Free Man to White Slave

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Part One

Prologue

My wife is astride me, staring down into my eyes hungrily, as if this is the last time we will get to fuck for a while and she wants to imprint the experience of it onto the hard-drive of her memory.

Imprint made for those cold nights of my absence when the need for her to ride my thrusting cock is greatest.

Hedwig!

My Nordic goddess of a wife, unmistakably Scandinavian without the necessity to speak.

So Norwegian, in fact, she is almost a stereotype.

But what a stereotype!

The body that rises above me as we make love in the only position in which she says she feels comfortable is as powerful as it is perfect and as shapely as it is exquisite. Short and French-cropped blonde-hair frames her features and the slight overbite of her teeth that imparts both a schoolgirl quality and a sense of wilfulness contradicts the womanly breasts below that are so full, conical and firm, as to need no support from the bra she insists upon wearing anyway.

A bra that is absent now and allows me an unobstructed view of nipples that rejoice in having her husband below her and his cock buried deep inside her.

"Do you like being fucked by your dominant young wife, Howard?" she said, taking me by surprise as I concentrated on holding back my eruption until I was sure she had reached her own crisis. It was the first time I had heard her speak during our lovemaking and it seemed, somehow… shocking. She was the last person I would have taken to be into game or role-playing but a small part of me that was not surprised welcomed the introduction.

"Is this what you would like from now on? To be under no illusions? To know

that you are being ridden like the animal you are, powerless beneath your Norwegian goddess?"

I had never been into BDSM or anything like that – and certainly not from the receiving end – but her words and out-of-character aggression towards me triggered a need to be…

What?

Used by her?

"It is what my little Howard has always wanted, I think," she continued, giving my cheek what I took to be a playful slap.
Her accent giving words and actions and the intent behind them an extra edge as my heated thoughts pondered the 'little' crack.

"To have your wonderful Hedvig take control. To be her obedient little husband."

This was new ground for me and I was not at all sure if I liked the feel of it underfoot – or back, as it were.

So why was my cock harder than I could ever recall it as my wonderful – and now playful – wife squirmed upon it in ways that made holding my orgasm for her more difficult than I had ever found it to be previously.

And, believe me, I had never found it easy.

"I have read that some men take pleasure from having their wives serviced and satisfied by men with larger cocks," she said, staring down at me without a trace of self-consciousness for having dared say such a thing to me.

Despite feeling appalled at the prospect, my cock twitched.

"Yes. I thought it would be so," she smirked, taking the action of my cock for confirmation of these supposed suspicions.

“No!” I began, only to receive another, not so playful, slap across the cheek.

“Bad boy!” she scolded me, making my already engorged cock twitch a second time. “Do not interrupt your goddess when she is educating you to know your true self.”

Twitching cock or not, I felt anger surface to become at least an equal partner with my surprise and confusion.

Anger she must have seen in my expression as she deigned to give me a little smile that both pacified me and gave reassurance that, for whatever reason, she had decided to spice up an already heated sex life with…

Whatever it was she was doing.

I decided to go with it, telling myself it was no more than goose for the gander and that I would have some fun of my own when it became my turn and now she had decided to play.

I saw her reach back behind her and gasped as I felt a finger insert itself into my anus.

Another first.

The back passage – both hers and mine – had, along with her refusal of sex in any other position than woman astride, been proscribed by her, yet here she was now, talking dirty with a finger up my arse.

My treacherous penis lurched again.

A lurching that once again gave the lie to the shock written across my features.

“Yes,” she sneered, eyes taking me in with contempt that I knew was simply good acting but which might have seemed eminently plausible to one who did not know her as well as her loving husband. “You are mine to take and use as I see fit and I should have realised it long ago.”

Sensing I was about to refute this, game or not, she placed the finger of a free hand over my lips.

"No. I do not wish to hear anything from you yet. When I want you to speak I will give you my permission. Until then you must take in the naturalness of my position above you and consider how fortunate you are to be allowed to place your unworthy cock in your wife's glorious Trondheim pussy."

Her words, despite my conscious reaction, were taking me over the edge and I struggled to hold back the rising tide of unexpected lust her treatment of me was inspiring.

"That is my nice obedient little English pussy boy," she said, continuing with language and a tone of voice I had not suspected were in her locker. "Lay beneath your goddess like the god submissive husband you want to be for Hedvig and let her be the man."

Again my, admittedly torn, thoughts questioned what had gotten in to her.

And came up clueless.

The next words she spoke to me not helping either:

"It is as well to tell you now that I do not think I am being unreasonable to insist that you use your tongue to clean your pitiful emissions from Hedvig's Nordic cunt once you have admitted you can hold back no longer and spurted."

Her language was becoming unacceptable but, despite noting it, I also knew I was rushing headlong towards just that "spurting" she spoke of.

"It would serve a disrespectful pig such as you right if your goddess wife were to insist you clean her pussy after she has been fucked more satisfyingly by one of her lovers."

Unsure what horrified me most: the prospect of another man screwing my

glorious wife; or having to lick the evidence of it from her freshly fucked pussy afterwards; I had no chance to choose between the two as her words triggered the previously unthinkable in me…

I exploded with a scream I was unable to stifle and pumped her so full of semen that I felt my whole life was being sucked from me via the tip of my cock.
Things between us I suspected, when I had collapsed back exhausted onto the bed and Hedvig had simply dismounted her conquest and made for the en-suite, had just changed.

Though I was not to know how much.

And in just what way exactly.

But then, how could I have.

One

I have been asked – commanded – by the young woman who now rules and determines my very existence to put my story on paper – and to do so with *total* honesty.

It is a task I should loath but, so wonderful is any kind of diversion from the service I am compelled to give her, one I am happy to go about.

Let me begin by saying that sometimes I feel as if I've dreamed my past life.

And sometimes wish that I had.

After all, were the nightmare I've been experiencing these past seven years or so all I'd ever known it would at least seem… *normal*.

Though I doubt it would be any less mortifying and humiliating.

Excruciatingly so.

Where am I, you ask?

That, I'm afraid, is something you'll have to guess at for yourself as – despite her insistence on that *"total honesty"* I mentioned above, my owner made it clear to me through her trusted female supervisor and companion, that provision of the writing materials I use to write this was dependent upon my making no mention of the country in which I am held – though I have permission to say that if you guessed somewhere in the middle-East, not a million miles from the Gulf, you would be *very* warm.

Suffice it say, I now find myself in a land that only has a surface similarity to my own and the civilised behaviour and social morality I once took for granted back in my beloved England no longer applies.

At least not to me.

For my presence here I am indebted to my beautiful Norwegian wife, Hedvig, who used the infatuation for me of my owner to…

I feel the blood boil in my veins even as I write the name of my treacherous former wife and you must wait until such a time in this narrative as I am calm enough to mention her with anything approaching objectivity to hear more of her from my pen. What I will say, however, is that my name was once Howard Major. And, thanks again to that treacherous bitch, is not any longer.

These days, and for those of the past seven years, I go by the title of *"Rex"*. It was chosen by the hateful Arab bitch into whose ownership I was consigned (I was ordered to be honest) and that's what I answer to. It is, she says, fitting that an English dog should have a name befitting an English pet.
It is, also she insists, less of a chore to pronounce than *"Howard"* and easier for her to remember.

You may well imagine my outrage at not only finding myself in a strange land and being told I was to consider myself property from now on – *her* property – but that I had officially been christened with a name normally reserved for a pet canine.

Though I was to become much more – and less – than that.

I shall describe more fully the young woman who considers herself my owner later in this narrative – probably at around that time I am calm enough to describe my former wife and what she did to me – but, for now, I shall content myself with a pen-picture of what the reality of my life on a daily basis has now become.

So, you know already that I now go by the name of *"Rex"*. And answer to that name I certainly do. I have – and you will not be too long in understanding why - learned to obey orders totally and completely and without any hesitation. Whatever those orders might be.

In fact, from the moment I came out of my drug induced loss of consciousness and found myself under the unbelievable heat of a strong sun that told me instantly I was no longer upon home soil, I learned to obey.

Though it did not come naturally.

Understanding nothing of the land in which I found myself nor the mentality of the young woman who, incredibly, informed me she was no longer someone with whom I had been doing business but was now, and in *all* ways, my owner, I had raged and threatened. I was British! What had been done to me – *was* being done to me – was criminal. I've always been my own man – a man's man, even if I say so myself – so you can imagine just how strongly I reacted to something that was not only in breach of international law but an offence against my manhood.

"Man's man" or not, my rage and resistance did not last much longer than it took my new owner and the few and devoted members of her female staff to show me just how far from my homeland and out of my depth I truly was – no matter that I was in the hands of what I had always viewed, despite my own liberal politics and inclinations, as the weaker sex.

From the first moment my eyes opened and I realised the scene waiting to greet them was neither dream nor nightmare but a waking horror, I learned

that failure to obey either my owner or her staff was to earn punishment.

And, believe me, women or not her staff know a *lot* when it comes to the inflicting of pain.

Both physical and, perhaps more agonisingly, mental.

The fanciful tales I'd once scoffed at as the ramblings of demented and fearful xenophobes no longer seemed so… *ludicrous*.
How could they?

For all the oil-wealth and the international recognition it brought, together with shining skyscrapers and designer shopping malls, I now know from painful experience that the visible offshoots of fabulous wealth are no more than a veneer covering a belief and following of ancients ways and practices that seem unbelievable to the cosseted Westerner.

One of those ways and practices being a belief in the power of mental and physical punishment to both punish and train a man to serve.

Ways, my owner has informed me during one of her more conversational interactions with her manservant, slave and canine, that are far more effective and long lasting with a Western man than those of her own and surrounding regions.

After seven years on the wrong end of these ways I, of all people, would find it impossible to disagree with such an assessment
The devil's spawned females can inflict agony with such precision one feels certain – and prays for it to be the case – that death must follow hot on the heels of their attentions. The whole body beseeches the gods for release and yet is still able to function. Disfigurement, one feels assured, must surely result from the abuse and then, when one is at least compos mentis again, it comes as a shock to realise that not only are no limbs broken and maimed but there is very little in the way of marks or other physical evidence to prove that abuse actually took place and was not simply the lingering afterthought of a particularly violent and disturbing sleep.

It is a threat of punishment that has yet to prove itself anything other than a promise set in concrete whenever I am seen to be disobedient or disrespectful and is, sometimes, visited upon me for no greater reason than the pleasure it provides my owner and her diabolical handmaidens to show a white Englishman that he is now of so little account that he has neither say nor redress in or for any treatment it is decided to visit upon him.

It is this treatment and the fact I *know* it is always likely and will always be so that has broken me.

For I can do no more than confess that my former regard for the strength of character I thought I possessed and could always count upon has been stripped from me in the most humiliating of ways.

And by women!

To be turned into a shadow of oneself who is terrified of the shadow of those into whose hands a treacherous wife delivered him is mortifying to a man of strength and moral fibre.

How much more so, then, when those shadows belong to the weaker sex?

And the weaker sex from both a region and a culture I had not, aforementioned liberalism notwithstanding, regarded without warmth or admiration.

Feelings from a former life that are now of no account as I am now certain that I will *never* know that carefree and autonomous life again and will end my days in an accursed country the chattel and whipping boy of a young Arab woman I had thought of as no more than a good contact made by my wife and business partner and for whom I was contracted to design a somewhat large and secure cellar complex for her British residence in the Sussex countryside just outside of Rye.

A cellar complex I have, to this day, yet to see – even though she maintains that, when she considers me tame enough and broken of spirit enough to be sure a visit to my homeland would not invoke a desire to experience freedom

once again in me, there is a small chance I may be allowed to accompany her in the role of manservant and see the fruits borne of my former occupation as designer.

If my level of obedience and the fear I now feel for this young woman is to be believed, such a visit will not be long in coming, though I know it will not be long of duration and I will eventually be returned to what passes for my life here.

And I *do* obey.

In *all* things.

At some deep level my native intelligence is powerless against, I have been conditioned to feel fear at the prospect of life away from this… *girl*… who has used the wealth left her by a deceased father to fashion a life for herself in a patriarchal society notorious for insisting women play a lesser role. Such is the influence of money and the contacts it can buy and the fact I am a man – especially a *Western* man - in this god forsaken country profits me not one bit. My life has been stripped from me and, when my owner commands me, I obey instinctively and with great care to ensure I carry out her demands to their very letter.

And what are those demands, you ask? What is expected of the servant, slave and dog now known as Rex? What form does his unwished for indenture take?

To be truthful, there is no one answer that will satisfy your curiosity, so vast and varied are the ways and the reasons for my owner's usage of me.

On the one hand, I am here to demonstrate to all the women that see me that my owner, as well as being rich and powerful and a woman also, is capable of taking a man and *ruling* him. For the women of this land, many of whom know wealth but only that which is held by a husband or father, it is an eye-opener to see a woman of their race and faith who is able to domesticate and dominate a man.

And *not* a man of their own race and faith whose lack of that possessed by those husbands or fathers ensures a certain fawning and, no doubt, insincere deference and respect.

No.
What these female visitors who are favoured with an invitation to my owner's home will see is a completely obedient and fearful *Western* man who has been conditioned to both service and the most complete deference by one of their sisters.

It is a revelation of perverse delight that has yet to fail in my experience and in the whole of my seven years here I have still to come across that example of Arab womanhood, be she young or old, who is not moved in a positive way by the sight of the formerly proud Englishman who has now been reduced to the most cringing of curs in such a way that not only will he give service domestically but sexually also if required.

Though *not* with his cock.

That, along with my bitch of a wife, is another aspect of my story I will touch upon shortly.

On the one level, her being able to acquire, train, and own a good-looking white slave like me, one who is older than her and was a professional man in his own country, signals to the world – the female and Arab world, that is - that she is powerful and worthy.

That I was in no way willing – or even aware – of the slavery waiting for me in her country only heightens the respect in which her sisters hold her.

For that is what I am: a slave. Forget the fact this is the new millennium and such human bondage has been proscribed for over a century and more by those advanced and civilised nations – most of them Western. I am as much the chattel and property of my female master as the most abject and powerless of negroes sweating in the cotton-fields of Carolina to enhance the fortune of the plantation master.

Though, in this case, it is her reputation, not her fortune, that I improve.

The former hardly needs any help.

From me or anyone else.

And if I ever doubt just what I have become?

If you were here I could answer your question by simply baring my left shoulder to you, upon which you would see, in an ornate and emboldened example of the way cattle were marked in the old wild-west, a large "I" branded into my flesh.

This was done the day I arrived and – up to then – had been about the most painful experience of my life to that point.

It was the mark of *"Intisar"*, my owner, whose name I was told signified *"Triumph"*.

Certainly over me, anyway.

"You are," I was told in halting but reasonably effective English by a smiling young Arab girl – even younger than my new *'owner'*, "a piece of property now and, as such, must be marked in a way more befitting your new status.

She was still smiling after the water she tipped over my head had revived me and brought me back to the present.

Together with the agonising pain at my shoulder.

The fact that she was dressed in Western clothing with denims and a pair of low-spiked heels only served to make the treatment of me more surreal.

Not to mention humiliating.

Still more so when the creature doing the marking – one I took to be female – was covered from head to foot in black, features completely hidden from me

apart from two slits in the headwear from which glowered a pair of fiercely intent eyes.

I am the only slave here to my knowledge, though from what I have been told when one of the women ruling my existence deign to speak to me at all, white men like me are specially prized and a number of powerful men whose tastes run to such things possess examples of their own.

That my owner is female is at least one small mercy.

I suppose.

Anyhow, it is understood that our abduction and transport is difficult and potentially risky, unlike those poor wretches from Africa who can be shipped in with ease from their own, relatively close, lands.

No doubt with the full knowledge of those who govern them.

As that rarity, a handsome white male slave approaching forty, I am told by my owner's women that she sees me as especially valuable and I should be proud of the prestige this has given her amongst her sisters.

It is, despite my conditioning and acceptance of the young Arab woman's control of me, something that does *not* thrill.

Also, it's not exactly as if I could be described as what you would call white anymore.

At least not when it comes to skin tone.

My owner – as well as insisting I be hairless from scalp to scrotum and lower – expects me to be tip-top physically even as she ensures I am a broken wreck mentally. This, as it is required that I am worked out by the women in the open air with views out to the Gulf itself, ensures a deep and even tan all over my body. In fact, I would be in for severe punishment if my owner were to show me off to friends and any proscribed and inappropriate white patches were seen when I removed my clothes.

Even when my owner entertains those more *respectable* types, to whom it would be just as inappropriate to show me off naked, it remains a symbol of her wealth and power to have working for her in the most lowly of ways a European man it is obvious was once a man of standing and still remains handsome.

If they are so respectable, I hear you ask, why not make your plight known to them?

Had you witnessed the beating visited upon me the first – and only – time I attempted to try you would not venture such a puerile interrogation.

A beating made all the harder to bear by my later knowledge of my attempt being futile.

In respect of my situation, to make one's plight known to a person it is necessary for that person must speak one's language.

You may take it as a given that when people of such a type – presumably invited because of their lack of English – I am careful to avoid anything that looks like an attempt to converse and just as mindful when it comes to physical gestures that might be taken for a desire on my part to convey distress.

So there you have it. My sole reason for existing is to please my female owner and her chosen acolytes of the same sex. Whether that *pleasing* takes the form of performing tricks after the fashion of some performing circus animal for more… *knowledgeable*… female guests, or acting as the most perfect, attentive and deferential of European manservants for those visitors to my master's home who have no inkling that my service is *not* willing and that I have been dragged from a life I love to become the beast of burden and sex slave of a young Arab woman I would not have given a second look in that former existence.

Now, instead of drawing up plans for a host of affluent clients in the south of England's stockbroker belt and making love to the Norwegian wife I adored

who, I thought, returned both my devotion and my lust, I serve to delight the master into whose hands the traitorous bitch delivered me. Whether that be by offering up my body for the caresses that sicken me and, yet, have come to instil a perverse thrill in me, or allowing her to toy with my mind in devious and manipulative ways no girl of her age – of *any* age – should know of, let alone be accomplished in.

At times of her choosing – and she never seems to tire of me - I perform sexually for her in a manner of her choosing, knowing that to fail to please will mean dire consequences for me and, if her mood is not… *good*… even if my efforts are successful.

If she is of a mood to have her pussy worshipped by her creature then you may be assured I will crouch between her smooth young legs like the cur she has made of me and lap at the pussy that becomes a fountain under the attentions of the Englishman she has owned and tamed.

And, if the tireless application of my well-trained and terrified tongue is not enough to satisfy her sadism, I will do exactly the same for her anus should she present it.
Never could I have imagined I would do such things – and at the behest of one such as she. But that was before my spirit was broken – even as my mind was left free to imagine all kinds of unlikely revenge scenarios – and the fear of this young Arab girl and her retinue of likeminded harpies took a hold of my nervous system as surely as fear of an enclosed space can incapacitate a claustrophobic. There is, I now know, nothing my abject terror of this girl and what she and her demonic women can inflict upon me will not compel me to do should she express a desire.

But why would I ever have imagined acting in such a way? What man of my race, colour and comfortable background could envisage a time when his body was not his own? Not once in my wildest dreams would I ever have considered that there could come a time when I would not be capable of reaching an erection without the express permission of a young Arab girl. That to attempt to do so would only result in physical pain that would be matched only by the mental torment the inability to do so provoked.

But more of this… *"inability"*… soon.

When I am not in attendance upon my master I am waiting on my betters and, between the two, being worked out by them in the scorching sun with my pale skin they at least have the sense to oil, lest I burn and it is they and not I who draws the fire of their mistress. My exercise regime is carefully prescribed, as my owner wants me to be lean and flat of tummy but without that excess of "Terminator" cum "Stallone" type muscle she finds so distasteful. Hence the hours spent on the lawn sloping down towards the Gulf, rope attached to a collar about my neck, being lunged as if I were no more and certainly no better than a horse with legs in need of stretching. This, and a variety of exercises without weights or machines, has ensured both leanness and endurance and, together with my weekly depilation sessions from her women, are the only time other than sleeping when I am not performing a *service* of some kind.

Both, despite one involving exhausting physical exercise and the other a degree of discomfort during waxing from scalp to ankle, in the form of sugaring or not, something I look forward to as an escape.

So low have my expectations been reduced.

My *"master"* wants me lean, toned, hairless and perfect.

And, as that is what she wants, that is, of course, what she will get and has got.

Around the palace and in her presence I wear one of three costumes she herself has designed for her… *dolly*… and which she considers display me to my best advantage.

The first is a scrap of cloth that surely did not tax what designing ability, if any, she possesses and allows her free access to slip a hand beneath it to take in the cock and balls she now owns so completely. Or, still more humiliatingly, to hold out her hand, without words, until I notice it and rush to her side to place my abused scrotum atop her palm for her to roll my

testicles proprietorially in her grip and drum it into my consciousness that I am hers – and in total – to do as she wishes.

And woe betide me if that hand is held out for too long before I become aware of it and deliver myself to her side!

The second of her so-called *"designs"* is a plain white kaftan that leaves my cock and balls free beneath it and serves pretty much the same purpose as the first. This, surprisingly, as it makes me look like a denuded and servile sissy, is my favourite of the two – though you will grant it hasn't much in the way of competition to beat. It at least covers my upper body and provides protection from both the rays of the sun and the no less scorching and lecherous gaze of my master and her women.

The third is my favourite – if clothes one hates so entirely can be described in such a manner.

This is my manservant's costume and is the one I adopt for those more formal occasions when I am obliged to serve in the presence of those less… *knowledgeable*… guests of whom I've already spoken. It is simple and trumpets my position as a flunkey to all the world who get to look upon it. But, consisting as it does of a simple black and collarless cotton shirt, with black trousers and thin black leather slippers, it is the outfit that brings me closest to feeling as if I am a man again.

Even if it is a man of little or no account to anyone around him.

At least anyone here.

After all these years I am still in the dark as to how my scheming Scandinavian bitch of a consummate actor wife explained my disappearance to the family and friends who loved me and for whom the memory of never ceases to cause me great emotional pain whenever they come to mind – which is often.

This is my life now. But it was not always so. Hardly surprising then that my thoughts return so often to that time when I was free and thought the world

and all it had to offer was a wonderful place.

More surprising is that, rather than return to those times when I was at my happiest, my thoughts seldom linger on anything in the past other than the fateful day and the events that took place shortly after when *she* was introduced to me by the wife I thought doted upon her husband.

A young Arab woman to whom, unbeknownst to me, I was about to be sold…

Two

…"According to Emma, Intisar is quite taken with you," Hedwig told me as I relaxed with my naked back against the sofa between her legs, sprawled upon the floor in the manner she had indicated and seemed to be in keeping with her behaviour towards me just recently.

"More than that," the voice of my fully dressed wife came down to me from above and behind, as the soles of her immaculate and shapely feet manipulated my engorged cock between one another, "Emma went so far as to say she is infatuated with you, though for the life of her she can't think why."

Not surprisingly, given the delicious sensations imparting themselves to my brain via a central nervous system responding favourably to what was an unusual method of her providing me pleasure, I didn't pay massive attention to Hedwig's words, though a small voice somewhere did whisper that she

seemed somewhat… dismissive… of me. That the junior draughtsman she herself had taken on, the same twenty-something lesbian who made no secret of the fact she disliked me, couldn't understand why another woman – indeed *any* woman would be infatuated with me came as no surprise. For my wife to sound as if she too were surprised her new client from an oil-rich state with angular and unprepossessing features could find her handsome fetching was a little unsettling though.

But then the pleasure of men has a way of justifying disturbing thoughts or behaviour and, rather than curtail the pleasure being provided to me by her feet, I was only too happy to attribute my wife's seeming contempt to her new passion for role-playing in which she took the sexual lead.

Men are fools and I have now had ample time to reflect upon that stone cold certainty. Time enough anyway to finally recognise the true depths of perfidy practiced by the woman I had loved and thought loved me back. Realising, now it is far too late that the unformed young Norwegian who seemed to respect and dote upon her older English husband loved and loves nothing save that which provides her the most pleasure and financial return.

It is a reality that seemed unthinkable during those far off days when we first met in Alkmaar and turned a run-of-the-mill seminar into a Dutch love-fest.

And no less unthinkable, despite her recent sexual assertiveness, when she added:

"I really think that if we were living a few centuries ago and you were on the auction-block in some faraway country, young Intisar would purchase you to be her very own sex-slave."

This, given the lack of any physical attraction on my part towards the young woman, was not a proposition likely to exacerbate my excitement and I hoped Hedwig would not persist with it.

Not for so long my excitement would wane, anyway.

"She has been asking lots of questions about you," she went on, dashing

those hopes even as her feet applied more pressure to my erection to keep my attention and prolong my excitement. “In fact, she is insistent that she wants you to oversee the implementation of your own designs for the Rye redevelopment.”

Pleasure or not, I was about to baulk at this – it was, after all, why we had Emma the junior draughtsman – when she spoke over me, speeding the foot massage as she did so.

“Yes, I know my lovely boy does not wish to spend time with the young Arab girl and leave London and his lovely Hedwig to spend time in the Sussex countryside.”

My protestations died in my throat as her toes dug into my cock just below the head and applied pressure.

Assured that she had me, she went on:

“But this is the first of what could be a lot of business your admirer can put our way. She is looking into building a shopping mall and hotels in her own country and we are talking millions, perhaps, as our end for the design work were she to award us the contract to design them. Think about it, my lovely boy, it would not just put our company on the map but make m… us… very, very wealthy.”

It would only be later – much later, and when the knowledge was of no use to me – that I would read the obvious into her hesitation.

“Is that not worth my handsome and pleasingly obedient husband taking the trouble to cultivate his young admirer?” she went on, enjoying the fantasy – or so I thought – of having a husband who did actually obey her. “Hedwig would be pleased with him if he did as she asked and would be willing to do this for him more often.”

I didn’t like the *“pleasingly obedient husband”* but she gave my urgent erection an extra hard squeeze between the soles of her feet and fetched a needy groan from deep within me that made me backdoor the somewhat

insulting reference. In truth, my reaction to the controlling position she was taking when it came to physical relations between us was something of a surprise to me and, to this day, I have no idea how she could have suspected such… baseness… existed in the depths of my personality; even if I did manage to convince myself we were just playing. My young wife had, after all, had to use all her considerable persuasive skills to convince me our sex would be better with her astride and in the commanding position but, other than that, I was the one who helmed our ship and had no intentions of it ever being any other way.

Which didn't mean I wasn't up for the odd bit of role-playing when it could deliver such explosive pleasure.

Though I did wonder at the time for just how long she would keep it up before she lost interest in her game.

No time soon, I remember telling myself if her next words were any guide.

"Who knows," she had gone on, "if you are really good, perhaps she could be persuaded to pleasure his little dicky while still wearing the pantyhose she has worn throughout the day."

I absolutely adored her shapely and slender legs in hose and my balls gave out a short and electric spasm that made my cock lurch – even as a part of me divorced from my growing excitement questioned just how she knew of the existence of these sexual buttons I myself had no idea existed.

"Yes!" she shouted with unmistakeable triumph as the breath wheezed in my throat. "My handsome pervert of a husband likes that thought. The feet of his lovely Hedwig, all sweaty inside their pantyhose, their smell wafting up to him and overpowering all else, wrapped around his needy dicky to reward him for being her good boy."

I was close and she knew it, the childish words she addressed to me fuelling my desires rather than allowing the annoyance they should have triggered to prompt me to take back the lead she was assuming over me more and more.

Hence the following words that sent me over the edge:

“Then, if he has been really pleasing and obedient to his superior young Norwegian wife, she will let him worship her pristine and untouched arse with his tongue before letting him put his little di…”

It was the most explosive orgasm I had experienced with her to date and no gusher in the oil-rich state of our client could surely have made its presence known with more force as I spurted and spurted to the cherished – and up to now refused – image of my cock entering my wife’s delicious Norwegian arse.

Apart from two more similar eruptions supplied by the feet of my gorgeous and – I now know – perfidious Scandinavian wife, I could be forgiven for not guessing that it would also be the last.

Three

“Most slaves are simply human waste from our own country and the surrounding regions,” the young Arab woman had told me in her fluent but heavily accented English. “They provide a level of service that is acceptable

but the real connoisseurs amongst the women of our country wealthy enough to have their independence and to be able to afford such an indulgence as to own a good looking and well-educated Westerner – especially a white European such as yourself."

The young woman, dressed in jeans and tee-shirt, was no more than half my weight and almost a foot shorter than my six feet one, yet she appeared utterly confident that I would neither move nor interrupt her as she gave a long overdue explanation for my presence before her in a room I had come to consider as my cell.

"My Mistress – and your Master," she went on, "is just such a woman. To her there is no satisfaction in owning one of the many "peasant" types as, to these people, their slavery is a relief from the miserable existence to which Allah has deemed them fit. But to a well-educated man from a typical Western country, slavery is both illegal and a hell. Unthinkable, in fact. How could it not be? For a handsome and mature man such as yourself to find he now has no freedom, no choice, and must obey his owner in all things and at all times or…"

She paused before finishing, her expression anticipatory;

"Or risk punishment."

Had her voice not been the first human sound I had heard in the three dawns I had marked off on the cell wall since waking in it, I would have allowed myself to think I was in the middle of a particularly nasty dream. Unfortunately, however, her voice may have been the first human sound but it was not the first human contact. That had come yesterday when, in response to my repeated cries and demands for food and, more especially, water that had been slid sparingly through a grill at the bottom of my cell door, the door itself opened and two shapes that were unmistakeably female entered, faces hidden by heavy black Niqabs.

Of course, I'd known there was something wrong the moment I woke up – hard not to when one finds oneself in a room one has never seen with nothing

but a sturdy looking metal door and one small window almost at ceiling height.

For a start, and apart from being in a tiny room furnished with nothing except a hole in one corner that served, I would soon learn, as my toilet, I was on a hard floor, not in my comfortable bed with Hedwig sleeping her usual untroubled sleep alongside me – though I was, as per usual, totally naked.

Well, not *totally*.

I knew I was awake, but somehow my brain wasn't functioning in its usual way.

And something felt… wrong… between my legs.

As I reached down for my cock I touched metal, not flesh.

And not only my cock.

As I made a ginger and horrified exploration of my genitals, horror piling upon horror after waking in this strange place and then finding myself in such a contraption, I realised a sturdy metal band had been locked around my scrotum and connected to the metal restrainer in which my penis had been restrained.

My manhood had been locked into what I instantly knew from my surfing of the net was a male chastity device.

But why?

And how the fuck had I landed up here?

What the fuck had happened to me?

I forced myself to try to remember the events of the previous evening – I would discover later that I had been kept unconscious for the best part of two days – but could remember nothing out of the ordinary after leaving the

young Arab woman's home in Rye with Emma after having delivered her some changes to the plans for her home upon which work would start once the coming weekend was over.

It struck me that I couldn't remember leaving either and the last thing I could recollect was grudgingly – I was in a hurry to return home to Hedwig – being persuaded by my Junior Associate to accept a drink from our client.

A *very* important client, she stressed who just happened to be Arab and would take it as an insult if her hospitality were refused.

So far so mystifying.

But how had I ended up here? Wherever *here* was. Though I knew instinctively I was no longer in England.

What the fuck was going on? How had I been spirited from my own country without even knowing it? And, more importantly as well as more terrifyingly. Why? My young Arab employer, I knew, had been flown in to nearby Lydd Airport on her own eight-seat Citation Bravo. Could she have somehow had me spirited out of the country aboard it?

But, again, why?

As it turned out, I had three days with minimal food and water and a voice hoarse from protest to ponder this conundrum, so it was unlikely Hedwig's remarks about how "young Intisar" was infatuated with me would not strike a chord. Was I to be some kind of unwilling sexual partner for the girl? And, if I was, why treat me in such a way?

I would soon discover why.

When the cell door opened and I put myself in the face of the two hooded women standing in the opening to demand my rights, I was given a graphic and lasting example of the chastity belt's efficacy.

The smaller of the two aimed what appeared to be a small remote-control

device in the direction of my groin and suddenly my rights were forgotten as my world dissolved in the most excruciating pain I had experienced in my life.

To that point, at least.

Suffice it to say, it was a more subdued and wary man who, after receiving yet another burst from the electrical device embedded into the ring encircling my scrotum, allowed the two unspeaking women to shave him from head to foot before applying depilatories to make all smooth and then rinsing him down with a hose brought from outside.

It was not until they were ready to leave, and I realised I was to be left alone again without food, water or answers, that I made to question them.

At the first sound of my voice the smaller of the two simply aimed the remote in my direction threateningly.

It was enough.

But now, having drank and eaten, I was being given some answers.

Even if they were being supplied by a young Arab girl young enough to be my daughter who gave them as I knelt on the stone floor to which she had ordered me and the remote-control in her hand compelled obedience.

Not five days ago I had been a respected architect with a thriving business and a beautiful wife.

Now I was kneeling, naked and hairless, in a strange country before a young girl I had not seen until now.

“It's no wonder that such wealthy and independent women want slaves such as you,” the young woman continued, completely unfazed at addressing a naked Westerner many years her senior in such a way. “I am told it is incredibly satisfying to tame a sophisticated European used to his freedom. More so as, because of their education, they are able to perform tasks beyond

the capacity of our home-grown chattels."

She looked at me, and after a few moments I realised this slip of a girl was actually giving *me* permission to speak – albeit carefully and respectfully as she had indicated from the beginning of my…

What?

Debriefing?

"You are a fool," she told me with a derisive smirk. "You are many years older than me yet I read you with all the ease with which I would read a children's story."

She was seated before me on a stool she had brought with her from outside and, with her legs crossed and her young age, she looked pleased to be speaking so disrespectfully to someone who was both her senior and a man. It not being often, I remember thinking that she would get to treat a member of the opposite sex in such a way. At least not a member of that sex of her own nationality and religion, anyway.

"You are thinking it is only a matter of time before your presence here is discovered and you are returned to your comfortable life."

She laughed, the tinkling sound of her merriment betraying her youth still further.

"But ask yourself this," she went on, "who is it exactly that you think will come to your rescue? You did not go through customs and emigration after all, but were neatly
crated up in a padded trunk with air-vents that you may breathe and placed in the cargo hold of the jet of my Mistress."

So it was the way I'd suspected and I'd been ferried here in the girl's jet from Lydd Airport.

The knowledge of which made my plight not one whit less serious.

“There will be no trace of you ever leaving the country and you will become just one more of those men who has gone missing.”

“My wife…” I began, falling silent as it struck me I may have spoken without permission, bracing myself for the agony at my groin.

It did not come and my mentioning of Hedwig seemed, for reasons beyond me at the time, to amuse her as she dangled a pink low-heeled shoe from a foot that was a sight more attractive than the face above it.

“I assure you that, from the moment you were placed in that cargo-hold, your old life is over. You are not stupid and you know from my words the identity of your female master. But make no mistake, just because she is a female it does not make your slavery to her any less binding. And neither will your slavery be any less exacting because it will be young females such as myself and Ms Afra and Ms Farhanah who supervise you.”

My first experience of the two unspeaking women who had shocked and cowed me before depilating my body from crown to pedestal did not dispose me to contradict the young woman.

“My name is *‘Nasira’*,” she went on. “*Ms* Nasira, to you. Forget and you will be given a painful reminder not to do so again.”

She fingered the remote control.

“We each of us, your Master also, have a device capable of activating the contraption around your cock and balls. But there are many more ways – more painful ways - we have of securing your compliance should your… *service*… not be considered to standard.”

At that point I found it hard to visualise any *“ways”* they might have of securing my *“compliance”* being the equal of the agony I’d experienced via the courtesy of chastity belt and remote-control.

Though I would soon find doing so a lot easier.

“I appreciate that it seems fantastic to and barely credible. That you, a handsome and well-educated Englishman in his middle-years, is now no more than the possession of a young Arab woman and her trusted assistants. But you are be well past the point of trying to convince yourself you are dreaming and must know that what you are experiencing is no more than your simple reality. You have not been transported back in time and this is not some elaborate practical joke. The land in which you find yourself – our land – is many, many miles distant from your own and, apart from a few surface similarities with Western culture our rulers have deemed it expedient to adopt, as different to the culture and prevailing moral outlook of your own country as satin to hemp.”

She was right on a number of levels, of course – even if she was wrong on one score and I still clung to the hope that this was no more than a rather vivid and elongated dream I would awake from soon to find myself spooning against my beautiful Hedwig with an erection pressing against her wondrous arse. But, if this were no dream, then it was equally obvious I had not been transported back to the distant days of Corsairs and slave markets. Which made my presence here as real as she insisted it was.

“You are, though you will not see it in such terms, rather fortunate,” she told me, amused by the look of incredulity that spread across my face. Incredulity that stopped short of verbal abuse for such stupidity when I remembered her advice that I remain respectful when given permission to speak lest I wished to experience the agony at my groin once again.

As you must understand, I did not and remained silent.

“Had you taken the fancy of one of our men with money enough to own livestock such as yourself…”

“Livestock?” my thoughts raged. I was an intelligent and mature human being. A man. Could I really be described in such a way? And, worse, could it possibly be true?

Upon my knees naked, cock-cage encircling my genitals, a supplicant before a dusky skinned girl half my age, my head shook from side with wonder as I took in the likelihood.

Was that what I had become?

Human cattle?

It was, it seemed, exactly how I was regarded if my young *"debriefer"* was to be believed.

"…Yes," she said mistaking my disbelief for the situation I found myself in for a horrified realisation that I could be here as the slave of a man rather than a woman – though such realisation was present also, "that would be a sight harder to bear for a preening peacock such as yourself. You will no longer be a man in the service of my mistress but she is adamant you will at least be allowed the cock and the balls that give you the illusion of such; even if they are locked away from your own use."

Shamefaced as she allowed her eyes to take in my captive manhood I lowered my own to the floor as she went on:

"Should you prove displeasing and our mistress decided to sell you into the service of one of our men, however, and though you might be permitted to keep your worthless white cock, there could be no question of your balls remaining."

Below her, head still lowered, I gasped at such a prospect, gasp turning to an inability to breathe as she outlined another possibility should her mistress decide to sell me on to one of the men of this benighted and morally reprehensible land.

"The likelihood, I must tell you, is that you would lose both cock and balls as many of our men love nothing more than to take a proud white Westerner and reduce him to the status of the most lowly of women."

My reaction to this, and given what I thought was an empty stomach,

surprised me.

I vomited.

Four

Fortunately for me I had managed to turn my head at the last second and avoid the slender brown foot in its pink shoe as it dangled before my eyes.

It was more bile than anything else but it would have been sure to have earned my balls another frying were it to have landed on any part of her person.

“White dog!” she hissed, leaping from her stool and carrying it outside before returning with the hose her two colleagues, for want of a better description, had used to clean my body before removing every last hair on my body from toe to scalp.

“Think yourself fortunate,” my young jailer told me as I hosed the mess I had made into the hole in the corner of what I had come to view as my cell, “that

I allow you to wash your filth away rather than make you sleep with its stench."

In this I could only agree with her. The claustrophobic space in which I was kept was aired only by the one barred slit of an opening set near the ceiling and were the vomit to be left as it was it would simply add another level of torment to the near unbearable heat and the lack of fresh air.

She watched as I hosed away the contents of my stomach and seemed amused when I took the opportunity to drink from the end of the hose.

I was, of course, thirsty enough to be unmindful of whether the water was drinkable or not.

Then, when she was content with my efforts, she had me resume my position on my knees, took the hose back outside and returned to sit before me with the stool. She also carried a sack and her posture displayed all the arrogance of a young girl given a level of power over an older man and there was no doubt in my mind that she loved the responsibility given to her in my regard by the "Mistress" I had yet to see since my arrival; though I was not so stupid as to not know her identity.

"Your new Master has given strict instructions to us as to how she wishes you kept and groomed and it has fallen to me to train you."

My eyes flashed angrily at hearing such words aimed at me from so youthful a source and had it not been for the presence of the remote in her tiny brown hand I should have shown her there and then who would be training who.

She read my thoughts and the smile aimed down at me was not pleasant.

"You think that were it not for the device encircling your cock and balls and this," she held up the remote. "you would make me regret treating you in such a way?"

A response to this was hardly necessary under the circumstances.

“No doubt you would,” she said, answering her own train of thought. “For a while, anyhow. But what then?”

She allowed me a few moments to ponder her question, then went on:

“You are a white European in a land that is not your own. You have no Passport and are not known to anybody save your owner and those of us into whose hands she has placed you. Money you have none and neither do you speak Arabic.

She was right, of course, I could only make mental agreement, but I knew that if I could somehow get to a British Embassy or Consulate I could…

Her accented young voice cut into my thought as a whip cuts through melted butter.

“You could not be more predictable if your very life depended upon it,” she mocked. “Do you really believe that – even if there were an Embassy within five hundred miles – you would be allowed to bring your plight to the attention of someone sympathetic? You are naked and without money or the means to barter for clothes. How far do you think you would get if you were somehow able to take this device from me before Ms Afra or Ms Farhanah reduced you to a screaming wreck, rolling about at our feet as you beg for us to end your torment?”

In truth, the picture she drew did not sound too encouraging, but then neither did the future as slave to a young Arab woman she was in the process of explaining to me. Once away from here and on the outside anything could happen. Surely the whole country wasn’t made up of sadists and perverts. Surely someone would speak English and be willing to help me.

It was, I decided, worth the risk.

For a few moments, anyway.

“My estimate,” the girl whose name was Nasira told me, “is that – if you did manage to leave the estate of the Mistress – you would be returned in no

more than an hour and possible a lot sooner. The Mistress, as well as being in her homeland, is a wealthy and respected member of the community here and has many people – important people – who are dependent upon her for their livelihoods. You, to put it bluntly and utterly correctly, are nobody. From the moment you were brought here you became a nothing and have nothing save that which your new female master chooses to give you."

My spirits were lowering by the second, not that they were high to begin with, and I guessed that was the whole point of our *"little talk"*. This was not the UK and neither was it a democracy. Money was position here and I was worldly enough to know that it spoke with far more power than morality. The media was neutered and there would be no investigative reporter ever likely to bring my plight to the world in the hope of a Pulitzer prize for journalistic excellence.

I was in a very different world.

"The man who was 'Howard Major' exists now only as a part of your memories and, I warn you now, you will experience punishment such as you have never dreamed could exist should you ever mention his existence to either the mistress, her guests, or even myself, Ms Afra or Ms Farhanah."

As unmanly tears filled my eyes before her, the young Arab girl who seemed to take such pleasure from dominating a man – a white man, old enough to be her father – smiled down at me with total confidence she had me.

Which was when something inside me said *"fuck it"* and I lunged for the remote in her hand.

Better, I thought, to take what would very likely prove to be a non-existent chance on the outside than be dehumanised here in such a way.

Such was my thinking in that split second covering deliberation and action.

An action that did not get me far.

The girl, despite her warnings to me, had been expecting such a move and

activated the remote control before my grasping hand made it halfway towards the object it was seeking in her hand.

I spasmed and jacknifed, spastic movements that must have seemed similar to those of the android shot by Harrison Ford in “Blade Runner”, the pain taking all control of my body from me and seeming to go on longer and with more intensity than the last time I’d experienced it. Had there been anything in my bowels they would have voided. I was totally out of control and in more pain than I had ever known.

I don’t know if I passed out or simply lost my senses, but it was the sound of what I took to be a child’s sobbing that brought me back to reality.

My sobbing and *my* reality.

Through filmy eyes I saw my young jailer and tormentor holding up the device that allowed her to control me with such ease.

“That was just one setting above what you experienced the last time you were disobedient,” she told me as I continued to sob at her feet, mortified to be doing so in front of one so young and of the opposite sex and completely unable to prevent the unmanly tears streaming from my eyes. Any notions that I might still be dreaming were gone completely now and I knew, fantastic and outlandish as my situation was, that I was living nothing less than a nightmare in real time.

“There are another four,” she explained. “I will leave you to imagine the intensity of them and pray your future behaviour does not force us to make you experience any one of them.”

Through my unmanly tears I saw a look of satisfaction light up her heathen features.

“I am told the fourth would put an end to your manhood permanently and would require instant medical attention.”

Through my scrambled thoughts I actually thought it might be worth risking

such punishment if it brought my plight to trained professionals likely to draw attention to my plight with the authorities.

I did not think it for long.

What authorities might they be, after all?

And what trained professionals?

Hardly likely that they wouldn't be taking money from the Intisar bitch as well and wouldn't deem it a good idea to risk their cash-source by attempting to aid a Foreigner whose balls one of the paymasters had just fried.

"Kneel up in front of me," the girl demanded when she considered I'd recovered enough; which I certainly hadn't.

It was an effort but, with the motivation of the metal encircling my balls and the electric current the remote dangling from her tiny hand could deliver, I somehow managed it.

"Good. Obey your betters instantly and you will avoid correction," she advised me in the most humiliating voice she could muster. As if, in fact, she were a Victorian nanny addressing an infant placed in her charge. The historical inaccuracy of an Arab girl serving as a nanny to an English family during such a period understandably not occurring to me at this time.

"Lower your head and keep your eyes to the floor when in our presence," she told me. "Do so now."

Without hesitation, so great was my fear of what she held in her hand and how easily it could reduce me to the shaking wretch who knelt before her, I did as she ordered.

"Now," she went on, "I wish you to place your arms behind your back and clasp your hands together."

I did, body still shaking with an intensity beyond my ability to control.

“Very good. That is most pleasing,” she praised. “You are now in what we shall call the position of respect. It is the position and posture you must adopt whenever entering the presence of one of your superiors or when they decide to enter yours.”

Despite my pain and the fear of more, I still had space left to feel the most awful and soul destroying humiliation at being spoken to in such a way.

And worse was to come as she rose from the stool and placed her shapely brown feet in their pink low-heeled shoes under my lowered eyes.
“Place your unworthy lips on the toecap of my left shoe and allow them to remain there until you reach the count of five or I tell you to remove them. Then, when you have finished, kneel up with your eyes lowered still.”

At this point I would like to be able to say that I took advantage of her close proximity to make another grab for the remote-control.

I did not and – though there was much in the way of pain, training and humiliation to come – I truly believe that this was the first true moment of my capitulation to the dominance this young girl and her colleagues were exerting over me.

Dominance intended to mould me to the exact specifications of their bitch of a mistress who had taken everything from me.

For those of you who have never been forced to such an act of lowly homage to another – let alone an Arab girl barely out of her teens – allow me to tell you that nothing shrinks the soul and the self-respect contained within it than to make such an obeisance.

And on a regular basis.

With my lips upon the toecap of her shoe and counting, I could smell the smooth skin of her foot inside the leather and the somewhat sour aroma of her perspiration. This, and why would it not, only added to my diminishment. A loss of self that was not helped by having to repeat the exercise with her

right foot.

When I had finished and was grateful for the small relief of not having to remain in such a humiliating position; though kneeling before her with eyes lowered was no less a bonfire of the vanities for a man of my age, looks and intelligence; I heard her rummaging in the sack she had brought in with her.

“I am about to collar you,” she told me matter-of-factly, as if she were a nurse and she was explaining a mundane and routine procedure. “This, not that I need explain to one as lowly as you, is done for a number of reasons. Firstly, when this is secured around your neck you will at all times be reminded that, though you will be required to perform more human services, your position in the household of your Master and in relation we more elevated members of her staff, is that of a dog.”

Had I not been in such a condition of pain, trepidation and utter mortification, I do believe I would have laughed at this point.

It was just too unbelievable.

One moment I had been a professional man with his own business, embarked upon a contract to deliver plans and building work for a young Arab woman’s home in the hope that more lucrative contracts would come his – and his wife’s – way.

And the next?

The next I was kneeling in abject misery before a young girl who had just forced me to kiss her feet as a sign of respect and being told I was about to be collared and would have no more status than that of a dog. I was naked and shorn of *all* hair with my cock and balls no longer under my own control.

And *this* was the *twenty-first* century.

I flinched as she reached behind my head before bringing what I would learn was my collar against the hackled skin of my neck.

It was cold, it was sturdy, and it was made of steel

My mind raced.

Something told me that if this were locked on me – as if the cock-cage and its multi-purpose functions were not enough – I would be finished. I felt certain of it. I would be exactly as she described me.

A piece of human property. A dog, unable to even hump a leg or satisfy himself sexually without the permission of his owner. A mature Englishman with his life stripped from him.

“Make one move,” she warned me from behind as I contemplated doing just that, and the pain you experienced a few minutes ago will be a fond memory. I have increased the setting on the device controlling your cock so you would be advised to be totally obedient and accept your fate.”

Her young and accented English took on an almost kindly tone.

Almost.

“What is happening to you will happen whether you are unwise enough to fight it or not. Believe me, I have no wish to make a eunuch of you but, if you do not prove… *trainable*… I have the permission of my mistress to do just that.”

Out of her sight a tear dropped from my eye to the floor and, even in the brief flash of time before it splashed against the stone, what remained of my courage had deserted me and I remained with head lowered as she stood at my back, a beaten man waiting for a young girl to collar him.

“Good dog,” she said as she slid the collar around my neck so that what I assumed to be the locking mechanism was on the opposite side, tone telling me she took much pleasure from addressing me in such a demeaning and derogatory way.

A loud click that sounded to me like a death knell – the death of my life as a

man – told me the collar was now locked on and, though it was not unbearably tight, I could tell simply from the weight of the steel and the sound the lock as it clicked shut that this was something that would not be coming off in any great hurry without the key.

Her young hand caressed my depilated scalp as if rewarding an obedient canine and despite my feelings of fear and revulsion a frisson of some perverse desire for her swept through me.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" my thoughts screamed as my cock attempted to erect in its cage and I was forced to stifle a real scream lest she guess the cause of it and fetch me even more acute embarrassment.

"Now," she said, again delving in the sack having, thankfully, missed the discomfort caused me by the unexpected attempt to exercise my manhood provoked by her petting of my scalp, "the Mistress wants your body tanned and lean and the best way to do this is to lunge you the way one would lunge a horse."

My spirits soared and sank.

I was going to allowed out into the fresh air!

The bad news, as she took a length of coiled rope from the sack and clipped it to a ring at the front of my new collar, was that I was about to be exercised by a young Arab girl as if were no more than an animal.

She reached down and with one nonchalant finger lifted my chin that I might stare into equally arrogant eyes:

"Then, after that, I shall take you to my rooms for some more training your Master insists upon."

Again my spirits soared even as they sank.

I would not, it seemed, be spending another night in this nightmare of a cell.

But what would this *"training"* involve?

She did not make me wait long to find out.

"We will see if your knowledge of how to please a woman is the equal of your handsome looks," she told me.

Now my spirits really did soar and, this time, there was no sinking feeling to keep them company. I was going to be expected to fuck this young bitch who was making my life a hell. And, to do that, my cock would have to be taken out of its…

"Not with your pitiful white cock, of course" she said by way of smashing my illusions while still staring into my eyes with a mixture of contempt and a high excitement for having me in such a position she was quite unable to disguise.

It did not take me long to work out what she had in mind and, despite my unaccountable reaction to her stroking of my denuded scalp a few seconds ago, I was not thrilled by the demeaning prospect.

"We will need to do much work before you can be given the honour of worshipping your owner's cunt and arse with your servile doggy tongue.

Images of my beautiful Hedwig's arse flashed before my eyes at her words, but it was not her arse or *"cunt"* I was going to have to worship.

Nor simply that of the bitch Intisar herself.

"Fortunately for you I am very patient and will work you very hard until you are the best cunt and arse slave it is possible for a dog of an Englishman to be."

Part Three

Five

“Lie with your back upon the bed,” she ordered me in English, rather than using some of the Arabic I had been taught to give me at least a limited and, more importantly, functional, vocabulary when it came to the tongue of her land. Her use of my own tongue was accompanied by an extensive vocabulary of her own but she made no effort whatsoever to disguise the fact it was being spoken by one who normally spoke a language vastly different. In fact, her English was spoken with an Arabic accent even more marked than that of the dread Nasira, whose effortless cruelty I had much reason to terrified of given the frequency with which I experienced the phenomenon.

Just one of the reasons I crawled on all fours to the bed and eased myself upon it as directed, eyes averted from hers and fixed upon the ceiling.

Expectantly.

And why would they not be expectant, after all?

Given she had unlocked my cock from its cage – if not my balls from the ring encircling them – and I was fully erect for the first time in almost two months. Though, you may be assured, both cock and balls, via the remote control device all the women except one, my *“Master”*, carried, had received much attention.

All of it unwanted.

With my back to the sumptuous and incredibly comfortable mattress that was such a change from the hard stone floor upon which I now reposed, excitement poured through me as I sneaked a proscribed look at the young woman I had known as *"Intisar"* and now recognised only as *"Master"*. So swift had my fall to obedience and service been. She had opened the door to a large walk-in wardrobe and selected a few items from her lingerie drawer. Sheer, high-denier, stockings in a blue so navy it was almost black slid up her powerful but, I had grudgingly acknowledged, shapely young legs and a black bustier went around her chest, darkened nipples hanging mouth-wateringly over the half cups and extenuating the olive skin of her origins. The most expensive of black shoes with spike heels completed the ensemble as she stood above me imperiously, hands on hips.

I averted my gaze back to the ceiling at this point, having already risked much by looking without her express permission – so far had the control of young woman over mature man advanced. I had seen enough, however, to know that she had decided to use makeup and was using a dark raisin color lipstick that, like the darkened nipples, accentuated her flesh tones. It was, I now know, the look she preferred prior to a certain usage of me. A usage designed to let me know that I belonged to her.

In body and service; if not in mind and soul.

And she *was* making inroads when it came to the former of those latter two.

More and more, it seemed to me as if obeying her every edict were not only the normal thing to do – and you will have gained some idea by now of just how mortifying these *"edicts"* could be - but the correct form of behaviour.

I was, I knew, being conditioned.

And, like the dog it pleased them to treat me as when the mood took them, it was beginning to seem… *natural*.

No matter how hard I fought this insidious and subconscious conditioning that was, perhaps, even more devastating to me than the hell that had been

made of my everyday reality. Wasn't I already addressing her as *"Master"*? Was I not already dancing attendance upon her guests? Naked avec cock-cage for those more… *"enlightened"*… Arabic ladies of whatever age. Dressed in a demeaning servant's uniform for those more vanilla friends of my female owner.

"You may look at me, slave Rex," she said, again in English; though I had been taught – painfully – the Arabic for this particular command.

Smirking, loving who she was and what her wealth and connections had allowed her to make me, she consented for me to drink in the body that I had, despite my indifference to her face and hatred of her for having taken my life from me, come to lust over.

For those of you full-blooded and independent men sneering at such weakness before the source of all the injustices and abuse heaped upon me, I say you need to experience having your cock locked away for long periods without any hope of access other than from the three young women overseeing me and that *"Master"* herself, before you become too *sure* in your contempt.

Her own ever-present contempt for the Englishman whose life she had taken and now owned was mixed with expectation now and I knew what was expected of me.

"My Master is the most beautiful woman on earth and her lowly servant is the most fortunate of men to be able to gaze upon that beauty," I told her in my own native tongue, parroting the words as taught and bringing a smile to her dark raisin lips as she chose to believe me sincere.

It was with some shock I realised, at least at that moment, chaste and desperate for release as the cage ensured me to be, that I was.

A humiliating concession to the power she had gained and was still gaining over me that was mitigated somewhat by my knowing she could have no idea just how far she had lowered both my manhood and my self-esteem.

“That is very well said, slave Rex, and I am pleased to see that you are responding to the teachings of Afra and Farhanah and, most of all, my lovely Nasira,” she praised me, tone of voice markedly different from the time when we had interacted as designer and customer and I had been told she harboured a crush on me.

A *“crush”* somewhat different from the usual playground variety in that most schoolgirls neither dream nor want - and certainly haven’t the capacity to see through into reality – to turn their tutor and object of their desires into an abject slave.

“But…” she went on as my spirits sank a little, *‘but’*, in my experience always being the prelude to criticism and, later, punishment, “it displeases me somewhat that you still insist upon referring to yourself as a man.”

“Your humble servant apologises, Master,” I snapped out hastily, thoroughly detesting myself for doing so even more then I detested the Arab bitch herself for insisting upon it. The vaunting aims and desires possessed by me in my former incarnation of virile man, husband, and designer-cum-businessman on the up, had been reduced to one simple ambition:

Avoid punishment.

Yes, of course, and in answer to your thoughts, I thought of my old life and a return to it constantly. How could I not? But you have to understand that when one knows something has passed forever – and my early optimism regarding return and salvation had been ground into the dust in my first week of captivity – it is a positive pain to return to those memories that will *never* be repeated or even come close to doing so. To do so was to fetch unmanly tears and, worse, were they to be noticed and it was suspected I was hankering after my old life, a great deal of pain added physical anguish to the mental.

“Then correct yourself now,” the young Arab woman in command of me urged.

And, as I hesitated, unsure of what exactly to say:

“Or I shall have Nasira tell Farhanah to correct you for me.”

The simple mention of Farhanah’s name sent dread coursing the length of the same body she so enjoyed abusing. That the unsmiling and unspeaking young woman could cause me such anguish without ever leaving a mark on the body of the *“English dog”* was a source of some amazement still – even after having been informed by Nasira that the girl had and was being trained in medicine and the body and knew exactly which nerve-centres were most effective in causing maximum pain with least visible evidence of it ever having been delivered. My body being the very same one Nasira had told me was much prized by the *“Master”*. So much so that she did not want it marked for those times when it waited upon her more *“enlightened”* female visitors

Sensing the girl I had once known as simply *“Intisar”* was becoming impatient, I fought frantically for words and managed to splutter:

“M-My Master is the most beautiful woman on earth and her lowly servant is… is… is the most fortunate of… of…”

Struggling to describe myself after a fashion that in no way conjured up an image of masculinity – at least of a human variety – I recalled the name with which I had been… *reborn*… so to speak and knew what would please her best:
“…the most fortunate of lowly… *dogs*... to be allowed to gaze upon that beauty.”

I waited silently, eyes glued to the ceiling in prayer, a grown man beseeching the heavens to prevent a girl young enough to be his offspring having him punished at the novel but no less excruciating hands of Farhanah.

Not for the first time, the thought of doing away with myself occurred to me.

But not for long.

Had I not already made several attempts?

And was it not obvious that I would never have the physical or moral courage to see such a finite course of action through to its conclusion?

Perhaps, I thought fleetingly as I waited for my young owner to pass sentence, it was this lack of courage that explained how easily I appeared to have submitted to the young women tormenting me.

“That is much better,” came her voice at last and I felt my veins flood with relief as my body resumed normal service. “But…”

Once more I tensed at the word and her thoughtful pause after uttering it:

“But you do yourself a disservice,” she went on, accented voice almost kindly, speaking almost as if to an equal.

Almost.

“You must not describe yourself as a *‘lowly’* dog.”

I felt almost optimistic at this turn of events until:

“As a man – or perhaps I should say, a *former* man, you are indeed as low as you can be.”

As my spirits had slightly risen so had they fallen, and to a place lower than their starting point.

They were, however, set to go lower.

“But, as my animal, pet, and servant, you are much prized.”

This was hard to take, but her next words triggered that very temper they were in the process of schooling out of me – or at making me so fearful I kept it hidden.

“If you were not, after all, why else would you be treated with such kindness and consideration for one of your status?”

It was too much.
Even for one as demoralised and fearful as me.

I turned reproachful eyes upon the one who had lowered that *“status”*, too incensed to allow the sight of her in stockings, heels and bustier to keep the cock that had been erect since she had unlocked constant in its vigour.

The flushing of her olive cheeks and the tightening of those dark raisin lips were no more than the signs of my *“Master’s”* immediate anger and already I was cursing my lack of discipline.

Rightly so, as it turned out:

“You dare to look at me without permission!” she hissed. “After all the time Nasira has spent teaching you how to behave correctly in my presence.”

My terror was instant and, with it, came yet more of Nasira’s most recent teaching which had, up to now, not been required.

As if I had been pre-programmed to act in such a way – it would only occur to me later that this was exactly how I had been programmed – I scuttled from the bed and crawled, as fast as I could, on all fours to her feet. But it was my behaviour once in position there that was remarkable. In fact, it sickens me to write of it.

Just as Nasira had described as I had listened to her with horror that any man, let alone this one, could allow himself to be taken so low he would consent to such behaviour, I began to whine.

I’m sure you understand what I mean when I say *“whine”*.

“Yes. That’s right. Me, the man formerly known as Howard Major, handsome and successful lover of women, as well as the owner with his gorgeous wife of a thriving business, crouched at the heels of a young Arab

woman to beseech her forgiveness.

And doing so by approximating the high-keened sound of a dog's crying!

A very, very fearful dog.

I have no way of knowing if Nasira had informed her employer in advance of this new party-trick she had taught me but, aware of it or not, my *"Master"* appeared delighted and clapped her hands together in the way of a spoilt brat daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents being given a gift she adored – even if what she deserved was something entirely different.

"How wonderful!" she cried as I howled beneath her.

Encouraged, I whined some more.

"Nasira is so clever."

As I continued to demean myself – anything rather than bring down upon my head the wrath of these sadistic and demented Arab bitches – I could sense *real* pleasure above me. But then, if the girl named Intisar was the sadistic and demented Arab bitch I took her to be in my thoughts, why would she be experiencing anything else? Wasn't this what her perverted dreams and desires required? A white Englishman, handsome and accomplished, her superior in all ways except wealth, brought so low as to beg for leniency from her in the way of a pet canine?

The words she aimed down at her *"mutt"* verified this:

"And my obedient Rex is a very good boy to take the lessons of his teacher to heart in such a way."

My tongue was, by this time, lathing the olive skinned instep of her foot that was visible above the black leather of her spike heeled shoe as I interspersed the action with small, dog-like, whinnies. Even as I did so what small portion of my manhood remained – not to mention that of my soul itself – perished that much more. I was being subsumed into the service of this young Arab

girl and, worse, was growing more and more certain nothing but timely death or some kind of deus ex machina could deliver me from her clutches.

“Yes. That is very good, Rex,” she cooed from above, just as if she was, in fact, praising a pet for behaving in accordance with her wishes. “Not only are you beginning to know your lowly and servile place but, as Nasira insisted to me you would, are beginning to accept that place below us.”

Relief taking the edge from the scorching humiliation searing what was left of my manhood, I continued to lathe at her slightly salty instep that she might not change her mind, in true terror of what she could order and her devoted young female staff visit upon me should she do so.

“Back to the bed now, Rex,” she ordered, utterly confident in her ability to manage me.

Confidence that was *not* misplaced as I immediately withdrew a servile tongue and scampered on all-fours to place myself upon the luxurious mattress, the eyes that had only seconds ago almost landed me in agony fixed firmly upon the ceiling and the fan whirring at its centre.

“The question we must ask, however,” came her voice from above and to the side as I sensed her approach, “is does my animal and servant believe he deserves to show his devotion to the body of his owner?”

In the few seconds since leaping from the bed to crawl to her feet and lick them, all the time whining for clemency after the fashion of a fearful canine, something had changed in me. I recognised it instantly. There was I now knew no point fighting the inevitable. These women – and this one in particular – had the power to make my life a thoroughgoing misery if I did not follow their commands to the letter.

What point did it serve, other than for ego, to hesitate when obeying them. What did it achieve, my using reticence to try and get across to them that I was still a man and hated what they had done and were doing to me, when they knew exactly what they had done and were doing and had no intention

of my ever being a man in the truest sense of the word ever again.

The option of using suicide as an escape having proved itself beyond my courage, the only approach left to me now if I wished to know anything remotely approaching a *life* was to obey.

And obey totally.

This, I hope, explains why my answer was so instant:

“No, Master.”

“No, Master, what?” she demanded, sensing, I’m sure that a *‘giving way’* of some kind was taking place.

I swallowed back some bile, but with no appreciable time delay before answering:

“No, Master. Your animal and servant does not believe he deserves to show his devotion to the body of his owner.”

“But you would consider it an honour to be allowed to worship that body?”

“Yes, Master,” I agreed, sincerely so if the rising of the cock that had been cowed into wilting no minutes before were a guide – even if I am sure that after over a month of denial it would have risen for a pile of horseshit had it been wrapped in high-denier stockings.

This last, as you can imagine, a thought I did not confide to my *“Master”*.

“Your animal and servant would consider it the highest of honours to be allowed to worship your body.”

“You would thank me for the privilege of licking my Arab shit-chute clean before showing your obedience to my cunt?”

My erection became more urgent and a snort of derision came down to me.

“Yes, Master,” I said, my voice little more than a croak of needy excitement and pure humiliation, “your animal and servant would give profuse thanks to you for allowing him to perform such a service.”

There was a pause and then the mattress sank beneath her weight as she seated herself upon the edge of the bed and then, for the first time since my last evening with Hedwig, a hand that was not my own encircled my cock.

The gasp that exited my lips seemed to empty my lungs of air.

“Yes. That is good, Rex. That is the kind of appreciation I expect to hear from my animal and servant. You are a good boy.”

Her words demeaned me but had no appreciable effect on the blood forcing its way itself into my straining prick.

Though the relaxing of her grip upon it and the brief silence that followed did make me think.

Until, penny dropping:

“Your animal and servant thanks you, Master.”

A tiny brown hand tickled the underside of my scrotum by way of praise before her words went on to offer a verbal confirmation:

“This is what differentiates my Rex from a real dog,” she observed, hand returning to my cock and delivering a series of feather-light caresses causing the breath to catch in my throat. “You learn what your betters expect of you so much more quickly and that makes you highly desirable to me as both a pet and a servant on those occasions when I wish you to be such.”

Seemingly independent of me, my cock gave a lurch beneath her feathered caresses and it was obvious those caresses alone were not responsible. For some reason – though I can’t dismiss the hand at my cock completely – hearing myself described as a *“pet”* by those young, Arabic and dark raisin,

lips, took my excitement to a new level. Even as my small reserves of manhood berated me for responding in such a way.

“Oh, what a good boy my Rex is becoming for his young Master,” she said delightedly, reading my response for what it was and going with it. “And to think I told my lovely Nasira that it could take her up to a year before the proud and handsome Englishman with the beautiful Nordic wife could be brought to our heels.”

The mention of my wife, far from making my erection subside at her loss, intensified my desire and, instinctively, I thrust against the hand of my *“young Master”*.

The palm of that hand was transferred to my thighs and I gave a little yelp as it landed with a stinging slap.

“Bad boy!” she scolded, obviously enjoying every second of her growing control over her *‘handsome Englishman with the beautiful Nordic wife’*. “Do not thrust at your Master when she condescends to show you a kindness. On those rare occasions when, and if, she considers your behaviour merits it she will allow you to hump her leg like the animal you are.”

She delivered another, harder, slap to my thighs by way of punctuation and continued:

“But *never* take it upon yourself to try to hurry or coerce her. Understand?”

As afraid of her and her women as I was, my overriding need at this point was for the return of her hand to my cock.

“Your animal and servant apologises for his disrespect, Master, and will try to do better in future.”

There was silence above me and I could tell she was placated somewhat.

I also observed how adept I was becoming at such servile language.

Not to mention behaviour.

“I shall let it pass this once,” she said, hand, to my intense frustration, not returning itself to my erection. “Do so again, however, and I will be forced to either keep your cock locked away or…”

She paused again, pondering the alternative, as if keeping my pride and joy locked away forever were not sobering enough for a man in my position to contemplate.

“Or to have it removed completely.”

Now my erection did subside.

And was not energised any by what she said next:

“Of course, I could simply punish you by having these…”

Using thumb and forefinger she delivered my balls a flick that made me jump.

“…removed,” she finished. “Then, if your disobedience still persisted…

Six

I felt tears building in my eyes, unable to bear what was being done, said, and made of me.

Sitting beside my stricken and prone body she he had just, in tones no more threatening or out of the ordinary than one would use with a dog who was sitting on furniture proscribed to him, threatened me, incredibly, with a full-penectomy!

And I was at a complete and utter loss as to how I could make it, all of it, stop.

Then, to my infinite relief:

“But then, it is such a lovely white cock, even if it is becoming nice and tan under the sun as my girls exercise you.”

My thoughts turned immediately to an image myself as I trotted in circles under the less scorching morning sun and in full view of the glistening waters of the gulf; tethered to the hand of either the kinder but no less strict Afra or Nasira, but never, for some reason, Farhanah. Attachment made by the simple clipping of the rope to the ring on the front of my metal-collar which, thankfully, was lined with a heat absorbent material that stopped its temperature from not only becoming unbearable but, I assured myself, setting my head afire. With this lunging and the exercised concocted to keep me limber but without musculature.

It was also the only time in the day I was free of the cock-cage – that the sun may tan *everything* evenly – though I was, obviously, under the strictest of supervisions.

“I like owning the cock of a European man and many of my friends are of the same mind and will be envious once I consider you trained enough to serve

them at my residence," she went on as I continued to stare at the ceiling, afraid of the consequences should I happen to make eye-contact with her. "But, you must be under no illusions my Rex. I will have no hesitation in ordering this for you should you prove… *displeasing*. You must forget my young age and your relatively advanced years. You are a married man now only on paper and are declared missing. The life you knew as a businessman and architect are behind you forever and I am no longer your client but your owner."

My eyes closed and images of that past life played upon the inside of my lids, my lovely home and the sensual and beauteous Hedwig prime amongst them along with the dreams I'd had for our future together. *All* of those dreams ashes now as I remained captive in an alien land without redress or any form of escape. The life I had no life at all, in fact.

As the immensity of what had been done to me kicked in with even more power than on those frequent occasions before, I was unable to quite stifle a tiny sob and, with the first display of tenderness my *"Master"* had shown towards me since she had had me… *acquired*… she ran a soothing hand over the shining and now denuded dome that was my tanned scalp.

"Yes. It is alright, my Rex," she cooed in an approximation of motherly talk; should a mother ever spawn a dog that is; motherly talk that, no matter how obvious I found its insincerity, drew from me the desired response and soon had me in floods of self-pitying tears. "There is no shame to long for the life I have taken from you. Your Master understands this. But you must not persist in showing her your frustration lest she take it as an insult. Your old life is dead forever and you must show your Master she chose her animal and servant correctly. Only this way will I let you have any kind of life worth mentioning."

She allowed me to sob for a few minutes more, allowing me some leeway as her hand stroked my bald pate before both hand and leeway were withdrawn.

"Enough, Rex!" she snapped, "Your past is done with and, as of now, if I hear either a mention of it from your lips or evidence of such in your body-

language you will pay a heavy price."

Feeling as if I could cry forever but allowing – not that choice was involved – my fear of the consequences should I disobey her to make me obedient, I choked off my sobs and stared up fixedly at a decidedly filmy ceiling.

"From now on," she continued when sure of my compliance, "your whole life will be dedicated to my service or you will have no life. You must take pride in my ownership of you, for only then will you begin to find your new incarnation bearable. My pleasure and the pride you take in playing a part in it, no matter how small and insignificant, must be the guiding light of your life from this moment on. Success in this endeavour will *never* make you a free man but it will certainly make your existence here more… *tolerable*."

Suddenly, she lifted her right leg and placed it, sole first, upon the mattress that she may straddle my naked and supine body.

Again my breath caught as the unmissable sight of a pussy that was equally as hairless as my scalp beamed down upon me, sobs forgotten before such a wondrous sight. That she was facially no beauty I was in no doubt, but the snatch staring down at me so imperiously was superb beyond question and in no way corrupted by a protrusion of the labia majora as many are. Her slit was perfection itself and I was sure that in tight trousers, pants, or slacks – were I ever given permission to look – an erotic camel-toe would be visible to the eye.

My mind and the blood flow to my cock raced.

Were we about to fuck?

My hopes that this would indeed be the case were heightened as, without a word, she climbed onto the bed and I waited for her to lower herself onto the cock she had kept locked and denied for so long.

But it was not my cock onto which that succulent pussy settled.

"Your master wishes to see and feel evidence of your respect, commitment

and devotion," she said matter of factly as she edged further up my chest towards…

As she was about to straddle my face she paused to stare into my eyes and, this time, I knew it was a stare she wanted me to return.

Sure enough:

"You are looking into the eyes of your owner," she told me as a single dew drop of her own excitement fell from her slit to land upon my cheek. "In a moment your unworthy mouth will be at the jewel of her womanhood."

Her eyes held mine for a few seconds then, simply and tersely:

"Do *not* disappoint and do *not* use your hands."

With that she placed her pussy onto my face and I was enveloped in her womanly fragrance. A fragrance that, no matter my hatred for her and the condition to which she had so easily reduced me, put all such thoughts from my mind. For a while, anyway.

Instantly, I began to lave at her slit as if I were a deceased hunger striker suddenly confronted by nectar in the next world. Just as instantly. She began to moaned and, encouraged, I slowed my licking to long and languorous sweeps of her slit from arse to labia. Then, as she pressed herself to my lips harder, I intensified my attentions and was rewarded with a deep groan of satisfaction from above as she took a grip upon the ornamental headboard and began to rock against my face.

"Oh, yes, my lovely Rex. I knew Hedwig was not lying when she said you had a wonderful tongue. Show me how respectfully you will eat my pussy from now on."

Her mention of Hedwig and the fact she had praised my tongue-work to her made me pause momentarily until I realised just how free and easy my wife was with such talk. Telling someone, even a much younger Arab girl who happened to be an important client, something of the kind would be as

nothing to her. Besides, I had other things on my mind – and tongue – at that moment.

“My Master has a beautiful pussy,” I told her, taking a few moments to both praise and catch my breath, too far gone in the moment to be fully cognisant of my words – though I was aware I’d spoken without permission.

The *“Master”* though, and thankfully, was too far gone herself by this point to notice.

“Yes,” I heard from above. “My animal and servant is right. But it is not a pussy but a cunt. A cunt you will soon be living to serve.”

For reasons I still can’t explain to myself, her words compelled me to greater endeavour and, without hands to gain leverage, I stiffened my tongue as best I could and began thrusting my head into her, almost as if I were delivering a series of head-butts.
I felt her stiffen above me and knew she was beginning to experience ecstasy as my tongue pistoned in and out of her quivering cunt.

“That is right, you English vermin,” she screamed. “Eat the cunt of your young Arab Master. What else is such a piece of worthless white shit to do? The only purpose in life from now on will be to please me in all ways and *all* orifices.”

You are only worthy of sucking my cunt!”

I groaned as she pressed harder on my face, burying my nose in her admittedly exquisite sex, the tip of my tongue fluttering against the clit that was becoming more visible by the second.

She rocked forward again and I groaned some more, moaning as she drove against my tongue, forcing it deep into her saturated pussy as her clit continued mash against my nose.

“Yes! That is as it should be. You must be a good and obedient dog for your Master.”

Oblivious to her insults, my cock raged unabated and a guttural growl escaped her lips as she ground her pussy down to meet my upthrust tongue, humping me as if she were not just a bitch in heat but a whole pack. Knowing the signs from the loose-mouthed Hedwig, I sensed her tense and knew it was beginning. Her orgasm was starting where all the spectacular ones did. From deep within her creamy pussy that, contradictorily, boiled like a volcano as her muscles clenched. I was being used as if I truly were an animal, with no thought to either my comfort or my own release – at least not yet – and I knew that the only thing of importance in her mind at this time was her climax.

The reconsidering of the hopelessness of my position began now.

Buoyed by the knowledge I had been released from the cock-cage – though not the scrotum band to which she did not carry a remote anyway – and that it was just the two of us, I made my move. Her women, of course, were in attendance elsewhere about the home she called a house and seemed more like a mock palace, but I had a fighting chance of making my escape through the window to leave the grounds and put myself out of the range of their devices. I would take my chances with what happened after that.

The punch with which I felled her after bucking her from me was, I confess, ungentlemanly towards a lady and I think you can guess my answer to such a criticism, but the look of shock and horror on her face in that moment before my fist made contact with her jaw and sent her to the floor was priceless.

Securing her with some strips of curtain I managed to cut with some scissors from the sumptuous en-suite and dumping her in the king-size tub, bound hands secured to the taps, I wrapped myself in a bathrobe that was a couple of sizes too small and made my way from the room to the grounds beyond through the window.

For the first time since my arrival I felt like a man again and was already making plans as to what my next move would be when I reached the outer fence securing the *"Master's"* property.

I was actually halfway up it when my world became a hell of the most mind-numbing agony.

So mind numbing, in fact, I was unable to even scream a protest.

And that was before the pain consigned me to sweet oblivion.

Seven

“The Master has some highly valued guests arriving to stay for a week or two this evening, Rex,” I was told.

“How may Rex be of service to Master’s exalted personages, Ms Afra?” I asked, familiarity having deadened the humiliation of addressing one so young so deferentially, not to mention their insistence upon the kind of English usage not found outside of old Hollywood films dealing with the subject of the wicked and decadent East.

But then, deference of the kind was not so difficult to come by when that same young woman had not complete, if shared, control of what remained of one’s genitals but had made her toilet into one’s open mouth, amongst other delights one would have expected a girl so young to have been just as mortified to be receiving as the older man ordered to do so was disgusted and appalled to be compelled to complete.

It was over three months on from what I now saw as my ill-advised attempt to escape the captivity in which I was held so incredibly and the life I was expected to live within it. Two months that had changed me spiritually as well as physically and, despite the bravado of my thoughts at times, broken my will about as completely as I guess a man’s will can be broken. No order was too humiliating and no task so low that it could not be given to me with full confidence I would carry it out diligently and to the very best of my ability.

And my reward for having hit my *“Master”* and secured her in her own bathroom that I may affect my departure from the grounds of her home?

The complete removal of my ball-sac.

Now not only was I an abject chattel and animal but a eunuch also. Seedless, even if I was – a small mercy but one I cherished just the same – still capable of the same erection the wives in the harem of their Sheik or Pasha cherished so much as they waited their turn at the tackle of the top man.

And to think my bid for freedom was only prevented because the silent and hateful Farhanah had chosen the exact same time to stroll the grounds and spotted me about to scale the fence that led to what I know now would still not have been freedom. An attempt she would have been unable to prevent if, unlike Afra and Nasira, she had not been in the habit of carrying the device activating my scrotum-ring with her at all times. And had it not been deemed necessary by the Master to remove my testicles as punishment it is just possible the mess the advanced setting made of my valuables would have.

The time since an exceptionally well-paid private surgeon “de-bagged” me here at the Master’s residence had been an excruciatingly painful two month period – mentally as well as physically – and at no time did I set eyes upon the Master of whom my abuse had ensured such treatment; not even a glimpse of her as I recuperated before being given the all-clear to be put through my regime of lunging and exercise again.
I was also left in no doubt of what would be removed next when, five weeks after having been emasculated – or at least made useless as a creator of life – I was allowed into the Master’s presence and did not show her the level of abject repentance, docility and utter respect.

The fear induced in me by this explaining, I hope you understand, explaining why, when at last allowed into the presence of my young female Master I crawled to her with all the alacrity of a stray hoping to ingratiate itself into a home with a possible owner and, in the process, save the cock that was, piercing frenum with ring attached to the useless skin that had once housed my balls or not, the last connection I had with my life as a man. The tears of remorse, this as I covered her foot with a servile tongue and whined like the cur they insisted me to be, were pitiful and, even if coerced by terror, seemed genuine to me at the time. I have no idea in which film or TV show I’d seen it

but, when it seemed to me the Master was unimpressed by my display, I actually lifted her sandal clad foot with its violently painted nails of the most blood-red and placed it upon my neck.

The words with which I beseeched her to forgive her worthless animal and servant were too humiliating for me to repeat here – which should give you some idea of how cringe-worthy I find them – but suffice it to say that my *genuine* display of utter and complete defeat was enough to return me to that point I had been at when my tongue was being used to satisfy her in a quite different way.

It was the same tongue but a different foot to which I paid such demeaning homage now and, so familiar had I become with the texture and taste of the skin belonging to the four young women governing my existence I would have known it was Ms Afra's foot with the slightly salty and smoky tang without either looking or being told.

"The master's guests are women who are not easily shocked Slave Rex," she told me, using her own form of address when dealing with me. "So you know how to present yourself."

It was not a question and nor did it need to be. The Master's *"guests"* would be expecting to see her English chattel in the full glory of his servitude to her. Meaning I would be completely naked as I went about serving them – unless, of course, one counted the piercing through my frenum and the heavy metal ring locked through it. So much more demeaning for me as I placed myself at the disposal of total strangers to do their bidding, eyes lowered in the deferential way I had been taught though, thankfully, it appeared the Master prized her possession of me so much she had not once allowed me to be used in the same way she and her girls used me. In fact, the closest she allowed me to her female guests was to pay my respect to their feet; a display of abject humility, just the same, that never failed to enthuse the recipient and had all of them questioning my owner as to what was necessary to acquire a white slave of their own.

Intisar's – *Master's* – guests I most preferred to serve were those more

vanilla types who might, perhaps, have been shocked to discover the white man in her service was not a paid servant but an owned slave but, nonetheless, enjoyed witnessing a young Arab woman wielding such command over a handsome English flunkey twice her age.
With them, at least, I was allowed to wear a pair of black tight trousers minus pockets and a thin, white and collarless shirt. This was my formal serving attire. Not my garb of choice, you will appreciate but far better than the counterpart expected to greet the more… enlightened. In fact, I'm sure it was the fact I was wearing something approaching normality that prompted me, prior to my de-bagging, to try to engage one of these less enlightened guests who, mistakenly, I thought had a kindly way with her to explain something of my situation and ask for help.

It turned out that she was neither sympathetic nor spoke any words of English other than "Posh" and "Becks".

After Farhanah had been given carte blanche to work her tortuous magic upon my body it was not an attempt I felt in a hurry to repeat at any time.

My return to the doomed and thwarted attempt to gain an ally, and my subsequent punishment for still being man enough to try, was interrupted by the voice of Ms Afra:

"I will supervise your bathing shortly, as the Master will be most upset if you were to discredit her with your appearance," she told me, quite unnecessarily. "But, before that…"

The beautiful legs I had more than once remarked upon to myself before experiencing them up close and personal rose to stand before me, muscled yet sleek brown claves curving perfectly towards slender and shapely ankles that themselves ended in the most exquisitely groomed feet. Feet I could honestly say not even my gorgeous Hedwig could have matched.

"Remove my shorts with your teeth, Slave Rex," she ordered.

I did not hesitate.

“Now,” she said when I had performed a task I now found enjoyable but tricky, “show your lovely and kind Ms Afra how much you appreciate her caring for you by soothing her hot Arab cunt with your worthless English tongue.”

Epilogue

The Master's guests had already assembled in the reception room where she preferred to hear them and I heard the tinkling laughter of females as I approached with the cocktails Ms Nasira had bade me prepare after having first checked that Ms Afra had allowed me no liberties and not lessened the slack between the chain connecting the skin of my now useless ball-sac and the ring secured through my frenum.

"Ah!" I heard my Master exclaimed, using the English it was considered so civilised and chic to use in such circles. "Our refreshments have arrived."

The silence that fell upon the room was profound and, at the corner of my lowered eyes as I approached, I spotted two pairs of well shod feet. Both were in shoes I knew to be expensive but could not name the make, although one of the Master's guests wore the blackest of hose – this despite the heat – and the feet of the other were bare. I also heard a gasp of shock as I came into view and knew my hairless and denuded presence avec cock-ring was having its usual effect.

"Do not be too shocked, ladies," my Master said as, like the well-trained and terrified flunkey I was, I served the ladies, guests first, their cocktails, effecting to keep my eyes as low as possible while doing so but still unable to avoid what were the shapely skirt covered thighs of my owner's visitors. "The ring through his cock-head is simply to ensure his obedience and will cause him no harm unless he misbehaves and one of my girls has to activate the electrical circuit inside the metal."

A gasp from one of the guests greeted this observation and my Master laughed:

"Do not be bashful, my love," she said. "It is no more than a restrained penis and can certainly do you no harm. See? There is nothing but useless skin where the dog's balls would once have resided." Another gasp greeted this as the removal of my testicles became evident. "Take it in your hand and feel it. My dog enjoys being handled by a woman in such a way I assure you."

The woman I was crouched over, head lowered with obedience and obeisance, hesitated.

“Go ahead. I promise it will not bite – it has been trained to know better.”

Cheeks crimson with mortification, no matter their tan and the fact I had experienced the same treatment before, I saw a hand creep into vision tentatively and take my ringed cock in its fingers; the erection that would normally have tried to fight the restraint of the cock-ring absent as a thought struck me.

Both the fingers and the hand to which they were attached were…

White!

“Yes. That is right,” my Master told her, sensing my thoughts. “He has yet to be handled by a woman of his own race – though I am sure he once handled many of them himself.”
The woman of *“my own race”* with my cock in her hand tittered.

“It is quite the power-rush, is it not my love?” my master observed. To have a mature and handsome man in the palm of one’s hand… *literally*.”

There was laughter all around and I could do no more than accept the ridicule aimed my way and hope the evening would not be too long in duration and that I could behave well enough to avoid punishment.

“Show my guest the respect she deserves, Slave Rex.”

A muttered and barely audible *“Rex?”* came from the woman holding my cock.

“If you would be so good as to release him for a moment, my love,” urged my Master.

The woman did so and, free of her grip, I lowered myself to my knees and

pressed my lips against the pointed toecap of her navy shoe, the odor of the feet themselves, feet that were enclosed in hose in such a climate, almost made me gag but I fought the impulse and repeated the act of respect with her other foot.

“Good boy,” praised my Master in a way that was neither pleasing to me or, indeed, praise. “Now crawl across to my second guest and show her the same respect.

Instantly acting upon her wishes in spite of the abject sight I must have presented to these ladies, both of them white and, possibly, European - if the pale and perfect skin of the second guest’s exquisite feet spoke truly – I lowered my lips to the beige leather toecap, again fashionably pointed, and began to repeat my obeisance.

This time, her feet being bare, there was only the slightest whiff of perspiration and, in fact they… they…

When I looked up, conditioning and fear for the moment forgotten, it was in to a pair of familiar and, now, mocking eyes.

“He recognises you said the familiar voice of an equally as mocking Emma who had just had her former employer pay his respect to her feet.

“I should hope he does, lover” said the wife I had adored to the *woman* she had obviously betrayed me for.

When my hands reached for Hedwig’s neck to throttle the life from her body I sensed a movement from my Master.

As the electrical current surged through the ring imprisoning my penis I began to scream…

THE END