

419



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A VERY STRONG **ADULT** story of Female Domination...

Not for the squeamish!

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. 419 .

Preface by Irene.

The following is a genuine E-Mail (the first E Mail of the story, anyway...) of the Nigerian 419 variety. They are 'phishing' for your money. Of course they could be fishing...

What if it was not money that they were after?

What if they wanted you?

Yes, you... all of you...

What if they wanted your body, your soul, your service and your cringing submission?

What if you were nothing more than meat to them?

A source of income, a slave for them?

A male fuck-bitch?

Chapters.

Go phish...

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Chapter 1

The Hook

It was a Monday, a rainy day, a day when I had already had bad news, a day when I was just a *little* more susceptible than most other days. Somehow, for some inexplicable reason, I did not delete the mail, I just did not read it immediately.

I did what I always do, I printed it and put the copy in my briefcase to read on the long commute home. The train came to an unscheduled stop at Finsbury Park, just before the station platform and I pulled out my mails to save me some time when I got home.

This was the letter:

Dear God Elected One,

I am glad to know you, but God knows you better and he knows why he has directed me to you at this point in time so do not be afraid. I saw your e-mail contact at Tunisian ministries of commerce and foreign trade departments. I am writing this mail to you with heavy sorrow in my heart, My Name is Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

I want to tell you this because I don't have any other option than to tell you as I was touched to open up to you; I am married to Mr. Abdalah Jabori Who worked with Tunisia embassy here in Burkina Faso for nine years before he died in the year 2005. We were married for eleven years without a child? He died after a brief illness that lasted for only five days.

Since his death I decided not to remarry again, Because when my late husband was alive he deposited the sum of US\$ 8.2 m (Eight million two hundred thousand dollars) in

a bank in Ouagadougou the capital city of Burkina Faso in west Africa Presently this money is still in bank.

He made this money available for exportation of Gold from Burkina Faso mining. Recently, My Doctor told me that I would not last for the period of seven months due to cancer problem. Whoever that wants to serve me God must serve him in spirit and Truth because God is the Most High, Please always be prayerful all through your life.

The one that disturbs me most is my cancer sickness. Having known my condition I decided to hand you over this money to take care of the less-privileged people, you will utilize this money the way I am going to instruct herein. I want you to take 40 Percent of the total money for your personal use While 60% of the money will go to charity" people in the street and helping the orphanage.

I don't have any child that will inherit this money and my late husband relatives are not good not even good at all because they are the one that responsible for the death of my late husband Mr. Abdalah Jabori in other to have all my late husband properties and I don't want my husband's efforts to be used by those that conspired for his death. I grew up as an Orphan and I don't have anybody as my family member, just to endeavour that the name of God is maintained... Am doing this so that God will forgive my sins and accept my soul because this sickness has suffered me so much.

As soon as I receive your reply I shall give you the contact of the bank in Burkina Faso and I will send authority letter that will prove you the present beneficiary of the money in the bank that is if you assure me that you will act accordingly as I Stated herein.

Hopping to receive your reply

Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

Written from Hospital

I suppose what convinced me that this was real was the fact that it mentioned the Tunisian ministry of Commerce and Foreign Trade. The fact that the English was not perfect and the grammar was stuttering was not unusual in my line of

work. The Import and export of handmade luxury goods from North and Sub-Saharan Africa.

I suppose that I was already upset by the fact that the revolutions in those places, especially the Muslim states, was turning my business sour. This was because of my contacts with the previous governments, that had ruled with a rod of iron and a hand out for baksheesh were bound to be disrupted.

Chapter 2

The Line

It was a week before I got around to answering the E Mail. I must admit that I really had no qualms answering because the mail had arrived at an E Mail address that I normally used as a 'throwaway address' for casual correspondence. I was curious, and what could a reply hurt?

After all, all I wanted to do was to satisfy my curiosity.

Dear Mrs Ra'fah Jabori,

I was impressed by your sincere E Mail to me about your plight in Burkina Faso. I realise that you are going through a difficult time, judging from your letter anyway.

The problem is that I do not really understand what it is that I can do for you to help! I have never been to Burkina Faso and only a few times to Tunisia on business. I realise that 40% of eight million dollars is a huge amount of money and cannot understand why you cannot just set up a trust fund or charitable foundation to dispense the money according to your wishes.

I am sorry that I cannot really be of more help to you at this difficult time,

All the best,

George Howden Ghent

The reply did not take long to arrive, that's the joy of E Mail. I sat and read it with a sense of interest mixed with foreboding. Who has not heard of the scams that are rife on the Internet?

However, the reply seemed honest and to the point.

Dear George,

I am so glad that you write me your letter. It brings me hope that God brings hope to those that depend on his love. For the last week I have been doctoring a cure for my illness and now it seems that God brings hope and joy to me. Because the doctors tell me that all my cancer is just another problem and that I will be cure.

Best of all you write to me. It tells me that there is good persons in the world and that you may be one of them.

I still plan to share my fortune with the poor and suffers of the world because God has saved me medically and has show me the way that forgiveness is a matter of believe in him, may his name be a healing sign.

If you want to help me in this business of help the poor you can be useful. I know that you are trade in export to Africa and you are the man that I need to help my goodness.

Please write to me again to show your honesty and I will show you how you can help my charity to the poor.

May God be with all your life,

Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

The E Mail came with a picture of Mrs Ra'fah Jabori as an attachment. She was about forty and not unattractive. She had that wonderful, almost blue black skin colour and long straight hair that was covered by a bright shawl that looked to be silk.

Business was quiet. It always is this time of year. I decided after a day's thought that there was no risk in continuing the exchange of letters.

Dear Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

I suppose that it is only right that I tell you a little about myself. I am married and have no children. My mother came from Morocco and my father was a Dutchman who fled the Germans at the start of the war because he had a Jewish grandmother.

I mainly buy things in Tunisia and Algeria to sell in Amsterdam and London. Carpets, original wood carving and paintings.

I suppose that I have built up quite a little business for myself and things are going OK. I would like to help you with your project to help the poor.

Please tell me what I would have to do to help you because it is still unclear what help it is that you need!

All the best,

George.

Well she wrote to me, a reply that really gave me pause for thought because it seemed so honest and undemanding in its naive way.

Dear George,

I am need of help from you in many ways but it would be so wrong for me to let you suffer a wrong. I will not be ask you for details for money like bank and things. That is because I am honest to you and I do not want you to think that I want to cheat yourself.

I need a trustable person top help me with money and helping me with banks. But that is not easy in Burkina Faso because stealing money here is so common and there are many liar people who want to take my money that my husband left me.

I must be thinking how I can do this without you losing your trust in my honest of God.

I am so better now that I can at home and now all my family want money so it is difficult for me here in Burkina Faso. I am thinking that I must be leaving and maybe I go to Tunisia but it is difficult for the money. Banks are so difficult here.

Go with God,

Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

I did not answer the mail straight away because I was wondering what I was getting in to. I felt guilt that the mails were genuine and from a real person, but I also had a doubt.

Was it all a scam?

A request for money would surely make its way to the forefront of the correspondence and I would then know that I had been tricked.

So I waited.

Three days later the next E Mail from Mrs Ra'fah Jabori arrived and I had to admit that it all seemed on the level. After all would she sponsor a visit for me to meet her if she

was simply some hacker sitting in a shed trying to squeeze the rich westerners of their money?

The letter came.

Dear George,

I know that you are so busy with your own life and business in the Great Britain. So I am so sorry to disturb you and plea for your help because my own troubles are so big.

My uncle and protector has decided that I have to marry again and he has chosen for me a man that is a bad man. I am all alone and I know that my uncle has decided to take my money with the help of the man that he has chosen for me.

I ask for your help because I do not know who I can ask for help because my family wants to get all my money.

I know that it is a big thing to ask, but if I pay for you to come to help me then will you do this? All I need is a friend to protect me and help me move my husband's money to a safe place like England.

Go with God,

Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

I hesitated to answer and waited a day. I had not discussed this at all with my wife and I was worried that she would laugh at me, make a mockery of what to her would seem to be a puerile moral dilemma.

How could I know that Dominique, my wife, had been reading my mails?

How could I know that she was already deep in contact with Mrs Ra'fah Jabori?

And what trouble that it would bring?

Chapter 3

The Sinker

“Darling what a story, what a terrible story!”

My wife looked up from reading the printouts of all the mails that I had been trading with Mrs Ra'fah Jabori. She took off her reading glasses and folded them carefully away.

“You have to stay in contact and do what you can for her!” said my wife. “It is terrible how the cultures of these countries make slaves of wives, mothers and children. You really must help.”

I was almost astounded to hear her say this. I had really anticipated her mockery.

“Are you saying that I should go...”

“Of course, darling, of course you must. Maybe I should go with you?”

I took the printed E mails from her hands and looked into her eyes. For years now we had just plodded along with our marriage, just made the moves and steps that were expected of us and no more. Suddenly I could feel a little warmth, a little support, a little love perhaps?

“I am so glad that you support me like this,” I said. “Of course you must come with me, your help will be so good for me.”

I smiled and she touched my hand. The first real moment of affection that we had had together for years. I felt such a elation, such a deep wellspring of affection.

“We must write to her.”

So we went to the computer and wrote a reply to her call for help.

Dear Mrs Ra'fah Jabori.

I have thought long and hard about your last mail. I must admit that I had my doubts about you, but I have decided to come to Ouagadougou to help you with all these troubles.

I have further good news.

My wife, Dominique, has agreed to come as well! That means that we can sort out all those money problems and help you escape from your uncle and his friend.

Please book us onto a flight that suits you and send details of how we can get in touch when we arrive.

Soon we will be there to help you!

All the best,

George and Dominique.

As the plane came in over the brick and sand coloured city of Ouagadougou in Burkina Faso it allowed Dominique and I a glance at the place that would change so very much in our lives.

The Airport in Ouagadougou is almost in the centre of the city and is modern, but somehow lifeless. A huge building that echoes to the cries of the public that is dwarfed by the architecture.

Immigration was a little bit of a problem and we had to pay an official twice as much as the entrance visa to get past his desk! It took an hour for the suitcase to arrive on the cart that was pushed by two big men who simply tipped all the cases off the cart and left the passengers to sort out the mess.

It was clear that our case had been forced open and rooted through, but there had been nothing of value in it so we just picked it up and headed for the exit.

Dominique and I had already booked a hotel on the Internet and were just discussing how to get there when a woman approached us.

I had seen Mrs Ra'fah Jabori in the photos that had been attached to the E Mails so I recognised her at once. She was tall, not as dark skinned as I had thought and attractive in an exotic kind of way.

High heels, sunglasses and a dark, simple dress that hung from her large breasts to the ground offering no hint of her figure. She smiled and offered me her hand.

“I am Ra'fah and I am so glad that you decided to come to help me.”

She shook my wife's hand and then gave her a little hug.

“It is so good of you both to come, thank you. Thank you.”

Dominique smiled and gave her a light kiss on the cheek.

“I have a very special taxi waiting so I will take you to your hotel,” she said as she took the suitcase from my hand.

She picked it up as though it was light as a feather and led us through the crowds of taxi drivers, beggars and porters to the taxi rank where a plain white van waited for us in the bright sunshine.

Ra'fah opened the back of the van to reveal a bus-like interior lacking only the windows. She slid the case into the van and ushered us inside.

“I will sit in the front,” she announced. “I have to guide my cousin to the hotel. There is room for one more up front.”

Ra'fah looked at Dominique who nodded and followed her to the front of the van and climbed in. I shut the doors and tapped on the window between the seating area and the driver's position.

The driver turned and smiled and then looked to Ra'fah and Dominique. They spoke a few words and I tapped on the window again to get them to open it.

After all, if I had to sit alone at least I could be part of the conversation. Ra'fah turned and smiled. Then she shrugged and spoke to Dominique.

Suddenly I felt drowsy and sick.

The van lurched into motion and I was thrown to the floor, banging my head on the wooden seats. I struggled to get to the window where I could see that Dominique was watching me with a smile on her lips.

She spoke.

I saw her move her lips in slow motion.

Ra'fah laughed.

I heard the sound.

I heard her laugh in my last moment of freedom.

I slipped and was on all fours. I gasped for breath.

I looked up.

Just before I slid into unconsciousness I saw Dominique lift her hand into view. Her fingers were spread. Hooked over

one finger, dangling from it and clicking on the glass partition was a pair of hand cuffs.

Ready to shackle their victim.

Chapter 4

The Catch Net

I woke.

My head pounded as if a thousand drummers were pounding my skull. I retched and brought up a sour stream from my stomach onto the rush matted floor that pressed into my face.

I opened my eyes.

I was in an airy living room.

Looking up at two women who stood with drinks in their hands.

Dominique and Ra'fah stood between me and a blindingly bright view over a luscious garden of ferns, palms and great bushes of bamboo. I squinted at the brightness of the light and licked my dry lips in anticipation of my question.

Before I could speak Dominique laughed.

A bright sound full of a joy that I had not heard issue from her lips for years.

I felt a breath of humid air cross my flesh and realised that I was naked and my hands were fettered behind my back. I moved and felt my head spin.

Dominique took a sip of her long drink. The ice cubes rattled in the glass as her lips pursed and then sipped from the glass.

“He looks ideal!” said Ra’fah as she stepped towards me. “He should fetch a great deal at auction! I think that George will be a fine addition to my collection when he has been trained.”

Her legs towered over me like pillars as she looked down at me. The delicate sandaled high heels and her manicured toenails by my face. I looked up, a private view up her long cotton skirt, the shadows of the space between her thighs.

“Depends what you have in mind,” said my wife.

“How much are you willing to sell him for?” asked Ra’fah. “In dollars.”

“I was thinking of ten thousand, cash.”

“What will you do with the money?” asked Ra’fah.

“Probably a holiday. A cruise perhaps, or may be a few months in the Maldives.”

“I’ll give you eight!”

“What are you doing, Dominique,” I stuttered as I tried to roll over to get to my knees.

“Getting rid of you, George. Selling you actually!” she replied. “Nine thousand.”

“Eight thousand and two weeks enjoying Ouagadougou in my palatial hotel.”

“OK then,” replied my wife. “Do I get to see how you run your unique business?”

“Intimately!”

“That sounds perfect.”

The sandaled foot came towards my lips, picking up some of the slimy vomit as it slid towards me.

“This is where I start and where George begins,” said Ra’fah to Dominique. “Lick my feet while my servant gets the money to buy you,” she said to me.

Ra’fah clapped her hands and a uniformed man came into the room. She spoke to him in French and he left the room to get the eight thousand dollars.

She looked down with a frown. “I do not remember a time that I ever had the need to repeat a command.”

I placed a small kiss on her black toes and wondered how I was going to escape this nightmare. Her foot moved suddenly. A small kick at me that bruised my lips.

“I said; lick my fucking shoes bitch,” she said in a firm voice. “I did not say ‘kiss’. I did not say ‘massage’, I said ‘lick’ you fucking shit-on-my-shoes slave-bitch.”

I could taste the vinegar taste of my stomach as I complied.

The man in the uniform of a butler came back with an envelope and handed it to the woman whose shoes I was cleaning with my busy tongue. He passed her the envelope with a slight bow; she spoke some more French to him.

Her long fingers flicked through the loose wad of notes in the envelope before she handed it to Dominique.

“I think that you’ll find that it’s all there,” said Ra’fah. “Eight thousand. You know my ‘boys’ send over a hundred thousand E Mails a week. Of them about four get answered every week. Of every thirty that answer, one is hooked and comes to see me in Ouagadougou. It is a good business because I get about a hundred thousand dollars, American, for each slave that I supply to my discerning clientele. This is the first time that a fish has brought his wife with him, so satisfactory when I can buy a man from the woman who married him!”

“As I said in my mail,” said Dominique in reply, “I am really getting bored with him and was wondering about a divorce

when I saw your E Mail. I realised that I could have everything with your help.”

“This has worked so well that I really think that you can help my business in England.”

Ra’fah’s foot lifted so that I could lick the sole of her shoe. She looked down for a moment and then pulled her foot away. I was left looking up at the two women who were about to forge an evil business arrangement.

“What do you mean?” said my wife.

“It would be so clever if you could find other men to bring over here to Ouagadougou for me to buy from you!”

“Mmm,” she replied, “but, what would be my cut?”

“Half and half, minus my costs of course.”

My wife raised her glass in salute. “It’s a deal. I bring you the men and you do the rest at this end.”

The two women clicked their glasses together in agreement of the devilish deal.

“I suppose that it’s a bit late to get fifty percent of this slave bitch then?”

“Of course it’s too late, my dear! Consider it the price of me hiring you. In Burkina Faso there is always a bribe to pay, an inducement to make, a kickback to disburse: for each and

every transaction. I think that George here is that baksheesh."

I still felt dizzy and sick, physically and mentally. The taste of my own vomit and the sweat of her feet lay in my mouth; the hand cuffs bit into my wrists. What I was about to hear would make me more than frightened and sick...

"Of course there is a problem, there is always a moral dilemma," said Dominique.

"What is that, my dear?"

"Dear little George here has heard every word of our little deal and it would be so inconvenient if he should be able to pass that on in any way. I mean it's just so compromising to both of us!"

I felt my heart sink into my stomach. I almost retched again with the fear of the implication.

"Mmm, you're so right. But, I cannot just throw the eight thousand into the river, I mean I'll just have to think of a way to make little George here a silent partner in our business. It's such a waste of money because normally the Arabs are the best customers and they like their slaves complete, or at least *mostly* complete!"

The butler returned and with him were two muscular men who picked me up as though I had been a cat that needed putting out of the house.

I would not go without screaming for help.

As I was dragged from the room by the two strong servants, Ra'fah laughed at my cries for help. I saw her pouring another drink for my wife and the two demoness' just clinked glasses as I was picked up bodily and thrown into a heavily reinforced wooden box.

As I lay there, the two women came and peered into the box.

"He's going to have to get used to being transported like the animal he is about to become," commented Ra'fah. "I intend to make him a perfect little fuck-pig

"What is the difference between a fuck-pig and a slave? I mean, what happens now?"

"I think that you should not worry about the details, my dear Dominique. Perhaps it is better if you just see the *result* rather than the process. It is rather like sausages, you would not eat them if you saw how they had been prepared! When George is ready I will gift him to you and you will begin to see what potential a partnership with me entails. I think that you will love what I can do to a man. Or rather what a man becomes when he is in my hands."

The lid was slammed on the box and the voices of Ra'fah and my wife could no longer be heard except as a slight muffled murmur in the silence.

The murmur of laughter and elation.

The box was tipped, lifted and slammed into some sort of truck and I was driven to my new life.

Transported like the animal I was to become.

Chapter 5

Landed On The Bank.

Months passed.

I think...

I can scarcely remember them and the torment of their passing. I entered the box as George Howden Ghent. I was a dealer in antiques and objects of handmade art, carpets and religious objects. Husband of Dominique and generous businessman who always tried to strike a decent deal. Who always shared his profits with the seller, a man who valued fairly and sold at the agreed price.

They broke me down.

They assaulted my mind.

They flensed my body.

They dissolved what had been and built anew.

Reduced me to my lowest common denominator and then rebuilt me in the image that they wanted. The servile frightened fuck-doll that they wanted and could sell for a

huge profit. I was to be an object of furthest dark imagining. A sordid trial to see if a man can be condensed to his most basic components once the resistance has evaporated.

I did not see much of Ra'fah.

Occasionally she passed by and inspected what had been done so far. She allowed me to worship her feet, naked they raped my mouth and I hoped that she would show kindness for the service.

But Ra'fah was not a woman to trade one good turn for another. Not when a man was involved...

No!

She was a woman who took and did not give. A woman who had a simple and easily understood need. She desired servility and compliance, no matter how odious her wishes. When that service was not rendered, when that slave balked at the price of her satisfaction she took it anyway and inflicted pain and punishment as her persuasion.

When I looked her in the eye as she entered my stall she had me beaten.

When I spoke, cried and begged her mercy she made absolutely sure that I would never be able to speak again.

When she was not satisfied that I had licked her boots clean properly she had my teeth removed so that the heel of her boot would not again be scratched by my teeth.

When I put my hands together to pray for her forgiveness for not cleaning my stall she had them removed.

When she found me standing in my cell my legs were cut down to make sure that I could only walk on the stumps of all fours.

And all the while that I underwent this terrible travail I was the slave who served the other slaves.

My job was to clean the stalls of the women who were being trained as ponies. If they were rewarded for good progress in their training I was the slave who gave them the climax that they had justly earned.

My job was all the menial jobs that have to be done in a complex that prepares the human traffic for consumption by the rich and merciless men and women who need to own others and enjoy their torture.

Every now and again I perceived hints of what was going on outside those four walls. Twice I heard the name Dominique used by male slaves who were being trained to satisfy the sexual needs of their betters.

In the fog of my memory I recalled the woman who had been my wife. I remembered a soft golden glow of energy surrounding her. I could not recall her face except from my hazy memories of her selling me to Ra'fah that terrible morning.

The raised glass.

The chinking of the ice in the glass.

The full lips that opened to drink and speak to my goddess.

I did not hate her.

I loved her.

She had been there as my goddess took control of me. The goddess of pain and suffering from whom I still hoped to receive a kind word. All I had to do was to please her with my service and she would smile and tell me that I had pleased her.

A smile of approval a sacred sign.

And all the while that I dreamed of that smile with hope, they worked on me. Gave me tasks to do that I dared not show other than eagerness for.

The male slaves practiced on me but it was the women who controlled me.

There were two trainers who delighted in making my life an unending succession of terrors. I was blamed for every misdemeanour that the pony girls and sex-dolls perpetrated, and the punishments were never ending.

They warmed their arms on me with the crop before every whipping of another slave. The most that I could manage was

a squeak of pain, so they covered me with weals until I made the animal noise that they considered so amusing.

If I was found to be erect at any time I was punished. At the same time I was enlarged until an erection gave me limb that was longer than the remains of my arms. I was so scared that Ra'fah would find my cock straining for release and order it to be removed.

Already I had been altered and reduced to a helpless fuck-pig, now I lived in dread of being castrated for my contraventions of the unspoken rules.

Further months passed.

At least I thought that they did because time passed day by painful day until all I could see in my thoughts was Ra'fah, the Kali of my anguish and Dominique of the golden glow who would surely deliver me from this hell.

Chapter 6

Suffocation In Air.

I lay on the soft mattress and stared at the ceiling.

I saw every crack in the plaster and every pattern of the brush that had painted it pink. It was the feminine colour that Dominique had picked in one of her softer moments.

“I like to fuck you in a pink boudoir,” she had said as she decorated the room like a Louis the Fourteenth den of iniquity. “Frilly sheets and soft rugs turn me on...”

The light streamed through the shutters on the windows making a slatted pattern on the wall behind where the Renoir reclining nude hung in all its glory.

I relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of lying naked on the silky sheets, waiting for Dominique to join me in bed. I could just about hear the sound of running water as she showered, as she always did before we made love.

She would dress in stockings and stilettos...

“I love to wear heels, darling, so dangerous when they threaten your thighs. If you kiss them I will allow you to spear me on your prick!”

Often I kissed them.

Often I felt the points of the heels bite my temples as she sat over me as I served her moist cunt.

It was just something that she had dreamed up; giving her pleasure was almost a reward in itself.

Sometimes she wore a basque that made her luscious breasts dome, the nipples just peeking over the satin and lace. Then there were the panties that shaped over that mound above her succulent plump cunt. That slit of the soft entry into her body shown in stark relief by the lace.

Then she entered the room.

Today she was the mistress of my wet dreams.

Heels of metal and stockings of lace.

A naked pussy that glistened with ardour and the last moist remnants of the shower. A basque in black that was cut under those delicious breasts to lift them to perfection. Her face had a firm expression, the black lipstick making a unyielding slit of her lips, the white makeup lending contrast.

But, it was the crop in her hands that made my heart thump with devotion. I had brought her into the idea of dominating me in bed, but she had taken to it naturally. Now she was in that special mood where punishment for some perceived wrong and pleasure would mix as she would order me to serve, all the while bringing me to heights of worship.

I was ready to serve.

I loved to serve her sexual impulses; the heights of my climaxes were so much more powerful when under her spell and command.

Behind her rounded form I saw movement; the almost closed door opened slowly and revealed a deeper shadow. I struggled to see who it was entering the bedroom behind her.

Black on black.

A woman dressed in taut leather boots, a woman who was blacker than the shadow in which she steeped herself. A woman whose presence spelt terror and horror. A woman whose only object was to make me suffer in agony.

Ra'fah stepped into the room behind my wife, the alluring Dominique, and my head spun with fear.

I saw the room melt like wax in a flame.

The fantasy slipped to reveal the terrifying reality.

The pink slipped down the walls like honey and the Renoir became a list of intolerable, impossible rules. The bed hardened and became a pallet on which I lay chained like the animal I had become.

The memory whimsy faded to painful veracity.

I closed my eyes and reopened them as if I could make the present the dream and the past the reality.

Dominique smiled and tapped the crop in her hand as Ra'fah came beside her to stare at the mutilated prisoner that lay quaking in terror at her very presence.

“George is not half the man that he used to be.”

The words came from Dominique's lips as if they had been practiced for hours. A long prepared black joke that she had longed to skewer me with.

“I think that George is ready to serve us both now. I think that it is time that you met the new George. Now a little fuck-slut that is yours to keep.”

“I really don’t think that he has any choice in the matter, my sweet Ra’fah,” said my wife as she lashed out with the quirt that she wielded with her gloved hand.

I squealed in pain, shocked at once by the pain of the blow as well as the dashing of my hopes that Dominique would feel enough pity to free me from this place.

Ra’fah smiled, her white teeth showing like a flash of sunshine against the deep darkness of her skin.

“Fuck-pig!” she ordered, “follow us!”

With that she released the chain from my collar and, putting an arm around my wife’s shoulders, she led Dominique out of my cell.

I stumbled on all fours behind the two goddesses as they led me to another room. I lifted my head as I followed to see that they were laughing at some private joke as they led me. I could see the light through that bright triangle of my wife’s thighs and the lips of her pussy thrown into relief.

The small pads on my knees and elbows clicked on the floor like the metal heels of my two owners ahead of me as I struggled to keep up with their languorous, swaying steps.

The stairs were so difficult that I was sure that I would not make it up all twenty of them. This was a path that I had not been on since I had arrived. This was the way to the house above, a place only the daintiest and most obedient slaves entered.

It was the opulent luxury that the slavery of others had bought.

I surfaced, panting with the effort of climbing, to find myself in an airy and luxurious hallway. The door was slammed behind me by Ra'fah. Then they led me down a corridor lined with a carpet that was like melted silk.

A final turn and I was in a vast bedroom, pink and lace. Old fashioned and opulent, the furniture was ornate and gold and mahogany, the coverlets were silk and gold.

"I silenced his bleating voice three months ago; all he can do now is squeak, for the rest I think that you should find out about it yourself in your own time. There is still much room for improvement, but that is your choice now."

"Thank you so much for all the care and effort that you have expended on a man who was so useless as a husband. Maybe he will redeem himself now that he has learned complete obedience at your delicate hands."

Ra'fah smiled at her partner in crime and shook her head.

"I have found that there are very few men who can serve as I imagine perfect service. George is not one of them! Only

chastisement will serve to get the response and service that a woman deserves as her right. Soon it will be time to crop him again, I just hate the way that he waddles and maybe removing his balls will solve the problem?”

I hung my head as though hiding my face would hide the rest of me. I tried to speak but only a sigh of breath passed the place where my vocal chords had been just a few months ago.

I made an effort and a single bleat left my lips, a squeal that carried no meaning.

“Good little piggy, George. Well done!” said my wife. “Can you snuffle and snort as well? I hope so!”

I tried to make a grunting sound but just a wheeze came from my throat.

“Every task that he fails on *must* be punished,” said Ra’fah. “But, he has been prepared for your total gratification; no other woman or man has milked his cock or given him release. He is my dowry to you, for your pleasure, the final sealing of our arrangement that has proved so fruitful in the last few months.”

The toe of her boot kicked between my thighs from behind, catching the delicate flesh of my balls. I collapsed and squealed with pain.

“Never reward a fuck-pig. At all!” said Ra’fah. “Only agony and fear will make him respond. Punish him when he fails to

do the possible or even the impossible. Always demand, never ask, he is lower than the shit on your shoes. Never show him any consideration; he is there to be your *most* menial slave.”

Ra’fah kissed my wife on her lips, a gentle contact that signified more than friendship. Perhaps love? Certainly affection and passion flowered in that small gesture.

She left the room, closing the door behind her, leaving Dominique and I alone to start a new relationship. One in which she would demand and I would struggle to serve.

To survive.

Chapter 7

Served.

It was as though my wife was uncertain as what to do. For a few minutes she walked around me as if trying to decide what she wanted from this raw piece of meat that had been her husband.

I waited.

I felt the tip of the crop touch my back as if testing to see if I would flinch. I felt it move over my skin, testing the long bruise that had been given to me in my cell.

Dominique sat on the edge of the bed and looked at what I had become. Limbs cropped to the elbows and knees. A

mouth bare of teeth and a cock which had grown under the skilful surgeons' knife to become nothing less than a monster, a mighty ram that promised much but had never been put to use.

She opened her legs.

I could not presume and waited.

I dared not hope that she would prove to be a better mistress than those that I had left behind. But, I was eager to please her, I was in her elegant hands.

I was right not to presume!

Her hand slipped to her moist slit and began that circular motion that I had seen so often before. The finding of rhythm and timing that preceded a serious frigging.

She worked herself to a small high and allowed it to diminish.

Dominique had always had an assertive streak. In bed I had foolishly encouraged her to be the maker of the patterns of our sex, she had always enjoyed being on top, the arbiter of pleasure. Now, after the intervening months of indoctrination by Ra'fah she had flowered to become a truly uncompromising mistress.

A user and consumer, a natural queen and empress.

She fetched a dildo and began to fuck herself in front of me. All the while her confidence grew as she got used to the strange being that had been her husband.

My malformed presence excited her.

It was the expression of her new found-love to command.

Every move was made, every plunge of the rubber prick, every kiss of a fingertip on her emerging clitoris with her eyes feasting on me. Between gasps of exhilaration she ordered me about the room so that she could inspect every angle of my shame.

Finally she had me balance on the back of my thighs so that she could enjoy the sight of my unfulfilled erection that almost reached the place where my nipples had perched on my chest.

Her breaths shortened to a panting climax as she touched that yearning prick with the evil sharp points of her shoes and tickled the bursting shiny skin that capped its monstrous bulk.

I felt a sudden feeling that was so alien to me that I did not at first realise that the sharp heel that was cutting into my flesh was bringing me to climax.

“Fucking suck it, fuck-pig, I need to see you fuck yourself,” she cried as she surfed on waves of climax and power. “Make it come for me! Suck that fucking monster-prick.”

I lowered my head and did what I had been so often tempted to do but had always resisted because I knew that the punishment would be castration.

I opened my mouth and sucked in that huge cock with strong lips. Her shoe gouged me as I used the beads that had been implanted in my tongue to bring on my own orgasm.

Only at her command.

That was the unspoken rule.

With Dominique, rules were to be obeyed.

The dildo plunged in and out of her raw cunt as I worked myself to the point of coming. The matt black shape became gloss with the juices of her excitement as it thrust deep into her flesh.

I became absorbed by that rubber object that filled her to the brim with lust and uncontrollable desire. It symbolised her strength. No longer was she dependant on a male lover, Dominique had discovered that the best way to the nirvana of ecstasy was the assertion of power and self gratification.

The wet rubber prick slid out, pulling the lips of her cunt with it as they tightly encircled its girth. It seemed to my glazed eyes that her flesh had become part of the rubber until it pushed back into the hole between her thighs leaving just an inch for her to clutch as she withdrew in a new motion.

My own prick of flesh stood like the trunk of a tree.

My lips just sufficed to take in the shiny glans, my tongue fought to reach the tender fraenum between rod and tip and massage it to a peak of sensitivity. My straining prick bore the scars of punishment and surgery that had been forgotten in the miasma of my excitement.

All else was forgotten but the overwhelming sight of Dominique in extreme heat and the reawakening of nerves that had not pulsed for months.

Suddenly I was there; that delirious place that had been banned for months.

I felt a spurt of my come fountain into my mouth and touch the back of my throat. It was not a moment of loathing and disgust. I had sucked so very many cocks to completion in the last months of my imprisonment.

It was a moment of achievement.

“Show me,” she ordered. “I want to see that you have come for me!”

I opened my mouth and allowed the liquid to run over my tongue as Dominique came. Then the sharp heel pushed into me and I fell backwards.

I swallowed but my prick had not finished its moment of glory. It pumped more slick white come in spurts that never seemed to finish.

Each spurt fought free to splash free.

My chest, the carpet, the patent leather shoes of my goddess.

All were splattered with the greasy goo.

I lay panting on the floor. A beetle struggling on its back, unable to turn face down unless I could find purchase. Vulnerable and fully exposed I was an obvious target for her rage.

The caning was terrible!

It criss crossed me with stripes of agony that never seemed to end.

Dominique plied the cane with a cold fury that left no part of me untouched. Just twenty stripes but they found every sensitive spot, from balls to my cheeks.

At each stroke she demanded that I squeak for her.

“I want to hear you grunt, fuck-pig. I want you to count the strokes in squeals you shit. How dare you not swallow every drop of your detestable juice?”

The unreasonable diatribe continued.

“I’ll have your fucking balls cut off. Then you won’t mess up my bedroom again like this. With a fucking emasculator too, bitch. I’ll do it my-fucking-self.”

At last the tirade and the whipping was over and I managed to turn over to allow me to lick up all the mess that I had made in the hope that it would soften her just a little.

But the sight of me lapping up my own come and the marks from the caning excited her again and she reached for the dildo. As I tasted my recent climax she found a new height to be reached by watching me degrade myself.

It was cold, out of my body for just minutes and it was bitter.

Chapter 8

Eaten.

Ra'fah stood haloed by the light that burst in from the beautiful garden that spread in a lush foliage of palms and cactus. I could see how the sun shone through the triangle at the tops of her thighs. One of her hands absently stroked a cheek of her ass and then cupped her breast.

“Dominique, you really must not get so sentimental,” she said to my wife.

Dominique was sitting on the bed with the soles of her feet pressed together. It exposed her cunt and stretched it wide, exposing the jewellery that glittered amongst the matrix of its folds.

The glistening pearls of dew that were all that remained of their lovemaking were dripping to the coverlet, spreading scented patches on the silk.

“It is not sentimentality, my dear Ra’fah,” said Dominique lazily. “I like my little husband, he is such a comfort when you are not there. He is such a help when I am angry at the world and need to expend my frustrations at his expense. Fuck-pig’s little squeals of pain and pleasure amuse me at the moment. Every new pain makes him more devoted and dependent on my whim.”

“I just want you for myself. I do not want to share you with this object!”

Ra’fah pointed at the gilded cage where I was imprisoned with a manicured nail. I hung my head but I still listened avidly to the two women who, it seemed, were deciding my fate.

“You are just jealous that he has bigger breasts than you!”

“Not at all! I love what you have done to him in the last year. He has become a perfect expression of your ability to imagine the impossible. You have improved what I thought was perfection. I just think that it’s time to move on. Time to find a new focus for your energy.”

Dominique’s hand slipped to that gaping hole that was the entry to her soul. For a moment the fingers massaged the outer lips before her forefinger slipped into that maw, that entrance to the underworld.

“How much money have we made together in the last two years?” asked Dominique.

The question was followed by a small gasp as she found a certain spot inside herself with the tip of her finger.

“Mmm, just roughly, ten million dollars American,” came the reply from Ra’fah.

“And how many men have come to Burkina Faso freely and left less willingly after a bout of intense training in your hands?”

“A hundred and fifty men and about fifty women.”

Dominique sighed. Now she was massaging her clitoris and teasing the rings that pieced the hood that normally covered that small bud of flesh.

Ra’fah turned from the view of the garden to watch her lover bring herself to orgasm with a business report on their partnership. Dominique was clearly making a point in her usual roundabout way. When she got to her conclusion her line of reasoning would become clear and probably unassailable.

“That is eight times what you made before I came here with little fuck-pig here,” gasped Dominique.

“You are right. I could search a thousand years and never find another partner like you! Money, sex, deviousness and innocent charm all rolled into one pretty little package. No wonder that men cannot resist your charms and follow you here to Ouagadougou.”

“Well it was your idea, the Service League of African Vocational Evangelical Sciences!” Ra’fah laughed as she remembered creating the name of the acronym and then filling in all the words. “That brought fifteen missionaries here, all such nice young men. They were such a good group of attractive slaves.”

“And so innocent of all sin!” laughed Dominique as she remembered the auction that had raised nearly fifteen million in one go. Arab men have always had a soft spot for virgins!”

Dominique climaxed as she remembered the tears and protestations as all those tender men were trained in the arts of pleasing other men.

There was a moment’s pause while she regained her breath. Her hand still idly played with her pussy as she stilled her gasping, but now I could see that it was just the languorous enjoyment of all those rings and jewels that adorned her smooth and hairless flesh.

“So what to do with fuck-pig?”

Ra’fah was still wanting to resolve her predicament. I was the last reminder of life before Ra’fah. I was a distraction to the business of making money from enslavement.

A distraction from ardour.

Dominique looked at me and winked. It was the first friendly signal that I had seen her give since I had climbed into the white van at the airport.

My heart leapt in hope.

Perhaps she was going to keep me, resist the pressure to rid herself of my presence. With my head hanging I could see what my wife had done to me. The breasts hung to the floor, huge and embedded with the bells and rings that she had personally adorned me with. Marks of a branding iron made a tasteful lacy pattern on the remains of my limbs and the studs that had been embedded in my cock ensured that every stroke of a hand on my prick would bring both pleasure and pain to her little fuck-pig.

Even so, I knew that I had to be with her.

I had to gratify her lust.

I had to please her.

I had fallen far.

The wink was just a red herring. Dominique massaged herself as she sat up. Her other hand cupped her breasts for a moment as she carefully decided what she was going to announce. While she spoke she looked at me and not Ra'fah.

She wanted to see my final reaction to her announcement.

“I thought then it might be nice if little George here, fuck-pig, was deaf as well as mute. But, then it occurred to me that he needs to be able to follow orders and that I would be putting myself at some considerable inconvenience by doing that.”

Ra’fah came and sat next to Dominique on the bed. Her eyes strayed to the hand that was ploughing that tender furrow.

“So what did you decide?”

“I have managed to contact some Americans who are doing the same sort of business as us. These women have thirty years of experience on the west coast, near New York. I was going to invite three of them over, if you agree of course!”

“Why should we involve ourselves with these Americans?”

“Because they offer us a chance to sell services and slaves to them.”

“Services?”

“We have much more freedom of action here in Ouagadougou than they have in New York. We have the access to the Arab markets and the Africans. They offer us a market full of very rich people who are looking for a luxury product.”

“And, what does your husband have to do with this?”

“We need to show our American visitors how we conduct our business. Most of all how we can sell their merchandise. When they are here, we will hold an auction...”

Ra’fah drew a sharp breath as she realised where this was leading.

“The last item on the auctioneer’s catalogue is...”

“My wrecked husband! Exactly! When they see how far we go, when they understand that we can provide a service that is more extreme, more intense and more bizarre than they can, they will be falling over themselves to do business with us. When he arrives before the bidders; there will be a frenzy of bidding, because he is so unique and hopefully we will shock even the hardnosed Americans!”

Ra’fah leaned forward and pressed her lips against my wife’s. I saw a flicker of tongue and a flash of teeth as she tumbled Dominique over the coverlets.

I watched as they made love, ebony and ivory in mutual adoration.

When the frenzy of passion had ended they lay silent on the bed for what seemed like hours.

Finally Dominique left the room leaving me with Ra’fah.

Chapter 9

Bones and Skin.

“So the story ends!” she said to me as she approached my cage.

All I could feel was intense fear as she approached. Had she decided to do away with me? Were these my final moments?

She squatted by the cage. Legs splayed I could see her pussy with its clipped bush of pubic hair that had been braided into stranded plaits. Still damp from Dominique’s lips and tongue, it pouted at me inviting me to long to be swallowed by its ravenous hunger.

“Finally Dominique has decided to rid herself of her distraction. Then she will be all for me! The last link to husband, marriage and the past will be severed. But, that leaves a small problem doesn’t it?”

I looked into her eyes.

All I could see was a well of malevolence that descended into the pain of others.

The door opened and Dominique entered. She saw that her lover was talking with her slave and knelt casually on the carpet to join the conversation.

“I was just telling George here about the facts of life. Or at least the further facts of his life to come in our care!”

Dominique smiled and reached out to stroke the naked skin of my cranium as if I were a dog or a cat that needed reassurance.

“Yes, George,” she said with a small sigh. “As you heard we are about to have a parting of the ways. You will be bought by someone who will look after you and I will be the richer by half the purchase price. I have a lot to thank you for, George and I would not want you to think that I am ungrateful for all that assistance.”

She ran her hand over the small holes that were all that was left of my ears.

“When you suck at my cunt they are not very comfortable for me, so it is best that we remove them for my own satisfaction,” she had said at the end of one very long night of abuse.

Ra’fah put her hand on Dominique’s shoulder.

“It was you, George, that got Dominique into all that vanilla BDSM stuff all those years ago, so it is really not surprising that she has followed the path to the bitter end with you as her plaything,” she said.

Dominique kissed her lover but allowed her hand to stray to my prick. The clench of her grip was both exquisite pleasure and exquisite agony.

“So at the end of it all, as Ra’fah said earlier, there is a small problem to resolve!”

“You just know too much of all our affairs,” said Ra’fah.

“So we have to make sure that you do not talk to anyone about our business. Now, how are we going to do that?”

Dominique paused her speech as her hand slid the length of my cock. The beads under the skin were uncomfortable but her touch was sure. Her arm built up speed until I was at the point of climax.

As I had been trained I shook my head to signal that I was nearly at the point of eruption.

The hand stopped.

As it so often did.

It left me on a high of sexual need, a place where I would withstand any punishment, abuse or cruelty to climax. The callousness that would follow would just make me even more desperate to serve, in the slight hope that Dominique would grant me release.

“It’s got to be permanent!” said Ra’fah.

“It will be. The operation is tomorrow and then poor little George will lose his memory.”

“Can we be sure?”

My wife smiled and put a finger to her lips.

“We can be sure!” whispered my wife with a smile of sheer contentment.

The End.

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