Life On The Plantation

The front door of the plantation house opened to the hot early morning sun. An old black man dressed in a finely tailored robe and sandals emerged. Behind him walked a beautiful bare breasted white woman wearing a small loin cloth and caring a rocking chair. Behind her came a naked young white boy with a pillow strapped on his back. The black man stepped aside and pointed to a spot in the shade of the wrap around porch. The white woman sat the rocking chair down and bowed humbly. The old black man sat down and lifted his feet up as the young white boy dropped to the floor and stretched out on his stomach, the black man eased his feet down onto the pillow on the boys back. The white woman than knelt at his side her head lowered. This scene was repeated every morning the old man was in residence.

 The man while old was still a force to be reckoned with. He was Tamar the father of Kalka the head of the Lion Clan who owned all the land and whites as far as the eye could see and the feet could walk. The old man rocked back and forth silently enjoying the fresh warm morning air ignoring both the beautiful white woman and the white boy under his feet. It was good to be retired from the responsibility of leadership Tamar thought as he contemplated the beauty of the land around him. Feeling a need and desire, Tamar said something to the white woman kneeling at his side. She quickly rose and hurried back inside,

 A few moments later another white woman even more beautiful than the first one came outside and knelt in front of Tamar and his pillow boy. The white cunt had short blond hair and eyes the color of a clear African sky. Her breasts were firm and full tipped by rosy pink nipples ringed with little bells that chimed whenever she moved. It was Kala’s wife Milaca who insisted that all mouth sluts be belled.

 The cunt was beautiful and sexy no doubt about it. She would have been a super model or even a movie star before the big storms had destroyed that world. But in this world she was just a mouth slut. Her only covering was a small loin cloth that barely hid her sex and kept her ass hole fully exposed. The loin cloth was the standard covering worn by white women on the plantation. The white men wore short skirts that covered their sex and ass holes. Pussy boys were the only white males made to wear loin cloths. The loin cloths were not designed for modesty but rather to enhance a white’s nakedness. White children up to the age of fourteen were not permitted clothing of any kind.

 The mouth that knelt before Tamar was one of his best but her status like all mouths was just above a urinal. The old black man casually opened his robe. He was naked underneath. The white woman saw his long soft black cock and knew well that it demanded her attention.

 The beautiful white mouth leaned forward over the small white pillow and took the head of Tamar’s dick into her mouth. She sensually sucked and licked only the head as she had been taught until he achieved full erection. Then she slowly and effortlessly took its full length down into her throat. The old man groaned and closed his eyes as pleasure waves swept through him. The white slut began moving her mouth and throat muscles to massage and excite her master. She used only her mouth and throat to please him. Her hands stayed motionless at her side. It had taken a long time to train this slut but it had been well worth it for Tamar.

 The white woman kept the hard dark cock deep down her throat until she became dizzy and was close to passing out from lack of air. Only then did she slowly pull her head back just far enough to free a passage way to exhale the stale in her lungs and inhale fresh air to replace it. After a few long breaths the well trained slut leaned quickly forward and again filled her throat with her master’s cock. Tamar almost came when she did that. The slow movement of his cock out of her throat followed by the fast thrust back was repeated several times in a very short period after the initial withdraw and return. It was what her master enjoyed and how the white slut had been trained. The woman was a skilled mouth, a true diva. The old man took special delight in the fact that she had never felt a cock in her cunt or her ass. At 23 she was still a virgin and would stay a virgin, never knowing the feel of a cock. When he died his son would have her sacrificed along with all his pleasure cunts and pussy boys.

 Even though the white woman was truly beautiful and enticing and the old black man enjoyed her immensely he did not look at her or say anything to her as she serviced his cock. She was after all just a mouth and there were rules about how a Sawzi interacted with mouths.

 A white woman’s beauty was important to Tamar and his family but due to strict pre-selection and breeding programs all the sluts and boys in the house were beautiful and handsome. Only the most beautiful and most exotic white females were trained and used as mouths, house slaves, and pleasure pets. The same held true for white males. Tamar’s family was immensely rich and had many houses and plantations. They owned hundreds of house slaves and pleasure pets. The house slaves and pets were given names but urinals and mouths were not considered important enough to warrant them. In fact it was fun and exciting to deny these whites the respect of having a personal name.

 The Swazi people are very sexual and not shy about it. Swazi girls and boys go through an initiation of responsibility when they reach sixteen and are then considered adults. After a Swazi youth completes the ritual all white forms of sexual pleasure are open to them. A white mouth is a traditional present at the parties that followed the initiations. A white mouth present is always muted so the Swazi youth will be less likely to form a human relationship with it. After all mouths are about relieving tension and providing relaxation not about real sex or relationships.

 Swazis are connoisseurs of sexual pleasure and are known worldwide for their erotic expertise and decadence. Mental and physical sadism are woven deeply into all aspects of sex in Sawzi. They especially enjoyed indulging in sexual games and acts that humiliated and degraded their slaves. That was why mouths were created along with a host of other sexual casts among the whites.

 The first mouths were created and developed by Leia, a rich woman from the south who was known for surprising and impressing her friends. Leia’s parties offered up the best and most exotic foods, wines and white sluts and pussy boys found in all Swazi and beyond. It was at one such party that the first ancestors of the mouths made their appearance.

 A fresh batch of feral whites had been brought back from a war in Europe the summer before the party. Among them had been three sets of the most beautiful twin girls Leia had ever seen. She purchased them all. It turned out that all six girls were virgins and from famous and powerful families. Now what would she do with them? For over a month Leia tried to think of how to best use her new sluts. Then one night while taking a pee it came to her.

 She turned the three sets of beautiful white twins into living piss pots. In the game Leia created piss pots could never be used for sexual purposes. Their sole function was to be a depository for the piss of the Swazi people. To be a piss pot a white female or male had to be exceptionally beautiful and a virgin. When a piss pot lost its looks it was killed and thrown into a trash heap like any other object that was no longer useful. The six incredibly beautiful piss pots created a sensation at her party. Everyone who mattered soon had their own living piss pots.

 A few years later Leia’s husband was using a piss pot slut when his cock got hard. The man’s sexual urge was intense and forgetting the rules of the urinal game he made the slut service his cock. Watching her husband relieve himself with the piss pots Leia had another flash of insight and the first true mouth was born.

 At the very next super party Leia informed her guests of a new game she created. She bade her guest sit down for a delicious meal. Under the table was a new creature called simply mouth. A mouth’s function was to aide her guest in the enjoyment of their meal and to enhance their relaxation afterwards. Leia informed her guests that the new creature had but one sexual function. Only their mouth was to be used for pleasure and only on Swazi cocks, cunts, and asses. A mouth she told her guests was not to be considered or treated as a sexual creatures like a pet or pussy boy but rather were to be seen as objects to be used to release tension and prolong relaxation. In fact they were to be seen as only a step up from a piss pot.

 The key to enjoying a piss pot or a mouth fully was to pretend to regard it as having no worth and acting as if it was less than human. Like a piss pot, no matter how beautiful or pleasurable a mouth was it’s true worth and pleasure was in convincing the white beauty that she was worthless. The best and most exciting and erotic part of all these games were in reducing the most beautiful and erotic sluts to a mere object like a rug, fan, piss pot, or mouth.

 One of the many variations of the piss pot and mouth games was to look for a young white girl whose beauty and sexual potential would normally elevate her in slave status and assure her of a relatively good life. It was considered great and exciting sport to encourage the young slut’s ambitions with kind words and gestures. Then when the little beauty reached the age of sexual use and thought she was about to be elevated into a high status pet she would find her hopes cruelly and often publically shattered. Her master would summon her and tell her that she was deemed unworthy of elevation and fit for little other than to serve as a piss pot or a mouth. Her child name would be taken from her and no new name would replace it. She was to her shame and horror reduced in an instant to just another anonymous piss pot or mouth. All hope was gone. She would spend the rest of her short life as one of the lowest of the low among the whites, an object holding no value for their owner other than its momentary use.

 The creation and use of a white slut into an object was a highly charged sexual turn on for the Swazi people. The effects it had on the white females who were turned into objects was devastating. The only pride a white female had was to do something that held value for her Swazi masters. A young white girl spent her whole childhood hoping to become a useful and prized slave. But to be made a mouth or even worse a piss pot was to be reduced to a nothing. Other whites were forbidden to have any but the most superficial contact with them. They were allowed no sexual relief and so were kept in a constant state of humiliation and sexual frustration. Any piss pot or mouth caught giving herself sexual relief was soundly whipped. Any other white slut or boy could be elevated to a higher status at their owner’s whim but a piss pot and a mouth stayed as they were until thrown into a trash heap.

 Leia’s guest loved the new game and soon mouths were found in even the most humble Swazi home. The poor creatures that became mouths and piss pots lived lonely lives. Looked down on by other whites and not even acknowledged as human by their masters these women had only one choice to kill themselves or to accept their fate and place in life and become the best piss pot or mouth possible.

 For a beautiful young woman to be ignored as a person and merely used and then dismissed while all about her women with lesser beauty were treated as pampered pets and permitted innumerable orgasms was soul shattering. Many piss pots and mouths did kill themselves to end their suffering. Their deaths were barely noticed. Some mouths tried to seduce their masters but always failed and received a whipping for their efforts. No Sawzi would ever use a piss pot or a mouth for real sex. They were considered unclean for anything but swallowing piss or oral sex. Besides all a Swazi had to do was make a gesture and a pet or pussy boy would come running. It was only much later that a few white males were turned into piss pots or mouths.

 The old man relaxed and let his mind drift as his white mouth pleasured him. He had found this particular mouth after a fierce battle with a white man who had been defending his home during the last war Tamar had fought in before retiring. The white man had fought well so Tamar had let him live. Inside the house Tamar found a pretty blond white woman cradling a small blond girl. He laughed at his good fortune and left them under guard in the house until after the battle. The white man had been sent away with the other males to be sold at auction to one of the many slavers who followed the Swazi armies in what had once been northern Europe.

 After the battle had ended and the city was secure Tamar returned to the house where the girl and her mother were being held. He brought with him one of his personal sluts. Tamar found the woman and her young child huddled in a corner. Both mother and daughter were crying and trembling in fear. Tamar dismissed the guard and took a chair and sat beside the two whites. He said nothing but radiated calmness and ease. After a while both woman and child stopped crying and just stared at the large fierce looking black man sitting so casually and peacefully in the chair before them.

 When Tamar saw that both mother and daughter were calm he spoke. “I am Tamar and you belong to me now. Your old life is gone. The man who was your husband and your father is nothing now. He is on his way to the auction block to be sold to whoever wants to buy him. I have decided to keep you both. Now accept your fate and stand up and present yourselves to your new master. Hesitating only briefly the woman rose to her feet. The young girl followed her mother’s lead.

 Tamar smiled. The woman was attractive and the young girl had the potential to become beautiful as she aged. “Take those rags off and stand naked before me sluts” Tamar demanded firmly. The woman and girl obeyed. Both soon stood naked before their master. Tamar stood up and slowly examined the mother. He ran his hands through her blond hair and down over her breasts and roughly pulled and pinched both of her long pink nipples. Her breasts were not as firm as he liked but that was to be expected from a woman who had given birth. Tamar liked his cunts to have firm breasts so he would not use her more than a few times. She would however make a passable servant. His hands felt her flat hard stomach and her firm little ass. When his hands touched her pussy he found she was dripping with woman juice. He smiled.

 Tamar motioned to the slut who came with him to take the girl and she did. When mother and daughter were separated Tamar shrugged off his battle tunic and exposed his hard large cock to the white woman. She gasped when she saw it but her eyes also flashed with passion. Tamar laughed. “Let’s see what you can do girl.” He turned her back to him and bent her over and entered her hard. She cried out but did not resist him. He rode the slut hard and fast and came quickly. She thought it was over but she was wrong. Tamar forced her to her knees and made her clean him with her mouth. His cock began to slowly stiffen as she licked and sucker up their juices.

 When he was rock hard and ready Tamar lifted the woman up by her hair and smacked her hard on the face. “You are mine now slut. You have no life but the one I give you Right now I want your body. Lead me to a bed.” “Yes master “the blond woman said softly and submissively. He smiled in triumph when the woman took his hand and kissed it. “You are my master. I am your slave.” Keeping his hand in hers, she led him to what had once been her and her marriage bed.

 The mouth’s mother had proven to be an excellent bed slut, so much so that Tamar spent the rest of the day and night fucking her. He named her Wet Pussy and kept her with him in his bed for many days. He eventually gave her to his guards when he was given a fresh young flame haired slut as part of his share of the towns plunder. The red headed slut was a worthy replacement and many of her children and grandchildren could be seen around Tamar’s house to this day.

 The mouth had been taken from her mother the day after the battle and sent back to Africa with hundreds of other white girls and boys that made up some of the spoils Tamar had received. She spent many years as a pet slave of one of his many granddaughters before being sent to be trained as a pleasure slut. The girl proved to be a little too proud and even a bit arrogant and that irritated Jena, Tamar’s wife. It was Jena’s idea to turn the girl into a mouth instead of a pet. The look on the young white beauty’s face when told of her fate was priceless. Jena almost came as she watched the girl’s happy and confident face crumble into tears.

 Tamar had many mouth girls to choose from but the mouth that served him now was the one he used often. Perhaps it was because he had watched her slow development from a young girl into a ravishing beauty or maybe he still held warm memories of her mother. But it was more likely that she was just a very good mouth and did her work with more skill than other mouths.

 Tamar had been born many years after the whole world had suffered a series of cosmic storms that killed over two thirds of the human population. Those were hard years and Tamar remembered them with horror and pride from stories told to him by the elders. The people of earth had reverted to unspeakable savagery and chaos reigned. Life was cruel and hard until the slow emergence of natural leaders who formed clans and tribes to give structure to people’s lives. From these tribes came new nations and civilizations. After a time a powerful Africa nation emerged called Swazi led by a charismatic king named Cobra. Tamar had been just another poor sub-chief of the Swazi but one of the many wars of expansion had changed all that. Tamar had proved to be an able war chief and had forged his clan into the tip of the spear that conquered half of Europe.

 After the capture of the mouth and Wet Pussy, Tamar retired from the military and returned home to run his now vast holding. For many more years he worked hard at making sure his legacy would endure for many generations to come. Then when he felt the time was ripe, he handed over leadership of the clan to his son. Kalka was more than capable of handling the responsibilities given to him and the clan prospered. Tamar was old now and enjoyed having few responsibilities and more than enough time and money to enjoy the fruits of his past labors. He was still very viral thanks to certain herbs and could easily indulge his every sexual whim or desire.

Tamar kept the mouth at her task for a long time while he reminisced about his life and enjoyed the early morning peace and quiet. The door behind Tamar opened and a young brown girl dressed in a pretty frock flew out. Tamar smiled on seeing Anita his youngest granddaughter and quickly shoved the mouth off his dick and closed his robe. The little brown girl ignored mouth as the white woman moved to the side of her master. The little one stepped carelessly on the head of the white boy at her grandfather’s feet and jumped into his lap. She hugged and kissed him with obvious joy.

 “Good morning Grandfather” she cried happily. “It is such a lovely day. You are always up so early. I don’t see how you do it. Guess what granddad. Mom is taking me to auction and she is going to let me pick my very own pony. Can you imagine it? I get to choose all by myself. Lima and Kata will turn green with envy when they find out.” The girl’s happiness and enthusiasm pleased Tamar. It was her tenth birthday and there would be a big party later in the day. He would shower her with his own presents during the party.

 “You forgot to shut the door you naughty girl” a Swazi woman scolded coming outside and carefully closing the door behind her. It was Gela, Anita’s mother. “Hello dad,” his daughter said coming over and giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. “Did she tell you what’s up?” “Yep” he said as he ruffled his granddaughter’s hair. “You two are going to the auction. Are you leaving now? It’s a bit early isn’t it?” he asked. “Yes it is,” she nodded “but Anita wants to look over the stock before the auction starts. And I want to do buy a dress for the party. Could you watch her while I get the carriage?” “It’s my pleasure honey. Take your time,” he said affectingly kissing the top of his granddaughters head.

 A little later Gila returned in a carriage pulled by two large white men. Two more white men followed behind the carriage. The men who pulled the carriage and the ones who followed were naked and gilded as were most of the carriage horses and steps. Anita jumped off her granddads lap and ran over to the horses. “Can I drive mom” the little girl asked politely. “I don’t see why not baby” Gila laughed. Anita smiled happily and pulled a small piece of candy from her pocket. She held the candy up to the nearest horse whose big head bent down and took it gently from her hand into his mouth. The other horse looked at the little girl hopefully but she had no more candy. She patted the horses still bent head and then moved to get onto the carriage. The two white men ran to meet her. One dropped to his belly in the dirt while the other knelt of all fours next to him and beside the front seat. The little girl stepped on the back of the man on the ground and then onto the kneeing man and into the carriage. The two men returned to their former positions head bowed behind the carriage. Anita picked up a buggy whip and snapped it against the upper back of horse who had received her candy. The two horses moved quickly and smoothly pulling the carriage away from the house and onto the dirt road leading to town.

 Tamar watched them go and then opened his robe and gestured to the mouth to resume pleasuring him. In a few minutes the old black man came and pushed the mouth away. He flicked his hand and the mouth scurried back into the house. Closing his robe the old man leaned back and sighed. Life was good. He kicked the pillow boy and told him to go fetch Little Flower and a fan and then report to the head maid for another assignment. The boy scrambled to obey.

 The front door opened again and two completely naked young white girls hurried too him. One carried a small try with a cup of cool milk and the other a fan to keep the heat of the day away from him. Each girl knew and attended to her duties. The fan girl took a place behind Tamar and began to move the large fan up and down with well-practiced strokes. Tamar ignored her. She was just a fan girl and unworthy of a masters attention.

 Tamar did smile at the girl carrying the tray as he took the milk and drank it down. He returned the milk to the girl’s tray and ran his hand through her thick blond hair. The white girl loved the old man the way a dog loves her master. She was called Little Flower and was one of his favorites. Her mother and her mother before her had been specially bred by Tamar to see to his needs and desires. The old man had Little Flower stand before him so he could look at her. She was almost ready to be useful. Another year or two he thought noting that her breasts were starting to fill out. He stroked her face and gently pinched one of her pink nipples. “Sit the tray down girl and take care of my feet.” The young girl smiled with unadulterated pleasure. Little Flower sat the tray aside and knelt down to remove her master’s sandals.

 After carefully removing the first sandal the girl kissed his foot and repeated the same action with the other sandal and foot. It was an often repeated ritual. The white girl then sat on the floor of the porch and began massaging his feet. Tamar sighed deeply and eased back into the rocker.

 Tamar loved the early morning. Most of the house was still asleep and would not be aroused for several more hours. This was his time for relaxed contemplation. The young white girl massaging his feet began to sing softly one of the many songs her master so enjoyed. He reached down and ran his hands through her hair and over her face the way one does to show pleasure with a favorite pet. Little Flower leaned into his hand and happily licked it with a natural submissive gesture of appreciation before resuming her song. Tamar sighed with contentment and leaned back into his rocking chair. His mind soon sank into restful contemplation.

 After a long pleasurable period of time Tamar moved his feet away from the white girls touch and rose from his chair. He gave the gesture of dismissal and Little Flower and the fan girl quietly withdrew leaving Tamar alone. He stretched a bit and then reached down and picked up a short hard wood club that lay near the door. The black elder, club in hand walked over to a large nearby corral and gazed intensely at the white men and boys who filled it. He needed a new pussy boy and he wanted a docile pretty one. Tamar could have his pick of domesticated pussy boys but he preferred to take his pussies from feral stock.

 Tamar looked over the herd with well-trained eyes. His eyes traveled methodically from one naked male to the next until he found what he had come for. The older black man smiled when he saw the handsome blond teenage boy standing in the middle of the corral. The boy was perfect. His body was pleasing to look at and his cock was well sized for his body. He would bring the old man much pleasure in the years to come.

 The white boy did not at first understand that he was the intended goal of the old man’s visit to the corral. But when the man’s attention focused of him and him alone the boy began to panic. Fear soon overcame him as he found himself looking in vain for someplace to hide. “Good”, the old man thought happily. “He is afraid of me”.

 Tamar opened the coral gate and stepped inside. The whites parted before him like a school of fish before a predator. No resistance was possible for the captives in the tightly packed pen. They had been securely hobbled and their hands were locked in cuffs secured to a chain around their waists. Before being forced into the corral they had been beaten and tortured enough to ensure their fear of and obedience to anyone of any age whose skin was dark. So Tamar moved casually among the cowed white males until he reached his future pussy boy.

 An older male probably the boy’s father tried to step between Tamar and his prey. The old man stopped that foolishness soon enough with a swift swing of his club that knocked the impertinent white man out cold. Tamar made a mental note to have the man gilded.

 The targeted white teen backed away from the old black man moving towards him. He could feel the man’s eyes locked on him and it did not feel good. The advancing old black man suddenly stopped and smiled at the fleeing white boy, Tamar decided to show the boy the way things would be for him from now on. The old man casually raised his hand and pointed a finger at the boy and then he pointed to the ground at his feet. The blond youth continued to move away. The black man smiled and again pointed at the boy and then back at the ground at his feet. The white boy finally realized the hopelessness of his plight and stopped his retreat. He stood motionless for almost a minute before moving slowly back to the elderly black man. Tamar noted that he was shaking with fear. The boy closed the space between them and the black man nodded his head. “Good boy, now kneel.”

 The thoroughly frightened and intimidated white boy knelt. Tamar laughed and patted the blond boy’s head. He tucked the club down into the belt of his robe; it would not be needed. The elder reached into a pocket of his robe and withdrew a key. He used it to free the boy from his bondage. Then leaving the chains where they fell, Tamar returned the key to his pocket and withdrew a collar and leash from another pocket. He placed the collar and attached leash around the unresisting white neck and ordered the boy to his feet. Tamar showed no emotions as he led his pussy boy out of the coral.

 Tamar took the docile white boy to a water trough in front of a large barn and unhooked the leash. “Stand still boy. The first thing I am going to do is to wash the shit and stink off you. I want you looking pretty and smelling good before I take you into my house. If you want to live you best be showing me you can be a good obedient boy while I scrub you down. I am your master now boy. What I say you do from now on and we will get along just fine. You disobey me and I will whip the skin off your bones. You don’t want a beating do you boy?” The blond youth shook his head as tears filled his blue eyes. The black man slapped the boy’s face hard. “When I ask you something I want to hear an answer loud and clear, now, do you want to be obedient or do you want a beating?”

“Yes sir, I want to be obedient. I don’t want a beating,” the boy sobbed. Tamar patted his head and laughed.

“That’s good pussy boy, but next time I had better hear you say yes master, got that?” “Yes master the boy said quickly. The elderly black man laughed softly. The boy would do just fine.

 Tamar filled a pale with water and poured it over the boy’s naked body. He repeated this several times. Then he took a sponge from a shelf next to the barn and rubbed soap into it. Tamar rubbed the soapy sponge all over the boy’s body. When the sponged touched the white cock the boy pulled away. Tamar cuffed him hard on his ear. The chastised boy moved back into position and offered no more resistance.

 After the boy was cleaned to his satisfaction Tamar put the sponge down. The black man took the boy’s dick and gently but firmly massaged it to full erection. The white boy tried hard not to feel pleasure but the elderly black man was skilled at drawing it out of reluctant whites of all ages and both sexes. Finally the boy groaned and his hips began to move with uncontrolled passion. Before he could stop himself the blond youth started to cum. Tamar moved quickly and captured the white boy’s sperm in the palm of his free hand. “See boy,” the black man laughed, “It isn’t going to be so bad being my pussy boy. Your cock likes it just fine.” The white boy blushed hotly a bright red covered his face and upper body. The boy knew the men and other boys in the nearby corral could see what was happening. The shame he felt was deep to his core. He would never be the same. Tamar knew what the boy was experiencing. He had deliberately placed the boy in a position where he could be seen by his father and the other men and boys.

 Tamar let go of the boys cock and yanked his head back by his blond hair. “See this spunk slut? He demanded harshly. The boy looked at the black palm filled with his sperm. “Yes master.” He said softly, “Lick it all up and then thank me for letting you cum.” The boy did as he was told. “Thank you master, for letting me cum” the cowed and broken boy sobbed. Tamar smiled happily. He knew the boy was broken. There was just one last thing to do.

 Tamar reattached the boys leash to his collar and led him to a place in front of the corral. Standing facing sideways from the penned in whites Tamar opened his robe. The black man’s naked body was revealed to the white teen. “Kneel before me pussy boy and take my cock into your mouth.” The boy wanted desperately to refuse. He wanted to keep what little pride he had left in front of his father and the rest of the men and boys of his city. But it was not to be. His hesitant resistance melted away and almost before he could understand what was happening to him he found himself kneeling before Tamar his mouth filled with hard black cock.

 Tamar stayed still for a few minutes as he enjoyed his victory and the warm wet mouth of his new pussy boy.

 Little Flower and the fan girl had not gone back into the house. They were like all girls their age naturally curious and excited by anything out of the ordinary. Normally the old master would have his breakfast after his morning contemplation. When this did not happen and he went to the corral instead the girls knew something was up and wanted to know what was going to happen. So they followed him and hid where he could not see them.

 The girls saw their master stop at the corral holding the newly captured white males and watched as he went inside the gate and led out a very good looking white boy. Little Flower understood at once that the boy would become a pussy boy. The fan girl was not so sophisticated in the ways of their master’s sexual desires. Little Flower had seen her mother used by the old master many times and had often sang for him at night while he used his pussy boys and pets. Little Flower had been told by her mother that she would soon start her training in the finer points of obedience and servitude and how to give pleasure so that when she came of age she would be a fitting addition to Tamar’s pleasure harem. The fan girls were pretty, but not pretty enough to become a pet. She would live out her life as just another set of white hands and feet.

The fan girl admired Little Flower. They had become friends after the fan girl had been whipped for not fanning well enough and had been sent back to the slave barracks. Little Flower had come to her and held her while she cried.

To be continued