling....god....thank you...thank you' she gasped.

The minute hand of the clock on the wall swept on whilst Lester slowly finished loading her. He stroked her back as she submitted, accepting meekly his seed flooded inside her. He growled and withdrew his cock just a little, watching the thick and glutinous white spunk try to slide away down her legs. He watched it drip on Medlar's face. This way, in a thousand homes, with a thousand bucks, kit will be the future.! I could imagine him thinking it.

Eventually master dragged his cock out her. He patted her buttocks and suggested she sit on Medlar's face. But she begged no, she wanted to smell of him for hours to come. She wanted to feel marked

by him, his semen deposited in all that he owned. My master smiled and had Medlar suck his cock clean instead.

Afterwards, there is always a hiatus. It is awkward, the master and mistress realizing that you are still there. If they could but have you somehow teleport the moment they had done with you, then that would be best. I saw the irritation on mistress's face as she started to recover. I was to 'get rid' of Medlar, so I led him away, down to the bunk house and unbuckled the hood. He gasped as the leather lost its grip on him.

I wrote down, *I didn't leave..you were safe.*

'God' he gasped. I didn't need to ask, I knew what he meant. The scent, the tastes were overwhelming. This was what a leather hood did. It concentrated your senses as well as denying you that which might get you bolt hard if you weren't caged. It made you anonymous, a tool or instrument to be used and enjoyed. That was all that Medlar was there. Yes mistress certainly enjoyed cucking him, an erstwhile husband, but most immediately he had been a tongue to lick and suck them. That was his primary purpose.

'I can't stand this much more' Medlar sighed.

I wrote ?

'I can't stand the humiliation and then the aching and wanting. She is so much better with him, so much more.'

That's why it is easier to worship. Admire her, love her another way. She is getting what she deserves.

Medlar looked sickened by my scribbling. But he knew that it was true. It was not ordained by nature that a man and a woman should hive themselves off sexually. It was simply dictated by old society, the religious ways. Nature directed something else, that a fertile

woman would couple with the best specimen males. I wrote something of that sort as fast as I could.

Medlar grimaced. It was almost too much to bear. The smell and the taste of them were still with him. He could still taste master's seed inside his mouth.

There was a time when monogamy seemed civilized. Then though, genes took over. A woman needs to go with men like our master.

Medlar shook his head. He grabbed a glass of water and swilled out his mouth, spitting repeatedly into the sink. When he returned he said,

'She is so submissive with him. She was so proud and independent before...this...this is impossible.'

I nodded.

She is powerful. She rules you and gives herself to him. Do you know how powerful that choice, made daily, is?

Medlar struggled. He was wiping away tears now, tears of shame.

She humiliates you by choice. She humiliates you to heighten what she has with him. She is way more powerful than some man hating retro feminist.

'I know' Medlar said.

I wrote again, *Feminine is not just pink lace and pretending that you are nice. Feminine means insisting on what you desire.*

Medlar sobbed. I couldn't console him. I patted his shoulder again and returned to the computer. Medlar would have to handle her new scent when next he saw her. He would have to handle what she chose to be marked by.

That the women were content with that fucking seemed evident the next day. Mistress Jenny had a new air about her. She seemed to savour the intoxicating memories of the conquest. My mistress hugged her and insisted that all was 'lush'. She was delighted that Jenny had submitted to Lester when he had called. The contentment extended till lunch time when Mistress Jenny came down to dine wearing the pink leather collar with 'Lester' picked out on it in tiny diamonds that Lester had given Emma after their conquest. Mistress Jenny wore black leather trousers and a low cut blouse. The leather collar could not have been missed.

That afternoon my mistress took me back to the computer and explained that I had to prepare a series of podcasts describing my life as a slave. OK I couldn't speak yet but the scripts from which I would read could still be set down and checked. Mistress was going to ask Nadia, Tamsin and Jenny to be script readers, women well able to judge what would seem sexiest to a young woman contemplating the lifestyle. Mistress instructed me that we would start with something about my insights and values, my absolute acceptance of the life of servitude. I could manage a murmured yes now, awkward strange in my still sore mouth, but something faster than always writing things down.

I thought back to what I had told Medlar the previous day and decided that I had to start there. What would sicken a masculine male would quite probably chime for instinctively weak men. It would enable them to accept that there were others like them. May be we were born this way, may be we were taught to think, feel and behave this way. At any rate, there were men who were ready to be cuckolded. What was more there were very assertive women ready to say OK, if that is what you are, so be it. I will rule you. That was the purpose of this particular podcast, to open the sensuous conversation.

I was struggling with the script, two tightly typed pages of confessional. Whatever I wrote seemed stupid. My submission was

so deep now, that I couldn't readily get in touch with how it started, how I learned to submit, to accept and then to worship. I supposed I wasn't meant to mention Strohmman. My mistress returned and looked at the garbled mess on the screen. I waited to be slapped across the face.

Instead, she ordered me to follow her upstairs, her buttocks moving in the jodphurs that she wore. She was going riding and I was meant to get on with the first of my podcasts. This was probably now an annoyance for her. I was led into the master bedroom, so rarely visited these days, and mistress took out an empty jar from one of the drawers. She unscrewed the lid and took me into the en suite bathroom. I was ordered to get my caged cock out and when I did she told me to look away whilst she spun the combination lock and released it. Another brief touch and she removed my cage. My bent, cramped cock barely moved. It was as if it didn't know how to be free.

Without comment mistress took hold of my cock, straightened it and then with thumb and just two manicured fingers started to masturbate me. The sensation of her wanking me was absolute bliss. I groaned suddenly, clutching at the rim of the sink over which my cock was exercised.

'Do you remember Adele's wedding Webster' she asked.

Of course I did. It was the fucking day that Lester took her off me. Lester was the dark Adonis that so many women coyly admired. He was 'in business' although the women kind of hoped that he was a gangster. I remember thinking even back then that women had a moll fixation.

I nodded.

Jerk, jerk, jerk, her fingers worked my cock.

'I'd admitted fancying Lester several times. When I said that you always went quiet. You never asked me to go with him, but I knew that you felt less than him. You understood why I preferred him.'

The movements weren't sharp. My glans peeped from my foreskin, I wasn't circumcised, big and powerful looking like Lester.

'It was at the wedding that I realized just how Lester liked women. Dressed to the nines, superior, haughty, just a bit bossy with other men. He watched how I handled you. He saw how to heel you were didn't he..'

Tug, tug, tug, on my cock, the sweet sensations were getting insistent. I grimaced in the mirror.

'Do you remember him dancing with me...always with me. He didn't care what others thought. He didn't give a shit about what you thought. Other women were looking at you Webster. They were amused...

Even my rag of a cock stiffened now. It stiffened and swelled, reaching for a memory of manhood.

'You looked horse whipped, standing at the bar Webster. You looked beaten from the start.'

Tug, tug, tug.

'Even back then women knew that black men took what they wanted. They knew that black men had big cocks and bigger attitudes around women. He kissed me whilst we danced didn't he....'

Tug, groan.....groan again, then 'Christ' I gasped through a mouth that barely felt my own.

'You eventually came over didn't you...after Lester had dominated me for a couple of hours. What was it...you were going to ask us if we wanted a drink. You were going to try and ingratiate your way in.'

My dick felt like Vesuvius. It wanted to erupt. I could barely recognize the sensation. I've wet myself but not ejaculated, properly, in months.

'I just told you to fuck off didn't I...'

I moaned.

'I told you to fuck off...because Lester would drive me home later. I told you to go home and stop being a nuisance.'

Tug, tug, tug, my cock a winky stalk, my balls a bag of need. I was thrusting into mistress's hand now.

'I watched Lester destroy you. He bent you with a look...just a look Webster. You looked at him, knew that he would give you a hiding if you resisted, and you folded. You folded Webster...you walked away, head down, tail between your legs. Do you know just how sexy that was for me, seeing you emasculated...'

I gasped loudly. It was just too much. I could see Emma there, her bare arms up around his neck as she said fuck off. I could see how her throat was exposed to him.

'I came so hard on his cock Webster, so so hard, because of how he treated you. I climaxed because he was man and you were not...'

'Shit!' I gasped, and the stud in my tongue seemed to ring to the word. I felt it vibrate.

'Fucking jerk it out you tosser...you worthless shit...' my mistress sneered. She was milking my cock and as soon as it shuddered she thrust its wee head into the glass jar. My cock spat like a cobra, the semen, splatting against the inside of the glass.

'Give me all of it!' she ordered and squeezed my balls suddenly.

I yelped. I spoke, my tongue zinging with the sudden pain of movement. My cock jolted, more juice spraying out against the glass. My mistress watched it, calmly, clinically.

'It's not very much.....is it' she whispered.

It wasn't. I am not Lester. I am not master. I am not black. I started to rehearse the explanations. But she interrupted me.

'Kiss me' she ordered.

I kissed her with my lips pursed and prim. I was never allowed to kiss her. My mouth was too sore to do more.

'What am I?' she demanded, rubbing the neck of the jar against my cock to extract the last spunk.

'You are mistress' I managed, forcing my tongue to work.

'I'm a bitch...aren't I?!' she taunted.

I nodded.

'I'm a cruel bitch...and you worship me because of that'

I nodded again.

'I like humiliating you.' she told me coldly.

'Yes mistress' I managed.

That was it really. A woman this powerful, this liberated, isn't afraid of censorship. She has embraced her instinct and that is to judge and choose. She kissed my ear and said that may be now I could write my podcast. May be now I would remember how it all started. She slid the glass jar off my cock and held it up for inspection. The

ejaculate was almost clear. Even I knew that it was mainly prostate fluid. My balls had given almost nothing.

Tamsin said it would be like this' she said, 'you even spunk useless. Once you're licking rather than fucking, your balls pack up.'

Tamsin must have milked her cuck. May be she had checked the decay of his testicles monthly. May be that was sexy for her. I couldn't argue though. The ejaculate was useless.

I was to wash the jar out, clean my 'dink' cock and then dry it. The ejaculate was discarded in soapy water down the plug hole. My mistress almost folded my cock back into the cage and locked it back in place. She jumbled the combination on the lock and told me to pull up my pants. She checked her watch and realized that she was already late for the hack out through the forest. I could 'sort myself out'; she expected a podcast script done when she got back.

When I got downstairs Medlar was waiting with a glass of cold cider. He looked at me and guessed that I had served again. 'Fuck the mouth washes' he said, 'you need cider.' I accepted it gratefully. Sugar and alcohol, fuck it. I would take the chance now. I downed the glass completely.

'Write it down' suggested Medlar anticipating my anger and hurt.

I blushed. I felt so ashamed. It was the memory, the twisting painful memory. I had experienced such a thrill watching Emma dance with Lester. It was like watching a tableaux of something that was destined to happen come what may. It was always going to happen no matter what the circumstance. But I had thrilled at it. When Emma told me to 'fuck off' I needed to hear that. I needed to be humiliated by her. I remembered how I had slinked off home and having got there I had masturbated. I remember wanking furiously wanking into a handkerchief and wondering what the fuck I was.

Medlar watched me try to scribe that. He saw my contorting face. He started to say something about doubt. There had always been a doubt, about our adequacy, measured against a beautiful and successful woman. It was always triggered, the exquisite angst, by the arrival of a superior male.

‘Men like Lester are better than us,’ he ventured, ‘its based on animal superiority, their bodies and their attitudes.’

I thought about his words. It was true that discipline and Strohman locked us into this, cemented our servitude, but what started it, was always our inferiority, the realization that the woman in our life could do better...than us. That triggered something in their heads too. It was normal to judge and to be cruel. That was just how sex was, if sex wasn't cloistered.

As Medlar took away the glass, I started on the podcast. It wouldn't be perfect but I had a place to begin it with.

My name is Webster and it began at a wedding. I had always harboured doubts about myself, my ability, my power, my masculinity. I was never the male you read about in the romantic novels, never the hero in a film. I was humdrum, loving, sincere, loyal, sometimes funny, always thoughtful. I was well educated, meticulous, just not, I supposed, very masculine. I hadn't analysed it but I knew somewhere within that my wife, Emma was better than me. She was cultured, well bred, socially skillful, charming, decisive and well organized. Goodness, she was the organizer and she organized me! At that wedding, there was a man, a very handsome, black, suave and assertive man. He was called Lester and he was the man that I knew I should have been, for Emma, for my wife.

Watching my wife dance with that man, slowly, tenderly, lovingly, I knew that she should be his. They looked so obviously a couple, a successful, comfortable and confident couple. I remember a friend nudging me and saying. ‘Lester's moving in’. It was meant as a warning. I was meant to go and intervene. But instead, I stared. I

stared wonderingly at them. I felt instantly beaten, out contested for my wife. She didn't look that dreamy way at me. The chemistry had happened and it was instant. I knew that it was right to accept my lot. Emma would decide what happened next. Whether or not I was allowed a role was something that she would decide. It was a terrible realization and yet one that left me resigned. Sometimes your fate is decided elsewhere.

I went over to them after they had danced much of the night away and Emma told me to 'fuck off home'. Yes, it was that brutal, that decisive, that absolute. Emma knew what was to happen, what was ordained. She would go with Lester and I would stand waiting, patiently, painfully awaiting her disposal. If she wanted rid of me, then I would have to go. I could not fight the man, he was uber imposing. If she wanted to make something else of me, then I was plasticine to be moulded. It was a deep and an irresistible resignation to her will. Women judge, women choose, that is how sex, how relationships, work.

You might imagine, driving home without her, I felt sick to the stomach. Not only was there the terrible realization that I would have never resisted any suitor that she chose. But there was the realization too that she should always chose a black man. Why..because of his manner, his no nonsense attitude, his physique, his strength and stature. I realized that I accepted, that black guys are masculine and that many white guys are not. It was an uncomfortable thing to ponder, to accept in so many ways inferiority, decay, a lost way on my part. It wasn't that Emma was just ready for a lover, it was the inevitability that she would chose a black lover because he was better than me in all the best ways. Now, it seems less strange. Beautiful, intelligent and cultured women chose black lovers. Amongst the well educated white males there is less fuss about this. It seems the right way for society to evolve.

I stopped typing and scrolled back up through the paragraphs. I was going to be able to write the podcast and it was, I guessed, going to seem appropriate, frank, honest, humble in exactly the required way.

Chapter 8

Three days later and I was speaking again. My tongue approximated normal and a trip back to the clinic confirmed that the stud in my tongue was snug, the wound healed and I could be ordered to lick. My mistress smiled, it had been a challenging few days. I had struggled to deal with the pain in my mouth. Oddly the brand on my buttock seemed to heal faster. What was once red became now a neatly demarcated raised scar, showing who owned me.

'I think I'll have you lick master's arse' mistress joked, 'whilst he is fucking me.'

That was cruel. She knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to lick her pristine sex, to tease her clitoris till it bulged full of blood and to sweep my stud richly around her labia so that she locked my mouth against her. But that wasn't allowed was it? Not yet. I had to dream a little longer. I had to realize that despite the sacrifice I wasn't special to her in any kind of way. The memory of marriage was utterly and completely dead.

Mistress Tamsin came over the afternoon that I had checked out fine at the clinic. She asked to see my studded tongue and I showed her. I was quite proud of the gold orb that punctuated the top and front of my tongue. I imagined flashing it in the sun and the reflection playing

on the ceiling whilst I delicately licked a mistress. Mistress Tamsin seemed very relaxed. She said that my opening podcast was very good indeed. It struck the right note of resignation, humility and it would thrill young female readers to see how decisive my mistress had been with me. Apparently it was a female fantasy to act on impulse, to love instinctively and do what you craved. Women had bound women almost as much as men had, so it was a buzz to imagine being free and utterly wanton. Realizing that a man could be weak, submissive, receptive to control simply made it easier for the woman to be sexual in her own way.

That was such a relief. Mistress Jenny had liked the podcast as well and so it was agreed that someone called William would come by in the next days to record my reading of the words. I was not to worry, William was a subjugated white male as well. He would understand.

'I'd divide up the blog into ante chamber and boudoir' Mistress Tamsin advised. The front of blog should be for cuck curious men, and women who were turned on by having greater freedoms. It was a hot wife area. But the back section of the blog was for women who had passed the psychological tests, and who were actually embracing their needs with black guys. It was to reinforce their superiority over weak white males and their submission to handsome black men.

'Do you know how important this is?' enthused Mistress Tamsin at last. She sipped the chilled white wine that I had served.

Mistress Emma smiled, inviting her to continue.

'You're providing a service to liberate women. There must be millions of women who want sex to be this way, with a dominant male. There are millions of women who want to humiliate their husbands. You're showing them how to do that, without the fuss of divorce, the nasty acrimonious arguments.'

My mistress agreed. It was especially powerful to use sex to change a household. Being mistress in such a household involved few or no chores. The cuckold, as slave, dealt with those. But there were just a few issues to consider. First, the brutal but consistent disciplining of slave males had to be expressed carefully. If it wasn't then it would make arrangements sound like something out of a dungeon. Discipline had to be strict, but that had to be set in a clear, justifying context. If the cuck ran riot, if he wasn't subjugated, then his mistress might have to discard him. That would seem a failure. The second matter was more pressing, Strohman. It wasn't licensed. It wasn't legal and it was costly or produce. A chemist had developed it and Lester and others had access to regular supplies. Strohman as well as fear of the black master was what sustained discipline. Strohman was something not to be highlighted on the blog. Strohman was something to be discussed between a neophyte mistress and her sponsor.

I stood silently waiting with the bottle of wine on ice as the mistresses discussed other podcasts that would be added to the boudoir area of the blog. Mistress Tamsin was going to capture her realization that black men were all and everything she wanted. It would be introduced in the context of having her queen of spades tattoo. It had been a no going back moment, when she rejected white males as possible partners and exalted the way that a black man was in bed and beyond. My mistress in turn summarized her planned podcast, about managing a defeated male. She observed that managing cucks was an important issue. If the alpha male dished out the hard discipline, then mistress still had to be imperious. Securing devotion required a little thought, using a man's insecurities against him.

The women concluded their discussion. They both seemed pleased. The blog was developing now and it had such a clear purpose. Dividing it up, in terms of a woman's initiation, into bitch hood, added to the appeal in their view. I was sent to direct Medlar on his house chores and then to return to my accountancy work. I had to earn a great deal more money. I admit it, I felt exhausted. Sorting out

Medlar, doing my own housework, remaining attentive and earning a living was taking its toll.

'We're going shopping now' said my mistress and they left to find the Porsche outside.

Ten or was it eleven days later, things changed. That morning I had been out and done the provisions shopping, cleaned the lounge and then started work again on an especially important client account. Get this right and not only would there be a bonus payment, but I would likely secure more contracts of work. In the house though, the atmosphere changed. There wasn't the excited talk about the blog, or quietly amused discussions of life managing weak men, there was a tension about the place. I noticed that Mistress Jenny seemed especially apprehensive. She had been bought her own leather collar with 'Lester' picked out on it now and my master required her to wear it all the time. It was as if he was hyping himself up for a storm and that centred on the beautiful young woman whom he had taken as his second bitch.

There hadn't been much talk about Lucien. True he came to the house and Mistress Jenny went out with him at master's direction. But she clearly disliked the experience. I realized that she was dating the man under false pretences. She went with him, because Lester ordered it so, but that arrangement was a temporary one. After her dates I listened as master quizzed her about Lucien's attitude. Was he really developing an authority over women, did he calmly and consistently manage sex in a way that would enable a woman such as Jenny to feel owned and exalted all at the same time? Mistress Jenny was unhappy with the situation. She wanted Lucien pushed out and sometimes looked longingly toward Lester hoping that he would now confront Lucien.

It was a Saturday and in the morning three of Lester's men arrived at the house. Tobias, Rufus and Winston were enforcers. Call them 'security consultants' if you will, but their manner was silent, hard and potentially violent. The men arrived in a large black Mercedes

van. I remember how they came into the house and then walked its perimeter checking security. Cameras were set up, an added precaution Tobias said, without elaboration.

Master had both Medlar and myself come to the office where he told us that today Lucian was to be told that Mistress Jenny and her slave were being taken off him. Medlar would become my master's slave, Mistress Jenny another of his women. I heard Medlar sigh. At last, the change was happening. You could visibly see Medlar's muscles relax.

'This is part of change, not the change,' Master Lester told him, 'I will take other bitches, you will both have other mistresses and there will be more slaves. The household will increase. The bunkhouse will have more occupants...you both have to get used to that.'

Medlar looked as though life in the house was going to become a kibbutz or something. He seemed to brighten at the thought of an enlarged community. My heart sank. I saw only my mistress receding into the distance. As the clan alpha female she would have so little time for me. No matter how attentive I was I would be but one of half a dozen slaves, all working to make her wealthier than before.

I was told to take Medlar down to the bunkhouse and to lock him in there. He was to be kept well away from the confrontation that was about to kick off. In turn though, I was to serve drinks and I supposed to witness my master's judgement. Lester was about to enforce his will, to reinforce his position as a Clan Lord. If we had been taught to revere all black men, all as princes, then there were still some who did not have the gravitas, the dignity and diplomacy to rise to the very top. I realized fully that Lucian was not such a man. He was uncouth, short tempered and potentially violent. You could not sustain and grow the new society with alpha males who were so erratic.

When I came back from locking Medlar away master took my electric collar off me. He did it slowly, with measured movements. I kissed

his hand gratefully.

'I worship you' I said, 'you have authority, dignity, you handle mistresses with absolute style.'

'Good Webster, that's good' he said. He told me that the way I was co operating on the blog, the way I had stoically taken my tongue stud and branding had commended me to him.

'But best of all Webster is how you are relating to Medlar. You care about him. You support him his learning, his submission. The way you helped him when I had him hooded was impressive.' My master paused. 'You believe in the inevitability of this change don't you? It's not just a corrective to racism and cruelty in the past...its for the best, genetically?'

'Yes master' I said.

'You are jealous, anxious, unsure, but you accept more mistresses will come'

'Yes sir' I answered.

'I will breed them...can you imagine running a nursery Webster?' he smiled.

I smiled too. I admitted that I couldn't but that I understood where this path led. If society was to change, then it had to be this way too.

Master took out my old black leather collar from the desk drawer. It was emblazoned now with the House of Lester insignia. He buckled it about my throat. Then he took from the drawer too a new pull over tunic, in his favourite gold and ruby red colours and once again with the insignia on the chest. I gratefully put it on, feeling a little like a Knight's page. So many things were changing. Lester checked the fit, and it was good.

'It will reduce the chance you get hurt when the fighting starts' he said casually.

I gawped, just for a moment, and master laughed.

'My men are armed. Lucian is likely to be er....disappointed, when I gave him the news about mistress Jenny. Tobias and his compatriots will be staying with us a month or two, just for some added security Webster. You will make up the extra beds, alright?'

I nodded quickly.

Lucian arrived just before lunch time. I had already organized buffet food to be set out on the table in the dining room. I fussed around the settings, measuring the distances between the plates and correcting the serviettes that Medlar had placed before. I set up the coffee makers and arranged the cups and saucers, checking, checking for any blemishes or chips. When Lucien arrived he came with his 'driver', a large and imposing brother wearing shades, who looked as though he could have kept door at any nightclub in a rough part of town. I went to the door quickly, bowing my head as Lucian stepped in. He looked at my new garb and smiled. I looked, he said, like a 'fucking lacky at Hampton Court'.

My mistress and Mistress Jenny were upstairs dressing, but when I had shown Lucian into the lounge and served coffee to him and his compatriot, they came down. Both wore leather trousers, my mistress's in cream leather and Mistress Jenny's black. They wore matching silk blouses and around their throats were collars emblazoned with Lester's name. It was a provocative stand. My master had insisted that they wear the collars. I checked that our guests were comfortable and swept past Tobias and Winston who waited discretely in the kitchen. Rufus the third of Lester's men had gone out to place a tracker on Lucian's car.

Emma and Jenny went into the lounge. My mistress greeted Lucian with the customary open mouth kiss that sickened me so much.

Mistress Jenny kept well to the rear. Lucian had noticed the collar that she wore, and he had grimaced.

When Lester came in, all stood. I felt anxious, incredibly anxious, even though I had coffee to serve the man.

'Long time since the river' said Lucian, 'long time, I was grateful for your help Lester'. He glanced at Mistress Jenny and received no eye contact in return. It was like watching a squabble brew in a pride of lions. Someone was going to get hurt.

Lester gestured that was fine. He said that handling the matter discreetly was key. There was enough bad press about lifestyle change. I watched Lucian wince. The comment had been barbed.

'Where's Medlar now...in the bunkhouse, shall I send Luther to collect him?'

Lucian looked across at his companion.

Master's face stiffened. There was movement in the kitchen doorway, just out of sight.

'Medlar's not leaving Lucian' Lester said evenly, 'he is staying here, as my slave.'

The stiffening of Lucian's shoulders was obvious. The game was afoot.

'I think you'll concede Lester, Medlar is mine. He came with the bitch Jenny', Lucian leaned forward as he spoke.

Lester considered his finger nails. It looked like a distraction but it wasn't. Lucian was made to wait for a response.

'You could call her Jenny,' suggested Lester, 'she is here after all. Yes, she is a bitch, but manners are important.....don't you think?'

Lucian shot a hard look towards the young mistress. He glanced at me. Yes, of course, you're meant to respect a bitch in front of servants. Sometimes, may be... that was what Lucian seemed to think.

'I think Lester that I should be grateful for the training you've done. Jenny (he paused for effect) comes to bed really nice. I bet you got Medlar all sorted out for me huh?' He scowled at my master. There was another slight movement in the kitchen doorway.

'I'm taking Jenny away from you, and her cuck too' said Lester. His eyes narrowed. Now was the moment, the moment when Lucian would spring and maybe flash out a knife. Men like Lucian used blades I thought.

But there was no movement. Perhaps Lucian had sensed it, that the arrangement was slipping away somehow.

'I think we both understand Lester, the bitch is mine...I didn't give her to you.'

Lester didn't wait, he said,

'She comes to my bed now Lucian, that is what she wants.'

He glanced at Mistress Jenny. She blushed and nodded.

'You can't just elbow in man...you can't just do that!' Lucian was becoming angry.

'You don't make her feel secure Lucian. You don't make her feel privileged. She is just someone to take your anger out on. Jenny is a young lady, learning to be a bitch, in the right way.'

My mistress took Jenny's hand and squeezed it as Lester spoke. It was always about this. Always about being owned but privileged too.

That was what seemed exhilarating for a woman. A bull should not treat you like a tramp.

'You don't want to do this Lester man, you gonna start something you can't control' said Lucian.

He nodded to Luther at his side and the big man rose to his feet. As he did so he swept out a pistol from a shoulder holster beneath his jacket. I jumped. In an instant Tobias and Winston stepped out from the kitchen, took aim and sent two bullets through the gun arm of Lucian's assistant. Phut, phut, the pistols had silencers attached. Two ragged holes appeared in the back of the man's sleeve and blood splashed out and down into the carpet. The man shook, his face blank with surprise. His pistol fell to the floor. Immediately the big man reached for his arm, clutching it and wincing. He staggered for a moment, his legs wobbling with the shock and the pain.

'Webster, a napkin bandage for our friend perhaps' said Lester.

I grabbed a napkin from the side, ripping off the holder and stepped forward and wrapped the Irish linen tightly around the man's upper arm where the bullets had hit. Somehow the bullets had missed bone, so that the exit wounds were barely bigger than the entry ones. I kicked the pistol away from the man and then when the bandage was tied lifted the weapon and rushed it over to Tobias who still held the ready position, his weapon pointing now at Lucian.

'Jenny wants to be my bitch, and you are going to respect that Lucian. She is not a cheap little slut that you pick up at a bar.' Lester frowned as he spoke. He had noticed that Luther was swaying, the loss of blood, the psychological shock taking hold. I was directed to sit him down and stand over him.

'Fuck you Lester, fuck you!' snarled Lucian. He was hugely pissed off with the loss of this gambit. Who would have thought his man would bring a weapon? Lucian had guessed that Lester was too 'civilised',

perhaps too soft to expect that much force. Now, the minders had proven a surprise and Luther was left exposed in a show down.

‘You still go down those bars don’t you Lucian. Jenny knows. You go down those bars take a woman or two, beat the shit out of a husband may be, and vent your anger. That’s what this is all about for you, showing how big and angry you are. It was never actually about changing society, helping women like Emma or Jenny to facilitate that. Anger, anger came first and last didn’t it Lucian.’

‘Fuck you’ snapped Lucian.

‘Do you know something Lucian, women want to go with you. You are handsome and black. You are a prince. But then you handle them and their husbands like meat. There’s not a bloody inch of poise about you. You’ve never really considered how to teach a woman like Jenny to mistress a man. It was always about take... wasn’t it?’ Lester leant forward now.

‘You lord of the manor now, huh? You are a lord who runs a court or something’ Lucian spluttered.

Lester turned to my mistress.

‘Darling, please would you call Doc Henderson at his private clinic. Tell him that I have someone for him and that he’ll need to use the theatre. Luther there needs to have his arm mended.’

My mistress rang the private physician. Wounds like this, well you didn’t want them in casualty. Lester knew a doctor, well, he had a doctor who had a habit that Lester controlled. Lester quietly issued more orders.

‘Tobias, have Rufus and Winston drive Luther to the docs. You stay here with that pistol of yours. I want Lucian to listen to a few truths.’

I tied Luther up at master's instruction, impeding his arms as best I could without causing extra pain. The carpet was splattered with blood and now it looked more surreal as Luther was marched away.

My mistress told me to fetch stuff to clean the carpet and to get on with it. Her sharpness seemed driven by fright. The violence had shaken her too. As for Mistress Jenny, she stared transfixed by the stain on the carpet.

'Once upon a time Lucian' continued Lester, 'I thought that you might make the grade. You're intelligent. You're shrewd and you handle women in bed just so. But you're not sophisticated enough to own women of this caliber. You aren't elite my friend.'

'That's easy isn't it Lester, easy when you have access to Strohman. When you got your supply of the goodies you can build a fucking empire. Well... some of just don't have chemists in our pockets.' Lucian shook his head. He was exasperated by it all. He had always had to control without something chemical. Fists had to do that particular job.

Lester shook his head sadly.

'It was never first about chemicals Lucian, never about a quick fix. First you have to manage the woman and then help her rule her cuck. You always, always (Lester thumped the coffee table) have to manage minds first. It was never just about fixing up an addiction.'

A coffee cup tumbled onto the cream carpet and there was another stain to mop up. But I hadn't cleaned up the blood yet.

'I'd decided to offer you a job Lucian, second in command to Tobias here. You'd have been part of security. Sure I'd have kept you out of the bars, but I'd have found a little bitch for you to toy with. But you went and played the shooter trick. Now you can't be part of my set up.' Lester rose to his feet and in an instant Mistress Jenny went to

him. She was shaking with fear and pressed herself hard against his chest. Lester put his arm around her shoulder.

'It's time to run along Lucian. Oh...and if you do decide to get rough about things, then I know of some detectives, my sort, the tame sort, who might chase you about your drug dealership. You know, sniffy, sniffy, white powder?' Having spoken, Lester loomed over the man.

Scowling, firing looks left and right and centre, Lucian got to his feet. He kicked me as he passed. It was a swift boot in the wrong buttock. I winced and returned to my scrubbing. I watched as Tobias shepherded the man out.

'We'll see about this Lester' he threatened.

'Indeed' said Lester, 'back in the river may be...down stream some place' he said calmly.

I heard my mistress draw breath first. She was really shaken. Mistress Jenny had started to cry. The violence terrified her. She returned quickly to master and he swept her into his big embrace. He started to kiss her and she gratefully opened her mouth to his. Mistress Jenny clung to him, mewling as he held her.

'That was necessary...sorry' said Lester, 'he was never going to go quietly. I will shepherd him out of your life now though, promise.'

He kissed Mistress Jenny.

'Thank you' she whispered softly.

I saw my mistress nod.

'We adore you' she said.

I hated violence, hated blades and guns in particular. Not that I had encountered them that much. Accountants might do nasty things

with figures, but they didn't pack many weapons and clients, on the whole complained rather than pulled out something lethal. I scrubbed at the blood stain briskly, washing out the blood before it could dry. I then moved to the spilled coffee beside master's feet. He was kissing Mistress Jenny, promising again that if Lucian returned then he would indeed be removed permanently. In the meantime either Tobias, Winston or Rufus would attend Emma or Jenny wherever they went. The tracker had already been placed in Lucian's car and when Henderson did his surgery on the thug, something trackable would be inserted into the arm as well. That way he would know where Lucian's accomplice was moving.

'You need a drink girls' Lester said and he winked at me.

Immediately I went and fetched brandy. Two glasses were poured and my master watched his women drink.

When I told Medlar that Lucian's man had pulled a gun in the lounge and quickly been shot in the arm, he was as shaken as me. Neither of us moved in circles where guns were pulled or people were knifed. We were creatures of the quiet and polite suburbs. He sat on the bed and asked for something to drink. Neither of us were routinely given alcohol, so coffee had to suffice. I laced his with three teaspoons of sugar.

'It's over, Lester owns you' I told him, 'he'll get you branded and studded in the next days and then the mistresses will settle back to life as it should be.'

Medlar grimaced.

'You believe that?' he asked.

Well, I did, sort of. I believed that Lester had the means to enforce his will.

'I know Lucian, he ain't going to give up on this. He has nasty friends. He had his talons hooked into Jenny and me.' Medlar shook his head as he spoke.

'I think that there will be a risk, may be for the next month or so,' I suggested, 'whilst Lucian feels hot under the collar. Then, then may be he will go pick up a woman or two and feel better that way.'

'He's likely to kill someone observed Medlar, 'if not one of us, then a poor woman, her husband, someone to work out the frustration through.'

I poured myself a coffee too.

'They argued about Strohman...Lucian wanted access to it. But he has cocaine in his locker, he could use that to control slaves' I ventured.

Medlar smiled.

'I noticed something mate, I noticed not just that I'm needing that stuff, but that I want to please the women and Lester too. Strohman is way more nuanced. Cocaine, well eventually that just disables you, then it kills you. Lucian wants the best tool in town.'

I told my friend about Winston, Tobias and Rufus. There would be extra security around. They would have rooms in the big house but access too to the camera monitoring the bunkhouse. Security cameras and alarms had been set up around the house. Nothing was full proof protective, but it was going to take something special to launch an assault on the house and its residents.

May be you wondered whether I slept so well that night? I didn't. Feeding an increased household distracted me for a few hours. It took an hour more for Medlar and I to set up the bedrooms for the security men. But in the end, when darkness fell, I fretted. I hoped that may be I would be summoned to come and suck cock for

master, to show a mistress what a stud tongue offered, but the intercom remained silent. It was as if the house hunkered down and it waited for trouble.

The next day came and then a dozen more after that. There was no assault. There were no cars cruising suspiciously on the quiet street outside our gates. There were no reports coming in from contacts suggesting that Lucian was making a move on any of Lester's business assets. If there was to be a turf war, then it was a slow burning one. I wondered whether Lucian thought that the waiting for action would torture us in some way? May be the silence, the inactivity twisted a knife of a different kind? Rufus told us that Luther, the wounded driver had left the country. He had flown back to Tobago and from what contacts said there, he was on a recuperation break. Whether the guy had abandoned Lucian or whether Lucian had paid for the sick leave, no one knew. I asked whether if Lucian travelled overseas my master would eradicate him there? After all, it was neater and cleaner to act away from home?

'You're fretting' said Lester.

'Yes sir' I admitted.

My master fetched out a pot of Strohman, dipped his cock inside and let me suck the generous liquid off his manhood. I was so relieved, so grateful for the fix. He had Winston go fetch Medlar and he got his fix that way too, sucking cock for master, nuzzling, suckling, upping the reassurance as well as the goo that we needed.

Master's solution for us over the following weeks was to redouble efforts on the blog. I and others recorded our podcasts and quicker than you can imagine the items appeared on the blog. Photographs were commissioned. On the front of site page there were pictures of Emma and Jenny touching, cuddling with handsome black men. Rufus and Tobias featured, something to break the monotony of waiting for action. Rufus protested that he was 'gay man!' but he still featured, holding mistress Tamsin, his big hands on her pretty denim

short covered ass. If I was honest, I liked the three security men. Hard as nails they might be, but they enjoyed seeing the blog come to life.

'You just encouraging the young and fertile bitches to join the club Lester boss?' Rufus asked one time as we fixed glitches on the blog. Rufus had a knack for asking direct questions and getting away with it.

'Fertile and young are best, we're breeding Rufus' Lester explained like this was a school project. 'But I want mature bitches too. This is about wealth creation as well and they usually have big salary hubbies in tow.'

Rufus wondered whether there was a limit to this, may be boss would need to move house sometime in the future? Lester laughed. May be half a dozen bitches would mean a house move, they would have an entourage after all. But for now, we would live here, build the etiquette, help the women realize the bliss of living this way.

Rufus smiled. 'Yes boss!' he said cheerfully.

Chapter 9

The weeks accumulated and there came no new threat from Lucian or any of his claimed associates. The tracker on his car had been found and transferred to a milk float, which even made my master smile. Luther, the driver gun man looked as if he had retired to the Caribbean. There was no sign of his return. It was easy to follow his island hopping travels over there. My mistress and mistress Jenny started to go out more and they even seemed to enjoy that, at least when an eagle eyed security guard accompanied them. Both of the mistresses decided that they wanted to be marked up with a queen of spades tattoo, not just on their buttocks but on their shoulder too. So they went to the parlour accompanied by Rufus and Winston and had the ink work done.

'What do you think?' asked my mistress after she returned and showed me the new mark on her skin.

'It is perfect...beautifully executed mistress' I answered. I didn't say that with any irony. The fact that she and Jenny were owned by a black man and would only ever lie with a black lover was a statement of fact. I had long ago given up hope that I might fuck her again. She was available only to my betters.

'We had a little hassle after the tattoo parlour,' she said watching for my reaction. Of course, I immediately imagined Lucian's hand. I was terrified that my mistress had been harmed. She paused, watched me stiffen. My alarm seemed to amuse her.

'There were two white lads, I guess they were 19 or so? They watched us shopping after the parlour and one of them sneered and called us 'black cock loving bitches'.

I kept a straight face. After all, technically, that was what they were. It was just that the mouthy youths couldn't begin to appreciate how deep and privileged that situation really was. Still, the taunt from the youths had been an insult and that wasn't tolerated from trash. I guessed that there had been an altercation.

'Rufus and Winston took hold of them' my mistress said quietly. 'They marched them around to a service area behind the shops and hit them until they knelt politely.'

I wondered whether 'hit them' meant pistol whipped them? These days I couldn't disassociate the security men from the weapons that I knew they carried. My mistress was watching me, delight on her face. The whole thing had evidently seemed hilarious to her.

'Rufus had them both kiss our bottoms' said my Mistress.

I pictured the mistresses, each in their designer jeans pushing back their rears for a reverent kiss through the immaculately cut, beautifully stitched denim material. That was the sort of situation that could have become problematic before. Having a prominent tattoo drew comment. It was easier to wear a queen of spades tattoo on your shoulder when you had an enforcer to hand.

'They were stupid Miss' I said. 'They could have got themselves killed insulting you.' Well...it was true. I'd seen how those guys had used firearms.

'Don't be so serious Webster, I think that they liked licking our bottoms' said my mistress.

'Licking your bottom mistress, you said kiss.'

My mistress giggled. This was deliciously silly.

'Rufus had them lick...it took the smug smiles off their faces' she said and squeezed my hand.

I can't pretend that that reassured me. It was a good thing being on your guard for a visit by Lucian and quite another goading cheap white males with your insignia. I understood that both women were proud of their status, and wished to encourage other women to state that allegiance, but it was another to end up in fights that could attract unwanted attention from the authorities. I wondered what my master would say? For sure he would be pleased that his women had started to relax, but attracting a good deal more attention, well that could bring problems.

Listening to what my mistress called 'a little adventure' I had forgotten to indicate that there had been an eager contact with a young married woman on the blog. Nicole was only twenty something and had been married just a year, but she had found our website and admitted that she had never seen anything 'quite so sexy' before. She had left only the barest details of her circumstance but it seemed that her husband was called Ben and he proclaimed that he was a 'little bit bohemian'. As far as I could tell that meant that he liked the idea of Nicole and he living 'radical'. Whether it extended to accepting that his young wife would take a black lover I wasn't sure. Needless to say, I hadn't answered this important 'enquiry...that was for my mistress to handle.

Since I had seen the blog Nicole had added a picture to the personal message, showing her off, slim body, her very pert breasts and a curving bottom, dressed in a bikini on holiday. She was stood, hips at an angle in front of a slimly built man who wore spectacles. The man looked like an academic or something, I don't know, he had that intense cerebral look about him as if he thought lots and did little. You know the sort I mean, a let's debate and talk type.

My mistress zoomed the photograph in and then returned to the message. I watched her eyes as they surveyed it all. Nicole could be a valuable recruit. Still, there had been only the scantest discussion of how one handled the opening enquiries, established a rapport and then, eventually, post psychological tests began work on turning a woman like Nicole into an arrogant madam.

‘She says that she is a junior doctor’ said my mistress. I waited patiently beside her. ‘That could be excellent, but it could be a complication... as regards Strohman’ mistress murmured. Of course. If the young medic had scruples about using the drug, then there could be a threat to our community.

‘I think that we should meet Nicole’ she announced to me, ‘somewhere public, relaxed, somewhere where she can see how I control you.’

‘The Farrier Inn’ I suggested to my mistress. It had been a long time since any farrier had dropped in to the pub for a pint, but it was a hostelry near where Nicole lived in Surrey and it was a convivial place. I offered the suggestion meekly and my mistress googled it on her mobile phone. She said that it looked perfect. I was told by my mistress to get out of my House of Lester tunic, and to discard my collar for the trip. I was to dress in a sports jacket and to affect a humble manner. Suddenly my mistress was extra anxious about creating the right impression. Whilst I dressed she went and found Rufus, instructing him to shadow us on the trip, staying close enough to intervene but not seeming an obvious watcher. Rufus was happy with that, but he suggested sending Winston on ahead to check out the pub, and to settle into a quiet corner in case he was needed. My mistress agreed and went to change into leather jeans, stiletto heeled court shoes and a powder blue silk blouse.

Mistress ordered me into the Porsche and we set off for the Inn.

‘You address me as mistress, but only when spoken to. You are quiet and grateful and appreciative....’

'I am a House of Lester slave' I said.

'Quite' she confirmed.

I could see it. She was excited, very excited. She was already wondering whether this girl could be paired with an handsome buck, someone may be like Jean-Paul. Jean-Paul hailed from Mali and he was a rich dark ebony black with startling white teeth. Jean-Paul had eyes that made you want to slip into bed with him. She hadn't thought so much about match making entailed, there had to be a personal, chemistry, but as she adored the look of Jean-Paul then she imagined that this young girl would too. But she was getting ahead of herself. First she had assess the girl, whether she was serious, whether she was ready to run other people's lives as well as discover a new one of her own.

'I will behave mistress, it doesn't matter that the control collar has gone. You are Lester's bitch.' I whispered the words, trying to help her through the first nervous encounter.

'I know you will Webster' she said. She drove the Porsche a little slower. She didn't want us to be early, she didn't want this to seem unduly contrived or hasty.

We need not have worried, Nicole had already arrived. Winston stood outside the pub dragging on a cigarette. He nodded and pointed to a royal blue BMW Z4 roadster that the young woman had driven. Winston had a photographic memory, he instantly recognized the woman. I followed my mistress into the bar, past where Rufus had casually seated himself and was looking through a horse racing paper. Nicole had seated herself in the lounge bar, which was much less crowded. She wore a casual shirt, faded blue denim jeans and tan cowboy boots. I saw the relief when she saw my mistress, one of the svelte women that she had seen on the blog.

'Are you Emma?' she asked.

My mistress beamed. 'And you are Nicole! You are so pretty, just like your photograph!'

I watched them hug and then my mistress seat herself beside the young woman.

'Would you like Webster to fetch you a drink?' she asked.

Nicole pointed to the lime and soda that she had barely begun.

'I'll have gin and tonic Webster' my mistress ordered and I went to fetch the drinks.

'Without too much tonic mistress' I said, serving the drink as she preferred it a few minutes later.

Immediately, our new guest picked up on the address. The young woman watched me with interest. I sat beside them, head down, sneaking only the occasional sheepish look at them both. I tried to focus on the girl's cowboy boots, to show that I was respectful, challenging not one look.

'An aeon ago Webster was my husband. Lester, my lover, turned him into something quite humble' my mistress said.

There was a faint smile on the woman's lips. My mistress hadn't shocked her. She hadn't shocked her that she ordered a man around, when once he had been a partner. I glimpsed Nicole look at me again. It was as if she was imagining whether Ben could look this way.

'Webster is what can result months hence Nicole, if things develop a certain way, if you want to be a certain sort of woman. Nothing is assumed, nothing is predetermined, we are chatting, exploring, imagining, alright?'

Nicole said 'yes, thank you.'

'You liked the blog..' my mistress ventured.

Nicole sipped her drink, 'very much.'

'Why?' asked my mistress.

'Because of it is honest. Because it is frank. Because it empowers women.'

Mistress smiled. 'Good reasons!'

Nicole nodded.

'I've been brought up differently' she said, 'I should start there perhaps.'

Mistress nodded, yes...why not?

Nicole crossed her legs. I followed the sweep of her boot, daring not to make eye contact.

'Mummy had an affair, a ten year affair, which daddy put up with. I was the daughter, of mummy and her lover' Nicole said. She waited to see whether her own words had caused surprise. They hadn't. There had always been women who cuckolded men and always been men who raised someone else's offspring. May be it was rarer that the cuckold knew about that and submitted to the rules dictated by the woman. May be it was like that.

'You father supported your mother, her decisions about sex, love, happiness?' my mistress queried.

Nicole drank a little more. It must have seemed strange telling us such things, so quickly, so directly. Perhaps though the blog facilitated that.

'Yes...most of the time he pretended that it wasn't happening. He pretended to himself and friends that everything was as usual, but mummy was dating Edward.'

'Edward' repeated my mistress.

'Yes, Edward, he was an American officer stationed at Greenham Common. He was part of a nuclear strike force and he met mummy when she was running a local restaurant.'

'So your mother met Edward, fell for him and had an affair?'

Nicole smiled. 'Yes, he made mummy very happy. I think that daddy realized that there was someone when mummy always seemed so cheerful. It wasn't that they didn't get along, it was just that daddy, well, I suppose daddy wasn't quite enough for her.'

Mistress caught the eye of the bar man and another lime and soda was sent over for Nicole.

'It was very forthright of your mother to address her needs. She thought Edward better than her husband?'

'Yes,' said Nicole, who searched for the best words, 'Edward was better. More successful, charming, very authoritative, very sure of himself.'

'And did she tell your father that she was seeing someone better?'

Nicole blushed.

'Yes...yes she did. She told him that she wouldn't be diverted from it. She loved Edward and that eventually daddy would have to leave.'

'And your father begged to stay...on any terms' Mistress ventured.

'Yes' said Nicole. She seemed surprised that my mistress had quickly guessed the niceties.

'It's assumed,' said my mistress, 'that men will always be territorial and fight. It's assumed that they will try to keep their wife for themselves. But...' and my mistress paused for effect, 'if the suitor is clearly more powerful, clearly superior, many husbands will submit to the new rules. They will live on the crumbs from the table of the new relationship.'

Nicole smiled quickly. She had the most startling green eyes and pretty freckles across her cheeks.

'You don't make me feel strange. You make my history seem normal.' She observed.

'It is normal,' mistress observed calmly, 'women select mates, they judge men. If society makes them feel guilty about exercising their choices, then society just might be too repressive. It's an observation perhaps...' My mistress's voice trailed away.

'Yes, yes, just like that! That was why the blog thrilled me. It said that we should state what we want.' Nicole smiled. She turned her gaze to me.

'Did you accept what Emma decided...quickly?' she asked.

Emma? I glanced at my mistress, and she nodded.

I cleared my throat. Had this woman read my podcast? If so then she wanted to hear me say it. She wanted to hear my humility.

'There was a man at a wedding that we went to. We both knew of Lester, he was an acquaintance. He has a commanding presence. He danced with my mistress and the chemistry was there. It was there instantly. I knew that my mistress would go to him and be with

him. I couldn't resist him...he was really powerful. My mistress made her own decision.'

That was enough. I had no way of knowing for sure that my account was clear or encouraging.

'So did you hope to stay Emma's lover too?' Nicole persisted.

Mistress nodded.

'No, no, I couldn't be that. After she started sleeping with Lester the comparisons were too much.'

'Mummy was the same, she wouldn't let daddy fuck her after the affair started. Daddy was never good enough for her.' Nicole studied me.

I nodded. Yes, once a woman goes with a better man, she can't pretend about the beaten one. She can't pretend to love him, or even respect him in the same way.

'In the past,' whispered my mistress, 'women had affairs, made choices and most times divorced. As soon as the comparison was made, as soon as the husband was shamed by her choice, she felt she had to walk away. Some very exceptional women, your mother included, realized that because a husband falters, it wasn't automatic that he must be dismissed. They realized that there is purpose in assigning him to a different life.'

'Goodness...yes!' Nicole exclaimed.

I was dispatched to fetch my mistress a lime and soda. When I returned Nicole was continuing her story.

'So.. Edward had to return to the states, exactly at the time when it seemed possible that daddy would ask him come and live with us.

Daddy was a great pretender, but Edward was centre stage for mummy, she wanted to live with him.'

'Time, prejudices, anxieties and fears..' ruminated my mistress.

'Yes, yes, it upset mummy so much. She was going to live with Edward in Pennsylvania, if daddy didn't make the invitation, but then daddy got cancer and so she stayed to help him.'

Mistress said to me,

'What's it like living in a house where another man is master?'

I didn't dare recount all the humiliations. I couldn't share how I was controlled. I started somewhere else...

'You feel envious, jealous, uncertain, insecure, but if that man makes your wife terribly happy, if he is so naturally right for her, envy slowly becomes admiration. You slowly accept her decision.'

'I don't know whether Edward would have managed your daddy well, but some men can.' Mistress reflected.

'Yes, I suspect they can' Nicole answered. 'Mummy would have wanted Edward to be the boss though. It was never ever possible to pretend that she loved the men 50/50.'

'Yes' said mistress.

I felt a lemon seated beside them. I appreciated that mistress wanted Nicole to see what a subjugated man might look like. Nicole had to be ready to be a bitch. But I felt very ashamed. If I could I would have sneaked away and bought Rufus a pint at the bar.

'So tell me about Ben..' my mistress continued.

Nicole opened her shoulder bag and took out a picture of Ben Adams at work. He was a documents archivist at a university. He was as I suspected, bookish. Nicole mused aloud where to start. She seemed at pains to emphasize that he had several good qualities.

'Ben is a clever man, he's so rated by the researchers at the university. Lots of them rely on him, ask for his help when they conduct a study. He's good at his job.'

'But he doesn't earn as much as you, the doctor, his career prospects are more limited' Mistress intervened.

'Yes, I suppose so' admitted Nicole. She continued. 'Ben is affectionate, loyal, always good at remembering birthdays and the like, even my sisters. Ben is very organized. He is may be a bit obsessive, and so I let him clean the house. He likes everything in its place.'

'I don't suppose that you have time to deal with chores, given your career' Mistress queried.

'That's right. I get through a lot of work and rely on Ben tidying up and running the home.' Nicole smiled and sipped her drink again.

'And you fuck him?' asked my mistress. The question should have seemed a bit intrusive to Nicole, but it clearly hadn't.

'Sometimes I fuck him. I go on top, you know...' she giggled.

'And does he make you climax?'

Nicole shook her head. 'I've always found that difficult, its probably not Ben's fault. But no, he doesn't make me cum. That was one of the reasons that Ben said that we could become a bit more radical in some way. I thought that he meant licking my pussy, but he said may be it would be OK if I wanted to have a boyfriend.'

'He felt inadequate' observed my mistress.

'I suppose so...I don't know. I was turned on by the idea though. I was turned on by the idea of may be seeing someone, well, someone more aggressive with me.' Nicole looked at me, wondering I supposed whether that comment humiliated me afresh. She saw me blush and I looked down.

'You needed to be fucked, properly, I mean' said Mistress.

'Yes, yes, I did' said Nicole.

'And have you started another relationship yet?' Mistress was calm, resolute in the pursuit of the important facts.

'Not yet. I suppose that I was thinking about Mummy and Edward. I wanted an Edward or something like that. I didn't want a man who wouldn't understand Ben and his very generous suggestion.'

'That makes sense...you want have the sort of sex, the happiness, the contentment that Mummy secured' said my mistress.

'Yes' Nicole confirmed.

'You think that we can help you?'

'I hope so, I'd like to meet a sexy man, a powerful man. I'd need help to support Ben whilst he came to terms with things. I would need a lot of help'. Nicole returned the photograph of the archivist to her shoulder bag.

I wanted to grimace. Help support Ben to come to terms with things. It made me wince. You never quite helped a cuck in that way. You simply destroyed him incrementally till he concluded that he was worthless, ran away or topped himself. But cruelty wasn't the topic for this evening. Nicole would learn to hurt and humiliate. The right

lover would encourage her to treat Ben like dirt. That was in any case the stuff of psychological testing and for later. Before then there were trial introductions, to see whether she thrived dating one man and leaving another at home.

'We're an agency that introduces women to eligible black guys, do you understand that?' Mistress narrowed her eyes. This was crucial.

Nicole swallowed more of her drink.

'I like black guys' she said.

'More than other men, as a preference?'

'I don't know, I've never had a black boyfriend. But they seem sexy, they seem very confident with women I mean' Nicole said.

'They are' affirmed my mistress. 'We would encourage you to date black men exclusively and make introductions for you. There would be no white men on offer'.

'No, of course not, your blog title' said Nicole.

My mistress smiled.

The meeting concluded with questions to us. They ranged far and wide. Did husbands learn to submit to lovers or was the relationship always through the woman? Mistress said that husbands submitted to lovers, we taught how. Nicole wanted to know what happened if Ben panicked and wanted to stop the experiment? Mistress assured her that we would teach how to deal with that. Lastly Nicole asked whether I felt very secure now that I had a mistress and her lover in my life? With permission granted I answered that I felt very secure. I was content with my lot and knew my place.

'And that's kind of sexy?' added Nicole at the end.

'Yes, its very sexy' I affirmed.

Mistress rose from the table, and said that she would discuss Nicole's application with her associates, but she felt reasonably certain that we would proceed. I would help teach Ben and Nicole would be introduced to a very handsome black guy on our books. We would then wait and see how that progressed. If it went well, then there would be a few tests before the training and support advanced further.

Nicole thanked us. She said that it all seemed very sensible and very organized.

Mistress hugged her.

'It is' she said, and we left, I smiling wanly at the young woman, following my mistress out.

Chapter 10

Driving home Mistress told me that she considered Nicole very promising indeed. Not only did she socially outrank her husband but the man was full of doubts. In the end a radical change in relationships, the shift in power rested in significant part on the man feeling not quite up to things. Nicole had a vision of contentment that featured a lover, just as mummy's life had involved. She might not know what that really involved as regards managing the husband, but that could obviously be taught. Nicole would discover black men and the adventure would be all the sweeter for that. I had sat waiting perhaps for Mistress to ask my opinion, but the question never came. She already knew what she wanted.

We arrived back home and Rufus parked up quickly behind the Porsche. The big iron gates closed crisply behind us with a clunk. It was as if we were back in a cocoon, the place where plans could be made and transformations arranged. I watched Rufus check with mistress whether she was going out in the next hour, and she said no. She was extremely pleased with how he had arranged security. She was very impressed.

'Would you like to fuck Webster, I can spare him for an hour' she said casually before they parted.

I shuddered. Dear God no.

Rufus was gay right? Rufus had his own sexual hymn sheet. I wasn't gay. I WASN'T FUCKING GAY! My head screamed it and I shot my

mistress a sharp glance.

'I'll take him up to my room' Rufus suggested with a smile.

Mistress smiled. Of course. Certainly. She looked at me, her eyes shooing me off with Rufus. Shivering with a mixture of anger and fear, I followed the burly minder. After ascending the stairs we proceeded down one of the long corridors of the big house and reached the door to his bedroom. I watched him turn the key.

Inside the room's single window looked out over the garden and the bunkhouse immediately below. I wanted to scream, but anticipating what was to come I started to unbutton my trousers.

'No...no don't do that man' said Rufus.

I looked around at him. He looked uneasy and switched the kettle on, making preparations for a drink.

'You're not going to fuck me?' I whispered the words, incredulous. The relief was startling.

'You're Lester's. You ass is Lester's. I've not clinic certified this month. Any case, that guy probably drilled you out so good, you wouldn't be tight'. He smiled. That last bit was a joke right?

I stood with my mouth open.

'I could suck your cock' I said submissively. I feared that displeasure might be reported to my mistress, somehow, some time.

'No need man' said Rufus, 'I saw that look in your eye when Mistress offered you up. I saw the resistance. I reckon she saw it too. If I hadn't taken you with me you might have gotten a hiding.'

Christ. I exhaled loudly. I felt my shoulders sink. I hadn't seen my mistress's expression. That close?

'You thought man. You thought and you resented. That woman owns you. You're a piece of shit on her boots. If she kicks you off you go flying.' He rehearsed the assessment and passed me a coffee too.

'Thank you' I said, and I meant for something rather more important than the hot drink. There are times when you cannot possibly read situation fast enough. There are other times when you react like an oaf.

'I reckon you have a time of it man. You have to think to please, but never to think contrary to that lady. You have to submit to her will. Someday that woman going to organize a whole society that lives like her.' He stirred his coffee, added more milk.

'I thought I'd done OK in the pub. I was humble, I answered in the way she wanted' I said ruefully.

'May be excellence is her standard man, you always have to be malleable. You think that?'

'Yes' I answered.

I sat down on a chair. Outside the garden was full of blackbirds, two or three singing, competing against one another. I had always loved their song. The garden looked an idyll, a million miles from the rules of this house.

'She always that way with you man?' Rufus was curious. I sensed that he had never quizzed a slave before.

'No' I admitted, 'there were times...times when she was soft...when she was kind.'

Rufus said, 'sometimes, she seems to hate you.'

I looked across at him. I'd assumed that men who worked for Lester knew about this ideology, about the sex thing. In most people's life sex was a compartment. In this society though it was a juncture through which everything else ran.

'She despises me' I told him. The explanation didn't seem enough. Rufus waited. 'Shed despises weak men, white men. She weaponizes sex, going with Lester was always more than just sex. She believes what he believes, that we've been too arrogant, that we need to learn a lesson.'

'White men?' said Rufus.

'Yes' I said, 'so she goes with black men, to change all that, forever, completely, irreversibly.'

'The black man the master' Rufus mused.

'The black man is the master, and Emma goes with him to strengthen that every day, every week, every month...' I felt my heart race. I was feeling fucking angry. I shouldn't speak out of line but...

'You believe black man is the master?' asked Rufus. He watched me. He really wanted to know.

'Yes' I said.

'All black men, you so ashamed of your race Webster?'

'Not all black men. No...not all. Men like Lester. Men who are naturally alpha. men who should always have ruled, led, influenced, but who may be got shut out.' I was mumbling. I probably sounded incoherent.

'And sex was an instrument for that. You started to agree with mistress, to live for that end.'

I nodded.

'Yes, Emma became the arbiter of right thinking. My mistress came to determine right values, right effort, right attitude. My mistress made me worship Lester and men like Lester.'

Rufus laughed and shook his head. Hell, this was crazy his expression seemed to say. I stared at him. May be I was crazy?

'Tell me,' I asked him, 'you ever feel anger about race, inequality, about white guys and what they owed you?'

Rufus took my cup from me. He filled it with more coffee.

'Yes, of course man, course I felt that. But you design that chip on your shoulder. You decide how heavy that damned thing is. Then you decide whether to use it or drop it off some place.' Rufus was a philosopher it seemed.

'Lester is using the chip?'

Rufus laughed again.

'I suppose so man. He has a thing about black supremacy for sure, that natural. But there is a lot in his head about personal power too. He wants to own bitches. He doesn't believe in marriage. He doesn't believe in a made up, a socially contrived life does he?'

'No,' I said, 'he doesn't.'

'And there are women like Emma who want to be owned. They want a dominant man and Lester he is perfect. She is deep down as submissive as you man. As regards Lester she is way submissive. If you asked her about feminism and never being in the thrall of a man, she would fizz`

Goodness, this was a great conversation. I had never talked with someone like Rufus this way.

'My mistress is angry' I ventured to him.

'Reckon so Webster. Reckon so' returned Rufus, 'I reckon your mistress is every bit as bored, nauseated, sickened with the pc society, that she thrills at going with Lester and saying fuck it all!'

I laughed. I laughed out loud. When did I last do that? It was months and months ago. Thank god for Rufus. I smiled at him. The conversation had been amazing.

Footsteps were coming along the landing. Rufus gestured for me to shut up. I was to shut the fuck up.

'Webster, your mistress requires you in the study, in ten minutes' It was Medlar's voice and he sounded anxious. He always sounded anxious.

Rufus said, 'he'll be down, ain't finished with him yet man'.

The footsteps receded. I breathed again. What did my mistress require of me now?

'Kneel' said Rufus.

I shot him a look. We'd been talking. He'd been trusted. I felt suspicious.

'Kneel' ordered Rufus... 'you have to smell of me. You have to smell like you been used.'

Please...no. But I knelt. I knelt and I unbuckled his belt from his jeans, and undid the buttons on his jeans. Delicately I maneuvered his cock into the open. I licked his cock. I licked the cock of a man

that I had just shared a decent conversation with. I licked it and it stiffened.

'It's a physical reaction man, don't mind that. Don't fancy you OK. Never fancied you' Rufus said and grinned.

I nodded and licked his balls. He had a big scrotum.

'Fuck...that stud!' he gasped.

I stopped. I was so ashamed.

'Go to your mistress' he said firmly.

I watched him button up his fly. His cock had somehow been pushed back inside.

I walked down the stairs disjointed inside my head. The conversation with Rufus had unsettled me. It was as if he had jolted my mindset, reminded me how far down the slope I had slid. I had almost forgotten what it felt like to analyse my situation, something like values, my own and those of my mistress or Lester. It was both a liberating and an angst inducing discussion. The craving for Strohman would return with a vengeance and then once again, I would be an object again. It was astonishing to realise that there were men like Rufus, this close in to the community being developed. He seemed uncorrupted, without anger and possessing of a quiet humour.

I knocked on the study door and Lester's voice returned, 'enter'.

In the room as well as my master, was my mistress and Tobias, the head of security. They were looking at a message on screen.

'Lucian has Jenny' Lester told me.

I blinked.

'Lucian has your mistress Jenny' Lester repeated. He was seething.

'Sir....I'm...I'm sorry' I mouthed the words. They must have sounded faint.

'She went down for a hair appointment, Tobias shadowing. A pick up van hit Tobias's car and she was abducted'. My master's account was shocking. I looked at Tobias and he didn't seem injured. He had got a couple of shots off at the tyres of the vehicle that Lucian's men had used, but had then ran for it himself. He didn't want to feature in a shooting investigation in the local town centre.

'Your car, they will trace you' I said to Tobias.

Tobias looked irritable.

'They'll trace it to a pensioner in Wantage that died three years ago' he said.

Lester squared me up his big hands on my shoulders. He fixed me with his gaze.

'Lucian wants us to give you in exchange for Jenny' he said.

I gawped at him, incredulous. Shit! Shit! Why?

'He knows that I will hunt him to the ends of the earth if he keeps her. He knows that I will kill him. Taking you is meant to hurt us. Taking you, our slave is meant to leave a mark on us.'

I glared at Lester. No! Fucking no! This is insane. This is bloody insane.

'Just do as you're told Webster! You'll do as you're fucking well told, do you hear?' My mistress screamed in my face. Her first slap caught me hard, but the second was forestalled by Lester.

'I'm going to give you to Lucian. He will see it as a moral victory. He will see it as righteous' said Lester.

I went to grab the collar of his jacket, my hands shot upwards.

"Send Medlar to him, give him Medlar!" I shouted.

There was a click. Tobias had cocked the weapon that had so recently been fired. I could smell the discharge even now. He was holding the pistol to my head.

My mistress looked furious. She scowled at me, her arms crossed tightly across her breasts. She wanted to kick me in my cage, but Lester was calming things down.

'You'll do as you're told Webster. You will go to Lucian and serve. I imagine that he has a bitch that he wants supported.'

I started to cry. Shit, I was petrified.

'Please sir...no....no' I began.

My master jabbed me in the belly. I felt the wind knocked out of me. Ooomph! Fuck, that hurt.

'You will go to Lucian and serve. You will find a way to get a message back to me about your location. Tobias will give you a tracker that looks like a cuff link, but he may find that and take it off you. You will find a way of contacting me. Then....I will kill the bastard.'

'I can't do this...' I pleaded, 'I will die!'

Lester nodded to my mistress. She turned to the desk drawer and took out the loaded syringe. It was probably full of sedative.

'Don't fight this Webster, we will get you back.' Lester growled the words.

He nodded again and my mistress stuck the needle into my arm. I felt the liquid go in and it felt cold. She inspected me as I started to feel unsteady. I felt like a fucking moth in a killing jar. She was killing me...she was killing me.

'You can't fight it' she told me, 'you will do as your master says'.

I clung to Lester as my legs started to buckle.

'Christ..christ, he doesn't have.....have.....Strohman.' My words got lost somehow...lost in a world that seemed to close over me.

When I woke I was in the back of Tobias's van and we were jolting our way along what I imagined was a track of some kind. My arms were handcuffed to a van joist and I could feel an electronic collar about my neck again. My mouth was shut tight with gaffer tape and I panicked as I woke and couldn't speak.

'Don't Webster man, don't struggle' Tobias said, glancing back at me as I lay on the floor in the back.

I looked up at him. My eyes wouldn't focus properly. I couldn't see clearly. What had I been shot with?!

'Take it easy Webster...man...take it easy' ordered Tobias. 'Come too slowly'.

The van jolted on.

Presently we started to ascend, still on the same uneven track, but now through stunted trees and out to what looked like moorland. I managed to drag myself into the sitting position. I bent forward and managed to prize off the gaffer tape with my handcuffed hands and

drew down a breath. At last, if I squinted I could start to focus a little better.

'Your mistress shot you full of Strohman' said Tobias, 'fuck, I'd thought she'd killed you. Never seen that stuff used that way before. Never seen someone take so much and not end up in a coma or a coffin.'

My mouth felt incredibly dry. It was as if every drop of spittle had been sucked from around my tongue. The stud felt like a fucking great seed stuck on top.

'Mistress said that may be the dose gives you four or five days. May be it gives you a chance to work out where you are and call us in. After that, well, you know. The anxiety bites, you start to hallucinate and rave. Then may be Lucian finishes you off. I don't know....any way, you have to use the five days Webster, you have to use them to call us in. You know the number, you know it, we'll find you, somehow we will.' Tobias glanced back at me. He looked as though he thought he was talking to someone on death row.

I shook my head. I shook it twice. 'Why me...he wanted Jenny, he wanted his bitch'. I cursed the words out wretchedly, trying to avoid the tears.

'Jenny is too precious. He knows that. He knows Lester would hunt and kill him. You're a slave, but you're Lester's first. May be that seems sweeter to him. Lucian might reckon that Lester sees you as expandable, a real loss, but expendable. May be he has a bitch for you to serve. May be he has a brew of something to keep you alive. Fuck man, fuck it, I don't know!' Tobias banged the steering wheel. He was as mad as a cornered fox. He didn't want this shit to have happened either.

Tobias checked the satnav, three more miles to go up here across the moorland. It was a crossroad in the middle of nowhere up where the mists wrapped the hill tops like a scarf.

'You must feel shit....losing my mistress' I said. Not as shit as I felt for sure, but I could still imagine what it was like for a minder like Tobias.

'Don't talk about that. I'm getting the lady back!'

'He could shoot you, and me, and keep his bitch' I said, sickening in the stomach as I pondered the risks.

'Don't talk that shit!' snapped Tobias. The trip was going to fall silent if I pressed on.

'Did mistress Jenny get hurt when they took her?' I asked.

He shook his head. Two guys just lifted her clean off the pavement and dumped her in a car. They were gone in a minute.

About half a mile out from the roundabout point there was a van parked up. Two hefty looking black guys were leaning against it. One carried a machine pistol capable of spraying a hail of bullets quick time. The bigger of the two tapped on the window and demanded that they take a look in the back. There were to be no Trojan horse tricks. I watched Tobias get the rear door release and the second man looked in, poking about the blankets in the back with the snout of his pistol. He grinned at me.

'Hello sweet heart' he sneered.

The van side was banged and Tobias was told to take a left at the next juncture. The meeting place had changed and it was beneath more of the stunted trees. You know, just in case Lester had a drone up or something. Tobias was sweating. He looked shit scared himself. No doubt Lucian would remember the bastards who had winged his driver. Once the track weaved in through the wind racked trees, vestiges of an ancient, gnarled and miniature wood, the mist seemed to claw up from the very ground. There was a shout from

behind lichen covered rocks and Tobias brought the van to a halt. Three, four may be even five gunmen stepped out from cover. Fuck, one of them even carried a grenade launcher. He waggled it in the air like it was a firework.

It was Lucian who opened the back door of the van. He smiled.

‘Hello Webster.... Seems master and mistress binned you.’

I couldn’t answer. Much as I rattled at my handcuffs I couldn’t escape them either. I wet myself. I involuntarily wet myself.

‘Driver, the control for that fucking collar and the cuff keys if you please!’ shouted Lucian.

Reluctantly Tobias got out. I could hear his hand running along the van as he came to the back. He needed to steady himself.

‘That one of them Luther man?’ asked Lucian of the nearest guy behind him. The man wore a trilby hat. Now when he looked up you could see it was Luther, the driver who had pulled a pistol.

‘Yeah boss, that one of them’ said the guy.

Tobias spun around, looking for the quick exit. He’d race the whole fucking moor to escape if he had to. But men held him. He turned into a wall of black muscle behind him.

‘Good with a pistol ain’t you’ said Lucian.

Tobias was shaking. He was shaking so hard that I thought he would fall apart.

‘Remember Luther here,’ said Lucian, ‘you fucked up his arm. He looks like a fucking stroke victim!’

Tobias shook his head. He was about to plead mistaken identity, but Luther was glaring at him.

'We found the little bug your fucking quack left in Luther's arm man'. Lucian laughed. It was funny right. It was so very funny.

'I'll waste him, the bitch can drive herself back off the moor' Luther suggested. His gaze never left Tobias's face. It never moved an inch.

'No!' said Lucian, 'the little guy here was just acting on orders weren't you?'

He took a pistol from the waist band and tossed it to Tobias who was allowed to catch it. The men behind were sniggering. I watched Tobias grab the gun and position his finger on the trigger. May be Lucian liked duels?'

'Fore finger right hand eh?' Lucian remarked.

Tobias pulled the trigger, aiming this time straight at Luther's head. Nothing happened. The magazine was empty.

Lucian chuckled again.

'Take him bros, hold out his hand here on the rock.' Lucian directed.

'No! no....no.....no, shit no.....' stuttered Tobias.

I watched the men pin Tobias' s hand to the rock.

'Best you curl up your other pinkies' said Lucian, 'unless you want them all fucking smashed?'

Dear God, I watched Tobias do as he was told. Then the butt of the magazine empty pistol came down hard again and again on the forefinger until it was a bloody pulp. Tobias clenched his teeth, but soon enough he was screaming.

'Best your tame doc chop what's left off when you get back son' said Lucian.

Tobias was guarded, seated on the blood stained rock nursing his damaged hand. He rocked back and forth, silently cursing, whimpering from the pain. I was then led through to another set of rocks behind which was parked a jeep. In the back of the jeep sat Mistress Jenny. She had been crying. She was still crying. Another woman got out from the driver seat. Her hair was a fiery auburn colour. She was plump and angry looking.

'You come with a supply of Strohman Webster?' Lucian asked.

I gulped. He could search me, it would be easy. The tracker would be found fast.

'No....no sir' I stammered.

'Thought not,' he said, 'that fucker Lester considers himself better than me. HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF BETTER THAN ME!!!' he blasted the words into my face. 'Then he sends you to me to last may be a few days, before you fuck your head in some way! Better than me huh, better huh?!!'

Lucian started to push me. He pushed me until I fell against a rock.

'Good job then that we've developed a chemical buffer to the goo Webster...may be it will be enough to keep you alive? We'll see!!'

I watched Lucian turn to the jeep. Once or twice I had watched my mistress kiss the man. Not now though, not now. The man was vile.

'Get the bitch out and take her to fuck finger' said Lucian.

I watched as Mistress Jenny was dragged from the back of the jeep. She glanced my way as she passed. She whispered something...it

may even have been sorry.

'Cock stiff Webster, that little bitch get your cock stiff? I made her climax man, last night, begging, orgasming, stuff....you know' Lucian taunted.

I shook my head. Then he ripped off my shirt, chucking it on the ground. The cufflinks went with it. He kicked me in the leg and told me to loose my trousers. I was undressed down to my cage. Lucian walked around me. He nodded to one of his accomplices who came forward, wearing a rubber glove and forced his finger inside my back passage. I winced as the man explored me. It took a moment or two and then he shook his head. No, there was nothing in there. I started to shake. It was fucking cold, standing naked on the moor, amidst the gnarled trees.

Somewhere down the slope I heard the van start up again. One of my mistresses was in the van. I imagined her sobbing with relief. I imagined Tobias cringing with pain. She would go back to Lester used goods.

'Won't see them again Webster, not the horny little bitch or Wyatt Earp'. Lucian slapped me on the back. He gestured to one of his men, who threw me a pair of jogging bottoms and a sweat shirt top. My things, well my things, they could be burned, somewhere, up on the moor.

Chapter 11

The journey away from the exchange point was no more comfortable in the jeep. I rode in the back with Lucian and a guard, whilst another minder rode up front with the plump woman who had pulled Mistress Jenny out. The other vehicle pulled in behind us to form an armed convoy.

‘Open your trap and loose your teeth’ Lucian told me, ‘you’ll suck better as a gummy.’

I dropped my gaze, wondering how long I could last. Nothing in my life had prepared me for this. I’d never been in the army, done survival training, fuck, I’d not even been in the boy scouts. Still, as we jolted down off the moorland I looked for landmarks, anything that might offer a clue as to where we were and where we were going.

As we reached a main road, the plump woman driver looked back to the guard and ordered him to hood me. Evidently road signs were too much of a give away.

‘You OK master?’ the woman asked Lucian.

I heard the guy breathe in deep. The encounter had been stressful, stressful for him too. Still, the fucker who had winged Luther had paid a price. He wouldn’t be much use with a pistol for a while. As the jeep rolled on Lucian began to whistle. It was tuneless but his mood was lightening. He even chuckled to him self.

‘Reckon Lester might be disappointed’ Lucian said at last, ‘when he peels open his prize. Reckon he’s going to curse when he sees

she's been marked up.'

I shuddered. Mistress Jenny had been tattooed, may be scarred or branded in some way. I pictured her shoulder tattoo may have be annotated with 'Lucian' beneath the queen of spades. If he'd done that then the bastard had moved sharpish. Jenny would have been spoiled almost immediately after capture.

The woman driver laughed mirthlessly too. She had a strange and husky sounding voice. She seemed foreign.

We must have driven for well over an hour. I listened to the traffic and tried to judge how busy it seemed. Heavy traffic might signal an urban environment. But it was difficult to judge. The woman put on the radio, but it was a national station so there were no clues there either. Lucian felt between my legs and found the cage on my cock. He laughed. He fondled my private parts, forcing my legs a little wider. I didn't resist.

I heard an ambulance or a police car go by, its siren rising and falling. There seemed to be a lot of roundabouts, which I guessed might mean that we were approaching a conurbation of some kind. When we stopped at traffic lights I strained to hear any voices of people crossing the road. I could discern no particular accents. Shit, this was hopeless.

At last, when I thought I would puke with the motion sickness, the jeep came to a halt. I could hear the sliding of a heavy metal gate, the sort that ran on wheels because of its weight. There were calls to others, new voices from those that I had heard before. The jeep moved forward a few hundred yards and the hand brake was applied. Several men with rough hands dragged me from the jeep and marched inside what sounded like a warehouse of some kind. There were echoes up in the roof. Some place further off, there were inhuman sounding cries and yelps.

I was briskly marched forward through two locked doors that required a key to turn and then pushed into a poorly lit room. Even before the hood was off, I could sense the yellow light swinging, that emitted from a lamp on a long cord. I blinked. Before me were may be eight large cages, each the size that you might use to house a large dog in your home. The cages were equipped with rudimentary wipe clean padded flooring and a couple of blankets. Inside three of the cages were men. Two of them curled themselves beneath shabby blankets, the third watched me in horror as I was pushed into a vacant cage beside him. I bounced against the wire mesh of the opposite side of the cage and tried to grab the door to stop it from closing. Two guards forced it shut though and the plump woman locked the key. They said not a thing.

The place looked terrifying by the light of the swinging lamp, but when the woman switched even that off, and we fell into darkness, I sobbed. It was fucking terrifying. I rattled the cage and begged someone to come and let me out. I couldn't stop whimpering.

'It's no use....they don't answer' the bedraggled and rather underfed looking man said next to me. 'They'll fetch you out eventually, and you'll learn to fear that so much more.'

'Christ!' I gasped. I'm not religious, the thought pointless. Tobias wasn't going to find me here, nor Rufus or Winston.

'What do they call you?' the voice came from the dark.

I sucked down a breath. The warehouse seemed damp. What did that tell me? Nothing much...nothing that I could use.

'Webster' I said.

'You were owned then' the voice observed. No one else called themselves by their surnames. There were no ex private school, Tom Brown's here.

'Yes' I admitted.

'A good master and mistress?' The question was very casual.

'Yes' I affirmed.

The man grunted. 'I'm Dave' he said. The name sounded exotic, really strange. I'd not heard a white man use his first name in recent months.

'How long have you been here?' I enquired.

'Two months' came the answer. My soul howled inside of me.

I tried to shift position in the cage. But it was nigh on impossible. You couldn't stretch out, your legs were always bent. The cages weren't high enough to sit up in or kneel within. I felt like a bloody chicken that I once saw caged in a Thai market.

I could barely bring myself to ask. The ideas inside my head terrified me.

'What...'

'You're a gerbil,' Dave interrupted, 'you're a gerbil' he said.

I listened to him breathing. He sounded as though he had a chest infection.

'They picked me up off the street. I'd left the family home, alcohol... you know' said Dave. 'Most of the guys who've passed through here came that way.'

There were currently four of us. I wondered how many had gone before. I wondered if others were imprisoned elsewhere.

'They're trying chemicals out on us...as I say friend, you're a gerbil'. Dave shuffled around in his cage. Dave rambled on,

'Yeah, chemicals..shit, such chemicals.'

I really didn't want to know....but.....but....

'Some stuff renders you infertile. They're going to rub us out as opposition Webster. No more of our kind. Right now, they inject the stuff and it fucking hurts down below. But they'd like a better way to deliver it, to more of us at one go.'

I jolted and banged my head on the roof of the cage. Shit!

'But they're using another shot, something that helps condition you when they run the film shows. It's a hypnotic of some kind.'

'You're still thinking straight' I told my neighbour, 'it's not working.'

Dave laughed. He laughed and coughed in turn.

'May be....may be' he mused.....

My neighbour shuffled some more. He wouldn't talk again. Sleep seemed the only respite. He had learned that.

Time becomes elastic in the perpetual dark when there is only the sound of rats scurrying along rafters high above. You have no reference point and your body clock quickly loses sense of whether it is night or day. Eventually, a long time later, a door opened and two of the guards came in, accompanied by the plump woman who now had a billboard. Dave watched them extract me from the cage. It was like picking out a ferret. I struggled against them, but they took me anyway. The plump woman led the way and after a walk down a poorly lit corridor I was forced into a laboratory, within which I was strapped to a chair. By now, honest, I was getting pretty sick of clinical places.

Once I was buckled in, the guards left me. Her plumpness though lingered on, silent. The woman looked no more than in her early forties and she was unattractive.

Another door opened and a strikingly tall, smartly dressed woman dressed in a leather pencil skirt, expensive looking blouse and high heeled shoes walked in. She was may be sixty and looked Chelsea set. The woman breezed in wearing an open crisply starched white coat.

'Do we need to tape your mouth Webster?' she asked in a neat, efficient voice.

I shook my head. The urge to scream was immense, but the size of the warehouse meant that no passer by would hear me. Plumpness dragged my jogging bottoms down despite my wriggling and the clinical woman came and checked my testicles. Her fingers were delicate but cold.

'How long have you been caged?' she asked.

'Months miss, months and months' I answered. Sometimes you pray for kindness. Sometimes even your captor might demonstrate that. I hoped, I hoped so fervently.

'The No 7 syringe with the starter dose please Miss Panachek' the white coated woman said.

Plumpness went to a cabinet and got the syringe out. She was foreign, as I'd guessed. I watched the bitch draw up the dose from a rubber sealed bottle.

'This is going to tingle' the woman said ominously, 'but after the first five or six minutes it becomes bearable.'

I had thought that the needle was going in my arm again. It wasn't. The fluid was being injected straight into my scrotum. I thought fuck you, so I watched her face as she found the right spot, jagged the needle in and started to inject the dose. She didn't blink. She wasn't impressed by refusal to look away as she stuck me.

'You pretend to be strong Webster, but you're not. You're a slave. You're slave for the black man.' Her words came calm and resolute. They were delivered beside the most excruciating pain in my scrotum. It was as if someone had shoved a hot coal inside my sack.

'It hurts doesn't it....' She smiled, 'I'm castrating you. I'm castrating you like millions of other surplus to reproductive requirement men will be castrated.'

'Fuck you!' I hissed through gritted teeth.

'It will never work. They've tried chemical castration on paedophiles. They had to keep shooting the loads to suppress the testosterone.' I knew some stuff. I'd heard about that. My contempt was something, something small to shoot back at the bitch.

She finished the load and pulled out the needle. The syringe was handed to plumpness who held a kidney dish.

'You're well read aren't you Webster, ' she mused, watching my caged cock spasm under the impact of the chemical. 'But this isn't something that suppresses testosterone. This is something that wipes out your testicles. No more sperm, no more ejaculate, no more erections. One more dose tomorrow and I imagine that you will find that that cage drops off.'

I spasmed, my whole body wracked with a sharp pain lancing up from my groin. The bitch watched me tense and then walked elegantly away for a moment to make a note.

'We'll give him the final dose tomorrow' she said to the assistant, 'I will need someone to watch him for a couple of hours whilst the final contractions take effect.'

Plumpness said 'yes miss'. I watched the little bitch kiss the woman's hand. It turned my stomach.

'Now, Webster,' said the clinician turning quickly and coming to the chair side, 'we know that the serum works, you will be effectively a eunuch by tomorrow, but we need to check a few things alright?'

It wasn't alright. I spat at the bitch and missed. She slapped my face sharply.

'Snarl and snap as you wish Webster, this is what is going to happen to millions of men. We are changing the game rules. A war is coming and it will be won by the black man. Males like you will be turned into workers and slaves.' The bitch didn't look mad, but she evidently was.

'But as I was saying,' she continued, determined to finish the clinical notes, 'we know that the previous batches of the serum tended to have a few problems. The subjects lost bone density. Their limbs started to snap. They were crippled, terribly. That was never going to be right for labourers...I think you'll agree. So I was wondering, (and she paused, smiling softly), whether you would report to my associate or me if you get bone pain. You know, aches and pains like flu?'

I nodded. Fucking hell. 'You developed an antidote for that?' My mouth was shaking. The pain down below was excruciating.

'No, we haven't' she said simply, 'but the latest batch of what I have just injected you with shouldn't produce that problem. I just need to know if your skeleton is giving up the ghost.'

I struggled against the leather straps. I tugged at them until the fixings rattled. But it was no good.

It was at that moment that Lucian walked in. He looked bizarre. The man was wearing a smoking jacket embellished with satin and exquisite stitching. My assailant went to him immediately and he kissed her open and submissive mouth. You could see that the bastard was tonguing the bitch and his hand went over her leather skirt covered buttocks.

‘You stuck the bastard Elizabeth?’ he asked.

‘Yes sir’ she answered promptly, ‘second dose tomorrow, then his manhood is over.’

‘Good’ said Lucian. I grimaced as another bout of pain started as a reef knot in my groin and pulled on my gut and then my throat as though they were the two ends of string.

My breaths came fast, shallow, sweat poured off my brow and down my face. The bastard Lucian came to inspect the effects.

‘Cages Webster, cages are pointless. Kinky fripperies. I think that you’ll agree that this is much more efficient’ he said.

I considered spitting in his face too, but this bastard had bigger hands.

‘There will be skirmishes first I suppose’ he mused, ‘little battles on sad council estates. Our squads will round up the awkward and angry white male trash and they’ll be brought to centres like this. We will sterilize them, collar them and rule them. Then they will be put to work or sent out as mercenaries for the cause.’

Through the pain I felt a triumph. The bastard didn’t have Strohman. Whatever he did, he couldn’t reproduce the eroticism of that drug, the eager and willing submission to rule. There would always be

coercion and brutality. There was always then the seed of rebellion. Even though I realized what this probably meant for me, it seemed a consolation.

The woman in the coat, 'Elizabeth' waited beside him. She kept staring at the bastard with a look in her eyes. I guessed that he was bedding her.

'How many collar controls can you run Lucian? How many times might a master or mistress not reach the button before some crazed trash throttles them?' I sneered out the words, wincing still with the pain of the injection.

'He smiled and patted my shoulder. 'Don't fret little Webster' he said.

'Shall we move him to the neuro suite now Lucian?' the clinical bitch asked.

'Yes' said Lucian and walked away. He paused, 'I want you in my bed after lunch, understood?'

Elizabeth nodded. 'Yes of course' she said. Today, today, had been especially pleasant for Lucian. After all, he had something of Lester's now.

The chair was on heavy caster wheels. Once the brake had been taken off even plumpness could push the chair with me on it through some automatically opening doors and into an adjoining laboratory. This room looked no less clinical, although hanging from the ceiling, immediately before where the chair was locked in position again, was a small screen. Plumpness scurried around the cupboards and she handed the woman Elizabeth another syringe full of something.

'Are we feeling a little more comfy now?' the clinician taunted.

She knew that I wasn't. The fucking pain spasmed through my groin. I refused to answer.

'Tell me Webster, whilst you were in service to that man and his bitch, did you ever fantasize about fucking her?'

I scrutinized her. What had led me to believe that older women forgot how to be bitches? What had led me to believe that they took on a veil of kindness, or motherliness? The bitch had asked a sincere question, she was curious. She could fuck off to hell before I would give an answer.

'I imagine that you'll fantasize a lot now, about fucking a woman. They say that eunuchs do.'

She held her wrist close to my head, close enough to smell her perfume, not close enough for me to bite the bitch.

'I suppose....within a generation or two...may be sooner, women will forget that they ever considered your sort as possible sexual partners. You'll just be there, like worker bees or something' she reflected.

'Why don't you go give Lucian a dose of clap or something' I suggested.

She laughed softly.

'Still thinking about fucking then Webster...is it the way that I dress? Is it what I have just done to you?'

She didn't wait for answer. Instead she instructed Plumpness to bring the syringe and this time after a tourniquet was applied and the dose was shot up my vein.

'It's a hypnotic' she said to me, 'whispering in my ear, 'we're going to show you a film, for an hour or two, play you a commentary, in your

sweet little ears.'

I could feel the stuff creep in through my arm and inside my head. You felt yourself falling, like you do with an anaesthetic. But you don't switch out entirely. Instead you land in some stinking place where voices distort and sight seems to come in and out of focus. To my relief the drug seemed to nullify the pain in my scrotum as what was left of my testicles started to disintegrate.

Another leather strap was pulled across my forehead so I couldn't look way and then head phones were placed over my ears. There was a silky sort of music, the sort that insinuated through your mind.

The bitch Elizabeth smiled. Her hand ran down to my groin. My scrotum wasn't fighting any more. There were no more spasms.

'Run the film please' she told Plumpness.

I watched the screen come to light. It opened on a suburban scene, a series of large houses not unlike the one where we lived. The music weaved on through my brain. A large limousine drew up at a front door and the chauffeur, a young pasty looking guy got out to open the door for the occupant. A handsome black guy dressed in a smart suit emerged. He thanked the driver and was met by a woman in a 1950s frock. She was white and desperately eager to see him home. I watched her kissing the man, slipping her slim arms about his neck. They went in and another white male servant provided drinks. Bizarrely the commentary started to run. 'After the war, that which had caused so much pain and anguish, things settled down rather quickly. Master came home each day and mistress greeted him. There was a firm and a consistent order to the day.'

I blinked. I wanted to close my eyes but somehow I couldn't. I seemed compelled to watch what should have been an obviously stupid, a crass propaganda film. Whilst the narrative moved onward through the domesticated bliss, my brain seemed to switch over and over to a scene of utter lust. There was a bunch of naked black

athletes, really physical types and they were passing the same woman around. They seemed to have impossibly big cocks, all circumcised, all atop shafts with thick veins running up them. The woman went to each in turn eagerly, submissively, mewling a little as they stuck her with their phalluses in turn. Pump, pump, pump, the very chair seemed to move.

'Breeding'

'Well bred'

'Inevitable....inevitable.... not you....never you....you....you'

'God Bradley, Luther, Garfield, Wesley..God, God, God.....'

'Please, please, please, please, please.....'

'I want your baby, baby, baby.....'

My head swam. We were back in the dining room and the couple were being served dinner.

'I hate them....hate them, hate them....'

'White trash....trash, trash, trash.....'

'The war is over, you won, you won, you won, Bradley, Bradley, Bradley...'

'Some of the defeated went to work in the collective farms. Long hours sowing, harvesting, processing. Some, the subdued, served in big houses...'. The commentary wound on like a British Pathe newsreel. I tried to shake my head but there was no movement possible.

Vaguely, my head was diving, swimming, cavorting somehow despite the straps, I watched the woman Elizabeth switch off the lights. There was now just me and the screen.

'I love you Bradley....he doesn't matter, he never mattered.....'. The woman's soft voice mewed to the imposing black man who held her.

Pump, pump, pump, the coupling returned.

'It was a new order and a fine and clean new start to life. Gone was the suspicions and prejudices of the past and in their place a new order, a fine new order where women felt secure...'

I must have passed out. The voice had followed me somehow. I couldn't recall what it said but somehow it had followed me down an ever more constrictive tunnel. The film had looped again. A man was arriving home in a limousine. A rich black man. Pump, pump, pump.

A little light came on by my arm. Someone, a woman in a white coat was topping up the drug, injecting me with a little more of... something....oh, so, soft, pump, pump, pump.

'Kiss me' came the voice.

It was a woman's voice.

I opened my mouth, my eyes dreaming. She kissed me slowly, slipping her tongue within. Her hands explored my torso, down, down, pump, pump, pump, 'Bradley, God, please Bradley!!!'

'Imagine, imagine, imagine...Lucian as your lord....' Came her voice. Whose voice. I knew the voice. I had heard the voice recently. 'You would do anything for him....wouldn't you.....yes, oh, yes.....now, now, now.'

I struggled to open my eyes. They felt like lead shutters. Beside me Elizabeth and Plumpness were talking. I watched Plumpness kiss the woman's hand again. Was it sexual or something supplicant? I couldn't tell. The woman in the white coat noticed me waking. The screen was now blank and I had no way of knowing how long I had been there. There had been a film. Black men fucking a woman... magnificently. They fucked so perfectly. She was delirious.

'Have the security guards take him back to his cage' said the bitch in the white coat. She turned to me and smiled. 'You kiss very nicely Webster' she said. I frowned at her. Why had she said that? 'See

you again tomorrow then' she concluded. May be it was lunch time.
There was something about lunch time that I had to remember.
There was something significant....

Chapter 12

Dave whispered through the adjoining bars between our cages. A guard had shoved some sort of oat meal biscuits through the cage and then a small bottle of water for each occupant. Apparently this was what you were fed.

‘You awake Webster?’

I moved. My head was thumping with a terrible headache. Then the pain between legs returned. It felt as though something had been burned out.

‘You see that old bitch Webster. Ain’t she magnificent. Shit, she is sexy’. Dave sounded slightly deranged. I assumed he meant ‘Elizabeth’, the bitch in the white coat. But fantasizing about someone who did that to you was out of order. Dave had been here too long.

‘They inject you? They inject you and then take you to the cinema?’

His voice caught. He was eating the oatmeal biscuit and forgetting to drink the water. Dave didn’t seem entirely in control of himself. He was shaking.

I tried to recall exactly what had happened, but it was hazy. I remembered the bitch injecting my balls. I remembered the pain that followed. But stuff about a cinema, that seemed harder to recognize.

I remembered vaguely that the bitch had kissed me. She had, hadn't she?

'May be you'll come out along with the rest of us. A fishing trip shall we say.' Suggested my neighbour.

I didn't understand what he was going on about.

'Down one of the underpasses, beneath a railway arch or something, where the trash sleep. We go out with minders and bring them in. Hell Webster, they got lots of cages, lots of cages.'

I tasted the biscuit and it was bone dry. You wouldn't feed it to a dog. My mouth felt terrible, so I quaffed the water in one. How long now, how long? I would need Strohman, I would need it bad. You can't believe how loosing a sense of time weakens. Somewhere, out there, a clock ticked and time passed. It was regular and orderly. It just didn't operate in here.

Keys turned in a door and the guards were back. They walked straight to my cage. What time was it? How long, how fucking long had I lain there? I guessed vaguely that a night had passed. Plumpness was with them and they unlocked the cage and dragged me out. This time I hadn't the strength to resist. I was just pulled out.

Back in the chair, in lab No 1, the tall bitch came back in. She was wearing severe looking leather jeans this time, in a maroon red. Someone had hickeyed her neck, she had a mark there. I remembered that this woman was called Elizabeth.

'I'm going to need Strohman...I'll die....you're wasting your time' I murmured to her. 'Elizabeth...I'm going to need Strohman.'

She ignored me. Again her hand went inside my now increasingly grubby jogging pants and she felt my scrotum. This time her hand re emerged holding the cage with the still closed lock attached. I stared crazily at it. Something had shrunk beyond recognition. I blinked at

the cage as it was dropped into a kidney dish. It was an appalling sight, but I wasn't quite sure why.

'Would you like to kiss me Webster?' she asked, nodding quickly to Plumpness to get on with preparations.

'Yes' I said. I think I said it. I heard the answer in my head. I heard myself say it. She brought her lips close to mine. Her eyes measured me. I kissed her lips tenderly.

'Open your mouth' she murmured.

My mouth opened and she started to French kiss me. I felt her tongue press inside and I responded.

'Do you want to worship Lucian?' she wondered.

'Yes' I said.

'Naturally' she responded and took the loaded syringe.

'Painful jag this time Webster' she cooed, 'very painful...but no pain, no gain....'

The needle went in and it wasn't painful. The searing pain came when she shot the chemical inside. I spasmed like I had taken a massive shock. I must have looked as if I was having a fit, because my body arched upward as far as the straps would allow. Plumpness put her fingers to my neck, feeling the carotid pulse, checking that I wasn't about to expire on them.

'They're dead' the clinician whispered in my ears.

I tensed again. The bouts of pain were appalling.

'How is his pulse?' she asked Plumpness.

The woman responded and it seemed good enough. I wasn't expiring and so could be pushed on the chair into the second room again. Elizabeth walked before us. She had immaculate posture, her body moving as if on a catwalk. I watched her bottom move as she proceeded on.

By the time that the chair was locked in place I was begging for something to take away the excruciating pain down below.

'Soon be with you Webster' the woman soothed.

'Please Elizabeth, please Elizabeth, oh please' I pleaded.

I felt the tourniquet go on and even as the woman in the leather jeans jagged my arm. I felt the strap go across my forehead. The screen lit up. The drug woozed around my brain and I was floating now. A commentary was running. It was a news reel commentary and I was being reminded that the revolution was not yet vouchsafed. There were people who didn't want our masters to have charge. Black men were seducing women. It was so beautiful. I remember my eyes straining to appreciate the suave seduction. Envious eyes were glaring though and I felt a visceral anger. Defend master, defend him now! No one, no one must stop the change. Pump, pump, pump, I was back in a memory from somewhere, some place.

I was dragged from my cage again. I blinked. Where, how, I had been watching a film. But now I was back in my cage and there was a group of guards. Plumpness held the control to my collar and she checked that it was working with just a quick zap. I tensed, instantly. She smiled. The swinging light was switched on and we all blinked hard, rubbing our eyes to cope with the sudden light. Dave looked like a whippet or something. He held the bars of his cage and waited eagerly to be let out. Once they had extracted him, he stretched to his full height. He was surprisingly tall, may be six feet, not that you could have told when he was bent double in the cage. I started blankly as they handed him a cosh and he fixed the leather strap

around his wrist. He slapped the cosh theatrically into the palm of his hand. The man looked deranged.

'Games afoot Webster...wow, they're bringing you too! Wow, that is so cool' he enthused.

The lock came free and I was taken from my cage. Plumpness gazed into my eyes.

'Do you want to kiss me Webster?' she asked.

The woman was ugly, but I wanted to kiss her. I nodded and she waited patiently whilst I tenderly kissed her lips. I felt the press of her mouth and submitted immediately, allowing her to explore my mouth.

'We're going to collect some new servants' she told me casually, 'would you like to carry a cosh?'

I nodded. My brain felt as if it was backwards in my brain. A cosh, yes, right, I would need that. We were going hunting. I wanted to kiss Elizabeth. I might get a kiss, a kiss, if I brought someone home. If I did, did, did.

'I had to wait a month before they took me out' said Dave.

I stared at him, 'a month'?

We were led down the corridor from where I had been brought in. There were burly black guys with pistols and yes assault rifles. They watched us as we walked.

When we arrived out in the yard beyond the warehouse, it was already dusk. There were two large vans into we were all loaded. May be there was five of us, as well as our minders. The men with the weapons, but they didn't look overly concerned. Plumpness took up station in the front of our van and we proceeded out of the gate, heading some place in town. Three vans made their way into the city

centre, two carrying the minders and us and the third, empty, cage equipped for our catch.

‘Hope I bag one’ said Dave, ‘extra rations then. You hope so too Webster?’

The man looked strange, obsessed. Hadn’t he called us gerbils? He had called us something like that. I knew he had, or at least I thought he had. Now he wanted to smack someone with a cosh. Dave whistled tunelessly as we progressed. He whistled as if he was going on a jaunt.

‘Dave....you OK?’ I queried.

‘Yes’ he assured me.

‘OK then, that’s good’ I murmured.

I remember hearing trains above us as we passed beneath arches. There was the sudden rush of express trains. Then we parked up and I and Dave and one other of the cosh bearers were pointed in the direction of a series of make shift shelters beneath another set of railway arches. The minders pointed with their weapons. We were meant to go pick up a few subjects. I saw how the minders positioned themselves. They spread out like a funnel, left and right so that the suddenly beaten could only find their way to the waiting van.

‘Follow me’ Dave said, ‘hate these fuckers, best get them off the street’. He lolloped forward in an odd looking run that I could only assume resulted from prolonged time in a cage. It was difficult to tell from the makeshift encampment beneath the arches how many street people were bedded down there. But the element of surprise, raining down cosh’s and the guys with guns gave us the edge.

Our minders seemed content to stand back whilst we launched into the plastic sheet and old carpet shelters. We didn’t find an entrance,

we just kicked our way through the side of the tents. Another hunting group had joined us, and they launched in too. There was a sudden melee of swinging cosh, screams, shouts and curses. I saw Dave catch hold of some grubby young guy by the scruff of the neck, pulling him out of his sleeping bag like a grub out of a hole. He hit the guy with the cosh twice across his back the hapless victim was being marched sharply towards the minders. For someone who had been scrunched up in a cage Dave moved like a weasel, leaving the first victim with the minders and returning to me as I stared at the rapidly escalating fight around me.

‘Get into them son!’ shouted Dave.

I blinked.

‘Why?’

I couldn’t understand why. I blinked. The raiding party was winning. Another two youngish men were pushed towards the van and the minders.

Then someone, I don’t know who, whacked me across the back of the head with a heavy object. I dropped to the muddy floor. I dropped onto what was once a mattress and felt several feet race across my back, one person being dragged and the others trying to retrieve him.

‘Fuck...escape...escape....’ I told myself.

Dave was calling, calling for someone to help him drag a ‘wiry tough bastard’ out of a cardboard box. Others with coshes ran to his aid. I heard the yelps as the occupant was savagely hit.

I slid beneath the mattress. It smelled of shit. It smelled of shit and vomit.

Dave had got the guy out and he was triumphantly dragging him towards the minders. His accomplices ran on after down and outs who were making a run for it. I could see Dave dragging the man away. The guy resisted one more time and kicked out at Dave's leg. There was a sickening snap. I heard Dave yelp and he went down, his leg bending at an impossible angle. The guy who he had hold off started to run, but one of the minders shot him. I watched the guy drop like a stone, silent, no yelping, no screaming. The minder who had shot the escapee came over to where Dave lay with his leg sticking out at the craziest angle. Dave was howling and trying to push himself up on one shoulder. He just about made it before the minder shot him in the head too.

Christ!!

I clenched my teeth shut, fearing that I would cry and lay completely still. The mattress covered me, but it would be an easy matter to kick it away and either retrieve or shoot me. The fuckers were mad, utterly, fucking mad. I heard two other victims pushed crudely with taunts towards the van. The men with coshes yelped and laughed like they were hounds on a foxhunt. It was crazy, crazy, crazy.

'That's enough!' said Plumpness, 'someone may have heard the shots. Pick up the bodies and let's get out of hear.'

There was a scurry of feet. I heard them drag the escapee's body away and then Dave too, his broken leg hanging backwards as he was retrieved.

'Hurry up!' snapped Plumpness. The hunt was becoming risky. Gunshots, the police, it could all become a problem.

There was the sound of more feet and curses. Some of the cosh men hadn't brought home any booty. Yet still, they were ordered out. It was time to disappear. Sick rose in my mouth. I let it dribble onto the grubby concrete floor beneath me. Even though it was growing

dark I could see how nervous Plumpness was. She looked quickly about for any obvious bodies and then....ran back to the van.

I lay still. I lay entirely still.

I could hear the vans moving. They moved quickly, there was a screech as one accelerated away, kicking up debris against a wall.

I lay so still, you cannot believe it. If they came for me I decided I would claim that I had been hit from behind and knocked unconscious. It was entirely plausible. I could have been knocked out. The blow was sharp and heavy.

When I looked at my grey sweat shirt top, it was the same colour as the mattress. My jogging bottoms too weren't far from the colour either. I had been camouflaged. Only now did I feel the pain in my shoulder where the blow that floored me had fallen. I started to shake uncontrollably. Please no, they will see me. They will see the mattress move.

No.....no

No.....

But the vans had gone.

Beyond the railway arch it started to rain. I could see the rain falling against a distant street light. More trains thundered over the rails somewhere above.

I moved my fingers, pushing through the dirt, feeling it slide against my nails.

There were only the distant sounds of the city. No van returned to claim me. There were no urgent voices directing the search for me.

I sobbed.

The mattress moved above me, quivering as my shoulders shook.

Rain must be seeping through broken brick work. It started to drop on my head. Splash, splash, splash. I had to move. They might come back. With a little effort I pushed the mattress over and got to my knees. I drew several more breaths and then stood. I felt giddy, but managed to remain upright. I took a step and then another step. I was soon running, running in the opposite direction from which the vans had come.

I ran aimlessly for maybe ten minutes. I stumbled past a series of wheelie bins and then a rack in which cardboard boxes had been broken down and stashed. I ran past advertising hoardings and then onto a street where a passing car nearly ran me over. The driver cursed as he braked and then shot past. I crossed the road more safely the second time and bounced my way down an alley that brought me out onto a small park. There was a man there, a black guy, old, wisened and he was sitting and smoking what looked like the last of a cigarette. He barely looked up as I approached, instead sucking down the tobacco. He seemed so preoccupied, but I had to sit down. I dropped onto the park bench beside him. Dragging down more breaths I started to whimper.

'Put my dog down today' he told me, an aside before inhaling again.

He looked utterly, utterly miserable.

'Sorry' I said. It was an automatic response.

'Only a mongrel, she had cancer' he said.

I touched his shoulder.

'Look...look, I wonder if you have a phone....there is someone I desperately need to call' I said.

Chapter 13

Rufus picked me up from the old man's flat. I begged him for money, to buy the feller another dog. It seemed vitally important and emotionally I was about done in. Rufus hugged me, said how amazing it was that I'd made it, frowned at the request for the funds, but handed over a sheaf of notes anyway. The old man looked very pleased indeed.

Before Rufus pushed me into the car he made a note of the location, somewhere on a council estate in Balham, not more than a mile or two from the attack on the viaduct rough sleepers, no more than say an hour's drive from the warehouse I'd been kept in. Rufus was calculating radiuses.

'Please,' I begged, 'can we get away from here Rufus'.

He nodded, of course.

We drove back through the lamp lit streets, out towards the west of the city and the better appointed district where master's house was. I stared vacantly into space. Every time I closed my eyes I was back there, the screaming and the shouting, as victims were rounded up by the snatch squad. Dave was there, shouting and grabbing like he

was a lunatic on the first day of a Christmas sale. Then he was howling as the down and out guy smashed his leg and it broke with a crack. Dave was trying to get up until a guard put a bullet through his brain. Fuck, the way Dave's head had jolted back then, it sickened me.

'You able to talk about it?' asked Rufus. It wasn't a de brief, that would come quickly when we got home. Rufus, I knew, cared about what happened to me.

I shook my head. Dave was being shot over and over and over again.

'How long have I been away?' I asked mechanically.

What, it had may be been two days, three days at best. That's how I imagined it.

'Five days' Rufus responded, 'five days man, you were on the very limit of the Strohman that mistress shot you.'

It couldn't have been five days...could it? I squinted at him. He nodded. But then there was no day or night in that place. There was darkness punctuated by trips to the lab rooms. How many trips down there had I taken? Two, I'd been twice, at least I thought that I had. Because my mind swam I couldn't entirely tell any more.

Rufus turned the car into our suburbia. He kept glancing at me as if I was a refugee or something. He kept looking at me as if I was about to keel forward onto the car dashboard and expire.

'Been some changes whilst you were away Webster' he said. Now he had remembered. Best I know before we got home.

'Yes' I said automatically. He could have been talking to a cardboard box for all the sense I seemed to make of things.

'Master has some Doberman's that live in the garden around the house, don't go out alone at night, they're apt to bite' he said.

'Dobermans' I repeated.

'Yeah, ' said Rufus, 'ugly fuckers. Tobias manages them. Tobias was eager we got some.

The mention of Tobias triggered something in me. I was meant to be worried about him but I couldn't fathom why. It was Tobias that had driven me out to do the exchange...wasn't it?

'There's another thing' said Rufus, 'Mistress Emma has a new slave.'

I blinked at Rufus. A new slave. Something tightened in my gut. I was reacting to that news but like a jigsaw with pieces missing it wasn't quite making sense so far.

'Lester bought him for Mistress. He cost a lot of money. He's may be twenty two or something. He's Strohman fixed and pretty. They call him Powell.'

I nodded, feeling suddenly sad as well as exhausted. Powell was my replacement. That much quickly sunk in. Master didn't expect me to come out alive. Mistress perhaps didn't especially care. But she was used to commanding a male.

When the electronic gates to master's house opened with a grinding noise I nearly freaked. Gates, heavy gates.

Rufus jumped.

'You remember something ' said Rufus, 'tell me...tell me now before it goes!'

'There were gates' I said, 'really big gates.'

It would be cute wouldn't it if there was a large concerned welcoming party ready to receive me. But that would have been an egoistic dream. I was after all, just a slave. I was a slave with a dirty smell about me, not only literally to do with my clothes but associated with memories too. I'd been swapped. Once the gates had closed and Rufus had checked that the dogs were still chained, I was led into the house. Rufus took me through to a back room which had been fitted with a shower and then with quiet grace, he sprayed water all over me as I lathered myself with soap. He winced, looking at my genitals, he winced.

'Fucking hell man, they messed with you' he observed, glancing down.

I took the shampoo bottle from the holder and did my best to make my hair smell of something different to that foul mattress. When Tobias came in to check on progress too, he stared at my genitalia. I felt like shit. I was handed a towel and I dried myself before donning the tunic and trousers of the House of Lester. The feel of them, the familiar colours felt massively reassuring. As a precaution, because I was Strohmman depleted Rufus fixed an electronic collar back around my throat, tested it apologizing as he hit the button, and then led me upstairs. I was led to Mistress Jenny's room and Rufus knocked politely on the door. We were told to enter and I encountered mistress. She was feeding Medlar. My fellow slave was stretched face up on the floor and mistress had seated herself reverse, facing down to his feet, whilst rubbing her bottom in gentle circles on Medlar's face. The guy was licking greedily, gratefully, sucking up the goo, and anything else delicious that might have been squirted there by master. Mistress looked pleased. Her eyes were dreamy and she made little mewling noises as she used Medlar's mouth and applied his Strohmman at the same time.

Rufus reminded me to bow my head and wait. Exhausted, stressed I might be but etiquette ruled all.

'Have him lie here' she told Rufus and indicated a place on the carpet. I was to lie face up, with the top of my head against Medlar's. It meant that mistress could apply Strohman to both us, eager tongues reaching up to secure our share. I lay there, my limbs fidgeting uncontrollably whilst Rufus stayed on as extra security. Mistress squirted some Strohman into her public bush from an applicator and looked down at me. I closed my eyes. If I stared at her dripping sex for too long I was sure that I would expire.

'Lick nicely' she warned.

'Yes mistress' I answered promptly.

She nodded and settled on my face. I felt her labia part as my tongue swept upwards. I couldn't 'lick nicely', I could only lap for all I was worth. I inhaled the drug, sucking it deep into my lungs, appreciating the scent of the woman as well as all that I craved. I curled my tongue so that it was a ladle and took all that I could with each sweep. Medlar's head moved against mine, craning, contorting to lick his share from further back.

After a few moments, mistress climaxed. It had just been too much. Two slaves licking eagerly away. I felt her thighs lock tight, her muscles spasming hard as the sweet sensations coursed upwards through her body. It was so delicious, such a thrill, that I pursed my lips and quivered them gently either side of her bulging clitoris.

'Good boy...that's good....that's very good' she gasped.

I wouldn't stop until her sweet little woman squirts made me blink.

Rufus held mistress's hand as she lifted off our faces. She had slid back and forth playing tig with our tongues. She was shaking with the pleasure of the service provided, the feeding accomplished. As she lifted upwards I saw it. A roughly cut heart incised into her inner thigh. It was crudely annotated 'Lucian' beneath. I imagined that it

had been cut with the point of a knife, Mistress Jenny screaming and struggling. Tobias came back to me, his anguished face. Lucian's laughing face. They had bludgeoned Tobias's finger. That was why he wore a leather glove on his right hand, a leather glove with a neatly removed and counter sewn forefinger hole. I'd noticed it when he had entered the shower room. I shuddered.

'What are you looking at Webster?' she demanded looking down at me and rearranging her pleated mini skirt.

'Nothing mistress' I yelped, 'I was desperate Miss, sorry....'

Rufus nodded as if to affirm my messed up state. Mistress let it pass. She sat at her vanity table as Medlar and I sat up on the carpet.

He hugged me.

I cried, shaking against his shoulder.

'You OK, you OK, you OK?' he repeated.

'Get them out' said Mistress who was clearly embarrassed by the scene. Rufus helped me to my feet. Medlar sprang up much more spritely.

'You're to take Webster down to the office and have him wait there for Lester directly he has had some food Rufus' mistress Jenny said.

'Yes Miss' answered Rufus.

I was unsteady on the stairs going back down so that both Rufus and Medlar took turns in supporting me. Now my head swam with delicious Strohman. It swam around and around and it was bliss. We went to the kitchen where Medlar and I so often worked and he fixed me two rounds of cheese and pickle sandwiches. I attacked them ravenously.

'They hurt you Webster?' Medlar asked as he watched me eat the food like a wolf that had happened on a carcass.

I nodded, but I couldn't answer. I couldn't. By turn there was horror and then sweet disregard for everything that should have been of concern. Medlar's head should have been swimming too, but then he had remained on a regular regime. Medlar wasn't depleted in the way that I was.

'We'll talk in the bunkhouse' Medlar suggested, something that Rufus said would be better.

'There's a new guy Powell....' Medlar began, his face anxious.

'No!' said Rufus and Medlar fell silent.

After the food and two mugs of black coffee I wanted to sleep. I felt exhausted. Still, Rufus nudged my shoulder and told me that I had to hang on for that. He would take me to the bunkhouse, I could sleep, after Lester had debriefed me. I wobbled up onto my feet and followed Rufus along the corridor to the office. There I was seated on a chair, whilst Rufus went to find master. On the wall a clock quietly ticked. It was almost midnight. Time seemed so strange.

Some ten minutes on master came into the room and I tried to rise respectfully from the chair. It proved impossible and master didn't seem especially perturbed. I had hoped that he would look relieved to see me, pleased that I was alive. Instead, he looked business like.

'You've had food to eat.' he checked, getting the rudimentary question out of the way briskly.

'Yes sir' I answered.

'Rufus tells me that they tortured you' he said, again, flat calm.

I made it to my feet this time and stood well enough to pull my pants down. Lester could see the shriveled genitalia. He looked and for the first time there was emotion in his face. He looked surprised.

'How did they do that?' he wondered.

'They injected me master'

'Lots of times?' he wondered.

'Twice, I think twice' I said.

Lester made a note. There was no expression of concern. He had seemed surprised and then intrigued. I was a slave, just a slave. He told me to pull up my pants and I dropped into the chair again.

'They got a chemist there' Lester asked.

I frowned, I was struggling with that.

'Who injected you?' he asked more directly.

'Elizabeth did' I answered. He jotted that down too, before I added 'a bitch in a white coat. '

Lester turned to Rufus.

'Location?'

'South London sir, we picked Webster up in Balham. He had been taken on a snatch mission, to capture street sleepers.'

'We had coshes' I said vaguely, interrupting Rufus. 'We had coshes and hit the fuckers till they came nice to the vans.'

'What did they want them for Webster?' Lester followed the leads as they emerged.

'To inject. They wanted them looking like me' I said.

'They're castrating them' Lester said.

'Yes' I answered. Another note was made. I could see him writing.

'They want our sort wiped out...you know, over time' I grinned stupidly as I spoke, it was how Dave had grinned. It was how he grinned, when he was alive.

'You went on a raid, they collar you for that?' Lester asked.

'I was collared...Rufus cut theirs off before my shower. But we wanted to go hunting, we all did' I said. Right now my head was spinning a bit and I could have happily dropped to sleep on the desk.

Lester made more notes.

'We each had a cage' I told Lester. He looked down below.

'We were each kept in a cage, big banks of cages. May be there were hundreds of cages, I don't know' I told master.

Lester pulled a face. This was clearly interesting and serious. I didn't know it then but Lester saw that as both a threat, something that could lead to police or military attention and, and later, an opportunity. Clearly some males would be needed as servants and controlled by Strohman, but others, well there would be need for workers, perhaps a militia to enforce the new order. Lester had begun to wonder if Lucian was quite as wild card as he had first imagined.

'Location?' Lester asked Rufus again.

'Balham was a short run away from where they had raided the street camp. I'm searching for those sites on a map. Webster talked about

may be an hour's drive in a van, so I'm working radius's out from Balham, allowing for evening traffic. Webster mentioned gates, heavy metal gates and a warehouse.'

'Heavy metal sliding gates on wheels' I added to Rufus's account.

'There can only be so many warehouses with those sorts of gate in the radius' said Lester.

'Yes sir, We're sending people out to check locations. It may take a while but we should find it. Then we'll stake out the place and await your instructions.'

Lester nodded at his man. He clearly appreciated the methodical approach. But this was urgent.

'Let's make it fast Rufus. We want in there, without police involvement.'

'Yes sir' Rufus replied, 'and when we get hold of them?'

Lester glanced at me. I stared stupidly at him. Whether I was a good witness right now was doubtful. I was half out of everything.

'I want Lucian interrogated. I want to know how big his operation is and if he has other sites. After you've extracted everything, checked everything, Lucian has a Tobias arranged accident, OK?'

Rufus nodded. I felt strangely relieved.

'Yes' I said.

'The chemist?' asked Rufus.

'I want her, she comes to us' Lester said.

I frowned. I wasn't sure why? Why did Lester want the chemist? My head swam again.

'The men that have been taken..?' Rufus asked. He didn't seem to want to know. I watched the way that his face contorted uneasily.

'We can't risk anything, everything has to stay tight, discreet...'
Lester said.

Still Rufus waited. Reluctantly, he had to know. He knew that there should be no police investigation. He knew that Lester preferred a more gradual, a rather more subtle adjustment of the social order.

'May be we take them to the dredger out in the Thames 'said Lester, 'let me know numbers first'.

Rufus paused. Hell, I could sense him thinking of it. It could mean disposing of dozens of men.

At that moment my mistress came in. She wore a black cocktail dress, clinging to her shapely contours, a choker of diamonds about her throat and the Cartier dress watch. She came to Lester and he kissed her quickly. My mistress ignored me. In the doorway behind her stood a young guy with a curly mop of hair. He wore a pink leather collar with 'Mistress' picked out on it. He could only have been Powell.

'Do you think we have enough details to find Lucian?' mistress queried.

'Enough to narrow a search' Lester responded.

She smiled. 'Will you kill him?'

'Tobias will' Lester said.

'Look, I was thinking of taking Powell over to show him to Nicole, do you think that would be fine?' Security, I realized well enough it was till an issue.

'Not this evening darling' Lester growled, 'I'd want to send escort. Tomorrow may be.' He kissed her.

For a second she looked petulant. But Lester smiled and told her to take Powell away and play with him. I shuddered. Powell was a fucking lap dog.

Rufus marched me out of there as fast as possible, pushing me down to the bunk house. He was worried that I had enough anger left somewhere to launch myself at the youth beside my mistress. I went in shoves, like a set of railway trucks being shunted. When we got down there I looked for the extra bunk made up. There was none.

'He's her pet,' Rufus said irritably, 'he sleeps in a room next door to the master bedroom. You have to get over it. Mistress does as she pleases Webster, you are just another slave.' She's Lester's bitch, don't cross her.'

'Guy got a stud in his tongue?' I wondered.

'He came with one' Rufus answered.

'Bet he licks her nice' I said. I started to pull at my thumb nail, destroying it in little clicks and tugs. My hands looked a mess, torn and bruised from the fight.

'Resentment will get you killed' Rufus said, scowling now, 'Mistress is content, live with it.'

My head was somersaulting, performing lazy backward rolls, through the air as I sat there, on my bed.

'Only five days, she waited only five days,' I murmured.

'I'm making you tea' said Rufus.

'What about beer?' I asked.

'No beer, you're a slave, understood?'

I nodded.

There would come a day, I knew that there would. On that day I was going to kill Powell. I was going to kill Powell and then kill myself before Lester and his men got hold of me. I promised myself that. I did.

Chapter 14

It took me well over three weeks to get my strength and confidence back. During that time I wore the electronic collar and Rufus tested it every morning before handing the control to whichever person had charge of me during the day. I realized quickly that they feared that I might have become unhinged from my imprisonment and had decided that precautions were necessary for a while. For much of the time Medlar was given charge of me. The place was busy, transformed. Two new slaves came in every day to cook for the household and to clean and Medlar was promoted to website management and design. In the short time that I had been away the blog had launched and secured a lot of interest. There was apparently, no shortage of eligible young women, many of them married, who wanted to be matched with a handsome black guy. Social media, fashion magazines, even story lines in soap operas were pairing beautiful women with handsome black dudes. The choice, the preference black, was becoming a pervasive norm. When disgruntled white boys fought back, with sporadic attacks in various parts of the country, the authorities censored their racism. Women had a right to chose.

I asked Medlar how on earth the better educated husbands were reacting? Surely no matter how fashionable the new dating was, this must surely be eroding the comfort zones of the husbands. To my surprise Medlar reported that it hadn't. It was hip, modern, big hearted, confident, for husbands to stay cool about their wives

having a social life that included new men. The observation astonished me, so Medlar showed me the register of applicants to the blog. There must have been three dozen nearly all of whom were initiated by married women. Of the applications perhaps half were from wives who already had dated other men. I realized that life was accelerating away before me.

‘We’ve changed the psychological profile tests already’ Medlar told me. ‘We’re going for the jugular. Only the best educated, the most confident, the career successful, the most arrogant women are being prioritized for the boudoir section of the blog.’

‘Lester is going to change society’ I observed, staring at the pictures of the beautiful women on screen.

‘Yes’ said Medlar.

I was led outdoors. Apparently it had been decided that my rehabilitation was best arranged with a good dose of fresh air. The Doberman’s terrified me, but as long as I could see that they were locked in their enclosure, I could cope. There was gardening to be done, some bushes to be trimmed so that security cameras had clear views and poop to scoop. Medlar came out to talk to me periodically. He could otherwise observe me from the office window where he updated and maintained the blog.

I managed well enough. There was a curious robin to talk to, one that seemed to shadow me when I turned the soil over. I watched mistress come and go from my vantage point, working in the front garden. Her leather boots were immaculately polished. Her clothes were crisply pressed and brushed. Powell I learned was her personal valet. It sickened me. There were times when I worked near where her Porsche was parked and she simply walked by me. I could have been a park attendant, nothing more. Inside I seethed. I would stare up at the master bedroom, that place which Powell was admitted to and which I wasn’t. I imagined the bastard tonguing mistress’s

creamy sex clean after she had coupled. Medlar watched me and he knew.

'She fucks with a rich black guy called Raphael' he told me, 'Lester told her to. He's a property tycoon and there's advantage there. She goes to him and fucks. Things are changing mate, they're changing fast.'

It was a heart sink moment. That time had come when mistress saw sex as pleasure and as advantage. She would go with the right men to advance the cause and because Lester ruled her. There was no moral compass anymore, there was only privilege and power and a new set of mores that put women such as mistress above the social convention. I'd thought about it often enough. I had an inferiority complex about black guys. I was curious about how arrogant a woman might become if she took a lover. Whilst I had a dick that operated, both gave me an erection. But the politicization of it all, so it became a movement, that simply left me gutted. It felt as though I had opened Pandora's box and hugely complex and far researching things poured out, those beyond my control, those beyond that of many guys.

'They fuck, we don't' Medlar mused. He looked embarrassed then remembering what had been done to me. I couldn't fuck, not any more. 'Sorry' he said.

I saw Raphael two days later. He came to the house in an ostentatious red Ferrari. He looked like a fucking property owner, sleek, self obsessed and ignorant of how others lived. The man was tall, relaxed looking in a leather bomber jacket and slacks. Mistress came out of the house to greet him and he kissed her as casually as if the place was his. Secreted beneath my shrubbery I studied her intently. She looked at the man so submissively, eagerly and I realized just how deeply ingrained submission was in these women's heads. They wanted to please those guys.

'We going to fuck bitch?' the visitor said to her smiling.

'Please' she answered and led him towards the door.

I was growing sick of grubbing around in the undergrowth. Sick of watching the Porsche come and go, the crunch of her boots on the gravel, the lack of even a 'good morning Webster'. But Medlar kept me going. He explained that I was kept out of the house whilst they monitored my recovery. It wasn't necessarily forever. Salvation finally came a further week on when the Porsche returned and this time two pairs of nicely polished boots met the gravel. Mistress had brought Nicole back to the house. The women wore jodphurs and had been riding together. Mistress had presumably been briefing Nicole on just how sensuously the life could be advanced.

'Hello Webster' the young woman said to me. I was inserting a series of stepping stones into the lawn. They looked innocuous enough but each had a security pressure pad beneath which could be activated at night time. Intruders who didn't want to get their feet wet would set off alarms.

I looked up at her. She was very very pretty, her hair covering part of her face. I wanted to ask about how her pairing was going. I wanted to ask whether she enjoyed dating a black guy. I didn't know which one, there were significant gaps in what I understood these days.

'Good morning mistress' I answered politely.

'Do you like gardening?' she asked innocently.

'I find that I'm reasonably good at it' I answered humbly.

Mistress pushed her foot forward. I was to lick her boots. A little demonstration. I started to lick at her boots, cleaning away the detritus of the stable yard. Her young protégé didn't comment, she pushed a boot forward to be licked too.

'We keep Webster out here for now' mistress said airily, 'until he has recovered from a tough assignment. Then we will bring you back indoors won't we Webster'.

'Yes, thank you mistress' I answered gratefully.

'I was wondering whether we might have Webster befriend my cuck' said Nicole, watching me lick, 'just during the current hurdle.'

I didn't know what the hurdle was, but right then it seemed a god send. Goodness I was fed up with gardening.

'I'm not sure that Webster is quite rehabilitated' Mistress mused.

Nicole looked pleadingly at her. It would be really useful, just for now.

Mistress nodded and without further comment, they walked away.

A few days later and Mistress Nicole was back. She arranged for me to meet with her whilst she drank a glass of wine in the lounge. She wore the tightest jeans and a pair of black cavalier, over the knees boots. I was brought in by Mistress Jenny and told to kneel on the carpet whilst Nicole set out her requirements.

The young medic glanced down at me. I think my subjugation still astonished her. I was so compliant. I suspected that she still didn't know about Strohman.

'It's been a while since the Farrier's Inn' she observed, watching me.

'Yes Mistress' I answered.

She nodded.

'I'm seeing someone now, he's called Daniel' she said, 'he's a free lance pilot'.

Nicole didn't need to indicate much else. I knew certain criteria already.

'He's dishy Webster, incredibly dishy' she observed and I could almost feel her heart thrill. Who said arranged introductions, marriages in old parlance, weren't effective.

I nodded. I guessed that a comment wasn't required.

'Ben knows of course and he says that he is really pleased for me. But he watches me go out with a hang dog expression on his face. He won't talk to me about how difficult the lifestyle adjustment seems.'

'It's hard mistress' I conceded. It bloody well was hard. I remember Emma going out. I remembered the hours of waiting.

'It is very hard Webster...but I want him to accept things, to know that this will make me extremely happy.' Nicole poured a glass of wine and offered it down to me. Mistress Jenny shook her head. That wasn't allowed. The wine glass was withdrawn. I didn't have to respond.

'So I want you to visit Ben and perhaps have a meal with him when I go out. I want you to befriend him and help him to come to terms with the change.'

'yes Miss' I responded. 'I will try'.

Nicole looked across at Mistress Jenny. They had been discussing strategy, reviewing protocol.

'In our house I need you to call me Nicole. There I want you refer to my cuck as Ben, no surnames, understood? Elsewhere, later, in our society here, he can be Adams' Nicole said.

I looked to Mistress Jenny for instruction and she affirmed the instruction.

'Of course Mistress' I answered.

'Ben is a long way back down the road from life here. He has to be led to this very gradually. I want time to explore my life with Daniel. I don't want Daniel to have to hit Ben if it can be helped. Not yet. That might be necessary if Daniel moves in, but right now...'

Mistress Jenny interrupted our guest, 'right now, Mistress Nicole needs you to calm Ben down so that nature can take its course'.

I bowed my head. It was my yes. They understood it as such. Calling Nicole by her name rather than Miss or Mistress was going to seem bloody strange. Still, the chance to leave the garden, to get outside the house, away from watching my mistress parade, well, that seemed vital.

'You'll tell Ben how sexy it is' said Mistress Jenny, 'put him touch with his passive and submissive side. He has to learn to accept Daniel. He has to learn that Mistress only fucks with her bull.'

I looked up at them both. I had a question and started to mouth it. I was granted permission to speak.

'Has Ben been assigned a different bedroom yet?'

Mistress Nicole answered. 'Not yet! Daniel and I are dating. We're fucking of course, but not yet Webster.' She stifled a laugh. How crude, how naïve I seemed.

'As you direct mistress' I responded, 'I only need to understand parameters within which to speak to him.'

Mistress Jenny scrutinized me.

'I will hear reports on progress and share them with Mistress Emma' she said.

'Yes, yes mistress' I answered. Did I ever imagine that it would be different? My interrogator paused.

'What state is your head in Webster?' she asked.

'Grateful, content, pleased to assist mistress' I answered promptly.

Mistress Jenny smiled at her companion.

It was an amazing amount of trust. On the Saturday I was allowed to drive myself over to Mistress Nicole's house, a chocolate box cottage on the edge of a village. The electronic collar was removed and I was directed to wear an open neck shirt and sports jacket. It was all to seem very casual. I was the relaxed husband of a friend of Nicole's. Emma was regularly seeing a guy called Lester. I had accepted things. I asked about security and Mistress Jenny said that there would be none. I wasn't that valuable an asset.

I drove over feeling bloody strange. It was as if I was a different person. I imagined that this was how actors felt. They had to think themselves into a role, feel the emotions that the character would have, live the dialogue. The challenge of it inspired me though. It seemed a million miles from a cage inside a warehouse. I could breathe in the fresh air, listen to bird song and walk now through the garden that was filled with Lupins and Flox.

Nicole (yes, Nicole, not mistress, remember, remember) was waiting for me because she came into the garden to welcome me as I unlatched the gate. She was a vision. She wore the loveliest tan leather jeans with matching boots, a silk blouse and a wide chestnut brown leather slouch belt with a hefty buckle that moved against her crotch. Her hair was fresh, wild and loose and it bounced as she walked. I imagined Daniel fucking her. Grinding his cock within,

unravelling all her pretty little social conventions like a toilet roll out of control. Mummy had fucked Edward, but I bet he wasn't a Daniel.

'Ian! How are you?' she enthused.

'Nicole, you look lovely' I answered. She did look lovely and her perfume was hypnotic. She hugged me.

'How are Emma and Lester?' she asked loudly. Yes, I know, Ben must have been listening.

'Really great, thanks! They've gone up to the races in Cheltenham' I lied.

I was ushered into the house. The ceilings were low but bespectacled Ben wasn't that tall. He shook my hand when I offered it.

'Ian is an ace cook,' Nicole explained, 'he's brought some food over. I think you're going to be amazed'.

Ben looked at the bag. I had decided to teach Ben out to cook lamb cutlets. A takeaway meal seemed pointless. We should have something to do as well as say.

Nicole checked her watch. Daniel was arriving very soon to take her out. She needed to put some 'lippy' on. I watched her skip upstairs for her bag and makeup. In truth, she probably couldn't stand the strain of this meeting for any length of time. She had arranged for my arrival to come shortly before she left. When she descended again she had added a leather choker cord and an anvil pendant about her throat and her lips were rouged. I imagined that Daniel would like his bitch.

'You making coffee?' I asked Ben, trying to move things on.

'Of course' said Ben who started to move towards the kitchen.

Before he reached it though, Nicole said,

'Might be back in the morning OK Ben. Be good!' she kissed his cheek.

I watched him take the metaphorical knee to the groin. He seemed resigned to that idea. He kissed her cheek back and looked at me sheepishly.

A car horn sounded and we went to the front door. We watched Nicole sassaying down the path towards the vintage Bristol sports car and her date for the night.

'Coffee' I prompted.

Ben waited. He seemed transfixed.

'Don't watch him kiss her, it's easier that way' I assured him.

The guy looked at me as though I was a creature of some sort. He glanced their way. They hugged but before her mouth went up to his, Ben shut the door.

The little cottage was immaculate. It was filled with momentos, from Nicole's private boarding school, from her time at university, from charity events at the hospital. There was hardly anything of Ben's. I think that shocked me. I realized, suddenly, that there were probably millions of men wandering through life with few self esteem markers. They were all vulnerable.

Ben asked about milk, about sugar and then handed me the coffee. I knew what he felt. Shame that Nicole was seeing someone, shame that he was caving in to that. We could pretend couldn't we? We could talk about sport, the weather, about something...

'Have you met Daniel?' I asked him, choosing the path less taken.

Ben winced.

'Yes, once....the three of us went for a drink.'

I raised my eyebrows. That wasn't the full answer was it?

'It was a disaster, he held her hand. He had so much nerve, he just didn't seem to register what his casual confidence did to me.'

'Guys like Daniel don't complicate things Ben. Sex is pleasure, sex is instinct, and people live that aspect of their lives with the cards dealt.' Did that sound honest, helpful? No. But then what would you say? Would you pretend that Daniel was finding his way too? Don't make me laugh. You know that he wasn't!

'Cards dealt..' repeated Ben. He seemed dragged back into a reverie, one that he was forced to visit every time Nicole went out.

'He out classes you,' I said, guessing that Ben would know that I knew certain things already. 'Physically he's more attractive, he has a better education and a better career. That's usually the pattern.'

'And Nicole just responds to that...without a thought for...'

I steadied his hand. There was little point in thrashing yourself. It was necessary to think of it in factual terms.

'He sounds her equal, her class, something like that. She needs to be with him and she values your tolerance.' I put it very simply, very cleanly.

He stared at me like I was speaking Klingon or something. Yes, I know, it's utterly appalling.

'Where are your sauce pans' I said.

We started to cook. To be honest the preparation seemed to help him. He was able to think about something entirely practical. I was able to begin prepping him, for when he would cook for mistress and master. There would come a day when his mind switched, when defence became defeat, when change became submission. I listened as he started to confide things. You cannot believe the massive relief that comes with talking to someone who has already travelled the road. Ben had already been hit by the fashion tsunami. Nicole was dressing 'sassy'. I realized that he meant sexy. He didn't think her clothes tramp like. On the contrary, they were powerful, feminine and confident. She dressed extremely proud as well as sensuously.

'How does that make you feel?' I asked as we prepared a sauce.

'A bit awed...her look awes me' he admitted.

I nodded, and showed him how to reduce a sauce, slowly.

'She dresses to outrank you' I explained, 'Emma did the same to me.'

Ben was struggling with ideas and frowned again.

'Nicole is beautiful, you are not. She accentuates her beauty through clothes, those that highlight her attributes. She dresses in a way that you suppose will please the other man.'

Ben managed to laugh. The assessment was, he said, 'brutal'.

I laughed too. We prepared some potatoes, my own special way.

'I'm not kidding you,' I told him, 'women dress to emphasize their sex appeal in these situations. I bet she doesn't let you fuck her. So every time you see her dressed that way, you're reminded that it is for someone else. She is saying, you don't make the cut.'

My companion juddered.

'How do you know?' he asked.

'Know what?'

'That Nicole and I don't fuck?'

I smiled.

'Why would she fuck you when there is a Daniel?' (I know, not at all deft or kind).

'Perhaps she could share?' he ventured.

'And make you a charity case?' I ventured.

More frowns.

'Do you honestly think that she would fuck you sincerely, with passion, with an equal need Ben? Fucking is the highest honour she can bestow, being a woman, it is a high altar privilege not granted lightly. She would do it with you, if at all, out of pity.'

I show Ben how to shake the pan, to distribute the oil evenly.

'A woman fucks with her equal. A woman fucks with a man that she wants and who might impregnate her.'

'No' said Ben.

'Yes! Yes, they make the decisions. Emma wouldn't let me fuck her. I wasn't good enough for that.'

He stared at me wildly. I was pressing this too fast, but then we had much to discuss. He had to trust that I knew this path. Otherwise misery awaited him.

'Do you lick her cunt for her?' I asked.

Ben snapped, 'do you have to use that word?'

'Yes' I said, 'because that is what she calls it in her head. That is honestly what she calls it when she knows that she has outgrown someone like you. If you lick it, you lick cunt. What she rules you with.'

'I lick her...between her legs' he admitted.

'After she's dated Daniel?'

'Yes'

'And...?'

'And fucking what!' he barked back at me.

'What does it taste like? What does it mean when you do that? What do you think it means in her pretty head?'

'You know what it means!' he insisted.

I squeezed his arm, yes I did.

'I know what it means, but may be you're not ready to chat about what *you* think it means. I'm not going to press this, to make you crazy or something, we've just met. I want to help, it's just....' It seemed time to ease back.

'It means that she is his' he whispered.

'Yes, that....it means that...what else? A woman is not a piece of meat, she is not a territory.' I tried not to sound exasperated.

He wasn't following.

'It means that she is powerful. It means that she has judged you and that you are reassigned. It means that she has asserted what she deems are her rights. You think that Nicole seeing Daniel means that she abandons you? You think it's just about loss. Well....it's not...its about being moulded by her. She decides to make you different.'

My little speech was a little way off the truth. You know...I know that you do. But right then, Ben needed to see it this way. This was the road ahead for him. I couldn't guarantee that Nicole would discard him like I now felt Emma discarded me. That wasn't automatic. I grimaced. This was distinctly uncomfortable for me too.

'A woman, someone as attractive and well bred as Nicole assigns sexual favour. She grants a degree of access. You are granted less, much less. The nature of what she grants is changed. She exercises power. There is no power if you don't exist. You're not abandoned, but things can't be the same.' I paused to catch breath. 'This stuff took me ages to realize. I just saw it as smash and grab before. But it's not.'

Other elements of the main dish assembled Ben wondered whether we now braised the cutlets? No, there was a dessert to prepare and I had brought fruit that we would make into something entirely refreshing. I smiled. You had to prepare. Freshness after the warm moist cutlet meat and the rich sauce. The analogy wasn't lost on my host.

'I've been scared' he admitted, 'I've been scared she will bugger off.'

'Yes' I answered.

'Will she?' he asked. I didn't have a crystal ball he knew that.

'Not if you co operate' I argued.

'She'll think me lame...'

'Not if you cooperate' I persisted.

'There's something called disgust Ian' he said, 'she will be disgusted with me.'

'Perhaps' I admitted, that was a natural emotion, perhaps an inevitable one, but it was one of transition. 'But you're not factoring in Daniel. If she needs to be with Daniel, if you're facing facts, then you are accepting her decision. You are supporting her. In submitting to her will, you are making life more comfortable.'

'I hadn't thought about tension for Nicole. I hadn't thought about how dealing with two men in her heads could feel.' He shivered, realizing perhaps how little he understood as the regards the psychology of this.

'Exactly!' I said. I chopped strawberries and loganberries whilst Ben held the bowl to collect the segments. 'If you cooperate, then she feels comfortable making her choices. Leaving is always one of them, but not a necessary one if you cooperate.'

Ben guessed what cooperate might meant. Lick sex and talk about acceptance. Accept the dating. But I added some things. Ben wasn't to pry or interrogate. He was to accept that Nicole defined how things would develop. It involving appreciating her sex, what was allowed.

'I have to need it?'

I laughed. If only he knew.

'Do you need it, to lick Nicole?' I asked.

'I need something,' he admitted, 'it is something'.

That would accelerate I thought. He probably masturbated now, but later that would be denied. There would be a cock cage. Then, then he would understand need.

We made the meal and ate it at the dining table. Ben served wine and this time I did have a glass. It was strange on my tongue. He played classical music whilst we ate, Schubert. Now he was curious.

‘Emma dates this guy Lester and you don’t object?’

‘I don’t object’ I confirmed. ‘Sometimes she brings him home, they fuck. It’s accepted.’

I wondered how far to portray my journey. I was away over the hill ahead of him reality. But he would never cope with that.

‘She makes you sleep elsewhere?’ he quizzed.

‘I was moved out of the master bedroom a long long time ago. It is boudoir now, Emma’s boudoir and she determines who comes into it. So I sleep down the corridor, so its easier for Lester to visit.’

‘And she likes that?’ Ben wondered.

Likes? I suppose he meant expects that. I said so,

‘She expects it. It is a requirement. She has a black lover like lots of other married women. The lover gets preferential treatment and I’m expected to co operate.’

Ben gestured with his tongue.

‘Yes, that way’ I confirmed, ‘always after she has been with him, but sometimes before, to arouse her.’

Ben’s food lingered on the fork. He was astonished.

'Emma likes to be licked out' I said, offering the matter of fact world to him. 'It is not sex as she thinks of it, with him. It's not full sex. But it is...as you say....something.'

'You're made less, because you lick. He is raised higher, because he fucks her. She decides who is allowed to do what' Ben said, before popping more lamb cutlet into his mouth.

'Yes...exactly. You're reading it better. It's sexy for Emma, to do that to me. It's sexy to have charge of me. She is disdainful. There's something snobby about it. We're class ridden...aren't we.'

'Emma sounds unscrupulous' Ben said, before starting to apologize. I was back on my case.

'She is without scruples. But consider it, she needs to separate us, to make one more and the other less. So she uses my mouth to do that. She uses my mouth to climax, thinking about him...' I let the idea sink in. Some of the most intimate thoughts are connected in web like fashion. It must seem strange to a vanilla guy that some sort of reduced sex with your husband can be used to accent sex with your lover.

'I've never thought of women being ruthless to that extent.' He finished his main course and sipped more wine.

I laughed. 'Women, knitting, quilting classes, playing a little bridge sometimes, cooking and baking.'

'No, not entirely that, but not as hard headed as Emma sounds..' Ben had enjoyed the meal and he eyed the dessert. His evening was full of surprises.

'Have you ever heard women talking about fucking a man?' I asked.

'Sometimes' he admitted.

'Well, they mean it. They think of themselves fucking some men. They see themselves as the aggressor, taking what they want. Sometimes they talk about needing a fuck, being fucked, there is a different sort of man that they think about then.' I checked Ben's expression. He seemed to be coping OK.

'I'm the first sort..'

'You're the first sort, less masculine, nice, agreeable, a sound friend, a confidante, someone who is reliable...but not someone they fantasize about fucking them.' I brought the dessert across and started serving it into two dishes.

'It sounds a bit marvel comic book heroes, as if they want men that are impossibly larger than life' Ben observed.

'They want men who will dominate them and make them feel very feminine. They want a man big enough, physically and as regards attitude, to fuck them. They want to feel taken' I said.

'Yes, I know' said Ben. He'd obviously had that kind of conversation, with Nicole, at some time, in some way.

'Will Emma have Lester's kids?' he asked.

'Yes, at some time, when that seems right to her, she will have Lester's babies'. I watched him as I shared the point. He wasn't surprised any more.

'And you'll stand by her when that happens?'

'She expects me to raise their babies...that for us, not for everyone, is what cuckold living entails. It is the end point, most difficult commitment that gets addressed.'

'She want Lester's babies now?' Ben wanted to know.

'I imagine so. I don't pry. But I suppose that comes when the nest is built and Lester has complete control. Then she will have his kids.'

That nearly freaked him. However much he had played with submissiveness in his head, that still resonated in a startling way.

'So what are you, you're not Emma's husband are you... ' he blurted.

'I'm her cuck. I am someone that is a part of her plan, her ideal home in the future. But I'm not centre stage for Emma. I guess women arrange this differently. It's not a formula. It is what a woman dictates.'

'It's a matriarchy, she rules' Ben observed.

'She rules' I admitted.

We ate dessert silently, save for Ben commenting on my way with flavours. I could certainly cook. I suppose conversations of our kind are always this way. They proceed in staccato leaps, one or other of you racing ahead and exposing something, that which seems shameful, vile, always unusual, entirely non conventional. You absorb the points, fall silent for a while and then begin again.

'You pull your dick thinking about Nicole?' I asked as we settled back the food done.

He laughed. I was trying to shock him wasn't I?

'Yes' he admitted.

'You jerk a load thinking about her giving herself to Daniel?'

His face stiffened.

'Yes' he admitted.

'Why?' I asked.

Ben picked up the plates and retired to the kitchen. What sort of stupid question was that he wanted to know when I joined him? WHAT SORT OF STUPID QUESTION WAS THAT!? He glared at me.

'You fantasize about watching him fuck her?'

'No!' he insisted.

'You jerk the load because you're ashamed of not making her feel properly sexy. You jerk the load because you hate yourself and that's a way of insulting your manhood?'

There, his face twitched. I knew. You know. We are of two kinds. The secretly arrogant male who would just love to watch his wife turn a trick, or the true cuck, who accepts that it's simply better that a more masculine guy takes her.

'I'm sorry' I said, 'I don't mean to insult you. But this stuff, the things about you, are as important as anything that Nicole decides, what Daniel is like. How you see yourself will determine for now how you relate to events. If there is a lot of humility about you, then you'll submit to her rules that much better.'

This was too much. You think so? It was a bit hard and strong. But I knew things about Ben. I knew about his limited self esteem, his confidence short falls. If he was an instinctive cuck then better he embrace it. Life would be easier.

'Nicole is more accomplished than me, socially adept. I've always felt her inferior, in some regards'.

I nodded. 'Me too, as regards Emma. She was always more than me, better than me and, you know what, after a while, after I stopped pretending and let Emma take control, that was a weight off my

shoulders. I didn't have to pretend any more. I didn't have to 'man up' all the time.'

'That's a tough realization,' Ben said.

'Yes, it is' I agreed.

Ben was looking drained. The confrontation was wearing him down. When you sincerely ask who you are, what you are, you sometimes need a prop or two.

'Let me ask you something' I said, 'what do you know about testosterone?'

Ben replied that it was the male hormone.

'Well, both men and women have testosterone. They have it in varying quantities. It's possible for some women to have more testosterone than some men. It's possible that this helps explain why some women are more exacting, dominant, aggressive. I wouldn't explain you and me solely on something to do with hormones, but it should stop you thinking that you're a jerk for not competing for her. It should help you respect her when she dominates you.'

Ben mused about that.

'OK' he said, but right now, he'd done as much as he thought he could. He suggested that we wash up and watch a film or something. I agreed, OK.

Just before midnight I got a text. It was from Mistress Nicole. She wanted to know whether Ben was responding to my experience? I paused, leaning against the sink, staring out into the garden. What would I have given for a mistress who wondered how I was coping? I texted back, jabbing and correcting the letters into the phone. Why were the buttons so small or my fingers so fucking big?

'Given him lots to think about mistress. He less strange about it all. He listens fine. Tomorrow, have him come to cunt.'

I waited for a response. It was almost time to leave and assign Ben to a fretful night. But I'd done my best. He wasn't the only one like this. He wasn't a monster, this was just how he was made. The text pinged back.

'OK Webster, go home. I will have him attend me later. Tomorrow we talk some more.'

I sighed. Good. Thank goodness. I texted,

'Yes mistress, good night'.

Chapter 15

A month can seem no time at all, or it can seem an aeon. Time and emotional state are closely related. You experience the pace of time through pleasure and through pain. If my days in a warehouse cage taught me anything, it taught me that. But I suppose too that Mistress Nicole taught me things about experience, emotions and time too. The night after Mistress came home from sleeping with Daniel, Ben came to her sex as sweet as pie. He came humbly, submissively, without curious questions about what she had done, without covert judgement about her right to go with another man. Mistress described how when she came early into the bedroom Ben had crawled from beneath the duvet and knelt quietly before her. It had then been the sweetest thrill to feed him. She had slowly discarded her clothes, allowed him to see the sticky union mess of her pubes, and then after he had inhaled nicely as I had suggested to him, he had licked delicately, politely, whilst she watched him. The thrill she insisted excitedly was watching Ben lap up Daniel's copious semen. It was completely, utterly, the perfect morning after a perfect night.

Such was Mistress Nicole's enthusiasm that I gained an audience with my own mistress. I was even brought to the bedroom where she was dressing for the day. The fucker Powell was fussing over her clothes, brushing down a short jacket that she would wear. Mistress was in a tiny, tiny nightdress. On the bed there lay a strap on face dildo. Powell was required to do some deeply sensuous things. My envy stung, it really stung.

'Nicole is very pleased with you Webster' she said. 'Her cuck freely comes to cunt and talks admiringly about Daniel.'

'Thank you mistress' I responded.

'You will remain the cuck's spiritual advisor for the time being' she instructed.

'Yes Mistress' I answered and Powell smirked. He had a smug little face on him. The idea of me staying on assignment, out there, accented absence. It accented the sort of absence that would likely make me ache.

I was dismissed then. There was no reward. The stud in my tongue seemed pointless, the pain a rubicon I had crossed simply as part of status slide. I supposed that I would be required to lick mistresses at a party or something, but for now, there was nothing. Even mistress Jenny seemed to ignore me in that regard, stating that I should be diligent working with young mistress Nicole to achieve the 'right result'. When it came to Strohmman time I was grateful, needy, but I sucked it off Lester's cock and then that cock took me to remind me that I was an object, a casual release. Mistress Jenny even watched master fuck me, her face indolent, as though Lester was simply smoking a cigarette or something. I always climaxed on master's cock. The physical rhythm of it, his gliding penetration made me arch and groan. Of course nothing came out of my shriveled remnants. The explosion was entirely in my head. I tried to imagine what she thought I was. I concluded that I was simply a receptacle right then. I was different things at different times. I was a utility.

Back and forth I went to the charming Surrey cottage where the young mistress was cementing her rule. Ben had progressed. He had sat in an adjoining bedroom one evening and listened to his mistress fuck. It had been a difficult two hours. It was not only the energy and the force of the fucking, it was the noises she made, the things that she had said. He had anticipated none of that. His

mistress was 'infatuated' with that man. I wondered how to discuss that. I might have said that she loved him. But, as I've said before, adoration isn't love, its something far more elemental. It is a visceral obsession, an embrace of nature and of instinct and of compulsion, and submission, all cleaved to the perfect male body. So I let the infatuation remark go.

A few days later and I was teaching Ben how to cook again. The man had to learn to bake and to plan ahead. His mistress had to be able to entertain at will and that required planning. Nicole wandered around the cottage, watching us. I realized quickly that she was in the mood to press the changing the relationship.

'Tell Ian about Daniel' she demanded of him suddenly.

Ben' s face coloured. Shame was one thing, but reliving shame through report was another. He shot her a withering look. I flinched even before it happened. Nicole walked quietly across the room to him and she slapped his face smartly. It must have hurt, it wasn't a light tap, it was full bloodied.

'Do as you're told' she said icily.

Ben began. It was vanilla stuff, about what the man did, flying executive jets for very wealthy clients. It brought a good salary and gifts from some very well heeled people.

'Tell Ian about the relationship things, what Daniel expects of you' Nicole interrupted. She eyed me impishly as if this was a test for me too.

Ben shook. He really didn't want to talk about that.

'Do you want me to ask Daniel to beat you?' she asked directly.

Too fast. It was way too fast. But may be a young woman lacks the judgement of an older one. Sometimes better management of slaves

comes with experience. Now, Mistress Nicole seemed viscerally and casually cruel. She was, I decided, accelerating along a line, towards sexual bliss, indulging heaven with one, making hell for another. Do mistress bitches enjoy the link between violence and sex? I had to conclude that most did. The volume, timing and force of violence varied, but some women certainly enjoyed the disciplining of cucks. Nicole knew that this was a key means by which a cuckold became a slave.

I tried to shake my head discretely at Nicole. I didn't know how she would react, but if I was confidante to Ben then I might need to be Mistress Nicole's advisor too. Her face hardened, she was having none of my cautionary looks.

'Get on with it...Ian lives that way. Just talk to him you stupid oaf' she ordered.

'Daniel expects me to submit to him' Ben said limply. His voice came out of an empty space. It was like a wind running through the shell of a ruin.

I shot Nicole my despairing look. I'd never trained another man to servitude in quite this way before, but I felt sure that you could push them too fast and then straight off the rails. Nicole was power hungry. The dreams of Edward and mummy were flying into the real world like the content of Pandora's box. She was about to hit him again.

'He requires you to suck cock' I said simply.

I watched Nicole settle herself on a kitchen stool, her tiny little skirt riding up her thighs. Ben was shifting about very uncomfortably.

'Yes' he said and gave me a look of horror.

Right then I could have screamed at Nicole. Why so fast, why so hard? You'll get more out of him if you take this slowly? But it must

be a buzz for a woman, to feel so cruel.

'I'm to wear a contraption on my cock, to come to cock and cunt' Ben whispered.

For fuck's sake Nicole! My head screamed the protest. Instead, I said,

'I think Nicole expects this Ben'. She nodded and sipped the coffee. 'Once you suck cock for Daniel, you relate to him. He becomes, well...he becomes the boss and Nicole feels that things are being sorted out.'

Sorted out. What a stupid way to put things. But Nicole wasn't laughing. Her gaze on us was intent. Once Ben sucked cock, once he did it regularly, he became Adams. Then he was just a surname and a surname became a slave and a slave became, well, nothing.

'I can't do that' Ben said. I knew. Of course I knew. You cannot do that, not until time has passed, months of time, not one month of time for Christ's sake.

'Then I'll have Daniel put you out of the house, ' she said calmly.

I wasn't sure that Ben heard that. I wasn't sure that much was registering with the poor man. Fuck you Nicole, that is way too fast and hard.

'I do it' I said at last, gulping down breaths. 'I suck cock for Lester, his friends. It was what Emma wanted. Women like there to be a clear hierarchy.'

Nicole waited. There was no emotion on her face. Ben had simply to submit or go. This time, the crumple time, it always comes, but not this quick, best not this quick.

'You will do that small thing for Daniel. He will then move in and we can begin to live honestly' Nicole said.

That small thing.

That small thing!!!

I was incredulous. The cruelty of youth. It was so raw, so scarring.

I wondered whether Ben was about to walk out of the cottage. He should have walked out of the cottage. He should have walked out of the bitch's life. Ben was dithering. He had not a clue how to respond.

'I'll show you how...it's a hip thing, a different thing, but sexy for the lady' I said.

Nicole nodded.

That night, that very evening Daniel came over. I was introduced to him as Emma's cuck and he understood completely. Back at the house they had been working with Daniel too. Nicole referred to me as Webster now. The scales must have been falling from poor Ben's eyes. I watched the guy kiss Nicole and watched Ben try to escape back into himself. It's a subtle gesture, the shoulders drop, the head too and the hands, they wring together.

'Here Webster' Daniel ordered and I went and knelt. He got his cock out and I sniffed it, registering his musk. He was circumcised and his glans was pink, contrasting with the handsome black shaft of his member. I looked up at him and when he nodded I started to suck. Back and forth my head bobbed on his growing erection.

'That is just so sexy Daniel' Nicole whispered.

I couldn't follow Ben then. I'd locked the front door but there were windows. If he were sane, if he had any dignity, he would have scarpered. But Nicole pulled her tight skirt up and Ben was ordered

to 'lick'. From the corner of my bobbing gaze I saw him go to her. He opened his mouth against her sex and licked properly, preparing her what she wanted.

'Now cock' I said to Ben beside me, 'you place your hands behind your back, and take Daniel's cock in your mouth.'

Ben opened his mouth. The moment of trust, Daniel pushed his spittled cock inside. I saw Ben's lips close, and then his eyes squeeze tight shut. Daniel had the sense not to thrust very much at all. He rocked his cock to the back of the cuck's throat. Ben gagged and spluttered, but persisted.

Mistress Nicole showed me her licked sex. She had a huge clitty and I licked it eagerly, thrilling at the fact that I could use my stud to best effect.

'God, that's lovely Webster...lick cunt, lick it!' she thrilled.

I licked eagerly.

Slump, slump, slump, Daniel was slowly increasing piston strokes in Ben's mouth, holding his hair in a tight grip so that he couldn't turn away.

'I'm going to fuck her. You're going to watch' he sneered at the hapless Ben.

We both watched, catching breath, kneeling, shaking. Daniel dragged Nicole off the stool, pressed her against the Kitchen unit, pushed her legs as wide as the skirt would allow and crudely jacked his cock up into her. It was a rough, almost a mechanical fuck, their bodies locking and grinding. She clung about his neck gasping and he pulled her shoulders downwards so that she was forced down the full length of his tumescent cock. The more he fucked her, the more he made her grunt. It was animal.

I glanced at Ben, his mouth still open from the capitulation. His gaze was transfixed on what Daniel did with Nicole. Things on the kitchen top went flying as her arms reached out, sweeping wide as he jagged her up and down his manhood. It was brutally effective, making Nicole gasp and beg.

'Please, please, please....' She whimpered.

He obliged, thumping bold thrusts of his cock deeper still and making her knot like a speared eel on his manhood.

'Look down' I prompted Ben.

He couldn't.

Later, later I would teach him. When you attended a master and mistress, you didn't treat them like a peep show. You witnessed enough to appreciate the mastery and the natural hierarchy of sex, and then you bowed your head.

When the fucking was done we repeated our veneration. I sucked Master Daniel's cock clean whilst Ben licked his mistress out. We then swapped roles, Ben squirming notably less after feeling so aroused by the coupling.

'Walk him in the garden' Mistress Nicole said, indicating that Ben would certainly be conflicted by what he had just done. 'Tell him about surnames.'

I answered 'Yes Mistress'. It was by then, instinctive.

That walk in the garden was the first of many. Dear God I wished that Mistress Nicole had not been so forceful and quick, but there, it was done. Ben said to me out there,

'You didn't tell me it all. You didn't!'

'No' I admitted.

'You treat Emma as your mistress, Lester as your master' he blurted. The shock was intense. It was not just what we had just done it was what it represented.

'Emma is my mistress. She taught me to treat Lester as my master. I am called Webster you will be called Adams. It helps distance you for your mistress.' I conceded.

'That's what Nicole wants!' he exclaimed.

Dear God, the shock was severe.

'Yes' I admitted.

'She wants to be my mistress!' he exclaimed.

'She is your mistress. She has been for some time. Ever since you couldn't satisfy her.'

'No!' and Ben shook his head as we walked.

'Yes' I insisted.

'How...no!'

'Nicole judged you. You weren't good enough. You both talked about something sexy, a supplement, a diversion, a sticking plaster..... it could never be that. Once you were judged, you were judged. You couldn't be part judged, a little bit judged, judged for now.' I sucked down an exasperated breath. 'Nicole determined what you were then. You were less, also ran, something poor, weak, less attractive...'

'Stop it!' Ben shouted.

'No!' I insisted. 'She judged you and you stay judged. Now she is stating what you will become. You will submit to Daniel and she or you will walk.'

'I won't walk. I will fight'.

'He would hit you. I would hit you. You have to learn to lie down and live the humble life' I said coldly.

Ben smacked his hand against a tree. It helped not at all.

'Nicole is so beautiful, so successful, so well bred, she deserves better than you. You are going to make her life perfect. You are going to serve her for the rest of your days.' Where did that come from!? I don't know. I just said it.

When he spat in my face, I jabbed him in the belly with my fist. He crumpled.

I stood over him as he lay amongst the dandelions.

'The more you lie down, the less you get beaten' I told him and went and sat on the bench.

No one writes about the aftermath of cuckold sex. They don't. It is a void. But you need to know about it. After it has happened, the alphas coupling, there is no regret. They don't shyly withdraw into a quiet admission that that was way too radical. They don't feel ashamed of what they just did with you. This is life for them. They know that it is real and if the realization takes a while for you, then they will push you on through. You might negotiate a safe word, but eventually, inevitably, they would decide that you didn't deserve one.

So when Ben walked back in that cottage, Daniel was still there, drinking a brandy. Mistress Nicole was making up a cheese board to go with a bottle of red wine that she had opened. I walked in behind Ben and saw the quiet contemptuous look that his mistress gave

him. She dared him to resist. If he did, then Daniel would be unleashed. But Ben walked back in sunken.

She said to me, 'take Adams upstairs. Have him show you the master bedroom and then help him take his clothes to the guest room'.

I bowed my head behind Ben's back.

'Do as you're told' I whispered to the guy. He moved to the stairs and in silence, we usurped him from the boudoir. His pictures were taken out, his wash things from the ensuite bathroom. Ben's territory shrank.

Again and again I returned to the cottage. It was all too fast and too intense. I even begged my mistress to brief Nicole about Strohman and to start feeding him with that. It would be a comfort, a transition euphoria. But my mistress was adamant. First there had to come fear and discipline, and then a chemical need. Adams had to learn to fear Daniel. Daniel had to flex his muscles as well as his attitude, and Nicole, well she had to witness authority in action. On the third week Adams had a black eye. I didn't ask, but his manner was now meek. He had taken a quick and painful lesson.

'You hate them, don't you' I said as we walked again.

'Yes' he admitted.

'And you adore them. You adore the absolute certainty, the arrogance of beauty.'

'Yes' he conceded.

The rushing change left the poor guy shaken. He couldn't fathom it all of the time. When he was calmer I showed him how to fix a cage on his cock and then he took his mistress the key.

'It will be your friend,' I told him. 'When your mind strays from her demands and expectations, you risk a beating. The cage will remind you that pleasure is always hers, never yours. You will learn duty.'

Mummy never put daddy in a cock cage I mused. I guessed that Nicole would have noted the progress. Her rule would become absolute and in so many ways quite terrible. Her mother had probably manipulated, cajoled and rowed with her husband till he slowly accepted his lot. Nicole didn't need to work so hard, a beating would do the trick.

On a bright summer's day, I went out with Adams and his mistress, to teach him humility again. She dressed in the most mesmerizing tight sawn off denim shorts. It was like Medlar's training all over again. Mistress Nicole walked ahead through the woods and Adams made his own mistakes. He started talking about what he saw, a characteristic badger trail through the bluebells. Mistress Nicole glanced at me and I hit Adams for speaking without invite. I hadn't meant to, I hadn't, but I had split the poor guy's lip.

'You don't speak until you are spoken to. You don't have an opinion unless one is asked for.' I instructed. He stared at the woman who he might still have thought of as his wife. She was morphing before his very eyes.

At another point we reached a juncture of paths. Adams started towards the route to the right, it was the circular route that they usually took home. He stepped in a direction different to the one his mistress chose. I hit him again and this time he resisted. He was furious. We rolled down a slope through piles of dead leaves and struggled amongst the roots of an oak at the bottom. I pinioned him to the floor, my knees on his wriggling arms. Mistress Nicole came and stood above him. I imagined what was coming. I imagined it and grimaced. But she neither kicked his ear for him, nor urinated on him. Instead the severely laced Victorian ankle boot was raised and she waited whilst he licked its sole.

We proceeded on. When he tried to walk sullenly beside her, I showed him my clenched fist. He was to walk behind and look down.

We reached a sunlit still and surprisingly clear pool of water amidst the trees. It must have been spring fed for I couldn't see a stream feeding it. The water was may be waist deep and it was may be a couple of acres in size. At the far end Moorhens bustled amongst the reed mace. Silently mistress undressed. First her camisole top, her watch and cuff bracelet, then her boots and the denim shorts. All were handed to her slave who had to stand still holding them away from the ground. I was beckoned to kneel and lick her bottom, which I did gratefully. She was an astonishingly beautiful and a poised young woman. She reached back with red nailed fingers and teased her perfect buttocks apart so that I could lick her most intimately of all.

'You will always do as you are told, like Webster' she said serenely.

She didn't wait for a response just then but leaned back into the water, exposing her body to the sun above and the cool water below. She moved slowly, elegantly in the water, feeling its cool embrace and savouring the moment. Adams stared. He stared so hard.

On the way home, I would explain to Adams how to address his mistress properly.

Chapter 16

When I awoke from sleep one early August morning, Tobias stood above me. I wasn't used to seeing him in the bunkhouse, and certainly not first thing in the morning. Two or three other slaves, in collars with bruised cheekbones and sore looking faces were up and about and tidying the place ready for his inspection. The place was becoming crowded. If I didn't sleep in a cage anymore then I didn't sleep now with too much more space.

The project was accelerating. Nicole, six weeks after our walk in the woods, was admitted to the boudoir status and was now briefed on Strohman and fed her cuck from pussy. It really only took a month or two of the habit before the claws of Strohman addiction took hold of your hide. Mistress Nicole's control was very absolute.

There were at least five other new bitches that had been paired with bulls and making rapid progress. Medlar had been sent out on occasion to console a ruined husband, although he had not I noted with some satisfaction been cast as a 'spiritual advisor'. Amongst those five converts to the cause, one husband had run away. He was currently missing. The four others were bending the knee. Whether the mistress of the runner had pressed change too fast and hard I didn't know. It all rather depended on the man's state of mind at the outset I thought. If he knew he was weak, if his wife already metaphorically wore the pants, then submission was the likely outcome. It was later that those men discovered that there was no

ledge on the downward slope. A cuckold quickly became a slave under the tutelage available through the blog.

Tobias dropped a package onto my chest, something crudely wrapped in what looked like a soiled handkerchief. It had been tied with a little twine and I was instructed to open it. Tobias was smirking. Blinking up at him, at the sudden light I sat up and started to unwrap the cigar shaped package. He seemed impatient for me to find the contents.

It was a severed black finger.

I jolted back and almost dropped the thing. The digit had been hacked off at the knuckle and jagged flesh hung from the end as if at last some sinews had required a tug. The urge to vomit was immediate and if my stomach had not been empty it would have been unavoidable too. I stared incredulous at the object in my lap.

‘Whose do you reckon that was!?’ Tobias demanded. His mouth had hardened now. He challenged me with the question, his lips trembling.

I stared at the finger again. God!

‘Lucian’s?’

He nodded. A strange sort of laugh started from somewhere dark within him and escaped his lips as he threw back his head....

‘Yeeeeeah, it’s Lucian’s Webster. You like that eh? You like it?’

One of the other slaves glanced at the finger and shuddered. The brutality didn’t seem to surprise him, but he looked again. It was a black finger.

‘Square away your fucking bed!’ Tobias snapped at the man. He was wirey, pinch faced, inevitably white. The man jumped,

'Yes sir!'

Tobias sat on the edge of my bed. He smiled at me.

'Knew you'd want to see it....after what the fucker did to you as well. Knew that you'd feel relieved that we got the fucker.' Tobias took the finger from me and held it up as though he was inspecting an antique fountain pen.

'You cut off his finger...' I started.

'Forefinger' Tobias interrupted. 'Nice touch huh, something not lost on you given what you saw up on that moor.'

I nodded. I had no love for Lucian. Tobias knew what I needed to know then. Cutting off a finger was one thing but...

'Wrapped Lucian up with a nice length of chain and an anchor, sleeked up his mouth to shut his whining up and then we popped him overboard. The fucker didn't swim.'

'He's dead?' I mumbled.

'On the bottom of the Thames estuary. Dead, yeah, dead.... I suppose he's dead' said Tobias. He sounded hoarse as though he had been yelling all the way home. Last night, there had been a little trip, out to the estuary. They must have found the warehouse. Tobias and Lester's men had gone in. Tobias started to laugh. He looked as though I should be laughing too. The guy looked hysterical.

One the slaves spilled some hot water on himself from a kettle that he was tidying. He cursed as his leg got scalded. He cursed again, yelping as Tobias hit the electronic collar button and the slave buckled to his knees.

'Get up...get on with it' snarled my visitor.

I got out of bed, dragged on my House of Lester uniform. The other slaves were just in fatigues. They weren't household. They did chores around the place and then each day one of Tobias's men took them out to property renovation sites. Lester had property interests. I splashed water on my face whilst Tobias grinned. He was enjoying the secret yet to be shared.

'You found them' I said.

'Yeah, found them. Warehouse on an industrial estate, set back from the other buildings though. Went in around two a.m. and then waited for the management to arrive in the morning. Lucian came to consult on something there...stupid move' said Tobias.

The relief came up from inside me and I juddered under its impact. There was always the chance that Lucian's men would find me again. Every trip to the cottage could have led to an ambush. I shook all over and had to steady myself against the bed.

'He ain't coming back man' said Tobias.

There were a thousand questions inside my head. A thousand spinning questions.

'What did you find?' I asked.

Tobias watched me as I spoke. This wasn't going to be easy.

'May be I tell you some other time Webster' Tobias suggested.

'Now!' I demanded. I wasn't used to making demands, but I did then.

Tobias nodded.

'Two sections in the warehouse were full of cages man, big cages. You know the sort. There were thirty two men in cages.' He waited

for that to sink in. The grab squads had remained busy it seemed. 'They'd all been injected like you.... He had them running drugs around the city. That kind of stuff.'

I felt as though a car had run into me. Dave...men like Dave. Dear God, thirty two of them.

'In the other section, more cages Webster, eight women. He was training them up as whores.'

I shook my head. I knew nothing about the women. But I suppose it was logical. The down and out encampments weren't exclusively male. Lucian would have work for some of the women that he found, once they were dried out, once they were tarted up, once they saw a purpose in life, his pecuniary purpose.

I dropped my head into my hands and shook with the emotion. I couldn't stop shaking as the sobs took hold. Tobias put a hand on my shoulders. The guy wasn't entirely devoid of compassion. Forty people in cages. Forty people. Dear God...I shuddered. Lester couldn't take them to hospital could he? Not and then have the authorities snoop about.

I looked at Tobias and he knew exactly what I feared.

'Took the men down the estuary too, handcuffed man. Sorry. But they couldn't be reclaimed. It was just too complex. There were too many risks....'

'No!' I shouted at him.

'They went down with eight guards Webster, it had to be that way' Tobias said.

'No! Fuck no way....' I snapped.

Tobias hit me. It was a fist, but not a hard one. He caught me a glancing blow across my face and I shut the fuck up like I was required to do.

'Sorry' said Tobias, 'sorry, but you do as you are told. You don't ever judge your master. That's not the way' he growled. The man looked tired. It had been a long and difficult night. I tried to imagine all those men dying. I learned that there had been a holed container, something off the back of a lorry, dropped into a dredged section of the Thames, some place that wouldn't be revisited for ten years or more. They weren't handcuffed then. That way they could be passed off as illegal immigrants. Something had gone wrong. I tried to picture the ecstasy of fear as the container sank and the muddy water rushed in through the artificially created hole in the side.

'Sorry sir' I responded.

'Tobias...here, you call me Tobias. You went through shit. I respect that you stuck it out' he said.

'Thanks...Tobias' I said, smiling wanly.

'Lester kept the women, he'll set them up for duty in a couple of his properties. They'll whore for the cause.' Tobias offered up the observation. Was it meant to console?

I felt sick all over again. But it was something. Compared with a trip to the bottom of the Thames it was something. I realized then that I had only the vaguest notion of Lester's business interests. What did security really mean? Property OK, but running warehouses? I wondered whether the bitches knew, that Lester was as ruthless and as criminal as that. If he had a political, a racial calling, then he wasn't against using criminal routes to it.

'If any of them show potential, they'll be made high class' said Tobias. It was meant to reassure me in some crazy, crazy way. The woman would be eyes and ears as well as sex workers. If there were

influential men to be enslaved, well, they would probably indicate as such, to the master.

I looked at the clock, it was almost 7 a.m. I had two appointments that morning, first to meet and serve two of the new bitches, showing them what a well trained slave could be expected to do. Second I had to today square away some accounts work and then take Mistress Nicole and her cuck shopping. Adams was about to empty his savings account to buy mistress a Rolex. Some transitions involved expensive rites of passage.

Tobias told me to get moving. We would talk again. He would try to explain things, answer my questions. I thanked him. I couldn't judge him. I saw what Lucian had done to his finger. I knew that Lester's orders were iron. I sprayed some cologne around my hair, fixed my leather 'Lester' collar about my throat and raced up the steps at the back of the house. There was time to grab some toast from one of the galley slaves and then I went and brushed my shoes so that I looked spick and span when I was sent before the new bitches.

You can always hope. It might be Mistress Emma who ran the demonstration. You have to hope sometimes, otherwise you die. I went into one of the rooms of the house that had been converted into a seminar facility. It was plushly furnished with lots of mirrors on each of the walls. Mistress Jenny was running the seminar and when she came into the room she was accompanied both by Mistress Nadia and Mistress Nicole. I blushed a little seeing Mistress Nicole, but I shouldn't have worried. She was impressed with how I had brought Adams to cock that night. Looking across at me she smiled. Mistress Jenny explained that Nicole and Nadia would be observers. Nicole would be refining her control measures whilst Mistress Nadia was wondering whether to refer more women from her own to our facility.

I was ordered to kneel and bow my head. Then Mistress Jenny began.

'We are going to show the ladies something about hygiene and etiquette Webster' she said, pacing around me. You will not be required to speak unless I direct it. The ladies will comment about you, state what they prefer. You will wait patiently as they discuss you.'

'Yes mistress' I responded.

Two young women were brought into the room, one an ash blonde, slim and very poised in the way she walked and the second a raven haired woman who was rather more buxom and spoke with a Scottish accent. I learned that the blonde woman was Mistress Amelie and she came originally from Brittany. The dark haired woman was called Mistress Beth. Both had made good progress enslaving their once upon a time husbands. There had been 'ups and downs' but there was at last now, time to ponder the pleasures of ruling the slave in an intimate way. I stole a quick glance at the women. Both wore highly polished leather boots and pleated mini skirts. Mistress Amelie's was grey so that it looked like school uniform. Mistress Beth's was in Black Watch tartan.

'Ladies,' the instructress began, 'today we're going to talk about oral devotion and making sure that it is managed correctly. I know that you've begun this work with your slaves, but there are points of finesse to consider. Whilst the slave that attends you will usually be your slave, it's quite in order to use another slave if we are socializing. All of the clan house slaves are checked for infection every week and will come to you if directed. That is part of *their* training. Your slaves too will be taught to do what Webster does, once their capitulation is absolute. 'I am going to show you how I manage the slave, and you are encouraged to ask questions as we proceed, alright?'

The two women nodded.

Mistress Jenny unzipped her dark red leather skirt, revealing stockings, suspenders but no panties or thong.

'No under garments ladies, ' said Mistress Jenny, 'not at socials. It is quite likely that you will fuck and in any case using the slaves to arouse or toilet will be part of the evening. Holding panties or thong to one side is an encumbrance.'

'We start with position, the slave kneels and he places his hands behind his back. Why do you think that is important?'

Mistress Amelie answered, 'so that the slave never believes he can be impertinent. He must never lay a hand on you. He must never pretend that he has any control over this.'

'Exactly' said Mistress Jenny. 'He does not touch you. He does not hold your legs open. He NEVER puts his fingers inside you. It is devotion with his tongue.'

Mistress Jenny brought my head close to her sex. I breathed in her scent, warm, feminine and intoxicating.

'Notice how his nostrils flare as I bring his face close to pussy. He is inhaling my body scent. You never wear perfume down there. You must always smell bitch, the characteristic you. So he is brought close to inhale and to reinforce his habit. Strohman is the chief intoxicant we use but we know that smelling and licking sex reinforces submission too.'

'Does smelling his master's semen there also reinforce devotion to the alpha male?' Mistress Beth seemed a little embarrassed to ask. But it was important.

'We think so, but the slave is taught to lick up all partner deposits that lie there. Webster here knows the smell of master's seed, but he will adapt and lick other if needs be' answered Mistress Jenny. She took hold a shock of my hair and then after the students had seen how she paused, locking gaze with me and I started to delicately lick the folds of her labia.

'Is devotion always in the kneeling position?' Mistress Beth watched as I nuzzled and licked very lightly and slowly indeed.

'An important point! Yes, never have your slave lick you when you lie beneath him. He is not to imagine he has any charge of you. If you are coupling with your bull, then he may lie beneath and lick your union. You may tease his caged genitals with your hand whilst doing that, but you never, ever tease him with your tongue. That would be to signal undue deference to a slave.'

Mistress Amelie smiled. The image in her mind must have seemed very vivid indeed.

'Notice how delicately Webster licks...there is no hurry, no attack, he is completely under your control. He licks to tease and to please you. By steering his head this way, you can have his tongue sweep the parts of pussy that you want pleased or cleaned. If he becomes a little eager, tug sharply on his hair, pull his face back, slap his face (she demonstrated) and say firmly, 'No! lick nicely'.

Mistress Nicole was smiling quietly. She loved this. 'Webster has a tongue stud fitted, is that recommended?'

Mistress Jenny nodded. 'Yes, certainly, but with a stud you might be aroused to climax faster than you expect. Webster knows how to use his stud against clitty, don't you?'

I nod and am allowed to return to licking.

'Is it polite to use his face to climax?' Mistress Beth wondered.

'It certainly is. You are using him. His mouth is a sex toy. Just as master can ejaculate in his mouth, so you can climax on his tongue. You may urinate on him, pass wind, he is at your disposal.'

The two students laughed at mistress's points.

‘Amelie, come and try’ suggested their tutor.

I watched the svelte and leggy ash blonde woman stand. She lifted the hem of her skirt, took hold of my mane and brought me to her sex.

‘No, remember sniffs first!’ she was instructed.

Mistress Amelie rerun the encounter. I inhaled her body scent. Women are different, the scent differently. I tried to imagine her coupling, she seemed to smell expensive, refined, superior. Upon the nod I started to lick her and it was very appealing.

‘Do you feel how Webster washes lightly with his tongue first, breathing on your sex and then starts to run his stud around and around your labia Amelie...that is what you should expect. Gradually increasing pressure unless you indicate otherwise. ‘

The young woman moved softly against me, gyrating her hips gently so that her labia bobbed against my stud.

‘He’s well behaved isn’t he?’ Mistress Jenny said, ‘he will deepen or lighten his licks as much as you require. You can take as long as you want at this, have a climax, bring his mouth slowly back to bear, he is there to be used.’

Mistress Nicole had a question.

‘Webster licks prettily, he licks so as to please you at every moment. Do you think newly dominated cucks can be so accomplished?’

‘No, ‘ said the tutor. ‘It’s not just about technique, that improves quickly. The cuck never blows into your sex, he never opens his mouth to eat you until you are hungry and ready. But what makes the difference is attitude. Webster knows that he is worthless save

for this. This is what he does. There is no ego left, no self esteem, so he submits wholeheartedly.'

Mistress Amelie nodded. My licking was pleasing her.

'Pull his mouth harder against you and tell him to 'lick cunt' Mistress Jenny instructed.

The young mistress tried, but it was too gentle, so Mistress Jenny showed how. I opened my mouth and lavished attention to order.

'Beth, now you hun' said Mistress Jenny.

The second of the students wanted to queen me, riding my face as I was pinned to the floor. Mistress Jenny assured her that we would progress to that, but for now the basic technique needed to be practiced. The new mistress's approach was excellent. I was to inhale and then allowed to begin. When I pressed a little hard with my lips, my head was pulled back and she slapped my face.

'Lick nicely' she ordered, her face cross.

'Remember, clitty last and only if you want to use him to climax. It's not nice etiquette to do that if he is cleaning up after master. It makes him look competitive if he makes you climax then. But when you are training him alone, using him to climax is delightful. He knows that you want your man, but the fact that he helps out is a gracious response on your part.'

Mistress Jenny had her student return to her seat. We were moving on.

'Botty toilet is always done after licks, and you never transfer back to pussy after you have had him tongue your bottom.'

'Infection risks' said Mistress Amelie. 'I like making Chalmers lick my bottom, it feels so...I don't know...in charge.'

'It's delightful, it doesn't tickle does it? I love it too Amelie' said Mistress Jenny. Their tutor showed them how. I licked as required. Its not easy, you have to extend your tongue further. You must press your face between the mistress's buttocks.

'And it's fine to require only that of him if you wish?' wondered Mistress Beth.

The tutor pressed back against my mouth. She did enjoy this. At last she answered, 'yes...of course. If he has displeased you a little... perhaps...only...this.'

The teaching concluded at twelve and the students, Mistress Jenny and Mistress Nadia trooped out without thanks. Mistress Nicole stayed seated and watched me.

'Do you like it? Did you like licking my bottom?' she asked me.

'Yes mistress...' I answered.

'So is it disciplining if you like it too?' she wondered.

I paused. Good question.

'It is humiliating. My mistress has sometimes done this to me in company. She has wee'd on me. It is degrading, licking rather than fucking. Men should fuck' I said.

'I enjoyed humiliating you in front of Adams' she said shyly.

'That's normal mistress...it's part of being in control. The only man you respect is Daniel or others of his calibre.'

'Black men' she said, a little unnecessarily.

'Yes mistress, proper men.' I answered.

I was ordered to drive the young mistress and her cuck down town using master's Jaguar. Adams had been taken out of his class on the hateful history of the empire and was ordered to join us. He came out of the classroom looking bemused. There had been three other slave males in there and two of them had raised questions about the version of history shared. Apparently they had been injected with something to shut them up. Why a collar hadn't been used I wasn't sure. Adams seemed relieved to see me. Even after I had hit him a few times he still seemed to accept me as the knowledgeable traveller. I watched him bow his head to his young mistress and then fall in behind her as went out to collect the Jaguar. I had to go through the Doberman enclosure, which terrified me, but I got to the garage and Adams got the back door for his mistress before getting into the front with me. The guy was carrying a small messenger bag in which I guessed lay his life savings.

I'd done this before, well, you know, but this time things were arranged just a little differently. We went to a jewelers where not one Rolex yachtsman watch had been ordered but two. One for mistress and one for master. I watched Mistress Nicole try on her watch and then inspect the one that Adams would be required to present to Daniel. It was cruel and ritualistic. When the shop assistant then explained that the two gold watches came to nearly twenty grand I watched Adams blanch. He didn't have that much money.

If it was orchestrated that way then I was accompanying one of the most manipulative and nasty bitches that I had ever known. Her hapless cuck didn't know which way to turn. He stared wildly at the shop assistant. Mistress Nicole waited impatiently. She didn't say anything to him but her expression was sour. He had let her down. I imagined a slap coming.

'My friend will pay cash and card' I said to the jeweler, 'if you kindly count the funds here and tell us what remains to be added to his credit card.' I answered quickly. God, he had better have a credit

card with him. He did, waiting patiently with it produced whilst his mistress watched. She put him in debt to the tune of nearly six thousand pounds. The woman was quietly ruthless. It seemed that if he ever did run away from the cottage he was going to be carrying a significant debt.

'Next time, use your initiative, don't rely on Webster pulling you out a mess, understood' she hissed beneath her breath as the assistant wrapped up Daniel's gift.

I watched him blush and nod quickly.

We left the store and mistress walked some way ahead of us. She was glancing in clothes boutique shop windows. Adams was panic struck. Please no.

'Yesterday, she strapped me with a belt of Daniel's' he said hurriedly, his voice low.

I shot him a look. I'd never heard of this before. A control collar yes, beatings by master or his men yes, but a strapping.

'It's her thing...' he said.

Poor bastard. Now she was looking at clothes. The debt would rise. I hadn't a clue what Adams' card would stand. If a payment was rejected what then?

I asked him if he still had a mobile phone. A lot of slaves didn't, but Adams produced his. I took it from him and whilst Nicole lingered with another shop window I rang my own mobile number from his. My phone burred and I stuffed his in my jacket pocket. Nicole looked back as I answered the call.

'Yes Mistress,' I said, 'understood, I'll drive them back now. I know, I know, I promised to clear that account discussion yesterday. I'll come back immediately.'

There was no call. Mistress Nicole looked irritated but we drove back to the house anyway. As I drove I hoped to hell that Nicole wouldn't check out my call. She had wanted to shop a while. Adams was sweating. He was sweating and looking in the rear view mirror. For now, Mistress Nicole seemed, thank god, to have dismissed the delay.

When we did reach home Mistress Nicole was eager to drive home with her cuck and to see what Daniel thought of his supplicant's gift. I breathed a sigh of relief. I had somehow saved my companion. Nevertheless, the pace at which Nicola had pressed his submission over the past weeks, her family history of matriarchy and then the news of a strapping alarmed me. I needed someone within the house to represent a case about this. What I said counted for nothing. I was simply a slave. I thought about Rufus, about Tobias, but they were security. They had no role to play in the sexual etiquette of our lifestyle. I thought about Mistress Jenny. She had seemed content with my cooperation at the teaching session. I would have to think about it.

There was actual accountancy work to do so having checked that there were no new orders on my phone I went to the office and sat beside Medlar pouring over the accounts. My friend seemed in dour mood. The blog was working fine, but there was a lot of interest from women. It was proving hard to find the time to vet and recommend the right men. Medlar understood the obvious criteria, career success and attitude, but there was always the need to exclude the free radicals, the guys who might press the cause too erratically or publicly. I told him that Adams had been strapped by his mistress. Daniel had rather liked that I understood. He said that made the point, you could never adequately profile how those who were admitted to the boudoir section of the blog might develop.

We sat for a moment staring despondently at the screen. Today, there were three more young women, in the right circumstances, with the right breeding, who wanted a preliminary chat about the blog

and the lifestyle. Medlar said that it was femdom on speed. I returned to my books, made a few phone calls, emailed out some responses and realized that I was working a fourteen hour day.

I closed the file on my lap top computer kept in the office and the door clicked open behind us. It was my mistress. She was wearing riding jodphurs and boots, another silk blouse and the Tank Americaine that I had paid for. My trip down town today reminded me of that all over again. Mistress looked irritable. She told Medlar to fuck off and when he had gone, sat on the windowsill and surveyed me.

'Lucian is dead' she said without preamble.

'Yes mistress' I answered, showing no emotion whatsoever.

'Lester killed the guards, he killed the captives' she said. She took out a Turkish cigarette from a gold case in her riding jacket pocket. Mistress rarely smoked, but this was one of those occasions. I took the lighter she gave me and lit the chic slim cigarette for her. 'No mercy, no compunction, without limit Webster' she told me. I wasn't sure whether she was actually shocked or whether she was trying to scare me. Today's little insights about Mistress Nicole suggested that a frisson could arise out of the hardest and cruelest things.

'He is my master, he does what is best' I answered, hoping that sounded acceptable.

She inhaled deeply and looked out of the window. The two new bitches were leaving for the day and she waved to them. They seemed to lighten her a little.

'He would kill you if I wanted him to' she said nonchalantly.

Shit.

'Yes mistress. I know.'

She inspected her nails. They were a deep burgundy red and immaculately polished.

'You resent Powell, Webster?' she asked.

'No mistress!' My response was instant. Ten G or whatever Medlar talked about as regards internet connection.

'He licks better than you. I have him tell me how he hates you and loves it that you're pushed out' she said, flicking ash through the window.

'As you please Mistress' I said. The hairs on my neck were rising. She had come down to taunt me.

'I don't know why I ever married you Webster. I can't understand why I did. You're a weak dumpling' she said.

I nodded.

'Nicole get her Rolex?' she asked next.

'Yes mistress'.

'Remember our trip Webster. I should have made you buy Lester a gift' she said, sucking down more of the cigarette smoke.

Lester was wealthy. Why? Fuck her. Fuck her. For the first time in my life I think hatred for my mistress started to elbow past admiration.

'You teach the new mistresses some personal pleasures Webster?' she wondered.

'Yes mistress'.

'They better than you, because they are beautiful?'

'Yes mistress.'

She couldn't taunt me enough. Fuck her, she couldn't. I wouldn't rise to her challenge. I wouldn't snap, just so that the fuckers could march me away to some place quiet for a bullet between the ears.

'Come with me' she said at last, flicking more ash on the carpet.

I rose smartly from my chair and followed. We went through to the kitchen where galley slaves were preparing a tray of food. It was an impressive looking meal and there was a glass of wine placed on the tray with it. Mistress told me to collect the tray and follow her. We went back down through the service corridor and instead of going out to the garden we descended some further steps towards the basement. It was where I once had ideas of running a wine cellar. That was a project abandoned. Now, as far as I knew the place was empty.

The door to the cellar had been locked, but she took down a key hanging on a cord and led the way in. It was dark, and I blinked, when the light switch was finally hit. At the far end of the basement, bars reached from floor to ceiling. They had made a prison out of the place. I was beckoned forward. Mistress pointed. She pointed at a woman seated on the bunk bed, dressed in a simple T shirt and three quarter length blue denim jeans.

'I think you know Elizabeth don't you' mistress said.

Chapter 17

I can't adequately describe to you the revulsion that I felt when I saw that bitch. She was seated cross legged in her simple clothes and had been listening to music on a CD player. I watched her remove the headphones and smile.

'Hello Webster,' she said, 'how are you feeling?'

The look was smug, utterly smug. Around her face there were traces of tiredness and anxiety. I imagined the trauma she felt when they took her. But seeing me, well, that tiredness was cut with a satisfaction. Mistress Emma unlocked the door to the prison and I was ushered through with my tray and food and the wine. I couldn't take my eyes off the bitch. When she took the glass from my tray and sampled her drink I almost retched. The bitch sipped the white,

'Pinot grape' she said and drank a draft.

My mistress watched me. I had backed away and would readily have squeezed away through the bars if that were humanely possible. It was presumably intriguing to watch my reaction to the woman who had castrated me.

The bitch thanked Mistress Emma for the wine and suggested that may be it would be good just to check my scrotum. To my horror, mistress agreed and I was ordered to place the tray down on a small table. I was pushed forward to stand before the chemist assassin.

The bitch briskly pulled down my pants and started to touch what was left of my appendage down there. There was little to handle. What remained had a shriveled appearance and was tiny even compared with its once modest stature.

'He appears much as I would have expected' she reported to mistress, 'his gonads have atrophied and his penis is functional for voiding but its no longer sexual is it?'

Mistress nodded, and watched the woman pull up my pants. I was trembling all over. Next she wanted to inspect my teeth and then felt the grip of both my hands. She lifted my arm and hit it smartly against the side of the bed head. Nothing snapped.

'My revised formula has worked Emma,' she said with a smile, 'Webster is effectively a robust eunuch. He could serve in a household, or else be put out as a worker or even a fighter.'

My mistress smiled. It was dispassionate, cold and utterly silent. Then she said,

'We have workers who serve in Lester's various property development interests. They work hard but it's costly and clumsy to discipline them with collars. We spend too much on minders. So, your suggestions about castrating them is excellent, but we need to add something chemical that ensures compliance with orders.'

Elizabeth rose to her feet and smiled at me.

'In the longer term we must control who could ever breed mustn't we Webster? But loyal service is important too.' She turned her gaze to Emma. 'Strohman is I presume expensive and difficult to manufacture?'

My mistress seemed circumspect revealing anything very much about Strohman. I quickly realized that the bitch Elizabeth was on probation. Captured, she was being assessed as to whether she

would work for a new cause, that of the House of Lester. My mistress would do anything to make the man she adored, the lord of all he surveyed. She wanted to be the bitch of the absolute ruler.

‘Yes,’ conceded my mistress after further thought. ‘It is perfect in the house slave context and as a means to secure intimate submission, but it would be too expensive to use with slave workers.’

The woman Elizabeth walked around me.

‘So we need something to subjugate, that is inexpensive to manufacture, easy to administer, perhaps by depot injection once each month, and which retains the workers faculties. Narcotics erode the usefulness of a slave.’

Mistress Emma inspected me too. I felt like an exhibit in a medical museum.

‘We have a very able young doctor, Mistress Nicole, who I know might be interested in working with you to perfect something new Elizabeth. After you have completed a sufficient... (and she paused)...quarantine period.’

The urge to pull my arms violently away from their touch was huge. I only just held out. Hearing that Nicole might become involved repulsed me. Now the chemist bitch was irritable though.

‘Trust takes time Emma,’ she said, ‘I appreciate that. But I think that you’ll agree that what I injected in that cuck class did make the students a little more compliant.’

Ben..Ben had mentioned something about that. I tried to think back to what it was.

‘Yes’ admitted my mistress. Hard as nails she had to concede that her captive had already demonstrated something useful. The woman had very significant potential. It was about harnessing it.

'Would you like Webster to lick you.....you would of course have mistress status. You would have slaves of your own and of course, someone to adore. Whatever our differences about Lucian.....we both appreciate the same sort of man, don't we?' Mistress Emma's words were so softly expressed. I shot her a look. That seemed to amuse the captive.

To my horror the woman removed her jeans and folded them neatly before putting them on the table. She leaned back against the wall of her prison and looked at me. I was to come to her sex.

'Webster...' said my mistress.

I jolted forward and reluctantly dropped to my knees in front of the bitch. I wanted to bite the cow and end it all there. She wasn't young and her sex smelled old. It looked unpleasant, although it was clearly exercised. I inhaled and resisted the urge to gag. I looked up at her.

'OK Webster, that's a good boy, you may lick' she whispered.

I started to lick her, feeling her labia move against my tongue. They moved with a little spittle softly and as luxuriantly as you please. She had generous genitalia. I started to work my tongue up and down, up and down and felt her thighs tighten beside my cheeks. It was pleasurable to her.

'I have to ask...' she said to mistress, 'I had a female assistant...she was important to me. She was intimately important.....'

I guessed that the bitch was talking about Plumpness. I could imagine all that they perhaps were to one another.

'I'm sorry...' said my mistress, 'when our men found her in the duty manager bunk at your facility, she pulled a gun. They shot her.'

The bitch tensed. That was a terrible revelation. I could feel her muscles tense with the hurt and the anger. I waited a moment, allowing her the reaction that she so clearly had to work through. I looked up at her waiting for permission to proceed. She nodded.

‘Elizabeth...we believe in the same thing. A new society, where the best educated, the best able women are revered, and a world where we live with the most beautiful and authoritative men. Neither of us ever really swallowed the liberal clap trap. There was always inequality. Anything that was ever achieved involved the dominant and the dominated.’ My mistress came over to the woman. She served her a spoonful of chicken as I licked below.

‘Pyramids, the Taj Mahal, the greatest temples and palaces ever built were built by slaves. Society was orderly. And....we love the same sort of men. We have always and everywhere, deserved to go with those men.’ Mistress paused for response.

The bitch pulled my mouth against her sex harder. Perhaps she had never been tongued with a stud before? I did my best. Perversely feeling her tense rhythmically against my mouth represented a sort of revenge, however small, however twisted.

‘There could be lots of Webster’s Elizabeth, ten a penny, to be used and discarded if you wished. It could.....be a perfect life.’ Emma’s voice trailed away. The bitch I licked was grimacing. I sucked at her bud and exacted a perfect, secret and miniscule revenge. She orgasmed.

Elizabeth pushed me away. It was done with such force that I landed on the concrete flooring and lay there, not daring to get up without instruction. Then she pointed to her jeans and I helped her step back into those.

‘Do you really have that much ambition Emma?’ the captive asked.

My mistress gazed back at her. The determination in her eyes was obvious.

'We are going to correct society. We will arrange that all the right men and women are brought together. You will help arrange the castration of millions of men who don't make that grade. There will be limited worker breeding programme, selecting for the hardest working, the most amenable to the drugs that you produce. We will infiltrate government and create an elite that rules this country in a new and better way.'

It wasn't funny. It wasn't accompanied by stomping troops and military music at a mass rally. It was, yes, I suppose...utterly insane, implausible...but my mistress had responded with utter conviction. You would call it a fantasy, but then you had forgotten Strohman and the ability of the bitch behind bars, someone who had worked out how to chemically castrate men properly, with no complications. It was that kind of funny, that kind of fantasy. It was terrifying.

The prisoner nodded. She seemed impressed with the impromptu speech.

My mistress summed up,

'We'll see Elizabeth. I think that there is great potential. We'll give you lab facilities. We'll see what you can do. If all goes well, then you will become a mistress again.'

I watched Mistress Emma turn and followed her out. The chemical witch watched me go, impassively, noting how I walked assiduously behind my mistress.

This time the light was left on down there. It was a gesture towards what might be possible in the future. We walked quickly from the cellar, locking the heavy door and ascending the steps. I had a dirty taste in my mouth, the taste of shame and self hatred. I hated what I

had done. There was no victory, no discreet revenge now, it was all as before, I had simply been used by the pair of them.

Mistress was making brisk progress through the corridors of the house. I followed hot on her heels. She didn't pause to congratulate me on my good behavior, to reflect on whether the woman could be trusted. Yet I knew Elizabeth better than her. Still, no consultation was invited. We diverted into the kitchen where the galley slaves immediately paused and bowed their heads. It was as if an Empress had entered the room. The senior of the cooks was quizzed on the luncheon menu. It was to be changed, there was now to be Dover sole. I watched the blood drain from the poor woman's face. There was no Dover Sole. It had not been available in the market that morning. The cook had meant to inform mistress but the menu as planned didn't feature the fish until tomorrow.

Mistress paused.

'Which of them went to the market for the fish?' she asked curtly.

The terrified woman looked across at a tall man in fatigues, one who I think was called Marston.

'Call security cook. I want that one flogged in the back courtyard whilst you watch'. Mistress snapped out the order and the woman jumped. It was a terrible order. I watched her go to the house internal phone and request that a guard step into the kitchen. I couldn't begin to understand the severity of that punishment. The guard came, Marston was led away and the cook followed. Something was happening inside my mistress and it was accelerating. I thought about the bitch Elizabeth. There was a point to prove and Marston was about to bleed and then have his back wounds inspected by our chemist. Perhaps she could suggest the best dressing?

We proceeded on, through the dining room and the lounge. She met my master and kissed him. Yes, she told him, she had visited the prisoner again. There were possibilities. He seemed heartened by

the news and glancing at me took her into his arms and kissed her generously.

‘Look, I’m driving over to see Nadine about getting the other house slaves branded, but I wondered whether you still felt the same way about Webster’ she asked.

‘Yes, of course darling’ he said.

She nodded. That was settled then and we walked on, out through the hallway and to the front drive. A guard was exercising the Doberman’s and immediately leashed them upon our exit from the house. She walked to her Porsche and I followed. It was the most time that I had spent in her company for days, may be weeks. The Porsche bleeped as the car alarm was unlocked and she went to open the door. I expected to be sent about my chores.

‘We are getting rid of you Webster’ she said turning to look at me.

I stood stock still. Then, slowly the world seemed to start spinning. I could feel my blood desert me, falling like a torrent within as if I were hollow.

‘ I am giving you to Mistress Nicole, you will serve her and Master Daniel. You will please them and do all that it takes to help mistress commit to the work with Mistress Elizabeth.’

My mouth was open. I felt myself dribble.

‘I think Nicole likes the way you lick. You should see that as a positive. You are old. One day they will put you out to work with the rest. But for now, you amuse Nicole.’

‘Yes mistress’ I responded, answering mechanically.

‘You will have to renovate the shed at the back of the cottage, you and her cuck will billet there’ said mistress.

She could see the pain in my eyes. I must have looked eviscerated.

'It would always be this way Webster. I am too high ranking for you. Master has secured another young slave to join Powell in my service.' She delivered the epistle with the nearest to regret that I had ever seen in her eyes since she dominated me. She waited for me to speak. But I couldn't. I just wanted to fall to my knees and beg to stay. I wanted to be near her, to have contact with Medlar, Rufus, Tobias, the people that I knew.

Mistress seemed uncomfortable watching me gawp at her. The audience was ended, surely. Didn't I know? Now she looked irritable.

'Go and report to Mistress Jenny. You are to telephone the mistresses you met the other day and see if they need any help preparing their slaves.' Mistress Emma scowled.

'Go on Webster.... do as you're told.'

I turned and shuffled back towards the house. The Porsche engine burst into life and I heard mistress rev as she the opened the electronic gates and drove the car swiftly out onto the road.

Inside the house everyone was busy. Master was meeting with two new associates and he started to show them around, the facilities of what was still a house but which was now also a training facility. I was like the others, dressed in House of Lester regalia. We moved like pawns on the checkered floor of the large hallway. To avoid Lester and his guests attention I saw that the flogged cook had been taken down (as I predicted) to the cellar by a circuitous route. I lingered in the doorway listening to the head cock weeping. Numb in the head, like a zombie I walked on, down the service corridor and out to the bunkhouse. There was something sharp in there. There was something that I could escape through, out of this place, this life.

To my surprise Medlar was there. He had retired momentarily from the office and was fervently looking for notes that he had made the previous night. He couldn't find them anywhere and seemed distraught. I stepped inside and he burst forth with a series of frustrated questions as if I knew where the notes had been left. They could be anywhere. Now the bunkhouse was stuffed with eight beds, any of which could have covered where notes fell.

At last he said, 'you look like shit'.

I blinked at him, trying to find an explanation. As there was nothing clear in my head a cogent report was impossible. Instead I said,

'I'm being sent away by mistress'.

Medlar knew which one.

'You've done nothing wrong!' he exclaimed, halting his search for papers. The alarm might surprise you. But remember something, none of the slaves in that house had absolute tenure. Slaves could be disposed of. Usually, usually though it arose out of displeasure. What had I done to displease!?

'Nothing,' I mouthed, 'I have done nothing wrong.'

Medlar pointed to a chair. I was to sit down as I was shaking. He sat down too.

'You should have seen her, she had a cook flogged this morning' I said. It was disjointed and impossible for Medlar to follow. Medlar's survival formula was simple. You worked harder than you had ever done in your life and you weaved into the blog things that only you knew how to sort or manage. It made you necessary. He seemed to appreciate so quickly that he was of no particular value to Mistress Jenny. She could have I or another house slave come and attend her. The fracture from husband to slave had seemed to open fault lines in Medlar's head that he somehow understood.

'I'm being sent to Mistress Nicole. I and Adams will live in a converted shed to the rear of the cottage' I said.

Medlar seemed unsure what to say. The young woman was probably going to become a rising star in the movement.

'She's very beautiful Webster....incredibly beautiful.'

I grunted.

'You could learn to worship her, she has such a superior attitude.' Medlar was searching for pluses. He added, 'Ben's no great shakes, honest, you could become a favourite there.'

I thought of Powell, the way he had ingratiated himself to mistress. It was like syncophants at court, weeding, recommending their selves to the king or queen. It was quite honestly repulsive. Favourites could fall from grace, nothing was certain. My tenure as Mistress Nicole's favourite could be very short indeed.

'She straps slaves' I told him.

Medlar fell silent. There was nothing to commend.

'The bitch who injected me at the warehouse...they have her here, in the cellar' I said shifting account wildly.

Medlar paused.

'I know' he said, 'they have a programme for workers. They will have her work on that.'

His answer astonished me. I thought he might have warned me. But then when, when could he have done that? Nothing was making sense inside my head.

'You're going to go to Mistress Nicole's and do your best Webster' he said.

There was no resistance in the man. He was worse than me.

Chapter 18

A shed doesn't sound that big, but what stood behind the cottage was really quite large. Once upon a time Adams had used it as an art studio. It had large picture windows to allow in the light from the right directions. Because he imagined himself engrossed in his painting, intolerant of distraction or the need to return to the house, a toilet had already been fitted out there. I drove over with one of Tobias's burley men and a small collection of my things. I also took supply of House of Lester tunics and trousers for us both. It seemed that whilst we lived a little distance from the big house there was always a thread that attached us. Mistress Nicole deferred, of course to Mistress Emma and she was available for fucking should the clan lord so decide. Etiquette in the society was sometime inscrutable, sometimes even subtle, but on this occasion, with the clothes, it left me feeling just a little less abandoned.

We worked hard in the shed, arranging the new furniture, casting out cobwebbed things. I scrubbed the walls and Adams cleaned an old carpet, which we would fit to help keep the place warmer in the winter. I have never fitted a wood burning stove anywhere before but I fitted one there, with the necessary cladding and space to keep the hot chimney from touching the wooden roof of the shed. After that we went into the woods to find and chop windfall wood for the stove, stacking it neatly beneath a shelter at the side of what we now called the cabin. Mistress came to inspect the work regularly and she often brought other young women to witness how she now lived. There was never any talk of strapping, beating or the use of electronic collars. She would smile at her wondering guests and say that

Adams and I were content, we simply understood ourselves and needed 'this kind of thing'. It must have looked like nest building, the young mistress arranging the perfect little world in which all was arranged just so. I bet she had played with dolls houses as a kid. I bet that the dolls houses had men playing court. One afternoon, she brought a portrait of she and Daniel together. They had been to a pheasant shoot and they were dressed country set beside a landrover. In front of the smiling girlfriend that accompanied her that day I affixed the photograph onto the wall of the cabin, beside our beds.

Those visits were useful. The women chatted amiably as we worked. Now Nicole had given up here hospital work and was doing research at a drug company that Lester her new friend was funding. I could imagine what sort. This wasn't going to be your average antibiotic research was it? I listened, learned and prickled. I had been traded off to persuade her to help drive the new project. I could cook well, I was 'amusing' with my stud tongue, and may be too I was a means of demeaning the hapless Adams. The women strolled away, young mistress saying that 'the men' would next work on the garden, which needed 'bringing up to date.' Their conversation floated into the distance. 'Is Daniel home this weekend?' Perhaps we can meet up for drinks? I can have Webster cook for us.'

One of the massive wrenches of being sent to the cottage was loosing sight of mistress and master. To be honest, the number of times that I had watched them fuck in the last year was limited. Life was always their agenda, their pleasure. Anyone sunk into this lifestyle imagining wall to wall voyeurism came up against a shock. But there was a desperate, self loathing frisson in watching him touch and kiss her. It was somehow, terribly sensuous to watch the way that she dressed for him. I once described the life as one where a volcano grew over night and then awed you with its power. Sex came into life that way and it dominated your senses. You could never dream that a man and a woman could be that good, that intense, that absolutely perfect together. You could never believe that you, and necessarily your mistress, had lived in a sensual desert

before. You felt guilt for not leading her somewhere more verdant. Bizarrely then, shamefully then, I missed their cruel kisses, the touching and the arrogant assumption that they were always better than people like me who waited head bowed. As I chopped wood, as I cooked a meal at the cottage, as I waited silently for my young mistress to get home from work, I thought about Lester, my mistress, and how their sex, their utter bonding lifted them as people superior to me.

Adams and I were both required to serve at the intimate dinner parties that Mistress Nicole and Master Daniel arranged. We wore our House of Lester regalia, which seemed to amuse the guests, the men in their tuxedos, the ladies in cocktail dresses. Sometimes a lady would ask about the tunic insignia and I would politely respond that it was a society motif, a lifestyle badge that my mistress and indeed we subscribed to. Adams was 'junior' and never allowed to answer more than 'yes miss, yes sir' but Mistress trusted me to promote the lifestyle. Every answer could have been a bear trap, but I answered with a watchful eye on my mistress's expression. There were times when I suspect that guests saw this as a sexy and elaborate role play. They couldn't quite believe that this was living for us. Some though, the ladies, I know, gently pressed Nicole about how it felt to have that much power.

There was a rush about life for my young mistress and new master. The thrill of living this way had not been augmented by the responsibilities of management, strategy and command as it had for Master Lester and Mistress Emma. There remained opportunities to enjoy the teasing, the taunting and the humiliation of the day. After dinner parties in particular, provided that all had gone well, both Adams and I were summoned to the boudoir. Adams was required to undress master, arranging his clothes for later washing and pressing, and I undressed mistress. My young mistress is stunningly beautiful with gorgeous, lustrous hair that I hold to one side whilst I unzipped her black leather cocktail dress. Her lingerie is lacy, exquisitely designed by an Italian artist of bras and panties, and I draw these away quietly, softly, slowly, so that master can enjoy her disrobing.

Sometimes master requires me to suck her newly exposed nipples, which stand pert and hard, aroused by my tongue, but also by the absolute power he is exercising in the bedroom. Mistress watches me. She is imagining Daniel's baby suckling there. Like every other mistress I have met in the emerging community, fecundity, breeding, is a compellingly erotic thought.

It takes a little longer to prepare my mistress for master. Adams has simply to remove masters trousers and briefs and he is directed to suck cock. I watch Adams perform so much better now. Strohmans has its tendril grip around his brain. He needs to do this, no matter how much he resents the man. Master has a handsome cock, and Adams worships it, his tongue working, his head bobbing. Meanwhile, I unclip mistress's stockings from her suspender straps. I roll each stocking lovingly down and kiss her feet as they come off. I return up to ask whether mistress requires anything else removed or added. Sometimes boots are worn, or else stiletto shoes. Tonight though she is perfect without. There is only the choker of pearls about her throat and the Rolex hanging chic on her wrist. Dropping to my knees again, I am grateful. I need this. I need it badly, to lick her powerful sex. I am admitted to more here than there. I am enjoyed for now and it thrills me to the very core.

'Yes Webster' she says, and at last, almost gasping down a breath, I can begin, licking the place where she will so soon lock with master. I serve her delicately, with a dancing tongue, not too light to tickle, not too hard that it seems an insistence. I have, honestly, mastered this trade. Once I lick her perfect young sex a scent of woman blossoms in my face. It is entirely natural and feminine and it is warm and unctuous. I lick a little harder and mistress pushes against my mouth, watching, watching Daniel all the time.

'Susan was flirting with you this evening ' she teased.

Master smiles. Of course...she was. Quite possibly, Susan would have gone with him if that were what he wanted.

‘Do you want to recruit her?’ he asked, rocking a little as Adams pumped cock to the back of his throat.

My young mistress mused. Dangling and delicious conversations.

‘She is proud and haughty, you’d enjoy her I suppose...’ she said.

‘Yes...would you mind?’ he asked.

My tongue strayed upwards. I so wanted to tease her swollen bud.

‘No...I know the rules. You take who you want..’ she whispered.

‘But...’ he prompted and smiled.

‘But,’ she answered smiling, ‘It would cripple John. He’s not an instinctive cuck. He would probably have to be discarded.’

I eased my tongue upwards. Mistress squirmed against me, my head was locked so that she moved against me her way.

‘I’d talk to Lester...we’d find her a slave. John doesn’t matter.’ Daniel warms to the idea.

‘Fuck me, I need you to fuck me’ she said, gasping softly.

Adams was sent to sit in the corner on a chair. Little Jack Horner...I always thought about the nursery rhyme. Much as I loathe the idea, I am now Powell, in this household, the instrument of cruel judgement. Often times, as now, I was directed to lie on the bed face up and then Mistress would come and kneel on all fours above me, her beautiful sex above my face. Master then took up station and I watched close to as his very ample erection ploughed into her. Alphas couple their way, but this was a favourite of mistress and master. Not only could they be licked from below but I think for Nicole the position represented jungle submission deep inside her head. She went to master, presented her rear and he stuck her.

Slap, slap, slap, slap, the intense intimacy of a bedroom.

This drives so much, it is so much. My mistress determines how intense. She has only to spread her legs a little wider, to drop her breasts across my defunct groin and my tongue is brought to bear where she requires it. You can asphyxiate this way, just as easily as when being queened. But I lick diligently, against her button and then against his bulging scrotum an inch or two further back. They move together, rhythmically, piston and housing. She thinks about her guests, guessing, guessing. She thinks about Susan wanting, wanting. Envy can seem delicious. She thinks about her cuck aching, aching, and I confect exquisite pleasures in unison.

'Give it me!' she demands through clenched teeth.

The pumping quickens and deepens. It's useless to pretend that I can keep up.

They buck hard. It is humbling to watch masters scrotum convulse. His balls spasm, in a series of sudden contortions, as the seed is delivered. Mistress gasps loudly. The scent eruption is breathtaking. Close to the junction I am almost overwhelmed by their sumptuous explosion of cum.

Moments pass.

Master's cock is still pulsing.

He is taking her still.

'God Daniel!' she manages.

At last he uncouples from her. His member comes away glistening and wet. Adams stirs in the corner. But he won't be required. He will wait and watch. I will toilet, mistress lying on her back, legs held high so I sweep up only the surface residues. There is so much that she

wishes to keep. Afterwards I will suck master clean, Adams excluded.

I have never understood strapping. My mistress never strapped me. Master hit me on occasion and mistress slapped me, but strapping no. Yet Adams took the strap from his mistress once or twice a week. It was difficult to ascertain how it fitted into the discipline of the household. Sometimes I couldn't ascertain how he had displeased master or mistress. Four or five sharp thwacks with the thick leather belt could be administered across the buttocks in an arbitrary manner. Being tied against the frame, out at the back of the cottage, against something that was ostensibly to grow passion flowers over, terrified Adams. I wasn't required to assist but I always heard it. Afterwards Adams would return to the cabin sore, humiliated and thoroughly chastened. He would spend hours trying to second guess what pleased his mistress. His good fortune depended desperately upon the power of his imagination, the ability to read her mood.

I never felt that I had a secure or a privileged life in the cottage but it was welcome to have my new young mistress talk a little more openly than Mistress Emma ever did. Adams and I had no radio, no television, no newspapers, no means of understanding what proceeded in the outside world. We never left the cottage unless in the company of mistress or master. We were fed our Strohman, at home through what seemed to me the most tenuous supply route from our clan lord's house. I think that mistress was still curious about me, a case study in submission. I was what Mistress Emma had made and it fascinated her. When I was cooking she would often come into the kitchen and we would 'chat'.

'You're getting too fat Webster...its unattractive' she observed casually. I am a little rotund, think beer belly though rather than massive gut.

'Yes mistress'.

'I won't have a fatty attend Daniel and I, understood?'

I nod. When you do achieve some privilege though, even we try to hang on to it.

'Eight hundred calories a day, weekly weighing, alright Webster?'

'Yes miss'.

'I will take you running, in the woods, three times a week' she observed.

Hell, that would cripple me. Mistress is fit and lean.

She doesn't wait for my affirmation of the last order but moves on to thoughts anew.

'What does it feel like to be castrated?' she asked me.

I am unsure how to answer. There are historical books about castrati for instance, about eunuchs at court. But perhaps they never explored the emotions of the state.

'It humbles you. It top slices any ideas of your worth...may I say that mistress?'

'Of course' she insists.

'I suppose it makes me feel more 'other', something different as well as much less than you and master.'

My mistress pours me orange juice from a carton in the fridge. She clearly wants to talk.

'Does it help you accept us, I mean the whole of us, the elite?' She wonders.

It's an abstract question. But I suppose that she means the hierarchy. Does being castrated mean that I and others like me support the new order.

'We can't fuck, you can. There are different purposes, different destinies in the world, we're forced to confront that.' I am not sure how much I can trust to share with her. I am terrified of joining Adams on the frame out back.

'But do you resent that? The fact that you can't procreate doesn't mean that you don't regret the loss of the ability?'

A tricky question. I eye her. But she seems calm, even amiable in conversation.

'Yes, we resent it. But our disposition, our weakness got us into the situation. I suppose it is to some extent, self imposed.'

Mistress Nicole nodded. She told me how testosterone levels drop after that sort of treatment, making the individual less aggressive and confident. But it didn't necessarily erase angry emotions, feelings of loss.

'No, ' I admitted, 'it doesn't.'

'But it makes you think about your mouth more. What you say, how you use your tongue becomes vitally important to your future' she ventured.

'Yes Mistress'.

I prepared the asparagus and set them aside in cold water. I needed to risk some questions.

'Mistress..may...may I ask some questions?' She nods, so I proceed. 'Are your queries to do with the research work?'

She smiled.

'Elizabeth's work?'

'Yes Mistress'.

'We're working on a drug that taken over perhaps six doses, over a couple of months, change attitudes. It's no use castrating workers and imagining that entirely obviates the need for collars. It dampens the competitive and aggressive spirit of a man. It doesn't change attitudes though. We need men to work fields, in factories, to clean ditches and mend roads who accept their lot and respect their betters.' She takes my empty glass and more orange juice is poured. My questions haven't occasioned anger, yet.

'Is that possible mistress?'

Nicole poured herself red wine.

'I didn't think so. But... But Elizabeth understands neurons and chemistry in a way that I also thought impossible. It will happen Webster.'

I have completed the carrots, cutting and trimming them so that they will be beautifully tender when cooked.

'Forgive me mistress. How does it feel to be a mistress? You asked about my feelings and I wondered....'

She laughed. I wasn't slapped or dismissed. Perhaps the second was impossible. I was preparing their supper.

'I suppose that's in order, I asked you about being a eunuch. It's startling. Startling to have so much control and even more startling to realize that I'm willing to exercise it. Accepting that I am superior is a massive rush.'

'In the past,' I ventured, 'women were taught that wasn't feminine.'

'Yes,' she confirmed, 'but this life it gives women control and it celebrates instinct. We hid instinct more than men.'

'Is it about black guys?' I asked.

She laughed again. It was a disturbingly relaxed and frank response.

'Its about choosing our lovers, having sex without guilt and yes about reinforcing another freedom that is being seized by them. We both get so much out of the change.'

I started again, but she stopped me.

'That's enough now Webster, get on with your cooking.'

I watched her walk away. She seemed enigmatic then. The questions about how she thought about her mother, that background would have to wait for another day.

It was then on a Thursday that mistress took me running. She explained that we would run for three miles over different terrain, but at the 'breather points' I would have to do exercises to help expand my lungs more. I dreaded it but started off, in my track suite behind her. We started with a gentle ascent up through silver birch trees and then followed a track that weaved beneath pines. We then dropped down, my weight jarring my knees until I saw again the pool in which she had swam naked. It was only then, as I gasped behind her effortless running, that a breather was permitted.

'We have to get you fit Webster' she said, 'Mistress Emma is having a rather large reception at the big house in a few weeks time and you and the other house slaves have to wait on. There will be other clan lords there, their bitches and slaves. I'm not having her think I've allowed you to go to seed.'

I nodded, sucking down breaths and leaning forward. Mistress showed me the exercises and to my surprise they did seem to help. We ran on, she like a gazelle and I like a lumbering ox. Up through the woods we ran, sometimes mistress running backwards, coaxing me on, laughing as she did so. It seemed crippling.

'I can't mistress...' I gasped.

'Then I will get rid of you' she said firmly, 'you can go out to work, or else join Elizabeth's experimental group.'

I ran on.

Chapter 19

By the time the swanky do at Lester's big house came around I had lost something over a stone in weight. What was more my abdomen was firmer. I fitted the House of Lester tunic easily and I thought at last that I looked smart. Mistress took me up to the boudoir and had me stand in front of the full length mirrors so that I could appreciate the changes that her diet and exercise regime had wrought. If I was constantly hungry these days, then I was at last reasonably lean. Mistress took me through her walk in wardrobe and I was handed clothes that she would wear at the function. The strapless black cock dress was made to measure, entirely fitted to her lithesome figure. I could well imagine the impact that it would have. New and expensive stockings were chosen and a fine pair of stiletto heeled shoes that showed off her perfectly painted nails. She showed me the velvet black collar with Lester picked out in diamonds on it at the front. I learned that clan etiquette required that whilst she was Daniel's bitch, at such functions the Clan Lord ruled. Lester could either enjoy her himself or else gift her to favoured others for sex. She smiled, panties were pointless, the evening would involve a lot of eating and drinking, but there would be a great deal of fucking.

I couldn't help but as we were talking in an intimate moment I asked about Mistress Emma. What would be her role in the evening? Surely she stood above what Nicole had described? It seemed to amuse my young mistress that I still harboured fears and hopes, about a woman who had discarded me like an old bucket.

'Mistress Emma will entertain Dexter, he's a powerful Clan Lord from Birmingham. It's about alliances. Emma will fuck like the rest of us' she said quickly.

I felt massively deflated. I shouldn't have been. Deep down I knew. I wasn't even a clear memory any more for that woman. I wasn't part of the bigger plan. Mistress Nicole took out a box and showed me the new leather collars that I and Ben were to wear for the evening. They were deeper than ever before, like the sort that people put around the necks of greyhounds. Each was tooled with 'Lester' and stamped with the house of Lester insignia. I learned from my mistress now that may be a dozen weak men would be so marked that evening. The house had been busy in my absence.

I suppose that the coming evening made me feel apprehensive. There were so many things that could go wrong. Daniel wasn't above using his fists on me if Mistress Nicole was feeling peevish. Adams though had been strapped only the day before, so mentally he was a mess. My fellow slave was a seething confusion of fear and resentment. I asked mistress to feed him a little more Strohman, even if only for the evening, but she refused. It seemed that even that was now being used to beat the hapless Adams down. Arousal, power, corruption were dancing hand in hand and it appeared that could extend to destroying a man who posed husband memories from however distant a past. Adams was assigned duties collecting coats and jackets and I was to report to fucking Powell who had been given charge of our team of wine waiters. Mistress told me about the assigned duties without obvious irony. I wondered whether she realized just how much I hated that fucking weasel.

By a little before 7 p.m. both Adams and I were dressed in regulation black slacks and shirts, our collars in place. We were required to wear some women's perfume that robbed us of any semblance of masculinity. It was floral, sweet, vulnerable. Mistress looked perfect with her hair up and master looked impressive in the new tuxedo and bow tie. I brought around the saloon car for us and Adams was

required to get the doors for master and mistress, who seated their selves regally within the back seat.

I couldn't believe the house when I saw it. The whole place was lit up with shimmering lights and one of the perimeter walls had been knocked down and some smart units been attached to the side. Mistress explained that that was the new teaching block. New bitches were being trained in classes now, eight or ten at a time. The operation was being rapidly scaled up. One of the reasons that this evening was being held was because Master Lester and Mistress Emma had developed a reputation for such training. Other clan lords were by comparison, more haphazard in their approach.

The large metal gates of the house opened and I drove in past a honour guard of eight impressively stern looking black men with House of Lester cumber bands about their waists. Each held a machine pistol in their black gloved hands. You might have laughed, I didn't. Any one of them looked hard enough to have broken bones. We had been scheduled to arrive 7.36 p.m. precisely, the entourage of Lester needing to be in place to receive the clan lords and seniors from other parts of Britain. Mistress Emma was standing with Tobias near the front door. I helped mistress and master out of the car, handed the keys to the concierge and then waited silently behind Mistress Nicole whilst Emma kissed her. She permitted Daniel and open mouthed kiss signaling his ascendant status too. I was ignored.

'Fuck her mate' said Adams as we stepped into the house behind our betters.

All of the house had been redecorated. There were a lot of mirrors that made the rooms look so much larger. A chamber orchestra played in the hallway and my mistress and master greeted several peers that they knew. Adams was despatched to the door that said 'cloaks' and I was told to go to the kitchen and find Powell. It was done lightly, without a care.

Walking quietly through the growing throng I saw Mistress Jenny. She ignored me as well. Rufus though passed close by and said, 'looking svelte man'. There was even a smile. Across the room I glimpsed Mistress Amelie. She was kissing casually with a man I didn't recognize. Beside her knelt her slave. I wondered why he hadn't been pressed into house servant duties? May be he was new. May be he needed some special humiliation tonight. All of the women in the house were dressed glamorously. All wore the most alluring make up, their hair arranged perfectly.

I found Powell in the kitchen fussing over the drinks table, snapping irritably at catering staff who poured champagne into flutes, arranged a dozen to each tray. He reminded me of one of those flouncing types who fussed at fashion shows. He looked pompous, anxious and really wound up. He wore a collar like mine but he had a love bite on his neck, which showed above it. He touched it when he saw me enter the room and his expression said, 'you know...don't you.' I thought you fucking toy. That was what he was to her. He was her plaything. Powell eyed me.

'You will take drinks to the study' he said crisply.

I picked up a tray with champagne flutes already charged. I turned to go. He touched my arm.

'Yes sir' he simpered.

'Fuck off Powell' I said and left.

Navigating with a tray of drinks was tricky. You see professionals doing it with the tray held high above people's heads. Not me. I locked the tray against my chest. En route I came across Mistress Nicole. She was chatting to another bitch, but paused to smile at me. I was delayed a moment.

'It's so sexy Webster' she announced, her eyes dancing, 'Mistress Jenny is pregnant. Once I've finished working with Mistress

Elizabeth, the Clan Lord wants me bred as well.'

What was I meant to say? I couldn't ask questions, not here. I couldn't indicate an anxiety at all.

'That is excellent news mistress' I answered flatly.

She looked annoyed that I hadn't smiled when I spoke.

'The breeding is inevitable Webster,' she said irritably, 'a new society.'

'I want to support that mistress' I answered, forcing out the smile.

Mistress wasn't entirely convinced. She said,

'Don't worry....you will'.

My route to the study was rather circuitous. I had to avoid too many grasping hands otherwise I would arrive at my station with a tray of empty glasses. So I moved as quickly, as deftly as I could. When I got there, I saw Medlar, similarly dressed, seated at a large screen computer, showing off galleries of black suitors to a small group of expensively dressed beautiful women. They wore maroon velvet chokers, different to the rest, which I guessed must mean that they were students. Some bitches, well through training, were yet to be paired.

'I like that one, looking at the size of his chest' said one who seemed to wear a permanent pout.

'Moses looks as though he has a lot of style' said another, her heavily made up eyes dreamily checking the image on screen. Medlar was made to enlarge some of the images and make a note of introductions that could be made.

'God, I'm aching for a fuck...I hope Lester directs me to someone' said a tall blonde woman. She looked too well brought up to speak like that. She sounded so refined, but the words that came out presented a different image. I wondered whether these days the women were taking something to accent their libido.

I proffered my tray of champagne and around half of the glasses were lifted in an instant. One petite red haired woman, somewhere in her late twenties lingered beside Medlar. She was buxom and sounded a little drunk already.

'Is there a limit on the number of slaves?' she asked Medlar.

My friend shook his head, 'only that set by a Clan Lord' he said,. 'you might be granted a dozen if it pleased the lord and your bull wanted that too.'

The buxom woman sipped her champagne and studied me. Medlar was hoping to get rid of her, feeding her sufficient information so that she would walk away.

'Webster is one of two slaves owned by Mistress Nicole. She is likely to have half a dozen when she breeds.' Medlar smiled at me as he spoke. He looked as though he was hurting. Perhaps he winced because he knew that little explanation threatened me.

'Will you raise the babies...to be like mistress and master?' the buxom woman interrogated me.

'Yes mistress' I answered and watched her leave, her curiosity apparently satisfied.

'Hello blog tour man' I said, trying what I hoped seemed humorous.

Medlar managed to grin.

'I'm exhausted' he said, 'this is going viral. They must have someone influential high up supporting it, otherwise someone would have tried to shut us down by now.'

Medlar switched to the registry of interested women. He had to scroll down many pages, each with their images of chic women before he came to the end.

'Seriously Webster, the gossip is getting out. The lifestyle is perfect. Why wouldn't a woman want to live like this.'

I asked how he was? I'd missed his company, although being quite so close in to the change now seemed frankly daunting.

Medlar sat silent. Another woman floated into the study took up a glass and left.

'Jenny's pregnant ' he said quietly.

I wanted to hug the guy. But this was public. No consolation, no reassurance.

'Your mistress is pregnant by master' I corrected. It seemed the only way, to treat this, by catechism.

'Yes' he said lamely, 'he's inseminated a couple of others too. He's told the women's bulls that he wants at least one of his in any brood.'

Bloody hell. I was going to ask something but Medlar guessed it was a head of me.

'Mistress Emma will be bred when she's happy the system is well established.'

I shook my head.

'He wants a dynasty. This isn't a corrective, he's on an ego trip'.

'Yes' answered Medlar. He drew breath...

'My mistress had that other bitch castrate me' he said at last, shaking as though the pain returned.

Bugger it all. I put the tray down on the side and hugged him. I didn't care then what rebuke might follow. I felt him against me, his body shaking with the force of his emotions.

'You'll live' I promised him.

He started to compose himself, 'we'll live' he insisted.

I took up the tray again. Had any of the champagne spilled on the computer and the system collapsed I would have probably been whipped to within an inch of my life.

Powell appeared at the door and now he seemed more tetchy than ever. I was to stop hiding away and to circulate with the drinks. Several clan lords were arriving now and everything had to be perfect. Back through the crowd I went. I saw the Scottish woman that I had been made to demonstrate oral on. She smirked when she saw me. My remaining three glasses of champagne were swept up and I returned to the kitchen for more.

By the time I got there half a dozen slaves were being sent out with trays of canapés, oysters, quails eggs and expensive pate on little squares of toast. They looked mechanical to me, drained of resistance. I shivered at the sight of them. How many mistresses were now setting up new homes? How many of the most eligible men had been drawn into what I could only describe now as a baronial lifestyle? The community was blossoming. Cast out to the periphery I had no real idea of just how large it was becoming. I returned with drinks to the fray, watching the beautiful women and the handsome men consuming the oysters with gusto.

Three more times I returned with trays full of drinks, now champagne, now cocktails. The rooms grew crowded and there dozens and dozens of faces that I did not recognize. The women looked by turn animated when they talked to peers and indolent and superior as the servants passed. It was a sensuous traffic light signaling. By chance on my third outing, a little after ten p.m. I came upon our Clan Lord, Lester, flirting with my mistress. He seemed pleased to see me, greeting me with 'Webster! Heard that you been cooking nice for Mistress Nicole!'

'Thank you master' I answered and bowing my head I offered up more drinks. Mistress took a gin and tonic depositing her empty on my tray. Her eyes followed his. It was as if she was mesmerized.

'Six Clan Lords here...it's such a coup Lester' she observed silkily.

He glanced down at her. Insincere compliments were always a possibility. That was a fact of the new life. But my mistress was sincere. She looked at him wonderingly.

He kissed her slowly, opening his mouth, pressing hers open too. I watched the man with power over life and death seduce her. His hands went down onto her neatly rounded bottom and she slid her arms up around his thick neck. They kissed indulgently, brazenly beside me, in full view. Other seductions were breaking out everywhere, the elite taking their pleasure beside peers, in front of slaves that really didn't count.

'Time I fucked you Nicole' he growled, peering into her face.

'Thank you...I want that' she responded.

The pair of them moved quietly away from the biggest part of the gathering and walked through to a small TV room that I never remembered from the old days. I was required to attend and followed, only setting down my tray when we had closed the door to our quiet spot. As is customary I knelt before master and when he

pulled out his erection, I generously lathered it with spittle. My Clan Lord and mistress necked as I conducted my humble business below.

'Lick her up' Master ordered and I turned and performed eager oral on my mistress. It was deeply erotic, compulsive. I felt as I did that that the big house was never so far away after all. A moment or two of licking though and I was directed to stand behind my mistress. I was to bend, take her body weight on my arms, supporting her legs whilst the master took her. Mistress is slim, relatively light, but without my recent training, without bracing against the wall, that would never have been possible. I held mistress's stocking covered legs wide and master thrust inside her. It was a brutal, pumping seduction that made her breasts bounce. I gritted my teeth, straining to support her whilst she moaned and gasped against him. His mouth ran down her throat, his manhood plunged inside her and she climaxed eagerly.

'You fuck when I tell you' he sneered.

'Yes sir...yes' she gasped loudly.

He gifted her then. I felt the sudden jags as his ardour forced her back against me and I against the wall.

'You need that?' he growled.

My mistress was almost speechless. Her voice was husky when she managed to moan,

'Yes master.'

'Good!' proclaimed the clan lord when he had finished with her. I was permitted to set mistress down on her feet and told to lick her clean. She was exquisitely filled with the most potent sticky white fluid. I licked diligently.

'Go and find Lord Lewis...give him this' said master. He handed mistress what looked like an old fashioned dance card. But I knew it was something different. The visiting Ian Lord was to be gifted an attractive bitch for pleasure. My mistress kissed master tenderly.

'Thank you,' she whispered, 'we will always do as you say.'

I wasn't directed to follow mistress after that so I returned to drinks serving. Traversing the lower rooms of the house though was proving pretty difficult. People kissed, petted, necked, slipped quietly away for coupling, either with or without a slave in tow. I felt as though I was pressing my way through an exhilarating crowd on the forecourt of a railway station. So much sex was, well, frankly intoxicating. Even though I had the humblest role to play, it was nonetheless a startlingly erotic sight. I thought about Medlar's castration and right then, drunk with the atmosphere it seemed regrettable but inevitable. Males not deemed worthy of breeding would be castrated. If any workers needed to be bred from time to time, then I imagined that the worker women would be artificially inseminated. The coital act, sublime, sensual and central to the new order, that wouldn't be permitted to trash.

I looked at the clock in the hallway. It was nearly midnight. I really needed to relieve myself and finding all the downstairs toilets occupied, I quietly slipped upstairs. Various rooms were occupied, alpha couples copulating, thrusting themselves into sensual knots on white Irish linen sheets. I slipped by the rooms resisting the urge to stare and towards the rooms where Rufus and the other security team had first been billeted. There was a toilet at the back, down that corridor. Coming from the same place a woman strode towards me in a severe looking leather skirt with a full length front zip. Her blouse was of silk and a bracelet moved on her wrist as she walked.

I squinted. It was, yes, Mistress Elizabeth. No longer behind bars she walked along the corridor towards me with an insouciant air. She had identified me immediately and she smiled. I dropped onto my

knees before her, sensing that a bow of the head would not seem enough.

'Webster' she said easily. I had expected triumph on her voice. Look, no bars Webster! She inspected me as I knelt there, head down.

When she didn't say a thing I started to lick her shoes. I needed some sort of response. I wondered how many men she had castrated since her release. I wondered how many more would face their destiny personally at her hands? She let me lick her patent high-heeled court shoes for several minutes, as if pondering something.

'Get up Webster' she ordered.

I stood, head bowed before her and with a manicured finger beneath my chin, she eased up my head. Now she smiled.

'So you're serving at the party Webster' she observed.

'Yes mistress' I confirmed.

Another long pause ensued. For an older woman she knew how to wear makeup. She looked poised and attractive. I couldn't take my eyes off her rouged lips. They looked more generous, alluring than I ever recalled.

'Do you want to kiss me Webster?' she asked slowly.

I looked up into her eyes. The question was sincere. She enjoyed the tease.

'Yes Mistress' I admitted.

'Good' she whispered, 'open your mouth like a good boy then'.

I opened my mouth and without a pause she pressed her lips to mine. I felt her tongue start to explore my mouth within. It was a lavish and controlling kiss.

'Was that nice Webster?' she asked when she finished the kiss.

I nodded dumbly. It was exquisitely submissive. It was delicious.

'Submit again then' she whispered.

I felt her hands sneak behind my bottom. I was pressed against the wall again that night and her mouth locked onto mine. I felt her tongue explore me. The kiss went on and on and I suddenly couldn't breathe.

'Stop fighting it' she ordered, 'if you die, you die'.

I surrendered afresh and felt her tongue take charge again. It ran over and over and over my stud. I started to grow limp against her, unable to breathe completely through my nose.

'Do you want to kiss me Webster?' she asked again, this time in a soft dreamlike way.

'Yes mistress'

She pecked her lips against mine. It was a glancing caress.

'Well, 'she whispered, 'you must kill Emma then'.

I longed to kiss her. Something broke inside my head and I longed to kiss her. Her lips were so compelling.

'Please...please...kiss me' I begged.

She smiled and stroked my hair. How sweet, how well behaved, her thought seemed to cement a compact.

'Of course Webster, you must just kill Emma...tonight' she murmured.

I tried to kiss her but playfully she withdrew her mouth. Her lips, lips, were just out of reach.

'Are you aching for a kiss sweetie?' she asked.

I nodded. Her lips moved. Her lovely white teeth peeped behind. Red, rouged lips and a moist soft tongue.

'Please mistress' I begged.

'Once Emma is dead, I think that Lester will take your mistress for his own. Imagine Webster, being back here, in the big house again... again...again.'

'Please mistress....please' my words seemed to reverberate in the corridor. I heard them come spinning back to me.

Mistress Elizabeth laughed, a tinkling, playful laugh.

'Yes, yes Webster...after your chores are done. Then, then a long and lingering kiss...don't you think?'

'Yes' I answered.

I looked about. The woman in the leather skirt was walking on down the corridor away from me. Her bottom moved suggestively in its leather covering. She had said something to me when we passed. She had said something...

Despite the feeling of fullness in my bladder I turned about face and realized that I did need to get back to the kitchen. Just why I wasn't sure, but that was where I headed. So I walked quietly, directly, past the necking couples, down the stairs and back through the crowded

hallway. Powell was there and he said that I was to attend the blonde bitch Amelie that had been at my tutorial. I walked on. In the lounge my mistress and the Clan Lord were chatting with another imposing figure, one of the other Clan Lords I guessed. Mistress Nicole seemed entirely at her ease and I sensed that she had already gone with Lewis. Sex, cocktail, the urgent greedy need of coupling, the faces laughing in the mirrors blossomed around the room. The people seemed to talk more loudly still, the conversations swelling and filling like waves in the sea. I felt the urgent need to reach the kitchen.

When I got in Medlar was there, helping the cooks who seemed to be struggling to keep pace preparing the larger trays of buffet food that were being arranged and set out in different rooms. Part of the new training wing was now, apparently, set out with food for those who preferred a more formal meal. Medlar looked at me.

‘OK friend?’ he asked.

‘Perfectly’ I smiled.

Medlar blinked. The cook beside him was screaming for some more king prawns. Medlar sent me to collect them from the large fridge. I dropped them on the table beside the cook and smiled at Medlar.

‘There!’ I said.

‘If you’re not serving drinks still, you could help me’ Medlar said.

‘Of course’ I said promptly.

There were capons to cut, each to be arranged on a bed of dressed salad of the cook’s concoction. I picked up a boning knife. Medlar looked at me.

‘They’re over there’ he pointed and returned to his own pressing work.

'Thank you' I said and breezed past the table indicated. The boning knife fitted perfectly up the sleeve of my tunic. I felt sure that Medlar never even saw me go. My search started in the training wing diner. No...not there. I returned through the kitchen and on down the corridor and into the lounge. No....not there.

'Come out, come out where ever you are!' I sang softly to myself.

Kill Emma, Emma Kill, Kill, kill, kill.

My mistress watched me glide past. I seemed intent on my work. She smiled at the Clan Lord. Tonight, the TV room, dear God, that had been so good.

My passage through the hallway and back to the small rooms, the TV one and beyond was unremarked. Some of the rooms were occupied by copulating couples. In others slaves knelt and attended the elite as directed. Suddenly, the sex disgusted me. What had once compelled and ruled me now seemed vile in the extreme. I retraced my steps and ascended the stairs to the upper floor. I imagined that Mistress Emma was in the boudoir wasn't she?

Emma....Emma.....Emma.....out you come....Emma.

'Do you want to kiss me?' teased a young mistress to an eager looking beau seated on the stairs.

I glanced at them suddenly. Yes. Yes of course he did. We all wanted to kiss. We all wanted to.....

Emma, Emma, where are you? Where are you sweetie?

People hung around the bedroom corridors. Handsome black guys in immaculate dress shirts, their bow ties waited to take a turn in one or other bedroom. I smiled, bowed my head and moved on. Ten steps

now, ten more steps. The door handle, I felt it in my hand and turned it gently. The boudoir.

The antechamber of the boudoir in the big house was in effect mistress's walk in or should I say walk through wardrobe. I closed the door quietly behind me. Step, step, step, over a cocktail dress cast on the ground, over a pair of expensive shoes cast there too. I could hear kissing and moaning. There was the rhythmic sound of even an expensive bed, moving and then knocking against the wall. There, now, you see, best mistress is lying on the bed, with her legs up over the hefty shoulders of her black lover. Her feet move as he forces himself impressively inside her. Her manicured nails dig into his muscular arms and I can see his taut buttocks clenching over and over as he drives inside. The man taking her is as big as Master Lester and he has a shaven head and a thick, thick, bull neck. There is an impressive chronometer on his wrist and his powerful hands hook up over her shoulders so that she is dragged down his shaft.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, mistress is advancing the cause. This must be one of the other clan lords.

She sees me.

'Get out! You've not been called!' she snapped.

Her lover paused a second, glancing my way.

I smiled. Then I pulled out the boning knife.

My mistress's eyes jerked wide. She knew what the object was. You know, you do, it's a blade....isn't it!

'Get off her or you get stuck too' I snarled at the guy. He was much bigger than me, infinitely more powerful, but I had the element of surprise and the blade.

The guy scowled at me.

'You'll never make it out alive man' he said.

'Fucking off her!' I ordered, waving the blade expansively.

He did as he was told and my mistress, goodness, she looked so lush!

The lover was naked, but he started to circle, looking for an angle on me. He's going to have a go, but I reckon I can stick the bitch before he grabs me.

'You did her in!' I scream at my mistress. I don't know where the words have come from nor what they mean. I must have sounded deranged. The past Emma, the Emma who fed me, who knows!

My mistress swung down a pillow. It's no defence but its something.

In an instant I launched forward and feel my feet go. They have been kicked from under me. I feel my chin hit the carpeted floor and then my head jolt backwards. There is something wrapped tight around my legs and then something attached to that.

It was Tobias.

The big lover dropped on me too then and I couldn't get my blade backwards enough to swipe at him. His massive knee comes down on my arm and the knife is prized from me.

I wrestled with them, pulling this way and that! I felt like a snake trying to pull through a tiny hole and getting nowhere.

'No Webster...no!' bellowed Tobias. He was crawling up my back, bringing his lock arms with him. I kicked back at him, caught his groin, but even that was not enough. He and the big guy had trapped me hard on the floor.

With my arms locked behind my back by Tobias, the knife kicked away, I saw the Clan Mistress go to her lover. She was shocked. She shook against his muscular embrace. She was appalled that I had attacked them. What right had I....

Tobias has got one hand back into his back pocket and his pistol is out. I can feel it pressed hard against the back of my head.

'Shall I finish him?' gasped Tobias. I could hear how furious he was. It must have been a quick and calculated tackle. He had only stepped away from the boudoir a moment to visit the john.

My mistress looked down at me. She glanced at the pistol. There wasn't a silencer on it. There were guests to consider and I was restrained. Her eyes narrowed She wanted me done in. The lover kissed her.

'Waste him babe, if that's what you want, waste him' he burred.

She kissed him back. A Clan Lord. He has been a consummately powerful lover. She pondered a moment longer.

'Take him away to the cellar Tobias. I need to know why he did that'. Her voice quavered, but the order was distinct and clear. So I was hoisted up, my arms were tied behind my back with a nylon stocking and I was quietly marched down the stairs with the deadly end of a pistol stuck in my back. I looked back as I was forced towards the bedroom door. The black suitor was kissing her again...and she was responding.

Chapter 20

Somewhere deep within the undergrowth of the parkland that surrounds the Lester Institute for New Living a yellowhammer is singing. It's a song that I remember from my boyhood, when I wandered the hedgerows of the local fields hunting rabbits with an air rifle. It was a long time ago, but the yellowhammer sounds the same. I put down my lawn trimmers mop my brow with a dirty handkerchief and look at the spectacular glass sky walk that takes students from one side of the campus, over the lake to the other. If I squint I can count maybe twenty or thirty students crossing the sky walk now. There are attractive young white women in tiny skirts or skin tight jeans and black guys of similar age in chinos and open necked white shirts. The students chat excitedly to one another as they progress. Some of them are fooling around, pushing, shoving, teasing and calling.

I'm one of a party of eight ground staff workers out here, making the lawns and the borders look very presentable. If you look at my companions then you look at me. We are all I suppose in our forties or early fifties. Our hands are scarred from ripping out roots or tackling briars. Our clothes are shabby and hair is usually tousled and unkempt. But our voices are a mix. It's clear that many of us were once upon a time well educated. We came, from quite good backgrounds. I suck a sweet from my pocket and watch the young men and women going to class. They are learning genetics, and social economics, and psychology, and sexuality and politics and management. They are alpha, raised in private schools, assessed

for their attitude and leadership potential, and then graduated up into Lester's Institute. They don't call the women bitches any more. The arrogant, discerning and sexually assertive behavior is entirely normal. Only some men are meant to procreate. The others are chemically negated (nice phrase, huh, but it still means what they did to me). The desired, the alphas are profiled, and then of course, they are paired up, the proper, the Lester vision way.

I've been working in these grounds four years or more now. It's a decent out in the fresh air job. The conditions are straitened, but the life is managed. We have a common room and live in dormitories, and we get treats such as the cinema once in a while. There are films and the lifestyle promotion shorts. There is no news for us, no politics, nothing that spells the direction of the world. It's enough that we manage to live our lives on a humbler canvas. Being a worker is rather less complicated.

That night, all those years ago, when the big house threw a party and I and the other slaves waited on, it seemed like another era now. I remember though how crowded the place was and how sexy it was. Alphas know about sex, we don't. They know how it adds a frisson to life that we couldn't begin to handle. Sex is best left to them, I understood, I accepted that now.

That night, after I was unceremoniously dragged down to the cellar for I'm not sure what, men came and beat me several times. Mistress Emma came in and conferred with the guards, checking how well I was recovering from the last hiding and then it would start again. Even before the party ended, her date for the night came down to watch the brutal thumping too. He held her about the waist from behind, whilst the men with iron fists set about knocking answers out of me. Why had I attacked mistress? What were my motives? Who was I involved with and what other plans did we have? I lost most of my teeth that night. I have dentures now.

There was a problem with the beatings. I had nothing at all to tell them. Nothing I could recall would explain to me why I was carrying

a knife and had entered the boudoir whilst my mistress was in congress with a clan lord. There was nothing to claw out of my memory, or else something or some one had slammed the steel door shut on that bit of my brain. Mistress Nicole, the young mistress I had served most recently of all had arranged for a hypnotist to work on me. There were sessions every day for three weeks and still, nothing. Mistress Elizabeth collaborated with her too, shooting me with some kind of truth serum of her making. All it seemed to do was make me giddy and start me talking utter gibberish.

In the end, they theorized about me. That is what people do when an answer can't be extracted. They speculated about the likely causes. One theory, the leading one, was that I had lost my mind when Mistress Emma had sent me away. You can only hurt and humiliate for so long. They said that I had ranted about things, how Mistress Emma had killed this woman. I didn't comprehend what they meant. They presumed that I referred to the old Emma, the mistress that had once ruled me personally, perhaps even the woman that I had called a wife! Other theories were that I had become Strohman toxic. A hefty dose before my warehouse imprisonment might have done for me. I might have suffered a late hormonal crisis to my castration...the speculations spun on.

After about a fortnight though Mistress Emma said that it was time for me to be disposed of. She was of course entirely right. The account of my attack, the wild lunging with a knife sounded entirely unhinged. I was a danger to the household, to my mistress and the Clan Mistress and I'd gone rogue on the very night that so many important alliances were established. Imagine if that had gone pear shaped, no regulated training of cuckolds, no improved production of Strohman, no shared preparation of young ladies to play their alpha partnering roles. As I think about it now, I should have simply been slipped over the side of a boat with a hefty weight tied around my neck.

Mistress Nicole though pleaded for me. She insisted that it was entirely a waste of a resource to wipe me out. I could be handed

over to Mistress Elizabeth and used to test whether her different serum would produce a worker who was quietly acquiescent about his modest lot. Who better to experiment on than someone who had become widely aggressive and non compliant? Master had agreed to that, but I think it was only because it involved travelling to the discrete laboratory that Mistress Elizabeth now ran in central Wales. Taken there I was out of harms way and couldn't interfere with the relentless stamp of progress. I remember when the Clan Lord came down to tell me that Mistress Nicole and Elizabeth were with him. Mistress Nicole smiled sadly but she looked relieved. She glanced across to Mistress Elizabeth who seemed equally relieved that the fortnight was over and I would now serve a new purpose a good way distant.

Mistress Elizabeth, a driver and three guards drove myself and one other captive up to the laboratory in what I can only describe as a grand horse box. We travelled in the back chained. My associate was called Clegg. He had been taken in to become a house slave and had become dangerously delirious at night time. It was difficult to trust a wandering fellow in a big house, in the middle of the night. We must have travelled for hours, first on motorways and then on winding country roads. The laboratory was centred in a large severe looking grey house, set back behind high walls and amidst rowan trees. I was led into my cell, padded to reduce noise or self injury, left some novels to read and with a loop recording of inane music playing over and over again.

You might have wondered whether I screamed my way through that place? Well, I didn't. Honestly, I was surprised to be alive. I couldn't fathom what had possessed me to attack my mistress. It had been intolerable to interrupt their love making. So the Rowans Laboratory was my way out. I could breath. Through the small and grubby window to the cell I could sense the sun move across the heavens and judge time as it passed. The work started with what Mistress Elizabeth called desensitization work. She came in with a male assistant and asked me whether I wanted to kiss her! Of course, strangely I did. It was such a bizarre thing but I did. She would permit

that, for me to open my mouth to her. Afterwards, she would then whisper...and...'

'Kill Emma' I would whisper without a reason at all!

Why? For goodness knows why?

The guard would then beat me, teaching me to associate this entirely inappropriate answer with pain. I lost the last of my teeth there. Still, we persisted.

'Do you want to kiss me?'

'Yes'

'and...'

'Mistress Nicole deserves to be Clan Mistress'.

I didn't need to adjust so much to that. Mistress Nicole was adorable. Everyone I knew worshipped her and the reason was obvious. She was so superior, so sexy!

'Do you want to kiss me?'

'Yes'

'and...'

'Mistress Nicole deserves to be Clan Mistress'.

It was a massive relief when the negative thinking was washed clear from my mind. It was a comfort to know that my ridiculous thinking could be adequately corrected. The alternative association was simple, gentle, admiring. What a relief!

Periodically Mistress Nicole drove up to the laboratory to see how the work was going. She was doing a lot of liaison work with other clans now and was second in charge to Mistress Emma. I would sit politely and wait for any news she deigned to give me. Medlar was now raising Mistress Jenny's offspring and the twin young ladies would go to a private school. The nursery that had been built beside the big house could cater for a dozen or more of master's young children. Sometimes Medlar sent me scribbled notes sending his best wishes. He told me about the blog, about how beautiful Lester and Jenny's children were.

Mistress seemed curious about things. Did I have any memory of suggestions being made to me, those linked to my attack on Mistress Emma. I searched my mind again. There was nothing, but I understood the medical need to understand, to know why my brain had become so awry. I felt deflated at not being able to help.

'That's OK...it doesn't matter' she would assure me. She smiled.

We started the work on tackling my aggressive outburst and tendency to object in the following weeks. Mistress Nicole seemed to be present for much of that. I would stare at her beautiful body as Mistress Elizabeth injected me with the latest version of her serum.

'If we can get him off Strohman and onto this, if we make a malleable mind out of him, then we'll change society for good' said Mistress Elizabeth.

It was all very lazy, soporific and confusing, the conversations slid and tangled in and out of one another. My mind was like a wind knot in fishing line.

Mistress Nicole said that Strohman was an expensive limit on our society. If control were easier and cheaper using the new formula, if it worked for workers and house servant intimates then control would be so much more complete.

'Yes' I murmured periodically.

'Yes?' asked Mistress Nicole.

'Yes Mistress, I want you to be the Clan Mistress'.

She smiled.

I had nightmares. For the first month of tests I had frequent nightmares. I realized then that the Strohman was being withdrawn and I was being weaned on to something else. Shots of chemical was being mixed with auto suggestion. I found myself needing to please them both without quite understanding why. There was no threat of withdrawal pains, no risks of going cold turkey. I just needed to please and cooperate.

'Lick' said Mistress Nicole pushing her bare rear towards my face where I knelt on the grass in the grounds of the laboratory.

I licked greedily. I really needed to very badly indeed.

'It's very sexy....alarmingly effective' mistress Nicole said feeling the eager sweeps of my tongue.

After five months I was weaned and a depot injection of the new serum and a thirty-minute recording of new commands brought me comfortably to my new state. The downsides along the way, some hair loss, some problems sleeping were forgotten. It was time to field test me as a worker. If I remained placid and compliant, then a new workforce of slave workers could be built.

The foreman tells us that the ten minute breather is over. We are to carry on with our work, edging lawns and trimming bushes. This whole section of the ground is to be completed by nightfall. I have made some progress whistling softly to myself when a midnight blued Maserati sports car proceeds slowly up the drive beside us. It comes to a halt and a stunningly beautiful woman in denim jeans

and cavalier black boots steps out and walks confidently over to our work party. I recognize Mistress Nicole immediately. She has evidently got a new car, something really rather grand and appropriate.

'Hello Webster' she greets me, 'are you enjoying your work?'

'Yes Mistress, I am' I answer enthusiastically.

'I'm just going to run a workshop in the Institute. I know that Mistress Emma is going to give an address afterwards. Perhaps you could come quietly in and watch from the back of the auditorium?' she queried.

I look at my foreman. Mistress gives him the look and says that she has tunic and trousers in the car. Webster will be going along with her. He doesn't seem surprised that she has stopped and issued the invitation. The foreman bows his head.

'Of course Miss' he answers.

I follow the young Mistress towards the Maserati sports car.

'I'm Vice President of the Institute now' mistress said, without looking back.

'You deserve it M'am' I respond.

'Yes, thank you Webster' she said looking over her shoulder. 'I may have some unfinished work for you to do today..... Is that alright?'

'Yes mistress' I said.

