Property of Ms Zaynab

A Man is Betrayed and Dehumanised

By
Vera Carlisle

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Prologue

Dog

An observer looking in on the sight would have taken the naked white man for either one of the mentally unhinged or a pervert so dyed-in-the-wool it made no difference.

Why else would a man remain in such a position in the light and airy hallway of a family home as sunlight filled its interior to reveal him alone, eyes fixed upon the double-doorway leading to the secure and gated gravel drive beyond and the sea in the near distance?

After all, there were no chains or other tangible signs of restraint keeping him in such an abject position.

Surely, it could only be a mental imbalance of some kind, medical or sexual, that kept him in place?

So would the ignorance of a chance observer lead them to think.

They would have been wrong.

For what kept the man once known as Michael Renton in place, was not visible.

Even if it was equally binding.

More so!

Thankfully, the physical pain had left him now and would not, said the surgeon responsible for it in the first place, be returning.

Which did not mean that other, *fresher*, pains would not take its place.

Pains inflicted upon him by the human hand he was unable to prevent and proved a nice counterpoint to the mental anguish that was always with him.

A nice *counterpoint* for his sadistic owners, that is.

For despite his knowledge that he had once been a free man in civilised Western society, he could now do more than concede that he was as much a piece of family property to the hateful Arab couple and their two female retainers as the Jack Russel he had once owned himself at that time when he headed up the family also containing his wife and three girls.

A concession that ensured the paltry palliation provided by memories of better times was no longer anywhere near the consolation it had first been since his life had been torn from him in the most barbaric and unimaginable of ways.

Ways far removed from the loving way his own family had cared for their own pet-dog.

The mental pain of his transformation was as fresh and constant to his thoughts as its physical counterpart had been until the wounds confirming his transformation had healed.

Mental pain that he knew would *never* leave him – no matter how much his memories of his former life… *dulled*.

Beaten eyes watered as the memory of what he had once been and was no longer stabbed him to the heart of where his manhood once resided yet again.

Just the same, as he waited in subdued silence, knees tender against the cool ceramic patio floor tiles and all but useless hands held out before him with fingers stretched and lowered towards the tiles in the way expected of him, it was to this ever-diminishing consolation of *"what had once been"* that he returned in order to take his mind from the living nightmare to which he had been consigned.

And from which deliverance was no longer an option.

He was a forty-year-old Englishman who should have been at the peak of his physical and mental powers and enjoying the family life for which he and his slightly younger wife had worked so hard to make a reality.

Yet here he was, on his knees and naked, apart from a collar and the accursed contraption securing his genitals, in the hallway of an expensive home resting slightly back from the Bay of Hormuz and just outside the harbour city of Bandar-e Lengeh in an affluent enclave of Iran.

And not in such a position through choice.

For Michael Renton, as he had once been known, was no longer capable of standing upon his two legs and moving in the normal way of the human biped.

Even if such an eventuality, and one that billions of men the world over took for granted, now numbered amongst his fondest fantasies.

And even if he knew he would never be a real man again.

The surgery his inhuman owners had insisted be carried out on him had assured that.

Together with… *other* …equally unpleasing new realities.

His thoughts again raced back to his wife and family back home in Corfe, the idyllic Dorset village beneath the famous ruined castle that overlooked the waters of the English Channel, and again his eyes began to leak; despite knowing such evidence of his internal misery would serve only to delight his owners.

Thoughts of the female half of that equation filled his thoughts, and he felt the usual mix of white-hot anger and debilitating fear that always accompanied such thoughts of the young and decidedly unlovely Arab girl.

The same girl who, amazingly for a country such as Iran, had taken over the running of the Iran construction-company left by her late father to her younger brother and made it even more lucrative. Her teenaged brother being less than the sharpest tool in the desert tool-shed and having neither the intellectual nor the social skills to manage such an undertaking. As well as having more… *proscribed* …tastes when it came to sex than was acceptable to the rulers of the Muslim country in which they lived.

For, in Iran, same-sex sexual activity remained illegal. Be the same sex in question male or female. Since the 1930s homosexuality is a crime punishable by imprisonment, corporal punishment, or by execution – though gay men have faced stricter enforcement actions under the law than lesbians. In fact, *any* type of sexual activity outside a heterosexual marriage is forbidden; transsexuality in Iran, however, was considered legal, if accompanied by a gender confirmation surgery - with Iran, again surprisingly, carrying out more gender realignment operations than any other country in the world after Thailand.

Just the same, the penalties for those engaging in homosexual acts remained draconian and ensured they were practiced only under the most secure and secretive of circumstances.

And how much more secure and secretive could those circumstances be than when they took place behind the closed-doors of a private residence?

Witnessed only by indulgent and receptive likeminds.

And performed on an animal without any of the rights accorded a human.

Even if he was an animal of the male variety and had once been a vibrant and independent human-being.

An animal still recognisable as the free-standing man he had once been.

Even if he was on all-fours in the way of a canine.

It was just as his thoughts returned to a picture of himself and his family in happier times, that Rashida - the younger and slightly more physically appealing of the two maids who ran the home for *"Ms Zaynab"* and *"Master Qusay"*, the other being the older Bushra – entered from the kitchen door at the side and opened the door to her two employers as they returned from whatever business that had required their leaving.

By the look of the bags in the hands of Bushra as she trailed in behind them in the role of porter as well as chauffeur and housekeeper, it had been for pleasure rather than business.

Michael Renton's muscles tensed and he felt the familiar nausea at the sight of them both as he knew what would soon be expected of him.

Very soon.

“There is our good boy, Qusay!” the hateful tones of the woman in her early-thirties he had once known as Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi pointed out, her English thick with the influence of her own mother tongue and, consequently, giving the white-man’s humiliation an even sharper edge. “See how obediently he waits for his Arab masters?”

“Yes, Zaynab,” the less than cerebrally advanced teenager agreed, his thought processes less than those of the usual eighsteen-year-old; something, along with his shortness and somewhat frail stature, that brought the older man’s service to him into even starker relief. “He is a most pleasing dog and I am looking forward to us agreeing on a name for his new collar.”

Both insisted upon speaking English around him that his humiliation might have a keener, and more verbal edge – as if it could get any edgier! The sister’s, though heavily inflected with her own native-tongue, was better than her younger brother’s. Not, surprisingly, that the more cerebrally-challenged one’s English was bad – just a little more… *childlike*.

His sister had flicked back ther hair then, having worn it free to take advantage of the recent ruling that would no longer be arrested for appearing in public with their heads uncovered - this almost 39 years after the strict dress code was introduced, the thick black spectacles she wore doing nothing to alleviate either the prosaic configuration of her facial features or the severity imparted by a curving nose with thin and flared nostrils and cheekbones more readily associated with the equine than a female in her early thirties – of Arab origin or otherwise.

It was - her hair, Renton had assured himself grudgingly, that was the most attractive part of her. Stygian black and lustrous as it fell to her shoulders. At times, even managing to detract from the features below it he found so repulsive and… *hateful*.

But only at times.

And few and between were they at that.

She was dressed this day in Western fashion, with a loose white blouse above tight-fitting lycra-leggings that clung tenaciously to legs Renton, again grudgingly, described to himself as shapely - even if they were more of that librarian-cum-schoolteacher shapeliness so many men of a submissive outlook enjoyed.

An outlook that had *never* played any part in his own sexual make-up.

The worse for him!

His life, when it came down to it, would be so much more bearable if he took pleasure in the humiliations heaped upon him on a daily basis.

“I think *‘Dog’* is a perfectly good name for him and see no reason to change it,” she told her brother with some force, placing her hands on her knees and allowing her equally matronly breasts to sway inside the top as she stared into Renton’s eyes, aware

he would not disrespect her by averting his gaze. “I will have Bushra take his collar into town and have it engraved in the English tomorrow.”

Renton noticed the boy’s sulky look but noted also that he did not press the point.

He was the man of the family after the passing of the father and the construction company had been left to him. But it was only Zaynab who was capable of running it. *She* ran both it and him, and their household would remain female-led for as long as they both shared a roof. In fact, so incapable of looking after his own affairs was he, even Bushra and Rashida had supervisory responsibilities in regard of him.

It was this *female-led* reality, Renton told himself, that had prompted the girl to assure him and Shauna, his wife, that she had no intention of ever entwining her fate with that of a man.

Given the strict code of her religion such a union would necessarily mean a demotion for her.

“But why is our doggy not wagging his tail and rushing to greet his masters?”

Nausea threatened to burst out of his throat at her words and Renton knew he would never get used to being treated in such a fashion.

He watched with a familiar horror as the bitch who had decimated his life crouched lower and slapper her meaty thighs:

“Here boy!”

Even as he dropped to all-fours, waggled his arse as if he truly did have a tail, and scampered across to plant welcoming kisses on the heels and pointed toe-caps of his owner’s black-leather Fendi’s.

“Good dog!” she said, turning to her smiling brother, whose features were made no less effeminate by the shaved brown head disguising prematurely thinning hair. “You see how our white-pet is coming to revere his superior Arab owners? Did I not tell you he would adapt quickly to his new life?”

“You did, my sister,” said the boy. “But why is he not showing my feet the same respect? Am I not his owner also?”

“Silly boy,” said Zaynab, rising up to ruffle his hair as Renton continued to slather at her heels. “He will do just that the moment he is finished showing his respect to his Ms Zaynab.”

“He had better,” said the boy sulkily, “or I will take a sandal to his disobedient backside.”

“Then we had better let him get on with it,” she said sarcastically. “For his own well-being.”

She stepped backwards and left Renton almost prostrate upon the tiles.

“Quickly now, Dog,” she ordered. “Show Master Qusay how pleased you are to have him home again, before he becomes annoyed with you.”

As Renton slithered across the floor to where the unmoving boy and his, almost shockingly, feminine feet in their sandals awaited him, he again questioned his own sanity and wondered if the whole nightmare were just some figment dreamt up by a mental malaise that held him in its grip; that he would soon awake and be told by a doctor that he was… *cured!*

He also knew that would not happen.

This was very real.

As his lips made contact with the boy’s toes, and what was left of his manly spirit died yet another death, Michael Renton again wondered to himself how he could possibly have been led into such a fate.

Where… and *how* …had it all begun…?

One

Shauna & Zaynab

The English wife, encroaching upon her late-thirties, was enjoying her time with the Arab businesswoman who was some four years her junior. What with the usual responsibilities of motherhood and having to care for the day-today-activities of two school-age daughters, Shauna Renton relished being able to stay in London while her mother filled the breach at home. With Michael taking the opportunity supplied by their stay to visit a site for which the company he – *they* – owned was supplying project management services, it was a welcome break to spend some time showing a visitor to the country around the capital she had been born to and then have a nice lunch in a restaurant above the piazza of Covent Garden.

In fact, the level of intimacy that had grown between her and her husband's prospective employer in a large Iranian mall and housing complex that would have been worth millions to him – *them*, had surprised her to almost the point of disbelief. The younger and unprepossessing looking young Iranian woman had seemed in tune with her from the very moment they had first met. This after she and Shauna's husband had agreed that he would fly over to Hormuz and inspect the proposed site before either agreeing a price and signing a contract or agreeing to go their separate ways. True to say that the evening before, and by the time their dinner at the Dorchester had concluded, both women considered they had made a new friend and were more than happy to meet again the next day for sightseeing and lunch before the Renton's returned to Dorset and she flew out to Iran.

"I shouldn't be speaking this way," Shauna said, red-faced from both her admission and the second-bottle of the rather pleasant Merlot they had both consumed; surprised that her new friend had joined her given her religion and putting it down to a case of *'when in Rome'* on the Muslim girl's part.

"And who would you be speaking to, Shauna, if I were not here?" asked Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi. "We have known each other but a short-time and yet I feel you are a sister to me. Are you saying my feelings are wrong?"

The older and attractive English wife stared at the Arab woman and saw no sign of either threat or hostility.

It was no more than a simple question.

"You are correct, Shauna," the girl said with an easy familiarity in her accented English, reading her new friend as if in an attempt to prove just how sympatico they already were. "I imply no threat in regard of your husband securing the contract the development contemplated by our company. Should things go well in Iran when he visits I see no reason not to partner with him.

“Whether your impression of me meets with mine of you is immaterial. Your husband, as well as being very handsome, seems entirely capable and professional and any decision I make will be based on that perception.”

Shauna smiled, confessing to herself that she had seldom felt so comfortable with another woman as she had with this young Iranian Muslim. The feelings the girl had outlined were indeed mutual. Already in their short friendship she felt she could do or say anything and Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi would both sympathise and understand.

“That… That wasn’t what I was thinking, Zaynab,” she began, cheeks still a little flushed. “I was… Well, I suppose I was just a little embarrassed at speaking so… *intimately* …about my life with Michael. I… I mean, it’s not as if we’ve known each other that long.”

The heavily accented, but articulate, Zaynab, had been pretty much as Shauna had pictured her from the none-too-flattering descriptions supplied of her by Michael after their Skype many conversations. A woman in her early-thirties, she was fleshy without being corpulent and dressed tastefully, if somewhat severely, in top-of-the-range designer couture. On this day, the grey two-piece costume of bolero jacket and skirt to the knee flattered her matronish-shape while the heels of her Fendi’s emphasised the somewhat muscular calf muscles she had clad in the sheerest of black pantyhose.

A crisp white-cotton shirt and long raven-black hair, pushed from her face and tied at the back, completed the somewhat funereal effect monochrome effect and gave her the appearance of a somewhat disciplinarian female assistant in a latter-day Sultan’s personal seraglio as she kept the wives clamouring for the attentions of their master’s cock in line.

The thick and black, designer-framed spectacles that shielded cobalt blue eyes and rested upon bridge of a scimitar nose did nothing to contradict the impression of officiousness and authority.

So why, the older English housewife asked herself, did she feel so comfortable in the girl’s company?

She herself was wearing a pair of figure-hugging denims she could still get away with in the physical condition in which she kept her body, and a baggy Shetland jumper that was not so thick it could hide the conical and still firm twin developments at her chest, her shoulder length blonde hair was as stylish as ever and her face devoid of make-up apart from the merest hint of lip-gloss.

“And yet,” Zaynab responded thoughtfully, staring directly into her new friend’s eyes, “I feel as if I have known you forever.”

Her expression became earnest:

“And, believe me, I do not make friends easily. I am something of a… *cynic* …as I believe you English say. It is what enables me to be competitive as a woman in a world of men – and especially of Iranian men, who are assured by our culture and our religion that they are as far superior to the female as the panther is the superior of the sheep.

Her face morphed from earnest to deadly and compassionately serious.

“By telling me of your husband’s former… *indiscretion* …no matter how many years ago it took place, you are not being disloyal. My feeling is that, though you say you have managed to forgive him, you have bottled up this resentment for too long a time now. This is not a good thing and can only increase your feelings of hurt and betrayal over time. Men can be dogs and sometimes it is best to let them see your anger at their behaviour. Only then can they be trained to know their place.

Embarrassed by her truthful and *entirely* accurate words concerning her husband’s cheating, Shauna gazed around at the tables closest to them and was grateful Zaynab’s voice was low enough and their fellow diners too engrossed to hear them.

“A dog, I am sure you will agree, responds best to a firm hand and a strict and unyielding approach from an owner.”

Shauna blushed at the description and realised a part of her was not exactly… *uninterested* …to hear of such an approach.

And *especially* in regard of the husband she had once loved with everything she had.

Love that had turned to… *something else* …after she had discovered his short-term affair with a contractor’s personal-assistant.

Zaynab laid a reassuring hand over her own as she saw her new friend’s eyes turn a mixture of moist and hard at the memory.

“In fact, Shauna,” she said, “if he were my husband I would train him in just that way.”

The Arab girl had said it with such intent and an air of complete seriousness that Shauna began to giggle; images of her husband naked and in a cage sexually exciting her as much as it gave her a sense of revenge.

“You think I am jesting?” Zaynab smiled.

The English wife giggled as she took another sip from her Merlot as she thought just that.

Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi shook her head emphatically.

“From this point on, if I were in your shoes, I would start to regard him as a canine in need of training. Until just the mere thought of disobeying you fetched fear to his heart – let alone an intent to soil your marriage with another woman.”

Shauna Renton stared at the woman with shock.

“You…? You’re not serious?”

“On the contrary,” Zaynab refuted her instantly. “Given I as a woman was not allowed to study such an *‘unfeminine’* subject in my homeland, I achieved my MSc in Psychiatry

and *Affective Disorders* from your own King's College in London. Cause and effect. Treatment and so on. My studies, I can assure you, gave me a certain insight into the human mind.

"And *especially* the mind of a man.

"There is no doubt in my own mind that the two genders were not created equally and that the wrong sex has been, and for many, many, centuries now, in a superior position for which it is plainly unsuited. They were given superior strength – and even that is a gap we see narrowing in the worlds of sport and manual employment – simply to place it at the service of the women intended, and best equipped, to exploit it. Believe me, Shauna, it is only our natural fondness for the beasts and the conditioning of centuries that prevents us from making best use of them."

It was a conversation Shauna had heard on the lips of many women, if not so cerebrally put, and was normally the result of a group bitch about men in general over the course of a good night's drinking. An oft heard debate she had always taken with a pinch of salt; even if many of the observations she heard in regard of the *'brute sex'* struck her as pretty accurate. But this younger Arab woman – a woman running a multi-million business concern and armed with a qualification in psychiatric studies – sounded utterly convinced and confirmed by her take on men and, more importantly it would turn out, how women should treat them.

"My view, Shauna," she went on, "is that the earlier a woman starts to treat her male-partner as an animal for whom she has responsibility – even though he will be an animal for whom she may have feelings and have certain domestic and physical uses - the more natural it will seem to her and the easier it will be on those frequent occasions when it is necessary to supply… *discipline* …to him."

Shauna was shaking her head.

"Discipline?"

"I do not speak of dreams, Shauna," Zaynab continued, warming to her theme as she sensed something… *amenable* …in the older woman. "There is no man in my life at this point because I had not, to this point, found the one I feel will best respond to my training and, also, appeals to me."

Shauna stared back across the table at her, stunned by her forthrightness and even more amazed by the wetness she felt between her legs and the excitement that made her veins tingle in a way she had not experienced since her discovery of Michael's betrayal.

The forgiveness she supplied in order that their girls did not grow up in either a broken home or one in which there no love but only hostility – even if the love on view was feigned on her side – was one thing.

The wonderful love-life she had known with her husband *before* his infidelity was quite another.

“You really do mean it, don’t you, Zaynab?” she asked, aware of a quaver in her voice and that the younger woman had noticed it also.

Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi nodded.

“Wow!”

“Wow, indeed,” said the bespectacled Arab female. “And, if I am not mistaken, there is something in what I describe you too find… *highly* …arousing.”

Read with ease, Shauna felt her cheeks colouring.

“There is no requirement for you to be embarrassed, my love,” assured the younger woman in her role of mentor to her elder. “The wiser of the ancients – and certain enlightened contemporaries of ours today – have always known that society cannot, nor ever will, run on equity between either nations or people. One must always be either anvil or hammer. All else is simply cosmetic disguise.”

“You…? You mean…?”

“If you are asking whether I believe it is right that some people should be slaves and other’s owners, then I plead guilty to the charge. But that is all the guilt I can truthfully confess to. Nature forms us and our surroundings complete its task. To feel guilt for that which is unavoidable is simply infantile.”

“Wow!” Shauna repeated, attempting to lighten a discussion that was supplying her with more sexual excitement than she could recall feeling since Michael’s fall from marital grace. “Michael was bloody lucky he wasn’t married to you when he cheated, wasn’t he?”

The Arab girl shared her new friend’s nervous laughter and reached over to lay one larger brown-hand over her slender white fingers.

“If you ask my opinion,” she began, “your so very handsome husband was very lucky to be married to you and even more so to still remain in that position.”

Shauna couldn’t help but nod at the younger woman’s observation. Knowing, as she did, that the deep love she had once felt for Michael had been holed beneath the waterline those five years before and she had been manning the pumps ever since. Successfully, as it turned out, given that he showed no sign of realising her love for him was gone and that she was there only for her girls.

A typical man as Zaynab had pointed out, in fact.

Lacking in empathy, perception, and, above all, loyalty.

Even if he had tried to be an exemplary husband since.

“There are times, my love,” began Zaynab, reading the journey of her thoughts with ease, “when we must realise we are protecting only that which has already been

destroyed. You are huddled together with your children in an attempt to protect a family home Michael's base treachery has razed to the ground and has made unfit for you to live in with any degree of happiness. Maybe not physically so that your girls can see, but certainly metaphorically that *you* may both know and, more importantly, *feel* it to be true."

Shauna felt a lump form in her throat as the Arab girl's words drove home the depths of his betrayal of her and the anger verging on concealed hate she had felt for both the man and his actions since.

"Whether he knows it or not," Zaynab continued, "his base betrayal of you ruined your relationship for all time."

As Shauna gave a short sniff of acknowledgement, the brown-hand covering hers supplied a squeeze of empathy and support.

"I… I'm sorry, Zaynab," the older woman almost sobbed. "We haven't known each other two minutes and I'm laying all my personal problems on you."

"Two minutes, as you say, or not," Zaynab told her in the no-nonsense and seemingly completely genuine voice the English housewife already found so reassuring, "I count you as a friend. And listening is what true friends do for each other. You are a beautiful woman, Shauna, both inside and out. That Michael, for all his estimable gifts in his line of work, could find it acceptable to take another woman to his bed when he had the mother of his children at home ready and willing to take on the role that was rightfully hers, goes only to prove that men – with rare exceptions - are no more than dogs where sentiment and the finer feelings are concerned."

Again Shauna nodded, her long-held resentment of her husband taken to a higher intensity by the words of her new friend. All the anger she had internalised on behalf of her girls began to surge to the surface and she was grateful Leah and Carla were at her mother's and not with her to see its rise. A great part of that anger being at herself for having let the pig – handsome or not – off the hook so easily; even if she did intend to divorce him the moment the girls were of an age to understand and not be *too* devastated.

"There are times, Zaynab, when I feel less than nothing for him. I call those the good times. Then I remember the truly happy and beautiful days we had together as a family before he before he took a wrecking-ball to it and my memories of our courtship and early days together, and I could happily make his life a living hell."

Zaynab released her friend's hand to lift her glass and raise it towards her.

Puzzled, Shauna did likewise and they clinked glasses.

"That, my love, is something your new and lifelong friend, Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi, intends to help you do…"

Two

Rashida

As I smooth on the cream over the body of the white-dog belonging to Madame Zaynab I again give thanks to that happy day seven years before when she brought me before her late-father and told him she had selected me to be the assistant to the woman and head-housekeeper who is now my friend, as well as my mentor.

Bushra.

A woman I have come to adore almost as much as my revered mistress and one who has taken the place of the mother I never knew.

Though I am certain I would never have shared the same delights with my mother as those I have experienced in the company of Bushra.

Not to mention my Madame Zaynab.

Her brother is *not* someone my thoughts care to dwell on for very long and the less contact with him I have – even though the mistress has given Bushra and myself permission to… *supervise* …him whenever she is absent – is perfectly fine with both me and the woman and fellow servant I regard as my mother.

It is as much as my religious beliefs will permit in the way of… *tolerance* …towards him.

Our Dog kneels motionless upon all-fours as I apply the cream to all parts of his hairy European body and then remains in place for the fifteen minutes or so until it completes its most recent destruction of his unsightly growth. I have released his cock and his balls from the solid steel ring and the thick bars of the metal cage above that take his manhood from his own control. This that I may smooth the depilation-cream over the balls heavy with his own unspent cream and the growth at the base of his doggy cock.

Naturally, he is erect the moment the cage slides from his reddened and angry looking penis, despite the handling of his manhood in such a way being made by a young and ill-educated Arab girl over twenty years his junior.

The hardness of his ignored – for now – cock and taut and heavy balls working in my favour as it makes it easier for me to smooth the cream over them both.

I cannot explain the joy it gives me to handle such a handsome older Englishman in so humiliating a manner for him. Though, after what Madame Zaynab has had done to him it is perhaps too unlikely to describe him as an English *"man"*. But, whatever his description, my monthly handling of him is a joy I look forward to with increasingly restless anticipation as the month draws to its close.

I am amazed and relieved that I do not have to fight my great friend and superior, Bushra, for the privilege of performing such a duty – or even that filthy little pervert,

Master Qusay – but Bushra has no interest in a duty requiring so much labour; and Allah's mistake is far too lazy and good for nothing to take on such a labour on a regular basis.

No.

My lovely Bushra's delight is to give our white-dog his once a day feed.

From the bowl placed on the kitchen-floor between her feet.

Or upon his hind legs as far as they will raise him, his useless English paws held out from his chest as he begs for the scraps of hot meat she dangles before him so tantalisingly.

It is her great passion and one of which she never tires.

And I, for one, would not dream of suggesting we swap.

My own *"great passion"* being at least a match for her own.

The knowledge that I have Madame Bushra's permission to have him place his doggy tongue at the disposal of my young and forever hungry cunt is yet another reason for the heights my excitement reaches – even if I recognise that it is my control of the older man that makes the service of his tongue to my insatiable Arab pussy so… *heavenly!*

Still wearing the plastic gloves that protect my hands from the caustic effects of the depilatory, I step behind him and crouch down to allow the missile that is his freed cock a few tugs.

The whine this brings from him makes me impatient for the hair-removal cream to do its job that I may shower him down and apply the soothing lotion that will stop the caustic ointment from scarring his own skin; only then milking him from behind so that his worthless seed spills to the tiles of the very basic bathroom of his quarters – or *"kennel'* – in the windowless basement of Madame Zaynab's home where he is kept until required.

Only then, after my duties have been completed with the diligence my mistress expects of me, will I return his emptied balls and deflated cock to the tender embraces of the ring and its cage.

The soundless tears he sheds on each occasion I complete my duties, I have come to see as a compliment to me for a job well done.

The compounding of his misery and his unwilling submission to the fate his owner, Madame Zaynab, has forced upon him

Then, satisfied that my duties have been carried out to Madame Zaynab's letter, I will raise my skirt to reveal my shapely little legs, place my pert little arse atop the other cage that is his sleeping place, and point a finger to a moist and near saturated young cunt that is, by now, looking more and more like an oasis.

As the tip of his tongue parts my hairless labia and then flattens itself to make long sweeps of its length, up towards my straining clitoris and then back down again, slowly in the way that I have taught him, I once again find myself, Rashida Hariri, amazed that I could have come so far from my humble and poverty stricken beginnings.

Beginnings that saw me as an orphan, in the cess-pit of the world that was a village so tiny it appeared on no map.

A hell-hole of a place outside the town of Deh Bid on the road from Hormuz that led past Persepolis.

A hell-hole I will be forever grateful to my glorious mistress for having seen fit to rescue me from its clutches, educate me to at least a decent level, and give me such a life.

And a life I will do my best to be worthy of until either my life, or that of my mistress, ends.

Three

Zaynab & Shauna

"And he has never shown any inclination towards such a… *lifestyle?*"

"Never, Zaynab," Shauna answered truthfully. "Actually, he's always been more on the take charge side. I could only see him hating what you have in mind for him – though I find it hard to believe you could possibly be serious."

It was the fifth of their twice weekly Skype calls to each other on the line Zaynab's own IT people had assured her was as secure as such a line could be. Calls made whenever Michael, who knew of their growing friendship and for obvious business reasons encouraged it, was onsite or entertaining clients – rather than personal assistants – and the girls were either at school or asleep and there was no danger of their being overheard. Calls that had grown in both intensity and seriousness as the two women soon realised they each had something the other wanted.

Shauna: Zaynab's strength-of-will and the money that backed it.

Zaynab: Shauna's husband.

And in *total!*

"You still doubt me, my lovely Shauna? If I were not so devoted to you I would be hurt. But you have no reason to feel such a way. You have my word of honour as a good and devout Arab woman that, the moment you consent to go along with everything I have outlined, I will put in place everything I have promised and the life you have spent hating these past five years, with a husband who cheated on you, will be over. Not only that, but you will be free enough, and wealthy enough, to choose a pathway of your own for both yourself and your daughters."

The onscreen face of the English woman was… *reflective*.

She had gone form thinking it was all just a harmless game on her new friend's part, to being unsure, and then to thinking she actually might be serious about what she was suggesting.

Despite its highly illegal nature.

"You…? You really mean this, Zaynab? You really want Michael for yourself?"

"Utterly," came the answer from cyber-space. "And, to reiterate, not in a way that could in any way be considered… *romantic* …though I intend no hyperbole when I tell you that your husband is the very Englishman my most fond and oft dreamt fantasies describe."

The Arab woman allowed a few beats to pass for effect.

Then:

“And you know by now the nature of those dreams and fantasies.”

There was a brief online pause as both reflected upon their own thoughts and words, agendas different but utterly symbiotic.

Then, finally:

“Is the possibility I may see him as husband and life-partner material a concern to you, Shauna? Despite my assurances to the contrary. Are your feelings towards him not, perhaps, as dead as you have described them to be?”

Wrapped up in her own thoughts, the English housewife took an extra second to respond and a concerned sounding Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi filled the space between them.

“Because, if it does worry you, I can assure you the mere possibility of such an eventuality provokes only laughter from me… though I am fully prepared to move aside if you tell me you wish to give your marriage another chance.”

Shauna shook her head, finally acknowledging that her husband’s infidelity – infidelity she was convinced he had not repeated – had been fatal to not only her marriage but to her feelings towards him.

Her girl’s father or not, the fate her new Arab friend had in mind for him seemed totally just to her.

And, a little to her shame, highly arousing.

That *“Arab friend”* becoming more and more concerned by the silence at the Dorset end of the connection and again filling the dead air between them:

“You must not think either that this will be some fantasy for the benefit of your husband. Or even for me. What I have outlined to you during the course of our conversations will be very real and, at least initially for your husband, as physically painful as it will be mentally and emotionally emasculating.”

Silence reigned still from the Dorset end and Zaynab pressed on, anxiety driving her:

“Of course, I cannot guarantee that he will not take some perverse satisfaction from my ownership of him and the role he will adopt in my home and my life. Though I can guarantee that he will hate both me and what I am going to do to him until his existence ends. And I will eventually have great pleasure in telling him that his undoing was the moment he placed his treacherous cock in the pussy of a woman who was *not* you.”

Suddenly, Shauna’s thoughtful features became more animated and, Zaynab thought, more… *sceptical*.

But not, to the Arab girl’s huge relief, more disinterested.

“And how can I be sure none of this will come back to haunt either me or my children?” Shauna asked.

Zaynab leaned out of sight of the webcam and allowed herself a muted but huge sigh of relief before popping into view once again; unwilling to let her new friend see either her concern for her seeming second-thoughts or just how much she herself had invested in the likelihood of *owning* her husband.

And owning him in the most complete and lasting of ways.

“For all the reasons I have given you,” she supplied reassurance. “Were, by some unlikely miracle, my plans for your husband to go wrong, then it would be I, and not you, who would be the one facing problems. I have already outlined to you just how easily explained it would all be and everything is in place at this end to ensure the moment your husband leaves England he will never return to it again. All is in place at my end and we even have documentation to back up his presence with me. Money was all that was required. His disappearance will ensure his business – and the huge sum I will pay his second-in-command to complete project management on the development intended by my company – will come to you as a simple result of the legal process. All the risk, my love – such as there is of it – is mine and none falls to you.”

Zaynab saw her new friend nodding into the screen and dialled back her intensity a few notches rather than run the risk her passion might scare her off.

“But, my lovely Shauna, none of this is intended to pressure you and will not happen unless you give me the go-ahead to begin and I am completely convinced you are sincere in your desire for it to happen. There are two enchanting little girls to think about as well as ourselves and we must both be sure that depriving them of a father – even one who has betrayed them as much as he did you – will not have adverse and lasting effects upon them.”

Again, Shauna was nodding to herself as if convinced by Zaynab’s words and the Arab girl cursed herself for having dialled back her passion *too* far.

The housewife’s next words serving only to exacerbate that fear:

“It… It is my concern, Zaynab,” Shauna began, eyes drifting off to the side thoughtfully as Zaynab prepared to hear her plans for the handsome Englishman thwarted.

Then:

“But…” she went on. “But I’m pretty certain the girl’s young age will carry them through it safely. With lots of love and attention from myself and my mother, as well as all their schoolfriends and the activities they pursue together, I think they will soon get over him and he’ll be no more than a distant and very vague memory. He has no living family and I can’t see his friends dropping around to provide the girls with reminders.”

The English looked offscreen for a few moments, thoughtfully; as if weighing her options.

Then:

“So…”

Zaynab waited and realised she had stopped breathing.

“…So… If you think it can be done, then that is what I want to happen.”

As Zaynab internally exulted, she saw her friend’s expression turn to surprise, as if her positive response had stunned her.

“What is it, my love?”

The onscreen Shauna was shaking her head.

“I… I suppose that makes me a bit of a monster,” she said in a faltering voice. “What mother would deprive her daughters of their father? And especially one who, for all his other faults, has been nothing but loving and protective of them?”

“No, Shauna,” Zaynab came in emphatically, voice raised passionately; sincerely even, given her own interest in Shauna going ahead was so heavily vested. “It does not make you anything of the sort.”

The housewife’s snort of derision was not encouraging.

“Ask yourself,” Zaynab rushed on, desperate not to lose momentum when it appeared to be going her way. “What monster would stay with a man who professed to love her and then found nothing wrong with having repeated sex with another woman? And stay with him even though doing so required she act out a part for five years. And act it out simply that her young children might not have their lives disrupted?”

She waited for the effect of her words to sink in.

Then:

“That, my lovely Shauna, sounds to me like a very caring monster indeed.”

Not for the first time in the past two weeks or so, Shauna allowed her niggling doubts over what they were both contemplating to be overcame; giving in to her arousal as she slid a hand between legs she had deliberately left bare for the eventuality and slowly rubbed her bare slit, asking herself as she did so why the prospect of the husband she had once loved, and now hated, being subject to such an inhuman payback as that described by the younger Arab woman excited her so much.

It was, also, not for the first time that a more in-depth and satisfying answer eluded her.

Though the fact it was the first time such elusiveness had not troubled her was a new development.

“So,” Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi pressed, sensing both wife and moment were ripe, “am I to take it I have your permission to go ahead?”

A thoughtful face gazed out from cyber-space at her and she pressed further:

“Remember, my lovely Shauna, that the moment you tell me yes there can be no turning back. I will immediately put everything into motion and, once I have, there will be no way to call a halt to what we have started.”

It was a lie, of course, and the whole thing could be called off at any time before the actual deed was done with only the loss of some money to Zaynab, but the Arab girl knew that her English friend was in no position to know this.

“So,” she said at last. “What is it to be my lovely Shauna? Do we call a halt to the fashioning of our new lives and simply continue as the close and loving friends we have become in so short a space of time? Will you return to your loveless marriage and I to my Hormuz home without the Englishman I dream of owning?”

She paused.

Then:

“Or… do you say yes and we not only continue our friendship but embark upon a new and exciting beginning to our lives?”

Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi stared into the eyes of her online friend and tried to quell her own feelings of excitement and anxiety as she waited for a response.

Then, drawing herself up on screen, eyes, for some reason lost to the Arab girl at such a critical point, glazed and seemingly unseeing, the English housewife delivered her reply…

Four

Zaynab & Michael

Michael Renton was drifting, in that space between deep sleep and full consciousness where the fantastic mixes with reality and we are too off-balance to recognise either for what they truly are. His eyes seemed glued shut and he was vaguely aware of muted sounds around him. Resting upon his back he was aware that his body felt… *unusual* …and that both his legs were bent at the knee and seemed to be refusing his brain's commands to straighten them.

Recall of his last activities, before the descent into a sleep he had no memory of making, had him being met from the plane at Bandar-e Lengeh Airport, this after his connecting flight from Tehran International, by Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi's chauffeur. A pleasant smiling man who had loaded his luggage into the back of his Mercedes before offering him an ice-cold bottle of sparkling water from a cooler on the front passenger. Parched from the midday heat, Renton had virtually emptied the bottle of its Evian in one long gulp.

And, after that…?

Nothing!

Until now.

His throat felt sore and he tried to clear it.

The sound that came from it startled him.

It was like no sound he could ever recall coming from him.

At last, a little panic set in.

"What the fuck's happened to me?" his thoughts demanded as he made only partially successful attempts to unglue his eyes.

Then, trying to call out a *"Hello"* that someone might hear and help him, he realised he was incapable of forming even this simple word.

Which was when he heard the voice.

Her voice.

Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi.

"Be still, Michael," she told him. "You have been through much and have a long way to go until you are fully… *yourself*.

"Been through what?" his thoughts screamed, relieved just the same to hear a familiar voice and realising he must have been in some kind of accident on the way to her home where she had insisted he spend his stay.

Finally managing to force his eyes to remain open for more than a second or two at a time, he took in the hazy confines of a stark white room and knew immediately he was in a hospital.

Again he tried to speak and was even more spectacularly unsuccessful. His eyes turned to his Arab host as she sat at his side, looking cool and untroubled in a thin cotton top and matching pants in terracotta. The question, though unable to be spoken, was obvious to her.

"That is right," she told him, something in her tone and attitude seeming off to him, "you are unable to speak."

Reaching to her side, she passed him a bottle with a plastic straw attached and placed it between his lips.

"Take some liquid, it will soothe your throat as we – or should I have said, *'I'* - speak."

He sucked the liquid in gratefully and held it in his throat for as long as possible that it might take the edge from the soreness he felt there, then it was removed.

"From the small information available on the subject and my own studies," she began in her excellent if highly accented English, there is no doubt that, given constant reinforcement and unrelenting attention, you will become little more than the animal I intend you to be for me."

Weak as a kitten and unable to move, throat burning like hell and feeling as if he were still in a dream of some kind, Renton tried to make sense of her words:

"Little more than the animal I intend you to be for me?"

As she went on, the words escaping into the room past her past the rather thick lips and somewhat cruel looking features he had not taken much interest in before – mainly because he had been blinded by the prospect of the money his company would earn from winning the contract for her own company's new luxury development on the coastal road just outside Bandar-e Lengeh - only served to confuse him further and, again, he tried to reassure himself with the knowledge he was in the throes of one of those semi-conscious dreams where everything seemed real but were, in fact, imagined.

A reassurance that did not survive the passage of time or his continued inability to form words and was not helped by the sight of the bandages covering both hands.

There was also the problem of the legs he was unable to straighten and the fact his body felt somehow… *different*.

As if, somehow, his physical capacity had been reduced.

“Do not alarm yourself, Michael,” she cooed, breaking off from the monologue he had not heard in his own alarm to soothe him. “You are no doubt beginning to notice some of the changes in you, but there is no point in becoming stressful over that which you no longer control.”

“Changes?” his mind raced. *“No longer control?”*.

His eyes supplied the question his voice was unable to put forward:

“What the fuck happened to me?”

“You are angry and it is only to be expected,” she told him in a voice that was increasingly coming to irritate and enrage him, so condescendingly superior was it; nothing like the charming and courteous tone she had taken with him back in England. “But you will soon realise such an emotion is useless – even if the recognition of it does not prevent you wasting your spirit in such a way. But that is your choice.”

And now panic did set in as he realised what had happened was not the result of a simple car-accident.

Something far more sinister, he knew, was going on and a shiver of pure fear ran through his debilitated body as he sensed it would not be good for him.

“The most gifted surgeons here at this very exclusive and *very* private clinic pared away much of your muscle. It was very expensive but I think you will prove worth it in the years to come we have together. I also told them that I would no longer have a need to hear words from you and, for an extra consideration, they were more than willing to reduce your capacity and ability to speak that my wishes be observed.”

He could only stare at the madwoman seated at his side with horror.

How could both he and Shauna have missed the fact she was a certifiable sociopath?

She laughed at the play of his thoughts that were all too obvious to her, maddening him further.

“Of course,” she went on, “the considerable sum of money I was prepared to pay these most gifted, if less than ethically sound, people for their expertise and, more importantly, silence, assured I could have just about anything done to you that I wanted.”

Her laughter did *not* lessen his rage any nor detract from his sense of disbelief that he could be hearing such things from her lips.

“From this moment on,” she continued with great relish, “you will listen only. There will be no speaking. Not because you will not wish to but simply because communication of such a kind requires vocal-chords for one to be able to form sounds. And yours, I am delighted to tell you, has been removed.”

As her observation triggered more amusement in her for the predicament in which she had placed him, Renton forgot his incapacity for a few moments and attempted to launch himself from the bed at her; only to collapse with exhaustion onto his back panting and gasping from an effort that would have meant nothing to him not so long before.

"There were a number of other… *modification* …I had performed upon you while you were so conveniently incapacitated," she told him, triggered by sight of the lengthened tongue that was lolling from his mouth after his futile exertions.

A tongue he had yet to realise was far longer than it had once been.

"Do you notice how lovely and long your new doggy tongue is as it hangs from your panting mouth?" she asked, knowing he could supply her with no answer but enjoying watching him try. "I persuaded the surgeon to lengthen it so that it might loll from your mouth whenever it opened."

She reached out a hand and flinched as her hand actually patted him on the head as if he truly were her pet-dog.

His *bald* head!

Again she read his thoughts:

"That is right, my good doggy," she laughed. "There will be no manly hair for you from now on. Anywhere. It was removed while you were under and will continue to be removed on a regular basis so the body of my doggy is always totally and most pleasingly naked."

He tried to calm himself with an image of his wife. She knew where he was and would contact the authorities. There was no way horrors of such a kind could be perpetrated and not discovered. This was the twenty-first-century for fuck's sakes!

Things like this just were *not* allowed to happen.

He would be missed and they would come looking for him; word of what had been done to him would get out somehow and she…

"I know what you are thinking, my little English doggy," she broke into his thoughts. "We live in civilised times and such barbarity cannot go unpunished. And especially as your wife knows you are with me and will raise the alarm."

A feeling of dread joined his other concerns as she smiled at him.

"But then, why would she raise the alarm over a dead man?"

Tongue still lolling from his head, he felt a sudden need to be sick and fought it back.

"The car-bombing of an innocent English visitor to Iran was a most terrible thing," she told him. "But how fortunate for the wife of that visitor that his identity was revealed

by the remains of the passport found in the boot with the rest of his luggage – even if there was not enough left of the body itself – ashes, in fact – for a more formal identification to be made."

Again she laughed.

"It is not so very difficult for one with money, after all, to purchase a dead and unclaimed body from a hospital mortuary and have it placed in a car that it may be cremated as an English visitor."

His eyes began to tear up as he realised the enormity of the situation he had awakened to.

"Ah, do not be sad, little doggy," she cooed. "Ms Zaynab is not a heartless master and she would not leave your beautiful wife and lovely children without means in your absence. In the weeks of your stay here, the company that now belongs to your wife after the funeral that was held for you here and back in Dorset, has been awarded a contract to oversee the development you were so keen to win. Your second-in-command is just along the coast and overseeing the work even as we speak."

She giggled in a way that did *not* make her seem girly or flirtatious.

"Sorry, doggy. I should have said: *'even as I speak'*."

Rising from her chair and seating herself on the side of his bed she reached out to stroke his cheek and became angry when, unable to show his anger in any other way, he attempted to bite her brown and beringed hand.

The power of the slaps she delivered to his face, right-left, then back again, stunned him. Which was when her earlier words came back to him in regard of the surgeons having *"pared away"* his muscle. Either she was stronger than he had taken her to be or she had been telling the foul and despicable truth.

The slaps were painful and mortifying, whatever the explanation.

"I was asked if I wished to have your teeth removed," she told him, the threat obvious even with the words she added. "Perhaps I should have taken that option."

Hairless and physically impaired, his anger was suddenly forgotten as the prospect of losing the teeth that had, and still were, a source of pride to him, reduced him to both stillness and silence.

"It is, however, an option still available to me," she told him with a pinch to his cheek to underpin her threat.

Her eyes flickered down towards his groin and he understood her implication instantly.

"One option amongst others," she finished.

A cold sheen of terror inspired fear washed his body from head-to-toe.

“As I was saying,” she went on, assured of his undivided attention. “You are now considered dead and certain documents, prepared for you under another identity, now describe you as a mentally and physically impaired ex-Russian mercenary who, in a strange land and without family of his own, was taken in by a kind Iranian woman and her young brother as an act of mercy.”

Her smile, not that he had ever been in his presence, looked to him like the purest and most malevolent of evils as she went on:

“I am, of this moment, unless someone steps up to claim you as a relative and you are signed over to them, your guardian.”

She moved her head closer and her piercing blue eyes bore into his own with all the fanaticism of the owner for the owned.

It was a most disturbing sensation in the light of everything he had just discovered and, still gripped by the fear of her previous insinuation regarding his groin, Michael Renton forced himself not to become hysterical.

“The surgeons have performed many miracles with you after your accident,” she said with a smirk, “and managed to fuse your fingers together that they might look more… *paw-like*. That they may serve you better than they would as hands in your new life going ahead.”

His head was now shaking from side-to-side as if it were a metronome, so great was his shock.

“They also shortened the ligaments in both your legs,” she went on. “That you may not straighten them and in order to give you a posture more in keeping with the obedient household pet it is intended you will become for me.”

It was beyond nightmare, Michael Renton told himself as the psychopathic Arab girl outlined what had been done to him.

Except that it wasn’t.

It was happening to him and, even if he were to try denial, the changes to his body would soon place him back on the path of truth.

Changes, it turned out, of which there was another to come.

And, perhaps, the worst.

“But their best and most ingenious work involved the synapses of your mind itself,” she told him, looking for all the worl like a gleeful girl who had just had five Christmases all in one – albeit a particularly evil girl.

Renton waited, wondering if what she had to tell him could possibly be worse than what he had already learned.

It was.

“With the infinitely careful and sophisticated use of laser-technology,” she told him proudly, the gifted neuro-surgeons and technicians at this clinic have managed to cauterize the specific synapse that permits you to decipher lettering and numerals.”

She sat back and regarded him, infinitely pleased with her efforts on his behalf; sadism oozing from her every excited pore.

“I see you do not believe me,” she said as she fetched up a newspaper from her side and held out the front-page for him, finger pointing to a picture of a burnt-out shell that had once been a car.

“That is from the front page of the London Telegraph a few weeks ago,” she told him. “And below it is the column telling of the unfortunate demise of one Mr Michael Renton. A project-manager and resident of Corfe in Dorset, who was the victim of a car-bombing in Iran while visiting the country on behalf of his country. A husband and father who leaves behind a distraught wife and two lovely children.”

Renton stared at the paper and realised he could decipher only that it *was* a paper and the picture she pointed to.

All else, letters and numeral, appeared to him as indecipherable.

His blood turned to ice as the full ramifications of what had been done to him hammered home.

He was in a strange land, presumed dead – already buried, in fact, and if what the demented Arab bitch who insisted on describing him as a dog was telling him were true, he had been both physically depleted and modified so that he might never walk on two legs unaided again.

Perhaps even worse – maybe *far* worse – he had been deprived of his vocal chords and the cerebral synapse that enabled the recognition of both numerals and lettering.

If all the above were true, then he had not only been physically emasculated but deprived of the ability to communicate also!

“Of course,” the madwoman continued, “I could always permit you to use a wheelchair as my guest. This would make life much easier for you.”

He waited, knowing something he would not enjoy hearing was about to head his way.

He was not wrong.

“But then, you are not going to be a guest in my home, are you?”

Unable to answer, save for a shake of the head he was unwilling to make, Renton felt the ice in his veins make another bid for a record low temperature.

“And neither does your Arab Master have any intention of making the life of her legal charge *‘easier’*.”

He could only stare at her, unable to believe such insanity could have gone unmissed by him during their talks and meetings; professing himself even more surprised that the usually perceptive and intuitive Shauna, who had met with her socially and even spoken with her via Skype, had totally missed all the same clues that must have been staring them both in the face all along.

“No pet of mine,” the madwoman told him emphatically, wagging a finger with its perfectly manicured and varnished nail beneath his eyes, will *ever* use a wheelchair.”

A rush of air that sounded like a, *“Pfffffft!”* left her lungs.

Then, as if she were actually affronted:

“Whoever heard of such a thing!”

Her eyes went to the view beyond the less than panoramic or attractive view seen clinic window and her harsh features softened a little, as if at a fond dream in the process of being realised.

Then, all business again, her attention returned to her emasculated victim upon the bed.

The smile she directed his way was purest malice and his terror went to new levels as he realised this was no elaborate practical joke and that the SAS were not about come abseiling through the windows to his rescue with HK MP5’s blazing.

The woman was beyond insane, he decided as she gazed down upon him, the quality of her smile almost loving now and changing so swiftly she could only be deranged.

And *he* was not just at her mercy but, to all intents and purposes, and thanks to a false identity he had no reason to suspect would ever be questioned, his *legal* guardian. He was a stranger abroad without either money, passport, or clothes – or even the physical and mental ability to make use of those things if he had possession of all three. His family, friends and work colleagues, and perhaps more importantly, the UK authorities, believed him dead in a car-bomb atrocity and there was not one kind face known to him in this strange and benighted land.

And, had such a sympathetic soul been willing to listen, he was in position to explain his predicament to them anyway.

It was beyond the scope of even fiction’s most incredible plots.

“There,” the hateful voice of his female destroyer cut into his thoughts. “That is what I wish to see in your eyes. An acknowledgment of just how serious your position is and just how power Ms Zaynab has over you. As complete a power as one person is allowed to exercise over another in our brave, modern, and oh, so, enlightened new world.

Re-seating herself on the side of the bed, and as if to underline just how great that *"power"* was, she slid a hand beneath the sheets and sought out his flaccid cock.

He flinched but felt too weak to move from her advance.

"Good boy," she praised him in the voice of a dog-handler, as if his immobility were caused by a desire to please her, rather than a result of pure terror and physical depletion and exhaustion. "That is wholly is right. You must accept that it is the right of your Master to inspect her property as and when she sees fit."

Renton averted his eyes, unable to meet the sheer triumph radiating towards him from the young Arab woman; flinching again when he felt his scrotum cupped in the pal of her commanding hand and his testicles rolled between her fingers as if she were a farmer inspecting the health of her livestock.

"That is right, Mr Michael Renton, as once known. You are no longer a man but a dog. The property of Ms Zaynab Ghazzawi and her young brother Qusay."

To his utter mortification – perhaps even more frightening than what had happened already – Renton felt his cock responding to her handling of him; though he had never before experienced one small scintilla of desire for her.

"Have you gone fucking mad?" his thoughts screamed at him in an attempt to stop his unwanted erection.

There was no effect.

But his reaction did not go unnoticed.

Understandably, with her hands manipulating him in such a way, his growing erection was not missed.

"Oooh" Does Ms Zaynab's little white-doggy enjoy her touching him so… *intimately?* My, my! I wonder what the lovely Shauna would say about it if she were ever to know?"

He continued to look away, the mere sound of his wife's name upon the bitch's lips taking his anger and humiliation to new highs and lows; willing his treacherous cock to go down and desperately trying to understand how even the smallest and most depraved part of him could possibly find excitement in either the situation or the demented Arab woman's handing of him.

Suddenly, removing her hand and rising to her feet, she stared down at him, and, despite knowing it was futile, he attempted to vocalise a response: a plea to her better nature; to beg her to let him go with his solemn promise never to speak of it to anyone – even if he could.

All that emerged from his mouth were a series of pitiful croaks and whines as she looked down upon him as if he were a smear on a test-slide, his head falling back eventually to the pillow as even this pitiful and unsuccessful effort exhausted him.

“Yes, that is my good obedient doggy,” her voice mocked him. “Ms Zaynab will be taking you home with her in a day or two and I want you all rested and looking your best for Master Qusay and your two handlers.”

“Handlers?” asked bemused thoughts.

“That is right,” she said, reading him as easily as he read his now widowed wife. “Bushra and Rashida are so excited to be having an English doggy in the home.”

It was to these words that Renton’s exhaustion finally tipped him into sleep, his thoughts accompanying his journey towards Morpheus with a fervent prayer for all he had just experienced to have been nothing more than a dream – though even as his thoughts formed around the possibility another, more realistic and pragmatic side of his interior monologue, was telling him no such deliverance would be awaiting him the next time he became fully conscious.

In fact, though he could not be sure of it, life for him was about to become even worse…

Five

Qusay & Dog

"So, at last I get to have some time alone with our new white-pet."

The teenager had features similar to his sister's and the words exited past plump lips that might have been sensuous on a woman with more… *attractive* …facial features. On this tiny and diminutive young man, however, they were nothing of the sort and were not aided by the slightly oversized teeth that protruded from his mouth and those same, scimitar-like, features shared with the hateful and insane bitch who had reduced Michael Renton's existence to that of a nightmare experienced on hallucinatory drugs.

The English in which he had spoken was almost childish compared to that of his sister's accented efforts; but the effect of it stirred the Englishman's already tender sensibilities into an even greater frenzy of impotent hatred to which he was unable to give expression.

Renton's head shook imperceptibly:

"If only drugs were the cause!"

It was early evening during the second day of his stay at Zaynab Ghazzawi's expensive and secure residence on the Bay of Hormuz, and already he had endured more humiliation than any man possessing even a shred of masculinity ought to be forced to bear.

And his arrival from the clinic had been seamless.

One second he had watched as a smiling female nurse – Arab, of course – had slid a needle into his powerless and unresisting arm.

And the next…

…He had regained consciousness on a rubber mat in what could only have been a cage in some windowless space – if the bars intersecting his horizontal vision were to be believed.

And he did believe.

Now.

And totally!

He noticed that the bandages on his hands had been removed.

And received no delight from the absence whatsoever.

For what was remaining to him now were nothing more than useless stumps; fingers fused together and looking just as paw-like as his demented owner had insisted they would.

He was, again, totally naked.

Almost.

Though he sensed there was not a hair remaining on his head and body, save for his eyebrow and eyelashes, he could feel a not restrictive, but not totally comfortable either, band about his neck and did not take long to realise it was a collar.

But worse was to come.

Where before had swung a free and unilateral penis, above equally liberated testicles, there was now a metal contraption confining them.

Never a big purveyor of internet porn – or any other kind, come to that – Renton was not so unworldly that he had not heard of male-chastity belts.

Or the sad perverts who enjoyed wearing them.

A grouping, it appeared, of whom he had just become a member.

Albeit an unwilling one and certainly not a *pervert*.

When a heavy door opened and he heard a step on the concrete stairs, he assumed he was about to be reacquainted with the bitch responsible for his nightmare; not having seen her once since his arrival.

Instead, he had watched as two Arab women descended the stairs to what he assumed was a basement.

One a woman of around his own age or slightly younger, and far more attractive in her native way than the bitch whose house they were in; the other an elfin looking teenager with an expression that could only be described as both mischievous and… *anticipatory*.

Both of them were going bareheaded and were minus the flowing Islamic costumes he had expected most women to be wearing when he had first stepped onto the tarmac at Tehran International. Dressed, to his surprise in monochrome garb that, while not of the same expensive design as the clothes worn by Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi, were obviously well-tailored. Even if he could not fail to miss that the two were household servants and not guests or residents.

As the clack of their low-heeled shoes heralded their progress towards him, and two pairs of hosed and not entirely unattractive legs neared his cage, he recalled something of his one-way conversation with the Arab bitch in his room at the clinic and knew the identity of the newcomers immediately.

They were the *"handlers"* she had mentioned

His assumption proved correct when he saw the two short-tailed quirts hanging from the belts that secured their respective skirts.

The nightmare was getting worse!

In English even more accented and irritating than that of Zaynab herself, he had been ordered onto all fours, a lead attached to his collar, and led from his cell into the centre of the basement.

It was, they had told him, to be the first of his weekly maintenance beatings intended to keep him respectful, as well as mindful, of his position in the household and what he might expect should his behaviour prove less than totally… *servile*.

When they were finished, and he was hauled back to his cage, howling, whining and snivelling, he had to have been at that point the most abject and miserable male creature on the Lord's green earth.

And possessed of a mortal fear of every inhabitant in his demented Arab owner's home…

…And especially the effeminate and, seemingly, mentally underdeveloped youth in his late-teens he found himself on all-fours before, the collar attached to his lead dangling from one slight and exaggeratedly limp brown-hand.

The boy extended an arm and ruffled the older man's hairless scalp as if he truly were a family pet being extended some affection; delighting when the Englishman's ears reddened with humiliation but the man himself made no attempt to move away from his touch.

"What a good boy Dog is for his young Master," he told the man with relish, cock beneath his robe harder than it had ever been in his eighteen years beneath as he realised – with his sister's permission, of course – that he could do exactly as he pleased with the creature below him.

A human creature who had not only once been married and was the father of children, but was a fully grown adult European over twenty years his senior.

"My sister was right about you," he smiled, oversized teeth again protruding past those plump lips. "I think we are all going to be very happy that you are with us."

From his side he suddenly produced a quirt similar to that used by the two women the previous day.

The same quirts that had virtually broken what remained of Michael Renton's spirit and added agony and complete and utter hopelessness to his feelings of anger and impotence.

Just the sight of them making the older man on all-fours shiver and shake involuntarily as he recalled the pain they had inflicted upon him and the angry red-welts covering his thighs and, surely, his buttocks and back – even if the soothing cream they had applied some hours afterwards had at least allowed him to find some sleep.

"Do not be alarmed, little doggy," the youth cooed to him. "You have done nothing wrong and Master Qusay is not so cruel an owner that he would punish his dog for no reason. It is her only to supply you with… what is the word in your former tongue?... Yes! To supply you with motivation in your service to him."

Renton's stomach revolted as he divined the effeminate Arab's intention; only the presence of the quirt, and the agonies it had already supplied him in the hands of the two women, enabling him to summon up the wherewithal not to vomit over the youth in front of him.

He felt a tug on the lead dangling from his collar and his eyes were forced up from the terracotta to meet those of his young *"Master"*, as he had styled himself.

"Do not disrespect your Master by lowering your eyes from him until he gives you permission… Understand?"

The quirt at the boy's side uppermost in his mind, Renton forced himself to nod as he attempted to keep his eyes upon those of his tormentor.

The boy slapped him atop the head.

"Do not be disobedient," he snapped. "Dog's speak, they do not nod."

Renton looked at him as if he truly were a bemused canine.

"Let us try again… Does Dog understand?"

Michael Renton's eyes widened with fear.

How could he speak without vocal-chords?

How was he supposed to…?

And suddenly he knew exactly what the sadistic teenager wanted and meant when he said that, *"Dog's speak, they do not nod"*.

Feeling as if he were jettisoning the final few grams of what remained of his manhood, Michael Renton, husband to Shauna, father to Leah and Carla, and owner of his own thriving business, fought back his nausea and did his best with the vocal equipment remaining to him to replicate the bark of a dog.

"Oh, yes! What a lovely obedient pet you are going to be," said the boy, kissing to Renton's horror, the shiny dome that was now the older man's scalp.

The Englishman shuddered with revulsion and fearful anticipation for the unwanted intimacy and what he knew it meant going ahead.

Fearful anticipation that was confirmed almost instantly.

A tug on the lead pulled his head closer to the vee of the boy's legs until his eyes were level with that part of the loose robe concealing his groin.

Renton's body began to shake and he had no means to quell its reaction to what he knew must follow as he saw the disturbance beneath the robe's expensive cotton cloth.

"It is time for you to show Master Qusay just how obedient and attentive an English pet you are going to be for him from now on."

Renton watched as the boy took the hem of his robe in his hand and began to raise up to his knees and then over hairless thighs before revealing an equally hairless scrotum and the cock above it.

A smooth, spear-like, cock that was fairly pulsating with an almost atomic energy as it arrowed towards the ceiling in anticipation of what was to come.

And a cock that was at least three inches in excess of Renton's own caged manhood.

The Englishman's body was beginning to wobble and he truly felt as if he must collapse. The overriding instinct to slap the boy senseless, and/or simply make his escape, negated by his physical incapacity and the shortened ligaments of his legs. Unless he's still aching and burning flesh wanted another meeting with a quirt, the only option available to him was the unthinkable.

"Does Dog not think Master Qusay has a most beautiful and commanding cock?" the boy asked, tugging on the lead a little more until the older man's unwilling eyes were no more than an inch or so from his hairless ball-sac.

Renton realised he was on the verge of breaking into the kind of crying jag he had last experienced as a pre-pubescent.

But the boy was relentless.

"Speak once for yes, and twice for no."

Renton simply wanted to die at this point. Had the teenager offered him a pill that would have ensured he would never again wake to such a nightmare, he would have taken it. And have been delighted to do so.

But no such offer was forthcoming.

All it took was the slightest movement of the boy's hand towards the quirt and Renton heard himself again approximating a dog's bark.

One for yes!

No matter the hatred and self-loathing he felt for delivering it.

“That is my good doggy,” said the boy, delighted with the compliment from such an older and far more handsome man – or at least a *former* man – no matter that it was coerced and utterly insincere. “Master Qusay is so pleased you find his cock attractive. Such a passion for your Master will ensure you do your best to be the best and most pleasing dog you can be for him.”

Renton felt bile burn the back of his chord-free throat and again fought hard to keep from vomiting as the boy stroked his hairless dome affectionately and proprietorially with one hand while maintaining a hold of his lead at the same time.

“It is your first time pleasing your new young master,” the abomination went on as Renton fought the urge to look from the face that was so joyous in its domination of him. “So for today we will see how you get on with sucking his cock and swallowing his lovely thick Arab cum.”

The Englishman redoubled his efforts as revulsion urge bile further into his mouth.

“Before you are given that honour, though,” the boy said, using the hand that had just been stroking Renton’s scalp to explore between the older man’s legs and explore the cage imprisoning the English version of his own, longer and thicker, manhood, “I wish for my Dog to show his respect for his new master by licking and sucking upon his superior Arab balls.”

Then, before Michael Renton could either vomit, or make any of the other limited responses of which he was capable, the lead went taut again and he found his nose and lips mashed against the massive balls of a deceptively slight Arab teenager who could not wait until he finally emptied them down a man’s throat.

And the throat of an Englishman at that.

“Good Dog,” the boy praised when a demoralised and emasculated Renton made no attempt to move from such a degrading position. “Before you show me your respect by licking and sucking them, I want you to stare at the cock and balls that control you and hear you take deep breaths that you may familiarise yourself with their superior scent.”

It was, to the boy’s self-confessed surprise, no more than a few seconds later that the sound of air being drawn up into the heterosexual Englishman’s nostrils assured the self-described *“young Arab Master”* that he would have no trouble making his new pet obey.

And perhaps no more than a minute later, as the eighteen-year-old’s unaccountably large for his physique cock entered a man’s virgin mouth for the first time, that Michael Renton’s life as the cock-slave of an Iranian teenager began…

Six

Zaynab & Shauna

"You look positively radiant, my lovely Shauna," Zaynab had exclaimed as the two had embraced and spoke for the first time in over three months.

Their embrace was long and sincere, greeting each other as if they were friends of a long and venerable standing, rather then two women who had not heard of each other only six of those aforementioned months before. Once again, they had chosen Covent Garden as their meeting-point, its piazza and atmospheric surroundings bringing to mind the happy memory of their first lunch together minus the English woman's husband. The same husband who was, to all intents and purposes, no longer among the living and already becoming a memory to former friends and colleagues alike.

Even, he would probably be devastated to learn, to the two little girls he had doted upon so much.

Though he might take consolation from the fact that they were at least devastated for a period that verged on a fortnight after his service of remembrance in the pretty church at Corfe that had been attended by Shauna's family and those same and former friends and colleagues.

As their mother had indicated to Zaynab upon making her decision in regard of her husband, lots of spoiling and constant activity can tend to divert the childish mind from losses of such a kind.

It was the Vini Italiani franchise in the heart of Covent Garden's piazza in which they sipped at their favoured Merlot's on this occasion. The venue chosen more for the buzzy nature of its interior than anything particularly ground-breaking in terms of either drink or cuisine. Their conversation, both knew, unlikely to be of a kind they would want *anyone* to overhear.

The two women, one English and coming into a bloom before the onset of her dread forties; the other a younger Arab woman only a year or two into her thirties, provided an unlikely pairing.

The older of them a woman it would not have been a stretch to describe as beautiful, in a kind of girl next-door way; while the younger could *never*, not in the most drunken and fevered of a man's dreams, be described in such terms.

And yet, there was something about the woman that gripped the attention in a way her older friend did not.

Perhaps it was her obviously expensive clothing – even it did tend to the monochrome and severe – highlighting a powerful and compact body that was at least hourglass in its premature matronliness. Or maybe it was the legs with the same matronly look to them in their sheer black hose that caught the attention of *certain* types of men; the

pressure supplied by her spiked Fendi's ensuring a dimple ran the length of her calf muscles and exaggerated the impression of… *power*. The charcoal grey skirt, cut to just above the knee, that could not disguise the power of the Eastern Mediterranean thighs to which it clung was another reason; as were the hide hips that narrowed upward towards the waist where a pair of full yet conical breasts were contained in a black and expensive top in designer black lycra; breasts her stylish bolero cut jacket in the same grey as he skirt could do nothing to conceal entirely.

It certainly was *not*, it must be stated, the somewhat fleshy yet forbidding facial features, nose curving above plump lips in the way of the famous sword of Saif ul-Ali below piercing blue eyes that Shauna herself had taken a time to adjust to; so frank and pitiless seemed their stare, in the beginning of their friendship.

"You have grown out your hair and it suits you, Shauna," complimented the Arab girl when they were seated and served at a nice corner table at the window at which they were sure not to be overheard and they had brought each other up-to-date with the more *prosaic* day-to-day events of each other's lives.

"Thank you, Zaynab. It just felt… *right* …let it grow after Michael… You know?"

Zaynab A-Ghazzawi nodded, knowing all too well the sense of liberation the woman must have felt to be free of the man who had ruined her belief in married life.

Though her own sense of true liberation had been supplied by actually taking the liberty of that same man from him.

Shauna was suddenly fidgety and Zaynab noted it and smiled.

"Have you something you wish to ask me?" she asked the former housewife.

"Don't tease, Zaynab," Shauna chided her with mock irritation. "We haven't spoken about…"

Her eyes darted about her to ensure they were not being listened to before she continued in a lowered voice:

"We haven't spoken about… you know what …since… since…"

"Since your husband's tragedy?" the Arab girl offered with an impassive face.

"Yes," Shauna agreed, finding herself a little impatient to hear of the man she had once loved and given over to the woman opposite.

Still, Zaynab said nothing and the frustration of the older woman grew.

Until the younger exploded with laughter.

"I am sorry, my lovely Shauna," she apologised. "But you appear so eager to learn of him it prompts me to tease you."

“I’m glad you find me amusing,” the English woman replied dryly.

“Forgive me, my love. But, are you truly certain you wish to hear of our… mutual friend?... I would not wish for you to be upset, or…”

“Or what, Zaynab?”

There was a look of genuine trepidation on the Arab girl’s unprepossessing features as she took a breath and continued:

“My fear is – as you once expressed fears of the kind yourself – that you may see me as a monster when you hear what has become of your former love.”

Shauna could see the girl’s fears were genuine and gave her a reassuring smile as she sat at her ease in a pair of skin-tight leggings and a three-button and collarless shirt that ended slightly above the waist to show a trendy amount of smooth and tanned skin.

“If you recall,” she reminded her, “you were most vivid during our Skype conversations. Did I consider you a monster then?”

“Well… No. You did not.”

“And I don’t now. So tell me, what is life like now for my cheating former husband.”

Zaynab allowed herself a smile, reassured that there would be no ill after-effects from being totally truthful with her friend.

A friend, she told herself, who seemed changed.

No longer an unhappy woman in a marriage she did not want, but a carefree and relaxed individual looking forward to the rest of her life.

And yet…

For all the more positive changes noted above, there was something more that was different.

She seemed, Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi told herself, *harder*.

“It is everything that he hates and *all* that makes the pieces of my life complete,” she answered finally and with complete truth.

“And everything went as you said it would?” Shauna asked, knowing it had or they would not have been there but compelled by a wholly natural sense of insecurity to make sure all was as her friend had assured her it would be. “There no mishaps or near disasters along the way.”

Zaynab shook her head, desire to tease her friend past as she realised that being kept necessarily in the dark about events so far away that could have an impact upon her life as it moved forward had to have been a strain on her.

“All went exactly as I told you it would,” she explained and assured. “In fact, I am still amazed at just how easy it was to strip your husband of both his life and his manhood. My country is not as advanced in certain areas as your own, but… It remains in the twenty-first century, just the same, and that we were able to do what we did with your husband in these supposedly liberal, enlightened, and tolerant, times still leaves me surprised when I think about it.”

Shauna nodded, “I was surprised myself when I received the news of his death so swiftly,” she said. “I couldn’t believe you could arrange such a thing so fast.”

“Wealth and contacts are wondrous things,” Zaynab agreed before going on to bring her English friend fully up-to-speed with what had happened to her husband and how he was bearing up in his new… *life*.

It was a stunned and almost orgasmic Shauna who expelled air from her lungs and slumped back in her seat after hearing her friend’s description of both her former husband’s emasculation and the nature of his new-world.

The Merlot she knocked back in one gulp and her swift refilling of her empty glass afterwards yet another indicator of how… *moving* …she found her friend’s recounting of those events.

“I… I can barely even imagine it,” she said, head shaking from side-to-side as a companion to her disbelief. “It’s just so… so alien to the man I knew. To think he could be made to behave and… *perform* …in such a way. It… It…”

She flung her arms wide and barely missed the glass she had only just filled.

“It’s wonderful!” she finished.

“No regrets, my love?” Zaynab smiled, knowing that, even in the unlikely event of her friend wanting her old life and the man who went with it back, there could be no return to what had once been the status quo.

“Surprisingly,” Shauna began, “seeing as how I would once never have believed I could find such things so… *exciting*, no.”

She sipped at her Merlot and tried to imagine the sense of sheer desperation her former husband must be feeling. In a strange land and considered dead in his own. Living under another name as the equivalent of an English ward-of-court with a younger Iranian woman who was now his guardian. The same Iranian woman whose money and contacts had ensured he could no longer communicate or even walk in the way of a man. Hairless and with his faithless cock in chastity in the care of his two female handlers, his fingers fused together to better resemble the paws of the animal he was intended to be for his Iranian masters.”

“And you say he uses his tongue on you?” she asked breathlessly, expression a little sour her friend thought.

“Does this trouble you, Shauna?” she asked. “If you remember, was most forthright concerning my intentions to make use of his tongue for my pleasure and certainly not his cock – though I have allowed him, upon special occasions, to be freed from his cock-cage that he might hump against my leg until he spurts his seed.”

As energised as she was by her friend’s forthrightness in regard of her treatment of Michael, Shauna could not prevent herself from darting quick looks around them to make certain there was no chance of their conversation being overheard.

Who knew what fateful events a snippet of conversation in the wrong ear could set in motion?

None of the mostly women in the near vicinity or beyond were taking the slightest notice of them and Shauna returned her fevered attention back to her friend.

“It is a most effective way of making him aware of his position in my household. After all, how can he regard himself as anything but an animal after having slaked his bestial desires against the calf of his Arab master in such a way?”

The difficulty with which Shauna swallowed and then snaked out a tongue to wet suddenly dry lips was all the Arab girl needed to know just how arousing she found such a description of her former love.

“But I digress,” she said with a disarming smile. “I was asking if the thought of him using his tongue to worship the cunt of his superior Arab owner troubled you, Shauna?”

Hearing the obscenity on the girl’s lips for the first time took Shauna’s arousal to new heights and it was all she could do not to thrust some fingers inside her leggings and frig herself off.

Something she knew *would* draw the attention of the other diners to them!

“Actually,” she answered, voice thick with desire for the picture her younger friend was painting, “I find it fitting and ironic that he should serve you in such a way.”

“Ironic?”

Shauna nodded.

“Not once in all out time together did he offer or make some half-hearted attempt to lick me there.”

This was news to Zaynab and the fact she now had that tongue licking her whenever she clicked her fingers when the beautiful woman opposite had neve experienced its attentions served only to take her own feelings of desire and imperium even further into the heavens.

“Not once!” her beautiful friend hisses across from her. “Bastard!”

“They are dogs, Shauna,” Zaynab reminded her, laying a hand across her own in what was intended to be a soothing gesture but which, if the anger still residing on her friend’s finely sculpted features were a guide, was not entirely successful. “I have mentioned this to you before, my love. For a woman to best release a man’s potential to please her, he needs must be trained the same way one would train an animal. Does my description of your husband’s life as it now is, and how he serves not just me but my family and the women who serve us, not tell you the… *rightness* …of such an approach?”

Shauna snorted, derision more for herself than her friend, for whom she was feeling nothing but envy at this point.

“Too late for me, wouldn’t you say,” she said with no small exasperation; revealing to her Arab friend that she still had feelings for the former husband many thousand of miles away in his role as the animal of another woman.

Even if those… *feelings* …were not of a loving kind.

“With your former husband? Sadly, yes,” Zaynab told her with a sympathetic, if not regretful, expression. “However, I believe you indicated earlier that there was another man in your life… *‘Geoffrey’*, I believe you called him?”

Shauna nodded, spirits picking up a little as something in her friend’s voice indicated… *an idea*.

“They say you can never teach the old dog a new trick,” Zaynab continued. “But I do believe I have disproved the worth of this overused term. After all, my own dog was of middle-years when I took possession of him. A dog used to making his own decisions and using his cock as he wished to use it. And look how utterly obedient he is now!”

The English mother could not prevent a smile from rearranging the somewhat doleful symmetry of her features at his. Though concern for future retribution was present also and would, she knew, never be entirely absent from her life in the future. And not just the fear of eternal damnation and pain provoked by a conscience she unable to quite still.

“And you are absolutely sure there is no way he can somehow turn the tables on you and make us the ones who live in misery?”

Zaynab simply rolled her eyes and let out a long-suffering sigh; knowing that if words had not been enough to calm her English friend’s fears up to now there was no point wasting any more of them; relieved just the same when the clouds opposite dispersed and the finely chiselled features, framed by a blonde halo of the hair that had been grown-out and styled, broke into an apologetic smile.

A smile that grew in delight as her friend continued with a request:

“So, tell me everything I need to know about Geoffrey…”

Seven

Dog

It felt wonderful!

He was free once again.

Odds overturned.

In full command of both his faculties and his physical freedom and ready to wreak mayhem on the bitch and her brother who had turned his existence into a war-zone in which he held none of the weapons.

The brother, he particularly looked forward to dealing with!

But all in good time.

For now, he was a man once again and that was all that mattered.

"Not so fucking sure of yourself now are you, Arab cunt?" he hissed at the naked woman on the tiles below him.

The same abomination of femininity who had thought she could treat him, Michael Renton, like an animal and pay no price for the privilege.

He wondered how good she felt about her treatment of him now; the terrified face staring up at him providing all the answer he needed.

Driving his cock into the unwilling cunt she had always insisted no cock would profane – and especially not that of an Englishman whose life she owned - the hand that gripped the long and lustrous black hair that was the only thing he found remotely feminine about her tugged on it so that her face twisted to his.

This that she may look into his eyes as he took her dignity from her the way she had taken his own from him.

"Why don't you try begging me to stop?" he snarled, elated at the control he was exercising over his one-time keeper. "One 'wruff' for yes if you want me to take my superior English cock from that unworthy Arab cess-pit you call a pussy; two for no."

Below him, the woman who had attempted to dehumanise him was staring up with hate-filled and horrified eyes. He could see the wonderment in them as she asked herself how he had managed to extricate to overcome the physical and mental disadvantages she had ensured were laid upon him and himself from his cage. Accepting, he thought, that he would not tell her even if she asked.

"Let the cunt try and work it out," he snarled to himself as he slowed the pace of his

thrusting into her virgin sex, only to resume with even greater pace and vigour as she squealed up at him through the gag of her own hose he had stuffed into her mouth.

Doing so, of course, after something of a more flesh and blood variety had experienced its moist warmth first.

Now, though, he was in the process of revising his earlier assessment in regard of her hair being the only womanly thing about her. Despite his hatred and revulsion for the younger Arab woman, and the elation at having turned the situation around, Michael Renton had to confess that, and as ugly as he found her, that her body was of a kind made to be fucked by a man who took what he wanted. And to hell with political correctness!

The throwing off of the humane and liberal constraints - constraints that had been so easy to pay lip-service when one was ensconced in a secure environment – came all the easier for the memory of the times she had humiliated him and insisted he serve her body in a way no human-being who was male, female, or transgender should ever have to serve a fellow traveller. Images of himself upon all-fours as he bathed her feet with his tongue or sucked her toes into his mouth that his saliva might make her nails more receptive to the varnish either Bushra or Rashida had been about apply, crowded in upon him. He saw himself sucking her clitoris into his mouth and swirling it over his teeth in the way he had been taught she preferred and almost felt the earthy and soul-destroying taste of her anus on his tongue as she insisted he worship her in this most intimate and revolting place. The image of himself with his "paws" around her meaty thighs as he humped his released cock against her calf by way of a reward for particularly servile behaviour, serving only to make his invasion of her pussy more brutal.

For a woman of her size and build, she also had a suppleness that went with the muscularity provided by regular and strenuous workouts in her private gymnasium. And he had also to confess – if only to himself – that her brown Mediterranean was flawless. A grudging concession that made the fact she was at his mercy, and the breasts, hourglass-figure and powerful matronly legs with the pronounced and curvy calf-muscles his cock, when released, knew so well, all the more… just …to him.

But it was power that consumed him right now, not the quality or not of her body.

The natural position of a man over a woman.

He saw it now, free of the liberal conditioning of his coddled English background; in full agreement with the oriental male who, he had once read, kept the claws as of their women forever cut.

That they may never be turned against their male master.

His views had undergone a complete reversal and he knew he would never regard the fair-sex in the same romantic way again.

They were made for the pleasure of man.

Not the other way around.

Any pleasure they received from their usage was but a by-product of their man's.

And now he was her lord and master as she lay supine beneath him, lightly groaning and un-resistant as she was fucked for the first time in her thirty-something years, his cock pistoning into the orifice nature had fashioned for its pleasure.

With all these thoughts swirling around inside his already fevered head, flush with the excitement of functioning like a man once again, the excitement that was already functioning at molten levels became almost radioactive.

He felt his eruption imminent and attempted to stall its arrival.

A simple fucking, he told himself, was too good for the bitch who had thought she could treat him in such a way.

He wanted this to last!

Sliding his cock from her pussy and releasing his grip on her hair, he heard a sigh of relief for the end of hostilities escape her and smiled, knowing as he did that it not so much an end as much as it was a pause.

And a "pause" that would not too long in duration.

Knee-walking himself over the tiles into a position astride her chest, the breasts he was suddenly so appreciative of squeezed together by the pressure of his inner-thighs and making them look even more full and inviting, he allowed his cock to rest against her chin.

"Why waste good manly protein on a despicable Arab cunt when there's a hungry mouth waiting to take nourishment from the source?" his voice rang out.

She shook her head frantically, having hated it the first time his cock was thrust into his mouth, let alone having to repeat the humiliation and have his thick English semen hit the back of her throat before continuing its journey towards her stomach; seeing it as an even greater atrocity than the invasion of her womanhood.

"I warn you," he told her unintelligible utterings from behind the gag as he prepared to remove it: "try biting me and I'll fuck your arse and make you lick me clean afterwards."

The eyes in question bulged with horror and he knew she believed he meant it.

And why wouldn't she, he thought, after all she had put him through.

Taking the hose from her mouth he had used to gag her, the same hose he had more than once ran his tongue over that her sweaty feet might be "soothed" after a day at the office, and with a smile that was purest malice, he shoved his raging erection past the teeth that, as instructed, did not bite.

She closed her eyes and he slapped her cheeks – twice.

"Look at me as I fuck your worthless Arab mouth," he snarled. "I want you to see what you're getting and who's giving it to you."

"That's my good little Arab bitch," he mocked, words becoming more difficult to find as his excitement grew. "Who… Who'd have… thought it? You have a real… a real… talent… for… for…"

Suddenly, something felt wrong.

He felt… claustrophobic.

In fact, he wasn't feeling right at all.

His face felt suffocatingly warm.

Unnaturally so.

Something wasn't right. In fact, not only was it not right it was…

…he awoke to find himself lying on his mat upon the dog-mat they had provided for him, face trapped between a pair of brown thighs as their owner faced towards his feet.

Now it was the turn of the eyes in his head to bulge from their sockets as he felt the soles of his tormentor's feet resting to the side against that part of his denuded scalp that was not buried in the brown-arse above; a slender and feminine brown-back rising above him.

The voice when it came down to him was as hateful as it was familiar.

"You have performed the honour for my sister, so you should have no trouble doing the same for her brother."

Michael Renton's dream was an instant memory as he felt the teenager's ball-sac slide away from his mouth that he might be presented with the anus waiting patiently to fill the void.

"You will worship the arse of Master Qusay until he gives you permission to stop…"

Eight

Shauna

"I'm sorry, Geoffrey," Shauna told her lover of the past five months. But I warned you from the start that there was no possibility I would ever marry again."

The man, pleasant looking rather than handsome in the way of her ex, and only a year her senior, looked crestfallen, the ring he was holding out to her from a kneeling position in her Corfe living-room frozen in mid-air as her rejection of him cast a pall over the ebullient mood with which he had entered her home. A well-paid actuary with a large Pension Provider in Christchurch and a nice home and financial portfolio to go with it, he had thought his proposal would be met by the widow with, if not gratitude, then at least warmth. What he had received, however, bordered on indifference.

"Is…? Is it too early?" he offered, realising he was still on one knee before and feeling ridiculous, yet still too stunned by her rejection to summon up enough wherewithal to move.

"Early?" she asked, knowing what he meant but enjoying the power-play she had provoked between them enough to make him say exactly what he meant; having taken Zaynab's advice during her visit of a few months before to heart and deciding that, this time, the man she allowed into her life would be thoroughly tamed and trained to her specifications.

And Geoffrey – handsome, trusting, and oh, so, in love, Geoffrey – gave every indication that he was trainable.

From what she had told her of him, this during their recommenced Skype sessions, her younger Arab friend had agreed with her that the man sounded eminently *"trainable"*, and that she, Zaynab Ghazzawi, would help her in any way possible if it meant ensuring he took up his place in her life where he belonged.

At her shapely and high arched feet!

"You know?" he said, red-faced still from having had his proposal refused. "Too early after… Michael."

She pretended to think about it and actually lay a consoling hand across his shoulders.

Not from any desire to actually console him, you understand, but simply that she might make his rising from his kneeling position more problematic and that she might luxuriate in the sensations provoked by having a man before her in such a way.

"I mean," he began, uncomfortable with her silence and feeling a need to say something – anything: "I know it's only been seven months or so ago that Michael… passed away. But… Well, I think we have something really good between us. I know I love you and, until now, I thought you felt the same way about me."

He was obviously looking for a bone of some kind from her and, though she found his obvious neediness somewhat pathetic, she was of a mind to supply him with one.

Even if it would *not* be the facesaver he might have wished it to be.

"I… I am fond of you, Geoffrey. And I do like your willingness to be led by me in the bedroom…"

Only his anxiety in respect of the *"but'* he sensed coming placed his embarrassment of her reminder in a lower tense, so to speak – for a few moments, anyway; the memory of how he had capitulated when she had told him she liked to be the dominant partner in matters of sex, he knew, would not be long in asserting itself in his thoughts again as images of her sitting astride him and insisting he delay his own orgasm until she had achieved hers already gathered at the periphery of his thoughts.

"…but…"

She stared into his eyes, almost regretfully, as surprised now by her acting skills as she had been after discovering her former husband's affair and going on as if nothing had changed between them.

"As fond of you and appreciative of your willingness in the bedroom as I am," she told him, "I don't think you're the type of man who could ever commit to the kind of partnership I expect from a relationship."

His eyes told her he was utterly puzzled and lost – a tribute to the way she, with her good friend Zaynab's assistance, had led him by the nose to this point.

"It's one thing to accept my lead in the bedroom because you know that, by doing so, it will ensure your cock gets into my lovely moist pussy you love so much…"

His intake of breath would have been audible from the next village, she smiled to herself, knowing such unheard of language upon her lips had cut straight past his defences and placed him even more on the backfoot.

"…but it is quite another to follow a woman's lead – my lead – in the more everyday areas of life."

Her would-be partner's bemusement was no less pronounced.

"I… I'm sorry, Shauna. I'm not following you."

She allowed him an indulgent smile; an all-knowing tutor showing sympathy to a pupil unable to keep up the most simple of explanations – despite that pupil being a year her senior and far more worldly.

"It's simple, Geoffrey," she told him. "You are an attractive and mature man who is used to getting your own way. Didn't you tell me that your first marriage ended because your wife found you too possessive and overbearing?"

“Yes, but….?”

“There are no *‘buts’*. Geoffrey. The next long-term relationship I enter into I intent to last. I have no intention of my daughters seeing a succession of short-term lovers enter and exit my life. What kind of message would that send to them?”

“But that’s why I’m here!” he protested. “On my knees with a ring. To assure you I want to be a part of your life forever.”

“Geoffrey, even if I were to accept what you say to be true, there remains the matter of my having told you I had no intention of ever marrying again.”

“Live with me then,” he blurted out, eyes scanning her tanned and shapely legs as they crossed themselves at the ankle; the thought of losing this woman who had captured both his heart and his loins almost physically painful to him. “Or allow me to live with you. We can even have separate rooms if you think our sharing would upset the girls.”

She paused a moment, allowing him to think she was mulling his proposal over, when, subject to her terms being met, she had made a decision in regard of him long before.

“If…” she began. “And I only mean *if*, I could be persuaded to give such an arrangement a trial…”

She saw the light of hope rise again at the back of his brown eyes.

“…then there would be no question of us ever sharing a room so long as the girls remained at home.”

She read his expression as if it were an early-learning book with building-bricks supplied.

“No. You’re wrong. That would not mean you never get to lay beneath me as I ride you. I enjoy you pleasing me that way too much to give it up. But I would not taint my late-husband’s memory with my girls by ever having them anywhere near us as we went about it.”

“Shauna, I’m okay with that. I want you for the long-term. And if that means we cant’s share a bed like a normal couple until the girls are old enough to understand, then, well, I’m fine with it. I just want to be with you.”

“That’s all very well, Geoffrey, but I tell you now, if I consented to what you want there would never be any question of you being possessive and overbearing with me.”

He made to come in but she held up one imperious hand and, to her delight, he responded to its authority.

“No, Geoffrey. I’m nothing like your first wife and I refuse to countenance macho male behaviour of the kind in any shape or form. If you commit yourself to living with me here, in *my* home, then you had better resign yourself to the fact that what I say goes.”

She stared him in the face and felt intense gratification as his face coloured under her scrutiny.

“Both in the bedroom, and *everywhere* else.”

She could see his thoughts racing and wondered if she had pushed too fast too soon, taking solace from the fact that, despite her words, he was still gazing up at her, and still upon bended knee.

His next question giving her the opportunity to *educate* him further.

“I… I’m not exactly sure of what you’re saying, Shauna?” he half-stated and half-asked.

Her smile when she answered held a mixture of the smug, the patronising, and the growingly aroused:

“Again it is simple, Geoffrey…”

She reached out a hand and stroked his cheek possessively.

“Have you ever heard of female-led-relationships?”

Nine

Dog

He was a different man now.

No longer a man, at all, in fact.

With only the sketchiest idea of how long he had been in the home of his Arab owner and her younger brother, he was unable to put a time-stamp on the amount of time it had taken them to reduce him to such a condition that was even more advanced than the pitiful and dismantled shell who had first been brought here from the clinic that had… *reduced him*.

His days were now spent veering from excruciating boredom to the most abject humiliation.

Humiliation that showed no sign of losing its appeal for those inflicting it upon him.

He had even come to look upon Rashida's bathing of him and the regular depilation sessions under her hand, together with his daily feeding time, either from the bowl with his name upon it set on the kitchen-floor, or from the hands of the fleshy but controlling housekeeper, Bushra, as a diversion from the long stretches of dead time as he waited to be made use of by either family or servants – that and the walks around a secluded and unobserved garden that gave him at least some of the exercise he needed and, for a brief time, allowed him to feel the outside air upon his naked and often welted flesh.

He had even come to look forward to those times he spent on his haunches. either worshipping his Arab owner's pussy or that of the equally depraved Rashida.

At least with them, if his efforts were considered satisfactory, there was the possibility of his cock-cage being removed and permission for him to hump against either leg or unmoving hand, until the often unbearable build-up of sperm in his scrotum released itself at last.

His lasting hatred of such indignities only kicking back in when the pleasure of release had faded and he had, once again, been returned to his cage in the basement.

Though the inner fury he felt upon those truly hateful occasions when the feminine, and quite odious, Master Qusay used both his mouth and his arse as a form of recreation was with him at all times.

It was no surprise, given what he knew of Iranian society and its cast-iron religious edicts, that the young and gay teenager would become attached to the family's new pet.

Where else could he expect to have his needs met beyond the home?

And *without* inviting imprisonment or worse?

That *"inner fury"* was burning now as he crawled towards the front-room where he had been told by Rashida that his *"young Master"* awaited him.

Progress made a little slower by his recent acquisition of the humbler at the back of his thighs that had been attached to his cock-ring and ensured any movement he made beyond a shrug was accompanied by discomfort.

The bare and, at least, immaculately groomed feet of his Master came into view first as he made the slow progress towards the divan on which he reclined.

"There is my good Dog!" came the familiar and utterly demeaning greeting the simple-minded Arab in his late-teens never tired of making; repetition doing nothing to lessen the pleasure he took from having a handsome *former* man completely under his control – at least when his sister was of a mind to allow it, that is.

"And look how well he is crawling in his new jewelry!"

Trying to block the sound of that hateful voice and what its owner intended him to do from his mind, the man who had once been Michael Renton switched to what he described to himself as *"auto-pilot"* and crawled closer to the bolt-hard cock the boy had waiting for him; once again urging himself to simply get it done and be dismissed rather than show those signs of distaste that had won him so many beatings from the teenager's hand.

"Ms Zaynab is returning from the airport shortly," the boy informed him, "so Master Qusay does not have too much time to waste upon his Dog today."

Renton's soul almost sang as he heard this good news – even if he did wish that the teenager had not time for him at all rather than a little.

"For today you may just show his lovely Arab balls your respect and then take his superior cock into your doggy mouth to the base and suck him until he releases his cream into your unworthy throat."

The beaten and broken white-man did not hesitate.

Shuffling quickly forward - so swiftly, in fact, he feared it might look to his Master as if he were actually eager to do his depraved bidding.

His fears were realised.

"That is a good boy for Master Qusay!" he heard from above as the column of the teenager's engorged penis began to fill his vision. "Our little Doggy has finally accepted his place in the scheme of things."

A hateful hand with slender and most unmanly fingers reached to out to stroke his hairless scalp with what seemed to be real affection and, starved of anything resembling such warmth for so long, the older man found something inside of himself giving way as he actually leaned his head into the boy's caresses.

“Such a good boy,” the youth cooed. “So good, I am going to ask my sister if he can sleep at the foot of my bed tonight, rather than in his uncomfortable cage in the basement. Would my doggy like that?”

Having thought that noting on this earth could ever amaze him again, Michael Renton found himself in just such a condition as a part of him responded favourably to the invitation and he immediately responded with the single yelp that was his approximation of a dog’s bark.

“Yes, of course my Doggy would. He wants to be with his Master Qusay as much as he can. What a lovely obedient boy you are becoming for me.”

To self-disgust that he had told himself could go no lower, Renton felt a stirring on the front-side of the humbler and felt his cock try to reach tumescence in its cage.

His yelp of discomfort bringing the attempt to his young Master’s attention and prompting an inspection of the thwarted erection.

“Poor Doggy,” he cooed again, a hand going underneath Renton’s sac to cup it in his palm. “So excited to be able to please his Master and so unable to do anything about it.”

Renton groaned as, far from provoking his usual inner-rage, the teenager’s teasing and demeaning words served only to have his cock test the strength of its prison once again.

“Poor boy,” said the gay teenager, obviously delighted that he could have such an effect on this older man who, so far, seemed to radiate only hatred of him. “But here is what Master Qusay will do for his Dog.”

As if he were just that, a dog, Renton’s ears pricked, wondering what his Master had in mind.

“If Dog licks the balls of his Master obediently and worshipfully enough, and then takes his cum into his mouth and throat without spilling a drop… If Dog does that, then his kind Master Qusay will ask his sister if Dog might spend the night with his Master and be released from his… *jewelry*.”

All indignity forgotten for the moment, Michael Renton thrilled at such a prospect.

A whole night?

In a bedroom!

Free of the accursed humbler and the cock-cage!

“That way,” his young Master went on, “I might reward my Doggy for his obedience and respect by taking his little cock in my hand and letting him work himself against it until his balls empty themselves of his own worthless seed.”

Again, Renton's cock jumped at the prospect and again he found himself as appalled at his response as he was aroused by the prospect of being handled by his young Master.

"Now, be a good Doggy and show Master Qusay how much you love to lick his lovely big balls…"

*****

It was not ten minutes after her brother and their Dog had reached a new… *accommodation* …that Zaynab Ghazzawi arrived back with her visitor and was shown into her home by Rashida to be told that Master Qusay was in the lounge.

"Thank you, Rashida. Please take the cases of our guest upstairs after you have told Bushra to have some iced-tea served. She will find us with my brother."

"Yes, Madame Zaynab," the girl answered, bowing her head from the neck before taking herself off to the kitchen.

The sight waiting to greet them as they entered the lounge stopped them in their tracks.

On a divan in the centre of the room, totally oblivious to their presence, her brother was having his cock deep-throated by the Dog who was the family pet.

A naked and white Dog with a contraption at the back of his legs that appeared to be attached to his ball-sac.

The newcomers watched as the Arab teenager receiving his human-pet's attentions sagged backwards and his hands pulled the animal's shiny scalp towards him that his cock might know its throat even more intimately.

Then, with a shudder and a scream of ecstasy, the seemed to become catatonic as his crisis hit and, unseen to the onlookers, his semen filled the throat he was in the process of fucking.

"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees!!"

It was perhaps only ten or twenty seconds later that the boy's breathing returned to normal and, with a deeply satisfied smile, his eyes opened once again to look down upon the obedient Dog who had just supplied him with one of the most incredible ejaculations he had ever made.

And stared straight into the eyes of his sister.

"Zaynab!" he cried, leaping instantly to his feet and leaving his pet below him – a pet still struggling not to spill any of his young Master's cum that he might not miss out on his promised reward.

"Really, Qusay," his sister chided him. "Did I not tell you before I left for the airport that I would be returning with a guest.

“I… I am sorry. Please accept my apologies, both of you. I simply lost all track of the time.

“No matter,” a deeply unimpressed Zaynab brushed him off, though her eyes promised the matter would be returned to at a later date. “I was going to introduce our visitor to the family anyway – though I thought to do it under more… *civilised* …circumstances. No matter. It is what it is and we must make the most of it.”

Dressed in a cool and flowing cotton shirt with matching fuchsia trousers and heels, the mistress of the house moved forward until she was standing directly above their human-pet.

“As my brother has behaved in so bestial a fashion,” she addressed her guest, “It oos fitting that you get to be introduced to the family pet first.

“Dog, heel!” she commanded.

Instantly, and without a moment’s prevarication, the creature upon the floor that had once been a man ended his efforts to swallow his Master’s copious load and swivelled around with his head lowered that he might place his nose next to his owner’s heel as he had been taught.

“Good boy,” his owner applauded as her visitor came to stand at her side. “He is vert obedient is he not?”

Her still shocked visitor could only nod agreement.

“Be a respectful Doggy and show my visitor your respect now,” came the order.

The lips of the Dog found the visitor’s shoes and, without looking up, placed its lips upon a gleaming toecap.

“Show my guest your little Doggy face now, my pet,” came the next order.

Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi’s pet complied and found himself looking into a pair of cool and very familiar eyes.

“Hello, Dog,” greeted a pleasantly shocked Shauna Renton.

Before his eyes rolled up in his head and passed out, the Dog that had once been the husband of his Arab Master’s guest let out a scream that was as loud as anything he had managed since his vocal-chords had been removed.

Epilogue

Michael

"So, where do we stand," asked the wiry man in his late-forties.

The woman seated across his desk from him looked nothing if not professional, wearing a crisp business-suit that still managed to be feminine without detracting from her obvious efficiency. Approaching her sixties and still fit and trim with a pair of svelte and shapely legs the fortysomething man found himself trying to sneak glimpses of. Peaks taken despite the pictures of his wife and children smiling out from framed photographs atop his desk.

"It's more straightforward than you might have thought it would be," she told him, more than a little surprised herself that such a… *mess* …could have resolved itself so swiftly and with a minimum of fuss.

At least where the money was concerned.

"Really?" he queried. "I don't see how that can be."

Going on quickly then:

"I mean, don't get me wrong, love," he said, betraying the East London origins that had left their mark on both his accent and the words he chose to accompany it, ignoring her wince at his familiarity. "I'm delighted if that's the case but… Look, we're not just dealing with another company here. But an *Iranian* company. I can't believe they'd just roll over."

She smiled, liking the man despite a certain roughness at his edges. There was no side to him. Something, as a high profile financial solicitor, she saw only too often amongst the wannabes and other self-important clients with an overweening view of their own place in the world.

His candour and way of cutting right through to the heart of a subject had already warmed her to him – though she could have done without the seemingly constant *"loves"* and *"sweethearts"*.

"Don't worry, Mr Temple, they know…"

"Don, please," he came in. "We've been through this, remember… *Connie*?"

His emphasis on her first-name fetched another smile.

"As you wish… *Don*. Anyway, they know they haven't a prayer of seeing their front money returned. How could they have, given what their CEO did to *your* CEO? In fact, and this brings me to my visit this morning, they have even agreed to pay all remaining fees that were agreed on the completed project."

Don Temple was suddenly alert in his seat.

“Tell me you’re not pulling my leg?”

A shake of her head assured him she wasn’t.

He expelled impressed air. They were talking about a sum of money that ran into the millions and, what with the publicity giving the company a high-public profile, an injection of such a cash sum into the company coffers would make them very comfortable.

Very comfortable indeed.

“Of course, you will need to sign a waiver indemnifying them against any future legal proceedings. That much is standard. But that will in no way prevent either your company or Mr Renton from pursuing separate actions against those involved… should you so choose.”

A thoughtful silence fell over the office, until Constance – *Connie* – Webber broke it:

“How is Mr Renton, by the way?” she asked his second-in-command who had actually taken over the Bandar-e Lengeh project when his boss had been pronounced dead. “There’s been no mention of his treatment in the media, so I assume they’re as in the dark as the rest of us.”

“Not for the want of trying, mind,” he said with a barely suppressed sneer. “Won’t make much difference soon, anyway. I went to see Michael yesterday and he told me he was being allowed home in a couple of days… Poor sod!”

“You mean…? He’s actually talking?”

“Heh?... Oh!... No, love. That boat’s sailed for good, I’m afraid. They might be able to rig up some type of speech replicator gizmo that allows him to communicate but, well… Once the vocal chords are gone…”

Connie shivered, the thought that a person could inflict such misery on another living being simply beyond her conception and making her grateful she majored in fiscal and financial rather than criminal law.

Her eyes asked the question and he divined it:

“It’s a process of asking questions and waiting for a nod or a shake, love. As well as his vocal-chords, those psychopaths and their doctors did something to his upstairs wiring that means he can’t recognise figures and writing – even in single form. Our doctors think they might be able to correct this somewhere down the line, but they’re not exactly gushing with optimism, I’m here to tell you.”

The woman nodded and re-crossed her legs, uncomfortable with the subject matter; even if she was curiousy; completely missing the eyes of her married admirer as they

followed the sound of the hissing hose – though, it must be said, she would not have been surprised had she actually caught him.

Nothing about men surprised her at her age.

Though, given what had happened to the man's former CEO, she could no longer say the same about the members of her own sex.

"What about his legs?" she asked. "Will he ever be able to walk properly again?"

Don Temple shook his head and it was easy to see his anger working behind a pair of bright and perceptive eyes:

"The think they can do some rehabilitation work on the ligaments over time. But even then, he'll always need a stick or some kind of frame to walk even the shortest distance."

His eyes darted away then and his jaw set.

Then, unable to prevent it:

"Bitch bastards!"

He looked mortified at his words and was about to apologise when she stopped him.

"No! It's perfectly okay… *Don*. Your not saying anything anyone who knows the story hasn't said to themselves… and in far more graphic language. The only good thing to say about it is that the Iranian authorities finally decided they had enough to look into that clinic more closely and then contact our own people. If they hadn't…"

"Yeah," he nodded. "Makes you go cold just thinking about it. If they hadn't dug into their financial records and got that registrar to turn evidence, Michael would still be living in fucking hell!"

He rose and went to a drinks cabinet and there was silence in the office as she watched him pour two Whiskeys.

Moving to her, he handed her a glass.

Not bothering to ask if she wanted it or not.

"What about his daughters?" she asked when he was back behind his desk and a little calmer for his first swallow of Scotch.

"They're with the wife's mother," he said, unable to bring himself to say the name *'Shauna'*."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, don't worry. She's a good person and nothing like her daughter."

His head shook as he marvelled:

“Though I always thought that about, Shau… Shit!”

She gave him a few moments as he peered thoughtfully into his glass, as if the answer to the mystery of the personality makeover laid on his partner’s wife was hidden by the fifteen-year-old malt he had poured them both.

“What do you think will happen to her, Don?” she asked at last, simply for something to say and not really giving a joy what happened to a woman of the kind. “She didn’t actually commit the crime, or even accept money for it; though everyone with a working brain-cell knows she was complicit.”

“Oh, she’s going away for a long time, trust me,” he assured her with a malevolent smile. “I don’t know how they did it, but some IT superstars managed to retrieve some Skype conversations she had with Zaynab Al-Ghazzawi over a period of time. Apparently, her perverted partner in crime thought her own people had made the internet connection un-hackable – or whatever word you use to describe it.”

He raised his glass in salute.

“Got that wrong, didn’t she?”

Connie Webber nodded as he added:

“Thank fuck!!”

A smile crept over her still youthful features as caught him sneak a glance at her hosed thigh.

Then:

“You’re right… Thank fuck, indeed!”

THE END