

# **Rules of Engagement**

*An ADULT Tale of Female Domination*

**By**  
**Miss Irene Clearmont**

**FDC**

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When envoys are sent with compliments in their mouths, it is a sign that the enemy wishes for a truce.

*Sun Tzu*

If you are not in the process of becoming the person you want to be; you are automatically engaged in becoming the person you don't want to be.

*Dale Carnegie*

A mother-in-law dies only when another devil is needed in hell.

*François Rabelais*

## **An Author's Introduction.**

This book follows as the third novel in what could now be called a longish multi-part cycle! It has grown organically. Each tale stands fairly well on its own two feet and can be read as a separate novel. Knowledge of one is not really necessary to understand the others except *perhaps* in the case of 'Dark Widow' that should be read before 'The Second Circle of Hell'. Especially with reference to the party at the end of 'Dark Widow'. The reader may be interested to know that the history of Miss Irene Clearmont's malicious female-domination develops in roughly the following order:

- *Dark Widow (or, alternatively; 'Denise')*
- *Diane*
- *Nursery Crime (Novella)*
- *Road Trip (Novella)*
- *The Second Circle of Hell*
- *Rules of Engagement*

Of course there are many other stories written by my good self that also light the dark world of Miss Clearmont's life, but these novels and novellas are the framework around which the others revolve. The main events, the course of the darkness and abuse, so to speak.

Do not feel constrained to read them all, or even in order, but the chronological sequence is clear cut. I have not yet decided if another tale will lengthen the series, but every year or two I get the urge to delve a little deeper, follow my alter-ego's trail of deviant abuse and there is plenty to tell, if I discover more of her misdeeds. I owe her that and fear the consequences of not being her accurate and faithful biographer!

Perhaps this novel side-lines Miss Clearmont a little, but her presence is certainly deeply felt and it belongs in the series even if tangentially. She hangs over the story thread with scissors in her hands.

'Miss Irene Clearmont' the fictional character and 'Miss Irene Clearmont' the author, have reached a delicate understanding, a balance of sorts, after all, two women sharing a single name is risky, especially when one of them is a calculating murderess and sexual demoness!

I give her 'life' and she suggests an unending series of malevolent deeds as she tramples her enemies under her spurred and spiked heels. She lends me her name and I make the immoral seem virtuous in her upside-down world. A fearsome anti-heroine of epic degeneracy.

In this, at least, both the Irene's are in total accord!

So, read on and wish only to be an observer and yet never to really slide the slippery slope into Irene's world like I have. Because, it exists; somewhere it is all too real! There are so many ways to go down and I look forward to charting them all.

Love,

**Miss Irene Clearmont.**

# **“Rules of Engagement”**

**By  
Miss Irene Clearmont**

## **Book One**

***“Lost”***

## **Helping with Inquiries**

“I’m sorry,” Mrs. Fergusen, “but there is no word yet. We have contacted the Embassy in Istanbul and they have been in contact with the Police in Side, and there is just no sign at all of your son after he checked out of the hotel.”

“He cannot just have disappeared into thin air!”

“We are continuing our enquiries here and in Turkey, but I’m sorry. We have asked the Turkish police to check every hotel in the area, but you know how it is in those countries, it will take a few days before they get their act together!”

“Is there nothing we can do? I mean should we go to Turkey to try to find him?”

The police Inspector sighed and tried to sound as confident as he could.

“These matters are best left in the hands of the Embassy. I suggest that you go home and wait for our call. Clark has been missing just two days and it is too early to think that he has had some sort of accident. Hospitals, hotels and the Police in Turkey have all been quite categorical that they have seen no sign of your son and that they need a couple of days at least to search the other possibilities...”

Mrs Fergusen felt a tear come to her eye and brushed it away with the back of her hand.

“I’m sure that he would have contacted us by now. I know that he’s twenty and well capable of looking after himself, but he has his mobile and he should have called us... and his Facebook page has no updates at all.”

“Don’t worry, Mrs Fergusen, I’m sure that he’s just out of contact for a couple of days and that everything is alright. There will be some explanation why he has not called yet. Just be patient, these things take time...”

## Love and Sunsets

The plane touched down on the concrete with just the smallest of bumps. Through the window Clark could see the airport; a collection of buildings that had been modern thirty years ago, but now looked tired and dusty in the June heat of midday.

The slow moving queue of holiday makers filed through the passport check as they all paid their visas and wandered on to collect their baggage. Clark felt a feeling of innate superiority, he had no suitcase to collect, no booked hotel to go to and a full three months to explore the parts of Southern Turkey that were off the tourist trail.

He presented his passport and paid the few pounds for the three-month visa before heading to the front of the airport, leaving the tourists chattering around the baggage collection carousel. Another thing that gave him a feeling of condescension was the fact that he spoke fair Turkish and was looking forward to improving it in the next three months.

Three months in Turkey! A place in an Israeli working farm for another three months and then a long return trip through Greece and the Balkans were planned and booked. It was going to be a great trip; full of experiences, meeting new people and learning languages as he went.

An important building block in the life that he was just starting.

Then, he would return to the cold rain of Manchester and start University with a whole collection of tales to tell and encounters under his belt.

The area in front of the airport buildings was full of taxis manoeuvring and busses that awaited their passengers. Clark held up a hand and a taxi driver rushed up to snap up the fare.

“I need to get to Side,” said Clark in his Turkish.

The driver nodded and looked a little disappointed with the fact that here was a fare that he could not cheat, because he understood Turkish. With a resigned glare at the young man he turned on the long unused meter and drove onto the dusty highway.

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Less a hotel and more just a collection of small apartments close to the old Roman arena in Side. A bed and a small chest of drawers filled the tiny room and the dripping shower complimented the slightly run down air of the place.

Clark took a shower and was almost surprised that the water arrived almost warm. A few minutes later he was in the streets that were filled with wandering tourists and the market stalls



and shops that were trying to sell souvenirs to Germans who had no interest other than to browse until they were hungry enough to head for the nearest restaurant.

Finally, just by the unkempt ruin of the amphitheatre, Clark found a small bar and settled in to have a drink and a few bites to eat. As he sent his parents and girlfriend a quick message he sipped his beer and observed the people who were around him.

Clark slipped the phone into his pocket. Next to him sat a pretty Turkish girl of perhaps eighteen or nineteen who sipped her cola in a delicate manner. For a few minutes she looked around as if expecting to see someone whom she knew before she turned to Clark and smiled shyly.

“Are you staying in Side long?” she asked in excellent English.

Clark smiled back at her and smiled back.

“Just a few days,” he replied. “Then I plan to hire a motorbike and head inland.”

“On your own?”

“Yes, I’m here to explore the country.”

“That sounds wonderful,” she said as she finished her cola. “There is so much to see here. I love my country.”

There was a brief pause before Clark ventured another comment.

“I have three months to see some of Turkey and then I head south.”

“You are planning to go through Syria? That sounds a very dangerous road!”

Clark laughed.

“There’s a civil war there, not a good idea unless I wanted to sign up! No, I’m not going overland. I want to fly to Israel and plan to stay there a while too.”

“I could show you Side,” said the girl as she put down her glass. “If you like!”

“That sounds like it would be fun,” replied Clark in Turkish.

The girl looked startled as he haltingly tried out his Turkish.

“You speak Turkish very well,” she commented in Turkish. “Not just a common tourist then?”

“I want to see the parts of Turkey that the tourists do not see.”

“That’s a lot, the parts that the tourists do not see!”

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The next two days were like heaven for Clark. This was what he had wanted to do; meet the locals and experience the ‘real’ Turkey. Anyali took him down the coast to a beach that was not visited at all by the German and English holidaymakers and they lay on the beach and swam in the cool Mediterranean water that lapped the sand.

She took him to the ruin of a church and a small village that had been abandoned by the Greeks a hundred years before and they wandered the waist high ruins alone in the sunshine, romantically holding hands and laughing at everything that they saw.

Picnics in the long grass and stolen kisses, walks along the cliffs until they watched the sun set over the wine-dark sea. All the while they spoke Turkish as they wandered along the forgotten coastline like lovers.

Clark took photos, but Anyali insisted that she should not be in them.

“Call it superstition, call it what you like, but it brings bad luck,” she said.

“A part of your soul trapped in the picture?” laughed Clark in reply.

“No, it’s just something I don’t want,” replied Anyali.

“Whatever, it’s a shame because you are so beautiful that you outshine the mere scenery!”

“Flattery will get you everywhere!”

It was during the lilac and orange sunset on the second day that they first made love.

Not the frantic journey to climax that Clark always had with his English girlfriend, but a slow touching experience that rose in his consciousness to perfectly match the sun as it set over the shimmering water. Anyali was smooth and fresh smelling, long limbed and small breasted with a shyness that Clark found almost enchanting as he finally slipped into her and brought her to orgasm with slow movements of the hips that spoke of a passing of time in which the clocks were stilled and the sun finally dipped below the distant horizon.

Clark and Anyali lay in the grass naked and replete as the air turned cool and a breeze swept the grass with delicate fingers.

*‘This is what I came to Turkey for,’ he thought as his fingers traced the delicate olive skin that was so fresh and silky. ‘Making love to a beautiful Turkish girl as the sun sets while a tranquil sea laps at our feet... Life can get no better.’*

Anyali turned to Clark and twined her fingers through his as his hand stroked her small breasts.

“I always wanted to marry a European,” she said in a soft voice. “I hate all the men that my mother wants me to marry and I am even lucky that she gives me a choice!”

Clark felt a shiver run down from the nape of his neck. Suddenly the romance of the evening was gone in a moment. The cooling breeze was no longer a welcoming touch; the goose pimples that rose on his flesh were from trepidation.

He did not know what to say, but he pulled his hand free of hers and sat up.

“You must meet my mother,” said Anyali, not noticing Clark’s sudden movement. “I’m sure that she will approve of you as my husband, she *will* like you!”

“I am so sorry,” said Clark.

It was all he could think of to say in his limited Turkish.

“Pardon?”

“I cannot marry you, I have to go to University and then there’s the rest of my holiday...”

“You have to!” she replied. “I have given myself...”

“I thought...”

“You thought that you could have me and then just leave me like some whore?” she replied as she too sat up and looked him in the eye.

Clark did not understand the Turkish word for ‘whore’, but he understood the bitter tone in her voice.

“No, no! That’s not what I meant!”

“What did you mean then?” she asked as she looked him up and down. “Tomorrow we will go to see my mother and you can explain that you want to marry me, or...”

The threat was implied and Clerk felt a small sick feeling in his stomach.

When he did not reply, but just pulled on his T shirt, Anyali smiled grimly.

“I want you, you will make a perfect husband,” she said in English, “because rape is a word that I do not want to use!”

## Miss Understanding

Clark left his hotel.

Suddenly the holiday had become a nightmare! He could not contact his parents or girlfriend with a problem like this, he felt. He had to sort this out on his own, as an adult. As the hotel receptionist completed some obscure piece of bureaucratic paperwork he stood and waited for the return of his passport.

*'I could just run away,'* he thought to himself. *'Head up the coast for Antalya and then to Istanbul to escape!'*

The thoughts of how he was going to escape from this terrible mistake consumed him, but an inner moral voice told him that running away was the coward's way out. Last night he had scarcely slept and woken in a sweat that all the showering had not erased.

Finally, the paperwork was finished and the receptionist smiled.

"Thank you," he said in English with a heavy accent.

"Passport please," asked Clark in Turkish.

"I give it to Ogun," said the receptionist.

"Ogun?"

"Where you next stay," continued, oblivious to the panic in Clark's voice and bearing. "He say you go there next..." continued the receptionist in broken English.

Clark looked down into the small safe behind the reception and saw that it was empty.

"It's my property, how can you give it to someone else?"

"Ogun asked, and he is an important man!"

In a daze Clark walked out of the hotel onto the bright street. Suddenly the tourists, Germans, English and French seemed the ones who were care-free. He, Clark, was the man who was not on holiday any more. His superiority over all the cheese-white tourists melted in the bright sun and left him standing alone amongst a crowd that passed his forlorn figure in cheerful chatter. Their only care was what to have for dinner, which beach to visit tomorrow or the dripping tap in their bathroom.

The police!

*‘I should go to the police,’ he thought. ‘I must have my passport if I am going to escape!’*

A hand closed on Clark’s shoulder and he turned in surprise to find a woman offering her hand to him.

“Excuse me?” he asked.

“Hello, my name is Erdali. My sister, Anyali, sent me with our brother to pick you up,” she said in English.

Behind her stood a young Turkish man who just nodded a ‘hello’ with a thin smile and then ignored the rest of the conversation.

“He’s Ogun,” said Erdali, “Anyali’s older brother.”

Clark looked at Ogun and saw that he was a muscular man who looked impatient and gave an aggressive frown when he heard his own name amidst all the English that he could not understand.

“I need my passport,” said Clark, looking at Ogun and wondering how he was going to get out of this difficult situation.

“It is safe,” said Erdali.

“I’m sure that it is, but it’s mine and I might need it. Suppose that the police asked for it?”

“Ogun is a policeman... of sorts, so you need have no worries there,” said Erdali. “Now then, the car is here and I am taking you to meet your future wife, Anyali, so you should be glad.”

As she spoke she turned to face the black Mercedes that had pulled up with a swish at the kerb. Ogun opened the door to the sumptuous interior and gave Clark a meaningful look.

“Please, let’s not make a scene,” said Erdali as she stepped into the rear of the car. “My family wish to meet you, so you really can’t say ‘no’.”

Clark slipped into the car and the door slammed shut behind him.

## Meet The Family

The car wended its way out of Side with stately progress. The driver was a young woman in uniform who sat rigidly at the wheel as she negotiated the narrow streets. Clark gazed out of the window with a sinking feeling in his stomach. He should have been on the train by now.

Clark recognized the run-down streets of Manavgat and then the car was suddenly loose of the small town and on the open road. Dusty olive groves passed and those small villages that laced the foothills of the mountains. The car made its stately way to the end of the metaled road and slowly passed a last few villages before arriving at a gate that pierced a huge wall.

At their arrival, the gate opened majestically to reveal a garden in complete contrast to the dusty plains they had just passed. Palms and rhododendrons glistened in the spray of sprinklers that cast rainbows over the well-kept lawns, a few gardeners working in the shade, pruning and tending the shrubberies laden with heavy blooms and glistening fronds.

Finally, a house was revealed, a mansion, a palace of epic proportions, built with a nod to colonial châteaux, with more than a touch of Turkish elegance.

“Built for the Ottoman governor of the region,” commented Erdali. “Three hundred years of history. In fact, our family boasts one of the last Beys of Side actually. If you back far enough.”

“It’s beautiful,” replied Clark. “The gardens...”

“Mother loves the gardens,” said Erdali. “She is so proud of our family’s home.”

The car drew up on the mosaic pavement outside the house and Erdali leaned across Clark to open the door.

“Be careful,” she said with a small frown. “It is important to show proper respect to Valide Sultana Elmas, she decides everything!”

“Valide Sultana Elmas?”

“My mother,” explained Erdali. “She is most particular! Speak only Turkish, show respect and do not argue, it would not be proper and it is so important for Anyali that you make a good impression, she must not be shamed by the man that she has chosen to marry.”

Clark bit back a comment and slid out of the car.

Four servants, liveried and pompous, stood by the open double doors and it finally penetrated Clark’s thoughts that Anyali was part of a very wealthy family. He wondered a little at the fact

that Anyali had never mentioned her father. it seemed that this was a matriarchy, he thought to himself.

The hallway was decked in marble and cool. Sweeping staircases wound under a dome and more servants stood to attention at their foot. It seemed that he was an important guest! He looked around and saw that both Ogun and Erdali stood to attention, just like the servants, so he clasped his hands behind him and waited for what was clearly supposed to be a grand entrance.

They stood for several minutes until Clark started to look around at the magnificent hall. Doors led in every direction, a sweeping balcony circled the room and the dome was painted like an autumnal sky the glistened with a golden orb of a sun that peeped from behind the clouds at the very peak of the ceiling.

At last, there was a stirring on the balcony. Two servants appeared at the railings and there was the sound of a door opening. A tall older woman appeared at the top of the stairs, one hand extended to clasp that of Anyali as they walked. Both were dressed in long black silk that draped from head to the floor.

“Valide Sultana Elmas”, announced one of the servants as the two women stepped down the staircase. As they walked Valide Sultana Elmas whispered to her daughter a few words and Anyali nodded agreement.

“I would like to introduce you to Valide Sultana Elmas. My mother and the head of the family,” said Anyali in Turkish.

“Er, thank you,” said Clark, not knowing the word for ‘enchanted’ in Turkish.

He wondered if he should be bowing or kissing her hand, but in the end he just nodded and tried to smile.

## Further Inquiries

“You are really causing quite a fuss, Mrs. Fergusen,” said the Police Inspector to the stone-faced woman who stood just a little too close for comfort. “Clark has been missing just a week now and you are threatening to turn this whole matter into an incident of almost diplomatic proportions.”

“He’s my son, he’s vanished and no one has any idea of what is going on,” said Mrs. Fergusen in a grating voice. “You have no idea, he has no idea,” she pointed at the low grade representative whom the Turkish Embassy had sent, “and what’s worse I have no idea what has happened to him.”

“Mrs. Fergusen, Clark will be on some beach, under an umbrella sipping a cocktail with some female tourist that he has hooked up with,” said the Turkish representative. “We have checked all of the usual places and there is no sign of him,” he continued. “I suggest that we wait a week or two and that he will turn up wondering what all of the fuss is about.”

“Not good enough!” said Mrs. Fergusen with an exasperated sigh. “I shall stand outside the Turkish Embassy until you find him! That’s a promise...”

“Madame,” said the Turk, “that is really not necessary and will not help matters. What I need to know, is... did Clark have any plans to go to Syria? Is he, in some way involved with the, ahem, political strife that makes the place so very unsafe at the moment?”

“Are you suggesting that he is a Jihadist?” shouted Mrs. Fergusen. “Shame on you, he planned time in Turkey and then to go to Israel, how does that fit your theory that he is a suicide bomber or some such?”

“He was only asking a reasonable question,” said the Inspector. “There are loads of young men heading for the war in Syria and there is always the possibility...”

“Ridiculous!” spluttered Mrs. Fergusen. “There is not a religious bone in his body. Church of England, that’s what he is. Heard of any C of E suicide bombers recently?”

“I’m sure that it was not meant as an insult,” Mrs. Fergusen. “We are just checking all of the possibilities”

“Well, I am insulted!”

“We will find him,” said the Turkish Embassy official in a resigned tone.

“You’d better, if you want rid of me standing outside your door!”



The meeting broke up with Mrs. Fergusen refusing to shake hands, at which the official pulled a face as he pulled back his hand.

“Find my son,” was Mrs. Fergusen’s parting word as she stormed out of the interview room.

“I’m so sorry about that,” said the Inspector to the Turkish official when the door closed. “She’s obviously very concerned and I’m afraid that there’s nothing that we can do to help you further in the search.”

“Just get her from the steps of the embassy, she’s an embarrassment!”

“This is not Turkey,” said the Inspector. “She has the perfect right to stand on public ground...”

“There is more at stake than just finding some footloose idiot,” said the official darkly. “There are political matters that could affect the relations between Turkey and your once great country!”

“I am not the one to speak to about this, that all goes through different channels.”

“Channels? This embarrassment would not happen in Turkey.”

“This is not Turkey!”

The official shook his head as though he understood the words, but the meaning had escaped him. As chief of the Political Police Section in Britain he wondered sometimes how it was that a chaotic country like Britain even lasted a year without some sort of firm political guidance.

Deeper in his mind, screened by a wall of caution and self-control he wondered what the Ambassador would do, knowing that the stupid young Englishman had annoyed one of the most powerful families of South Anatolia.

He had researched the Fergusens. Middle class professionals. No titles, no land and certainly no political pull. The Agun’s had been most interested and ordered him to dig deeper. He had complied and found nothing, the main frustration was not knowing how it was that Clark had upset them... still that was all far above his head and of no concern of his.

Still, that was not *his* problem and anyway it was probably just a seven-day wonder after all. Who cared that a single young man had got himself into trouble?

No one at all, at least not in Turkey!

## **Mother of The Bride**

The meal had been exceptional. Servants delivered one dish after another to a table that groaned with delicacies. Clark sat at one end of the table, five persons removed from Anyali. He longed to have a private chat with her, explain the difficulty of his position, clarify that they were lovers and not groom and bride-to-be, but there was no chance as Valide Sultana Elmas dominated the conversation and all the other guests were respectfully quiet.

She introduced the other guests and Clark's head swam with the names and positions. Cousins, uncles, aunts and siblings, twenty people ate at the table while as many servants scurried with dishes and drinks to satisfy them all. Valide Sultana Elmas asked questions, what did he do for a living? What were his prospects? Was his family important? How did he come to learn to speak Turkish? And what were his own plans for the coming wedding?

Her Turkish was stately and old fashioned and Clark struggled to understand the niceties of her speech, but there was one thing that he did understand! At some point he would have to break the news that he had no intention to marry, that his fling with Anyali was a holiday romance and nothing more, despite her beliefs to the contrary.

But, now was clearly not the time and place, so he nodded and smiled. Answered the questions as well he could, honestly, but over emphasizing the wealth and importance of his own family.

Valide Sultana Elmas nodded at his replies and smiled, though it seemed to Clark that the smile was a mask that hid a labyrinth of secrets.

The meal came to an end at last, leaving Clark, the imposing Valide Sultana Elmas, Anyali and Ogun sitting on a veranda sipping tea. Clark thanked Anyali's mother for the meal and tried to answer the questions about himself. At last, the talk turned to weddings and Clark decided that the time had come to bite the bullet.

"My plans are to see a little more of this wonderful country," he said tactfully. "Then I am off to Israel to the place that I have reserved on a Kibbutz."

The comment brought the others around the table to a sudden stop.

"Did I understand you correctly?" asked Ogun with a growl. "You intend to continue your holiday and put off the wedding?"

"I'm sure that he is going to stay," said Anyali in a faint voice, "how can he go now?"

"And then I have to get back to start my university courses," continued Clark.

Elmas frowned and looked at her daughter with a disdainful look before she spoke.

“And you gave yourself to this wastrel?”

Tears came to Anyali’s eyes and she nodded.

“Let me get this straight,” said Ogun to Clark. “You do not plan to marry my sister?”

His tone was low, but there was considerable menace in the words.

“Er, I think that that would be a mistake,” muttered Clark in Turkish.

Valide Elmas drew herself up straight and seemed to be about to make a pronouncement. She looked at her two children and then pressed her lips together before she trusted herself to speak.

“Tomorrow! It is late and we should really discuss this tomorrow,” she said. “You will stay here, as our guest tonight and we shall have a serious discussion in the light of day...”

Ogun glanced at his mother and then nodded slowly, Anyali’s eyes filled with tears and she said to Clark in English.

“Please, Clark, reconsider this, you have no idea of what will happen if you refuse my mother. She is not a woman that you should take lightly!”

“I’m sorry Anyali,” said Clark in Turkish. “How can I get married when I have so many plans for my life. It would ruin everything...”

Elmas stood up.

“This is not something that will be discussed now. We shall all retire now and tomorrow it will be discussed further. I will not listen while this *serrefsiz* insults the whole Agun line... It is intolerable!”

Clark looked up at her and felt a premonition of apprehension at the full bodied figure in black who stood outlined against the lights of the house.

‘*Still,*’ he thought to himself the deed was done. ‘*How could they think that a short romance would lead to marriage?*’

Tomorrow, he would be gone... he would leave this area, explore Istanbul or Ankyra and this mistake would be left far behind.

Anyali would get over it, of that he was sure!

Valide Sultana Elmas Agun swept from the table like an insulted queen.

It was Ogun that spoke when she had gone. “That was a mistake, Mr Clark, you are *sherrefseez*, and you will eat your words forever!” he said in a harsh tone.

It was the second time that Clark did not understand. He knew the word ‘*şeref*’, something to do with honour or pride and knew an insult when it was spoken. He watched as Ogun took his weeping sister’s hand and dragged her from the table with a rush of steps and wondered how it had all gone so wrong. Didn’t they all understand that he just could not marry Anyali?

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a liveried servant who took him in hand and led him to the bedroom that had been assigned to him. Clark was led through the mansion, his steps rang on the marble, only servants moved in the house. They traversed a long corridor and the servant opened the door to a sumptuous room, bowed slightly with an ironic smile and then closed the door to leave him alone with his thoughts.

Clark went to the balcony door and stood a few minutes looking over the expanse of the gardens. The moon lit the palms and carefully pruned bushes with a mournful yellowish light. In the distance he could see the wall that surrounded the palace. Tomorrow would bring a confrontation, that he knew, but as his father always said, it was better to face problems head on and solve them, no matter how painful, than live in fear of the consequences...

## Private Conversations

“Hillary will be here in a few minutes,” said Miss Clearmont.

She stretched out her legs and rested the points of her heels on the carpet as she continued to speak: “This assignment is vital for two reasons and I am trusting you to make this work!”

Veronica, the woman who stood before her was in complete contrast to her heavy set mistress. Tallish, spare, dressed in casual black jeans and top, she just nodded slightly and focussed on the implication beneath the words. There was always deeper meaning when her mistress spoke.

“We need to get into this market... the Middle East and this is our route in. This means that you will take Hillary with you. But, I want you to give her a free hand, consider it a test!”

“Of my capabilities?” asked Veronica.

“Of your capabilities I have no doubt,” smiled Miss Clearmont. “It is Hillary that I have my doubts about! She has to prove herself, prove that she is able to carry out my orders to the letter and more. Your only brief is to ensure that she does not damage the understanding that I have so carefully built with Mistress Elmas Agun. One misstep and she is cast to the winds...”

“I am not sure if this is a good idea...”

“It will show our commitment, at small cost. If she comes through, then she will have found a place, if not...” Irene left the rest of the words unsaid, but Veronica understood and nodded.

“They control the market,” said Miss Clearmont in a business-like tone. “Anything better than thirty percent is good, forty would be excellent. They control everything in Turkey, assume that every line is listened to, every communication is recorded and every action filmed. We can use this to our advantage... If there is anyone who can make it work it is you!”

“Your trust in me is pleasing, Miss Irene.”

“And well placed.”

There was a quiet knock at the door and Irene smiled as she called out, “One moment, Hillary.”

Veronica nodded and knelt on the sumptuous carpet to kiss the shoes of her owner.

“It’s been a while...” said Irene in a throaty voice.

“Whenever you order it, Mistress.”

“Perhaps when you return, you can show me that you still love pleasing me.”

Veronica looked up at the strong legs and felt an emotion that she could not quite identify. Love? Devotion? Dread? It made no difference, it was an emotion that slaked her thirst, the tension of never knowing, the sensuality of serving the woman who owned every breath that she took. Veronica bore the savage marks of previous nights of passion almost with pride. There were not many that this woman did not invite to her bed to play with that walked free in the morning light.

“Enough,” ordered Irene.

She watched Veronica stand to face her. The impassive features, the emotionless aura, it invited attempts to break through it and find the real Veronica under that detached form.

“Come in Hillary,” called out Irene. “We need to have a little chat.

## **Moonlit Gardens**

Clark lay awake.

He had slept an hour or two, a troubled slumber that ended when he suddenly awoke to find himself amongst the moonlight shadows of the night. His thoughts ranged over his situation and he wondered how he was supposed to get back to Side in the morning. The house lay perhaps twenty miles from Manavgat, perhaps he would have to walk?

He glanced at his watch and saw that it was two in the morning. Perhaps it would be better to leave now? Then, he thought of his passport in Ogun's hands and changed his mind. For half an hour he pondered his options before he realised that he did not need a passport to get to a British embassy and get new travel documents. Perhaps it would be better to leave now, get to his room in Side and then catch a train to Istanbul.

He dressed and went to the door.

For a moment his hand hovered over the handle of the door, before he crouched to look through the large keyhole. A faint light shone through to his eye and it took a moment to see clearly. He saw movement and then for a moment the outline of a hand. It seemed that there was someone guarding the door!

Clark looked around and then headed for the balcony. A breath of warm air met him as he opened the door and crouched down to creep to the balustrade. The garden was dark, the moon was obscured by cloud, but he could see that there was no movement.

Carefully, Clark peered over the edge of the balcony and noted the almost gothic carvings that decorated the house. There would be no problem climbing down, as long as he could be quiet enough. He had traversed worse on the climbing wall in the fitness centre.

It took just a few minutes and he found himself far from the main entrance of the palace standing behind a huge rhododendron bush that filled the air with the scent of its blooms. The wall was just visible in the gloom, Clark moved from cover to cover as he forced himself to be slow. Movement would attract any watching eyes.

A curtain twitched far above, unseen by the fugitive because of the black on black of the darkness of room and shadows. Anyali watched as her lover, her husband-to-be flitted as he went. She felt a tear, but it did not roll. She let the curtain drop and stood indecisive.

It was always amusing to play with men, pose as a vulnerable sweet girl, all the while knowing where the latest lover would end. A game that always ended in tragedy, a game that she never tired of playing.

She slipped from her room and knocked at her mother's door. Better not to enter, who knew what transpired there? She waited patiently, after all, there was no way that her 'groom to be' could escape and the hunt was always entertaining. Anyali shivered. It was not cool; it was a presentiment of the second level of her little entertainment that excited her.

At last Clark reached the wall. Fifteen feet of sheer smooth brick that offered no purchase. Clark followed the wall and found a palm that grew just a foot or two from the wall. Its surface was rough, easy to climb and it was perfect to get to the top of the wall. He shimmied up the tree and found himself perched on smooth tiles that topped the wall. Behind him lay the green, lush garden, below on the other side were strewn rocks, dust and sparse bushes that did not offer a safe landing. With care he lowered himself and dropped to the ground.

Clark breathed a sigh of relief and looked at his watch. It was three in the morning, he had perhaps fifteen miles to cover in just a few hours, with luck he would be in Manavgat by seven, a taxi to his hotel and then to Antalya to catch the train to Istanbul.

It seemed a good plan.



## Road to Nowhere

Eskişehir station in Antalya was a nineteen-nineties concrete eyesore, bustling with people and small stalls, Clark made his way to his platform clutching his ticket in a sweaty hand. As soon as he was on that train and it pulled from the station he would have left all of his problems behind!

He took his seat in the carriage and settled down. The train stood past its scheduled time and Clark looked out of the windows, half expecting to see that ogre, Ogun, walking down the platform, but at last the train pulled from the station with a smooth slithering sound and Clark exhaled with relief.

A last glimpse of the sea and the train speeded to climb onto the Anatolian plateau. Clark pulled a dog-eared book from his rucksack and immersed himself in the history of the Ottoman Empire. An hour later, a ticket inspector arrived. He passed the ticket as valid with a few friendly words and then moved on. Clark slumbered and only woke when the train slid into Karaman station where he would have to change for Istanbul. He stood on the platform for a minute or two as he got his bearings and then headed for a huge sign that detailed the train times and platforms.

He ran his finger down the times and destinations, ignoring the wandering scroungers who tried to beg from him. Finally, he located the train that he needed and started to stroll to the ticket office. For a minute, Clark stood in the queue at the gate off the platform before presenting his ticket to the uniformed guard.

The man turned the ticket in his hand and then stopped Clark with an upheld hand.

“This ticket is not valid for today,” he said. “There is more to pay!” Clark made as if to take the ticket back and inspect it again, but the guard moved his hand away and said: “I will call the station police, please wait a moment.”

Clark knew that his ticket was in order, after all, he had bought it just a few hours ago and the inspector on the train had passed it, so he started to argue, “The ticket is valid,” he said. “I have a connection to make, how long will this take?”

“Just a moment *bayim*. The policeman is on his way...”

The guard indicated the red button on his radio and pressed it with a significant movement of the thumb.

“Just wait to the side a moment, *bayim*, I’m sure that it’s all in order...”

For a moment, Clark had an impulse to run, but then he noticed a man pressing through the queue with a self-important manner that indicated his authority. His arm brushed his jacket to reveal a holstered pistol and Clark knew that running away was not an option.

The plainclothes policeman nodded to Clark and spoke a few words to the guard before he took the ticket and inspected it.

“This ticket is not valid,” he said. “Come with me.”

“Of course it is, I bought it just this morning in Antalya,” replied Clark. “There is some mistake... can I check it please?”

“In the office,” said the policeman.

“I’ll miss my train!”

“You won’t miss anything,” said the man with a scowl as he reached for the pair of handcuffs hanging from his belt. “Come now...”

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Clark found himself in an office standing before a desk. Behind the desk sat a fat man in an ill-fitting grubby white suit who inspected the ticket minutely before looking up and speaking in English: “Passport please.”

“I’ve lost it,” said Clark.

“That’s not a good start at all, *bayim*. Of course, you reported the loss to the police?”

“Not yet,” stuttered Clark. “I was in a hurry to get to Istanbul and had no time.”

“And, why are you in such a hurry to get to Istanbul?”

“To meet someone,” lied Clark. “In Istanbul, I can get a new one from the Embassy.”

The man sat back in his chair and eyed Clark with a sceptical look.

“Passports are such important documents,” he said slowly. “They should not be treated with such a casual attitude! It is illegal not to be able to present passport and visa in this beautiful country of ours, this means that you are breaking the law. There are many people who try to hide their identities and business in Türkiye, especially with the troubles in Syria. Can you prove who you are?”

“I have my driving licence...”

Clark passed his driving licence to the man who took it and held it up to the light as if sceptical of its authenticity. Finally, he opened a drawer and tossed the card in, before slamming the drawer shut.

“I think that we will have to do a little investigation on you,” he said. “In the meantime you will sample our hospitality and wait the results of our inquiry. I admit that you do not look like a terrorist, but then nowadays one can never be too careful!”

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The cell was clean and Spartan, the window high, barred and the door slammed with a finality that told Clark that he was possibly in serious trouble. He had heard of this sort of thing, but never expected to be the victim. On the other hand, soon they would have checked him and he would be free to go, possibly with a fine and a telling off or some such. Then he could catch a train tomorrow and be on his way.

At least this saved a hotel room for the night!

After several hours of pacing the floor and sitting on the edge of the hard bench in the cell, Clark started to become agitated. The cell was becoming uncomfortably warm and the sounds and smells from the yard outside just emphasised his captivity.

A rattle in the lock and the door opened.

The uniformed policeman made a small movement with his hand and showed Clark the cuffs in his hand.

“You are putting me in cuffs?” asked Clark in Turkish.

“Now!” said the policeman as he clicked them into place. “We don’t like foreigners who think that they can spy on us and pretend to be tourists,” he continued.

He led the Englishman past endless cell doors into what seemed to be an interview room. There was just a table where the cuffs were locked fast to a ring on his chair while the policeman stood by the door and refused to answer any questions.

The metal of the cuffs bit into Clark’s wrists and he moved a little to relieve the pressure. He heard indistinct voices in the corridor and then the door opened.

Clark’s heart leapt into his throat as he recognised Ogun walk into the cell. Suited, with a pistol hanging from a half-buckled holster on his side he nodded to the uniformed policeman and dismissed him with a word. For a moment he stood looking down at Clark with a small smile twitching on his lips before he pulled up a chair and sat at the table.

“What is this?” spluttered Clark. “This is nothing to do with my ticket, is it?”

“Of course not,” laughed Ogun. “This is to do with disrespect, dishonesty and my little sister!”

“Are you going to force me to marry her?” asked Clark.

“No, at least, I don’t think so, well, not anymore!”

“Then why are you here?”

Ogun said something that Clark did not understand. When he saw the blank look on Clark’s face he slowed his Turkish and spoke in simple words: “You are going to pay for your insolence. You are not fit to lick my sister’s feet, so you will learn that no one can insult our family and escape their fate...”

Clark started to speak, but Ogun interrupted him.

“Since you are a coward and a liar, you are only fit to serve, so my mother has arranged a position for you in a special place where you will learn to do just that!”

“What?”

Ogun ignored the shock on Clark’s face and continued to explain: “Türkiye has a long history of training outsiders to respect their culture, you are just entering that tradition. Make sure that you learn very well, because when you return to my mother as her property you will find that your every breath depends on her wisdom. She is not a woman to suffer disrespect and expects every servant to serve without question...”

Clark found the Turkish hard to follow, but the meaning was clear.

“You can’t do this to me,” he shouted in English. “I need to speak to the ambassador, I want my phone call...”

“I don’t understand your foolish language,” said Ogun in Turkish. “But, let me tell you something important. A word of wisdom if you will! Obey every word, suffer in silence, learn to please your teachers and be prepared to serve my mother in every detail.”

He paused for a few seconds and then said: “When we meet again, you will learn what happens to a man who shames the *whole* of the Agun family.”

## Course of Inquiry

“I’m sorry Madame,” said the policeman apologetically, “but if you continue to stay here, then I will be forced to arrest you for blocking the highway!”

He looked at the chain that fixed Mrs Fergusen to the railings outside the Turkish Embassy. The nod to the suffragettes was clear. A notice hung on the railings that stated a simple question: ‘Where is my son?’

“Please don’t make me do this,” he said as a man approached with a huge pair of bolt cutters. “It’s just making a scene...”

“That’s exactly the idea,” spat Mrs Fergusen angrily. “They are not even looking for my boy! Five weeks since he went to that shit country and the Turkish police have not even started to search! I have heard nothing”

The cutters snipped at the chains and parted the links as the policeman put his hand on the distraught woman’s shoulder.

“I am sure that they are doing their best. This certainly doesn’t help anything, all this fuss and bother. Now then, come along and we’ll have a cup of tea and discuss the whole thing. Anyway, your son is probably on some beach with a girl in a bikini...”

“Don’t be so bloody ridiculous,” said Mrs Ferguson, but she allowed herself to be led away.

The curtain in an upstairs window twitched and the head of the Millî İstihbarat Teşkilatı looked down with a small frown. The British were so strange, he decided. One moment the shadow Foreign Minister was raising questions in the house, the next they were leading protesters away like lambs.

The draped curtain closed, and so did the unimportant affair.

## İlköğretim Okulu

The policemen who hustled Clark from the room to the stifling van spoke no English and refused to speak a word of Turkish to their charge. They bundled him into the van with a shove and then attached a chain to his cuffs before slamming the doors. It set off with a start and bumped over uneven roads. Clark, in the darkness of the back of the van, was thrown on the smooth floor, pulling at his cuffs and bruising his wrists. He managed to wedge himself in a corner and braced his legs to hold his position.

The van came to a sudden halt; Clark being thrown against the driver's partition with a bruising jolt. Dazed, he heard voices outside the van, doors opened and slammed closed and the vehicle bumped into motion again. The new driver seemed even more careless of the passenger and the ride became rougher as the van sped on back roads and then started its climb.

The ride seemed to last forever and Clark lost in his fight to stop himself sliding to and fro in the back of the shaking van. He felt sick, though whether it was fear or the movement he had no idea. The last words of Ogun ringing in his head.

The van was obviously on a rolling farm track and came to a halt. Once again, Clark heard the driver's doors open and then conversation. When the light came, it flooded the interior and Clark instinctively crouched down in the corner as it he was able to hide from his captors.

A high pitched woman's voice made him look out of the van. He saw a tiny woman standing with her hands on her hips.

"Get out *köle*" she repeated and lifted her head.

"This is all a terrible mistake," began Clark as he sat up in the corner of the van.

The woman had a high pitched voice that knifed through his words, "Don't make me get you," she said. "Start on the right foot!"

Clark displayed the chain that locked his handcuffs to a ring on the inside wall of the van. She shook her head and screamed at the driver to unlock her captive. The driver of the van appeared, a huge man dressed in a greasy T shirt and canvas pants. He behaved as though he was scared of the little woman in black leather and climbed into the van to unlock the padlock. Clark could smell the rank sweat on him as he finally managed to unlock the small padlock with his huge hands.

Clark followed the driver from the van and slipped down to stand facing the woman who seemed to be giving all of the orders.

“I am Valide Yardil,” she said as she looked him up and down. “You are here because you have upset some very important people who have decided to pay for you to learn a new existence. Their investment is now my responsibility.”

Clark looked over Yardil’s shoulder and saw a huge black Jeep standing in the dust by the side of the road. By it stood another woman who had a mastiff on a leash that stood panting in the heat of midday.

“All women are teachers; all teachers are to be addressed as Valide. All Valide are to be obeyed utterly or the punishments will be terrible. The *ilköğretim okulu* now owns your contract and expects to make a tidy profit when you are sold back to the woman who has declared an interest. Valide Agun is a woman whose tastes are most particular and she has ordered you to be trained to her satisfaction...”

There was a moment’s pause and then Yardil asked, “Do you understand?”

Clark nodded dumbly to her. The nightmare overwhelmed him and he dared not ask this woman what many of her unfamiliar words meant. An *ilköğretim okulu* was some sort of school, on that point he was clear... *valide* was some sort of title, though its significance escaped him and the rest was surely explained by the mastiff and the long whip coiled at Yardil’s waist.

“I asked you a question!”

“I understand...”

“I don’t think that you do yet, but you will soon,” she said.

He trailed her to the Jeep, so confident of his obedience was she, that she never even checked to see if he was following. Yardil was not more than five feet tall, tiny even in the high heeled boots that she wore. Despite the heat of the sun she wore a leather blouse and a tight skirt in black leather like the woman who held the dogs’ leashes. The door to the Jeep was opened and Clark slipped into the cool interior. As he did so the van that had brought him to this desolate spot drove away in a cloud of dust and he was alone with three women who it seemed owned him in some way. Yardil, the woman with the dogs and a large woman who sat behind the wheel of the car and scarcely paid him any attention.

The click of a lock sufficed to chain a collar to him that fixed him in position on the rear bench of the car whilst the dogs were caged at the back. Yardil slid in to sit next to Clark and the other woman sat in the front.

“Let’s go,” said Yardil. “We have just two hours before my meeting, so let’s get moving!”

“I don’t understand why you bothered,” said the woman in the front passenger seat as the car picked up speed. “This is the first time that you’ve been along for the ride in months...”

“Valide Sultana Elmas Agun is a woman who I want to please,” said Yardil. “It would not be wise to go against her requests and I want to show that I am paying particular attention to her needs.”

The women carried on their conversation over Clark without a care even though he understood the gist of their meaning.

“Ah,” said the fat woman in the front. “To be a *kraliçe* like Valide Sultana Elmas would be such a pleasure... to have any man and play with him, bend him to the point of breaking and then past it! That would be the greatest pleasure in the world for me!”

“She sells them on to those Sultans and Beys in the Gulf states for us,” said Yardil. “She owns the *ilköğretim okulu* and without her protection we would not be having this conversation, so now you see why this foreigner is so important to us and me? It is because he is the personal choice of the Valide and I need to show proper respect!”

“So, we’ll drop you off at the villa?”

“Of course,” said Yardil. “I’ll meet the Americans and then be with them to show them around. You sort out this piece of shit and I’ll check on him later.”

There was silence in the car, but for the occasional squeak of the suspension as the Jeep negotiated a particularly large bump in the road. Clarke’s head span with the words that he had heard. It seemed that the girl that he had fucked and spent a few pleasant evenings with was the daughter of what amounted to a woman who was involved in some sort of slave trade. Her son, Ogun, was a policeman of some sort and they all lived together in a palace and lorded it over the whole area. He shuddered and cursed his bad luck.

He never even had a chance to escape, what hope was there now?

None!

The car pulled into a large paved area. To one side was a high wall pierced by a gate. Clark could see a villa in the greenery behind. As he was borne further he looked back and saw Yardil stand at the gates as they opened ponderously.

The car did not go much further, just another mile or two across the dust and dry shrubs before it slit into a cutting that ended at a solid steel gate that required the driver to leave the car and open the door with a keypad.

By the time that the doors had slid open, the driver was back in. She drove fifty feet and waited until the door had closed behind them. She then opened the next set of sliding doors and the car drove down a tunnel before coming into the light and pulling up before what seemed to Clark to be some sort of run-down palace.



As he was released from the car, the woman from the passenger side allowed the dogs out and leashed them. She then added Clark's leash to the skeins in her gloved hand and led Clark and the dogs into the *ilköğretim okulu*, the school for infants and beginners. The place where everything of past life was left behind for its unwilling pupils.

## **The Visitors**

Veronica stepped out of the Jeep and looked up at the rambling old palace that she had travelled thirty hours to get to. Slowly she turned on her heel and scanned the surroundings as she waited for the driver to unload her bags from the car. The garden was lush and not a little overgrown and the scent of damp greenery was carried to her nostrils by the hissing sprinklers that cast rainbows in the air.

A small woman dressed in black emerged at the top of the steps by the portico and she recognised Yardil, the woman that she had come to meet on the behalf of her Mistress.

“Let me do the talking,” said Veronica to her companion. “You are here to learn, Hillary. These people can be tricky to deal with and will drive a hard bargain. What we need are their contacts in the Gulf States, the rest is just cream on the coffee!”

Veronica bit her lip, she had said too much! It was for Hillary to survive on her own account, on that much, Miss Clearmont had been clear.

Hillary nodded and ran a hair through her white hair.

She was a contrast to Veronica. Flamboyantly dressed instead of the black jeans and cowboy boots that her companion affected. A short, revealing summer dress and high heels, white hair, not midnight black and plentiful make-up.

“Welcome,” said Yardil in her high pitched voice. “I’m sorry, but my English is limited. Did you have a good trip?”

“Fine,” said Veronica. “We would like to thank you for the arrangements you made. I trust that the small gift that we sent on ahead arrived safe and sound?”

“Arrived yesterday,” replied Yardil with a small smile as she offered her hand. “Please come inside and we can do the formal introductions and have a little refreshment.”

“This is Hillary,” said Veronica. “She will be in charge of the arrangements that we work out in the next few days.”

“Selamar!” said Hillary in Turkish as she extended a hand.

Veronica laughed to see the shock on Yardil’s face and added: “She’s been learning a little Turkish in the past few months in preparation for this business with you. Be gentle on her!”

The driver of the car carried the bags of the American women ahead of the three women and disappeared into the darkness of the mansion as they strolled up the steps and entered the cool hallway.

“This little palace was a summer retreat in the past,” said Yardil, revealing that her English was rather better than she had indicated. “We have been here about twenty years now and are about to start a full restoration.”

“It’s ideal,” said Veronica. “And isolated!”

“That is one of the reasons that we moved here when the new government took power,” said Yardil. “But, it turns out that we have established good contacts when we thought that it would be the start of difficult times... they are sympathetic!”

A line of servants stood against the marble walls of the ante-room as if they were an honour guard. All were dressed in tight black suits and were collared and wore a steel band on their wrist that was clearly not intended to be removed. Standing at the end of the line was a tall woman who had two large dogs on leashes that lay sprawling and panted while they watched the proceedings.

“Can I introduce Valide Eklm, the chief of security here?”

Yardil spoke a few words in Turkish to the woman who held the leashes of the mastiffs, who nodded her head in greeting and smiled.

“An introduction,” whispered Hillary to Veronica.

Valide Eklm spoke a few words and Yardil translated.

“Much of the security we have is the dogs that live here,” said Yardil. “It is important for them to understand that you are visitors who will be allowed to leave! Just pat them on the head and take the leashes for a moment to show them that you are not one of the items for sale.”

The two Americans scratched the dogs briefly and took a leash each from Valide Eklm’s hand. The dogs padded around them and then settled down at the feet of their new supervisors with just a yawn and a slight showing of their teeth.

“Good,” said Yardil. “Now that we are introduced, let’s take a little tea before a brief tour of the palace.”

The group of three women passed into a cavernous room and were seated on couches. Behind each was a servitor, naked but for high heels and the ubiquitous collar and wrist band. Two of them were women who stood rigidly to attention. Obviously European rather than Turkish both had splendid bodies and had obviously been well trained to present them to best advantage.

On foot slightly forward, thighs slightly apart to show the jewellery embedded and small silver bells hanging from chains that swayed from their large breasts. The other servant was a man who seemed at ease in his heels, his large cock inside a filigreed cage.

“These are your personal attendants for the visit,” said Yardil with a small flutter of the fingers. “They will be available day and night for service and pleasure. If you would prefer others, then just let me know and I will arrange it! Now then, a little tea and then the tour...”

Black clad servitors appeared and presented dishes of sweet pastries and poured each of the women a glass of apple tea whilst Hillary tested her Turkish to tell Yardil of their journey.

“I am glad that you liked Izmir,” replied Yardil in English. “Your Turkish is very good for a beginner, in what always seems a deceptively easy language!”

“Thank you,” replied Hillary.

“Business!” said Veronica with a smile.

“There is no need to rush... oh no! Not yet!” said Yardil with a small laugh. “Here in Turkey we take our time with these things. First comes hospitality, then generosity and finally the discussions will begin. You will be here for two full days, so there is plenty of time for the dryness of bargaining...”

Veronica smiled and said, “Of course. I can be a little too direct at times. Everything in its course.”

“You Americans should relax a little first... there is a great deal to see and learn here for you, of that I am sure.”

Yardil spoke a few words in Turkish that Hillary struggled to understand. But, the meaning became clear when the two service women came from their positions behind the couches and knelt at the feet of the two American women. Gently they took the feet of their new mistresses gently and carefully started to clean the travel dust from their shoes with small laps of lips and tongue.

“We take full advantage of our school here, it is good training for their future. We believe that *utter* subservience is the key to our success in the Middle Eastern markets,” said Yardil as she watched the two trainees attend to her guests. “So relax and take full advantage!”

“Impressive,” muttered Veronica under her breath.

“It is and we are proud that we can carry on a tradition of training that will satisfy every possible craving,” said Yardil. “As you know, we offer every possible kind of slave for our customers. In a few moments I shall show you your rooms and then we will take a short tour of the palace.

There is so much to see! After that there is a small dinner laid on for the evening and you will meet the staff who make it all possible.”

Hillary looked down at the women who carefully licked the soles of her pumps and asked: “Who was she?”

“In her former life she was Hillary Sweet, we chose her for you because of the name! It is fitting that she be allowed to tell you, if you like.”

The slave continued her careful work until Yardil spoke in Turkish and then looked up at Hillary with a small smile, that seemed to Hillary, to be genuine.

“Hillary Sweet was born in Leeds, England,” began the woman in the second person as if Hillary Sweet was a person who no longer existed. “She was twenty-five when she travelled to Germany to take a luxury holiday. Hillary was taken to the beautiful country of Turkey to become trained a year ago. A year here has taught her that there is no better fate than to serve her betters.”

There was a brief pause before she continued.

“She hopes to be found a good home where she can show how well she has been prepared to be the perfect companion for the man or woman who can afford to hold the leash on her collar...”

Yardil frowned as if the final words expressing hopes for the future were an offence.

“She has a way to go,” said Yardil. “It is not permitted for our merchandise to express any opinions. I think that after your visit a suitable place will have to be found for the final stages of her education. Perhaps the farm?”

The woman who had been Hillary Sweet returned to her task of ensuring that Hillary’s shoes were clean of all dust and dirt and Hillary noticed a small shudder of the shoulders that Yardil ignored.

“I think that you should see the rooms that we have prepared for you,” said Yardil. “In an hour’s we can take a small tour...”

## **Book Two**

### ***Sought***

## **Induction and Entrée**

Clark was lead into a small room. The walls were tiled, but crumbling and a metal chair was the only fixture. The two dogs watched him take his place on the cold metal and growled a little as the woman who had led him here fastened the fetters to his ankles.

“Valide Eklım,” said the woman. She continued in Turkish that came thick and fast and was difficult to understand for Clark. “That is the name that you will use for me while you are here. In a moment you will be collared and prepared for your time here. The only rule is obedience...” She saw the look of incomprehension on his face at her words and nodded. “Of course your Turkish is not particularly good! So let me put this another way!”

Her hand extended and gripped his face and then suddenly withdrew and slapped his cheek with a savage blow.

“Punishment,” she said.

Clark nodded and moved a hand to brush a tear from his eye.

Eklım slapped his hand down and put a finger under Clark’s chin to force him to look up at her.

“Good, that’s the second most important word for you in Turkish. “‘Respect’ is the most important!”

As she spoke her finger slipped to his lips and pressed inside. “For a moment Clark considered biting, but, obediently he opened his mouth while the finger probed and explored.

“Respect, obedience, submission, subservience and then finally, willing assent. This is your mission now in life. Do you understand?”

Clark nodded and sat still as the finger withdrew and then came to rest under his chin.

“I understand,” he said at last in Turkish. “Respect and assent...”

“Good. Now I have to leave, I have guests to greet. “Hakan here will look after you.”

She dropped the leash of one of the dogs and turned on her heel to leave. The dog settled down with a growl and a suspicious look at the man fettered in the chair.

Alone in the cell, Clark moved a little to stop the hard metal cut into his thighs. His balls and limp cock had dropped through the slats of the seat and the pressure was uncomfortable. At the slight movement Hakan slowly stood up and bared his teeth with a growl. For a moment, Clark

thought that it was about to slip under his chair, but the dog slowly took up its position again, watching for movement and baring its teeth.

Clark sat still for what seemed hours. Every twitch of a finger or slight movement seemed to bring the evil looking Hakan to attention. His thighs ached, the metal chair bit into his flesh and a rising sense of panic consumed him. His bladder was full and he dared not release it, his legs ached and the anklets bit into him savagely.

At last a woman strolled into the room. With a scratch to the head of the dog that caused it to lick her boots avidly, she strolled around the stricken victim before pulling a short tape measure from a jeans pocket and measuring Clark as though she was fitting him for a suit. Every touch of her made him shudder, but he dared not move as the dog stood watching him with its dead eyes.

Finally, she reached under the chair and smiled as she tugged at his balls a little and then grasped his cock lightly.

“Good, this is bigger than I thought,” she said in Turkish. “Let’s see now...”

Her gloved hand stroked his cock slowly before she tightened her grip and began to unhurriedly wank him with regular strokes. Clark could not help himself, an erection began that no thought of his terrible situation could prevent.

“Let’s see,” said the woman as she worked. “What have you got for me?”

Clark teetered on the edge of climax as her fingers worked from root to tip of his erection. Just as the first drops squeezed from his cock she stopped and measured his erection carefully before slapping his balls with a sharp blow of her palm.

“No,” she said in a firm voice. “A few days of chastity will reveal the quantity and quality. Until then you’ll just have to suffer a little!”

She laughed and tucked the measure in her pocket before standing and regarding her victim.

“Collar and full restraint,” she said. “That’s what’s been decided for you. Your sponsor has paid for something special, so we will need to work on physique, stamina and staying power. Three months should be enough; I think...”

The woman patted the dog between the ears and then left without another word. Clark heard the reports of her heels on the stone of the corridor to the room fade and then a door slam shut.

Slowly his erection diminished. A single drop of pre-cum dripped to the floor and the pressure of his bladder reasserted itself with an uncomfortable indication of its fullness.



Another hour passed and the distant metal door clanged. Clark felt a shudder pass him and the fear reasserted itself. This time a man carrying a bag entered the cell, followed by a woman who took up a position to observe by the entrance to the cell.

The man proceeded to carefully place the items of the bag on the floor in a neat arrangement of steel rings and other metal objects. First he inspected each ring and replaced it on the floor, before he began his work. Ankles and wrists, each received a single band that clicked into place with a finality and no clue as to how the bands could be released. Each one had a ring attached that rattled as he fitted it.

Next, Clark's leather collar was replaced by a steel loop that fitted exactly to his neck. Clearly the measurements taken before had been considered and applied as each ring fitted with very little play.

Finally, the man knelt and took Clark's balls and cock in his hand. Clark started with shock and panic as a metal sleeve was clipped around the loose skin of his balls to stretch them vulnerable and tight from his body. Then the hands played with his cock before a heavy cold sleeve was clicked into place and attached to the ring on his balls to hold it into place. This was the one item that seemed to be detachable because a padlock was clicked into place to hold the fitting tight.

The woman by the door said a few words and the male slave inspected the work carefully and smiled as he noticed a slight stiffening of the cock in his hands.

They left the room, the dog growling at the man for a moment before settling down once again to its vigil. As his erection faded the sleeve on his cock slipped a little and Clark found himself wondering how they could expect it to stay on him when he was limp. The answer came with his next visitor.

## Nursed

The woman dressed in a white overall muttered as she knelt by the chair. Once again, Clark's cock betrayed him with an erection as she attended to him. A flash of agony and it was over as she pierced him and secured the gold ring to the sleeve with a tiny padlock. She wiped some cool liquid on the tip of his cock and played with him a little as the pain faded. The curve of the tube bent him as he swelled to fill its limits and she seemed satisfied that she had done a good job, because she smiled and flicked her fingers over the exposed tip of him with an idle flutter.

"Good, that's all done," she muttered. "Just a few other bits and you will be ready..."

She stood. The white coat fluttered open to reveal her full breasts and flat belly as she pulled the tools of her trade from her pockets.

"Please," said Clark as he shrank into the chair, but she ignored him as she used pincers to pierce his nipples and passed thick rings through the parted flesh.

"Shh," she hissed as she pulled a little to satisfy herself that they were deeply seated.

Her hand went to his forehead as she approached his face with the pincers. Clark tried to turn his head and received a sharp warning slap.

"This one is important, stay still," she said.

Clark gritted his teeth as the nose ring was fitted. The pain was even greater as she passed the ring through and then dabbed it with a little alcohol.

"Good little boy," she muttered. "Better than most... your new owner will be so pleased with you..."

Clark felt a drip of blood from his nose on the skin of his chest and looked up at the woman with pleading eyes.

"You will learn," she said, "that there is no one to help you here. You will be prepared and broken and discover that your betters and owners have so many delicious depravities that every moment of the rest of your life will be intense and filled with nightmare."

Clark struggled to understand the words that she used, but the language that she used was beyond his understanding.

Her hands cupped his face and her lips pouted.

She planted a small wet kiss on his lips.

For a moment he felt her tongue.

And, then she was gone.

## Mother and Daughter

Valide Sultana Elmas Agun stood over her daughter and looked down at the young woman who had a lot to learn about the realities of life as an Agun. Ever since Anyali's father had died she had been an oversensitive child, decided Elmas with a small twitch of a smile. She was the baby of the family, swept under the wings of mother and brother and an older sister who had reached adulthood so much quicker. She played her little games and never thought of the consequences...

*'Still,' Elmas thought to herself. 'It shows that her heart is in the right place and she has a natural talent that cannot be denied!'*

"We need to discuss a few matters," said mother to daughter.

Anyali looked up and her mother saw that she had tears glistening in her eyes.

"What is it," said Anyali petulantly. "I wanted him all for myself!"

"I am your mother," said Elmas in a tone of irritation. "You will listen to me because there are important lessons to be learned..."

"I just want to play, not learn lessons and be like you!"

"You will be like me, in the end. You are Agun, you cannot resist the urge, the glory and the pleasure of being me!" said the mother as she touched her daughter's shoulder. "Some, you will have to learn; some will come of its own accord. Most is the pursuit of power, gratification and sensuality. Money and the influence and authority that comes with the name. You cannot avoid it. What I want to do is to show you the path, reveal the pitfalls and traps on the way because, though your sister is a harder stronger woman than you, as well as a capacity for cruelty, she also knows that emotion is required for the woman who follows in my footsteps, and in this she is sadly lacking."

"Let my sister have it all, I don't want to take your place!"

"Erdali will *never* be more than second best", said Valide Sultana Elmas Agun to her crying daughter. "Do not mistake facility to use a whip with real character! You will be the one. The one to lead Ogun like I led your father. He is just a tool; you will be the woman with her hand on the reins. You will find suitable stock to give you daughters who will follow yourself. We are the descendants of Valide Sultana Roxelana and do not forget it. There is an obligation..."

"But, what about Clark?"

“It may be that you will meet him again in different circumstances,” said Elmas. “I am sure that a man who flees in the night is not the man for you, you will need a man who is obedient to you, a man who satisfies your needs and most of all a man who recognises you for what you are and is afraid to cross you!”

“Mother!” exclaimed Anyali. “I don’t want a man who is just a lifeless doll like father was, I want a real man, a man who knows what he wants.”

“And... Clark was that man? This real man that you describe? I do not think so!”

“Mama he was so weak, a compliant man, a man with fears and emotions.”

“Clark was the man that fucked you and that’s all. Don’t pretend that you did not know where your game would lead!” Elmas held up her hand to stifle the counter-argument forming on her daughter’s lips. “Clark is a little western shit. A man who thinks that the universe was created for him alone. He will discover that it is not so, that there are places and deeds that he will do that will prove that he is the lowest shit on the sole of a beggar’s shoe. I have decided.”

Elmas paused for a moment before saying; “Poor little Clark is mine now!”

“Mother,” she said slowly. “That’s not fair, I found him! I want to play with him!”

“I do what I do. I do what is right to protect the name of Agun. I do what I do to make sure that my delicate and strong daughter learns what real power when it is twisted as a skein in a mother’s hands. I do what pleases me, I do what is pleasure and the scent of attar of roses to my nostrils. I do what I do to teach and to gratify my senses. Most of all I do what justice and honour requires!”

“Mother!”

“You may well meet Clark again. It is now my decision. Be sure of it and be satisfied with my true word that it will be so! You will come with me now, because it is time for you to grow up, to begin on the road that I have chosen for you. You have responsibilities, you cannot spend your time risking everything like a headstrong little girl. Now you will come with me and I shall tell you what I told your older sister years ago. She failed the test, I am sure that you will not.”

“What test?”

“It has begun, do not fail me. Failure is weakness.”

## **Ladies of The Manor**

Hillary waved the attractive slave into a corner and inspected the room. Sumptuous and slightly faded. Like sleeping in a stately home or looking through old sepia photos. The silk had once been bright, now it was pale and pastel. Hangings, curtains and walls, Hillary felt that this was so what she had expected. An Ottoman ruin that was still inhabited, A relic. Nevertheless, it was luxurious and the other appointments of the room were modern as soon as the wet-room was entered. The mattress was thousands of dollars of perfection and the vista, through the open window, was beyond compare.

“Prepare the bathroom for me,” said Hillary to the silent female servitor who was dedicated to her wellbeing. “I prefer my shower to be at a hundred and twenty degrees, I want liquid soap and require warmed towels.”

The slave hesitated, “One hundred and twenty?”

“Fahrenheit, imbecile. One hundred and twenty Fahrenheit.”

The woman apologised and rushed off to do as bidden while Hillary lazily undressed and piled her clothes in a neat pile. Her spare body, lean and muscled betrayed the hard work outs and physical life style that she so relished. Now at last she could be important, stake her claim.

She touched her toes and held the position for minutes until her palms touched the floor and then started the small exercise routines that kept her fit. Hillary ignored the return of her attendant and passed through her routines with careful attention to position of elbows and knees, a weakness of her technique.

In the background the slave set the shower to the exact temperature and piled towels on a warmer while her mistress finished her exercises.

“In future you will dress for me. I prefer feminine and lacy, soft and vulnerable. Make sure that you show me your feminine wiles! I like feminine and defenceless when I amuse myself with another woman...”

The feeling of command was sheer pleasure, away from the watchful eyes in America. Here she had real freedom to do whatever she wanted.

The slave attendant nodded and waited until Veronica slipped into the bathroom before speaking: “Madame, Valide Hillary, do you wish for me to attend to you while you shower?”

“I am fine...”

Hillary stepped into the steam and rush of the gushing shower and noted the thermometer that perched on the edge of the sink. A glorious sluice of sweet water washed the dust of travel and Izmir from her smooth skin. She played and teased herself under the shower and only reluctantly stepped out into the warm air. For a moment she posed before the full length mirror before she slung one of the towels over her shoulder, there was still half an hour before their host would return and interrupt.

The attendant had used the ten minutes that Hillary had spent in the shower to change her appearance as she had been instructed. Feathered high heel mules and a lacy net of nightgown did not conceal the black stockings.

“That’s good, my dear. You’ll learn!”

Hillary tossed the towels to the floor and pushed her maid onto the bed with a casual touch of the hand that threw the breath from the slave’s lungs. She fell back sprawling and helpless on the bed as Hillary gripped those tempting breasts and dug her nails into the soft skin, eliciting a gasp from the woman that she felt like fucking and using as her bitch. As Hillary climbed onto the bed and moved to straddle the bright red lips and slowly lower her rear onto the breathless whore who would learn much in the next two days from her new American mistress.

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Veronica ignored the woman who stood motionless by her bed as she snoozed half an hour. In the shower the slave rubbed her back and limbs, massaged her and cleansed her, but was not allowed to become intimate, though Veronica appreciated the perfect breasts and rounded ass that were such a temptation. She wondered if Hillary would be able to resist, and decided that she wouldn’t. She was still new to the fact that she could play with people and had no idea of the risks, she would learn...

In her mind’s eye, Veronica pictured of that last time that Miss Clearmont had used her and shuddered with the memory. That woman was a demon, a blood angel, she knew how to tempt, seduce, rape and inflict her wishes in a way that always left Veronica breathless and desperate to escape and then return for more. Love and agony, sweet climax and gasping helplessness, soft devotion and agonizing passion. Her own mistress had long since found Veronica’s vulnerabilities, but she had never broken and been remade in the form that Miss Clearmont required from her. She wondered if that would come the next time? She had been trained and then let to run loose as the lethal factotum, the enforcer of Irene’s will. It was now rare that her mistress called her to play, but when she did, that moment might well come.

Jeans pulled on, a T shirt covered with a soft hoodie, Veronica was ready. She grinned at the woman who had been sent to attend to her needs and said: “Were you expecting me to fuck you, babe?”

“Valide Veronica, I am not permitted to think!”

“How long have you been here?”

“I have spent three years learning, Valide.”

“And before?”

“I foolishly thought that I was an important jurist, Valide.”

“Lawyer?”

“Yes, Valide. Ten years at the bar. Wasted years...”

“Nothing is ever wasted,” laughed Veronica as her hand reached between the woman’s legs.

One finger rubbed the length of the soft opening and then slid deep as Veronica pushed forward to press the soft body of the woman to the wall.

She had promised herself not to be tempted, but there was so much to learn if her victim was rendered helpless.

“Open your legs, bitch,” said Veronica.

The thighs parted slowly and Veronica slowly brought her slave to a climax that made the woman delirious. She melted and opened her legs wide as fingers thrummed against her wet flesh. Fingertips massaged her until she forgot herself and closed her eyes, overcome by long suppressed need.

“Were you taken by Yardil or sold to her, bitch,” said Veronica.

“I was sold, oh God please, please, please fuck me, please... I was sold in Istanbul...”

Veronica nodded as she considered the chain that strung all of these amateur European operations together. She brought her victim to another sweet climax that caused legs to quiver and lips to open in mewling begging for more.

“An auction?”

“On a stage, on a stage I was fucked and whipped before being sold...”

“That’s good, my little slut,” laughed Veronica as she slid her hand into the hole that lay at the tip of her fingers.

“Sold by Germans, taken by Germans?”



“Oh, yes, yes, Valide. They sold me and punished me for not selling myself for a high enough price...”

Veronica pulled her hand free and moved her wet hand to the lips of the former barrister that was now desperate for more of Veronica’s fingertips on her cunt. For a minute, her tongue tasted her own cunt and then she spoke.

“Valide?”

“Yes?”

A brief pause.

“Thank you!”

Veronica slapped the tearful face that was so full of grateful love for her after a mere simple climax. It would not do at all for the bitch to become fixated on her American mistress!

Veronica slapped the weeping face again.

“How dare you think that I care for you? You are just here to serve and for my pleasure! One more word out of place, anything less than perfection and I shall speak to Miss Yardil, do you understand?”

The slave nodded and put her palms together as she silently appealed to Veronica.

## Guardian

*From The Guardian Editorial Opinion Column:*

*“Boys will be boys and Clark Ferguson is an adult despite the fact that he is just a twenty-year-old Turkish speaker who is exploring himself and the Middle East in a gap year before he starts his courses in Linguistics and Economics in Salford University. We think that everyone understands that Turkey is a huge country with a huge population, but the sight of Mrs Ferguson chained to the steps of the Embassy in Knightsbridge is a sight that brings a tear to the eye because her only son has disappeared and there is no trace at all of his whereabouts.*

*We wonder what investigations the Turkish government has undertaken to find Clark? Have they done anything at all? It has now been three weeks since he vanished from his hotel in Side and seemingly bought a ticket for a train to Istanbul. Why has the film not been checked, why have the Turkish Authorities refused the help of the UK police?*

*The Guardian says ‘enough is enough’ the Turkish government must...”*

The man reading the article out aloud frowned and tossed the folded paper to the ground in a small fit of frustration.

“We will not stand for this publicity,” he said to the undersecretary for the British department of foreign affairs. “The news media in this country must print the truth and not this drivel,” he said as his foot stepped onto the paper.

“My dear chap,” said the undersecretary. “The Guardian may be a little overstating the humanitarian aspects of the case, but the truth is that this young man has disappeared and the Turkish Government is blocking the British Government from assisting locating his whereabouts.”

“We want this to stop... this bad publicity, this attack on the Turkish Government, the slandering of the Turkish Police. Now, it must stop!”

“Simple, old chap, just find this layabout young man and all will celebration and fireworks... bring him home, that’s all.”

## Look See

“Of course, there is a huge potential market for Americans,” said Yardil as she led Hillary and Veronica on the promised tour of the Palace. “Of course there are always the tourists, but if more than a few disappear in a year there will be no end of trouble! This is why we propose to link up with you and get direct merchandise from the United States. There are loads of details to sort out, of course, but in principal, the market here is expanding. More and more Middle Eastern millionaires feel that they deserve to be spoiled and have decided that well educated Europeans and Americans are the best for their use. Intelligent, educated, young and ripe to be recreated as pets...”

Veronica looked up at the façade of the palace and noted the rather crumbling statues perched around the main dome.

“We can supply what you want, it’s all just a question of price,” she said.

“Let me show you...”

Yardil led her two visitors around the huge house and pointed at a low building.

“I wanted to show you this, because it is our latest facility. Built just a year ago because we had such customer demand.”

They walked to the building, Yardil and Veronica at the front, Hillary trailing behind as she looked back at the house. If anything this was even bigger than the Long Island Institute. The three women turned the corner of the windowless building.

“Of course, this is something that we started just a few years ago,” said Veronica as she looked at the rows of cages occupied by pets that were all under supervision of just three women who were busy harnessing two men to a small trap. “Ponies were such a small part of our merchandise until about ten years ago, now it seems that the demand is never ending...”

“Our Middle Eastern customers are so very demanding,” said Yardil as they stood by the wheels of the light trap and watched the reins and harnesses being applied to the two men who were already in position between the traces. “Often, husbands who buy for their wives prefer geldings for obvious reasons, we do all of the work and then ship to the final destination.”

Veronica looked at the gig and nodded slightly.

“If you like, we can do the tour like this,” said Yardil. “We have two other areas to see. The farm and then back to the house for the domestics...”

Hillary watched the two ponies open their mouths to receive the bits. Once the metal chains were fitted, the woman in charge pulled hoods over their heads, blinding them and making them entirely reliant on the holder of the reins. Both stood still and waited while the rest of the traces were checked.

“Mount up and I’ll take the reins,” said Yardil as she climbed onto the broad seat and took the long riding whip from its holder.

Veronica and Hillary climbed up and sat on either side of the small woman who cracked the whip and ran the leather reins through her palms.

“How many can you handle at a time?” asked Veronica. “I mean in total?”

“We have up to forty at a time, Veronica,” said the Turkish lady as she used the whip to start the gig into motion. “Twenty domestic, ten ponies and ten in training up at the farm.”

“And they are all found locally?” asked Hillary.

“Most are, but we have good contacts in Germany and get about a quarter from there. Mostly the women, it seems that our male customers like German women.”

The whip cracked and the ponies began to run. Naked but for the traces and hoods, the whip played over their vulnerable flesh and it seemed that Yardil was an expert because she was able to guide them just by the slight touch of a whip.

After a short dash, the pace slowed a little to a steady run and the woman sat back and enjoyed the ride. It seemed that the two men pulling them had no problem with the pace and Hillary asked: “How far can they go at this pace?”

“These two? Five miles is about the limit. Occasionally we have trained ponies to be able to keep the pace for fifteen miles, but those were geldings for a woman on Oman who had a large estate and needed more stamina.”

“What is the farm?” asked Hillary. “Surely you do not train slaves for that sort of work in the fields, it would be incredibly expensive.”

“True,” said Yardil with a small laugh. “That sort of labour is available so cheaply in the Middle East. No, we just train slaves who have will have a sexual use. Actually, the farm is just our name for the secure place where we train those who refuse to learn that they are now for the pleasure of their new owners! Then there are those that are altered to the tastes of their new owners or have it done as a punishment. The ones that just do not learn.”

Veronica seemed preoccupied as she stared across the dry countryside. Hillary chatted with their hostess and asked about the two men who were pulling them.

“I’d have to get their files out and check, but I think that they are both Scandinavians who made the mistake of using the wrong hotel!” laughed Yardil. “We have set up a couple of small hotels as traps for suitable candidates. Since they were matched, they have been trained as stud ponies. Their Finnish girlfriends are already in Lebanon in the seraglio of a man who has exceptional tastes and loves the milky white skin.”

“Stud ponies?” asked Hillary.

“There are two places that I can think of where the owners fancy breeding their slaves. These two will be used to pull the Mistress’ buggy and then be milked so that the women in her establishment can be impregnated and kept lactating.”

“So no fucking allowed!”

“Of course not! The few males are always kept completely separate from the female livestock, though the woman who has ordered these two has a bit of a weakness for blonde men!”

The buggy approached a small, windowless house. Four dogs lay in the dust and looked up as the buggy arrived. The dogs stood when Yardil dismounted from the buggy and then loped over, to be rewarded by a tickle behind the ears. She introduced the two American women to them.

“They are perfect to keep order,” she said as the dogs snuffled the thighs of the two Americans.

Hillary walked to the two ponies who stood patiently awaiting further use. Both were fine specimens, tall strong men who were impressively endowed. The shoes that they wore seemed like lace up high-heels from the front, but further inspection revealed them to have hoof shaped soles and no heels.

“If you want one later?” said Yardil as she watched Hillary weigh balls and cock in her hands.

“No thanks,” laughed Hillary. “I prefer something a little less masculine!”

Despite her comment, her right hand pulled back the foreskin and explored the pony’s cock with slow pressure. The cock grew and stood straight. Hillary laughed and slapped the balls that hung loose below and then gave the man a half dozen hard strokes with her hand. He grew even more and could not help thrusting his thighs a little.

Hillary slapped the masked face suddenly and turned back to Veronica.

“I could never follow an animal like that to fuck me,” she said.

Veronica just nodded and followed Yardil to the barred door of the small house.

“We need to be admitted,” said Yardil as she knocked at the door. “This is the most secure area.”

“Hence the dogs?”

“That’s right.”

A small hatch in the door opened and then the door opened to reveal a tall woman dressed in a tight leather costume that covered every inch of her up to her neck.

“This is Valide Berfu,” said Yardil. “She is in charge of the farm and will show you whatever you want to see.”

Yardil turned and stood by the dogs while Berfu led the two American women into the small prison.

“I will show you all,” said Berfu and it was immediately clear that she spoke just a few words of heavily accented English.

The room was small, the walls lined with rings and a small desk stood in the centre. Before the desk was a whipping bench that was scarred with the blows that had missed its victims.

“This is for the bad slaves,” said Berfu as she pointed at the bench.

“You mean the ones who do not obey?”

“Of course, please excuse my English!”

“Lead on,” said Veronica.

Berfu opened a steel door and waved her guests into the claustrophobic room that was the beginning of the rest of the farm. A single room, tiled and plain, that had been divided by cages and bars. A large dog lay in the centre of the floor. Hillary counted five occupants, three in cells, two in the tiny cages.

“They must learn much,” said Berfu as she waved her guests into the room. Please look. It is what you want!”

Veronica noted that, though the place was primitive, it was clean and in good order. The five occupants all looked to be healthy, though the two men in cages were fixed in place by chains and wires that ran to a laptop.

The women in the cages stood when they saw Berfu and then lowered to their knees and grasped the bars of their cells. All two bore welts from neck to toe from their visits to the

whipping bench and were fettered by chains that ran from their steel collars to the rings on the ceiling.

“Two weeks of punishment for them,” said Berfu as she indicated the two women in the barred cells. “This man is here because he is special...”

The man was chained to the ceiling like the two women, but he had been poured into a tight suit and hood. The only feature on the hood was a single large ring that ran through the leather and his nose. It seemed as if he did not even realise that they were watching him.

It was clear that Berfu’s English was not fluent enough to express the meaning of what she wanted to say.

“Especially for a client or bad boy?” asked Hillary in Turkish at which Berfu’s face lit up and she smiled.

“Bad! This is why he has been chosen. He is going to be prepared as a pet for a special client,” she said in Turkish. “Soon the work will begin...”

“And these?” asked Hillary in Turkish as she pointed to the men in the cages.

“They are no use, so they are going to a brothel in Egypt. Another week to recover from the operations and then they will be moved.”

Hillary stretched onto tiptoes to see into the cages and realised how it was that they could be kept in such small spaces. Both stood on all fours, knees and elbows and were lacking the rest of their limbs.

“I think that we’ve seen enough,” said Veronica. “I am more interested in the domestics...”

They left the farm and stepped into the warm air of the afternoon. Yardil was waiting, already seated on the bench of the trap. Hillary noted that the pony that she had fondled and teased now bore several new marks of the whip. It seemed that punishment was given even for transgressions that the slave had no influence over.

The trap moved off with a small jolt, light touches of the whip keeping them on course. Hillary was impressed by the way that despite being unable to see, the two ponies trotted in harmony.

It was just a short trot to the palace and Yardil showed Veronica and Hillary the domestic slaves’ training areas. Three supervisors kept the eighteen maids in order and supervised their work and training.

“Domestic training runs for about three months,” said Yardil. “Deportment, service and utter obedience are the watchwords here. Each is assigned an ‘Anna’, a mother who works to guide and break them down. It is our time honoured method.”

Veronica looked over the maids as they stood to rigid attention and commented: “I see that most of them are male.”

“It is our speciality,” said Yardil as her hand lifted the hem of a skirt to show the restraint that left just the tip of the cock exposed with a small lock pierced to fasten a silver filigree cage. “This one is destined for an owner in Dubai who prefers her servants uncut.”

She dropped the hem and made a small indication to the maid.

“Of course they have been prepared for the tastes of their owners...”

The maid opened her blouse to reveal small pert breasts tipped with golden bells.

“All the simple work is done here; we have three nurses in the staff and soon the medical facilities will be complete and we will be able to do everything in house.”

“Very impressive,” said Hillary as she lifted the skirt of the next maid for a peek. “Ah, this one’s been neutered... it’s perfect!”

“She will serve as a servant to her new mistress’ seraglio, there’s no way that she can interfere with the female toys.”

The three women turned from the row of maids and retired to the comfort of a lounge. Tea and snacks had already been laid out and were being prepared for the guests.

“I think that the time has come to talk a little business,” said Veronica. “I think that the best way for us to go is to discuss what it is that we both want, what we have in common and then we can decide how to make it happen.”

Yardil poured the tea and proffered the delicate glasses to Veronica and Hillary.

“Our needs are for raw material,” said Yardil. “We can handle forty trainees at a time, we are modernising the whole business, but we have a lack of good material...”

Veronica smiled and sipped the hot apple blossom tea and waited for Yardil to elaborate.

“What we want is a steady supply of suitable candidates. Perfect would be if they were shipped to Turkey at which point we shall take them in and prepare them for sale. Occasionally we will ask for special orders, particular people who match the desires of our clients. You will get thirty



percent of the final sale price minus the costs of shipping, this is something that we will share the expense of.”

“That’s a very interesting offer,” said Veronica.

Hillary opened her mouth to speak, but Veronica stilled her with a wave of the hand.

“I appreciate that training is not an inexpensive business,” said Veronica, “but the profits should be shared equally, like the costs.”

Yardil closed her eyes a little and sighed.

“Of course I am not the owner of this business,” she said slowly. “the offer that I have just made is certain, if you wish for a greater share of the profit, I shall have to speak to my superior...”

“Likewise,” said Veronica, enjoying the bargaining for its own sake. “Miss Clearmont was quite specific, she looks forward to the collaboration, but insists that it is a meeting of equals, this goes for the whole process. She also insists that the Institute has some oversight...”

“I quite understand, however, you have to admit that the costs here are many times more than the cost of mere selection and transport. As for oversight, I am sure that Valide Clearmont can have trust and full confidence in our dealings. We would not even think to be dishonest...”

“Of course, that’s all true,” said Veronica, “but, trust on both sides is something that needs to be guaranteed and this business is just a little notorious for double dealing!”

Yardil looked confused and Hillary realised that Veronica’s English was a little too much for Yardil’s Turkish.

“Notorious?” she asked. “It means ‘well known’...”

“Ah, thank you,” said Yardil with a smile. “My English is getting better with the practice... Of course, you are correct, we need safeguards on both sides, how do you plan to arrange this?”

“What Miss Clearmont suggested was an exchange of people. We can learn from you and your methods, you can then have a say in the stock that we send. Meanwhile, at this end one of our people can work with you...”

“Interesting!”

“Consult with the owner, Valide Sultana Elmas Agun and we can discuss the matter in full,” said Veronica. “Meanwhile, there is still the profit-share to discuss. Let us say that we start with a fifty-fifty split of all expenses and profit and review in a few months.”

Yardil wondered how it was that the Americans knew who the owner was. Clearly they had access to matters that should remain secret or perhaps there had already been contact? She nodded and sipped her tea before replying.

“I shall put your proposal to the owner,” she replied. “I suggest that we enjoy a day of relaxation and then sit down tomorrow to discuss after we have both referred the matter to our respective superiors.”

“Of course, as you wish. I am sure that we will come to an agreement, there is, however, just one more small thing to mention.”

“Mm?”

“Miss Clearmont feels that Hillary would make an ideal representative for the Institute here. You should consider who you would send in exchange if we decide to do business together.”

“I shall pass it on, of course.”

“Good, then we are finished here for the moment.”

## Malicious Nursing

It seemed to be a bad dream.

A dark illusion filled with sex and abuse.

A nightmare that Clark would awaken from and then find himself back in the real world. But, his awakening was in his dreadful present, as an actor in the dream and no matter how he tried, he just could not awake from his delirium. It was all too real.

The next two days slipped by in an almost-trance.

In the dream, in the reality, he was chained in a cell, inspected intimately by the nurse who played with him while he struggled to tell her that this was all a mistake and that soon he would be traced and released. Always, her reply was just high pitched laughter as she checked on his piercings and then gave him a series of injections that left a dull ache in his arms.

“We have to make sure that you are well enough to begin the training,” she laughed as he struggled on the hard bed while she played her mean little games. “Don’t worry it will soon begin!”

It took two days for Clark to recover from the delirium, two days whilst the nurse teased him in his restraint but never allowed him to come for her. Helpless and fettered he tried to resist. The games were always the same, torment and hope that she would allow him to come while her naked breasts swung over his lips as he tried to please her and bring her to the point where she would release him.

“You are such a naughty boy,” she said as she watched his lips pout and try to reach the gold pieced nipples that were just an inch from his lips. “Such a sensitive little cock for me to play with!”

She straightened and then depressed a pedal on the floor which lowered the bed almost to the tiles.

“Perhaps you want to see more?” she asked as she looked down at him. “Is that what you want? Do you long to touch me?”

Clark nodded and looked up at her.

From his vantage-point, so low on the bed, he could see up the columns of her legs to her thighs. In the darkness of the shadows he could see the tops of her white stockings, all lace and nylon that became smooth flesh in the shadows. Higher, he watched her breasts sway as she

leaned over him and longed to be able to touch the soft flesh, but his wrists were chained to the metal frame of the bed.

“I think that I deserve something for looking after you so well,” she said as she slowly spread her legs. “A little relaxation, perhaps? It is time for my personal training to begin.”

The legs parted slowly and Clark’s vision was filled by the vista under the short white skirt. The nylon clad thighs, the delicate lace and the creamy skin that he longed to touch. Between the thighs he could now see the parted lips that swelled as they opened to reveal the inner lips and shadow of the hole that his swelling cock longed to fill. The nurse allowed him to appreciate her and then stood over him fully as she slowly unbuttoned the side of the skirt to allow it to part. Now he could see the firm ass and the subtle way that the slit of her cunt parted. His eyes focussed on the smooth skin that opened to show the neat, puckered hole that lay between her parted cheeks and then he gasped as a hand stroked the exposed tip of his cock.

Fingers played with the ring that had been embedded in him, now there was no pain, just a rising prickling sensation that caused him to moan.

“You like that, I see,” came the voice from far above. “It’s nice when the work that I do is so appreciated.”

The longed-for slit of her sex lowered a little, now it was just a perfumed focus of all of his hopes. A single drop of excitement gathered and hung over his lips.

The hand on him caressed his balls and then moved back to the tip of his cock. Clark could feel the nails scratch slightly and gasped as his cock swelled to fill the restraint to the point of bursting. The curve pained him, but it was pushed to edge of his consciousness as he felt a tingling while she rubbed a cream onto him with careful touches of her fingertips.

“Now it’s time for me,” she said.

A hand appeared in Clark’s vision. It slipped down the high wall of her belly and slipped to open wide her sex with two fingers whilst a third pressed to force the bud of her clitoris from its tight concealment.

He gasped as her other hand smoothed cream over his balls and felt a slight twinge of heat on his cock as she leant over and massaged him in her hand.

“You are allowed to come,” whispered the nurse in her high voice. “If you can!”

The finger on the nub of her clitoris began a slow circular motion as she played with the tip of his cock, fluttering nails and fingertips over it in irregular rhythms.

“I can’t help myself...”

“Of course you can’t,” she said.

He saw the thighs tremble and felt himself at the brink of climax. The gathering of his balls, the slight twitch inside his belly that signified release. Just out of the reach of lips and tongue the nurse played with herself as Clark felt the heat gather in his cock.

It burned.

The cream soaked into the skin and carried its fiery cargo with it. Fiery hot capsicum, menthol and ginger that made him cry out in distress as the malevolent nurse climaxed with a sudden shudder that made her gasp in lust.

“Oh dear, can’t make it?” she gasped as her middle finger slipped from her clitoris and slowly penetrated her oozing cunt. “What a shame!”

The nurse straightened and stood, legs wide over him as she reached to the small metal table by her side. The single finger fucked her pussy as she looked down at the tears that welled in Clark’s eyes as he realised that this was just a wicked game for the nurse.

A game that he could not possibly win.

“Now for something special,” she said and Clark saw that she held a hypodermic in her free hand. “This will give you something to remember me by!”

He squealed as the needle entered his arm, but the distraction did not prevent him realising that the fiendish nurse was climaxing as she inflicted the pain. The finger moved and stroked the swollen clitoris with soft touches and then rolled it between finger and thumb.

“Maybe next time,” she laughed.

Clark wept, the tears rolled down his face as the legs moved and the nurse slowly buttoned her skirt to inflict one final indignity on her victim.

“Just one more little thing,” she said as she looked down at Clark. “This is something that you are now ready for, a little vision of your future...”

Through the blur of the tears he could see her holding a slim rubber cock in one hand as the other carefully spread the cream over it with finger and thumb forming a circle.

“Oh God, no,” he cried as she smiled down on him.

“Oh yes, my dear little man! You are going to have to learn to be a good little girl, so from now on you are always going to have a sweet little cock in your ass until you are ready to please your new owner...”

Her hand held the rubber tool over his face, Clark could smell the warm smell of the cream and see every detail of veins and tip that would soon be embedded in his rear.

“No,” he shouted, but the nurse ignored him as she fitted a short tube and bulb to the fearsome cock.

“It does no good to beg,” she said as at last she was satisfied that the weapon was ready.

Despite her comment, Clark begged and pleaded with the nurse, but it seemed as if his helpless state just excited her.

Two steps, two clicks of her heels on the tiles of the floor and he felt the bed rise to allow her access. For a moment she held his balls and then he felt something press against his ass. It forced its way past all of the resistance that he could muster and then slowly slipped into him to fill him.

“There, that’s good isn’t it,” she said. “But, I think that you need to be stretched a little. Would you like that, do you want me to stretch you a little?”

Clark was beyond words, his head shook from side to side and the nurse arrived to bend over him with her face just inches from his.

“I want you to say ‘yes’,” she said, but his head just moved from side to side making her frown. “If you don’t ask for it,” she continued, then there is so much more that I could do to you...”

Clark opened his eyes and realised that he would have to do as she wanted. Who knew what terrible things she would do if he refused.

He nodded, his lips moved, but only a croak came out.

“That’s better! Now then, let’s give it a try.”

Her hand squeezed the bulb and there was a slight hiss. The cream on the rubber cock violating him started to itch and he felt the cock swell a little.

“Enough?” she asked, but then immediately answered her own question. “Of course not! You need to be fucked, and I am the nurse to do it.”

A hiss and Clark felt himself being stretched, he could also feel the cock grow inside him and it pushed against something that tickled. The nurse smiled as she pumped the bulb another time and then dropped the bulb from her hand.

I can see that you like it,” she said as Clark’s cock swelled to fill the restraint. “Of course the injection helped!”

Her hand lifted the hem of her skirt. Fingers played and Clark was privileged to see her climax again as she watched the flesh press from the restraint and swell to vainly try to escape the restriction.

In moments her thighs trembled, her breasts swayed and she cried out as she reached her final orgasm.

“Maybe next time I will allow you to come,” she said as she dropped her skirt and buttoned her blouse. “But, maybe not...”

Once again the table dropped to the floor. A stiletto heel presented itself for his lips to kiss and Clark looked up the leg that towered over him.

“There is just one way to thank me for looking after you,” she said in a firm tone.

Clark kissed the heel and moved his lips.

“Not good enough,” she said.

“Thank you!”

“That’s better. Now you can look forward to my next visit!”

## Working Out

Clark moved and managed to find a position where the object embedded in him did not press deeper by moving a little to position himself over what seemed to be a depression or void in the steel surface of his 'bed'. The fetters pulled, but he managed to maintain his position and breathed a sigh of relief now that the throbbing of the cream had subsided. The movement changed the pressure and he could feel that prickling again inside himself, not unpleasant, just a reminder of his position.

Every few hours the malicious nurse returned and ministered to her patient. Each time, it seemed she climaxed more passionately as if every little additional addition to his abuse gratified her. The rubber dildo embedded in his rear stretched Clark to the point of rupture now, he could feel his skin stretched over the hard rubber and worried that she would inflate it yet larger at the next visit.

The last visit had been humiliating rather than painful. After an inspection of every inch of his naked skin she had begun to depilate him. The pulse of the laser did not hurt, but the permanence of the treatment had seemed a confirmation of his helplessness. Starting at his feet, she had set up the infernal machine and watched it slowly work its way up his leg as it detected the hairs and expunged them with a finality that seemed somehow worse than every other abuse that she had inflicted so far.

The rings embedded in his skin, the shaft that penetrated him, the fetters that had been now welded to his wrists, neck and ankles, these were things that could be undone, all that had to be done was to remove them, but the removal of his hair was permanent. What should have been a work of weeks had been accomplished in just hours as the automatic laser flickered and pulsed to leave his skin tender, but exposed. The last session had been taken to his waist, but with his hands held firmly by his side he could not explore this new cruelty. The only upside to it, he reflected was that the last two days had not been matched by her usual application of the cream that distressed him so. The injections that caused his painful erections continued as did other all of the other unknown jabs that made his arms ache with the bruises.

He turned his head a little, as far as it would go and observed his tormentress arranging instruments on her little table. It seemed that the depilation was to continue and he wondered if it would continue to strip every hair from his face and head. He felt a slight fearful clench in his stomach as he considered that possibility and saw that, as usual, she was preparing more syringes for him.

The bed had been lowered to the floor, so he looked up at her from ankle height. It seemed to Clark that she loved to lower him to the floor, as if it emphasised his status. He could see the shoes that she would have him kiss 'thank you' when she was about to leave. High heels in white patent leather that were laced up her slender ankles over the white stockings that she always seemed to wear. The legs disappeared under the white coat that she wore over her



uniform, but occasionally it opened to reveal that her breasts stood from her open blouse for a moment. She was so small, but perfect, he decided, not unlike the beautiful Anyali that he had fucked as the sun dropped over the horizon. Anyali, the lover that had been the start of his exploration of the depths of imprisonment.

It seemed that the nurse was satisfied with her preparations and she turned to stand looking down at her patient.

“I love this next little refinement,” she said, showing her perfect white teeth as she smiled. “Now you are going to learn how to make your owner happy by being the perfect fuck!”

As usual, she offered the sole of her stiletto so that he could thank her for training him. She turned away and picked something up from her table and showed him that she held the ends of two wires in her hand.

“This is something that you will work on while you are alone,” she said as she pulled a box to the edge of her table. A simple display showed a row of zeros in glowing red and she pointed to them meaningfully as she moved between his legs. He felt her hands on his tender skin as she pulled and moved the tight plug in his ass.

“There, that was easy, wasn’t it?”

Clark nodded and wondered what devilish trick she was going to play on him.

“Right,” she said as she bent over him. “The laser is all set to work on the next phase, so make sure you stay still. But, you have a little work to do as well, it’s not fair that I have to do everything, is it?”

He shook his head and wondered how it was that such beauty and cruelty could inhabit the same perfect body.

“Now, watch the number...”

Her hand pointed at the display that lay at the edge of his vision.

“Good, now press tight on that darling little cock that is fucking you!”

Clark clenched and saw that the number changed and displayed three zeros and a one.

“That’s good, now I’m going to leave you alone to work on this. When I come back I want to see at least five hundred on that counter!”

He looked up and saw that she was licking her lips as if savouring his fright.

“Don’t worry, I won’t punish you if you cannot manage it,” she said with a small high pitched laugh.

Clark framed a question with his lips and she answered with relish, “The machine will do that if you do not do your training! Wait a moment...”

She stood and fiddled with the display box for a moment.

“Now, it’s set for every thirty seconds, so make sure that you work at it, that’s just eight hours, so make sure you put some effort in,” she said.

As she finished speaking Clark felt the cock in his rear swell a little. The amount that it grew was tiny, but noticeable to the stricken man.

“I should warn you that it gets more difficult as it grows, but then I’m sure that you already figured that out. It also rewards good behaviour...”

Clark clenched again and again and noticed that the size of the huge stopper in his ass shrank a little as he managed two strong clasps in quick succession.

“That’s good, now I’ll be back later to see how you are getting on, for the moment I shall just start this again,” she said as she switched on the laser that stood in a frame over his chest now.

“Now say ‘thank you’ as I like you to!”

Her shoe lifted into his vision.

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His nurse seemed satisfied with the results of his work, even though he only managed four hundred and fifty on the display. She uncoupled the wires and watched as Clark’s body relaxed. His ass was cramped, but he had managed to keep the size of his mechanical rapist to a diameter that he could just about cope with.

She smiled to herself as she coiled the wires on her table. There was no way that he could know that she would never allow him to become damaged, that would have been unforgivable.

It was the fear that excited her.

The nurse dismantled the depilatory and carefully stacked frame and machine in the case. His face was raw from the close-set facial hair that had been cleared by the laser, but that would pass. Only the hair on his head remained, every other hair on his body had been scorched off. Of course he would require another treatment in a month or so and perhaps more, but usually the first three treatments were enough for the baby smooth skin that a maid required to please

her owner. Of course, the new owner was Valide Sultana Elmas Agun, the owner of the school, the *İlköğretim okulu* that was her workplace and home.

The work had to be perfect.

For a moment she wondered how it was that she wanted this particular man prepared for her use. What had he done to attract her eye? There was no way of telling, but one thing was for sure, he would be lucky to survive a month in her strict household! Maybe he would be a personal present to some other man or woman who needed to be bribed or honoured? A shame considering that it would take three months to prepare him!

She finished clearing her station and lifted the bed to hip level to allow the next rite of passage for her unwilling student.

“Now then,” she said with a grin. “It’s time for you to show me just how obedient you are! I think that you are prepared for the next part of the induction to your new life...”

Clark heard the click of keys in locks and suddenly realised that his nurse had released his wrists and was now unlocking his ankles. Were they going to release him? He wondered. His limbs felt heavy and unsteady as he lifted them in test, but the nurse took his hands and pulled him to a sitting position.

“Of course, after three weeks of being on my table I expect you to be a little weak, but then that’s good because it seems that we have got rid of all of that unsightly muscle that you had and can now work on the new body shape that we are going to create together.”

A tug pulled Clark to his feet. The discomfort of the intruder in his rear made him squeak as he tried to stand with his legs apart.

“Let’s have that out,” she said as she pointed to his rear.

Clark felt it for the first time, a narrow grip that allowed a grip and he pulled slowly to feel the cock slip from him. It had felt so much larger when inside, now it seemed barely thicker than a finger. He passed it to her gloved hand and she placed it on her table.

The nurse pointed to the small door to his left and Clark tried to take a step free from the support of the table. He stumbled and she caught him with a laugh. Her grip seemed so strong for such a petite woman and he realised that she was far stronger than him in his present condition.

“Don’t worry, we’ll work on that,” she said. “Now, take a shower, empty yourself for the first time in weeks and then we can move you along! If you dare to touch yourself there will be a punishment that you cannot even begin conceive!”

Clark staggered to the bathroom and closed the door behind him. One whole wall was shower with jets pointing at all angles, there was no indication of a toilet, sink or any of the other 'normal' trappings of a bathroom. It was clear that the wide drain in the centre of the room could cope with anything. Weeks of being emptied by the nurse had debilitated Clark, but as he sluiced himself with the jets of warm water he managed to void himself.

Now that that was over, he supported himself with one hand and moved to below the strongest stream of warm water. His other hand slid to his side as he enjoyed the feeling of being clean and alone. It was almost a reward, he decided and his opinion of his nurse moved a trifle to feel a glow at the thought of her.

His hand slipped to the tight metal of his restraint and he looked down at last to inspect the metalwork that held him captive. But, it was not the device that caught his eye but the creamy smooth skin that was his new incarnation.

And that...

His hand slid up from and he ran his palm over his chest. The muscle that had taken months of workouts to develop had all gone, in its place was a soft skin and around his pierced nipples a slight growth. He moved both hands and realised that he had been right to be alarmed.

There was no doubt!

Under his hands were small breasts that were perhaps just large enough to even be called breasts.

His breasts!

He looked down and looked at the water running over his smooth body, his bulging hips and hairless legs and almost stumbled. Clark braced both hands on the wall and stood while he breathed deeply to try to stop himself passing out. Suddenly it all came together and he realised that someone had decided to set a course for him, a course that he would have never chosen, a direction that was an affront to his body and person.

He was being feminised, transformed and abused.

And, there was nothing that he could do to stop it!

## **Manners and Comportment**

Clark sat on the edge of the bed in his new cell and stared the mirror on the wall. The being that sat facing him was him, was not him, or at least was not the Clark that had started out on his gap year in the Middle East.

He had been in the cell a week now and for all of that time he had only seen her when his injections were supervised by the hard-faced older woman who he was call 'Anna', the Turkish for 'mamma'. Anna did not play the little games that his nurse had played, she seemed determined to streamline his thoughts to pure obedience from the moment that she had first entered his cell with a bundle of clothes under her arm.

The nurse had spoken Turkish, his new governess also spoke Turkish, but with a strange accent that made it difficult for Clark to understand her orders.

The clothes that she had left after inspecting him closely (and apparently being satisfied) were as he had suspected, female. A pair of ill-fitting pink court shoes, a lacy dress that was worn and clearly second-hand and a pink ribbon that try as he might, was not sufficient to tie back his hair despite the fact that it now hung over his ears.

Clark slipped on the shoes and the dress and stood looking at himself in the mirror. He looked ridiculous, he decided, and wondered what the end of all of this would be. Was this some twisted revenge by the mother of the woman that he had fucked? Was it all being done to humiliate him before he was released to become a laughing stock?

The next week did not do much to change his opinion. His Anna appeared to supervise his feeding and inspect his condition as well as once a day to cast a disapproving eye as the nurse administered a shot in his arm that Clark had decided was the cause of the small but well-defined breasts that slowly formed on his chest.

Day by day, Anna took control of her charge, each day introducing a small ritual or service that Clark learned and then practiced under her supervision. Every failure to please resulted in him being bent over her hard knees for a single vicious stroke of the hook-handled cane that she always carried without fail.

So it was that he learned how properly to kneel and wait for her entry to his cell. Elbows on the floor, knees bent and his ass high in the air while his face was almost pressed to the cold floor. It took just a day for him to realise that this position was to be held at all times that he was unattended or asleep. Three separate blows of the cane on his soft hairless skin brought him to realise that he always had to be ready to kiss the feet of any female entrant to his cell.

The second day brought new revelations.

The first revelation was that despite the worn condition of his dress, it was vital to realise that neither stain nor damage would be tolerated. The second was that Anna was in control of his every intimate function. It was she who allowed him to use the bathroom, supervised minutely. It was under her auspices that he was expected to fit the waisted stopper that plugged him.

Day by day Clark learned new ritual, new rules and new small behaviours that started to mould him in the direction that his depraved mamma had decided. His mind was filled by all of the regulations and punishments and even in the quiet of his cell, crouched waiting to serve to avoid the punishment, he could not help thinking about Anna and what he could possibly do to make her less severe. The title became the name of his new teacher and he could not help but think of her as 'Anna'.

By the time that the first week was over, Clark found that he could no longer think in long trains of thought. He felt confused between Turkish and English, his mind seemed to run in simple lines of thinking that made him realise that *only* utter obedience to the stern woman who controlled him was possible. She was like a mother, a mummy; a special woman whose strength was a comfort. A woman who knew what he should be, a woman who represented more than just guidance and control, she was a goddess who demanded veneration and submission.

On the third day he had a visit from Anna and three other women who were so attractive to Clark in his befuddled state that he imagined that he was in love with all of them. They stood as Anna punished him for staring at them and trying to kiss their shoes without the order being given.

For a moment he was lucid as he heard English being spoken by one of the goddesses as he was draped over Anna's knees for his punishment, but the only words that he could make out was the word 'maid' and another word that he puzzled over until he realised that it was 'sissy'.

He started to long for Anna's presence, it made everything so very uncomplicated. She fed and rewarded him with a pat on his head, she allowed him to empty himself and shower while she watched and ensured that he did not play with himself. Anna filled him with her presence, even when she was not there he could imagine the tip of her shoe before his lips...

It was all so very, very, simple.

She gave the order and he was punished if he did not comply, she rewarded him with a thin lipped smile or a pat on his head if he was very good and he glowed with the realisation that she was pleased by him.

His Anna never used him, he never saw those large breasts revealed or what lay between her strong legs. She ruled over him like a mother rules a small child and he was glad that the nurse was always under her supervision when she appeared. She protected him, she cared for him and best of all, occasionally she smiled appreciatively when he was the good little girl she trained him to be.

It was reward enough...

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At the end of a week, he waited for his Anna to visit. Shortly after dawn she would be there to guide him in some new procedure that he would learn as well as he might. She would feed him and decide if he needed to be chastised and he would try his best to please her.

The door of the cell opened and Anna walked into the cell. A toe extended from the folds of the long skirt and came into Clark's sight under his waiting lips. He kissed it lightly and again before looking up as he was permitted.

The skirt was a vast curtain, a wall that could never be breached unless Anna herself permitted it. Once he had seen her ankle and he knew that this older woman had well shaped legs and wore fishnet stockings under the folds of that skirt.

She looked down at him and twitched her foot for attention. Clark obliged with another light kiss and wondered what had made Anna require more than usual attention. Was this a reward? Clark decided that it was and dared himself to kiss the cool leather again without his Anna's permission.

As he did so the hem of the skirt lifted a little, causing Clark to look up with puzzlement. Last time he had seen her leg by accident, a swish of her skirt in the draught of the door. This time it was her hand that pulled the hem upward.

His heart skipped a beat and he dared look upward.

He saw the black criss-cross of the stockings, the ankle and the expanse of her upper foot as it emerged from the stilettos that she wore.

Clark stared and felt his cock grow. He parted his legs a little and hoped that Anna would not notice his state of excitement, surely she would punish him if she saw that he dared hope that she would reveal more?

The cane touched his raised ass and then lifted the hem as Anna reversed handle and stock to hook up her victim's dress-hem. She left his upturned face and strolled to inspect his erection.

"It is not allowed to be excited unless I permit it," she said. "You will learn to control yourself..."

Without even waiting for her pupil to bend over her knee she swept the cane down in a high arc. It contacted the bare flesh with a smack and then the point of the cane pushed the hem to drop.

“You will learn self-control, your new owner should have your service selflessly, service is not for you to enjoy, it is for you to perform perfectly as you will be trained. Do you understand?”

“Evet,” agreed Clark as he hung his head.

“Good,” said Anna. “Tomorrow we shall try again...”

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It took a further week of punishment before Clark could look at the form of his Anna in stockings without showing the excitement that she so firmly denied him. Fear of punishment helped him, but more than this he was fitted with a training chastity-cage that educated Clark in the correct behaviour.

The slightest erection pressed into the studs that ran in rows along his cock and made Clark bite his lip in agony as Anna teased him with ever widening vistas of her legs that pulled his eyes into the shadows.

“You are doing well,” she announced one day. “I think that you are ready to please me. Tomorrow I shall expect extraordinary obedience and you might be allowed to please me...”

Clark’s mind struggled to encompass the thought of her pleasure and what it would consist of. In his mind he held a cherished picture of the sun setting while a woman was fucked. The picture was always as if he was looking on from outside, as if was not a participant in the film, and yet in his mind’s-eye he could not make out whose cock it was that slid into that tight cunt! Then came another picture, a nurse towering over him while her fingers dipped into herself as she shook with passion.

That had been his doing too, Clark was sure of it. It was all his fault.

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Clark’s Anna arrived in his room, he tried to suppress his excitement, but his breath was short and a cold sweat occurred between his shoulder blades as he remembered that today was the day when she would allow him to please her.

For the first time.

He dared peep up a little, rolling his eyes to catch her figure as he did so. Everything seemed as before, the long skirt that brushed the tiles, just like any other day. He saw the tip of her cane touch the floor by his cheek and he dared not move, dared not stir.

The hem of her dress twitched a little and his eyes were drawn to the red leather that was exposed. Shiny patent red leather that needed so desperately to be kissed and venerated. But,



Clark's Anna had not said the word and he could do no more than pout and hope that she would give her permission.

"Red shoes are for days when you will please me with intimate service," came the voice from far above his head. "If you are well behaved on those days there may even be a small reward for you... Your Anna will care for you. She decides when you are good and when you are naughty."

The words were spoken as to a small child. Clark looked up and his heart was filled with joy because this woman would protect him, she would look after his every need, his mamma would care for him, punish him and reward him forever.

The dress lifted and he saw the red Oxfords with their wicked spurs, he saw the tight tan leggings that sheathed her legs and Clark saw that the cane in her hand was riding crop, a wicked braided shaft twisted with silver wire and laced with weighted tassels.

He crawled at her feet and prayed that she would allow him to please her...

His lips brushed the red as the riding crop took its first bite.

## **The Nurse, The Patient**

“You must have been a bad boy,” said the nurse as she passed a hand over Clark’s brow and then held his face in her firm grip. “You really have so much to learn...”

Clark hung his head and wept. The tears dripped from his bruised face to the white tile of the floor and splashed the nurse’s white stilettos with their fall.

“I hope that next time you are obedient. You have come so far, there is so far to go...”

A breath of the drug and Clark slipped into a slumber, allowing an inspection that always had to be carried out at this stage in the transformation.

The inspection was soon finished and the nurse stood back and looked down at the man who lay on her steel bed. Just two months ago he had been a defiant, lovelorn and stupid Englishman who happened to speak a little Turkish. Now just weeks later he was stripped to his mental bones. He had been disassembled and was presently being remade like everyone who entered this house of pain. Even the women that ran the house, determined its course, rules and reasons, they too were changed by the atmosphere of fear and anguish that was a very real miasma that filled every hollowed space.

The nurse smiled as she remembered the young woman that had just finished her studies. The young woman who was damaged by rape and abuse and yet fought to be her own mistress. The young woman that Valide Sultana Elmas Agun had taken in hand and nurtured to become her own avenger. This place was no hospital, no surgery, no place of respite and healing, but it offered her a place where she was amongst her peers.

The nurse had become something else. Something dragged from the dark, something that screamed its hate, something that took pleasure in the agony of others. It was true, Valide Sultana Elmas Agun had given her a chance. A chance to excel, a chance to be something in this cruel world, a chance to twist victims around her manicured nails, proxies for the men that locked her in a room for a month and used her and used her and used her...

She was nameless, simply ‘the nurse’ to all the other denizens of this wakeful nightmare. She slept like a baby at night and woke to wreak her revenge on mankind, all at the behest of the woman who was the only person to have showed her a better way to go than bleeding from cut wrists, lying in a pool of her own life as it ebbed from her...

The nurse looked at the man who was becoming something else. He was her work, this empty vessel. Her totality of focus, he was what she was creating, moulding from the clay of his own psyche. Physically he was moving toward the feminine, but he would never reach that giddy height. Drugged until dizzy, moulded by her every word, twisted by sex, desperate for a

protectress, abused by the counterfeit-mother that had seemingly cherished him and taken him under her wing.

Soon he would be ready for the next stage of his metamorphosis. The crushing of the maleness without the corresponding pouring in of a female substitute. He would be an empty shell, a space for others to fill, a toy that was there to be broken, a human form with openings that existed to be filled. He would be dressed like a dolly, made to stand and serve, fill his time with small tasks and then be used for another's pleasure.

The breasts were a little larger, soon he would be ready for the first operation. The nurse's fingers probed the small breasts and decided that another month would see more tissue gather, allowing the enhancement operation to be carried out with a better chance of realistic result. Her fingertips ran along the tracks of the crop that his loving Anna had used to flay him. The wounds were slight and there was no chance of scarring. The white delicate flesh was unmarked and would stay that way until perhaps tattoos were applied. Her fingertips detected the odd hair that had escaped her treatment, this would have to be corrected. Valide Sultana Elmas Agun wanted perfection, always...

The nurse weighted his balls and inspected his cock. She held it in her hand, on her palm and decided that it was shrinking nicely, the studs in his restraint would soon not be long enough, better to replace them now and move to the next stage. His ass seemed undamaged, the muscle firm and tight around the plug that controlled him. Every night he should be exercising and making himself ready to be fucked by any man that he was given to.

Of course Valide Sultana Elmas Agun had not stated that Clark would become a fuck-puppet for some wealthy or influential Turk or Arab man, but it was best to prepare and allow that choice. The nurse smiled as she imagined Clark bending to be fucked while a cock choked every breath from his lungs. She would fit the equipment and make sure that his Anna understood its importance. Why should he be allowed to sleep? Sleep was for his betters, he had to exercise to prepare to please his future owners.

At last the nurse was finished. All the while, Clark's Anna had watched the inspection and now she moved to stand over him. The nurse was the whip, she was the comfort, Clark was just the clay being moulded for her sister, the owner of this school.

She made a few notes and then called her orderly to have Clark taken to his cell. The course was set now. The training to prepare him for possible male use. Next would come the petty training in his new uniform, something that had so little real importance, but which the slave would find psychologically overwhelming. Then there were the operations to mould him beyond the scope that mere hormones could achieve. Finally, there would be the special preparation that her sister, the Valide Sultana Elmas Agun would doubtless require.

It seemed that Clark had a busy two months ahead of him, still, value would have been added for Valide Elmas and the nurse would have wreaked another small revenge on all men.

## Decisions, Decisions

“Miss Irene, this is not going to be straightforward. They expect to get the lion’s share and once they have it they will hang on ‘till the bitter end. Now is the moment when respect has to be established, boundaries set and the deal set in stone. Like the Nigerian operation, these people are rough here, they do whatever they want to and then pay their way out of trouble. This not like dealing with the Germans or even the Japanese, this is the wild west!”

Veronica stood by the window and looked over the lush gardens as she spoke. The signal was so poor that she had to stand just-so for there to be no interference. She remembered the words that Miss Irene had spoken before Hillary had been invited into the conference all those weeks ago in New York. In the background, Hillary sat reading a book, the maid had been ejected from the room.

Irene’s voice came clear to Veronica, “We can go no lower than forty percent, once costs are taken into account, we get oversight of the transactions, prices and offers that pass through their hands, they decide the final sales. I am only interested in selling to the top quartile of the market, no gardeners, chefs and butlers! Let the others fill in that segment, we concentrate on pets, intimate playthings and dollies. Make that clear, Veronica, no cheap shit.”

Veronica smiled at the ‘forty per cent’ and then replied.

“Irene, we discussed this before I left, what I need is permission to set a price,” She said. “I need permission to bring someone from here back to the USA and of course I need to set the first deal into place. I doubt that I will even meet the mysterious Elmas Agun, who owns the whole operation...”

“They won’t meet me either,” replied Irene, “and that’s as it should be. You negotiate on my behalf and get a good deal. In the end, I trust you Veronica to represent my wishes...”

“Ma’am,” said Veronica.

“That’s better, perhaps we should have a little playtime when you are back?”

“I am your servant...”

“I know and I treasure your obedience. So, how’s Hillary doing?”

Veronica looked over at her travelling companion as she spoke: “Hillary is learning, her Turkish can deal with most situations, she is a little over-eager sometimes, but I am sure that her being here for a year or two looking after this end of the pipeline will be useful and there is a lot to learn here. I do not know who is in charge of their mental conditioning and schooling, but whoever it is very good!”

“There is always something to learn,” said Irene. “Get the deal and the first shipment will be in Izmir inside a week. I already have ten fine young American and Canadian men ready for the Middle East. All I need is to crook my finger!”

“Will do.”

“Kisses to you and Hillary.”

“Love, Irene!”

Veronica took the SIM card from the disposable phone and twisted it. She had heard a slight click, there was no doubt that Irene was right, they were listening in. She pulled a wry smile, Irene was always right...”

Forty per cent! Her mistress was more than devious.

## Appropriate Dress

Anna walked around her charge and surveyed the effect of the lace and latex. The little uniform was so perfect on him, he stood so naïve and helpless as she rearranged a couple of folds and put her finger under his chin.

“You have one uniform, make sure that it is perfectly looked after,” she said as her lips approached his. “You look so perfect that I feel that I will be putting on my red shoes later when you attend me...”

Clark felt a shaking in his legs and a pit in his stomach. She wanted to be served again and the fear of her need filled him with dread. And hope, because her pleasure was his and he loved her with all of his heart. She deserved better than him, so much better, but he would do what he could for her.

Her lips brushed his lightly and he shivered with all of that love that filled him as she kissed.

“Now then, run along and make sure you impress the chief maid with all of your hard work and service. Your Anna wants you to please her, your Anna’s pleasure is all that matters, she loves you!”

Clark nodded and looked into her eyes.

“Off you go...”

The high-heels were awkward to walk on, worse on the marble of the floors. The metal heels clicked and slipped on the shiny stone and he came close to falling down the stairs as he hurried to his post. At the bottom he smoothed the seams of his stockings, straightened his hem and breathed a deep breath. The chief maid waited for him in the vast atrium with an impatient air. In her hand was a short whip that always quivered when she spoke, emphasising her demands and lessons.

Clark slowed his step and walked to face the woman who would prepare him for the next stage of his training. She looked him up and down and then circled him. Hands and fingers poked into his dress, she lifted the hem, she inspected his stockings and shoes and then made a tour of his face and hair. At last, she stepped back and seemed to be considering her words.

“You are not fit to serve the mistresses,” she declared. “You will start by serving the slaves and perhaps you will improve your understanding of obedience...”

Clark hung his head and found that he was in the middle of a conflict of emotion. In a few hours’ time he would have to serve his Anna and yet this Valide would demand his attention as well. Dare he speak?

Clark decided that he would wait. Perhaps his Anna would come for him and rescue him?

“Start in the lavatories and make sure that they are perfect before you begin in the dormitories,” said the chief of the maids with a swish of her crop. “And, next time that you present yourself, make sure that your stocking-seams are straight!”

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The floor caught his stockings at his knees. The ladder ran from ankle to thigh. Clark discovered that the delicate lacy hem of his dress soon picked up stain after stain and that the shoes were *so* easily scuffed. By the time that his supervisor returned, Clark had cleaned the bathrooms and toilets, but it looked as if he had used his new uniform as a mop to do the work! The chief maid stood and looked at him with a frown of irritation.

“Do you think that I have the time and energy to spend punishing you for being such a bad girl?”

“I’m so sorry,” Clark repeated under his breath.

His eyes watched the twitching of the crop in her hand and then his eyes slid to the wicked coiled whip that was attached to her belt. The frayed ends with their sharp steel wedges hung down to her hip.

“Clean up, there is a request for you in the diary. You will report to me before you go, I will not be shamed by you looking like a tramp when you are supposed to be under my wing.”

She noticed his fearful gaze at the whip at her waists and slapped Clark in the face with a sharp movement.

“Look at me when I speak to you; already you have earned enough demerits to be castrated! Report to me in half an hour, when you are back from your appointment there will be a reckoning...”

“Valide,” said Clark in a hollow tone.

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He stood before the heavy door and felt scared like never before.

The words of his Anna rang in his head. “*Your pain is for my pleasure; my pleasure is the supreme service that you give.*”

She demanded so much from him and he knew that she could step far beyond the limits of his weakness. When she wore the blood-red shoes he knew that he would suffer for her. He knew

that it excited him, made him hope against hope that the impossible would happen. That she would touch him *there*, just one small touch that would make him spill his love for her.

Even bound and fettered, even with the clasp of cold iron on his cock and balls, still he knew that he could come if she just touched him and spoke the word. That would be enough...

His hand moved in reflex and he knocked at the wood.

He was asking permission to enter and be punished. His heart fluttered as he heard the voice of his Anna beckoning him to enter. He opened the door slowly and saw for the first time the room where she played and slept. A room that was the vestibule to heaven for the man who had now allowed every dream that he had to rest in her hands.

His Anna sat on the edge of the bed in the familiar long skirt and black robe. The tips of her red shoes peeked out at the hems and a heel rested on the thick rug. In her hands was the crop that he feared and loved, bent into an arc with a gloved hand at each end.

Clark noticed all of this in a moment, but the girl who lay at the mercy of the red stilettos, she was a new experience. It had never occurred to Clark that he was not an only child of the woman that he called Anna. Mamma. He stood indecisive and then dropped to his elbows and knees with his face pressed to the floor as was expected. He dared not look up, but he could hear the tap-tap of the cane as she slowly marked time in her hands. Clark's heart was in his mouth as he slyly looked at the smooth flesh of the girl who lay between him and his Mamma. The skin was flawless, a graduated olive tone that seemed almost translucent in the light.

"Serve me," said Anna.

Both of her children, her slaves, looked up and hesitated as they saw the vision of the long skirt rise up the magnificent legs. Black stockings, old fashioned and sheer cased those shapely pillars. Ankle laced stilettos, calves that were rounded and strong, knees that stretched the nylon as a drum over the hollows and then thighs that were smooth and powerful.

The girl was the first to move. She crawled to the gateway of those revealed legs and stared up awaiting a sign.

The skirt lifted and slithered over the thighs until it rested on the bare skin of those thighs and draped to the floor on either side. The thighs opened. Clark got a brief confusing glimpse of gold, thick hair and dark skin before Anna's hand lowered to the girl's head and guided her to that rose place in the dark.

"Well done, daughter, you are now assigned this special place while you are here."

Anna looked down on Clark and smiled.



“You are the spice for my pleasure, my special daughter is the sweet honey...”

One red clad foot moved slowly. It lifted, it stretched and came to rest on the lower back of the girl who was gently lapping in the shadows. The crop moved and tapped the foot and Clark knew that an order had been given.

He crawled to the shoe and carefully kissed the tip of the heel. He heard a sigh from above and then the hiss of the crop as Mamma showed her ‘children’ how to satisfy her lust. The strong arm bent and slashed at Clark as her thighs opened to allow a gentle and precise tongue to sweeten the pleasure of using her power over her charges.

Clark sucked the heel and felt the metal of the tip cut his lip. He could taste the dust and dirt of the soles as the crop flayed his back in a series of parallel lines. Anna moaned as the rising tide of lust overcame her senses and she lashed at the helpless man who laboured to prove her supremacy. A hand pushed the blonde girl deep between her legs to rub and kiss the mature woman’s cunt as she climaxed.

Between his legs, despite the steel that punished pleasure, Clark could feel that, for the first time, he was teetering on the edge of coming. The way that the pierced tip of his cock rubbed against his own thigh, jealous of the thought of the girl that was permitted to serve in such intimate contact. The cuts of the cane and the spike of the heel that fucked his lips. The taste of blood on his tongue. All of this pushed him ever closer, but the most erotic, the real thrill, was the moans from the woman who he served.

Her climax was his climax!

A dribble of thin sticky flow came from his cock as the foot moved and he found, for a moment, her nylon clad skin under his lips. Another strike with the crop and the flow increased. Another moan from her lips and the flow became a surge. Another penetration of his lips and his hips moved without his volition. It was the first time since he had entered this school, the first time that he had come.

Mamma looked down at the two adults that had become children in her hands and smiled. One, the daughter, she would please some woman in the closed salons of Kuwait. The other, well, he was special, because he would go to her sister, where he would pay for daring to fuck Sultana Elmas’ daughter and Anna’s niece. Her niece, Anyali was sugar and such spice! Soon he would be broken beyond repair, she sensed it.

A little punishment for daring to come to the pain of her whip. A little reward for learning that he would never serve her intimately. He would learn to drudge, to accept, to serve and to never beg, because there was no mercy at all in his world. Just pleasure for others and the agony of his own service. Until, at last he was no longer useful and would be expunged and trodden on like the cockroach that he truly was.

He was the son who would soon be a daughter.

He would be broken by her whip.

Remade by her pleasure.

Reborn as a toy.

## **Book Three**

### ***Found***

## A Legacy

Valide Sultana Elmas Agun sat in the shade of the gazebo and sipped her tea. Things were going so well that she felt a warm feeling of self-congratulation well from throat to eyes, where tears formed and glistened in the reflected sunlight. Her discrete contact with Valide Irene was such a pleasant game, the woman was not just a competitor, she was a peer.

As she reflected she thought of her husband, the man who had taken his father's business and created something special, something that filled not only the purse, but also the needs of his wife and family. Such a shame that he had to be removed from his position as head of the family, but then again, he was a mere man.

She wondered if he was still alive, the husband who had preferred his slaves to his wife? Surely not, not after all these years. Most brothel slaves did not last more than a year or two even in the civilised houses of pleasure. Izzet Agun, her husband had been sold to a Saudi hidden-house, a so called '*bayt makhfi*' in the stews of Riyadh. A place where he would have been so at-home if of course he had just been on the outside of the box that they had sealed him into.

Now that he was gone, she was the supreme Anna of the business as well as the whole family. The matriarch of all that she surveyed. Her son the protector, her sister the gifted teacher, her youngest daughter the successor and of course the older daughter who showed promise as a governess. In Elmas' head, the future was laid out, now that the Americans were on board, the supply of the best quality human material would flow. Well educated slaves, fallen angels and destroyed wealthy people would be ground down to rounded perfection and sold to those wealthy Arabs who ejaculated just at the thought of a fettered blonde on the end of their little cock or a stunted man to give to their oh-so fragrant wives.

Elmas glanced at her watch and sipped her tea. At five she was to meet and speak to Hillary Hampton, the representative of her new American friends. A foolish woman, she had decided. Friends in business were not friends of course, just seekers after weakness and advantage! The reports that she had were, that Veronica was the one to watch out for, she was self-contained, strong and not easily bent to the will of others.

The secret camera that had been fitted to her own private quarters was Veronica's work. Of course it had been located, but it was better to leave it there and use it for advantage! A trade of mutual destruction was the real assurance of safety. No doubt about it, Valide Irene was a formidable woman to have such competent servants.

Veronica was the one to watch!

Hillary, on the other hand, was easily tempted. Fancy playing brutally with the maids when it was obviously she would be being filmed. No doubt she was intelligent, just rash... The woman would be sent to Istanbul to learn how the smuggling took place, that would remove the spy

for a month or two while the bargaining with the Arabs began... She was just a pawn, a low value piece that Irene would sacrifice for position and the game would continue.

Elmas sighed.

So many exhilarating problems, but risk and challenge was the business in which she found herself. Best to discuss through *some* problems with family... to have a slow meal with Anyali and Ogun to discuss progress on the new facilities and run over their take on the American angle. Then, there was the discussion that she had to have with Anyali, that would reveal much...

For the rest of the day, after all of that business, Elmas' time was her own. Her thoughts ranged over the possibilities. Perhaps she should catch up on her audit of the accounts, perhaps she should relax with a film, or of course there were so many other entertainments, like that nice new young man that she had...

He was now ready to learn that his new owner could fuck as well as, *no*, better than, *any* man. The hidden camera would make it so sweet and Valide Irene would realise that there were no scruples, nothing that she could not do.

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"Anyali, dear, I insist. You know what we do, the Agun's of Attalea. You know that we trade in flesh and we always have. From the Romanoi to the Ottoman we have survived by the lash, by the market that clinks with fetters and the moans of the weaklings we trade. You cannot evade this duty, because you are the one."

"What about my sister? Erdali, she is more than strong enough to take on the reins. What about Ogun, he is strong and has reach in the police? Why me?"

Anyali's mother leaned forward and nodded, "Erdali is strong, but she is a teacher, a persuader, a follower a well of strength. That is different from a light touch and certainty. She will become a legend; of that I am sure. But, she is a woman who deals on the personal level, the place where hands touch and faces are seen. I need someone who will work on every level and that takes something special..."

"And Ogun?"

"He is a man and that means that he will ever be a servant of his sisters..."

"But, my father, he ran this business as did his father before him!"

"Ah yes, your father. They had no daughters for two generations, a curse that bites every few turns in the Agun line. They did well, for men, but they nearly did not survive the wars that

shook the end of the Empire. *You* are that woman, the only one for so many reasons, you must learn some of the secrets and you must take the reins and learn the trade while there is time for you to adapt and acquire the knowledge that you need. It will be hard, but rewarding...”

Anyali looked up at her mother with calculation in her eyes and smiled as she pushed a little, “So, what happened to Clark then?”

“Oh, I thought that he ran away!”

“That’s true, I saw him go... you know that, Anna.”

“Ah, *that* was the moment that I knew that you would be the one and not your sister,” said Elmas. “Clark. He is no more, he no longer exists...”

“Mamma!”

“You *will* meet little Clark and see what a mistake it was that you made. You risked a great deal more than you understand. Never take the part of tenderness and ardour, even as a trap. I cannot have you out there, in the wild, trapping and gathering men to play with. You risked your family, kith and kin. I can take that as youthful enthusiasm. You must understand that desecration, abuse, gratification and power are your foot soldiers, but only if you stand and order others to take the risks that must be taken. In this business it cannot be otherwise. I think that you understand this and I also think that you will follow my lead...”

“I am not sure that I can do this...”

“Of course you can. The rewards are greater than you can imagine. I have decided that it is time for you to put your little holiday romances and amours to the side, the cells are filled with your lovers and it is not healthy to never live with the consequences and risks. You will never find the one that you need casually! He will be trained and broken for you to create the next generation of Aguns.”

Clearly this speech had been prepared long ago. Anyali waited for her mother to finish.

“So, I have decided that it is time for my two daughters to fly the nest and see the world outside of their mother’s nest. Erdali has much to learn and will be sent where the risk is greatest. She will go to New York and see how the apostate run their slick business. She will, in effect be hostage to your cleverness and cunning, because if you fail in task that I set you then she will be in a cell with every hole prepared for use!”

“Mamma!”

“It is true, why deny it? Being the matriarch has its price. We have made a deal with the infidel, the modern and the untrustworthy and now we have to squeeze every advantage from that

touch. You shall go with the American, Hillary, to Istanbul. You will side track her, bend her to your will or break her. This you will do *without* calling down the wrath of their leader, because Erdali will be in their hands. You will make sure that the deal that we have struck is never altered. The forty percent is the lowest they will take, that I know and we cannot let them infiltrate and meet our buyers. They would flood the market and ruin all that we have achieved.”

“How do you know what they are thinking, Mamma?”

“I hear everything in this house, if I wish. Gardens, balconies, under the rooves and in the dovecotes. I hear every tweet of a dove, every fool who climbs over a balcony, every whisper and phone call. This is my house and so it will remain until it is yours!”

“You knew that Clark was just another fool?”

“I knew...”

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“Of course you are welcome to come and go as you please,” said Elmas to Hillary. “But, this house is scarcely connected with our business. I suggest that you travel a little and learn the business on the ground, with the troops, so to speak!”

“So where would be the best place to start?”

“Istanbul is where the first consignment from Long Island will shortly arrive. I suggest that you be there to make sure that everything is in order. Trust is a building that needs to be built brick by brick. Then I would suggest Trebizond, the pearl of the eastern Black Sea. There it is that we have our connections with Georgia. It is also there that the business started so many years ago. In Trabzon.”

Hillary felt the lack of Veronica by her side.

Veronica had returned to the USA, so here she was all alone. Expected to make judgements on character and nebulous guesses. She had spent a week at the training facility, now she was in the palace of this formidable woman who seemed to almost rival the intense Miss Clearmont in her passion and ingenuity. Obviously they would not wish her to see the clients that bought from Turkey, but then it would be good to improve her Turkish and see some of the other parts of this spider’s web. Still, Hillary felt safe in herself. After all, the eldest daughter of this woman was in New York now, a balance had been created...

She decided to investigate a little and started with the most obvious question: “So when did your father start this business?”

Valide Sultana Elmas Agun laughed at the naiveté of her interrogator. The woman thought that a year was an age, that a generation was history and that a hundred years was an aeon.

“Around the year thousand, my dear,” said Elmas with a smile.

“A hundred years?” asked Hillary, unable to believe what she had heard in Turkish.

Elmas drew herself up straight.

“No, young lady. I am descended from Romonoi Emperors of the Macedonian Dynasty and the Sultan Arslan of the Seljuqs. We have been trading since then. Animals at first and then men later. A thousand years and we are still trading with the whole Middle East. From Africa to the Caucuses we watch, we take and then we sell. From the carnage in Syria to the liberal West, we take and train and then sell to every land from Burma to Spain. We are entrenched in the very fabric of these lands...”

Hillary had trouble following the speech, but she realised that in some way she had underestimated and upset her hostess.

“I apologise,” she said formally.

“Pardon them and overlook. Allah loves those who are virtuous.”

Hillary nodded, she knew when the Qu’aran was being quoted and it usually meant that the comment was meant to be taken as utter truth. She touched her fingertips together as an acknowledgement of the quote and said: “Istanbul it is then, Valide. From there I will discuss the next stop, but your recommendations are taken into account.”

“Trebizond is beautiful in the autumn... the pomegranates...”

“I’m sure that I shall taste them,” said Hillary glad that she had soothed the woman’s temper.

*‘This stupid woman is so sure that she has me as a friend now,’ thought Valide Sultana Elmas to herself. ‘Valide Irene will throw the slut to the winds if she needs to. If Anyali cannot wrap her around a crooked finger, then I shall have to have another daughter... This is a test of both of them.’*



## Package Holiday

The orange was off, the rubber shoes waiting for their next feet and he was free to go. Garry waited until the gate was wide before he walked those final yards into the hard sun of New Mexico. The landscape was empty to the horizon, a dusty cactus-inhabited wilderness with a worn road that ended at the gates that he had just passed through. Soon the taxi would arrive and he would be heading back to Phoenix to pick up a life that he had lost when they had taken his computer.

A smudge of dust at the edge of vision heralded his ride, paid for by a state correctional facility that had taken six years of his life with a flick of a pen. Of course he was still on parole, a life where reporting daily would be a chore, a parole officer who would pretend to be finding him work flipping burgers or stirring chilli. Garry turned slowly and looked at the seemingly low walls that had circumscribed his life. Two towers, glinting blue with the shaded glass. They were watching him, the watching would never end, because that was the way that it was if a man was caught with child pornography on his hard drive.

The plume of dust approached, it would be five minutes yet.

Garry turned to watch and wondered who it had been that had destroyed him. Every night for six years he had pondered the same question. How had the twenty pictures of little girls been secreted on that laptop? Probably he would never know. Was it some rival or partner in the office or was it a girlfriend who he had cast to the wind after a few nights of fucking?

He shook his head; the train of thought was a cul-de-sac. It had no meaning, because he would never find out. The fact was, he had been framed, destroyed and vilified. Turned on by all those that had pretended to be friends, partners and lovers. All that was left was ten thousand dollars of a million. Paid in fines, bail bonds and lawyers, all for nothing...

In the distance the black sedan was clear, a falling plume of dust trailing from the rear.

He would have to live with this for the rest of his life now, society had judged, society had punished, but all eyes would be on him as the news of his release was added to the database of sexual offenders.

He could hear it now, the rough engine, the crunch of the tyres. The car drew up two hundred yards from him, out of range of the cameras by the gate. It did not look at all like a mere taxi, dust patterned the black Mercedes as it manoeuvred to turn and face freedom road.

Garry sighed and picked up the small carryall that was his world and walked to the car. It would always be like this. Nothing would be easy. As he approached, the driver's side door opened and a long nylon clad leg slipped to the ground. He stood a moment, maybe this was not his

ride? The leg was followed by a woman who matched the leg. Muscular, slim, dressed in leather skirt and black denim. She wore sunglasses that she tipped onto her hair and smiled.

“Garry Nugent?”

Garry’s pace speeded and he approached as he wondered who it was that had sent this car. Was there someone from his former life that had forgiven and forgot? Did he still have a friend?

“Phoenix?” she asked. “It’s a long ride, so we’d better get going.

She moved and looked behind. Another distant plume on the horizon marked the taxi that the New Mexico correctional facility had ordered for their recently released prisoner.

“Phoenix,” he replied. “That’s the intention...”

Long ago he would have lusted after her, he would have plied her with drinks and meals, fucked her and then discarded her when he was bored by the affair, now all he could manage was a slight state of lust that showed through the denim of his worn jeans.

The young woman opened the rear door of the car in invitation and then slipped into the driver’s seat. Garry looked at the bag in his hand and fished out the wallet with long expired credit cards and a few dollars, leaving the ragged clothes that had been exchanged for orange overalls. He dropped the bag into the dust and climbed into the dark interior of the car to find that he was not the only passenger.

Another austere pretty woman, jeans and cowboy boots sat in the rear. She slid a little as the doors slammed closed and the car moved into motion. For a minute no words were spoken. Garry had not even seen a woman for years and had lost the art of conversation and it seemed that both driver and passenger were not inclined to begin small talk.

The car picked up speed and passed the oncoming taxi with a rush as it sped into the desert.

“This is not a taxi,” said Garry at last after mustering his thoughts. “Or perhaps New Mexico has improved their parole aftercare...”

The slight humour was greeted with a smile by the woman next to him and then she said: “We are here to take you to a new life, Garry. There are people who need your services and they are prepared to pay highly for you!”

Garry wondered who that could be. He had skills, computer programming, data compilation and interface design, but they were far out of date now. A sudden thought chilled him, the conditions of parole were no contact with computers, that meant that this was a criminal offer... or was it?

“I am not allowed near a computer,” he said. “So; what expertise?”

“Do you want me to explain now, or shall we sit in comfort, enjoy the ride and let it be until we arrive?”

Garry looked at her and decided that she was not his type. Spare and small breasted, dressed casually, unlike the driver, the woman who sat next to him radiated a cold indifference to his presence. No, not at all his type...

“Now or later,” he said. “I have my whole life in front of me to find out what criminal enterprise you think I would be suitable for...”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he realised that his comment could lead him to an unmarked grave in this wilderness if it was true that they were recruiting him for some exercise in law breaking. A refusal could be deadly!

“I mean, tell me now and then I know where I stand...” he continued hastily.

“Mm, eager to move on,” said the cold woman.

“Perhaps...”

“Then, let’s discuss your future, why not?”

Her left hand dipped into the door pocket of the car-door and pulled out a pair of hand cuffs.

“I’m afraid that you’ll have to put these on first!”

Garry looked at the cuffs and shrugged. What difference would this make, now that he had noticed the small pistol that was tucked under the dash by the driver.

He took the cuffs and flipped them wide open.

“They are for your ankles,” said his companion.

Garry tried to smile, but there was a lump in his stomach. The situation was so bizarre, but interesting. They would not have gone to all the effort to pick him up just to assassinate him, so there was going to be a way out at some point.

He leaned forward and cuffed his ankles obligingly.

“That’s better,” said the woman. “Now, give me your hands...”

He stretched his hands forward. She moved so fast that it was almost like a magic trick. One moment his wrists were free, the next another pair of cuffs had clicked tight, his arms were pulled up to the roof of the car by the attached wire and he was helpless.

“Nicely done, Veronica,” said the driver as she heard the clicks.

Her hand extended and she pressed a button on the dash that pulled Garry’s hands high over his head and then settled back to driving without even looking back.

“So, let’s discuss,” said Veronica with a thin smile. “There are people that society will not miss, men and women who most would rather forget that they ever met... We collect these lost souls and give them a purpose, a reason to exist.”

“For what?” asked Garry.

“I think that we should start with ‘for when’,” said Veronica as she looked past Garry at the passing desert.

“For when, then?” he asked.

“For ever,” she said. “Now, we can get to the ‘for what’.”

“So, for what?” he asked, but already he had decided that he did not want the answer. Not now.

“You are going to learn new purpose in life,” said Veronica.

The driver laughed as if Veronica had made a joke.

“A little travel, a bit of training and then a new existence,” said Veronica. “But first, this!”

She pulled a folding knife from her pocket and flipped the wicked saw blade free with a small twist. Garry felt himself shrinking into the far corner of his seat, but there was nowhere to go.

“Don’t move, I don’t want to damage the merchandise!” she said as she leaned down and began to cut off the legs of his tattered jeans. “Stay still.”

The knife in her hand flickered and slipped between flesh and clothing. With small movements the jeans and T shirt were opened and then cut free to leave Garry naked and sitting on the ruins of his clothes. He sat perfectly still, fully aware that the razor sharp teeth of that blade could disassemble him in moments if she so willed.

“There,” she said when he was naked. “Don’t worry, I am not interested in men and you’re not to my taste at all... But, there are people...”

That thought had passed his mind, but the knife closed with a click and was pocketed without comment. Veronica inspected him carefully and then sat back to watch his reaction as she spoke.

“From now, you are just property, goods that have to be prepared and then sold. You will obey every order or be punished, soon you will be shipped with the rest of the merchandise...”

“For what?”

“No more questions, just stay still, be silent and enjoy the ride!”

Her hand rooted through the tatters of his jeans and she pulled out the battered wallet. The window rolled down and she tossed it from the car without even looking at its contents.

“Please,” he started, but she stilled him by reaching for her knife again and then turned to her window as if her meaning was clear.

Garry’s erection slowly subsided as the fear took him with trembling.

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The car passed through Chapparral, small towns passed and were soon left behind. Then came the edges of El Paso. The car arrived at the border post and slipped through without comment before diving into the crumbling Mexico town beyond. Garry saw few people and many rambling sheds and buildings before they turned into a narrow street and through the opening doors of what seemed like a large hanger.

“Good, said Veronica to the driver. “That went well! Let’s drop this off and we can have a discussion about the pick-up tomorrow. A glass of Mezcal Rustico would go down well!”

“It’s always so easy with you, Veronica” said the driver as the car came to a rolling halt. “I just wish that you were down here more often!”

“Oh, I like to keep my hands on the workaday routine,” laughed Veronica. “Anyway, this consignment is important, we have to ship in two days and a quota to meet.”

A rough looking Mexican opened the door and said something in Spanish, to which Veronica replied before she climbed from the car. Garry’s wrists were unlatched from the cable and he was pulled from the car leaving a heap of tattered ripped clothing.

As he was led, barefoot, over the rough concrete he saw the two women who had abducted him so easily standing by the car in a relaxed stance.

And then the nightmare really began.

He was led into a corridor and then another. Stumbling as he stubbed his toes, the man who dragged him by his cuffs did not slow, but just pulled harder. Doors corridors and then steps down, the path seemed almost random in the ill-lit building until at last a door was opened with a rattle of keys in locks.

The room was small, heavy hot air and cages that were stacked in a wooden frame on the back wall. Two of the cages were occupied with young women who cowered as the man pulled Garry behind him. A tattered sofa stood against one wall, three empty wine bottles lying on their sides on the floor and then Garry was shoved into a cage that did not share its bars with the other captives.

The man gave the crawling Garry a kick and then closed the door to his new home with a padlock. He made a comment in Spanish and spat on the floor before eyeing the other two filled cages as if contemplating some evil deed before turning to leave.

Garry turned to watch the door slam and heard the chains and locks being closed. He looked up to see that he was below one of the women, but an empty cage lay between them. The woman sobbed and then moved to look down at her new neighbour.

“What is this place?” he asked.

The other woman, way to the side replied.

“Hell,” she said.

“I don’t understand...”

“When you meet Maria, you will,” she said in a bitter voice. “The men, they just want someone to suck their cocks, Maria is worse...”

Garry felt a cold sweat in the stifling heat of the cell and moved to stop the bars of the floor of his cage painning his ankles. He tried other questions, but the two naked women did not reply and the one above him returned to her sobbing.

The dim naked lightbulb made the room indeed seem like some outer vestibule of hell, reflected Garry as he moved again. Soon he would have to piss, that last drink in the gaol had made itself felt. Hours passed, or perhaps minutes and the rattle of locks filled the cell. The two women moved to the backs of their cages as if they could hide and Garry felt his heart speed as if he had just finished a sprint.

The door opened and two women entered the cell. One was overweight and dressed in tight skirt and a short T shirt that barely covered her huge breasts. The other was tall and muscular and carried a whip at her belt.

The corpulent woman spoke in Spanish to her companion and then laughed. The other turned, left the room and pulled the door closed behind her. There was a rattle of the locks and then a small view port opened and a face was briefly visible as the woman checked the room.

“Good day,” said the woman in a heavily accented English.

She looked down at Garry and then surveyed the other two cages. The two captive women shrank further back and the woman laughed.

“I am Maria; you are mine for a day until you are shipped. All you have to do is to be good little boys and girls and then you will be fed and watered.”

Her words seemed to boom in the small room and Garry felt her eyes on him as she chose her victim. The sobbing woman stifled her moans as if that would make her invisible, but it seemed that her choice was the only man in the room.

Maria made her choice and licked her lips. She bent and unlocked the door to his cage before retreating to plump down on the sofa with her legs apart.

“Come on, don’t be shy,” she said with a small sneer.

Her legs opened, the short skirt rode up and naked thighs were revealed and then a thick bush that covered her indecently. As Garry watched, she pulled a stun gun from between her breasts and waved it at her victim.

“I said, come on! I need a little loving and you need some water, so let’s trade!”

Garry looked up and saw that the two woman in the cages had relief on their faces. He pushed the door open and crawled out onto the cement floor. The response from Maria was a smile as her hands lifted her T shirt to reveal breasts that tumbled from the ill-fitting bra like a tsunami. Her legs opened wide and she stretched them to rest the heels of her high heeled mules on the floor.

“I hear that you’ve been a while without,” she said. “All I want is a nice bit of loving and then we’ll see if you were good enough to get the reward!”

Garry moved a little and he was almost between her legs. He moved upright to his knees and watched Maria play with her breasts in a mockery of foreplay. He could make out the slit of her cunt, a ragged line that pouted, seeping excitement as Maria shuffled a little to show Garry what lay before him.

“That’s better,” said Maria in a husky voice as she looked at his cock hardening without Garry’s volition. “Come on, I need it now!”

Garry shuffled, despite his fear he could not help himself. The woman was the opposite of any fantasy, but the need in his body betrayed him.

“No! No fucky-fucky,” she said as he moved between her thighs. “This is for me, I want your face in my cunt, *I’ll* tell you if you are allowed to fuck...”

The stun gun in her hand moved a little and Garry bent his head between her thighs. Maria reached down and picked up a worn bamboo cane with her other hand and as lips parted that bush, the cane swept down between his shoulders.

“When I order, not before!” she said. “Now you can start on my ass!”

The thighs parted even more and she slipped down to allow her huge cheeks to part and reveal the loose opening that lay between.

“Foreplay! Don’t you know how to please a woman?” Her accent was heavy even though her English was perfect.

Garry looked up, and hesitated. That earned him a vicious cut of the cane and the hand with the stun gun twitched as though Maria was about to make the threat real.

He bent to his task.

The erection grew stronger, and tongue licked the greasy skin between the cheeks of her ass. He heard a moan and then the swish that marked another use of the bamboo cane.

“Do it properly,” she shouted and used the cane again.

Garry pushed and found that she was so easy to penetrate. The tip of his tongue pushed into her and then lapped. Maria moaned. He felt the cane-hand press between his forehead and her pussy, the stock rasping his skin as she pushed her fingers deep and massaged herself.

He choked on the smell of sweat and the juices that ran from her, he kissed and licked. He fucked her with his tongue, entered her again and again. At every slight pause, every draw of breath the hand in her pussy pulled free and delivered another cut. Garry could feel something, blood or sweat, trickle from his back and redoubled his efforts to bring the gross woman to a climax.

A hand pushed him free and clenched in his hair before pulling his mouth and face to be enveloped by the wide waiting cunt. She pulled and twisted his head with her hand as she squeezed another climax from her prey before throwing him back to face her heaving form.

“A good start,” she grinned. “Now it’s your turn!”



He was upright on his knees as her legs moved and her feet closed on his cock. She kicked his balls and then pressed the sole of a shoe against his straining erection. It pushed him against his stomach as her foot moved up and down in a slow cadence. The heel caught his balls, the tip grated on the tip of him and Maria smiled as she forced a climax from Garry with a laugh that grated in his ears. As she felt him quiver and shake, the shoe pressed harder and then dragged the heel from root to tip of his prick with a savage kick that brought an eruption that spurted on the scuffed leather of his shoes.

For a moment, that tableau held. Garry on his knees, his cock pumping onto her shoes, her heel pressing into the delicate balls that were delivering their load. Then she held up the stun gun and pressed to make a blue spark cross the contacts.

“Clean my shoes, bitch-boy!”

Garry looked down at the dripping shoes and saw the emission that dripped from tip to heel and splattered the naked foot with slime. He shook his head, the motion was involuntary, but her response was lightning fast. The hand flickered out, the contacts touched him and he fell to the floor twitching and moaning. Above him, the foot swayed as Maria looked down at his twitching form and repeated her order.

“Lap it up, mother-fucker. Clean my shoes, now!”

Garry’s vision filled with that plump foot wearing the spike heeled mule that was drenched with his discharge. The foot lowered, the cane struck at his arm, the heel presented itself before his lips and Garry did as he was told.

As he licked and sucked, she laughed and mocked him.

“If you think that I am bad, then wait until you are shipped, you little shit. All I want is to watch you cry and make me come, where you’re going they’ll fuck your mind, cut off your cock and make you beg to come back here to me!”

Her foot kicked out and split his lip. Garry moaned and sobbed as he tasted the blood and rolled away to lie shivering despite the hot stuffy air of the cell.

“It’s a shame that I can’t really break you in,” she said as she spat and fingered her cunt. “I’d just love to fuck you until you bleed and then pass you on to the men who need snivelling Gringos like you to suck their disgusting cocks, but you are heading out of here soon and so we’ve only got time for a session or two together...”

Her little speech seemed to bring on another climax and Maria lay for a few moments gathering her breath before she leaned down and used the stunner again to leave Garry curled on the floor in a sobbing heap.

“Back into your cage. I’ve decided that you have not earned anything to drink, but if you are a good boy next time, perhaps I can think of something to give you, a special vintage, so to speak!”

She stood and walked past him to face the cages.

“Well, girls, I think that it’s time for you to perform...”

Garry crawled back to his cage and buried his head in his hands as Maria pulled the next victim from her cage.

“All I need is a little lovin’,” she said with relish.

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Garry crawled into the crate.

He looked up at Maria and the woman who she supervised and prayed that she would not abuse him again. Only a day had passed, but he had served her three times. His back was cut from the cane, his breath and mouth filled with the taste of her.

“OK, hook him up and then we’ll pack the others,” said Maria as she spat on his upturned face. Then she spoke in Spanish and watched as he was prepared for transport.

At last the cuffs came off ankles and wrists, but they were replaced by the ones in the corners of the crate. Something was pushed into his rear and then a hand pulled at his cock to stiffen it before a tube was carefully pushed deep into him. The whole time, he looked up at Maria’s leering face as the other woman worked on him. A rubber tube was tightened like a corset on his balls, and then a gag was buried between his lips.

Garry’s tongue explored the intruder to find that the shape of it was the head of a bulbous cock of rubber that resisted his teeth. The last thing that he saw as the hood was pulled over his head was Maria’s face and then he was in darkness as the strings were tightened and the latex was smoothed over his head. Hands fiddled with the gag and then he felt a sugary liquid drip into his mouth.

The final stages he had to guess at. Packaging was poured around him, to pack tightly as the lid of the crate was nailed down with a noise that stayed in his head for hours after the crate was closed.

Now all sound was muffled. Garry heard other hammering and the dulled sound of voices. He sipped at the cock in his mouth, the breath whistled from his nose through the mask and then all was still. Time had no meaning to the packaged slave, but eventually the crate was moved.

Starting, stopping, the crate was wheeled on a trolley until it was manhandled roughly into a truck.

He started to slip into slumber. His limbs ached, the salve on the cane cuts soothed his skin and the slow drip-drip of the rubber cock in his mouth delivered sweet tang merged with a bitter aftertaste.

Garry slept.

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As he did so, the crate passed through customs in the airport. Placed with the others it was flown to Puerto Rico and then transhipped to Agadir in Morocco. Garry awoke as his crate was briefly opened, but in his drugged stupor he was passive as the liquids were checked and his condition was scrutinised.

Once again, the crate entered its transport, this time a military heavy lifter that spent five hours in the air before it finally arrived. The plane touched down in Istanbul and was moved to the military dock and the crates that it disgorged were stacked into a truck.

## Consignment

Hillary watched the crates being moved to the transport. The stifling air of Istanbul filled her nostrils with the scent of ten million people. She counted the crates off the plane and wondered how Miss Clearmont had managed to arrange that a Moroccan Military transport had taken part in such an illicit operation.

Twenty crates, she counted. Five marked as from Mexico, three from Puerto Rico and the rest from the USA. Three women and seventeen men, all ready to be taken to that rambling palace near Side. It would be a long trip for the occupants, so that the crates would have to be opened, the merchandise checked before she could contact Long Island and report that all was in order.

Anyali stood by the woman that she had been told to watch-over and watched the soldiers unload the cargo and stack it in rows in the hanger. The last three days in Istanbul had taught her much about Hillary.

She was a woman who relished slavery like a client! A weakness that was like a gift from heaven. Though she was strong, purposeful and well organised, she was at the same time so very naïve and Anyali wondered how it was that she had been sent to oversee such an important business contact. Still, there had to be a reason, after all, Mamma had commented that the owner of the American Institute was a dangerously clever woman and she *had* to know that games would be played!

“That’s all of them,” said Anyali to Hillary. “Now we check the merchandise and make sure that the transport is all arranged to our satisfaction.”

“Then I can call the USA and we can relax...”

Anyali smiled. This woman’s moments of relaxation were hard work for the woman that had to serve. Still, it would keep the American bitch busy while the new victims of their trade disappeared into her aunt’s tender care. All she had to do was to ensure that Hillary never met those who took the finished goods. It was those contacts that she had to protect. After all, it would be a disaster if her mother’s business was to be cut out of the loop!

The doors of the hanger closed, shutting out the armed soldiers that ensured privacy, leaving just Hillary, Anyali and the three women who would check the contents of the crates.

Hillary seemed bored by the whole affair and sat on one of the crates while each was opened, investigated and the contents checked. She watched the nurse who checked pulse and vital signs of the slaves in each crate and then emptied the bags that drained them before she made a round and refilled the bottles of liquid.

“We need them off that drug,” said Anyali as she supervised each inspection carefully. “They are best unpacked in full knowledge of their fate. It takes a week off the training time.”

“Right,” said Hillary. “As you like, what is important for me is that all are in good condition when they pass to you so that the initial instalment can be paid as agreed.”

Anyali nodded and wondered how the woman could be so stupid! All she seemed to care about was the money. She looked down at Garry in his crate and watched the nurse run her hand over the healing marks of a cane on his back and then check him with a stethoscope. The man was starting to become conscious, the formless head in its hood moved a little and a groan could be heard issuing from him as he awoke. The nurse unclipped the soft bag of his discharge and replaced it with another before she checked that the catheter had not damaged the goods.

“This one’s fine,” said the nurse as the packaging was poured back into the crate and it was nailed closed. “He’s the last. All in order. One of the women will need care when unpacked, but all of them can make the trip. All are undamaged, apart from the ones in the Mexican crates, where a little punishment has left its mark. When’s the transport coming and how long’s the trip?”

“Just another ten hours to arrival,” said Anyali.

“That’s fine,” said the nurse. “Anyway, I’m with them the whole way and I’ll make sure that they get there safe and sound. I must admit, though that a little more care in packaging is needed, at least for those not from the USA.”

Anyali turned to Hillary and said, “Please make sure that you pass that on when you call back. These are expensive goods; we need to be sure that all consignments in future are well packaged!”

“Will do,” said Hillary in a bored tone. “Can we get out of here now? I need to get back to the hotel and send my report.”

“Fine,” said Anyali, knowing what it was that Hillary really needed. “We’re going back now and then I need to know what you intend next...”

“Are you assigned to watch me?” asked Hillary as she slipped from the crate.

“No, just to make sure that you have all of the access that you require,” answered Anyali. “You tell me what you want and need, I make it happen. You report to America, I report to my Anna. We need to build trust...”

Anyali shrugged and strolled to the back of the hanger, closely followed by her American companion. As they walked away the nurse stood and watched them both.

*'There's no doubt about it,'* she thought as she watched them go. The American woman was attracted to her Mistress, the Valide Anyali. *'Better pass it on...'*

Hillary watched the young Turkish girl in her tight jeans and as she did so, she wondered what it would take to get her into a wide bed for the night.

Perhaps tonight was the night?

## **Istanbul Nights**

It was one thing to talk to Irene on the phone, quite another when she appeared on the screen of the laptop that Hillary was using. In the background was the familiar room in the Institute, but Miss Clearmont was not in her normal casual dress. A high collared latex blouse in black was all that Hillary could see, but Hillary imagined the tight hobble skirt and black patent heels and realised that she had called at perhaps an inopportune moment.

“Hello,” said Hillary, “I just thought it best to call and give a quick rundown of the first arrival of the merchandise.”

Irene frowned and Hillary wondered what irritated her mistress, but the reply soon informed her.

“Where are you?”

“In my hotel room...”

“I can see that, I meant, where are you!”

“In Istanbul of course.”

“And the merchandise?”

“Already long gone on its way, all in order and checked through.”

“And *you* are still in Istanbul?”

“I decided to go to Trabzon in the morning to see another part of the operation.”

“You should be on your way down south, to oversee the reception of the merchandise...”

Miss Clearmont’s face became stern and Hillary could not understand what the problem was.

“I thought that I should see what else they are doing here, because...” said Hillary hastily.

“Shit, Hillary, what the fuck do you think that you are doing there?” thundered Irene with an angry shout. “It was quite clear, get inside the business, find out all you can and report all of the stages of the training and sale...”

“I have time, they will be there for months, I just thought...”

“You fucking thought? Don’t think, do as I say or the consequences will be severe.”

Irene's tone turned to an icy calm that Hillary realised was a surfacing of the real anger that lay beneath the frown.

"So tell me, what gave you the idea that you should go to Trabzon?"

The question was almost in a sweet voice, but the threat was clear.

"Well," stumbled Hillary. "I was told by Elmas that I should look over the operation there to get an idea of how they worked and thought that I could travel from there..."

"So, let me get this straight! You were asked by me to follow the training and instead you followed the suggestion of the woman that you are supposed to keep an eye on and learn what they are trying to hide? Is that what you call following my explicit orders?"

"No Ma'am," whispered the trembling Hillary. "I am so sorry..."

"Get a plane and follow then!" said Irene. "Do what I order or suffer the consequences! They are playing with you and that means that they are playing with me. Already, I have learned a great deal from the so called daughter of Elmas Agun, but there is much that remains unclear, but if we do not know what our merchandise sells for after their preparation, we have no idea how much they are cheating us of our share of the profit."

There was a brief pause and Hillary waited for more.

"At the moment I shall take the very generous position that you are naïve, if you make another mistake you will end your days in a place that you will not like... at all!"

"I shall be there as soon as possible," said Hillary, knowing that more apologies would just add to the problem.

"Make sure that you do and do not call me from an insecure place again. Hold your tongue, do not play around, get me what I want and do not forget, you are mine! You belong to me. Use the one-use phones, watch every move and report weekly on progress. Perhaps I expected too much, but now I expect everything. Do you understand, because I cannot be more explicit?"

"Ma'am."

On the screen, Hillary could see Irene stand. For a moment she saw the skirt that she had imagined and then the picture went black. Hillary sat and stared at the screen for a minute and then started her search for flights to Antalya.

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The first flight was at ten. Hillary sat in the bar of the hotel and stared at the bottles behind the bar listlessly, already she could imagine her fate, she could feel the anklets and collar and stared through the restrictions of her fears through the bars of a mental cage. The cocktail stood, ice melting and umbrella wilting as she pondered how she was going to impress her mistress.

It should not be difficult!

The barman glanced at her and shrugged, clearly the American woman who spoke some Turkish needed a man in her bed, a man to fuck her and make her feel like a woman again and he wondered when he should make his move. He was just thinking of how to make his move when a pretty Turkish girl came into the bar, looked around and then chose to sit next to the object of his desire.

Anyali hitched her short skirt a little and sat next to Hillary, being careful not to ladder her stockings.

“So, what do you think,” she said to her immobile companion.

Hillary looked around and gave a crooked smile. Anyali smiled back and felt a small twinge of superiority over the dejected American woman. An hour ago she had talked to Mamma and sent the recording of the feed between Irene and Hillary for her to look at, but it seemed that unlike Hillary, she was trusted by *her* boss! She had watched the conversation twice before deciding her strategy.

“It went well today,” said Hillary at last.

“Oh the transfer? I was actually asking what you thought about Istanbul. It’s the first time that you’ve been here isn’t it?”

“What I’ve seen so far is impressive,” replied Hillary. “There’s no time to play the tourist though, I have too much to do...”

“Don’t be silly, we’re here for three days and then we head for Trabzon for a few weeks.”

“I have to get back to see the induction and the start of training,” said Hillary.

Her hand closed on her cocktail, paused a moment and then she pushed it away.

“I’ll have a double Bourbon,” said Hillary to the barman who was now pondering if three in a bed was a possibility.

“You’ve seen all of that stuff before,” said Anyali. “The operation in Trabzon is a better way of seeing how we operate.”

“No, I need to get back, so I’ve booked the ten O’clock flight.”

“Right, well if that’s what you want to do, then I’ll come back with you.”

The boarding pass already lay tucked in her purse, if she needed it! What had to happen, though, was to make her miss that vital flight. She thought of the words that the nurse had said. Perhaps a little seduction was in order?

“If you’re just here for the night, then I’ll show you around, do the tourist thing, and then we’ll head back tomorrow. We should be in time to see them arrive...”

Hillary picked up the Bourbon and sank it in one gulp. The depression swelled and she pulled a face.

“I’m not sure, I think that I’ll stay here...”

Anyali weighed her strategy and said, “That’s fine, we can eat here or just around the corner and then get an early night.”

“I’m not hungry.”

“You will be when you see the menu,” laughed Anyali as she put a hand on Hillary’s knee. “It’ll be a girl’s night out. We get a little drunk, we drink a load of cocktails, we eat on the roof terrace and get to know each other a little better. Business is easier with friends. You are a friend now.”

Hillary looked at the small woman who sat next to her and felt a twinge of lust. It would be so interesting to bed this Turkish beauty; it had been too long... Maybe Anyali would give her something to report, especially if she was a little drunk!

“That sounds better,” said Hillary as her mood lightened. “It might be fun and you are right, we really need to get to know each other, since we will be working together.”

“That’s a plan! I’ve got to freshen up a little, so let’s meet here in an hour and start the binge!”

“I’ll do the same...”

“Girl’s night out.”

“Let’s go!”

The waiter watched his two prospects walk arm-in-arm from the bar and picked up the glasses. If he had known that the young Turkish woman was the daughter of the owner of the hotel, if

he had known their business, his cock would have shrivelled and he would have been trembling in fear.

The two women exited the lift on the top floor, still linked.

“You need to see the view from my room,” said Anyali as she pressed her finger on the reader by her door. “In an hour the sun sets behind the Blue Mosque, it’s so romantic!”

The door opened and Anyali led the American into her room to a gasp from Hillary.

“This must be the fucking Bridal Suite,” said Hillary in English.

“It’s the best room, that’s for certain,” said Anyali. “Mamma always stays here when she’s in Istanbul.”

Hillary took in the hangings, the huge bed, the wide open doors to the balcony that showed minarets and domes and said, “Can I look around?”

“Of course! I’ll just have a shower and then we’ll see what happens next.”

Hillary wandered to the balcony. Far below the streets were full, a vista of tightly packed roofs and domes was the backdrop and the amazing aroma of the city wafted to her nostrils.

She turned to look into the room where Antali sat on the edge of the bed as she slowly undressed. It was clear which was the better view and Hillary could not help watching the young Turkish woman roll her stockings down her legs and slip off her heels. Her breasts were round and perfect, her skin, an olive tone that seemed to glow, naked she was graceful and more than attractive.

The small Turkish girl seemed oblivious to her admirer as she flexed and touched her toes briefly to push the stockings off her small feet. A low heat spread through the American woman’s thighs and she realised that having Anyali would be a triumph that was well worth the risk.

She stood straight and stretched before heading out of sight to the bathroom. Hillary turned back to the view and wished that she could take the trip to Eastern Turkey with Anyali. There would have been so many opportunities...

Hillary walked into the room again and looked around. A laptop sat on the low table with a cable that snaked to a socket in the wall, clothes were piled into the small open suitcase, nothing seemed worth investigating. She took a pace or two and opened the huge wardrobe to find that it was full of clothes. For a moment she ran her fingers along the hangers noting the labels and expensive cut of the clothes. One or two latex and leather dresses hung slack and Hillary mused

that both of them had the same tastes in clothes. Then there were the shoes. All boxed and stacked, some were clearly practical pairs for the day, others only suitable to be worn in bed.

As Hillary closed the doors of the wardrobe a thought came to her. How had all of this got here? She had seen the small case on the flight here, so how was it that there was so much in the wardrobe? Then another thought occurred to her, she had a key for her door, Anyali had opened hers with a fingerprint and yet, when they had checked in she had gone straight to her room and not had her hand read.

This was important, in some way, Hillary decided.

From the bathroom she could hear the water running so she started looking for more. The laptop was open, but the screen her dark. Hillary touched a key and the screen lit up suddenly. A log-in was required, but at the bottom of the screen, the computer showed a list of messages and headers.

The last one was marked 'EA' and was headed, 'Skype – Amerikan. Hillary mouthed the words to help her understand the Turkish and then stepped back in disbelief. Did this mean that her conversation with Miss Irene had been listened in to?

The screen timed out to black just before the door to the bathroom opened. Hillary had moved back to the balcony and rested with her elbows looking down into the street below. A slight perfume warned of the presence of Anyali who stood next to her and said, "I love people-watching."

Hillary turned to look at her and nodded.

"Some would be perfect for our buyers," she said.

"Perhaps, perhaps not! Most would be useless to us, most buyers only want attractive people!"

"More attractive than themselves!" joked Hillary. "That's sort of the point, I suppose."

A slight breeze opened the net gown that Anyali had chosen and revealed her legs. Hillary smiled and realised that the last ten minutes had changed everything, now it was clear that Anyali, her mother and the whole organisation in Turkey was an antagonist, even if there was only a cold war between them. This was something that Miss Irene had recognised and that Hillary had overlooked or not understood. Anyali was the enemy, beautiful, tempting and clever, a woman whose every movement and action was to gain advantage. After all, how else could they have been in their trade for a thousand years?

Hillary placed a hand on Anyali's shoulder and allowed it to slip down until it cupped a single round breast. There was a deal to learn and do before they even returned to the south.

A seduction, a chance to listen to every tipsy word and analyse it, a fuck and a chance to turn a page and make her owner smile and congratulate her. This was going to be so easy!

Anyali pressed close to the foolish American woman.

Perfume made Hillary giddy, perhaps it was lust?

There was so much to learn now...

## **Welcome my friends...**

Clark looked at the clothes that had been laid out on his thin mattress and felt a strange apprehension. Of course he had been wearing a dress and heels for weeks now, but this was somehow different. It marked a sea change, a confirmation from which, it seemed to him, would have no way back.

His hand strayed to the steel collar that ringed him and he moved it a little before he stretched his hand out and made the fatal step. A year ago he had fucked a girl whose taste in clothes was the one that was now being forced on him, how much time had passed! His fingers touched the lace that circled the neck of the dress and picked it up.

It was heavy, it draped loose and flaccid to the hard floor of his cell. Formless it would take his shape, his new shape. He held it up and inspected the zipper at the front and pulled it down.

It had to be done in the right order, he decided and laid the dress back on the bed. First the stockings and shoes, then the corset and finally that dress that horrified and attracted him.

His hand slipped between his thighs and felt the hard metal and the ring that trapped him and made him their toy. At last, he pulled himself together and picked up the stockings. Fine nylon, sheer with seams that ran the length of them to the dense stocking tops that would hug his thighs. He sat on the edge of the bed and gathered them carefully, it would not do to ladder them, that would only invite punishment. He felt the nylon on his smooth legs as he slowly pulled each stocking on and lined up the seam to run like an arrow to each heel.

Then came the shoes. Red, a colour that he now adored because his Anna wore them when she required his submission. They fitted easily and he bent to lace them tight, the drawstrings shaping the skin of his ankles as they drew taut. He stood and looked down, there was something narcissistic to see the bare skin, the metal that constricted him and then the nylon stretching to patent leather.

The corset was short, hips to ribs, it pulled tight to give him a narrow waist and flared hips where the newly developed fat bulged a little from under the edge. He clipped the suspender fasteners one by one, taking care that all twelve were straight so that the stockings would not twist as he walked before he picked up the dress and slipped an arm into one long sleeve.

The latex stretched and then hugged his smooth skin all the way to the steel wrist bands on both arms and the skirt hung loose around the backs of his legs, its lacy edge tickling the backs of his calves. It felt so right, comforting and lascivious.

Somehow, it was not until the dress was on that the change was complete, so he hesitated with fingers lining up the zipper. Until he pulled it tight he was still a man, when it was pulled to

his small breasts the transformation would be irreversible and he would have surrendered completely to the conversion that he had somehow always resisted in a dark corner of his mind.

Clark's eyes went to the clock above his door and noted that he had ten minutes of manhood if he so wished. A small concession that allowed him to imagine that all of his actions were of his own volition.

The moment of his choosing arrived.

His fingers pulled, the zipper hissed up and he felt the latex close around his legs to become a tight sheath that followed every contour of his body. His hand was now at his waist. It overcame a little resistance and then slipped over his belly leaving a smooth waist with a small nick where the metal of his restraint pressed from behind the slick material.

Above the corset the zipper ended allowing a wide 'V' to reveal his tiny breasts and then came the collars. One of lace, the other the steel ring that could never be removed.

It was done.

Clark had become something else, something degenerate, something neither man nor properly woman, unless his Anna chose to finish the change.

Soon she would arrive and she would inspect the graduation of her son and pupil to become the sex-puppet that she seemed to require. Clark took a step and realised that from now he would have a pretty walk, tiny steps on teetering heels, vulnerable and inviting disdain and abuse.

He could only hope that the place where they would send him would be a place where he would be appreciated and used rather than abused.

It was not likely...

## **...to the show that never ends.**

Light!

It dazzled him and for moments everything was a nebulous collection of shapes and colours that swam in his vision. He heard women speak in a language that he did not understand and then focus returned and he knew that this was just a mad dream. A delusion that emptied his bladder with fear as the truth of his terrible predicament became the stuff of reality.

Then the hood was slipped back on and Garry was blind once more.

After hours of silence, there had been the wrench and squeak of nails being pulled, the clatter of the crate being wrenched apart. Then came the unwrapping of the merchandise. The clink as fetters were released, the pull of hands that urged him onto his numb and painfully tingling legs.

He was led.

A leash and a collar urged the sightless victim down corridors to a place where he was minutely inspected. He felt the cold touch of a stethoscope on his chest, words spoken in dispassionate comment. Then hands felt every inch, from his balls to his semi-erect cock, to the muscles on his arms and legs and then pulling free the stopper in his ass and the tube that still dangled from his cock.

Finally, it seemed, the inspection was over and the nightmare of injections began. He counted three in his arm, two in his rear and one that went deep under his upper leg that made him squeal through the gag that still filled his mouth.

The leash pulled and Garry followed its lead.

Once again long corridors. The only sound the padding of his feet and the click of the heels of the woman that pulled him to his next destination. Garry felt strength return to his legs, he felt the needles as though they were still embedded in him and the hard floor under his naked feet. Doors opened, doors closed, the walk seemed endless and then suddenly there was rich carpet under his feet.

A voice, female and high pitched, spoke and was answered. A hand ran over his skin and then retreated. A rustle of paper and the snap of a clipboard and then further discussion.

Garry stood and tried to stay still, but his balance was shaky and he knew that he was swaying. More discussion and then another voice trampled the others to silence. This one was female, but low in tone. It spoke each word slowly as though the speaker knew that everyone else had to wait for her to finish.



There were just two words of reply, “Evet Valide!” and then he was once again on his way. This time it seemed that they took him outside. The air was still and hot, sweat ran from him as the pace quickened. Under his sensitive feet were pebbles, rough earth and smooth stone.

Another building, ten minutes’ walk from the place with carpet and there were tiles under his feet. They pulled him into position and a hand slowed him to a stop. Hands took his wrists and cuffs were fitted to ankles and wrists.

Garry heard a ratcheting, a loud series of ticks and then he was stretched and pulled. Arms up and to the sides, ankles wide and wider. He cried out as it tightened and pulled to a point where he felt that it was intolerable and then he was stretched further yet.

Hands came to the back of his tight hood. They unlaced him while two women chattered as if discussing shopping or some common casual interest. Then he heard a slap, a crack that caused laughter and then again. The hands fumbled and pulled and hood and gag fell away.

Light!

It dazzled him and for moments everything was a nebulous collection of shapes and colours that swam in his vision. He heard women speak in a language that he did not understand and then focus returned and he knew that this was real. A delusion of reality that emptied his bladder with fear as the truth of his terrible predicament became the stuff of true reality.

He felt the piss run down his thigh, warm and acid. He cried out in terror as he focussed and saw a tall brutally muscled woman standing before him with a wide smile on her face. In her hand was a whip... a snake that was twice as long as she was tall, it coiled on the floor and twitched in waves as her hand flicked the grip.

“Garry Nugent?” she asked him in slow English.

Garry nodded and moved his mouth, but no sound issued forth.

“You have no name; you have no choice except to obey. From now on you are number three, that is your label until your new owner decides on something else.”

She moved her hand and a wave rippled the length of the whip.

“Three! Do you understand?”

Number three nodded and watched her whip-hand with dread.

“It has been decided that you will become a nice little pet, the form is yet to be decided. It may be a nice little puppy like that,” her hand pointed to a cage with a crouching woman that balanced on elbows and knees, “or it may be something else.”

Garry felt bile rise from his empty stomach and some liquid filled his mouth with sour taste and then dribbled from his lips.

The hand moved and the whip snaked, lifted and suddenly snapped with a recoil. Then the woman took a stance, legs wide and braced, left arm flung out and eyes focussed on the naked man who sweated fear with every shaking breath.

The lash lifted, it danced in the air, it hissed as it cut the air and then the tip flung up, it curved impossibly and cracked as agony lanced from number three's thigh where it cut and kissed for a moment before dropping to the floor with a flutter.

Garry screamed, he yelled with the horror of a delusion made real, with the terrible pain of the whip and the bitter pull of his fetters. He shrieked and shrieked as she stood and admired her work.

And then, her arm lifted again, the whip coiled.

Now, he cried as she lifted her arm.

Before the second cut.

Anticipation.

## **A Bus Missed**

Hillary slept in the wide bed, breathing deep, almost snoring as Anyali got dressed and looked back as she opened the door. A glance on her watch showed that the time was midday, time to have a little breakfast before returning and playing the concerned friend to the American woman who was stretched with her arms above her head, bound to the frame of the bed with two hundred dollars' worth of stockings.

Everything was done to perfection, decided Anyali. The application was on Hillarys phone, the numbers of the American-bought one-time phones were noted, the flight was missed and the airline contacted to disallow any bookings. It had been a pleasure fucking Hillary, Anyali decided. She was certainly an active performer and even though she had revealed little of interest, her true nature had surfaced after all the cocktails and the touch of powder that had been added.

The woman was a submissive slut masquerading as something else. Strange that Miss Clearmont had not realised this! On the recorded conversation she had seemed so in control and cunning!

The door closed silently and locked with a slight click. A small sound, a slight disturbance that brought Hillary from her slumber. For a moment she moved before she realised that her wrists were still bound to the bed. She pulled, but the knots tightened and gripped her wrists like steel thread. Hillary kicked off the covers and looked around to see that Anyali was not in the room. The bathroom door was open and no sound issued. She turned her head to see the time on the clock by the bed, but it was no longer there, just her mobile phone and a pair of silken knickers that draped, flung there during their love-making.

Slowly she pulled again at the bindings and realised that she would have to gnaw through them to escape. She had tied those slip knots herself, she was the fool that had been caught.

Tears came to her eyes and she pulled herself up to get her teeth to the nylon. It took long minutes to reach the nylon and it resisted her. It slithered and moved, seemed as tight as steel. So delicate on the legs, so strong when pulled tight!

For half an hour she worried the bonds, struggled to chew them open until at last one wrist was free. It took only a minute to release the other.

Hillary grabbed her phone and cursed, she almost threw it as she realised that it was fully discharged, so she rooted around the room in hasty search as she pulled jeans and T shirt on until she finally found the bedside clock under the bed.

Her heart lurched and she was almost sick when her suspicion was confirmed. It was almost one in the afternoon. Hastily she picked up her phone and turned the door handle. The door

was locked, just the blinking light on the fingerprint scanner mocking her. She tried the scanner, but it did not have any effect and then she rushed to the balcony with the wonderful vista of Istanbul. Seven stories lay between her and the street, there was no way out of the room.

Exhausted and sobbing, Hillary sat on the edge of the bed and wondered if this was all the prelude to a new nightmare. No one knew better than her what happened to a trapped woman in a strange city!

The door opened and she looked up from her tears to see a casually clad Anyali step into the room.

“You’re up at last,” said the Turkish woman with a smile.

“Jesus, Anyali, you know that I had to catch that flight!”

“Oh, I hadn’t noticed the time, don’t worry, they’ll be another, we’ll go to the airport when you’ve had a little breakfast and packed.”

“There isn’t time...”

“There’s always time, no one is going to say anything about you being a little late, so calm yourself down and we’ll find another flight. Breakfast first, it’ll be here in a moment!”

Hillary brushed past Anyali and headed for her room. Hastily she packed her case while her phone charged. There was a knock at the door and then it opened to reveal a waiter pushing a trolley laden with a Turkish breakfast. Behind, followed Anyali who organised the small table in the corner of Hillary’s room.

“Book the flight for both of us while we eat a little and then we’ll head for the airport.”

Hillary allowed herself to be calmed and sat at the table with the still charging phone in her hand. Quickly she found the only airline that flew to Antalya and started to book while Anyali poured coffee and then started to eat from the selection.

Hillary checked the flights, the three O’clock was fully booked, the one at seven was also full. She checked the next day’s flights and they too, were fully booked. She sipped her coffee and looked up at Anyali.

Last night they had drunk in the bar, cocktail after cocktail. They had fended off the amorous waiter and headed up to find themselves in love for the night. At first they had vied to be on top and then Hillary had allowed her lover to tie her tight and treat her to a climax that had sent her to sleep with exhaustion.

“So, found one?”

“All fully booked,” said Hillary. “Tomorrow too.”

“There’s a sleeper train tonight, try that. We’ll be there in the morning.”

Hillary fumbled at the phone but could not find the Internet side, so she laid down the phone and said, “You book it, I can’t find where to get a ticket.”

Anyali picked up her own phone and played on the screen for a minute.

“There’s one that goes at ten and arrives at nine in the morning, but there’s just one room left, should I book it.”

“Please,” said Hillary between clenched teeth.

“OK, booked,” laughed Anyali. “At least now there’s time to look at the sights. Well, as long as you don’t want to repeat what happened last night?”

“I give in,” said Hillary at last. “Blue Mosque and the Bazar, I suppose.”

“Oh, there’s a lot more than that to see!”

Hillary looked at her phone. Better to let it die, she decided, with it switched on, Miss Clearmont could see exactly where she was...

Her hand pulled the lead from the phone and Hillary had made the first step in betraying a woman that it was fatal to deceive. It was just a small occurrence, but all journeys start with a single step.

## Preparation Part One

Clark's Anna stood inspected her new girl. She was developing nicely and the downcast eyes that brimmed with tears were such a delight to see. She knew that it is possible do so much to a man and he still retains that inner core, but the clothes make the man and the man is made to something else by the clothes. The dress showed his hips to good effect and his thighs were now plump instead of muscular, the legs shapely in the high heeled shoes. Only the breasts and his bearing needed work and her new daughter would be where his Mamma wanted him.

"Good, Anna approves... you are nearly perfect, so I have a little present for you. Something that's personal..." said Anna. "Here!"

She passed him the small bag that she was carrying and noted the shaking hand with approval. Any mature woman would be glad to have a little male maid like this. In fact, she was tempted herself except of course this one was already destined for someone special and had to be finished to make a perfect fit.

Clark opened the bag and looked inside. A row of lipsticks like shotgun rounds, all sorted in colour order. Four shades of nail varnish, foundation, blusher and a small case with lashes.

"Later I shall teach you properly how to use them all, because a girl's presentation is more than important, it is vital. For now, follow me, I have a treat for you!"

Clark looked up at his Anna and wiped tears from both eyes. She smiled and led him through a part of the house that he had not been privileged to visit before.

"This will be your home soon," said the woman who led him by a leash, "because soon you will be leaving your Anna and learning skills that you will need where you are going."

Clark could not take his eyes from the red heels that flashed from under the hem of her dress and missed his surroundings. She paused at a door and then led her charge into a small room that was fitted as a dressing room.

"Sit here and wait," she said as she left the room.

To Clark it seemed like a test of some sort. He sat alone with the leash coiled on the table where he had cast it and moved a little to stretch his legs to balance his feet on the tips of his heels. The feeling was strange, new almost. Left to his own devices, unfettered, for the first time in weeks he sat and wondered how it was that he had not been given some task to complete.

The door opened and a stranger entered the room. Dressed in the same uniform that Clark wore, the woman carried a small case and opened it to reveal a vast selection of make-up and manicure materials that she laid on the table with practiced movements.

“First time?” asked the maid.

Clark nodded.

“I will be teaching you the basics, but for now, I have been ordered to prepare you for a special occasion...”

Clark felt puzzled, his Anna had not told him of this and it took a little time for the words to sink in.

“Special occasion?”

“Even if I knew, I would not be able to tell you,” said the maid as she fussed with the tools of her trade and set up a mirror. “All that I know is that you are to be prepared in ‘style A’ and that it is my responsibility to ensure that you are perfect!”

“First we need to tie this back,” said the maid.

From behind she pulled Clark’s hair and smoothed it down to fit under a smooth nylon cap.

“There’s nothing to do with this,” she fussed. “Far too short to give you the cut that will be required. Now then...”

Hands moved over Clark’s face and neck, feeling and assessing, before she started to swab the skin in preparation. Clark sat still, staring at his coiled leash. It felt strange that no female hand held it to guide him. This experience was the most pleasant that he had had in this place and slowly he relaxed and allowed the maid to work on the next stage.

A cream, a paste and then powder that rendered the hairless skin flat and featureless. Touches of a brush, scatterings of rouge and then brushes appeared in her hands to apply a base lipstick in black.

All the while, the maid hummed to herself and made small comments that needed no response.

Eyeliner, delicate touches of colour highlights and then darker shades were added. Over the lips a bright red that was then merged with the black to add fullness and shadow before long lashes were added and highlights were dusted over cheekbones.

The whole process was slow, but continual as a new face started to emerge in a tide of colour. Clark watched the transformation take shape in the mirror and felt a small twinge of jealousy that this woman effortlessly melted away the masculine and created a feminine look that would have graced a fashion magazine cover.

He no longer recognised the face in the mirror, it was another person, a striking face that eyed him back with long lashes and pouting lips as if offering herself for a night of lust.

He felt a twinge between his legs, a slight swelling that was a realisation that he was attracted to his new alter-ego. As that thought came to him he felt the limit reached and a discomfort from the studs that now pressed home. He moved a little in an effort to relieve the strain and the maid smiled to herself.

“It happens to me all the time, dear,” she said. “I just love being perfect...”

Clark watched the last subtle addition of a slightly sparkling effect on the low-lights and then it was done. What stared at him from the mirror was a whore. A pink wig, garish but alluring, now seated on his head. He was a distillation of feminine sexual charm. A slut ready to fuck. A pouting tart in tight dress, heels, long lashes and lips ready to open and swallow.

“I’m done, now make sure that you do not touch...”

Once again Clark was left alone in the room. Now, though he was in the presence of the woman that he thought that he had always wanted to fuck. The woman who was nothing but a decorated assortment of holes to service a man for pleasure. The slut that every man wanted to be kneeling at the shrine of his bursting cock.

The woman was himself.

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“I love it,” said his Anna and Clark felt a pride as if the difference was of his own doing. “It is time to meet your purchaser for the first time, so make sure that you behave. Punishment is severe if you fail to impress. Walk slowly, show your charms and it may be that you will make a good impression...”

Clark felt the tug of the leash. He allowed his hips to roll, he felt every step and made sure that his arms stayed still as he had been taught. A desperation to please filled him and once again he winced as his cock swelled to be curtailed by the steel that gripped him.

Opulence...

This part of the house was like a palace. Louis the Fourteenth furniture, thick carpets into which his heels sank, oils hung in series and crystal decorated lights that twinkled even though they were not in use. Occasionally he watched the bright red heels lift and settle, his Anna’s hips sway and he imitated pace and style, every step being easier as he went, despite the fact that his heart was in his mouth with the fear of the questions that filled his mind.



Who was his buyer? Was it a man? Would they be kind to him or was this green-mile a walk to abuse and pain? The thoughts filled him with fear, but outwardly he held his poise even though he could almost feel a cold sweat on his back trickling between soft skin and the hard corset that swelled his hips.

A door.

His Anna turned and removed the leash to coil it in her hand.

“Follow me,” she said. “Do not speak a word unless you are directly asked, shame me at your peril, put one foot before the other as you have been taught and prove that you are fit to belong to a powerful woman who will determine your fate.”

*‘One question answered,’* thought Clark as he watched the door open from inside. *‘It is a woman who is my owner...’*

His Anna stepped forward and made a small movement with her hand to indicate that he should follow. Clark stepped into the room with careful paces, he allowed his hips to roll a little, stood straight and pursed his lips, but he could not take his eyes from those heels.

When he looked up his heart stopped.

Just one person awaited them, a woman that he knew, a woman that he feared, a woman who had a smile on her lips as her sister greeted her with a tender kiss and then presented the man who had mockingly been offered her daughter’s hand in marriage.

Valide Sultana Elmas Agun looked at the masterpiece that had been created from the man who had climbed walls and run to escape her home. From the waist down and neck up, the vision was far beyond what she had anticipated, all that was lacking was the breasts that she had ordered.

“Sister,” said Valide Elmas with a smile. “As usual you have excelled yourself. She will make the perfect gift!”

“There is still much to do,” said Clark’s Anna. “This has been a little slow, but in the next weeks it will be done...”

She placed a hand and cupped Clark’s breast as she spoke.

“Then comes the final training that will make this little poppet a perfect slut. However, I am satisfied with her progress so far and in just a few weeks she will be ready to be given!”

Elmas placed a sharp nailed finger under Clark’s chin and lifted his face to inspect him minutely.

“You are right, Sister. But, I would like a little work on the face as well. I want less strength and a more rounded pretty face. Also the lips are a little thin, that can be done easily...”

She spoke her shopping list as she strolled around the shaking Clark giving her requirements with a dispassionate indifference to the victim of her revenge.

“Do you want her neutered?” asked Clark’s Anna as Valide Elmas inspected the small bump that pressed the latex dress from underneath. “Half or total, it may be for the best...”

“Sister, sister,” laughed Valide Elmas as she leaned to kiss her sister on the lips. “If I left it to you every man that left here would be a eunuch! On the other hand, perhaps in this case it may be appropriate?” she mused.

“Say the word and it will be done!”

Clark shuddered and willed his stunted erection to subside, but his cock did not obey. If anything the swelling tip pressed harder against the latex, betraying him, begging to be detached.

“No! We’ll leave that to his future owner. “It is better to give all and let the receiver of the gift choose than to decide too soon!”

Clark’s Anna nodded and Clark felt a small surge of gratitude.

“I have seen enough,” said Valide Elmas. “Have this slave taken away and then we can discuss a few matters of importance. It is so long since we did more than talk on the phone.”

“I have much to tell as well, a small afternoon tea and we can catch up in private and then you can tell me all about your plans.”

## **Book Four**

*Used*

## **A Philosophy of Lust**

*The sun rose over the horizon, dusty hills that were the foreground for the heights on the horizon. It shone bright, heralding another glorious day. Birds hopped and tweeted in the olive trees, a single tractor clattered along the road that led alongside the high wall and all over Southern Turkey, farmers, peasants, Mullahs and shop owners sipped their tea and looked forward to another day.*

*Behind that wall was a space. A clear hundred yards of stony gravel and beyond were olive trees that had long since ceased to be harvested. They stood, uncultivated, wild and free, in a place that was dedicated to oppression. On a slight rise was the glorious, but rambling palace, in the rays of the morning sun it that housed a place where men and women were prepared by proud women to become the unwilling and broken slaves to the lusts of the rich and powerful. Domestic dolls, living, breathing sexual toys that would serve for the rest of their lives as lovers and maids or perhaps the loci of agony and abuse.*

*A small cluster of trees near that palace threw shadows over another place. A darker place. A low ad-hoc building that had once been the farm that had served the palace with citrus and grain. Now it was a fortress that faced inwards, barred windows staring towards freedom, cells and cages with those who would serve the more severe training and schooling for victims who were to serve other more twisted needs.*

*Those who have power always desire more, those with money can satisfy their perverted lusts to the full. What better way is there to prove that power and wealth than to wholly own another? Spurred by creativity, fetish and the imagination of pornographers and scribblers of deviant words and fancies, the fantasy would be made real in this place no matter how extreme or intolerable!*

*To live the lives of another's fantasy...*

*Those chosen by their betters, those abducted by reason of jealousy, offence, revenge and obsession entered the dark gates of the farm as humans and left as something else. Flensed and altered, shaken and stirred, broken or in full understanding of their fate, they became whatever their new owner desired.*

*Who was chosen for this life of torment?*

*Women who had spurned advances, business rivals that needed to learn a truly bitter lesson, those who had slighted their nemesis no matter how petty the insult. All these, and more entered without ever seeing the place where their fate would be decided and so often left in the same way.*

*Then there were those that had resisted the generous offer of a functional and useful life, sacrificed for others. The ones that resisted all blandishment and threats and had to be disposed of. The failed pupils of the palace just nearby. Those that thought that they actually had a choice as to how they lived their lives. The resistors, the unredeemable, the stubborn and the intractable. They followed this path from palace to farm and suffered for their wilful defiance, until at last they became what they feared most.*

*The epitome of warped fantasies of others.*

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Number three awoke to this nightmare.

A dream purchase for his betters.

The door had slammed shut.

## Preparation Part Two

The cage was tiny. He could barely crouch on hands and knees without his roughly shaven head scraping the bars of the next cage up. There was smell of sweat and dread, every sunrise a slave arrived to sluice the cages with a river of fresh water.

This was now his third night in the cage, scored by the whip that had been used to show him who was in charge of the farm, number three had been placed in a middle height cage to allow him to be moved up or down as reward or punishment.

A woman arrived and recharged all of the water bottles on the cages with fresh water. Number three noted that some of the bottles seemed to be filled with something else, but it was clearly not desirable. Because as soon as the bottles were changed most sipped the water from the penis shaped nozzles, but those with the ochre liquid held back until heat denied them choice in the matter.

The sun shone through the window, casting black lines where the shadows of the bars swept the floor. It rose and the shadows moved as one by one the captives were taken from their cages and assigned to whatever punishment or use their gaolers had for them. Occasionally, the cage remained empty for a few days until the slave was returned with some alteration having been carried out. Other times the occupant never reappeared and no word was ever spoken as to why.

The door opened and a tall woman strolled into the room. Dressed in leather that was worn from use and revealingly tight from the swelling of her ripe body, she carried a whip at her belt and a pride in her bearing.

“Number three?” she yelled sharply.

Number three moved in his cage to peer out and whined. He was hungry and the wire of the cage bit into his knees and hands. The woman scanned the cages and noticed the movement with a sense of pleasure. At last she had one who was willing to cooperate! Most cowered in their cages. Maybe it would be an easy three weeks? She unlocked the cage and clicked the leash into place before pulling so that number three fell to the hard floor with a bump.

Number three did not understand the words that she uttered as she pulled him from the room, but he understood that spoken words were useless here, only his actions counted and he had already decided that cooperation was the better path.

Words could bring only trouble... but that problem was about to be corrected because the order docket that had his number written on it listed ‘silence’ as a final requirement. An extra that had been selected by the casual click of a far distant mouse-click.

Number three found himself in a small cubicle where he was expected to shower under icy water before his hair was cropped to his scalp and then he was shaved of the week's growth that had grown since he had left that correctional institute in New Mexico. Another physical took its course, his body being inspected by dispassionate hands and comments written on a clip board.

He wondered if it would be safe to mention that he had not been fed in a day, but the menacing attitude of the nurse and his guardian persuaded him that it was better not to remind them. The nurse twitched her fingers and he held out his arm for the injection that was administered with a casual efficiency before they laid him on the surface of a metal table and pulled a light over his face. It was incredibly bright and he felt the heat radiation on his face as the nurse carried out an inspection of his mouth and throat as she chatted with the woman who had brought him to the room. Number three squeezed his eyes tight against the light and lay passive as the examination was carried out.

The light was switched off and he tried to open his eyes, but they felt heavy and stubbornly closed. Number three felt a numbness spread through his frame, his wrists and ankles were fettered but even so it seemed as if gravity had waxed and the weight of him was just too much to move. Over his head he could still hear the chattering of the two women, but now even the sounds were a muffled blur that had neither definition nor meaning.

Number three slipped into a shallow breathed slumber.

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He woke to find himself in a bed for the first time. A lumpy mattress was under him, but the smell of the fresh laundry filled his nostrils. His eyes were crusted closed and opened and blinked. Number three swallowed and felt a pain in his throat, a soreness that made it difficult to swallow and he looked around to see where he was.

A small dormitory.

Metal framed beds like his were lined up on one wall, some occupied, some hidden from his view and on either side, the beds were occupied with the sleeping forms of a woman and a man. Both were covered by a sheet that just left their faces visible. He tried to turn in the bed and felt the straps that held him, but his head turned to see a woman sitting at the end of his bed reading a magazine.

As he moved and tried to swallow again as she stood and moved to stand over him. She placed the magazine on his torso and lifted the sheet that covered him with a flick of the wrist.

"*Iyi*," she said approving as her hand moved to his neck and probed by pressing her fingers into the skin.

Number three groaned at the discomfort, his sore throat reacting to the touch of her finger-tips.

She spoke a few more words in Turkish and then pulled the sheet back and then smiled down at him. Number three tried to smile. He was so hungry and thirsty. The compulsion to beg for food overcame his fear of asking. Surely this smiling nurse would feed and water him at the very least.

His lips moved, his breath hissed, but no sound came from his mouth.

The nurse smiled again and patted him encouragingly on the forehead.

He tried again, but no sound, no word came. Just the susurration of the breath over his teeth.

“*Yi*,” she said again with a satisfied smile.

Her hand picked up the magazine and flicked the page back to her place. She moved to her chair again and number three watched her as he rolled his eyes.

An urge to challenge the silence of the hospital ward filled him.

Anger, rage and helplessness rolled into a single emotion.

He took a painful breath and tried to yell.

But all that came forth was a hiss.

The magazine pages turned.



## **Sleeping with The Enemy**

“I will take the position on top,” said Anyali as the two women surveyed the small sleeper cabin and arranged their cases. “If we hurry to our seats we will see the city walls as we leave.

Hillary shrugged. She had seen too much of this city that had proved so difficult to leave. Seeing some more ancient ruins as they slipped away held no attraction at all.

They made their way to their seats, all the while Anyali chattering as though they were just two friends on a tourist excursion. Hillary replied in a monotone and went to pull the switched off phone from her pocket before she remembered its state.

The train eased from the platform with a squeak of wheels and passed at an almost walking pace through the centre of the city. It picked up a little speed as they passed through the walls and then rumbled over points as it chose to loop back and cross the Bosphorus bridge that gave a startlingly high-up view of the ships and traffic on the still water.

Soon the pace picked up and the train proceeded at a stately pace through low foot hills and an almost desert terrain that reminded Hillary of New Mexico and Arizona back home. Just three months ago she had offered herself for this trip in hope of impressing Miss Clearmont, now she regretted every step that had torn her from the comfortable business of finding victims for their business. She longed to have Veronica next to her, competent, always knowing what the next step should be, always in control of every situation. But, now Veronica was back in the States and Hillary had to stand alone on her two feet.

There were some bright spots, but they had been cast into shadow by her own mistakes. Perhaps switching off her phone was the worst of them?

“When do we get to Antalya?” asked Hillary for the third time.

“Ten in the morning,” replied Anyali as she looked up from her book. “There’s plenty of time...”

Hillary stared out of the window as Asiatic Turkey rolled by. A harsh contrast to the modern air conditioned train.

The train rolled on.

They ate in the well-appointed restaurant car, they sat in their seats and watched the darkening countryside roll by and Hillary grew frustrated by the small talk that held nothing that she could pass on to her mistress. History and tradition bored her, but it seemed to animate her companion who regaled her with tales and rumours that were all hundreds of years out of date.

At eleven, the train rolled into a forlorn station and came to a standstill while Hillary wished and willed it to continue. She asked what the hold-up was, but Anyali just shrugged as if it was no concern.

“Probably a scheduled stop for half an hour,” she said. “We won’t get there any faster if you worry, so relax and enjoy the ride!”

*‘What ride? We’re fucking standing still,’* thought Hillary, but outwardly she just shrugged and turned back to watching the men on the platform who seemed to be in charge of the train.

At last the train started with a lurch again and started to climb at a walking pace that seemed to be a deliberate insult to the impatient American woman.

Hillary decided, that as soon as she was in Antalya, she would switch on her phone again and explain to Miss Clearmont how she had been tricked. It seemed easy to make that decision now, but she knew that the moment that she turned the phone back on and her position was registered, there would be a call and she would have a great deal of painful explanation to do.

At around eleven, after a final tea in a series of interminable offerings, Anyali stood and said, “Right, I’m off to bed... fancy coming along?”

Hillary followed the Turkish woman and wondered if the bitch thought that she could continue their liaison of the night before. There was no way that she wanted to be humiliated again like that! Anyali probably thought that she could play the lover again and Hillary would wake in Istanbul again after being tied to the bed! There was no way that they would do anything other than sleep, Hillary decided.

The brief affair was over!

In the cabin, Anyali stripped in an unselfconscious way as Hillary sat on the lower bunk. The slender, but shapely legs, the smallish breasts that were rounded and gave the impression of size without hanging at all and the smooth skin of her belly were attractive, but Hillary had decided and sat with a stony face while she watched Anyali’s preparations.

“Want to join me upstairs?” asked Anyali with a small grin.

“No thanks,” replied Hillary.

Anyali fished in her small travel case and pulled a vibrator and some silk cloths from it with a sly grin.

“Well, I’ll just have to amuse myself then,” said the small Turkish woman as she climbed over Hillary’s head.

As Anyali climbed, her legs opened for a moment and Hillary got a flash of the perfect cunt that was already dripping with expectation of a little self-abuse.

There was a shuffling sound from the top bunk and a single foot came over the edge to hang in Hillary's sight. The high-heeled shoe moved a little and a moan came from above.

Hillary sat and a shiver ran through her. A feeling of lust warmed her as the vibrator cut through the humming of the train's movement signalling that Anyali's moans were just a prelude.

The shoe twitched and then shivered. A moan came from above.

Anyali groaned and the edge of a sheet hung from above.

Hillary felt a warmth and a pit in her stomach.

What harm could it do?

She stood and turned to face the upper bunk, to find that Anyali had propped herself sitting with her back to the wall, her legs spread wide with one almost hanging over the edge of the mattress. The vibrator played on the lips of that pussy, it dipped into Anyali and her eyes opened to see Hillary standing between her legs.

The hand dropped the vibrator, it reached forward and moved through Hillary's hair and then pulled the American's face to service her lust.

"Give me what I need," said Anyali in a coaxing tone. "No bondage, just love and pleasure!"

Hillary allowed herself to be pulled, she could almost taste the sweet smell of the juice that ran from cunt and smeared smooth thighs with oily perfume. Her tongue tasted, her lips pursed and she was caught between the sprung trap of the Turkish bitch that was closing to trap her adversary.

As she lapped and brought Anyali to a first climax, Hillary's hand slipped between her own thighs, her inguine, sensitive to every touch. The insistent hand pulled her ever deeper by her hair and she gave herself up to the pleasure.

## **Business Contacts**

“Where the fuck have you been?”

The voice was clear and angry, it seemingly filled the room with outrage.

Miss Clearmont held the handset with nails that had just been manicured and were still sticky with the black glaze that shone mirror-smooth.

“I am where I should be, it was difficult to get here...” said Hillary’s voice through the speaker. “I had a problem with the phones, there is often no signal here and...”

“You are disappointing me,” said Miss Clearmont. “This is not a game; this is played for real...”

“I have inspected the whole consignment and things are going well,” said Hillary as she tried to mollify her mistress.

“You were supposed to do that two days ago,” said Irene, “so I’m not impressed. What have you learned in the last few days then?”

“That the training is done by Elmas Agun’s younger sister. That the place for exchange of merchandise is any one of three places... Haifa in Israel, Tabriz in Iran and Cairo. That transport is almost always by air, that transport price is agreed by a meeting with the middle men here in Turkey and that any merchandise that is going to the gulf states always goes through Cairo.”

Miss Clearmont moved a little in her chair to allow the woman who was lapping between her legs a little more room to be able to reach every crevice of her and sighed as she spoke.

“Well done, most of what you have just said was in the documents that I gave you. Does this mean that you have only just read them?”

The woman who was tightly bound to leave just her face to be rested on, sensed the movement and knew that what was required was to move her attention to the wide exposed ass that was now positioned over her lips.

“You will do the following...” continued Miss Clearmont as she felt a touch at the sensitive bud of her asshole. “I want times places and the contacts of the middlemen. I want to know who manages their business in Oman and Kuwait, I want to know how the sale and auction works and I want the details of the ordering process. Do you understand this? Do I have to be more specific?”

“Ma’am,” came the reply as the first climax caused Miss Clearmont to settle and her hand to drift to between her thighs.

“Then I expect this by the end of the week. I think that I do not need to explain the consequences of failure!”

“Ma’am!”

“Use the resources that I have set at your disposal, get me what I want and then we’ll see what happens to you!”

Miss Irene Clearmont’s finger stabbed at the button that closed the call and she sat back on the chair forcing herself down to make sure that that tongue pushed deep.

A small moan of pleasure escaped her lips as she thought of what she would say the next time that she spoke to Miss Elmas. As she closed in on paradise, Irene flicked on the film that showed what the Turkish Mistress did in the privacy of her own bedroom.

There was no doubt at all that *she* had no limits!

The climax was both long and glorious.

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Valide Sultana Elmas Agun accepted the tea with an outstretched hand and sipped while she watched the maid retreat to take up the proscribed position two steps to the side. Her mind went over the list of decisions that needed to be made. As she did so she looked the maid up and down with a satisfied smile.

The level of training had never been higher, the quality of the training had improved so much since the disposal of her husband, especially since her sister had become the mistress of the whole domestic program. In fact, the level had improved so much that her business was now known all over the Middle East for excellence that she could command the highest prices in the marketplace.

The trick was to balance the price, quality and supply with a delicate touch, what had been lacking was a supply of prey who were suitable rather than anything else. The maid that stood at her left was a perfect example. Snatched in Germany, the well-educated younger son of a rich attorney. The pampered progeny of the rich and influential always made the best slaves for the rich and influential! Now of course there was the link-up with the Americans, that would help, a short term solution to the supply-and-demand problems, of course at the cost of being as independent as before.

Elmas picked up her phone and dialled the number. Nothing was important, but it was kept in her head. It rang twice and Erdali's voice answered.

"Mamma, just give me a moment while I move outside..."

There was the sound of a door, the step of heels on marble and Erdali said, "All clear."

"How are you daughter?" asked Elmas, "All well, I hope?"

"I am learning, Mamma and there is much... Every room, every inch of this place is watched and monitored. Every word spoke in recorded and cameras perch in every corner."

"No problem, I was just calling to make sure that you had everything that you need..."

"Yes, Mamma. There is a little to tell, but they keep their cards played close to their chests, despite that we think that the Americans can keep no secrets."

"Tell me..."

The maid standing just by her owner had her eyes downcast as was correct, deaf and dumb she would not be telling tales...

"The trainees are all tagged electronically here, every door, every window, every room allows or punishes as it is passed. A few are trained twenty-four hours a day as the computer watches their every breath and controls every part of their lives..."

Erdali sighed,

"There is no substitute to each trainee having an Anna," Elmas replied. "But perhaps I should get this looked into? Have you had any contact with Miss Clearmont?"

"She has not been around much of the time. I think that this business is huge, far larger than our own. All that I know is that one of the teachers here commented that she is not happy with how things are in Turkey..."

"I can imagine... make sure that you report often, even if there is little to say. Enjoy your time in the USA and make sure that you move into the upper circles. I need to know the personalities of my partners well, it helps to deal with them to advantage!"

"I shall, Mamma. Love to all, I shall call again soon..."

Elmas blew a kiss into the air and then cut off the line.

Erdali was a good girl, she would learn much if she survived her trip to America. Of course the girl was of the Agun line through herself only and that was important to keep in mind. Erdali's father was a brief liaison in his cell before sale to a Lebanese heiress a moment of weakness before Elmas had disposed of her husband all those years ago. That meant that, though she was of Elmas' blood, she was not worth the same as Anyali to her mother.

Elmas' finger pointed at her glass and the maid refilled the glass.

It had been a weakness that she had mostly purged from her psyche, that desperate need for gratification. Just occasional dalliances were the rule. Fools were they that could not control their pleasures and needs, she thought to herself as she sipped. Of course occasionally she indulged but, there was never an aftermath because her partners never survived the assignation.

It would not do to have witnesses to her lusts... except of course for that secret camera.

## Party People

Clark served for the first time at a celebration for the birthday of one of the senior Annas of the palace. Such events were normally just a practice run, a chance to organise and train the pupils as they approached the date of their sale. Everything had to be perfect, every glass polished and in place, every plate and tablecloth in its correct position. Hours before, the maids had been drafted in and all five of them had not stopped as the room was prepared.

This occasion was also special because Valide Sultana Elmas Agun would be present as well as a few favoured buyers who had just arrived from the Lebanon. Two women supervised the preparations, they sat on chairs in the centre whilst their charges moved hither and thither and did all of the actual work.

For Clark it was all new, he had never seen anything like the minute care that was taken for a mere glass of champagne and a snack, but soon he appreciated that no slackness would be tolerated as he was ordered to clean and polish the floor. Rags and water, soap and brushes, he and another maid worked to make the floor seem like a sheet of glass overlaid on marble. Every tessellation, every groove between tiles had to be scrubbed in a four-hour marathon of precision. He dared not look up as his supervisors stood by him and ensured that the work was done to the high standard expected.

All he saw were the high heeled shoes as they stood by and remarked in critical comment. He knew that if he looked up he would see the canes bent between their hands and experience the punishment usual for disrespect.

By the time that Clark and the other maid were finished he knew that she was female. Nearly naked, they slaved side-by-side on their knees without exchanging a single word or look. From the corner of his eye he noticed the plump hanging breasts and the wide hips, a carefully trimmed sliver of bush that almost hid her pieced lips and the ring that hung from her nose, just as his did.

Now that the floor was perfect he was dismissed and ordered to make himself ready for his first attendance of a party. He curtsied in his apron and moved to obey as his Anna came into the room to inspect the arrangements.

She did not deign to notice him, but he knew better to leave when she was in the room without permission from her lips. She wandered around the room, lifted a glass or two in her hands and held them to the light and then moved on. At last she left the room and Clark hurried to his room.

It took just five minutes to shower and pluck the few stray hairs from his body before he started to put on the make-up that was required. Make-up pattern 'F' was light in tone. Pink lips, plump with the injections that had been administered just a day ago, they were still a little sensitive,



but pouted perfectly for the brush that merged the pink onto the bright red base that he had applied. Lashes were long, highlights were rose and easily applied as he moved to attend to his nails. They had grown well and were unchipped, but his Anna had had long false nails applied that hooked around and made all tasks a balancing act as he dared not damage them.

The uniform was the usual tight latex that he always wore, the stockings with seams straight and the special pink Oxfords had heels that were as high as he could manage. A final look in the mirror informed him that he was ready but for a little touch to add gloss to his lips.

Every time that he had to dress, every touch of the brushes and the touch and look of the lashes tormented him. It was as if he had become the girl that he dreamed of fucking... The feeling was strange but so satisfying, it also brought a physical reaction that caused him to wince. Clark had been such a long time now without relief and he longed for a touch, a little relief as his cock wept at night and wept tears with the lack of attention.

Making it worse was the long probe that lay embedded in his rear. It stroked him inside and brought him to the edge without ever giving relief. He longed to be fucked and used if only he could relieve this endless priapic anticipation.

He hurried back to the room and entered to find that the tables were now in position, the buffet bar was laden with covered dishes and he was now required to take a place ready for the start in just two hours' time. Like the furniture, he would stand motionless until the event began.

Clark's station was by a table laden with a pyramid of champagne glasses. He was inspected and positioned and then warned not to move. As if he were bound to wander, his anklets were chained to rings in the floor and he was told to stand still with one foot before the other.

He stood.

An hour of silence followed.

Clark inspected the other maids, his partner, chained to the floor was dressed in baby blue latex that highlighted the irony that all of the girls were in blue and all of the boys in pink.

There was noise of chattering voices from the next room.

The event had begun and the sounds of laughter and social noise came muffled by the closed door. The sound of a piano played in soft melody, then polite clapping before the double doors opened and the guests spilled slowly into the room where refreshment waited for their pleasure.

Valide Sultana Elmas Agun, elegant in a red sparkling gown that seemed to float and cling to her shapely form, her sister by her side, dressed as ever in black. Several men in suits who appeared to be Arab and at least had the hawkish gravitas that marked the truly wealthy. A few other women in evening dress, several of the Anna's dressed in leather skirts and light blouses

and finally a female couple that seemed almost out of place. One was a Turkish girl, the other a European or American woman.

Clark paid no notice and concentrated in controlling his breathing. In his zeal he had tightened his corset too tight and could feel it crushing his ribs. Clark moved a little to try to resettlement, but the hard edge resisted his efforts and bit into his hips.

One of the chic women in a gold lame dress held out a hand for champagne and Clark poured and passed her a glass with bowed head. His eyes noticed the red stilettos that she wore and he prayed that no-one would notice the swelling that pushed a little at his thighs.

He kept his eyes down and wondered if any of the men or women were the one that he would be given to for their personal use by his owner. They all seemed so gracious, so beyond his level that he knew that it was so right and just that he would belong to someone like this, someone glamorous, someone who was so far beyond his station in life.

Guests came and went, they were served glasses without incident despite the morbid fear that Clark had that he would spill or drop a glass. With the doors open the piano could be heard, but now a violin accompanied it as if setting the scene for dancing. A single couple smiled and took up the challenge as a foxtrot issued from the open doors. The couple held each other close and moved with controlled steps in a flutter of lame and the flash of bowtie and lace cuffs.

Polite applause filled the room and the couple made a small bow.

Gradually the individuals coalesced into small groups in the centre of the room as they made polite conversation and Clark gazed at them from a distance in awe. These were people who moved in a world that was so remote from his experience. A world of affluence and power, wealth and gratification.

“Champagne!” said a voice from his left.

His eyes dropped and he poured a glass nearly full and slipped it onto the presentation tray to proffer it to the manicured hand. His eyes looked at her feet and he saw her high heeled pumps and well-turned ankles. Clark risked a small look up and almost took a step backward with shock.

Anyali stood with the glass held lightly sipping as she inspected Clark with a small smile. He dared not speak as, in the background Valide Elmas approached and joined her daughter.

“I see that you have discovered my small surprise,” she said as she joined her daughter.

“I thought that I recognised her,” said Antali as she took in her former lover with a critical eye. “I can see now that this was not the right man for me...”

“I have not had him neutered, yet!” said Elmas. “That will be your choice, because I am gifting him to you!”

Anyali nodded and her hand slipped down to the hem of her new acquisition. She lifted the soft latex and frilly hem to inspect Clark.

“He seems to remember our little liaison with some fondness,” said Anyali as she watched the little cock swell to fill the metal that encased it.

The embedded ring stood stiff as the tip expanded and became smooth with being stretched. She brushed it with her nails and slapped it lightly.

“Thank you, Mamma,” she said, “but I am not sure that it is appropriate for me to have a maid who has been in his mistress’ bed as a lover!”

“You are growing up,” said Elmas, undismayed that her daughter was refusing her artful little gift. “Should he be disposed of or should he just be sold?”

Anyali allowed the hem of the dress to drop and cover the maid.

“As you like, if he has responded well to the training, then sell him on. Just make sure that he does not go to a female buyer. I want to be the last woman that he ever had, otherwise do as you like...”

“It will be,” said Elmas. “Now come along with me and meet a man who is one of the most promising contacts in Lebanon. His wife has bought three premium maids so far and he has such good contacts in the Gulf.”

The two women turned from Clark and slid over to a small group in the centre of which stood the woman in the long gold lame ball gown. They had charted his future with just a few words.

A tear welled in Clarks’ eye. For one moment he had thought that his greatest fantasy was at the point of becoming reality and then his hopes had been dashed and was suddenly falling into the depths of despair.

He trembled and the tray dropped from his hand with a clatter.

For a moment the guests turned to see the commotion.

The maid was led from the room by a supervisor.

Headed for punishment and swift auction.

## **Enter The Dragon**

Harriet watched the silly pink maid drop her tray from her vantage point by the door and she tutted. The organisation and perfection of the soirée impressed her. She had often organised such parties in the last few years and knew that this level of order was a good indication of how well the place was organised.

She had been a week here and had not managed a single one of the tasks set by her owner and mistress, Miss Irene Clearmont. Blocked, kept occupied and buried, she realised that the week that she had been given was now at an end and she had nothing to report. She had not dared switch on her phone even though she knew that it was a betrayal of Irene. She felt a cold thrill run through her and wondered what she should do.

Run away? Just slip out and hide in Europe? Was that even a possibility? Report in and make up some lies or stories? Hope to delay what would become inevitable if her mistress unearthed the truth? That time would come... On the other hand, she could be honest, tell Irene that they would not give her any access. Was that wise? What would the reaction be?

There could be no excuse!

Hillary found that she was breathing heavily, a feeling like fear and angst swelled in her breast. When she had arrived with Veronica she had been the queen of all that she surveyed, now she was in terrible trouble and could see no way out of her situation.

A few steps into the room and she joined a small group who spoke English. The chit-chat was all small talk about some trip to Istanbul and Hillary was glad that she had been there and could have an opinion. She was engrossed in a discussion of the Bazaars when a small bell rang out and everyone turned to see that the Mistress of the house and her daughter were about to make an announcement.

The bell in Elmas' hand stilled and she spoke out: "Ladies and Gentlemen," she said in Turkish and then repeated in English. "I am pleased to announce that this little soirée is to be graced by the presence of one of my family's most valued associates. She has arranged to personally seal the arrangement that will move us forward for the next decades in the Middle East.

The main doors of the room opened and Miss Clearmont strolled into the room.

Hillary felt a cold touch on her arms and tried to shake the hands from her shoulders as she stepped to greet the unexpected arrival of the woman that she feared so much. The hands at her shoulders gripped and her wrists were suddenly enclosed by manacles that clicked closed as a hood was roughly pulled over her head.

Hillary tried to shout a warning to Irene that she would be betrayed, that her mistress would never escape the Turks if she was to be taken, but a gag was pressed into Hillary's mouth and the bag became a smooth leather mask that tightened to stretch over her face and force the rubber ball between her lips, deep into her mouth.

There was another touch of steel.

The clasp of a collar on her neck, the click as it closed, the snick as a leash was threaded and attached and then the final click of a padlock as her cuffed hands were wrenched up and attached to the collar by the wrists.

Miss Clearmont nodded to Valide Elmas and watched as Hillary was forced to her knees in the middle of the room. She walked slowly to greet her Turkish partner and offered her hand.

Elmas slid past the outstretched hand and put her arms around Irene.

"It's so good to see you at last," she said in slow English. "I hope that you had a perfect journey..."

Irene cast a glance at the kneeling Hillary and then smiled.

"It is good to know who can be relied on. It is better to know that friends really are friends."

"You will always be able to rely on your friends here..."

## The Gifted Servant

Clark's knees shook as he was led down the long corridors of the palace. He could scarcely keep his balance, but the two women who had him in their grip were well able to keep him upright.

From that perfect moment where he had been given to the woman that had loved him, to the crash where she rejected him and then consigned him to hell simply to cherish the thought that he would never ever serve a woman. Now he was to be sold immediately, he would be auctioned and sent from the place that his cherished Anna had trained him.

Clark was not taken back to his cell, the sparse bed in the small chamber that was his space. The beautiful make-up, the uniforms and his favourite shoes, they would all go to others while he disappeared into the home of some man who would...

A cage to crouch in was opened after he was stripped of uniform. From that viewpoint he could see a low stage with cameras set. The place of auction, the last step before he truly became what his cherished Anna had prepared him for.

A piece of property.

*'A man, sell him to a man, a man, I want to be the last woman that he ever had...'*, Anyali's words rang in his head.

The thought could not be thought, the yearning to belong to the right woman should not be dashed, that would leave him no hope at all... no hope at all.

He spent a day in the cage, by him the other cages filled with others who were to be placed in the same offering. A screen flickered and showed the faces and bodies of the slaves that were to be sold. Attributes were scrolled by the catalogue and then the screen went dead as the test of the equipment finished.

Each piece of merchandise was taken from their cage, they were warned that this was the moment when they could get the best price, find the best owner, the choice was now theirs...

Lights came on, the coffer of waiting items for sale waited in a line, waiting for the moment that would determine the rest of their lives. Each with their own thoughts, fears and hopes... because no one ever truly surrenders. There is always a last corner of the mind, a last place that seeks escape or adaption to make the most of life.

Clark was third, behind of a blonde woman who was trembling and shuddering so much that she almost fell. Behind a man who stood like a rock, the gap between his legs where his manhood had once gloriously hung was smooth and curved. These were those that had failed

to become what was required, the dross and flotsam that was sold to cover costs, because every other was pre-ordered, requested, moulded and recreated for their new owner to be.

The scene was strangely silent.

All of the bidding was remote, the sold were not permitted to ever understand their price. They were paraded and then shipped, occasionally a last few adjustments, paid in full, paid in advance.

The first stood on the podium. A young woman, so pale that she was almost translucent. Her face was set in a defiant expression and she began to shout and curse in a language that Clark did not understand. Clark winced, but there was no reaction from his captors.

The guards smiled and one nudged the other.

Suddenly, Clark realised that there would be buyers for every constellation of character, submissiveness and physical attributes. Someone would want that defiant bitch and buy her to subdue her, to destroy her or just because she was what they wanted in a slave.

A door opened behind the slaves and Clark dared to turn his head and look. Valide Sultana Elmas, that American woman from the party, Irene, Anyali, his love and his beloved Anna all entered the room. Clark's heart beat faster, his hopes rose to a height and he assayed a smile because the only reason that they could be here was to save him, to change their minds and rescue him.

"I see," said the American woman to Valide Elmas. A simple auction of the damaged goods, how fitting."

"It happens once a month or so, we simply clear out all those that did not measure up," said Elmas through her daughter's translation.

"And the bidding?"

"I can show the bidding..." said Anyali as she lifted her phone and showed the feed where the numbers flickered and switched as the bidding proceeded on the angry young Swedish girl.

"She should be worth a lot," commented Irene. "She looks like a keeper..."

Anyali translated the American's words to her mother who laughed and nodded.

"Sometimes we cannot create something without breaking the essence of our slave," said Anna. "It is better to sell and let another ruin it than to create something that no one wants and has no value!"

“I suppose that it is an art...” said Irene as she looked back. “One hundred and fifty thousand dollars?”

“They are not worth much, they do not have the stamp of our house on them and they are just the worthless dregs that we have to clear from our stock to make room for the new intake,” said Anyali.

The next was hustled to the podium. A woman, blonde hair hung from the aperture in the hood that blinded her, breasts pert, smooth creamy skin and a spare but feminine frame.

“Price?” asked Miss Clearmont as an ankle fetter was attached to a ring in the podium.

“Perhaps two hundred...” said Elmas. “Maybe more?”

“My share?” asked Irene with a small smile.

Elmas said something in Turkish and Anyali translated.

“Mamma says that we’ll waive our commission!”

“That’s most generous. Thank you!”

On the small screen of the phone a picture of Hillary’s face appeared in a small box and the rest of the screen was taken up with the live feed and the bidding. As soon as the small indicator at the top of the screen turned bright green, numbers flickered at the bottom to show the reserve and the current bids.

Miss Clearmont watched with a smile as the first bid for fifty thousand dollars started to click up in stages of ten thousand.

“Where can I see what you have added as a description?” asked Irene.

“I’ll show you when the auction is done,” answered Anyali as she pointed to an icon on the screen.

The bidding was silent, just a small click every time the price jumped until at last, around two hundred thousand it slowed, finishing at two hundred and twenty thousand.

“This is so good, we are still taking bids by phone,” said Irene as the screen blinked red and the price became set.

Anyali touched the icon and the screen switched from showing the merchandise.

“Better on a PC,” said Anyali.



The notes on the auction were listed and Irene read them with a wry smile.

*Female*  
*No modifications*  
*Thirty-three years*  
*Dominant*

*Restrictions:*  
*No restrictions*

*Reserve:*  
*No reserve*

*Delivery Immediate*

The next item has a little more detail said Anyali as they watched Hillary being walked away and Clark being placed on the stage.

*Male*  
*Minor piercing*  
*Twenty years*  
*Trained A, B, F*

*Restrictions:*  
*For male use only*

*Reserve:*  
*No reserve*

*Delivery two weeks*

“What does that mean?” asked Irene, pointing at the training categories.

“‘A’ is fully for a feminised male,” said Anyali. “‘B’ is fully sexually functional and ‘F’ is non-coercive training applied successfully.”

“The more that I see of this, the more I think that we should be doing the same sort of thing,” said Miss Clearmont as they turned to leave. “I think that you have many great ideas that we can share, of course you will want something in return. The Long Island Institute has only been in operation for one percent of the time that you have, there is much to learn.”

Anyali translated for her mother as they walked back into the palace and a small Turkish conversation ensued that resulted in Anyali translating for Irene.

“We are interested in your experience and knowledge with the computer run system that you run in the Long Island Institute.”

“Ah, what used to be ‘Chastity Micro Systems’,” said Irene. “Yes, we took them over a few months ago. I’m sure that we can trade experiences...”

The four women took their places on the broad sofas and were served by a pretty maid who took their orders and then retired to stand at a discrete distance.

“There is just one more small item to discuss,” said Miss Clearmont. “We need full oversight as agreed six months ago and, of course, so do you. Especially, since you wish to allow pre-orders of suitable candidates for the next shipment. I am happy that Erdali stays with us if you are, that means that we have to send someone over to act on our behalf.”

“I shall think about it,” said Elmas slowly in English.

Anyali translated the rest that was in Turkish.

“Send someone over and we shall vet them as we did before. Trust is so important and mistakes are so easily made. Veronica would be good... my mother appreciated her business-like attitude!”

“Ah, Veronica. I’m so sorry, but she stays under my wing... and she is in charge of acquisition in the US of A. But, we’ll find someone suitable, I’m sure.”

“As you wish...”

“I have a small request of you...”

“Name it.”

## **In The Dead of Night**

Miss Irene Clearmont moved under the steaming cascade of the shower. Naked, her breasts hung like ripe fruit, her rounded belly swelled over her smooth sex as she angled her face up to feel the stinging force of the jets of water.

Everything that she had wanted had been achieved and more. This little game had reach a successful conclusion and at last she had proper access to the market that produced the greatest profits. There was no feeling like the rush of success! It left her wanting physical satisfaction and indulgence as a final confirmation.

Business was really just foreplay.

A casual touch and the water ceased, the last drops trickling over her mature form as she dried herself and looked forward to the little treat that she had requested. There was something so piquant about destruction. She strolled into her suite and cast a glance at the former associate who kneeled chained to a ring in the floor before preparing to enjoy her service.

A muffled gasp came from behind the gag that served to warm Miss Clearmont's sex as the victim for the night hoped that she could overturn events and beg for mercy.

Miss Clearmont put her hand on the smooth latex that encapsulated Hillary's head with an almost loving gesture and then turned to her preparations.

With leisurely movements she carefully selected the items that she would wear for the night when Hillary would lose all hope. Fully fashioned stockings, sheer and a delicious burnt sugar colour that added definition to shapely legs and bunched so delicately at the ankles. High heeled pumps with small spurs that ran the length of the long spikes and the cup of her heel. A corset that would pull that belly flat and make hips bulge in shapely curves. Long latex gloves that fitted tight over hands and wrists and extended almost to her shoulders.

Miss Clearmont smiled at the tearful face of her prey and began to pull her hair back and plait it into a single long strand. Her legs were apart, her long fingers moved with accustomed dexterity and then tied a small bow to the tip of the plait before dressing. She rolled up the stockings, making sure that the seam ran straight and that her long curved toenails did not puncture the nylon before seating the corset and pulling it tight eyelet by eyelet and then tying off the laces.

She stood and looked down at Hillary.

Twelve straps attached the stocking tops to the corset, each needing adjustment until the length was perfect before she slipped on the shoes. The long curved nails showed through the nylon

and peeped from the front of the shoes and she jiggled her feet a moment before she was satisfied that they were impeccable.

Preparation was everything.

Now, Miss Clearmont could feel a warmth spread through her thighs, to her pouting sex. The soft lips of her pussy opened a little, a single bead of excitement hanging on a thread until it oozed and dripped to the carpet. Her clitoris swelled and slipped from its concealment like a small prick and the ring embedded deep stood proud.

Tears coursed down Hillary's cheeks as the woman who was about to fuck her turned this way and that to admire the menace of her form in the mirror before moving to apply the severe make-up that was her trademark.

Black lips with red highlights, touches of rouge to the smooth mask of her face, red stresses to eyelids and then mascara that drew ashes long and fluttering. A little tutting at the grey in her hair, a smoothing of the lines in the corners of her eyes. It took half an hour of slow progress to finish, half an hour while Hillary moaned occasionally and wept in anticipation of what was to come.

Finally, Miss Clearmont was finished to her own exacting measure. She inspected the room with a calculating eye, seeking the lens of the camera that was sure to be absorbing her performance. It did not matter; in fact, it was as it should be that each establishment should have a hold on the other. A quid pro quo. She had already accumulated hours of film of her own from Veronica's work in this palace, now there would be a balance.

A final part of her attire was missing. The instrument with which she would force her prey to realise that there would be no mercy, no last minute reprieve. Her gloved hand extended into her suitcase and emerged with a long quirt that was her chosen implement. She ran the fingers of her other hand over the braided length and then recurved it between her hands before walking to stand before her kneeling slave.

"You were so naïve," said Miss Clearmont in a stern voice. "How could you think that this mission was anything but an assessment of your fidelity?"

Hillary moaned and cast her eyes to Miss Clearmont's shoes.

"You were mine for more than a year and you treated the whole experience as an exercise in satisfying your own lusts. My orders are paramount, there is no other way..."

The hands unbuckled the gag from Hillary and pulled the long rubber cock from dripping lips.

"Please," said Hillary. "I tried so hard..."

“Not hard enough, dear. Not hard enough!”

Hillary watched the hands as they cast aside the gag and revealed a diabolical new item from its hiding place in the suitcase.

“Open wide, dear,” said Miss Clearmont as her hands approached the weeping face. “If you please me...”

Lips parted and the ring was placed, before the obscene object was strapped to her face. A ring that held lips wide, a leather cup that became a collar covering from shoulders to chin and a dildo that sprang from it just below the wide-held mouth.

“I am going to play with you,” said Miss Clearmont, “and then I am going to fuck you!”

She slapped the gagged face lightly and then pushed Hillary’s head back to rest on the soft edge of the bed looking upward.

“I think that you know what is required as an entrée. Do not disappoint me this time!”

Hillary felt Miss Clearmont’s feet nudge her legs open, and hastened to comply with the command. She looked up as Miss Clearmont turned and moved over her, towering lust, dripping cunt exposed. She saw orifice meet the tip of the dildo and then slide down smoothly to swallow the latex cock. The lips of that dripping sex slid over hard rubber, as the world closed in and another needy orifice closed against her lips.

The universe became a few square inches of soft flesh, a pucker of ass, a sensitive gathering of lust and Hillary moved to lap it with a tentative touch of the tip of her tongue. Her eyes closed as the soft rounded flesh pressed down.

Far above Hillary, lips curved into a crooked smile. Spurs dug into sensitive thighs, opening and exposing a cunt that was to be punished with the crop. The first cut stung thighs with a sharp slap, it raised a bitter welt and scratches where spikes lashed. Just a small assay, a test of her wrist. The second was laid the length of the tender opening that was exposed and Miss Clearmont began her pleasurable fuck.

Tongue probed deep, hard cock reamed, Miss Clearmont’s fingers stroked her little ringed cock-like clitoris that so begged for a touch. Miss Clearmont felt a rising tide of hunger. She slowed and speeded her fuck, she used the quirt in her hand with delicacy, not enough to damage the merchandise, but enough to stimulate it to perform.

When it arrived, Miss Clearmont’s orgasm was delectable, a wave of sensuality that caused shudders and convulsions while both orifices were penetrated and serviced.

Miss Clearmont withdrew and turned to face her helpless instrument and then slowly lowered again to allow lips and tongue to massage the gold ring that was the key to her locks. The touch was soothing, restrained and loving. Miss Clearmont dropped her crop and her hands moved to tease and twist the nipples that were so temptingly presented.

She felt a pressure deep inside and released.

What better way to conquer than to watch Hillary drink from her?

Soon her lust would rise again and she would fuck this slut deep in her tight ass. A small hint of what would surely come from her buyer. An hour of abuse and agony that would teach a bitch what it meant to disobey her betters!

Tomorrow, Miss Clearmont would remit the price and Hillary would be transported. After all, something that was free and damaged was really without any value and would encourage a new owner to heights of invention.

A perfect punishment for betrayal!

## **A Suitable Candidate**

Veronica sat in the van and checked through all of her preparations before sitting stock still and waiting for the lights to go out in the Beverly Hills villa that she was monitoring. Her target, a young man who would soon grace a Kuwaiti villa.

He would go from a life of minor success and fame to become the property of a woman who had watched the low grade soap opera and had the hots for the young man who played the hero before the cameras.

The lights went out and Veronica glanced at her watch.

An hour would suffice for him to fuck the trashy porno starlet who would join him on his trip for no other reason that all of the ends needed to be tied neatly and no witnesses left to expose the crime.

She waited, patience was her strength.

The lights came on again and shadowed movement could be seen behind the blinds. The powerful man beside her showed similar patience, he knew that the perilous woman who he so often partnered could wait a day, a week or a month to ensure that the operation was successful.

He glanced at her still face and reflected that he was so fortunate to be her partner. Serial rape, his former profession made safe, paid a good wage, all that was required was utter obedience.

The front door of the villa opened and the scantily-clad woman appeared with the target standing behind. Veronica sighed, it was such a shame that she would escape, there was always a demand for porno stars in Los Angeles.

Never mind, she thought to herself, the slut would have been over the quota anyway!

The door closed again and the woman sauntered down the short drive and headed to find a taxi not knowing how narrow had been her escape. The lights in the hall went dark, the bedroom light came on again and then switched off to leave the villa darkened. Veronica glanced at her companion with a smile. He would be disappointed that the porno star had escaped, she decided, but had enough self-control to mask it. Anyway, she knew that at a pinch a man would do for him...

The van stood still for an hour until three O'clock before the two occupants slipped out and headed up the drive. A tall woman, spare in figure, a bulky man dressed in black with the hood from his jacket pulled high. Cables to the cameras were snipped, a window was assessed to see if any more security had been added on top of the sensor attached to the glass.

A wedge shaped tool forced the sash up with a muffled splintering while Veronica stood facing the road. The glass remained whole, the window slid easily upwards and the bulky man climbed into the house. In the darkness, Veronica led him through the kitchen and disabled the alarm system by taking the cover from the panel by the front door and reassigning the wires.

“Fifteen minutes...” she muttered. “He’s all yours!”

The man nodded and slowly opened the bedroom door. In the darkness he could see the huge bed, the covers covering two forms. Sometimes, even Veronica got it wrong, the other woman must have been in the house already when they arrived. It had been three-in-a bed. What these celebrities allowed themselves! He looked back at the black shadow that stood behind him and held his hand out. Veronica nodded and passed him a second pair of cuffs, her partner would be satisfied after all!

She heard the click, the muffled noise of the confrontation between the two in the bed and a man who was living his dream. When the lights came on again she saw the covers thrown on the floor, a man cuffed to the headboard, struggling as his female companion was being tied spread-eagled. The cuffed man tried to cry out, a casual blow silencing his protest.

Veronica’s partner stood and looked at the unused line of white powder on the bedside cabinet, when he looked at the open door he saw Veronica smiling and shaking her head.

She watched as her partner mounted the stricken woman. Her tattoos writhed as she struggled, but she was impaled despite her resistance. Veronica moved from the door as she went to locate the computer that was attached to the cameras outside. By the time that she returned, fifteen minutes later, both victims were trussed and gagged and being slipped into the black body-bags that would be their temporary home until they were crated for transport.

One by one, Veronica’s partner carried the two writhing bags to the van that she moved into the driveway. It was always the same, when they realised that this was more than just a home-invasion the victims always resisted. Futilely!

Veronica slipped her gloves off and cast a glance back from the driver’s seat. She would have to find out who the other victim was, but the Los Angeles police always obliged with the names the next day, making it easier to assess value.

The van moved off slowly.

Veronica drove carefully, making sure that she did not jump stop signs and red lights. It would not do to trigger any cameras. Now there were just three more to collect in the next week or so. The Turkish connection had upped the pace as the next order was put together.

Her partner would be ecstatic!



## **Book Five**

### ***Abused***

## Voyage End

Hillary heard the splintering of wood and the screech of nails as she was unpacked. Every part of her body ached from the journey, the catheter and gags adding to the discomfort and dread. It had seemed an eternity, but now the horror was about to begin.

She heard voices speaking a language that she did not understand and then she was pulled from the ruins of the crate and detached from the tubes that had drained her. Hands unbuckled the hood and she blinked up at the woman who was her new owner. She saw only delight on that face. A tall middle aged woman who stood over her and then reached down to gauge the quality of the bargain that she had acquired. Hands squeezed breasts and fingertips followed the welts that showed from Miss Clearmont's abuse before they slapped those thighs and probed every fold of her cunt.

The woman made a comment and another woman's laughter came in reply. Hillary moved her head to see the other woman, but a sharp slap on her face was the response. The hand that had slapped her returned and repeated the blow twice before it moved to her breasts and nipped her hard, making her cry out.

Her new owner moved to her front. She wore a loose robe that she began to open, revealing outsized breasts that drooped and hung, followed by the dense hair between her thighs. Hillary looked up and almost recoiled as she saw the cruel smile on the face of her owner.

She begged in Turkish and received more sharp slaps on her face.

There would be no use for Turkish here.

Strong hands wound into her hair and Hillary's head was pulled back roughly by the unseen partner. Legs parted, thighs opened and slid over the upturned face of the kneeling Hillary as she was permitted a foretaste of her mistress' needs. She felt a knee in her back, urging her and then fingers closed on her neck as she struggled to please.

Because that was all she was good for...

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Number three hung slack between the two posts of the frame. The weight on his arms pained him, but the savage whipping had taken all of the strength of his legs and he could not stand. The woman who had enjoyed his cries sat on the gold chair facing him and sipped her tea with relish.

Between her slender thighs a blonde French girl gently lapped at the Princess who ruled her household with savage delight. Just the slight tip of the tongue now, a soothing return from the climax that had taken her like a storm.

The gentle touch that moved to appease her, following the line of the inner lips of her pussy, were a result of months of training. No man would ever be allowed to service her intimately, only another woman could be trained to serve her as she adored, but each climax was always reached to the accompanying cries of her latest purchase.

In the next week or two, she would lose interest and the excitement of number three's suffering would diminish. His inability to cry out would take the edge from her enjoyment. She would buy a replacement and number three would be added to her collection of neutered men who served her and the women of the palace.

The thought of her latest toy's ultimate fate caused the Princess to pull her slave girl closer by her hair to begin another slow build up to inevitable climax. He was nothing but an animal to be used for her pleasure and convenience.

A fluttering of the fingers sufficed to call the whipping girl to step forward to do her bidding. The princess closed her eyes and allowed her head to tip back in renewed indulgence as she heard the first hissings of the whip cut the air. She loved how the young girl with the whip in her hand had been nurtured until she enjoyed every vicious lick of the whip almost as much as her mistress.

The Princess could feel her juices flow, the heat that centred between her thighs as she experienced the pleasure of having total authority in her own domain. In the depths of the palace were places that would make the man who sobbed and breathed his distress suffer and wish that he could be under the lash once more, but that was not where number three would end his days!

When at last he was fully broken, he would finally fulfil the purpose for which he had been trained in Turkey. He would replace a foolish pony that had dared to break stride and he would be ready at all times to pull the small carriage that the Princess used to travel her extensive gardens. Stabled in the tiny cages, under the watchful eyes of the women who delighted in using men who were no longer complete. Exercised to a peak of fitness by constant training on the treadmill, taught to step together as one of a harnessed pair, bound, gagged and held in readiness for use.

He would have to be neutered, that was certain.

A climax hovered on her mental horizon.

It forced a moan from her lips.

A quiver of her thighs.

\*\*\*\*\*

Prince Adnan finished his business meeting with the Americans with a shake of the hand. It never came easy that contact with infidel men that he did not consider friends, but it was what they expected and had to be done! As usual a few casual words were spoken in English before they finally left, led from his office by Adnan's male secretary whose understanding of the business protocols was born from years in London, mixing with the Westerners as if one of them.

He heaved a sigh of relief as they finally exited and stood looking from his high window over the towers of Kuwait City. It had to be done, he reflected, and it was just business. But, the etiquette always rankled and gave him an urge to wash his hands as if that would expunge the hated contact.

The door to his office opened and his wife entered the room. He looked at her western dress that was revealed beneath the long robe and felt a surge of affection. She understood him, she supported his imperfections and eccentricities and she knew the power that she had over him.

How could a mere woman come to have so much dominion over him, he wondered. As usual he came to the conclusion that it was the way that she knew his weaknesses and was so clever at pandering to his needs.

"Did all go well?" she asked as she came to stand beside him.

"It did, when the papers are signed the deal will bring millions."

Her hand rested on his shoulder and he felt comforted by her strength. It was she who had worked hard, far behind the scenes to make him a success, make him wealthy, given him the world. She had created the opportunities and wealth that he craved.

"I am glad for you," she murmured.

Adnan put his arm around her waist and felt her pull close. He felt a rising tide of need, but then that was the one thing that she would never do for him! The one thing that he did not really want from her and that was what made them such a perfect pair. He knew that she had her own interests, that she enjoyed clandestine pleasure with the men that she brought in for her own use, but there was no shame, for she catered for his intimate needs as well as being the discrete director of his business.

For a moment her hand fluttered over his robe and stroked the erection that hid in its folds. That was the furthest that she would ever venture.

“I have bought you a small present as a celebration,” she crooned as her hand withdrew. “Would you like to see it?”

Adnan nodded. Once again, she proved that she knew exactly what he needed, of that he was sure. He looked at the red high heels and tight jeans that peeped from beneath her *abaya* robe and felt his cock rise. He wanted her now, but dared not beg to be hers... it would pass.

“Here, in the office?” he asked. “That might be a little dangerous.”

“That’s the spice,” she laughed as the robe swung closed and she went to the door to the inner sanctum. The place where only the Prince and his wife were permitted.

His erection was so strong that it was almost painful. He followed her as her finger pressed on the small reader and the door opened with a swish.

“I know how needy you are, *habibi*,” she said. “I know that you cannot always wait until you are at home, in private, so I thought that this small gift would keep you contented when you spend all those long hours here without me!”

The small room was lavishly adorned with teak desk, banned erotic paintings that teased and an illegal framed oil of his special princess, his wife, naked and inviting. The door closed behind them and he noticed a new object in the room. A piece of furniture hidden by a silk cloth that was tucked behind the desk.

Prince Adnan wondered what his clever wife had prepared for him because all of her hints were that she had acquired a vigorous new man for his use. Wisely he allowed her to surprise him and did not ask what the present was, but went along with her show of satisfaction at surprising him.

The Princess smiled and pulled slightly at the silk, which slid from the ebony box with a hiss. He looked at the box and raised a questioning eyebrow which was answered by a small laugh as her hand stroked the piece of blank furniture.

“What is inside?” she teased as she blew him a kiss.

Adnan looked the box over and was puzzled. Waist height, it seemed to have no opening, just delicate inlaid ivory patterns that followed the edges and flared over the corners. His fingers brushed the ivory and his Princess guided his hand to reveal the place where he could depress a small part of the pattern.

“This is the key to your rapture,” she smiled as she pressed on his hand.

On the long side of the box an opening appeared, an opening at hip height that presented an obvious opportunity. Her hand slipped up his hand, it crossed over to the place where his robe was tented and freed him without touching his flesh.

“You are the first and only, he is a virgin,” she said as she pointed to the opening. “Let’s call it your special reward for being such a perfect husband to an appreciative wife!”

His hips moved, the straining erection lined to the hole and then slowly pressed into the mysterious box as her hands guided him by pressing on the small of his back.

The sensitive smooth skin of his cock pushed inside and he felt something close around him with warmth and wetness. He felt soft lips close to suck him in, a tongue that stroked him and then revealed that it was studded for his pleasure. No teeth scraped, the fuck hole was perfect. A wind whistled in his head, a gale of sheer lust that took him, but his smiling wife slowed him with a hand on his hip.

“This is a slow pleasure to be savoured, *habibi*,” she said.

She felt a surge of heady power over the foolish Prince who was her understudy. A woman was nothing in this desert land, but if she was as clever as a Scheherazade she could manipulate and control from the shadows of his robes.

She controlled him, slowed his pleasure and eked out the suspense. She guided him with touches of her hands and revelled in the way her husband allowed her to command him. There was no word spoken, no need for words. His hips swayed and she allowed him to experience the pleasure that was the fettered helpless thing that would live its life out in the darkness of the box that she had designed and created.

Prince Adnan fucked the opening with slow strokes, each of which brought him to near climax as he pushed home and then receded as he pulled back. The tongue worked its magic. The lips smoothed his passage and the throat that he filled was so gloriously tight.

“A nice little English boy for you,” she said as she neared his climax. “Trained to serve you cock whenever you have the urge for pleasure!”

The words triggered his mind, loosed the flow and his cock pumped deep into the box with a rush of spurts that were lapped at by Clark in the darkness of his prison.

An involuntary shudder ran through the Prince and he pressed home one last time before pulling slowly free to allow the hidden slave to squeeze him dry with his lips as he withdrew.

The wife watched her husband close his robe and smiled. This would bind him so tight to her that he would be her slave, she decided. All she had to do was pander to his needs and she would own him!

She pressed the catch and the box slid closed to leave the helpless Clark in utter darkness.

“Tomorrow I shall show you how to enjoy the other secret opening,” she said with a light laugh.  
“But, for now I have an appointment for a little pleasure of my own...”

Prince Adnan walked around the box and wondered how she could possibly know so exactly what he needed. He tried to find the other opening that he knew was so cunningly concealed at the rear of the box and his fingers passed over the inlaid ivory.

“He is tight as a virgin,” she teased. “Something for tomorrow...”

Adnan sighed and gave up, she was so cunning.

Already he longed for tomorrow.

To use the box again.

To fuck it.

**THE END**