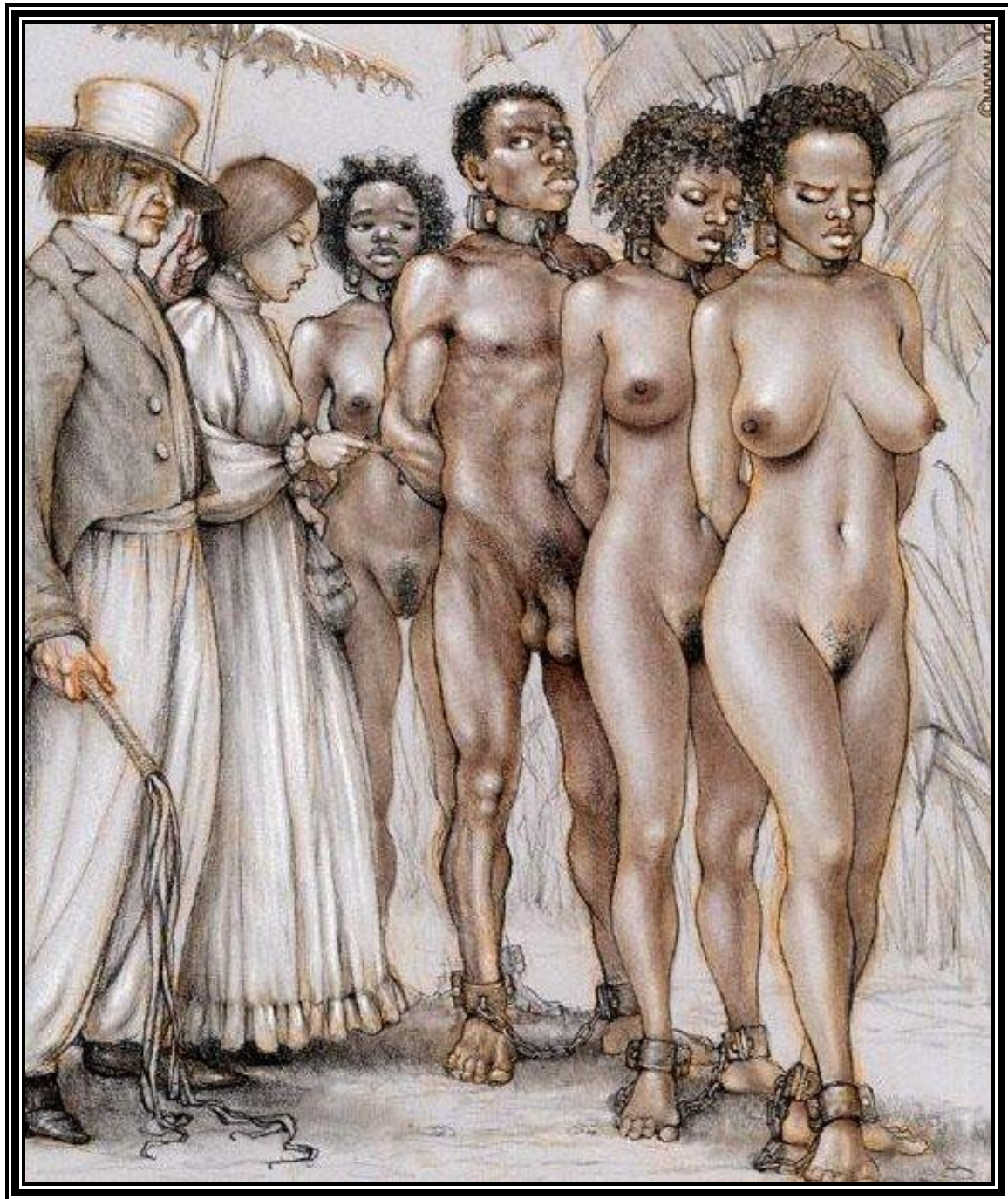


Freedom in the New World

Bradley Stoke



“S blood!” swore Enoch Evans, as he pushed his hard prick into Thasra’s vagina.

“You ain’t getting any less tight, are you girl?”

Thasra, or Molly as she’d been rechristened by her master, was not at all flattered by this observation. Any slackness in her down there was only ever caused by him. And it wouldn’t be something she’d have ever chosen to have if she’d not been so frightened of the bull-whip he was so fond of applying whenever she showed any reluctance to accept his gropes or other violations of her body. She looked up at her master above her, with his coarse rough stubbled face and long grey hair falling over his shoulders.

He pushed harder against the resistance from her dry unlubricated vagina, each thrust hurting her but no more than it did on the countless other occasions he had taken advantage of his status as her slave-master. As so often happened, a dribble of saliva detached itself from his slack rotten-toothed mouth and plopped messily on her small black breasts. He continued to wear his baggy cotton shirt which came to just below his waist. His other clothes, including his tall black hat, lay in a pile where he’d left them just before summoning his favourite slave to his quarters. She lay on her back, her head on the pillow she had spent so long fluffing up earlier in the day in the cause of her duties.

On the wall was a not especially life-like portrait of her master as a younger man in the military uniform he’d worn so proudly in the fight against the British yoke when he fought on the side of what had been formerly known as the Thirteen Colonies. He was proud of his valiant contribution to the liberation of the American people and for the values of the Declaration of Independence: the self-evident truths

of which he would remind his slaves every day. This was when he would gather them together for morning prayers not long after he woke up and several hours after most of his slaves had themselves been awoken and coerced into service.

His demeanour on these occasions, standing in front of the flag with its stars representing every one of the free states of the Union, could not have been more different to that he was taking now, as his hard white penis pushed backwards and forwards between Thasra's legs, supporting his weight by two arms pinioned on either side of her, the dribble occasionally seeping through his stubble and onto her. He insisted that his slaves cover themselves during these prayer meetings, intent that he was that his servants and slaves should all serve the Lord Jesus Christ as well as he. Though Thasra could recall no passage in the large Holy Bible from which he habitually declaimed that said that her body was to be the plaything of her corporeal master as her soul was of her spiritual one.

“You should all consider yourselves lucky to live in the land of Freedom and Democracy,” he would sometimes tell his slaves, regarding them in their well-worn ragged clothes; their hands and feet rough from labour in the house and in his extensive farm, and all struggling to comprehend a language which wasn't their own and of which they had differing levels of fluency. Thasra was in the awkward position of sharing with the other slaves no other language than that of her white devil masters with which to communicate. But she understood enough to realise that the freedom and liberty of which Enoch was so proud did not extend to those who so recently had been free in another continent where white men were rare and it was never as cold in the dead of the American winter. Life had not been easy for her in her African village,

but it had never been as hard as here. True, there were more material goods here, but she remembered fondly the few cattle her family grazed and the wild animals whose flesh supplemented their meagre diet.

Enoch removed his erect penis from inside Thasra and proffered it towards her face. She regarded it with some distaste, but it was the only penis which she'd ever known with such intimacy. She took it in her thick dark lips, tasting again of its strong odour and its curious warmth. She moistened it with her tongue and saliva: Enoch's buttocks thrusting with a mechanical vigour while his face became ugly with passion. He groped at a breast with one of his hard hairy rough hands, with their broken nails. He gripped one of her long thin nipples between forefinger and thumb, trying to harden it such that it might seem that she too was enjoying their sexual adventure. Thasra preferred this, however, to his fucking. She was not too happy that she, like Sunidla, known by her Christian Name of Catherine, might become pregnant and bear a child who was neither fully black nor white, and would be a source of shame to her rather than of pride.

She raised her eyes to look into Enoch's face above, and grimaced at his uneven teeth with its many gaps. The white devils always had such poor teeth, unlike the good strong ones of her people and of the other Africans whom she'd met since she and her people had been forced into slavery. Her eyes wandered to the wall where Enoch kept two crossed swords and a musket. The former were mementoes of his service in the War of Independence. The latter was used when he went hunting for deer or boar on his estate. She was now so accustomed to such firearms that it was sometimes difficult for her to remember what a shock it had been for her and her tribe

when they were first confronted by them.

Her people were themselves only one generation of freedom away from the tyranny of another tribe, against whose enslavement they had rebelled and run away to found their own village many miles across the forest from where her parents had been born. She had been born a free woman, as her mother would proudly tell her as they gathered fruits in the forest. But not free for long, as their one-time masters reappeared, but this time armed with the rewards of their trade with the British slavers. Thasra remembered the terrifying sound of gunfire: a sound the like neither she nor anyone else in her village had ever heard before. And then the confusion and the horror, as the bolder men and some of the just unlucky in her village were killed or wounded by these terrible, terrible weapons.

And then, along with all the women of the village, in full sight of their husbands and fathers, she was raped by the savage Hurati warriors, on the sad day which ended the freedom of the Thuralili people and, of course, her own. As Enoch restored his penis to her crotch and brutally thrust it back in, she contemplated bitterly the day when her virginity was torn away from her in blood, sweat and tears, leaving her collapsed on the ground, moaning and wailing, with the ache and agony of a pain that emanated from somewhere inside her violated crotch. To the side of her was her mother in similar agony, no doubt exacerbated by seeing the same happen to her daughter so soon before the sacred ceremony in which she would have otherwise had her maidenhead broken.

And then, with blood dripping from between her legs and also from her forehead where a Hurati had hit her with a musket butt, she was tied up in cords, like

the men had already been, harnessed by rope around the neck and to the ankles, and then led away in a caravan of misery on a trail of many days and many miles to the coastal port where she was to find her worth in British shillings. Every day, she and what was left of her village, marched along with the cattle which the Hurati had taken for themselves through forests and grasslands, past herds of zebra and antelope, skirting past prides of lions, under the hot unremitting sun, the soles of her feet torn on rough stone and pricked by sharp grasses. And every evening she and the other women were again to endure the predations of their hated masters: a pattern of violation she now knew was not to end on their arrival at the coast.

The Hurati fucked her with the same lack of concern and love that Enoch was now expressing to her, however often he reminded her that she was his favourite slave-mistress. As many different penises penetrated her as there were men in the slaving party, and although each penis was different, the fucking always seemed the same. Brutal, uncaring, but thankfully brief.

And then she was at the coast. She'd never even suspected that so much water could exist in the world. All the water she'd ever seen before had been in the river near her village, but here was an expanse of water where there just did not seem to be another shore. But she was soon to know this water well enough, when, along with what was left of her tribe she was sold to a British slaver moored to the shore. And as the Hurati departed with more muskets, trinkets and valuables, she was to spend what came to seem like an eternity, shackled lengthwise in the hold of the boat, along with the rest of the human cargo, unhealthily close to other captors, most of whom were from tribes other than her own, who spoke in tongues she couldn't understand at all,

less well than even that of the brutal Hurati.

When Enoch lectured his slaves on the hated British, Thasra could only agree with him. In her experience, the British were the most hateful people in the world. She couldn't understand however what was so bad though about the British yoke that Enoch found cause to complain. Taxes on tea. Restrictions of the freedom of movement and the right to bear arms. The rule of a tyrannical King from as far from the United States as they were from Africa. All this seemed abstract compared to the very real injuries she and the other slaves endured on the ship, as they were shackled together, with rats running freely around and on top of her, as the ship lurched and swayed over the ocean waves as it carried her towards what she was now persuaded to believe was the land of free men and free speech. Every horror she could imagine was magnified, as other people on the ship died in the hold, including her parents, and she felt continuously ill and wretched and miserable. She was constantly sea-sick. She caught a fever, which thankfully waned before she might be diagnosed as too sick to carry to the ship's destination and she would be cast into the sea alive like so many other slaves. The only blessing of the dreadful death rate of the journey was that gradually the hold became less crowded, although it became no less fetid and smelt no less disgusting. The only thing that prevented her being continually sick was the emptiness of her stomach as a result of the poverty of the rations that the British white devils allowed their captives.

As she regarded Enoch as he thrust back and forth into her, snarling and grunting all the while, Thasra was reminded of the first time she saw him, at the slave market, where she and all the other slaves brought on shore by the Thanks Be To God.

He was just one of many men who were eyeing her up as she stood, topless and vulnerable, on a small platform which raised her feet above the ground and put her own eyes on the same level as her potential masters. They were all men and most were dressed rather better than the majority of sailors whom she'd seen on the boat, but few as well as the ship's captain or the slave trader who was soon introduced to her, very briefly, and in a language she still barely understood, as the one she could consider her master.

Enoch examined her, as did all the other men flocking around, by pulling open her mouth and looking at her teeth, rather as her father would when examining his cattle. He admired her small naked breasts and her slim, almost emaciated waist. And later, after the bidding had finished, she found that it was to be he, rather than the fat man with the ugly scar down his cheek or the well dressed gentleman with a demure wife, who was to be her master for what she knew would probably be the rest of her days. At this stage, she was so depressed and miserable that all she cared about was to end the uncertainty that had plagued her for so many months. Not that she would have had more choice were she less demoralised. Her main thoughts, when she had time to reflect, were still on her dead mother and father, whose bodies she saw dragged up onto the deck where she knew they were to be thrown to the sharks at sea.

"I' the name of the Lord!" swore Enoch, after releasing a thick viscous glob of semen into Thasra's vagina (where she knew she would soon be spending many hours with cold water to wash out what might otherwise cause her pregnancy). "This lovemaking is damnably thirsty work!"

He pulled himself off her, and lowered his hairy, spindly legs over the side of

the bed, rubbing his eyes with the back of his fists. "I need ale. And good strong ale at that. Where is that damned whore, Lizzy?" He lifted himself off the bed and pulled a cord which rattled a bell nailed to the wooden walls of his chamber. Within a minute, Lizzy arrived, a tall proud black woman in a flimsy sack cloth, her full breasts loose and free in the capacious robe, her legs bare to the top of the coarse cloth which reached barely below her buttocks. She carried a flagon of ale and a wooden beaker on a tray which she placed on the table, next to Enoch's Holy Bible. She dared not smile, but her eyes sparkled warmly at Thasra, as she lay naked and ravished on the ruffled linen sheet. Thasra knew her not as Lizzy but as Thazilandrali, who had once been a chieftain's daughter in her own tribe before she too had been dragged away by other Africans as spoils of war after her father and his wives had been slaughtered. Now she was no more a chieftain's daughter than was Thasra, the people of her village now scattered over the many farms and plantations of Connecticut and Maine.

"Simon Peter Wept!" swore Enoch, after gulping down a few swigs of his warm ale. "You're a pretty woman, Lizzy. Let's see your proud breasts!"

Lizzy's knowledge of English was not even as great as Thasra's, but she understood his intent as he placed his large hairy hands onto her bosom. With the pride that came with her breeding, she made no expression, but pulled her dress up over her arms, so that there were now two naked women in Enoch's chamber.

"Those are damned fine breasts!" Enoch declared, admiring their full roundness and the large nipples which crowned both of them. She was otherwise a slender woman, but one who on a better diet would probably not have been thin at all. Her buttocks protruded behind her and her crotch was hidden in the darkness between

her full round thighs. Enoch took a breast in his hands and slobbered over them as a suckling baby would, while Lizzy stared ahead of her with an expression of disdain.

Much as Thasra liked Lizzy, despite the lack of real conversation they could have in the lack of shared language, she was rather hoping that Enoch would now transfer all his attention to the older woman so that she could be excused and run off to scrub out her master's sperm from inside her. She knew, however, that this might instead be a prelude to a night in which he would practise his lust on the two of them together: an ordeal that Thasra found both humiliating and uncomfortable. Particularly when he exercised his perverse imagination and bade the girls kiss and touch each other as a man would his wife. This was so unnatural and distasteful to Thasra, though she had come to learn that some girls actually quite enjoyed such games. Not for her. She had always believed in the natural order, one which she knew was the only one explicitly countenanced by the God by which Enoch swore.

Her fears were further heightened when Enoch bade Lizzy to take his penis in her hand and to stroke it back and forth to restore life to its limpness. This reminded Thasra of the first time in which Enoch had exercised his prerogative as her master to do with her what he wished. On that day, not many days after she had first arrived at his farm after the journey by wagon over the plains and forests of this strange, unfamiliar land, she was commanded to enter his chamber. She had worn the coarse cloth outfit which still chafed against her skin, and under which, for the first time in her life, she was hiding her breasts from the healthy life-giving sunshine and breezes. Her English vocabulary was very rudimentary. Certainly not sufficient to articulate her concerns and wishes. This did not worry Enoch who spoke to her continually, using

such words as ‘damned’, ‘God’ and ‘Jesus Christ’ of whose meaning she had no inkling and at that stage interpreted rather fancifully and quite incorrectly. However, his meaning was very clear when he removed her robe, and himself his britches, so that his shirt reached to his bare thighs and his penis rode high inside them. He raised his shirt and Thasra was bade, as Lizzy was this evening, to grasp it in her hand. Although she was now no stranger to the sight of an erect penis and knew too well the pain and shame of penetration, this was the first time she’d ever had to experience the feel of it in the palm of her hand. It was both hard and soft, and strangely warm. And there was a curious throbbing along the veins of its length. And that introduction to her master’s wishes was but the beginning of a night of sex which was only different from that she’d experienced before by its interminableness, and the reward of a soft mattress on which to sleep when her master was sated.

And this night was to be the start of many more, but not every night. Other slave-women in the farm were also commanded to entertain him for the night, and although he told her that she was his ‘favourite whore’, she spent only marginally more nights with him than did the others. She wondered why he didn’t find himself a wife to care and to be cared by, as she had discovered was the way it should be according to the Holy Scriptures. Perhaps he preferred the younger, much darker flesh of his not so willing servants. Perhaps no white woman would have him. For herself, she would have preferred a much younger, more handsome lover; but for her master she could see that there were White Devil women, much as ugly and uncouth as himself, who would certainly make a fine match for him.

However, Thasra’s hopes for Lizzy replacing her in her master’s white sheets

and under his coarse woollen blanket were not to be fulfilled. Enoch bade Lizzy go, which she did, picking up her ragged dress as she left, her full round buttocks and her proud gait outlined in the candle-light as she went through the door. He then drank the whole of his beaker of ale, and poured another helping from the flagon. A trail of ale dribbled down his chin, which he brushed off with the back of his hand, and then belched loudly and with a slight whiff of the cabbage and beef stew he'd been eating earlier that evening.

“And now, my dear. Back to business, the Lord be Praised!” exclaimed Enoch, crawling back onto the mattress and over to where Thasra lay. He grinned at her lasciviously, a set of broken and filthy teeth between his thin lips and underneath a long, pinched nose. His dark grey eyes shone with his intent. He pulled up his shirt to reveal a twitching lively penis. “Open your legs, my lovely!”

Thasra did as she was bidden, her knees parted on either side of his long shirt, as his prick once again plunged into her. She lay back, her hands stiff on either side of her as he thrust back and forth, back and forth, his own semen lubricating his movements, while she thought about other things, anything, to take her mind off her violation. Enoch was clearly not impressed by her impassivity.

“I' Faith! You can't be feeling me at all. There's no damnable reaction from you at all, dear. The whores at Elias's Tavern have more life than you! Still, I can correct that.”

He withdrew his penis and stood up above her on his knees. “Turn around, damn you!” He commanded her. “That ass of yours is not just for shitting from.”

Thasra knew what Enoch meant, and this was not for the first time. When she

arrived in the New World, her virginity from behind had remained intact. Indeed, she had never contemplated that anyone would choose to enter her from an orifice clearly not designed for the purpose. Surely this was as forbidden in the Holy Bible as the unnatural coupling of people of the same sex or between human and animal. But she knew now that what was forbidden was not therefore unpractised. Indeed, the very proscriptions against such acts seemed merely to make such acts the more attractive to people such as Enoch.

He pressed her face down onto the hard pillow by her shoulders, while guiding his erect penis, not without difficulty, not into the wider more appropriate hole, but in the smaller, tighter one. At first it was too tight to allow him even the smallest amount of access, but then Thasra felt drops of ale drip onto the small of her back. And she knew that he was using the ale to moisten his penis. He then thrust a moist finger, with his sharp, broken nails, deep into her anus.

“You’re so damnably tight, my dear!” Enoch grunted. “After all these months, you’d have thought that you’d have loosened a little. What is it that you do to keep it so tight?”

But one finger wasn’t enough. It was not the width of a fully erect penis, whose blunt soft end Thasra could feel pressing against her thigh as he thrust two fingers into her anus: a painful, unpleasant ache which pressed against the base of her stomach, chafed against the inside of her already tender vagina and made her feel very slightly sick. She had a sensation a little like having a shit, but one from which there would be no relief by the normal means. Despite herself, she gasped and shrieked from the unnatural pain. And then worse was to come, as Enoch’s penis, inch by inch,

pushed into her ass, guided by his hand and moistened by ale and spittle, while she gasped and yelped as it parted her bowels from inside. Bit by bit, it entered deeper, pressing forcefully against the tender nerves of her vagina whilst its end was lost in a realm of similarly lost sensation. When would this ordeal end?

Thankfully, not for as long as Thasra feared. As was so often the case when Enoch indulged his more perverse desires, he was unable to hold out for long before his penis exploded inside her in a moist, liquid mess of semen. As the horrible warm viscous fluid dribbled out of her ass and onto the inside of her buttocks and the back of her thighs, she could feel Enoch's penis shrivel like a shrivelled fruit. And then it could stay inside no longer and slid out of her to be hidden once again by the folds of his shirt.

This was, at last, the rest that Thasra had so waited for. Enoch slumped to one side, where the affects of his lustful exertions and those of the several flagons of ale he'd drunk that evening left him slumped, face toward the ceiling, and an arm around her shoulder, more to pinion her warm body to his than for any show of affection. The two lay there in the silence of the dark night, lit only by the last flickering glow of the candle and the moonlight coming through the half-closed shutters. Thasra, naked and ashamed, a black silhouette on white sheets with the emission of her shame still moist and cloying on her thighs, pubic hair and buttocks. Enoch, bare nobbly legs and scratchy scrawny neck protruded from either end of his large soiled shirt.

And then, when the candle finally extinguished itself, as so often happened, Enoch spoke to her, and also not to her, of his experiences in the War of Independence which had played such a defining part in his life. He spoke of the redcoats and the

brave soldiers of the New Republic fighting for Democracy, Liberty and Self-Determination. He spoke of the bloody battles and his own courage in the face of British cannons, gunfire and bayonets. And he eulogised on the wisdom of President George Washington, Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, and how they had carved a nation built on fair representation for taxation, freedom of people of all faiths (even the damnable Papists!) and countries of origin, a land where a man could stand free and proud. No longer were Americans the subjects of a distant King and a remote Parliament who took from its Colonies far more than they were prepared to give them back. At last, there was a nation in the world where every man was free and every man's opinion was respected.

Thasra knew enough to see that there were clear limits to that freedom and representation. She had no free voice and neither did any of the other slaves on that farm or on any other in the Union. Indeed, the only freedom she had known was on a far distant continent whose contours she now only knew from studying the map Enoch kept framed in his study. Often she had regarded the map, faded at the edges and with a margin full of fantastic beings, where the continent of her birth formed a triangle to the south with a dark, unlabelled interior which to her was where the only freedom that any African slave had ever known could be found. Instead, here she was in a continent of white devils and the few brown skinned ones (who were similarly cursed by the White Devil's desecration of their ancestral land), in another inverted triangle with just as much unlabelled space as there was in Africa. Perhaps there, in the midst of all that unlabelled space, there might be a similar liberty for slaves like her as she had once taken for granted.

Finally, as Thasra knew he would, Enoch slumbered off, a trail of saliva and snot down his cheek, and within minutes was snoring loudly and frequently. She gently disengaged his arm from around her shoulder, and turned round to face the wall where Enoch had mounted his musket and crossed swords. She could see their shadows as the full moon lit up the dark recesses of Enoch's bed chamber. All the while she felt the dull bruises inside her, from both ass and vagina, bruised by her master's ravages. If only she too could savour the freedom that Enoch relished so much.

But of course she could! She jumped up off the bed, and within two bounds she had a sword in her hand. She tenderly gauged its sharpness with her thumb as she did the knives in the kitchen. Clearly, all those redcoats that it had killed hadn't blunted it. She stood over Enoch, contemplating his shadowy length: the white shirt, the white skin, the White Devil.

Thasra knew enough from the times she had slaughtered swine in the kitchen that the best way to a kill was by decisiveness and speed. And that was exactly the message she heeded as she brought the full weight of the sword in one long elegant swoop down onto his bared neck. And then, with the rush of blood in her cheeks and encouraged by the gush of blood from his severed throat, she brought the sword down again and again, on his arms, on his chest, on his stomach, not giving him time to yell and undeterred by the blood that shot out from him as the blade slashed into his flesh.

She didn't know when he died. She didn't give herself time to find out, as she slashed at his blood-stained shirt, her naked body as covered in blood as her victim's. She only stopped when the exhaustion of her manic efforts had tired her enough that

she needed the respite.

And then she stood back, blood dripping in streaks down her naked black skin. Now, she reasoned, with a smile breaking out on her ecstatic face, she too would know the taste of freedom in the New World.