

Destiny Changed

Giulia Napoli

Book Two of the Destiny Lost Series

Destiny Changed - Inside Flap Summary

Great erotica from one of the most talented and unique authors in the genre!

Destiny Changed continues the gripping erotic story of a hapless American girl's descent into a fetish, BDSM life that began with *Destiny Taken*. *Destiny Changed* is a sexy, poignant examination of what it means to be oneself, to be a friend, to be satisfied, and to be happy.

Fatina - formerly Karimah, who was formerly Destiny Michelle Hutton arrives at the bordello resort, the Enakazin, with her new owner and Master, Negasi. She is about to become a houri of one of the most renowned brothels in the Middle East. She will qualify as one of their premium courtesans, uniquely adapted to her new life pleasuring the rich, royal, powerful clients of the Enakazin.

Fatina's body is modified to meet the standards and requirements of her Master. Her mind, already modified upon her exit from the Control Institution for Delinquent Women, will be further nudged along the career path laid out for her by Negasi, the owner and absolute ruler of the Enakazin.

Fatina is trained by rote, rod, and reshaping her own desires and goals. She becomes a talented, dedicated prostitute of the Retreat. She finds companionship, friendship and love among the other courtesans, especially among those who had originated in the West. She commits to surviving, and creating the best life she can in the brothel's strangely governed environment. Her experiences are titillating, tantalizing, unusual, moving, filled with love, fear, uncertainty, risk, and incredible sexual encounters.

Destiny Changed - Publisher's Summary

As is typical in Ms. Napoli's well-written novels, the reader is taken deeply into Fatina's mind, and perceives what she experiences through her eyes. *Destiny Changed* dips into erotic horror, but is filled with moments of love, lust, close friendships, simple pleasures, and one fetish/BDSM erotic episode after another. We suspect that you'll find more than one of the erotic scenes to be the best you've ever encountered.

Though *Destiny Changed* can be read on its own, we suggest that you may most appreciate it if you first read *Destiny Taken*, Book 1 in the *Destiny Lost Series*.

This is a solid, adult contemporary fantasy novel of over 63,000 words. It contains fetish erotica and BDSM scenes. It includes extensive body modification, self-image alteration, hair fetishes including hair changes, removal, and shaving, smoking, weight gain, compulsions and addiction, bondage, discipline, short and long-term control and submission, along with imaginative heterosexuality and erotic bisexuality. It contains M/f, M/f/f, F/f, and F/f/f sexual encounters.

It goes without saying that *Destiny Changed* is serious adult drama containing open discussions and themes of intense sexuality, erotica, BDSM and sexual relations. Parts of *Destiny Changed* may be too intense for some readers.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, businesses, organizations or persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

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Other books and stories by Giulia Napoli

About Lena

Ashley's Wedding

Oh Claire! (To Be Perfectly Claire Series, #1)

Fifteen Months

Destiny Taken (The Destiny Lost Series, #1)

Destiny Bound (The Destiny Lost Series #3)

(Available late spring, 2017)

Dedication

To the erotic experiences we've had, and the erotic friends we've lost

Acknowledgements

Thanks to my Global Jele editors for reviewing *Destiny Bound*, and deciding to split the very long text into two books, the first of which is this one, *Destiny Changed*. I appreciate your interest and help in making this tale as good as it could be, and the high quality of your text editing.

I want to especially thank my talented friend and Screening Editor, Tanager Leigh, who often knows what I'm trying to write better than I do myself. Once again, she found critical ways to make the story better and stay track for the *Destiny Lost Series*.

I also want to thank my First Readers: cruelshoes, Lori Eleftheriodes, J. Ellyne, Will Garcia, Tanager Lee, and Jessica Pace. The final version of *Destiny Changed* is so much better because of the thoughtful, detailed comments and the suggestions you each provided. I'm very much in your debt.

Finally, and always, I want to thank my special, long-time friend and Final Editor, J. Ellyne for her quality editing, creative suggestions, encouragement, and honesty in reviewing *Destiny Changed*.

I'm so grateful for the support all of you have shown me.

Giulia Napoli

USA

March, 2017

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About the Author

Describing What I Write

I don't know exactly where to put or how to describe the stories and novels I write. I'm not sure how to categorize them. It seems I'm forever in search of the right labels for my books.

First off, I'm an erotica novelist. I've written two shorter works, but all 4 of my novels, and the soon-to-come 5th (Destiny Bound) are long• 60,000 to more than 100,000 words- about 400 paperback pages. There are a LOT of 7,000-word erotic stories out there that sell for about \$3, and a big batch of 30 - 40,000 word erotic stories that sell for something north of \$7. I have never charged that much for my 100,000 word novels. In fact, with Amazon's Kindle Unlimited, you can read them for free. I make about \$2.50 on each whole book read with Kindle Unlimited. If I translate what make versus how long it takes to write ; novei, my average hourly wage is about \$1.80.

I try to tell good story. No reader has ever said that I don't, and most praise the plot and character development of every book. I put my readers in the mind of my main characters, severely tempt the reader to love and care about my characters, and then take them for rough ride.

I write about what I would call fetishes that are of interest to me: hair and haircutting, piercing, tattoos, body modification, tongue modification, teeth loss, mind warping and control, genital modification, sensory loss- including sight and hearing, paralysis, personal and physical evolution, and, yet to come, amputation, branding, pain-induced orgasm and so forth.

My themes include heterosexuality and female bisexuality. My settings are usually exotic or unusual. Some parts of my stories are beautiful, moving, loving, and romantic. Other parts are rough, brutal, controlling and sometimes horrifying.

I think there are better things to do with a female character than spanking her or fastening her in some complex, author-conceived contraption.

When I want a character unable to see, I don't blindfold her -I blind her. If I want her bound, I paralyze her. If I want her controlled, I go deeply inside her and play with her mind.

Those are both my kinks and my style. I've practiced about half of what I write in my own life. I want to deliver something different than the reader has seen before. That said, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL IT.

If you have read any of my other books, I'd appreciate your ideas of how to market my work. I'm lucky in that I don't have to make a living at writing, SO I can write what I want, not only what sells. But I want to reach more readers with my work.

Let me know what ideas you have. I'll be eternally grateful. I might even offer a chance to provide input to next novel. Feel free, welcomed, and encouraged to write to me at msgiulianapoli@live.com. I promise to write back.

What do I call my novels? Where are my potential readers? What would you do?

A final thought. As in many of my novels, the chapter titles in *Destiny Changed* are also song titles. I list those under Chapter Title Songs near the end of the book. You can find the link in the Table of Contents. I don't choose those simply because the titles fit with the chapters. The lyrics must fit too. If you want another insight or view into what was thinking, or the characters were experiencing, when I wrote each chapter, take a look at the lyrics of the title song. Most all are available online if you do a search for "title, Lyrics."

Thanks for picking up *Destiny Changed*. [hope you love it as much as I do.]

Gi

Prologue- Dirty

I was dressed in open, dark blue bolero to compliment my eyes and matching, transparent pantaloons, which rode low my hips and dipped in front to completely display the mostly-blue and red crest they had tattooed on my lower belly. The pantaloons were widely open below the belt, which rested at the bottom of the crest, to clearly show my hairless pussy. The nails on my fingers and toes were short and red, the same red as my very full lips and my pierced nipples.

I sat on the edge of the bed in a training room within the bowels of a dormitory on the grounds of the Enakazin, the Retreat. Yellow-white blonde hair cascaded down my back and over my shoulders. My legs were spread wide and my bare feet dangled above the predominately maroon, intricately-detailed Persian carpet on the floor. My hands held the bolero open, revealing my ringed nipples and my enhanced, impressive breasts.

My prison tan had faded so, once again, I appeared to be curious combination of all-American girl and harem temptress. No one who had known me a couple years before would ever have recognized me.

My trainer opened the door and a tall, powerful, dark-skinned man entered. He was in the full Arab dress of Eritrea, including a white keffiyeh headdress, held in place with a bright, red, rope agal. The Master ignored my trainer and walked across the room to where I sat. He stood right before me, and looked me over with intense, dark, probing eyes.

This man was going to pay to have me. He expected a substantial return on his money. When he is done with me, I contemplated, I will have become a prostitute.

Those who had taken, judged and controlled me for the past year and half had altered my body and then altered it some more. They'd manipulated my mind. Even my thoughts were often unrecognizable to Or me, unlike how or what I expected to think. They'd imprisoned me and punished me. They'd changed my view of who I am and who owned my life. Now they were going to change what] was. I had lost my destiny to them. Destiny, herself, was lost.

My first client motioned for me to undress. As I stood to do so, I saw him withdraw a thin, stainless steel whipping rod from beneath his robe .

I'm changed, broken. Some days my mind clears a little and what I remember seems real and genuine. Other days, I feel in more of a fog and doubt the memories that float to the surface of my thoughts, mostly haphazardly. On those days, my thoughts appear to almost belong to someone else. That's when I feel the memories that I attribute to Destiny, or Karimah (on the rare times when I recall Karimah at all), are of someone I knew, not of me.

Keep this in mind as I tell my story. There are times when I feel connected to snippets of my past, and others when they seem to have no more no truth, validity, or reality than jumbled dreams.

I'm fairly certain that the people at the Control Institution for Delinquent Women didn't realize the effect of their actions with the controller, when I arrived there and when I departed. They didn't realize it would disassemble my mind, and disintegrate parts of it, the way it did. When the controller was used to make me forget Destiny and only know Karimah, the woman they wanted me to be, my mind lost pieces of my Past. That happened again when the controller made me forget Karimah, and become Fatina. I believe my memories received the most devastating blow when I was made to forget English, and how to read and write. The loss of those memories and capabilities apparently spread into adjacent areas of my brain, randomly dissolving them as well.

Because of what they've done to control my mind, my past is no longer a collection of real events held lovingly in my memory. My past is more of a personal mythology, a fable that I may have lived some of, may have observed others living, or may have completely fabricated in the confused state of my controller-laced brain.

Such is what they did to me. They took my bright, sharp, capable mind and scrambled it. It now holds pathways to nowhere, connections which never existed, and gaps in memory of various sizes, from unimportant to significant chunks of my life and experiences.

For all [know, they may have given birth - or rebirth - to Tia, causing her to spring at random from my disrupted consciousness.

I know some pieces are missing, and I know what they are. For example, realize] must have had parents, but I cannot imagine their faces. I'm pretty sure I had a family, but I don't know if I had siblings. I know I became an archeologist, but I remember almost nothing about my years in school. I remember that I was thin and that I hate being plump, but I can't picture what I looked like before they fattened me up.

Worse yet, there are, I'm sure, important things that I don't even realize are missing. It's impossible for me to even conceive of what they must be. Did I have memorable vacation as a child? Was I in love before Tia? Was I ever seriously ill? I don't know everything I've lost. We

associate words - names and labels. with things and events, and they've taken so many words from me.

Remember that as you read my tale. Yes, for the most part, I'm relaying this story some years after it occurred. The earliest parts of Destiny's life, before she was taken, were extracted from her teenage journals, which I discovered recently. I believe I remember more now, than did when the things I'm telling you actually happened. At least, I'm pretty sure I remember more, and they seem true at the moment. I was Destiny, and Karimah, and Fatina and others you don't yet know. I call myself Destiny now, in this different time in the future, but no, I'm not the Destiny of my youth.

I wouldn't have been, of course, because we all evolve as mature. But I'm not that early Destiny in ways than having grown older and matured through life's myriad experiences. I'm Destiny changed, in many, many more ways than that.

This is, to the best of my ability to make sense of it and tell the tale, the story of some of those changes. You see, other people have manipulated my body, my mind, and my destiny.

Chapter 1 Any Other World

I had cried when we left the Control Institution, and I cried again after my Master ordered me to pleasure myself and then penetrated me thoroughly from behind. While he took me, sat forward in his lap and shamefully shared my anal penetration with the apparition of my best friend from High School, Tia, who had been killed tragically years before.

I remained distraught for the several additional hours it took to get to my new home. After the sexual events, my Master said nothing to me, but he watched as I tried to emotionally reassemble myself, all without much success. I realized later that he already had plans to put me back together, in the way he wanted. What I desired was of no consequence.

Right before we arrived at our destination, he did something with the controller he held. That device communicated with the probe within my head, whose filaments pervaded all of my brain, and could influence most all of my mind. My experiences had demonstrated that the insidious device they'd implanted in me at the Control Institution for Delinquent Women could cause me to do most anything, feel most anyway, and bend to every command they issued.

Most of the mental alterations, like my compulsion to remove all of my body hair save my eyelashes, could ultimately be withdrawn, though my body might or might not ever recover. My eyebrows, for example, were toast, even if I were allowed to let them grow again. I'd been forced, through the control over me, to pluck them all away for so long that they would never recover.

Likewise, they had forced me to smoke. If that compulsion were ever lifted, I'd still be stuck with an almost insurmountable addiction to nicotine.

There were some compulsions that they had made permanent, and those would govern and limit me all my life. Included among them were my inability to read or write, and my inability to ever learn to read Or write in any language. That was forever. I, Fatima, had a Master's Degree in Archeology. Now, I couldn't read anything, and my mind could no longer understand how to read. When I viewed the seemingly random lines and curves on screen that represent letters in a language, they no longer made any sense CO me. I can't understand how scribbles on page can relate to what someone is trying to say in spoken words. Line scribbles are -just lines and scribbles, right? But spoken words have some inherent, fundamental meaning. How could they have anything to do with each other? I know I used to get that, but it makes no sense to me now. That's because of what my Master had them do to me -I'm pretty sure I remember that correctly.

To add to my confusion, they removed essentially all of my knowledge of my native language, English. At this time, I can only speak a poorly-pronounced, inadequately understood Arabic. As I mentioned before, taking away these capabilities had the side effect of jumbling my memories.

The limo carrying me and my Master, Negasi, arrived at the sprawling establishment owned by Negasi. It turned out to be an enclosed compound: an entire campus of many buildings surrounded by fifteen foot-high solid wall, topped with razor wire.] I thought this was an interesting contrast with the Control Institution where I'd spent the past year and half, which had no barbed or razor wire above its fence at all. Of course, that was because of the controllers within the heads/minds/brains of the prisoners there. There had been one such prisoner. The same device was within my brain - and would remain there, ever able to be activated, until I was finally put to rest.

As a result of the obvious fortifications, the entire campus looked to me like a peculiar cross between a palace and a more conventional penal institution. More conventional than the bizarrely high-tech, Control Institution for Delinquent Women, where I'd spent the last eighteen months. I suppose that was actually an apt description of the compound my Master referred to as "Enakazin," or the Retreat." A metal gate slid to the right as we approached it. We entered the light-beige-colored compound and immediately drove down a ramp into an underground parking building. I saw little of the grounds or buildings before we disappeared beneath one that did look like a squarish palace with arched doorways, colorful tiles and Arabic frieze work decorating the entrance.

As my Master fiddled with my controller, the car pulled into a parking space right next to an elevator. I felt the tingling in my head, indicative of him doing something to my mind.

"Welcome to Enakazin, your home for the next six years," Negasi told me. "You have now been given control of your bodily functions. You must stop crying. This experience can be horrifying or enjoyable, depending a lot on your own inclination and attitude. I suggest being terrified for the next six years is inferior to being content and, perhaps, even enjoying your new vocation."

He meant my vocation to be a whore, which I had no say in. I fought the tears that were still coming. My Master had told me to stop and I had to obey him. By the time we were on the elevator, I had managed to pull myself together, though I could see my red, puffy eyes in my reflection in the gold-tinted mirrors on the elevator walls. We rose only one floor and emerged into a lavishly decorated, four-story atrium. I was in the building that was the principle brothel itself, for most patrons of The Retreat. I was to discover there were a number of other, smaller brothel buildings in the compound: the most beautiful, ornate, and well-equipped ones for very high-end customers enlisting premium whores, and several for customers wanting special experiences.

I suspected early-on that most of the clientele wasn't from this shit-hole country of the Kingdom of Salat. It turned out I was right. The customers ranged from the well off to the obscenely rich, mostly from the oil countries surrounding the Persian Gulf. As time went on though, to encounter Europeans, Asians and men and women from most countries in the Americas. The fundamentalist Kingdom of Salat taxed Negasi's business heavily, so it was supportive of his occupation as quite possibly the most successful pimp in the Middle East.

We walked through the atrium and emerged into brilliant, white, late-afternoon sunshine in a gorgeously manicured plaza with fountains, benches, trees, flowers grassy areas, and what I would call houseplants bordering the sidewalks. Negasi pointed out some of the other buildings surrounding the plaza, including his personal home and the dormitories of the prostitutes. We went to the infirmary which was behind the living quarters.

"Master, why are we going to the infirmary?" I asked.

"For several reasons. I want to insure that you are healthy, that your mental state is in order, and that you receive the normal induction preparation and indoctrination to your new role as
1 prostitute of the

Enakazin."

I thought that there might be a slim chance that I could avoid my fate here. I asked Negasi, "Master, I will serve you in any way you desire. I will give to you any part of myself, or all of myself. Please, do not share me with others we don't know."

The blow was sudden and unexpected. My head jerked to the right, as my Master struck my face with the underside of a closed fist.

"Insolent girl! do as I wish. It is a given that you will serve in any way I desire! Your thoughts about it are so inconsequential as to be of no value at all, and a waste of my time to hear! You MUST serve me, but not necessarily me, personally. You are an investment, nothing more. In my personal opinion - which is the only one that counts you aren't even equal to my interest in the stock in corn, wheat, or oil futures that I own. You are a whore intended to

make me money. You will make me money. The moment you fail to do that, you will be sold to a lower position. And yes, Fatina, that would cause your life to be worse for you than it would be here."

I had obviously put myself in an unfavorable position. I looked down fearfully and dropped back step, anticipating another blow. I opened my mouth to say something, but I was having even more than the usual problem with verbalizing my ill-formed thoughts. They had done that to me, to lower my intelligence or at least my ability to communicate in the minutes before we left the Control Institution where I had been imprisoned for a year and a half. In this instance, that slower thinking or impaired ability to organize my thoughts was probably a good thing because Negasi yelled at me to be quiet and keep up. He also told me never to offer an opinion about anything, unless I was specifically asked to.

That's what: was told to do, so that's what I did.

A tall, thin, elegantly beautiful African woman was waiting for us inside the entrance to the infirmary. I think she was the tallest female I'd ever seen.

"Sumbilla, this is Fatina, the newly-arrived, premium whore from the Control Institution. Have you received her control notes from the matron there?"

"Yes, Negasi. I received an email earlier."

"Good. Here is her controller. He handed the woman a common control device with which I'd become very familiar."

"Fatina, this is Dr. Sumbilla Wtanna. She will oversee your induction to the Enakazin. You will be with her for several days. During that time, you are to obey her in all things."

"Yes, Master," I said promptly.

"You will call her Dr. Wtanna, or Mistress."

"I am pleased to meet you Dr. Wtanna."

"Welcome to Enakazin, little one. I imagine you are glad to be out of the Control Institution."

I wasn't so sure of that, but I answered, "Yes Mistress. I am pleased to be here. Negasi didn't suppress: slight chuckle.

With that, she bowed slightly to Negasi who nodded his head in acknowledgement and then left. Dr. Wtanna led me into an ordinary examination room and told me to lie on a padded table that had a raised end for my head. I was half-reclining, still as naked as I'd been for year and a half.

She began to closely examine every inch of my body, from my bald head to my short toenails. She gave me a full gynecological exam. She had me open my mouth to inspect my teeth. When she discovered that I wore full dentures, she had me take them out and asked me how I lost my teeth.

"As a punishment, Mistress," I said, still mangling my Arabic with a residual inability to speak clearly. I couldn't quite tell if I spoke more poorly with or without my teeth in. It was different with and without, but distorted either way. I finally decided it was worse without them. Of course, I had only been speaking anything for the first time in eighteen months for about half a day. All of the prisoners at the Control Institution were rendered mute when they entered the facility, and for as long as they were there.

"Were your teeth healthy before?"

"Yes Dr. Wtanna, they were perfect."

"It must have been difficult for you to lose them," she said then, with some evident sympathy.

"It was dreadful," T answered in a low voice. "Perhaps the worst thing I've ever personally experienced."

"Have you always been overweight?"

"No Mistress. They did this to at the Control Institution. Before that I was at the low end of normal weight for my height."

"Negasi has decided that you are going to stay this way at here at the Enakazin, unless he should change his mind later. You will have a scale to check daily, to insure that your weight doesn't vary by more than a couple kilos up or down. If it should, Negasi will punish you. Understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

The exam continued. She checked me front and rear. She took samples of every bodily fluid and scraping available. I'm sure a couple of hours passed. Finally, she was finished.

"Fatima, it's past dinner time, so I've arranged to have food brought for you. Eat until you believe you've eaten adequately to maintain your weight where it is. You will receive real food here, not the institutional gruel they served you at the Control Institution. Remember though, you must always eat enough, but not too much. You may neither gain nor lose. We do not watch your diet. We expect you to do that for yourself." Continuing to be chubby made me sad, but it was out of my control. I told her, "I understand, Dr. Wtanna. I will watch my weight very carefully. I've also been given a compulsion to maintain it." "Good You smoker, as I

understandit."

"Yes Mistress."

"You are to continue with that habit. Here are cigarettes and a lighter. You will be shown where to get additional packs after you leave the infirmary. In the meantime, these should suffice." It was an entire carton, so I was pretty sure it'd last more than a few days. I was about a two-pack-per-day smoker, by force of my controller, not by choice. "Where may I smoke, Mistress?"

"Oh. you may smoke anywhere unless specifically prohibited. There are no restrictions otherwise. This isn't an American business, after all. You may smoke everywhere within the infirmary, except in rooms where oxygen is being used. You'll see signs in those cases."

"Mistress... I cannot read... Nor can I learn to read. Negasi took that ability from me.. [wouldn't know what a sign said." Telling her that had been immensely embarrassing and very difficult for me.

"I know this, Fatina. But you can recognize pictures. There will always be the international picture for no smoking: a cigarette within a circle with a line diagonally through it." "Oh. Of course, Mistress. I should have known."

"Let me take a few minutes to tell you what's going to be done to you here, and then I'll have your food brought in.

"Tomorrow, you will have surgery the first thing in the morning"" I'm sure I must have looked shocked. I saw her eyebrows raise.

"I'm going to tell you straight away what we're going to do to you. Don't say anything until I'm done. And don't bother to ask anyone, including me or Negasi, if you can somehow get out of this or change what I will do to you. You can't. This is what's going to happen ..."

I could feel bile rising in my throat and my heart starting to pound relentlessly within my chest. I was sure a panic attack was about to happen. I put my hands over my nose and mouth, and tried to control my breathing. I didn't yet know what they were going to do to me, but I was absolutely sure] wasn't going to like it.

[knew I deserved none of this. If anything, that mental reminder made everything more difficult to accept. Perhaps it would be better to assume that I DID deserve it.

"Tomorrow morning, we'll take you into the surgery, and I will sterilize you. I will do this by severing your fallopian tubes near your ovaries and removing them and your uterus, your womb. Once this is done, you will have no possibility of becoming pregnant, of course, and you will also have no monthly periods, during which we could lose your services."

I gasped, loudly, and I fought to not throw-up. I had been commanded to say nothing, but I was so shocked, and my mind functioned so poorly, that would have been mute anyway. I couldn't come up with anything to say. In my mind, I was reeling! This was a permanent change to me that would persist FOREVER - far beyond the six remaining years of my sentence, to the end of what would have been my fertile period, probably more than twenty years from now!

"You may wonder why we don't simply give you birth-control pill every day, so you will avoid pregnancy, and your periods will stop" That is exactly what next occurred to me. I'd been told not to say anything, so I didn't.

"We sterilize you because of the time, trouble, and unreliability of other methods. Over time, we've found that either our courtesans forget their pills, or they decide not to take them in order to become pregnant. or We tried implants and one hour I actually dug the implant out, hoping to get pregnant by a rich client. At the least, the pregnancies would require an intervention. They might require difficult conversations with our patrons. They would ALWAYS disrupt our business. We no longer take the chance that might happen. All courtesans are sterile."

She had just told me that I would never have children. It was awful didn't deserve this. I had been set up by an Arab drug smuggler, convicted of possessing illegal drugs, and sentenced to seven and a half years. That time, which would pass, was now turning into a life sentence for me, given all the things already done to me, and planned here! I started to quietly cry, trying to keep her from noticing. If she did, she said nothing.

"Fatina, do understand that you could have children of your own, by extracting an egg from your still-intact ovaries. You will only be unable to carry the child yourself, and would need to use surrogate. You should also realize that most women indentured servants here at the Enakazin, after their sentence is served, choose to stay and continue their work as before. I suppose there various reasons for this, but that is a conversation for another time.

"You're to receive a number of piercings and the tattoos that all courtesans at the Enakazin wear. While I could do the piercings and have you tattooed when you're under anesthesia, we find it more effective in helping you adjust to your new career here, if we do them when you're conscious. We will do them a few days after your sterilization, before you leave here to join the others prostitutes. We'll also use your controller to do some adjustments that will make you more compatible with your life here."

I was horrified at what was to be done to me. I would have remained speechless, even if I'd been allowed to talk. They would do what they wanted, and I would have no opportunity nor ability to influence my own life while I was indentured here. To make everything worse, they had and would continue to make changes to me that would remain with me long after my term here was served.

They would pierce me without my consent. didn't mind piercings much, but I HATED NEEDLES! I had a phobia about being stuck with needles. I know that sounds a bit crazy, since I was okay with piercings, but it's the way of phobias.

Worst of all, through the controller that bound my mind, they had and would further change who I was, what I thought, and what I liked and disliked.

I was a slave.

I wasn't even allowed to go to sleep on my own. After I ate, smoked, removed my dentures, and smoked again, I was told to lie down. An injection put me out in moments. Early in the morning, they came for me. Dr. Wtanna told me to get out of bed, do my toilet, and quickly return to my bed.

"May I smoke, Mistress?" I asked, knowing that I might not have another chance before they took me to be butchered. She nodded yes. You may be wondering where my priorities and thoughts were. If you have the nicotine addiction, you know. That craving is first and foremost. I didn't ask for the habit; I recall that I resisted even trying it throughout all my mostly-forgotten, formative years; but that's what they turned me into.

Even with the impending doom of rendering me barren - probably even more because of that impending doom - I wanted a cigarette, first and foremost. I could go around feeling bad all the time about having been turned into a smoker. I chose, instead, to not let it bother me most of the time. The rest of the time, I felt awful about it. I hated it 100% of the time. But I was irretrievably hooked, by both nicotine, and my controller. Judge me on many things, but not that. I can't help it. They're turning me into a whore. Let me have a damn cigarette.

I lit up as I entered the small bathroom and smoked while I relieved myself. I was beginning to feel the shaving compulsion that they'd left me with and my anxiety level was starting to climb. That's what happens to me when I need to obey a programmed or new dictate, and am not yet able to actually do it.

My nearly-finished cigarette in hand, I looked in a drawer next to the sink and, thankfully, there were shaving equipment and tweezers. Being quite experienced at this by now, I flit up again and made short work of the stubble on my head and arms. There were no stray brows. The smooth feeling after I shaved was wonderful; I loved the feel of my clean, naked scalp. They'd made me love it, of course, and I knew that they did. It didn't matter; it was the way I wanted to be and I felt the accompanying hint of sexual arousal. This time, though, I could actually feel my long-dormant pussy and my hand moved down to my awakened clitoris, as I sat again on the Western-styled toilet. I was able to cum in mere moments, for only the third time in a year and a half.

I must have screamed out, because Dr. Wtanna suddenly appeared in the doorway. The

reverberations of my orgasm were still shaking me. I looked up at her with obvious fear in my half-closed eyes.

"Fatina! I did tell you to quickly return!! I did not give you permission to delay our work by masturbating"" Fear gripped me and I thought I might be sick. Then I saw a smile in her eyes that momentarily spread to her lips too.

"You still have the Control Institution shaving compulsion, as I understand it. Is that right?" Of course, she knew it was.

"Yes Mistress. And I did shave. am so sorry, but when I shave, I get at least the beginnings of a sexual thrill which I cannot help. It was programmed into me. This was the first time I've shaved since feeling was restored to my genitals. I was unable to stop myself."

"I could have you severely punished for not precisely following my orders to finish quickly."

"Please, Mistress ..."

"FATINA! You really must learn when it's best to be quiet!! I was about to say that I'll forget what happened here and not mention it to Negasi. I know you have a trying day ahead and, despite what you might think of me, I am not interested in your Pain or suffering. I only do what's necessary to further the business which supports me and my lifestyle. If it weren't I who attended to your.... modifications.. it would be someone

else.

"This time, you are lucky it is Now in get in the bed." She tore open a nicotine patch and slapped it on my upper arm, then injected me with a sedative that made me drowsy in less than a minute. "I'll summon someone to move you and I will see you in the surgery. I want no more problems from you. Do you understand?"

What could I say? These people had complete power over me. I was probably lucky that she was willing to look the other way, regarding my dawdling... or diddling. I mumbled, "Yes Mistress," in response.

"I have additional instructions from Negasi, so we need to get started immediately" With that cryptic comment, she turned and walked quickly out of the room.

A guard appeared, fastened me down to the bed, and wheeled me down a short hall and into a surgical suite. Dr. Wtanna was waiting there with three other women. One of them, apparently an anesthetist, inserted a cannula into the back of my hand and connected it to an IV drip. Dr. Wtanna raised and spread my legs, which were fastened into stirrups, and then inserted a catheter into me. I was helpless. They were going to take away my ability to have children. My panic returned in full-force and I started to stiffen and push against the straps

that held me.

"NO!" I called out, right before I saw the anesthetist inject something into the cannula port. I started to yell again, and then everything went black.

Chapter 2 - A New Reality

My long, streaked, blonde hair was being ferociously whipped by the wind as twisted and turned along the mountain road in Daddy's Chrysler 240 convertible. The car ate up the road at a blistering speed and everything around me was as vivid as my sense of freedom. The air along the rolling country road was rich with the perfume-like fragrance of lilacs and the sweet nectar of honeysuckle.

The car handled like a dream and I felt one with it. My hand rested on the semi-automatic shift, and I clicked the control up and down as the road dictated.

I looked down and saw pack of cigarettes and a lighter resting in a cup holder. As I reached for the pack, smiled at the pleasure to come. That wasn't right! I wasn't a smoker! I was a pretty young thing at the university in Uptown! I was: budding archeologist, for God's sake!

Oh, how I wanted that cigarette!

Why was that? What had happened?

The cigarette appeared in my mouth, and I took a long, delicious draw. I felt like I'd just experienced my sweetest, candy desire. It wasn't merely a feeling of well-being; it was MY feeling! In a moment, the road turned sharply right. I met the challenge and the 240 hugged the pavement like an insistent lover. I sped down about thirty meters, and then the road switched back. Another thirty meters in front of me my best friend, Tia, was standing naked, in the road.

I hit the brakes and slid directly into her. Heard her body crunch from the shattering impact. I saw her fly up, over the hood, hit the windshield head-on, fly up over the top of the sports car and then she was gone. The car skidded to the edge of the hilly road, then...

I started to yell, "Tia! When I realized that someone was calling my name; a person was perched in the clouds above me.

"Tia?" I said to the apparition. "Tia."

"Fatina! Can you awaken, Little One?"

"Who. who.. who..." I stuttered. At least, that's what I'd try to say. What I'd actually said was "Huh ... huh... uhhh!"

"Alright, sleep now, Little One" I heard Negasi say. "We have done a lot to you today."

And that was it until the late the next morning

I needed to cough and my mouth was stuffed full of something. As I began to awaken, I thought someone had covered a ball in gauze and filled my mouth with it. When I tried to expel the ball, everything in my mouth seemed to ache at once. My lips seemed swollen. I could feel drool at the corners of my mouth and on my chin. Swallowing was almost impossible.

I lay still, trying to clear my throat without actually coughing. I opened my eyes at the same time I realized I was partially sitting up at least enough that I could look down on my sheet-covered body. I thought it might help to sit up further but my arms and legs were fastened down somehow and I couldn't rise. Except for my arms and legs, I hurt everywhere from my head to my lower abdomen, my lower abdomen.... The ache seemed to be deep inside, and I couldn't detect any soreness on the outside. I remembered that they were going to take my uterus, and I expected to be cut. I wiggled a little and I didn't feel anything like a cut or stitches below my waist, so I didn't think I'd been opened up there. Could they have changed their mind about sterilizing me?

Where I felt cut was under my arms, though I couldn't see them for the sheet that covered me. I thought I was naked under the sheet, except for something constricting around my breasts. Maybe it was part of what strapped me down to the bed. Bound as I was, I couldn't tell.

I turned my head to the side and felt pain in my ear as it was pushed against the pillow behind me. I turned the other way and that ear was sore too. I wondered if they'd pierced them again while I was out. Distantly, I remembered Negasi's words to me when I partially awakened from my anesthesia-induced dream, "We've done a lot to you today." What all had been done to me?

I tried to call out, to let someone know I was awake. All I could do was make "Uhh" and "Huh" noises. If I could only get this damn ball out of my mouth. It was jammed in there and it felt like it was half-way down my throat.

I lay there for what seemed like a long time. Eventually, I heard a rustling outside my open door, and I tried to make my "ugh" and "uhh" sounds to get the person's attention. I heard rolling wheels and the squeak of rubber-soled shoes short, stocky (I think), fully veiled and covered woman entered my room. All I could see was the barest glimpse of her eyes through the white mesh of her veil. Otherwise, she was simply this great, white, swooping presence.

She was pulling a big trashcan. I assumed she was maid. That wasn't what I was looking for. I struggled to say something intelligible, and made motions to try to get loose.

"Do you need help?" She asked in Arabic. I nodded my head as best I could. She told me she'd

get the doctor and left with her big canister. A few minutes later, Dr. Wtanna arrived in my room.

"To see you are awake, Fatina. You could have pressed the button to let us know." I looked at her quizzically and then felt pad next to my right hand. I could tell there was a button on it. That would have been embarrassing, I hadn't had far more important concerns on my still-fuzzy mind.

I tried to indicate to her that I wanted to be unfastened. "We will get you up for a little while tonight, Fatina, but not until then. We need to keep you fastened down for the next day or two so you don't injure yourself. I received instructions from Negasi for additional changes he wanted to make to you a few minutes before we were to start. As a result of his orders, your surgery was more involved than the simple sterilization that was initially planned." She grabbed a small cloth and wiped the drool from my lips, chin, neck and chest.

I wanted to know more, and I tried to indicate that with my eyes, attempts at facial expressions, and the few grunts I could make.

she took a deep breath and I thought she was going to tell me to go back to sleep or something and then leave. Then she seemed to pause, think about it, and pulled up a tall stool next to my bed.

"I know you are probably anxious about what's been done to you. I was going to tell you everything when we got you up later, but I suppose I can fill you in now instead.

"We did sterilize you as planned. I removed everything between your ovaries and your vagina. I did the procedure vaginally, so there will be no external scarring nor evidence that anything has been changed." That explained the ache and the absence of external soreness. I could only think that they'd ruined me as a potential mother and wife. I would never bear children. I started to cry.

I realized that is upsetting to you, Fatina. All of our prostitutes are sterilized, and that is what you are to be. Over time, you will get past this change to you, and past any expectations of eventual child-bearing that you might have had. In any event, it is over. No surgeon will ever be able to reverse it, because your womb is gone. You are sterile." I was trying to get my sobbing under control so I could hear her. I was so distraught that I couldn't get a grip on myself.

"At Negasi's insistence, we have made other modifications which will better adapt you to your new occupation as a whore of the Enakazin. I have firmed up your breasts by enlarging them a little. The enlargement was done mostly to eliminate the slight sagging from the weight of them. It was obvious that increasing your weight at the Control Institution resulted in your breast size and their weight increasing. If I had only firmed them up, I would have had to make external incisions on your breasts, which would have caused slight scarring. I avoided that by

making them bigger, using an implant that inserted through hidden incisions under your arms. That increased the size of your breasts and pushed them up at the same time.

"Thus, I achieved firmer breasts for you, at the same time making their size more attractive to your future clients. So now you are quite busty girl.

"Negasi wanted your ears stretched so that you could wear 15-millimeter flesh tunnels in your primary hole. That much stretching would probably take up to two years to accomplish. Instead, I made an incision in each lobe at the point of your single piercing and was able to stretch and stitch the resulting hole so that we could start you with 7-millimeter flesh tunnels and go up from there. We will stretch two millimeters from there, every two months or so, until we get you to 15-milimeter tunnels. We will pierce your ears multiple times again in a few days, but those will be common piercings." I remembered enough of my former likes and dislikes to know that I never, ever liked ear tunnels. They always looked barbaric to me like something women in Africa would wear 200 years ago. Well, I was a woman in Africa now. I couldn't believe they'd done that to me, until I considered that it was virtually nothing compared to stealing my womb.

Dr. Wtanna was staring at me. She must have noticed my blank expression as my thoughts wandered. "I can see this is affecting you, as would have expected it to, it SO TI finish and leave tO you to your contemplation. The last things we did involve your mouth, specifically your lips, tongue and gums.

"Your lips were enlarged via implants inserted from inside your mouth. They will certainly look much fuller, but when the swelling goes down, they won't be grotesquely larger." Oh... great. I always thought I had pretty, kissable lips. God knows what they were going to look like now.

"You can't talk because your tongue is quite swollen and also wrapped to keep the two sides apart."

WHAT THE HELL DID THAT MEAN? WHAT HAD THEY DONE TO MY TONGUE?

"We split your tongue from the center of the tip, aillthe way back to where it meets the base of your mouth. That's the maximum it can safely be split, andit's what Negasiordered. We did some things to stretch it out so each halfis about two centimeters longer than your original tongue was. The split is much longer than would normally be done, but we weren't very concerned with how well you could speak or pronounce things. Most masters and mistresses would expect that you have little of importance to say anyway, and Ive already found your mental slowness is simply tedious to listen to the best of times." Her comments hurt me deeply and I could feel tears building in my eyes. I tried to regain some control. They were the ones who had made me slow to form ideas and change them into sentences that I could speak. I was fine before they tampered with my brain. •• IfI seemed mentally slow at that point in time .. no, I was mentally slow then, and it was because of what Negasi and the matron did

to me, to right before I left the Control Institution.

"In case you're not familiar with this procedure, I'll describe your new tongue. Right now, it's very swollen from being sliced in two and stitched along the inside, raw edges. When it heals, you will discover that, with the two halves permanently separated, you will be able to control the split muscle and learn how to move each half independently, up and down, spread apart, or grasping things. This will greatly enhance your ability to satisfy your male or female clients orally.

"Each half of your tongue has two piercings, one about 8 millimeters back from the tip and one ten or so millimeters back from that. I used a dermal punch - like a leather punch for skin, cartilage or muscle - to make the four holes, which are currently held open by 3 millimeter bars that are long enough to accommodate the swelling. When the swelling goes down in a week or ten days, we'll replace the bars with snug, permanent grommets: tight, gold flesh tunnels with 3 millimeter openings. Into those, you can then fasten various smooth or textured balls, disks, or other shapes as your clients prefer. It will also afford us a way to lock your tongue in various positions."

I could barely believe what she was telling me. How was I going to talk at all, given what they did to my tongue?

As though she read my mind, she added, "Yes, your speech will be further affected. How distorted it will be remains to be seen. You will have to practice to make it as good as you can. You'll need to talk to clients sometimes, of course.

"Finally, I slightly modified your gums at the upper front to give you more pronounced overbite, though not much more pronounced. Apparently Negasi reviewed pictures of you with your natural teeth, when you arrived at the Control Institution, and of you with your dentures, which modified your appearance and teeth placement with a slight overbite. He liked what the overbite had done to your look and wanted more, I suppose. So now you will have more, meaning the upper four front teeth of your dentures will protrude more than they did because of the revised angle of your front upper gums. Your modified dentures will reflect the change. To me, it seemed a rather small thing to bother with, but, as you'll find, Negasi is a bit of a perfectionist. He's also the best whore designer in the Middle East." I was the target subject of the best whore designer in the Middle East. How did that make me feel? [struggle to even describe it. I'm his victim. I have no idea how I'll be able to live with it. I feel like the slave I am.

I'm being forced to be everything I could NEVER want. They controlling my mind and my body, and the face I present to the world, and they have already damaged all of them. I'm lost. I'm truly lost.

They've done whatever they wanted to me with no regard for what I wanted at all.

A few days passed, maybe more. I'd lost the ability or the desire to keep track. I'm sure felt like a mouse tied to a spinning wheel: going and going without any idea of where I'd end up, or if I'd continue to be running at all. I was still sore but I could tell I was improving some each day. When I awoke today, I thought the swelling within my mouth was finally down a little. I couldn't tell by feel what my tongue was going to be like, nor could I move it more than a tiny bit. My gums had mostly stopped hurting all the time, but were still sore, even if I pushed gently on them. My hands and feet were kept fastened down most of the time, so I had little chance to explore myself. I was usually immobile, since they didn't want me to do anything to disturb my wounds. At that point I was convinced they were trying to make me bored to the point of losing my mind altogether.

Today, though, I was scheduled for more changes. I didn't know the details, but I would be pierced by those terrible needles - to me, all needles were terrible by definition - and, apparently, tattooed. This would all be done with me wide awake so that, in Dr. Wtanna's words, "I'd succumb to the acclimatization and socialization process that would make me a worthy prostitute."

I was lying in some room in the infirmary. Fortunately, a nurse had already shaved me so my daily shaving anxiety was relieved. In the back of my mind, I was hoping that I'd be here in the infirmary so long that I would finally perish. I didn't want to go on to whatever was ultimately after this in the real world. In the real world of the Enakazin, the Retreat, that is. I hadn't yet decided if that had anything to do with the real world I had known, before the Control Institution.

I was so disturbed that my mind wandered wherever it was inclined to go. I thought about Tia, because.. because I would always think of her when everything was awful.

I looked up at a mirror on the ceiling of the infirmary. I had no idea why it was even there. As I somehow knew she would, Tia stared back at me from a position in the reflection that she couldn't possibly have occupied. To be there, she would have to be imbedded in the floor.

There was no smile on Tia's lips. No longer did her eyes look off into the distance.

Tia looked directly at me with painful, consuming sadness. Her expression was as clear as though it were written down, in English or Arabic or any other script I could no longer understand. She said, "Oh, Destiny. And then she was gone."

A little while later, Dr. Wtanna and a nurse arrived with a tray of implements. Because of my mutilated tongue, I couldn't talk well enough to be understood at all yet, so I didn't bother to ask her what they were going to do to me. It would happen in a few minutes and there was nothing I could do about it anyway. I lay there, strapped to the bed, naked and exposed.

The doctor sat on a high stool on my left, and bent over my face. She rubbed my left nostril inside and outside with an alcohol-soaked swab. Then she marked it with the tip of a felt pen.

Oh God, she's going to pierce my nose!

In retrospect, it was a tiny thing, compared to what they'd already done to me, but I have a nice nose and now they were going to ruin it! With a needle! And this was on my face for everyone to see, unless I was wearing that awful burka. I'm sure there was a look of panic on my face, and I pushed up against the straps holding me, but without effect.

Paying me attention, she picked up a sealed package, withdrew pair of slotted Pennington forceps, and clamped them onto my left nostril. She withdrew a needle from another sealed pack and, without preamble, jammed it quickly through my nostril, which she held firmly with the forceps. The sharp but modest pain was the trigger, though, and I started to cry.

I saw her pick up a somewhat ornate, open gold ring that was almost an inch in diameter and a couple millimeters thick. She inserted one open end into the hollow back of the needle and pushed it through my nose, snapping it shut after it was in place.

The ring was asymmetrical, with the part piercing my nose only a ring, though a thick one. Coming out of my nose and circling up to almost where it entered from the outside, the ring was studded with tiny fligreed balls, barely larger in diameter than the ring thickness, and a few tiny, dangling chains in the center of the partial ring of balls, maybe only twice as long as the ball diameter. The chains would shake slightly when I moved.

I could see the ring from my left eye and found it very bothersome. I looked up at Dr. Wtanna through wet eyes. "It looks pretty, Fatina. You'll soon get used to it."

She started swabbing my ears - near the top and on the tragus. Using a piercing gun, which I considered barely better than a needle, she fired three studs into the cartilage at the top of each ear, about half a centimeter apart - one in the center of the top and one on either side of that. After both ears were done, she pierced each tragus with a needle and inserted a small, plain ring in each.

"Eventually, we'll connect a chain from your nose ring to the ring in your left tragus," the doctor told me.

She began to play with my left nipple, while the nurse did the same on my right. That was all the hint I needed, and I knew what was coming next. Once my nipples were hard and erect. Dr. Wtanna marked them for horizontal holes and clamped forceps onto each nipple. These really hurt and I yelped in pain. Then I started to shake in panic when I saw the very thick needle she held. I yelped even louder as she drove the needle through my left nipple at the base and then my right, leaving both needles in place, which further horrified me.

Rings that were identical in style to my nose ring but slightly larger and thicker followed the needles through my nipples and were snapped in place. I screamed at the pain and the indignity of someone doing this to me without my consent. I should have been used to that

by now but I wasn't. I would never get used to it. It was foreign to my American or European experiences. The fact remained, though, that I had no control over my life for more than a year and a half.

Tia materialized again, somewhere between my vision and my mind, saying that I had lost control of my own self, and that I had no choice for survival but to submit. Tia said I'd been taken too far and there was no way back for me. She had said survival because it was the best I could do at that point.

She dissolved away when a tall, muscular black man entered a few moments later, pushing yet another cart of implements. The nurse left. With the doctor's help, the man fastened bands around my upper thighs and below my breasts. I was now held to the bed.

"You will be tattooed with the logo of the Enakazin now, on your lower abdomen and your left shoulder," Dr. Wtanna told me. The man was already positioning a paper stencil applique below my navel and above my Pussy. After a minute, he lifted it off. I couldn't lift my head enough to see what it was, but I could see the reflection in the mirror on the ceiling. The design was about eight centimeters in diameter; the top of it was about five centimeters below my bellybutton.

The doctor left and the tattooist worked on me for more than an hour. It hurt and I cried all during the time he tattooed my belly. Mucus ran from my nose and drool from my still-wounded mouth. I was a slimy, dirty mess.

The tattoo was a Spirograph-like pattern in deep blue. A tattooed, blood-red bar with rounded ends appeared to sit centered on top of the pattern. Bright yellow script appeared within the bar. I found out that the script said "Enakazin." My own body said that I belonged to the Retreat now.

Worse yet, I actually did.

He applied another Enakazin logo stencil to the outer, meaty part of my upper left arm, just below my shoulder. Over the next hour, he tattooed the Retreat symbol onto me there.

The tattooist finally finished and I thought he was about to leave. Instead, he moved to the top of my constrained right wrist and applied another stencil of Arabic script, which I couldn't read, of course. Over the next twenty minutes, he tattooed my wrist in deeply blue ink, tracing over the stencil marks. The tattooing stung sharply and I cried again. I came to learn that my wrist said "Retreat Whore" in Arabic, oriented upside-down if I held my wrist up and looked at it, but right side-up if one were holding my hand and looking down at my wrist. That was a final affirmation of what they intended me to be.

It was the confirmation of what I became. That's what came next. I hope it affects you as much as it did me. I hope, at this point, you're as distraught as I am. I want you sitting there in your

nice place in America, Europe, Australia, Asia, Latin America or elsewhere - to picture yourself where I was. Horrified? Good. Thinking about what you'd do? Could you get out of this? Yeah, go on, believe that. But in your deepest nightmares, imagine yourself trapped with me, controlling wires interlaced throughout the thinking parts of your head! I can tell you that THERE IS NO WAY OUT

I was bound like no physical restraints could ever bind me. have filaments in my head! They inhibit me, they override me, and they push me in directions I never would have gone. And they do this While I know what I want, and am powerless to fulfill my own desires if they conflict with my controller. Those gossamer-like filaments bind me more tightly than any ropes, thick, steel cables or iron bars ever could.

Dr. Wtanna eventually returned and, it was a great relief when she removed the bandage from my tongue.] was told to minimize moving it until further healing took place, and: was told in no uncertain terms not to speak at all. Some hours later, I was finally released from my bed and entered the bathroom to relieve myself. Afterward, I stood before the full-length mirror and examined my naked body closely, from head to foot.

I was bald of course, and without eyebrows. I'd gotten used to that over the past eighteen months and it was actually comfortable to me, especially because they'd messed with my mind and made it an anti-anxiety and sexual compulsion. Perhaps I'd be allowed to grow my hair again eventually. I didn't really care anymore, as long as I didn't have to be out in public in the West, where I'd stick out like some kind of cult member or something. I'd never have eyebrows again, but I could draw them on when I was allowed. Once again, I didn't care.

I doubted I'd ever be out in public or private in the West again, anyway.

I thought two things now dominated my face, the large nose ring in my cute, modest nose and my overly-full lips. Both were new and I didn't like how they made me look. The ring made me look like a slave. The full, sensual lips made me look ... different. Not good nor bad, different. They were definitely cock-sucking lips. I was under no delusion; I was going to suck cock here, thousands of them, probably.

Thousands more would penetrate me, because I would be a whore. Negasi and all the rest were making me a whore. What could I do? Die? I wasn't even sure that my controller would let me take my life. was told I'd be unable to do that when I was in the Control Institution, though I never tried. Anyway, I chose life. Looking back from where I sit now, there was: other choice. Now I'm a whore. Once a whore, always a whore. So I've been told. I'm a whore because I chose life, and no one showed up to put me out of my misery.

to I tried to put those thoughts aside and focused on my image in the mirror. My lips framed my toothless mouth, which obviously distorted my lips somewhat. I won't be able to wear my dentures until I'm all healed. They'll need to be modified to fit my enhanced overbite. God knows how I look then. What they did to my teeth is unforgivable. I've mostly gotten past it;

it's simply the way] am now. Sometimes though, it still makes me sick, thinking about it. My teeth were perfect! Thousands of real, US dollars spent on orthodontia perfect! American dentistry perfect!

Fighting back against Habiba, a total monster and a total bully in the Control Institution, which I did on behalf of my friends, left me without my perfect teeth. That is immoral and ferociously cruel. But that's what they did to me.

To make it worse, my nemesis ended up with dentures matching my own, perfect teeth!

Given the chance, I'm sure I could end Habiba's life. Even if she had changed and become a wonderful person, I would never forget.

They are going to turn me into a prostitute, a houri of the Enakazin. No one is going to help me. Everyone, including Tia, is letting this happen to me! I've been abandoned by everyone and that is making this horror possible. I was or would have been a good, faithful, supportive friend to anyone! I didn't do anything to deserve this! But all my past friends and acquaintances let this happen; Tia couldn't save me, so now you're reading about it.

You may think I live in an alternate reality of the mind, BUT IT'S SIMPLY REALITY TO ME!

Still looking in the mirror, I stick out my tongue. Oh! That is so weird! I will never get used to that! It's just, plain wrong!

My tongue is divided in half. When I stick it out, the halves go in different directions - one half may go up while the other goes down, or one off to the side while the other is straight ahead. I've been told that!

be taught how to control it once it's healed. I don't see how that's going to be possible.

This is awful! I have a forked tongue! Or something more like two tongues! The split goes way back in my mouth - all the way back, as far as I can tell. Each side has two, thick, vertical bars piercing it. They're going to replace them with permanent flesh tunnels - meaning grommets - once the swelling is entirely gone. The bars there until then. The holes in my tongue look and feel huge.

[I put my tongue thing back in my toothless mouth. I can't stand looking at it anymore. Turning my bald head, it's easy to see the 7 millimeter flesh tunnels in the center of my earlobes, where my original, delicate ear piercing was. I can't see through my earlobes and that really freaks me out. It's as though I have a hole in my head on each side. It will get worse as the doctor continues to stretch them. I don't like how they make my otherwise pretty little ears look. Not that anybody cares what I think.

The studs at the top of my ears and the small ring in my tragus didn't bother me. I probably

never would have done that, but I didn't particularly care that they had. Perhaps I was becoming numb or resigned.

I looked down to the fancy rings piercing my nipples at their base. They are actually kind of pretty. They're certainly the only thing that's been done to me that I like, without being forced to like them. I wasn't given a choice about them, but (I might have had them done if I'd been asked, and knew this would be the result. I'm okay with the nipple rings. I like them.

Being chubby now, my boobies had gotten larger on their own. The surgery Dr. Wtanna did made them firmer and noticeably bigger. The rings at the base of my nipples looked good. The fact that the rings are larger than I would have thought they'd be actually makes them look in proportion to my bigger boobies.

I looked down at the matching tattoos on my left shoulder and my belly. They were very pretty and I hated them. They labeled me as property and they would never come off. The larger one was like a big emblem on my abdomen and it dominated my lower torso.

Beneath it, deep inside, I had no womb. There should have been some cut, some scar forming to point to where it had been, and what they'd done to me. There was no evidence. Nothing to proclaim that I'd been sterilized, that I'd never bear children, that I was forever barren. There was only an emblem proclaiming that was property.

My intimately modified body healed enough over the next ten days for the denizens of the Retreat's infirmary to decide that I was almost ready to begin training. I left the clinic and moved into my own, personal room in one of the four *almahajier albigaya*, or the dormitories of prostitutes. I had a lovely, expansive suite with a sitting area and a private bath with a whirlpool tub. It had room for all of my personal things, of which I had none. It was fully stocked with snacks, enough food for several meals, liquor which I couldn't use because it was haram, aphrodisiacs, and most importantly, cigarettes.

Less than a week after moving to my apartment, I was adequately though not completely healed, but I was ready to begin the training that would make me a talented, desirable, attentive and committed whore.

I'd been summoned to the infirmary for a final check and a release for duty. The doctor took that opportunity to remove the four, vertical bars from my still tender, split tongue, insert 3-millimeter, gold grommets down through the two holes in both my right and left tongues, place a grommet washer beneath each one, and squeeze the flesh tunnel with grommet pliers to bind the washer and lock it into place. Unless my tongue were cut open, these couldn't be removed.

Even though my tongues weren't swollen anymore, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had too much tongue in my mouth. I suppose that was because they'd somehow stretched each of them - I had no idea how but the two tongues were each a little less than three centimeters

longer than my one tongue had been. I was pretty sure that, together, they were as wide and thick as my single tongue had been. The stretching, whatever they'd done, appeared to be permanent. At that point, I only hoped that I'd eventually get used to how they felt in my mouth, too long and too many, and be able to better manipulate and restrain them. They gave me the impression that I had two poorly controlled hunks of muscle wandering around, mostly unguided, among my gums and the roof of my mouth.

I sat in the dental chair in the clinic. Impressions were taken so my dentures could be modified or rebuilt to fit the more pronounced overbite of the altered, upper front section of my gum. I'd get my teeth back in a few days.

They fastened a chain from my nose ring to the ring in my left tragus. It wasn't tight, but dropped in a gentle curve across my cheek. It drove me absolutely crazy for weeks, until I finally adjusted to it always dangling and swinging around there.

After that, I was given clean bill of health and warned again to take care of my modified body, including the host of new holes in it. That was a daily activity that would accompany my shaving routine, but they didn't make it a compulsion. I don't think they thought of that.

They did think about my attitude, though. They'd designed me to be a whore. In fact, they'd already stripped away enough of my mental ability that I probably could never hold a decent job doing much other than selling my body or doing mentally menial tasks. Nobody asked me. I would never have chosen to be an intellectually-challenged whore in million years.

Over a couple days of training, they were to discover that was, in fact, true - I never would choose to be a prostitute.

So late in the night after I'd gotten my new dentures, they began to fuck with my mind some more.

I'm so sorry Tia, I let them steal my meager, remaining destiny, the last of the influence over what I could choose to do myself. I didn't know how to stop them. I no longer have control, any say, or will can identify as my own. I'm They forced me to be ... I couldn't stop becoming .. I'm deeply dedicated to being... I know I'm turning into .. They made me

a whore. I'm a whore. A prostitute. sell my sex for money for my owner. I'm not actually selling my sex. I have no sex of my own. I have nothing that doesn't belong to my owner, Negasi... Master Negasi. He takes the money I earn and gives me excellent food, shelter in a veritable palace, and occasional pleasure in return. That's life for me and for many other captive, desirable women in the Kingdom of Salat. It's true of all the women who live at the Enakazin.

You may wonder what they did to me, to my mind. The best way for me to describe it is to say they nudged me. They didn't instantly turn me into a sex-crazed nymphomaniac. They didn't make me gaga for cock or pussy. They didn't even make me more of a slave, more

compellingly obedient to the commands of the Masters and Mistresses. What they did was far more insidious. They slipped it into my mind when I wasn't looking, when I wouldn't notice.

One of the other prostitutes, a girl named Shahad who became my friend, later told me what happened. A nurse known to be a controller expert slipped into my room every night while I slept, so she'd be close enough to me to use the controller effectively, and with exquisite precision. She used it to keep me asleep, then began to nudge my mind.

After the nurse's midnight therapy sessions, I was no longer the same, and I barely realized it. The result, though, was that I never was forced to fuck for money. There was no need to force me. It came to me as naturally as somersaults do to a gymnast. It's simply what I do. If someone needs a haircut, a hairdresser cuts it. If someone needs sex, I provide it.

Realize, if I were told to have sex or in some other way to service: man or a woman by a Master or a Mistress, I would do that. I was totally controlled and forced to obey. What they hadn't forced me to do, probably because it required more finesse than a simple, "obey" command, was make me put my heart, soul, and desire into that servicing. That's where the nurse's manipulations came in.

She started by dissolving inhibitions. I was a young, American woman, born in the 21st century of relatively liberal parents, so I didn't have deep-seated hang-ups (my grandparents' words). I did, however, follow American norms of decent behavior, loose as they might be. For example, I would never have run naked in public, though after my eighteen months as a naked prisoner, that didn't seem like such a big deal. But I wouldn't have run naked through the public places of River's Edge or downtown in the north or south metroplex cities or in New York or Peoria.

I wouldn't have fornicated on the street in clear view, sucked cock in a restaurant, beat another person for fun or sexual gratification, and so on. I would never have exchanged my body for money or food or shelter or any other financial compensation.

About ten days after I'd started training, I came to believe or accept that fucking or being fucked for money was no different than any other occupation. If you were good at it, you deserved to be compensated for it.

When I'd been brought to the Enakazin, that idea was completely abhorrent to me. Over the first ten days, I got over it. I didn't know why at the time. I then came to the realization that I could do this. Why not? It wasn't as though I were about to be rescued or anything. The time for that to happen was well-past.

I was punished when I didn't live up to expectations, of course. After a couple days, that almost never happened.

Why? Because I was very good at it. I could fuck like the pro: was rapidly becoming.

realized that not only could I do this, but didn't care if my partner and I were alone or being watched by a hundred people, all of them getting off watching me. I didn't care if I were in a private suite at the Enakazin or in the lobby of the Burj Khalifa in Dubai, formerly the world's tallest building.

I hated it when they beat me. I hated it until.... until I didn't anymore. Until that moment when I had a massive orgasm from having my pussy whipped with a rattan cane, six or eight days into my training. That ultimately rare occurrence was another effect of the nudging of my mind. I couldn't cum from pain alone most all of the time, but later in my time at the Retreat, I was to find that I often could.

I was always ambivalent about giving head. I seem to recall that I did it for a boyfriend from time to time, but I was never an ardent cock sucker. I was equivocal about the taste of men's cum too. I did like diving into a sweet pussy, though.

As you might have guessed, ten days in, I found that I was getting aroused by the presence of: cock down my throat, the satisfaction of sucking on it, and the taste of cum. I also found myself looking forward to trying the taste of a woman's juices again.

At the time, I attributed the change in my flavor perception to be the result of the division of my tongue. I thought that the more I exercised it, the better things - including cum - tasted. Maybe that was true, but there was another cause afoot - what they were doing to my mind.

There's more that will become evident, when I tell you about my early experiences. Suffice it to say that, eventually, nothing done in the name of sexual arousal was anything but a turn-on to me. Nothing done between any number of partners, or with an individual alone in the name of sexuality ever seemed aberrant or amiss to me again. I'm pretty sure there isn't any perversion that wouldn't at least partially interest me, as long as only adults were involved.

That viewpoint was burned into my mind while I slept and never realized it consciously. Shahad had to tell me before I even suspected.

You need to realize that I didn't believe I was becoming a different person, and I still don't believe that I did. I simply flowed into the new persona. I never thought was two different people, like two minds within the same body. Rather, it was more like there were two or three persons in my one mind. There was the semi-mystical Destiny, with broken memories and dreams, and then there was the person that I became in the Control Institution, who lived atop Destiny now, and who evolved into the prostitute, Fatina.

Since I used to be not only Western, but American, they told me that made me special. Everyone who comes here would want to fuck an American. Meaning fuck an American over. I'm sure it was the same for the British in the 1800s and the early 1900s, the Romans 2000 years ago, and the Egyptians before that. Who wouldn't want to fuck-up an American,

including other Americans? Who could resist shouting that they'd shot their wad into an American whore, or that an American whore went face-down onto their pussy until they came with stars in their eyes and the stripes of the whip on their American whore?

The fact that I'm a woman with thoughts, needs, desires, and capabilities of my own - whether I was American or from anywhere else was irrelevant to these people.

Except for my capability to earn money through prostitution and sex services.

The thirtieth morning of my training, I shaved myself clean and smooth and masturbated to climax as a result of the arousal the shaving gave me. Afterward, I spent half an hour practicing my tongue exercises in front of a mirror. It or, rather, they since there were really two tongues now, were still sore - more a dull ache - and were even sorer after being put through their paces. Each tongue looked more like a rounded tentacle than a tongue now. They were prehensile too - I could pick up things with them as though they were a pair of pinchers or a finger and a thumb. Watching the two tongues move together and in opposite directions, to encircle each other and move separately to opposite corners of my mouth was borderline creepy. It's how I am now, I knew, and can't help what they've done to me. I found no comfort in that thought, however.

They'd made me something of a freak within my mouth.

After the exercises, I prepped my dentures and put them in. My overbite was, indeed, more pronounced. The Masters, including Negasi, thought the look was cute, especially because the teeth of Americans always appear near-perfect to them, whether or not they are. Before they were taken, however, my teeth actually were perfect. I didn't like this new look, which was bucktoothed, horsey. It also made my enhanced lips look even plumper. Nobody cared what I thought, of course.

My speech was distorted as I'd expected it to be, though it was slightly better when I wore my dentures. Considering what they'd done to my lips and mouth overall, and the huge changes to my tongue, it was a miracle I could speak at all. People had some trouble understanding me, although the ones who knew me got used to how I said things. I would get literally tongue-tied with long Arabic words. Of course, because of what they'd done to my mind, forming sentences, even in Arabic, was slow for me and required headache-inducing concentration for anything longer than a few sentences. I came across as slow and dim-witted to others. I have no idea what my English would have sounded like, since I could speak almost none of it anymore. Of course, I couldn't read or write in either language, and would apparently never be able to again. I didn't have the mental pathways or capabilities anymore.

As a result, the only way I could communicate was to speak, poor as my ability was. To some extent, having to speak slowly because of my slowed-down mind helped the listener understand me better. I could tell, though, that some people got impatient with me, for taking too long to say things.

The evolution from a well-educated, intelligent, outgoing young woman whom I barely remembered at the time, to a slow-witted dolt was difficult and terribly embarrassing for me. I was always aware of what I had been, even if I could remember few details, and I certainly knew what I'd become - what they'd capriciously turned me into. It was a never-ending source of sorrow for me.

After I ate in the small cafe on the building's ground-level floor, I returned to my room to find a Master waiting there. When I'd entered, I'd been smoking my fourth or fifth cigarette of the morning - because I had to. Because I wanted to.

Smoking was good and I always hated it. I hated every cigarette from the first one I smoked after they messed with my mind. I still hated every one, at the same time I couldn't exist without them.

I instantly knelt before the unknown Master in my apartment. I started to put my head down in supplication when he said, "Fatina! Come with me. It's time to test your training progress."

Just like that, my days as a not-whore ended.

Chapter 3 - Sweet Painted Lady

I was taken to a large, well-appointed bedroom in the basement of the dormitory next door. The Master, a fully-robed Arab with determined, dark, piercing eyes, told me to sit in repose position on the floor. I sat on my haunches, my lower legs beneath me, my knees spread as far apart as possible, Opening the essence of my femininity to him. My back was straight and my hands rested palm-up in my lap.

"Fatina," this Master said, "what we've done to you, and the training you've received, weren't forced on you out of any cruelty, need for control, BDSM philosophy, or attempt to destroy you. You are property here, Fatina. Your life will be, for the most part, easy, but in exchange, you will earn for Negasi. Your body has been altered in unique ways or, rather, in: unique combination of ways. As result, you are able to bring those capabilities to your role as a houri of the Enakazin.

"These preparations have been intended to maximize the return to Azid Negasi for his investment in you. If you accept these things, accept yourself as you now are, you'll be happier than if you don't. But honestly, we don't care about your happiness. We care about your ability to earn, during the six years we have you.

"It is now time to test what you've learned, with you servicing both a Master and a Mistress at separate times today, drawing on the unique characteristics of your modified body. Though I will evaluate you for Azid Negasi, the Master and the Mistress have been asked to pay you only what they believe you earned. If that amount is insufficient, you will be failed and beaten.

If I don't believe you performed up to the standards of the Enakazin, you will be failed and beaten.

"If you fail, you will have another week of training, before you're tested again. If you fail: second test, it will be very bad for you. No prostitute, though she will probably live, ever recovers from the consequences of a second failure. My advice is to be diligent and creative, and pass today.

"Finally, you should know that you must strive every day to please your clients. Should you receive three unsatisfactory complaints from clients in any one-month period, you will be beaten and, perhaps, worse.

If you receive three more complaints in any of the following five months, you will likely be sent to one of the Special Brothels, the Manzilun Khassung, where Khassung here means special, particular, private, or personal to an individual Master. Sometimes, we simply call them Khassungs. In the Khassung, you would live out your few remaining days, weeks, months or years here as a dahia or a dkhyl." Those terms meant a victim and an exotic - I didn't know what either referred to at that time, though I'd eventually find out because I'd know one of them.

The Master told me to prepare myself in the small dressing room off of the bedroom in which he was instructing me. The room contained a dressing table with a plethora of makeup. The armoire held several wigs and a collection of working clothes, with which I'd already become familiar.

I did not know the particular tastes of either client I was to have. All I knew was that the man would be first to receive and evaluate my services.

Though I was evenly tan all over, was still fair by Middle Eastern standards, and my eyes are a darker blue, so I decided that a long, blonde, spiral-wavy wig would be the way to go. Arabic men love blue-eyed blondes, so I thought that was my best bet to attract the master and score some points.

The fact that I was about to sell my body and become a whore for real didn't bother me as I got ready to receive my first client. Surreptitiously, they'd mentally prepared me to trade sex for money. What was causing me anguish at the time was passing these tests to avoid a beating and a potentially worse fate.

After weeks of training, I knew what to do with a client, but it always helped to know something about the client first. The Master in the other room wouldn't tell me anything, so I had to wing it. I decided to wear the wig and my newly adjusted dentures to appear more American-girl-normal, to the extent I still could, given my piercings - especially my nose - my chubbiness and my noticeable overbite. Of course there was also the fact that I couldn't speak English anymore, but hopefully, the client wouldn't be able to either, and it would be irrelevant.

I applied my makeup, including very dark liner for my eyes and drawn-on, thin brows, before donning my wig. I was dressed in an open, dark blue bolero to compliment my eyes and matching, transparent pantaloons, which rode low on my hips and dipped in front to completely display the also-blue Enakazin crest tattooed on my belly. The pantaloons were open slightly below the belt which rested at the bottom of the crest, and clearly showed my hairless pussy. The nails on my fingers and toes were short and red.

I smoked a cigarette, chewed some strong mints, applied long-lasting, red lip gloss and sat back to prepare my disposition. I'd been taught to put myself in a frame of mind that required me to think of the client as my true lover. During their furtive night visits to me, that instruction had been reinforced through the hypnotic actions of the controller lacing my brain. Breathing carefully, I allowed my dull-witted thoughts to dissolve and I slipped into a Zen-like state where: I could decide to be anything I needed to be. During the pending encounter, I would be the perfect, attentive, talented and experienced lover. I reached that state of mental persuasion and felt I locked into place. I arose and stepped back into the bedroom.

I sat on the edge of the bed in a training room within the bowels of the Enakazin, the Retreat. Curled, blonde hair cascaded down my back and over my shoulders from the luscious, human-hair wig I wore. My legs were spread wide and my bare feet dangled above the deeply maroon, patterned, Persian carpet on the floor. My hands held the bolero open, revealing my ringed nipples and impressive breasts.

I appeared to be a curious combination of all-American girl and harem temptress. No one who had known me a couple years before would ever have recognized me. I didn't even think that Tia would recognize me.

My trainer opened the door and a tall, dark-skinned man entered. He wore full Arab dress, including a white keffiyeh headscarf, held in place with a bright, red rope agal. The Master, my lover, ignored my trainer and walked across the room to where I sat. He stood right before me, and examined me with intense, dark, probing eyes.

This man was going to pay to have me. When he is done with me, I thought, I will have become: prostitute.

These people and the prison denizens before them had altered my body and then altered it still more. They'd manipulated my mind. I realized that how my mind constructed images of the world, and conceptualized my reality wasn't the same as it used to be. What I thought wasn't the same either. My own thoughts were often unrecognizable to me. In most any situation, I no longer formed quite the thoughts I would have expected myself to think.

They'd imprisoned me and punished me. They'd changed my view of who I am and who owned my life. Now they were going to change what I was. I had totally lost control of my destiny to them.

My first client stood before me, and, with the slightest of gestures, motioned me to stand. I slid off the bed and walked up to him, the look in my eyes carefully planned, and a slight smile on my enhanced lips, made cute and innocent by my overbite, or so I'd been told. I intended to let him know I was his lover now, for the time we would be together. He towered at least a foot over me. He spoke to me only in Arabic.

"Undress," he said. "I want to get warmed up."

As I slowly, sexily removed my bolero, my body and hips swaying hypnotically, I saw him remove his keffiyeh and then withdraw a thin, stainless steel whipping rod from beneath his robe. Once I'd dropped my pantaloons and was fully naked, he motioned me over to two poles, spread about four feet apart, and anchored at ceiling and floor.

"Face away from me," he commanded. "Do You know what to do?"

"Yes Master" I said, reaching up to grasp each pole, as high above me as I could reach with my feet flat on the bare, wooden floor, spread apart, their outsides touching the sides of the poles.

"Do I need to secure you?" He asked. I had been taught to grip the poles while being beaten a few times. I didn't know what he intended, but I'd been encouraged during my training not to exhibit weakness early in a session.

"As you wish, Master, but it is not necessary"

"Are you a pain slut?" He asked unemotionally. What he meant : could pain cause to climax. It had happened, but in general, it couldn't; I hated pain. I knew it would be a part of my duties, and I dreaded it. I had been told that some of the women who came to service at the Enakazin were not originally pain sluts, but were trained to be that way. That training often included the elimination of other ways for them to orgasm by removing their clitoris and the enervation of their G-spot. That was not going to be done to me. At least not at this point. For that, I suppose, I was grateful.

"No Master, I am not able to climax from pain alone." He stepped behind me, gathered the long curls of the wig in his hand, and draped them forward over my shoulder to bare my back.

"Then you will at least be silent while I prepare you. You'll receive seven bites from my little mosquito stinger. Count"

During training, I'd sampled the rattan cane, the whip, the many-stranded flogger, cats and quirts, and so on. I hadn't yet felt a steel whipping rod. stood there, hands holding the poles, feet spread, my heart pounding, awaiting the first blow.

There was the briefest of whooshing sounds and then horrible, horrible, stinging pain high on my buttocks. I wanted to scream my lungs out, but managed to hold it in.

"One," I called out.

Another followed immediately. I thought it was below the first, still on my plump bottom.

"Two," I said shaking. Tears streamed down my face. This instrument was supremely painful.

There was another impact, this time on the back of my upper thighs. "Three," I gasped. Oh my God that hurt!

There was a pause. My master told me to turn around and face him. I did so, tears continuing to stream down my face, fear written all over me. He draped the blonde waves behind me.

He swung and connected with the upper side of my breasts. I was in agony. "Four" I called out.

The next strike was right below my nipple rings. It was by far the worst yet. "Five," I said weakly. I tried to focus on my hands. If I released the poles, he might restart from zero. Didn't think I could remain conscious for many more strokes.

Looking down. I could see an angry red welt across the top of my breasts. The next blow landed across my pussy, right along my hood and the incredibly sensitive bud below it. "Six" I screamed and almost fainted from the pain. If he hit me there again, I would surely pass out.

The final ripping, stinging slash fell across my upper thighs. I was now too weak to cry out, almost too weak to stand up. All my effort was focused on keeping my hands on the poles, which were, by now, supporting a significant portion of my weight, as my legs were about to give out. I managed to croak out, "Seven," and he was finished beating me.

"You did well, Fatina," he said to me. There might have been slight admiration in his tone of voice.

"Thank you Master" I whispered, still gripping the poles.

He pointed to the floor in front of him. I knew what to do. Carefully, avoid stumbling from my beating-induced weakness, I walked over to him and knelt before him. My body was on fire from the seven, brutal slashes on, of each of which surely raised long, bright-red, painful welts. He unfastened his robe, and draped it over a chair. He was now as naked as I was.

Trying my best to minimize my badly garbled enunciation, I said, "Master, I am able to remove my teeth, or leave them, as you prefer." I had been taught to say that. It embarrassed

me during training, and still did.

"Really?" He replied, apparently surprised. Since he'd known my name, he thought he might know about me. Perhaps not. "Then remove them, and let's see how that is. haven't experienced an empty mouth before."

I pulled my dentures, my teeth, out and set them on to .small table next to me. I reached up to cup his scrotum. His large phallus was still hard because of his arousal from beating me.

Looking up at his countenance looking down at me, I opened my mouth and my two, lengthened tongues slowly emerged and spread apart like pinchers. I had actually learned to curve the tips toward each other, but keep them almost an inch apart, so they assumed the shape of curved fireplace tongs. Continuing to look into his eyes and attempting to enchant him with mine, I bent imperceptively forward, and captured his penis, immediately behind the swollen, purple glans. With my tongue pinchers, I squeezed his hard shaft and began to move my tongues down it, continuing to grip it as I did so.

Imagine your thumb and forefinger held in the "OK" sign, but not quite touching. That's how my tongues looked, surrounding his manhood.

I could see the surprise in his eyes, even though he tried to suppress it. I doubted he'd ever been gripped by the split tongue of any woman before this. I held him tightly with my tongues as I might with my fingers.

I slid up and down his shaft, only pausing to lubricate my tongues and his phallus with my mouth's liquid, as I caressed his manhood.

I had never conceived of using my tongue in this way before it had been split apart. It was still novel to me, the way my two tongues were able to grip his shaft and almost surround it. It wasn't pleasurable to me, as much as it was shocking and unexpected. My mouth didn't act as my mouth, didn't feel like my mouth anymore. I had these two things that were sort of like longer, thinner versions of the pretty little tongue I had before, and they didn't seem to fit properly in my mouth or behind my lips. I was something other than I'd been. The large number of changes kept me in a continual state of semi-confusion; as though my body didn't fit right anymore. My mind regarded my body as strangely deformed, and yes, curiously exotic.

My hands reached up to cup his scrotal sack, and my fingers played him along the perineum and all the way to his asshole. My fingers, with their short, safe, unscratching nails and soft tips, circled his rear rosebud, as I observed the reactions in his face and body.

I had him then. My modified tongues were everything he never expected. I played them along his shaft encircling it, pressing against the soft underbelly, and licking along the tip and below the glans at the same time. I took him into my mouth by drawing him there with my pincher tongues. I took him back and back and past my vulva and down my throat and I massaged his

glans by swallowing. There was no hint of choking or even the slightest gasp for breath. Yes, I was that good. I was that well trained. My mind was that modified. Besides, at that moment, this man was my lover.

If my memory of the fabled Destiny was at all accurate anymore, I had been an educated, talented archeologist. Now I was a well-trained, former prisoner, an indentured servant, about to become an outstanding whore.

I could sense him, probably because of his erotic surprise at my unique mouth, approaching the edge already, and skillfully nudged him back as I wet finger with my own juices and slipped it into his ass, never stopping my attention to his member with my tongue and throat. I kept him between full and end-stage arousal for more than twenty minutes, while my tongues, lips, mouth, empty gums, throat and fingers played him like a fine Stradivarius violin.

I had taken my training to heart. Coupled with changes they had made to my mind that allowed me to simultaneously minister to him with all those parts of me, I had unsurpassed talents at everything that had to do with oral sex and sexuality.

I brought him to the edge once, twice, three times. I released him, stood up, and led him to the bed. gently pushed him down, and grasped his almost-throbbing member in my pincher tongues. skillfully brought him near the edge again.

I wanted to do this. I wanted to please my lover. Whatever they'd done to my mind, had, without a doubt, contributed to that want. I was also determined to be a survivor. I intended to pass these evaluations with a performance beyond anything anyone thought I could do. I imagined that I would become known as Fatina, the American, greatest of all Enakazin whores. I would command more money than any other. Clients would worship me. They would pay anything for an hour of my attention.

That's what I wanted. That's what I needed. I believed that was where I had to take myself. My personal sense of worth was now bound up with that destiny.

Their controller-induced treatment of my brain had redirected what was important to me. They'd made me perfectly suited to being a whore, in talent and desire. My mind was only partially my own. Rather, it was only partially what I had made it growing up and creating my own experiences to this point.: was still Fatina, but no longer the Fatina who had evolved from the mythical Destiny through someone whom I sometimes thought was named Karimah. There had been a discontinuity in me and] was myself and someone else, someone new, at the same time.

My tongues released his penis and I rose above him. Of course, I was already very wet. Sex or near-sex of every sort would always do that to me now. I had learned to open my pussy like a baseball glove, and I did that and gripped his penis with my inners, and with my outer pussy muscles. I didn't yet let him enter me. I used my inners and the rolling motion of my groin

against him to continue to stimulate his glans.

I had every intention of breaking him. Of rendering him so overwhelmed by the whore, Fatina, that no other woman would even seem quite like a woman to him. I intended to be the pinnacle against which he compared every other lover for the rest of his miserable life. My mind told me that I was the ultimate. The holy grail of prostitutes, the unattainable goal all other women would forever strive for and be compared to, yet never measure up.

The look on his face was a disturbed mix of pleasure, riveting surprise, and the struggle to maintain enough dispassion to allow him to evaluate my performance. I was dissolving his ability to focus on anything except me and the pleasure I was delivering to him.

I let him into me a little, I squeezed with my Kegels to test how close he was. I didn't want to encase him in my sheath only to have him cum immediately. Sensing his closeness, I bent forward with him still a little in me, and bit down on his nipples with my toothless gums, not sharp but firm enough to pinch. I ministered to his nipples for a minute or two and felt him move back from the edge. My tongues continued to play with his nips as I leashed him into me, alternately releasing my vaginal grip on him, sliding him in farther, and then gripping him again.

I rose up, still straddling him, and slid him in to the hilt. I kept most of my substantial weight on my own bent legs to avoid pressing my weight onto him. I tightened all around him, then rhythmically squeezed up and down his shaft as I slid it in and out of me a little to provide rubbing friction. That was a neat trick I'd been taught by instruction, practice, and beatings until I'd gotten it right. I massaged his shaft with the muscles of my sheath.

As I sat above him, his member buried within me, my reptilian tongues emerged and spread out from my mouth. I held him rapt with my snake-like tongue, my pussy's gripping of his manhood, and the intense, hypnotic glare of my deeply made-up eyes. I bound him to me, enthralled.

I stopped my precessing on his shaft and bent forward again; my hands gently held either side of his face. My tongues darted within his mouth while I continued the rolling squeezes up and down his cock. My full lips pushed against his and my slender fingers played behind his ears, ran through his hair, and massaged him from his earlobes down his neck and across his shoulders.

I offered a ringed nipple at his mouth and he took it in to suckle. I withdrew it and pushed the upper part of my substantial breast against his lips begging him to, "Nip me, bite me, mark me, Master" He nipped hard at my skin and I could feel a small wound form. At this point, I was into this sex with my momentary lover as much as he.

I rose above him and continued squeezing while I moved up and down, and rocked rhythmically front to back, riding him. He was ready. would take him now. He was helpless.

He was the Master, but I was in control.

His climax came few moments later and he actually screamed like a man being run through with a sword. He screamed again and again. His ejaculation was so awesomely powerful that even I was surprised.

He kept cumming and cumming. I squeezed, rode, and milked him unmercifully.

As he was in the final throes of his throbbing orgasm, I bent forward to push my clit against him. I was there to please him, not myself, but I also knew the importance of my own arousal to his satisfaction and sense of manhood. I ground my upper slit against him as I absorbed the last of his pulses.

"Master" I said breathlessly, "may I cum?"

"Yes," he said, barely audibly. I came almost immediately. My spasms of orgasm and the pulses in my vagina as a result of it finished both of us off, and I collapsed onto his muscular chest. I slid my arms down beneath his shoulders, under his arms and up, and held the back of his head in my palms. I slightly pushed his head up to my lips and kissed him eagerly and gratefully.

"Oh Master ..." said. "oh Master! Thank you, Master!"

I don't think he could speak at all at that moment. His eyes opened to look at me and they were glassed over. I thought he might be in shock.

"Sahira," he finally whispered. He'd called me a witch, a sorceress!

My amant du moment, my lover of the moment, seemed to want to cuddle so I lay on my side, in his arms for a while, unmoving and with his right hand resting on my enhanced left tit. The key to being a great whore in a paramour's house like the many-armed Enakazin isn't to get on to the next mark as quickly as possible. It's to milk the maximum cash from the current mark. As soon as I felt him stir the tiniest amount, I reached behind me and took his penis in my hand.

My soft, talented, short-nailed fingers probed gently along the pliable underside of his penis. The key to male arousal, I've not only been instructed but observed myself, is always a movement along his shaft, never a rhythmic squeezing until he is near climax. If you, already out there, think you'll get your man off by squeezing him like his dick was a hand pump, you need to go back to kindergarten and start over. His arousal comes from your movement up and down the shaft, whether it's in your hand or inside you.

The key is his underside - the velvety, supple area under his penis, along the middle of his sack and on down everything between the glans and his taint.

For my current lover - my Master, my client, and my judge-Iwas determined to bring him to a mind-numbing climax again, as quickly as possible to maximize his pleasure, but not too quickly.Iworked his body with the patience of a fine potter working her clay.

In an indeterminate but short time, with a little attention from my prehensile tongue, I had him hard again. I had smeared some of my cunt juices along and within my butt hole, and: didn't care, at that point, what he did to me back there.

I knelt on the bed and presented my ass to him for his pleasure, like a gorilla female would. I didn't care. was a whore and here in the bedroom, I was the real Mistress, though was determined to convince him that he was Master here.

With some hesitation, which surprised me, he pushed against my easy anus. I was easy from many days of training. Did I care that I was easy there? Of course not. I'm a whore. I have entrances to my body. They're for sale. I have no sacred places.

Even my mind is no longer. sacred place. They can open it up and pour most anything they want in there. I keep right on going, subtly or more dramatically changed, never quite the Fatina I was before. Probably evolved still further from the mythical Destiny I might once have been, away from the destiny (might once have had).

With my own urging, I felt his swollen glans press harder against me, and his penis entered my nether region.

Hey, I was being fucked! That's what I was not only doing, not only expecting to be done, but was also what I WANTED to be done. Remember, they fixed my attitude. They merged my personality with the identity they wanted. They made me a willing, accepting, eager whore. I was thankful to be a Whore! I was at the Enakazin! I Was one of the classiest whores in the Middle East! This man, right then, was my lover! As session continued, that artificial fact seemed more real, not less.

As he entered my rosebud, I knew my options were limited. Not facing him, I couldn't add to his pleasure with my tongue, tits, Kegels, or lips and tongue. I brought this on, but it would be referenced in my evaluation. I needed to make this special for him.

I reached between my legs and grasped his scrotum. My blunt, talented fingers caressed it like my most meaningful childhood doll. Ever so carefully, I pulled on it to draw him farther into me. gave him my asshole, free of toll. Unable to resist, he began to move in and out of my rear-most entry.

He felt filling and good, as I had been taught to understand this sensation. This was simply another aspect of my responsibilities as a prostitute. Men would fuck me in every orifice. That's what I was here for. That's what the Enakazin expected of me. That was fine; I intended

to be the best I could at what I did.

I reached behind me and managed to grasp both sides of his buttocks with my hands, pulling him still farther into me. My substantial bottom made it hard for me to reach back far enough to get a good grip on him, but I managed.

I used the trained muscles within my anus to hold him and release him, in the best rhythm I could establish. I pushed back and then forward (away) from him. I heard him murmur satisfaction at each forward and backward thrust. My fingers still played along his scrotum and the inside of his thighs. I tried to reach back to his asshole, but it was too far behind me.

I rocked forward and backward, pushing against him in doggie position. I thought: sensed him getting close, so I stopped and squeezed him with my anal muscles. I thought I could get him harder, so I pumped him and succeeded in swelling him to fill me further. I felt him expand me.

I'd been modified, trained, convinced, and shown that one of my big advantages over other prostitutes at the Enakazin was my WO talented tongues. Unfortunately, I couldn't use them to please him in this position. Keeping him in my ass, I turned my face back toward him, propped on one hand under a lot of tension, and used my tongues to surround a finger of my other hand, at an angle where he could see me. I slid my finger up and down through the loop of my tongues. He could easily see it and it was enough to drive him to even higher passion.

My rear entrance was tight and I'd been taught full control over my sphincter muscles. I worked him well, held him within a moment of climax for many minutes, and finally, when [I decided he could take no more, brought him to the peak and then over the top in a crushing orgasm that caused him to scream again and pump over and over within my ass. Only a little cum infused me with each pulse, because I'd drained him so much the first time.

Some while later, felt him collapse onto my back, his penis struggling to stay hard within my ass. I tried to help by gripping him with my anal muscles, but eventually, soft, spent, and apparently completely drained and very satisfied, he fell out of me and dropped - comatose I feared - to the bed. We lay like that for a long, long time before he stirred again, when I bent to clean his limp shaft with my mouth and tongues.

I pulled at my lover as he left me, only to be told that he could no longer go on, for fear of dying during sex with me. The last thing he said as he left my small chamber was, "Sahira. You cannot belong to the rest of humanity. You are creature of the most seductive night. Alshshitana!" I found out later that alshshitana meant "succubus." I rather liked that designation.

I lay there, not certain of what to do. I knew I was to be tested by both a man and a woman, though I had no idea when the woman would arrive. Since I was feeling proud of my display

of sexual expertise from my performance with the Master, I decided to present myself to the Mistress as a bald, submissive slave. I wanted to come across as her inferior, trying her hardest to please the beautiful Mistress with her lowly, less attractive self. So I removed the wig, touched up the makeup, and replaced my teeth with fresh scrubbing and new bonding gel. I cleaned myself with a douche and some toilet wipes, smoked a couple cigarettes in the bathroom with the fan on, chewed mints, put my pantaloons and bolero back on, returned to the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed to wait.

I had no doubt that the Master, the lover who had left, would pay well for his experience. That made me the prostitute they wanted me to become. I had passed muster. I learned. I was a whore.

Once a whore, always a whore, right?

It didn't matter. I knew. I had fucked for money, need (passing my test), because I was told O, and because I had wanted to. I was Fatina, the whore. I suppose that made me a whore by any name. At that time, I rarely remembered my former name as Karimah, but what I had done made Karimah a whore. If I had been the fabled Destiny, then Destiny Michelle Hutton was now also a whore.

I was convinced, though, that I was: very, very talented whore.

I nudged my thoughts toward my next client. Before ever laying eyes on her, I made her my lover, and managed to put the thoughts of anyone else out of my mind.

Half an hour or so later, a woman covered from head to toe in full abaya and hiab, entered the small suite carrying a medium-sized satchel. I immediately rose and bowed before her. Then I knelt at the edge of the bed, head bowed, awaiting her command.

She unfastened the diaphanous, black abaya and let it fall to her feet. She was naked beneath it. Her body was heart-wrenchingly beautiful. It was hairless and slightly curvier than mine had been before they made me fat. That said, I thought it was no better than my own current body, if one likes the fuller, Rubenesque look that I had. She was slender and shapely, with perfectly-proportioned breasts. She was some few years older than I, and very feminine.

In contrast, I was a young but voluptuous woman, intending to be the best lover she had ever had, and determined to become a legendary whore.

She stood there, her head still covered with the hijab. She told me to rise, strip and come to her.

"You are a fat one, aren't you?" She stated cruelly. I had felt so full of myself, but her words made me ashamed. I suddenly felt on the verge of tears. I bowed to the floor and kissed her feet. They were pretty with painted nails like mine, and nicely fragrant.

"In spite of my corpulence, I hope and believe that I can still well-please you, Mistress" I said. This was another phrase I'd been told to use in these circumstances. Once again, I felt ashamed using it. In practice, my customers would most always be men or women who had requested a full-figured houri like I was.

"We'll see, won't we?" She replied.

She removed the hijab. She was dark, with stern features and what suppose was a hooked nose. Where her body was nearly a perfect representation of slightly curvy but firm womanhood, her face couldn't be described with any terms usually referring to a woman. She wasn't ugly or unpleasant as such, but she wasn't beautiful, pretty, or even plain. I think she was the first woman I'd observed whom I would describe as handsome. She had a haughty expression and was very clearly a dominant. The look in her dark eyes, framed by thick, unkempt brows, would have intimidated most any concubine. It didn't intimidate me. I had every confidence that I could make her grovel at the feet of the submissive prostitute that: I was. I was sure she had never met my ilk. I could feel my self-confidence resurface and I prepared myself to mentally become her lover.

"You will service me as wish you to," she said without hesitation. She told me to remove my teeth I'm sure she knew that would be a blow to the ego I was sporting again. I took them out, mortified as I'd been before. I couldn't help it. I would never become used to not having the beautiful, healthy, natural teeth that the Control Institution had taken from me. It was the principle reason for the paucity of attractiveness I felt when my confidence dipped. More than any other thing, including my plump body and my slave tattoos and piercings, it was what made me feel inferior to other women.

"You're fat, toothless and ugly" she told me.

"I am, Mistress," I answered. I was taught to always agree with my customers. Was also bald, but she hadn't mentioned that.

Almost as though she'd read my thoughts, she asked, "Why aren't you wearing a wig?"

"Mistress, I thought you would prefer me natural, as myself, clearly inferior to your own loveliness."

"I have never paid for sex with anyone as ugly and odd-looking as you."

That hurt me. Remember that I was of the frame of mind that she was my lover, and nonetheless had called me ugly and odd. Except in weak moments, that wasn't my opinion of myself, in spite of what they'd done to me. For a moment, I wondered if she spoke a truth I didn't fully grasp. I thought to move the conversation elsewhere.

"Mistress. During our time together, I will show you why you should pay to spend time with

an inferior woman, as lowly as I am. I am not beautiful, as you are; I am fat, and, to my everlasting shame, my teeth are not as perfect as they should be, and they are also not my own. Once, I was thought to be pretty. Now I am not. However, I am schooled in the attentions an inferior woman should display to an obviously superior one." Her eyebrows raised then, and I thought she might give me a chance. Or perhaps she would strike me down the next moment. Or worse, she would laugh at me. She did none of those things. Instead, she removed a thick, sharp, 20-centimeter needle with a ball on one end from her satchel

She told me to extend my tongues as far as they would go outside my mouth and hold them there. She grasped the tongue tips using the ball-capped studs that were inserted into each of the two grommets at the tips of my tongues. She took a thin cord with hooks at each end, fastened one hook to a ball-tipped stud, put the cord around her neck, and fastened the other hook to the ball-tipped stud on the other tongue. The pull from the elastic cord forced my tongue out still further.

She told me not to move as she, herself, moved a few more centimeters away from me, forcing my tongue so far out of my mouth that I feared something would tear loose. She kept the force on my tongue to extend it as far as possible.

Saying nothing else, she pushed the 20-centimeter, thick needle through my left cheek. OH GOD, IT HURT ME! It hurt me terribly! She told me to keep my tongues protruded, as though I could do anything else, and to open my mouth. I did and felt her push on the needle and then force it through the left side of the far back of my extended tongue, behind where my tongues joined to become one, until the needle emerged from the other side of my tongue. Oh! It hurt much!

The pain was excruciating, sharp, burning, and unrelenting. Tears formed in my eyes and ran down my face despite my best effort to hold them back. The pulling from the elastic cord was unrelenting, and I almost gagged from the force dragging on my tongues. Once the needle had passed completely through my tongue and came out of the right side, she carefully lined it up with a spot on my right cheek exactly opposite the one on my left, and pushed it through. The needle emerged from within my cheek. She immediately unscrewed the sharp, protruding end and screwed a ball on in its place, locking the needle where it pushed through me. Now my tongue was held grossly extended out of my mouth by the needle through my face!

"Let me see you move your peculiar double tongue," she ordered me.

In serious pain, I wasn't sure if I could manipulate the split muscle while it was held in place by the thick needle - essentially a skewer - piercing it! I tried and, somewhat to my surprise, I was able to open the pincher-like tips, move them around independently, and create the "fireplace tongs" with the tip of each stretched tongue pointing toward the other. I opened and closed the pinchers. I intertwined one tongue around the other, then reversed them. I made one go up, the other down. Every movement stung me painfully because of the awful needle that invaded my cheeks and my tongues through their joined base. My eyes watered with the

stinging, stabbing of the needle.

"Stand and spread your legs, knees bent," she said to me, as she reached into her satchel. I saw her grab something long and thin which turned out to be a bundle of pliable wood strips, bound at one end and loose at the other. I'd been shown a similar implement during my training. It was called a hazel rod, though it wasn't a rod but a bundle. It was designed for the most exquisitely painful birching.

The next thing I knew, she had swatted me from below, up toward my groin and against my pussy, with an intense, punishing blow from the hazel rod. The individual strips of it spread out along my vulva and the effect was a horribly stinging, biting, ripping swat along all of my pussy. I was sure that she'd cut my labia. Her face was an unreadable mask with no evidence of enjoyment or lust, and certainly nothing of the softness of a lover. Perhaps resolute was as close to an expression as she had. She didn't seem to be deriving any pleasure from causing me this excruciating pain. Yet she continued.

There were two more blows down below, and then she stood before me and swatted at my breasts from the left, then the right, then left and right again. I had a flaming, burning, stinging pain across my chest and pussy.

I wanted to call out for her to not to hit me, not to hurt me. Of course, with my tongue held extended from my mouth by the needle through my face, speaking at all was impossible. Even if I could have spoken, I was more afraid of the poor evaluation I might get than the punishment of or damage to my most sensitive flesh. Since I could say nothing understandable, I said nothing. I arched my back to present my healthy breasts to my tormenter.

"Oh," she said. "You offer your tits to me for further punishment?" Her voice was wooden, robotic; she was going through the motions with no feeling at all, neither positive nor negative. "Does this mean you want me to beat you even more?"

I gestured, waving my hands from their backs casually together outward, in my best imitation of an "As you please, Mistress," gesture. With my tongue fastened in place by the needle through my face, my normally poor diction would have been impossible to understand at all. I only wanted her to leave me alone. But I couldn't show weakness or regret at what she'd chosen to do to me. She was my client, but, in my Zensex-slave state of mind, she was my lover too. That was an attitude: was only maintaining with some difficulty.

"I suppose you can't speak with your .. whatever you call that awful thing snaking from your mouth your tongue, I suppose - held in place. I noticed, as soon as you spoke after entering this room, that you sound like an idiot," she said to me. "You must have the brain of a turnip. Can't you speak at all, you poor excuse for a prostitute?"

"No, Mistress," I tried to say, shaking my head. "Nah Miptwep," is what came out around

my semi-immobilized tongues. Everyone in this God-forsaken country seemed intent on further ruining my mouth! They'd destroyed my teeth, shifted my upper gums, butchered and pierced my tongue, and had now pierced it horizontally through my face!

Tia! I need you right now! I never did anything to deserve what they're doing to me! Help me Tia! Get me out of this!

I didn't actually expect her to materialize, and she didn't. I was alone. Alone.

Chapter 4- We are the Champions

The woman with the beautiful body and determined face, my lover, my client, my testing evaluator, lay on the bed, partially propped up on some pillows. She spread her legs and commanded, "Service me." Apparently, I was expected to do this with my tongue still fastened to my cheeks, protruding helplessly from my mouth, drool running down from the corners of my full lips. Swallowing was accompanied by stabbing pain, and was almost impossible. I grabbed a handful of tissues to use to wipe around my mouth as I climbed up onto the bed and knelt forward between her legs.

She had a surprisingly pleasant fragrance of jasmine deliciously combined with her own light musk. I found her scent warm and stimulating. It made imagining her as my lover that much easier. She was warm, inviting, and her firm legs and hairless mound were unusually soft, as though she took especially good care of her skin. I decided to avoid eye contact and focus on her body, which was far more appealing than her probing eyes and her stern face.

I used my fingers to spread drool along my dry tongues and slowly slid them up the inside of her thigh to right beside her cleft. I did this repeatedly on both legs as my fingers gently probed within her slit, spreading her own moisture, some of which I had to add to my own, risk being unable to continue. I focused my fingers on her taint and around the rosebud of her rear opening, as my mouth moved directly over her love bud.

She had an average clitoris but a large hood. That was a challenge because her pleasure-center was well-shielded, but could be to my advantage because that might mean that she had never experienced maximum pleasure, since her clitoris was cloaked. Her physiological configuration could have gotten in the way of her pleasure, but my smaller tongue tips could more deeply probe within it and grasp her clitoris above and below, in spite of the gruesome constriction piercing the base of my tongue. I probed around her clit to get a sense of its sensitivity. Many women will prefer a lighter touch, while others require anything from medium pressure up to vigorous handling.

I used my trained fingers to sense her involuntary muscle movements as my tongue played with her clit. She was highly sensitive and would require the lightest, most ephemeral of touches. I applied myself to her arousal, easing one narrow tongue under her hood while the other grasped her clit from below. That met with the faintest of pleasurable moans from her,

which repeated as I continued. I seemed to be chipping away at the icy veneer that surrounded her.

I gradually stimulated her more and more from the top of her cleft to her asshole. I could feel her body respond as I had expected. I was successfully in the process of winning her over, of claiming her.

Keeping my mouth on her pleasure center, I reached up to her firm, shapely breasts and played with her areolas and nipples. Interestingly, I sensed that she required harder stimulation of her nipples. She must play with them regularly. I thought momentarily that she might benefit from having them pierced. Mine had certainly become more sensitive since Dr. Wtanna pierced them. I increased the squeezing pressure on her already-erect nipples and ran the pad of my thumb up and down the underside as I circled her clit below and beneath her hood with my tongues, now painfully in light pincher mode. My other hand continued to play along her perineum and around her rosebud. I was getting significant response from her in that area. Her body began the slow, easy wiggle associated with early arousal. It was obviously a sweet spot for her. Her moans changed to coos and her breath quickened.

At this point, I had her exogenously mapped in my sexually trained mind. She was now a familiar instrument and I was a virtuoso. I played her to the hilt.

I stole a glance at her face, hoping for a tempering of its persistent angles. I wasn't disappointed. Her eyes were closed and her mouth formed a small "O," from which her coos emanated. Her forehead and cheeks had relaxed into what she was feeling and reflected that. I returned my full attention to her nipples, pussy, and rosebud.

She was juicing heavily and I spread her fluids all around her nether regions and used them to keep my exposed tongue moist. She tasted like any other woman I'd sampled, with only a hint of her own unique spices. It was a taste I'd come to recognize and associate with my controller-enhanced need to pleasure someone in every possible, sexual way. I found her heady scent of jasmine, however, to be something unique.

I began to lift her up in earnest towards climax. Knowing when a man or a woman is getting close, and how close, is, in my opinion, the hallmark of a great lover, and an absolute requirement for any self-respecting prostitute. Not that there many self-respecting prostitutes, at least, not in the puritanical view of most Americans, me included. At least, that had been my view based on what I remember of my attitudes growing up. But in my best moments, or maybe my most confused moments, I was now determined to be one. No .. I wasn't confused in the way that term is most-often used. I was clearly, in my adjusted mind, determined to be one. My altered mind was, for me, the real, true state of thinking.

At that time, I considered myself to be a self-respecting whore, because that's what their programming of my mind had turned me into. Self-respecting whore was not an oxymoron to me. Furthermore, I had every intention of being the top whore at the Enakazin. There was

nothing I wanted more, except to intensely please my clients.

My tongue was still pinned to my face, and forced out of my mouth. It was under unrelenting tension from the needle holding it in position because the needle was rooted through my cheeks. I remained in pain, lot of pain. Nevertheless, I continued to flick and caress my lover's clitoris with my two tongues. They had trained me well in their use and I could manipulate them freely and, as a result, manipulate her with the most delicate of touches and caresses. I found this to be an interesting contrast with my use of my tongues on a man, where a firm grip and determined probing of the soft underside of the shaft were most effective.

Tightly squeezing and caressing the rim where the glans met the shaft was also one of the tricks in my collection.

In manipulating the woman, finesse and finespun movement the key to giving her a clitoral experience she would never forget. In that, I was aided by the slenderness of the tips of my split tongues, as compared to the thickness of a whole, single tongue. I could slip under her hood easier with the smaller tip of one of my two tongues. During all this, my pierced face and tongues were throbbing with stinging, stabbing pain.

I wanted my masterful exploitation of her clit to contrast with another dimension of her arousal. I decided to conquer her rosebud. First, though, I wanted to know the position of her G-spot. With my middle finger, I felt up into her vagina for the spongy tissue at the nexus of nerves within her sheath. I found it deep, about eight centimeters within her.

I needed to fill her vagina with a dildo. I had a penis-shaped one - the penis but no balls - laying on the bed next to me. I wet it and slid it into her until only the small extraction ring could be seen protruding from her opening. When the dildo slid into her she bucked gently, squeezed her already taut butt cheeks even tighter, and whispered, "Oh! That is good! That is so very good" My tongues attended to her clitoris, while I tried my best to ignore the agony in my mouth. Her moans of pleasure were growing ever louder and her pelvis was pushing upward in time with my attentions to her Pussy.

I began to press to around her anal ring and draw tiny circles with my finger at many points around the rim. As I did that, she continued to flex her butt and lift her pelvis. After several circuits like this, I probingly but forcefully pushed a finger into her there, while massaging her perineum with the pad of my thumb to relax her muscles. I held her clitoris at the edge with slight, occasional licks and probing from my tongues.

My other hand rolled her stone-like nipple between thumb and forefinger.

For me, anal manipulation is the aspect of sexuality most enhanced by putting oneself into the mindset that this person is my lover. Conditioning, in my formative years I suppose, made anal activities less than appealing otherwise. With a love interest, though, no sexual pursuit seems anything other than pleasurable to me. I can do anything; I can have most anything done

to me. I had successfully created a mental state where this woman was my lover. Her own sounds and movements of pleasure reinforced my at-first-tentative, now well-established mental attraction to her. I wasn't simply servicing a client; we were making love now. We'd become lovers and even she realized it. In the mental state of a lover, I could do everything with her, and love even the most perverse acts.

I paused with my finger barely within her outer sphincter, allowing her to adjust to its presence, before moving past the inner ring and further into her rosebud. My finger met with no resistance. Her juices continued to flow steadily. They combined with the saliva from my mouth, which was prodigiously leaking to keep her lubricated everywhere.

My finger was now completely within her and I bent it slightly forward, toward the front of her, and pressed on the thin wall between her anus and her dildo-filled vagina, pushing the flexible, rubbery, fake penis against the on G-spot on the front of her vagina. I rolled the pressure around my fingertip, stimulating the nexus of G-spot nerves through the thin separating flesh. I wanted her to feel that her asshole was conquered at the same time I aroused her within her filled vagina. Judging by her reaction, this stimulation had come as quite a surprise. It was something one of my trainers had only mentioned in passing. She loudly moaned with pleasure again.

This woman was completely in my power. I held her at the clitoral and G-spot edges, allowing my free hand to play with a nipple as I did so. Her body was vibrating with need. I could feel infinitesimal muscle twitches with the sensuous rolling of her body, from her breast to her thighs.

Her cries of arousal became louder and continuous. The pleasure at the edge, the excitement and anticipation were too much for her to bear. She tried to let me know, to beg me for release, but I played her so skillfully that she couldn't even construct a sentence as well as my damaged brain could. I took her closer and used my free hand to titillate her over even more of her body - under her arms, behind her ears, within her mouth, down her neck to the sensitive circle of her collar bone.

I patiently held her just below climax and readied my next moves when everything would cascade in rapid succession. I took her up to the very edge. She bucked and thrust and moaned, unable to be still, waiting for that glorious release of tension.

With tongue and fingers in perfect synchronization, I took her over the top.

My virtual lover suddenly became violent. She was totally caught up in the throes of passion as she threw herself about. I had to hold onto her and press my face tightly and painfully against her pussy to avoid being thrown off. My tongue and fingers continued to work as I slipped another digit into her rosebud and pinched her perineum between it and my thumb. My middle finger within her milked a simultaneous, complimentary orgasm from the pressure of it on her anal wall, and that on the dildo against her G-spot. It added enormously to the

pulses of pleasure radiating from her clitoris, which was still being worked by my tongues.

My free hand moved down to her inner labia and pinched them as she squirted from the Skene's glands into and out of her urethra, over and over. I managed to get her clit between my bound tongues and my full upper lip and suck it into my mouth, against the soft-hard surface of my slightly protruding upper gums. That was the additional stimulation she needed and she climaxed clitorally for second time. I released her clit and continued to service it with my tongues as the pulses of orgasm rippled through her.

She was stronger than expected and continued to buck uncontrollably, screaming her passion and pleasure. Her second clitoral orgasm was the longest I'd ever observed, including my own or anyone else's.

A long time later, as I felt her begin to come down; I was able to extract one final climax from her via my anal-penetration, dildo stimulation of her G-spot. I was rewarded with an ear-splitting scream of indistinguishable pleasure and pain. I was sure she would faint and I actually slapped her face and tried to bite my short nails into her nipple to keep her conscious, so she could continue to experience the pulses of climax her body was creating.

As the tremors in her body dampened and her muscles relaxed, I withdrew from my places within her and slid my plump body and substantial breasts up along her. I rested against her with my head on her arm. I had to be careful because my face and tongue were still cruelly pierced by her needle. As a result, I lay on the side of my body, but my head was more turned toward the ceiling. In case her expression returned to its previous visage, I didn't want to look into her judging eyes, or her stern face. My large breast touched hers, and my nipple and its ring laid against her nipple.

We remained thus for quite a while. She may have slept. My hand gently massaged her tummy and her lower abdomen, above her cleft. When I felt her stir again, I reached down to her to pussy, prepared to withdraw if she indicated, by movement or words, that she was still too sensitive there.

She did nothing and I began to work her again. She loved every moment of it, and told me so.

It was more than another hour later when I finished with her or, rather, I stopped because she could take no more. I held her this time. She cooed again, laying in my arms! After a while, she told me to sit up. "I'm honestly sorry, Fatina, but this will cause you a lot of pain, I'm afraid." With that, she unscrewed the ball from the end of the needle piercing my face and tongue, and pulled the needle out of me from the opposite side.

Oh! It hurt so badly, I almost passed out! My vision tunneled and I had to fight to remain conscious. At that moment, I would have preferred that she'd left the needle in me!

I think she felt need to say something in response to the agony she'd caused me. She started

to say something, then paused, looking at me intensely, "Fatina, you are surprisingly... no . astonishingly sexy as the fat, bald, toothless whore that you are. You must have been an extraordinary beauty before you went to the Control Institution. I can appreciate what they did to you, and the fetish sex appeal you have now. In my opinion, you have found your true self, your true purpose. I' m sure you don't realize that, but you will come to know that I speak the truth."

I had stepped back - too soon but probably influenced by the knitting needle piercing my face and tongue - from the mental trick making her my lover. I wanted to cry and tell her to go fuck herself. I said nothing, partially because I knew it would only hurt my evaluation, partially because my broken brain couldn't construct the Arabic sentence fast enough to say it. Of course, I realized it was impossible anyway, because of my throbbing, damaged tongue.

The woman, whose name I never knew, rose to leave. "You are truly an evil bitch," she said to me, good-naturedly, as she literally stumbled out of the door. (You've ruined me for all men. Yes, Fatina, you are an extraordinary whore. Perhaps the best there has ever been at the Enakazin. As wonderful as you've made me feel, I think you' ve merely toyed with me. I believe you have yet more to offer. I need to know. I must see you again."

Very carefully, I attempted to speak. I said to her, "Have your nipples pierced, Mistress. You'll thank me forever afterwards," as clearly as my ruined mouth would allow.

She paused in consideration or in trying to figure out what I'd said, and then smiled. "Yes, Fatina. I will do that."

And with that she slammed the door behind her. I have never been SO satisfied with myself in my entire life. She was my evaluator, the woman who was picked to test me and hurt me while doing it - and I'd conquered her. Sometime during our session, my talents had broken her. She would be forever different.

My instructor unlocked the door and led me out. I returned to my room. By supper time, my tongues were so swollen that I couldn't eat, and I couldn't swallow.. I spent the next three days in the infirmary, while they dosed me with steroids to reduce the inflammation.

I was released and sent back to my room in my home prostitute dormitory. That night, Negasi himself brought me my dinner.

so My tongues were still so swollen and immobile that I could barely speak to him.

He smiled, patted me on the cheek, and told me to listen, and then we would talk if I were able.

"I freed you from the Control Institution," he said, "but I recognize that I've done much to you both before and after you left there. I don't apologize at all; that is my privilege and your reality. I've seen concubines here go both ways; they become accepting or they resist. I can

force them to serve me either way. However, those who recognize their opportunity for a life here inevitably do better than their peers who rebel. Likewise, the truly talented, the inherently smart, brilliant courtesans fare the best. They are internally motivated.

"Yes, Fatina, we forced you to be internally motivated, because we've been able to control some aspects of your mind. Nonetheless, your competitive, eager, committed mind, your base personality, and your innate talents have impelled you to excel, as you probably would have excelled in any endeavor. in

"NO, my plump, juicy Fatina, you don't have control over what endeavor you are committed to. But you've risen above where you thought you were, anyway.

"Both of your testers rated you the best they've ever experienced. You may ultimately become a legend among whores in the Middle East, Fatina. Perhaps the greatest since Scheherazade, who was the epitome of woman, whore, and mother, not simply the purveyor of the Arabian Nights Tales"

"Tcan never be mother, Master. Your doctor, at your insistence, took my womb."

That was probably not the right thing to say at that point, and I regretted it as soon as I'd said it, if said can even be an operative word for someone who speaks as poorly as I, and with a swollen tongue to boot.

"Assess it as you wish, Fatina. It is as it is. As you Americans would say, 'don't overextend the metaphor. Doing that may be nothing more than a conceit.'" He chuckled, mostly to himself.

I would have hit him at that point, but I held back.

Negasi recovered faster than I did. "You are now more than qualified to become a premier houri of the Enakazin. When your tongue returns to normal in a few days, you'll begin the duties that earn you the luxurious surroundings, the fine food, and the Enakazin care. Tomorrow, you can assume the privileges of an established prostitute of the Retreat. In a few days, I will summon you to sample what you have to offer"

Negasi left. I ate my dinner with tears running from my anguished eyes, down my face. I had passed muster as a whore of the Enakazin. That's what I'd tried desperately to do. My reward was becoming a whore forevermore.

I found out several days later that the man who tested me was the nephew of : sheikh in the UAE, a sheikh who was a trusted friend of Negasi. That man, who had beaten and fucked me in testing my mettle as a prostitute, offered Negasi a million dollars for me within minutes of leaving my room. Negasi only laughed in good humor and said I wasn't for sale, even if they could negotiate my release from the Kingdom of Salat. At that point, the man offered two million. Negasi sent him on his way, with a standing offer to let him use me -for a fee of

course - whenever he could return to the Enakazin. He also offered to sell the man an option to buy me in six or so years, when my servitude was over, assuming the Kingdom of Salat would agree. Six years was more than the man could reasonably plan for, and he rejected the offer and returned to the UAE.

What I found very disturbing was Negasi's offer to sell me at the end of my sentence. I assumed I'd be set free then, though I had no idea where I could go. What was going on?

The woman tester I had conquered had left me and immediately went to the clinic to have her nipples pierced. She booked four subsequent sessions with me, spread over the next year. She gave me everything I could create, and played her nipples like Jimi Hendrix played the guitar. Shortly after the fourth of those visits, she climbed atop the barrier surrounding the observation deck, and threw herself off the top of the Cairo Tower, the tallest building in Cairo, Egypt.

It appeared that she was despondent over her inability to pay for additional time with me, the object of her desire. I prefer, cruelly, to think that I fucked her to death or, at least, I fucked her to a wish for death. Farewell... you know, I never, ever, knew her name. I think of her as the Lady Mainun, Arabic for fool.

That night after Negasi left me, Tia visited me as I lay in bed, juxtaposed between awake and asleep. I was sure I saw tears running down her face.

"They took my Destiny," she said to me.

"They took my destiny too," I whispered.

"Yes, sweetheart. You let them in and they did."

That made me angry. "I didn't do this to myself! I AM THE VICTIM HERE! But in spite of that, I am determined to survive!" I told Tia, "I had to survive. I had no choice. They took away my choice." I wanted her I needed her - to understand.

"We can't all perish," she said and I struggled to understand what she meant.

"Tia" I pleaded with her to empathize, "I've done what I had to do!"

"I know" she said. She turned away from me, seemingly staring at something in the far distance, though there was nothing before her but the featureless wall on the right side of my bed.

"What am I to do?" I asked her.

"Be the whore you are," she replied in a voice not accusing but tinged with sorrow. "It's

valued on another plane, forbidden to me." Then she disappeared instantly, no fading, no walking off. I feared I might not see her again in this life. Perhaps not in the next life either.

My imaginings, if that's what they were, dissolved and I slept. The following morning at breakfast, I met the person who was to become my next best friend.

The swelling in my tongue was much less when I awakened and I decided to clean up, put my teeth in and go down to the circular restaurant in the center of the quad formed by the four prostitute dormitory buildings. For the most part, we whores had free-run of every building, park and landscaping feature of the Retreat, with the exception of the Special Brothels, the Manzilun Khassung. Only designated Enakazin staff, those women unlucky enough to end up there, and their (I assumed) deviant customers could enter those three buildings.

We couldn't leave the Enakazin itself, but there was nothing surrounding it anyway but miles and miles of desert and scrub ground.

I entered the busy, somewhat noisy restaurant, naked of course, carrying only my cigarettes and a lighter. My tattoos - especially the Enakazin emblem on my lower abdomen and left shoulder - identified me as a resident whore. I had become completely used to walking around naked over the twenty-one-plus months of my captivity. I was plumper than most and I didn't like the way that made me look, but by now I accepted it, even as I hated it. Thus, I wasn't embarrassed by my cherub-like nudity.

I stepped past the entrance desk and the young woman attending it, looking for an empty table. A few women looked up at me; almost immediately I could hear the level of conversation at the tables drop to virtually nothing. Many of them had stopped eating and were looking at me. I didn't know if I'd done something wrong or interrupted a private gathering or what was happening. It was then that I felt embarrassed.

I turned to the girl at the desk and asked her why everyone was looking at me and if I'd interrupted anything. She frowned in concentration, probably trying to understand my poor diction. Then she smiled slightly and asked me, "You are Fatina, is that not so?"

"Uh ... yes. How did you know?"

By way of answer, she pointed to a large flatscreen near the ceiling, about three meters from where I stood. There I was displayed, naked from the waist up, as bald and hairless as I am now. There was something written next to my picture, but I couldn't read it, of course.

"What does it say?" I asked the receptionist. "I can't read" I added, embarrassed yet again.

"It says, 'We Welcome Fatina, now one of our own. She achieved the highest initiation composite score in the past ten years,'" the girl told me, a trace of awe in her voice.

That a surprise! Yeah WAS that good!

"Welcome and congratulations," the young woman at the desk added., actually bowing to me!

I mumbled, "Thank you" and noticed the diners return to their food and conversation. I still hadn't found a place to sit. walked in farther to look around the large fountain in the center of the room when the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen came up to me from my left.

"Fatina?" She asked with a friendly smile spread across her lovely face.

"Yes." replied as looked into heavily made-up, deep, brown eyes, framed by thick, dark brows and long, lustrous black hair. Her complexion was swarthy and her full lips were a deep red. She had a small but thick gold ring through the middle of her lower lip.

"I' m Shahad. I got here a few minutes ago. Would you like to join me? I think your arrival has intimidated some of the girls here." She laughed and the sound was friendly and musical.

"That's the best offer I've had today," I tried to say, fumbling the words.

She took my hand and led me to a table where we sat opposite each other. "It sounds like someone worked your mouth over during your testing"

"Someone definitely did. Of course, I don't speak well because my tongue is split and pierced," : stuck the long things out for emphasis and she looked rather surprised. Perhaps split tongues weren't common here.

To make it worse, they've done something to my mind to make talking more difficult." "You are from the Lontrol Institution?" She asked, her eyes growing large in surprise and interest.

"Yes, a year and a half there."

"Was it very awful?"

"It was occasionally awful, most of the time boring" Unlike my past before I was imprisoned, I remembered clearly the things that happened in the Control Institution.

"You must tell me all about it sometime."

"I will. How did you come to be here?" She appeared to be Middle Eastern, though I could tell, novice that I was, that she spoke Arabic with an accent. I suspected her family might have sold her to the Enakazin.

A waitress and Shahad ordered from the day's menu, which I couldn't read. Terribly embarrassed, I came out and told both of them that I could no longer read.

"You can't read Arabic?" Shahad asked.

"I can't read any language. They used my controller to damage my brain in order to take that ability from me forever" I told her, my eyes beginning to tear up.

"Why would they do that?" Shahad asked, genuinely uncertain, I thought.

"Probably so Negasi could demonstrate his power me, and to punish me for speaking out of turn, and questioning his judgment - I told him he had no right to alter me."

Shahad touched my hand gently, honest concern on her face. "That was a mistake, though his response was harsh. I'll read the menu to you."

"Do they have a special for today?" asked.

"Yes, it's a very good wheat kitcha ffit - sort of bread-like pancake sauteed in butter and spices and served with yogurt. It comes with small frittata on the side. You can get bun - coffee - which is pretty good, or tea or goat's milk. Looks like they have the banana-mango blend juice today." "I have to maintain my weight. Will that be enough?" I was compelled to stay gideen.

"They know you're gideen • she could apparently tell by looking at me - and will bring the right portion. If you eat it all, you'll be fine." "Yes then, I'll have the special with bun and juice," I told the waitress who smiled kindly at me and walked off.

"Where were we?" Shahad asked in Arabic, but in a very American way.

"I think you were about to tell me how you came to be here," I said.

"I was snatched off the street in the Twin Cities, moved from place to place over several months, and ended up here. I think I was sold to Negasi, though I've never known for sure what the actual arrangement was. I've been here for two years."

Then it occurred to me. "What Twin Cities?" I asked her.

"Oh, yeah, sorry, Minneapolis-St. Paul in the United States. Have you heard of them?"

"You're an American?" I said, astonished.

"Yes. Where are you from, Fatina?"

"Most recently, River's Edge! It's a planned community on the outskirts ..."

"I know of 让!" She exclaimed. "It has a high percentage of disabled people, right?"

I nodded and Shahad began to speak excitedly and rapidly in language I didn't know, though some words seemed almost familiar. I held up my hands to get her to stop. "I'm sorry, Shahad, I can't understand you. I don't know that language"

"You're from River's Edge and you don't know English?" She asked, confused.

I was so shocked I couldn't move. She'd been rattling on in English, and I was unable to understand anything. I started to cry; I couldn't help it. At that moment, the loss of my native tongue, which had occurred before I ever left the Control Institution and was irreversibly burned out of my mind, came home to me in torrent of anguish.

I must have struggled for five minutes to bring myself under control. Shahad sat there patiently, confused at first, and then look of understanding took its place on her beautiful, pleasantly brown face.

Finally, I thought I could speak. My loss of words was a combination of my slow mind and the shock I'd experienced. "They took my English from me" I told her.

"Oh my God" she said in Arabic. That phrase didn't translate very well.

I went on to explain what they'd done to me, once Negasi had bought my incarceration contract. I described how they'd used the controller to take away my knowledge of English, and my ability to ever read and write in any language. I told her following their erasing my native tongue, something had happened to the memories of my life before prison, when I still spoke English. Perhaps I didn't lose my memories of the Control Institution, because I couldn't speak at all there.

"You said you were illiterate." she noted. "But it's awful and pointless that they took English from you."

"Yes, and they broke my brain so I can never become literate again, in any language. I can't bridge the gap between scribbles on a page, and linking them to letters or sounds, and then actual spoken words. There's nothing I can do. The mental pathways were disrupted forever. Now, writing makes no sense to me at all" That's when Shahad started to cry.

Our food arrived and we both stared at it. I was done with both self-pity and Shahad feeling sorry for me. "Please, Shahad, don't skip your breakfast for me?" We ate quietly for a while. Finally, I asked her, "What are you doing after breakfast?" I wanted to get to know my fellow countrywoman better.

"I have my first client at 11:00 am, so have several hours. Then I am occupied for ... sixteen

hours."

"I don't start for a few days" I responded. "Can we go somewhere and talk?"

"Yes, I'd like that," she said and smiled again, her face lighting up the scene like no one I'd known since Tia, including Dyana.

We silently finished eating - mostly - and left the Circle, the name for the whore restaurant. Shahad and I walked a little way outside the quad to a sculpture set in a small, oval pool. I recognized the sculpture as Bernini's Rape of Persephone. Its original was in Rome, at the Galleria Borghese, which I'd seen when I visited there. It made an impression on me then for the way the sculptor captured the fear, anguish, and intense physical motion of the abduction of Persephone (aka Proserpina) by Pluto. It still gripped me when I saw it, even though this incarnation was but a copy; it was, however, a very good copy. That was example of a memory nugget I somehow retained.

We sat on the oval surrounding the fountain, both of us nude. I felt somewhat like a fat, bald troll in the presence of true, shapely, dark, sensuous beauty.

The first thing Shahad said to me was, "You are incredibly voluptuous, sexy, and desirable. I've never felt that way about anyone else, even before my abduction."

"You've got to be kidding," I said, sarcastically.

"Not at all. Obviously, your testers thought so too."

"I have talented fingers. I suppose I also have a great mouth and tongue, at least for sex. Not so much for speaking as you can hear"

"I can understand you fine. I have no doubt about your physical traits regarding sex. But you appear to have insight, understanding, talent, ability, allure, determination . and so much more. I've come to know that those attributes are valued here, even above beauty. Here, sex appeal means what you have. Your scores reflect that." I started to light a cigarette, then decided to ask if she minded. She didn't but didn't want one either. She told me she didn't smoke, never had.

"How long have you smoked?" Shahad asked me.

"Since they forced me to when: arrived at the Control Institution. I always hated it, still do, but they got me deeply hooked."

"That must have been a terrible experience?"

"Yeah, I pretty much felt violated on every level. They didn't exactly violate me sexually, they

completely turned off my sex for the whole time I was there?"

I wanted to change the subject and I felt compelled to tell Shahad something anyway. I decided to come out and say it, "Shahad, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"They tell me I am beautiful, though I am not as was, but what's valued here, is what you have. You have your beauty, but you have all those other things, along with the voluptuous sensuality of your body."

"Meaning I'm fat."

"Meaning you're womanly, sexual and desirable?"

I didn't know what to say. Sol asked her an obvious question. "Were your parents or ancestors from the Middle East? Or maybe North Africa?" Once again, she laughed delightfully and then looked at me seriously.

"Why would you say that?"

I stumbled, but finally said, "Because you have the same coloration and eastern mystery about you."

"I'm Norwegian," she said.

I thought I didn't understand her Arabic. I asked her what she meant.

"I mean my ancestors, on both my father's and mother's sides were from Norway"

"Are you adopted? You look Middle Eastern or North African."

"I'm blue-eyed blonde with fair skin. Or, at least, I was for my first 23 years."

Now I started to laugh. "Yeah.. right. And I'm Negasi's sister from Walla Walla, Washington."

"They tampered with parts of your mind and body?" She asked me then.

"Uh yes," I said.

"Then what makes you think they couldn't tamper with something as simple as the coloration of my whole body, including my face?"

"But. but .." I said.

"When I arrived here, I had long, naturally light blonde hair, blue eyes, and the expected pale skin of a Scandinavian. I was told by the management staff here that I'd be the perfect, all-

American girl whom every Arab in the Middle East would want to fuck. Screw ol Uncle Sam, more or less.

"It was Negasi who said, "No: At the time he thought a blonde American would cause more trouble than the business she'd generate. He apparently recognized my beauty- that's not a brag, just a fact-and wanted me to look more conventional, in the view of most of the clients of the Retreat.

"Twas put on a heavy dose of a new, melanin-inducing drug called Melanotan 4. I received a score of injections, and I still get one every other month. That, coupled with a tanning bed, made my skin darken, more or less permanently. At the same time, I had to use drops three times day, of something called Fuscusprol, a prostaglandin that darkened my eyes from the bright blue I grew up with to what you see now. That change is definitely permanent. No need for further drops. Ever.

"My hair was a light blonde. The Melanotan 4 actually darkened it so now it grows out a dull, darker brown, but this is dyed. They do it every week to keep the roots covered. They dye my eyebrows and eyelashes weekly too."

"You have gorgeous dark eyes and lips," I said then.

"Tattoos. They did my eyeliner in the dark colors, then the deep red on my lips. In other words, they made me look Arabic. It took almost two months. So I've been this way for about 22 months now. My two-year anniversary at the Enakazin was three weeks ago."

I really wanted to see a picture of Shahad as the blonde, blue-eyed girl she'd been when she arrived here. She didn't have anything. She'd become resigned to how she looked now, and was only interested in getting on with her life.

"So' assume your name wasn't Shahad before you came here?"

She laughed again. In my naive view, she was surprisingly upbeat for slave whore in the Enakazin. I came to find that simply the outward manifestation of Shahad's optimistic view of the world. Virtually nothing kept her down.

"Ha, ha. No, my name wasn't Shahad. was. Freya Knutsen. honest," and she spelled it out for me, though I couldn't connect the letters with the sound of her name in my mind.

I didn't know what to say to that. She looked about as much like a " Freya Knutsen" as Beyonce. To cover my astonishment, I told her, "T was Destiny... uh Hutton." At that moment, the neurons didn't connect;

I only barely remembered my last name. That surprised and shocked me enough that I completely lost my train of thought.

"One thing I've learned here," Shahad told me then, "is to forget who you were, and be what they want. It's the only way to survive. I struggle enough with meeting their requirements of a premium whore. I don't need the distraction of a past life that's been taken from me forever."

"What's a premium whore?" I asked. I had heard that term only once before, when Negasi had introduced me to Dr. Wtanna.

"It's what you and T and maybe a dozen other Enakazin prostitutes are. We command the highest prices and make Negasi the most money, perhaps with the exception of the dreaded Khassungs. I don't know much about them. Anyway, only about five percent of the prostitutes here are premiums. Haven't you noticed how most all the hours wear thick, septum ring?" I had noticed and told her so. I simply thought that's what they'd been told to do, or what was done to them.

"It is what was done to them, because, when they arrived here, they were graded to be a common whore, based on their physical attractiveness, and their results on the testing you completed in the last few days."

"As judged by whom?" I asked, somewhat amazed. I didn't know how to take that.

"By Negasi, of course. He grades everyone. He has a reputation as the most astute judge of female appeal in all of the Middle East. The success of the Retreat would attest to that."

"So all the common whores ..."

"Have a thick ring through their septum that never comes out. None of us who are premium whores wear it, unless we're demoted. Then we're pierced there, get the ring, and become a common whore. I should tell you that you can be demoted from premium to common whore because of poor performance, because you are damaged by a client or because you get too old to be at optimum beauty. I don't think any of us are over 38, and most are in their mid-20s to early 30s."

It was something to think about later, though I expected to be released from my indentured service with Negasi before I got more than a few years from too old. Shahad's point about performance was a good one, though I was so motivated by what they'd done to my mind, I couldn't see myself doing anything but the best possible performance in my vocation as a prostitute.

A few minutes later, Shahad had to leave to begin her day, fucking clients of the Retreat.

Three days later, I received my schedule for the next day. I was to have two, three-hour sessions with clients. Then, at 6:00 in the evening, I was to join Negasi in his quarters.

Chapter 5 - Prince Charming

I had fucked two men in the afternoon. The first one had beaten me across my buttocks with his belt. Then he had used me in my rear entrance only. When he was done, he said I'd performed alright for a fat pig, but if he'd wanted a pig, he would have gone to a farm in the West, not a high-end brothel in the Middle East. He said I should be forbidden because, as a chubby pig, wasn't halal.

I cried for most of the hour before the second man arrived. The words of the first man had stung me worse than his belt. The second man only wanted to fuck and cuddle. I gave both clients my best effort.

At 6:00, I arrived at Negasi's opulent apartments. The first thing he said to me was that Agha Al-Zain, the first man, thought I was the best he'd ever experienced. The second man was so overcome with the emotion of the session, that he'd scheduled tomorrow night, all night, with me.

I couldn't believe it. That total asshole Al-Zain, thought I was the best, even though he'd made me feel worthless and ugly. He had played with my emotions with great finesse, instinctively knowing what buttons to push to hurt me. Somehow, he'd realized I was intensely sensitive about my weight, something that had been forced on me and that couldn't get past hating. I wanted to be the pretty, slim girl I'd been before the Control Institution. That wasn't going to happen. Negasi had already decided I'd remain hideous.

My Master towered over me as he took my hand and led me to a set of cushions surrounding a low table that held only two tiny cups of sweet tea, an ashtray, and a jeweled, gold pouch on a gold chain which turned out to be an incredibly expensive cigarette case containing Turkish cigarettes and a lighter. It was a gift from my master, and could be worn around my waist so I could take my cigarettes with me, even though I would usually be naked within the Retreat.

I thanked him for the kind, thoughtful gift. I hated smoking almost as much as my Rubenesque body, but I was so hooked I couldn't go too long without.

"How may I please you, Master?" I asked in distorted Arabic. I assumed he'd brought me here to sample my talents for himself.

"By continuing to embrace your situation here, as you've shown you can during your evaluation. Tonight though, Little One, I merely want to spend some time in your pleasant company. We shall see where it leads."

I led to excellent food, served in nine courses on the low table, while we sat on the cushions and talked about Negasi's past and how he came to create the Enakazin. I had subtly and

directly encouraged him to talk about himself. I was using this opportunity to demonstrate my conversational skills, which had been sorely impeded by what they'd done to my mind and my mouth. Nevertheless, I knew what questions to ask, how to react, and how to demonstrate my interest to a client who wanted to talk. I used the opportunity to practice on Negasi, and try to elicit some information about his longer term thoughts for the Enakazin and me.

Negasi is no idiot. I assumed he knew what I was doing. I hoped he did. I wanted him to know that I could be every woman to his clients. I also wanted him to know that, although he could trust me to be the pinnacle whore in the Retreat, he could also expect me to be a force within it too.

Yes. I was a whore. They made me one and I couldn't help it. But I was a brash, confident, revolutionary, determined, motivated, formerly-American whore, who would both deliver the profit expected of her, and, to a large extent, work to make the Enakazin what I wanted it to be. At least, that's what I expected.

I fucked Negasi. By the time the night was done, he came right out and asked me, "Fatina, are you my servant whore, or are you trying to gradually usurp me?" "I would never replace you, Master," I responded. "But I would allow you to partner with me to build on this enterprise that you created"

He looked at me with a strange combination of amusement, disbelief, and fear in his eyes.

"You would be my partner?" He said.

"I would consider letting you in," I replied.

"I could have you killed or worse for what you said" "Yes, Master," I replied with no evident concern.

"Sexually, you are extraordinary," he said. "You've proven it here and in your evaluation. But you are not a goddess."

I looked deeply into his eyes. "Not even you believe that, Master."

For the second time in my experience as a whore, someone called me alshshitana, a succubus.

I smiled and spread my soft, succulent body along him. I brought him to a withering orgasm again. I milked him until I could almost see his cheeks cave from the essence I'd sucked out of him.

I left Negasi in the middle of the night. He bade me leave, with undisguised reluctance in his voice. I had conquered him, and made a believer of him. He knew I should leave, lest he concede more power to me than I'd already stolen. I planned to see how far I could take this.

was certain that, unbeknownst to them when they played with my mind, they had created a concubine with the second biggest ego at the Enakazin - second only to Negasi's.

Enakazin whores had to work five and a half, very full days each week. Six full days would earn you extra credit, including the accumulation of half-days off. Negasi, having been educated in the Western United States, was of the opinion that relaxed, happy whores were better whores.

I came to understand that only about twenty percent of the prostitutes were here totally voluntarily. They had essentially auditioned for place within the easy life and security of the Retreat. Another twenty percent were indentured servants, like myself, whose contracts had been sold to the Enakazin. All of us came from prisons. About thirty percent of the prostitutes had been sold to the Retreat by their families. Such was the reality for women, particularly younger women from 18 to 24, in the impoverished Kingdom of Salat and the even poorer surrounding countries. The last thirty percent were slaves, bought from dealers and markets throughout the middle East and the rest of the world. That was how Shahad had come to be here.

There may have been younger women at the Retreat, but I never met any. There was a rumor that one of the Khassung buildings had a few younger girls, but never entered that building, and could not say for

sure.

The Enakazin only peddled women, not men. The men here were all part of the staff. As far as could tell, that was simply because Negasi had no interest in offering male prostitutes, or a menage a trois with him supplying a man and a woman.

Once inducted into the Enakazin, the women came fully under the control of Negasi and his staff. The facility controlled everything about our lives, our bodies and the minds of some of us directly, and all of us at least indirectly, through reward and punishment. Negasi held the power of life or death for every whore, though he couldn't apply it capriciously. There were rules - that he'd created - for when he could exercise that power, but I was never completely certain of what those rules were.

My days at the Enakazin were better by far than my days at the Control Institution for Delinquent Women. I was still bald and fat, and I still had dentures to replace my lost teeth, more piercings and a long, split In tongue. In the most fundamental way, I had no control over the appearance of my body. [I did live in nice apartment in a beautiful setting. I had good no, great - food and virtually free run of the beautiful grounds of this resort brothel. I had a very active sex life, though: I couldn't select my partners. I had a job: I liked; however, I hadn't chosen either the job or the fact that I liked it. They had done that to me by tinkering with my mind. I worked hard and I was rewarded as much as anyone is for the work they do.

Overall, my life wasn't horrible. Most all hours of the day outside work were pleasant. Honestly,

more than half of the hours at work were pleasant too. I wasn't completely free, and couldn't leave the Retreat to go anywhere else. But where I was living would be a paradise to most people. The basic problem was the deeply ingrained attitude I'd grown up with concerning my vocation. That attitude and the memories that supported it were apparently too fundamental to have been disrupted.

I was a prostitute! I didn't want to be a prostitute, though I loved being one. That's where what they did to my mind crashed into the attitudes of the young American woman I was before.

I was ashamed to be a whore. I was ashamed that I liked being a whore. I lived every day with this tension within me. My greatest fear was that they'd realize that I harbored that tension, and use my controller to take it away. Then, I'd be a whore, without thinking about it. Without questioning it.

On a typical day, I fucked four men, and worked about ten hours. Every two or three days, there would be a woman in the mix. A woman typically booked more time, usually half or all of my day. I think that was because only the richest women could afford the Enakazin in general, and me in particular.

Negasi was charging a fortune for me, Shahad, and all the other premium whores. These oil-rich and connected people could afford almost anything, so they bought it all. Negasi was determined to provide as much of the all as possible, with the goal to separate the patrons from their riyals, euros, pounds and dollars. He would take anyone's money, male or female.

You may be wondering if I ever hatched a plan to escape. Over time, a few of my customers turned out to be Americans, whom I thought might sympathize with my plight. I didn't approach any of them for three reasons. First of all, I could no longer read, write or speak English, which would have appeared incongruous for a supposedly American woman. I doubt any of them would have believed I was American. Secondly, as patrons of the Enakazin, they would likely not have been sympathetic to my situation. Thirdly, if I failed and was captured, Negasi would likely have severely punished me by rendering me unfit to continue as an Enakazin prostitute, or put me into one of the mysterious and dreaded Khassungs. As a convicted criminal, I would have no recourse to appeal any proposed punishment.

Finally, and most importantly, I was controlled. If I were to leave the Kingdom without permission, my controller would no longer receive the daily continuation code, and it would start to begin to shut down my body, until I was essentially broccoli, a trapped mind in a worthless physical shell.

After my first week, I was able to spend most of my day and a half off with Shahad. She was a totally delightful friend, and we shared our most formative years' background in common, even though my memories were spotty and I could no longer communicate with her in our native English. We walked all over the expansive, manicured, almost pristine grounds of the Enakazin as we talked. No one bothered us, though a number of guests looked us over when

we encountered them - at a distance or close-up. We were naked and premium after all, though in my own mind, my hairlessness and plump body couldn't compare with Shahad.

As I came to learn over time, that view wasn't shared by the Retreat's clients. Many, perhaps most, appreciated my submissive style and the full voluptuousness of my Rubenesque figure. Negasi knew what he was doing when he bought me and decided to keep me this way. The man was a highly glorified pimp, but he was a genius at knowing what his, mostly Middle Eastern, men and women customers wanted when it came to sex, erotica, perversions and partners.

Shahad had asked me what I'd done before my incarceration and I explained about being an archeologist. As best I could remember, I told her my whole story about coming to Egypt, what happened with me and Dyana, including our affair, and how I came to be at the Enakazin.

I found it more difficult than ever before, within my own mind, to reconcile the young scientist I had been with the whore that I was.

Shahad -blonde, pale Freya back then-had been, of all things, a dental assistant in Minneapolis. Given my dental experiences, that made me shiver. She and another female friend had met some others for dinner and drinks at their usual spot on a Friday after work. Her friend was the designated driver that night and only had a glass of wine at dinner. Freya had a little more. After her friend dropped her off at home, Freya was walking from the parking lot to her townhouse apartment when someone grabbed her from behind, covering her mouth. She felt a sting on her arm, and then, moments later, nothing.

That was the last she ever saw of her home, her city, or her country. By the time she regained consciousness, she was pretty sure she wasn't even in the United States anymore. She was held with three other women, bound and gagged.

They had pierced her nipples and her lower lip. -a sign and tradition of the slavery house which had acquired her, as they did with all the other women there. After noting that she and two others weren't virgins, they had their way with them repeatedly, during the few days they were at the place where she first awakened. Eventually, she and the other women were taken elsewhere by plane and then car. They were chained to a wall and put on display in a rocky, damp, subterranean room with eight others. A large number of men and one woman inspected her and most of the others in the dungeon.

A man unfastened her, told her she was sold, and locked her in the back of a truck with another woman she hadn't seen before. She was again flown somewhere, put on display, and finally sold again - this time to Negasi. He brought her to the Retreat where she was sterilized, tattooed, trained and tested as had been. They had drastically changed her appearance. She knew Negasi himself had decided to darken her, but she was never certain if it was completely a business decision, or if he got some sort of erotic thrill from altering how she looked.

Having been here for a couple of years, she had, by now, been fucked by countless men and women.

She came right out and told me she preferred to be with the women. She'd come to that realization shortly after she'd been kidnapped. The brutality of her male captors probably contributed to her personal evolution towards a penchant for female sex partners. I had noticed her eyes sparkle when she realized I was bisexual. She'd reached out and gently placed her hand on my arm at that point. I asked her if Enakazin whores were permitted to be intimate with each other. She said that, sexually, we were allowed to do anything, as long as it didn't interfere with our work. as

She knew of one situation where two whores had become lovers. One of the pair had a frequent woman client, and the other one became quite jealous. The work of both of the whores suffered as a result. Negasi was not pleased, and sent them to two separate buildings in the Manzilun Khassungs, the special brothels. Shahad had no idea what happened to them after that. She noted that when someone disappeared into that place, they were never seen on the grounds again. Apparently, they could be visited, but their visitors were never allowed to talk about them or what happened to them, on the threat of having to join them.

"We seem to be totally at the mercy of Negasi, such as it is. He's essentially our ruler here," I said. "I don't see how the Kingdom of Salat allows him to get away with the power he has over us, and within the

Enakazin." "

"More than ruler, Fatina. He's our Master. As far as the Kingdom's view of this, you need to realize that we're no longer part of a social order like the United States, where certain freedoms belong to an individual by birthright. We don't live in a society of individuals here. we live in an autocracy, and all the autocrats happen to be men. The Enakazin is more like a dictatorship within the autocracy of the Kingdom of Salat. Negasi is dictator. His judgement always is the final say. We don't live within the rule of law, Fatina. Here, the only rights we have are what Negasi grants. And he can revoke them at his whim."

"But why does the Kingdom let him get away with that?"

"There are two reasons: the taxes he pays to the Kingdom, and the way he favors the five, key government officials, known as the Collectors."

"He bribes them?"

"Yes, but not in the way you might think. There are five sick fucks whom Negasi lets have their way here from time to time." "You mean free sex, or free kinky sex" I responded for clarification.

"Neither exactly. What they're allowed to do certainly is intensely sexual to them, but not what any normal person would ever consider doing, though I suppose a person might find the idea somewhat erotic. What Negasi allows them to do is add to their collections."

I was totally confused at this point. blurted out, "What do they collect?"

"Pieces of girls."

"WHAT"

"In a private conversation once, Negasitold me that each of the five has a different collection. The least harmful one collects hair. When his turn comes, he may choose one girl and take all of her hair. Since none of us have hair below our heads, that means the hair on the head, and the eyebrows and eyelashes."

"That wouldn't be a big deal for me," Isaid, "T only have eyelashes."

"Yes, but once he takes the hair, the girl is treated somehow so that no hair ever grows SO on her again. That's part of the deal the Collector has with Negasi. But that collecting is the least awful of the five. Another one is the Sense Collector"

"What does that mean?" lasked.

"He collects physical manifestations of the five senses. That means a girls ears, eyes, tongue, nose, or digits - usually thumbs, I hear?" "HE CUTS OFF THEIR EARS?" lcouldn't believe it!

"Or removes their eyes, Or cuts out their tongue and sO on. When it's his turn at the Enakazin, he's permitted to remove two of the three non-disfiguring things: the eyes, tongue or digits from one girl. Alternatively, he can take only her ears or nose. The reason is because girls without ears or a nose are disfigured, and will have to be sold off."

"You mean taking someone's eyes out isn't disfiguring?"] was aghast!

"They can be replaced with prosthetic eyes. The girl is blind, of course, but can still do her duties as a whore of the Enakazin. In addition, there are the Limbs Collector, the Pussy Collector and, worst of all, the Mind Collector."

I stared at her, my mouth agape. She went on. "The Limbs Collector may take both arms or both legs from one girl, each visit. The Pussy Collector may take the entire pudenda, from the top of the slit to the vagina, leaving a thin, straight-line scar. It is equivalent to a full a circumcision and partial infibulation, where the vagina is left open. Most horrible of all, the Mind Collector removes a piece of the frontal lobe, essentially destroying the personality of the girl"

was speechless and felt myself begin to quiver from pure shock, outrage and revulsion. Shahad continued. "The prostitute selected by the Limbs or Mind Collectors is always sent to a Khassung brothel afterwards, where she becomes what's known as an Exotic. A whore without ears or a nose is sold off. All the rest remain as common Enakazin whores, performing their duties as best they can. Sometimes it's very difficult for them to live up to the minimum requirements. If a premium whore were ever selected, she would face the same fate. If she wasn't sent to a Khassung or sold off, she would be demoted to common whore." "Why does Negasi allow this horror?" I had actually been starting to like my Master, who always seemed tough, dominating, but fair to me. I was now of the opinion that he was Satan incarnate.

"To keep the government happy and supportive of his business, primarily. Secondly, it's a source of money. The Collectors pay different amounts for the girls they mutilate, depending on how serious the maiming is. I believe the Mind Collector pays the most. Premium whores like you and I are so expensive that none have ever been selected by a Collector. So it's the common whore who has most to fear from the Collectors. Finally, it's probably the principle method for keeping all of us working our hardest. That's because, when a Collector visits, he's presented with a group of five whores to pick from. They are always the four lowest performing common whores and the one lowest-performing premium whore over the past six months.

"One Collector comes every six months. Unless Collector decides to skip his opportunity - maybe he's short on money, for example. that means that each one visits every two and a half years. I think another is due in a couple of months, but I don't know which one."

I found myself sick with the ghastliness of what went on here, and what could be done to any of us, and was done to those of us who were the weakest in prostitute skills and pleasing clients. I vowed then and there to be good enough to be one of the top performers every month. What I didn't realize then was that none of us had complete control over how we were evaluated by our clients. In addition, fairness was not a concept practiced at the Retreat.

We walked to Shahad's dormitory, on the other side of the quad from mine, and got to her room in the minutes before the asr prayer was called, about 3:30. I had to perform the salat, as per my compulsion, which I explained to Shahad. Shahad and I eventually napped together in her room, though we didn't engage in anything more than hugging and kissing. When you make your living, such as it is, by having sex in every conceivable way, it doesn't have the appeal as part of a relaxing day off. Shortly after our nap, the maghrib prayer was called, which I performed as I was compelled to do. By then, it was almost 7:00 pm, so I walked over to our restaurant for dinner.

The restaurant was crowded again. Shahad noticed two other women, also premium whores, at a table for four and suggested we join as them, as they were still looking at the day's dinner menu. That's how I met Ergaalem and Niyat.

Ergaalem was from Sheffield in the UK. She'd been in her last year at the University of

Sheffield. Her name was Emily Whittaker at the time she was taken, over three years earlier. Ergaalem was about two years younger than I. Her face Was drop-dead beautiful, surrounded by angelic clouds of long, stunning, gently-wavy, blonde hair that swept from her head to her mid-back. What amazed me most that she was gideen, like: was! Chubby, bordering on fat!

I asked her if she'd always been the shape] was, and she laughed. No, she admitted. They'd forced her to fatten up at the Retreat. She'd been slim and svelte her whole life before coming here. She had not gained weight at the rate they had wanted her to, so they had given her drugs to stimulate the development of her shape. In most ways she seemed to be more accepting of the change they'd made to her than] was. Of course, Ergaalem had been gideen almost twice as long as I.

When I looked at the other woman, Niyat, I thought she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, with the possible exception of Shahad, herself. She had a perfect, heart-wrenchingly-beautiful face and a body that any man I ever knew would commit mass murder for. Any bi woman - like me would do the same!

Niyat had been Nina Babic, growing up in the tiny, central European country of Slovenia. Slovenia was smaller than metropolitan Atlanta, with only about one-third the population. She snatched in broad daylight, in a parking lot in the resort town of Bled, where she lived for all of her first 21 years. She was now 26, about the same age as I. Among the four of us, she was the veteran of the Enakazin, having been here over five years.

Unlike the plump, lovely, effervescent Ergaalem, my first impression was that Niyat was a bit standoffish. She had an air of "I'm better than you, until you prove otherwise," about her. One look would help you understand why she felt that way. She was almost the equal in beauty to Shahad in every way. Where Shahad was now dark and sultry, Niyat was blonde, powerful and sufficiently aloof to be both unreachable, and teasing about it. I thought she could be your best friend and demon lover at the same time,

Since the other three had known each other for a while, we didn't spend much time talking about our pasts. Much of the discussion centered around how boring life could be at the Enakazin. According to all of them, unless a houri worked hard at her skill and the pleasure she could derive from it, after a while, the sex partners blurred together and fucking became a job. They cautioned me to not let it become routine, because then it would cease to be sufficiently interesting to be pleasurable.

I wondered if that would happen to me. I thought it might not, because they'd altered my mind-my wants and needs-to make me the perfect premium whore. Perhaps I'd find this life ever-stimulating, like some dumb bimbo. Except that I wasn't exactly dumb, though I was damaged. My mind had been made slower somehow, and my brain was never going to be capable of learning to read or write again. Thinking about it, maybe I was dumb - meaning stupid - now. I could talk, more-or-less, So wasn't dumb, meaning unable to talk, like I had been in the Control Institution. Mostly.

I glanced around, taking in the women at the other tables. All were pleasant to look at; most were pretty or very pretty; a healthy number were strikingly beautiful. They came in all sizes, shapes and colors. A few had something a little strange about them: eyes of an unusual color, or even cat-like, vertical pupils, noses that weren't quite normal, gems that seemed to be implanted in skin on face, arms and torso, and SO on. A very pretty girl, a few tables over had bright, copper lips, nipples and areola. The color of her copper-red hair must have been adjusted to match. I couldn't figure out what made her lips and all so shiny metallic, and commented on it to the others.

at Ergaalem looked over at the woman I indicated. "Oh, that's Shimaz. She's Irish. I think her name was originally Siobhan. She was one of Negasi's experiments, five or six years ago."

"Experiment?" I asked, with a budding sense of horror.

"She was embroidered" Niyat said, "a year or so before I arrived here so yes, about six years ago." "What do you mean, experimented on and embroidered?" I asked, my voice rising.

Niyat answered. "From time to time, Negasi tries some new look, enhancerent, or modification out on one of us. He always chooses the premier or common whore who has the lowest satisfaction score over the past three or six months. Along with exposure to the Collectors, that's the other good reason to never be at the bottom. As I understand it, Shimaz was having trouble adjusting to the Enakazin routine ..." "Meaning becoming a prostitute," I interrupted.

"Yes. Anyway, she was at the bottom of the premiums and got tapped. They used fine, copper-plated and biobond-coated thread and essentially embroidered her lips, nipples, areola and pussy, by stitching the thread through the skin - sort of like embroidery."

I reacted to this news by saying how awful it was to do that to her. Then I realized it wasn't any worse than some of the things they'd done to me, like sterilizing me here or pulling my perfectly good teeth in the Control Institution.

"It must have hurt a lot!" I said, finally.

"I imagine it did, since I heard she didn't get any anesthetic when they did it."

"What keeps it from getting infected, or keeps her skin from rejecting the threads sewn into it?" Shahad asked.

"I don't know all the particulars," Niyat admitted, "but the thread is coated with something called, I think, biobond. It was created in the United States. It's bonded to and surrounds the copper layer coating the thread and binds the threads to the skin, making the thread almost part of the skin itself." "How do you get the threads out?" T asked.

"You don't. You have to slice them off, which would leave gaping wounds. That's why Shimaz is still embroidered, six years after they did it to her."

"That's awful!" Ergaalem added. I completely agreed with her. I didn't want to know about any other experiments. I vowed to myself never to be rated even near the bottom. I would be a good little premium whore.

In the end, it didn't matter all that much.

The following week I only fucked twelve different people because I had two days of ménage à trois with another premium whore, short, slender Ghania, and a mid-level prince from Abu Dhabi. Ghania and I had to practice working together for almost half a day before the two day's and two night's encounter with the prince. Negasi insisted that we be highly pleasing to the guy, and coordinated in our ministrations to him. My Master must have been charging him a fortune.

About one in ten clients beat me out of a warm-up exercise to get his or her juices flowing, or 1s dessert after I'd been fucked. That meant I was usually beaten about three times a week. About one beating in twenty was so bad that I was laid up for a day or more before I could return to work. When that happened, the offending client would forfeit the substantial bond that Negasi held, to cover his business loss. Some clients so wealthy that the bond, tens of thousands of dollars, was less than pocket change to them.

Negasi was happy to take their money either way. The bond wasn't to protect us concubines - though it did serve to do that. It was intended to compensate Negasi for losing our services.

It did seem that the richest customers were also the ones most interested in abusing me physically. I don't know why. Those experiences did, however, raise my expectation that Prince Shopan (which I found out meant "Prince Charming" in Arabic - a joke his Western-educated parents apparently couldn't resist) would beat Ghania and me multiple times during his brief control of us. Surprisingly, the handsome young man turned out to be kind, considerate, and not at all interested in causing us pain.

Ghania and I dressed alike in a bright yellow, open bolero with dark maroon trim, and matching pantaloons, cut away to expose our hairless pussies, of course. Ghania, about my age, was a dark Arab woman from across the Red Sea in Yemen. She'd been sold to Negasi by her family at age 18, on one of his visits to Yemen to acquire new talent for the Enakazin.

I was told to wear a long, very dark brown wig styled with waves and curls, somewhat like Ghania's natural hair. I would wear my teeth, at least until the Prince told me otherwise. He would know I was bald under my wig, and that I wore dentures.

Interestingly, to everyone except me I suppose, more than half of my clients wanted me to

remove my dentures during our session. I think they were intrigued by the novelty of having a toothless woman's mouth on them during oral sex in particular. No one ever complained, and most remarked on how much they'd enjoyed me that way.

No. It never made me feel any better about what those demons did to me at the Control Institution. They took my naturally perfect smile away, for the most unfair, evil of reasons. Then, to make it even worse, they'd given my teeth and my smile to my nemesis, Habiba.

Ghania and I wore makeup in dark colors, giving us both a somewhat swarthy, sultry appearance. Our lips, nipples, labia and nails matched the dark maroon that trimmed our boleros. Apparently that's what this Prince Charming liked. Drops of belladonna were placed in our eyes to dilate our pupils and make our eyes appear seductive and larger. I didn't like it because it caused halos around lights which bothered me.

Nobody asked my opinion, however.

I lay on my back on a huge bed with Ghania laying opposite, off to my right, one hand on my left tit, the other under my butt, and her mouth above my twat. From time-to-time she circled my pussy with her tongue. I had a couple fingers of my left hand firmly embedded in her rosebud, making her squirm as she licked my pudenda.

Ghania had been given a tablet of an Ecstasy-like drug known as Easy X - a mood moderator, sex stimulator and enhancer. She was so aroused that in order to feel that she'd survive, she needed sex like right now.

Because of what they'd done to my mind, I needed sex all the time. Like food. Like air. I didn't need Easy X, and they hadn't given me any. I was more than ready to fuck, though. All my smooth curves and little rolls of fat were quivering with anticipation, pudgy whore that I am.

Right on time, Prince Charming opened the door and entered the suite, in the most luxurious section of the Enakazin brothel buildings.

We both arose, slow and sexy, our eyes never moving from his. We knelt on the floor next to the oversized bed.

"Master!" We called to him together. "We await you, Master. We are yours to love or hate, to pamper or beat, to enjoy in any way you see fit. Command us, Master."

He folded his arms, staring sternly at us. Slowly, a smile crept onto his face. "I command you to enjoy yourselves while you're with me," he said, surprising us both. "Let's have good time together. Where shall we begin?"

"Please fuck us, Master" we both replied. I couldn't repress a smile. Maybe these two days and nights would turn out alright.

They were better than alright, they were an orgy an of three-person sex, beginning exceedingly well with that first encounter.

Prince Charming held out a hand to each of us and we rose, standing before him. He made a twirling motion with his hand and we slowly rotated around so he could see all of us. When we were facing away from him, he tapped our shoulders, stopping us, and removed our bolero's, tossing them aside. We turned back to face him, our healthy breasts and pierced nipples openly displayed.

"I understand that your rear entrance and your control of it is the best at the Enakazin," Prince Charming said to Ghania. Ghania, teasingly, pushed her cute, diminutive butt back against his robes, apparently hitting him in exactly the right spot.

"I promise to please you, Master" she said seductively.

"And you, my plump little bundle of delight, I'm told you can do things with your mouth that are beyond human. Let me see."

I looked at him with smoky, partially-closed, bedroom eyes and slowly let my tongues extend from my mostly closed lips, separated only by my overbite. The tips spread outward, apart from each other. I was wearing quarter-inch, gold balls through the two grommets in each tongue. One by one, they emerged from my mouth. I opened my mouth farther and my tongues slid outward to their fullest extent. I moved the tongues through a series of exercises designed to show-off my abilities to use them. His eyes got bigger and bigger as he stood there in awe.

I slowly retracted my tongue until it was fully within my mouth, and I could click my teeth together, which I did, to show their firm, hard character. Then, unbidden, I removed my dentures and set them aside. I opened my mouth, now empty of teeth, and ran my tongues over my top and bottom gums at the same time, one tongue pointed up, the other down.

I opened my mouth widely and extended my tongues, then formed the pincher. He immediately got the idea.

"Ana mabhoor (I'm amazed)!" He said, and it was obvious that he was. He turned to Ghania and told her to remove his robe. Then he commanded me, "Kneel."

I knew exactly what to do. I knelt before him, extended my tongues, formed a pincher around his manhood, and slid my pincher up and down his shaft. I tipped my head to the side, so I could attend to its soft underbelly with the tip of one tongue. Then, a minute or two later, using my tongues, I drew him into my mouth as Ghania positioned herself behind him and began to massage his serotum, perineum, and rectum.

I kept my hands linked behind my head in a sign of display and submission. It forced better posture and nicely displayed my breasts. I could feel his penis harden more ;] thought it was time to take it into my mouth.

Having no gag reflex makes for interesting capabilities that are difficult for most women. I couldn't tell you if they trained it out of me, or if they used my controller to turn it Off. was able to take him into my mouth, hold my tongues wrapped around his rod, and position my uvula at the top, right where his glans met his shaft. This works somewhat better in 69, because the uvula is over the softer underside, but it is a novel experience for the man to feel the uvular pressure as I swallow, forcing the single base of my tongue up and pushing the glans line against my uvula. It creates something like a fleshy snapping against the top and bottom of the cock, which a discerning lover appreciates.

Prince Charming was a discerning lover. I looked up to see his eyes as I snapped his manhood in the back of my mouth, my tongues snaked around the top of it. His eyes widened in surprise. I bit down on him with my bare gums, hard enough to hold him firmly, and provide another contact point for arousal.

A few minutes of this was all he could take. I sensed the stillness and increased swelling in his penis, as he tried to hold back. I carefully released him, wanting to extend his anticipation. When I did that, Ghania took it. the signal to take one of his hands while took the other, and weled him to the bed.

Ghania began to carefully minister to his dick, while I kissed him on the lips and my tongues entered his mouth. My lips are soft, moist and full. I could tell that he appreciated how my entire mouth kissed him.

He ran his tongue along my upper gums repeatedly; it seemed that he liked their feel. Meanwhile, my tongues were all over his and everywhere within his mouth.

I moved down to his nipples and began to suck and nip at them with my gums. Without my teeth, I couldn't give love bites, but I could apply controlled pressure successfully. His little nipples were small, hard stones and I made them vibrate as well as any man's could.

At a signal from me, Ghania and I switched positions. Prince Charming would enter me vaginally first, then Ghania would take him into her rosebud and bring him to his first climax.

I knelt straddling him, took his member, and slid the glans along my slit, from my clitoris on down until he was positioned at my entrance. Rocking back and forth, I slowly took him into me, paying particular attention to the slight swelling and contraction of his penis, to insure that I would take him, play with him, stimulate him further without making him cum.

He was of average size and fit comfortably within me. My entire focus was on pleasing him, making this a most memorable experience for him. In my mind, he was my lover and I was

his slave whose only goal was to expand his experiences into the sublime. I was the consummate whore and was nothing else but a whore. Whatever I had been before, with whomever that was, melted away like butter in a hot pan. While in this state, with my lover, I existed only in the moment and I was solely a prostitute.

I continued to sway rhythmically above him as he tried to thrust up yet further into me, in tempo with the forward and backward rolling of my body. He was very close and I sat still to settle him, releasing any pressure from my Kegels and only existing as his sheath. I reached behind me to cup his balls and distract him from the edge.

A couple minutes passed in stillness, then I began to ripple him up and down my shaft with my Kegels. brought him up and settled him back several times, before slowly withdrawing from him.

Ghania took my place, facing away from the Prince and positioned on all fours on the bed. I lubed her rosebud with my own juices as she helped the prince up and into position, kneeling behind her.

As I held his excited cock and guided him toward her, I told him in my poor, toothless accent, "" Take my sister houri, Master. She is ready for you."

I positioned him at her rear entrance. The talented, capable Ghania opened herself and moved back towards him, taking his full length directly inside. I knelt behind him and embraced him, pushing my soft body and hard nipples against his back. I managed to rise up enough to kiss him on his neck, around it, onto his shoulders, behind his ears. I sucked his earlobes and played my fingers over and around his nipples, holding him in my embrace while he pounded into Ghania.

His already-hard nipples suddenly got even harder and I knew he was going to cum. My hand dropped down to my wet pussy where I moistened my fingers, then moved to his muscular ass, and slid within his crack. I used my wet fingers to lubricate him and one, then two digits entered him. I felt his arousal slow at this intrusion, then pick up again.

As I had been taught, as he reached his peak, pushed forward against his prostate driving his stimulation and subsequent ejaculation to even more powerful heights and multiplying his pleasure. He screamed gutturally, unintelligibly, as he was rocked with the profound climax we had engineered for him. My pressure within him, Ghania's ability to massage him from within her ass, and his own youth and vigor combined to stretch out his climax beyond anything he would have believed possible.

He finally collapsed, falling over sideways with Ghania still gripping him hard enough to hold him within her, as she rolled over with him. I spooned him from behind. None of us moved for a long time.

What seemed like days later, though I'm sure it was only an hour or so. the Prince awakened, sandwiched between Ghania and me. We both felt him stir and began to kiss and lick him. He lay on his back and we continued ministering to him as he held us as in his arms. A while later, we showered together in the gorgeous, spacious, marble bathroom of the suite. He ordered food and an impressive feast arrived a while later. He let me wear my dentures so I could eat.

We reclined on cushions around the low table where the food was placed. The Prince was beyond pleased with the accommodations, the food and, especially, with Ghania and me. He wanted to simply talk casually, and so that's what we did.

"Your welcome was extraordinary" he said, a broad smile on his handsome face.

"Thank you, Master," we said in unison.

"How long have the two of you been working together"

We laughed before answering in unison again, "A day, Master," at which point he laughed with us.

I was feeling like someone caught between being a lover and a prostitute. I'd been taught to create a mental state which would make my client my lover. In addition, I was required -and wanted - to bring all my erotic talents to bear to please him. Or please her, as the case may be. I was certainly in that state of mind with the Prince. The fact that he was such an all-around pleasant person, and handsome too, made him feel more like a friend with benefits than a customer. That, in turn, made me feel more like a lover than a whore, even beyond my self-imposed state of mind.

I was concerned that I was, in these first few hours, forming an attachment to this guy. I couldn't fool myself that far; if so, it would be an attachment that would be doomed. I had enough heartache, and I didn't want my heart broken by a passing infatuation with a man I'd rarely, if ever, see again.

On the one hand, I was glad I still had those girlish feelings, and hadn't yet become a fully cynical, hardened prostitute. On the other, I didn't want to live in a dream world, only to be forever disappointed at what I wished for, what was going to be real, and what would be forever beyond my grasp.

As the meal wound down, so did the conversation. I was glad because it was drowning me in introspection as I listened to this interesting man. I tried to tell myself he wasn't as nice as he seemed. He frequented as prostitutes for one thing, most of whom had been forced into this life. I suppose, in his culture, what he was doing was acceptable. He also probably thought we Enakazin concubines were living a pleasant, posh life, and one far better than most of us would ever have known had we not become houris of the Retreat.

It's also more difficult to be critical of someone who frequents prostitutes when you, yourself, are. The more I thought about it, the more I was coming to the conclusion that I'd almost rather have a client whom I didn't care for, than one who made my heart flutter and my juices flow especially freely.

I was thus relieved when we made our way back to the bed, and I could fuck the Prince without conversation. While talking to him, I was getting to know him better, and liking him more and more. I didn't want to be hurt again. I wanted to fuck and be fucked and forget about my emotions. I wanted to concentrate on pleasure.

I became the succubus again. I did Ghania and the Prince. I was determined to take him to his next orgasm within me. Ghania had her turn and now it was mine. This time I lay on my back with him above me and Ghania behind him, working his asshole, taint and scrotum. I made sure he was buried deeply within my talented vagina. I repeatedly took him up to the edge and back down and when he could hold back no longer I thrust my pelvis up and down while gripping him for all I was worth.

Ashe unloaded his comfortably warm essence within me. I played out my fantasy of being impregnated by my loving prince, allowing myself to forget, momentarily, that I had nothing to impregnate, nor any true princely lover. He told me to cum and I did, nearly effortlessly, because I was quite aroused at that point. When he collapsed onto me spent, satisfied and exhausted, his face buried between my neck and shoulder, I opened my eyes and stared up at the bed canopy. Tia was there, only her head and shoulders visible. She was slowly shaking her head side-to-side, tears running down her cheeks.

Chapter 6 - Getting to Know You

It was an off-day for both Shahad and me. We'd wanted to try picnic, so we managed to persuade one of the cooks in the Circle restaurant to pack up some things for us to munch on. He also provided a couple bottles of premium goat's milk we'd both come to appreciate. It was produced by isolated female goats, because the presence of male goats intermingled with them could cause the milk to have a musky flavor. In exchange for our picnic, we paid with a quickie &J from me, and a promise of attention from Shahad tomorrow.

Wine, liquor and something akin to beer were available to premium whores, and free for the asking at the Circle restaurant, and at the Enakazin in general, though drunkenness in a premium whore was not tolerated. There are no Islam restrictions here. It would be bad for business, at which Negasi was a pro.

Nevertheless, because of the permanent impositions burned into my mind, I couldn't tolerate alcohol in any form. The very thought of it made me queasy. Shahad knew that, and decided on something that would work for both of us: goat's milk. I loved it. If you're controlled to only consume halal food and drink as I am, so you can't tolerate the thought of a Margarita or Bailey's-on-the-rocks, goat's milk is the bomb.

Sort of.

We made our way to large green area, rich with desert flowers and succulent bushes, which we jokingly called "Central Park." We were alone in the heat of the day, but we'd both long-since become used to the ever-present, hot, dry air. Psychologically, the green made us feel cooler, though Shahad's brown skin, and my tanned skin were both glistening with sweat, especially my tanned, bald head.

to "Well, it's not Minneapolis or River's Edge, but it will have to do," I said as we spread a light cloth on a bed of what looked like shortened Mexican thread grass. "What is this stuff?" I asked Shahad as we spread a large white cloth on the ground.

"Grass of some sort."

"Ha! Yeah, it's grass. I was sort of asking what kind of grass."

She laughed. From Shahad, that was always a friendly, lilting, musical sound. "I don't have any idea. We don't have this stuff in the frozen North."

"You don't have grass?"

"Very funny. I recognize it even if it's covered in snow where I'm from much of the time. Anyway, we don't have this grass. I'm surprised you recognized it as grass since it's green. I thought all your grass in River's Edge was blue?"

"That's farther south. Besides, it never looked blue to me."

We laid out our lunch on a corner of the large cloth; it looked surprisingly inviting. We munched lazily and talked about anything that came to mind. Shahad was the easiest conversationalist I'd ever encountered. Back then, I never tired of talking with her - or listening to the thousands of interesting things she had to say. She was wide open, impossible to upset, funny, smiling, bright and intelligent. It didn't hurt any that she was a delight for the eyes too.

Like me, and every other houri of the Enakazin, Shahad was tattooed on her lower abdomen, left shoulder and wrist and her nipples were pierced. She wore simple but thick, yellow-gold rings, slightly over an inch in diameter in her nipples. They were smaller than the more ornate rings I wore that day, which were the same rings I had been given when first pierced. I wore the matching nose ring in my left nostril and a chain extending from it, across my cheek to my tragus piercing. Shahad wore the tight, simple, small gold ring she'd been pierced with by her captors, through the middle of her lower lip. She was never without it. I asked her about it once, and she said it didn't come out, and would have to be cut to remove it. She'd been told to keep it as-is for now so, of course, that's what she did.

Shalad's navel was surrounded by a complex piercing containing a thick, gold ring. That had been done to her to at the Enakazin and wasn't removable. The piercing ring appeared on the surface of her skin in an arc above her navel, then dove into her flesh and emerged on either side to form arcs to the right and left, then back into her and reappearing in an arc at the bottom. A short chain hung from a small ring fused to the lower arc, and dropped down to another ring that pierced the skin of her lower abdomen, right at the top of the Enakazin tattoo emblem. That made the emblem appear to hang from the chain and ring encircling her bellybutton.

Her ears had the same three cartilage piercings as I did. She only had one small, ringed piercing in each earlobe, very unlike my earlobe "loops" which by that time had been stretched to accommodate 9mm flesh tunnels. I always wore them. If I didn't, I had this ugly, collapsed loop of skin hanging from my ears. I always thought I had cute ears. Now, without the tunnels, they looked deformed and ugly and I hated them. Even though I always wore the flesh tunnels, being able to see through my own earlobes still freaked me out. Flesh tunnels weren't common at the Enakazin, but I had seen several houris with them. I was the only premium whore with them at that time.

Shahad talked and talked as relaxed in the heat. She always talked a lot and I loved that about her, especially because talking remained more of a challenge to me, given what they did to my mind. Strangely, I could listen at something closer to a modest pace, though not normal and certainly not fast. With Shahad being so loquacious, it took the pressure off of me to carry the conversation. That probably wouldn't have been possible for me anymore, though I actually recalled there was a time when I was accused of being a true motor mouth - all through high school and college, I think.

My friend recognized that I was a little slow, and, for the most part, understood why. I say, for the most part, because she couldn't quite fathom how the filaments interlacing my brain allowed a device to control me. To be honest, neither did I. But it did and I was controlled and, as a result, my effective IQ had probably dropped below average. Anyway, knowing I had to work at understanding more than the average person does, Shahad kindly spoke Arabic slowly and, I was pretty sure, used a simpler vocabulary than she would speaking to a normal person.

We semi-reclined around the remains of our lunch, naked to the bright sun.

Except for sandals to protect our feet, prostitutes were forbidden to wear clothes when outside their home brothel - meaning our workplace. - not even when we were at home in our own residence apartments. I had no clothes within my apartment's small closet. All my clothes were kept in my work location, a luxury suite fully-equipped with sexual and BDSM paraphernalia in the premium whore brothel. Even there, I would dress only if the client requested it.

We were permitted to wear clothes outside only if we were accompanied by a guest, or a Master

or Mistress of the Enakazin, should they request it. As a result, we used a lot of sunscreen, since you could be punished for a sunburn or uneven tanning.

I was looking at Shahad as she related an hysterical story about her life back in Minneapolis when I noticed two men walking by, one in full Arab dress, the other in a short-sleeved, white golf shirt and tan slacks. At the same moment, they saw us and came over to our clearing through the bushes.

There was nothing unusual about that at the Retreat. The houris and clients had full-run of the grounds. The biggest difference was usually the level of dress/undress as I mentioned.

As they walked up into our picnic area, both Shahad and I assumed the Zahra or flower position, sometimes also called alkhizaminabb'at or tulip. We knelt, then sat back on our ankles, our knees spread far apart, and our hands clasped behind our heads, which caused our breasts and always-erect, ringed nipples to be thrust forward. Our eyes were directed downward.

The Western-dressed man spoke first, in accented Arabic. "My, you are certainly a lovely pair."

"Thank you, Master," we replied together. Honestly, I thought my bald head made me look weird. I was wearing thin, penciled-on eyebrows which cut the weirdness a little.

"You may relax and look at us" the Arab man said to us. We dropped our hands to our thighs, palms up, and looked up at them. They were pleasant to look at and had friendly faces. It seemed, at that moment, the Arab apparently realized that we didn't have the thick, septum rings of the common whores. They didn't wear what we referred to as the elite neckless of the premium clients.

"You don't wear the septum rings" the Western man said.

"They are premium concubines," the Arab noted. "Premiums don't wear the septum ring."

"May we offer you refreshment, Masters?" Shahad asked. "Sadly, we only have goat's milk, but you are welcome to some."

"We cannot afford you" the Arab said with some disappointment.

"That is alright, Master" I added slowly. "This is our day off. For the most part, our time is our own today. We may at least visit if you would like. What isn't permitted is intimate touching" [I think they were curious about us, not having spent time with premium whores before. They sat with us and we talked. Shahad, without thinking, dazzled them with witty conversation and her impressive knowledge about personal relationships. I contributed where I could.

"You are not the conversationalist your companion is," the Arab observed of me.

"Yet she is far more the accomplished houri, Master" " Shahad added in my defense. I didn't think I needed defending, but I appreciated her open compliment.

"Conversation is challenging for me, Master, because of my speech impediment and my slow mind," I said to the Arab. I intended to leave it at that, then added, "but I do converse excellently with my body." He smiled at my comment. "So you've grown up quiet and studious, and now apply your talents to pleasing your clients."

He was friendly in the way Prince Charming had been. I couldn't help but talk to him as his friend looked on with evident interest. "I do apply my talents to my clients, Master; I did grow up studious, but not quiet.

I was quite outgoing and talkative, until I was changed."

"Changed how?" The Western man asked. The Arab raised his eyebrows, and I thought he was about to tell his friend to back off the question, But he didn't.

I took out my dentures and set them aside. I let my two tongues slide out of my mouth and then move apart, each tip pointing outward, away from each other. The four, gold grommets were visible, though I wasn't wearing anything in them. I moved my tongues through a set of exercises to show off my oral dexterity.

I thought the eyes of the Western man were going to shoot out of his head, they opened so far in his surprise. Even the Arab was astonished. I held up my thumb and began to massage it with my tongues as though it were penis. That is a pretty impressive demonstration, I do say so myself. They were suitably impressed.

I withdrew my tongue and quickly, easily replaced my dentures. I smiled at both of them. "For the most part, that is why I have a speech impediment"

"Wow!" The Western man exclaimed. "You always seem very deep in thought before you speak too."

"Mentally, I am slow now, Master. My brain was changed, which made thinking, forming words, and speaking difficult for me."

"Why?" The Arab asked. "I have never heard of that before."

"I don't know why, Master. It is what my owner, my ultimate master, wanted. I wear within my brain a controller which enabled him to have that done to me. Along with other things.."

"What other things, child?" The Arab asked.

"I can no longer speak my native language, English. I am no longer able to read or Write because my brain was altered and now lacks that ability; it also lacks the ability to ever learn. Combined together, all those things have made me slow and not as smart as I used to be. But I am an excellent whore. The greatest at the Enakazin."

"That is true," Shahad added.

I could feel that the very air around us had become thick and uncomfortable. Shahad jumped in to lighten the mood, and we spent a few more minutes in trivial conversation. Then the Arab rose, his friend reluctantly did too, and they left.

"Sorry I scared them off " I told Shahad.

She started laughing so hard it took a few minutes for her to calm down. "Ah! Not to worry! I thought it was really funny the way you shocked them - first with your incredible tongues, then with your blunt

disclosure"

"Did I get us into trouble?"

"I doubt it. I don't think Negasi cares what premiums say to common clients. Besides, your tongue LO tricks might convince them to pay the money for a premium whore or two the next time. Fatina, I didn't know you before, but I can definitely tell that you very bright and clever woman, in spite of what they've done to you. I think you're absolutely delightful - and fun too!" "That was a nice thing to say, but we both know I'm something of a dullard now."

"Sure, you're a little slow, but you're no dolt. What you say is intelligent and well-conceived, every time you speak. Like I said, I didn't know you before, but I like you the way you are. I hope that's okay with you"

I had to think about what she said and it took a few minutes. She could see: concentrating and waited patiently.

I liked Shahad a lot. Truth be told, I was attracted to her in a way that was sort of : merger of how I'd felt about Tia and Dyana. I knew I wanted her to like me, but did I want her to like me as I had become? Slow and mentally challenged? I wanted her to like the Fatina that existed before. before I'd become Fatina. When I was probably Karimah or, really, when I was Destiny.

Unfortunately, I wasn't like Destiny or even Karimah anymore. I was poor descendant of them at best. Wanting people to like me for what I was back then made no sense and I had enough presence of mind to realize that. It was an impossibility. I wasn't either of them and it was not even highly unlikely, but a given, that I could never be either of them again. I didn't have the

right mind to be them, and I didn't have the right body anymore. Most of all, I was a whore and they hadn't been.

So people were going to have to like, love, respect and admire me for what I was now, or: would never again achieve friendship, love, respect or admiration.

I didn't want to be what I was, physically, mentally, or vocationally. Somewhere along the path that is my life, I lost the ability to decide for myself, and others decided for me. That led to Fatina the Great Whore, premium concubine of perhaps the finest brothel in the Middle East. That's what I was. In my battered soul, I didn't want to be whore, but, at the same time, they'd convinced my controlled mind that I wanted to be the best possible whore. The fact is, I was the very best.

The only way for me to be liked or loved or anything else was as Fatina, with all her oddities and shortcomings and modified body, because that was me now. Returning to the splendid Western woman, whom I was sure Destiny had been, was forever denied to me. I was Fatina... or I was nothing.

My misty eyes looked up at Shahad, whose expression of patience was beginning to transform into apprehension. "I am what I am because that's what they did to me," I said, with more than a trace of sadness in my voice. "Just as they made you Shahad, they made me Fatina. If I'm to go on, and I intend to, it will be as Fatina, because that's who I am. If I'm to be liked, it will be as Fatina. If I'm to find love again, it will be as Fatina.

"Therefore, I'm glad you like me as Fatina. I'm thankful that you like me the way I am. I certainly like you as Shahad."

"Given how you rightfully feel about dentistry" she chuckled, tears in her eyes at the same time, "you probably wouldn't have liked me at all in my previous life as Freya, the dental hygienist"

I had to laugh. "Yeah, you've got that right. Besides, I can't imagine you as a fair-skinned blonde. I love your dark, sultry look." I realized then that her blonde-Freya to dark-Shahad transition hadn't been trivial to her. It wasn't as dramatic or disturbing as my physical and mental transition from Destiny to Fatina, but it was far from insignificant from Shahad's perspective.

I stared directly into her shining, lively, dark eyes, feeling a distinct stirring from my pussy to the tips of my pierced nipples. "You are devastatingly beautiful" I said to her. "You classic dark beauty. It would be so easy..."

"To make love with me?" She interrupted.

Whatever I was about to say flew right out of my mind. I stared at her, my mind a whirl.

"We can do whatever we want with each other during our personal time," Shahad reminded me. "There aren't any rules against it at all. Feel that way about you, you know?" Her tone of voice indicated that she didn't know how I felt, and was testing the waters.

Shahad continued. "I've felt that way since I first saw you standing there in the Circle restaurant. There is something very erotic, very inspiring, very alluring about your soft curves, your slightly-tan, white skin, and the purity of your appearance, which comes from your freedom from hair. The lines of your face and your lovely hands are, at the same time, delicate, artistic, and strong. All of that immediately drew me to you, the first time I ever saw you."

"I'm fat, Shahad."

"No, sweet Fatina, not fat. You are ... voluptuous. You give me a new-found appreciation for the lovely form and the sweet visage the Renaissance artists tried to capture. You are awesomely desirable, Fatina. To me, you are the honest definition of beauty®"

Right then, I was enthralled by her words and her very presence. The world became close around us and everything farther away than Shahad disappeared from view. I reached across the luncheon detritus for her exquisite cheek, my hand tentatively touching her medium brown/dark tan skin. It was velvety smooth and very warm.

"I wish I could offer you the blonde I was," she said with only a modicum of regret, "but perhaps you find me attractive LS darker, sultrier woman." "Find you infinitely attractive and desirable," I said as I bent to kiss her.

In moments we were tightly wound in each other's arms and lying on the picnic cloth.

Shahad's lips on mine were as full, soft, moist and luscious as I'd been told mine were. She had a certain fragrance: an aroma of heat and musk, skin and an ephemeral hint of sweat, lust and desire, that resonated with me. I realized that my conscious mind was being sucked into her, as her engrossing allure found me, trapped me, and reeled me in.

Sex between two or three people - more or less in the open was common around the grounds of the Retreat. It could frequently be seen between concubines and clients and between two or three concubines.

Sex among more than three was permitted, as almost everything was, but not in the open. Once I heard Negasi say that he didn't want orgies in the open, and he considered more than three an orgy. He was fine with orgies, of course, and the Enakazin had a number of rooms and suites specifically for them, but he didn't want outdoor spectacles to affect the ambiance of the place. He felt two or even three people rutting represented love, whether or not any actual love was involved. Two or three lusting after each other in the open was living sculpture, art. More than three he considered pure, unadulterated, lustful sex, and he didn't want it

outside.

Shahad laid me on my back. Her hand cupped my pussy and her lips sucked my nipple and its ring into her mouth. She nibbled my nip above and below the ring while her tongue circled my areola. Her fingers slid up and down my juicy slit, stopping short of my clitoris, which was already standing up, trying to be noticed. She played round it, teasing it and me.

Her other hand reached around my shoulder to lightly skim along the top of my bald head, raising goosebumps on it using the lightest, daintiest of touches. Her fingers played along my hairless pate, behind my ears, around to my occipital bone, and down along my denuded neck. She moved back behind my ears, using her long nails to contrast the feeling with that of her soft fingertips. Her fingers on my head and pussy were talented, supple, and exciting. She was out to prove to me why she was also one of the top, premium whores - perhaps second only to me.

She put her whole self into preparing every inch of me for .with her, and she hadn't even touched my love bud yet. I felt her tongue slide down from my navel, over my belly tattoo of the Enakazin crest, and onto the hood cloaking my bud. It flicked around my clit and down between my inners, then up and around between my labia minora and majora. Her fingers entered me as her tongue conquered my vulva.

Her little, unadorned tongue finally turned its attention to my love bud itself and I reflexively squeezed down n several of her fingers which were within me. That action pushed my G-spot against her middle finger and the orgasm hit me unexpectedly, launching from both my clit and my G-spot and meeting between them. My arousal vibrated around my pussy, from inside to outside and up under my hood. I screeched with surprise. My legs wrapped around her hand of their own volition and squeezed her hand and arm. I shook from my toes to my breasts.

That orgasm was bright, vivid, strong- one of the strongest Id ever experienced- and deliciously enthralling. It spawned another climax from within me, which had the dimensions and properties of the single most pleasurable feeling Id ever had. That one went straight up my chest to my neck and head, and then down my back. It was insistent and shattering. Shahad was a consummate professional lover, and shed proven what the special characteristics of her experiences could deliver. The level of pleasure was a notch above any of my other non-professional sexual encounters, each of which somehow remained accessible to me through my disrupted memory. Those recollections had persisted through all the changes in my thinking, : us memories sharply in focus.

Tia was sweet and innocent, eager and inexperienced. Dyana was dominantly determined to possess me and make me hers. Shahad was so talented, so professional, so knowing of the souls of her lovers that she was able to bring all her attention to the act of pleasure. There was no other agenda. Shahad intended to pleasure me. She knew [would reciprocate in turn.

It was the peer fucking of two unimaginably talented prostitutes. It was a wonder the ground didn't shake. Perhaps it did. I was so absorbed in Shahad that I would never have noticed.

She held me as I recovered, with my head resting on her shoulder. When I was finally able to function again, I propped myself up on my elbow, and bent toward her nipple. I hooked her ring with one of my tongues and pulled on it while my other tongue circled the nub of flesh. I could manipulate the ring independent of the motion of the other tongue on her nipple and areola - yes, I was that good with them by this time. I glanced up at her. Her eyes were huge and she was captivated by the action of the tentacles which had emerged from my mouth to pleasure her.

"Unbelievable," she said, awe evident in her expression and voice.

The short-nailed fingertips of my one hand played along the inside of her thighs and those of the other across the bridge of her nose and down the sides and along the curve below each eye. For many people, me included, that motion from nose to eye is very pleasurable and relaxing, allowing the mind and body to enter a state more open to the pleasure to follow.

I looked directly into her dark eyes and I moved in to claim her mouth.. pressed my lips against hers and my tongues entered her mouth, wrapping in something of a double helix around her tongue, from below it to above it.

At the Enakazin, my lips had been made even fuller, as were Shahad's. Mine had become more sensitive after that was done to them. When we kissed there was considerable fullness that we shared, pressing our mouths to each other. I felt the ring in the middle of her lower lip press into my prominent lower lip. Other than that, there was only plump softness as our lips met in a sharing of sensitivity and pleasure. Our kisses continued for quite a while. During them, my hand made its way to Shahad's vulva.

When I slid down Shahad's chest to position my mouth over her sex, my thumb slid down her cleft and I rubbed the wetness it gathered across my fingers and smeared it around her rosebud. I slipped my middle finger into her rear entry and my thumb into her vagina. My tongues emerged, separated, and slid simultaneously along both of her outer pussy lips, then between her inners and outers. Ultimately, they entwined around each other with the left over the right and her love bud between the tips, then I reversed right over left, still surrounding her clitoris. I repeated this movement gently, gently, then with increasing pressure at the bud's base, then with increasing pinching along and around the little shaft of her clitoris. I'd invented this complex foreplay along a clitoris once I'd mastered my two tongues, back when I was still in training. It had served me very well as I used it to serve my woman clients. Finally, I was able to use it to please someone I cared for.

I intended to hold Shahad off from climax for a number of minutes as I brought her up to its very edge, then brought her back with subtle pressures within her anus and around her clitoris. I gauged her arousal by the minute changes in the tension of her muscles along her groin and

thighs, and the quickening of her shallow breaths.

Over and over we surfed her edge together. I carefully turned around to straddle her backwards in sixty-nine, keeping my tongues encasing her clit, never leaving it untouched. In this new position, I was able to put a couple fingers of one hand into her rosebud, and several of the other hand into her vagina with my middle finger now against her G-spot. I pushed down against her breasts with my pudgy lower abdomen and began to roll it over her nipples and their rings, massaging her breasts at the same time with the motion and pressure of my pleasantly-rounded tummy.

All this was going on at once to take my friend, my lover to the pinnacle of desire and impending, crushing pleasure. The entirety of what I was doing had required hours of sometimes painful practice. I was using my fingers of each hand on separate, different openings, my two tongues to massage her love bud, and my body to massage her breasts and nipples simultaneously.

Even my breathing had to be controlled. To maximize the experience for my lover, I needed to provide the right amount of warmth to her vulva with my breath, use it to compliment the motion of my tongues, and titillate her skin with the soft passage of air over it to keep her hot and wet.

I had taken over her entire focus. She was clay in my hands. I could mold her entire experience, her every thought, her every sensation. Minute after minute held her at the precipice. I felt her entire body begin to quiver. It was almost more than she could bear. I waited a little longer. Then, with fingers, tongues, breath and body, I pushed her over the edge into the abyss of pleasure I'd prepared for her!

Her orgasm was something to behold! I could actually feel it repeatedly pulse through her. Every muscle in her body tensed and she shook everywhere. Her rosebud and pussy gripped my fingers so tightly I had to struggle to use the tips to push against her G-spot, forcing pressure inside her, below her clit, and pressing her anal wall against her vagina - all to maximize the impact of her climax.

Seconds into the orgasm she screamed, loudly and uncontrollably. Then she screamed again and again. I used all my talents to milk her pleasure and extend the pulsating climax, producing one peak of orgasmic bliss after another.

I had locked her into cycle of cumming and she was not, at first, able to stop. I allowed it to go on and on until it passed painful and became: world of pleasurable agony. Then, finally, long after the orgasm had begun, I brought it to a close with my control over her, and I gradually let her come down.

She didn't faint. Shahad was too experienced at sex for that to happen. But I had managed to short-circuit the nerves that controlled many of her muscles. She twitched across most of her

body. had to lay hard on top of her and squeeze her tightly against me to get the tremors to stop.

Shahad lay there, staring into the bright, desert sky, her mouth hanging open, her eyes vacant.

Slowly, carefully,; reached up to run my fingers lightly over her forehead. So sensitive had made her skin, everywhere, that she flinched in pain at first, then closed at her mouth and looked directly at me.

"Never have I experienced what you've done to me, and I've had some wonderful encounters with men and women. You, Fatina, are in a class of your own." "I wanted to please you, I whispered innocently.

"You wanted to me. You wanted to control me utterly." "That too," I laughed.

"You're lesbian succubus," she said, with big smile breaking out onto her face.

"Ha, ha. I don't think there is such a thing"

"Maybe there hasn't been before, but there is now. Succubus!"

We stayed in our garden spot for quite a while longer that afternoon, mostly looking up at the sky while we talked and laughed, with me resting my hairless head on Shahad's arm.

"Fatina. I am overwhelmed. Now know why you are already best among the premiums."

Among the premium whores, she meant. That should have come as no news - and it did. was a whore. A very, very talented whore. But to me, my passionate reaction and physical response to her embodied the simple purity of one woman to another whom she cares about. The value exchanged was entirely emotional. Truly heart-felt. told her so.

"The fact that you can feel that way proves all is not lost to you. You see, Fatina, you can - you still can give yourself freely to another. In exchange, you seek nothing, but you hope for reciprocation. Yes, my muhabib-my lovely one -I offer that hope and affection to you. I'm drawn to you, Fatina. I'm drawn to Fatina, whatever it is that you are now, today, at this precise moment. I desire you; I love you as Fatina. I certainly all cherish all the life you lived up to now, what you remember and what you've forgotten, including all the experiences which have brought you to me. What you were before is prologue* what you are now. I celebrate your life before, because it brought you to me as you are."

This gorgeous, outgoing, discerning, desirable woman was telling me that the woman I'd become, slightly by choice, mostly by force, was the woman she wanted. I started to cry uncontrollably for : was ripping apart from the loss of Destiny and the insistent reality of Fatina, the manifestation of me, the living, real woman who was wanted by this extraordinary

human being.

"I p .p..p...pale before you, Shahad. I am so broken," I sobbed.

"Then curse me if you will but I love the broken you," she stated, forcefully.

"But...but .."

"Fatina, both of us are caught up in the catastrophic destruction and reconstitution of our lives. There is way back for us. The way forward has two paths, the path we are on, to remain premium whores of the Enakazin, or ultimate death. I choose to live."

"I don't believe my controller will allow me to choose to die," I told her.

"Then your way forward is simple. You are and will be a courtesan of the Enakazin. And, as far as the past couple of hours allow me to glimpse the future, you will be the premier prostitute of this Retreat for many years. As a lover, you're unsurpassed. I don't think it's even possible to surpass you"

"Shahad, I'm forced to give freely of those talents to others against my will. At least, it's against my will at the level of my most primal beliefs. Above that are 111 the nuances, impulses, and thought patterns my controller forces upon me. I'm not sure I even recognize many of them. It's difficult for me to tell where I end and my controls begin."

"I would suggest, for your own sanity and peace of mind, you embrace both parts of you - the part you own and the part owned by those who would influence, command and control you. Who, in reality, actually do command you. Sadly, you no longer have those choices, Fatina. Though I haven't been controlled as directly as you have, I've lost most of my choices too. To the best of my ability, I've made peace with the life that's been forced on me, which has, for the most part, consumed me, or the woman: was. As a result of making peace, I'm mostly happy. I want the same for you because, since I've come to know you, I find my happiness is dependent upon yours. I know that's what love is, and love you, Fatina, as both my friend and lover."

Wow. What could I say to that? Shahad was waxing as philosophical as the Tia in my visions. Where Tia had told me to accept my altered destiny and make the best of it, Shahad was telling me to embrace it.

I was pretty sure that wasn't going to happen. In my heart-of-hearts, I couldn't embrace being a whore.

Within a month of my garden tryst with Shahad, we'd become inseparable. We spent more than half our time off with each other, sometimes overnight, mostly in spurts during the day. Twice we managed to spend an entire day and a half together during our weekly time off.

No one cared that we'd become regular lovers. That was one of the very few things you could do at the Enakazin which wasn't regulated or forbidden, assuming it was on your own time.

fucked, or was fucked, almost 60 hours each week. That didn't mean had gone down on my customers, or they had gone down on me for 60 hours, but it did mean I spent that much time with clients. We weren't involved in screwing or screwing foreplay for the full 60 hours. Some weeks I would be more than 60 hours with clients, but generally I would get comp time off if I did work more. Negasi wanted his premium whores to be fresh and ready to screw. That wasn't out of the goodness of his heart, it was because that's how he made the most money and kept up the reputation - and the prices - at the Retreat.

The 240 or common houris had a Master who was responsible for groups of about thirty of them. Those eight Masters each reported to one of two overseers, who also had other responsibilities like managing the grounds, the buildings, food services, and so on. The overseers worked directly for Negasi. Negasi scheduled and managed the premium whores directly, except when he was away from the Enakazin. At those times, one of the two primary overseers would deal with us.

I would receive my schedule for the week on Saturday, "Rest Day" for Moslems, though I wasn't always permitted to rest that day. My schedule was delivered by Negasi's private courier, a teenage boy who was some relative of Negasi's. He was friendly and polite and called him "Young Master Alim" which always made him grin from ear-to-ear. I couldn't read a paper copy of the schedule like everyone else received, of course, so the boy brought a thumb drive which he plugged into the special alarm clock that talked to me.

I can no longer read letters or numbers. In addition, I'm unable to make sense of the face of a traditional clock with hands for hours and minutes. Whatever they did to my brain to also destroyed my ability to tell time that way. Without my special clock, I have no idea what time it is unless I ask someone. Fortunately, I can understand the idea of time if it's told to me orally.

Using the icon-labeled buttons on my clock, I could listen to my schedule, in Arabic of course, by hour or day or the whole week. I could find out what time it was and how long until my next appointment. Without it, I would have been clueless. Other than my clock, my phone (which could only receive or call to people within the Retreat), and my flat screen connected to a Blu-ray player, I had no access to any electronic devices. I could borrow and watch Blu-ray disks whenever I was free, including a huge collection of pornography and obscenity, and a large collection of Iranian, Indian and American movies - all dubbed in Arabic so I could understand them. I only received five channels on my TV. Four were all music, a different style on each channel. The fifth was the Enakazin channel for whores. I had to check it regularly for announcements that went out to all of us.

The same boy would bring any updates for me during the week. He would also call me or come to summon me when Negasi wanted to see me. If I were otherwise engaged, he'd wait.

AS result, was dismayed, but not particularly surprised when he arrived early on my only full day off that week, to tell me I would have an unexpected client, a woman, who would arrive before lunch and be with me the rest of the day. As soon as he left, called Shahad and sadly cancelled our lunch and afternoon together.

I walked to my suite in the premium brothel building. I'd been told to be naked, save for sandals with 10 cm heels. I was told to wear any wig, makeup and jewelry I wanted, as long as it was well-coordinated, and leave my teeth in. Sometimes I'd get very specific instructions, most often when I had a female client. That wasn't the case this time.

I decided to be a redhead, since that was the least requested color among my clients, and I rather liked how I looked with red hair. The wig I chose, among more than a dozen that I had, was long and straight and cut into a shaggy, layered style with long, heavy bangs, slightly parted. It was a vivid, intense red, not of a color found in nature, but I liked it. I did my makeup to coordinate with it and wore my signature, fancy, filigreed nose ring, in white gold this time, and a decorative chain to my left tragus piercing, along with larger but matching nipple rings. I removed the 9 millimeter, gold flesh tunnels from my poor, stretched earlobes and replaced them with 9 millimeter, black onyx, round, faceted stones set in white gold.

Since I would be with a woman, I put small, 3.5 millimeter, slightly flattened, white gold balls in my four tongue grommets. They were the smallest I could wear with the 3 millimeter grommets - anything smaller would slip through the flesh tunnels. I felt these were the most pleasurable to my women clients. For men, I usually wore larger balls which were perfectly round.

My client arrived right on time and swept into my brothel suite in cloud of black fabric, her burka covering her from head to toe. Even her eyes were masked by a mostly-opaque cloth. I couldn't understand how she could see where she was going.

I knelt in tulip, my eyes downcast.

"You're a chunky one, aren't you?" She said in a gravelly voice. "Can you feel any sensations through all that padding?"

I'd been called chunky, chubby, plump, and fat before; it didn't affect me anymore. The fact was, I was chunky. It was obvious. I answered her second question and ignored her first. "My skin is quite sensitive,

Mistress."

"Well, there is plenty of it. Step to the posts and face me."

I stood between the whipping poles, holding on to them with my arms spread as far above my head as they would go, and the sides of my feet pressed up against them. It appeared I

was to be beaten. I almost cried not from fear, but at the disappointment in having to spend my day like this, rather than with Shahad.

She walked slowly around me, taking me in. I caught a whiff of her and I thought I'd smelled that perfume before, perhaps on another houri here at the Retreat. Most of us wore perfume most of the time, and we favored musky scents like the one my client wore.

I felt her hands spread my butt cheeks and probe around my rosebud. "Bend over" she ordered.

I heard her lick her fingers, then felt first one, then another enter me and play around the inside rim of my sphincter. I have grown to like that feeling, though I had hated it at first. Shahad is particularly good with fingers in my rosebud.

To my surprise and alarm, she pulled out a two-meter snake whip, a variation on the bull whip designed for closer quarters like these. She came around to face me and reached into a pocket in her burka. To my capable of fierce, biting, insufferable pain, all directed at one small dot of flesh. In the right hands, it could kill a mosquito without touching the skin, or rip your clitoris out in one crack of the vicious, tearing leather. In inexperienced hands, it might miss you entirely or accidentally take out your eye or earlobe or separate your nipple from your tit.

The woman stepped back and cracked the whip repeatedly. It was clear that she was no novice.

I had only been struck once with a snake whip, and that was during my initial training as a demonstration of its biting agony. It had torn a centimeter-sized hole in me and left: to the inside of my right butt cheek. It was difficult or impossible to use it without tearing flesh open and leaving permanent scars. For that reason, Negasi required a significant deposit by any client who intended to use it on any slave, and an obscene deposit for using it on a premium.

She could disfigure me to the point where I would be demoted to common whore, or sold off. I was rapidly becoming very afraid.

"Position!" She demanded. I grasped the poles and closed my eyes.

"Eyes forward and open! I want you to partially squat, reach down, and spread your labia so I can see within your slit." As she said this, she rolled up the snake whip in a tight coil.

Now I was truly frightened. My heart was pounding and I feared that she would tear my genitals apart. I saw her slip the whip behind her, concealing it in the folds of her burka. She told me to close my eyes and keep them shut while I held the position with my inner vulva exposed.

I waited for the stabbing pain to come. There was nothing I could do. I heard a slight click and

then something touched my open inner lips and I screamed!

But there was no pain. Only a tickling followed by hearty laughter!

"Open your eyes, Fatina!" A familiar voice called out.

I did. There stood Shahad in the burka with the hijab veil removed. Laughing at me! I looked down and there was a two-meter telescoping rod with a feather on the end lapping against my pussy!

"Surprised?" She said.

"You almost gave me a heart attack!" I replied and started to cry—mostly with relief, but I'd been scared to death!

"I'm sorry," she said, not meaning it and still laughing. She stepped toward the door and opened it. A dozen or more other houris rushed in, all shouting "Happy Birthday, Fatina!"

It was my 27th birthday. I'd never even thought of it.

"How did you know?" I asked Shahad. "I'd forgotten all about it!"

"I asked Negasi some weeks ago and he looked it up for me. When I found out it was coming soon, I conceived a plan to celebrate and got his permission. He'll stretch the rules sometimes," she gestured to her burka which was forbidden to courtesans, "for his favorite premiums."

"Sadly, it is a weakness I am trying to purge from my personality," a deep voice said from the corridor. Negasi walked in, holding a small, colorful package wrapped in intricately designed paper. The other houris and I all knelt in a tulip as he walked up to me. He did not bid us to rise. That probably would have been too much to expect from the consummate Master.

He handed the gift to me and told me to open my birthday present. The box contained two stunningly beautiful upper-arm bands or bracelets, one in yellow, the other in white gold. Each had a filigreed rim of small golden balls on one side. They perfectly matched the two sets of: one and nipple rings I wore most often. I immediately removed the white gold band and placed it on my upper left arm.

"Thank you, Master," I said demurely. "They are incredibly beautiful and I love them."

"I thought these an appropriate gift for the best among all of my lovely concubines."

I was determined not to spoil the moment, though I was conflicted inside. There was nothing to gain by being anything but grateful. It was better to strengthen my position than jeopardize

it. So I said, I am very grateful, Master. You honor me.”

“I do, because you have earned the recognition and this day of celebration. Enjoy it - all of you.”

With that, he left, closing the door behind him. That's when the talking and laughing and the party began. Within a few minutes, it was obvious that there were too many of us within my brothel apartments, so we all made our way to a large party suite in the main brothel building. Shahad had convinced Negasito allow us to use it.

Don't be mistaken. The two principle aspects of Negasis complex personality were not lost on me. On the one hand, he could be kind and considerate like he was being that iay. Happy whores furthered his business. On the other hand, he had purposely damaged my brain so that I would never be the same young woman again. In some ways I respected him for the former, and hated him with an abiding passion for the latter. That unending hate and disgust were tempered, of course, by what he had someone do to my mind. Thus, within me, when it came to my Master, had an ever-present yin and yang tugging at my attitudes and opinions.

Once in the party rooms, the celebration began in earnest. There were dancing and games, simple conversation and jacking, lots of non-alcoholic things to drink and a sumptuous feast with all my favorites, which Shahad had convinced our favorite chef to make for us - in exchange for a week's worth of favors from Shahad herself, of course.

I received the most wonderful birthday present from a friend, Lesedi, who was a strikingly beautiful yet common whore. She had the most gorgeous, highlighted, medium-blond hair cascading in waves down her back to her waist. Her lovely face was highlighted by darker, full eyebrows, bright, shiny blue eyes, and pretty, smiling lips. Like all the common whores, she wore the septum ring.

Lesedi was a younger girl, very much like I thought I'd been during graduate school, if my memories of Destiny were at all accurate. She was a friendly though reserved, talented woman from Perth, Australia who hated the Enakazin. Unfortunately for her, but happily for me, her talent wasn't fucking, but art. The Enakazin depressed her, probably because she was one of the most heterosexual women I'd ever met, and abhorred the idea of having lesbian sex, which we were called on to do about twenty percent of the time. Fortunately, her art allowed her to keep herself from spiraling down the rabbit hole.

Shed drawn an amazing, life-like sketch of Shahad, knowing of my love for my fellow, premium whore, and presented it to me in a frame she made herself from whatever materials she could find. The sketched image captured Shahad and her loving soul in a way I would have thought impossible. I was overwhelmed by the gift, and said that to the lovely Lesedi. She wished me a happy birthday in her soft, cool-spoken voice.

Shahad had gone through a lot of trouble and risk to prepare the day for me. She was such

a good friend under the strangest of circumstances. Her innate sweetness was apparent all day with everything she'd arranged, how she coordinated it all, and the chances she'd taken to insure a unique experience for me and our friends, the other hours who weren't working that day and were, therefore, available to join us. Many others stopped in for shorter times their schedules permitted. All-in-all, it was the happiest day I'd had since I'd been taken prisoner at the border to the Kingdom of Salat. I'd The best part was after the end of the party, when Shahad brought me to her suite in her residence hall and we made lovely, gentle love for a long, long time, finally falling asleep in each other's arms.

Chapter 7 - Monster

I stood in my bathroom, carefully shaving my head, enjoying the sexual thrill that it always gave me. It was the programmed thrill from my controller, but a thrill nonetheless, and my pussy tingled with the effect. I had finished and was drying my smooth scalp; the towel covered my head and eyes.

When I pulled the towel aside, Tia was standing next to me. tO

"Destiny" Tia's eyes enlarged and seemed to light up from within. I had seen her sad, contemplative, anguished, and thoughtful but never agitated as she appeared now.

"Tia, what's wrong?" I asked, my diction more garbled than usual because she had surprised me, and her expression had instantly disquieted me. Tia persisted in calling me "Destiny," though, at that time, I was still not sure that Destiny had actually been any more real than this Tia apparition. There probably had been a Destiny, but there remained the possibility she could have been an acquaintance, not the young me.

"Nothing and everything," she replied. "For the moment, you're safe. As you've already realized and experienced, there is a potential for some modest happiness here, but to embrace it you will have to abandon the kernel of what makes you Destiny. Frankly though, what they've done to your thoughts, opinions and viewpoints has already altered you."

"You mean they've made me want to be a whore - why can't you come out and say that, Tia? I'm tired of your games and your riddles. You can be cryptic than Nostradamus. I've had this conversation with Shahad, though she went further than you in urging me to embrace this life.

"I don't understand your irritation, Tia. You know I had no control over what they've done to me. I'm not the Destiny you knew, the Destiny who may reside more in my imagination than reality, if she ever existed. I'm a...I'm a cyborg - part woman and part controlling wires threading my brain like the strings of a marionette. Those controller wires have more than a little to say about who and what I am, and most everything to say about what I do, or am allowed to do. I didn't ask for them, but got them anyway. Now they're as much a part of me as my memories. More a part because I know for a fact they're within me, and I can't trust my

memories."

"You'll find this a not unpleasant place to exist, for most of the time" she continued, apparently ignoring what I'd said. "But there will be moments of great, great danger. For some within the Retreat, those will be far worse than death. They will tear at life, and reduce it to daily agony, or frustration, or descent into the most forlorn, lowest levels of human existence. You must never allow yourself to be subject to the discipline here. That discipline is derived from poorly performing your duties a hour. Even..." I interrupted her. "No need to worry, I'm the best there is" I said, realizing that I'd said it proudly.

"And you must remain so. That in itself will not be sufficient. You remain subject to chance, the whims of your Master, or even the capriciousness of your clients." "Prince Charming seemed quite satisfied with me."

"Yes, he was. But for every Prince Charming there are ten demon clients who would get a sexual thrill from bringing down a beautiful concubine like yourself. Be very, very careful. I hope you find the nuggets of happiness which are still available to you. I will help; I will warn you when possible. But there is a limit to what I can influence." And at that point, she quickly faded away.

A couple weeks after my twenty-seventh birthday party, I was in the infirmary for ear tunnel stretching. I hoped Dr. Wtanna would hurry because the premium whore meeting with Negasi was to be held in an hour. I hated what they were doing to my formerly pretty earlobes. I suppose some women like the effect, but I never had. Now I'd always have to wear the tunnel jewelry or suffer drooping rings of flesh hanging from my ears.

Fortunately, she was running on time. She removed the 9 millimeter, yellow gold and onyx flesh tunnels I was wearing and replaced them with identical, 11 millimeter tunnels. Though the flesh of your earlobes seem a little stretchy, when it comes to stretching them only an additional 2 millimeters in diameter, it hurts! And they stay aching and uncomfortable for ten days or more. I'd have to do this two more times, until they were finally 15 millimeters, the size I'd been targeted for.

I looked into a mirror. It was obvious that they were bigger and I disliked them even more than the smaller ones. Not that anyone cared what I thought. I thanked the doctor and kept my opinion to myself.

Eventually, Dr. Wtanna increased my earlobe flesh tunnels to the final 15 millimeters. I had these gigantic holes in what had been my pretty little ears, and I could easily see through them to my bald head behind, which never failed to completely gross me out. After all, I could see through myself! I preferred to wear disks - well, I preferred not to have these big holes in me in at all - but was told to, mostly, wear the open tunnels. Once again, someone more powerful than I had decided how my body was to be modified, without any input from me.

A year passed. I didn't see Tia again during all that time, but I remembered her words and was as careful as I could be. I maintained my status as the best of the premium whores. I gradually allowed myself to become comfortable in the life that had been thrust upon me, most of the time. I had turned twenty-eight a couple weeks ago.

Every two months, the premium whores all gathered together to meet with Negasi. This was as close to a business meeting as we had at the Enakazin. Negasi would review our performance as a group, and point out the top and bottom performers. I was top again this time. He would also tell us of any general changes he was ordering for us as a group, and any experiments he'd decided to do that he wanted all of us to be aware of. This was not an open forum for discussion; he commanded, we obeyed.

He would end the meeting with announcements, if there were any. If he were in a good mood, he might ask for thoughts and suggestions. One had to be very careful in speaking up, and few of us ever did. I never did. If I thought I needed to say something to him, I'd do it in a private moment. A few of the premium whores couldn't seem to keep their mouths shut, however, including Shimaz, the embroidered Irish girl who couldn't understand the body language showing that Negasi was impatient with her every time she opened her mouth. What made it worse was that she was frequently the lowest performer for the period, as she was this time again.

She blathered on about why it was important for us, as premiums, to always look our best (as though her thoughts were revelations to Negasi or anyone else), and to insure our best appearance, we should get a touch-up hour between clients, instead of the half hour we now had. When she finally shut up, Negasi looked at her, said, "No," in a tone of voice that allowed for no discussion. She sat back, looking petulant, and that was that, until Negasi said, "Respect!" to her and pointed to the floor at his feet. The stupid girl got up, knelt with her knees spread, and bowed forward until her forehead touched the floor, her arms extended straight toward Negasi. This position isn't very comfortable, because it pulls hard on your lower back and knees. After five minutes or so, it can become agonizing. "Remain there until this meeting is over," he told her.

Negasi had a single announcement, which put everyone in a heightened state of anxiety.

"The Senses Collector will arrive in two weeks to select a harvest for his collection. As always, he will be presented with the four, lowest-performing common courtesans of the past six months, and the lowest-performing premium. That premium is, again, your currently prostrate sister, Shimaz. Since this is her third appearance to a Collector, I am pricing her lower than I've priced a premium before, though still well above a common whore." He paused to let this news sink in.

I could see that Shimaz was crying, though still bent forward in the respect position. Pricing her lower made the terrifying experience to come even more frightening for her. It was true that no Collector had yet spent the money for a premium, but at a lower price, this one might

be tempted. The Irish girl was very beautiful, which might entice the Collector to splurge. Additionally, it was rumored that the Senses Collector was the wealthiest of all five of those sick bastards.

My ruminating ended when Negasi started speaking again. "As is tradition, you will all gather with me in the infirmary to observe the selection and the harvest, two weeks from today at eight o'clock in the evening. Now you may go, including Shimaz."

We walked out together, somber and worried for our premium sister. Ergaalem, Shimaz's best friend, was holding the sobbing girl with her head resting on Ergaalem's shoulder.

The mood among all of the premium whores was noticeably melancholy over the next two weeks. Finally, what was known as Collection Day arrived.

I had only observed one Collection, though I had been at the Enakazin long enough for two. The Hair Collector had permanently taken the remaining hair - head, eyebrows and eyelashes - of a cute common whore whom I didn't know. It was sad, but not particularly awful. After all, I hadn't had any hair except eyelashes for almost three years. The Mind Collector, probably the most dreadful of them all, had cancelled six months ago, probably for lack of money. His fees were, after all, the highest among the collectors, because he essentially rendered a victim sub-human and mostly incapacitated. I didn't understand why the premiums had to witness the selection and disfigurement of one of the Enakazin whores in this totally, insufferably barbaric event. I asked Shahad how this came to be.

She told me several of the collectors had requested an audience of beautiful women to observe the selection and harvest. Apparently, they thought that would expand and deepen the sexual thrill those sick bastards got from doing this to one of us. Negasi agreed to the horrible idea, with the proviso that he'd charge the Collector for the time each premium whore spent at the ceremony, at their going rate. Despite this being a substantial amount of money, the requesting Collectors agreed. In the end, the awful tradition was put in place for all the Collectors. Negasi had once told the premiums that he felt our having to watch as a whore was mutilated would spur each of us to better performance, make each of us work hard to avoid the same fate. Like every other duty we had at the Retreat, there was no choice on our part. We had to be there to silently observe the maiming.

I walked to the infirmary with Shahad, holding her hand tightly, my stomach churning with the fear of what I was about to see. I hoped that the chosen one wouldn't be someone I knew well, and certainly not a friend. Though I didn't spend much time with Shimaz, I did consider her a friend and a comrade - after all, we were premium whores together in this place.

We were the last of the premiums to arrive at the infirmary, a few minutes before eight o'clock. A guard ushered us upstairs and onto a well-lit, circular balcony, above an operating room. I looked down into what was probably the surgical suite where they had sterilized and modified me, although I didn't remember much about it, having been drugged already when

farrived there, and frightened to distraction.

We stood at the observation windows, looking down into the even more brightly lit surgery. One of the doors below opened and a guard entered, followed by five Enakazin prostitutes, another guard, Dr. Wtanna, Negasi and another man. The Collector was an overweight man who appeared to be in his late forties. He wore an elaborate Arab robe, but his head was uncovered, showing longish, curly black hair, peppered with silver. He was lighter than Negasi, but darker than an Arab would be. I assumed he was ethnically from some Eritrean tribe.

I shifted my attention from the evil man to the five whores. Shimaz stood farthest to the left. I was shocked and very upset to recognize my straight-as-an-arrow friend, Lesedi. She was the artist who had given me the beautiful sketch of Shahad for my birthday over a year ago. Now she was on offer as one of the four common whores. Lesedi was the friendly, outgoing but placidly reserved, former Linda Mattheson from Perth, Australia. She was a motowoseik or average weight, common whore, though I thought she was very pretty. She was a natural medium blonde, maybe an inch taller than I, with a cute, shapely figure. In fact, I'd always wondered why she wasn't a premium, and I knew I wasn't the only premium who thought that curious. Apparently it was because she simply wasn't a very good prostitute, and was particularly adamant in her dislike for woman-on-woman sex. I knew from talking to her that her heart not only wasn't in it, but she couldn't bring herself to accept what they'd forced her to become. She yearned to get away from the Enakazin and return to the city and country she loved and missed.

Lesedi had been snatched while on vacation in India following her graduation from college, a little over a year and a half ago. She was a sketch artist and painter who had traveled far north into India, to paint and sketch two gorgeous temples which were close to each other near the north bank of the Ganges, the Kashi Vishwanath Temple to Shiva and the spectacular Dashashwamedh Ghat in Varanasi. I had learned something about both of them in my Monuments class in grad school, which was required for my archeology major.

That single piece of knowledge had reinforced that I might, indeed, have been the fabled Destiny, who somewhere between fact and legend in my disrupted mind. Regardless, all of that cemented my friendly relationship with the cute, loquacious Linda Mattheson, now simply the Enakazin whore, Lesedi.

Lesedi was kidnapped by Indian terrorists as she applied brush to canvas at the Kashi Vishwanath Temple. Her family, comfortably middle-class but far from wealthy, was unable to accumulate even a fraction of the ridiculous ransom demands. The result: she was eventually sold to Negasi while he was in India looking for a new premium whore. After training, she didn't measure up to premium standards, and became a common whore. She was among the friendliest people I knew, and my heart ached for what she must be going through in this disgusting, depraved situation.

I recognized the other three common houris, but I didn't know any of them well.

The Collector walked up to the offered concubines, inspecting each in detail. I noticed that he spent long moments touching and looking at their ears, into their mouths and eyes, and lifting their eyelids to inspect their eyes more closely. He held and examined the hands of each. He grabbed their noses in pinch, pulling them from side to side and painfully up, and placing his fingers into their nostrils. I thought the man - if I can use that term to describe a monster - was the most evil and disgusting person I'd ever seen.

The monster looked up to the assembled, premium whores, me included, in the circular balcony. I'm sure, with the bright lighting, he could see clearly. I thought I saw him slightly nod when he looked at the melancholy German pain slut, Muna. Then he turned back to Negasi.

The monster pointed at Shimaz and appeared to ask something. I could hear nothing of what he said in the enclosed, obviously sound-proof balcony. Negasi said something, and the demon who was the Collector looked away, concentrating his attention on the other four.

Then, to my horror, he pointed to the lovely, friendly, pretty artistic whore, Lesedi, from Perth Australia.

I saw my pretty friend scream, and a guard step up to slap her so hard that I was sure she would pass out. The other guard, a huge, intimidating man, stepped behind her and held her up. I couldn't even tell if she were conscious or not.

The Collector pointed to my friend's mouth, and held up her limp hand. Negasi nodded slightly, in affirmation.

I saw Dr. Wtanna step up behind Lesedi, and inject something into her upper arm. In a moment, she was being limply held up by the guard. The huge man picked her up and placed her on a surgical table. He and the other guard quickly tied her down.

At that point, two female nurses entered, moved to Lesedi, and proceeded to prep her for what was to come. A third nurse came in later with a small container. Lesedi lay on the surgical table, unmoving:

Everyone in the operation area donned masks and, except for the nurses and Dr. Wtanna, stepped away from the operating table.

My friend Lesedi lay there, apparently unable to move. One of the nurses put a cannula in her arm and began a drip into it. I saw Lesedi's eyes spring open, then slowly close. Dr. Wtanna stepped up to her and said something to one of the nurses.

The nurse opened my friend's mouth and used something that I couldn't see to prop it open. Then she reached into Lesedi's mouth with a flat-tipped forceps, and pulled her tongue up

and out.

I was within moments of screaming when Shahad turned to me, placed her hand over my mouth, and said, "Fatinal Say nothing/ Don't react! Be still! There is nothing you can do!"

As I watched in abject horror, Dr. Wtanna reached into Lesedi's mouth with a dull, coppery, almost-pen-shaped device - a laser scalpel. I could see her wrist slowly turn and flick across, down and upward. This continued for several minutes, then to my horror, the nurse extracted a long, fleshy object from Lesedi's mouth • -HER TONGUE!

I immediately threw up, all over the window in front of me.: saw the Collector monster look up at me, and I was shocked by his hellish smile.

They had taken the tongue of my amiable, soft-spoken friend, who only had wanted to return to her home! I continued to wretch, I couldn't stop reacting to the horror I witnessed.

Both of Lesedi's arms were being positioned out to either side, as though she were being crucified, by moving sections of the stretcher out perpendicular to the bed's base. Her arms were strapped to the extensions in several places, and her hands were both positioned up, instead of flat down, her thumbs extending up from her bound wrists.

Dr. Wtanna held Lesedi's right thumb in her hand and moved toward it with a laser scalpel. Several of my fellow premium whores screamed at that point. [I felt my knees give out and Shahad and Niyat had to grab me to keep me from collapsing. As I looked down into the surgery, Dr. Wtanna was carefully severing Lesedi's thumb with the laser. She harvested it for the Collector by carefully cutting through the joint at its base, removing the thumb and its fleshy muscle. Stitching followed, and then the procedure was repeated on Lesedi's left thumb.

At that point, I think a spark left me, never to return. My friend never wanted to be a whore, and couldn't accommodate what she'd been forced to do. Unlike me, she had no controller to reform her mind, making this aberrant life somehow acceptable to her. As a result, she'd not been a good whore. She was a fine, thoughtful friend who would always volunteer her opinions and her time, if she thought they would help. In addition, she was a talented artist, able to capture the very essence of her subjects, as she had in my portrait of Shahad.

Now, thanks to the Collector - may he rot in a very personal hell for all eternity - she would no longer be the softly-spoken friend, because, with no tongue, she wouldn't be able to speak at all. She would never again create a beautiful image, because she couldn't draw or paint properly without thumbs. The shock and outrage wouldn't go away, and I collapsed, briefly dead to the horrible world in which I found myself. Shahad held me and said it would be alright. For sweet Lesedi, it would never be alright again. The free, happy young woman from Perth had been turned into something, someone else. She could never be what she'd been. I didn't even think that the Collector knew he'd taken away her most important aspects: her

friendly communication skills, and her ability to draw and paint. He probably wouldn't have cared; maybe it would have given him a bigger sexual thrill.

It was beyond horrible. I left there in a daze of denial which hung over me for weeks. Thankfully, my own courtesan performance wasn't affected enough to matter, though I went through my days numb with regret for my friend.

It was almost two months later when I saw Lesedi for the first time after her maiming. It was in the whore's restaurant and in she was sitting by herself. I knew it would be very difficult for me, but I forced myself to walk over and asked if I could join her.

She looked up at me with big, melancholy blue eyes that seemed almost shocked to see me standing there. Lesedi had been -typical Western young woman, Australian in her case, and they had turned her into a Middle Eastern prostitute and then physically maimed her. Like me, they had remade her into physically what they wanted. Without a controller, they hadn't been able to warp her mind, as they had mine. The result was a poorly performing whore who didn't want any part of her life here, and a still-Western woman trapped in the body they'd altered to suit them.

There was an uncomfortable pause, and then Lesedi finally nodded for me to sit down. I sat down with my tray, looking at the pretty Aussie. Now that I was there, I didn't know what to say or do.

"I've missed seeing you, I said in my poor, Arabic diction. I'm glad you're back with us."

Lesedi looked at me and shrugged. It was obvious that everything had changed. She gripped her spoon with all four fingers of her right hand, like: small child would. Of course, that was the only way she could hold it. She took a spoonful of the tsebhisga, an Eritrean beef stew, and put it in her mouth. I could see her chew and move her head awkwardly from side to side, as she tried to maneuver the food around in her mouth without tongue. She picked up a glass of water with both hands, raised it to her lips and drank a sip. Then she knocked back her head and held it there while her food slid down her throat to her stomach.

It was horrible watching the effect of what they'd done to her. She couldn't chew properly without a tongue to move the food around, nor could she swallow without difficulty. They had forever ruined this pretty, friendly, young Australian woman. I had always thought that she was very much like I had been, and sort of identified with her. Now she was much less than the Linda Mattheson she had been before the Enakazin.

"Nothing that has happened has changed my feelings of friendship for you," I told her. "I want to be there for you to the extent I can."

Instinctively, she opened her mouth to say something and, before she could stop herself, an unintelligible, "Uhhhaaanghhh" had embarrassingly come out of her broken mouth. Linda,

now very much the whore Lesedi, could no longer speak at all.

She reached between her pretty breasts, nipples ringed like all of us, and pulled out a pen that had been suspended there. Holding it with her fingers and palm, like a small child, she carefully wrote something on a napkin, and handed it to me. Of course, I couldn't read it at all. I couldn't even tell you if it were in English or Arabic.

I looked up at her sadly, tears forming in my eyes. "Lesedi, I can't read - either Arabic or English. Negasi used my controller to damage my brain so I can never read or write again. I'm so sorry, but I can't read what you wrote here."

She waved her hands around and said something that sounded like "Pa-oh-ma," but I didn't know what she was trying to say. Then, with more patience than I would have had, she pointed to me, gave the universal sign for looking at you or watching, and pointed to herself.

"You want me to watch you?" I asked. She nodded. "You are going to try to pantomime something for me?" I knew the Arab word for pantomime, because Shahad had played that game with other houri's sometimes. Perhaps Lesedi was trying to say that in English when she tried to speak with no tongue, and "Pa-oh-ma" came out?

The conversation which followed, fit can even be called that, took over an hour to communicate between the two of us. I looked around for someone to speak Lesedi's notes to me but I didn't see any close friends who I thought would join us. So we toughed it out with her sign language, my guesses, and my poorly enunciated Arabic.

At least I could still talk, if a little slowly.

Essentially, the conversation went like this:

"I feel so broken, Fatina. I am broken and I can never be repaired."

"I'm so sorry Lesedi. You didn't deserve what was done to you. We are surely in hell, here at the Enakazin. Like you, I'm broken too."

She held up her index finger, pointed into her mouth, and tapped on my forehead. Then she made a motion like breaking a stick.

"Yes," said, "they cut away your tongue and now you can't speak anymore - or swallow properly - and without your thumbs your hands are crippled. All for that monster, the Collector. If I ever have a chance, I will surely kill him." I meant what I said.

She tapped my forehead again, and made the stick-breaking sign.

"And they broke my brain so I cannot speak English anymore, and I can never again read or

write or learn how to. In addition, though don't think I ever told you, they changed my thinking and my mind to make want to be a whore. I can't help myself. They've turned me into something else, something I never was or wanted to be."

With signing, she said essentially, "I wish they had done that to me. It would have been better to have gladly been a whore, than the broken girl they turned me into. How can ever go home now, and function in any meaningful way in: real, free nation?"

"Can you paint? Have you tried?" I asked, afraid of the answer.

"I have no dexterity anymore. I cannot paint or draw or do much of anything with my hands," she told me. "Without thumbs, I am a cripple. I write and draw like a baby," she cry. We sat there quietly eating, glancing up at each other every once in a while.

Then she started to

Finally, I asked her if there were anything I could do for her. She shook her head no, then added through pantomime, "I wish you could make me want to be a whore. I'm forced to do it anyway, and now it's the only thing I can do. That would make things easier for me. As it is, I hate myself for what I'm forced to do, yet I'm too much of a coward to end it all."

I encouraged her to not end it all - I've always believed life was preferable to death, even in my darkest moments. I also knew those thoughts were truly me, even if my controller wouldn't allow me to commit suicide anyway.

I walked Lesedi back to her rooms, in the dormitory next to mine, gave her a hug and a kiss and left her. A plan had formed in my mind and I needed to think about it. I needed to decide if my idea would be more harmful than good, and I simply didn't know.

It would be another six weeks before I was able to act on my idea. That occurred the same day as another bimonthly meeting of the premiums hours with Negasi. After the meeting, I went up to my Master, knelt before him in tulip, and asked if I might speak to him privately for a couple of minutes. He agreed. My sister whores all left and he sat down and asked me what I wanted.

I'd decided to share my idea about Lesedi with him, after much thought and spending additional time with her, observing how miserable her life had become. After all, her two greatest joys, friendly conversation with anyone who was available, and drawing and painting had been taken from her.

"Have a thought, Master, which I'd like to share with you. I hope you won't take offense that I am so forward as to suggest I might have something of value to interest you" "It is true, little one, that I acquired you for your body, but I am no fool. I know that your talent comes as much from your mind and I've come to appreciate that. You have an inventive mind, even

if it is somewhat less than it once was. I assume you won't be so foolish as to come across arrogant (that was clearly warning). You are merely a courtesan, after all. That said, would like to hear what you have to say."

I thought my mind was much more than "somewhat less," but I said nothing about Negasi's comment. Instead, I plowed ahead. "Thank you, Master. It regards Lesedi, and a possible plan to make her a better performing houriof the Enakazin."

"Lesedi.. The common whore who was most recently harvested by the Senses Collector?"

"Yes, Master." I was aghast at his use of the term, "harvested." What had been done to poor Lesedi, formerly Linda Mattheson of Perth, was beyond criminal, beyond barbaric. It was pure mutilation. I couldn't say that, of course.

"I didn't know you associated much with the common courtesans."

"I don't, Master, but I have become friends with a few. I did know Lesedi before the Collector arrived, and I have had a conversation with her several times since."

"Those must have been unusual conversations. She can't speak and you can't read anything she writes."

He'd gotten straight to the point there. I wouldn't let my anger distress me further. I said, "The conversations were tedious. Lesedi used pantomime and I spoke to her in my slow, distorted Arabic." "Ah. Well, you have more patience than I would have. So what has this got to do with what you want to share with me?"

"Lesedi is a chronic, low-performing whore"

"That is certainly true, Little One. She's reaped the consequences of that lack of dedication."

"She never wanted to be here, Master."

"You have yet to tell me anything I didn't already know. Now get on with it, Fatina." He was getting impatient with me. I went on as instructed.

"Where Lesedi was a discontented, maladjusted common courtesan, she is now a depressed, discontented, maladjusted courtesan, Master. Have an idea of how you might correct both her performance and her level of happiness here. That would be good for business, wouldn't it?"

Negasi tilted his head to the side and looked at me as at 𐤎𐤕 to say, "And what do you know about business, Little One?" What he said, to his credit, was, "And how would I accomplish that?" "Implant her with a controller, Master." It was an awful and radical idea, but it had

worked for me. I hated what they'd tO done to me, but they had made me happy to be a whore, though was regularly conflicted inside. But I'd come to realize that: Was better off thanIwould have been, being a slave with full control of my own mind, but no way to adjust to my circumstances. Neither Destiny nor Karimah would have been able to survive here. After much pondering and a lot of soul-wrenching agonizing over my idea, Id come to the conclusion that Lesedi, given where she was forced to be and what they had done to her, would be better off ifher mind were nudged enough to give her different view of and feelings about her situation, Make her glad to be a whore, as they'd done to me.

God help me, Ihoped I was suggesting the right thing for hapless Lesedi. I did know that, within me,Iwas able to hold at bay my natural inclination to detest what Id become, and mostly feel comfortable about being a truly talented prostitute. Certainly, my own, natural abhorrence of my metier would surface but, because of what they' d done to my mind, was somehow able to put it in an acceptable perspective and make it go away. After all, I wasn't the fabled Destiny anymore. If she existed at all,I was some evolution of her that had many of her memories and experiences to draw on, as I drew on Karimah. But J was Fatina now and Fatina was a different person in very different circumstances.

I hated it, but the controller had worked for me. It made my life tolerable, sometimes fun, and often I was proud of being among the best, or actually the best, at the Enakazin.

With considerable uneasiness and dread, I'd come to the conclusion that what worked for me would be best for Linda Mattheson too. To survive, I believed she needed to genuinely become Lesedi.

"Implant Lesedi with a controller?" Negasi echoed.

"Yes Master. And alter her viewpoints to make her a dedicated, contented concubine of the Enakazin."

"And what makes you think that's even possible?" He asked. Now was the most dangerous part of this conversation for me. I was about to reveal what I believed I knew about their further tampering with my mind.

"Master, I am certain that shortly after Iarrived here, you had my mind tuned to the profession youd chosen for me. If that's true, I' m forever grateful to you for that, Master. You showed me kindness where you could have tO left me to my own thoughts, and i would have slowly disintegrated. Instead, I was able to embrace my new life, and be successful here in your eyes, for you." " hoped I wasn't pilingit on too thick.

"We may have tuned' your mind, as you conjecture, Fatina, but we certainly didn't disrupt the slyness in your character."

I cast my eyes downward and said, "T'm sorry, Master."

He chuckled. "For me, I think you're more your original self than even you realize." And then he laughed out loud.

"Fatina, I do not have access to un-implanted controllers. The government of the Kingdom of Salathas an agreement with China, who supplies the technology to them. Thus, the government tightly controls who in the kingdom has access to and, thereby, the means to implant controllers."

"I have thought about that, Master, and lasked around a little. I found that the government official who is the Minds Collector has access to un-implanted controllers.] thought perhaps, in exchange for lower fee the next time he comes to ..." I forced myself to say it, "harvest, you could convince him to get a controller for Lesedi"

"You are a devious one, Fatina! Perhaps I could offer you to him for a modest fee above common whore prices, in exchange for a controller, eh? Would you be willing to take your chances with him to help your friend, Lesedi?"

I was stunned. The idea of someone literally destroying my mind and replacing me with what was left after my frontal lobe was eviscerated was the most horrible thing I could imagine! Far worse than death!

What could I say to that? He was calling me out.

"Master, I believe I can best serve you and make the most money for you 1s am. I also think that a treated, "tuned" Lesedi would make so much more for you that it would more than compensate for any small discount you would offer. Besides, it seems the Collectors owe you a lot. How could they collect without you?"

He looked at me curiously again. "Were you an accountant before you came to be in the Control Institution?"

"No, Master. If memory serves, I was an archeologist."

"Oh, yes, I remember. You may have missed your true calling""

"My true calling now is to be your best prostitute, Master"

"Be careful, Fatina, I'm not a sucker for compliments."

"It is true, though, Master. You have fashioned me physically and mentally to be the perfect whore. Consider my curves, my tongue, my desire to be the best whore at the Enakazin.."

"And a considerate friend to Lesedi."

"And others, Master. Happy hour is better-performing hour. I like to keep the people around me happy."

To earn more money for me, I suppose."

I took a risk and smiled. "Of course, Master."

He belly-laughed again.

"Fatima. I doubt it is possible, but T1 look into it. Now: must be elsewhere"

bowed in the position of respect, all the way to the floor. He left, chuckling and mumbling to himself. Once again, I hoped I had done the right thing for my friend. I also hoped something positive would come of the risk I had taken.

I vowed to score highest in the next month, to reinforce Negasi's belief in my superior skills, and his confidence in me. In addition, as always, I wanted to be best. I liked being best.

Besides, a happy Master is a better-performing Master.

A month later I was summoned to Negasi's bed. That in itself wasn't unusual; he would often summon the best premium of the month for sex, and I was tops again. He would fuck common whores from time to time also. With me, he particularly liked what I could do to him with my two tongues and their attendant studs. He appreciated the control I had over my anal and vaginal muscles too.

We had hungry, athletic, stimulating sex as soon as I had lain on his bed. I wanted to fuck him. He was the most talented male lover I'd ever had. He was so much better than my average client that there was no comparison at all.

The next hour on his bed would have served as a doctorate-level course in fucking for both women and men. We challenged each other and one built upon the skills of the other. The climaxes went higher and lasted longer than I could ever remember, with perhaps the exception of one time when I made love to Dyana, and another one with Shahad. Negasi filled each of my openings in turn, and I mean he really filled me!

I like gadgets, tools and devices as well as anyone, but there was no need for anything other than our two bodies, each determined to conquer and please the other in a dueling display of sexual prowess.

I knew my Master would never succumb first, even if it killed him, so (finally, being clearly bottom to his dominance, begged for a break. "Master, you have overwhelmed me. I surrender to your divine ability.

You have surely conquered me."

"I will say, Little One, that you are unsurpassed" he complimented me, not without an expression of satisfaction that I had been the first to concede. Then, being no fool, he looked at me curiously, then frowned and shook his head. "Ah see. Even your capitulation is part of your pleasing me, devious little whore."

"Not at all, Master," I said somewhat coyly. "You have taken all I had to give, and returned it tenfold."

"Don't try again to manipulate me, Fatina. Once in a year or two will have to be enough for you, especially since I have acceded to your request."

I wasn't at all sure what he was referring to. "Master?" I inquired of him.

"Even as we lie here, Dr. Wtanna is implanting Lesedi with controller as you proposed."

I was momentarily shocked. I thought my request had been a long-shot at best, and never had been totally convinced that it was a good idea or anything I wanted for my broken friend. Now it seemed that it was entirely out of my hands.

"You look thoughtful, Fatina. After all, it was your idea. I thought it had merit and was curious to find out what we could do with Lesedi as a result. She will be kept separated from the rest of the house for a month or two while we try some things."

I feared he had twisted my straight-forward idea to make Lesedi more accepting of the life she had been forced to live, into a chance to experiment on her and I was horrified at that thought. After all, the poor young woman had already been denied the ability to talk or taste or have hands that could manipulate properly. The basic evil of this place had broken the sweet Australian girl in a way that would never have happened in her homeland - or anywhere in the West.

"What. what will you do to her, Master?" I asked, trying to be nonchalant about my interest.

"You know, Fatina, sometimes you can be quite devious and you conceal it well. Not so right now. I can see though you like a window. You are concerned we will further disable your friend. All I can tell you is that I have a number of ideas and I intend to try most if not all of them, before finally decide what Lesedi will be. I will only promise you that, in the end, we will try to make her happy with however she ends up. You may see her, once she completes the indoctrination and leaves the Manzilun Khassung.

He was sending my friend to one of the special experience brothels! Those were the most frightening places in the Enakazin' They were rumored, among the premiums, to be worse

than the surgical suite during a harvest!

"Why must she go to a Khassung, Master?"

"You are reading too much into that, Fatina. That is simply where we send courtesans on whom we're trying something new. Being formerly an archeologist and a scientist, you might say we're experimenting. In this case, nothing much will change for her physically. Enough has been done to her in that regard, and I will protect her from further damage. She was a victim of the realities of operating the Enakazin, and her own poor acceptance and subsequent performance of the duties of her life here. As you suggested, we will nudge her mind here or there. Perhaps we will try some things similar to what I did to you -or perhaps not.

We will see. She will conduct her responsibilities in the Khassung while we observe the effects of the controller on her actions, abilities, perspectives and attitudes. She may or may not realize what we're doing to her, though she certainly will know a permanent controller was installed in her and that it is like the one within you."

"Will she know of my involvement in this attempt to alter her disposition, Master?"

"Only if you tell her. Frankly, I don't care whether or not she knows, but I have no intention of telling her, and no one else knows you gave me the idea"

I was thankful for that. Now I could only hope that my friend came out of this the better for it, not the worse, and that she rediscovered, somehow, the happiness of living day-to-day, even in this vilest of places.

Chapter 8 - She's Not There

I continued to fuck Masters and Mistresses, and hang with Shahad whenever we were both off. Shahad and I rarely fucked, but we made love a lot. If I assumed I was, at one time, the young American woman, Destiny, my fellow citizen, Shahad, was the most talented female lover I not only ever had, but could ever imagine. I asked her about this once. "How did you go from being Freya Knutson to being Shahad, the most amazing female lover I've ever been with?"

"At the time, it seemed to be the thing to do. How did you evolve from Destiny to Fatina"

"That's easy. They used my controller to alter my mind. Now, I can be nothing other than a prostitute."

"You are not a prostitute to me," she said emphatically, "Perhaps, Destiny" I was surprised she called me by my supposed birth name, "what they did gave direction to the manner in which you personally evolved, but they couldn't have done anything to you to

make you as gifted as you are." "Bullshit. I'm not that good." What was she implying?

"That's not what the monthly statistics say. You are the best among the very best. You, Fatina, a former American archeologist, are the Retreat's consummate whore. And you are that because you earned it by the sexiness and satisfaction of your performance, which first surprised, then amazed, and finally astonished your clients. I don't believe your controller had much, if anything, to do with your performance. It only eased you, personally, into a state of mind from which you were able to use your innate talents to become the accomplished, distinguished courtesan in this very, very upscale campus of prostitution." "Is that the way you talked, back in Minneapolis?"

"Not even close. And I know the way you're communicating now is not the way you talked back in River's Edge, because back then you spoke English, and now you speak only Arabic."

"I never wanted to be a prostitute," I said defensively.

"Yet here you are. As am I. We weren't allowed to mature as Americans, Destiny. Fate stepped in to immure us. Our Master was determined to make us something else. And that, my dearest friend and lover, is what we are. I can't help it, and neither can you.

"So, Destiny ... given our situation, over which we have no control, I want you to fuck me raw, like you would a Mistress for whom you cared nothing, not make love to me. Let us celebrate the coincidence that brought us together?"

"Sometimes, I think you are paid by Negasi to corrupt me."

"Destiny, or Fatina ... really? He has effortlessly corrupted you through your controller. He doesn't need me. You are clay in his hands."

She was right, so I fucked her. There was no love involved, though in my conscious thoughts, I knew I loved this wonderful woman. The sex was raw and mostly violent. I used my tongues to bring her to the edge of clitoral climax. Then, with my dentures - my false teeth bit her pearl-like, sensitive bud to bring her down again. At that point, I knew I had her because she yelled, "I need to come, Fatina! I need you to fuck me to climax!"

"NO!" I told her, before: stuck my fingers in her ass so hard it immediately killed any remaining arousal. Using the fingers I'd placed in her rosebud, and my tongues on her clit, I immediately brought her up again. I said, "You may cum, but only with my sanctioning"

She started to shake and she actually reached for her clit to use her own fingers to take herself over the delicious edge, which I had denied her.

I raised up and immediately dove for her mouth. Once I had captured it, I really, really bit hard on her tongue. She screamed as though we were about to bite it off! Truly, I might have in the passion of the moment. Somehow, I passed that point, and began to come down.

Neither of us had come, and that first. She looked at me with concern and said, "You are not satisfied, Fatina, and neither am I."

"T LO will make love to you anytime. But I will not fuck you 1S whore of the Enakazin." I told her.

As a woman controlled, that was important to me. It was the last stand of a warrior who knew she was about to be defeated - perhaps of a warrior who was defeated, of a woman determined to survive in this awful place as something less than she'd been. It was a minor issue to Shahad, but a very big deal to me.

She looked at me with, at first, surprise. Gradually her countenance softened and she said, "Make love to me Fatina," and I did. In the end it was patient and lovely and we climbed a gentle hill slowly, together. That time the foreplay was unusually breast-centric. I played with, licked, and tugged on her pretty, pierced nipples and held, squeezed and massaged her full breasts. She did similar things to mine.

Her hands roamed all over my body's pliant curves and her fingers played with my flesh. As she stroked along my sensitive underarms and inner thighs, I moaned at the delightful sensations. This was to be a whole-body experience in touches and tastes. There was determination, but no brutal, intense, physical action. Rather, her presence all over my body and mine on hers was more like the caress of a light breeze, a subdued, lilting song, the pastel colors of sunlight filtered through the changing leaves of trees in the fall.

The rise to the edge again was so gradual that I was surprised when we finally got there. It seemed as though the nerves of my body were not at all on fire. No, they were all alive, pleased, perched at the edge with smiles on their faces.

We are two talented sex workers. We caught ourselves at that precipice of ultimate pleasure and held ourselves there so that we might jump together. When it happened, it happened simultaneously, and we tumbled slowly into the lengthy, shallow abyss of drawn-out pleasure, in the firm but not biting spasms of our carefully-constructed climax. The waves rolled upon the orgasmic shore over and over, extended far beyond what I thought was possible. When it finally ended, I was as spent as though I'd run a marathon, though the exertion was so relaxed that I was drained only because it went on for so long.

It had been a couple of months since Negasi had told me that a controller was being implanted into Lesedi. I'd looked for her, but she'd apparently been cloistered in a Khassung while Negasi's minions tampered with her mind, doing whatever he'd decided to try. As the weeks passed, I became more and more nervous about my friend, and fearful that I'd made the wrong decision in suggesting that Negasi get her a controller to help her adjust to the life to which, like me, her changed body was now bound.

One afternoon on a day off before another workweek of fucking to feather Negasi's nest, Shahad and Thad strolled over to the entrance of our little grove. There sa stone bench on the short path thatled back to the semi-private area we liked to use when we to were together outside. Sitting on the bench, facing away from us, was a courtesan with short, bright, silvery-gray hair and fair skin. As we walked by her, llooked down to see her because she was the first hourird seen with that unusual hair color, somewhere between too-old-for-her-age, and totally edgy.

She was at looking down at her pussy, which she was massaging in a very obvious, very public masturbation. Without stopping, she looked up at me with bright blue, shining eyes. She was eyebrowless, not uncommon at the Enakazin; after all, l was also browless unless drew them on. Her thick, full, more-than-ample lips formed alarge "O," and she was making an oooh-like sound, that wasn't quite the "oooh" sound youd expect, but more like someone saying "uuuh" with their lips in an "o." It took more than a moment, for me to realize that the young woman was Lesedi!

She recognized us immediately, and smiled at us ina way that I could only describe as beatific, as though she were looking into the face of God. Her lips, which had always exhibited the sweetest of innocent smiles before she was traumatized by being maimed by the Collector, were more like little pillows distorting her face. Her lack of eyebrows, probably because hers had been so full before, completely changed her visage and erased most of her personality. Her now-silver hair was cut in a long pixie, up and over her ears.

Both of her ears had been spiraled with silver wire. It extended from half a centimeter above the stud in her first piercing in her earlobe, all the way up, around, and over her ear, ending where her met her head on the upper inside. In other words, someone had sewn her ears with wire, pushing it through the soft part of her earlobe, out the back, looped it around to the front, and pushed it through again, about half a centimeter from where the first stitch entered. The first piercing was anchored with a tiny silver ball at the beginning of the wire. This was continued all the way up her ear, reentering every half centimeter, until her entire ear, from the beginning to where the inside of the top curve met her head, was outlined by loops of silver wire, piercing her ear over and over. The end was held in place with another ball fastened to the end of the wire.

Given what they'd done to her appearance, she bore no resemblance to the long-haired blonde with the amiable face that shed been before.

Lesedi continued to look at us as her eyes narrowed, her mouth went back to an "O," and she diligently worked her fingers over her clitoris, neither stopping nor changing her rhythm at all.

"Who...?" Shahad started to ask.

lquickly whispered, "Lesedi," and watched as Shahad's expression changed to one of

shocked recognition.

Lesedi persisted in staring at us while she continued to masturbate. Gradually though, over the next thirty seconds, her eyes closed and we stood there, watching her orgasm right on the bench!

Neither of us had said a word to her yet. I guess at first we were so shocked to finally run across her, and then to see her changed appearance, that we were speechless. Before we could recover from how she looked, we'd been floored to have caught her masturbating in public. It happened, though rarely, but I would never have expected that of Lesedi in a thousand years.

I could see that the waves of pleasure running through her had stopped. Her eyes opened and she looked at us again, apparently glad to see us. She stood up and immediately hugged her naked body to mine, telling her how glad I was to see her. Shahad also hugged her and we down the bench on either side of her, placing our picnic baskets on the path in front of us.

I took Lesedi's hand and asked, "How are you?" In a concerned voice. I noticed a pad and pen sitting next to her and let go of her hand so she could write, gripping the pen like a child might, using all four fingers to make a thumb-less fist around it. She wrote something carefully, trying to write small enough to only use a couple of lines, and handed the pad to Shahad to read it to me.

"I'm very happy right now, why are you asking me that?"

"Because I knew you were so devastated after they maimed you. I care about you, Linda." I decided to call her by her birth name. I don't know why. Maybe I thought that would trigger some true response that my question hadn't.

I saw her begin to massage her clit again, almost as though it were a nervous habit. She looked at me slightly curiously, paused in her self-arousal, and wrote, "Who's Linda?" Fortunately, Shahad was there to speak what Lesedi wrote. Otherwise, the conversation would have required the pantomime of my earlier talk with Lesedi. I'll tell what was said, as though it were a regular conversation. It wasn't.

"Linda was your birth name, back in Perth, Australia."

"Oh.. yes she wrote. "I have vague memories of that awful place. It was a long time ago. I don't remember a Linda, which is an odd-sounding name anyway. I certainly wasn't Linda myself. Was Lesedi. that's my name, Shahad, Fatina. I know you knew that. My parents named me Lesedi, because they were uh...uh.. from... the uh... the Middle East?"

Vague memories? It had only been a little more than a year and a half for her, maybe getting close to two years by now. I didn't say that. Negasi's programmers had learned - probably

from me. They'd erased the life of my sweet friend, Lesedi-Linda. They had at least buried Linda. More likely, they had disassembled her and disposed of many of her parts. This girl in front of me was .. wasn't sure yet.

She continued writing, a contented, relaxed smile on her face. When she wasn't writing, her fingers went immediately back to her snatch. "T had a terrible time growing up in Perth. I was abused by several relatives all of them slavers - and ignored by my parents. Australia was dark, totalitarian, biased against women like me, and overall an unpleasant place to be. I was far happier when I finally got out of there and went to India to draw and paint. was so lucky that I was noticed by a few talent agents, who connected me with Negasi, Now I can fulfill my true destiny"

[almost fell off the bench. It looked to me like Shahad was aghast. The "talent agents" were the slavers, and were no relatives. The programmers had managed to entwine them with family within the recesses of Lesedi's mind, which was also entwined with the controller's filaments, like mine was.

I'm sure I looked at Lesedi astonished at what she'd just said. I looked her up and down. Her face had the pleased smile of someone with her friends. Meanwhile, her fingers probed at her pussy and she began to masturbate herself again. I saw her gently circle her clit and stroke the soft folds around it. She placed her index and middle fingers into her empty mouth, getting them noticeably wet, dripping with saliva, and she started to work her love bud diligently.

"Lesedi" I said. I was determined to know if this person had any resemblance to the sweet friend Td known. They'd obviously altered and warped her memories, opinions, and inclinations much more than I would have expected. "Lesedi, do you remember how unhappy you were here at the Retreat?"

got even brighter. She wrote, "Oh! Yes, Fatina, I do! While I served in the Khassung, I finally realized that I'd been a slave to my parents bigoted programming! I would never have been happy as a vassal

Her eyes to Western economies and their prejudiced, homophobic attitudes! Now, Allah be praised, I'm here at this paradise, and I'm able to express my sexuality however I want and whenever I want"

At that moment, her eyes rolled back in her head and she climaxed again. I looked at Shahad, tears in my eyes. Shahad shrugged and started to speak, as Lesedi resurfaced and began to write something again. She wrote, "Of course, I still don't like fucking men all that much. I know you premium whores easily accommodate both men and women. Personally, I feel much less happy about prostituting myself to them. Fortunately, in the Khassung, they helped me understand that it was okay to extract pleasure from those sorry fuckers.

"Now, however," she continued, "they are scheduling me almost exclusively with women

clients and I'm so grateful! I take pleasure from lesbian sex every time! I guess it's how I'm naturally wired" Those comments had come from one of the most hetero women I'd ever known. The idea of sex with women, in the past, would sometimes make her sick. The clients knew, of course. even if Lesedi had the presence of mind to try to cover her true feelings, which was why she'd received so many negative rating comments. Of course, there was also her deep-seated aversion to prostituting herself to anyone. Obviously, she wasn't that way anymore. Unbelievably, they'd managed to completely shift her sexual orientation from one end of the hetero-homo continuum to the other. I was sure that was a Negasi experiment. It would certainly make Lesedi a successful lesbian whore, and get her rating up. I guess that was good outcome, wasn't it?

Had I done the right thing? I may have saved her from further punishment, but had I really done right by her in suggesting to Negasi that she be controlled? Was this artificially-contented prostitute still my friend Lesedi? She certainly wasn't Linda Mattheson anymore. In addition, she didn't have any of Linda's attitudes about things. A bad joke kept rolling through my mind, "The operation was a success but the patient died." Had I killed Linda, and maimed Lesedi?

My daydreaming was interrupted by Shahad, who asked, "Lesedi, how do you feel about your situation here?"

"I'm so happy to be here instead of that awful, dreary Perth! And I'm finally out from under my parents' influence forever. I'm very happy. They have been nothing but good to me since I got here, even if I didn't always respond gratefully as I should have"

"But Lesedi, they maimed you! The Collector took your tongue and thumbs when you were offered up by Negasi, because you didn't adapt well to being an Enakazin concubine!" Shahad's voice was almost pleading in its intensity, as she tried to get through to Lesedi.

"You used to talk freely and always had something important to say. And you could draw and paint, including that beautiful sketch of me that you gave to Fatina for her birthday! Because of what they did to you, you can't do either of those things anymore"

Lesedi smiled at Shahad with a look of complete understanding, then looked down to carefully write. She handed the paper to Shahad as she wrote something else.

An astonished Shahad read Lesedi's words to me, and continued as Lesedi wrote more. "I can talk, silly! I'm talking to you right now with pen and paper. My mother always used to hurt my feelings when she told me to shut up and hold my tongue. Now I have no tongue to hold the joke's on her, the batty old bitch. To be perfectly honest, I don't much remember what it was like to have a tongue and be able to talk. I can still make noises, but no, I can't pronounce words. That really doesn't seem like a big deal to me. Now that I can't talk with my mouth, looking back on it, I don't think it was a very important thing to do anyway." "They've crippled your hands, Lesedi" I said, trying to find a kernel of the old Linda Mattheson in there, even if it were a hurting Linda.

"Honestly dear, talented Fatina, I don't remember having thumbs. I know I did, because I know they were harvested, but I couldn't describe what that was like if my life depended on it. So how important could they have been? Maybe it was easier to pick up little things, or hold larger objects, but I can still grab a cock with my hands and give it a decent rub. as I can't grasp a clit as well perhaps, but I have my lips for that." "But you don't have your tongue to use in pleasing your women clients and you can't draw or paint anymore!"

"Look at my lips, Fatina! Master's clinicians were nice enough to enhance them! I don't need a tongue anymore to please women or men; I have these full, sexy lips!

"As far as drawing and painting goes, so what? Who cares? I have plenty to occupy my time with fucking for my Master - our Master I mean. When I'm not fucking, I have other important things to do with my fingers -and they're better than thumbs at pleasuring me!" Lesedi giggled and her hand went down to her pussy and she started to diddle herself again. Soon, her eyes and her expression seemed far away as her newfound vulva obsession took over her. Shahad and I watched. The girl appeared to be unable to leave her clitoris untouched, her pussy un-massaged for more than a couple of minutes.

While she continued, oblivious to us now, I asked Shahad if we should ask Lesedi to join us. She nodded. Lesedi climaxed again, which was no surprise. I held out my hand, reaching for her right which was now covered with her own juices. I invited her to join us.

"I'd be honored to be seen with two premiums," she wrote. Then she used her finger to underline "honored" over and over again. "I've been taught to idolize you premiums," she added. "I would do anything to spend a few moments in your presence. They helped me realize how truly awesome your premium hours are!"

"Would you stop the habit of playing with yourself to spend a few moments with us?" Shahad asked disdainfully.

Lesedi didn't pick up on the patronizing nature of Shahad's comment. All she wrote was, "Maybe not that. I don't think I can stop that. It's not: habit it's ..." she paused, looking up at the sky, her eyes unfocused, then wrote, "... it's required." "Required by whom?" I asked her.

"By our Master, of course. Who else?"

"Did Negasi tell you this?"

She stopped getting up and actually started to quiver. She quickly scrawled, "I could never call our Master by his name. It frightens me to even hear it spoken. I suppose you premiums are privileged and may call him that. I cannot."

Shahad and I looked at each other, shaking our heads. There was no way to respond to that ingrained mindset. Someone had programmed Lesedi that way and it was totally the way she was now.

Lesedi walked back to the grove with us. I held her left hand while her right hand attended to her own clit. We spread our lunch on a blanket; there was plenty for three thanks to our chef friend, whom we paid graciously with sexual favors. We sat down to eat, mostly quietly. Lesedi used her left hand to break off and pick up several tiny bites of food at a time, which she would chew, shaking her head from side-to-side in an attempt to distribute the food in her tongueless mouth. All this time, she would continue to play with her clit and her inner lips. Then she would stop, pick up a glass of goat's milk with both hands, and carefully sip a certain amount. She would shake her head again to mix the food-milk combination, then tip her head back to rinse it down her throat, with barely an assist from the tongue remnant at the back of her mouth.

I'd seen this before her controller was implanted, but now the whole process seemed so much more poignant. I tried as hard as I could to suppress tears for my sweet friend—now, my somewhat lost friend. Lesedi went back to playing with herself, apparently oblivious to my reaction. A few minutes later, she came again. Thus, lunch continued, with Lesedi swallowing down and getting off on about equal measure.

I had never had sex with Lesedi, of course, but both Shahad and I thought we should invite her to join us in a romp in the grove after we ate. You would have thought we'd offered her a million dollars and her freedom, such was her instilled, ingrained admiration for us as premium whores. She insisted on pleasing us first and foremost. Shahad lay down on our cleared-off blanket and Lesedi moved over her, positioning her enhanced lips over Shahad's mound.

I kissed Shahad on the lips and fondled her nipples and their rings. My two tongues moved within her mouth, grasping her tongue between them, and spreading out to either side to essentially lock our lips together. Lesedi managed to reach up to my pussy and ran her fingers along my slit while keeping her lips on and around Shahad's clit. I tightly held Shahad's mouth against mine with my spread tongues wrapped around and holding hers, until Lesedi brought Shahad to climax. As she came, quivering with need, I swallowed her moans of pleasure from her mouth into mine.

Lesedi immediately slid under me, placed her hands on my chunky bottom, and pulled my crotch down, onto her face. For the first time, I felt a woman please me with lips alone, and no tongue action. It was unique and breathtakingly satisfying, because of the puffiness of Lesedi's lips, which surrounded my center of sexuality, while at the same time, she sucked my clitoris into them. That had the effect of bringing me to an excellent clitoral climax, and focusing the entire experience in a puffy, donut-shaped area around my love bud.

It was the most clitoris-centric orgasm I'd ever had. It didn't spread out through my body to

my anus and breasts. Lesedi's lips kept it right where they were. It reverberated within the contact of the circle of her pillowy mouth. I cried out, too loudly, with the force of the experience.

"Oh Lesedi, I said when I'd come down, that was quite extraordinary! Your lips intensified my orgasm right where they were suctioned to me, beyond any purely clitoral climax I've felt before!"

She smiled a huge smile and nodded in a way that said, "I told you I didn't need a tongue to please a woman!"

"I can see that you don't need a tongue to be a superb lover" "I said, laughing, "but I have two and now I intend to use them on you."

She started to protest in gestures, but Shahad and I held her in place while I went down on her pussy with my talented tongue tentacles. Shahad lay her own body across Lesedi and began to suck her breasts to hold her down. We worked together to spread the pleasure across all of Lesedi's body, from her face to her breasts to her pussy and back to her rosebud.

This was something that never could have happened with the straight-as-an-arrow Linda-Lesedi. That girl had hated lesbian sex, and would never have wanted to do it for recreational fun when she didn't have

to.

My fingers entered her rectum cautiously. I didn't yet know how she'd respond to being buggered - by my fingers or anything else. I was pretty sure the old Lesedi hated anal sex in any form.

Not so this changed, customized, controlled Lesedi. She used her sphincter muscles to literally pull my fingers into her, a neat trick which she did very well, at the same time she pushed her groin tighter against my mouth and tongues. I could feel her start to tense up in an attempt to hold off her own climax. I was sure Shahad sensed it too, and we both lightened our touches and moved fingers, mouths and tongues so that they approached but didn't touch the most sensitive areas of clit, nipples and anal ring. Around and on or within we went to hold her at the edge while allowing the pleasure potential to build and build.

When her unintelligible moans turned to unintelligible screams of recognizable need, we brought Lesedi over the top into a long climax that she experienced almost everywhere. Her body shook violently. Shahad and I continued to work her as the waves of orgasm rolled up through her again and yet again.

Afterward, we lay together in the hot sun, arms and legs entwined, our vaginal juices and sweat blending across our bodies and drying in the desert heat. Lesedi, with seemingly great

effort, propped herself up long enough to write. Shahad read, "That was extraordinary - beyond anything I thought was possible. Now I know what astounding talent is possessed by a premium whore of the Enakazin. I am in awe of you both."

"You equaled us in every way" I told her. Shahad agreed. Lesedi smiled demurely. I could tell this significantly changed woman was happy, and that was what I had wanted. The price of course, was that she was no longer the sweet, innocent, young, enslaved girl who had been so very Western in her attitudes and behaviors, and in her talents and personality.

That night was rare in that I didn't have a late or all-night client to start my work week. I lay in bed for a long time with thoughts of the revised, rebuilt, reoriented, refocused Lesedi rolling over and over in my mind. Eventually, I fell asleep still wondering, I suppose, if I'd done right by my friend.

I was deep in sleep when I heard a song from when I was, I think, a small child in some other strange, unusual place - a reality that was both real and felt imagined at the same time. This was the reality from which, I believe, I'd sprung, if there were any veracity to my nebulous, randomly-connected memories.

I was on one of my infrequent visits to the house of my mother's parents, my grandparents, in a far-off city. In my young opinion, it was a long plane ride from whatever I considered, at that time, to be home. My mother's father, my grandfather, was a self-described child of the 60s - meaning the 1960s. By the time of that visit, we were already well into the 21st century.

If my reminiscing even slightly reflects reality, I loved my Grandpa with the innocence of childhood, and the awakening of maturity when I was older. I didn't see him often, and have only a few, indistinct memories of him. To me now, he seems, in many ways, more real than Destiny, but then, if he were real, Destiny must, by association, be real too. Maybe I had more complete recollections before they used the controller on my memory. I don't know. As far as I know, or remember, or believe, or hope, Grandpa was still alive, but very old, when I... when I... when I was absorbed into the Kingdom of Salat.

Absorbed. Probably the best word. At least I think that's how Grandpa would have visualized my disappearance, the vanishing of Destiny on the way from Cairo to Jeddah. He knew, he understood things about the world's happenings that my parents and I never did, though I suppose I do now. Of course, I'd apparently decided to take on the decisions about my own career, as a person in the West would expect. I'd gone off to a chosen workplace at a submerged archeology site.

I was a scientist. I recall that Grandpa was a scientist too. He would have understood. But he isn't here. He hasn't been here. He couldn't save me. At least, he hasn't saved me.

Given my current state, I can't trust that those memories are all real or accurate. But somewhere in my deep past, there is a memory of my Grandpa. What I remember is that he was enamored

with me, he loved me, that love was eternal, and it could never be changed or set aside, no matter what happened.

What I remember about my Grandpa as a person was that he loved music from time he simply called the '60s. I always knew that was a time long before was born. It didn't make any difference to me. But to Grandpa, that type of music was meaningful, almost to the exclusion of everything else. I don't think he believed any worthwhile music was produced after 1969. I remember, whenever I visited, that 1960s pop/ rock music would be playing, all the time he was home and not working on something. I probably remember a hundred songs at least a little, though I only heard them on my visits. One of his favorites, that he'd always sing along to, was a song by a group called The Zombies. I think it was called She's Not There. At least, that was, in my young opinion, the most important line of the song.

As I dreamed, I could hear it play, in English I think, and understood it! It seemed like The Zombies were, for the most part, singing about Lesedi or, perhaps more correctly, the now vanished Linda Mattheson from Perth, Australia. For that fleeting moment, I could understand the lyrics, though I'm certain they were in English, a language now denied to me.

Here, in the Enakazin, I recognized that the song was about - no, GOING to be about - Linda-Lesedi! I could hear:

But it's too late to say you're sorry How would I know? Why should I care?

Please don't bother trying to find her She's not there.

Well, let me tell you 'bout the way she looked

The way she acts and the color of her hair

Her voice was soft and cool

Her eyes were clear and bright But she's not there.

Of course, the Zombies envisioned a love lost. But this Was something totally different to me. This was the reality of what had actually happened.

I shot up in bed and I began to shake and sweat and my stomach grew nauseous. I wanted to get out of bed, but I felt something holding me there. Then, as might almost have expected, Tia was standing directly in front of me, at the end of my bed. Weird beyond weird, her hair was short and silver, and her eyebrows were gone. Otherwise, she looked like Tia, Lesedi. She was the Hispanic embodiment of my hopes and my imagination.

It was obvious that Tia, having assumed some of Lesedi's appearance, was there to talk about Lesedi or, at least, to give me some riddle-strewn discourse on what had done, and what had

happened as a result. I wanted, desperately, to force her to get right to the point.

"Tia, did I do the right thing? I only wanted to help my friend. Please Tia. Tell me directly, without a lecture jam-packed with your existential bullshit."

"Why do you think there was a right or wrong decision to be made?"

"Will you stop answering my questions with questions?" I was tired of her evasive comments. I was tired of Tia's enigmas: wanted a straight-up, worthy pronouncement. I had no idea whether or not a vision could speak in a non-enigmatic, understandable manner.

She sighed as though resigned to telling me what I wanted to know. "Some would say, Destiny, the way we know we love another is that their happiness is required before we can be happy." "You sound like Shahad. She said the same thing." I did love Lesedi, as a slightly younger sister, I guess.. I absolutely hated to see her suffer. I said this to Tia. Her answer wasn't what I expected.

"One opinion is that you hated to see her suffer, so you decided to put her out of her misery, using whatever process or technology was available to you."

"That's not true!" I shouted at Tia. "I thought I'd found a way to keep Linda Matheson - Lesedi - the person she was, keep her my friend, and make her untroubled and cheerful. I WANTED HER TO BE HAPPY! After

all, I'm content."

"You may be content; but perhaps I could argue that you're no longer Destiny." "I'm not Destiny, if I ever were! I'm Fatina!"

"Exactly my point. I lived my life as Tia, Fatina. How are your thoughts supposed to make me feel, having loved Destiny?"

"We all change and evolve. I got a push from my controller, which probably evolved me faster. If I live to be 80 years old in the world we inhabited, I wouldn't be the same teenager you fell in love with, Tia. Sadiy, because you perished, you were frozen at 18. I've been required to continue to the age I am, and to whatever age I will become, and change as I do. I will forever have to adapt."

"Then you have your answer, Destiny .. or Fatina. The living change. Sometimes they change unrecognizably. Our memories are not only imperfect, but can be distorted .. or the living can change perspective because of subsequent events. In the advanced society in which you live - that was only coming into existence when I perished - technology can affect the growth and the evolution of people, making them something other than they imagined becoming, or something completely alien to anything they imagined. That's what your controller has done

to you. Such things will forever influence the evolution of the race of humans - for good or for ill. Looking from outside, the technology seems to have an evil aura about it.

"A person is a continuum, not a point in time, save at death, as you've noted. Destiny, you are the sum of all the experiences you've had up to the present, many remembered for good, some of those for ill, most of them neutral. Your ideas had a profound effect on the continuum, on the evolution of one Linda Matheson - Lesedi, which is quite similar to how Negasiha affected you. As individuals, you've moved on, neither you nor Lesedi being much as you were in some ways, and nothing like you were in others.

"As for the Linda Mattheson, or the Lesedi you knew, it would appear that she's not there anymore. There's a contented creature in her place, who bears more than a passing resemblance to the unhappy houri, also named Lesedi. That person embodies a direct connection to the earlier Lesedi, whom one might call the current Lesedi's mental ancestor. A similar though more disrupted connection exists between the new Lesedi and Linda Mattheson, though Lesedi rejects the name as not being hers. Nevertheless, she knows there was a girl from Perth who was she, who we know was Linda, growing up. That girl passed on some of her experiences, characteristics, memories, and so on to the current Lesedi. Some of those experiences have been warped by the controller. It is in the warping that has developed the one who has become Lesedi, and the Linda who preceded her is dead. Does that warping make the current Lesedi the same person, or a different one? What about Destiny? The situations are so very similar"

"That's what I'm asking you, Tia!"

"You know the answer better than anyone. The semi-mythical American you call Destiny was very, very real. If you believe I'm real, you must believe that, because I would never lie to you. Additionally, Destiny was the greatest friend of my life, and my youthful lover. The only one I will ever have. We were only 18 when I was killed. It crushed her. Are you she? If you are, then Lesedi is Linda. If you aren't, then both Linda and Destiny are dead. That would make Destiny frozen at age 26 or so, and Linda at 23, essentially like I was at 18."

"Is Destiny there?"

I was getting a terrible headache thinking about this, all because I wanted to deny that I'd ruined or killed my friend, Linda-Lesedi, with my controller idea. More fundamentally, I wanted to argue that I was still, in important ways, all the women I'd been before.

I knew I had a past; we all have pasts. I didn't suddenly pop into existence as Fatima the whore. I was imprisoned unjustly, and I believe I had a different name then. I was an archeologist and student and earlier yet, a child. I had another name then and it probably was Destiny. So Destiny wasn't dead, she'd merely grown older, was now called by a more Arabic name, and had accumulated additional experiences. Of course, just like I could see that Lesedi's memories and attitudes had been altered, I was certain that mine had been too. So I wasn't exactly older Destiny, I was an older but a warped, distorted, corrupted version of her. Whoever the true

Destiny had been, it appeared that she'd been lost - a little or a lot.

Similarly, Linda Mattheson was gone. Was she gone forever, never to return? Was the fabled Destiny also gone forever? I honestly didn't know, though I thought they were gone forever. That said, I had no idea whether our controllers destroyed memories, personalities, inclinations, and ways of doing things. Perhaps the controllers only suppressed them in way that they could be recaptured and restored at some time in the future. More likely, I suspected they scrambled them in random, unrecoverable ways. If the controller were in the hands of someone trying to recover us, could they do it? I was skeptical, but couldn't definitively say no. Perhaps I was merely clinging to a last strand of hope.

So I was left with a friend who could be but a remnant of my previous friend, or a shell that contained the warped and filtered Lesedi somewhere deep underneath. In a similar manner, was Destiny buried within me, Fatina? Or was Destiny, if she'd ever been real, now nothing but a disconnected set of the remnants of demolished memories and viewpoints?

I looked up from my musings and Tia was gone. I cried myself to sleep, weeping for the Destiny changed, the Destiny lost and the changes I'd engendered for Lesedi in various ways, including in

The way she acts and the color of her hair

I cried for my lost friend. I remembered her talent, and her easy conversational style. I remembered

Her voice was soft and cool

Her eyes were clear and bright

And I knew, in spite of my hopes for her, that her body was changed. I had hoped for a happy, pleasant existence for Lesedi

But she's not there.

For me, I've come to realize that Destiny is so changed, I can only wonder if she's still there.

Epilogue- Chunky

sitting quietly in the garden with Shahad, who's asleep with her head in my lap, resting on my pussy, and her rich, shining, dark hair draped about my legs, I have a few moments for reflection. I try to avoid that kind of introspection as much as possible now, as I pressure myself to exist day-to-day. During the times Tia appears, I'm forced to confront my fate, my destiny, and I don't like it. In fact, I fear it, even though I have a hard time existing for very long without it.

I have so much more time here at the Enakazin, before I have any chance of leaving on my own. I'm not yet one third of the way through the six years of my sentence to be served here. So much more will happen, most all of it beyond my control. Even in my most arrogant moments, I know I can do little to direct my life, to rebuild my own destiny. I am at the mercy of others, others who have little if any mercy.

I've been a whore for 23 months. Almost two years. I'm a whore. A ho. A prostitute. A hooker. A courtesan. A houri.

That wasn't my choice, but it's true. No one but me and maybe Tia care how I got here. But this is where I am. It seems very indelible.

We have to go back to work now. Both of us have clients this afternoon. Shahad and I walk hand-in-hand to the Circle restaurant for quick bite, then it's off to the premium brothel for both of us.

I kiss her good-bye and we split to our respective suites. spend about half an hour getting ready to be fucked. To earn. Hopefully, I'll get to cum a few times. More hopefully, I won't be beaten.

I'm waiting here in one of my stranger costumes. My client is shaping up to be, apparently, a Bruno Mars fan. He's supposed to be mixed race . like a former US president. That's all I know about him, except a little about his taste in whores. Apparently, he likes 'em plump and dressed a very specific way.

So here I sit in nothing but a pair of daisy dukes • virtually legless, cutoff jeans shorts. My tits are completely on show. They're round and big and sporting 4-centimeter, thick gold rings through their ever-turgid nipples.

I'm wearing a strange, essentially straight, blonde wig, which extends to slightly below my shoulders. It has pointed sideburns, and it's cut up and over my ears. Those ears feature gold, 1.5-centimeter flesh tunnels. I can see my head and the wig I'm wearing through them. That seems totally not-right.

The strangest thing about my wig is the color, which is an odd shade of bleached blond, with residual yellow streaks throughout. The wig looks as though someone had taken black or dark brown hair and bleached it until nothing in the color changed. The texture is different too. It's coarser, like straightened African hair.

I'm wearing contact lenses which make my eyes a pleasant, warm brown - nothing like my natural deep blue. They're lined with heavy, sable liner. My brows are drawn on in a thin arc. My lips are a strong, full blood red.

Through the awful flesh tunnels hang eight-centimeter, gold hoops. They're big enough to rest against my shoulders.

Yeah, I recall a line in what is now an old Bruno Mars' song, Chunky, which says, "Looking for them girls with the big old hoops." Now what the hell, you may be thinking, does that mean? Well, here's what it means:

The bigger the hoops the better the whore.

Based on that, I should be wearing hoola-hoops in my damn ears.

My name is Fatina. I am a prostitute in a brothel in the Kingdom of Salat. Fatina means luscious in Arabic. In that language, my Master says it looks like this:

I can't read that, of course, but I've seen it enough, including on some of the costumes I wear, that I know it's my name. I can't read or write anything. My brain is too dumb to handle reading and writing. It wasn't always that way, though. But since it is, I had to ask my friend, Shahad, to write down my old names or what I think might have been my old names.

I am Fatina; I'm a whore and very devoted one. That's what my Master wants me to be, and that's what I am. I will probably be a whore for 6 full years or 2,200 days. I fuck at least six people per day, and sometimes as many as a dozen. There are a few dozen regulars, but most of the time, my customer is new. So I have, already, very likely fucked over four thousand men and at least hundreds of women. My pussy, mouth and ass are used about equally: over thousand boluses of cum in each.

Before I became a whore, I was a convicted felon and I believe my name was Karimah:

do.-

Sometimes [I think Karimah is the name I grew up with. At one time - I've forgotten how long ago - I might have been an American. Possibly though, that memory was of a dream I had after watching an American movie. If it's a true memory, however, I may have been named Destiny Michelle Hutton. That is a very hard name to pronounce in Arabic, and I remember essentially no English anymore. To clarify for you, this is how it would look in Arabic, [I think, I shahad transliterated it correctly:

Jlbwslss

I might have had that complicated, unpronounceable name, or maybe that was another person whom I knew when I was young. I can't remember for sure. It's hard to pronounce that name now that I'm a whore of the Enakazin and can't speak English anymore. Because of what they did to me, I've forgotten all of the English I might have known once. I can't read it either. I can't read anything. The concept of reading seems ridiculous to me.

Neither of those older names seem right for me at this point in my life, and that oldest appears to be long and unpronounceable. For the moment, Fatina is so much simpler.

If I come out and state the truth, I am so much simpler.

I know my story isn't over. hope there remains something better for me, beyond the Enakazin in space and time. Or, at least, something different. Something that wouldn't be as hard to get used to as being a prostitute. Something: wouldn't cower from in shame.

I think] was always a good person. Then I got caught up in this insane life, in this lunatic place, and the place that came before it.

Sometimes, I wonder if there's something fundamentally wrong with people. Sometimes I wonder if there's basically something wrong with me.

I can't help it ; need someone to be there for me. Someone who can provide perspective, who could, maybe, do something, or at least provide hope. There is only one possibility for me.

Unable not to, I call out, "Tia! Tia! I need to talk to you!"

Is there a fuzzy image forming above the bed, here in my apartment in the Retreat? Is that Tia?

"Tia! Are you there? Are you real? Tia?"

End