Ms Shafiqah

The Complete Two Parts

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Part One

Prologue

My name is Shafiqah.

It is the only name you will need to know me by.

You who eventually come across this journal must also be told that I write this simply for my own pleasure and that if you are reading these words I am either long since removed from this life or my private thoughts have been purloined after some fashion.

No matter.

Be this stolen or otherwise it is written in such a way as to make it impossible for any scandal to attach itself to my revered and beloved father who made my dream possible. Though I have little doubt that those of you who read this who are not of either my region, faith or mindset will certainly be scandalised. But then, how could you not be to find a young woman who is not only brutally honest about her passions and how she satisfies them but writes this simply as a means of reliving the deep joy of what perversion, as some would describe it, has brought her.

Aa I say, my name is Shafiqah and I am from…

No.

As I also say, I have no desire to give clues that would bring infidel opprobrium upon my ageing father's head so be content to know that, if you are American or European, my country is not yours.

And, to dwell on the subject of the respective merits possessed by these hypothetical countries, neither is it saddled by the troublesome notions of personal liberty that we find so unnatural and so against progress and which hamper your Western societies.

What I will tell you is that my country is oil-rich and I am the only daughter – the only child - of one of its wealthiest and most powerful men.

My mother having passed shortly after my birth it is not so surprising that he would revere his surviving offspring in such a way and it is fair to say that I am not just his only daughter but his *highly* regarded daughter, as well as his most vociferous and loyal ally.

And you must believe me when I tell you that my father is not wanting for support.

But, to reference my looks, it is only proper to say that it is not to these alone that I owe his devotion to me. Rather, it is a certain symbiotic likeness that makes our thinking indistinguishable from each other's and the loyalty of a father to his only daughter that is returned with equal amounts of love and sincerity. For though I have a young and firm body that is not displeasing to me, I must confess also that I am unlikely to ever be regarded a beauty by dint of my somewhat sharp and angular features and the scimitar nose that could equally accurately be described, and no doubt has been, as *"avian"*.
The *"kittenish"* and soft behaviour many women use to gain there ends is beyond me by reason of looks as well as temperament and I should sooner suffer the ancient punishment of impalement as beg a man for his favours – no matter how much they might prove to be in my interest.

I was educated at Oxford – though only money gained me entry and not academic ability - for which capacity I have none – and it was there that my dislike of the English, and especially their men, turned gradually to hatred and a need to have one of my very own that I may torment, dominate and, eventually, domesticate one of the breed.

In short I wanted a slave.

An English slave.

More than this, I wanted an English slave who would hate both his slavery and me but be conditioned, just the same, to obey and revere his Arab mistress.

You must make the most of this clue as to my exact nationality as no more

will be forthcoming.

Even as that *"English slave"* wishes to take my slender neck between his powerful hands and squeeze until the life leaves my eyes, my servant and creature would be so conditioned that he would obey despite his antipathy.

You who are reading this and hail from what is considered a more *"enlightened"* culture no doubt consider me frivolous and unrealistic in my perversity?

I must warn you that, if you decide to continue reading this journal that has somehow found its way into your hands, then you must be prepared to not only acknowledge such an error of judgement but concede that the men of your race – and most certainly the one to whom I will shortly be introducing you – are not, perhaps, the gods you have come to see them as being.

Do not be deluded, as most Western women are deluded, into believing that the women of my culture are held to be second class citizens by its men. This is a misconception as old as your history and equally as tiresome. It is only the low-grade man in my country who rules a woman through terror and violence and such a man is regarded as less than vermin by those true men whose women respect them for that reason.

Likewise, and the reading of this journal must persuade you, do not anchor yourself with the thought that it is only the Western woman who is truly liberated. This is a refusal to engage with a different reality and the ways in which the women of my region and faith come to terms with it. For there is no shortage of powerful and influential women throughout Islam and the Englishman I am about to bring to your attention would speak very eloquently on the subject were he to be given permission to do so by his Arab, and female, master.

Of course, in *my* world, of course, this man is seen and regarded as my personal property as - though our part of the world pays lip service to Western notions of democracy and personal freedoms - we know that the old

ways work best and that only by personal service to a superior can a person of inferior abilities and personal strength be fulfilled.

For the infidel, however, it is different and you have fashioned for yourself a mendacious world where weakness is applauded as moral strength and the more commanding individual vilified should he or she ever give vent to the superiority gifted them by nature.

It is a world I have lived in and visit still and, apart from a weakness for certain facets of its social make-up, have little in the way of time for.

Anyhow, it was a life of service to me that I intended for the man I had chosen. Even – *especially* - as he went about speaking down to me in his position as my tutor at Oxford. Though, fortunately, he had *not* been the necessary vessel my father's money had persuaded into the awarding of at least a respectable 2-1 in English Literature.

You will not be amazed to learn that very little of what I took in regarding the subject I studied actually *stayed* in.

Anyhow, my problem was that I enjoyed travelling and, though I preferred the luxury of hotels rather than the tiresome necessity of having homes dotted about the globe, all of them requiring upkeep and at least some expense of effort on my part, I liked to have a servant – a manservant – to wait upon me.

And wait upon me above and beyond the attentions of the hotel staff.

"Where is the problem?" I hear you ask. Surely, my father being as wealthy as he is, and given the region we inhabit, there must be no shortage of paupers willing to sell themselves into such servitude.

And you would be right to ask such a question. There is no shortage of such creatures and my father owns many like them. But where is the deep and abiding pleasure of domination in this for a young woman such as me, yet to reach her twenty-third year, who wishes to exert *absolute* dominion over a mature and adult male?

A mature and adult *English* male.

For all my praise of them, Arab men, for me anyway, make the most dull and uninteresting of servants and slaves. Any spark of rebellion that is in them – and it is rare that such a capacity is found – soon becomes so ludicrously servile it is obvious their fawning obedience is insincere. More akin, as a point of fact, to those ludicrous black-and-white Hollywood films shown so often on television. Films that depict the Arab man in one of two ways.

He is either the handsome and dashing, English educated, romantic love interest or, equally as stereotypical, the fawning and servile, sly, disloyal and mercenary, trader or flunkey.
And where is a strong Arab woman to find the pleasure in that?

No.

What I wanted was a male creature who was both unwilling yet trainable.

Someone who, through intense conditioning and the knowledge the life he had known was no more and that I was his only future, would become my slave even as he hated the knowledge I now considered him as such.

A man so well-conditioned and with no other options I would have no concern in having him accompany me on those trips I spoke of earlier.

A man, in fact, who would be seen as a young woman's servant by his fellow Westerners – and no doubt sneered at for the service he gave to an *"A-rab"* – but who would know himself at heart a slave.

This is what I had asked for when my father – he shares my detestation of the English even if he does approve of their educational accomplishments - called me at the house he had rented for me in Oxford that I may be comfortable as I studied. – after, of course, I had begged that he allow me to end my studies in this hateful place, full of people I despised who looked down upon me, by way of a gift for my upcoming twenty-years and one birthday.

To my sincere disappointment – a the time at least - my father had refused.

To allow me to curtail my studies, that is.

He would though, should I at least see out my remaining terms of study and knowing the carrot would convince me, give serious thought as to how my plans for my tutor could be accomplished and see to it when I graduated.

As urgently as I wished to leave Oxford, this was one gift I could not refuse.

By way of an intermediate birthday gift a manservant, hired from an agency in London, arrived at my Oxford address a few days later.

Very nice, but not at all what I had in mind.

Though the presence of the gaunt and somewhat serious man of middle-years sent by the agency did, at least, supply my imagination with many fruitful avenues of thought.

But, when it all boiled down to it, the man was, after all, a paid servant and with flunkeys of that nature there are many limitations for a… *"Master"*.

And imagination takes one only *so* far.

No matter how vast its scope.

Or vivid.
I remained excited by the promise of what was to come, just the same. To my knowledge, my father had never been known to break his word and the fact he took as many details from me regarding my tutor and would-be chattel made my lessons with the handsome and insufferable know-it-all almost bearable. It would, I knew, be no small feat on my part to endure the terms remaining to me. But my father had supplied me with the motivation to do just that. In fact the smile that lit up my eyes in what was usually a set, bored and displeased visage whenever my tutor could tear his attention from the other members of his tutorial – the prettier and Western students of a female variety that is - seemed to puzzle my late-thirty-something hate and lust

object.

But then, how could he possibly know that the moment I had made my request to my father and that request had been given consent, I already owned him as surely as I owned the unseen Jimmy Choos into which my feet nestled so comfortably beneath my burqa.

Before long, and as one of our revered holy-men stated, he would be seeing much, much more of me.

"And say to the faithful women to lower their gazes, and to guard their private parts, and not to display their beauty except what is apparent of it, and to extend their head-coverings to cover their bosoms, and not to display their beauty except to their husbands, or their fathers, or their husband's fathers, or their sons, or their husband's sons, or their brothers, or their brothers' sons, or their sisters' sons, or their womenfolk, or those slaves that their right hands rule."

My only addition to the wise words above, would have been that it would not be my right-hand alone that ruled him.

One

I had never known such levels of excitement when I again saw my Oxford tutor.

Excitement made all the more incredible by the fact he was here, in my father's secluded residence some miles outside the capital of… ?????.

Hooded and disorientated, he was crouched in the same dishevelled clothes he had been wearing when taken three days ago and was in one of the travelling cages more commonly seen in his country as they transported circus animals from one engagement to the next. His hair was longer than I remembered it and he had obviously allowed it to grow in the three months since the graduation he had markedly refrained from congratulating me upon. The handsome face that attracted me even as I wished the lips upon it to be placed upon the toes of my feet in abject subjugation was swarthy with several days growth and a little grey flecked the whiskers as evidence that I did indeed have a *"mature and adult male"* in my possession.

A mature and adult *English* it was my rock-solid intention remain in my ownership.

I could not see any detail of his body as he remained fully, if shabbily, clothed, but I knew he worked out and that his height of just under six-feet would be well complemented by his weight and shape.

I also knew that he had a wife and three children back in Oxford – the same wife behind whose back he had bedded a procession of pretty and willing students – and would *never* be seeing them again.

The feeling of power tingling through my veins from knowing that already, with one simple birthday request to my father, his life had been changed

irrevocably and that I now held his future in my hands was simply too exhilarating to describe. Making it better still was the knowledge that he had yet to be made aware of just how absolute was the situation in which he found himself.

Utter confusion as to the how, the where and the why, you may guess at for yourselves.

From my father, I discovered that he had been taken, as I have mentioned, three days before and I had not been informed of his presence in the cellar designed especially to hold him that my surprise and delight in finding him in my possession already might not be diluted.

You can well imagine just how effusive were the affections rained upon beloved father by devoted daughter.

“I cannot thank you enough for the trouble you have gone to, father. To be in a position to make this man the most obedient of servants is…”

“Slaves,” my father corrected. “He is only a servant when trained enough to accompany you beyond our borders.”

I gave him a mock bow of contrition and he laughed.

“By that, I mean at least his fellow Westerners will see him as a servant. We, and more importantly *you*, will know otherwise.”

Hurtling across to him I threw myself in his arms to kiss his smoothly shaven cheeks.

“You are the greatest man known to me,” I told him without a hint of any insincerity.

He had shrugged as if it was nothing. My father is a short and diminutive man yet, as many have discovered, there is nothing diminutive when it comes to his intelligence or strength of will. Also, he like me found Europeans, and especially Europeans of the *English* variety… *distasteful*.

If, you must understand, his distaste was made up of different components to that of his doted upon daughter.

“It was as nothing my jewel of a daughter,” he told me in that flowery language I heard upon his tongue only when addressing me.

“Whether it was or not, I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you.”

Again shrugging, he had continued:

“My people drugged him and had him crated in no time at all. Within two hours of having been acquired in Oxford he was safe and secure in the cargo hold of my private-jet and made undetectable by the immunity from customs supplied by that most efficacious of privileges, the diplomatic –bag. “One moment he was on his way home to his wife and children, together with a family meal, no doubt, the next he was waking, hooded and chained in our cellar. Where, at this very moment, your former tutor and now slave awaits you.”

There were other things father told me of concerning his *“acquisition”* and I could only marvel at my parent’s cleverness as well as the immaculate and fool-proof nature of his planning.

By the time I had descended to view my… *property*… I knew, and without the slightest doubt, that the man I would find there belonged to me.

Completely.

My task now was to ensure that *he* knew it.

In many of the ancient books I had read on the subject of breaking a man’s spirit but leaving the essence of the creature he had been behind – books I had found in my father’s own library - it had been mentioned that, often, the most highly intelligent of males succumbed to their conditioning the most speedily.

So long as one went about it in the correct way.

To do this most effectively, it was said, it was necessary that the male in question be made to realise there was no correcting his position and that his life from now on was to be ordained for him.

As opposed to the more stupid of underlings, with barely enough sense to prevent themselves spitting at the sun that they might put out the heat under which they laboured, those chattels of a more finely developed intelligence would, these books insisted, succumb to the inevitability of their situation and, in so doing, provide their trainer or trainers with the perfect platform from which to mould them to the specifications required.

Such a man was my new possession and the teachings of those ancient books had been something my wise father had kept in mind when devising the set of circumstances that would bind my *"creature"* to me most effectively. The dossier he had presented me with and with which I had familiarised myself before descending to the cellar was, in its own unique way, an illegal life-sentence for the one that cellar had been re-designed to hold.

I had my man!

Now it was time to set in motion the process of breaking his spirit and taking him as low he could be taken.

Prior to his remoulding as a good, subservient and utterly obedient, slave and travelling manservant.

I have always enjoyed a challenge – that of Oxford being of a variety interesting me not at all - and I was somewhat bored with the torment of the Arab slave who had been with me for some years now and whose unquestioning obedience was becoming irritating.

As irritating, in fact, as all obeisance irritated me when coming from one of the lower orders of whom my country possessed many.

So, if you are a likeminded woman reading this – and I am sure there will be

Western women amongst you should this journal be circulated to a wider readership - you will easily imagine the joy I felt at the prospect of owning this handsome and self-regarding Englishman.

An Englishman, you must remember, who had been *my* teacher, if you please!

A *"teacher"* whose former pupil was about mould into a most perfect chattel.

And go about doing so even as he hated me, and would continue to hate me, for having made him that way and for having ensured he would never again know anything of his wife and children or the life he knew before he was unfortunate enough to take a high attitude with me at Oxford.
Yes, I know what you are thinking.

Perhaps even those women amongst you who harbour desires of dominion over such a man as I.

Can such cruelty to a fellow traveller be justified, simply to satisfy a young woman's fantasies?

Believe me, I have had such thought s myself.

And immediately discounted.

It is, you see, the difference between a man or woman of real and natural power and those impostors who prefer to dream their desires rather than take the decisive action that would enable the living out of them in the clear light of day.

Do you recognise yourself in this description?

No matter. You are not to be blamed. We are made to be who we are and you can no more fight your personal timidity than I can overcome my desire to totally control another human being.

One of the secrets of success when it comes to men such as my father is

being able to train and promote trusted subordinates. This that they may carry out those tiresome and mundane tasks one has no wish to be troubled with but are, just the same, necessary. In this respect I was also blessed as my father had any number of like subordinates in his employ and I had the full use of them should their expertise or simple willingness to perform tasks others may find distasteful prove essential.

I believe you know of those *"tasks"* to which I refer but, on the unlikely basis you do not, allow me to be more graphic.

I refer to those duties involving discipline of the subject undergoing conditioning.

And, having heard me correctly, you now ask me what might those tasks entail?

To a woman who is reading this journal, I would suggest that you continue reading and try not to let impatience ruin what I promise will be a story of fulfilment and delight.

To a man?

Well…

Two

My father had left the residence by the time I descended to the cellars in order to travel to Kuwait for a necessary inspection of his oil-repository there.

For, no matter that his mastery of delegation freed up much time for him, he

remained a busy and ambitious man for whom to sit still was a positive torture.

This, not that my father would have interfered anyway, meant I had my former tutor all to myself and could call upon those I needed to assist as and when required.

During my descent, as I pictured myself before my captive former tutor, it amused me to visualise what I was about to do to this proud and self-regarding womaniser.

I was also trying to imagine the looks upon the oh, so superior faces of those fellow undergrads – so much prettier than their Arab colleague - were they able to witness the position in which she had the sex-god and faithless husband they had allowed to fuck them.

This last, I knew, was only a fantasy given the nature of what father had done to him – and quite illegally.

And a fantasy I would willingly forego rather than risk my beloved father's reputation.

But then, there was no harm in imagining such a scenario.

It also pleased me to think I was to be the one who would turn this *"sex-god"* into a perfectly trained slave and travelling factotum. Knowing as I did that, despite his undoubted intelligence and liberal background, he was like many men who are best described as *"closet racists"*. He would, I knew, and just like them, be repulsed by the prospect of close personal contact with females other than those of his own genetic ilk.

When his worthless white tongue made contact with my superior Arab pussy for the first time, I told myself I would insist he kept his eyes fixed upon mine as he went about an act that would be both worship and abject submission.

A *"tongue"*, while I am on the subject of it, I had overheard a number of my

fellow students wax lyrical about as they gossiped in a way that made them look exceptionally cheap and made me despise them all the more.

Though having heard the way they had spoken made my ownership of that… *"tongue"*… all the more precious to me.
To my surprise, my father had told me that my tutor had not been stripped.

But, when I questioned him as to his reasons and he explained why, I had yet another reason to feel reverence and gratitude for my superior, indulgent, and most definitely understanding of parents.

"I specified that he should be allowed to wear the clothes in which he was taken," my father began. "Though I know you are used to those countrymen of ours who have entered our service to be stripped, prior to the inspection of their bodies protocol and medical priorities insist upon."

I had nodded, knowing this was correct as I had been the one insisting upon it, but still at a loss as to where my father was going with this.

"This time, however," he went on, "my jewel is not dealing with the low-grade scum willing to sell themselves in such a way that their inferiority may be fed and watered. This time – though he *is* English and, therefore, very definitely low-grade – you are dealing with a cultivated and academically successful Westerner who, so you tell me is also intelligent on a social level. Is that not correct, my dearest only daughter?"

I was becoming impatient and allowed my impatience to show:

"You know the answer as well as I, father. Your people checked him out thoroughly and I would be most surprised if there were anything you did not know about him. And this includes the brand of underpants he prefers."

Loving me for my willingness to stand up to and correct him – within limits acceptable to his own sense of pride and what was and was not… *respectful*… and secure in the knowledge that, at heart, I was as devoted to him as he to me - my father chuckled:

“I believe some mention of Calvin Klein was made in the report,” he teased, continuing to be amused by my impatience as I wondered just how an investigator went about unearthing such intimate knowledge and drew the conclusion that, for the right sum, there were people who would go to any lengths to make just such a discovery.

His expression altered, becoming serious of a sudden, almost as if a switch had been thrown:

“To have one of our own vermin stripped of his clothes and made inspection of is no great matter,” he reminded me. “These are people with minimal to infinitesimal expectation who expect such treatment and see nothing out of the ordinary when it is duly delivered.”

“You have mentioned that once already,” I chided him, though the look he threw my way was not so indulgent this time and warned me I would be best to listen.

I did.

This was neither *“vermin”* nor a *“low-grade”* Englishman I was dealing with, after all.
This was my father and, as secure as I was in his love and devotion, I had seen enough evidence of his temper when turned upon others not to wish the same visited upon me.

A father, moreover, who was a proud and mega-successful tycoon with connections worldwide and had just given his daughter the gift of her most fevered and arousing dreams.

Adopting the look of a penitent and fixing adoring eyes upon him that were not *completely* manipulative, I waited for him to continue.

It took a few moments for the anger in his eyes to die but, when it did and he was satisfied his doted upon but feisty daughter would not interrupt again, he began once more:

“As I had been about to say,” he said, shooting me a reproving glance as he did so, “for a white and English professor of his years to be compelled to remove the garments concealing his private body parts before a woman of such tender years is quite a different and far more telling concession than that same demand being forced upon one of our own and native pieces of detritus.”

Sensing where he was leading I again marveled at my father’s forethought and the fact that he was always ahead of me.

Always!

It seemed to me, in fact, as if he knew my wishes and desires better than I knew them myself.

But then, the two of us so alike and in so many ways, that was exactly what he did know, having been there and experienced those desires for himself long before I had even been born.

Though, I presumed, *not* with a white and male professor of English literature from Oxford University.

“You had already informed me,” he went on, “that you wished him to remain hooded initially and I was insistent upon this necessity with the men engaged to acquire him,”

I nodded, anxious now to hear his thoughts.

“I was also specific that no violence was to be used towards him and he was not to be whipped or beaten – though I did insist at this stage that he be lightly, if securely, cuffed.”

Again I nodded, everything so far being as I had wished.

“After we have finished our discussion,” my father informed me, “and you descend to the cellar to view your property, you will notice that instead of the usual cuffing with the arms hanging loose behind him, that I asked for his

arms to be secured high up in the middle of his back when the cuffs were applied."

This was not something I had expressed a desire for and my quizzical expression conveyed that message to him while his own urged me to patience.

"Not so high as to be painful, you understand?" he asked, as if I had already divined his reasoning, which I hadn't, "but enough to make him uncomfortable and to let him know that only through good behaviour and compliance would that discomfort be eased."

A glimmer of light partly lit the path he was upon and I listened still more eagerly as he went on:

"It is a position that can only make him aware of just how helpless he is right now and the arms are held in place by a light chain affixed to the collar."

Despite myself my eyes flashed.

"A collar with your initials engraved upon it that is already about his neck," he added in what, for him, was a conciliatory tone.

Warned as I had been not to interrupt him again, he had, just the same, been unable to miss the look of disappointment written across my face as he realised he had intruded upon what should have fallen to me by right.

"It was remiss of me," he conceded immediately, willingness to correct himself only elevating his status in my eyes. "He is your property and it should have fallen to you to be able to look him in the eyes as you secured the collar about his neck that proclaimed him such."

His hands went wide, palms upwards in the gesture meant to invite forgiveness.

"Forgive your thoughtless father, wonderful Shafiqah."

I already had and my smile told him as much even as my words underlined the fact.

“As if there could ever be a time when I would not forgive the father who has given me everything,” I answered, already considering, just the same, the placing of another collar of my choice about my former tutor’s neck in the way my conciliatory parent described.

“You are my jewel,” he said with a mock bow as he sat opposite me, looking for all the world the successful business man in a sober and navy Saville Row suit that was just one of hundreds lining his personal wardrobes along with the Turnbull & Asser shirts and ties for which he had a particular weakness.

Enjoying the smile my *“avian”* features fashioned for him, he went on:

“Again, though,” he said, continuing where he had left off, “I insisted the arms not be secured to the neck so tightly it would cause him pain but in such a fashion that, if he tried to lower his arms he would receive a most unpleasant strangling sensation.”
I waited, still not totally sure of his reasoning and what lay behind it, though I trusted his judgement enough to know I would not be displeased by that which inspired it.

“I may have been wrong, my jewel, but I guessed that your intention in regard of your former teacher was to adopt the more mental torments to correct and mould his responses. In tandem with this, and by using discomfort rather than outright pain we concentrate his thoughts upon not just that discomfort itself but the person or persons with the power to make him endure it.”

The mist inside my head was beginning to clear.

“Were we to use pain alone as a method of bringing him to heel – though I am sure there will be times when such… *corrections*… are necessary – his only thought would be of the pain and, though he will eventually beg for it to be eased, he will not have had the space in his thoughts to consider his

situation and its helplessness."

I was nodding excitedly now, more and more au fait with this great man's advanced thought processes.

But then, I was his daughter.

"This way, my jewel, you will not only have the satisfaction of witnessing him beg you to ease his suffering but know also that he has had ample thinking time to apply his intelligence to the situation in which he has been placed."

"Father," I began, fully up to speed now and genuinely awed by his wisdom and forethought, "now it is I who asks your forgiveness for my earlier intrusion."

The delight he took in my humility and the simple pleasure of having pleased me creased the smooth and unlined features beneath the full head of black hair into a smile and, despite my disapproval of the hair-dye he used that made him look like a somewhat overage and Arab Superman, I could not help but be moved.

"You truly are the wisest and most considerate parent a girl such as I could have and I thank Allah that we were cut from the same cloth. How else could you divine my wishes so easily and accurately?"

"As I said, you are the jewel of my existence and there is no need for thanks."

He spread his arms wide:

"Now, come and kiss your father before he leaves and then descend to the cellar to unwrap your present."

Three

Taking the long and cool walk from the pristine white stucco walls and immaculate interior décor of my father's perfect and secluded country residence down the stone steps leading to the cellar, the unadorned brick of the walls descending lit only by the light from electric lamps in the form of flaming torches to lend an antique feel, the blood in my veins had almost felt as if it were molten as my thoughts raced at what awaited me there.

There were three levels to the cellar – if so grand and large a space can be described by such a simple one-word term and my acquisition waited for me in the bottom-most of those levels. Above his new, if temporary, home on the level above resided father's comprehensive wine-cellar, the collection and consumption of which he was almost as passionate about as he was passionate and obsessive when it came to the acquisition of wealth and power itself. This was the level I was now passing, having just left behind the upper level housing the comfortable but somewhat claustrophobic quarters, given we were underground and the rooms were without windows, of the five or so hand-picked staff who had been with us for years and were as devoted to my father and I as if they were the most highly trained of Bullmastiffs.

It struck me, and not for the first time, that for somebody who despised the French almost as much as he detested the English my father had no problem when it came to borrowing from their respective cultures – whether it be the wine that was kept below ground or the servants.

Then again, even the most reprehensible of races possessed at least one thing worthy of either envy or acquisition and, to my knowledge, there was no law against cherry-picking of such a kind.

Reaching the third level and moving past a large room given over to the housing of the air-conditioning equipment that ensured the whole house was kept at a bearable temperature, even here at so low a depth, I made my way to an imposing steel door.

It was here, behind this almost impenetrable barrier, that my no doubt bemused and outraged, not to mention terrified, former tutor awaited the opening salvo in what would be, unbeknownst to him, his new life.

What I was in absolutely no doubt about whatsoever was the fact he would not have experienced anything coming close to comfort in the past three days.

A lack that could only make him more… *amenable*.

As well as being cool, it was also deathly quiet this far down and not a sound from above penetrated. Here, deep below the earth, the noises we associate with normal life were entirely absent. Not that there was an abundance of such noises above either, given the secluded setting of my father's property and its extensive grounds.

A property and grounds now housing a handsome English professor who, unbeknownst to him, was about to be visited by his new and female owner.

The walls – my father had kept the foundations of an old fortress dating back to the Abbasid Caliphate and built over them - were three metres thick and *very* secure. In fact, so secure was the door leading to where my acquisition was held and so perfect the soundproofing surrounding his new… *quarters*… that had I somehow managed to forget his presence there he would have indubitably starved and dehydrated until death took him as a mercy.

My father had, being the meticulous believer in detail that he was, designed this level of the cellar especially to hold my tutor and had insisted this lowest of the sub-levels comprising the foundations of the old Abbasid fortress were furnished with everything I might need to break and train my property.

Like father like daughter.

Had I ever wondered from where my lust to control and dominate stemmed then I would have had no need to look further than my sire himself – even if his desire to rule revealed itself on a grander and more impersonal way than the one-to-one exercise of total control I had thus far had only limited

opportunities to exercise to this point in my young life.

And at no time until now upon a white and Western man.

A man who at thirty-nine was older than me by sixteen years and was not just my former tutor who had known a degree of authority over me but was, making it all the more delicious, *English*.

The massively heavy soundproofed door that led to my property was moved by hydraulics and slid open upon the entry of the correct sequence of four numbers upon the console to its side. Much expense had been spent that I may visit my property when required without requiring a servant at my side to perform the tiresome task of opening and closing doors. And, of course, that I may go about my visit with complete confidence that my privacy was inviolate.

Having had ample time to consider how I would train my former tutor, I had – before my father even suggested refraining from such a course - rejected the obvious route of simply breaking his spirit by causing him the pain that, while certain to deliver a broken slave, would also make me seem as unimaginative and barbaric as a certain strain of populist and generalising Westerner considered our culture and peoples to be.

When imbeciles of such an ilk decided to think at all, that is.

It would also run the risk of marking a body I intended to be unblemished, save for those markings proclaiming my ownership of it.

No.

The route of simple torture, though I had people on hand to apply it to him and would myself have enjoyed seeing him writhe and beg, was too…

Too…

Simple.

There were, after all, other ways of making him writhe and beg.

And much more besides.

What I wanted to achieve was no less than the creation of a once proud and macho womaniser into no more than a totally subservient and highly conditioned slave who, though he would hate me for as long as he drew breath, knew also that any life he might be permitted to live was at my behest and my behest only.

But I also knew this had to be done in such a way that the man who known only authority over me did so without being able to console himself it was only the fact of my father's influence and those people of his at my beck and call and ready to enforce my will that was responsible for his submission.

The application of pain would, I was in no doubt, play some part in his breaking but eventually it would be – had to be – my superior will to which he submitted.

And voluntarily so when he realised the only other option for him was the ending of his own life.

Should, that is, such a man I had often suspected of possessing a weak moral fibre to find it in himself to even attempt such a drastic form of escape.

The room I entered, this after the hydraulics had responded to my code and opened the door so silently I could barely hear it from a foot or so distant, was in two halves and not at all how I had imagined my father would have set it up.

"It is a surprise to you, my jewel," he had told me, "and I truly believe you will have much fun discovering its… *intricacies*."

And on this he had, as usual, been absolutely correct.

It was *"intricate"* and I did have *much fun"*.

So *"intricate"*, in fact, my father had left a type-written list of instructions in a slim folder that stared up at me from a table outside the heavy steel door.

This before I had even entered the combination to that door that had been written in the Arabic numerals I knew my tutor was unfamiliar with and were the very first entry bestriding the top of the folders first page.

In my mind, I had expected my father to go the traditional route and buy in to the puerile Western fears they held in regard of our race.

Yet, where I expected old, there was modern.

Where I had been sure would be dark, gloomy and pervasive, all was gleaming white and well-lit – even if the hooded and caged man in the other half of the chamber could not know it.

There were no fiendish torture devices visible and no muscle-bound and emasculated eunuchs on hand to vent the frustration of nothingness once visited upon them upon a white male in his turn.

It was, in short, a surprise.

My father had devised for my former tutor a very modern and highly personalised version of hell.

At least half of it, anyway.

The half of the cellar my list of instructions said was mine was a different to my creature's as the mall of our capital's Intercontinental Hotel was different to the most lowly of nearby souks.

It had been simply but comfortably furnished with a couch on which I could recline or sit. There was also a television that I might entertain myself and a laptop with an Internet connection - even at *this* level - that I might keep in touch with my few but close friends; though they, of course, knew nor could know anything of what their dear Shafiqah was doing.

Consulting the instructions, I opened a steel cabinet resting against one wall to see that it held the instruments and devices I might need if I intended to break my former tutor in the way I wished and had once – *vaguely* – expressed to my intuitive and farsighted father before changing my mind of my own accord. Everything I needed to live comfortably was in *my* half of the room and – though I did not intent to reside here for longer than was necessary, given my love of the luxury to be found in the house above – this was all to the good as I did not wish to have to leave the cellar if we had arrived at a key point in his *"breaking"* and my leaving would set the process back.

Aware the white noise being fed into his hood by the headphones set into it made him quite unaware of my presence, I fought the impatience I felt to begin working upon him and explored the surroundings my father had taken such pains to devise and put into effect for me.

The first door I opened took me into a bathroom suite with a sunken bath and a large separate shower. A wall cabinet above the basin was equipped with all the toiletries necessary for me to bathe and, more importantly, *be* bathed.

The other room in my half consisted of a well-equipped kitchen with a microwave cooker I knew how to operate and, not surprisingly given my upbringing, an oven and grill that I did not.

My tutor's half of the cellar was, and exactly as you would expect, completely different.

The thick and plush carpet into which my sandaled feet with deep purple toenails sank on my side of the divide transformed itself into bare and unyielding concrete on his.

Most uncomfortable when soft Western feet were force to stand upon it for any length of time.

I also noticed that the floor had the slightest and most imperceptible of slopes.

This puzzled me until I consulted the slim folder in my hand and realised the slope itself led towards a hole in the corner of his *"quarters"* that been set in the concrete itself and, according to the somewhat direct and to the point description I was reading – father was always one to call a spade a spade – was intended to serve as my former tutor's *"crap hole"*.

The ceiling above, also concrete, was imbedded with of shower outlets for which the instructions supplied an ample and easily guessed at explanation.

But wait.

Before I go on there is a matter in need of addressing.

It strikes me only now that I have not introduced the man it was my intention to break and enslave to a young woman of almost half his years.

By way of an introduction, allow me to remedy this oversight and use some snippets of the description given of my property as laid out in the report on his background supplied to my father:

Name: Redmond Barry
Age: 39
Sex; Male
Parents: William (father/retired-lecturer) – 65; Eunice (mother/housewife) - 68
Marital Status: Married to Emma – 42; three children – Thackeray (male); Becky; Honoria
Residence: Raleigh Park Road, Oxford – homeowner
Credit Rating: Solvent
Job Title: Thomas Warton Professor of English Literature
College: St. Catherine's
Period of Subject: 18th to 19th Century

The investigator/s had also supplied a brief chunk from his resume which I supply for you here and one that underlines something of the boredom his joyless teaching instilled in me:

"Building on the interests and expertise I've developed over many years, my research as well as my teaching for the foreseeable future will continue to centre on contextual interpretations of literature and culture from the time of Makepeace Thackeray. I shall carry on editing the works of Thackeray himself and attempt fresh readings of his writings through means of textual scholarship and archival enquiry.
More broadly, I am interested in issues of obscenity and censorship in late eighteenth and early nineteenth-century literature and will continue to explore the inter-relationship between eugenics and this period of literature"

When I tell you that such stilted language was not reserved for his research and writing on his pet subjects alone, you will have some idea of the joy my time spent attending his pompous and self-regarding tutorials delivered.

Unlike Thackeray's self-seeking rapscallion after whom he had been named and was the subject of a film from the seventies with which I decided to familiarise myself, he possessed nothing of the excitement of his namesake. "Redmond Barry" and I was convinced that, even with his handsome good looks and self-confidence, he would have had far more difficulty bedding the succession of undergrads queuing for the privilege were it not for the simple fact of tenure.

But enough of the life I have taken from him and let us return to that time when I was in the process of setting out to do just that.

In *"Redmond Barry's"* half of the cellar there were no switches or controls and it was bereft of furniture of any kind. Once he was free of his cage and allowed some movement at least, only the bare concrete floor would suffice as somewhere to sit or lie and, given the current form of his restraint, neither position would offer much in the way of comfort. On the other hand however, and even in his current caged condition, he was free to urinate or make solids whenever the urge took him.

Though there would be, and as you would expect, a price to pay for this freedom.

Restrained as he was, and when free of the cage now holding him, he would find himself prevented from unzipping his flies or lowering his trousers and would only be able to clean himself after voiding his bowels if the occupant of the other half of the cellar allowed him to do so by turning on the overhead shower spigots.

My father's genius was becoming more apparent to me by the second.

On one wall, underlying my sire's ingenuity, there was a drinking spigot.

Which was where any similarity with its everyday counterpart ended.

This version of a simple utility was tongue operated, you see.

But, while my former tutor could drink as he wished – and, blindfolded as he was I was not at all sure he would be able to located the spigot in order to quench his thirst unless I returned his sight to him beforehand - there was a provision for turning off this… *privilege*… from my side of the cellar.

What with the controls on the remote-control device that were explained by the list of instructions that allowed me to control both lighting and room-temperature – not to mention either chilling or warming the water that would rain down upon him from the ceiling spigots when I deemed he had earned such a… *treat* - I was already pretty much in full control of his day to day existence.
In respect of the air-conditioning and room temperature, my father had again thought of everything.

Just outside the bars separating our two halves, vents set into ceiling and floor and running the length of the cell confining him ensured I could remain comfortable and at ease upon my side while the temperature and general conditions within his could be made nay on intolerable.

I could, in effect, and if I so chose, afflict him with air that was fierce in its heat and intensity or make it so cold too long an exposure would result in hypothermia.

Misery inflicted as I watched at my ease and in utter comfort from the space next to his.

It was, I assure you, a most delicious sensation of power.

And *"power"* in its purest form.

That of one human being over another.

In this case, that of a young Arab woman over the arrogant and superior Englishman who had once presumed to teach her.

One set of controls remained and these baffled me.

Or at least they did until I consulted the instructions and discovered they were for the supply of water fed into the cellar through pipes running just under the concrete surface. This ensured I was, as well as being in control of his water supply – for either drinking *or* bathing - also in control of that water supply's temperature. The shower, should I choose to allow him to take one, could be adjusted to be scalding hot or icy cold and would change with some rapidity the temperature of the concrete floor on which the former Professor Redmond Barry chose to stand, sit or lay upon.

As I stated earlier, I had not planned to use any overt physical methods on him to begin with but I soon realised that adding to his *"discomfort"* via the use of heat or coldness could speed my breaking of him along.

I also realised that I needed to spend some time familiarising myself with the controller for the television.

And again, after having done so could only marvel at my father's attention to detail.

With the aid of my invaluable list of instructions, I soon worked out the screen could be swiveled to face either me or my former tutor.

Yet another carrot to dangle before a man used to working with his mind who would be screaming for diversion before very long.

Almost overwhelmed by gratitude for what my father had done for me and delighted to have mastered such complex instructions so quickly, I allowed myself to truly take in my property for the very first time since had been brought here.

Because my father had specified that his hands should be secured and chained high at his back while still clothed there had been more of a problem than usual in fitting him into one of the cages used hereabouts for the transport of livestock, which, coincidentally, was pretty much what he had become the moment my father's people had taken him.

The lower part of his back and arse, I noticed, were hard up against the bars to one side and his feet against the other and there was barely room for his curved-up back to get between his bent-up knees. It also appeared as if the barred and gated part of his cage that opened and closed was pressed down against his secured hands. This last being a necessity as, given that space within the cage was at a premium, it had been required he be pushed down hard to make him bend his head to the required low level.

All of the above, you might have guessed, impacting upon my vision and the plans I had for him in the way of advanced hydroponics to on a fast flowering and thirsty bud.

The object of my nightly fantasies whilst forced to study at his accursed university was caged and bound before me and was dependent upon me for the water he would drink and the food he would eat. Even the quality – temperature wise, at least – of the air he was to breathe would be of my choosing and whether he bathed or did not bathe was wholly my decision.

The power I felt at this moment turned my legs to mush and I was required to take a hold of the bars to support myself as a sigh of unbridled and perverse lust burst unbidden past the thick and sensuous lips I had glossed in the eventuality of allowing him to gaze upon his *owner* for the first time.

I sensed my property stir in his cramped captivity and worried for a moment that he might have divined my presence before I was ready for him to do so. Blessed, or cursed, decide for yourself, by a dramatic impulse, I wished his first sight of me to be as defining as possible. It was not something I wished a premature unveiling to ruin – even if the burqa I had worn in his presence at Oxford ensured he would not recognise me.

At least not until I spoke.

My worries, thankfully, were unfounded.

After all, with the low-level white noise being fed into the microphones sewn into his hood there was absolutely no chance of his being aware of anything other than the desire for the noise to be stopped and a release from his confinement.

The faint gurgling I could hear emanating from his cage being the groans an effective gag set inside the hood ensured were the only sounds he could make.
He must, I assured myself without anything approaching sympathy, be in a state of some extremis - mental anguish as well as physical discomfort brought on by his cramped confinement and a lack of food or water.

All *exactly* as I intended it should be.

Strangely enough, from being impatient to have one of my father's men remove his hood and have him see and recognise just who had perpetrated this outrage upon him, I found myself wanting to prolong the moment.

How much better would it be, I asked myself, if I were the one to switch off the white noise and remove his hood?

In fact, when I came to think of it, why would I even consider ceding such a pleasure to someone, no matter how loyal to my father and myself, who was in effect no more than a superior and freer example of the servant I intended the caged man before me to be in his turn?

No.

He would spend another excruciating night in his cage.

Then, and only then, sometime in the morning when I felt refreshed after a night's sleep in a luxurious bed, would I have him removed from his cramped captivity and secured with the hood still in place in his new quarters.

Decision made, I took a temporary leave of my former tutor and headed upwards towards the luxury and personal freedom that went with being the loved only daughter of a wise, bountiful and caring, father.

Though not before, in an act of uncharacteristic generosity, I switched the controls of the air-conditioning to a setting my property would find more comfortable as he spent yet another night in captivity while deprived of either food or water.

I was not, after all, completely heartless.

Part Two

Four

My dreams that night were, as you might imagine, fevered. I was a young Arab woman whose experience of sex thus far – with a man, at least - had been limited to my wanderings on the Internet and those ancient and erotic writings possessed by my father's library. Now, floors below my sumptuous sleeping quarters, secured in a cage in our cellar, in a country he would *never* leave, was my handsome, older, and oh so self-assured former tutor.

Small wonder then, after a night picturing the uses I would make of my property – none of which would involve the placing of his unworthy infidel penis in my superior Arab cunt – that I almost leapt from my bed into the hot and scented bath that had been drawn for me in my haste to make my usual ablutions before once again descending to view my…

Creature.

Yes! I recall telling myself, delighted to be able to refer to the man in such a way in the certainty I was neither dreaming nor exaggerating. It was the perfect description for him. Neither man nor animal but simply a living organism placed on this earth to be made useful to his new owner.

So it was with pulses racing that I gave the servants their morning instructions in the absence of my father – an unnecessary task given the rigor of their training but exercising our authority over the lower orders something both parent and daughter enjoyed. That task on this particular morning proving no less pleasing to me than it always had. Even if it was but an hors d'oeuvre for the more substantial breakfast to follow as I was eager now to let my former professor know into whose hands he had fallen and begin the training and conditioning I intended for him.

The echo of the high-heels I had worn deliberately for the occasion as they pecked against the stone steps leading down to his confinement only

exacerbated my sense of anticipation as I pictured his surprise when the hood was removed and he found himself confronted by a young Arab woman in her twenties, dressed in the most expensive Western designs and looking for all the world like a confident businesswoman.

That anticipation becoming still greater when my imagination flashed forward to picture the look upon his face when I at last decided to tell him into whose hands he had fallen.

If I am to be completely truthful though, I must confess I was not entirely without nerves as I descended. Not on account of my own safety, you must understand. Such a concern, given our location and my father's power and contacts, would be laughable.

The prospect, however, that my dreams and expectations in regard of my professor might prove a long way in excess of the actual reality was a concern.

And I was in no mood for an anti-climax.
My first sight of my English possession assure me I was in no danger of a disappointment.

As instructed, our people had taken him from his cage but left him hooded and clothed still and as I punched in the combination and the satisfyingly secure doors to his prison slid back, I saw that he had sunk down to the floor and was lying on his stomach. Still uncomfortable, of course, but far better than the cramped confinement of the cage and sitting against the wall with his hands cuffed high at the middle of his back. Also, with the white-noise muted, he heard my voice when I approached the bars and spoke the first English he would have heard since he had been taken.

"Stand up!" I ordered abruptly, evincing a satisfying wince of shock from him, though he made no attempt to rise from his belly. I wondered if he had recognised my voice but found it unlikely. The young Arab girl he had tutored was of such little interest to him he had spoken *at* her rather than *to* and it was hardly likely he would have filed the few words he had actually

heard from her in his memory.

“If you wish to be fed and watered and feel your arms free again while knowing the feeling of freshly laundered clothing upon your infidel flesh again, you will be advised to obey when I give you a command.”

The word *“infidel”* had been his first clue as to the who and where, if not the why, and I sensed him mulling it over beneath the hood – much good it would do him.

Clue or not, he struggled to his feet just the same and I could see the outline of urine
stains clearly visible at the front of the beige chinos he had been wearing when he had been… *acquired*.

He would, of course, be in a condition of some extremis and would have been on the verge of complete dehydration had it not been for the sparing amounts of water my people had squirted into his mouth beneath hood and ball gag. There was a drinking spigot but, even though he was no longer in his cage, he would have been unable to locate it through the hood. He was also unable to defecate in the usual way but would have long gotten over trying to restrain himself once he knew it was useless to do so.

My former tutor was standing at the bars now, having moved in the direction of my voice.

“I am not an unmerciful, Master,” I told him, the description of myself as such having the effect of making his head incline to the side beneath its hood, much the same way as a dog reacts when confronted with something beyond its limited capacities.

A reaction that was both apt and delightful.

“So long as you are perfectly obedient and show a willingness to be trained, you will always be adequately fed, watered and clothed.”

I could sense the marvel beneath the heavy black leather depriving him of

sight, his breathing tortuous through the ball-gag.

“At a minimum,” I told him, assured he had yet to place my voice and would not without my assistance, “I demand perfect respect from you at all times and anything less than that will result in physical as well as mental discipline.”

The smell from him was near unsupportable. And it was not *only* fear. So bad was it, in fact, I was forced to take a step back from the bars.

“The freedom you knew in your former life,” I went on, “is not something I can prevent you dreaming of making a return at some time in the future, but you will be much better served to keep such fond reminiscences to a minimum if you are to know anything approaching a life worth living in my service. That period of your life was lost to you forever the moment I decided to have you brought here. To long for something you will *never* know again serves only to make you misery that much more acute.”

Despite the lack of food and water, the ball-gag and hood and the constant discomfort provided by the position of his restrained arms, my words took pride of place in his mind and prompted the leather covered head to shake from side to side.

I could well understand his bewilderment.

One moment he had been a respected professor at one of the world’s leading education institutions, with a wife and a family and any number of willing undergrads queuing up to sample his faithless cock.

Now he was hooded and gagged – this after having been released from a… *cage*… and hearing a female who was, at this point, a stranger tell him his old life was over and that she now considered him in her *“service”*.

“I appreciate how fantastic this must seem to one of your race and liberal background,” I continued. “But in my land such things are normal and acceptable in certain powerful and privileged circles. Here, though it is mostly kept from outside eyes, slavery exists still and many Westerners such

as you have been… *acquired*… to spend the rest of their lives serving their superiors.

I allowed him some time to think on this.

“You are thousands of miles from the country of your birth and are no longer the tenured professor of a world famous university. There is no return to your old life and even if, miraculously, you managed to find your way from my country and back to your own, there would be a very different existence awaiting you.”

Deliberately not supplying an explanation as to the why his life would be so different, intending to savour the look on his face when I removed his hood and could see it, I allowed a long pause to ensue. Around us there was neither movement nor sound. Save, that is, for the shaking of his head and the tortured breathing accompanying it.

Then, in a stern voice that startled him:

“You are no longer a husband, a father, a professor and a ladies man,” I told him. “From the moment you were acquired you became the property of one lady and one lady only.”

Then, a few beats later:

“My name is Ms Shafiqah,” I announced grandly, giving him his biggest clue as to who had taken him yet, “And you are now my slave and plaything.”

If the mention of my name triggered any recognition in his head there was no sign detectable to me and I could well imagine the mixture of defiance, fear and anguish beneath the hood facing me.

That triad of emotions was not the only thing I pictured, however.

I knew that underneath that hood resided a handsome face that would be as fetching as I recalled it to be once he had been shaved from head to toe and stood before me with his sight restored. It was, after all, his handsome looks

and advanced age, together with his sense of self-worth and superiority, that made him so attractive to me. Even if his cock would never know the inside of my glorious young Arab cunt. Nor, to be more precise, the cunt of any other female. Regardless of race or colour.

“I am your Master now, and that is how I insist you address me when given permission to speak.”

Again, the hooded head inclined to the side and once more I was put in mind of some bemused and canine bi-ped, only the fact he was standing on those aforementioned two legs spoiling the illusion. But not for long, I told myself. He would soon be so well-trained he would drop to all-fours and come to heel with no more than a simple command of my choosing.

“If you wish to have your hood and ball-gag removed I suggest you acknowledge your acceptance of this by going to your knees and placing your hooded forehead to the floor. If I am pleased with the way you do this I may even be persuaded to release your arms from their current uncomfortable confinement.”

There was no movement from him and I sensed his dilemma. Nothing at this moment, I felt sure, would mean more to him than to be free of the constricting hood and ball-gag and be able to see, as well as feeling fresh – if air-conditioned – air upon his face. And as for his arms…

“I will make a mental count of three,” I told him. “If you are not in the position I require by that point I shall leave and you will be placed back in your cage for another night.”

To my surprise, the count of three was reached and, having expected this pampered forty-something Westerner to fold under the weight of his discomfort and my threat to prolong it, he remained upright in defiance of me.

I did not hesitate and, without either a word or a backward glance, I turned and left. My father had taught me well and I knew that to backtrack in the

slightest upon a threat should one be called was to give the impression of weakness. Battles were won by those who were patient enough and cool enough to keep their heads in the face of provocation.

And threats must *always* be acted upon.

As the doors hissed shut behind me I began the short climb to the servant's quarters to issue the instructions that would see my future manservant, pet and sex-slave confined back in his cage.

I also made a mental note to reinstitute the white noise.

Five

The following morning found a quite different sight waiting to greet me as I entered the quarters housing my property and immediately used the remote device controlling the thermostat to lower the oppressive temperature.

A temperature that was not a surprise to me as I had instructed young Khalisha, the lady's maid my captive professor was intended to replace, to make my property's night a warm one inside the cage to which my male attendants, Arif and Gamal had consigned him once again.

"You are entirely correct in your actions, my glory," said my father during our nightly telephone conversation that took place no matter where he happened to be in the world or what business he was engaged upon, as I had expected agreeing my course of action. "He must learn that your words are not hollow and that, no matter your youth and his advanced age, you hold the wherewithal to grant what small comforts he will know henceforth. To make a threat and allow him to call you upon it will be, albeit erroneously on his part, to lead him to suspect a certain weakness in your character he will be able to exploit for his own ends."

The snort I sent down the line to his hotel suite in Kuwait was utterly derisive.

Weakness?

In me?

As if!

The sun would turn to ice before I succumbed to such a lesser and more plebeian vice.

“I take it you are waiting until he is more… *amenable*… before equipping him with his new…”

My father broke off to laugh, enjoying the prospect of such a Westerner becoming the property of his daughter almost as much as that daughter herself.

“…With his new… *motivation*.”

I knew exactly to what he referred and could not deny the arousal the prospect of my own young hands *“equipping”* the former Professor Redmond Barry with his *“motivation”* evoked.

“I learned from you long ago, my revered father,” I reminded him, “how much more pleasurable are made our desires if we savour rather than rush their completion.

Not being – at least in this respect – any different from males the world over when it came to female flattery, no matter how genuine, I could almost picture my father’s satisfaction at the line’s end.

“I am sure you were a far more attentive pupil in respect of your father, my jewel,” he chuckled, “than ever you were to the inferior white wretch who now languishes in our cellar.”

“There is no comparison, my revered parent. You are a true man – a true *Arab* man. He is but a poor imitation of the form and will soon be even less convincing.”

“I have no doubt of what you say, my lovely Shafiqah. And can I expect to meet a newly tamed and obedient chattel when I return from my travels?”

“I have complete confidence that he will soon be as tamed and obedient as

you expect, father, though whether he will be so when you return from your absence rather depends upon the duration of your travels."

"I fly from Kuwait to New York tomorrow, my jewel. My business there will take a week or so and then it is back across the ocean to London before similar meetings in Berlin, Paris and Rome. I plan to be away no longer than a month."

"Then you can certainly expect to see a very obedient and respectful addition to our household when you return, father."

I was almost gushing as I finished:

"Our very first *white* slave!"

"Correction, my pride," he told me. "*Your* very first white slave."

With my father's praise, advice and confidence ringing in my ears I had descended to the cellars that morning again dressed as if I were an ultra-confident young businesswoman. The feet and legs upon which I prided myself, along with full and firm breasts and a precociously womanly hour-glass shape, balanced upon four-inch black spikes from Geiger and the hose clinging to my toned and shapely limbs was equally as stygian. The charcoal grey skirt of my Alexander McQueen suit ended a distance above my knees that was respectable but showed my legs off to best effect and I knew from having overheard conversations between my fellow female students – not to mention Professor Barry's reaction to seeing the legs they revealed to him during tutorials – that they would catch his attention.

Or, at least, they would, once the hood had been removed and he found his discomfort eased and more able to think something like normally.

That neither my face nor, indeed, my race would make much of an impact upon him sexually was of no concern to me.

My somewhat severe young features, with high cheekbones and a scimitar nose, were not, I knew, conducive to romance.

But romance, as you will know by now, was not something I either enjoyed or wanted and if my features were not an inspiration for that overrated commodity they were certainly capable of inspiring fear, despite my tender years.
As had been the case on the last two occasions I had taken my first steps into his prison, my inviolate and beautifully hairless and tended Arab cunt became so moist with desire I felt I must swoon from anticipation.

The sensations coursing through veins and along spinal cord to result in the ensuing flood made all the more powerful for the sight waiting to greet me.

There before me, on the wrong side of the bars separating us, and in exactly the position I had told him to adopt before leaving the day before, was Professor Redmond Barry.

He had been released from his cage and given enough water to prevent him from dehydrating – though no more – and he was in a bad way. In fact, had it not been for the bars against which the front of his hooded head rested, he would have collapsed to the floor, so great was the weakness instilled by his misery and discomfort.

Anguish that was both mental *and* physical.

And *exactly* as I intended it to be.

“Why is your head resting against the bars when I expressly told you I expected your forehead to be resting upon the floor when you are in my presence and until given permission to do otherwise?”

My voice as it broke the silence almost startled me, so it was no surprise that my former tutor flinched at the sound.

“Do so now,” I ordered.

There came no response save for the rasping of his breath through the ball-gag.

“Unless you wish me to leave you once more and have your body returned to its cage,” I added.

He had to be in a bad way by now – mentally as well as physically – and I felt certain the prospect of yet more time in his cage with arms tethered at his back while covered by the claustrophobic hood would provoke the first of what would be many submissions to me.

Sure enough, and before I had time to leave, he forced his head away from the bars and lowered it to the stone floor in the position of supplication I had described.

“Good,” I told him. “But do not forget or make me have to remind you again. The position you are now in is the one I expect you to adopt whenever I enter your presence or you are given leave to enter mine.”

As he was in neither a position nor a condition to respond I continued:

“I am now your Master and that is how I expect to be addressed by you from now on when, that is, you are given permission to speak.”
I could see the struggle going on in his head. He had been given only limited amounts of water – some of which could be seen staining the front of his chinos – and, despite having had no food for days now, he would be desperate to void himself of whatever solids his bowels still held. Bad enough for a civilised Westerner to have experienced the humiliation of being compelled to urinate in his trousers. But to soil himself with his own excrement would be unthinkable to him.

“All you need do to make things more comfortable for yourself is to be completely obedient to your young Master,” I told him, choosing my words carefully that they may humiliate this man who was used to being in a position of authority over women younger than himself. “If you wish me to remove your hood all you need do is kneel up and place your head through the bars.”

The alacrity with which he complied, almost before I had finished uttering

the words was evidence, if such was required, of his desperation to be free of at least one of his restrictions.

Despite the excitement having him in such a condition had provoked in me before I found myself entering new emotional and physical territory as I felt myself truly taking ownership of him for the first time. That it was no more than a small concession wrought from him by the levels of his discomfort made no difference. From small steps, after all, came those of a larger kind.

Steeling myself against the smell of him, I stepped forward to reach behind his proffered head and unfastened the Velcro keeping his hood in place before lifting it from him and tossing it to the floor behind me.

As I expected his eyes screwed shut against the sudden light and gave me time to inspect him. The hair I knew he prided himself upon so much for one of his middle-years was matted to his forehead by perspiration and his unshaven cheeks were grizzled with the grey depicting his age more accurately. Not since I had first entered his tutorial had I ever found him so attractive and I knew with certainty that this man would be serving me for a long, long time to come.
I also saw the collar my, for once, presumptuous father had placed around his neck without my leave. Eschewing my earlier intention to change it for another of my own choosing, I could do more than admire the metal with my initials at its centre. Thin enough not to be too restrictive to the creature wearing it, but sturdy enough to act as a reminder of that creature's status. A metal ring dangled at its front edge beneath my initials, for the attaching of a lead, and a tiny but secure padlock held it closed. Without access to the necessary cutting tools it could not be removed other than by the key that rested in the jewelry box in my bedroom, though, as a conscientious owner I did of course run my finger around the inside of the collar to make sure it was not chafing.

The former professor I had chosen to be my property flinched at my touch but did not attempt to move away and I knew it would be a few moments more before his eyes adjusted to the light and he beheld his young owner for the first time.

Well, at least the first time in this form and these circumstances.
I took the opportunity to take my inspection of him further and relished the sensation of his hot flesh against my finger as I ran it down his cheek. As stated, he had not shaved for days and his growth rasped beneath my touch as I ran it over his Adam's apple before returning my hands to the back of his head and unfastening yet more Velcro before taking the ball-gag from his mouth. With eyes still screwed shut against his first sight of light in days, the relief upon his face and the rush of air leaving him as if he had just been uncorked was huge.

“Are you hungry?” I asked unnecessarily as he tried to fix eyes that could not quite adjust to the artificial lighting upon me, knowing he had not eaten since having been taken. “Nod if you are, but do not speak without permission or the gag and the hood will be replaced and you will spend yet another long day in your cage.”

The threat served its purpose and I felt a thrill of pure pleasure as he nodded and I waited for his eyes to adjust a little more so that he may see me and I might thrill in his reaction to seeing just who it was who now *“owned”* him.

Even if I felt sure I would need to remind him of just *who* his owner was.

With his head lowered, the first thing he saw as his vision adjusted were my expensively shod feet and dark hose and I gauged his reaction as his gaze travelled upwards over my toned and shapely young legs towards my full yet conical breasts and the avian face I had made all the more stark by scraping my long raven black hair from its features and securing it at the back.

His mouth opened as he took me in fully for the first time and realised my youth. He would have spoken had it not been for the dryness of his throat and having been unable to use his voice for so long. An avoided error of which I was quick to remind him:

“Your inability to speak at this time just saved you from another day in your cage,” I said, eyes holding his despite the hatred beaming back at me. Hatred

I welcomed as I knew the services he would soon be forced to render me would be all the more insufferable to him as a result of such an emotion on his part.

I did not, after all, and as already explained, want a possession whose service was given freely.

Where could be found the pure joy of ownership in that?

I went on:

“You are no longer in your own country, in case the fact has escaped you, and there will be no-one coming to rescue you - even if anyone knew you were here. My father is one of the most powerful men in the land and you can expect no saviour with a social conscience amongst the native population to either effect your release or at least bring your plight to the attention of either your embassy, the media, or both. Nobody, and I mean nobody enters here without either mine or my father’s express authorisation.”

I gave the hate-filled eyes and equally venomous expression transfiguring his handsome features a few seconds to take this in before adding:

“Unless I choose to feed and water you, you will dehydrate and starve; whatever comes first.”

I could tell I had his attention – unsurprisingly.

“And I *will* let you starve, unless you show me that you accept, at least in some small measure to begin with, your new status. When your voice regains functionality and I give you permission, you need to ask me, and ask me properly, to feed and water you. And believe me, if I do not hear a very respectful *‘Master’* at some point in your request you will be returned to your cage.”

Though it could only have been moments, it seemed like long minutes as he considered his position before, after making strenuous attempts to clear his throat, the words came:

“I… I need to eat and drink…”

I waited, breath bated and anxious. For, though I was serious in my threat to have him replaced in his cage, my impatience was reaching high altitudes. I did not wish to wait any longer to begin my dismantling of him as a man that he may begin his new life as my creature.

Then, to my utter delight and just as I made certain I would have to follow through on my threat:

“…Master.”

I felt I should swoon, so amazing was it to hear the word escape the lips of my one-time educator, and it was only with a great effort that I kept the evidence of his effect upon me from my face.

“Good,” I told him. “We have made a start. Acceptance is key for you. The sooner you realise I have total control of your life and devote yourself to being my most pleasing of possessions the sooner you will find the life fate truly intended you to live and come to terms with your lot.”

Though he refrained from speaking, I could tell simply from his expression that intelligence and life-experience made my pronouncement inconceivable as well as risible to him. And yet, other considerations would be contradicting his reactions. Not least amongst them the fact that he had spent the last few days in a cage and was now on his knees before a young Arab woman he had yet to place. On his knees, moreover, with his arms restrained at the back as he was told his old life was now over by that same young Arab woman upon whom he was completely dependent.

And not *just* for food and water.

“Your Master wishes you to remain kneeling and shuffle across to the centre of your cell to wait for her there,” I told him, certain that referencing myself in the third-person would, somehow, exacerbate the already considerable feelings of utter humiliation he had to be experiencing as an older white

Englishman under the control of an Arab girl so many years his junior.

“Do so now!” I barked when he did not react, the change of tone in my voice, young age or not, bringing about the desired effect.

Stepping away from the bars when I was satisfied with his position, I moved to the cabinet and retrieved a pair of sharp scissors before pointing the remote control at the bars and watching the doors to his cell slide back.

He was staring up at me when I entered, eyes full of wonderment, outrage and, pleasingly, *fear*.

“Lower your eyes to my feet where they belong until you are given permission to raise them,” I told him, growing more and more confident that he would obey – no matter how great his distaste.

Handsome cheeks below the growth of grizzled facial hair reddened, but he did as I ordered.

“Your Master is going to cut and remove the soiled clothes from your stinking body,” I told him. “She could, of course, have a servant come and do this for her, but then she would be deprived of being the first of her household to see the naked body of her property as well as delivering it the message that she can do exactly as she wishes with her new slave.”

The word impacted upon his cosseted and liberal Western thoughts just as I had known it would and the lowered head shook from side-to-side.

“That is right,” I assured him. “I said *‘slave’* and that is exactly what you are. “You are no longer in Europe where such a status is inconceivable. Here, though we pay lip-service to your unrealistic Western notions, we remain true to the laws of nature and see it as no more than just that the weak serve the strong.”

I allowed him a few moments to consider my words before, considering actions far more… *compelling*:

“Do you wish to drink?”

It was a fatuous question as I knew he must be parched after having had only limited lubrication since he had been taken, but served the purpose of forcing him to ask – and respectfully – for something he had always taken for granted and to which he had once possessed free access.

“Yes,” he croaked out.

I waited, my silence charged with the electricity of foreboding and… *consequences*.
Then, in a low and, I applauded myself, somewhat beaten and resigned voice:

“Yes… M-Master,” he added.

The concession played upon my pussy in the way of virtuoso fingers upon a violin or cello.

“Then ask,” I reminded him.

His whole body seemed to tense at this and I knew he was swallowing back bitter draughts of bile mixed with shame.

Even if his physical need was greater.

“P-Please, may I have water… Master?”

Without answering I moved to the faucet set into the stone walls and took up a bowl that rested upon a shelf likewise set into the stone. Activating the water supply with my remote-device I filled the bowl and moved back to him. I set the bowl down a few paces away from him.

“Legs spread,” I said and thrilled as his kneeling stance complied.

His lowered eyes were now fixed upon the bowl and its water and I could tell his need was great – a fine time, I knew, to demand more from him and, by doing so, lead him slowly towards his complete and utter enslavement to me.

“You may now put your head down and kiss the feet of your Master as a sign or respect and gratitude for the water she provides you,” I told him.

Compliance this time was not so swift.

But it did happen.

As I all but orgasmed above him, my former tutor lowered his handsome head and placed his lips upon the toe of a Geiger shoe belonging to the young Arab girl to whom he had paid no attention during his supposed teaching of her and who now owned him.

It was a struggle not to slide fingers inside my pantyhose and bring myself off to the sight.

A struggle, my father’s advice on the joys to be gained from patience and restraint ringing in my ears, I won.

“Look up, Professor Barry,” I said addressing him formally and by name for the first time.

The eyes that raised themselves from my feet to stare into my eyes seemed shocked that I should know his name.
Or at least shocked that I would use it in such surroundings and in such an outlandish situation.

Not to mention my using it in the way of a pupil to a tutor.

Yet if I had expected – and I had – such usage to provide yet another clue as to the identity of his owner I was to be disappointed. Along with the fear and shame, all I could see, for want of a better description, was puzzlement. *Outraged* puzzlement.

“I use the address *‘Professor’* to remind you of your former status and to assure you that you will *never* be addressed in such a way again.”

His mouth opened and he was about to speak without permission until my flashing eyes – so great was his fear of the cage and his need for nourishment – stopped him in his tracks.

"All your former learning is as nothing now and you will soon be shown the realities of your new existence," I went on. "You are no longer in England or even Europe; not even what is generally described as *'the West'*. You are in *my* country and in *my* household. And in *my* household disobedience in slaves is not accepted and is punished most severely."

I gave him a few moments as his eyes fixed upon my face and showed – understandably since it had not been revealed to him during our time as student and professor – no recognition; though something in my voice did seem to make him more… *alert*.

"Is that clearly understood?" I asked, thoroughly enjoying myself and knowing my pleasure would only increase as his subjugation to me deepened.

"Please," he began, "why are you doing this?"

It was not the answer to the question he had been asked and, despite my reluctance to use force to school him and keep him on his knees where he belonged, I backhanded him across those handsome and grizzled cheeks.

Original intentions or not, it was thrilling to treat this older Englishman in such a way. He was older, more powerful, and certainly more intelligent, at least academically, but all these things were as nothing given his current circumstances. I was his junior by many years and a female of a race I was certain he found inferior, yet he could do no more than accept discipline from my youthful hand and slender fingers.

He had, I assured myself, experienced *nothing* yet.

"*Never*," I hissed at him as he stared up at me with a numbed expression, "presume to question your Master. You have much to learn and instant and complete obedience is the first of your lessons. Believe me, this is not a game or a whim on my part and you will spend what remains of your worthless life

finding some meaning in your service to me."

Despite what he had gone through in the previous days, I could see that my laying hands upon his person had made a profound effect upon him, introducing the fact that I could do as I wished with him and even *physically* correct his behaviour if the mood was upon me. The shock of being in such a position in respect of a young woman of my age and race heightened all the more by the fact he had – if he had ever experienced it at all in his cosseted lifetime – probably not been abused in such a way since his schooldays. I also knew that my next words, given his love of the joy it gave him, would have a still more profound effect upon him.

"My intention is that you will become the most attentive, slavish and devoted, companion and chattel it is possible for you to be and will remain at my side despite the fact you will, no doubt, forever hate me for having reduced you to such a condition."

The look in his eyes gave me no reason to doubt my own assertion but I knew it was what I was about to tell him that would concentrate his thoughts most:

"You are asking yourself, no doubt, what will be your motivation for serving me in such a way, should the punishments you will receive for not being pleasing prove insufficient?"

Again, his eyes told me that was exactly what he was thinking.

"That being the case, you should know that if your behaviour displeases me too greatly and you show no sign of coming to terms with my ownership of you I will have you castrated."

Red and humiliated cheeks became instantly pale and terrified.

"First your worthless English balls," I told him, gratified that he seemed to accept I was serious, "then, if your poor behaviour persists, that cock you are so proud of itself."

It was, I could see, beyond his Western sensibilities and I could almost hear

him questioning the impossibility of such cruelty being perpetrated on one man by another; let alone by a young girl.

“Please do not test me on this,” I advised him. “Though I do not intend your worthless infidel cock to ever know the honour of my superior Arab cunt, it pleases me to let you keep the evidence of what passes for your masculinity.”

Something like relief mixed itself with the other emotions fighting for prominence upon the features I found so attractive.

Relief soon to be replaced by bewilderment.

“Even if it is no longer your property.”

As he mulled my words over I moved behind him.

“Remain very still for your Master now,” I told him. “These scissors are exceptionally sharp and will open your flesh to the bone should you move at the wrong moment.”

I neither wished for nor expected a reply and simply began cutting the perspiration soaked material of what had once been a relatively expensive, if not Turnbull & Asser quality, linen shirt from his body. One cut, from collar to tail, and two more from sleeve to cuff, were enough to allow me to rip the stinking garment from his flesh and see the body – at least the upper half of it – that now belonged to me.

And what a good body he had for his age. Lean and not unduly muscled with only a little chest hair to denote his masculinity. I found his sleek pectorals particularly pleasing and was able to put the stench coming from him to the back of my mind, so great was my excitement at being able to… *handle*… him in such a free and easy way.

“Stand,” I ordered, once the shirt had been discarded and I had seen enough of his upper body to wish to see what resided below.

He did as I asked and with delight I realised his body was shaking with fear

and sheer humiliation as he realised I intended him to be naked before me.

Once again fighting the urge to thrust fevered fingers into my throbbing cunt, I collected myself and with a few cuts of the scissors ripped the urine stained trousers from his waist.

The soiled white underpants waiting to greet me were indeed, and just as my father's people had assured him they would be, of Calvin Klein provenance.

I took in the sight of him from behind and pronounced myself pleased. His buttocks filled out the underpants nicely and his legs were nicely toned despite his middle-years. There was no unsightly hair upon his back, though some downy fur did cover his legs, and I decided to let him keep his body, if not his pubic, hair – at least below the neck. It was my intention that he always have some small reminder of his manhood; even as I stripped from him his freedom to make use of it.

He flinched when he felt my fingers slip inside the waistband at the back of his underpants and his shaking was even more pronounced as he realised my intention ant that soon he would be before me naked.

One cut from the scissors and a pull, and he was.

As I already knew from father's report and the gossiping of my fellow undergrads, he had a cock that was not overly long but was certainly thick and I thrilled at the condition in which I would soon have it.

"Be assured," I said as I circled him, his head lowered without his having had to be told; from humiliation rather than any respect I felt certain, "that I have no more regard for your sensibilities than I do for those of a pet animal and you will discover that I intend to make use of you in ways you will hate but endure."

He said nothing to this and kept his eyes fixed resolutely to the stone floor, giving me ample opportunity to appraise his naked form unobserved.

I found it pleasing that he had big nipples and large aureoles to go with that

short but above-average cock.

A cock that was uncut!

Yet another way for me to exercise my complete control over him should I so choose.

I had read that circumcision for an adult male was excruciatingly painful and would be interested to learn *just* how painful t first-hand.

An added bonus with my owned professor was that his foreskin extended well beyond the end of the penis rather than stopping abruptly at the head. From my reading I knew that this presented me with two opportunities to exercise my autonomy over him should I choose. With a foreskin so long I could have two cuts at separate times. To begin with I could have his foreskin trimmed to a more revealing and shorter length. Long enough that it was still visible, but short enough to reveal his piss slit at those times when I wished his genitals to be visible. Later, of course, I could have it removed entirely.

Two exhilarating opportunities to show my mastery of his body.

As I suspect is usual with men – my practical experience as a good religious Arab girl had been necessarily limited to this point - no attention had been paid to the pubic hair and his was a complete mess. Thick and wiry it covered the whole of his groin area and his cock and balls were a veritable forest. It was, however, a minor matter and one young Khalisha would take great pleasure attending to for her Mistress.

“Kneel,” I told him and was gratified to see him obey without hesitation; though I felt sure his shaking legs, weak from confinement and lack of sustenance, would have given out on him soon anyway.

I backed up a little and regarded the delightful sight of my property as it knelt before me, arms restrained high at the back in a fashion that must have been highly uncomfortable but had the benefit for his owner of thrusting out the pectorals and large nipples I was in the process of admiring.

“When kneeling before your Master,” I told him. “you will keep your knees spread. Modesty is not for the likes of you and whether you are to be clothed or naked at a particular time is no longer your decision to make.”

Neither waiting for, nor needing, a reply I then gave him permission to drink from the bowl at my feet, knowing that with his arms bound as they were he would be forced to take in his liquid after the fashion of a dog.

A fashion I fully intended for him to adopt in the future.

Whether bound or not.
“Put your head down and drink,” I said.

So great was his need the prospect of slurping from his bowl like a pet animal made no impression upon him and he immediately lunged forward.

Which was when my foot, hosed and elegant in its expensive Geiger, slid the bowl of water out of his reach.

“From this moment on,” I told him, “you are completely dependent upon your Master for any sustenance she deems you worthy of receiving.”

A groan of need and frustration escaped him but I let it pass – this time.

“Understand, Dog?” I pressed, having determined upon the simple three letter address as his new name; though he was yet to know it. Unimaginative , I admit. But effective nonetheless.

“Y-Yes, hmmm, Master,” he croaked hesitantly.

“You will soon lose that hesitance,” I promised him. “I insist that you do, in fact. But your response will suffice for the moment. I shall now allow you to drink then, after that, your Master herself will hose and cleanse your filthy body before feeding you.”

The almost imperceptible shaking of his lowered head was evidence enough of just how the prospect of a young Arab woman washing and feeding him

was received.

And he had *still* to be informed of that Arab woman's identity.

I savoured the look on his handsome face when I decided the time was right to tell him just who I was then, with the same hosed foot that had slid it away, I returned the bowl to where he might reach it.

Six

The sight waiting to greet me the following morning was markedly different from that of the morning before and I made a mental note to do something nice for young Khalisa who had prepared my property to receive me. My servant had done a fine job, even with her limited English, in the instruction of the former Professor Redmond Barry. And, after all, even servants needed motivation at some point.

My pulse rate quickened as the doors hissed back and, at the sound of them, the man in his cell lowered himself to his knees and placed his forehead to the ground in exactly the way I myself had instructed Khalisha to instruct

him. I was dressed after the same fashion of the day before but in different, if equally as expensive, clothes. The clothes of yesterday had been gifted to my servant as an appreciation of her work but was not as generous a gesture as it may seem, given they had been soaked as I took it upon myself to hose and cleanse my property down. They were, anyhow, good enough to serve as a reward for a mere servant.

My thoughts had scarcely been able to rest on anything else other than the events of the day before and my evening had been spent satisfying my voracious pussy with either fingers or sex-aid as the imagery of my former tutor being hosed, soaped and handled by his former pupil refused to recede no matter how satisfying the completion supplied by its picturing. I had saved his genital area for last and almost felt dizzy with lust and power as I took his cock and balls in my hand and lathered them, slowly and thoroughly. That his cock showed no sign of responding to my handling I put down to his fear – though it did strike me, and with no small irritation, that the handsome former ladies' man who was now my property felt no attraction for his new owner.

If that were the case, I told myself, armed with the knowledge of exactly what I had planned for his cock and balls, it would soon change.

Being fed some nutritional biscuits from the hand of his Master after she was satisfied he was clean, however, would not have made her seem any more… *desirable*… to him.

Khalisha, I could tell, simply at first glance, had been very thorough in translating and implementing the requirements of her Mistress and the first thing to take my notice was the absence of the lustrous and still full locks atop the Englishman's head. These, I knew, were a source of pride to the vain older man and the shaving of his scalp would have only served to emphasise just how powerless he now was. He was indeed an *"Englishman abroad"* or, to put it more correctly, *"a slave"*.

My young servant had told me with much glee of just how easily she had gained his coercion by simply restating my intention to have him neutered should he not prove… *obedient*. She had told me this, in fact, while kneeling

before me in my sumptuous bedroom and during those moments when her tongue and lips were not too busy in the pleasuring of my sopping pussy. Her ministrations were, as usual, thorough and, even, loving, but they could not prevent me looking forward to that time when it was the tongue of my subjugated Englishman who paid his owner such homage.

“Kneel up, Dog,” I ordered him, back in the present and determined he should be addressed by no other name from now on.”

No matter how unimaginative it be.

As he did so, shamed eyes lowered, I could see the thatch of pubic hair that had displeased me yesterday was now gone and, apart from the downy hair upon his legs and some manly chest hair I wished to remain, he was totally denuded – and, with electrolysis, would forever remain so.

Triggering the release of his cell doors while knowing it would not be long before I had tamed him enough for such security to be superfluous, I stepped from plush carpet to stone floor and relished the sound of my heels as I stepped around his kneeling form to make my inspection.

I noted that where the base of his spine met the top of his arse there were two small “dimples” and found them very attractive, seeing them for some reason as yet another sign of his unwanted vulnerability. Generally, he looked to be in nice condition for his age and his body remained lean and toned without the presence of the muscle I found so unsightly and off-putting in all males save for those required for heavy physical work that befitted such lower order beasts of burden. There were no visible signs of fat and his skin was smooth and relatively unblemished save for the odd mole or liver-spot. But then, I was not looking for bodily perfection and, though it pleased me he was attractive, was more interested in bringing him to a position where his service to me could be described in such a way.

He was still kneeling obediently if, obviously, reluctantly and I decided that his nakedness was certainly enhanced by the metal collar engraved with my initials with which father had insisted he be fitted and to which a length of

chain at its back secured the arms of my property towards the shoulders so uncomfortably.

This also served to reinforce my desire to keep the collar my father had fitted without consulting me.

His obedience so far pleased me and I made a mental note to inform Khalisha of my pleasure with the results she had achieved on my behalf.

Standing before him, my hands on my hips authoritatively as I gazed down at his denuded and still lowered scalp, I marvelled at just how much this man and his life had been changed in only a matter of days and decided I wanted to hear his thoughts on the subject:

“Your Master is pleased with your obedience and you may raise your head and speak freely,” I told him.

When his head raised, even more handsome now thanks to his freshly shaven cheeks, I saw he was blushing deeply.

I also made sure he could see no pleasure upon my expression as I allowed him to see my eyes lingering on the exposed cock and ball-sac that seemed even more attractive to me now they were bereft of the usual pubic rain-forest.

“There is no need for embarrassment, Dog,” I told him, the wince my term of address won telling me how hateful he found being spoken to in such a way. “You will soon consider it no more than natural to appear before your Master naked, should she so choose. In fact, you will learn to piss, shit and even masturbate should she tell you such actions will amuse her.”

“Who are you?” he cried. “And why me?”

My smile told him I was disappointed.

“You truly have no idea, do you?”

He looked at me blankly, devoid of any clue it seemed.

“Despite having heard my name.”

His mind raced to recall what that name was, let alone from where he could possibly know it.

“Shafiqah,” I reminded him. “Does that not ring a bell or two?”

It did not

“But then, given that my religion forbade me from showing you my face and the fact you were more interested in seducing the more willing and pretty female students of my year, I should not be too surprised my name would have been forgotten by you.”

He was anything but a stupid man – vain, selfish, and self-regarding, yes, but not stupid – and I could see recognition coming to him.

“Shaf…? Shafiqah?” he muttered, the look upon his face telling me knowledge of my identity made his situation all the more… *grotesque*.

I nodded.

“That is right. Shafiqah your former, and much ignored, pupil.”

“But…?” But… why?” he protested, the knowledge it was a former pupil in whose presence he was – no matter his condition and her power – prompting him to act as if he still had some authority over her. “I have a wife and children. You… You know this. How could you do such a thing?”

“A wife you routinely cheated upon with a number of pretty undergrads,” I reminded him. “And all the time while she kept home for you and ensured your children were brought up correctly.

“Yes,” he admitted, unable to do anything else, “I admit I was unfaithful to her at times, but I’m still…”

“It was not my intent,” I overrode him, “but by taking you I have done your wife a great service as she is now free to find a man who will be loyal and appreciative of her.”

“And what of my children?” he demanded, anger growing. “Will they be better off without a father?”

I shrugged, letting him know it truly was of no concern to me but answering just the same:

“Ultimately, yes. I have seen your wife and she is an attractive woman. I have no doubt she will soon find a worthy man to replace you in both her bed and in the lives of her children. Believe me, you will soon be no more than a minor footnote in the biography of your former partner and offspring.”

“You’re a very sick young woman, Shafiqah. And if you think you can keep a man like me in such a way for any length of time your deluded too.”

“On the contrary,” I told him, enjoying his outburst of spirit, being as I was armed with the knowledge of what I had planned for him. “It is your culture and moral viewpoint that is *‘sick’*, as you say, and amongst my people it is totally in keeping with the natural order for the weak to serve the strong.”

“Natural order?” he repeated as if I were truly mad.

Again I nodded.

“As for being unable to keep you for any length of time, I would suggest that you are the one being delusional. Not only is your presence here not known to any save those utterly loyal to myself and my father but, if it were and you could arrange the miracle of a return to England, it would serve you no benefit as certain… *steps*… were taken in your homeland to ensure the life you knew there was taken from you – even in the impossible event of you ever finding yourself back there.”

“Wh-What steps?” he asked, clearly rattled by the prospect his reputation

could be harmed at home when his immediate prospects were so… *degrading*.

I told myself that perhaps he was not as intelligent as I took him to be.

“You will learn of them when I am ready,” I told him.

The eyes he turned towards me were tear-filled and imploring now as he finally realised how great was the power I held over him. Thanks in no small part to the efforts of Khalisa, despite her limited English, I was sure he felt completely convinced that I was not only serious about castrating him should he prove displeasing but had the power to order such an unmanning. Which I most certainly did.
“Please, Shafiqah,” he pleaded. “By all that’s decent and good about you, release me and allow me to return to my family. If I offended you in some way it was not intentional and…”

The second slap I fetched him was not only pleasing to me but halted him in his tracks and saved me the tiresome task of verbalising a refusal of his request. I stood above him and delighted in the tears that were flowing even more freely from his eyes and rejoiced in being their cause. My one-time tutor was below me – in *all* ways – and I fully intended he would remain that way for as long as it gave me pleasure.

A considerable time, I knew.

“What did you do wrong?” I asked him as if he were a child in a particularly strict kindergarten.

He averted his eyes, still not so broken he could bear to have a young woman such as me witness the shame of his unmanly tears.

“It is not a pleasure of mine to exercise physical punishment,” I lied, “but I will not hesitate to use something more drastic upon your body than the back of my hand if you do not answer when spoken to.”

I allowed this threat from young woman to older man a few seconds to sink

in, then:

“Now, I will ask you again: what did you do wrong?”

He was at a loss, to such a disadvantage had I put him, and the look of pure misery transfusing those handsome cheeks was all the more potent for it having been placed there by yours truly.

“You addressed me by name,” I told him, growing bolder and reaching down to take his chin between my fingers that I may raise his head and view the misery in those moist blue eyes more closely from my darker Arab counterparts. “Such informality is no longer for the likes of you and if you persist in addressing your superiors so casually the retribution you will receive for such impertinence will grow in its severity.”

I could tell he hated being spoken to in such a way and, worse, being forced to look into my eyes as I took him to task.

My response was, as you might have guessed already, of a more positive nature.

“How will you address me from now on?” I said in a low voice that, if the fear in his eyes were a guide, lost nothing in threat for not being louder.

Nothing seemed likely to exit his lips for a few moments and, just as I considered the uttering of another threat I would be compelled to act upon should he prove recalcitrant:

The word I needed to hear that passed his lips so softly I had to strain to hear it was no less delightful.

“M-Master.”

“Again and louder,” I demanded. “I want to hear conviction and respect.”

“Master,” he said, closing his eyes to blot out the shame of being compelled by one so young and of a gender and race he had treated both cavalierly and

disrespectfully – the latter in his thoughts at least.

“How dare you disrespect me by looking away,” I told him, releasing his chin to deliver the smooth surface of his freshly shaven cheeks a resounding smack. “Keep your eyes on your Master when she is speaking to you at all times, unless she orders otherwise.”

The eyes that aroused my darker passions flickered open and found mine, though I sensed he held my stare of mockery, threat and dominion, only with a great effort.

“Apologise to your Master for your insolence,” I demanded, confidence in my mastery of this handsome, older and more learned white Englishman growing by the second.

To my delight, and despite the hatred I could feel coming my way together with his fear, he did not hesitate.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

A whole confusion of wonderful sensations coursed through me at this instant concession and I made mental praise of those ancient books on the subject of human enslavement in my father’s library that insisted the more intelligent of men succumbed to a situation of hopelessness the swiftest and made the most pleasing of chattels.

“The proper form of contrition is *‘Your property apologises if he has caused offence, Master’*,” I told him, having made up the phrase on the spot and liking the obsequious sound of it.

Being one of those *“more intelligent”* of men of whom my father’s books spoke, he did not need to be prompted twice.

“Your property apologises if he has caused offence, Master,” he said, eyes holding mine as directed with an effort.

This time, rather than slapping his denuded scalp, I ran my hand over it the

way one would run a hand over the head of a pet who had just responded to a simple lesson, knowing the action would pain him almost as much as physical chastisement itself.

“That is good,” I told him. “Master is pleased with her Dog.”

Again, the lowly term evinced a wince from him but he knew better than to voice distaste for his new name.

“Now that you appear to have come to terms with the inevitability of your situation a little more fully,” I told him, this after taking a step back that I may view his kneeling form more fully, “I am going to make my first proper inspection of you.”

Again, he winced.

“I am not an untruthful or deceitful person and I will tell you now that I find your face and body to be extremely pleasing.”

If my praise pleased him it was impossible to find evidence of his pleasure and, if he had, it would not have survived my following words:

“Not pleasing in the way of my fawning fellow undergrads with whom you were so revered and took advantage of to cheat your wife, you should understand,” I assured him. “But more in the way of a domestic pet and manservant who will spend many attentive hours pleasing both the pussy and the anus of his young Master.”

Pleasure was certainly impossible to spot in his countenance now, even if horror and repugnance were not, and I knew with certainty that he would far rather take a scimitar to my private parts than a tongue. I could also see it sinking in with him that this was no temporary situation in which he found himself and that the carefree days of fucking and being idolised by young female undergrads with more academic capacity than self-respect were gone. And forever.

“I know young Khalisa explained that my threat to have you castrated should

I find you please less than pleasing and utterly obedient was a real one but, knowing your Western sensibilities, I am sure you find such a prospect unimaginable still. But trust me on this. I *will* have no hesitation in having your balls and cock – and in that order – removed should you test me."

"For heaven's sakes, Sa…" He caught himself with an effort that told me he was swiftly – just as the books had taught – becoming acclimatised to his new reality. "Please… *Master*… let me return home. I have never harmed you and my children…"

"You no longer have a home, a wife, or children," I cut across him. "Your place is at my feet from now on where all such Dogs should reside and only the *'Master'* in your last interruption saved you from being returned to both your hood and your cage. I am your life from this point on and the sooner you accept this cast iron fact the sooner you become the servant I require and find for yourself the status fate always intended for one so weak."

The look on his face seemed thoughtful and I sensed him asking himself – and for the first time – *"Am I truly as weak as this Arab bitch says?"*.

Thoughtful or not, he looked about to reply to this and, though I had given him permission to speak freely earlier, I wished to add a proviso:

"Whenever you wish to speak in future," I told him, "you will kneel before me and place your lips upon my feet before saying: *'Permission to speak, Master?'*. Failure to comply with my wishes in this regard on a regular basis could see the removal of your tongue to go with the loss of your cock and balls – no matter the use I would prefer to make of it."

Like his cock and balls, his tongue and what he saw as the articulate pearls of wisdom and seduction he allowed to drip from it were a source of pride and pleasure to him and the prospect of being denied the capacity to do so was no less than horrific to him.

I was, I congratulated myself, playing him beautifully.

"Again," I finished, "be assured of this and do not test my resolve."

It was, I told myself, the beauty of owning a dog who was not a dog but had enough intelligence – in this case, of an advanced nature – to ensure a minimum of effort was required by his owner to drum home a lesson.

Satisfied this particular lesson would be recalled and that his growing fear of the power I wielded and the misery I could inflict upon him would ensure coercion, I continued:

“As I told you before your interruption, I now intend to familiarise myself more closely with your general muscular development and bodily attributes. You are my property and it is only correct that I do so.”

For a moment, and despite having been handled by me when I hosed and soaped him previously, I almost expected him to vomit at the prospect of my inspecting him in such a way. He did not, however, and awaited me instead with knees spread wide in the posture I insisted upon.

“I know you will resent this initial inspection, but I also know you are sensible enough to realise that you have already understood you are in my power – even if a part of you cooperates at this point because you continue to hold out the hope that this is but a nightmare that will soon be brought to an end by those authorities who frown upon such activities. Believe me, Dog, the only authority you will know from here on out will be either mine or my father’s - should he choose to have any dealings with you. Though my people play the Western game and are officially opposed to such human trafficking, unofficially it is not only deemed acceptable but no more than rightful in the general scheme of things. Be completely assured, I own you now as much as I would own a real dog and I fully intend to inspect my property.”

I could see that a part of him still prayed that this was indeed the nightmare I had just spoken of and that he would soon awaken in the bed he and his wife shared in their Oxfordshire home and his faithless marital life could continue as normal.

That it would not and *could* not happen, and that I was responsible for taking

that life from him, was yet another example of the pure power I now wielded over this once respected educator.

“Whilst I feel you, do not try to squirm and twist your body away from my probing young fingers. To do so will be, at first, to invite another, and longer, stay in your cage. Do you understand?”

Very reluctantly, but with the fear I had instilled in him plainly obvious, I heard a low:

“Yes, Master.”

Not needing his understanding but enjoying making him admit to it, I began with his head and ran my hands over the shiny and smooth scalp that had once housed the hair of which he had been so vain.

“Khalisha has shaved you beautifully,” I told him, “but we will need to have the follicles removed permanently that the hair does not grow back and saves her the unnecessary task of having to keep you nice and smooth for your Master.”

The slightest of groans escaped him for the loss and I chucked him behind the ear with mock sympathy.

“Do not worry, Dog. You have no need of hair to impress the girls now and soon you will barely remember having had it at all. Why, my fellow undergrads would find it hard to recognise you even now; perhaps not even your wife and children.”

I put my hands on either side of his face, just under the ears, and gently probed his firm jaw line with my thumbs as his eyes darted to-and-thro as if in panic. But he made no sound and held himself still. Actually, I could sense that his lean and middle-aged body was not only still but rigid, muscles tensed and locked solid.

Next, I ran my hands lightly over his whole face, feeling the high cheekbones as I did, and again complimenting Khalisha on the smoothness of the cheeks I

would soon insist underwent electrolysis by way of a more permanent removal. He really was a handsome man with a very good bone structure that contributed to what had been formerly a generally confident and jaunty look only men who are supremely confident in their bodies and facial appearance possess. His ears were small and perfectly formed and I pondered having them pierced that I may adorn them with earrings of my choice. In fact, and though he had yet to realise it, he would never again choose anything, either by way of clothing or ornament, that adorned his body.

I smiled to myself at the thought.

This once philandering and self-confident man was something quite different already.

Amongst other things, he was already no more than the kind of toy he had no doubt bought for his children and would have no say in either the direction of his life or the choice of his clothes from now on.

Without asking, I worked his jaw open and inspected his teeth. I first of all rolled his upper lip up, and then his lower lip down. The teeth were white. And, despite the fact he was English, *all* in excellent condition.
Head completed, I then moved on down, only stopping briefly to feel the muscles in his neck that remained tensed from having his arms still secured at the back and attached to the metal collar whose engrave initials proclaimed my ownership of its wearer.

His biceps were good and lean and, even at this early stage I was considering whether I should have him ornamented, and if so, how, but that would be for a later date. The pecs, aureoles and nipples were pleasing and I felt sure the nipples themselves would be sensitive nipples.

His navel was a delightful pit in the middle of a relatively flat stomach and this pleased me also. I raised my hands to probe under his hairless armpits and wondered how Khalisha had managed to shave them knowing I had not given her permission to remove the manacles chained to his collar that would have provided her with more leeway to accomplish her task. They felt as

smooth as an infants.

“Stand before your Master now, Dog,” I ordered.

Instantly, even if he was shame-faced, he did so and I took my time to stroll behind him and inspect the rear view..

His thighs and calves were excellent and his arse – from which Khalisha had assured me she had needed to remove unsightly middle-aged hair and would also require electrolysis – was pert and attractive.

This left only his sex organs, now having been denuded since the last time I had taken them in my tiny hands to soap and lather them before rinsing.

They looked even more impressive without their pubic camouflage and I assured myself they would never be covered in such a way again.

I first cupped his balls in my hand and then gently separated each ball into one half of its sac and rolled it around. They balls themselves were low-hanging and swung freely and were made all the more attractive to me by one inescapable fact. They belonged to *me*.

And were about to become even more… *owned.*

The feel of his heavy sac resting upon the palm of my tiny hand was, as you might expect, quite, quite, delicious.

And totally empowering.

Finally, as he squirmed with shamed impotence and tried not flinch from me that I would either punish or have him punished, I examined his cock in great detail.

It felt heavy, soft, and warm at one and the same time as I laid it on my palm and teased the foreskin back, my intention being to see if, despite his fear and loathing, I could provoke him to an erection at my hands.

I could not.

It was, despite having read many descriptions concerning its anatomy and how best to manipulate it, the first live cock other than the battery-operated variety I had handled and my attempts to get it to full mast were, to an intense displeasure I was at pains to keep from my Dog, thwarted.

Releasing my grip, I again moved behind him that he would not see my disappointment at his lack of a manly response to me and vowed he would soon be experiencing a different reaction in the presence of his Master.

All in all though, I was pleased with his body and his sexual organs, and started to consider what I was about to do to them. I did not favour castration (though I would authorise it were he to prove less pleasing than I wished) and, given it was my intention he *never* know the inside of a woman's cunt again, vasectomy was pointless. But I did have other plans for his thick, meaty cock and knew it would look with the foreskin trimmed so that the tip of his cock head and his piss slit were exposed but his flange was concealed.

"From this point on, Dog," I said from behind him, quite recovered from the disappointment of not seeing him erect, "you must regard it as an honour and not a shame if your Master decides to handle you. Your body is now totally mine, and I will do as I wish with it."

I left the cell to make a visit to the credenza with the equipment I needed and returned to find him standing, abjectly and obediently, where I had left him.

"This," I began, holding up the titanium restrainer that was about to encircle both his scrotum and his cock – his *"motivation"* - and would only be removed when I chose, "is to ensure even the self-pleasuring you took for granted when you were a man…"

The inference he was a man no longer won the biggest wince so far.

"…can only be experienced from now on with the permission of your Master."

I neglected at that point to explain to him the other more… *disciplinary*… uses his new cock-cage could be put to via the circuitry inside the device and simply set about securing him into the restrainer that gave me full control of his manhood.

Believe me when I tell you, the artificial cock and balls upon which I had practiced securing his genitals made a poor substitute for the thrill of introducing the real life cock and balls of a man who now belonged to me into such captivity.

What my *"Dog"* himself experienced I leave you to guess at for yourselves.

Seven

When my father returned from his travels some five weeks later he was in a fine mood. It had taken him a week longer to secure the deals he had thought would take no more than a month to accomplish but had done so to his even greater advantage. He was also excited to see the progress I had made with my new and English manservant and, with that in mind, had fetched with him from my former tutor's homeland a gift he was sure I would enjoy as much as Professor Redmond Barry, as was, would not.

"How did he react when you showed him the newspaper?" my father asked as we lounged at our ease and partook of the tea that had once been described as *'the English vice'* and we had now made our own. "I trust it made him more receptive to his new life and made your initial training of him easier?"

I shook my head and smiled inwardly at the puzzled look I elicited from my wonderful and all-knowing parent.

"I did not show it to him until after his training was well under way and he

was already… *tame*," I told him.

His puzzlement only grew at this:

"But why would you neglect to use such a tool at so early a stage when it would have made your task so much less taxing?"

"I wanted to break him to my will without the use of such extraneous coercion," I told him and fully expected his look of displeasure.

"Then the trouble to which I went to gain you such a lever was wasted effort on my part."

It was not a question.

"Not at all, father. Not only was your effort on my behalf much appreciated by your devoted daughter but it fetched her even greater amusement when presented to her… *creature*" after she had broken him."

My thoughts returned to the events of two weeks before when, as my former professor knelt naked before me in his cell – this after having greeted me prostrate with forehead to the stone floor, arms released from their confinement at his back and chained lightly to a thin chain belt that circled his waist – he placed his lips upon my sandaled feet as required and without being bidden and knelt up with head lowered. He had not seen the newspaper I carried with me and, when I gave him leave to raise his head, he looked surprised. It was, after all, a copy of the English *"Times"*.

It was open to the seventh page and the leeway of the chains connecting his hands and arms to his waist was enough for him to accept it from me and scan the story waiting to greet him.
I will not go into a long-winded description of his reaction to what he read and the picture of him in happier, less controlled, days. Suffice it to say that the picture alongside his of a young woman he had never seen – a young woman from the area paid handsomely – who he was said to have forced oral sex upon, before having been interrupted by another of my father's people and fleeing, seemed to freeze the blood in his veins and took what small hope

he had still.

He had, of course, been reported as missing and this only seemed to underpin his guilt. The general consensus being that, given he had withdrawn no cash and that his passport remained at home, the shame of a court-trial and subsequent imprisonment had led him to take his own life somehow. Naturally, the search for him had continued but, equally as naturally, was petering out along with Police resources and public interest. His wife, convinced likewise of his guilt – especially when Police investigations unearthed a whole raft of affairs with various undergrads – had filed for separation with the courts and placed their home up for sale and moved from the area, determined to move on with her life and that of her children.

The life he had known and any hopes he might have held for a return to it was over.

“Trust me, my father,” I told an uncharacteristically sulk parent, “my only regret is that I did not record his reaction when I finally showed him how… *thorough*… your dismantling of him had been.”

He was thawing now, as he always did with me, and I decided to help the process along:

“I was also, despite my initial misgivings, delighted with the collar you placed him in for me and decided to keep it as a memento of my loving father’s taste and generosity.”

He was pleased, though he did not say as much, and I fully expected the question he asked next:

“And what of his… *motivation*?”

I smiled and he could do no more than smile back as he waited for me to describe the fitting of my Dog with his cock cage.

When I had done so and explained just how terrified Dog now was of having me activate the remote device that would trigger the tens units embedded in

the restrainers metal and deliver him either a painful reminder or extreme agony.

“Dog?” he asked when I had finished.

“I have named him so, yes,” I answered, sensing his thoughts.

“I intend no criticism, my glory, but is that not a little… unoriginal?”

I nodded.

“Intentionally so, father. To personalise him with a proper name – even one of my own choosing – would be to offer some small semblance of individuality. By making him accustomed to being referred to and addressed in such a demeaning and generalised way he will be forever reminded of his status.”

My father laughed good-naturedly, for all the world as if he were discussing a comedy or some other trivial but amusing event with me:

“I would have thought it enough of a reminder that he is in a strange land and forced to serve one of his former pupils with his white cock and balls secured in a cage.”

“Those facts help too,” I agreed and we both laughed together before I took up a silver bell at my side and rang it.

Knowing my former professor had been waiting for my summons outside in the hallway, I was not surprised by his instant entrance or the fact that he immediately prostrated himself at my feet with his forehead to the ground before edging forward to place his lips upon the toes of my bare feet as he had been taught.

He was naked and the cock-cage was visible; though the restraints upon his wrists were no longer necessary – even if I had decided to keep the chain belt locked upon him.

“This is Dog,” I told my father unnecessarily. “He is learning to be… *pleasing*.”

My tone became colder and less inclusive as I switched from Arabic to English and turned my attention back to my property:

“Dog, you are in the presence of my revered father. It is to his generosity as a parent that you owe the fact you are here. He is your Master equally as much as I and you will provide him with the respect and servility that befits a superior Arab man from a lowly white slave.”

“Do you keep Dog naked at all times, my glory?” father asked, ignoring the wretch at our feet and accepting my naming of it in the process.

“Up to now, father, yes.”

“Is he not, then, to perform tasks of a more… social… nature?”

“It is my intention that he will, once young Khalisha has trained him to the level required.”

His eyebrows raised.

“You are surprised, father?”

“Is she not a little too young for such a responsibility. Dog is, after all, a grown man – even if he is a very weak and pitiful specimen of manhood.”

“She has acquitted herself perfectly father and – though I reserve the use of punishment and correction via the cock-cage for myself – she has devised many ingenious ways of disciplining Dog herself.”

Our eyes both went to the hairless dome of the former professor who remained with his lips to my toes until given express permission to remove them. We were both thinking and delighting in the same thing. Namely: how excruciatingly embarrassing it must be for the man at our feet to hear himself spoken of in such a way.

“And is Dog learning his lessons?”

“Ask him for yourself, father,” I said, before, curtly: “Dog, crawl to the feet of your other Master, kiss them respectfully, and answer everything you are asked truthfully.”

Sensing his reluctance to do this for a *man*, I was nonetheless assured he would comply. He was in genuine fear of young Khalisha and her breaking and training of the older man had been thorough and unrelenting. But he was *terrified* of me. The certainty that I could not only order his cock and balls to be removed should I so choose, but could cause both incredible pain should I allow him to keep them should he not prove totally pleasing and obedient, was never far from his thoughts.

Especially when his tongue was put to the service of my ever needy cunt and the more humiliating task of both titillating and cleansing my Arab anus.

Within seconds he had slithered across to where my father sat, resplendent in the traditional Bedouin robes he enjoyed so much more than the necessary but restrictive Western suits in which he travelled abroad. Dog’s feelings of humiliation, hatred, and utter impotence, I knew, would be great as he placed his lips upon my father’s toes. But he did it just the same and I could not help but experience a thrill of pride for having taken him so low.

When he had been given position to kneel up with head lowered, my father spoke:

“Are you being a good slave for my wonderful daughter?” he asked.

“Y-Yes… Master,” answered the former professor, the slightest of hesitations before supplying the necessary form of respect telling both my father and I just how difficult he found it to debase himself before another man. Father,

Father switched his attention from the Englishman kneeling at his feet back to me and, still in English, said:

“Is he not a typical English man, my jewel?”

I nodded but said nothing, knowing my father intended to enlarge upon this theme.

“Not a man at all, really. He was born to be of service to his superiors and only the false and liberal attitudes of his misbegotten country led him to believe otherwise. To think this pitiful excuse for a male was once a professor to whom I entrusted your education. A professor? Pah!”
To my amazement, never having seen him do such a thing to another man, I watched as father placed a foot underneath Dog’s captive balls and jiggled them.

A shudder of what I knew to be pure revulsion greeted the intrusion and I gloried in my slave’s anguish and the fact he was totally powerless to prevent us from doing anything we wished with him.

“He is now exactly where nature and fate intended him to be,” father continued. “A real man would rather end his own existence than suffer such indignity, but I can see no such courage exists in this pitiful wretch. You are right to refer to him as *‘Dog’*, my jewel, and it is much to your credit that you have taken it upon yourself to give his life some meaning.”

My father gave me a conspiratorial smile before becoming stern with *our* creature.

“Raise your eyes to me, Dog, and behold a true man.”

The sheer authority and inflexibility of father’s visage that met my slave provoked another shudder and I could well understand the terror the former professor would feel. Nothing in his cossetted background could have prepared him for the life he was now intended to live and the presence of my father in the flowing robes that must have seemed at once archaic and threatening to him only served to underline the hopelessness of his situation. But what my father said next was as much a shock to me as it was to the wretch on his knees.

“My jewel,” he said, turning his gaze back to me, “you are old enough and well-read enough, through courtesy of my library, for your father to speak plainly of such things now and I will be truthful and say that Dog pleases me greatly.”

I knew a few moments of fear as it struck me that my father had decided he had use for such a learned servant himself, but his next words calmed m on the subject.

Even if they still shocked.

“He is, of course, your property to do with as you see fit,” he went on to my relief, “but you would please your father if you were to allow him to place his cock inside either the arse or the mouth of your creature when the need takes him.”

The look upon the former professor’s face was one of total shock mixed with fear and misery and mine was a match.

Save, that is, for the latter two reactions.

“This will come as a shock to you, my daughter. You who have never known your father to be with anyone but a female in terms of sex. But the prospect of making use of your slave appeals to me.”

I waited, observing how such usage made no appeal whatsoever to the wretch beneath us.

“He has a mouth that was made to worship a superior Arab cock as well as a superior Arab cunt and I am sure his lily-white English arse could be made to accommodate me also.”

It was indeed a shock, but a pleasant one. Father and I had obviously touched upon sexual matters before but never quite so graphically or personally. He was a more enlightened and intelligent Arab man than the norm and was aware of my intent never to marry or be penetrated by one of his own sex and I was sure he was aware of the sexual uses to which intended to put my

property, but we had yet to speak on the subject so openly.

“He is yours to wish whenever you feel the desire, father. But…”

“What is it, my jewel?”

“I would prefer, father, if we were the only two to make use of him in such a way from here on out.”

Father’s arms went wide as if anything else was unthinkable.

“My glory, you should know by now that I do not make gifts to the treasure of my life with preconditions.”

I neglected to remind him of his demand that I finish my studies as a *“pre-condition”* of ensuring my professor became mine.

“He is yours to do as you wish and, even if you were to prefer not to share him with your loving father, I would think no less of you.”

“Thank you father,” I told him. “But that is a situation we will never need address as I can think of no greater honour you can bestow upon my Dog than that of allowing him to worship your manhood.”

As my father glowed at yet another example of filial devotion and my Dog quailed beneath us in abject and impotent misery, I added:

“In fact, I was about have myself driven to the mall for some shopping if you wish to sample his worship in private…”

Epilogue

My father's guests had departed some hours since and we were both pleased to see them go. This, of course, was not linked to the cost of wining and dining some of the most venal, obsequious and thoroughly disingenuous members of what was laughingly called *"The Geneva Elite"*. At over $300000 a night, the Royal Penthouse Suite of The President Wilson Hotel was known throughout the world as the largest and most luxurious of hotel suites if the cost of this was as nothing then entertaining a gathering of Western vultures on the make was hardly likely to faze the company of accountants taxed to administer my father's holdings; especially as he owned the company anyhow. No. It was more the tiresome chore of having to be pleasant to people one had little or precisely no time for that my father's latest business ambitions might move forward smoothly that both irritated and exhausted.

Though watching Dog as he cleared up after their departure rather than call for the hotel staff was something of a compensation.

It was sometimes hard to believe that it had only been five months since I had acquired him and that this was the same man who had once tutored me. The passport upon which he travelled was a false one, of course, and should he be discovered using it the trail left behind in acquiring it would point only to him. Were I ever to be questioned as to how a former tutor came to be employed as my manservant I would simply say I did not recognise him given the physical changes in him and would pass of the cock-cage as simply a condition of his employment as a young Arab girl's servant imposed by my religion. That he was broken and beaten I had no doubt and I was also under no illusions regarding his unspoken feelings towards me.

How could he not hate me after all? Was I not the one who had stripped him of his life and removed him from the existence of his wife and children along with the occupation he loved so much? Had it not been my father who had

insisted he watch *that* video recording with us both?

As I lay on the bed in my luxurious suite and waited for him to finish the last of his chores that he could attend me, my thoughts went back to his face as the video my father had somehow procured of his wife and her new man making love in a Stratford-Upon-Avon hotel room – not to mention the wife and that man walking as a family with his two children by the river the following day – played out before tears that quickly became sobs and then, unchecked by either my father or I, unabashed crying of the most unmanly kind. But then, at that time, only some six or so weeks had passed since he had gone missing and the bogus accusation of non-consensual sex had been levelled at him. What man would not be distraught to know the wife he thought he loved him had waited no longer before replacing him in both her life and that of his children with another man?

The Royal Penthouse Suite covers the hotel's highest floor and has views over the lake and across and up to Mont Blanc. With twelve rooms and twelve bathrooms it is said to be unique in terms of luxury and comfort and, equally as importantly, guarantees maximum security. It is also no more than I have come to expect when travelling with my father.
In the five months since acquiring my former tutor and having my devoted Khalisha help me transform him from a married father with free will into the most diligent and servile of flunkies, this is only the second time he has accompanied his owner abroad since it was considered he had accepted his fate and now knew there could be no return to the life he once knew.

He has also become adept at using his tongue to worship his Master; whether it be her feet, her cunt or her arse desiring his attention.

And he goes about the above tasks in the knowledge that not even the grudging sexual pleasure he takes from serving me in such a way, pleasure abstinence via the cock cage has ensured, can be satisfied without the express permission and supervision of the young Arab woman who now rules his entire world and intends to go on doing so.

I watched at my ease as he pronounced himself satisfied with the completion

of his chores and moved to the open door to my suite before dropping to all fours and crawling the rest of the way to the side of my bed and placing his forehead upon the plush carpet.

Unseen by him, my lips curled in a smile and I knew exactly what he would be hoping for.

He was, though he was not to know it for sure at that moment, not about to be disappointed.

“Your Master is pleased with you Dog,” I told him, never tiring of addressing him in such a way. “Did you ask my father if he required your services before he retires?” I asked, knowing he would *never* become used to the feel of my father’s fat Arab cock in either his mouth or his anus and knowing also he would never have the courage to voice either distaste or disapproval for being forced to provide such services.

“Yes, Master,” came a reply that was only slightly muffled by expensive carpet.

“And?”

“Your most revered father said that he was tired and had no need of me.”

“Kneel up and face your Master,” I ordered, the alacrity with which he obeyed orders in complete contrast with his hesitation of five months before.

His eyes were utterly beaten and, had it not been for a certain… *hatred*… he could not prevent simmering beneath the surface, would have been entirely docile.

It was a look I adored – especially as I had placed it there.

He was dressed in a collarless black shirt and black tight-fitting trousers without pockets I had chosen as his serving uniform for when guests were present, though at all other times he was kept naked that I might enjoy the sight of his captive white penis and scrotum.

“May I ask why it is you are still dressed?” I questioned him, my politeness, I knew, only serving to highlight the power I wielded over him.

“I… I…”

“You know very well that you should be naked in my presence in the absence of either family or guests,” I told him as he quailed before me on his knees terrified, not only of the punishment he knew either I or the, by now, sleeping Khalisha could inflict upon him but by the even more worrying thought that he might be denied the release I had hinted at allowing him earlier in the day should his behaviour during the coming evening warrant it. “Be so now,” I finished.

With a speed indicative of the need he felt to have his cock freed that he might come, he rose and stripped and was back on his knees before me in a matter of moments, uniform folded neatly on the floor at his side.

“Good Dog,” I praised, edging close to the edge of the bed that I may reach down with a hand to cup his full scrotum and roll his testicles between my fingers proprietorially. As befitted the young woman who owned them. His eyes, understandably, were drawn to the key to his cage that hung on a thing silver chain that adorned my neck and complimented my olive skin tones.

“Do you think you deserve your Master allowing you out of your cage for a while?”

I could see him thinking furiously.

“Only if my Master considers my behaviour worthy of such a gift,” he finally answered, knowing how easily I could be displeased and not wishing his chance of release to go with it.”

“Hmmm,” I said, pretending to think about it. “I suppose you have come a long way since those first days in your other cage. But do you truly know your place in life now?”

“I do, Master! I do!” he cried, the self-confident professor who had seduced so many women other than his wife unrecognisable in the hairless chattel who knelt to my side.

“And what is that place?”

“As your slave, servant and pet, Master. Whichever of the three you choose.”

“And *where* is that place?”

“At your feet, Master, that I may prove my lowliness by worshipping that upon which you walk.”

Bending a knee, equally as naked as Dog himself, I presented a shapely and immaculately cared for foot, nails resplendent in pink varnish Dog himself had applied.

“Do so now,” I ordered.

As ever, the sight of his denuded scalp and handsome face lowering itself to my feet at my order and the feel of his tongue as it laved at my smooth brown instep made the young pussy above them that was, and would remain, unconquered, or even entered by a male penis, a veritable fountain of arousal. On the contrary, it was I who had conquered *him* and he was the one who had found himself entered by a male cock that belonged to my father. My victory over the Englishman one I would never tire of enjoying; so great being my pleasure in his submission that each act of compelled and abject obeisance from him to me was as potent as the first.

Long and wonderful minutes passed with the former Oxford professor lapping at my feet in the way of the canine I had made him in all but speech and appearance before I decided to give him what would be a rare and much prized reward.

But not without conditions.

“Would the Dog once known as Professor Redmond Barry,” I began, “like

his young Arab owner to unlock the cock that now belongs to her and allow it to spurt its useless English seed?"

So great was his need my reference to his previous incarnation was ignored and the licking of my foot became kisses as he tried to hasten a positive decision from me.

"Yes, Master. If it pleases, Master," he began, using the patterns of servile speech taught him by Khalisa, whose English was necessarily basic. "Dog will be the most grateful of servants for such a gift."

"And if Dog is allowed to hump his inferior English cock against the calf of his Master will he be prepared to clean his worthless and useless seed from her superior Arab skin afterwards?" I asked, almost making it seem as if he had a say in the matter.

"Dog will be honoured to obey any order his superior Arab owner gives him, Master," came the instant response, speech becoming more difficult as his cock throbbed against the metal restraining it and made anguished groans the more preferred mode of communication for him.

"And afterwards, when his servile tongue has ensured the calf of his Master is as pristine as it was before she allowed him his release, will Dog place his tongue at the service of his young Master's Arab arse and continue to lick and soothe until she is lulled to sleep and beyond?"

"It would be Dog's great privilege, Master," he answered, voice a mixture of utter longing and the discomfort provided by the cage itself – so very different from that time in his cell when my handling of his manhood had provoked no response of any kind save disinterest.

"Very well," I said, kicking his face from one foot with the other as if her truly were a Dog at the feet of his owner and swinging them over the side of the bed, this act of casual cruelty provoking nothing more than anticipation in the former educator.
Sliding the chain over my neck and using the key to release the padlock

attaching the metal foundation to his scrotum, I released him and slid the restrainer with difficulty from the engorged penis surging against it, enjoying the absence of hair ensured by months of electrolysis to both sac and crack as well as his scalp.

His denied cock sprang free like a puppy from a kennel and pointed at my young and full breasts as if they were the poles themselves and it were a compass magnetised to try and reach them.

I placed my left leg in a position sideways onto him and presented its sleek and smooth calf to him, the pressure of a foot on its tiptoes on the carpet ensuring a dimple creased the muscle and ran upwards.

“You are not to touch me in any other way and will keep your hands behind your back,” I ordered. “Should you become carried away and disobey me on this you will not only be locked away for an even greater length of time but I will use the device controlling the circuitry in your restrainer to prove you with the most acute shock it can provide.

Hands immediately went behind his back and I knew they would require no restraints to keep them there. It would not, should he actually disobey, be the first time I would have used the… *motivation*… provided by the restrainer to punish him after all. And, even at the lower settings, a threat to use it was enough to have him grovelling for pardon at my feet.

Again I gave unspoken thanks to my ever-wise and bountiful father for having provided me with such a… *joy*.

“Begin now,” I ordered, “and keep your eyes upon mine the whole time that I may see the gratitude and respect in them. Remove them, even for an instant, and I will remove my leg and place you back in the cock-cage. Understand?”

“Yes, Master,” he almost whispered, lust and need great in him as his eyes found mine and struggled to return my stare.

“Do you revere your Master?” I asked, all too aware his desperation to spurt his seed would make him agree to anything; knowing also that if one agreed

to something for long enough and often enough it came to seem...

“Yes, Master.”

“Is your Master your purpose for living?”

“Yes, Master.”

“And are you going to make your young female Master proud to own such a docile and deferential slave?”

“Yes, Master.”

Holding his eyes and allowing him to see the pleasure I took from that to which I had reduced him, I reached out a hand and stroked his smooth and denuded scalp possessively; much as one would stroke a particularly pleasing spaniel.

“Then begin,” I ordered.

He needed no second urging, despite the shame offered by his position, and I felt the warmth of his cock as it thrust up against my calf. It was, I knew, an effort for him to maintain eye-contact with me but he managed it somehow. He was breathing with difficulty as he humped my leg and I decided to add a soundtrack of my own to the episode.

“That is as it should be,” I told him as his breathing grew still more laboured and I knew his eruption would not be long in coming after his having been deprived of one for so long. “It is only right that a lowly white Dog should pay his Arab owner such homage. In fact, I think that from now on the only release you will ever know will be against the smooth brown calf of your Master. When, that is, she deems you to have deserv…”

Still holding my eyes and, I felt sure, seeing my avian features in quite a different light now, he stifled a scream as his cock erupted in a series of explosions that splattered huge gobs of cum against the side of my leg and even against the side of my thigh. On and on he went, keeping his eyes fixed

upon mine with an effort of will I almost found admirable, swaying upon his knees as if the release were too much for him and he must pass out. Until, at last, his cock lay against my calf, fat, flaccid and spent.

I gave him a few moments to recover, then:

“Now clean your Master.”

He did so. Then, with my calf again pristine and his tongue coated with his own semen, I rolled onto my stomach and presented him with the sight of my plump and shapely Arab arse.

As his tongue found its way to my anus and probed it in just the way I had shown him I preferred, I wondered what my former undergrads would say to see the object of their desires serving his one-time Arab pupil in such a fashion.

So great, in fact, was my excitement for a prospect that could never happen I almost decided to roll over and have him transfer tongue to cunt that I myself might find release.

But, with the advice of my father ringing in my ears, I decided against it and allowed his tongue to continue its worship of my anus as I began the inexorable drift into dream filled sleep.

Pleasure was heightened when anticipation of it was prolonged.

And there was a whole lifetime ahead during which I could both anticipate and experience all kinds of such pleasures with the man whose life I had taken from him to make my own.

The first of them, when I awoke the following morning with his servile head between my legs, would be a thorough worshipping of his Master’s cunt.

As devoted to my father as I was, the placing of his cock in my Dog’s mouth would have to wait.

END