

# **Dominating Zenzele**

**Crimson Rose**

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# **Dominating Zenzele**

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## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)  
[Chapter 2](#)  
[Chapter 3](#)  
[Chapter 4](#)  
[Chapter 5](#)  
[Chapter 6](#)  
[Chapter 7](#)  
[Chapter 8](#)  
[Chapter 9](#)  
[Chapter 10](#)  
[Chapter 11](#)  
[Chapter 12](#)  
[Chapter 13](#)  
[Chapter 14](#)  
[Chapter 15](#)  
[Chapter 16](#)  
[Chapter 17](#)  
[Chapter 18](#)  
[Chapter 19](#)  
[Chapter 20](#)  
[Chapter 21](#)  
[Chapter 22](#)  
[Chapter 23](#)  
[Chapter 24](#)  
[Chapter 25](#)  
[Chapter 26](#)  
[Chapter 27](#)  
[Chapter 28](#)  
[Chapter 29](#)  
[Chapter 30](#)  
[Chapter 31](#)  
[Chapter 32](#)  
[Chapter 33](#)  
[Chapter 34](#)  
[Chapter 35](#)  
[Chapter 36](#)  
[Chapter 37](#)  
[Chapter 38](#)  
[Chapter 39](#)  
[Chapter 40](#)  
[Chapter 41](#)  
[Chapter 42](#)  
[Chapter 43](#)  
[Chapter 44](#)

[Chapter 45](#)

[Chapter 46](#)

[Chapter 47](#)

[Chapter 48](#)

[Chapter 49](#)

[Chapter 50](#)

[Chapter 51](#)

[Chapter 52](#)

[Chapter 53](#)

[Chapter 54](#)

[Chapter 55](#)

[Chapter 56](#)

[Chapter 57](#)

[Chapter 58](#)

[Chapter 59](#)

[Chapter 60](#)

[Chapter 61](#)

Mistress Zenzele stared into her boss' eyes and sighed. "Are you seriously going to make me do this?" she asked, holding up the shiny metal chastity belt complete with bra.

"A deal's a deal and you lost," Master James smirked – his eyes drifting from her mane of thick, wavy black hair to her big, icy blue eyes and full lips before dropping to her large breasts, narrow waist and rounded hips. She was everything he looked for in a woman down to her soft caramel colored skin, toned legs and an ass sculpted to perfection.

"But it wasn't a fair bet. There's no way in hell anyone could take a caning like that and not even wince a little. That bitch isn't even human," she said, referring to the young brunette submissive she just finished disciplining. "Four hundred swats and not even a twitch! Did you see her ass? Her breasts?"

"I did. And I can assure you Michelle is one hundred percent human. Now get into the chastity gear and prepare to leave or you're fired. And good luck finding another job in this line of work as I'll make that all but impossible for you."

"God, you're such a fucking asshole!"

"And you're a dyke bitch desperately in need of a dick."

"You wish. I wouldn't let you touch me if you were the last man on earth. In fact, I think I'd kill myself just to make sure."

"You know, if you gave it a try you just might find you like it." Master James said, bringing the tip of his middle finger close to Zenzele's bare vulva, but stopping just shy of touching her. "You don't even know what you're missing."

"Not a damn thing," Zenzele scoffed, placing the leather-backed chastity belt over her most sensitive of places and locking it around her waist. The connected metal strap went up her lithe torso and she placed the bra over her large breasts, adjusting the straps before securing it in the back. "No, this isn't humiliating at all," she sighed.

"Hey, you're the one that insisted on wearing it so don't start whining to me about it now."

"I only said I'd wear it because I see the way you look at me. I don't want you sneaking into my bed in the middle of the night, or getting any other stupid ideas. This body has never been touched by a man and I intend to keep it that way."

"Yeah, yeah. Now go put on the rest of your clothes like a good little submissive."

"Let's get one thing straight right now. I am *not* a submissive."

"You are for the next three weeks. And you're my submissive. Now get your sexy ass in gear before I decide it's in need of a caning."

"You wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't I?"

"God, why did I ever make that stupid bet with you in the first place?"

"Because you thought it was an easy win. Well, surprise, the joke's on you. Want in on a little secret? Michelle is a very special woman in that she suffers from congenital insensitivity to pain. You could have given her a thousand swats, a million even and she wouldn't have registered a single one of them."

"You mother fucker! You cheated! This wasn't a fair bet so it doesn't count."

"No one said I couldn't use her. Now accept your loss and go get dressed. I will not tell you again." As Mistress Zenzele turned to walk away, he reached out a hand and gave her ass a hard slap.

“If you ever touch me like that again I’ll rip your dick off and toss it in the garbage disposal you rotten son of a bitch!”

“That’s Master rotten son of a bitch to you. Go on, say it. Call me your Master.”

“Like hell! You’ll never earn that right.”

“It was part of the deal, remember.”

“Go to hell...*Master*,” Zenzele cringed, the word rolling off her tongue like poison.

“And you can go get the cane. I will not tolerate disrespect in my own dungeon. I think twenty swats will do. And before you open those sexy lips again know that it’ll go up to fifty if you say anything other than yes Master.”

“Yes Master,” Zenzele said through clenched teeth. Storming out of the room before she did something she would regret like kick him in the balls and slam his smug face into the concrete until there was nothing left of it, she went to one of the small side rooms and fetched a long bamboo cane. Returning, she held it out to her boss. “Which room do you want to use, Master?”

“None of them. We’re going to do this right here for all to see. In fact, I think I’ll assemble everyone before we start. Go to the intercom and make the following announcement: Attention everyone, this is Mistress Zenzele. All Dominants are required to meet in the lobby in five minutes to witness my submission to Master James MacKenzie, and my punishment by his hand.”

“I hate you so fucking much...*Master*.”

“I know you do. And that’s what makes this all the more exciting for me. Now go make the announcement.”

“I’m starting to think it would be better if I just quit.”

“I never pegged you as the quitting type, but whatever, you know where the door is.”

Giving her boss another glaring look, Zenzele walked over to the intercom and pressed the button. After a long pause she spoke, her voice cracking with shame. “Attention everyone. This is Mistress Zenzele. All Dominants are required to meet in the lobby in five minutes to witness my submission to Master James MacKenzie, and my punishment by his hand. That is all.” Releasing the button, she felt her entire body flush from the humiliation.

“Take your chastity gear off and assume the position.”

Trembling, Zenzele unlocked the metal bra and waistband of the chastity gear and let it fall unceremoniously to the floor at her feet. Walking to the center of the room, she dropped onto her knees just as the first Dominants arrived.

“So it’s true,” a petite blonde Mistress named Tanya said as she stared down into Zenzele’s teary eyes. “I never thought you’d submit to anyone, let alone a man.”

“I lost a bet. This is only temporary,” Zenzele replied as she lowered her head to the cold concrete floor.

“No, no, you were in the right position,” Master James said.

“But that is not the punishment position unless...oh, come on! Haven’t you humiliated me enough?”

“Not even close. Now move back into the kneeling position. Your swats will be delivered to your breasts.”

“All twenty of them?”

“Twenty to your breasts and fifty to your ass.”

“FIFTY!? But you said I was only getting twenty!”

“Now it’s one hundred to your ass. Care to make it two hundred?”

“What the fucking fuck! This is some serious bullshit...” realizing her mistake, Zenzele glared at her boss. “Yes, *Master*.”

“Maybe you’ll learn your place after this lesson. It’s submission one-oh-one, Zenzele. Show respect to your Dominants or you’ll be punished. I thought you were better than that, but I guess not.”

“Did I miss anything?” Master Lance asked as he walked into the room, his big black cock sticking out like a pole bouncing with every step. Looking down at a kneeling Zenzele, he stopped – the head of his dick less than an inch from her slightly parted lips. Like every other man in the building he wanted to fuck her brains out and seeing her kneeling in submission only increased his desires for her.

“Get that thing away from me!” Zenzele screeched, moving her head back to prevent the dick from going into her mouth.

“You’re her Master now, command her to suck my cock,” Lance said, looking over at Master James.

“As much as I’d love to do just that, I agreed I would not command her to do anything involving men. Why do you think I haven’t fucked her already?”

By the end of five minutes all fourteen Dominants were present and accounted for and Master James swooshed the bamboo cane through the air several times. Circling around his temporary submissive, he softly flicked the tip of the cane across her right nipple and then the left. Standing to her right, he drew his hand back. The cane whipped through the air faster than Zenzele could follow, striking her across both breasts with painful precision.

Knowing better than to cry out despite the agonizing pain, Zenzele bit her lower lip and then looked up into her Master’s eyes. “One. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson,” she said through clenched teeth, her eyes barely holding back the tears.

WHACK!

“Two. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! The cane came down especially hard across Zenzele’s nipples, leaving an immediate welt rising on her otherwise flawless caramel skin.

“T-TH-THREE!” Zenzele stammered as the pain finally caused the tears to flow. “Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

“Damn! That one hurt so much I felt it,” Mistress Blaire exclaimed, her hands instinctively covering her small, perky breasts as she recalled the last time they were caned. Though it had been more than a decade since she last submitted to anyone, having her breasts caned was not something she would ever forget.

WHACK! The cane bit deep into the tops of Zenzele’s breasts, with enough force momentarily flatten them – a surprising feat given their large size.

“F-Four,” Zenzele cried, now openly sobbing in front of her fellow Dominants. “Thank you M-Master for t-teaching me this l-l-lesson.”

WHACK!

“Five! Thank you Master for...Ghaahhgghhh,” Zenzele choked as her mouth was suddenly filled with semen. Jerking his big black cock since before the show started, Master Lance was unable to hold back any longer. Feeling it rising to the tip of his dick, he stepped forward and shot it directly into the kneeling Mistress’ open mouth as she gave thanks. *What the fuck*, she thought, looking up at Master Lance with murderous intent as another ropey strand hit her square on the nose.

“Don’t you even think about spitting it out,” Master James said as he drew back the cane for another swat. “You will swallow every fucking drop of it do you understand me?”

“Hwat? Ho hucking way, Aster!” Zenzele said, her speech slurred thanks to the mouthful of semen.

“The deal was I wouldn’t command you to do anything sexual with men. I did not command you to do anything and swallowing semen is not a sexual act. Ok, it is, but you know what I mean. If you spit it out you will get another hundred swats. Now swallow it all or you know what happens. And you will swallow the semen of anyone else here that wishes to feed it to you. Do you understand?”

“Heth Aster,” Zenzele cringed, closing her mouth and gulping down her first ever mouthful of semen. Though humiliated and degraded, her stomach churned as the cane once again slapped hard across her breasts.

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Two-hundred-twenty swats of the cane and six more loads of semen later and Zenzele was once again on her feet strapping the chastity gear in place – the cool metal soothing against her welt-covered skin. Her eyes were locked on the floor as she was far too humiliated to look at any of them and she did not know if she ever could again.

“Well, now that you’ve had a taste of semen what do you think?” Master James asked. “And don’t even think about lying.”

“It was the most disgusting thing I’ve ever tasted in my life, Master. Now can we go?”

“Sure. Right after you give each of their dicks a kiss.”

“LIKE HELL! I told you nothing sexual and I meant it, Master.”

“It’s not as if I’m asking you to suck them. Just give each one a quick peck right on the head as way of thanking them for cumming in your mouth.”

“I so fucking hope you get cancer and die!” Zenzele said as she walked over to Master Lance. Taking a deep breath to calm her frayed nerves, she leaned down and gave the head of his dick a quick peck. When she felt it twitch as if to push into her mouth, she backed off and moved down the line, giving each of the dicks a kiss before moving to the center of the room.

“That wasn’t so bad now was it?” Master James asked. “And don’t lie to me. I want to hear the truth.”

“The truth is I fucking hate you and I hated doing that, Master. Now please, can we go?”

“Go get dressed and then we can go. And you are to wear everything I’ve laid out for you.”

“Yes Master.”

Her head still lowered, eyes locked on the tile below her feet, Zenzele left the lobby and went into her new Master’s office where she saw the outfit she was to put on lying on his desk. Picking up the sheer garment with strategically placed strips of opaque black cloth, she groaned and slipped into it. Next, she put a pair of wide metal cuffs on her wrists and ankles and then slipped into the low-cut ballet boots that made it harder than hell to stand and even more difficult to walk. Picking up the last item – a long, fat butt plug, she carried it with her back out into the lobby. “I don’t do anal, Master,” she said, holding the toy out.

“Well, you do now. I want that plug in your ass in the next three minutes or I’ll have to give you another lesson in discipline.”

“Three minutes!?! There’s no way in hell I can get this huge fucking thing up my ass in three minutes, Master. I’ve never taken anything up my ass before!”



“Two minutes, forty seconds,” Master James said looking down at his watch. “No time to waste. You can do it right here in front of us all. Go on, you better hurry because you’ve still got to get out of that chastity belt.”

“Mother fucker,” Zenzele growled, sitting the plug on the receptionist’s desk. Tugging the dress up over her hips, she quickly unlocked the lower half of the chastity gear and let it fall to the floor. Running into a small side room, she grabbed a bottle of lube and then returned. Picking up the plug, she breathed heavily as she coated it tip to base. Placing her right leg sideways on the desk, she put the tip of the plug against her tightly puckered asshole and gave it a gentle push – chewing her lower lip as she groaned.

“Two minutes ten seconds. You better hurry or you’ll never make it in time.”

“God damn it! I’m going as fast as I can, Master!”

“Like hell you are. You’re barely pushing the tip of it in,” Mistress Blaire scoffed. “Here, let me give you a hand with that.” Walking up behind Zenzele, she grabbed the butt plug from her hand, added a little more lube, placed it against Zenzele’s virgin asshole and gave it a hard push, her lips forming into a grin as all eight inches forced it’s way in. “There, that’s how you stuff a sexy ass.”

“Aahhgghhh! You fucking bitch! Oh my god it hurts! Take it out of me right now!”

“Stop your whining. At least he didn’t command you to use the largest one. Which one was that, the two incher?”

“Two and a half,” Master James smirked. “Come on, get dressed. We’ve got a long trip ahead of us and we’re already behind schedule.”

“Trip? Where in the hell do you think you’re taking me, Master?”

“Wherever the hell I feel like it. Now get moving. Or do you need the cane to motivate you into action?”

Staring out the passenger window of Master James' SUV, Zenzele let out a long pitiful sigh as the buildings zipped by. As he got onto the highway, she spotted the high-rise where she grew up. Once a thing of beauty, the brick, metal and glass structure was now nothing more than a dilapidated shell of its former glory thanks to gangs moving in and the good guys moving out. Afraid for their lives, the landscapers and maintenance crew also left, leaving the building to fall into disrepair.

Three blocks to the west stood the convenience store she stole a candy bar from when she was seven. Her frown momentarily turning into a smile, she remembered how furious her mother was at the time and the horror she felt when she was marched back into the store to return the sweet and apologize. It was the last thing she ever stole anything in her life.

Another two miles on and she spotted the two story home she moved into at the age of nineteen. It was her first time out on her own and it was a rundown mess, but it was her rundown mess. "How have I let this happen?" she said, her voice barely a whisper as she travelled down memory lane.

"How many times do I have to tell you? You lost the damn bet," Master James said.

"I wasn't talking to you, Master."

"Care to enlighten me then?"

"I was just thinking, Master."

"About?"

"None of your damn business, Master."

"Everything is my business, Zenzele."

"Typical white privilege," Zenzele huffed. "Acting like you own the fucking world. Well, you don't own me, Master. And you sure as hell don't own my thoughts."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me, Master."

"Yeah, I did hear you. I'll have you know I grew up in the slums' slums and had to work my fucking ass off for everything I have so don't you dare start that oppressed black woman bullshit with me."

"Who's the one forced into submission here, *Master*?"

"No one is forcing you to do anything. You made a bet and you lost. If you're not willing to pay up then you can always quit your job. Do you want me to turn the car around?"

"No," Zenzele answered so softly even she was unsure if she actually said it.

"What was that?"

"I said no, Master."

"You want me to keep driving to our destination?"

"Yes Master."

"And you'll do everything I command of you without further bitching?"

"As long as you hold up your end of the deal, Master."

"Then I don't ever want to hear another word about white privilege out of your mouth again. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master," Zenzele said, though inside she felt a little part of herself die. "Where are you taking me, Master?"

"You'll see when we get there which will be in about four days. Until then, however you'll be getting plenty of humiliation and training as we make a few stops along the way."

“Training, Master? We did not agree on training.”

“We also never disagreed on it. That being said, over the next few days you’re going to get first-hand experience in what it means to be a submissive. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

“Is there any point in telling you my limits or are you just going to do whatever the hell you want to me until this arrangement of ours is complete?”

“You don’t do anything sexual with men except swallow their jizz. What other limits do you have?”

“Well, until today I don’t do anal, but I guess that’s no longer the case, Master.”

“So you’re saying I can fuck you up the ass?”

“NO! I never said that at all, Master.”

“Kidding, Zenzele. You really need to learn how to relax and take a damn joke. Though, in all seriousness I really do want to fuck you up the ass. Anyways, what are your other limits?”

“I don’t like pain, overly large toys, blood play or anything to do with animals and toilet training, Master.”

“Is that all?”

“I’m sure I can think of a few more things, Master.”

“If I commanded you to let more men nut inside of your mouth what would you say?”

“Yes Master.”

“Really? Well, I did not expect that. I guess you really liked it after all. Which means you lied to me back at the dungeon and you know what that means.”

“No Master. I did not lie to you. I hated it and still hate it, but I know you all too well and I know you’re going to make me do it again and again *because* I hate it so much. As long as they do not stick their dicks in my mouth, or any other part of me, I will eat their fucking cum. But remember, if they try fucking me in any sense of the word our deal is off.”

“I think we’re going to get along just fine. Now tell me what you were thinking about while looking longingly out the window.”

“I was thinking about my childhood, Master. We passed a few places that reminded me of better times.”

“You mean times when you weren’t submitting to your boss?”

“Yes Master.”

“Tell me about yourself, Zenzele.”

“Why, Master?”

“Because I know jack all about you and I want that to change.”

“What next, you going to propose, Master?” Zenzele laughed. “Well, you can forget it because I only date black women.”

“You know what, you don’t have to be such a fucking cunt all the damn time. I’m actually trying to be nice to you considering the situation and get to know you and all you can do is make snide remarks. If this is the real you then perhaps I should reevaluate my decision to keep you on at the dungeon.”

“I’m sorry Master. It’s just that I’ve been through a lot today and I’m kind of on edge. And this fucking plug up my ass isn’t helping matters any. I feel like I’ve got a baseball bat shoved up my ass.”

“Mmmm, now that does paint an interesting image. I take it you and your lesbian lovers use toys on each other?”

“Yes Master.”

“How big?”

“Not that big, Master.”

“Give me an estimate. How long? How thick? And then please explain how you can enjoy having a silicone cock fucked into you and not the real deal.”

“The biggest I have is seven inches long and an inch and a half thick, Master. And I don’t like the *real deal* because men do nothing for me sexually.”

“That’s because you never gave one the chance. Do your family and friends know you’re a lesbian?”

“They do and they accept me for who and what I am without question, Master.”

“Come on, tell me a little about yourself, Zenzele. By the way, I always thought that was an incredibly beautiful name for an equally beautiful woman.”

“Thank you Master, but that’s still not going to get you into my chastity gear.

“Perish the thought. You have any brothers and sisters or are you an only child?”

“I have two younger sisters and an older Brother, Master.”

“That’s it? You’re not going to make this easy for me are you?”

“What is the point of this Master? I don’t like you and you don’t like me so why pretend otherwise?”

“I never said I didn’t like you. What I don’t like is your smug, better than everyone attitude. That’s why I picked you for the bet, you know. I wanted to see you knocked down a peg or fifteen. So, if you don’t want to talk and get to know each other, fine. I won’t ask you another personal question.”

“Good,” Zenzele huffed, crossing her arms over her heaving chest as she went back to looking out the passenger window.

“Since you’re not in the mood to talk, maybe you’re in the mood to drink more semen,” Master James said, unzipping his pants with one hand while steering with the other. “I’m going to jerk off and when I’m ready to shoot you’re going to wrap those sexy lips around my cockhead and swallow. Is that understood?”

“That would be sex with a man, Master.”

“I’m not commanding you to suck me off, Zenzele. Just put your lips on it and swallow so I don’t make a mess all over my damn car. Or would you rather lick the seat and carpet clean? Besides, it’s not as if it will be the first dick those lips have touched now would it?”

“You’re a rotten bastard, you know that?”

“Probably. But you’re still going to do as I command aren’t you?”

“Yes Master.”

“Say it,” Master James said, his hand moving furiously up and down the hard shaft of his cock.

“I’m going to put my lips on your...ugh...I can’t believe I’m saying this. I’m going to put my lips on your dick and eat your cum, Master. How much more humiliating can my life get?”

“Quite a bit actually. You could be taking my load deep in that tight pussy of yours.”

“That would require you to grow a dick, Master,” Zenzele smirked, her eyes locked on his thick eight inches. Shivering involuntarily, she felt her stomach tighten at the thought of taking it in her mouth even if it was only the head.

“HA! So you do have a sense of humor after all. Come on, wrap your lips around it.”

“You ready to come already Master?” Zenzele laughed, leaning down and opening her mouth. Stopping a few inches above his cockhead, she took a deep breath and went lower. Her

stomach churned and her flesh crawled as she felt the warmth filling her mouth. Deeper. Fuller. When it hit the back of her throat, she pulled away and gagged. “What the fuck, Master? You said only the head!”

“You’re the one that took it so deep.”

“No, you moved your hips upwards so I took more of it, Master.”

“Put your lips back on it.”

“Are you going to come or not, Master?”

“I’ll let you know. Now put your fucking lips on it before I pull the car over and spank your ass in front of everyone driving by!”

“If you make me suck your dick the deal is off, Master.”

“And what if you suck it of your own accord?”

“Never going to happen.” Giving him a long look, she wrapped her lips around the head and waited as his hand moved up and down the shaft.

“You barely have the head in your mouth. Go a little lower,” Master James commanded. And to his surprise, Zenzele obeyed. “That’s it. A little lower. Mmmm. Now pull back until you’re kissing the tip. Lower. Kiss the tip. Lower. That’s it, babe. Now keep doing that over and over and you’ll have me cumming in no time.” Looking down for a brief second, he watched her head slowly bobbing up and down on his dick. One inch. Two. Three. Up. Down. Up. Down. “Look at that. You’re really getting the hang of sucking cock now aren’t you, my pet?”

“GOD DAMN YOU MASTER!”

“God has nothing to do with it even if he did exist. You’re the one willingly sucking my dick. Now get back to it. You’re not permitted to stop now that you’ve started. Do you understand what I’m telling you?”

“Y-Yes Master.”

“Then say it.”

“I am not allowed to stop sucking your dick Master.”

“Not now, not ever. Got it? You took it of your own free will which means I did not command you to do it. And now that you’ve started you will suck me off whenever I command without breaking the deal. Isn’t that right?”

“I so fucking hate you Master.”

“But you’ll do it won’t you? You’re going to be a good little submissive and suck my cock. And not just a few inches. You’re going to practice taking it down your throat. Isn’t that right, my pet?”

“Y-Yes Master. But only yours. Is that understood, Master? If you command me to suck anyone else this is over and you can take me home.” Huffing, she lowered her head. Master James’ hand moved and she once again started sucking him off. Knowing he was never going to let her live this humiliation down, or have her stop now that she agreed to do it, she took it as deep down her throat as she could. No sooner had it passed her uvula then she started gagging. Pulling back, she took several deep breaths and tried again.

Over and over her mouth moved up and down her Master’s cock – every passing minute allowing her to take it deeper. The humiliation growing only slightly less as she felt it being replaced by what? Pleasure? No. Never pleasure. This was something different. *Pride*, she thought as the hard cock throbbed in her mouth and throat. *How can I be proud of sucking a fucking dick? No! There’s no way in fucking hell I’m proud to be sucking cock! I’m a lesbian god damn it! The thought of sucking a man off is repulsive not...not pleasurable. Not something to be proud of.* But her bobbing head, sucking lips and wet pussy were painting a completely different

story. And then it happened. The first jet of semen hit the back of her throat and she swallowed without even thinking about it. Holding her Master's dick in her mouth, she gulped it all down like a good little submissive and the pride welled up within.

"Nicely done, my pet. Nicely done indeed. I'm very proud of you Zenzele. I know that couldn't have been easy for you."

"No it wasn't, Master. And thank you. If you don't mind I think I'd like to be alone with my thoughts right now."

"Right after you lick me clean."

Without protest, Zenzele lowered her head and licked her Master's cock for about another minute and when it twitched back to life, she sighed and sucked it anew – swallowing down another load ten minutes later.

"I think you're really starting to get the hang of this whole cock sucking business, my pet. I couldn't be any prouder of you."

"That makes two of us, Master," Zenzele said under her breath.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, Master."

"No, you said something and I command you to tell me what it was."

"I said that makes two of us, Master."

"Oh? And what does that mean? And before you think about lying to me again know that the punishment will be most severe.

"Please don't make me say it Master." His silence spoke volumes. "Please," she pleaded. But he did not budge. "Fine. While...while sucking your dick I felt...oh god this is so embarrassing, Master. I felt...I felt pride, Master. I couldn't believe I could take it down my throat like that and it made me feel...good. It made me feel...proud."

"If you liked that, wait until it's stuffed in your tight pussy, my pet."

"NO! Absolutely not, Master! I will suck your dick but I'll be damned if I'll ever let you fuck me. And if you tell anyone about this I swear to god I'll tell them you raped me. Is that understood, Master? And if that doesn't work I'll bit your fucking balls off and feed them to you one at a time. Now leave me alone." Huffing, her cheeks on fire, she turned her attention to the horses grazing in the fields as they zipped by.