Hanifah's White Body-Servant

Parts-One-&-Two-Complete

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Part One

Hanifah

She was, to say the least, in a state of some high-excitement when she had first realised that the man was here, in *her* country.

And especially now he was in about as vulnerable a position as his imagination could ever have allowed him to picture had he not, of course, been too superior and full of himself to so much as visualise such a possibility as the one unfolding before him.

Hanifah Al-Jabiri had lusted after the man when they had first met in England some ten months prior to his landing up here and, being the dutiful, if none too beautiful, surviving daughter of a wealthy diplomat and former oil mogul, been unable to act upon the feelings of unbridled sexual attraction she felt for a man she did not like and seemed to regard her estimable father with what she saw as contempt. Not, of course, that she herself was unaware of the ridicule to be expected from his lips and aimed her way had she acquainted him with her feelings. The bodyguard and MI5 man assigned to her father by their hosts for the duration of their stay was far too aware of his own handsome good looks, still compelling in their late-thirties, not to find the attentions of a plain if severe looking young woman of her race risible.

Now, she told herself, he would find it advisable to hide such a reaction. He was in her land now and she was no longer the daughter of a diplomat from a country he found inferior that he had to guard but a young woman of some standing in her own right – even if that standing was held in a country where women themselves were somewhat less… *liberated*… than their European

and American counterparts. Her beloved father was no longer with her and, after the passing of her brothers before their father, she was a young twenty-three year old woman of considerable wealth – even amongst that 1% of her countries population that had cleaved its mineral riches to itself at the expense of the multitude.

He was standing in one of the converted and more secure travelling cages normally used to convey livestock around the country; not yet, it seemed from the proud and superior way he still held himself, having realised that livestock was exactly what he was.

The smile transforming her plain and severe features was not pleasant as she told herself that he soon would.

His hair was jet black and thick but kept short but his face was stubbled with several days growth. She couldn't see the body she had lusted after in and out of the Knightsbridge residence her father had chosen for their stay as he was fully clothed, but she was familiar enough from memory to know his six-feet was perfectly complemented to his weight and shape. She also knew from the few glimpses she had managed to take of his torso as he worked out in that Knightsbridge courtyard that he was fit and muscular.

Even if those muscles were not the *'for show'* type developments favoured by the body-building types whose lives were spent in the gym.

And now he was here. The direct result of her seeing him at a palace function and bringing the details of the bogus name he had been given for his *"fact finding mission"* to the right ear – a mission brought about by the British desire to know more of a supposed development that, when added to oil, diluted and increased its volume ten-fold without any appreciable loss of efficacy.

A *"development"* that had already, and unknown to the man's masters, been dropped as *"undeliverable"*.

Though its promise had now *"delivered"* him to her.

He had been taken the same night on a trumped up accusation of rape and his embassy had been told he had gone missing and was, no doubt trying to leave the country somehow. This obviated the necessity for a trial and all kinds of diplomatic entanglements and an *"accident"* would be arranged for him that would be of a kind that left no remains and would explain his absence to the British Embassy; his *real* demise coming, as had so many, at an isolated spot deep in the interior where his sun-bleached, naked and mutilated, carcass would be unrecognisable even if it were to be found and an unlikely interest taken in it. Any DNA tests that proved his identity would only verify the original suspicion of him having tried to leave the country illegally and meeting his end in the desert of the interior.

At least, that *would* have been his demise had the *"right ear"* the plain, if wealthy and well-connected, girl had spoken into not been receptive to her plans for the white-pig who had looked down not only upon her but her father as well as their shared race.

Hence his presence in a cage many miles from prying eyes and certainly any *European* presence.

A mature, white and European, male, about to find he no longer had any autonomy of his own but, instead, was about to become the indentured property of a young woman from a country he despised.

"It will not be easy, your greatness," the unctuous and mercenary purveyor of flesh, most of it female and African, to the buyers of the middle-east wealthy enough and sadistic enough to wish to make their power of a more personal nature. "He is proud and strong with a belief in his own intellectual, physical and racial superiority. This will be difficult to break down."

"That is why my patron the Prince recommended you and your people, Omar," she told him, eyes fixed upon his so fiercely that he felt compelled to avert his gaze, despite the distinctly unimpressive features unlikely to daunt a man with their beauty. "It is also why you are being paid five times your normal fee for such services. If…" she paused for greater emphasis. "If you live up to your promises in his regard."

The bald and stout Arab she had addressed as *"Omar"* came to life at this and returned his venal and compassion free eyes to hers:

"My father, and his father before him, was regarded as the foremost trainer of the human flesh purchased for the purposes of personal service to their betters."
The widening of her eyes as they returned from an excited scrutiny of the European in his cage some fifty yards distant was all the questioning he needed:

"Yes. It is true I have not, to this point, prepared a white European male for service and, if you will forgive me, for a woman – especially an Arab woman - but my reputation exceeds my father's on all levels, may Allah treasure his soul, and if I tell you the man in the cage over yonder will be broken – and *totally* broken – to your will, then that is the outcome you can expect."

He licked his lips and Hanifah could tell the prospect of doing just that was giving him much pleasure in the anticipation.

On that score she was about to disappoint him:

"I wish only that you transport him to my home and keep yourself available at all times to instruct me on exactly what I need to do to break his spirit and rob him of any hope. I do not want him marked," she said firmly. "Not yet, anyway. But I do wish him to be totally and utterly obedient to me – even if he hates that obedience."

"You…?" the man's expression was one of genuine surprise, it being the first he had heard of this. "You wish to train him… *yourself*?"

Hanifah nodded.

"But, your greatness, you…? You are a woman and he is a…?"

He left the obvious unspoken and took another tack, still much surprised that this… *girl*… could be suggesting such a thing.

“The very nature of breaking him,” he went on, “will involve much in the way of contact with his naked body and it is hardly correct that a Muslim lady of your quality and standing – not to mention, and please forgive me, a lady of your tender years and… limited experience – should dirty her hands upon such filth or allow it to gaze upon her.”

“Your concern for my reputation and well-being is most touching, Omar,” she said, her mockery so subtle the former teacher and now procurer of human cattle missed it completely. “But we do not speak of a man here. Not any longer. The moment it was arranged for him to disappear and join my household he lost all right to manhood and became nothing more than a slave I happen to own. I will not be handling a man and neither will it be a man who looks upon me if I give him permission to do so.”

Omar, who was not exactly devout in religious matters but knew enough to realise she could be accommodated in this without falling foul of Sharia Law, nodded his acquiescence to her demand. Her unblinking gaze and the severity of her own expression left him in no doubt of her intent and, even though he felt a little thwarted that he would not be the one to mould and break the handsome and superior Englishman there was financial compensation – and *less* work for him – to soothe his disappointment. *Ample* financial compensation.

In the face of a request from a client, and especially one paying him so much, Omar was immediately back to his unctuous best and bowed:

“You are right, of course,” he conceded with a smile and a bow of the head. “He is, of this moment, no longer a man and no religious protocol is offended by whatever contact you choose to have with your property. However, it is most unusual for a young woman of your quality to wish to personally train her chattel, your greatness.”

The eyes staring out from the burka fair glittered with the excitement born of anticipation as she assured him:

“In this regard, I am unusual as well as young, Omar, and willing, as you know, to pay handsomely to bring my wishes in regard of…” her eyes flickered towards the man as he once again tested the strength of the cage and its metal bars, “…my *creature* to fruition.”

The reminder of the fee and its bulk was enough to cleanse all misgivings from the trafficker’s mind:

“Then, your greatness, it will give your humble servant Omar much pleasure to help you achieve your desire and,” his own eyes flickered in the direction of the captive, “reduce the arrogant infidel over yonder to the status of willing and grovelling beast he was placed upon this earth to be for you.”

Hanifah allowed herself an internal sneer of disgust; though it was not inspired by his pejorative and clichéd use of their shared language. The man was low-born and of poor moral quality and would, she knew, fawn at the feet of a dog if the canine in question possessed the capacity to reward him, so his words, as delightful to her ears as they were, despite their retrograde nature did not win her over in quite the way he intended. Yet the inevitable toadiness that came with a love of money and a fear of the power she, like others, could now wield and bring down upon his head were he to displease her in some way, was in itself useful and diluted, somewhat, her distaste.

He was also insightful in matters of the type they were discussing; which was not so surprising after many years of such involvements:

“I know exactly what you wish, your greatness,” he went on. “He is to be broken to your will. But not so completely that you cannot find pleasure in the misery he takes from it.”

“That is exactly right, Omar,” she agreed, unfazed by his having given voice to her sadistic desires in regard of her former white bodyguard. “I wish him unable to disobey me but to be aware of his humiliation at being nothing more than my Foreign chattel at all times. I desire complete control over him, it is true, but I also wish for that control to be not so total he cannot hate my domination of him and, perhaps, even rebel against it at certain times.”

The obese trader in human flesh was smiling now, realising that his new, if temporary, employer may well be young but she was also blessed with all the qualities of the true sadist, be her intended dominion be physical, mental or both.
She was also highly devious:

"That way," she finished, "I may enjoy… *correcting*… such disrespect toward his master."

Omar's smile grew broader as he recognised a true connoisseur of domination – even if, as yet, she remained at the dilettante stage.

Her words as she went on assuring him it would be a stage she would not remain at for very long:
"I have no wish to be the master of nothing more than an automaton, Omar. The pleasure to be taken from having complete control of another human-being must necessarily be vitiated by unthinking obedience on the part of the one so enslaved. I want my English chattel to be aware always of just what I have taken from him and be desolate in the knowledge it is a condition he is powerless to regain."

It was not a request with which the unctuous one was unfamiliar but, nonetheless, and in light of her age, he seemed hesitant for a moment; it taking him a few moments to overcome his reservations and ask:

"Am I to take it then, your greatness, that he is to be more than a simple household slave and retainer? Or…" he broke off, courage failing him despite his greater years in comparison to her own.

"You may speak freely in the knowledge I will not take offence, Omar," she assured him.

"It will be necessary, your greatness, if I am to assist you in the way you require, that I know your exact thoughts in regard of your intentions for the infidel."

Hanifah was already nodding, her distaste at having to deal with the overweight and oleaginous purveyor of human traffic held in abeyance by her knowledge of how pre-eminent he was in his field of bondage and subjugation and how useful to her both it and he could be to her.

“You are precisely right,” she agreed. “My intentions in regard of the Englishman are to bind him to me for life – or at least for as long as I see fit to let him live it. If you are to help me tame him and turn him into the slave and servant I require it is necessary for you to have a complete understanding of what I intend for him.”

“Then, and I apologise for broaching such a delicate subject…”

She was unable to prevent an impatient little sigh from escaping her lips at his latest hesitation and Omar took the hint.

“…Is… Is it your intention, your greatness, that he be of use to his owner, hmm, sexually.”

Aware that he would not have had many such conversations or requests from one of her sex – and especially one so young – Hanifah mentally scolded herself for her impatience with him and answered:

“It is not my intention for my virginity to be taken by a slave, if that is what you are thinking,” she told him before adding, and truthfully: “or by the cock of any man, for that matter;” inwardly amused at the look of shock the use of the word on the lips of a god-fearing and devout girl of their shared religion and her background provoked in him.

His shock, however, was not long in being supplanted by another question prompted by her avowed intention:

“You will be wanting him castrated then, I take it.”

The young woman, he noted, looked genuinely perplexed by his assumption and he was experienced enough in the ways of the Arab female to know she was not in the least experienced in the ways of adult interaction.

Unsurprisingly, given she was only now free of the paternal hand of her father and yet more masculine supervision from her late brothers. This was, he guessed, and correctly, her first tentative step into the world of the sexual.

But *such* a step!

“Is that what you would recommend?” she asked, willing, it seemed to be guided by him, even if he sensed her distaste in his regard.

Omar shrugged, giving it some thought, “The eunuch does make for a calmer and more diligent servant; given that he is untroubled by the thoughts common to the usual man in respect of sex,” he told her.

“But?” she prompted.

“But, and forgive me if I misinterpret your desires, it seems to me that you would prefer him to be diligent *and* intact that you may extract the maximum of pleasure from the beast whose body and very life now belongs to you.”

“And the absence of his manly… equipment… somehow detracts from this?”

Omar smiled indulgently, in teacher mode suddenly, which was precisely what he had been in a former life before finding his niche in the trafficking world.

“A man cannot be denied that which he can no longer have, your greatness. By removing from him the *possibility* that he may, at a time of your choosing, find release for those manly urges once within his own power to satisfy, you deny yourself a valuable and exciting tool to exercise the extent of your control over him. The knowledge of that control one your beast will carry with him constantly as you, and you alone, will be the only one capable of allowing him the release he dreams of and is tormented by, both waking and sleeping.”

Too far away to have heard their conversation, it was almost as if the man in the cage sensed what was intended for him as he began to get angry and shake the bars of his prison:

“I demand to be put in touch with the British Consulate,” came the cry from the cage some fifty yards distant for the umpteenth time and again in near perfect Arabic, only a few tiny inflections of his native tongue giving the lie to his fluency. A demand that would shortly, Omar knew, be followed by screamed obscenities and threats of the dire repercussions that could be expected if his demands were not to be granted. The obese one also knew, as he saw the young woman’s eyes flicker towards the cage and its contents, that his own words had puzzled her. She was, after all, and despite the wealth of her family, a girl from a guarded and protective background and could hardly be expected to be *au fait* with the world of sex and its more *outré* manifestations.

Though, being the judge of horseflesh he was, thoroughbred or otherwise, he felt reasonably sure she would not remain in ignorance for very much longer.

“Do not be alarmed, your greatness. It is normal for merchandise of his kind to behave in such a way.”

Her decidedly *not* alarmed eyes took in the picture of her hollering captive and Omar gave her a smile of unnecessary reassurance:

“Such outbursts are all too usual,” he assured her. “Believe me, your greatness, it will not be very long before he realises he has no power to demand anything and that his colouring and place of birth have no worth to him in either our country or in your service.”

The smile grew broader, even as he dabbed at a forever moist forehead with a cloth as the sun crept towards its full and searing midday heat:

“Save that, of course, of giving his owner much pleasure at having such a conceited and arrogant English pig in her service.”

Hanifah nodded, still too preoccupied with Omar’s former statement in regard of her chattel-to-be and his manhood, and what it meant, to give the ranting of the *former* bodyguard and *free* man much thought anyway.

“Of course,” Omar continued, knowing exactly what it was that preoccupied her, “as his owner it is your decision and yours alone. That is the privilege of being an owner and not something the owned has any say or influence over. Whether he is to be allowed to keep his cock and balls or not is dependent entirely upon your whim.”

Hanifah was nodding to herself, deep in the thought triggered by his words.

“You may even wish,” he went on, “to have the balls removed and leave the cock intact.”

“Would that be your advice to me, then?”
Omar, who had sadistic tendencies of his own in this regard, was already shaking his head before she had finished her question.

“No, your greatness. I think that, rather than emasculating him physically in such a way, there is much more joy to be had for you in allowing him to remain completely intact.”

“How so, Omar?”

“By so doing, you will ensure he is dependent upon you for anything other than the evacuation of urine from the cock and balls that are rightfully your property. Such control, I assure you, though I have not experienced such a joy with a Foreign, and *white*, subject, is a heady sensation almost to the point of delirium.”

Beneath the black of the burka, the former teacher could have sworn he saw a shiver of pure and girlish arousal course through her.

“And I am to ensure this how?” she asked, yet again giving away her lack of worldliness in such matters.

“From your words, I must assume that your greatness is unfamiliar with male chastity and the ways by which this can be achieved,” Omar observed.

Her eyes again flickered to the handsome older man who, to all intents and

purposes, was her chattel and whose fate she held in her slim fingered hands, and she knew with certainty that she did not wish him to be minus the genitalia that made him a man – even if, as a man, he was no more than the most abject of slaves.

"You are correct, Omar," she said distractedly, eyes still upon her possession as a tongue came out to moisten lips made suddenly dry by the prospect of her ownership and the power she now wielded over the former bodyguard who had seldom spared her a glance back in England; the same pig who had looked down upon her revered father as just another unworthy Foreigner he had drawn the short-straw in having to guard. "I have heard and read of eunuch's, of course, and female chastity. But not chastity of the male kind."

Her eyes, when they returned to his, were bright with anticipation beneath her burka as she assured him:

"But you may be assured, I am an avid pupil and willing to learn."

Randal

Randall Mason, bodyguard, assassin and espionage operative of the British Security Forces lowered his body onto the cushions provided by the ample breasts of the West-End chorus-girl and with one smooth movement inserted his engorged and above average cock into a pussy that was not unused to such manly attention. The lithe and perfectly proportioned body above and below that pussy ensuring she would seldom find herself without a male in attendance should she so desire. And she normally did desire.

The involuntary gasp escaping her lips was, he was convinced, genuine and, as always, the response his prowess provoked fed his ego as the blonde's eyes gazed into his rapturously. She was but the latest in a long line of such

women to allow herself to be seduced by his looks and physique and evinced no especial feeling of either warmth or tenderness in him. The girl was just another warm body into which his superior seed could gush and, he knew, there would be no shortage of her sisters willing to take her place when she realised she was a fuck to him and nothing more.
Her pussy walls stretched to accommodate him as his cock slid into her with a slowness he could tell from experience that she found both arousing and maddening as he ever so gradually increased the speed of his thrusts.

It was power of a kind he understood and loved and would have liked to explore at greater length – had it not involved the expense of time and effort and the inconvenience of having a woman in his life long enough for him to dominate and subdue her.

"Ye-eeeeees," moaned the chorus girl, who not an hour before had been strutting her stuff behind the two anodyne, if mainstream and popular leads in the latest by-the-numbers-musical to take the undiscerning of Shaftsbury Avenue by storm, wriggling herself towards him that she might be entered more fully.

Mason wondered how she would have felt if she knew it had been the brunette next to her in the line who had been screaming out in exactly the same way as he pistoned her to submission only the previous evening.

As he finally reached full ramming speed, the girl's gloriously shapely and sinewy dancer's legs wrapped themselves around his back, causing him to reach both of his arms under her own to place a hand on each shoulder and apply pressure on each upward thrust that he might penetrate her even more fully.

"That's it!" she screamed. "Yes!"

Smiling smugly through his own pleasure and taking the usual arrogant and superior satisfaction from being able to reduce a young woman in her prime to little more than a needy vessel capable only of urging him to ever greater heights that she may know fulfilment rarely, he assured himself, so great was

his self-belief, supplied by other partners of her experience, Mason thrust into her with more force.

"Yes, like that!" she screamed encouragement, "Fuck me, you wonderful great animal! Fuck me harder than you've ever fucked any slut in your life!"

Only too willing to oblige and still smiling, Randall Mason continued to pound away until the first of what he fully expected to be a number of orgasms burst over her in a series of shuddering climaxes; though he maintained his rhythm until he was certain she was, for the moment, spent and he felt the imminent arrival of his own explosion as her hands clawed at the skin of his upper back.

With breath growing shorter and eyes bugging out of his head, Randall knew it would only be a matter of seconds until he…

…Randall Mason, *formerly* a bodyguard and espionage operative of the British Security Forces and now a captive in a despised Foreign land without access to either legal or diplomatic sources that would at least have given him some small glimmer of hope in the face of whatever trumped up charge he was sure had been heaped upon him after his real purpose there had somehow been discovered, came awake to unfamiliar surroundings as his dreamt re-enaction of a former tryst failed to finalise itself in the way he recalled.

Disappointment at the interruption to this reminder of a more pleasant place and activity was swiftly benched as reality kicked in.

Instantly alert, he rose to his feet and stood, a jangling of metal making him aware he was secured by the ankles still by the chain that connected the to another chain joining his wrists. The difference now being that his arms were halfway up his back and secured in place by yet another length of chain that appeared to be attached to a collar that went about his neck. To complete the change in his confinement – and he guessed he had been drugged in order for it to be achieved - a hood had been added to deprive him of vision; though he was grateful that he appeared to be clothed still.

Though he had no way of knowing it, he had already been in his current confinement for two days and the utter and complete silence and lack of physical contact – broken only when somebody visited him to silently insert a straw between a mouth-slit in the hood that he may take hydration – was proving as difficult bear up under as the discomfort of the position in which he was held by the seemingly inescapable chains and manacles holding him. His shoes and socks had been taken, however, and he could feel what he knew was a stone-floor beneath his bare feet; also, and from the weight upon his shoulders and the sound it made when he moved, he also sensed that the collar at his neck was secured by yet another chain that appeared to affixed to a wall.

A *very* solid wall.

A wall that was again of stone, he discovered, after reaching the chain's extension and then cautiously retracing his steps until he made contact with it, the flat of his hands the manacles allowed him to at least place flat against them assuring him he was indeed in a prison of some kind and not a less pleasing continuation of the dream he had been so disappointed to leave.
From the sturdy feel of the stone beneath his feet and the fell of the walls, as well as the coolness of his surroundings and the absence of the usual sounds denoting air-conditioning, he assessed that he was being kept below ground.

And some way below it, at that.

Only a matter of a second or two after this realisation were required for the events leading to his presence in such seemingly durable confinement to reassert themselves in his mind.

He recalled having been lured from the function at the residence of the minor, if influential, Prince on the pretext of a phone-call from England and finding himself jumped from behind before succumbing to the chloroform soaked cloth that been pressed over mouth and nose, he had woken next in the back of a covered cage that appeared to be on the back of a moving truck; manacles joined at both wrists and ankles making any movement, let alone an attempt at escape, out of the question. He was still clothed but unable to see

anything beyond the tarpaulin covered proximity of his prison and he was experienced enough to know what had happened to him - or at least to *think* he knew. Hence his refusal to waste breath and energy demanding his captors release him, or at least contact the British Attaché.

There being, he knew, little chance that he would be heard and, even if was, those driving him to his unknown destination were likely to be no more than simple functionaries without any power to act upon his demands.

Even if they were so inclined.

That the trip to wherever was of some substantial distance was given away to him by the change from darkness to twilight and then to sunshine he could discern through the tiny cracks in the creaky but solid floor of the lorry and he guessed, having been well-briefed on the geography of the country, that he was being driven into the interior.

When at last the journey came to a halt and the tarpaulin was pulled from his prison, he had brought up an arm to shield his eyes from the glare of the morning sun and, when they adjusted to the glare, he realised the lorry had pulled into some kind of walled compound with not a soul to be seen other than the backs of his drivers as they retreated into a white brick structure, no doubt for refreshment after their long drive, a courtesy it appeared that was not about to be extended to him.

It was not until a particularly unpleasant and overweight Arab pulled into the courtyard in a Mercedes with tinted windows and left the car to stand before him that Randall Mason began to suspect the kind of hands into which he had been delivered and gave voice to his outrage as well as his own misgivings.

“There has been a mistake,” he told the man in the fluent Arabic that had made him ideal for the covert task in another country in the first place. “My name is Gordon Hopcraft and I am a businessman from England. If it’s a ransom you are looking for I’m afraid you’re…”

“The name you were born with,” the obese and scruffily dressed man told

him in decent if not perfect English, “is Randall Mason and you are an operative of the British Secret Service, sent here on the pretext of business that you might learn something of our new oil distilling techniques.”

For a moment, so spot on was the man’s knowledge, Randall Mason felt that someone close to home must have given him up. But why? His brief, after all, was no more than any number of bog-basic and ongoing missions *all* countries routinely engaged in and, even if discovered, were likely to receive no more than a flea in the ear and an early flight from the country in question. So why all this?

The proprietary way the fat man ran his eyes over him seemed to confirm his initial suspicion of him as a trafficker and, though it was unusual for a White European to be taken, he realised it would explain what he saw as over-reaction if his abduction had been prompted officially.

“As for any ransom,” the man who seemed to be in charge of things said, mopping at a brow in the exact same way Mason had seen many such overweight baddies mop at their overheating foreheads on celluloid, “I can assure you there will not be one demanded or expected.”

Despite the necessary self-confidence in his ability to come through in a tight situation - the very quality, amongst others, that had made him so suited to his chosen career-path – Randall Mason felt an uneasiness that went beyond the disquiet he already, and understandably, felt for the less than promising position in which he found himself.

If there was to be no ransom, what?

Was he to be charged and, if so, for what?

The latter seemed unlikely and much preferable to his suspicion of just exactly what it was the obese Arab beyond his cage had in mind for him.

“It is not for me to explain to you the exact nature of the fate awaiting you,” the man told him, sounding to Mason as if he had read one Sax Rohmer adventure too many and seeming to read his captive’s mind. “I will say

though, that it will serve you better if, even at this early stage, you simply accept the hand fate has given you and forget any childish ideas you may be having of somehow avoiding the unpromising consequences of the cards you have been dealt."

Mason's temper snapped:

"Apart from sounding like the most cardboard of piss-pathetic Hollywood caricatures of an inscrutable comic-book villain," he told him, "you seem to be forgetting that you are not dealing with some powerless and unimportant peasant of a neighbouring country from whose sale you might raise a few goats. I am neither unimportant nor a peasant and the diplomatic incident my abduction without charge is certain to provoke will soon make you regret your actions."
The mopping of the brow continued at an even more rapid pace but it had nothing to do with any misgivings Mason's deliberately insulting words had provoked and more to do with early morning sun as it grew more fierce.

A lack of effect witnessed by the man's dismissive shrug and his next words before turning back to the Mercedes:

"As I say, it is not for me to explain the exact nature of the fate awaiting you."

"Then I suggest you find someone who can before this situation becomes irredeemable," Mason told his retreating back, still adopting the attitude of haughty colonial master towards a flunky of a conquered land in some long forgotten past.

Turning, the corpulent one actually smirked at him:

"Soon," he told him, eyes alive with amusement.

It being a few paces later while again heading towards the waiting Mercedes, that he turned, calling over his shoulder as he did so whilst still mopping at his leaking forehead.

"*Very* soon."

Biting back an obscenity as he wondered how it would feel to sink his thumbs into the fleshy folds of the man's throat and extinguish the life from the eyes that had just mocked him, Mason watched as the man opened the back door of the car and a figure emerged from it.

A woman.

She was dressed head-to-foot in a dark burka and, given the distance of his cage from the car, Mason was not in any position distinguish anything other than a glimpse of bare feet in ornamental sandals and the flash of her eyes as the whites of their pupils were turned in his direction.

And yet…

Something about this woman, he told himself, looked familiar.

Very familiar.

Hanifah

Hanifah Al-Jabiri was a excited as she had ever been in her life; which was saying quite a lot after the breakneck events of the past week and the growing arousal and anticipation stirred in her by the prospect she was *truly* about to take ownership of her very own white and European male slave.

A white and *English* slave and one, moreover, for whom she had allowed her

inner and most private thoughts to linger in the most depraved and sexual of ways.

And now he was about to be introduced to his young Arab master for the first time.

It had been three days ago, and only after her *"property"* had watered in the cage atop the lorry and the tarpaulin replaced, this after the drugs introduced into his water had taken effect, that the man formerly known as "Randall Mason", and now awaiting a name of his owner's choosing, was placed in a cell by Omar and kept unconscious for two days before being driven the hundred or so miles to the select, exclusive, and *extremely* secluded purpose-built town on a lake only the most wealthy of her fellow citizens could afford to maintain properties in its near vicinity and the new *"quarters"* awaiting him.

Hanifah Al-Jabiri's intention had been to sell the property after her father's passing, as it had been his joy and not hers, but now she was glad she had not gotten around to it. It was, after all, perfect for her intentions. What with the security provided for the continued well-being of those wealthy enough to pay for it, the large cellars of the lakeside dwelling that her father had – coincidentally – had designed after the fashion of a small English castle were perfect for her intentions and were already in the process of being modified to her specifications.

Such was the power of money to facilitate events with greater speed.

Also, with the help of Omar, she already had in place the female staff she required to help her maintain her household and had paid off her father's former staff handsomely. The new female staff, Omar assured her, only too willing to promise confidentiality for the life of relative luxury and ease her acquiring of them ensured. Female staff, he had assured her, who had also professed a great interest in helping an Arab lady of quality subjugate and master a white and European male and playing a part in the supervision of him.

Acknowledging how much she missed her revered father and brothers, not to mention deceased uncles who would have been equally as controlling under Sharia Law, she could not, being the truthful and God-fearing Muslim girl that she was, fail to acknowledge also that their passing had made life so much more exciting to her.

Incalculably more exciting.

For had any one of them been with her now the adventure she was about to embark upon would have proved impossible.

Such, she often reflected, and despite her unquestionably devout nature, was the lot of the pure Muslim woman. Not for her the public shows of womanly charm her European sisters could adopt to attract the man of her choosing. Only in the privacy of her own room – at least while father and brothers had remained alive – had she been able to indulge herself in the Western fashions her family money allowed her to indulge in on her visits and stays in the European capitals to which her father's business had taken her and, lately, the growing number of designer shops to be found in the capital of her own country – not to mention the lakeside stronghold of the wealthy she had decided to make her base.

Now, though, parent, siblings and, more importantly, *all* males absent, she would be free to make use of the privacy of the residence to dress as she please - at least while she was either inside or walking its secluded grounds while invisible to prying eyes.

And as for the one man who would make up the rest of her household?

Well, the strictures of her own beliefs in regard of acceptable female behaviour would, in this instance, be a massive help to her.

She had specified to Omar that her father's – and her – former bodyguard should not be stripped naked as was the usual approach with a new purchase. Hanifah wanted Randall Mason to voluntarily – even if he hated doing so - remove his clothes before her as one of the first steps in his acceptance of his

new status. She was also quite specific that no violence was to be used and he was not to be whipped or beaten. Her main requirement in relation to his bodily restriction being that the usual cuffs that were de rigeur with new *"livestock"* in the early days of their training and prevented any possibility of the master being attacked in any meaningful way were to be applied a little differently.

Instead of the usual cuffing with the arms behind the back and hands clasped just above the buttocks, she wanted his arms high up in the middle of his back when the cuffs were applied. Not so high as to be painful, but high enough so that he felt more helpless. From this position the arms would be held in place by a light but secure chain to a collar. Again, not too tight, but tight enough that he knew any attempts to lower his arms would result in a somewhat unpleasant strangling sensation.

The hood covering his head would only heighten his sense of dislocation and helplessness.

As her sandals slapped against the stone steps leading down to the cellar where she had deemed he be kept and she left behind the air conditioning to be found elsewhere, Hanifah realised once again that cooling of such a kind was quite unnecessary. She had donned a burka for the purpose of this first visit and relished the look she would see upon his face when she threw it off and he realised into just whose hands he had fallen *and* what she intended to do with him. The lower she got the more deathly quiet it became and, knowing he had been deprived of contact as well as sustenance in the two days since Omar had incarcerated him there, she knew also that the sound of her footfall would already have reached ears keening for the approach of human contact that might offer the prospect of freedom.

The smile beneath the burka was prompted by her knowledge that, certainly if she had her way, no such freedom would *ever* be forthcoming.

The *"castle"* and its grounds her father had built was solitary and quiet enough anyway but here, deep below the earth, there was no noise of any kind to intrude on the absolute calm conveyed by the massively solid

concrete walls, so designed to support the edifice above.

Nothing penetrated from above and, as there was no need for cooling, not even the whir of overhead fans could provide even the most mundane of auditory diversions for its one, chained and hooded, resident.

Thinking about how she planned to train her new manservant, Hanifah had already rejected the obvious. She knew enough of the man's background and the training he would have received to know it was unlikely that pure pain alone would achieve her objective and Omar, in his temporary - and extremely well-rewarded - position of live-in advisor, had thought her reasoning sound on this. Between them they had agreed that the use of physical punishment to achieve their ends – that of his complete and utter obedience to her will, even as he hated himself for giving it – would more likely firm his resolve not to bend to the will of his Arab and female master. It would, they both agreed, do no more than inflict severe damage to merchandise she intended, with modifications of her own choosing, to remain relatively unblemished.

Hanifah Al-Jabiri, Omar the human-trafficker soon realised was, as well as a wealthy young woman, a wealthy young woman with a highly colorful imagination and a huge passion for the Englishman he had only recently delivered to her cellar.

Unfortunately for that Englishman, he had thought, she was a young woman with a highly colourful imagination wealthy enough to employ the talents of people like himself willing to ensure the man of her choice became her dutiful and obedient creature.

For good.

For Hanifah Al-Jabiri had very specific ideas on the role, attitude, and even mindset, she wanted her handsome older Englishman to adopt. Loving her father and brothers as she had, with all the fervour and genuine affection of a true and devout Muslim daughter and sister, she had nonetheless, along with countless numbers of her sister down the ages no doubt, resented her relative

powerlessness in respect of her own aims and desires. And what better way to exorcise such feelings of personal dependence than to exact just that from a member of that sex previously exacting it from her.

And a member of that sex who was handsome, older and, more importantly, English.

English with all the unwarranted arrogance and sense of superiority over a person of her race and religion that had made them hated throughout the world.

And for so long.

What Hanifah Al-Jabiri wanted, she had explained to the obese merchant who was helping her and for whom she was feeling less distaste by the day as she realised he was a man in possession of much for his chosen field and could help her immensely, was to reduce a proud man – a proud *"Englishman"* – into nothing more than a totally subservient slave.

She did not, however, wish to own a mindless automaton but, rather, wanted to somehow reduce him to such a condition of dependency he would be utterly obedient even as his thoughts rebelled against his subservience to his young Arab master. She wanted this bodyguard, spy, and beast of a man who had known and used many women before her to acknowledge his submission – even as he detested giving it – and submit voluntarily to her superior will.

To Omar, who took immense pride in his seedy and inhumane profession, such a demand was a first in his experience and a challenge his natural competitiveness, as well, it must be said, hatred of the English, determined to overcome.

The promise of riches even his, somewhat prosaic, expectations had not envisaged and were no more than a drop in a very large ocean to his young employer, were, it has to be said, an even greater motivation to help her succeed in the endeavour.

"You are correct, your greatness," he had told her, sensing his cur-like

behaviour towards her was finding more favour now she had realised the Prince had recommended him for a reason and he was best placed of all to help her. “Simple pain will not induce the level of reverence and respect, even as he hates and fears you for being so helpless and dependent, that you seek from him. Though it might well play a part in the overall scheme of things. What we seek is a mental dependency, rather like that of a dog towards its master.”

“Yes!” Hanifah had gushed animatedly. “You have it exactly, Omar. That is precisely how I view him. Not so much a man as an animal.”

“Just so, your greatness. *Your* animal. And,” Omar had added with a knowing smile, “as an animal who once knew manhood man he has so many more uses that will prove highly... *pleasing*… to a discerning owner.”

The eyes behind the burka did not flinch at his less than subtle inference and, once again, the trafficker told himself that he was dealing with no ordinary and easily shocked young Muslim girl.

On the contrary, she was, he sensed, a formidable if none too beautiful example of his country’s womanhood with a strong and implacable will to go with her devout religious beliefs.

Add a certain, *unusual*, sexual curiosity to the mix and – though his thoughts, it must be said, made no mention of her wealth as the defining difference marking her from the commonplace herd – he did not envy the arrogant Englishman his new female owner.

“Also,” he went on, hoping he had not given offence and wishing to redeem himself, “breaking his spirit completely while leaving him enough of himself to have rebellious thoughts in regard of your mastery over him is a difficult task you have set us.”

Her hackles, like the spoiled girl she was for all her strength of will and religious devoutness, were up immediately at the prospect of what she wanted not proving achievable:

“But not impossible?”

She had stared at him frankly and with some irritation for his having raised a negative, but he could tell also that no offence had been taken by his earlier and knowing suggestiveness. Only hope shone from her eyes as she awaited his response. Her relief when he shook his head, he thought, was palpable despite her being covered ankle-to-scalp.

“It is a challenge, your greatness,” he warned her, unwilling to raise unrealistic hopes and make a rod for his own back should what she had in mind for the Englishman prove impossible to bring about, telling himself, after all, that, though it was a rarity, he had come across one or two stubborn individuals no training and conditioning of even the harshest and most ingenious kind could tame – even if he did not consider the Englishman to be one of them and felt sure he could be brought to a master’s heel under the right conditions.

Hence the smile as he added:

“It is, however, a challenge I relish.”

*****

Hanifah’s breath left her body as she entered the cellar for the first time since its occupant had been secured in its confines.

The real and unmistakable presence under confinement, deep in the bowels of her property, of the man who had been a regular performer in her dreams and fantasies since she had first come across him as a bodyguard in her father’s English residence energised her as nothing had energised her before.

The cellar itself was bare in its entirety, apart from a comfortable wing-back chair with plush cushions and a footstool that had been placed *just* beyond the full extension of the chain securing her captive to the walls of his prison and she took herself to it and seated herself comfortably before wrinkling her nose at the stench of him. In one corner of the cell was a hole for the purpose

of defecation and a single cold water faucet set in the wall to its side but, hands high up his back and unable to release cock from trousers, he had, as per his captor's intention and in consultation with Omar, been unable to avail himself of even this primitive facility.

Hence the stench and the stain spreading across the front of his white and lightweight chinos.

A simple denial of a basic human function that would, Omar insisted, set the tone for the humiliations he was to bear and a reminder that his body was no longer his own but *hers*.

An observation in regard of her *power*, from the lips of the trafficker she was paying so handsomely to retain and advise, that was thrilling for her to hear.

"Who is it?" he inquired in Arabic, remaining defiant despite the piss-stain he knew must be obvious to anyone looking at him; manner arrogant and superior still and totally in keeping with a man taking the shilling of a country that continued to believe the mere mention of its name was enough to instil terror in the hearts and minds of those peoples it had once subjugated - even if it was no longer in a position strong enough to continue the tyranny.

The man's new and female master, even if he had yet to be made aware of that fact, remained silent and allowed herself time enough to savour the closest proximity she had known with her acquisition since he had been taken.

Time enough also to still the heart that was thumping in her chest as the hooded captive headed in the direction where her sandals had last slapped upon stone before she had taken her seat or, to be more precise where he was concerned, she thought, smiling, her *throne*.

The cuffed and secure body of the man she had often fantasised about having in just such a position of dependence shuffled in her direction before being brought short in its tracks by the chain attached wall and neck-collar and, even beneath the growingly grubby, and now soiled, clothing he had been

forced to wear since he had been taken, she could not mistake the honed body that remained a tribute to his physical regime and belied his almost forty years.

A *honed* body she lusted after no less for the intervening months between this and her last, sneaked, sight of it.

Because she had specified to Omar that his hands were to be chained high on the back, the shoulders were stretched back and brought his already lithe and impressive pectorals into even greater relief.

It was uncomfortable, if not life-threatening, for him but the discomfort was yet one more facet of what, for now, would prove his daily situation and weaken the resolve Hanifah Al-Jabiri was convinced would be considerable.

This, together with what she and Omar had outlined for his *"breaking"* would, she remained convinced, eventually tip him over into those first steps of obedience to her young will that would eventually become giant strides of full submission as he realised the utter hopelessness of his situation.

Being, as Omar had acknowledged to himself, the somewhat spoiled and precious daughter and sister that she was and accustomed to regarding both herself and her family as superior to most others – even if her captive had shown just such an attitude towards herself and her father back in London – Hanifah had strict ideas on the interaction of the classes and, though the women and lone man Omar had recommended already seemed delighted to be in her service and appeared utterly trustworthy, she remained guarded when it came to letting the lower orders know too much about her affairs.

Hence, the lack of a presence accompanying her and the danger to her it presented should the resourceful man before her somehow free himself.

An eventuality, given the restraints holding him and their proven efficacy, that was of so little concern to her as to be of no concern at all.

With the lack of any outside sound whatsoever, and no response from her after she had taken her seat and the slapping of sandal against stone had

ceased, she knew Randall Mason would be desperate for human interaction of almost any kind and drew her silence out further, savouring this first small exercise of the power she now wielded over her one-time bodyguard and, now, *former* Secret Service man.

“Do you intend to starve me to death?” he asked.

No response was forthcoming.

“Or have you some half-intelligent purpose in mind?” he asked, near perfect, if enraged, Arabic muffled by the thick and pervasive black leather of the hood.

Hanifah smiled and remained silent still; observing Omar’s stricture that her property should *not* be allowed to instigate conversation nor have any question satisfied, save those it pleased her to answer that she may exacerbate his sense of powerlessness and impotency. He had been watered – as the piss-stain gave witness – but not fed since he had been taken so would be desperate to feel the presence of something solid in his stomach and be angry, along with other injustices – at its withholding. An explosion - of such a sort as he was able to make, anyway - would not, she knew, be too long in coming.

Not long at all.

The young Arab girl taking her leisure as she drank in the delectable form of her new and human property was not wrong.

“Go fuck yourself, you misbegotten turd of an Arab camel humper!” he shouted in English, either mindful he might cause too much offence when he was in such a vulnerable position or simply lapsing into his native tongue in the heat of his anger; unaware of the amusement on the face behind the burka worn by the young girl who now owned him as he turned away and shuffled off as far as the collar chain restraining his movement would allow.

In no hurry and enjoying herself and the power she now wielded, together with its future possibilities, Hanifah was content to wait until she was certain

he would not mistake her words as a response to his demand for both sustenance and contact; knowing the gender of the voice speaking those words would only heighten the shame such a masculine and womanising man would feel to be seen in such a condition before her.

The smile creasing her less than beauteous features beneath the burka

The way he started when she did finally speak – and in his own tongue – was a delight to her and moistened her young pussy so swiftly she almost swooned as she tried to imagine the levels of arousal to which the power she intended to exercise over the Englishman would transport her.

“Come back over here,” she stated simply, it being unnecessary for her to even raise her voice, so attuned had his ears become to the silence and sensitive to anything that might interrupt it. It would be the first time he would have heard English – or any tongue for that matter – since his brief and unsatisfactory dialogue with Omar, she knew, and had used his own language deliberately, knowing his kind and that he would regard anyone who knew the language of his motherland as at least semi-civilised and intelligent enough for him to manipulate. Her English, even more so than his Arabic, was absolutely flawlessly and she speak it with just that British accent guaranteed to command respect from the lower orders of possibly the most class-conscious country on the planet – an advantage for which she had to than her father who had insisted, over her respectful objections, to having her educated at an English prep school at the age of seven before providing her with a whole host of diligent and *female* private tutors from the higher reaches of the same educational system.

Adopting his own tongue while disabusing him of his prejudice in respect of her own was yet another pleasure she had promised herself. In fact, and with a pragmatic prejudice of his own, her father had always insisted she and her brothers reserved their for discussions with servants and others of a less exalted status while using English for conversations with those of more… *quality*. An exhortation that had also been a command and one she now saw as useful in bringing home to her flunky to be the change in his status.

For such an approach to be effective, however, it was necessary for her to speak to him in his own tongue first while making him aware of the distinction when she began to use nothing but her own to command and abuse him.

She wanted there to be, after all, no confusion in his head in respect of his true position in her service.

“I will ask you one more time,” she said, noting with amusement how his head cocked to one side in the way of a somewhat befuddled canine at the sound of her voice and wondering if he found it familiar, despite having paid it no attention whatsoever when in her father’s employ on behalf of his own Secret Service masters.

“If you do not come to me this instant,” she told him, accenting the word *‘come’* as if he were already and for all the world a canine she owned, “I will leave and you will have neither food nor contact for a considerable length of time.”

The last sound a hungry and dirty, as well as seething and stubborn, Randall Mason heard for the next two days was the sound of receding sandals as they slapped against the stone floor of his prison and climbed out of earshot up steps leading to a, no doubt, more convivial habitat.

Hanifah's Most Pleasing Dream

It was the day she had dreamed of.

The doctors had finished their work and her newly modified former man was ready for her to visit in the cellar she had taken pains to ensure would be the most secure and well-equipped home a young girl's pet Englishman could have.

She did not take waste any time in descending the stone steps where the surgeons and technicians she had paid such an exorbitant sum to modify her property had left him and was in no mood, so great was her excitement, to

worry about such trifles as money. Only Dr. Hajib remained as she reached the lower level and she looked almost as excited at what she had achieved as the young girl whose instructions she had used her expertise to satisfy. The object of the, coincidentally, English trained surgeon's expertise was housed now in a cage and the young girl's breath caught in her throat as she took her first sight of him.

Both women were minus the usual burkas as no man was present – not any longer, at least – and were dressed in Western fashions that seemed only to emphasise the incongruity of the man's captivity at their hands. Smiling, Dr. Hajib handed her the two ends of a short leash, and what looked to be a remote-control as the man in the cage watched the transfer with fearful eyes. He was on all-fours, as he would be from now on, and he froze with fearful anticipation as recent memories of the sheer agony and discomfort that remote-control could fetch him via the implants the mercenary and vindictive surgeon had inserted beneath his skin.

His new and female master stopped a few paces from the cage while the doctor approached and unlatched the door, shapely legs in heels and opaque pantyhose rising up above the cowering former man inside.

"Say hello to Master, 007," she ordered cheerfully, using the ironic name the young girl had chosen for her pet to always remind of the former life and profession she had stripped from him and was now gone forever.

"007" stared up blankly, and the young girl knew he still could not fully comprehend the exact nature and scope of his plight and how his life could have changed in so short a space of time. One moment he had been a handsome and vibrant man in his late-thirties, the object of many women's desires and a man with free-will. Now he was on all-fours in a cage as two younger women from a race and country he both despised and looked down upon regarded him with disdain and amusement to match the sexual excitement he was experienced enough to see in their faces.

His new owner had not known such erotic bliss and expectation could be possible from the simple exercise of control over a brute man.

Or now, she laughed to herself, dog.

Some small remnant of dignity that was, she sensed, inspired by his former life as a man compelled him to try and maintain his dignity somehow, even if he knew it was impossible given he position in which they had him, and he remained immobile.

The young girl, for whose family he had once acted as an official bodyguard whilst the father was on government business in London, gave him a small smile and, aware of what would happen should he smile back or act in any recognisably human way, and despite that small remnant of dignity he wished to preserve, he did not smile back.

But neither did he move to greet his female owner.

Taking the initiative and knowing all power was hers anyway – enough certainly to allow his destroyed and broken pride a tiny respite, the young Muslim girl in the two-piece business suit, heels and hose one would have expected to see on the female CEO of a Western multi-national, crouched down, and patted his thigh briefly with the hand holding the leash.

"Here, boy," she said, having decided that now he was her animal it would be fitting to address him in the native tongue he was now forbidden to use.

Knowing he hated the bitch who had done this to him and sure he would forget for a moment the penalty that could accompany such disobedience, she was not disappointed as he instinctively shied away though, such was his conditioning, he kept his hands and knees planted; unwilling to back away and be obviously disobedient, but not willing to come at her bidding either. His mind, she was certain, would be screaming a tirade of obscenities, protests, threats and arguments. She was also sadistically certain that the vocal chords the female surgeon had altered, the same female whose shapely legs rose above him so authoritatively on the outside of his cage, were useless to express them.

After the fashion of the dog they intended him to become, any form of verbal

communication other than the most basic of grunts, groans and whining were now utterly beyond his capacity.

The girl's expression hardened in a way she knew he would find familiar and she could almost feel his inner rage subsiding to be replaced with terror. He had, after all, been on the wrong end of her temper when thwarted and now regarded her with only the purest fear. Only, she smiled to herself, by summoning up the last dregs of his self-respect as a man was he able to maintain his motionless, but still defiant, stance.

And she did not intend even these 'last dregs' to remain with him long.

"Heel, 007,"she ordered again, more firmly now and with a growing anger he could not mistake.

She could see the whole of his modified canine body was shaking and shivering as he saw the doctor point out a particular button on the remote device to her and he watched as his owner pointed and pressed.

He convulsed instantly, teeth clamping down upon each other as the first shock disabled him, the pain centralising around his upper back if his response was any guide.

"What this particular shock lacks in outright agony," Dr Hajib told her, "is more than compensated for by the fact the pain will continue until his owner," the attractive surgeon in her late-twenties whose skill with the knife was matched by her delight in causing suffering – especially to men – smiled, round and hazel eyes appearing to dance with amusement as she added, "that would be you, depresses the button once again. Already its consistency is causing your dog much discomfort. See how he whimpers already.

With a smile the dog's master repeated her command and, this time, the pain in its back becoming unbearable, '007' crawled from the cage and crouched at his owner's expensive shod and high-heeled feet.

When no button was depressed and the pain continued there came further whimpers until, finally, the lips that had known the lips of so many willing

and available women found themselves pressed against the leather toecap whose own lip he would never feel upon his own.

At least not the lips in question.

"Lick," came the command.

He licked.

"Are you going to be a good boy for your master?"

Despite the pain she knew he must be feeling his young female and Muslim owner knew also he would be dying inside at the response she required from him.

A response the building pain travelling the length of his spine ensured was given instantly as all thoughts, she knew, would now be concentrated on getting her to make it stop.

"Woof!" came the single bark for your yes she had asked the doctor and her team to school him to make, his eyes downcast and tears forming as he knelt on all fours in front of the young woman – no more than a girl, really – who taken everything from him and was still not satisfied.

"That is a good boy, 007. You are going to make master very proud and I think you should thank the estimable Dr Hajib here for taking such good care of you for me."

The tearful and pained eyes that looked up to see her finger hovering over the button that could ease his suffering were not, the girl who considered herself his master knew, about to disappoint her and it was no surprise when his lips and tongue lowered to the footwear of the good doctor who had modified him to his current state of abject misery.
As his master looked down, her white dog began to slobber over the doctor's heels as if his life depended upon it, not stopping even when his master depressed the button and his suffering was brought to an end and the whole of his body seemed to swoon from relief.

“Most times,” master told doctor, “I will be punishing my little English dog myself when he is disobedient or displeases me. It is so much more pleasing to me to take a… hands-on approach, as they say”

“A very sensible approach,” the doctor agreed. “However, I have yet to show you the full potential of remote control and the chips I have implanted in him. May I?”

The master and younger woman handed over the remote and it was pointed in the direction of the former man who was still slobbering at the doctor’s footwear.

“I know you did not ask for it but, as a gift from me to you, I added an extremely tiny implant in a very sensitive part of your animal’s boy while he was unconscious. He has no idea of it either being there or what it can do as I wanted you to be the first to try it.”

“I am touched that you should go to so much trouble on my behalf, Dr Hajib, but what is it and what do I have to do to see it?” the excited girl asked, aware the slobbering below had stopped and a very fearful former British Secret Service man and now dog was looking up at them with understandably terror-filled eyes.

With a smile, the doctor handed back the remote and pointed to a red-button distinct from the rest.

“Simply press down and keep pressing down and you will see.”

A split second later the cries of something that sounded like a cross between a mute male and a dog in agony pierced the sanctity of the cellar and one former British Secret Service man threw himself about on all fours as if demented as pain like no pain he had ever known or imagined turned the cock and balls locked so securely in their metal restrainer into a hell of agony and torment that threatened to leave him permanently deranged…

…Hanifah Al-Jabiri came awake – and not for the first time in the intervening days between the man having been taken – in a state of high sexual delirium, her excitement not dissipated any by the knowledge that below her, in those very cellars she had last seen in her dream, the man she had just seen in her dreams was held secure and uncomfortable as he awaited whatever might be his fate.

A fate, she smiled to herself, and given the power of her dream, that just might include a collar and a tail.

Hanifah Returns

It was precisely eight hours short of another twenty-four that Hanifah returned to the cellar and she could not fail to notice the change in her property.

Hardly surprising given he had not been fed for over five days now. Omar had suggested waiting until yet another sun had set before she descended once again, this as a means of softening up the man further, but her youthful impatience to see the object of her desires had prevented, for once, her following the trafficker's advice. Even if she had taken his advice and withdrawn the regular, if meagre, water ration Omar himself, and *only* Omar, had taken the man at irregular intervals…

"…He must be made aware that all power resides with you and that he is dependent for all nourishment upon another from this time on," the obese, and as sweaty as ever, former teacher had told her when she had returned to the luxury and opulence of the residence above her captive's cellar. "Just as you have only now demonstrated, there is to be no scolding and no bargaining with him. All that he needs to know at this point is that he is not in a position to exercise free will of any kind and that for every act of disobedience on his part there will be consequences – even if those

consequences do not include either whip or bastinado."

Hanifah, whose aforementioned youthful impatience was urging more extreme action, even at this early stage of proceedings, scowled beneath the burka the presence of a man – even a lowly, if useful, specimen such as the trafficker, and despite them being in *her* home and *him* in her employ - insisted she wear.

"I am of a mind to take such a course with him," she said. "Perhaps it will take a sound thrashing from the hands of young Muslim girl to take the edge off his insufferable arrogance and sense of superiority."

Even as Omar inclined his head, ready to help her achieve her wishes if she so desired them, Hanifah Al-Jabiri could tell it was not a course of action the man would recommend and his words bore out her suspicions:

"From the moment he was taken, your greatness, he was yours to do with as you please. If it is your desire that he be restrained as you apply the bastinado to the soles of his feet until his screams fill the cellar in which you have him confined, then you will find me ably fitted to instruct you on the best use of your energies."

He paused and Hanifah was compelled to supply a prompt:

"But?"

Omar shrugged his fleshy shoulders apologetically and gauged that the speaking of his mind in this instance would not cause him great inconvenience.

"When your greatness first indicated to me the approach she wished to take in the subduing and eventual enslavement of the Englishman I cannot say I felt much in the way of enthusiasm."
The eyes staring out from the burka, no matter their youth, intimidated Omar despite his assurance his words would cause no offence and he hurried on:

"It was, your greatness must understand, not an approach with which I was

familiar and in order to prove of assistance to you I was required to re-think my own methods of ensuring a subject's compliance. The quality of the… *merchandise*… I am accustomed to dealing with is more often than not, I am afraid to say, of dubious provenance and often extremely inferior in terms of intellect. So the taming and breaking of a handsome and well-educated white European – and a mentally and physically strong one at that, with security forces training to go with it all – was always going to be something of a learning curve for me."

"I trust there is a point to this long-windedness, Omar?" his young employer asked, impatient to descend to her waiting captive – *"handsome and well-educated"* or not.

"I endeavour to explain, your greatness," Omar began, a little irritated with the girl in truth, but in no position to express it, "that, while I was not totally convinced you could achieve the intentions you so graphically outlined to me, it has proved something of a learning curve for me and I now have every confidence what you have in mind for him will come to pass."

From the softening of her eyes he could see his words had pleased her and hoped those he chose to use next would not ruin the effect.

"If, that is," he warned, "you keep your patience and do take any rash steps that might lead him to suspect there is the slightest weakness – not that I am saying there is, your greatness – in either your mental make-up or your resolve. I see now that by following the approach you suggested, and with which I have offered my humble assistance, that you will certainly achieve your aim of an abject and obedient white manservant who, while he is compelled to obey your every command, despises both you and himself for the condition to which he has been reduced. It is, I say without intention to win your good graces or flatter, a far more interesting and lasting and satisfactory way of conditioning a man to slavery than the use of that brute force I at first suggested and would have only limited success with an intelligent as well as educated man such as the creature in your cellar. But, as I have said, one small misstep upon either of our parts and that conditioning may prove to be not only more difficult but impossible."

There was a long and thoughtful silence at this and, despite his former confidence, Omar found himself becoming agitated.

“I say this, your greatness, only because I take a pride in my work and wish nothing more than to see you achieve success in this most unusual task in which you have allowed me to participate.”

The nod that greeted his fulsome and oleaginous words, even if, unusually, they were for once heartfelt, was a relief to the trafficker.

Though it soon became obvious not all his advice was to be taken on board.

“I believe you to be genuine, Omar,” she told him. “And you are right to urge patience upon me that I not ruin these first small steps we have taken with him and make our task more difficult and, perhaps, even impossible. However, though I agree there must be no physical punishment – yet – I see no reason to wait another day to see if the reality of his situation has effected some small change of attitude on his part…”

“…I need… water,” the voice croaked after the slapping of her sandals against the stone-floor had ceased and she was seated comfortably. Its throat was hoarse from screaming for attention and the lack of hydration. *Liquid* of a different kind, stained the front of his chinos and had spread further down the leg, evidence of what had been evacuated but *not* replaced.

Hanifah waited and, completely naked beneath her burka, slid a hand beneath the cloth to tease at the engorged clit begging for attention at the top of a hairless and, apart from her own fingers, virgin slit. Nothing had outwardly changed – spreading stain of urine down chinos excepted – since her last visit. But she did detect some shift in attitude from the man.

Just the beginning Omar had told her to watch for and to use.

“Please… whoever you are. I need to drink something.”

Mindful of the trafficker’s caution not to let her property instigate

conversation – at least not until it had been taught to seek permission to do so in a way Omar had yet to define – Hanifah Al-Jabiri remained silent that the tension might build along with her captive's need and apprehension.

After a few more attempts to win himself water, and giving it up as useless under her continued silence he had given up and sunk to his knees upon the unyielding stone in an unintended posture of defeat and submission, shoulders sagging with the top of his hooded head slumped in her direction.

In truth, her silence was not easily maintained.

How could it be?

Complete silence was not easy when the sight before one and the attentions of one's own fingers upon a virgin pussy threatened to illicit a gasp of pure pleasure at any moment.

It was with no small effort of self-will that the young Muslim girl left herself alone and waited until her necessarily muted breathing had calmed before addressing her captive on her own terms:

"Were you one of my servants," she began in his native English, "I would…"

She got no further as the hooded head raised itself at the sound of her voice and immediately pleaded:
"Water. Please. Whoever you are, I must have water."

Not responding, Hanifah fell back into silence, forcing patience upon herself and acknowledging Omar's wisdom in urging her to persist with it. The object of her desires, after all, was not five feet from her and upon his knees. Time, she now conceded, could only be her friend when it came to her intentions and this man was going *nowhere* and it struck her that the instant, if unknowing, impact the man had made upon her back in London and the power of her dreams in regard of him bespoke of something more than simple attraction on her part. Had her pleasure been born, after all, from no more than the simple and understandable longing of a sexually inexperienced if curious young girl for a handsome older man who barely acknowledged her

existence and, if he did, only did so with feelings of superiority and distaste, then they and the man himself would have long since been supplanted by others. The fact that they and he had not, and that she had used the excuse of his presence in her country to have him taken, bought and sold as if he were so much livestock, told her there might just be something else working here other than her long-held and formerly secret desire to own a white male slave.

That her sexual euphoria increased every time she either thought about him or, as now, was in her presence was yet another reason to think there was more to her acquiring of him than a simple desire for a white servant – though she still wanted that more than ever.

Given the sexual feelings the man's unwilling submission evoked in her, there was every possibility that he was the only man she would *ever* need in her life.

The smile this thought triggered behind the burka was chilling, young age notwithstanding.

His continued presence in her life, she told herself, would *never* be romantic in nature.

But he would certainly find it painful.

Mentally *and* physically.

Fighting back the urge to slide her fingers back beneath the burka, Hanifah amused herself by allowing him to continue to plead as she listened in implacable silence and luxuriated in the feeling of power and control she was already exerting over the beast.

Only a minute or two after he realised his pleading would gain him nothing and he lapsed once more into a kneeling and shoulder sagging silence did she deign to take up from where he had interrupted her.

The involuntary start he gave upon hearing her speak once more highly pleasing to the young Muslim girl who was becoming more and more

enthused by her capacity for mental cruelty and the fact her wealth and the nature of the society she lived in enabled her to indulge it.

“Were you one of…”

The merest of sounds indicating he was again about to speak halted her and she waited, gratified that he took the hint and thought better of continuing.

Hanifah smiled and again gave mental praise to Omar’s wisdom and that of the prince who had recommended him. *“Patience”*, as the trafficker had insisted, would win the day. The Englishman’s first acquiescence to a command that was tacit but unspoken assuring the girl that her goals in regard of the man were *definitely* achievable.

He was, as Omar had assured her he would in the face of her perseverance and implacability – *“not one centimetre of ground by way of a concession must you give before him. You must become to the Englishman as the metal bars of the cage that holds the once free bird that he may come to accept he will never be allowed to fly again.”* - already learning.

“Were you one of my servants,” she began after a delay she knew must have seemed interminable to her parched and hungry captive, “I would have no hesitation in supplying water for your thirst.”

She paused.

“But you are not one of my servants. You are nothing but a Foreigner who was sent to my country under an assumed name that he may discover something of use to his own and...”

“But…”

Her small cough at his interruption ended her own sentence and served warning at one and the same time.

Again she felt close to swooning at this small evidence of her ability to manage the older man and smiled beneath the burka as, once more, the

Englishman thought better of further speech and fell silent.

The silence on her part was longer this time but no less delightful to the tormenting young Muslim girl and she sensed that when she spoke again there would be no further interruptions.

Not for a little while, anyway.

"…and," she picked up where she had left off, "are now given to me to do with as I wish."

Though he made no sound at this, his hooded head came up and it was no feat of imagination upon her part to picture the open mouth and astonished expression beneath it as he realised he was not only captive in a Muslim country but held and at the mercy of, his God forbid, a *woman*.

"And that is my problem," she continued. "As a dutiful Muslim girl and a lover of my country, I feel obliged to lend my government assistance in ridding itself of one of its enemies and thus avoid a diplomatic incident of a minor, if unwanted, kind."
The posture of the kneeling man before her stiffened and she knew she had his complete attention.

She was careful not to mention that she had orchestrated his current predicament as a trussed and hooded captive in her cellars and had subsequently learned from the Prince that his purpose in her country had already been known and was of absolutely no concern to her country's own security forces – she would, after all, be highlighting his lack of importance in more… *obvious*… ways.

"That said, however, I am a young woman, not a barbarian, and the taking of a life – even that of an unworthy infidel – is not pleasing to me; though I will not hesitate to do so if necessary."

Hanifah Al-Jabiri was in as high a condition of sexual delirium as anticipation rather than the act of sex itself can deliver and the fact she knew he was itching to plead his cause but she had schooled him not to speak

heightened her delirium.

“As far as your authorities are concerned,” she told him, ready to notch the situation up a few degrees, “you raped one of the Prince’s waiting-girls and, when discovered doing so, attacked the butler who discovered you in the act and disappeared, it is assumed, into the desert of the interior in the direction of the Syrian border.”

She let him digest this deepening of his plight for a few moments and then went on:

“You will, I know for a fact, *never* leave that desert alive and will *never* see your homeland again.”

Again she gave him time to take her words in, knowing even as she did so that his arrogance and superiority, together with an over-inflated regard for his own worth, refuse to allow him to believe the inherent truth in her statement of permanency where his stay was concerned.

“I tell you this now,” she went on, “that you harbour no puerile hopes of some rescue being effected. You may believe me when I tell you that your own people will not be coming to rescue you - even if they knew of your location, which they don't. You are in a secure home in an exclusive lakeside development deep in the interior only the seriously wealthy can afford and your fellow countrymen would not risk an international incident by coming for you even if they were to discover you were being held against your wishes.”

It was too much for him and he was unable to prevent the words that left his lips, regardless of the consequences:

“Who are you for heaven’s sakes? Why are you going to such trouble over something so… so… *minor*?”

The hooded head again cocked to one side in the way she found so charming and she sensed the question he was about to ask:

"And… And why do you sound so… *familiar*?"
He had of course, heard her voice on many occasions in his capacity as family bodyguard – even if it had been of no interest to him – and the head continued to tilt to one side as he racked his brains to recall its provenance as she fell silent at his intrusion and decided to stretch this next silence out for some time longer that she may savour his discomfort.

His apology, however, was both startling and… *thrilling*… All the more so because she knew such humility was not drawn from him without great effort.

"I… I'm sorry to interrupt you, but…"

Hanifah sensed the parched throat constrict as it tried to summon non-existent saliva to moisten his tongue that he may make the request he found so humbling.

"Could I please have some water?"

The young Muslim girl – not that she was about to grant such a favour just yet - exulted at this first small acknowledgement of dependency upon his part but kept her silence, thrilled at the exercise of such power and even more thrilled by the knowledge her mastery over this handsome and older Englishman would only become yet more marked.

"Please!" he croaked once more before lapsing into silence to, presumably she thought, pray to whichever God he believed in, if he believed in one at all, that his request be granted.

A youthful finger returned itself to the inner folds of the burka and supplied a delightful diversion as she stared hungrily at the kneeling and, she thought with a wrinkling of a somewhat scimitar-like nose, less than fragrant man before her. For a moment the scandalised faces of the missing father, brothers and two uncles who were no longer alive to exercise control over her actions, seemed to coalesce before her eyes in accusation of her actions and the finger pleasuring her paused. Only to resume a second or two later when she

reminded herself of their hypocrisy and their behaviour towards women that would not exactly have been approved of by the Prophet.

When she was as anxious to continue as her captive was anxious to hear her, she slid her finger from the burka and put the wafted aroma of her own arousal to one side that she may continue the task of breaking him down still further.

“I have with me a flagon of cool ice water and a straw through which you may drink,” she told him, continuing quickly as she sensed the relief soften his posture and not wishing another delay should he speak again. “If you interrupt me or speak without my express permission just one more time I shall leave and take it with me and you will know yet more hours with a parched throat and swollen tongue.”

There came no response from the kneeling man.

“You may nod your head if you understand,” she told him, gratified to see that, so great was his need of refreshment, that his head inclined in her direction no more than a second or two later.

“Now, to return to the beginning, I was explaining to you that were you a servant I should have no hesitation in providing you the refreshment you require because, like all dutiful and caring masters. My servants’ well-being in terms of their health and fitness is a concern as well as a reflection upon the nature of my ownership of them.”

She saw him flinch and waited to see if he would react at the words she intended to demean him; knowing as she did that he would sense the direction in which he was being led.

“But you are not my servant,” she went on. “It is the reason I address you in English rather than Arabic. The upper echelons of society here, as I am sure you know only too well, use only English with each other and consider it just about the only thing worthy of note to have come from your misbegotten land.”

Again she waited, wondering if her deliberate insult to the country he no doubt loved and saw as so superior still would goad a response from him.

When that response failed to materialise, Hanifah Al-Jabiri congratulated both herself and Omar for the progress they had made in such a short time – even if she knew his silence was only compelled by the presence of the water she knew he was so desperate to feel sliding down the parched walls of his throat.

“Of course,” she told him, made fully aware by Omar that the step she was about to take would be unsuccessful and that she was not to be downcast in her failure as it was but a brick she was placing in the wall that would secure him to her, “were you to agree to become my servant it would simplify matters greatly.”

The relief that had softened his tensed and almost impossibly restricted and uncomfortable posture not seconds earlier vanished as though it had never been and she could feel the outrage grow in him at such a suggestion.

“It would, I believe, solve a good many of my problems in one remove,” she told him, almost chuckling out loud at the way her voice could utter such adult and serious words and yet remain as girlish as befitted someone of her relatively tender years. “Your continued presence here with me would avoid a minor international incident and provide me with the manservant I have been seeking for my household.”

As she sensed his outrage grow, she added:

“And it will, also, prevent the necessity of having you transported into the desert where you would, of course, be dispatched and your body left to feed the carrion. Not that I fear any consequences should your body be discovered somehow. Our authorities have already told yours that they believe you are attempting to escape our borders in such a way and, should your bleached bones somehow fall into the wrong hands – an impossibility given the nature of that desert and the uneducated tribesman who populate it so sparsely, anyway, it will only bear such a story out.”

She paused, then:
“So there it is. Your people will already have given up on you and you are in the heart of a country in which you have neither standing nor passport to leave and are a supposed fugitive. For your own piece of mind I would urge that you avoid dreams of release and simply accept what I decide for you. There is not one person in this entire land who has either the will or the desire to see you released even if such a boon were within their gift. Life as you have known it is now over and, if it is it continue, it must continue after a fashion you have no power to influence.”

He was given a few minutes to consider this bleak and unforgiving, if utterly truthful, assessment of his situation, until:

“I have given this much thought in the days since your fate was placed in my hands,” she told him, knowing he would find the fact that the authorities – clandestine or otherwise – of a Muslim country would entrust such a task to a mere woman incredible to the point of disbelief and also knowing that his current circumstances could do no more than contradict his incredulity, “and feel that by taking you as my English manservant I not only spare the life of one of Allah’s creatures – as worthless as it has been up until this point – but give it a focus in allowing it to be of service to a superior Muslim woman.”

His hunger, thirst, and the acute discomfort of his bondage, were all momentarily forgotten, she could tell, in the face of what she was asking and had stunned him to silence – had he been thinking of breaking it.

She was, however, convinced it would not be long before he did just that.

And again – in just the way Omar had predicted he would – not only speak without the permission she insisted he seek but use language towards her no Muslim lady of quality and accompanying pride could allow to go unpunished.

“My question to you is, and if you value what remains of your pitiful life,” she began, “is how should I address you from now on.

Another pause.

“Should it be to a dead man in English? Or…”

She drew out her next words, knowing exactly what the response would be:

“…Or am I to address my new manservant in Arabic?”

The former British Secret Service man known as Randall Mason was still screaming obscenities as loudly as his parched throat and saliva-free mouth would allow as the young girl who intended to become his master climbed the steps leading from the cellar and punched in the security-code enabling access from cellar-to-household and accustomed her eyes to the bright sunlight streaming in through the windows of her palatial residence to highlight its inner opulence.

“Patience,” she told herself, and exactly as Omar had advised, “is exactly what is required with handsome English beast.”

With a grim smile that did not bode well for her intended chattel, she threw back the hood of the burka and clapped her hands that one of her female servants might find her and attend her in the bath she was suddenly in need of.

“Soon,” she promised herself, it would not be a woman who attended her needs in such matters.

Part-Two

Randall

It had been two days on from his concession to the woman and, from her voice he knew her to be youthful; though not *how* youthful.

Yet.

The hood remained on and kept him in darkness and the collar and chain securing him to one of the stone walls of his underground prison remained in place. Now, however, what with the intermittent visits from an unknown

person who slipped a straw between the mouthpiece of the hood to allow him to take water and sparing amounts of a milk-shake type concoction he guessed was designed to give him basic sustenance and the vitamins he required, and *nothing* more, his biggest torment was the restrictive bondage that kept his arms halfway up his back. A bondage that made any comfortable posture almost impossible other than to crouch on one's side to take as much pressure away as possible while leaving him no option other than to endure the upper body cramps such restraint invited.

The above notwithstanding, however, he had, hydrated and fed if still ravenously hungry, regained enough of his swagger and confidence to assure himself that the unbelievable – nay: *outlandish* - situation he had landed up in could be rescued. He had, consequently, passed the interminable hours before he was fed and watered by picturing all the many and necessarily excruciating agonies he visit upon the bitch he had yet to see and the fat bastard Arab who had spoken to him while he was in the cage atop the lorry. A *"fat bastard"* he had no doubt was responsible for having had him transported to…

Wherever it was they had decided to hold him.

Randall Mason, though he was certainly the self-regarding and arrogant Brit his captors considered him, was also no fool and knew that he was in deep shit. He had not been questioned or, apart from the condition in which he was being kept, ill-treated in the way common to most undercover Foreign operatives taken whilst on clandestine duty in another land. So the question was: why?

Obviously, they had known the reason behind his visit and had been, and remained, unworried that he could have found anything to their detriment and his own country's betterment; he had himself, after all, already come to the conclusion that the much-vaunted process of oil-synthesis he had been sent to garner information on was a white elephant.

So why go to all the trouble of taking and holding him in such a way?

And why, in a Muslim land where women – especially *young* women – were not noted for holding high official position, or any position of note whatsoever, entrust his captivity and, if she were to be believed, his fate to a female?

It being, in his experience, rare enough to be almost unheard of for a woman in these backward if affluent lands to find herself in such a position in regard of a man – European or otherwise.
Despite the natural confidence that held fast even in the most unpromising of situations and made him so well-fitted for the kind of service his country required from him, he knew there was something far wrong with the situation he was in other than the hood covering his head, the collar about his neck and the arms chained high up his back.

This, after all, was not Europe, let alone England. For all the veneer of sophistications and other concomitant trappings vast wealth brought, he was well aware that it needed but a scratch upon the surface flesh for all that was bestial, immoral and repugnant in those 1% of Arabs who had cleaved both the resources and the wealth of their land to themselves to become even more the kind of peoples he believed them to be and would always remain be in his eyes.

Inferior.

Such was the *stupid* racism of a man who, as pointed out, was no fool in other areas of his life – even if he was not a particularly likeable man and his glaring personal deficiencies had found themselves compensated for in some measure by the quality of his looks and a certain *equivocal* morality that both made and enabled him to be the near perfect employee for his country's security services..

A stupidity and a racism that was, courtesy of a young Arab girl who had, unknown to her father's official London bodyguard, conceived a perverse passion for him and was in the process of ensuring that passion was realised.

By far his biggest problem at this point, despite the swagger that had returned

somewhat with a part-full stomach and regular if longwinded hydration, was the constriction of his arms high up his back that was causing him such acute discomfort.

Second to this, though not by much, was the ignominy he felt for the condition of his personal hygiene. Always a fastidious man in such matters, it pained him to visualise the picture he must have made to the unspoken presence who fed and watered him but made no effort to either wash him or remove the soiled and stinking clothes he had been wearing when he had been taken and were now reeking of the urine and excrement the nature of his bound and restricted confinement insisted he release into his once pristine trousers.

Yet another condition of his imprisonment the young girl holding him was about to use to her own advantage on the way to breaking her white and English possession.

Hanifah's Journal

Entry-1

This is the first entry of a journal my feverish if pleasurable agitation compels me to keep that I may take the edge from my impatience; such is the state of constant excitement in which I find myself; a mental and physical disturbance caused by the expectation of triumph in the task I have set myself and the joys to follow its successful completion.

Namely: that of reducing the handsome Englishman a benevolent and just fate decided should again cross my path to a life of servitude. A benevolent fate that has dictated he become the servant of a superior young Arab girl he once considered – if he considered her at all – nothing of the kind. Why else would the generous fortunes have arranged it that we should meet again in the country of my birth where he and not myself or my sadly missed father is considered the "Foreigner"?

So great and wonderful is the arousal extended to my hungry little cunt that a simple self-pleasuring, while satisfying in itself, goes nowhere near to quenching the desire for him that seems to grow stronger with each passing hour and the certainty growing within in me that what I intend for him is not only possible but an utterly proper fate for one so superior and arrogant. Hence my need to give my thoughts a more solid form that, in the years to come, I may look back upon the days before he became my beast-of-burden, or anything else I took a fancy to him being. A written record that I may re-live the constant buzz of sexual euphoria my contemplation of his coming taming inspired in the heart beating beneath my young and full breasts.

Of course, and just as Omar assured me it would be, the object of my, admittedly perverse, desires was stubborn and resistant, still believing somehow that, in spite of his dire circumstances, he remained a British subject and his citizenship of that blinkered and benighted land would ensure only temporary discomfort rather than lasting change and captivity would be his eventual lot.

Even in a proud and independent Foreign country, these most self-regarding of all white European national, considered themselves deserving of special treatment for some reason.

Well, he is certainly getting that. And in a way sure to impact upon his Western sensibilities and sense of what is right and wrong. Though I consider myself quite the liberal in certain respects – though my late father always assured me that age and greater wisdom would cure that particular defect – I do sometimes rejoice at some of the anachronistic laws, customs and beliefs that make my treatment of a self-described: "Free Englishman", possible.

It was though, not until my second visit to where he was contained, days after he had been deposited, hooded and chained in the cellars of my home by the Great Lake in the sequestered community whose exclusivity and security the wealth of its denizens ensured would be sacrosanct and remain totally private to outside eyes, that he showed the first signs of bending.
Hardly surprising given that he had been hooded and left alone the whole time apart from an irregular and silent visit from one of my women to allow him to take some small amounts of liquid through a straw that, while at least keeping him hydrated, went no distance towards quenching the thirst he must have, and still was, feeling.

Not one scrap of food had entered either mouth or stomach from the time of his taking at the Prince's palace and, though he had pleaded with the woman fetching him his meagre water ration, my female servant did exactly as ordered and by neither sound nor gesture gave him any indication that he had been either heard or understood.

The awkwardness of his posture, with arms chained high up his shoulders behind his back and attached and secured to a collar encircling his neck below the leather hood was, I knew from the cctv images and accompanying sound beamed to the monitor in my bedroom, causing him much discomfort.

I also knew it was not his greatest mortification.

For that, one had only to look at both front and back of his once pristine trousers – I had insisted he remained clothed that I may demand he strip, or that he be stripped, for his new owner voluntarily, if under duress. The stain spreading out wider and wider, yellow to the front and brown to the back could only have been shameful to a man whose personal grooming had always seemed impeccable and, again as the ghastly but highly useful Omar had suggested, could only help to weaken his resolve. Torture, my slimy mentor had told me, was most efficient if tailored to the individual upon whom it was being used and he came to agree with me that a mental rather than physical approach would be the key to breaking this one.

I must confess, however, that the stench resulting from my captive being unable to remove his trousers and underwear before defecating was as insupportable to me as it no doubt was to the man from whom it emanated. In fact, had it not been for the end such a purpose served, I should have had him stripped, hosed and scrubbed, before visiting. And would have had it not been for what that purpose promised to deliver me in the way of personal satisfaction. This was/is my first experience of such domination over a man, let alone a white Westerner, and though it remains at the hands length stage it is by far the superior of the childish nightly fantasies with which I once entertained myself as my busy fingers provided some small release.

You may be sure that the fact the Englishman was being kept under such conditions, and I, Hanifah Al-Jabiri, was both the driving force behind his incarceration and the joint architect of his current misery, has supplied those same fingers with a much greater workload in the days since his arrival.

All the more so since the guilt my devout and sincere beliefs would normally insist upon is entirely absent in respect of the infidel.

No man of worth and substance, I have always been taught, should ever be treated in such a way.

But then, as his behaviour towards my revered father in his official capacity of family bodyguard whilst in his own land demonstrated so plainly, he is neither of worth nor substance.

Not that I regard him as such anyway, but it is my intent that before very long – unless his terms of reference are extremely wide-ranging - he will not even regard himself as a man.

The planning of each step of his subjugation, I must say, is highly arousing and Omar is an invaluable aid in the refining of my ideas and how best to apply them. He has been instrumental in hand-picking the three female servants for whom the prospect of a life in my service and its attendant luxury and fair treatment is more than lives began in hovels, before having even that dubious freedom taken from them by the obese slaver, could possibly have

hoped for and – as I say, Omar chose them carefully.

The prospect of having a white European to… supervise… has only increased the levels of loyalty and affection they already appear to feel for me and, tomorrow, will come the arrival of the girl, younger even than I, Omar has said will be perfect for my captive Englishman.

Her name, he tells me, is "Bushra" and, from what he tells me of her, I wonder if Mr Randall Mason, as he is currently known, will find her as "perfect" when I find the time ripe for them both to be introduced.

I suspect it will be soon.

Bushra

"Master Hanifah will be here to see you very soon," the girl told the man,

using the masculine honorific her young and female mistress had instructed her to use when dealing with her older white charge.

A charge who was, at this moment, held motionless upon his knees, hands and feet confined by shackles and one, interlinking, chain that joined both and restricted his movement; his only option, if not crawling upon all fours and allowed to adopt a standing position, being to shuffle.

The sight of a young Muslim girl on the controlling end of a chain lead that was attached to a ring on a collar about the subject Englishman's neck, looped leather handle clasped firmly in a hand that had yet to see its nineteenth year being one that would have struck those knowledgeable about such things as a contrived scene after the fashion of one of the more fanciful plots from a Denis Wheatley novel of yesteryear.

The girl's reminder of the *"Master's"* imminent arrival had been made in her native Arabic and was not, she assumed, likely to fill the creature it was her task and supreme pleasure to supervise with anticipation that was at all pleasant in nature.

But then, she asked herself, both excusing and allowing to go unpunished what she knew must be impertinent thoughts in regard of her revered young mistress, how could he not feel badly towards the Muslim girl who now owned him and was responsible – thank Allah! – for his current, humble and abject, position as he was trained to be of service by one over twenty years his junior.

Bushra, for this was the girl's name, might have been uneducated but she was neither stupid nor without a certain native intelligence her early years upon the streets before being taken by Master Omar had both sharpened and, more pertinently, hardened.

Her name in Arabic meant *"Good omen"*, but for the creature whose misfortune it was to find himself at her daily mercy and, given her hatred of the men from whom she had received nothing but abuse in her early years and instilled in her breast a hatred for all of their sex, nothing could have

been further from reality.

Not even the life he had once had and would *never* know again.

“Remember your posture and show respect,” she reminded him, feeling the usual wetness beneath the Western Jeans and the tee-shirt accompanying it she was free to wear in the seclusion of Ms Hanifah’s home.

Another delightful aspect of her service to the wealthy young Muslim girl.

There was only one male other than the one she held at the end of the leash in the household and he, like her was a servant – though the beast of a specimen in question was not as lowly an example of the variety as the one on his knees at her feet – and as long as she remained inside and there were no male guests there was no requirement for the usual covering stipulated by her religion.
As she guided the older man into the proper posture of respect she had taken much pleasure in schooling him to adopt, young Bushra remembered her first meeting with the girl who, though only slightly older by a year or two, was as far removed from her own humble status as the sun is removed from the humble candle that offers light in its absence…

“Omar has told you what will be required of you?” the young mistress inquired as the new girl was brought to her as she bathed, her complete lack of self-consciousness before her new employee all the more remarkable for the girl being no beauty herself and Bushra, though not beautiful exactly, possessing highly sensual features to go with a precociously womanly body.

And yet, the new girl had decided, there was something highly appealing about the part submerged body with its flawless brown skin and hourglass waist, presided over by breasts that stood out proud and firm from her chest and were in need of no artificial aid to keep them in such a position. The face may well have been unremarkable save for a pair of thick and sexual lips, this below a nose that curved somewhat and endowed her features with an element of cruelty reminiscent of the more tyrannical and vindictive Emirs

she recalled from the few books of fairy-tales she had been shown as a child before…

Bushra had killed the memory of her past life to now and steeled herself to move forward. Uneducated she knew herself to be, but she was not unintelligent and knew she was being presented with an opportunity to have and experience a life far in advance of anything she could expect were she not to grasp that opportunity with both hands.

"Only what Omar has told me, your greatness," she replied, allowing her eyes to meet those of her new mistress and adding their somewhat startling brilliance to the list of positives she was compiling alongside the aforementioned facial deficiencies.

"Which is?"

"That I will be working for a most illustrious and private lady and that my task will be an unusual one for a girl of my age, your greatness."

"Omar," had come the voice from the bath, "addresses me as 'Your greatness'," she said. "He is an inferior, if useful, man and it is right that he should do so."

Bushra had looked on as her new mistress soaped an impressive breast and correspondingly large nipple with a sponge, almost missing her next words when they came by way of a question:

" I take it, though, that you are not inferior?"

"N-No," Bushra had answered, puzzlement making her fumble her words for the first time.

"And you intend to be useful to me in the years to come?"
"I do, your greatness," the girl answered, unsure where she was being led as her employer's attention was given to the breast still requiring the attention of the soap laden sponge.

"Then, as you are neither inferior nor useless, and are most certainly not a man, there is no necessity to address me in such a way and a simple 'Hanifah' will suffice when we are alone or with your fellow servants."

The Emir-like cruelty of that curving nose had been forgotten as Bushra's new mistress had smiled before adding:

"Though, for appearances sake, I would prefer that you address me as 'Ms Hanifah' when visitors are present."

Bushra, delighted at the prospect of such informality, had ducked her head by way of a bow as "Ms Hanifah" added:

"Not, you must understand, that there will be much in the way of visitors here – and especially not male visitors. I value my privacy and, save for regular expeditions to our excellent local shops and boutiques, I prefer the pleasures of the home."

As was to be expected of a young girl – even if she was not so much younger than the girl proposing such relative seclusion – the above was not as appealing; though what came next certainly compensated for the fact:

"This does not mean you and the other girls cannot enjoy the facilities of the town during your free-time and there will be ample reward by way of funds for you to do so. This is, as you know, a secure community and things are a little more relaxed here, but our customs remain intact and the strictures in regard of dress remain. However, I sense that you will enjoy the fact that here, in the seclusion of my home and grounds, you will be allowed to dress exactly as you wish. There are a number of boutiques at the mall specialising in the most up-to-date Western fashions and I will be providing you with a generous clothing allowance that you may look your best and experience something… different… to the dress expected of our sex."

The flush of excited blood colouring Bushra's young and sensual cheeks had told 'Ms Hanifah' that she had sensed right and there would be no reservations on the girl's part – quite the opposite, in fact – when it came to

wearing the clothing she intended to act as a reminder to her creature of his far distant homeland and the knowledge he would never return to it.

Her next words, and the following conversation, however, took those flushed cheeks from reddened to a whole new definition of anticipatory scarlet:

"The man Omar spoke of to you is, as well as being extremely handsome and English, many years your senior."

"Omar mentioned only that you wished for a young girl to supervise the man you intended to be your personal body-servant," Bushra replied, excitement heightened now by the knowledge her charge was older, handsome, and… English.
"He also told me, Omar that is, that you have knowledge of applying discipline, despite your youth, and that you would have no problem in supervising such a man along with…"

Hanifah had paused, before adding:

"…delivering… punishment… when either you or I decide it is merited."

Bushra thanked the fates, and even the hateful and slimy Omar, for having brought her to this place. And at this time! Luxury, relative freedom, and clothes to go with it along with a man - a Western man! – to supervise and control.

A handsome Western man!

And to supervise and control him not just to satisfy the warped desires Omar had schooled her to gratify in the men who were his paying customers in a frowned upon but tolerated house of sex.

The world she had once railed against for its injustices against her gender and her kind suddenly seemed a much more accessible entity. All her most outrageous wishes, it seemed, were being given life at one and the same time. No surprise, then, that the sensuous young girl pinched a burka covered thigh to ascertain that what she was seeing and hearing was no figment of her

slumbers.

"From the colour of your cheeks," her smiling mistress observed, "I take it there will not be a problem."

Bushra smiled in return, already feeling and advanced degree of fondness, sympathy and devotion towards the slightly older girl who seemed intent on bringing her servant's dreams to life.

No answer was either forthcoming or necessary…

…Free for the first time in her young life to dress as she wished and delighted to put aside the dull and dispiriting burkas and other garments of concealment, Bushra loved the look of her firm and beautifully contoured young body in the complimentary fashions from the world to which the man below her had once belonged and knew the effect she could have on Ms Hanifah's property.

It had not escaped her – how could it? – that he had noted how shapely she was and this was just one more facet of his helplessness and the nature of his incarceration she used to reinforce to him that he was – when his true master was not present – controlled, supervised and corrected by a young girl with less than half his years on the planet under her belt.

Apart from today, she nearly always dressed in severely cut dresses or skirts to add an air of authority to the years missing from the equation.

A wise move, it had turned out - as wise as slimy Omar, the man responsible for her original misery and now the good fortune of her position with Ms Hanifah, had told her it would.

The calves and ankles the Englishman could see exposed below pencil skirts, conical breasts held compact tailored cotton shirts, henna red hair pulled from her sensuous face and tied at the back, had a profound effect upon him.

Even if that effect was subconscious.

The *"schoolmistress"* appearance, he had assured her, was present in the psyche and fantasies of *all* heterosexual Englishman.

No matter how young the girl dressing the part.

She found her new mastery extremely arousing and was in an almost constant buzz of sexual excitement, in or out of the creature's presence. Excitement so great that, at times, after seeking permission from Ms Hanifah, she had descended to the cellar during his training with a pair of her worn and unlaundered white satin panties held behind her back. Gusset stained and slightly off-colour as she had presented them to the handsome beast whose life she now commanded until her mistress decided it was time she, once again, took centre-stage.

When she had held them to his nose that first time he had, at first, and as she had known he would, baulked.

Humiliation off the scale at being treated so by one so young and… *Foreign*.

But not for long.

As she had also known, wise beyond her years in the responses of men, and given his constant denial, it took only two or three visits more and a repeat of the treatment for him to actively lean into the panties she held tantalisingly out of reach. Panties which she had ensured were even more soiled than the ones she had used before. His cock, that same cock that had once known only freedom and used it to seduce and fuck so many willing and submissive sisters of her own sex, would immediately react to her most womanly and demeaning scents and attempt to stiffen as he inhaled the degrading fragrance that, even as it dehumanised him, was driving him to levels of desire that were all the more elevated for his knowledge he could no longer relieve them of his own accord.

The presentation of her soiled panties, as she had intended, were soon looked upon by the sex-starved older man as something of a treat and quickly became both his arousal and his torment.

Yet one more assertion of a certainty that must surely have been apparent to him.

He would find *no* “submissive sisters” here.

If he was unsure of everything else, of that *fact* he could be certain.
He would, to state another fact, never experience such a female again.

Either now or in the future.

The low-born if sensuous young Muslim girl’s arousal, however, was not prompted by the freedom of dress she now enjoyed to tease and deny.

Not entirely, anyway.

For this erotic perk of her position she had flesh and blood to thank.

That arousal taken skywards by the heady knowledge she had been given total control over a handsome white Englishman who would not have given her the time of day in his previous incarnation as a man of some small importance.

Not even sexually.

For though she was, as mentioned, not an unattractive girl, with her long and raven black hair flowing free over uncovered features that, while not beautiful, certainly were sensuous, she knew the older man currently residing so abjectly at her feet to await further instructions would have had far more illustrious examples of her sex to take his interest - and would have still.

Had, that is, he been in any kind of a position to act upon his impulses.

On this occasion, and as usual when her thoughts took such a turn, Bushra’s dark eyes flickered in the direction of the naked man’s groin and the contraption keeping his cock in check.

Unlike her mistress, the girl had known the feel of a man's penis inside her and, despite her hatred for those possessing such a piece of equipment, was not uninterested, under the right circumstances, in feeling one inside her again.

The ring encircling the white man's balls and attached to a cock-cage of the same unyielding metal telling her yet again that such an invasion from such a source was impossible.

At least, that is, without the express permission of the Englishman's owner who kept the key to his confinement on a slender chain at her neck and *very* close to her heart.

She had, though, been given the permission of her young mistress to make use of the man's tongue in any way she chose – *"It is good for him that he practice his technique on a regular basis for when I myself have need of him,"* her mistress had told her, generous to a fault with her new possession and, it seemed, uncaring if one of her servant girls experienced that tongue before even she herself had taken advantage of the opportunity.

But then, Bushra had told herself, why would she care?

This was her world and, in it, he was just another piece of property she owned.
He was, in point of fact, of no more worth than the exercise bike the young mistress used on the verandah overlooking the lake each morning.

That being the case, it was hardly to be considered a surprise if she had no qualms in allowing others to sit astride its face to make use of an increasingly obliging and well-schooled tongue from time to time.

Bushra also lived in hope that the man's owner would one day allow her to unlock the key to his manhood and ride the substantial if not gargantuan white penis she was beginning to covet more and more with each passing contact.

Though whether that permission would be granted as a reward to her or the

Englishman, Bushra had not yet thought through.

A slender brown hand gave a tug on the leash and the effect was instantaneous.

The thick steel collar welded shut around the Englishman's neck had a spiked interior to assure instant obedience and accompanying docility and transforms the man unfortunate enough to have been fitted with it into no more than the obedient cur of a controlling Master.

An added extra that never failed to delight the cruel young girl with its efficacy.

After much schooling on her part, and if she is so inclined, it takes but a requisite number of short sharp tugs upon the lead to have her charge in a position of her choosing. If *"Ms Bushra"* wants him kneeling upright in the *"begging posture"* she has taught him, then kneeling upright in such a posture he will be. Such is her preference now and the older man over whom she has such complete control soon learned that any resistance to her will was futile.

Complete obeisance to one over half his age is as unavoidable for him now as it is soul destroyingly humiliating.

"Good boy," she praised him, knowing he found such approval from her lips as degrading in Arabic as he would in his own tongue – were she to speak it, that is.

One slender brown hand slid down the chain to hold the leash close to the collar and keep him in place; not, given both his training and his fear of her, that there was any real need; and her thumb caressed his neck at its base with the pale and *very* English skin of his shoulders. It is by way of a demeaning reward for his obedience that she does this, knowing that, despite himself, any such gesture of relative tenderness is welcome; so far has he come from those days when he was a confident and arrogant visitor to their land.

Far more welcome and preferable, of course, to the thin and whippy strip of

bamboo she holds in her right hand.

Both stick and girl possessing a talent for the supply of the most sickening physical agonies she, and she alone, seemed to have been given the wherewithal to hand out to him.
A dispensation she had used with great variation and infinite and youthful cruelty to have him utterly and completely terrified upon sight of that simple strip of bamboo alone.

Let alone its usage.

Of course, as she gazes down the length of the Englishman's well-defined body and takes in the regularly depilated and hairless genital area with its encaged cock, young Bushra envies her slightly older mistress her possession of the tiny battery operated gadget adjusted to the same frequency of the ingenious metal restrainer. The electrical wires inside the metal, connected to a pad on his cock-ring, are capable of delivering him effortless pain and discomfort. But she knows, if offered a choice, she would still opt for her stick and the manual form of correction.

There was, she knew from recent experience, far more satisfaction from bringing the brute male to heel by hand and in a close-up and personal way than from a short distance with an impersonal remote control.

Even if it did offer variation and she was eager to experience the using of it.

She also knew how much the older man feared the correction of her stick and enjoys running it the length of his body and watching the trembling its touch, even in a benevolent way, induces in him, so terrified of its attentions has he become. Young Bushra particularly enjoys prodding with it at his imprisoned cock and balls and never tires of both her reaction and his when she stands before him and inserts the bamboo cane in the free space between his knees and raised genitals to apply playful taps to the underside of his scrotum.

Taps he *knew* would not remain playful for long.

She could also, in the contrary and arbitrary way of the young woman, be

tender with him at times and such was the case now as she used the tip of the cane to caress rather than tap the underside of his balls.

This, she knows, adds an element of longing to the fear she is absolutely certain she now induces in him.

Even if her tenderness is not borne of fond feeling.

The sight of his restrained penis as it begins the natural and, in this case, totally futile attempt to come erect in its cage is a source of delight she feels certain will never lose its appeal for her.

“Ooooh,” she cooed, knowing being addressed in Arabic by a young girl whilst he is in such a condition, or *any* of his conditions – for, as said, she knows barely a word of the man’s tongue – diminishes what sense of manhood that still remains to him and brings his former life in another land into stark relief alongside the life he is forced to lead in her own.

“Is my obedient English dog, trying to make his useless penis hard? Does he like Ms Bushra stroking him with her little training stick?”

Turning to the side, she presented her denim-clad arse to him and, needing no second bidding, he placed a single kiss, as taught, on a buttock he would once have found eminently pert and desirable on another woman and for which he now feels mostly revulsion.

“One kiss for yes,” the girl stated when he broke the kiss off after the requisite respectful time as he had been schooled. “Such a good boy.”

Once or twice more, she caressed the underside of balls that were full to bursting with the manly cream he was no longer allowed to eject on his own cognisance; then:

“And how do you thank Ms Bushra for being so kind to you?”

Again, and without the slightest hesitation, Randall Mason, former British Secret Service man and prolific womaniser, does exactly as he has been

taught and lowers his body at the waist, careful to keep hands that no longer require restraining behind his back as his lips seek out the slender brown toes with nails the lack of manly supervision allows her to keep varnished.
But he does *not* kiss.

Dogs such as him, he has been told, are not worthy of *"kissing"* and, thus warned, he simply rests his lips upon the toes and shiny nails she has slid into the straps of diamante sandals and counts.

Ten seconds.

And she will know if he does not observe them correctly.

Yet another exercise of the power she has over him and loves so much.

The results of that power giving her slightly older mistress great satisfaction also and prompting the girl to even more inventiveness with his training that she may once again experience the rewards of her generous and appreciative employer's gratitude.

"You make such a nice and obedient little doggy," she told him, voice dripping with that unmistakeable acidity and cruelty that made even her most pleasant utterances – and those, even she knew, were a contradiction of terms – demeaning to the man whose life it had fallen to her to supervise in such an incredible and humiliating fashion.

"I am going to suggest to Master Hanifah that we have you fitted with a nice tail, that you may wag it and show your excitement when she comes to visit her little English pet."

She sensed the Englishman shrink inside himself at her words but was gratified at the efficacy of her training and the extent of his fear of her that had him rise back to his haunches after his lips had respected her toes for the requisite ten-seconds.
Sensing another fertile area she might utilise for his torment, the devious and in her element little Muslim girl allowed herself an evil little chuckle.

“Perhaps, I will even suggest that some small bells are attached to the ring securing your worthless white balls, so that your master and the other women of the household who take such good care of you may always be aware of your movements.”

Her chuckle becomes a full-throated laugh, but it is not the wholesome laughter of a young girl in whom the usual and understandably unrealistic romantic notions hold sway.

Not unless one takes an extremely *dark* view of how most balanced people understand and what constitutes the *“romantic”*.

Pleased with her thoughts, the young girl manipulates her older charge into the position of respect she requires from him to await the arrival of his true *“Master”*.

It is not long before the English wretch at her feet senses this imminent arrival and begins to shake uncontrollably.

Like the animal they are making of him, he has sensed the approach of his owner before the slapping of her sandals against the stone steps leading to the cellar that is now his home, school and house of torment, all in one, are audible enough to reach the human ear.

A young brown hand reaches down to stroke him behind one keened ear as he awaits the latest development in his ongoing dehumanisation.

“Good boy,” praised a delighted Bushra.

Hanifah & Omar

“I must say that this was not my intention, Omar and I cannot say that I see the necessity.”

The obese and oleaginous, if no less gifted in his perfidious field, trafficker gave his Hanifah a shrug that bespoke of both the regretful and the necessary at one and the same time.

“I would not suggest it if I did not think it would be of considerable use to your greatness,” he insisted.

“It was not my intention, once your task for me is completed and you have been handsomely rewarded, Omar, to have the nuisance and interference of a man in my household – even a servant such as the one you describe.”

“But that is just it, your greatness. Mohab has known only service from the time he was old enough to be of use to his superiors. He is of the Nubian line and it is well know that servants of this provenance make the most loyal and devoted servitors of their masters – whether they be male or female.”

“I am a young woman of… *different*… tastes to the herd, Omar,” she told him. “But I, in common with most respectable girls of good breeding, am serious in my beliefs. I do not think it wise to have a male of that sort in my household when my intention is to have only female attendants. It… It is not seemly.”

Omar nodded an accord, neglecting to remind his employer that neither would the project she had engaged him upon be considered seemly for a devout young Muslim girl of superior breeding.

A girl, moreover, who was: *"serious in my beliefs"*.

It could, the forever sweaty and habitually oleaginous trafficker allowed his thoughts to assure him hardly be considered *"seemly"* for one of her age to have virtually purchased a handsome, sophisticated, intelligent and *older* adult male while he was visiting one's country – albeit under a false name and with business espionage in mind – and using him the way she intended he be used.

Familiar with young girls, regardless of their social standing, and not wishing to invoke from this particular one the temper that usually went hand in hand with even the mildest of corrections from their elders, Omar continued to take the *persuasive* rather than the censorial route:

"As well as not finding women to his own particular tastes when it comes to such matters, he told her, "Mohab had his testicles removed in infancy and, though he has still – and I hope you will excuse my directness, your greatness, a working and circumcised penis of considerable length and girth, he is neither by capacity or personal taste in any way likely to… *trouble*… your women."

Omar's smile was as unattractive as the rest of him, but it was, it seemed to his young employer, utterly genuine as he added:

"Though, I have to say, I cannot give you such assurances on behalf of the Englishman you now hold in your cellar.

At this, though she did not return his smile, Hanifah Al-Jabiri had nodded. The man had, and exceeding her expectations of him, been proved correct in every aspect of the project to enslave the Englishman to her so far and she had no reason to believe his advice would prove ineffectual on this occasion. They had, all said and done, and thanks to the obese trafficker, achieved a lot

with the captive Englishman in relatively little time. It had, after all, been only a matter of days since he had been taken, yet this was the evening after Randall Mason's first submission to his new owner and made upon only her third visit to him – a visit that had led the deep and debilitating levels of his thirst and hunger to force the first major concession from him.

Even if she was certain he had not seen it in quite the same light himself.

"I am not… *persuaded*… Omar," she told him, gratitude for what he had helped her achieve thus far not enough to quell her misgivings.

"Between Bushra and Mohab, your greatness," the trafficker persisted, "he will be taken as low as a man can be taken without defiling his senses to such an extent he will become useless to you in the way intended. I would, again, ask your greatness to trust to my judgement in this. I realise, as the events earlier today prove, that you have already made great strides with him, but I can assure you his compliance with the wishes of your greatness at this point has more to do with a biding of the time that he may find a way from the chains, both physically, metaphorically and legally, in which you have him secured. Believe me when I tell you that he is a long way from broken and any concessions he has persuaded him to make have more to do with escape, and maybe even revenge, than any recognition that his life has been taken from him and now belongs to you."

Hanifah could do no more than recognise the traffickers words as accurate. Despite what had happened between them earlier, he remained still, and despite the dire nature of his circumstances in these early days of his captivity, the superior and arrogant Englishman she had always considered him to be from observing him in his capacity as bodyguard in her father's London residence.

A lack of self-awareness, she told herself, that could only make his coming fall and utter ruination all the sweeter.

For her, that is.

“And you are convinced this course will… *bend*… him to my will with more haste and to greater effect?” she asked the man as he mopped at a forehead that seemed forever waterlogged, despite the air-conditioning.

A forehead that was already nodding its agreement:

“The lower he is taken the more readily and gratefully will he take to the role of body-servant you have in mind for him,” the fat trafficker assured her. “He must know the humiliation of being forced to act in a way that goes completely against his will and that you have the power to compel such behaviour from him as his master and owner.”

He finished with an aphorism:

“To the man forced to live in sewage, the mud-hut soon becomes an aspiration.”

Omar smiled:

“No matter how hard he must work, and how obedient he must be, that his master allows him to remain in it.”

With half of her attention on the trafficker and the other perusing a creature of vastly more attraction to her, no matter the aphorism had hit the mark and the fat trafficker was proving his worth to her in the enterprise just as her friend and patron the Prince had said he would, Hanifah Al-Jabiri allowed herself to recall the earlier and more pleasing events of the day…

“…You know what my speaking to you in the tongue of my country will mean for you?” she had asked, still using his native English and enjoying every precious second she was spending in her manipulation of him into his slavery – even if she knew he would find the idea of becoming the chattel of a less than beautiful Muslim girl preposterous and would still harbour the expectation of either rescue or escape; despite her having already pointed out the utter futility of such hopes.

It was her second such question to him and she got the distinct impression the long hours he had spent in darkness and isolation without either food or water had made him more wary of his reactions - this after her first request had resulted in a stream of obscenities from his lips and she had exited without another word.

"Whatever," he had croaked, not waiting for her to give him the permission to speak he knew she, ludicrously, required. His voice was cracked and parched from lack of moisture and wanting only the sustenance he knew he needed so badly. Prepared, at that point, to do or say anything that would enable him to get it.

"Not good enough," she told the hooded man from the comfort of what she had come to consider as – she had, after all, been educated by private tutors after the classical fashion – "Persephone's throne". "I will forget for once that you did not ask permission to speak – even though I asked you a question – and will advise you to wait until I give such permission in future before you do so again."

The "whatever", this time, was unspoken but no less present via his necessarily restrained body-language; the hands, bent at the elbow and secured high at his shoulder's to a collar fastened to the neck below his hood, preventing anything more theatrical than an imperceptible shrug as his thoughts urged the bitch to slake his thirst with the cool water she said she had brought with her for just that purpose.
Only then, she thought, continuing to read his thoughts, would he work on the misbegotten Arab daughter of a sand monkey for food.

And, after that, he would work on other things in her regard.

"I asked you a question," she went on, still in English, sensing the unseen sigh her words produced beneath the black-leather of the hood with which Omar had insisted he be fitted and which had not been removed since his interment. Sensing also the above mentioned thoughts aimed her way. His hatred of her as thrilling as her control and making his intentions in regard of her a delight of its own – especially as they were accompanied by her

certainty he would never find himself in such a position.

"You have my permission to answer," she told him when he remained silent in order to savour his delusions of vengeance upon her.

Unsure whether he was too preoccupied with his thoughts or had simply decided to bear his hunger and thirst and defy her once again, Hanifah reiterated her earlier statement:

"The moment you ask me to speak to you in Arabic," she had told the former British Secret Service man who had, not that he knew it yet, fallen into the hands of the daughter of the Arab diplomat for whose race and beliefs he had been unable to quite been able to hide during his time as his and his daughter's bodyguard, "is the moment I cease to regard you as an independent if lowly male and you enter my service as a servant."

As the hooded man stood before her in his soiled and disgusting trousers, reeking of perspiration and trembling under the debilitating lack of both food and water, hands secured to a collar high above his back, body secured also to the stone-wall behind him by another length of chain attached to that of his collar, Hanifah Al-Jabiri wondered if he would recall her when she decided the time was finally right to remove both his hood and her burka that he may know who it was that now owned him.

And, if he did?

All the better.

If he did not?

An evil smile formed beneath the burka as she considered just how much she would savour making the older and handsome man repent of both his insolence and faulty memory.

"You should also be aware that the moment you have consented to this undertaking there will be no possibility at any time of your service to me being…"

She paused for the correct word in his own tongue and was almost tempted to use the Arabic that, obviously, came to mind more readily, despite her excellent, if less frequently spoken, command of English, but quelled the temptation as the required English variant arrived with fortuitous timing: "Re-negotiated."

His bare feet shuffled upon the cool stone floor and she knew he was impatient for her to get on with it and feed and water him – no doubt that, suitably refreshed and invigorated, he could set about freeing himself from his confinement.

"So," she began after letting her words sink in whilst knowing they meant nothing to him. "I ask you once again which tongue you would prefer to be addressed in."

Adding quickly:

"And, if it is in the tongue I suspect you will choose and you wish to experience food and water again, I expect to hear a 'please' at the end of your request."

For all that she had known she was in complete command of him and his options were not so much limited as non-existent, Hanifah Al-Jabiri knew also that along with the handsome man's arrogance and sense of personal and racial superiority there went equal amounts of pride and self-respect. It was, she had told the trafficker, her only cause for concern. That the man she wished to make her possession might rather meet his end in the desert of a strange land, far from his own and without anyone being aware of his passing to mourn it, rather than face what would be his death as a man and a life of service to a young Muslim girl who would never allow him to leave it.

For all Omar's assurances to the contrary, this had been her worry as she waited for the Englishman to supply an answer that, to him, would signify no more than an admission made under duress.

That same Englishman not to know that, once made, he would have more

chance of reneging on a pact with Lucifer himself.

The silence in the cellar she intended to be his prison, his school, and a house of torment should he not prove pleasing, was thick with tension and she could do no more than confess that tension to be hers.

The hooded head suddenly began shaking from side to side and she suddenly felt sick with a certainty that the man she desired so much in the form of "creature" she intended him to be was going to defy her once again and would go on defying her until he either died of thirst, malnutrition or a bullet through the temple from one of Omar's people.

In fact, so certain was she that the man of her perverted desires was about to deny her the triumph she longed to experience over him, his cracked and croaky voice, when it came, made her half jump from the comfortable chair she now referred to as the "throne of Persephone".

"Arabic," came the word she longed so to hear and her spirits soared but, though she was empowered by this first real concession, she knew, and would have even if Omar had not instructed her to either demand or compel it, that he had to go further.

Making no response she waited as her captive swayed before her, barely able to stand from lack of sustenance and hydration.

It seemed to her as if the sermons of a thousand Mullah's pass before her refusal to respond wore him down and he spoke again:

"I… Want you to… to… speak to me in Arabic."

The cunt of the young woman who would be this older Englishman's owner was on fire as he reiterated his decision – meant or not - at greater length.

But still she did not respond.

She had, after all, told him what she wanted.

He was, she could see, all but out on his feet now and, as if to underline her suspicion, his legs gave out and he sank to his knees upon the unyielding stone.

A position that cooled the heat between her legs not one whit as he repeated the sentence.

"I'm asking you to speak to me in Arabic," he told her once again, sounding so weary she was sure it was only his parched throat and need for some liquid sustenance keeping him awake that he might receive it.

Again, she remained silent.

Then, gloriously: came the word she had asked to hear and would not deign to water him until she did:

"Please!"...

"…You are as certain as you can be that this will break him in the way I wish?" Hanifah asked the trafficker as she came back to the present from her reminiscences.

"We deal with an adult male, your greatness. A *white* and *English* adult male," Omar reminded her, as if he needed to. "One can never be entirely certain how a given individual will react but, backed by what you will agree to be many years of experience with similar situations, I sense this is just the action that will bring home to him how complete is the power you now have over his existence and that you can have it repeated at a time of your own choosing should the level of his service to you not be found… *pleasing*."

The eyes beneath the burka were, frankly, suspicious, aware as she was of the man's less than… *everyday*… tastes.

"And I presume you are putting yourself forward along with this… *Mohab*… to take the action *'that will bring it home to him'*," she asked.

The trafficker's hairless dome, glistening, as always, with perspiration, air-conditioning or otherwise, was already shaking in the negative.

"For that, your greatness, and as much as I wish that I was, I am not fitted."

"Really?" she inquired, genuinely surprised. "I would have imagined just the opposite."

"For this, your greatness, it is imperative that only one man be responsible for the Englishman's… How shall we put it?"

Hanifah Al Jabiri waited.

"Debasement," the obese one intoned, seemingly pleased with the description. "Yes. Let us describe it in such a way. Everything he holds dear and that was once sacrosanct to him must be stripped away. He must be brought to a place where the only thing he is allowed to take pride from is his service to you and what you desire from him. His master must take pride of place in both his actions and his thoughts – even if he does resent the fact that she does so and hates her for it along with the devotion born of fear and strength he can, believe me, do no more than feel. There can be no personal conceits on his part of any kind."

"I am not sure I follow you entirely, Omar," an interested but somewhat puzzled Hanifah told him.

"Then I will take much pleasure from explaining with more clarity, your greatness," Omar answered with the habitual politeness that was at once fawning and entirely false and led her at times to wish she had him in the cellar alongside the man he was helping her… *debase*.

"It is really very easy," the trafficker continued. "For instance, if your Englishman is proud of the thick dark hair atop his handsome features, have one of your women shave it off. Completely. That is but one example of a number of simple, but devastating for him, actions you may take to reduce his sense of undeserved self-worth and ensure it is re-invested in a more worthy recipient."

He smiled, on full charm offensive she knew, which was not, she told herself also, not so great, then:

“That recipient, of course, being your greatness.”

“He also takes great pride in his handsome good looks,” Hanifah reminded him, spotting the weak point of his argument immediately. “Should I have one of my women disfigure his features with a hammer?”

“Ah!” Omar exclaimed with another of his thick-necked bows that lowered his perspiring scalp towards her but made no ripple upon the body from the shoulders down. “Your greatness is most astute to point out such a dilemma. However, this is no more than another example of his pride that requires but a different approach.”

“And that would be?”

“Again, it is very simple, your greatness and will not inconvenience either you or your women one whit.”

“Go on.”

“This man, if I have understood you correctly and from the good looks I have seen for myself, has been used to those looks being commented positively upon by women and winning him favours from them of which he is plainly unworthy.”

“So?”

“So,” Omar told her patiently, the opposite reaction, given her wealth and influence, not an option open to him, “the mere fact his looks are no longer considered worthy of either comment or favour by the women ruling his life, and he is treated exactly like the inferior infidel slave you intend him to be, completely deprives him of the sense of self-worth he once took from the effect of those looks upon the opposite sex.”

“Very well,” Hanifah concurred, seeing the sense in such an approach “but why is it so imperative that he be demeaned in the way you insist upon and by one man?”

The tricky waters of her puzzlement at what he suggested negotiated, the trafficker’s fleshy features took on the patronising look that was a hangover from his days as a schoolmaster as he prepared to deliver further enlightenment:

“Because this way, your greatness,” he began, “the Englishman will not be able to tell himself his most humiliating submission was the result of enforcement by superior numbers. It is also important that he be free of restraint and not weakened from lack of sustenance when this… *debasement*… takes place. He must be forced to accept, and without mitigation of *any* kind, that the acts he was compelled to perform were demanded of him by one person and one person alone.”

Again, Hanifah Al Jabiri waited, certain her inferior but most useful mentor had not quite finished.

Sure enough:

“A person, should your greatness consent to take him into her household, who will be forever at hand to reinforce any discipline it pleases you to deliver upon your English chattel. Should, that is, the attentions of young Bushra prove not to be as… *correctional*… as they should be and a firmer hand is required.”

A glance at his young female employer told him she was thinking about it and Omar sensed he might seal the deal:

“He will also,” he went on, “and I promise this most sincerely, prove a devoted and utterly committed possession for your greatness and will come to regard his life as forfeit should it require surrendering in either your service or for your protection.”

Hanifah thought about it and Omar, in his haste to enrich himself further,

went too far:

“Of course, if your greatness is concerned about the cost of…”

An imperious hand was held up to prevent him going further and the displeasure he sensed behind the burka gave him pause.

“You are impertinent, Omar,” she said in a commanding and unpleasant tone he had not until now heard from her.”

The bald and profusely perspiring head was lowered instantly in a gesture of deference and apology as the trafficker berated himself for having given offence in such a stupid way by addressing the subject of payment. She was, after all, and despite the years separating them, extremely wealthy and just as well-connected. Not at *all* the type of person to have displeased with one.

As she had done and was in the process of doing with the Englishman, the obese one told himself, she could just as easily do with *him*.

“Do not insult me, Omar, by mentioning… *‘cost’*,” she went on, displeasure unabated as yet. “I have already paid a handsome price for your girls and your guidance without quibbling and it will be no different with this… *‘Mohab’*.”

Had the oleaginous and spineless Omar thought it would have helped his cause he would have dropped to his knees there and then and planted kisses of apology and supplication upon the sandaled feet of his young employer, but decided instead to press hands together and deliver a humble bow of contriteness.

“It was not my intention to insult you, your greatness,” he assured her. “But I do have a certain amount of… *outlay*… and I cannot…”

“Yes, yes, yes, Omar. I realise you are a businessman and you may be assured you will receive ample recompense for placing this Nubian in my service.”

“Then you…?”

Hanifah Al Jabiri had taken in the hopeful and exceptionally venal expression of the despicable, but useful, excuse for a man and was undecided whether to be repulsed by his self-serving and gutless weakness or amused by the love of money that went with it. The same love that kept him in place before her. Despite knowing it would not go well with his future if she became *truly* displeased with him.

Then, to the despicable one’s great relief:
“The sooner he can get here the better.”

A Threat and a Promise

Her voice, exactly as she had intended, startled him up from the position on his side that was the only posture he could adopt if he wished to feel anywhere near comfortable.

She had eschewed sandals and decided to visit him barefoot this time and was, consequently, undetected by her captive and already seated upon the throne of Persephone where she might gauge him at her leisure and take in the condition to which he had been reduced thus far.

The stench of him – as it would have been with anybody under the conditions, she told herself – would have been insupportable to her sensitive nostrils had it not been for what it signified and the *“tool of persuasion”* Omar insisted it would be. The former bodyguard and security official she intended to become her creature was, in fact, a long way removed from the image of the suave and impeccably presented man about town and gigolo he liked to consider himself in his spare time. About as far removed from the persona that had so taken her youthful fancy back in London, she imagined, as he would ever have been prepared to believe at one time and, she smiled to herself, about to go lower.

The Arabic she used to address her servants, and now the Englishman, echoed around the cellar walls and immediately roused him:

“A servant of your status should greet his master upon his knees.”

Simply from the more vigorous way he moved she knew he was feeling more like himself; even if the groan that was forced from him as shoulder muscles unused to such lengthy and unnatural confinement was evidence enough he was still in discomfort enough to taint any unrealistic optimism on his part.

“I shall overlook it this once,” she told him, knowing she was being completely unreasonable given he could have had no way of knowing she was there but gratified, at least, that despite his renewed vigour he did not attempt to speak – though she knew this obedience to her demand that he wait until given express permission was made for reasons of expediency rather than what she intended would soon be his natural and conditioned obedience to her.

“However,” she continued, “from this instant on, I shall expect you to either be kneeling in a position of respect when I enter your presence or to adopt that position the moment you are aware you are in the presence of your master.”

Rather than rising to his knees and remaining upon them as she had indicated, the Englishman made a painful progress to his feet and she could see the head shaking from side to side in the hood that deprived him of his sight. Her anachronistic language had been quite deliberate and, apart from enjoying its usage, she knew he would find it both slighting and risible.

Once more she smiled to herself.
He would do well to get used to it.

“Now,” she went on, his head continuing to shake from side to side as she spoke, “in your current position you are not able to be of much use to me as a servant and the stench of you is unsupportable. So we must take steps to ensure that you do not… *offend*… whilst you are being trained.

Slipping from the chair she moved to his back, secure in the knowledge his chains would keep her safe from harm, and raised her hands to the thick leather hood that kept him sightless.

“The light is dim here,” she told him in Arabic as she unlocked the tiny padlock securing the leather hood to his head, “but it will seem extremely bright after so long in darkness when I remove your hood.”

It was two days after her discussion with Omar regarding the Nubian and Hanifah Al Jabiri and the trafficker had found themselves in agreement that the time was ripe for her to escalate events in regard of her property. Hence her presence. Hence also the perfume saturated silk one of her women had pinned to the inside of the niqab where it covered the mouth. This to help mask the insupportable stench of the urine and shit covering the man’s trousers both front and back.

It was to be, she had told herself with great relish, an important visit that would be followed, shortly after, by one of even greater importance at this early stage.

It suddenly struck young Hanifah that she wanted to hear her possession speak that she might hear the thoughts she sensed in him and take that much more pleasure from them as words.

“You have my permission to speak freely for the next few minutes until I tell you otherwise,” she told him, sensing his incredulity still, after all that had happened to him thus far, that he could possibly have sunk so low as to be given permission to speak by a Muslim girl young enough to have been fathered by one of his age.

As she pulled the hood from his head and allowed it to drop to the floor, she was grateful for the reaction she had anticipated that saw him screw the eyes she knew to be a vivid and startling blue shut against even the dim light of the cellar she had warned him of.

Grateful that he might not see the expression of utter delight and, yes,

attraction that might have led him to believe he had… *hopes*. She was, however, not so lucky with the sigh of pleasure and desire that escaped her lips and had to reach his ears. Though it did strike her the man had too much on his mind by way of distraction at that point to take notice.

Moving away from him to seat herself upon *"Persephone's throne"*, legs in her floor length silk robe stretched and crossed at the ankle so that her shapely sandaled feet were the only part of her body apart from her own, equally as splendid as his, eyes not covered by the garment, she regarded him in appreciative silence as he tried to adjust to the removal of the hood and the restoration of his sight.
His thick brown hair was matted to his scalp and the growth at his unshaven cheeks was, she noted with a pleasure that puzzled her momentarily, marbled with grey – a puzzlement that lasted only for as long as it took her to work out that it was yet more evidence of the Englishman's advanced years in respect of her own and yet another reminder to her that she, Hanifah Al Jabiri, a young girl from a deeply devout and patriarchal Muslim country, now owned a handsome and *adult* European male.

When his eyes adjusted enough to remain open, and after he had gauged the nature and the strength of the surroundings in which he was being held, he focused on her.

Hanifah could tell that he recognised her from his time in a cage atop the back of Omar's lorry transporting him to his destination as she spoke with the trafficker by the Mercedes parked a short distance away.

"So it is you," he said in English, almost to himself, voice and moistened vocal chords back to normal with the resumption of a regular supply of water and sounding commanding now his food intake had been increased and felt back to full strength.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked, still in his own tongue, and more importantly why are you holding me like this?"

Unable to take her eyes from her property, though mindful of Omar's advice

that no sign of her appreciation for his handsome good-looks and their effect upon him should escape her, she shook her head as if at the stupidity of a dumb animal:

“It would serve you well,” she began in Arabic, refusing to engage him in his own tongue, “to realise that, though your Master gave you permission…”

“Master??” he exploded, current condition and the agreement he had entered into when asking her to address him in Arabic entirely forgotten. “That’s the second time you’ve referred to yourself in such a ridiculous way.”

The expression aimed her way could hardly have been more contemptuous, despite his circumstances, and she found herself enjoying this first – of many she hoped – mini rebellions she would be required to put down.

“Look at yourself!” he jeered. “Then look at *me*. Do you seriously believe a man like me could ever have a *‘Master’*? You’re a child, for God’s sake. A little girl unable to even show her face without the permission of her men.”

She remained silent under this having fully expected the Englishman to forget or simply renege upon his agreement that he be addressed in Arabic in order to be fed and watered and the consequences this would have for him.

“Well?” he demanded, enraged at being ignored by what appeared, beneath the burka, and despite her seemingly adult way of conversing, no more than a child. “Are you going to give me an explanation for why I’m being held here and your ludicrous assertion that *you*, or *anybody*, could possibly be *my* Master?”

With a nonchalant movement that seemed familiar to her – and well it should, given she had planned just such a response should he behave in such a fashion – she simply rose from her throne and headed towards the stone steps leading up from his prison.

But not before halting at the bottom and delivering some parting words in Arabic without turning:

“You entered into an agreement with me to become my servant,” she told him. “I told you that there would be no re-negotiation of your decision and neither will there be any. I will leave you now for exactly twelve hours that you may contemplate your next words to me with much care.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” came his voice from behind her and she smiled a grim and unseen smile at the returned arrogance and swagger triggered by food, water and a removal of the hood.

It would, she was utterly convinced, not last.

“If, upon my next visit and the sound of my sandals descending, you are not kneeling with your head lowered deferentially,” she told him, still without turning, “and you are still of the opinion that I am not your *‘Master’*, I will have no hesitation in ordering you to be made more compliant in the age old and traditional way my people have of ensuring the docility of rebellious servants.”

There was silence behind her and she knew her words had gained his attention.

“I will,” she said with a certainty that was all the more marked and believable for being spoken normally and without hysteria, “have you castrated.”

As her steps resounded up and out of hearing, the young Arab girl was smiling.

The silence at her back greeting her intention was, to say the least, *profound*.

Hanifah's Journal

Entry-2

Oh, what joy!

Is there any pleasure anywhere the equal of seeing a handsome adult male forced to bow his head to a young woman of another race and many years his junior? And to know that the concession drawn from him thus far is but the beginning of his journey into an enslavement that will ensure his every last action, aside from those nature allows as a matter of course, is no longer his to decide upon.

This is the true satisfaction for one, such as me, who finds what was once fantasy real and realises that what drew her to such vivid dreams in the first instance was no more than a solicitous subconscious showing her the path to pure satisfaction.

I have just come from my most recent visit to my…

What…?

"Property?"

Yes. That is wholly right and Omar is indeed correct to refer to the man in such a way. It is I, and I alone, after all, who decides whether he eats or drinks, has light or no light, is warm or is cold. Even his bowel movements, though I cannot control him making them, are made into a receptacle of my choosing; whether it be the hole in the ground leading to a sewer he is, as yet, unable to reach in the confinement of the cellar, or into the trousers and

underpants he was wearing when taken and now give disgusting and, for him, mortifying evidence of his inability to please himself in this basic regard.

It is but one of the many exercises of power to which I find myself becoming addicted and of which I know I will never tire and, knowing and being entitled to this, it is hardly surprising I should look upon the man who exists now only by way of my favour as something I own.

Am I to be considered a monster?

It is entirely possible.

And worries and concerns me not in the slightest.

My nature, where possible, is to be just and benevolent, as those fortunate enough to now serve me on a more normal footing, and even the mercenary and Janus-faced Omar will attest, but such benevolence and respect for those of less standing who serve me is given only to those who are loyal, humble and trustworthy or, as in the case of Omar, useful.

Do I feel the slightest remorse or guilt for having deprived a handsome Englishman old enough to be my father of his liberty while ensuring he will never know such freedom again?

I must honestly confess that not one hint of such a sentiment on his behalf has so much as suggested itself until my writing of them here.

And nor will it again.

From what I know of the man - after having read a report made upon him be our own security services when vetting him before allowing his appointment as my father's bodyguard and from the evidence of my own eyes – I feel completely vindicated in reducing such a man to his present lowly status and consider the ill-use to which he put the favours of the almighty in respect of women and others makes it no more than justice served that he should end his days being of service to a member of that sex – and others from that sex of his owner's choosing – that he once treated so disrespectfully.

That I am also of a different race and religion, both of which I know he regards with the utmost contempt, is hardly likely to make me re-think what some people might see as my callous treatment of him.

Enough digression, however. I maintain this journal only as a means of recording thoughts that excite me and may wish to re-visit at a future time when my Englishman has grown old in my service and I wish to experience yet again what it was like to gradually break his will and mould him into a man of my choosing - if such a creature could be described as a man. My writing was not intended to be an apology for my actions and navel gazing of such a kind will seldom rear its head upon these pages again.

As I was about to say, I have just returned from my most recent visit to my… property.

So exhilarating and life affirming was it that I can scarce keep the fingers of my free hand from manipulating my leaking and demanding cunt into yet another explosive release.

I had left my return for seven long hours – this after having dropped the possibility of "castration" into his nightmare – before returning to test his resolve to defy me once again.

Was I serious on the subject of removal?

In truth, I prayed there would be no need for me to prove so. Omar had made the point to me that, should the Englishman deprived of his jewels, then I too would be deprived of an ongoing source of mental torture and physical torment.

I had no desire to deprive myself in such a way but, with that said, I would not flinch from making the decision were the Englishman to prove… intractable.

As it turned out – as it most gloriously turned out – my threat had the desired effect and the removal of those items most precious to either him, or to any

other man with a desire to experience sexual release, proved disconcerting enough to him to ensure the sound of my footsteps descending the stone steps of the cellar to where he was confined had the required.

A result that, for me at least, was most desired.

The sight of him upon his knees, as close to "Persephone's Throne" as the chain attached to both far wall and neck-collar allowed, head lowered respectfully in just the way my parting request – demand - had insisted, was enough to make my young legs turn to pure liquid.

I leave you to imagine the condition to be found between them.

Of course, at first anyway, had his head not been lowered, and his thoughts not been preoccupied with the avoidance of the unmanning I had promised, he would have seen and heard that the feet supplying him with advance warning of my coming upon the stone were not sandaled any longer but shorn in a pair of highly expensive, if locally bought, low and spiked courts from a top Parisian fashion house.

He would also have seen that the burka was absent and that the legs above those feet were clad in the sheerest black pantyhose beneath a charcoal grey skirt that ended above the knee.

My form of dress – though my face remained covered by the scented niqab – was deliberate and had been suggested by Omar for both myself and Bushra during our first dealings – dealings in which he could see us at least – with the Englishman; even if my own apparel was, naturally, of a more elevated design and cost.

Where Omar had picked up his knowledge I have no idea; though he was a schoolmaster in a previous life; but he was adamant that such austere, not to mention functional and monochrome, dress would act upon our ex-public schoolboy in a way that was highly positive and detrimental – to him anyway.

Hence the white and tailored D&G shirt that clung to my hourglass shape and young breasts so tenaciously.

Taking my time and walking to the "Throne" with a confidence and swagger I did not feel, so great was the arousal that urged me to go to him and yank him by his matted and sweaty hair that he may apply the tongue I considered my property to my ravenous cunt, I seated myself and, extending my hosed legs before me, crossed them at the ankle in a pose intended to let him know I was totally at my ease – even if he was not.

The smell of him, by the way, was utterly repugnant and, had I not been its cause and, consequently, found it so incredible to be so, would have necessitated a voiding of the stomach. It was necessary, however, and I consoled my twitching nostrils by telling them he would not be in such a condition for much longer. Hopefully, and if he behaved, never again.
"The posture you have had the sense to adopt," I told him, "has probably just saved you your manhood."

His eyes were fixed upon the floor and I could tell how much of an effort it was for him not speak and to behave in such a submissive way towards me. So great was his fear of what I had threatened to have visited upon him. And, more satisfyingly, his belief in both my resolve and my authority to have such an atrocity carried out.

"I remain, however," I went on, "unconvinced entirely that such a course of action will not be best for you in the long run and would relieve you of much of that masculine angst likely to prevent you giving your best service to me from now on."

A flinch was visible beneath the soiled and stinking covering of his shirt and trousers and his hatred of me for subjecting him to such an ordeal and, more to the point, having the power to do so despite my tender years, was impossible to miss.

Even more impossible to miss was his fear of the consequences for his precious genitals should he continue to be… obstinate – even if I did catch his eyes flick an slightly upward glance in the direction of my shoes.

"Whether you are allowed to keep your cock and balls is a decision entirely for me as your owner…"

The flinch was even more pronounced as I continued:

"…to make. Though the sincerity of your subordination to me will go a long way to persuading me that you are worthy of my indulgence."

Before proceeding to matters more… pressing… for me, I decided to outline his situation just one more time to be on the safe side:

"I am not so lacking in intellect that I do not realise your current posture of supplication is adopted from pure fear of the loss you will experience should you defy me, so I will outline your situation one last time. After doing so, and if you are so stupid as to try my patience too much again, then you will truly deserve the treatment of which you will find yourself in painful and irrevocable receipt."

For a moment, I thought he was about to speak unbidden but, not being "so lacking in intellect", he remained silent and I continued, feeling my power grow over this beast of English provenance:

"You will be aware from exploring your confinement with the hood removed that there is no escape from it. No one is going to come and rescue you - even if anyone knew you were here. You are in a region unknown to you in a secure town and, even if you were to achieve the impossible and escape, there are no white Europeans to be found for hundreds of miles and you would be located and returned to me very speedily."

I gave him a few moments, then:

"And you know what would be the consequences upon that return."

His protracted, if unwilling silence, told me that he did indeed.

"Your options are either rebellion and castration, and - if that proves less… calming… than anticipated – a lifeless spell in the desert of the interior as the

carrion pick your bones clean."

I waited, then:

"Or, you may show me an acceptance that you realise life as you once knew it is now over and a decision upon your part to make the most of that which is left to you by becoming a thing of some small pride to your young master."

I could almost feel the wheels of his mind turning, almost enough to distract his thoughts from the constant distraction provided by the screaming of his confined shoulder muscles in their confinement. In fact, every time I used the word "Master" it was as if I had applied a live cable to his vulnerable flesh. Just the reaction I wished for and one, you may be assured, that was not lost upon the voracious entity residing under skirt and pantyhose.

"I shall give you a minute or so to consider this – in silence, with your head lowered as it should be," I told him. "However, when I speak next you would be advised to say and do exactly what will please me if you value your manhood. I neither listen to pleas and nor do I bargain with the likes of a creature such as you."

Utterly convinced the inflexibility of my actions towards him up to this point had convinced him I would act exactly as I promised, I was in no doubt my words were finally penetrating the self-regard instilled by a misplaced sense of racial superiority and that of his undeniable physical good looks.

"If," I went on, my Arabic becoming staccato and harsh to accentuate both the seriousness of my intent and my regard of him as no more than the lowliest of servants, "you show even the slightest intention of disobeying what I ask of you when that silence is over no power on this earth will prevent the downward sweep of the blade as it removes those balls of which you are so proud."

His head shook from side-to-side at this, almost violently, as if he were still attempting to shake himself free of a nightmare that, though it appeared to be lasting longer than the normal variety of horror-show, remained a dream just

the same.

The silence I allowed to ensue must have seemed both interminable and excruciating for him and, at the same time, seemed to bring every nerve ending in my body alive in a buzz of excitement and expectation. I have, I confess, been born and raised in a family of wealth where a certain amount of personal power is taken for granted – even for a young woman. But this was not some low-born Arab male I was in the process of dominating by sheer force of will and circumstance and neither was it one of my female servants who I preferred, anyway, to offer their loyalty from affection rather than coercion.

This was a capable, intelligent and well-educated, white, English and handsome male of middle-years who was, to all intents and purposes my property in the same way as my shoes, my pantyhose and my skirt.

I have never felt so alive and, though I know the horror my father and brothers would feel for their adored daughter and younger sister acting in such a fashion, I can no more veer from the path I have taken with this older Englishman than I can forego the necessity for oxygen and sustenance.

"The time for silence is over and you must make your decision," I told him after a length of, who knew what, time had elapsed."

He had not moved since I had stopped speaking and, apart from glances flicked at my, admittedly, shapely feet in their Parisian courts, had stared at the ground throughout. Yet another affirmation that my confidence in his coming submission was not misplaced. And, perhaps, an intimation of an attraction to an unsuspected part of my body that came to me – and perhaps him – as something of a pleasant shock.

Pleasant for me, anyway.

"I have in my hands," I informed him, "a pair of sharp scissors."

An involuntary shiver of horror ran through him as he made entirely the wrong assumption from my words and I almost gave out with a girlish giggle.

“No,” I assured him, quelling my dark amusement with no small effort. “I do not intend to remove your balls with them. That, if you give me cause, will be done by others with far more experience in such matters; for I have no intention of having you bleed to death when you can be so much more useful to me in a more… domestic... way.”

Despite his dire personal circumstances – and my ‘domestic’ reference - I could sense the relief flood through him at this and gave mental thanks to Omar for having put me on to this entirely fruitful avenue of persuasion to be applied to my possession; realising just how much power my own power over his retention of the apparatus defining his own manhood gave me.

“I will remain here in this chair for another minute or so,” I told him. “If, at the end of this time, you have not asked your Master…”

He flinched again.

Delightfully.

To me.

“…to use those scissors to cut your stinking European clothes from your filthy body, I will leave and the next human contact you will experience will come from the man I send to remove your scrotum.”

Strangely – or not so strangely, given that personal fastidiousness remarked upon earlier – there was no reaction of a negative kind from him and I anticipated seeing the body I had long lusted after sooner than I had expected.

“When you have made your request,” I went on, “and if I assent to it, I shall expect you to rise to your feet, head in the lowered position still, and your clothes will be removed that I may hose the filth from your body and you might be clothed in garments more befitting your servant status.”

There was no response and, despite knowing from the moment he had been

taken he was mine to do as I wished with, I thrilled at the knowledge I had truly gained the upper hand with him and he was beginning to respond to my control of him.

Without further ado, I fell silent, drawing it out for as long as I could, so pleasing was the sense of having the power to make this previously commanding and vibrant European male wait in silence until I decided to break it.

Then, finally:

"Do you have something you wish to ask your Master."

It was a power rush. No more and no less. The exercise of one young Muslim girl's will over that of a supposedly mentally and physically superior man perhaps twenty years or more her senior.

Something was wrong, though. I felt uneasy. I did not feel… right.

Until, that is, I realised the cause of my consternation.

So great was my excitement, I had stopped breathing!

The excitement about to be enhanced by his words not proving to be too much in the way of assistance either.

"I…"

His voice was almost a whisper as I felt sure I must pass out from lack of air before;

"I… I want you to cut off my clothes," he finished.

I waited, lungs bursting and not responding. Not yet. He needed to go further.

And soon did:

“I… want you to cut them off…”

My heart, I swear, leapt to my throat as I sensed the word about to leave a hesitant and unwilling English mouth.

“I want you to cut them off… Master.”
Not for the first time, and without any physical aid, grateful my English chattel’s eyes remained lowered to the stone floor, I climaxed.

It was only with a supreme effort of will that I recovered myself sufficiently to take him to task in a voice I hoped did not betray the pleasure his capitulation had just given me:

“I believe the English are brought up to be polite to their betters,” I reminded him.

The Adam’s Apple beneath his be-whiskered neck boobed convulsively and his eyes closed as if to blot out the humiliation both sound and vision provided him.

It was, however, not more than a few moments later, still with eyes closed, that the capitulation I had no doubt was coming duly arrived:

“I… I want you to…

His eyes opened and fixed upon one of the flagstones separating us, finding this first small tiny act of surrender difficult.

Very difficult indeed.

“…I want you to…to cut them off, hmm, Master…”

Again the eyes closed and I sensed the magic word was imminent:

“P-Please,” he added.

Even with my youth and elevated state of sexual euphoria it was impossible to

orgasm again in so short a space of time, but it was a close run thing. For even if he was dressing his capitulation to my demands in a way more appealing to his sense of masculinity, I knew differently. The power play between us – unequal as it had been since he had been taken by Omar and delivered to me – had just swung irrevocably in my direction.

It would not, I knew with the utmost certainty, be swinging back.

To emphasise to him that he had started down a track from which there was to be no turning back, I remained silent, content for him to remain kneeling before me as I settled back into Persephone's Throne; wondering if he would dare to make any move without my express command. I knew that the longer I made him stay in this position of shame at my feet with his eyes lowered the more it would emphasise to him that he was acting exactly as a slave would act. It was apposition from which I was no hurry to release him.

Or would not have been but for a certain impatience

"You may stand," I told him and he scrambled to his feet instantly, needing no second bidding – as anxious as I, it seemed, if for not entirely identical reasons to be rid of the soiled rags defiling his body.
"I am going to cut those disgusting rags from your body," I told him and then I am going to use some strong carbolic-soap and hose you down from the outlet you see on the far wall. It will be the first and last time I perform such a favour for you and I do not wish to see your eyes raise themselves any higher than my feet as I perform this lowly chore for one of my standing."

The former bodyguard and big-man around town, I could see, was in a world of utter misery and I loved being its architect.

"You may answer if you understand," I gave humiliating permission.

"Y-Yes," he answered without a pause, sounding a lot less arrogant and self-assured than he had not seven hours before. "I understand."

With that, and after placing my hands into the rubber gloves my staff had so thoughtfully provided, I rose from my throne and, as his eyes followed the

progress of my feet, moved behind him.

Not more than five wonderful minutes later, a naked Englishman who would never see his country again was standing in chains before me, the tattered and stinking remnants of what would be his last tangible connection to another life on the floor in pieces before him.

Even filthy and smelling his toned and tanned body, despite his early middle-years, threatened to make me swoon and I was glad to be out of sight behind him.

Omar had informed me that this would be a… 'delicate'… moment in my subjugation of him. When a newly-enslaved man, European or otherwise, is first stripped before his new owner it is often the first moment that he truly realises what has become of him. To have the hands of a stranger, in this instance a stranger who also happened to be a Muslim girl many years younger than him, inspect and fondle the body he had, naturally, always believed to be his own, including his most intimate parts, and have no say in the matter.

Certainly, I was aware that he was a sporty individual and would be used to appearing naked in front of other men in a changing room or communal shower. But, as wise, if obese and sweaty, Omar had pointed out, there is a huge psychological difference in being voluntarily naked before one's fellow free men and having one's clothes cut from one's body by a young girl in order that she may both clean and inspect the body that was once consider yours and yours alone.

The arms, still secured high up his back looked tensed and uncomfortable and they flinched when he felt my gloved hands inspect the globes of his arse. I sensed his humiliation at having me witness his shit-smeared buttocks and gloried in being able to do so. Even covered in his own excrement, however, those buttocks were taut and shapely..

Equally satisfying, was the fact he did not to move away from my invasive and unwelcome inspection.

Lingering long enough at the rear-view to gain a measure of composure, I pronounced myself ready to take in the front.

"Turn around," I ordered him. "Keep your eyes lowered."

He was not hesitating now and I realised it was simply his way of ensuring the ordeal ran its course more swiftly.

It made no difference.

I cannot fully describe the level of joy and satisfaction to which my spirits ascended simply from having this beast of a man move to my command.

Whatever reason he used to justify to himself his compliance.

Pacing around him before taking up a position a few paces from him, hands placed on my hips as I surveyed him, the front view proved equally, if not more, spectacular than its counterpart at the rear. His cock was a good-sized, without being huge and was also uncut. The balls below them that had proved so instrumental in changing his attitude were heavy and full and altogether pleasing – though the nest of hair in which they were covered would have to go along with the rest of his body-hair; which I was surprised to see was quite copious even for a middle-aged man of his somewhat Mediterranean colouring.

His nipple were large and attractive and were held high. Dark aureoles differentiated them even further from the surrounding skin. His stomach was as flat as I recalled from my spying of him when he worked out in the courtyard of my father's London residence and his legs muscled and shapely.

Staring at his cock at my leisure as he studiously eyed the flagstone ahead of my planted and imperious feet I pondered having him cut out of considerations of cleanliness. Then I remembered what Omar had said on the beauty of having an uncut slave and being able to order a circumcision at a time of one's choosing should a demonstration of control be required.

Schooled by Omar, who seemed to come to vibrant life when discussing the

penis of another man, I also knew that the foreskin I could see extending well beyond the end of the penis was by way of a bonus to me. It offered me the opportunity show my mastery of him – should I wish or feel the need to – twice. For with his long foreskin, I could have two cuts. The foreskin could be trimmed to a shorter and more manageable length, so that it was short enough to reveal his piss slit when the cock was at rest. And, later, I could have it removed entirely.

There would be two opportunities to show my mastery of his body.

Along with the fur covering his arms, legs and torso, there was a veritable forest of hair all around his cock and balls. So thick was it full viewing of the balls that had already impressed me were partially obscured. This, along with the other hair other than that atop his head – and perhaps even that at some time – would have to go.

Completely.

To my delight, he looked to be in superb condition overall. There were no visible signs of fat, or even of incipient fat that might be a problem later. He also had an all-over tan and this was less pleasing to me. My desire was for an Englishman as a slave. And I had it in my head that Englishman were lily-white.

No matter though, I had told myself. He would not, after all, be seeing much sunshine as my houseboy and body-servant. And tans on Europeans seldom lasted long without frequent exposure to either sunshine or spray-gun.

"This is much better and is something like the behaviour I expect from you from now on," I told him, knowing too well how such words would impact upon his dignity – especially as he was in position to refute them unless he had suddenly become heedless of his cock and balls.

Reaching behind me, I retrieved a bar of blood red carbolic soap that had been placed there by one of my women and strolled the few yards to the far wall and the water-outlet with hose attached to it before returning to stand

before him; gratified that his eyes were still lowered – even if I could not be sure if he had used the cover of my temporarily turned back to raise them.

"I am going to hose down your hair and body and lather it that you may not smell so offensive and I expect you to keep your eyes closed and maintain position at all times as I do so. The water will be cold so I advise you to brace yourself."

Some fifteen minutes later, it was a dispirited and humiliated former member of the UK's security forces who stood before his young master as she finished towelling him dry.

In truth, I had first thought there was absolutely no reason why I should perform such a humble task for a man who was, after all, my property. But Omar had insisted that my doing so, and my subsequent… handling… of him would have a huge impact upon the Englishman.

And not just the erect cock that sprang to life the moment my gloved hands began to soap it up.

An erection he would not be allowed to have without my permission from now on.

It was the first male cock I had really seen up close and certainly the first one I have handled, so it is no surprise that I was tempted to go further than I should. Thankfully, I realised that his erection was no tribute to any attraction I held for him and this favoured me with restraint. Yet the pleasure imparted to me as my gloved hand slid its length, progress eased by the lubrication of the carbolic that was also cleansing him of accumulated filth, could not be denied and the heady sensation both directing his actions and handling him just as I wished made any feelings he might have had on my behalf totally academic.

Feet apart, which I sensed already made a strange and surprising appeal to him, any lack of attraction towards me – and he had yet to see my face – was of small importance.

If Omar is right, however, then it will not be too long before he is so conditioned to my service and the need to please that the merest sight of me - be it my feet, my arse, my breasts or my plain and un-beauteous face – will have him attempting to come to full and painful erection in the cock-restraint I have chosen from those Omar showed me and in which I intend to have my white English property locked.

Though, if my enjoyment of my gloved and soaped hand gliding over his hardened penis before cupping his heavy balls to lather them is a guide, there will be many times when I will want him unlocked that we may…

Play.

There is much more for me to relate, but I am tired and it must be left for later.

I close this journal entry in a condition of high excitement.

Hanifah & Omar

“Was it as delightful as I assured your greatness it would be?” Omar asked, unneccesarily given he was being accorded the late-morning honour of taking honeyed tea with his employer on the balcony of her main living quarters and no greater example of her satisfaction – even if the greedy and amoral trafficker would have preferred it to be shown with hard cash – could have been forthcoming than the intimacy she with which she was currently favouring him as he sat opposite her beneath the shade of an awning and he gazed out appreciatively upon the view provided by other, equally palatial, properties upon the lake frontage.

In the distance, to the centre of the exclusive and secure development, could be seen the minaret of the town mosque that was surrounded by the exclusive Western shops those of wealth seemed to favour; the assistants in those shops being housed in a separate development further in from the lake and paid a fortune on their short-term contracts as a compensation for their service that made them as loyal and uncommunicative to those who would attempt to pry as they were unobtrusive and deferential to the development’s inhabitants.

The penalties they could fetch down upon themselves were they otherwise, of course, yet another cogent reason for their terseness to strangers, trustworthiness and dependability.

“It was wonderful, Omar,” the young woman assured him, feeling free to speak her most intimate thoughts in the presence of the slaver and explaining her extension of the invitation to join her in a more… *social*… setting. Even if he was and remained without any worthwhile and discernible morality and would, she felt sure, have as willingly sacrificed his own children to servitude

along with the Englishman had the price been high enough. Just the same, and for all that he came nowhere close to her as an equal, it was that very lack of the ethical and moral in himself, along with the surprising presence of the self-aware, that ensured he was un-judgemental when it came to the… *desires*… of others.

In short, he was a person to whom she could speak freely.

"It is an experience, as your greatness may have surmised, though in a less exalted manner," he told her, "that I have known on a few occasions and, once experienced, makes all other human interaction of a sexual and emotional kind seem somehow… *trivial*."

Hanifah Al Jabiri had nodded an assent to this, unable to refute what was, even at this early stage of her domination of the Englishman, the most exciting event of her young life.

"To realise one has total control over a fellow human-being, no matter how lowly he or she may be, is indeed the most potent of aphrodisiac's known to me," Omar continued.

Again she nodded.
"It is, however, if I may be so bold, your greatness, an aphrodisiac that, once experienced, is likely to make the more everyday indulgence in matters of the sexual seem somewhat… *tame.*"

Waiting to ensure he was not speaking *too* boldly and re-assured by her nodding head that this was not the case, Omar went on:

"I sense, though, that this does not concern your greatness and such… *indulgence*… of a more normal variety lacks the necessary… *spice*… anyway?"

"You sense correctly, Omar," Hanifah answered, telling herself as she did so that there was no other man – perhaps even woman – on the planet with whom she would and could discuss matters of such a nature and grateful for the liberation the older man's own shortcomings and lack of the ethical

supplied that she may speak her most intimate thoughts without considering herself judged.

“And you are right suspect that my interest in the more everyday and by-the-numbers indulgence in matters sexual is now virtually nil – not that it could be said to be high prior to witnessing the Englishman’s breaking.”

The fat trafficker’s expression took on a genuine air of surprise.

“You consider him broken then? After so short a space of time.

Hanifah Al Jabiri nodded, eyes sparkling behind the niqab Omar’s standing as both employee and man - together with the fact they were in the privacy of the home she owned – did *not* compel her to wear.

“To see a previously proud, powerful and arrogant man taken so low, no matter how short the duration of time, could not fail to make me consider it,” she assured him. “No man who behaved as our enslaved Englishman behaved in my cellar yesterday evening, and before a young woman, could not possibly regard himself as a man in any of the ways generally accepted as defining the condition.”

The somewhat jerky way Omar fetched the cup of honeyed tea to his lips and the nervous bobbing of his Apple of Adam, as Christians described it, as he swallowed told her just how anxious he was to hear for himself the details of what she insisted was the Englishman’s… *“breaking”*.

“After your suggested threat of castration had secured the necessary compliance from him as a starting point,” she began, determined to start at the very beginning of this particular episode, “and I had cut the rags from his body and took in what I now owned fully for the first time, I felt powerful in the same way I imagine people of power from antiquity to have felt.”

Her eyes took on a faraway look as she contemplated her own words, before:

“Those fortunate citizens of a past time who found themselves free of the restraints of liberal intervention who were assured that their word was final

and there could be no higher temporal power to which they might find themselves accountable."
Now it was the trafficker's turn to nod as he continued to sip at his honeyed tea excitedly, contemplation and indulgence in the array of delicious titbits his young employer had insisted the maid and cook prepare – the same maid and cook he himself had provided for her service - forgotten for the moment.

A *"maid"*, he told himself with an internal smile, who would soon find her duties lightened considerably when the Englishman in the cellar was trained to the requisite level.

"Even as his recent denial ensured his uncut penis became erect beneath my gloved hands as they soaped him," Hanifah marveled, thoroughly enjoying the chance to relive the experience despite having only written it up in her journal the night before, "I could sense how much he resented the fact I was free to handle him in such a way while he was forced to simply stand in obedient silence and accept it. So different, from what I know of the man and his dealings with my sex and the submissive treatment he could once have expected from the women his looks sucked in on such a regular basis."

Omar was nodding at the justness, the proper punishment to be made by fate for his own treatment of both men and women not troubling him to any degree. But then how could it? A possibility must necessarily be perused before it became a concern.

Hanifah continued:

"A young girl – a young *Muslim* girl – was handling him as if he were of no more consequence than a child himself and there was not a thing he could do to prevent her from doing so. It was… *glorious*. "

Her expression, the trafficker noted with amusement was absolutely… *beatific*.

"And how, if I may ask," Omar prompted when she fell silent to reflect on the imagery inspired in her youthful thoughts by her own words on the same

subject, “did he react when you had hosed him down and towelled the water from his body before re-taking your… *‘throne’*… and removing your niqab?”

“Ah!” Hanifah exclaimed, reminded of yet another pleasure. “Now *that* was also interesting.”

“He recalled you from his days as your father’s bodyguard in London?”

Hanifah shook her head:

“Not to begin with,” she answered. “As the Prophet teaches the importance of truth so do I confess the features of my face are not beauteous and had not made much in the way of a lasting impression upon the self-regarding dog.”

She paused for a second and Omar was unsure whether she was simply regretting nature’s oversight in regard of her features or waiting for him to reassure her the opposite was true.

He decided, correctly, that it was the former and kept any insincere words of rebuttal to himself.

“It was not long after I had reminded him of his spell as my father’s official bodyguard, however, that he managed to recall the young daughter to whom he had paid such scant attention; though I am sure he could not have mistaken the longing looks she threw in his direction at that time, despite the camouflage of either burka or niqab.”

Omar waited, experienced in such matters as he was, enjoying having the young girl relate her own to him and excited to hear more in regard of the handsome Englishman who had been occupying more and more of his own… *private*… thoughts recently.

“I had given him permission to speak freely,” she went on, “and he used it – and what he foolishly saw as a chance to develop an intimacy between us through our past acquaintance – to attempt to reason his way from the life he now has ahead of him.”

“It is called the bargaining stage,” a smiling Omar educated her. “All prospective chattels go through it.”

He laughed:

“That they have absolutely nothing with which to bargain does not seem to occur to them.”

To the trafficker’s surprise, his young employer laughed out loud along with him. A girlish laugh befitting her age and utterly carefree. It was the first time she had done so and he found himself enchanted to be both its cause and its receipt.

“It was a *‘stage’* that did not endure for very long, Omar,” she said, using his first-name for the first time he could recall and reddening his cheeks with pride at her familiarity.

“You were businesslike and unyielding?”

“As the walls of Jerusalem wished they might have been for the infidel invader all those centuries ago,” she nodded.

“Your greatness has terms of reference to match her indomitable will,” Omar gave unctuous if partly sincere compliment.

“The fruits of the classical Western education my father insisted I take alongside my more everyday and native studies, Omar.”

“Your father was a wise, benevolent and powerful man, your greatness.”

“Yes,” she agreed, lips tight with sudden displeasure. “Too wise, benevolent and powerful to be treated in the offhand way I saw him treated by the creature currently residing in my cellar.”

Omar remained silent as, past anger triggered and stoking her intentions for the Englishman to a more molten degree, she pondered the security-man’s slighting of her revered parent and took solace from now being in a position

to make the man regret his offence.

She returned to earth and picked up from where she had left off:

“I again outlined to him that what future it pleased me for him to have would now be spent in my service. And in *whatever* capacity I saw fit. Then, after he had forgotten himself and become… *aggressive*… I rescinded my permission that he may speak freely.

She smirked:

“I also evoked the threat of his castration should he not obey.”

The trafficker nodded his approval of the use she had made of this universal male fear.

“I had assessed, you see,” she went on, “that the time was ripe.”

Omar smiled with anticipation, sensing the *“human interaction of a sexual and emotional kind”* that most interested him was about to be reached.

A single word left his lips:

“Mohab.”

The Breaking

Randall Mason had watched the robed black man approach with a mixture of surprise and anger. The little bitch he now remembered from his time looking after her old man back in England – the same little bitch responsible for his current predicament – was still seated in her chair and, he did not know how, a bleeper or some device, had summoned the short black man to the cellar.

“This is Mohab,” she told him. “He is going to teach you some humility.”

“Really,” he had responded, no stranger to physical threat, as unwelcome as his current vulnerable position made it. “Well, I suppose there’s not much I can do to stop him trussed up like this.”

Instead of answering him the girl, seated at her ease and dressed as if she were some kind of Arab school-ma’am, nodded at her black servitor and, to Mason’s surprise, the man she had called *“Mohab”* slipped out of his floor-length robe to stand completely naked in front of them. He was some three or four inches shorter than Mason and his coal black body was of the lean rather than the pronounced variety of muscle possessed by the Englishman. He was also devoid of hair from scalp to toe and back up to flaccid, if admittedly impressive, cock and heavy ball-sac and appeared totally obedient to the Arab bitch.

Despite the fact Mason was taller, more powerful and looked to be in better condition than the black man, he was concerned.

He was, hence his reminder to her of his bondage, in no real position to defend himself.

All the more reason for the Arab girl's next words to shock him:

"Release him from his chains and allow his limbs to recover, Mohab."

The black man, who appeared to be in his late-teens and had not yet spoken – Mason would soon discover that he was mute – nodded as his Arab mistress added:

"Then I wish this white dog to be suitably punished until he is ready to crawl to the feet of his young owner and beg her to stop his humiliation and admit he is no more than her lowly slave."

As Mason looked on with amazement, half-amused that she could even think this… *boy*… could punish a man such as him, let alone make him concede he was the *'slave'* of a none too attractive Muslim girl, he saw the naked black teen give his mistress an inquiring look, as if asking permission:

"Yes, Mohab," she answered, as if capable of divining his thoughts.

A look of excitement crossed the hairless youth's face and his young mistress nodded as she added:
"You may use him exactly as you wish unless I tell you otherwise."

Just over thirty minutes later, as both Arab girl and black boy regarded him in silence, a cleaned, unrestrained, and with life restored to the limbs kept in such restrictive confinement, Mason, surroundings and predicament notwithstanding, felt pretty much human again.

Which is exactly when his true enslavement began.

*****

Not one hour after the black boy known as Mohab had engaged the unrestrained Randall Mason in physical combat, it was a different Englishman who knelt on the floor at the feet of the Arab girl who insisted she owned him with his lips pressed to her hosed instep in a genuine attempt

to persuade her to end the black boy's usage of him that he may be left alone to reflect in silence and come to terms with the wreckage the boy had made of his manhood – if only in metaphysical terms.

It was a sight Hanifah Al-Jabiri, who had longed dreamed of similar such things, could never have believed possible until the appearance of the Englishman in her own land under an assumed name made the taking of him possible.

There, on all fours at her feet, limbs unrestrained and free, Randall Mason, formerly of the British Security Forces, remained with his lips pressed to the pointed toecap of her designer shoe as she gazed down at him with all the imperious contempt of the young girl for an older man who had just been forced to accept that she owned him.

But what sent, apart from the events of the previous hour she had witnessed, her orgasm soaring from runway to stratosphere without physical assistance of any kind was not just the fact of his obeisance but the presence behind him of the naked young Nubian as he thrust his sizable black cock into what had once been the older man's virgin arse-hole.

She had witnessed the first squaring off of the pair and the confidence of the white man as he had engaged with his younger, shorter and less well-built foe and watched that confidence ebb away as the older man's every attempt to assert himself was met with effortless ease by the young Nubian who was, at first, content simply to defend himself from the Englishman's efforts at subduing him.

Hanifah had no idea how long this particular phase of the contest she had set in motion had continued for but had watched it throughout with utter fascination at how the boy Omar had recommended to her so skillfully handled his older, larger, and physically stronger opponent.

Then, content it seemed that the Englishman possessed nothing in his armoury with which to trouble him, Mohab had started to assert himself.

It started with slaps to the Englishman's reddened and enraged face; delivered after each unsuccessful attempt the older man made to either apply a hold or deliver a punch, kick or chop.
The lightning speed of the black boy made it impossible for his foe to evade these demeaning and – it struck Hanifah in such a way, at least – womanly slaps.

It was, she had told herself, almost as if, the boy considered the white man unworthy of being fought as one man would fight another and had decided to humiliate him as a strong man would humiliate a woman in his power.

Later, Omar would confirm that this was exactly the intention.

It was not long before the Englishman's physical reserves were deserting him and he began to make attempt to step a few paces from his opponent that he may gain some space and time to catch his breath.

Only for Mohab, who looked as fresh as if their combat had just commenced, to close the short distance between him and again apply a humiliating slap to cheeks already reddened from both impact and humiliation.

Hanifah could feel the wetness beneath her pantyhose and only an effort of will and a need not to let the Englishman – even if he could have found time to notice through the destruction being wrought upon him. Not only had he been told he was to spend the rest of his life as the domestic possession of a young Muslim girl – bad enough to the self-pride of such a masculine specimen – but now he was being physically overmastered by a young black boy a year or so younger than the Muslim girl. And overmastered so effortlessly there could be no chance of him ever deluding himself it was a fluke brought about by debilitating earlier events.

"Eventually, he will be completely broken of all rebellion and disobedience save those experienced in his thoughts, your greatness," Omar had assured her. "Nothing is more guaranteed to break the spirit of the heterosexual and homophobic man – be he Arab, European or otherwise – than finding himself used by one of his own sex who is not only of a race he finds less…

substantial… but his junior by some years and smaller into the bargain – at least in terms of height and muscle mass. You will, I am sure, agree, your greatness, that we have no need of expensive psychologists to be aware of such a certainty."

He was right to be sure and she had agreed, won over from her initial doubts on the same subject.

"There is nothing more certain than that the spirit of the heterosexual male will be broken, and then to be shaped, by homoerotic encounters that are forced upon him against his will – even though it is important he remains free of restraint and can fight this usage of him."

The fat trafficker had thought carefully before broaching the subject of the approach he considered crucial and to run in tandem with the defilement of the Englishman's body and perception of himself as a man.

"It is also necessary at this stage, and despite the objections of your greatness, that he undergo a degree of physical punishment at the hands of the young black boy mastering him."
His employer had not responded and he had pressed on:

"This, twinned with his inability to prevent the sexual use his young and temporary master has made of his body only goes to compound his sense of failure as a man and underlines the power of the owner who has insisted he receive such treatment. That owner being *you*, your greatness."

To Omar's relief, his young female employer had actually nodded her agreement to this.

"Yes, Omar. I come to see that you are right. Such punishment, whatever that may be – and nothing that would mark my property permanently, you understand? – is necessary at this time and will only serve to remind my Englishman that he has no power of self-determination whatsoever. As with so many things, you are correct and I consent to allow your wisdom in such matters to guide me."

Hanifah's recall of the trafficker's words was halted abruptly as her full concentration came back to the scene unfolding before her.

Not for the first time, her breathing caught in her throat as she watched the increasingly dominant Mohab drag the exhausted Englishman to the stone floor and twisted an arm up his back towards his neck while draping him length wise across his sleek and coal black thighs, the former security man's shapely white arse staring up at him, vulnerable and defenceless.

Surely he was not…?

Her silent question was answered as the boy's hand descended and made resounding contact with those plump cushions of flesh she had so admired upon cutting his filthy trousers and underpants from him.

The sound of the contact echoed around the stone-walls of the cellar and fetched a small grunt from the defeated Englishman as his black master kept him in position via the pressure upon the arm twisted towards his neck.

Again and again, with metronome-like regularity, the hand of the black boy descended and Hanifah could only wonder at the levels of humiliation and personal despair the Englishman must surely feel for being unable to prevent himself being treated in such a way by someone who was, relatively, still a young boy. Not much more than a week ago he had been a vibrant and independent man with a steady stream of female admirers and, as far as am member of a country's security forces can be, the master of his own destiny. And now he was being held in place across the thighs of a young black boy and spanked upon the stone-floor of his young Muslim and female owner's cellar.

Yet another power-rush for that same young Muslim female who could barely keep her hands from herself.

The spanking continued remorselessly.
The mute Nubian seemed indefatigable as he turned his victim's buttocks a deeper and deeper shade of red until the pain became more than the white

man could bear and he began to scream out. Indecipherable grunts at first, then obscenities, and then, as his arse cheeks turned a shade of scarlet know to no artist alive, begging and pleading for it to stop.

It was incredible!

The ecstatic Hanifah could barely believe eyes and ears at the transformation she was witnessing as the hand continued fall and fall; not stopping or pausing even when the white man's begging and pleading turned to crying and sobbing.

Crying and sobbing that would not have been out of place upon the lips of an infant girl.

And all from no more than a simple spanking!

Hanifah Al-Jabiri once again gave undying thanks to the Prince who had not only sanctioned and arranged her taking of the Englishman but recommended Omar be the man to guide her. The fat traffickers shortcomings as a man forgotten as she gazed upon the success he had assured her the approach he had advised her to take was having. Advice, she told herself, she would reward over and above the sum she had agreed with the obese and oleaginous one.

It was not thirty minutes later that a shamed and docile Englishman, eyes puffy with tears he had not shed since childhood, stood with his hands behind his back in the centre of the cellar and accepted the silent directions of Mohab.

Not hesitating even, so great was the pain and humiliation of his spanking and his fear of the young black boy, when he was directed to stand before Hanifah as she ringed his scrotum with a thick metal band with what looked to be a small electrical device attached and proceeded to attach it to a cock cage which she locked shut as the Englishman screwed his eyes shut against the outrage she was perpetrating upon him and his inability to prevent her from doing so.

And worse for him was to come as Mohab re-attached the metal collar about his neck and yanked him down to his knees and sideways on from the girl who was his *real* master.

Eyes misted with shame once again as the Englishman was confronted by the head of a black and uncut cock that had, during the time he had been turned to be fitted with his cock-cage, become monstrously erect.

Beaten, and knowing what was expected of him, Randall Mason, former British Security Operative and womaniser, turned pleading eyes upon the young girl responsible for what was happening to him and begged, too shamed and near hysterical at what he was about to be forced to do to remember to address her in Arabic:

“Please… Master… Don’t do this. I… I beg you.!”
Delighted as she was that he had both begged and addressed her as *“Master”*, Hanifah had enough of her senses left to her not to respond and simply gave Mohab a nod.

It was not a moment later that Randall Mason felt his head jerked by the collar until he was facing his black victor and a hand took a handful of his hair to yank back his head that the mouth that had been too proud to kiss pussy might prepare to worship cock.

Black cock.

Mason kept his mouth shut, delaying the inevitable, but his refusal to yield lasted only for as long as it took Hanifah Al-Jabiri to aim the tiny remote control at his penis and send an excruciating burst of electricity surging through his genitals.

Had it not been for Mohab’s grip on both hair and collar, he would certainly have collapsed to the floor when the current was stopped and the rictus of convulsion ceased.

As it was, and the moment his breathing returned as normal and he was able to think once again, the mushroom head of his tormentor’s black prick

presented itself at his lips.

This time, and even as he saw it as the death of himself as a man, Randall Mason opened his mouth to have it filled with cock of another.

But it was only later, after he had brought the black boy to a spectacular completion that he had been forced to swallow by the hand holding the back of his head in place, that his *real* virginity had been taken.

This as he crouched on all fours at the feet of the young Muslim girl known as Hanifah Al-Jabiri and confessed himself both her property and her slave.

Epilogue

"Good dog," young Bushra praised the naked white-man as he crouched upon all-fours in her chambers and, under strict instruction not to touch her with his hands – or *'paws'* as she described them – lapped at her hairless Arab slit in the canine way she preferred and with the full permission of her mistress.

It was the morning of a day that represented the last time she would have the Englishman in such a position and would bring an end to the time he had spent sleeping in a basket at the foot of her bed until the mistress required to be entertained by her English pet.

A pet it was impossible to imagine in his past life as an English, to use the term loosely, gentleman, given that he was utterly naked apart from his cock-cage and had now been denuded – as per his owner's wishes – of all hair from to scalp.

For this last time, Bushra had mixed feelings. She had come to love the power she exercised over this white man forced to behave exactly as a canine while forbidden the use of human speech and mannerisms. Even the daily bathing of him that had fallen to her was a power rush like no other as she got to unlock the animal's penis from its confinement and soap and cleanse the subsequent eruption before bringing him close to the release he was proscribed and then applying the ice she had at her side for just such a purpose. Between herself and the mute Nubian who the white man feared with an intensity that made him shake at the black boy's presence, he had been taken about as low as a man of his kind can be taken without inducing insanity, but now the time had been reached when he was to fulfil his true purpose in the household of the mistress and, though she knew she would always be granted a measure of control over the man, it saddened the young serving girl to have his time with her as an animal under her supervision come to an end.

In fact, the Mistress would be on her way to collect him now and it was with relief that Bushra felt the slavish attentions of his tongue achieve the desired

effect and take her over the edge for the umpteenth time in the preceding month.

Just as well really as, not moments later, and with the Englishman still on all-fours between her legs, the door to her chambers opened and in strolled Hanifah Al-Jabiri, looking very western in her D&G denims and tight fitting Donna Karan tee-shirt, head uncovered and bare feet shod in pink spike heels purchased from a recent trip to the Knightsbridge of the country to which the emasculated man below her belonged.

“Heel for the Master,” Bushra told him, rising out of respect herself, and watched as he scurried to his owner’s feet and placed his lips upon the heel of her shoe.

Hanifah did not waste time on pleasantries as she addressed her property – property who now knew better than to move or raise his eyes until given express permission to do otherwise..

“Bushra tells me, and I have witnessed it for myself, that you have been a most admirable dog for her and that any disobedient or respectful actions you may have considered at one time now get no further than your unspoken thoughts.

“This pleases me and convinces me it is time that you once again become a man.”

Hanifah’s joy knew no bounds as the once-proud Englishman at her heel gave a little whimper and extended a tongue to lick at the shoe purchased in the land he would never see again.

“A very *lowly* man, of course,” she added, granting the watching Bushra a conspiratorial wink as she did so, “but one who will take a pride in being of service – no matter how trivial or personal that service may be – to his young owner.”

Hanifah addressed Bushra:

“Attach his lead to his collar, if you will, Bushra. It pleases me to walk him to my chambers for what will be – if he proves obedient and diligent – th last time.”

Not five seconds later the leather and chain lead was attached and held firmly in the hand of the tiny Arab girl who now owned a fellow human being in the same complete way she owned a television or a computer bought to provide her service.

“Today is the first day of his training as my own personal body-servant and I have decided that I will undertake to school him in the manner of his service to me that he is under no illusions as to what I expect.”

“You are very wise, Ms Hanifah,” Bushra applauded her. “I only hope that my own small efforts to ensure he… *pleases*… meet with your approval.”

Hanifah smiled:

“I have no doubt of it, Bushra. In fact, the first thing I intend to do upon reaching my room is to keep him in doggy-mode that I may savour the tongue you have trained so well for the first time in exactly the same way as you.

“I pray the dog pleases you, Ms Hanifah,” the serving girl offered.

“For his sake, so do I,” answered her young Muslim mistress, the consequences for his not doing so left unspoken.

“Without praising your property too much, Ms, I would say that he is now extremely adept at using his tongue to please a superior woman – an even more superior woman in your case – in the correct and respectful manner.”

“Then it is even more pressing that I experience this new… *trick*… you have taught my pet for myself,” Hanifah answered.

Her attention returned to the cur at her heel:

“Time for you to be introduced to the life of personal body-service that is yours from now on, Mr-Once-Self-Important-Englishman,” she said after a pause and gave a tug upon the leash. “Keep your nose close to your Master’s heel as we walk, in the way you have been taught, and do not make her break step or she will be angry.”

Like the well-schooled animal he had become, Randall Mason, formerly of the British Security Forces and one-time womaniser, reacted to the guidance of the lead.

and followed the heels of his owner from the room of her servant to make the short trip to what would be, just the same, a new life.

A life as the personal white body-servant of a young Muslim girl called *“Hanifah Al-Jabiri*”.

END