

Destiny Bound

Giulia Napoli

Book Three of the Destiny Lost Series

Destiny Bound. Inside Flap Summary

Fatina's life as the premier courtesan of the Middle Eastern brothel, the Enakazin, takes more dramatic turns in Ms. Napoli's masterful *Destiny Bound*. The author has penned some of the most unusual, dramatic, and erotic scenes in recent fiction, and woven them into a powerful, sexy, and moving story. The love scenes arousing and inventive. The BDSM episodes, the most intense of any of Ms. Napoli's books to date, are among the most dramatic you'll find in any quality erotica.

Destiny Bound puts you inside the erotically bizarre Pastel Harem, where all the houris are dyed different colors, then catapults you into a BDSM chamber of horrors inhabited by physically and psychologically altered pain odalisques. You experience love at first sight and the relief that can only come from the final promise of togetherness. You'll enter the underworld of the special brothels, used by clients with the most extreme tastes, and you'll be caught up in the novel's dramatic ending.

With typical finesse and bold writing talent, Ms. Napoli makes the setting, action, and story line come alive for the reader. The characters are vivid, imaginative, and consistent. You are in the mind of the heroine as she navigates the vicious world in which she's trapped, and from which she's determined to survive and escape. This may well be the best erotic novel you read this year.

Destiny Bound - Publisher's Summary

With rare talent Ms. Napoli places the reader deeply into Fatina's mind to experience the depths of her erotic, exotic encounters far more intimately than is typical of BDSM or romance novels. As its name implies, *Destiny Bound* is the most heavily BDSM novel in the *Destiny Lost Series* so far. It has aspects of erotic horror, but is filled with moments of love, lust, friendship, 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 Bound* can be read on its own, you may most appreciate it if you first read *Destiny Taken*, followed by *Destiny Changed*. They are Books and: in the *Destiny Lost Series*.

This is big, solid, adult contemporary fantasy novel of over 110,000 words. It contains fetish erotica and its strong BDSM scenes. It includes extensive body modification, self-image alteration, smoking, hair (change, removal, and shaving), weight gain, compulsions and addiction, bondage, discipline, torment (including blood choking, sounding), 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.

Destiny Bound is serious adult drama containing open discussions and themes of intense sexuality, erotica, BDSM and sexual relations. Parts of Destiny Bound may be too intense for some readers.

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Prologue - Good vs Bad

The four of us, two pairs of matched, premium Enakazin concubines, had been summoned by the King for his review an hour or so after the arrival of him and his retinue. Barefoot, we slipped silently into the large, ornate Royal Retreat Salon which had been prepared for him. He sat in a grossly oversized, Louis XIV-style chair with gold-covered arms, legs and back, and red velvet cushions. He was leaning to the side which allowed me to see the face carved on the upper chair back. It was the King himself carved there. Apparently my Master, Negasi, had the chair created specifically for the King. Since He was the richest and most important repeat guest the Enakazin hosted, I could see Negasi attending to exactly that kind of detail.

We four concubines would accompany the King and his guests for the entire five weeks or so of his visit. Ergaalem and I were dressed in matching, diaphanous, gold-trimmed, turquoise harem trousers, cut open in the front to display our denuded sex, with a belt dipping below the Enakazin emblem tattooed onto our lower abdomen. We wore a matching turquoise bolero, starched open in the front so that our ringed nipples and breasts were framed and openly on display. Our long, brilliantly orange-red-haired wigs were partially covered by small, turquoise, pill-box hats, also trimmed in gold. The long nails on our hands and those feet were painted the same vivid, orange-red as our hair. Ergaalem's formerly lighter blue eyes had been altered to match the unusual, purple eyes I'd been given.

The other matched pair, the pain sluts, were dressed as we were but in silver-trimmed, translucent, blood-red. A pill-box hat sat atop their chin-length black hair, which was cut in a sharply angled, A-line bob. Their nails were short and black. With lowered eyes, all four of us stepped up to the King. As we did so could hear the large rings, piercing the ankles of the pain sluts in front of their Achilles tendons, click-clack on the brightly polished, marble floor.

We fell to our knees, sat back, and then bent forward so that our heads touched the floor. Our arms were extended in front of us with our fingertips pointing toward the King.

We stayed in this position for a couple of minutes. I could hear the King talking to the two men, one standing on either side of him, but I couldn't make out what was being said. One of them not the King, I thought-laughed. I immediately didn't like the timbre of his laughter.

"Tulip," commanded one of the men, not the who laughed, I thought. He wanted us to rise and be displayed. We immediately did, our fingers interlocked behind our heads, backs curved forward so our breasts were thrust out. Our eyes were still downcast, so I had yet to really see our guests.

"Look up here," the King said and I gazed at them for the first time.

The facial features of the handsome, robed, younger men standing on either side of the visiting King strongly resembled each other and the King himself. One had short hair and the other's was long. I was certain they were brothers, and sons of the King. As I looked into each of their eyes, the similarity vanished, to be replaced by a difference so profound that it almost howled its existence. This was in spite of the facial expressions of each, which were equally nondescript.

A neutral countenance notwithstanding, the eyes of the attractive, short-haired man on the right showed keen interest, astute, balanced intelligence, and an easy humor. I was immediately struck by the sight of him. He was, without a doubt, the handsomest man I had ever seen and, by that time, I had seen hundreds of astonishingly beautiful men, including this man's brother standing to the other side of the King. But this fellow was.... was .. there was an indefinable wonderfulness about him. Looking upon him for the first time, it were as though I had been struck by a thunderbolt.

The eyes of the long-haired brother projected a dark intensity, a focused intellect, disdain for everyone else, and something akin to easy loathing. I couldn't help cowering before the one on the left, and I shifted my gaze back to the other brother. I'm sure the look on my face betrayed my alarm, and I was sure I saw the kinder-looking one nod at me ever-so-slightly and faintly smile.

My opinions of the two siblings were already locked in my mind as the good brother and the evil brother, when Evil spoke, "You are a voluptuous bunch, aren't you? Who are the pain sluts?"

"We are Master," my two, blood-red-dressed companions said together.

Evil stepped up to the one farthest from me and, without warning, slapped her violently across the side of her face and ear, knocking her pill-box hat to the floor. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see my houri sister, Muna, jerk to the side. Then she regained her upright position, sitting back on her haunches, her hands behind her head and her fingers still interlocked.

"Thank you, Master," she said evenly.

His hand shot out again and he hit her from the other side, hard enough that she began to topple sideways, but managed to right herself before collapsing to the floor. "Thank you, Master," she repeated.

He was about to hit her again when the King said, "Enough, Fahd."

So Evil was Prince Fahd.

The good brother interjeeted with a tense, disapproving smile, "Youll have adequate time to play, Fahd. And to exercise your peculiar imagination."

"At least I know what to do with a woman, Yusef."

"If slapping one around is the most inventive you can be, you don't have even as much of an imagination as I was willing to credit you" " Fahd's eyes flared at Yusef's comment. He slapped Muna again, though his heart was apparently no longer in it.

"I said enough" The King added impatiently, but not angrily. "Leave me. I wish to examine our hostesses in peace and quiet." He raised his hand in a gesture of dismissal.

The two princes turned and left, but before he did, Yusef looked directly at me and winked.

I couldn't resist. Almost automatically, my full lips parted slightly and my tongue slid along my upper lip in blatant invitation, loaded with all the sexual energy my finally-recovered face could convey.

I was entirely captivated by Yusef in that few-minutes encounter. At first glance, the situation was simple: I was a whore and he was a client. We would hook-up in the normal course of business. But looking deeper into my own psyche, still feeling the tingles all along my skin from when he winked at me, I knew that I had already found him blisteringly hot and ferociously desirable!

This was going to be very interesting visit.

Chapter 1 - White Rabbit

After the reconstitution of my newly-controlled friend, Lesedi, life for at me at the Enakazin settled into a long routine of bedding men and women and satisfying their sexual appetites. There was .harvest by the Hair Collector, and two common whores had joined the ranks of the bald, like me, though they'd lost everything-head hair, brows and eyelashes - and lost it permanently. I had to watch the harvest, but it was nowhere near as upsetting as when Lesedi had been mutilated.

The two harvested houris were pretty upset, though. One had nicely rich, dark brown hair and full, sultry brows and lashes. The other one, though, had the most vibrant red hair I'd ever seen. Not anymore.

Over that year, I practiced the trade forced upon me as diligently as I could. My relationship with Shahad sustained us both; the fact that we were lovers was known by everyone at the Enakazin, including our Master, Negasi. We never allowed it to interfere with our duties as the most valuable courtesans at the Retreat, and, thus, we enjoyed the open support of the Masters, Mistresses, and the other houris as well. For the most part, I was happy with my day-to-day life. I'd accepted that was: prostitute, and I had either made peace with that, or so suppressed my inherent disgust with what they'd done to and required of me, that I didn't think about what I'd become anymore.

I hadn't seen Tia since right after encountering the realigned, rebuilt, revised Lesedi. I did, however, see Lesedi regularly, often with Shahad, which made communication easier since I couldn't read Lesedi's notes myself. We would occasionally treat ourselves to a menage a trois, sometimes in Shahad's or my apartment, sometimes outside. As for common whore, Lesedi had only a small room and bath - and no brothel suite of her own so we rarely went to her place.

Lesedi had become as well-adjusted a prostitute as you could find at the Enakazin. As I'd observed on first seeing her after her transformation, the new Lesedi wasn't much like the old one, but she was relaxed and fun and she openly worshiped us as premium whores. Since she was pleasant company, we enjoyed her time with us and frequently invited her to join us. I came to regard her as a good friend, but a different person than the other Lesedi. In my mind, I considered them two separate people, both of whom I liked. Sadly, the original one was gone from my life. Or evolved from it. Or something.

It was kind of like what happened to me. I was still me, right? Whatever me was I'd simply evolved from the long-ago, almost-lost Destiny, hadn't I? As I thought about it, I knew that was true, but that didn't mean I was Destiny anymore. So I suppose Lesedi wasn't Linda Mattheson anymore either.

My 29th and 30th birthdays had come and gone. I'd been a resident, performer, sex worker, and whore at the Enakazin for about three and a half years. That meant, overall, I'd served five years of my seven-and-a-half-year sentence - two thirds of the way. As yet, I had no idea what would happen to me in two and a half years, when my sentence was completely served.

I would never have guessed how I would spend the next year. It reunited me with a dear friend, and influenced my view of everything.

Once in a while, something would happen at the Enakazin, which would make you think everyone around you was stark-raving mad. It was a few months past my 30th birthday when the craziest idea was conceived, and I found myself completely caught up in it. I was to

become a founding member and the senior madam - the Kadin, truth be told- of the Pastel Harem. Looking back on it, it was the kookiest of times, but it consisted of generally innocent if weirdly-conceived fun, especially compared to what would happen near the end of my Enakazin indentured servitude.

I'd been summoned to Negasi's quarters again, exactly five minutes after I'd finished fucking two sisters from Oman. They'd been sent to the Retreat, and to me specifically, by their brother, a decent enough guy as clients go, I suppose, who had requested me half-a-dozen times. They were even more eager than he was, and we had quite a threesome romp.

For some reason, I always managed to be among the last to arrive for any of Negasi's meetings, and this was no exception. It appeared that everyone else was there before me. I was surprised to find the meeting room not full of the other premiums but, rather, occupied by an obviously impatient Negasi, and seven eyebrowless, septum-ringed, common whores of whom I was bald like me, and the others had hair ranging from a centimeter or two to, perhaps, fifteen centimeters in length. At first glance, I got the impression that they represented most body types at the Retreat. From behind, four looked Middle Eastern. One of the others was a very skinny, short-haired blonde, who was clearly a hazel, or gaunt, body type. A lighter-skinned brunette was probably European, as was another blonde.

The houris were kneeling, facing Negasi in tulip, sitting back on their haunches, knees spread wide, fingers interlinked at the back of their head, breasts thrust forward. Discipline required they maintain that pose until released by him, so turned to look as I entered.

Negasi scrutinized me sternly. I looked back at him with my best, innocent, "What's up, boss?" look. I was cocky enough (perhaps not good phrasing for a prostitute) to believe that the evaluation I'd receive from the two sisters would make me number one again this month, and Negasi would forgive anything to keep making money. He gestured and I immediately knelt in the back of the room, behind the others. He was being petty, but he was putting me in my place by humiliating me in the presence of the common whores.

"I've agreed to accept an entirely generous, profitable proposal from an old friend of mine, a sheikh from the Kingdom of Linah. He has asked to borrow eight controlled, Enakazin concubines to establish a special, unique harem he wishes to create. I've agreed to a six-month lease of the eight of you, with a possible six-month renewal afterwards. As you're replaced with permanent harem residents, you'll return to your duties here. It's possible that some of you may be purchased by the sheikh, and remain in his new harem."

No one moved, of course; Negasi hadn't rescinded his order to kneel in tulip. What he said made sense, given the various short-haired or bald heads of the eight of us. We were apparently all recent graduates of the Control Institution for Delinquent Women, or some equivalent place. We were either still bald, or our hair had grown out a little. We all hosted controllers which were threaded throughout our brains.

"You will be leaving the Enakazin to travel to the sheikh's palace, on the outskirts of the capital of the Kingdom of Linah. Arrangements have already been made with the Kingdom of Salat, which will enable your move without your controllers damaging you."

THIS WAS AWFUL NEWS! I'd be away from Shahad, my love, for at least six months, perhaps for 1 year! And could be purchased away permanently! I needed to get out of this!

"The nature of the novel harem to which you're going will be revealed to you when you arrive. You are to perform admirably. If you do, you will be rewarded when you return or, if you're purchased to stay, you will be senior houris of the harem. However, if your performance is anything short of commendable, you will be cut, and returned here in disgrace."

Cut, There was only one meaning. Cutting an Enakazin houri meant a Pharaonic circumcision with a rebuilt vaginal opening. The same thing that was done to my lover, Dyana. I really, really needed to get out of this.

Sadly, that was not to be. Negasi said only two other things.

"The premium houri, Fatina, will accompany you as the first member of the harem of eight. She is to oversee you and contribute to the establishment of the harem. She is your matron, and you must obey her. She is responsible for each of you. If she fails, and you are not exemplary, she will also return here in disgrace, and be cut publicly here at the Enakazin." WHAT THE FUCK? I couldn't believe I'd been set up like this! These seven whores were criminals! How was I ever going to manage them? Then the other shoe dropped.

"You will leave here immediately. A vehicle is waiting to take all of you to an airstrip for the flight there:"

I'D BEEN HAD! Well, actually, he already had me. was, once again, reminded that I was a whore and he was the owner and master of the entire Retreat. I couldn't help it. I dropped my hands from the tulip position behind my head, and made. what the fuck? gesture to Negasi. He looked at me, smiled slyly, and walked out. As he exited the door, two guards, masters, entered and told us to rise. Every one of the common whores turned around to look at me.

At that point, the masters ushered us out. There was a plump girl with very short, very dark hair, maybe or two or three centimeters long, directly in front of me. With the ragged, short, seemingly unkempt hair, she looked like some 19th century British waif. As the others moved through the door. She stopped and turned to me. Before I could react, her expressionless face said, in a somewhat strained voice, " Karimah?"

I remembered enough that I recognized the name as my mostly-forgotten designation at the Control Institution. I stared at her pretty face, with drawn-on eyebrows and the thick septum ring of a common whore in her nose. I was as surprised as I'd ever been. It was my old, sweet

friend and Control Institution roommate, Altaf!

We were led to a clinic-like room in a building near Negasi's quarters and told to sit in a row of eight chairs holding hands with the person next to us. I was at one end, holding only Altaf's hand. Dr. Wtanna entered with a woman whom I thought I recognized. I was pretty sure she was the matron from the Control Institution who had changed me under Negasi's direction, right before I had left to come to the Enakazin.

"You are all going to be flown to your new harem location as soon as we finish here," Dr. Wtanna told us. "Before you leave, we are going to do two things with your controllers. The matron here has the codes the government provided to deactivate the requirement that your controller must receive a renewal code every day from the Kingdom. That will be replaced with a control code from within the harem which will be your new home for some months. If you should leave there without permission, your body will gradually shut down as it would have if you left the Retreat without permission.

"Secondly, we are going to blind you for the trip, so that you acquire no knowledge of where you're being taken. Once there, your sight will be restored. This matron expert will accompany you and will institute whatever new controls the harem's Chief Eunuch decides are needed."

The matron spoke. "You will each feel a momentary dizziness as I change the control settings for the renewal code. Once that passes, raise your hand to indicate you felt it. If you don't, and fail to tell me so I can reenter the command for you, your body will begin to shut down, once we leave the Kingdom of Salat. You could become permanently disabled"

She entered some commands into the smartphone-like, controller remote in her hand. I felt the wave of change sweep over me, as I'd felt it from my controller before. After it passed, I raised my hand. One by one, each of the other houris raised theirs.

"Now hold hands again." I saw her manipulate the controller and then I saw nothing. Several of the women cried out, including Altaf I thought. I squeezed Altaf's hand to try to reassure her.

Still holding hands, with me in the lead, the eight of us were ushered into a vehicle, a van I assumed, and driven to a location less than an hour away. Just like that, I'd been uprooted from the Enakazin and was being shipped off. The location was apparently an airport, or at least an airstrip. We were bundled aboard and the small plane zipped forward, then leapt rapidly skyward like a little mosquito.

I was seated next to Altaf, and we were allowed to talk. I found she'd completed her sentence couple months ago. Her ungrateful family didn't want her to return in disgrace; Altaf had originally been in prison for supporting her extended family by practicing prostitution without a state license. They still needed her financial support. With no options and no skills, she volunteered for work at the Enakazin. She was accepted as a common whore with a five-year

contract. She was one of the twenty percent of the Enakazin courtesans, about 50 of them, who were there voluntarily.

She knew someone had bought my contract, of course, but had been unable to find out where I'd gone. She was as surprised to see me as was to see her in the meeting with Negasi. We hadn't seen each other for three and a half years.

I wanted to know about her face, which had still looked wooden to me during the short time I could see her. Sadly, she told me it was still frozen, and likely always would be. They had tried to release control of her facial muscles when her sentence ended, but the result was disaster. Part of her face would cramp and distort one way while another would painfully tighten up another way. Repeated attempts over several days yielded no better results. Finally, she had told them to leave it alone, which they did. She said she'd become used to it so what did it matter? The Enakazin had already accepted her with a frozen face, so she decided to remain as she was.

When she briefly met Negasi, upon arriving at the Retreat, he told her he was fascinated by her frozen face and was glad she had maintained it. She hadn't mentioned that she had no choice.

They'd removed her shaving compulsion so her hair had started to grow back. Like me, after daily plucking for so long, her eyebrows were gone and wouldn't return. She usually still wore wig, unless her clients wanted her to take it off.

They'd removed her smoking compulsion but she still smoked because she was physically hooked. They'd kept her gideon weight compulsion, and instructed her to maintain her chubby stature.

At the Enakazin she was processed like all common whores. Her septum and nipples were pierced, and she was tattooed on her lower abdomen, shoulder and wrist.

I told her I'd missed her and Erij. I filled her in on what had happened to me since arriving at the Retreat. She seemed particularly proud of the fact that I was a premium whore, and we were still friends.

She told me Erij went on the block about six months after I had, and was picked up by a lesbian princess. Altaf hadn't heard anything about Erij since.

I had to know, so I asked her about my old nemesis, Habiba.

"I thought you would have known," Altaf said, surprised.

"How would I know? She was still at the Control Institution when I left."

"You mean you haven't seen her? She's been at the Enakazin for over two years! I couldn't find out about you, but when one of the matrons heard where I was going after I was released, she said that Habiba had been taken here when her contract was bought out."

I had definitely never seen Habiba. For sure, with the exception of Lesedi, I mostly hung out with other premium whores, but I probably saw every one of the common whores at least every few months. Certainly, I would have seen her sometime in the past two years or more!

"Perhaps she's avoiding me," I speculated to Altaf. "The last time I was close to her, I threatened her, and then proceeded to puke all over her when I realized she'd been given my teeth by mistake, while I got the generic ones I still wear." That was the only explanation I could think of. Unless....

"Have you seen her at the Retreat?" I asked Altaf.

"No, but, haven't even been there for three months yet. I just assumed I'd run into her. Isn't it strange you haven't seen her?"

"It seems very strange, unless they either changed her so drastically I didn't recognize her, or unless she's a whore in a Manzilun Khassung, a special brothel, who isn't allowed to leave."

Eventually, hours after taking off, the plane landed and we were transported to our final destination. I never saw it from the outside, of course, so I can't describe where we were. I was told it was the principal palace of the Sheikh who was leasing us. Once we arrived, we were never permitted to leave the harem proper, even to wander around the grounds of the palace, assuming there even were palace grounds. As a result, I never saw any part of the palace outside the seraglio.

I missed Shahad already.

I really needed a cigarette. I hadn't smoked on the plane for fear that, being blind, I'd set me or something else on fire. It probably wouldn't have been allowed anyway.

We were eventually taken into what felt like a very large room. I was sure I heard water splashing from several directions and felt a misty breeze in the air, though I didn't think we were outside. I was holding Altaf's hand and the hand of the matron who led the string of us nearer to some splashing water and told us to sit on a low stone wall. Being naked, I could feel a mist dust up against my back as I sat there. The room was otherwise warm, and the mist felt good. The sweet aroma of flowers floated on the breeze.

We all sat there in our imposed darkness for a few minutes. Suddenly, we could all see at once. We were in a huge, covered courtyard, which enclosed perhaps the most beautiful garden I had ever seen. It was entirely decorated in Arabic frieze work, with horseshoe arches above slender, ringed posts, open waterfalls in several places, pools designed to reflect L

spectrum of pastel colors, and the bright light from high, arched windows somehow directed throughout the garden, giving it a totally natural, pastel glow.

There was large bronze door on the far end of the expansive room. I found out later that it led to a sehan, a large, outdoor, courtyard for use only by the houris and our Masters, the Sheikh and his sons.

The place took my breath away. It appeared to have the same effect on the others.

The matron stood before us, holding a controller remote. I heard a door loudly clang shut behind and to the right of the waterfalls in front of which we sat. A few moments later, the biggest man I had ever seen walked - or waddled - up to the matron. He was dressed in a turban and enormously wide, short, purple pantaloons, held in place by a deep green sash below his bellybutton, which surrounded his middle. thick, glossy, black braid extended from below the turban band and half-way down his back. He wore big sandals on his feet and nothing else; his chest was bare and brown. An unmistakable short whip hung from his green sash. He looked like nothing so much an Arab version of a Sumo wrestler.

When he stood before us, I thought it best to assume the tulip position, which I did. The others immediately followed. The man nodded his huge head at me, then looked over the rest and spoke.

"I am the Chief Eunuch of the Sheikh's seraglios. I am also known as the Kizlar Agasi, the Master of the Girls. You are to call me Farid Agha," the giant said in a startling, unexpected, soprano voice. This person was a real eunuch! As far as I knew, I had never seen a real eunuch! He continued, "I welcome you as the founding odalisques of the Albastil Alharim, the Pastel Harem." He had our rapt attention. No one stirred.

"I have a number of things to tell you now, which you must quickly understand. When I've finished, you will be allowed to clean up in your dormitory. Then there will be refreshments, food, and music to make your evening pleasant.

"Tomorrow, you will be inducted into the Pastel Harem. The day will be physically, mentally and emotionally straining, so you will want to rest thoroughly tonight.

"You are the vanguard of our new, unique seraglio. Over the next six months, perhaps the next year, you will gradually be replaced with our own acquisitions. When that happens, you will be returned to the Enakazin to resume your duties there. Meanwhile, you are concubines of the Sheikh and his sons.

"All of you are fitted with controllers, which we will use to improve upon your experience and contributions while here. Where possible, you will be returned to your current state upon your release back to the Retreat, at the discretion of Negasi, of course.

"Those of you who have the compulsory head shaving still in place will have it removed now." He turned to the matron and nodded. She immediately pressed a button on the remote and I felt a sudden, dramatic pressure and spinning in my head. For the first time in five years, I was free to grow my hair again!

The Kizlar Agasi continued. You are here for the pleasure of the Sheikh and his three sons and, perhaps, for others who might be invited to the harem by the Sheikh. Your own needs and pleasure are not secondary to theirs; they no longer have any importance at all. You may receive pleasure or you may not.

"Attempting to pleasure yourself, either alone or with a fellow concubine, is strictly forbidden. That is considered adulterous behavior within the Pastel Harem. If you are caught pleasuring yourself or someone else, the punishment is twenty lashes with the cane, followed by Pharaonic circumcision, to be carried out publicly the next day. All your intimacies would be lost, leaving only a vaginal opening to be used by your Masters. Our contract with the Enakazin gives us that level of control over you. There will be no other warning than this one. Infidelity, and that's what we consider this act to be, will be dealt with without mercy.

"Other than that, your lives here should be exceedingly pleasant, with some unique differences."

"The matron will escort you to your quarters to freshen up. You may rise from tulip."

Almost as an afterthought, Farid Agha turned to me. "You are the courtesan, Fatina, are you not?"

"Yes Agha" I replied. I didn't like being singled out, but, as the premium whore among the group, I'd been told would have substantial responsibilities for overseeing the behavior of the others. "We will meet privately the day after tomorrow, following the day of processing. I will send for you."

"As you wish, Agha."

"You have a private suite of rooms, just behind the dormitory."

I was glad of that, but I was uncomfortable being singled out. "Thank you, but that isn't necessary, Agha."

"I didn't ask your opinion, Fatina."

Oops, already off on the wrong foot. "I'm sorry, Agha."

He stared at me for a full minute with his dark eyes boring into me, attempting to see into my soul, I thought. "Follow me, I will show you."

I followed him off to the right, through the open dormitories of the common whores - rather, the other odalisques - into a spacious, beautifully constructed suite of rooms. Arabesque-outlined windows looked out on the stunning, golden-tan sehan from both the living area and my bedroom. Marble-columned horseshoe arches, topped by Arabic frieze work extending all the way up to the high, filigreed ceilings, lead from room to room.

Except for highlights of genuine gold throughout, the entire suite floors, walls and ceilings - was decorated in lavender, with various shades of coordinating and contrasting purple. As a location in which to live for the next six to twelve months, it was unsurpassed. It was everything a woman would want in a place where she would make her home, and continue with her life.

Nevertheless, I missed Shahad so badly. The thought that I wouldn't see her for half a year or more was devastating.

And I really, really needed a smoke.

Okay, I know in the minds of some, those last two comments aren't even close to being equal. But in the minds of smokers, it makes perfect sense. I didn't choose to be addicted to nicotine. They did that to me.

It truth, it had been the pleasant evening promised by the Agha. I talked briefly with each of the common whores who made up the Pastel Harem, whatever that would turn out to be. I had finally, fully satisfied my need for nicotine and food so I was relaxed by the time I retired to my lovely suite. I refused to worry about what tomorrow would bring. I had survived everything they'd done to me so far, and I expected to survive this too. I was powerless to prevent what would happen here anyway. At least I'd have some blonde fuzz on my head again in a week or so.

Once I'd awakened in the morning and relieved myself, I looked for things to shave with, then remembered that they'd taken the compulsion away from me. As I thought about it, I realized the discomfort I always felt before shaving my head wasn't there, for the first time in five years. To be perfectly honest, I realized that even without the compulsion, I actually wanted to shave my head. I wanted that sexual thrill I always experienced when I shaved - and afterwards, when I felt the soft smoothness of my clean, hairless skin. I could feel the desire rising up in me, not as a compulsion, but as something I very much wanted to do. It was like wanting, and then eating, that extra piece of cake. I wanted to shave my head! It's what I did. It's what I'd done for so long that it had become a part of who I was.

I rooted around in the drawers, desperate to make my sandpaper-rough scalp smooth, as I did every day. I didn't feel compelled; it's what I wanted! I finally found a razor, still wrapped in its packaging, and shaving gel. I quickly unwrapped the razor, set it aside, and picked up the gel. I squirted a goodly portion of it into my hand and reached up to massage it onto my head, knowing my pleasure, relief, and grooming was imminent. Like every day, I would return

to being the pristine me.

I stopped and stared. This wasn't me. Oh, it was Who I'd become, but I didn't want it to be me. I didn't need to do this. What I needed was to move on from here, and regain my crowning glory at least a few centimeters off.

With uncomfortable resolve, I resisted doing anything. I was determined to get past this and have my own hair again. I rinsed the gel from my hand and put it and the razor away.

I checked my brows, and plucked the only two that had appeared. They wouldn't come back, and the strays were truly ugly.

I was ready to face my charges.

After breakfast, we were all ushered beyond a large, locked door, through a long tunnel into an open area, with multiple, recognizably-clinical rooms on three sides. Once again, there were eight chairs lined up for us. An Arab woman of average height, build, and appearance looked us over as we were seated.

"I am Doctor Nabhani. I'm here to oversee your transformation into courtesans of the unprecedented Pastel Harem. There will be several stages to this conversion, which we will start in a moment. Altaf, please step up here."

I was somewhat shocked that she had, for whatever reason, singled out Altaf. As Altaf approached the doctor, I could sense, from her body language, that she was shocked too.

"Among you, Altaf is unique in one, particular way that your Sheikh, your Master, finds interesting and pertinent to his vision of the Pastel Harem."

Oh God! I thought. Altaf stood woodenly by her.

"Altaf" she said, "frown for your sister houris." Altaf's expression didn't change.

"Alright, now show terror."

Her mouth opened in an "O" but, of course, there was still no change in her countenance.

"Now smile, Altaf." Her face didn't change but she pushed up on the corners of her lips to make a smile.

"What you've just seen is all Altaf can do. Her face has been curiously frozen for ... how long, Altaf?"

"Six years, Mistress."

"Can you make any expressions with your face alone?"

"No, Mistress."

"Nothing at all?"

"No, Mistress."

Dr. Nabhani looked across the other seven of us.

"The Sheikhs are enamored with Altaf's lack of expression, and wants to try it on everyone in the Pastel Harem. Using the controller, the matron will, in a moment, render the remaining seven of you facially inert, like Altaf's."

"You may be comforted to know that we have learned some things since Altaf's face was rendered wooden, a state that the Control Institution was unable to reverse upon her departure. Because of that, we should be able to fully restore your face once your assignment here is successfully completed. Your muscles should retain some tone, even over 12 months. With exercises, you will regain most if not all of your facial control." The girls - I had started to think of them as my girls, - looked around at each other, not entirely sure of what to expect next. Suddenly, we all felt a disruption in our head and face.

One of the girls threw up. The rest, including me, swayed in their chairs and waited for the nausea to pass.

A minute later, though I was perfectly okay, I held my hands to each side of my face, and tried to smile. I could feel no movement with my hands, nor in my face. It was the same with every expression I tried. The sensation was bizarre, strange, deeply disconcerting. I could open and close my eyes and mouth. I could move my jaw from side to side. Otherwise though, I couldn't move anything associated with my face. It was as though my facial muscles had simply vanished, leaving immovable flesh where they'd been.

Later, when I returned to my apartment suite, I stood before the mirror, trying every expression I could think of. My face didn't vary at all. It was truly frozen in a neutral expression - the look you get when you completely relax your face. It was facially as impassive as I'd known Altaf to be. I thought the whole thing was weirder - almost funny - than it was frightening. I hoped that the doctor was right, and that my face would return to normal, even if that were a year from now.

Returning to the moment, we all sat there, totally expressionless, totally unable to make our faces do anything, awaiting the doctor's next words.

"I'm now going to reveal to you the fundamental nature of the Albastil Alharim, the Pastel

Harem,” she announced. “We have adopted eight pastel colors, as you can see on this chart. She held up a small poster with eight color blocks: lavender, sage green, pale yellow, pale orange, light rose, powder blue, light gray, and creamy, pale caramel. When she said her next words, at first I thought I’d misunderstood her, then I thought she was joking, and then I was somewhere between humorously bemused and horrified.

She looked down at her chart. “In a few minutes, each of you will be dyed one of these pastel colors, and will remain that color during your time in the Pastel Harem. For example, your Kadin, Fatina, will be dyed be this lovely shade of pastel lavender or lilac. Altaf will be pale yellow. Sabra will be powder blue, and so forth.

I was surprised when she referred to me “Kadin” which I knew was a title for the harem women who were consorts to the harem owner. I wondered what that would mean here.

“In order to effectively dye your skin and maintain your color with few or no side effects, the sheikh has sponsored the development of the necessary technologies, supplied by a team of American and British scientists.

will take pairs of you to one of the four dyeing rooms. You will be injected with a cocktail which will dissolve the pigment in your skin, and replace it with your designated color. In that way, you will be that color through and through. There are two tanks in each room. You will be lightly sedated, fitted with breathing tubes, and submerged for the next several hours. You will emerge your designated color. After that, you will receive the color injection every day for a week, then every week for a month, and monthly after that to maintain your chosen, pastel color.”

I looked around. About half the girls seemed to be unbelieving, the other half confused. Personally, it was totally clear to me. My medium-light, creamy skin was going to turn lavender from the outside to the inside!

“We’ll break for a late lunch before or after you are Or dyed, depending on whether you are in the first or second group. Then, the highlight dying will be done. I’ll explain it when we get to that point.”

They knew who was and Doctor Nabhaniled me and Sabra to room first. There were two tanks big enough for a person to stand up in, each full of a thick, milky liquid. One was lavender, the other was powder blue. They were going to dye me in there!

[was ordered to lie on hospital bed. They removed my dentures and the flesh tunnels in my earlobes, leaving my lobes hanging down like two wet noodles. I did hate what they’d done to them. I used to have beautiful, perfectly-shaped earlobes. They were really pretty. They certainly aren’t now.

The doctor injected me with what she described as a melanin antagonist, which would cause

my natural pigmentation to decompose and be eliminated as waste. After that process was underway, I'd be given the first of the seven-day dye injections, replacing my lost, natural pigmentation with an internally-acting biological skin dye, making my skin a pastel lavender. The tank dye would speed the process. I lay there for about an hour while the first injection worked, before I received my first of seven daily shots of dye. The doctor left to prep other hours. While I waited, I could actually see my skin lightening from deep within.

After another wait, I was given a sedative that made me a little loopy, but I remained conscious enough to follow simple orders. Stoppers were inserted deeply into my nostrils and ears, completely blocking them, though I could still hear if someone spoke loudly. They actually glued my eyes shut. My mouth and throat were sprayed with something that basically numbed them, and then an endotracheal tube was inserted through my mouth, into my trachea. I was apparently enough out of it to be able to handle the tube in me. My lips were glued shut around the tube.

I was led over to the side of a tank and helped to climb stairs to the top. I was positioned at the edge of the tank and carefully lowered into the liquid. The fluid level was well over my head once my feet sunk to the bottom. There was a seat in the tank that I was allowed to sit for a few minutes every half hour or so. I remained in the tank for five or six hours, with the machine attached to the tube breathing for me. Finally, about mid-afternoon, I was taken out, rinsed off, dried, and laid on the hospital bed again.

They used some fluid to release the glue holding my lips to the tube. In quick motion, Dr. Nabhani pulled on and extracted the tube, making me choke badly for fifteen minutes or so. When my coughing was finally under control again, the doctor released the glue holding my eyes closed. It took several minutes and lots of eye drops to get my vision to clear. Finally, I could see again, and I looked down at my naked body.

OH MY GOD! I was a vibrant, lovely shade of pastel lavender from head to toe!

I sat at the edge of the bed and looked over at Sabra, whom they were still working on. She was a smooth, even, powder blue, a color I thought had no business being the skin color of a human. For that matter, neither did lavender. Yet here, I was, stained by order of an as yet unseen sheikh, whom I was beginning to suspect might be just a little bit crazy, if not totally around the bend.

Sabra had black hair about ten centimeters long. It was still black, but glowed with an odd, light-blue sheen. She looked at me woodenly. It was easy to guess what she must be thinking, even though her face could betray nothing. I just looked at her and shrugged my shoulders, my hands in a "Who knows?" gesture.

Lunch was wheeled in, I donned my dentures again, ate, and awaited whatever came next.

Two eunuchs hadn't been seen before entered the dyeing room, each pushing a cart. "I'm here

to do your highlighting, brows and eyelashes, Kadin" " one of them said to me. "It should be only moderately uncomfortable, and only for a few minutes in each area."

Highlight what? I was thinking, but didn't say anything.

He started at my eyelids, explaining what he was doing as he did it. He used an electrolysis probe to remove my eyelashes, one by one, saying they'd be replaced later. I wasn't very happy about that at all. I thought it would make my eyes look faded and indistinct. I was also thinking of the hassle of having to always wear false lashes, to be the most attractive whore I could be. False lashes were the most fickle of makeup accouterments, requiring careful placement with relatively unreliable glue. The way I had sex, they would probably come loose every time. Finally, as we neared the end of his work, he lined my upper and lower lids with a dark purple, permanent liner, which complimented my new lavender skin.

When my eyes were done, he moved to my lips and made them purple with a thick cream he applied and then, somehow, forced into the tissues using a hand-held probe. The purple also complimented my lilac skin, but he said it wasn't as dark as my eyeliner. He said the color could be extracted before I left the Albastil Alharim, and my lips returned to their natural pink. That was somewhat encouraging, I suppose. This color would be used on all of my highlight areas, and when it grew out a few millimeters, my hair would be dyed the purple color too.

Then it got weird again. He removed my dentures and applied the cream to the entire inside of my mouth and my divided tongues, taking over an hour with the probe to make them the uniformly purple color of my lips. As though that weren't enough, he did the same thing to my canals, the inside of my flesh-tunnel holes, and my nostrils!

I saw him carefully paint something onto the gums of my dentures, making them purple to match the inside of my mouth.

My nipples and areola were next. When they were done, I got my first look at the purple color. It went nicely with my lavender skin, if you like that sort of thing. To me, it was just bizarre.

My entire pudenda became that same purple, outside - my outer labia. to inside - my small inners, clitoris, under my hood, my slit and vaginal entrance, and part way into my vagina and urethral openings. Finally, he made my anus purple, along with the entrance and sheath part way into me.

Everything that had been flesh-toned was pastel lavender. Everything that had been pink was now purple. The exceptions were the liner on my eyelids and my outer labia, both now also purple.

Doctor Nabhani came over to put drops into my eyes, instructing me to stare at single point on the ceiling. I did and a minute later, my eyes were frozen in place. She put more drops into them, telling me she was going to inject the stroma layer of my irises with matching purple

pigment.

"Ah... ah.. ah .. you're going to do WHAT?"

"Not to worry. You won't feel anything" she said as she strapped my head in place so I couldn't move it at all.

"This will be easy for you, since you have blue eyes which are unpigmented. All the hours with dark eyes, require two injections, one to dissolve the melanin pigment making them dark, the other to inject the color. You only require the color. Now ... try to relax and definitely do not move" Relax? Was she kidding? She was going to stick a needle in my eye and she wanted me to relax?

The doctor did it, as she said she would, to both of my eyes. Afterward, she showed me a mirror. I now had glowing purple eyes. They weren't violet, like almost-blue eyes can look sometimes. They were a rather garish purple.. like my lips. My lovely blue eyes were more

I had to ask, " Will you be able to change my eyes back to blue when I return to the Retreat?"

"I can't promise an exact restoration, Kadin. I can remove the purple pigment, which would remain in place forever otherwise, but that may leave enough disruption in the light reflecting within your irises, that your eyes may appear almost colorless, or slightly pink like albino eyes, rather than blue. I think that would look very strange. If that happened, the only thing I could do is inject another color, like a natural melanin brown, to make them brown or dark brown, depending on how much color was absorbed from the injection. On the other hand, destroying the purple pigment might, indeed, return them to their original color of a deep, healthy blue."

"So I may have a difficult decision to make. Stay purple, or have the purple removed, in which case they may return to what they were, or may have color. If they were mostly colorless I'd have to have them made brown."

"Yes. Or, of course, we could make them purple again, or bright yellow, royal blue, dark green, and so forth - any of the colors of the other hours."

I looked over at powder blue Sabra, whose eyes had just been injected. They were a shining royal blue, as were her lips, nipples and so forth. The royal blue color had no resemblance to my formerly blue eyes, nor to any natural eyes I'd ever seen. It looked even less real than my purple eyes.

"I guess I'll deal with the decision then, and not be concerned about it in the meantime."

"A wise viewpoint, Kadin. I am done here. You are now to go with Agha Tarek, who will take you and Sabra for a quick meal, and then to the beauty salon for finishing"

Sabra and I followed the short, thin Arab eunuch to a buffet, set up for the new odalisques and, after we'd eaten our fill, back towards the seraglio proper. He led us to nicely decorated and equipped, modern salon, staffed by four female servants to the harem, who weren't harem houris themselves.

I received a great manicure and pedicure. My nails were painted - you guessed it - purple to match my other highlighted areas. Opalescent, purple flesh tunnels with platinum rims were fit into my ears, along with purple, spinel studs in platinum mountings in my cartilage and tragus piercings, and my left nostril. My four tongue piercings were changed to platinum balls, and my nipples were fitted with thick platinum rings.

The finishing touches were quite a surprise, and I wasn't at all sure if I liked them. They gave me artificial, but permanent, eyelashes and eyebrows, one hair at a time.

Each set of purple lashes and brows was laid out in small plastic cases. The cosmetologist told me the individual hair fibers were almost indestructible, being made of something called ultra-high-molecularweight polyethylene, the same fibers used in bullet-proof vests. The tips of each hair were coated with some American-developed material called biobond, which, when inserted, would permanently bind the fibers to the skin, one hair at a time. The hairs had sharp end for easy, if slightly uncomfortable, insertion, which would dissolve away when the bonding happened, so I wouldn't have a bunch of needles permanently poking into me.

The whole process took a couple of hours. When it was done, I had thick, 12-millimeter-long eyelashes on my top lids and slightly sparser, shorter ones below. In spite of the alleged strength of the hairs, they were as soft and flexible as real lashes, but always returned to their original, curved shape when mussed. Getting them inserted hurt, despite their use of a numbing cream. I was very glad when it was over.

The brows went in similarly but didn't hurt as much. When everything was finally done, I was sat upright, in front of a mirror. I cast my eyes downward at first.

In my mind, at that moment before I looked up at my reflection, I had something of a jolt, a sudden flashback. For the briefest of moments, I expected to see a young girl with long, darker blonde hair, and fresh, pretty, American face. The face of the person I was looking at bore no resemblance to my memory.

NO. There was no way that could be me. For that matter, it couldn't be any human I'd ever seen.

The complexion of my face - what I could see - was a nonhuman lavender, a color found in nature, but not a color of the skin of humans. My eyes were equally nonhuman in color, as were my lashes and the eyebrows that rose above them.

They'd given me purple eyebrows, which were not shaped like any brows I'd ever had naturally. They were very, very thin and arched, not a smooth arc, well above what used to be my natural brow line -based on what I remembered from five years ago, when I still had natural brows. To me, they most resembled arched brows worn by Jean Harlow, from old movies in the 1930s, who wore both arched, like mine, and smoothly arched. They were indisputably, unquestionably composed of purple hairs. Like my lashes, they were soft and natural feeling. And they were tightly bonded to my face!

I thought I was finished and was about to get up when my salon specialist touched my shoulder to hold me down. She retrieved a purple wig, the same color my lashes and brows, from a large box and placed it on my head. It was mid-back length, with bangs, waves and curls. Except for the heavy bangs, it was similar in style to the red-hair wig I wore often in the Enakazin.

She positioned the wig, fluffed it, brushed it, and combed it into place. She took me by the hand and led me to a full-length mirror. "This is you, Kadin," she said to me.

I was me now. I was both human, and something other than human at the same time. All my features were there, though frozen and unchanging in my relaxed, immovable face.: was the same chubby, rounder faced woman they'd turned me into five years ago. But my colors were so unusual that they made me look entirely different. I was this strange, lavender and purple creature, who now belonged to a Sheikh I'd yet to meet.

I batted my long eyelashes. They were thick, purple, and at least twice as long as my now-vanished natural ones had been. They did change the look of my eyes. And the weird, purple brows did too. Maybe that contributed as much as my strange color did to change me. This would take some getting used to.

A few days ago, I was a bald, though plumply attractive whore, considered the best among a plethora of fine whores at the finest brothel in the Middle East. Now was a lavender and purple Kadin, meaning the I soon to be wife of the Sheikh, in -strange harem which belonged to Sheikh Diya al din. A Sheikh so nutty as to dye each girl in his new harem with a rainbow of pastel colors.

This previously white girl had certainly fallen down the rabbit hole.

Chapter 2- Marry You

The Pastel Harem changes to me were finished, at least for now. It was already late evening by the time I returned to my apartments after I left the salon. I took a few minutes to examine myself privately. It was hard to get past my color. I thought it made me look like some pleasantly plump Disney character, maybe a lavender and purple-haired Ursula with legs. Well, I suppose I wasn't nearly that fat.

tried every expression I could think of and nothing changed on my face, except my mouth might open, my eyes close, or my jaw or move back and forth. That was the extent of what I could do. Given Altaf's experience, I worried that year might be long enough to atrophy my facial muscles. Except for the apparently unusual tastes of the Sheikh, an expressionless whore probably wouldn't be very desirable. At the least, they would ring my septum- a phrase we premiums used to indicate demotion to a common whore.

They had taken Altaf on at the Enakazin but, of course, in spite of the fact she was quite pretty, she was a common whore.

There was nothing I could do about it. There were no exercises because I had no muscle control. There was no amount of massaging that would keep my inert countenance in tone. They'd Altaf'd me and the rest.

I guess they'd turned my cellmate friend into verb.

[I felt like someone had mounted awnings on my upper eyelids. My new eyelashes were so long that they were always somewhat in my field of vision. Opening and closing my eyes, or blinking, was much more noticeable than before. I suppose they looked all right, if you like that sort of thing. I only hoped that I'd get used to them flapping up there.

My purple eyebrows were high, thin, and immobile, of course. Without them, my inert face would have been even more wooden-looking and expressionless, so I guess I was sort of glad to have them. I pulled on them and my lashes, just to see how easily they'd come out. The answer was: they don't come out. They're much tougher and more tightly bonded to my skin than real hairs.

sat around for more than an hour, while most of the pastel houris made their way back to the dormitory. checked with each one, to see how she was handling the changes. Their faces, of course, revealed nothing. Most of my girls didn't seem to give much thought to their frozen appearances. One of them though, the now light-gray/black-highlighted Qiana, the only hazil or gaunt houri among the pastel odalisques, seemed to be in some kind of post-traumatic state.

The Pastel Harem odalisques were equally divided between Middle Eastern and European women, counting two of us as European because of our ancestry. The four European women were myself, Qiana, Saida (Suzanne LaPont from France), and Dahab (Anneke Kriel from South Africa). All the other Pastel Harem odalisques were Middle Eastern.

Qiana was the attractive, former Ekaterina Terescchenko, from Ukraine. I could tell that dying her skin and hair was going to be a big problem for her. She had gone from being a pretty, blue-eyed blonde with pleasant if slightly angular features, to an expressionless, black-highlighted, near zombie-looking, cement-colored ghoul. Being so very thin only accentuated the strangeness of her light gray skin. Then, to make a bad thing worse, her eyes

bore.. it was quite disturbing, actually her eyes bore totally black disks for irises, with no visible pupils, surrounded by the whites of her eye's sclera. Like her complexion, they were unearthly.

Qiana was beside herself with anxiety and distress over her frozen face. It really did contribute to her ghouliness, and she realized that immediately. There wasn't much I could do to comfort her, but I decided that, if the opportunity arose, I'd see if I, as Kadin, could persuade Sheikh Diya al din to at least change her color to something else.

When I saw Altaf, after they turned her pastel yellow, with bright, deep yellow hair and highlights, I couldn't get the image of the Peanuts character, Woodstock, out of my head, especially because her short, deeply yellow hair stuck up randomly like the crest on Snoopy's feathered friend. In retrospect, what's surprising is how easily memories like Woodstock come to mind, when I can't even remember my parents' faces.

Altaf appeared to be taking everything stoically, but, with it having been six years since she'd made her last facial expression, everything she did she apparently did stoically. I suspected that she'd become that way inside, behind the facade of her frozen face. I wondered what that portended for the rest of us over what could be the whole next year.

The next morning, we had a superb breakfast, followed by another visit to the salon. My head was covered by noticeable bristles, the longest my hair had been in five years. Wow. I was a regular Rapunzel. I didn't care for the prickly feel and probably would have shaved my head in spite of not having the compulsion, except I'd been told not to. I'd been bald for so long that it had become the natural way I was. I guess I preferred bald to whiskers on my head. I'd be glad when it had grown out enough to be more of a soft pelt. That morning, I was given a different purple wig. This one was much shorter, and was cut into a smooth, chin-length, A-line bob, which angled sharply upward to a tapered back. It had short bangs, well-above my high, purple eyebrows.

The Sheikh intended to inspect his new harem later in the morning. We all had to look our soft-hued best. The Chief Eunuch arrived to instruct the group on protocol for the Sheikh's arrival, then allowed us to lounge around in the beautiful, indoor, seraglio gardens and pools. There were games and even a little dancing, laughter and joking around, but no smiles, of course. No frowns either. These faces couldn't do that anymore.

I sat somewhat regally, like a mother watching her children, I suppose, observing the common whores whom I'd been told were my charges. I wasn't trying to be pompous, but I'd never seen premiums playing with such abandon, and I wasn't used to it. I suppose the commons carried the reduced burden of lower expectations, and probably didn't feel the pressure my fellow premiums and I felt. Or, perhaps, these girls were glad to get a break from the Enakazin. They had survived the freezing of their faces and the dyeing of their bodies. Now it was time to relax. Time to be whatever was left of themselves. That was more likely I thought, as I considered the scene in front of me.

Even Altaf was taking part. I assumed she enjoyed it, since she occasionally threw her yellow hands in the air and jumped about. The only courtesan who sat alone, in the corner farthest from me, was Qiana, unmoving, withdrawn, and not taking part.

As lunchtime approached, I suddenly heard the Kizlar Agasi call us to attention. We moved to an open area and knelt in tulip, with me in front of the other seven odalisques. I heard steps to my left and the Kizlar Agasi called out, "Yanhanil Meaning "Bow!"

We all bent forward, our foreheads touching the ground, our arms outstretched beyond our heads, our naked bottoms upraised. My wig of purple hair was long enough to obscure my face, though I could see a little with my peripheral vision. I was about to lay eyes on the one who owned me for the next six to twelve months.

There was movement and then the footsteps stopped, I thought right in front of me. A normal voice, neither deep nor higher pitched said, "Very colorful, don't you agree, Farid Agha?"

"Definitely, Your Excellency. Do their shades meet with your approval?"

"I would say they do. Repose, ladies."

We all sat back on our legs, knees apart, hands palms-up, resting on our thighs. The Sheikh looked directly at me with curious, dark eyes. "Kadin Fatina," he said. I thought I detected a note of approval in his tone.

His lips turned up ever so slightly in an almost-smile.

"Yes, Master" I responded, bowing. As I'd been coached by the Chief Eunuch, I continued, "May it please you Master ... I present your Pastel Harem."

He called each of the concubines up to stand before him, one at a time. He took a while to examine every one. He had each turn, bend at the waist, raise their arms, spread their legs, and so forth. He looked into their mouths and anuses. He touched and fondled every part of his houris' bodies. I got the impression that he was memorizing each one, or at least remembering what he liked and disliked.

He spent the longest time with Qiana, and he didn't seem very pleased with her. I couldn't tell what it was, but I thought, if he were displeased, perhaps I could talk him into changing her color to something more appealing than putty.

He was no more than average height and build for a Middle Eastern man, maybe five or six centimeters taller than I am. He had a thick, black mustache, but was otherwise clean-shaven. I could see black hair at his temples, below his Arab keffiyeh headband. His robe and keffiyeh were a matching cream color, trimmed with purple in the exact shade of my wig and body highlights. It had been his choice, I assumed, to impose that color on me. I found out, later that purple/lavender were his favorite colors, and his mother's too, as it turned out.

He wore several large rings on his fingers. The most prominent one was a huge purple stone, an amethyst set in platinum I assumed, on the ring finger of his left hand. I was to find out later, that the stone was actually an incredibly rare, four-carat, purple diamond with current value of about five million dollars!

When he examined every one of his concubines, he stood before us all, again, bidding us to look at him directly.

"Smile for me," he commanded. Like all the others smiled, realizing that my face displayed nothing.

"Frown for me," he commanded, with the same neutral result.

He stepped up to me and gestured for me to rise. He pulled one of my nipple rings out painfully, and then pinched my stiff nipple until I could barely stand. I think my mouth opened, I may have whimpered, but I'm sure my face didn't change at all. It couldn't. He seemed satisfied, stepped back, and turned to the Kizlar Agasi, handing the giant eunuch a piece of paper. "Have these concubines brought to those rooms, and dismiss the rest for now" he told the Chief Eunuch. Then he turned to me again. "Come with me, Fatina."

I stepped up to him. He surprised me by taking my hand like a boyfriend would have, and led me through a large, bronze door I hadn't entered before. We walked across the splendid outdoor courtyard, and into a suite of rooms on the other side, opposite the seraglio.

These apartments were stunningly lavish, and decorated in the lavenders and purples of my own apartments and myself. The lighting was natural, and was so cleverly done that I couldn't tell from where it originated within the decorated cathedral ceilings far above. There were no evident electric lights either, but there were large, unlit, golden-yellow candles on beautiful, ornate sconces and tall columnar candlesticks throughout. I could faintly smell the sweet, warm, delicious aroma of beeswax behind the light, flowery perfume, which was different from the fragrance in the seraglio proper.

The rooms were furnished in a tasteful mix of European and Middle Eastern styles. They had the beautiful, detailed, gold-leaf, Arabic frieze work, but also had paintings on the walls, all of which seemed to be erotically-themed, or depicting men and women in affectionate poses.

I began to wonder if my Lord and Master was something of a romantic.

Still holding my hand, my Master took me into a huge bedroom. On the floor was the largest Persian rug I had ever seen; its uncommon principal colors were lavender and purple, of course. We walked across it to stand next to the bed, and Sheikh Diya al din turned to me and simply said, "Please me, Fatina," as he removed his robe and tossed it aside.

I suppose I'd somewhat learned how to read people from my daily experiences with my clients. It hadn't been a conscious effort, but my slow mind had eventually formed some ideas about tone of voice, body language, what wasn't said aloud, and so forth. I had the clear impression that the Sheikh wanted me to proceed on my own, without asking if I should remove my dentures or wig, whether he wanted oral first, if he wanted to beat me, or anything else. I would take the initiative to decide.

I ran my hand up his groin, reaching below him to lightly touch his taint with my middle finger, which I then slowly slid along his sack, and up to his growing, but still soft manhood. I caressed the rod with my hand while I pushed my purple, pierced nipples against his hard, surprisingly muscular chest. I could feel his coarse, curly hairs all along the soft skin of my torso; he was hairy in a manly way, but not heavily covered. I kissed along his neck on either side and then tilted my head back to look into his eyes, which were bright in anticipation.

I kissed his lips and used both of my tongues to probe into his mouth and caress his tongue. I breathed heavily into him. I stood on tiptoes to whisper in his ear, "Spank me, Master." I gently pushed him down to sit on the bed and lay across his lap with my head on his left, making my ass more easily available to his right hand. I noticed how he'd used his hands when he talked, and how he'd taken my hand to lead me here. I was sure, therefore, that he was right-handed. My left hand lay on the bed, and my right reached down between his legs to caress his penis as it pushed up against me from below.

I heard him take a breath and then, "SMACK!" His right hand came down onto the fleshy right cheek of my ass.

"One!" I called out.

My left cheek was smacked next and I yelled, "Two!" He hit my left again. "Three!" I shouted. That one had stung a lot!

This continued. My bottom became hot and stinging like it had been sprinkled with acid. Finally, at "Sixteen!" He stopped.

"Enough." He said.

"Thank you, Master" I replied demurely, resisting the urge to rub my poor, painful butt. I stood with my eyes downcast and, as gracefully as I could, removed my teeth and set them on a small, ornate chest next to the bed.

I knelt before him and my tongues moved to out to clamp his rod in my pincher-grip. I heard his startled intake of breath. I think I'd surprised him, even though I was sure he knew about me and had felt my two tongues within his mouth already.

He was much harder after having spanked me and, looking into his eyes again, I thought they

shown even brighter. I tried to smile at him before I remembered I could. My expression didn't change. I played my tongue with my tongue along his shaft until my lips detected the trace of pre-cum. Then I took him into my mouth, using my pincher to pull him in. I maintained my pincher around his penis as I slid in deeper, past my inactive uvula, and easily down my throat. My little hands massaged his scrotum all the while.

I worked my throat muscles up and down the penis filling and blocking my throat, pausing only long enough to take an occasional breath, every minute and a half or so. I impressed him with my ability to hold my breath for so long a time.

When I felt the skin of his pouch tighten and pull at up, at the same time I felt his glans swell a little more in my throat, backed off and let him move slightly away from the edge. With careful ministrations, I kept him surfing the edge of climax for many minutes. Eventually, I slid his rock-hard shaft from my throat and mouth and maneuvered him onto the bed, lying on his back.

I straddled him with my pussy perched right above his erection. I swayed hypnotically as I lowered my wet slit to the tip of his rod. I looked into his eyes with my mouth in an "O" trick I'd developed to keep my denture-less mouth from closing too much and pinching my face in an ugly granny imitation. The tips of my tongues slid along my lips, visible to him through the "O" too.

I slowly lowered onto his manhood until I took it all and it filled me. I had, of course, assumed the mindset that I was taking my lover into me and I felt that elation of being one with him. I was so well-positioned, and he was large enough, to make me feel like little more than an extension of him. I was sub to his dominance and I was small in comparison. My eyes partially closed in concentration and fulfillment. My eyes and the "O" of my mouth were as much expression as my frozen face could create. That would take some getting used to.

With my fingers interlinked and my hands behind my head in a tulip, I locked back and forth and swayed side to side in a sexual dance, bonded to my Master and lover by the cock tightly plugging me, probing me, claiming me. I continued on top until I could see his nipples harden to tiny stones, sense the change in his breathing, and feel his glans swell a little within my sheath. Again, I held him at the cusp of powerful arousal and climactic satisfaction.

Bending forward, I lay across his muscular stomach and nipped at his nipples with my gums, hard enough to keep him on the anticipatory side of coitus. I used my tongues to circle first one nipple, then the other.

I returned upright and began to dance upon his manhood again.

I love sex. I love it with women, and generally prefer them as Partners, and I love it with men too. I've come to realize though, that my favorite single thing about sex - besides orgasm itself - is that feeling of having my vagina deeply filled with a hot, hard, throbbing penis.

Though my face barely showed it, I was relishing that feeling right then, and was reluctant to move on. This particular man fit me especially well; I've become a connoisseur of the fit of men's penises within my vagina, and this was a firm, filling, perfect accommodation.

I was in control, however, and it was time to move things along. I wasn't interested in giving him a tantric session, at least not this time. I wanted to provide a well-rounded sampling of my talent and charms.] gradually moved up, off of him. I reached down to my pussy to massage some of the juices back from the opening to my rosebud and lubricated it adequately. Then I turned around, placed my face and hands on the bed, and lifted my ass to him.

"Take me like a boy, Master," " I begged, in a somewhat Arabic way of saying "Ass-fuck me."

I felt him kneel behind me and freached back to guide his penis to the opening of my asshole.

"Take your slave, Master" I encouraged. "All of me is, certainly, yours alone." I wasn't sure about the "yours alone" but I suspected, as Kadin, I might be reserved for only him. I decided to take a chance.

With a satisfied grunt, he pushed into me and Teasily opened for him to enter my bowel. I was tight but comfortably submissive at the same time, the mark of a truly talented, frequently buggered whore. By now, I'd come to regard my talents as an anally-fucked whore to be well-practiced. Frankly, I was completely confident in my abilities to please any discerning man or woman.

He moved slightly in and out, in a familiar rhythm. I could squeeze and release him at several positions within me. We had been at this coupling and pleasure seeking for the better part of an hour and I feared he would soon become impatient, exhausted (after all, it was obvious he wasn't 19 years old anymore) and would climax in a mostly ordinary squirt, not the profound orgasm I was aiming for. I reached back to cup his balls in my hand and titillate them with my fingers. When: felt the tightening of his skin, squeezed him firmly and said in, rough, strained voice, "Please pause, Master. You are too much for a poor slave.?" I felt his thrusts slow and decrease in force, but not stop entirely. That was all I needed. I began to ripple my outer and inner sphincter muscles at the very base of his penis, pausing every few seconds to simply grip him tightly. In minute or two, I felt his glans swell and his sack tighten again. I began to thrust back against him and then forwards, creating the arousing friction which would push him into ecstasy.

He responded by pumping me in time with my thrusts. I heard him moan. I gripped him tighter as he got closer and closer. I could tell that he could hold it no longer. I released his balls and held him solidly with my sphincter. He surprised me by reaching around me and separating my slit with his fingers. He probed into my slit, lightly stimulating my hot clitoris and then applying exactly the right pressure to shove me to the edge as though we'd been lovers for years.

With one last thrust, he fell over the edge into the abyss. His fingers made a final circle of my clit, then switched to pressing upon it back and forth. With that motion he effectively grabbed me and pulled me into the abyss with him. We fell up and up and up; my climax was extraordinary/! In those last few seconds, he had conquered me and sent me to awesome heights. I screamed in bliss and realized he was screaming with me!

He pumped and pumped and his thrusts and pulses shot through the bottom of my body and linked with the pleasure pulses radiating out from my clit. It was shocking in both its intensity and its surprise. This handsome, mature man was both my Master and a thoroughly experienced lover.

He shot into me. I could feel more volume, pulse after pulse. I don't think I had ever been shot so full. When it was over, I thought he might have been saving up that cum since he last fathered a child.

He gave final, unintelligible shout, and collapsed onto my back. I flattened out onto the bed and we lay there unmoving. Some indeterminate time later, I felt him becoming soft within me. I squeezed him to keep him where he was, and began to ripple my inner and outer sphincter muscles, in attempt to make him hard again.

It wasn't to be, at least not then. I had exhausted him. In a little while, despite my best efforts, he slipped out of me. Still, with his arms around me, he lay there, quiet and still. I thought it wouldn't be viewed favorably if I pushed him off my back, so I resigned myself to lying there until he moved off of me.

I think we both slept. Eventually, I heard him stir, push himself up, and to slide off of but remain next to me. I lay face-down beside him, not stirring. I felt his arm encircle me in a warm embrace.

"Fatina, you have truly bewitched me."

"I wanted to please you, Master. And give you some knowledge of my talents."

"And conquer me ."

"Perhaps, Master" He laughed aloud at my comment.

"in one session, you've shown that you are the finest woman I've ever experienced in bed"

I took a chance. "I'm very sorry, Master, but that isn't the whole of it."

"You are saying you have even more to offer?"

"Of course, Master, this was but an overview. However, that's not what I was referring to."

"Oh? Then what did you mean by that isn't the whole of it."

"Not only am I the finest woman you have experienced, but .." "What, Fatina?" He asked, genuinely interested.

"I am the best there is, Master. It is impossible for you to have anyone better."

"You were the top premium whore at the Enakazin?"

"Without a doubt, Master. You may verify that with my Master, Negasi."

"Are there no better whores than the Enakazin provides?"

I took another chance, but I told him, "The Enakazin is the pinnacle, Master. There are no better. And I'm the best at the very best place."

"I don't doubt you, Fatina, not at all"

"Thank you, Master" My expression would have been smug if I could have made an expression. Perhaps I was lucky I couldn't right then.

"Fatina, you are the softest pillow I've had the pleasure to lie upon. I love the full, curvaceous, shape of you."

"Thank you, Master" I murmured. "I know I'm plump, but I hope you will still find me desirable."

"Fatina, this isn't the USA, and we don't share many of the beauty definitions of contemporary Western culture. We appreciate women's curves, voluptuousness, and the fullness of their luscious bodies. Most of all, we appreciate their sexual prowess. You have that in abundance."

He finally stumbled to his feet, his hair disheveled and his otherwise fit, middle-aged body somewhat unsteady. I thought I may have fucked his brains out. He scratched his head, looking around as though trying to remember something. Then he sat back down, resting his hand on my plump bottom.

"Fatina, we need to discuss your position, your duties, and your charges, Qiana in particular."

"As you wish, Master. Should I stand?"

"No, you are fine where you are. I suppose you might want to take notes ..."

I turned my head to look at him, embarrassed for what I needed to say, though my face didn't show it. He looked into my eyes and I could see he was uncertain about what I was feeling, though perceptive enough to realize something bothered me.

"I can't read you, Fatina. Your frozen face reveals little. My fault, I suppose, but I wanted to try the idea within the Pastel Harem. You'll have to get used to explaining yourself outright, since you no longer convey much with a glance."

"I'm sorry, my Lord, but I cannot take notes. I will have to remember. I am unable to write or to read for that matter."

"You're illiterate? didn't know."

I was suddenly afraid he'd dismiss me for my shortcomings. It was amazing how I could go from extreme confidence to extreme diffidence so quickly. I didn't mind returning to the Enakazin at all, at but I didn't want to return in disgrace, having failed my Master, Negasi. I stumbled with words, finally saying with a quivering voice, "My controller was used to render me illiterate in the moments before I was taken from the Control Institution to the Enakazin."

"Who did this to you?" He didn't seem disappointed in me - that I could detect - merely curious, perhaps slightly angry at what was done to me.

"The same matron who is here with us, under the command of my Master, Negasi. It was meant as a punishment for questioning him, and as a demonstration to encourage me to stay in line. It worked." "Nevertheless, I will have the matron reverse it, at least while you're here."

I could only try to control, but I couldn't completely suppress the tears when they came rolling down my wooden cheeks. I could have been freed of this awful thing they had done to me, if only Negasi hadn't made it permanent. "What they did to me is forever, Master. It cannot be undone. Additionally, I'm unable to be taught to read or write. They damaged the required pathways within my brain to make it impossible to learn." I didn't want him to reject me and so I added, as quickly as was able, "I am very capable at remembering instructions, my Lord. I know I can serve you well, even with my slow, inadequate mind. Please don't return me in disgrace. Given a chance, I will prove my worth to you."

He stared at me, scratching his head again. It seemed to be a habit while he was thinking. he

"Fatina, I have no intention of returning you to Negasi until your time here is complete as agreed upon. I've seen your sexual talents in action. That alone would be enough to keep you here. I trust you when you say you can manage your other responsibilities."

"You are very outspoken for an odalisque. All of what you said was the result of my simple

statement about taking notes. Don't be so nervous around me. After all, you are to be Kadin here, Wives should be deferential to their husbands, but not unduly afraid of them."

Wives? Where was he going with this? I decided to shut up and let him tell me in his own time.

"Tapologize, Master. I await your instructions."

He sighed, and suspected I hadn't gotten some message I should have picked up from within his words, but said nothing else.

"Let's start again," he said. "First off, what are your religious views?"

To the best of my poor ability to recall, I was raised Roman Catholic in the United States, Master, though I was never very devout, and I still am not. I suppose I have been practicing Muslim since I was imprisoned five years ago. At least, I have controller-induced, permanent compulsions to avoid foods that are haram, and to say the daily salat prayers."

"Hmm. I am a Shia Muslim, do you know what that means?"

"Yes, Master. You believe that The Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, designated Ali ibn Abi Talib as his chosen successor"

"That is correct. The Shia tradition allows a Nikah al-Mut'ah or marriage for pleasure. The marriage duration is declared before it takes place and is automatically terminated upon completion of the agreed time period. I intend to marry you in such a tradition, for a period of one year. It would terminate on the one-year anniversary date, unless we mutually agree to extend it, which is unlikely, since you will return to the Enakazin at that time, as per my contract with Negasi"

I was shocked! I'd just had my first marriage proposal, I suppose, and was basically told I was going to marry this guy for a year!

"The rights to you and your body will be mine alone during that time. You will be Kadin, the wife of the Sheikh, in actuality. You will even have the legal protections granted under Sharia law to the wife in the Nikah al-Mut'ah. Our wedding will take place in two days, in the atrium of the seraglio, in the presence of the eunuchs, the houris and the staff servants. It will be a small, unpretentious affair. How does that sound to you?"

It sounded crazy! I didn't want to be married to this guy! After all, he'd had me dyed lavender! He'd had my face paralyzed! Sure otherwise, he seemed nice enough, but I didn't want my marriage, perhaps the only one I'd ever have, to be like this crazy contract, even if it was Islam-sanctified, and time-limited!

I couldn't say in any of that. It appeared I was going to be a wife in the Arab equivalent of a shot-gun wedding—at least in the Shia tradition. What I managed to say, while bowing my head, was, "Tam honored beyond all expectations, my Lord and Master."

"That's as it should be. As Kadin, you'll oversee the harem, including direct responsibility for the houris and the servants. You'll evaluate replacement courtesans as we identify candidates, instruct them in the ways of the Pastel Harem which you will be largely responsible for creating in the first place, and dealing out punishments where necessary to any of the odalisques who require correction. To perform your tasks, you'll have the help of the Kizlar Agasi, Farid Agha, along with the other eunuchs and servants"

"Sexually, you'll be available only to me, unless I specifically grant permission to another man. You will, however, be responsible for deciding which of the odalisques I see in my bedchambers, on the occasions when need a break from our routine."

In other words, he expected his wife - me- to pimp the other women to him!

"As you wish, Master," " " is what I said.

"You may go over your other responsibilities with the Kizlar Agasi. He will also prepare you for the marriage service, the nikah. The oldest of my three sons, Abbas, will be gazi, overseeing the ceremony.

"We'll talk more about my expectations of your responsibilities over the next few days. Right now, though, want to talk about one of your odalisques, Qiana. was quite pleased with the emotional bearing and expressions of the other Pastel houris, but, frankly, she came across as morose and unpleasant."

"She is unhappy, Master. She was rather pretty if very thin blonde from Eastern Europe. Now, with her angular body and the gray color with black highlights, she looks rather ..ah . " "Just say t, Fatina. She looks like one of the walking dead, a zombie."

"Yes, Master. Perhaps a different shade.." I was being bold in making a recommendation at this point, but I was to be his wife, after all.

"The dyes, Fatina, were especially developed for the Pastel Harem. They cost me a small fortune. There are only eight shades. Since I don't want duplicates, Qiana must remain gray, with black highlights. Besides, I like her color; I don't like the way she mopes around. I will admit that her gray skin doesn't much compliment the emaciated look of her shape, but we can't easily change her color at this point. Besides, someone else would have to become gray and black then, so we'd have to go to the trouble of changing two houris"

I thought to try one more time. "T had a long conversation with her last night, my Lord, and I have an opinion, if you would like to hear it."

"Certainly, Fatina. You're to be my wife; therefore, you may always directly voice opinions to me." "Tam of the opinion that she is depressed about her color?"

"You know more about these controllers than I do, I suspect. Can we not simply program her to be happily gray?"

I'd learned my lesson with Lesedi, and I didn't want to be involved in any more mental meddling. I wasn't sure how to talk him out of that one. "Master, I know that it's possible to use a controller to make a person happier, or more satisfied, with a proposed state, yet to be fully established. For example, I was altered to believe that I wanted to be the best whore at the Enakazin, and that's what I became. Something similar was done to another acquaintance of mine. I don't know if the controller can be used to make one happy with a state one is already in."

I thought my answer, though truthful in my limited experiences, was sufficiently vague that he'd get the message that Qiana couldn't be made happy being gray, since she already was. Frankly, I didn't know that was untrue, but I didn't know that it was true either.

"Good. Your insights serve to reinforce what I had in mind. Qiana is the only hazil body type in the Pastel Harem. Frankly, neither I nor my sons have much interest in being intimate with a skeleton. There is a time and a place, however, for the full, luxuriant body of the Zenay vizhiden, the very corpulent. Since we have no Zenay vizhiden in our Pastel Harem, I propose that we make one out of Qiana." I didn't like that idea, mostly because I was tired of the powerful around here making decisions about the physical characteristics - the bodies - of the not-powerful. I wasn't sure it would even be possible. I tried to do a quick calculation in my head, but stumbled around with it because of my slowed thinking.

"Master, she would have to gain ..." I couldn't supply the number, and hoped he would pick up on the impossibility of the task, given my enfeebled brain.

"She would have to almost triple her weight, I know. I believe her current weight is 39 kilos." I think I looked surprised that he could remember any details about his odalisques. 39 kilos was about 86 pounds, very thin. "We need to bring her up to 110 to 115 kilos, a gain of more than 70 kilos."

That was a gain of over 150 pounds! At 10 kilos or about 22 pounds per month, it would take - I paused and finally figured it out - 7 months!

"Master, more than half her time here would probably be over before she reached her target." I had no idea what Qiana would look like then, but I pictured a large, pale lump of modeling clay in a black wig.

"Then we had best get started" He announced. "I'll talk to the Harem physician and see

if we can't come up with a program to boost her by fourteen or more kilos per month. When you return to the Pastel Harem apartments, let Qiana know that you and I are both concerned about her unhappiness, and tell her what we're going to do about it." "My Lord, she may not respond favorably." That was as bold a statement as I felt comfortable with around him.

"No matter. I will instruct the matron to use her controller to gradually help Qiana look forward to her new shape with happy anticipation, and at the same time be convinced that her current color will be perfect for her when she is... IS ah.."

"Fat?" I added for him.

"Yes, fat. Meaning very fat. Throughout much of history, it's been a sign of affluence. Perhaps our matron use that."

He was kidding, right? Or maybe he didn't get it. Qiana may have been far too thin, but he was planning to take her light-year beyond average, to the other end of the weight spectrum!

"It will be quite a change for her, Master"" I tried but couldn't keep the doubt out of my voice. He didn't need an expression from me to pick up on that.

"You seem skeptical, Kadin." Oops.... he used my title. Not a good sign. "Perhaps we should only take Qiana to gideen, as you are now, and you could become our zenay vizhiden. You would each gain, but in total have less far to go. Everything would be over more quickly. Actually, that is a rather good idea!"

No, it definitely hadn't been a good sign. What does one say when one's Master is suggesting she gain almost a hundred pounds? There were no zenay vizhiden premium whores at the Enakazin. At the very least, I'd be demoted until I lost the weight. If that left me flabby, I'd never be premium again.

"I am your servant, Master, soon to be your wife. I will happily do whatever you ask." What else could I say? He had all the power. This was one moment when I was glad my face was expressionless. It would have been impossible to hide my distaste. In silent prayer, I thought, oh please, please, please can we just go back a few paragraphs in this conversation and continue from there?

"It would save time, for sure. I might even enjoy feeding you. There's something rather sensual and erotic about it, don't you think?"

Oh God! The guy was a closet feeder! Years ago I'd read that some people get off fattening up others. It was sounding like this kinky sheikh - who had us all dyed like a pack of Necco Wafers - had additional kinks, yet to be satisfied.: didn't want this to happen to me! I was changed enough before I ever came here, and now I was purple and expressionless! It was time to stop doing things to poor Fatina! She was fat-ina enough!

"I only hope I can serve you as well in bed when there is so much more of me, my Lord." That was the only card he had to play. He had a good taste of my talents. Maybe he could leverage the fear of damaging my capabilities, if I could barely move my bulk. I said as much - carefully.

"Yes. There is that. I'm not prone to want to fix something that isn't broken, or break something that is near-perfection." "Yes, my Lord. I fear my movements might be somewhat inhibited." My fingers were crossed behind my back.

"Let's keep to my original plan. We'll start Qiana on her new diet and whatever drugs are available to support it as soon as the physician puts it together. We both know what we need to do.

"I'll be busy between now and our wedding. I'll see you then. Perhaps I can clear enough time to give us a few days together afterwards"

"That would be wonderful, Master." I was relieved, but concerned about spending too much time with my husband, especially now that I realized he might very well have other kinks yet to be uncovered.

I returned to the Pastel Harem atrium. I decided to tell Qiana what was going to happen to her body type as soon as I could locate her. I found her sitting on the low wall surrounding one of the pools, listlessly running her hand back and forth through the water. Her shoulders were slumped in unhappy resignation.

I asked her to return to my apartments with me for a short talk. There, I told her how both the Sheikh and I were concerned about her unhappiness. I told her we discussed what to do to make her time in the Pastel Harem more enjoyable for her and for those around her. I expressed my concern that both she and I would be punished and might be returned to the Enakazin in disgrace.

"I've tried to find more positive attitude within me, Kadin," she told me, "but every time I've convinced myself this will be all right and eventually pass, I see my reflection somewhere and immediately become depressed at the morbid color I am, made worse because of my emaciated body. I was pretty when I arrived at the Control institution, and my weight was normal. They made me this near-skeletal woman and now I'm the color of a cadaver too."

"The Sheikh agreed to a partial fix for you, with his peculiar twist, Qiana," I said. She looked up with slight interest. "He wants you to gain weight, to completely eliminate your gaunt look."

"And my color?"

"You will remain gray/black. There is no other color to offer you. Only eight were created,

at great expense to our Master. Changing your weight will, I believe, help considerably." Admittedly, I was trying to spin this.

HHow much will I be allowed to gain?"

It appeared that she was concerned about being permitted to gain enough. I decided to come right out and tell her, "You're to become: zenay vizhiden, Qiana" Her eyes got big and her hand flew to her mouth to cover the big "O" that formed there. Her frozen face largely masked what was apparently a huge shock to her. "T'm to be fat?" "You're to become very fat. The Sheikh would like one big houriin his Pastel Harem. I don't know if that's concerning to you, but I think it will honestly be an improvement, and may very well compliment your color."

"T would have to gain ... ah..."

"About 70 kilos ™"

"70 KILOS! How could I ever do that?"

"You will eat a lot- think you're likely to enjoy it; the food here is excellent. You will see the harem doctor in the morning. She will provide supplements and appetite enhancers to help you gain the weight to efficiently and quickly, over four months or so."

"Kadin, I DON'T WANT TO BE FATY"

"Qiana, I sympathize with you, I never wanted to be chubby either. I was nochhadn - thinner than average - when I arrived at the Control Institution. We do what our Masters decide, and we have no choice in that. In exchange, we live comfortable lives and have a chance for happiness. Both are better than our chances were at the Control Institution. Perhaps even better than your prospects back in ukraine" My God, Isounded like a saleswoman for prostitution careers at the Enakazin. By making me Kadin, theydtaken me over to the dark side. I tried to justify my words to her as necessary for our joint survival. After all, my future was bound up with the performance of her and all the other houris here with me. Somehow, that justification was falling a little short in my mind.

"I will help you to adjust, Qiana, and T11 enlist the help of others her as well" One of those would be the controller-expert matron, but I wouldn't tell her that. My Lord had decided to nudge her mind to accept becoming obese, so that's the way it was going to be.

"Qiana, please try to start the program of weight gain with a positive attitude. Consider that it could be good for your appearance, compared to where you are now. Perhaps, once you've put on a couple dozen kilos, the Sheikh will be satisfied and have you stop there. At that point, you might be motowoseik - or average weight- again.

"As for tomorrow, get started. Trust me to see that things will improve for you and your satisfaction with your body and your position here. Will you do that for me?" I didn't lie to her, but I hadn't told her some of that satisfaction would come from her controller. I'd decided it was the lesser of two evils, and it was going to happen regardless of my input.

"Alright, Kadin. I will try to do it for you. May I come to you for help and guidance?"

"Of course, Qiana. In fact, I expect you to. We will talk regularly. Don't let any of this interfere with your other duties. Be the best odalisque you can, and the other things will, with the help of me and others, take of themselves."

She leaned forward to hug me then. I tried to convince myself that what I'd done was for her own good, but I couldn't help feeling I'd betrayed her by my words and my complicity in the Sheikh's plans for her.

The atrium of the Pastel Harem was decorated in lavender and purple, my colors, and the favorite colors of Sheikh Diya al din, soon to be my legal husband for a year. Though it was not the most remarkable thing to happen to me, physically, mentally or socially, it could definitely be described as outlandish.

The Kizlar Agasi had decided how I'd be presented to the Sheikh as his bride and the Pastel Harem servants had seen to my preparation. My wedding dress consisted of purple silk scarves hanging from anywhere on my body where they could gain purchase. One streamed from each of my ear's flesh tunnels and the rings in my nipples. A long scarf was wrapped around my waist, tied, and allowed to hang down in front of my pudenda. One was attached to a butt plug and then hung from my ass like a diaphanous, purple tail. Finally, one wrapped around my neck and each of my wrists and ankles.

I didn't wear wig. Instead, I wore a tight cap, completely covered in short, heart-shaped pieces of scarf material. My head appeared to be covered in the drooping petals of a purple flower.

My face was already colored lavender and highlighted with purple lips, lashes and brows. Lavender makeup was used to give it a finer, matte finish. My purple lips were glossed giving them a wet look. Personally, I thought I looked like nothing so much as a purple, female version of the Jolly Green Giant. By the time a year had passed, I thought I might never want to lay eyes on the color purple again.

I knelt on a purple silk pillow in front of the assembled houris, servants and eunuchs, awaiting my betrothed. I'd asked Altaf to be my attendant, which was allowed, though only the signatures of the male witnesses would carry any legal authority. Altaf knelt next to me, covered in deep yellow scarves. Her equally deep yellow hair, styled like Woodstock in my opinion, was deemed long enough to skip the scarf cap like I wore. Since she didn't have flesh tunnels in her ears, they hung: small, token scarf from her septum ring.

We didn't have a rehearsal as such, though the Kizlar Agasi had told me what would happen, and went over the individual parts of the ceremony. The whole thing would be over in less than half an hour. Then I'd be wife and stepmother to three sons almost my age.

The first part of the event, the Nikah - or betrothal - ceremony began when the oldest son, Abbas, entered the atrium and stood a few meters in front of me, facing the assembled guests, meaning the Pastel Harem denizens, who were forced to witness the event. Then my betrothed, the Sheikh, stepped up to me, flanked by his middle son, Jamal, and his youngest son, Nayef. They would be witnesses and sign the meher, the marriage contract, along with the Sheikh and me. The meher consists of two parts, a prompt, or token, to be given to me before our marriage was consummated, and a monetary gift.

The prompt was to be ring, which was typical for a Nikah al-Mut'ah in the 21st century. I assumed the monetary gift would be a token amount, like a dollar or euro or a riyal. Jamal stepped up to me and extended his hand. I rose and he walked me the few steps to my fiancée, placing my hand in the Sheikh's. Nayef had taken Altaf's hand and stood behind us, off to the side. Hand-in-hand, the Sheikh and I stood before Abbas, and the Sheikh began to explain the terms of the meher. To seal the marriage, he would first give me the prompt, the initial item of value in the contract. He held out his hand and Jamal handed him a ring with a large, purple stone set in platinum, which appeared to match his. He described it aloud for the meher. It was a real, two-carat, purple diamond with a value of about two and a half million dollars! It was mine for as long as we were married, which was to be a year.

He carefully slipped it on the ring finger of my left hand. I was, in effect, receiving it prior to the wedding ceremony itself, so it wasn't a wedding ring in the Western tradition. Rather, it was somewhere between that and an engagement ring. It was the prompt.

To complete the meher, the Sheikh explained the token monetary award, which would be immediately at my disposal: I would retain any unspent amount after our marriage ended. It would be placed in trust for me until I was released from my indentured servitude at the Enakazin. Then he told me the amount.

Six million Saudi riyals.

Over one and a half million dollars!

My knees began quivering and I had to grab the Sheikh's arm to keep from stumbling. He'd just given me more than a million dollars! I was to use it for anything I needed to purchase during our marriage.

Anything lasting that I bought, like jewelry for instance, would belong to me, meaning I would take it with me when I left the Pastel Harem, after our marriage was over.

You might wonder how, confined to the Pastel Harem apartments, I could go out and buy anything. Of course, I couldn't. But that wouldn't keep women merchants from visiting me. I was expected to buy some jewelry and special-event clothes, and occasional gifts for my wards - the other houris - my Husband, the staff or my stepsons. My Husband, in the meher, mentioned that might spend as much as half to threequarters of a million dollars in the next year.

If I didn't falter in the marriage, I would be leaving the Pastel Harem with a small fortune in trust in my name. I was flabbergasted!

I turned to the Sheikh, bowed my head, and said, "You are very generous, Master."

"In moments, you will be Kadin in aw, Fatina. You are about to be the wife of Sheikh. I will trust you to conduct your affairs accordingly"

"I promise to justify your trust in me, my Lord."

The Nikah ceremony had reached the point of contract signing which would be the specific moment of marriage. We stepped forward to sign the meher contract, binding me to Sheikh Diya al din as his legal wife for exactly one year. I had practiced making the marks which the Kizlar Agasi had told me were my name in Arabic. They looked like scribblings to me, but I could at least recreate them after some practice.

Finally, the contract was witnessed by Jamal and Nayef.

My Husband's full name was Sheikh Diya al din of the house of Naqbi. I had just become Kadin Fatina Al Naqbi. Good grief!

We stepped back. Abbas picked up a copy of the Quran and read the Fatihah the first chapter. This was usually done in the Nikah al-Mut ah. Then there followed the durud, or blessing.

Although many Muslim couples do not say vows at the marriage ceremony, the Sheikh had decided we would.

He turned to me and took both my hands in his. He looked directly into my violet eyes and said, "I, Diya al din Al Naqbi, offer you myself in marriage in accordance with the instructions of the Holy Quran and the Holy Prophet, peace and blessing be upon him. I pledge to cherish and protect you and be for you a strong, capable husband."

I replied with, "I, Fatina, offer you myself in marriage in accordance with the instructions of the Holy Quran and the Holy Prophet, peace and blessing be upon him. I pledge, in honesty and with sincerity, to be for you an obedient and faithful wife."

The Nikah ceremony was over. I became married woman for the first, but not to be the only,

time.

Chapter 3 -I Got You Babe

I awoke with my head on my Husband's strong arm and my right arm across his muscular chest. It Was the third morning after our wedding. We were honeymooning in the suite of rooms across the courtyard from the Pastel Harem. We'd been alone since the brief reception following the Nikah al-Mut ah, except for the occasional moment when a servant delivered food or something else one of us requested.

The two and a half days here SO far had been pleasant, if a bit weird. We talked and played games - the Sheikh was something of a backgammon expert and was teaching me. We watched some Arabic erotic movies, which I could mostly understand, and some Indian ones, which I couldn't understand at all. They were subtitled but that was no help to me. Every few minutes, my Husband would pause the video and explain what was happening,进 i wasn't obvious, which was often. It became funny after a while andI found myself enjoying his company.

More than anything else, we had sex and ate. Sometimes we ate during sex. Other times we had sex during meals. In some ways, we only ate meal per day, from the time we got up until we crashed for the night. The day was sort of a continuous nibbling, broken by more avid nibbling at mealtimes.

My earlier suspicion was borne out; the Sheikh liked to feed me.I was sure it gave him sexual kick. The problem with that was three-fold: I didn't want to gain any more weight; Ihad a compulsion to stay very close to the chubby, gideen ideal; andifI became too fat, might no longer have my position as a premium whore because I was too heavy or because I became flabby after losing the weight.

Yesterday, about mid-afternoon, the Sheikh noticed I was becoming anxious, and asked me what was wrong. He was, f anything, attentive and sensitive to me, not at all what I was expecting in a Master who would dye his concubines a rainbow of pale colors.

I told him my concerns about gaining weight. Of course, he told me not to worry aboutt. Iexplained that my immediate anxiety was caused by my controller-induced compulsion. His response was to summon tO the matron expert, who was still with uS, and told her to remove it. Actually, he kept the lower end, meaningI was compelled not to go more than 1 couple kilos below the gideen ideal for my 162.5 cm or 5-feet, 4- inch height. That ideal was 75 kilos or 165 pounds, but fcould get fatter without bounds. He was clearly of a mind to do that to me.

It was going to be up to me to keep that from happening, while keeping him satisfied with me sexually. He was what's known as a feeder, a person who gets off by feeding a love interest.I was probably going to CO have to find another fetish of his to divert his attention.

At my normal gideen weight, I was about 14 kilos or 30 pounds from the next weight designation, swomina or fat. I didn't want to get there, or allow him to take me there.

I decided to come right out and ask him what turned him on. That approach seemed simple and straightforward. He was surprisingly reluctant to talk about it; he appeared to be embarrassed, i anything.I started fondling him and arousing his sexuality and, gradually, he opened up. Our discussion lasted for several hours. In that time, I got to know him far better than any man Id known before. The bottom line was that what got my Husband's rocks off was change. Since] was the focus of his sexual desires at the moment, that meant changes to me.

Good heavens!Id been changed enough, and had no interest in anything else being done to me!

lhad to come up with changes that were easily reversible. My controller might be the key to doing that, even though the idea made me crazy with dread. Everything that was done through the controller could be undone, assuming it wasn't burned permanently into me. The list was pretty good, though, if I could convince him that the things the controller could do to me would be fun possibilities for him.

Today, despite my dread, Id encourage him to try some of those temporary changes that I thought were more acceptable than getting me truly fat.

As he stirred in bed, began ministering to him with kisses, licks and rubbing my body against him; he liked to feel me squirm. [wanted him to fully awaken in a wonderful, satisfied mood. While he was still resurfacing from sleep, I straddled him, pushed down onto him, and took his cock into my wet, inviting pussy.

I worked his morning wood with great finesse and careful attention.I wanted him to come fully awake hovering at the edge. I intended to greet him with wake-up orgasm. My hands slid lightly, comfortingly over his shoulders and arms, as moved carefully up and down, using that motion and selective squeezing of my Kegels. Leaning forward to caress him also stimulated my clitoris. Combining that with the delicious rubbing of his glans against my G-spot was taking me to the edge with him.

WhenI thought we were both ready, squeezed hard on his penis and pushedit all the way into me in one motion. His eyes few open and an expression of pure joy and excitement lit up his face. Itumbled over the edge with him and we started the day with a mutual bang.

After he'd emptied his cum into me, I collapsed atop his chest, still gripping him with my Kegels. kissed him from forehead to neck, paying particular attention to his lips, and probing his mouth with my tongues. lthought maybe: could get going again because he was still somewhat hard within me, but he pulled out himself as he rolled me over onto my side. He turned to look into my eyes lnd run his fingertips over my frozen cheek.

"What a wonderful way to awaken, Fatina! You are good to For that matter, you're good for me!" "I want to please you, my Husband." I did, too. didn't, however, want to get fat. or fatter.

"Have a question for you, Kadin."

Oh-oh. What was this about. "Yes, my Lord?" I replied.

"Have two entire harems, my original harem on the other side of the palace grounds, and my new Pastel Harem."

"Yes, my Lord." I knew this. I'd also found out he had two additional wives, two other Kadin, who oversaw the main harem. One of them was the mother of Abbas, the eldest. The other was the mother of Jamal and Nayef.

"My question, Kadin Fatina, is why would I ever desire to spend time with the other harem of either harem, when I have you?"

Oh! That was good! "May speak frankly, my Husband?"

"Of course.?"

"You wouldn't. It's my responsibility to ensure that you never would, during all the time we are wed. I recognize that, in fairness, you may have to spend time with the others, in particular my fellow Kadin. My intention is only that I will remain in your thoughts and always be the focus of your passion."

"You would bewitch me?"

"Husband, I already have?"

At that he laughed out loud, grabbed me in a bear hug, showered me with kisses, and proceeded to tickle me everywhere!

One thing I've discovered since becoming plump is that I am far more ticklish than I was when I was thin. As a result, he was able to punish me heartily with his fingers until I screamed in surrender. I ended up on my back with him atop me, holding my hands in his, pinning me to the bed. His shaft had hardened again and I felt him join to me as he entered me deeply. He released my hands and rubbed his hands over my prickly scalp. I had a faint shadow of dark blonde hair covering it, about three millimeters, or an eighth of an inch long. I didn't care for it and: didn't like how it felt. I'd been bald for a long time and had come to like the soft smoothness of my hairless scalp. I certainly preferred that state to the bristly burr I had now.

The Sheikh loved running his hands over it, though. In a few days, it would be dyed purple too. Oh joy.

We did our morning ablutions, including showering together. We lathered each other all over and he did me, up against the marble wall with four shower heads sprinkling on us. He was pretty good as a vertical lover. I, no doubt, was superb. At least that's what he said.

Breakfast was another feast for the eyes, palate, and tummy. I tried to eat sparingly but he kept feeding me. I had to get him focused on something else. I tried asking him about his early satisfaction with the colors and houris of the Pastel Harem.

"I care little about the others, Kadin, because I'm quite enamored with you presently ..."
"And always, : hope, Husband" Yeah, I was sucking up.

"I expect so. I like the overall impression and ambiance the Pastel odalisques exhibit as a group. I'm quite satisfied with my investment in the dyes and colors of the girls, and I expect even Qiana will present a pleasant visage, once we get her away from looking like the vanguard of the zombie apocalypse."

I didn't want to laugh but I couldn't help myself. I had a flash of memory right then. I think it was an old television show from before I was even born, more likely, reruns of an even older television show that I was being shown again when I was small child. I only remember that it was filled with emaciated, stumbling cadavers. I don't think my parents understood that I was mature enough for it to make any lasting impressions on me. It did, though.

The Sheikh went on, "I think my sons have sampled all seven Pastel odalisques, including Qiana. Their comments are universally positive and appreciative. They will not, of course, sample you. You are for me alone. Besides, you're essentially their stepmother?"

"Is there anything you particularly like, or anything you'd like to add or change, my Lord?"

"I particularly like one lavender houri with purple highlights, who happens to be my wife."

"You are too kind, Husband. Have you thought about any changes yet?" I was planning to use this as an entree into a discussion about changes to me, to divert him from his feeder fetish.

controllers that each girl would do "Honestly, Kadin? I think I want something to distinguish the odalisques of the Pastel Harem before, during or after the sex act. Something we can program into you automatically, or instinctively, after orgasm. Something that might become: custom for the Pastel Harem, even after the original members have moved on."

I didn't understand and I said so.

"You know, something that each and every odalisque would do Or say or exhibit during and after sex."

"Maybe her eyes could go crossed when she cums" I mumbled sarcastically. Then I immediately realized I'd spoken out loud and feared I'd really pissed off the Sheikh.

"That's not bad" He said, shocking me. I had been anything but serious. "Let's get the matron in here and give it a try!"

"But how would you get my eyes or the eyes of any of us - to uncross after we cum?" I asked. Once again, I felt myself fall farther down the rabbit hole. My husband's taste in sex was apparently weirder than I'd ever suspected.

"It's simpler" He exclaimed. "They would stay crossed until the partner - usually one of my sons or I - said, "You can relax your eyes now."

"I don't think that would look very sexy, Master."

"It would be fun! Sex is supposed to be intimate, arousing, pleasurable, satisfying, orgasmic .. and fun!"

In what universe did this guy originate?

Before I could say anything else, a eunuch appeared and asked the Sheikh what he wanted. He was told to fetch the matron, posthaste.

"Husband, that wouldn't work unless all new Pastel Harem houris had controllers." I wanted to shoot down this idea immediately.

"Not a problem. If that requires all the new odalisques to have controllers, I can arrange for them. I have the necessary contacts. It's only a matter of money for me, and that's insignificant." I gulped, and tried to go back to eating. I was munching a superbly delicious kanafeh, a sort of cheese pastry soaked in a sweet, sugar syrup. I was trying to decide how to respond to my Husband's enthusiasm about an idea that I had suggested, unfortunately aloud, which was intended to show how dumb the whole concept of a sex-related affectation was. Before I could construct an argument with my slow mind, the matron arrived, out of breath and clearly trying to curry favor with the Sheikh. I was surprised when she bowed to him, saying, "Honored Sheikh," and then to me, saying, "Honored Kadin." LO At least for the moment, I'd come up in the world since she'd walloped my mind before I left the Control Institution.

To my bemusement, perhaps to my horror, my Husband explained the idea to her, and asked her to try it on me, through my controller!

"My Lord," I said, "are you sure you want to do this to your Pastel Harem?"

"No, Kadin, I'm not sure at all. That's why I want to try it first. It was your idea. You should be the one to get the credit if it's a turn-on and an interesting part of sex play here. You should get the honor of being first." WAS HE KIDDING? I looked at him and, for sure, it seemed he'd truthfully spoken his feelings. Oh shit!

There she was again; the Matron was messing with the controller remote and the next thing I knew, Pow! My head spun and I struggled to remain seated upright.] failed and collapsed face-first onto plate of kanafehs sitting in front of me.

When I came to, I was on our bed and my Husband was bending over me, kissing me and murmuring sweet nothings into my ears. say sweet nothings because I couldn't understand anything he said. It took the better part of ten minutes for my brain to start working properly again. My head was killing me, and I told him. Kind nut-case that he was, he left and returned with a cool cloth, which he applied to my pounding forehead.

I finally sat up and made the major mistake of saying, "I'm hungry." After all, I hadn't gotten more than a sampling of the lavish breakfast before I got clobbered with a Vulcan mind meld that Spock would have been proud of. Yes, in the mid-21st century, damaged brain and all, I still remember my grandparents' favorite alien.

Husband disappeared again and returned pushing a cart loaded with breakfast goodies. He proceeded to stuff me like a turkey for the next hour. I didn't even try to get him to back to off. There'd be time for that later. Right then, wanted to satisfy my tummy and give the gremlins time to tighten the bolts holding my head on, before it fell off and rolled away.

Finally, full to overflowing, I sat back with a long, drawn-out, "Mmm..." and thanked my kind Husband for feeding me. We started kissing and, even though I was full to bursting, one thing lead to another.

so Because I was so full, I mounted him from above and began my oscillating dance with his cock joining me him. As I moved sinuously, he reached up and carefully, with exactly the right pressure, circled my clit with his fingers. He laid his hand out flat, palm up, and I bent forward, offering my love button to him while keeping his penis inside me. I massaged it with short in and out bursts and Kegel squeezes.

He was surprisingly good at stimulating my clit. So good that I was sure I'd cum before him. I tried to back away from the edge, but his fingers were insistent. Before I knew it, he'd taken me over into climax and I came shuddering, with his cock hard and buried within me. I closed my eyes and, for a moment collapsed onto his chest.

I held him in me with my Kegels while I gathered my wits. Rarely did I cum before my partner. It was borderline embarrassing, but a testament to his own sexual artistry.

I finally rose to continue my lance upon his cock. I opened my eyes and...

ICOULDN'T SEE FOR SHIT! Try looking straight ahead with your eyes crossed and you ll get the ideal I saw double, overlapping, twisted images and I couldn't get my eyes to unlock from their obviously crossed position!

"Master, my eyes are crossed and I can't uncross them!

I could detect his head move and I thought he'd looked up at me. Without warning, he came hotly and powerfully within me. He had come to climax without my detecting it, which virtually never happened. I must have either been so distracted that I missed the signs, or the site of m with crossed eyes turned him on instantly.

It proved to be the later. In my mind, he'd suddenly moved up another notch in weirdness.

I closed my eyes before my head started to swim.

"Fatina, that was spectacular! I must give you credit for a great idea. You climaxed and then your eyes immediately turned in. What ; rush!!

"I must look ridiculous, my Husband."

He started laughing as he said, "Yes! That too! It helps to keep: beautiful, desirable woman humble. Keeps her in her place, rd say!

Great. Just fucking great.

"Open your eyes, Fatina."

I didn't "It makes me sick, Master"

"You'll get used to it."

"You're not going to keep me like this, are you?"

"For a little while. Of course, it'll happen whenever you cum in the future, at least here in the Pastel Harem. Don't worry, though. You'll have plenty of company. This is so good rll also have it placed in the minds of the other Pastel hours.

"Now open your eyes, Kadin."

Reluctantly, I opened them. Everything was a garbled mess of scrambled images. I felt him grow hard again, still within me. Oh, for God's sake! Turned on by this? Really?

I fought the nausea and serviced him from above once more. Making love to my Husband was far from my thoughts at that moment. I somehow needed to get through this without

tossing my breakfast all over him. I battled between getting him to cum quickly and stretching the pleasure out, which had become second nature to me.

Stretching out won, but cum he finally did. was too queasy to cum Besides, if I came twice in row with my eyes still crossed, my eyeballs might shoot out of my head and splat against the opposite wall.

I collapsed onto him and closed my poor eyes. "Husband, please release my eyes now."

"Let's wait a little while; see how much you can get used to it."

"Please, Husband, I want to accommodate you but I fear T1l become sick. Besides, I need to go to the bathroom to relieve myself."

"Go ahead, let's see how you do."

I closed my eyes and stood up. I opened them slowly and tried to stand still without everything spinning. I managed to do that and took a few, tentative steps. I could do this, though I had to concentrate to tell where I was because of the crisscrossing of the images from each eye. I stumbled into the bathroom and sat on the toilet. I kept my eyes open in hopes of adjusting a little to this insane state. After a while, it was a little better; at least my stomach had settled down.

If you hold your eyes crossed, you can get an idea of what my vision was like. However, for you to do that, you'll put a strain on your eye muscles. Somehow, that same strain was absent, which was the only thing that kept me from screaming in gradually increasing pain. My eyes felt normal in their new position, not strained. That was the only good thing about this, and probably what allowed my situation to improve a little. Over the ten minutes or so I was in the bathroom. I couldn't see clearly at all, unless I covered one eye. Even if I did that, the only way I could look around was to move my head, because both eyes remained stuck looking inward. I couldn't move them anymore.

He kept me like that until after lunch. He said to me, "I release your eyes." They returned to normal motion under my control. My brain was trying to unscramble my vision, which had changed again, and I

continued to see double for fifteen minutes

My appetite had returned at lunch and the Sheikh overfed me again. I had to put a stop to this before it was too late and I'd become swomina or worse. My only hope was to distract him by offering non-permanent changes to me which would interest him.

"Master, I'd like to share an idea to further spice up our life together which, based on our frank conversation about what excites you, think you'll enjoy. Do: have permission to make

a suggestion?" "Yes, Fatina. You don't have to ask permission anymore. You are Kadin."

"I got the idea from your clever use of the controller to make my eyes cross when I cum." Okay, I lied a little, but, was trying to make him seem to be the inspiration. "As you can see, the controller can be used in numerous ways to control my body. In the Control Institution, they once punished me by paralyzing my legs so I couldn't move them. They also turned off the sex of all the inmates our genitals were numb and we couldn't cum.

"Perhaps you'd find it arousing to do those kinds of things to me from time to time"

His face lit up in a big smile and I could see his goofy imagination was having field day with my idea. I hoped it would completely distract him. Anything to keep him from fattening me up more than I already was.

"Fatina, what a splendid offer! I think it's a very exciting idea! The only problem is that I don't want to have to summon the matron every time I want to experiment. Besides, she will shortly return to Eritrea"

"My Husband how complicated could it be? I'm sure the matron could teach you."

He smiled again. "Why not? Let me call her back and well find out!"

And, thus, I managed to give a rather crazy man nearly full control over me, for the next year.

The honeymoon, which lasted over two weeks - twice as long as my husband had originally planned - was finally over. Apparently, though, my Sheikh, Master and Husband was quite infatuated with me. I managed to far exceed his expectations. The only reason we weren't still locked up in our suite across the courtyard from the Pastel Harem was because he had to return to doing whatever the business was that provided the fortune which paid for all his crazy ideas, like the Pastel Harem itself.

Whatever that business was, my Sheikh was, apparently, very, very good at managing it.

Encouraging the Sheikh to experiment on me with the controller, to distract him from his feeding fetish, had mostly worked. He'd tried all kinds of variations on the general theme of disabling various parts of my body and its senses. I'd been paralyzed most everywhere, my sex had been turned off, I'd been blind, deaf, dumb, unable to taste, and without a sense of smell. I spent 24 hours unable to feel anything at all - it was like floating without control and almost drove me to screaming out loud. My husband loved to fuck me when I was like that. I couldn't even feel him do it. Anywhere.

My face remained frozen like all the other hours. Of course, my eyes crossed every time I cum. They'd stay that way until whoever made me cum would release them with the magic

words. Only my husband SO had sex with me so far, and he appeared to be so enamored with me that I was almost sure I'd be exclusively his while Kadin here. Sometimes he'd release my eyes right away, other times he made me wait.

Once, he'd made me stay that way for more than a whole day. By the time he'd decided to say the magic words, my brain had started to adjust somewhat to my crossed eyes. When he released them, I got sick, threw up, and experienced additional double vision all afternoon. After that experience, he no longer left me that way for very long.

All the other houris had been given the same cross-eyed compulsion. The Sheikh thought it was a great joke. Even his younger sons, who shared his sense of humor, thought so too. Abbas, the oldest, didn't like it at all. He'd already become noticeably fond of powder-blue Sabra, and didn't appreciate her looking like an idiot every time he made her cum, which, because she was a sexually sensitive and talented whore, was every time.

The Sheikh, laughing, told him if he didn't like it, to turn off her sex so she couldn't cum and, therefore, her eyes would remain normal. That didn't go over very well, and I had to step in to get my stepson to calm down, for fear the Sheikh would somehow punish him, and make life in the Pastel Harem even more strained than it could sometimes be.

Because of our harmless but nutty controller play, I'd managed to escape my honeymoon after only gaining a couple kilos. I was now a little over 77 kilos, or about 170 pounds. I didn't think I was noticeably chubbier. However, if I didn't completely put a stop to being overfed, I could be swamina, actually fat and not simply chubby, in a few months. I had to lose what I'd gained, and definitely not gain any more.

I sat in my wheelchair, next to the low stone wall of one of the pools in the atrium. My husband had left me paralyzed and without feeling from my bellybutton down after he last played with my controller. Because of where I was paralyzed, I couldn't use my abdominal muscles to sit up, so a broad strap was fastened just below my boobies to keep me from falling over.

I'd been that way for a few days. I was hoping the Sheikh would release me tonight when he would be together again. Being like this reminded me of the battles with Habiba at the Control Institution and their aftermath. That was a time I'd prefer to remember little of. In addition, I had to wear a damn diaper again because I had no control. It made me feel childlike and foolish. Besides, I didn't want to be like this long enough for my legs to atrophy.

I watched the other Pastel houris cavorting around the atrium. With the exception of Qiana, they all seemed to like it here, in spite of their unusual colors. You couldn't tell from their expressionless faces, but they all had what I'd call a happy body language.

Whatever they were doing to keep our colors consistent and unchanging was working. We looked as freshly colorful as the first day they dyed us. I reached up to run my hand over the soft, short pelt of hair that now covered my head - the first hair I'd had in over five years. It

was as purple as my lips and nipples, having been dyed for the second time yesterday It would be dyed weekly from now on. It was still less than a centimeter long, but had passed the bristly stage that had driven me crazy because I hated how it felt.

Qiana was unhappy, but possibly less unhappy than before my Nikah al-Mut 'ah. The matron, with instructions from the Sheikh and the harem doctor, had been nudging Qiana's mind to accept her color and the need to gain a lot of weight. It was starting to work on the formerly blonde, formerly Ukrainian woman Ekaterina Tereshchenko, in a way analogous to what they'd done to me to make me willing, eager whore.

Qiana was comfortably accepting, perhaps mostly happy to be gaining weight and with the effect it had on how she looked, as a less-emaciated gray/black, at the same time she hated the idea of being obese. So far, in the three weeks we'd all been here at the Pastel Harem, Qiana had put on ten kilos, 22 pounds, from a combination of drugs, some kind of high-calorie nutritional supplement, and lots of eating rich, calorie-laden food. Qiana was now no longer thin and no longer hazel or gaunt. I thought she looked good.

She still had a long way to go, and lots of food to wolf down. Sorry Qiana, I thought to myself, but better you than I. I hadn't tried to justify what they were doing to her mind. I thought of their intervention in her outlook as Lesedi lite. I felt complicit in their manipulations of the poor, emaciated, gray woman. I was in league with the establishment in this most demented of places.

As Kadin, I'd been given a personal servant, the rather brutish eunuch, Jannat. His name wasn't pronounced "Tanet" but was pronounced "ja-NAI, with the accent on the second syllable. That said, it was a female name. He was sexless, with less showing between his legs than I had. He would attend to everything I wanted, and many things I normally did, or would rather have done myself - like getting my food or taking a bath, for instance. Now, however, I was glad to have him. Being paralyzed as I was, showering standing up was out of the question, and even getting into a tub, or onto a chair in the shower was impossible without help.

Jannat was strong enough to pick my chubby body up and carry me anywhere. I suppose that's why I had my own, personal eunuch, rather than a female body servant. Poor Jannat couldn't do anything, lacking all the equipment, including both bat and balls.

Jannat helped me bathe and get ready to have dinner with my husband, in our private apartment across the courtyard. As always, I wore makeup to compliment my colors of lavender and purple. At my husband's request, the only garment I wore was a tight butt plug with diaphanous, purple scarves hanging from it, something like a tail. The Sheikh liked my short, purple hair, so wore no wig.

I wore plain, platinum nose ring without a chain to my tragus piercing. I had studs with purple stones to match my eyes in the tragus and the three top-of-my-ears piercings. 15 millimeter flesh tunnels with platinum rims and a ring of purple in the middle of the rims fit

snuggly into the loops they'd made of my formerly pretty earlobes. Large platinum rings with a similar purple ring inside and outside hung heavily from the base of my nipples.

I would take my dentures with me when I joined my Husband, but not wear them. The four grommets in my tongues were filled with clusters of three balls each. The balls were attached to a single post that I inserted through the grommet holes. This made a nice feature for penile stimulation, but made speech almost impossible. Like many men, my Husband liked oral stimulation first, so I assumed I would fellate him, have paralyzed sex, and then remove them for conversation and dinner. One upside to being paralyzed was that I couldn't cum, because I had no feeling in my genitals. Therefore, my eyes wouldn't be crossed while I ate. When I was able to cum and it happened, I found that my rather peculiar Husband liked to leave me that way for an hour or two after sex. Of course, I always came unless paralyzed and numbed by my controller.

Jannat wheeled me from my private suite, through the lovely atrium, then the gorgeous, gold and white marble, sun-drenched courtyard, and into our apartments. He laid me on an absorbent pad on the bed, since I had no urinary control. A tight plug was literally fastened into my rosebud; it would stop anything back there. He propped me up at exactly the right height so the Sheikh could straddle me for oral sex. I awaited my Master, my studded tongues and toothless mouth ready to take him in.

There was a clock in the room, but I couldn't make any sense of it. That was a side effect of my damaged brain. No reading, no Writing, and no making sense of clocks, unless they could speak to me. This clock couldn't. I thought the Sheikh would arrive in a few minutes, and he did. He was smiling, eager, and talkative. I tried to answer his questions as he disrobed, but he could hear my speech was so distorted that he finally gave up, hopped on the bed, straddled me, and thrust his impressive member towards my face. My tongues reached out to seize it and draw it in. I used my tongues, studs, and throat to pleasure him. I gently massaged his balls with my hands, also playing up and down his taint and asshole.

When I felt his scrotum tighten as he approached climax, I backed off and held him nearly there, but back a little. I played him like that for a while. Eventually, he withdrew and moved down to my pussy. His hand reached down to touch me there and though I couldn't feel him, I could see my juices on his fingers, and knew I was wet and welcoming to him, as I expected to be.

If I correctly remember my past, the thoughts of sex aroused me, at that time, much more than when I was the young Destiny. I didn't have to feel anything at all to become both physically and mentally aroused. To some extent, the Enakazin turned me into a woman always ready for sex, and usually wanting it. Even if I wasn't thinking about it, the sight of a man's penis or another woman's pussy would cause me to juice up every time.

I felt a jerk as he pushed into me, but I couldn't feel anything down there. That's quite an odd sensation. I couldn't feel more than half of my body, and that unfeeling flesh sort of dragged

on me, as though I were attached to a big hunk of clay, with two long pieces of clay, shaped like legs, extending from that lump.

I moved with the force of my Husband's thrusts, but could do nothing to enhance his experience, having no control over my Kegels or anything else down there. We kissed; he licked my nipples and ran his tongue around my ear loops and the ear tunnels they held. I hate the loops of skin that used to be my earlobes, as I've often said, but the stretching has caused them to become sexually stimulating - not as much as my nipples, but quite a lot. I'm sure that helped to keep me wet while he used my insensible body for his pleasure.

Eventually he came within me. I couldn't feel any of it, but could certainly tell by the way he stiffened, the change in his rhythm, and the look of pure ecstasy on his handsome face. He collapsed onto me, and told me how good I'd made him feel.

No, he didn't apologize for rendering me unfeeling and unable to cum.

As we lay there, a curious look crossed his face and he looked down where his penis had slid out of me.

"Did I leak, Husband?" I asked him. I'd stopped being embarrassed about it. He did it to me, after all.

"Yes, Fatina. I suppose it's time to restore your feeling and movement. It was fun, though. We'll try it again, and some of your other clever ideas too."

"Whatever you wish, Master"

"Let's eat!" He said a few minutes later. He used his mobile to summon dinner, then used a controller to release me from my paralysis.

I stumbled from the bed my legs barely working and very shaky after many days paralyzed. My Husband helped me to the bathroom to clean up and then to the room where we ate, sitting on cushions around a low table. Once again, there was too much food, and I recognized all my favorites. He'd set me up again. He was determined to feed me until I was unable to take another bite. I was too physically weak to resist much, so I ate everything he fed me or on a plate he put in front of me.

After dinner, I lay back across his lap as he rubbed my rounded belly and ran his fingers through my short tufts of purple hair. "I have a gift for you, Fatina," he told me.

"You are too generous with me, Diya." I would use his given name term of affection, but rarely.

"You are a surprise to me, Kadin. I hoped we would be compatible, but I had no idea that I

would find you so physically pleasing, intelligent, and creative. I think you may wonder about this gift at first, but I'm convinced you'll find you like it quite a lot once it has been in place and healed." Healed? Oh God, now what?

He handed me a small box, telling me to open it. Inside, sitting on yellow gold foil was a small, thick, platinum ring with a ridged and rippled surface, perhaps a centimeter in diameter. Within the ring was a perfectly-round, captive ball, a purple gemstone.

"It is a lovely ring, Diya! Where will you place it in me?" Please not in my clit. Please, please, please not in my clit. My thoughts were in a whirl. I would have struggled to keep the surprise off my face, but, fortunately, my face was an immobile, frozen mask. Oh God, please don't let him pierce my clit!

"It is a custom-made, 6-gauge ring for the Princess Albertina you'll get in the morning"

I didn't have any idea what a Princess Albertina was, so I asked the Sheikh. I was sure it was going to result in another unwanted hole in me somewhere. Please, not on my clit! I begged to myself.

"It's a genital piercing." Oh no! He was going to have my clit pierced! "Have it on good authority that women find it intensely arousing." NO NOT MY CLIT! "... during penetrative sex. It's the female equivalent of a Prince Albert piercing, where a ring goes through the hole in the front of the penis and out through the bottom." Ouch! I thought, and I don't even have a penis. How was that going to work?

"This ring will be inserted about 7 millimeters into your urethra, and emerge near the opening to your vagina, then closed with the captive, gemstone ball." HUH? DON'T THINK SO! Who came up with this craziness? IN MY PEE HOLE? I have enough fucking holes! DOES THAT MEAN I'LL BE PEEING THROUGH MY VAGINA TOO?

Once again, my thoughts were safe behind my wooden face. I suspected, though, that my eyes were the size of dinner plates.

"I see this is a new concept for you, Fatina. Trust me. I have it on good authority that the motion of a penis in and out causes the ball to rotate into the vagina and back into the urethra. That sensation is supposed to be extremely arousing."

IM ALREADY EXTREMELY AROUSED - ALL THE TIME! I don't need any help!

I couldn't say any of that, of course. He went on. "In the morning, I'll use the controller to numb your pussy, like you told me they did at the Control Institution. The harem doctor will install the ring, and in a few weeks, it'll be healed enough that we can try it out. I have it on good authority that you'll love it!" Whose "good authority" was that? Some childhood imaginary friend?

He was trying to convince me, I thought. That was basically unnecessary, of course. I was his to do with as he pleased. Nevertheless, he could sense my questioning thoughts. He was so excited. Of course, when SO it comes to anything having to do with me or sex, he's always excited. Hiis definition of sex includes about every fetish known to mankind, and some not widely known. LIKE PIERCING MY PEE HOLE!

"Thank you for the incredibly thoughtful gift, Diya" I said, almost choking on the words, but trying to sound genuinely pleased. "T m looking forward to gettingit placed, and tryingit out." He looked alittle more convinced that Iliked his gift, but I needed to allay any concerns he might thinkI harbored, about the Princess Albertina..

"I'm so excited, Diya!Ihope you don't think me selfish, since my love tunnel will be unavailable for a couple weeks. I promise to make it up to you. My back door is always open."

"You are a fine Kadin, Fatina. Always thinking of me. You are probably the most unselfish woman Ive known."

"Thank you, my Husband." White-lied my way out of that, fthought. No, I didn't feel even a tiny bit guilty. was trying to survive there! That said it was impossible for me not to feel affection for this guy, who was really trying to make me feel good, to make me happy.

But he's still going to HAVE MY PEE HOLE PIERCED!

Chapter 4 - You've Got a Friend

The Sheikh had spent the night with me. I was firmly held in his arms when I awakened, as the sun splashed off the golden marble tiles of the outside courtyard and directly into our bedroom. suppose there were worse ways to be awakened.

I lay still in his arms, trying not to rouse him. I stared into his sleeping face, noting again that he was certainly handsome, not only in Middle Eastern way, but with his finely-chiseled, manly face, hed be considered handsome anywhere. Given how my life had gone over the past five years, : fguess I was lucky for this break in a long string of difficult, if not plainly horrifying, times. It was true even though I was clearly at the bottom of the rabbit hole, in this nutty life, in this nuttier place, with a good-looking husband who was the nuttiest of all.

I gently rolled him onto his back and easily slid his morning wood into me. Id done this before, and he loved it. It had become a regular way for me to end his slumber. timedit well that morning and he awoke only moments before he came.

"Welcome awake, Husband," lcooed.

After wed made our ablutions, he stuffed breakfast into me and walked me to the Pastel Harem clinic. I was still very shaky on my feet; my legs wouldn't fully recover from the paralysis

for a few days. At the clinic a collection of rooms back towards the outside entrance to the Pastel Harem the doctor would install my Princess Albertina ring, in a clinical setting where she could have the best lighting and all her equipment handy.

Doctor Nabhani was ready for us. I lay on a low table with my legs fastened in stirrups and held far apart. The Sheikh fiddled with the controller -he was getting dangerously good with it - and my pussy went numb. I had a quick flash of memory; I recalled that was Karimah and was back in the Control Institution. I couldn't talk, or feel anything in my sex...

Suddenly though, I was recalled to the present when felt drops of a cold liquid splash on the lowest extent of my tummy. The doctor swabed my pussy and into my slit with betadine. I couldn't feel the cold liquid there, but I could feel slight pressure and her pushing my nether lips from side to side as she covered me thoroughly.

She clipped me open, bent over with thick, curved needle, and pushed it through, apparently from within my urethral opening, through the separating tissue, and out within the entrance to my vagina. I saw her insert the ring into hollow at the end of the needle, and then push the thick little ring into me. Using a small pliers, she forced the captive ball between the ends of the ring, and it was done.

Just like that, she'd PIERCED MY PEE HOLE! There was no pain in my numb privates, but there was the ring!

It had been a week since I was pierced for the umpteenth time, in a most unusual place. The piercing was fine because my pussy was still numb, but my poor rosebud had been given quite a workout by my Husband. We were lying in bed after one such session when he told me, "The Kizlar Agasi has identified the first two candidates for permanent positions in the Pastel Harem."

That was sooner than I expected. The Chief Eunuch must have been busy.

"Are you pleased with them, my Husband?"

"I haven't seen them yet, and I won't until you assure me that it's worth my time. So you will interview them this afternoon."

I knew this was coming, but I had no idea how to examine a girl for a position in a harem - especially not one in a harem where she would spend her life dyed some unnatural color!

"Master, are there characteristics important to you for which I should probe?"

"You know what I like, Kadin.: prefer women who can surprise me. You, for example, have astonished me over and over again, though: I fear that may be too much to hope for in any other concubine. You are the consummate prostitute and an exceptional spouse. I'll leave it

up to you. If you think one or both would be acceptable, refer her to me, and recommend the houri she should replace."

Great. It was up to me. didn't have a clue about what I was doing. Worse yet, I couldn't prepare written notes or take notes during the interview. I'd have to keep everything in my head, before and after. I was afraid of looking like an idiot, mostly to my Husband, but also to the women I evaluated.

My Husband spoke again, and surprised me for the second time today. "While we're on the subject of Pastel Harem houris, I want you to select two for me to spend this evening with. I should get to know the other houris, before we send them back, after all. Besides, little Diya al din here" yep, he said that, then grasped his dick, surprise, surprise. did he study at an American university? "is hungry for pussy, and yours

won't be available for another week or two."

"Of course, Husband"" I felt strangely, unexpectedly unhappy at his request. I didn't like it at all. In fact, I hated it. I realized that I was jealous! Me... an inveterate whore ... jealous! Moreover, jealous of the inferior whores whom my Master wanted to fuck! He wanted to fuck them because he'd had a very intimate part of me pierced, it had only been a week, and though I was numb, I was still susceptible to tearing and infection there! So instead, he wanted a couple of my whores! Not only were they whores, BUT : WAS TOO! I had no idea I'd become possessive of my cuckoo husband! But I knew I didn't want him to bed anyone else. realized that thought was ridiculous, but I couldn't help how I felt.

Oh, I knew, intellectually what his position of Sheikh of this realm meant. knew he had two other wives, but I'd never met them and he never mentioned them. Here, he was asking me to pimp two whores to him! My own husband! My own whores!

I had no choice, of course. I needed to carefully select two of my charges to satisfy him, or it would reflect negatively on me. I thought Sabra was too enamored of Abbas, and vice versa, to put her whole self into pleasing the Sheikh. Qiana ... well, Qiana wasn't ready yet, and not because she still had dozens of pounds to gain. They were still working on her mind and acceptance of her monochromatic shade.

Qiana was very much a work in progress.

I decided to send him a promising Arabic girl, Mahtab, who was now pale orange with bright orange, pixie-cut hair and highlights, and Saida, the formerly French brunette Suzanne LaPont, who was a very appealing shade of sage green with deep green highlights and hair, cut in a very short, angled bob. Both had lovely, flower-like pussies and excellent Kegel control. If my Husband wanted pussy, I would send him the best of the seven, not the least. Neither, I was confident, would be any match for me. I was not only Kadin, but the top whore of the Enakazin. Lighting a cigarette, I told him whom I would send with a sly smile in my heart. Nothing

showed on my immobile face, of course.

I had asked the Kizlar Agasito give me background on the two women I was to evaluate for positions in the Albastil Alharim, the Pastel Harem. He told me about them in his remarkably high-pitched voice, while I walked, stiffly because of my only recently-released paralysis and the Princess Albertina, with him to small suite immediately inside the Harem.

"The first girl you will see, Kadin, is Nasira. She was offered by a not-so-covert slave house in this country. She is young, barely nineteen, and is Middle Eastern in origin. She is a virgin; I've examined her myself. She is quite pleasing to the eye, nicely curved, and with a lovely face."

I was surprised that the Kizlar Agasi would even be able to remark on the appeal of a woman. Then I remembered. He was still a man. Probably heterosexual originally. He had no equipment, but he probably had strong opinions on woman's beauty. I wasn't much impressed with the girl's virginity. It was the most fleeting of characteristics, and only spoke to her naivete and lack of experience. At least, that was my view.

The Kizlar Agasi continued. "The second girl, is Eshe, is offered by a nearby branch office of a large, well-regarded slave house from the Kingdom of Salat, your recent home. She is 26. I believe she is southern European. She looks Italian to me. That said, she could be Australian, American, Canadian, or something else."

I looked at him curiously, then realized he couldn't see the question on my immobile face.

"You didn't ask her what her origins were, Farid Agha?" I was, by now, familiar enough with the Kizlar Agasi to use his proper name and an honorific. Likewise, he would call me "Fatina" instead of Kadin, from time to time.

"Apparently, her first master, for reasons of his own, had her devocalized. She was rendered totally mute. She cannot speak at all. Additionally, she is unable to Write Arabic, though she does understand it quite well. She wrote a couple of notes on paper as I interviewed her at the showroom of her slave house. The letters she wrote were European, and I think the words were English. I don't have much in the way of an English capability."

"As you know, I am illiterate in any language"

"Yes, Kadin Fatina, I am aware of that."

"How, most august Farid Agha (yes, I poured it on a little thick) am I to question her?"

He looked at me curiously, thought for a moment, and then replied, "Ask her yes/no questions?"

The whole situation was so ridiculous that I had to laugh. It was to be like communicating with

Lesedi all over again. The interviewee couldn't talk, and couldn't read what she wrote. Great. Just Great.

"Can you tell me something else about her?" : was looking for anything at this point.

"Her second master, actually a mistress, had her circumcised"

Oh God, another one cut! "How far did they go?" I asked him.

"Her outers are intact. There is nothing within."

Meaning no inner labia, hood, or clit. I felt terrible for the poor woman, and I'd never met her. No voice and no orgasms. Like never, ever. was surprised she hadn't done herself in by some nefarious act, like jumping from: parapet. If she were originally a Western woman, she wasn't anymore. Her experiences- her owners - had turned her into something else.

"Good Farid Agha, is she at all suitable for the Albastil Alharim?"

"Yes, Kadin Fatina, of course. Speech is not a requirement of a Pastel Harem houri. It's not necessarily even preferred. Obedience, or the inclination to obey, is the desirable characteristic. All of the current houris can speak, but we would not have rejected one because she couldn't. Furthermore, most of the time, the Sheikh and his sons don't care whether a concubine either cums, or is capable of cumming. As I understand it, your relationship with the Sheikh is, in that regard, somewhat unusual for him. His son, Jamal, likes the feeling of dominance that comes from having a woman put him first, because she can only serve, and experience no pleasure for herself. As you know, masturbation is considered adultery in the harem. That would never be an issue with this odalisque; masturbation is impossible for her" O... Kay. I guess that put things in perspective. Interesting comment about my Husband, though. Perhaps he is quite infatuated with me. Perhaps he even cares about me?

The first houri candidate, Nasira, was ushered into the bedroom where I- judge and jury - awaited her regally: bejeweled, dressed in the finest silk pantaloons with my impressive chest bared, and made-up like the royal presence I was to her. I was seated in a posh, soft, white leather chair at an ornate, white table with gold trim. There was a double bed to the right. I could have as much time with both candidates as I desired five minutes or five days, it didn't matter. It was obvious that the young woman was totally uncertain of what to do or say. Fortunately, the Kizlar Agasi had alerted me to that likelihood. I used it to my advantage.

I interviewed her for almost an hour. I found that her family had sold her into servitude - let's call it what it was- slavery. -two months before. She tried to conceal her surprise at my lavender shade, but not very successfully.

Maybe I was getting old -I was 30 at the time - but at 19, she seemed very young. She was barely more than a child; she was a virgin and was clueless. I didn't think the Albastil Alharim

Was planning on internship program. I decided I would recommend against her.

I summoned the Kizlar Agasi and the big eunuch escorted her from the harem apartments.

I stepped out to walk around a bit and stretch my paralysis-recovering legs. When I returned, the next candidate, Eshe was kneeling on the floor, facing the door from which she knew would enter, her knees widely spread, her head bowed and eyes downcast. Curiously, her hands, rather than being held clasped behind her head in tulip, were at her genitals with her slender fingers on each outer labium, pulling them outward and open to reveal the emptiness of her slit. I assumed that, once cut, she'd been instructed to display herself that way, instead of in the more common tulip pose.

It must be awful for her to be forced to exhibit what was done to her.

I walked around her without saying anything, simply looking her over. She continued to kneel without moving, still with her head bowed; I hadn't even seen her face yet. She was very thin, boney, probably on the lower end of the scale, or almost gaunt. She was certainly thinner than I'd been before being fattened at the Control Institution. Her dark brown hair was surprisingly short, and surrounded her head in a round helmet of tight, but not kinky curls. I ran my fingers through her hair and noted that it was maybe eight centimeters long when pulled out straight. She had an olive complexion which did seem southern European, as the Kizlar Agasi had mentioned.

I stepped in front of her. "Tulip, Eshe, and look at me," I told her.

As she moved her arms and thrust out her chest, I saw that, not surprisingly, her nipples were pierced with thick, yellow gold rings. I looked at her face and two things struck me, the first was a very thick, yellow gold ring in her septum, which extended to the very top of her upper lip and immediately drew one's attention. The other was how thin her face was - not in overall shape but in the lack of fat to soften it. I thought she'd be exceptionally pretty, if her face were padded with a little fullness from a small dab of subcutaneous fat. She had light brown eyes and very thin, smoothly curved brows, giving her an expression of perpetual surprise.

There was something about the brows

Her face. I'd seen this face. Not like this, not so gaunt more like...

Oh my God! I suddenly realized! This girl was Toni Pintaudi! The senior undergrad student who'd accompanied me on the trip when I was arrested in the Kingdom of Salat! She was much thinner than she had been, and obviously altered, but it was Toni without a doubt!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! After more than five years!

She was looking directly, and curiously, at my plump face, my lavender skin, and my short,

purple hair and brows. There was no doubt in my mind that she didn't recognize me. I stared at her impassively, because my face could form no other expression. Underneath, though, I'd rarely, if ever, been so surprised.

Truthfully, I wanted to express that surprise. I'd found that my inert expressions had, indeed, changed how my mind responded to and dealt with emotions and emotional surprises. At that moment I realized I had been mentally, as well as physically affected to the same extent as each one of my charges in the Pastel Harem.

I was uncertain what to do. I needed to reveal myself to her ; see if I could help her. I couldn't decide what to say or how to say it. I realized I was embarrassed by how I looked, by what they'd done to me, and of the woman I'd become. Toni was the only person that I'd ever met since I'd been taken, who had known me in the great BEFORE, except for the mystical Tia!

On the other hand, Toni was very much changed. She could no longer speak, and never would again. She had been circumcised and, I assumed, rendered anorgasmic. Her cute plumpness was gone and she was very thin.

As I continued to look at her, she cast her eyes downward again, in deference and shyness, I suppose. I was in shock at what they'd done to my poor Toni. Of course, Dyana and I had worked her over, somewhat in jest- brutally cutting her hair and thinning her brows- and we did it simply because we needed some diversion, some relief from what the Egyptians had done to Dyana. Now, Toni, the bright, promising, young archeologist was both enslaved, and could neither talk nor climax sexually. I felt terrible for her. I had to find a way to help her.

How was I going to do that, when I couldn't even help myself?

A long minute passed, then another. Finally, as kindly as could, I said, in Arabic of course, "I recognize you, Toni" Her head snapped back and her eyes looked at me, examined me, trying to figure out who I was.

I continued. "I haven't seen you in more than five years, but you know me. I'm Destiny"

Her hand flew up to cover her open mouth in surprise. Her hand dropped and I could see her mouth my name, "Destiny," though no sound was emitted. She continued to look at me, then started to cry. I reached out for her and forced her to rise. She sunk into my embrace. She silently sobbed on my shoulder. Eventually, she pulled back a little, pointed to her mouth and shook her head "no." "I know, Toni. I was told a previous master took the voice of my interviewee, Eshe. I didn't know until moment ago that Eshe was you." She held her hand out and made a motion with her other as though she were writing on a piece of paper.

"Your writing things down won't help, unfortunately. They put a controller in my brain at the prison where I was held, and then used it to take away my ability to read and write in any language, or to ever learn to again. In the same way, they took away my ability to speak

English. All I can do now is speak Arabic. I can't read anything"

Her mouth formed a huge "O." She pointed down to her naked pussy, made a rubbing up and down motion on it with her middle finger in her slit, then shook her head again.

"I know, I was told. I am so terribly, terribly sorry."

Toni waved her hand in front of me, indicating me from the top of my head downward. Then her eyebrows raised in question.

"Yes, they dyed me lavender and purple here. They froze the muscles in my face so I can make no expressions. I will stay this way, lavender and expressionless, until I return to the brothel where I live and serve. Were you imprisoned after we were separated?"

She shook her head, then crossed her wrists as though they were bound. I immediately got what she was saying.

"You were sold into slavery? Right after we were separated?"

She nodded, then held up one finger.

"A day later?" She nodded again. Then her tears came in a torrent.

I took her by the hand and led her to the chair opposite mine at the desk. She sat on the edge of the seat, obviously quite nervous. "Let me tell you what happened to me, and then we can decide what to do with you.

I am, for a year, married to the Sheikh who owns this palace. I am Kadin of the Pastel Harem. The Chief Eunuch, the Kizlar Agasi, unbeknownst to me, identified you as a potential candidate to become a houri here." I went on to explain everything that had happened since I was detained at customs in the Kingdom of Salat, moments after she had apparently cleared. While I had been immediately tried and imprisoned, they had taken her into custody and, the next day, immigration officials had sold her to a slave house. There they'd forced her to have vaginal, anal and oral sex repeatedly, with several guards in the slave quarters. About ten days later, she was sold to her first Master.

I wanted to know more, but it would have to wait until I could find someone who could read her English to me so we could have something like a conversation - like I had done with Lesedi and Shahad. What I needed to do first, was find out what Toni, what Eshe she wasn't Toni any more than I was Destiny - wanted me to do for her.

"Your last master sold you to a slave house, right?" "I asked.

Toni/Eshe nodded her head, and made a few gestures to indicate her last master, actually a

mistress, had needed money, apparently in a hurry, and thus sold at her. She had been at the slave house for a month. She had been used repeatedly, almost daily, as a prostitute during that time.

"Have you ever tried to escape, make your way back to the West?" She shook her head "no." I explained why my controller made that impossible for me, until my sentence was complete. I asked her if she'd ever heard of any attempt to locate or rescue us. She hadn't.

I explained the Pastel Harem to her, making sure tO she understood that many if not all of the women currently here, especially me, would be returned to the Enakazin in less than a year, whenever they were replaced, unless the Sheikh specifically decided to purchase a current odalisque from Negasi. That option didn't exist for me. As a premium, I would have to return.

I told her Id recommend her, if she wanted to stay here, or Idnot,if she preferred to return to the slave house andtake her chances. Iexplainedthat my Husband, the Sheikh, had deci d that all new Pastel houris would also be fitted with controllers. Knowing she would be controlled, and Id eventually be leaving, she still preferred to stay here. fwould recommend her, but Ihad to tell the Kizlar Agasi and my Husband that 1 knew her from before. She understood.

Once that was all settled, I had an idea. I didn't know for sure, but I thought the pale caramel/dark brown houri, Dahab, the former Anneke Kriel of South Africa, might be able to read English.Icalled my servant Jannat, and asked him to fetch her, andatablet and pen or pencil.

Dahab was able read English written by Eshe and translate it into spoken Arabic for me. That allowed me to verify her desire to stay, and learn more about what had happened to her, after we were separated at the border to the Kingdom of Salat.

"Eshe" Isaid, "understand that if you stay here, you may actually be decreasing your chances of ever returning to America. None of the permanent odalisques of the Pastel Harem will likely ever leaveit. You won't be a prisoner or a slave as such, but you will be confined."

She wrote out her thinking and Dahab translated and read the note to me in Arabic. "Destiny, Fatina, I can never return to Amnerica. Look at me. I'm a mute and I have no satisfying sexual capability. I don't even know f 1 could relate to day-to-day life in America anymore. For most of my adult life, T've been a slave; I've been told what to do; Im not sure Im capable of making decisions for myself now. I'm no longer the American student you knew. I would be a freak back there. Here, I would be one of a group of women, strange by western standards, but at home here in a harem. You would be giving me an easy-to-accept choiceif I could stay here"

"Then TIll try make a strong case for you to become One of the houris here." : suppose that was allI could do for the poor girl.I asked her to tell me what had happened after we were separated at the border to the Kingdom of Salat.

By the next day following my arrest, Toni had been sold by customs agents to a slave house in the Kingdom. As was the house custom for their "products" her nose and nipples were pierced. She went through a brief period of obedience training, and of course, was fucked repeatedly, until she got over her initial disgust at the unrestricted sex practiced on slaves. She was bought by a Bedouin, who named her Eshe, and taken into the desert. Her new master turned out to be a brigand. He and a small crew of thieves would lie in wait along the scrubby desert paths and attack travelers. Essentially, they were the Arab equivalent of highway men.

Apparently on one raid, while Eshe crouched in hiding, a guard from their intended victims snuck up behind her and grabbed for her. She let out a loud stream of screams which alerted the victims' camp and the entire raid turned into a colossal mess. Her master was injured in the melee, though they all managed to escape with their lives.

Eshe's master was furious with her for shouting aloud and blamed her for his injury and the raid's failure. Beside himself with rage, he took her to another slave house in a desert village and there the slave master devocalized her, apparently by excising part or all of her vocal cords, so that she could never scream out again. That had been over four and a half years ago, and ended her ability to speak.

About a year and half later, her master and his gang were captured by the authorities. Their slaves, including Eshe, were sold off to the same slave house which had initially sold her. By then, being a slave had become normal for her. She hated it, but it was what her circumstances had made her. Back at the slave house, she was used as a prostitute for many months, until she was finally bought by a woman from an Emirate bordering on the Sheikh's territory. Her new mistress wanted a concubine who was much thinner and less curvaceous than herself. She almost starved Eshe for weeks, until her weight dropped to 42 kilos, about 92 pounds. Having been slightly plump for all her adult life before, Eshe had lost 25 kilos or 55 pounds.

She became a sex slave to her mistress, who would tease her to near orgasm, then refuse to let her cum. Sometimes, it would be months between her mistress granting Eshe permission to climax. Because big chunks of Eshe's days were filled with sex with her mistress, her frustration level was extremely high. She had masturbated regularly since her teenage years, and eventually decided to sneak it, since she could always cum easily, with hidden, gentle stimulation, which was almost impossible to detect. She had been with her mistress for over a year when she was finally caught. Like the Pastel Harem's view, her act was considered adulterous.

A couple days later, while strapped on a gynocouch with her bound, immobilized legs spread apart in stirrups, a doctor had circumcised her. Fortunately, her mistress had permitted the use of an anesthetic. She felt nothing, but knew what the doctor was doing. Since that day, with her most intimate parts taken away, she had never experienced another orgasm.

Eshe felt, from that day forward, that her mistress grew increasingly tired of her, and was frustrated with Eshe's inability to climax, in spite of the fact that she had imposed it on the wretched girl. When several business reversals affected her mistress's finances, Eshe was the slave picked to be sold off, to a nearby branch of the Kingdom of Salat slave house that had already bought and sold her multiple times. The Kizlar Agasi had picked her as a potential houri for the Pastel Harem, and brought her to the palace so I could evaluate her.

I told Jannat to put Eshe in a guest room, and went to find the Kizlar Agasi.

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I had told Farid Agha about my opinions of the two candidates, and I admitted that I had known Eshe, as Toni, before. That didn't seem to bother him in the least, but he seemed pleased with my honesty and forthrightness. He agreed to dismiss the young candidate, Nasira, and to arrange for the Sheikh to meet Eshe the next morning.

Late that night, I was alone in my own bedroom. Much to my chagrin - a displeasure which surprised me. my Husband was with two of my concubines, whom I'd hand-picked for him. I couldn't believe it, but I felt jealous of his time with them. And it was mostly because my pussy wasn't available, BECAUSE HE'D HAD MY URETHRA PIERCED! At least, that's what he'd said; he needed pussy. Just like any other man, the jerk. would never have picked that man for my Husband in a million years, yet he was mine and I didn't want him fucking someone else while I was Kadin. I didn't even want him to fuck the other Kadins, who'd been there before me. was hoping he was having a miserable time.

I picked up a small, lavender-of-course, vase and flung it across the room at a purple, silver and lavender chest, beautifully-inlaid with faintly lavender mother-of-pearl. I regretted it the instant it left my wrist. There was no impact. Tia was there to catch it.

"How did you do that?" I asked, more surprised that I didn't damage the vase or the lovely chest, than that Tia had fielded the flying pottery.

"Hours of practice," she said. "T played softball long before Destiny - you - moved to River's Edge."

That wasn't at all what I expected, and not an answer to the actual question I'd asked, which was, "How did you, as a spirit, manage to catch something in the material world?"

"You're a ghost, Tia."

"Yes. I am. Sometimes less than other times."

Here we go again ...

"I know what you're thinking, Fatina, and yes, I'm incorporated, as they say. But I can react when there are strong emotions" "Tia, I've had strong emotions, EVER SINCE I WAS IMPRISONED, MORE THAN FIVE YEARS AGO!"

"Okay ... strong, instant emotions, when I happen to be present."

"You weren't there when I threw the vase™"

"Picky, picky. I was almost there, Fatina. I materialized in time. If you've got a better explanation for why the vase isn't powder, and the chest isn't viciously scared, use it." Yeah. She had me there. She tossed the vase to me, I caught it, and set it on my night table. When I looked up at her, she'd changed. Her long, dark brown hair, brows and lashes were as purple as mine, and her skin, smooth, luscious light brown skin was my color of lavender.

"What are you doing, Tia?"

"I'm trying to adopt the local fashions. After all, you are WAY down the rabbit hole now."

"Tell me about it."

"No need. You know."

This was bullshit. About half the time, when Tia appeared, she said something that warned me, Or made me more cautious, or simply made me worry. The other half of the time, she made me think. Those were the worst of times, because Tia usually thought about current and coming disasters! This time, I was as clueless as when I'd first landed in Wonderland.

"I know I'm married to a genuine nut-case."

"Yep."

What do you say to that? YEAH, HE REALLY IS? What I said was, "If my life were a novel, no one would ever get this far into it without throwing it out the window, because it is CRAZY!"

"Yet here they are."

"What?"

"Never mind. I have a thought for you."

"A warning?"

"Not this time."

'A mysterious revelation I won't understand?'

"Not at all."

"A pronouncement about the afterlife?"

"I know nothing about the afterlife."

"Tia, I hate to be the one to break this to you, but you are in the afterlife."

"Nope. I'm stuck here until your future is resolved for better, or worse or much worse."

"You mean you can't move On until my future ..."

"Is resolved one way or another. Until the direction is known, happy or sad."

"Ask God, Tia, He I know where I'm going"

"It doesn't work like that. If God knew, there would be no point. You'd simply be acting out God's script like an actress in movie. You would have no free will, and your existence would be meaningless." "So God doesn't know what will happen to me?"

"Of course not. If God did, you would have no free will."

"As part of God's omnipotence, God is omniscient, Tia."

"Hmm... yeah not so much."

"You're saying God doesn't know everything"

"Bingo."

"How can that be?"

"Because God is so great that God set it up that way. You exist to provide God with novel experiences. We all do. That's the meaning of life."

"So people who say that everything happens for a reason .."

"Have no idea how great God is. God is so great that God has created a future even God can't know. What God can't know, is what we call existence. Our free will takes it where it will go, and God looks on and enjoys

the ride, and the new experiences it elucidates - good or bad, at least from our viewpoint."

And then she was gone.

What in heaven's name just happened?

Following the first permanent-odalisque interviews, pimping two of my houri charges to my husband, my reconnection with Toni/Eshe, and Tia's Doctorate-level Theology lecture, things settled into a comfortable routine.

Much to my chagrin, my Husband enjoyed Mahtab and Saida. To my delight, he accepted Eshe into the Pastel Harem. I decided to have her replace Saida. As soon as I decided, Eshe was sent off to be implanted with controller. She was dyed a lovely, light sage green, with dark green, curly hair, brows, lashes, lips, mouth, tongue, nipples and pudenda. She definitely looked like a daughter of the Jolly Green Giant. Yeah ... ya gotta take the bad with the strange with the good. A week later, Saida was on her way back to the Enakazin, still a little green around the gills, lol.

Toni- Eshe - was green, mute, and an everlasting victim of anorgasmia. Now, however, she was controllable like the rest of us, but she had a permanent home, would live well, be safe, be respected by the other houris, and had become the willing submissive of masters who were usually kind and well-meaning, if slightly crazy.

My newest, strangest piercing had healed and doctor Nabhani had given the okay for vaginal sex. Hubby and I settled into a bed in our apartments across the courtyard from the Albastil Alharim proper.

His penis was in my mouth as I gave it my usual adroit, double-tongue treatment. He seemed to be especially sensitive to the dimpled balls on my tongue that night. He was hard and eager and I wanted him in me before he burst into my mouth and throat. Not that it would have bothered me, but I wanted to feel his shaft in my pussy, joining him to me, and causing my new Princess Albertina ring to rotate forward and back with his thrusts. Maybe it would be interesting.

I pulled back from him and his penis slipped out of my mouth. Taking him by the hand, I led him to the bed and lay down on it, pulling him down onto me. I was thoroughly wet, of course, and he easily slid into me.

Oh! That was different! I felt the strangest of feelings, within my pee hole I thought, and at the very entrance to my vagina. He began slow, even motion in and out, looking into my eyes. The mask of my face told him nothing, but Diya had become sufficiently familiar with me to be able to read my eyes.

As he moved back and forth within me, felt the most interesting, unusual vibration, beginning within the place where I urinated from, and extending to my wet, vaginal entrance. The slightly

rough-edged, small-but-thick, 6-gauge ring rotated slightly from my urethra into my vagina on his forward thrusts, and back, from my vaginal entrance into my urethra, as he partially withdrew. The sensation was unlike anything I'd ever experienced. Just when I thought I'd felt it all, I was confronted with a stimulation so unusual that I didn't even have a term for how it felt!

I reached down to diddle my clit as his pace increased. A talented lover in his own right, he withdrew enough to press his glans against my G-spot on every stroke, setting up all kinds of pleasurable pulses within me. His hands went to my ever-turgid nipples and toyed with my rings. His mouth took mine, while I continued to gaze into his dark, probing, intelligent eyes. He could see, from the way my eyes were almost closed, and the look of sheer pleasure in them, that he had complete control of me.

My entire torso was on fire with building pleasure. Pleasure which was rapidly taking me to the edge. I felt the stimulation of his lips on mine, his fingers manipulating my nipple rings, my own fingers circling my clit, his warm, comforting, joining motion in and out of me, the sliding of his glans along my G-spot and, most unexpected of all, the totally unfamiliar, novel, unconventional, unique feelings emanating from the motion of the new ring in my pee hole!

His Pace was increasing and I thought I might cum from my G-spot at any moment. I worked my clit harder to bring it up and then

UN-FUCKING-BELIEVABLE! My G-spot and clit fired off an orgasm at the same time, but deep, deep, deep within was the most INCREDIBLE amplifier for the feelings of love, lust, satisfaction, and pleasure I had experienced, and it was being generated by the action within my pee hole!

The Princess Albertina piercing wasn't orgasmic itself, but it made everything else that was going on: my nipple, clit, and G-spot stimulation, SO MUCH MORE INTENSE, DEEPER, PLEASURABLE, AND LONGER- LASTING! It was the most pleasurable orgasmic experience I'd ever had, even beyond the best of what Shahad had been able to accomplish with n

I cried out in pleasure as the waves of climax swept over me, being ignited repeatedly by the ring rotating and rubbing between and within my urethra and vagina. I gripped Diya with all my might and almost crushed him in my arms. As I thought I was starting to come down, he came within me and the pleasure rose again for a moment, until he finally was still, collapsed onto my chest.

My eyes crossed, of course, and that unwanted distraction took me by surprise. It was a few minutes before I could speak coherently.

"Diya, my Husband, my Master, my Sheikh.. never, ever have I experienced an orgasm such as I've just enjoyed. You are the supreme lover for me. I am astonished."

"Coming from such an accomplished courtesan, that is high praise," he said, laughing. He

seemed quite pleased. At that moment, he wasn't the crazy Sheikh to me, he was a very handsome man, accomplished in bed, and he was MY HUSBAND!

I was glad he was my husband.

"Honestly, Master, your gift of the new ring I wear is a most astounding addition to my sexuality and enjoyment. Thank you, Master! Thank you so much! My praises were honest. I was indebted to him, from the top of my purple head to the bottom of my lavender feet.

Chapter 5 Human

I had been Kadin of the Albastil Alharim, in all its pastel glory, for six months. In that time, I had replaced three of the houris leased from the Enakazin: Saida with Toni, the now sage-green Eshe, and orange Mahtab and rose Lesha with two new young women, one from a slave house and one obtained directly from her family. The brains of Eshe and the two others had been interlaced with their permanent controllers, and they were given the compulsions of the current Pastel concubines: frozen faces and the cross-eyed orgasmic climax. Sadly, I didn't think Eshe would ever be bothered with the latter one.

At her request, I had proposed that Altaf stay as the yellow houri. My Husband, who would rarely deny me anything, had agreed and purchased her voluntary contract from Negasi. Of course, that was after he had sampled Altaf's talents in his bed. I resisted being jealous to the best of my ability. I did want him to find her pleasing, and I arrogantly thought she wouldn't compare with me.

I was right on both counts, though my Husband did say that he found having sex with her to be interestingly relaxing. That was apparently because I was so good, he always felt pressure to perform at something close to the level I did, in order to not seem the lesser of the two of us in bed. I assured him that he was a superb lover -he was, actually. I didn't want him to grow uncomfortable with me, or view every encounter as a contest.

Sometimes, I felt guilty for not missing Shahad as I thought: by should. I excused my feelings by convincing myself that I was too busy running the Pastel Harem, replacing the temps, and pleasing my Husband. All of that was true.

The question was, how did I truly feel about Sheikh Diya al din Al Naqbi, my Husband by Nikah al-Mut'ah, a marriage for pleasure which was now half over? Was I falling in love with the man? The more I was with him, the more I saw his craziness as mere playfulness, even when he used my controller to add unconventional sparks to our already flaming sex play.

One thing was certain. What he'd done to my little pee maker with the Princess Albertina ring indebted me to him forever. It delivered every time we did a bit of the ol in- n'-out! Wow!

It was just after a colossal orgasm, amplified by the movement of that ring in me, that my

Husband said something that was probably the most surprising thing I'd ever heard, save for Tia's murder. I remember that my eyes were still crossed, as I lay there in his arms.

"Kadin, I would have a son by you. You are an exceptional woman, intelligent, observant, creative, and you cling to independence, even when your situation has given you very little.] believe your genes are of superior quality, and would capture them for my offspring."

I didn't think anything could surprise me anymore. But his words did. My reaction? I burst into tears.

"Kadin, does my idea seem so repugnant to you?" My Husband asked. He seemed honestly concerned that I might think so little of him that I wouldn't want to bear his children. As I've more than hinted, I'd grown quite fond of the cuckoo Sheikh. Was I fond enough to want to have children by him? Other than the fact that I couldn't bear children, there was an uncertainty: I didn't know if I loved him. After all, I served in this position not freely, but at his pleasure, leased from my actual Master, Negasi. I think I needed the American definition of love, commitment, sexual and reproductive freedom, to be comfortable bringing another human into this world.

What I said was, "I am so sorry, my Husband. I cannot conceive. I am sterile. They did that to me at the Enakazin." My voice, on its own: realized, changed to tenderness, "I have no womb in which to nurture our child"

Then, I cried. An hour later, I still cried. He so distraught watching me that he forgot to release my eyes, and was SO upset I forgot to ask him. I slept, and when I awoke, I cried more.

As I lay there, sobbing on my Husband's shoulder, he stirred and turned to me.

"I am also sorry, Fatina, my sweet, loyal, lovely, devoted Kadin. I know you cannot conceive, and I'm truly sorry for that. Knowing you're worthy, would never have allowed that to happen to you. Alas, I didn't know you then."

I tried to look at him with crossed eyes. There were at least two of him. He realized it and started to release me.

"No," I sobbed. "I've adjusted somewhat. If you release me now, it will take an hour or more before I return to normal. I want to concentrate on what you say, not on another headache, or disrupted vision. Wait until we're finished with our discussion."

He looked at me pitifully. "I'm sorry, Kadin. I can be self-absorbed. I was this afternoon and that was selfish of me. Please, close your lovely eyes, and listen to what I say." Obediently, I closed them. He continued.

"Having thought of little else than want to have a child with you, I've come up with a way

forward, to meet my request and, I think, your natural, perhaps deep-seated desires to procreate, which many women feel. Many men too, for that matter. Probably more so.

"Mercifully, those who sterilized you left your ovaries intact. Doctor Nabhani tells me that at your age of 30, they are likely ripe with ova."

"Diya? What are you saying? What do you mean?" That was all I could say. I was confused, uncertain, fearful, and stuck in a loop of my long-ago past, my recent history, my present, and my very questionable future.

Before I could respond, Tia appeared for the first time in many months, standing at the end of our love bed. The last time I'd seen her she was lavender and had purple hair and eyebrows, like I do. This time, she looked like Tia again, with her rich, dark hair and brows. With my eyes crossed, I could barely make her out. She spoke, only into my mind, I suppose.

"Take what you can, Destiny. Through fate and the Sisters, it will come full-circle, with you alive."

In my confused mind, I shouted angrily to Tia, "WHAT WILL COME, TIA? CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO? JUST THIS ONE TIME? IM GETTING FUCKING TIRED OF THESE GAMES!"

She looked directly at me and said, "We are humans, Destiny, and not merely Earth-bound humans, separated from the other universal races and species. There is a potential for male human within the odd variation on reality which enslaves you and holds me. Because of the love within you, and the ill-defined but indefatigable strength of your Husband, this potential human, this true man might arise.

"Things don't happen for a reason, but each of us, and each decision we make, and each thing that happens to us has a potential for good, evil, or any other characteristic of life. I'm torn and uncertain, but your possible child may have the highest potential for good that I've ever observed. HE WOULD BE THE REWARD FOR ALL THIS SUFFERING! My death, the maiming of Dyana, Lesedi, and Toni, what has happened to you, and what is yet to come I believe you cannot deny him an existence. This child... no, this potential child is a rare occurrence, because our reality is a rare one of low probability. In another reality, none of this would have happened, and the opportunity the child presents would never have materialized"

I was more baffled than ever. Still looking straight at Tia, as best my crossed eyes could, I said to my Husband, "You would harvest eggs from my ovaries?" "Yes, Darling Fatina." I could see he wanted to say more, but he seemed unable to decide how to speak his mind.

"Who would birth our child, my Sheikh?"

"I don't know, Kadin. But will choose a worthy woman. Or you can choose. Or choose together."

At that moment, I realized that when he called me Kadin, it was not an alert to force me to pay attention. For him that had become a term of endearment, which signified that we were partners in this relationship. I was truly the wife of this somewhat-unhinged Sheikh.

"You would want a child of you and me?" I asked my Husband.

"I would be proud to acknowledge him as my son, co-equal with Abbas, Jamal, and Nayef" he said.

LS "I don't know as much about you as, perhaps, I should" I said. How many sons do you already have?"

He made a gesture of openness. I think he looked into my crossed eyes, with sorrowful eyes of his own, and said, "I have only the three you know. Abbas, the oldest, is a fine man, responsible, devoted, predictable. Jamal is quite driven, but lacks leadership instincts. Nayef is a fresh young man of the mid-21st century, but, I fear, is in love with being in love."

"Our son might be dolt."

"That is probably not possible. I see him as a leader of men. Women too, in your western tradition."

"I think you flatter me and yourself, my Husband."

"It is a feeling, Fatina, nothing more. Trust my instincts or not, as you wish."

"Our child might be a daughter."

"She might, but not this time. I shoot both X and Y. Doctor Nabhani is capable of separating them. This is the mid-21st, after all.

"Husband, I will be gone from here before the child is born."

He looked at me with deep regret etched on his face.

"That is true, Fatina. I have attempted to purchase your indentured servitude from Negasi, not to own you but to release you. All my efforts have been to no avail. He values you too much to release you. It is not only your price, which I would gladly pay, and am capable of paying, and have offered. It is what you bring to the Enakazin- talent, influence, prestige, reputation. We are both the victims of your considerable talents." "Husband, I would have a child whom I would never know! Never even see" I started to cry. My moment of supreme honor and final hope had turned to disaster.

"Only for a year and a little more, Fatina, my Darling. After you return, your servitude will have only a year and a half to run to completion. When that is done, you may freely return to me and our boy. Legally,, Negasi will have no say, and I will promise you that I will be there to retrieve you, should you still want to be with me. If you don't, you may go your way. Regardless, I will keep our son safe, loved, educated and

nurtured. He will become a fine man."

He had offered me a chance for a future. It was an offer couldn't refuse. I hugged him, kissed him, and lay with him yet again. We were both so excited that we forgot about my crossed eyes. It was the next day before I realized it, and asked him to release me.

If the artificial insemination worked, I had wanted Altaf to carry our child, if she were willing. Unfortunately, when she had contracted with the Enakazin, they had sterilized her by removing her uterus, as Doctor Wtanna had told me they did with every houri. I decided to choose Eshe, who had lost her intimacies but was reproductively intact, if she were willing. She was. I found out later that her new name meant "one who is alive." I thought that appropriate for someone who would birth my son.

For a month, both Eshe and I were injected daily with a cocktail of hormones to prepare me for ripening eggs, and her for becoming pregnant by implantation. It was during that time when, because of the hormones, and only partially my Husband's desire to feed me, my weight finally rose to the point where I had become swomina. Meaning just plain fat. I was no longer gideen.: weighed 195 pounds, or 89 kilos.

Looking in the mirror, I couldn't deny it. The slim girl I had been as Destiny, I remembered her accurately at all, had vanished. In her place, was a cute, sexy I suppose, fat Kadin named Fatina.

The Sheikh loved how I looked, of course. He got an erection every time I entered the room. He played with my curves and rolls of "extra Fatina" all the time. I liked turning him on, and I loved what his erections did to me because of the delicious movement they generated in my Princess Albertina ring.

But I was a tub ...ah.. er... full-figured. My Husband had, sort of, convinced me I was impossibly cute as a bastion of blubber. I might have bought that for a few minutes a day. When he made love to me, I'd agree to anything. A Princess Albertina has that effect on you. Believe it or not, I was cute, hot and sexy when I was fat. No brag, just fact Fat fact.

Then there were the other 23 plus hours, when I was simply fat Fatina.

I had to lose this extra Fatina. I needed to lose 12 kilos or more - say close to 30 pounds - before I returned to the Enakazin, or might be demoted to a common whore. Besides, what would Shahad think?

That made me feel guilty. I hadn't thought about Shahad enough since I'd been here. I suppose I was too busy running the damn Pastel Harem.

Finally, having suffered through weeks of hormone therapy, I went to the harem clinic and the doctor extracted several eggs from my ovaries, the last vestiges of my reproductive organs. They were all combined with "Y" chromosomes from my Husband in vitro, and a single viable one selected. The fertilized egg was implanted into Eshe. Technology had, by the mid-21st, advanced to the point of nearly 100% implantation success.

As expected, Eshe became pregnant with the son of me and Sheikh Diya al din Al Nagbi. She would be about halfway through gestation, when I returned to the Enakazin. If all went well, I hoped to see my son just after his first birthday. Maybe I had some kind of future after all.

I still had months to go in the Pastel Harem. I'd been there long enough by then, that I had completely adjusted to my lavender and purple color. That was good thing because there was a lot more lavender surface to me following the hormone treatment and my Husband's continued delight in feeding me. After more than seven months being lavender and purple, I looked a normal color to me in the mirror, though undeniably fat. I suppose you can get used to anything in the right circumstances. I had adjusted to my color, but not my size.

Nevertheless, I decided to stay as fat as I was to please my doting husband, for at least two more months. That would give me three months to lose it, and go from fat swamina back to chubby gideen.

My problem houri, Qiana, had also adjusted, thanks to the manipulation of her controller, while the Pastel Harem drastically changed her body shape.

Qiana, the zombie-like, skeletal odalisque, had gained all the weight my Sheikh, the Kizlar Agasi, and the doctor had sought. She was very fat. Not fat like me. She was obese. The Sheikh claimed I looked like a fullfigured model. Qiana, however, looked like a gray and black statue of the Buddha. The nudging of her mind had, however, resulted in a happy houri, who still seemed to basically be Qiana. Perhaps inside the gaunt Enakazin whore, and even within the slender Ukrainian, Ekaterina, there was a big, fat girl trying to get out. Well, she was certainly out in the world now.

Over the past three months, after she hit her weight target, Qiana had become a favorite of all three of my stepsons. My Husband had also sampled her, and told me when I returned from my final months at the Enakazin, he would fatten me up likewise. All I could say was, "As you wish, Master." I would deal with that when and if I could return. I think I made it clear that I wasn't happy at the prospect. Perhaps he'd back off. Perhaps he'd use my controller to make me want it. Perhaps I'd never return anyway.

Things had become so good with Qiana that I recommended her for a permanent position in the Albastil Alharim, and the Sheikh accepted my suggestion. I had filled five of the seven

odalisque positions. In addition, there would need to be an overseer - a manager or ruler of the Pastel Harem. I asked my Husband if he'd seek another Kadin when I departed. I was afraid of his answer. I wanted there to be a place for me at here when my time at the Enakazin was over.

Could I see myself, for the rest of my life, as a lavender-tinted Kadin in a Middle Eastern harem? I could see myself there far easier than I could envision returning to the West as an illiterate, somewhat slow-witted, former archeologist who could no longer speak English.

Knowing no English, I don't think I could get a job as a maid in the Us. I couldn't even be a prostitute, because I wouldn't be able to understand my johns.

"I have three Kadin, three wives, Fatina. I know you view me as a little ah .. eccentric, as you might say in the West. To that, I would simply reply, am the Lord, here. I have been blessed with wealth - most of which I earned by my own wit- responsibility, and a little talent. I do what I want: I try, as I'm able, to make the lives better for everyone in my small part of the world"

I couldn't argue. He'd certainly made my life better during the time I was in the Pastel Harem.

I thought should honor him. I should make him feel good, and resist imposing my fears on him. "You have certainly accomplished that with me, my Husband. My life is better because of you. We have shared the creation of our son. I honor you, my Husband, my Master, my Sheikh."

"But do you love me, Fatina?"

[I gazed into his eyes, seeking some additional depth to what I understood about him. I had known this man for months, far longer, more intimately, and deeper than any other man. He was certainly stranger than I would have chosen, but he had a good heart and a generous soul. I would probably not have partnered with him, given a choice in the Western world where I'd matured. Yet fate, and his actions, had brought LS together. It hadn't at been love at first sight, nor a thunderbolt, nor cupid's arrows that had pierced our hearts. It had been day-to-day encounters, in a strange environment he'd conceived in his mind, and had the wherewithal and resources to create in the real world.

What he'd envisioned and created was beyond either the instincts or capabilities of most men or women. He was quite remarkable in his peculiar way. I had grown to admire him. I had become entwined with this Sheikh. If I hadn't fallen for him from the first glance, I had fallen for him over time. I was protective and jealous of every moment with him. I was certainly infatuated. Was I in love with this man? I thought I might be. I wouldn't share that last kernel of doubt with him, however.

I think there is little doubt, Master. I have come to love you. Adding to that, we will share a

child and the love of that child for all time."

"I've felt that way about you, my Kadin, since I first laid eyes upon you. Replacing you as Kadin is not something I would even contemplate. Should you be lost to the vastness of the world, or decide not to return to me, I will rethink that, but only because I must. For now, though, you will not be replaced. The Kizlar Agasi has arranged for his second-in-charge eunuch to oversee the Albastil Alharim, for the year and a half that remains in your servitude to the Enakazin, and the Kingdom of Salat."

I had a home. I'd be gone a while, but I had a home to return to. That was immensely comforting to me. With tears in my eyes, I leapt upon my Husband and hugged him to me. I couldn't even let him go as I sobbed my thanks with my head on his shoulder.

The year had passed. I had done what I'd been leased to do. I was sure Negasi would be pleased. The last two hour replacements had finally been inducted, dyed, and taken the place of the remaining two from the Enakazin. The last one of them would be returning with me.

Tomorrow, I would be out-processed, leave the Pastel Harem, and return to the Enakazin, to once again resume my duties as a premium whore of the Retreat. I was beginning to get excited about having my color and face more restored, and seeing Shahad after missing her for a year. A year in which I'd found another partner, to whom I thought I would, quite likely, return.

My Husband, the Sheikh, came to me as I was preparing for bed in our shared quarters. More accurately, I was preparing to bed him for the last time, before I left for the Enakazin, to fulfill my indentured servitude.

"Kadin. My sweet Fatina" he said in greeting.

"Yes, my Husband?" My response was automatic. My intonation told him I welcomed him and that he was glad he had come to me. He held me at arms' length and looked me over from the top of my still-purple hair, cut in a slightly-layered, lip-length, Louise Brooks, short bob, to the tips of my purple-polished toes.

He sighed. "I've watched you lose the weight you gained while here, Kadin. I think you peaked about four months ago, right?"

"Yes Master. As I told you then, I was concerned I might be demoted to common whore if I had moved beyond gideen. I am still up about three kilos from when I arrived here."

"You look lovely, of course. I will look forward to feeding you again when you return in eighteen months."

I had assumed that might be inevitable. Diya had an almost irrepressible feeder fetish. I say

almost, because I had gotten him to repress it the past three months while I dieted and exercised to get my weight back to normal - what had become my normal since being arrested six years ago - as much I could. I had left the or Enakazin at 75 kilos, or 165 pounds. I'd be returning at just over 78 kilos, or 172 pounds.

My Sheikh looked at my still-blank face with love and longing in his dark eyes. I could tell that he would miss me, and he had come to realize it, more deeply, more profoundly than he'd expected. In that moment, I knew my worth. I knew for certain, given the circumstances at the Pastel Harem, and if the stars aligned properly, I could be a wonderful companion to this man as my partner.

"I would have you remember me," he said, almost like a teenager might say to departing summer romance. "I don't want you to forget me."

"I could never forget you, my Lord and Husband. I will be counting the days to return to you" I could call him Husband for another 14 hours. The fact was, for all its oddities, my time here had been the best since the total disruption of my life by the evil officials of Salat. He'd been good husband, and very good husband within the boundaries of his culture. "I have grown to care about you, my Sheikh. I have come to love you. I could not forget you for even a moment.:" He was a nice guy, my guy, but he could be nutty as a fruitcake.

"I want you to remember me every day, my Wife."

I endeavored to be kind. I wanted this parting to be good one.: wanted him to welcome me to back, with our son, when I returned. "Of course I will, my Husband."

He seemed unsatisfied.

"I would give you a parting reminder of me to take with you" he said.

That was sweet, I thought at the time, he was going to give me a memento, perhaps a ring or earrings. "I have Princess Albertina riding between my legs, thanks to you, Diya." "And will be pleased by it through the efforts of other men - and women," he noted. Perhaps I shouldn't have reminded him of that. I did love it, though.

"I am a prostitute for another year and a half, Diya. I have no control over that. Would that I did."

He looked down, somewhat mollified. "I know, Fatina. I know. I realize it's harder for you, but it is difficult for me as well"

"I know, Husband. I will always think of you with my deepest affection. Thanks to you, I have my Princess Albertina ring, which I love, to wear always. I would, of course, be honored by any token you should see

fit to bestow on me.”

“I knew you would feel that way, Kadin.” He turned to a dark companion standing outside our bedroom, whom I hadn’t noticed before. Bring your things, Anwar.” Oh no , . what was about to happen? My husband turned to me “This is Anwar, the eunuch below the Kizlar Agasi, who will oversee the Albastil Alharim during your absence” Anwar, a black eunuch, somewhat leaner than the huge Kizlar Agasi, bowed to me and acknowledged him with a gesture of welcome.

My Husband produced a small box, beautifully wrapped, and bid me open it. I did and discovered two, rounded, faceted, purple stones, mounted on thick posts, with strange indentations carved in a circle near their bases.

“Those are rare, one carat, purple diamonds, which match your wedding ring” my Husband told me. “By tradition, as you know - as you knew when we wed in the Nikah al-Mut ah • your wedding ring must remain here, to await your return. These nearly priceless gems are my gift to accompany you and, if fortune smiles on me, eventually draw you back to me”

I couldn’t figure out how they were to be worn. “They are incredibly beautiful, Diya, but how am I to wear them?”

“Anwar will mount them for you now, in the tips of your nipples.”

Oh! Oh! Ah.. how was that going to work? My mind was in a whirl. What I said was, “You are too kind, Diya. I will be happy and proud to wear them, and will cherish them always.” I would not screw up my relationship with him in the hours before leaving.

Thirty minutes later, the tips of my nipples had increased in value by about half a million dollars each. The eunuch had used a dermal punch in the middle of each nipple tip, essentially extracting a core from the middle of my always-erect nips. Then he unsnapped the disc-shaped bases from each post, stretched the punched opening and pushed a base into each hole to form a dermal anchor, down inside my nipple. He noted that the bases of the fixtures and the posts contained openings through which the tissue would grow to hold the entire assembly in place.

When he was satisfied with the placement of the bases, he inserted the studs into the holes and snapped them in place. Now my nipple tips sported purple diamonds.

It probably would have hurt like the devil, but my Husband used the controller to numb me there. He’d leave them numb until we parted.

I thanked him, and then jumped his bones, determined to make him think about me every minute while: was gone. He was my anchor to the promise of a better life in the not-to-

distant future. I couldn't be there to remind him daily, but did my best to reemphasize and instill a sense of awe and wonder at my sexual prowess, that I hoped would keep him from straying too far.

He was a Middle Eastern man, after all. Expecting him to be celibate until I returned would be too much to ask for or expect. After all, he had two other Kadin and two harems well I was certain, though, that I would never be far from his thoughts.

In the morning, was divorced. Nothing needed to be done. The Nikah al-Mut'ah contract had expired. was no longer a wife or Kadin, and my Master was no longer my husband. I hoped that would be a temporary situation.

The Sheikh would part with me before I was restored to my natural color. After a quiet, very early breakfast and tears from each of us, he picked up the controller. He released the numbness in my nipples, and the compulsion for my eyes to cross when I climaxed. He released my face from its stoic lack of expression. I stood in front of a mirror, trying to make faces at myself. I could move the muscles a little, but it hurt and gave me a headache. I would have to work the muscles gradually over many days, to restore function.

I turned to my ex. He was nervously rubbing his hands together in front of his lavender robe. I tried to give him a smile, then broke down into sobs. I rushed to him and he held me, neither of us saying anything.

"Kadin, it's time to prepare you for your return." The voice was Doctor Nabhani, who was standing in the doorway.

"I am no longer Kadin," I said sniffing. The Sheikh reached up to touch my cheeks with both hands. He used his thumbs to wipe away my tears.

Looking at me directly, he said, (must let you go. Not because] want to, but because my contract with Negasi requires it. I do love you, Fatina. Remember me"

"I could never forget you, Master. Remember me. I love you"

Sheikh Diya al din Al Naqbi gently squeezed my shoulders and left me.

The doctor took me to one of the coloring labs and injected me in both upper arms and both thighs with something that was supposed to dissolve the lavender dye. I hoped I wouldn't have any long-term cellular damage because of all the chemicals floating around within me. I was given a sedative to make me loopy. They put a tube down my throat, closing off my mouth entirely, then filled my mouth with some liquid, and glued my lips to the tube. They glued my eyes shut and put me in a tank, next to one already containing one of my charges, Dehab, the pale-caramel/dark-brown South African, who was returning with me. I kept her there until last, in case I needed someone to help communicate with mute Eshe.

Essentially, they bleached us in the tanks. When we emerged, we were both as pale as albinos, with totally white hair also, meaning we had no natural pigment, melanin, remaining in our skin or hair at all. All of the purple highlighted areas, including within my mouth, had returned to paler version of their original state. My eyes still had purple irises, eyebrows and eyelashes. The chemicals hadn't affected my eyes, and my brows and lashes were synthetic hairs so they remained their original purple. They had removed the purple from the gums of my dentures.

The doctor injected me again. "This will stimulate production of skin pigmentation" she told me. "Over a couple of weeks, your skin will change to more of a tan color, and the pink areas like your lips, nipples and so on will darken back to something closer to their original color. In the end, everything may be slightly lighter or slighter darker than it was when you came here.

"Your hair will grow out the color it is, meaning a colorless white. There's nothing we can do about that, because of the reversal treatment, your follicles lack the ability to use melanin. Fortunately, your hair will be more like albino white, than the pale-yellow color you might get from bleaching. You can go to the salon to have the color changed to whatever Negasi wants, once you arrive at the Enakazin." Great. Now I sported a totally white Louise Brooks bob. My hair was the color of a ninety-year-old lady's.

The doctor continued. "Your master, Negasi, has decided that Dehab will remain colorless, meaning she won't be given any melanin injections, and the melanin destroying enzymes which all of you received when you arrived here, will remain in place for her. She will, of course, have to avoid the sun most all the time?

Poor Dehab, the blonde South African, Anneke, was to essentially become an albino.

"Dehab's eyes will be stripped of their brown coloration and left colorless, meaning they will look very pale blue or pink. Now you need to decide what to do with your own eyes. Negasi has left it up to you to choose. You also need to decide about your brows and lashes."

I'd been told this would happen. My choices were to leave my eyes an unusual purple, have them stripped of the purple in hopes they would be my normal blue again instead of a mostly colorless blue or pink, or have them stripped, then made brown or one of the other artificial-looking colors of the Pastel Harem, like royal blue, dark green, orange, and so forth. I didn't want to risk having colorless eyes, even if there was a chance they would return to the lovely blue they had been. I didn't want brown eyes, and I certainly didn't want any other Pastel Harem colors.

I was hoping to return here, even if that meant spending the rest of my life lavender and purple. So I chose to leave my eyes alone. They would stay purple. I guess I'd gotten used to them and the permanent, dark purple eyeliner on upper and lower lids. Besides, I didn't want any other chemicals injected into them, whether natural or artificial.

"What are my choices on my brows and lashes?" I asked the doctor.

"We can leave them purple, as they are. We can remove them completely, leaving no trace. We can dye them any Pastel Harem color, and we can make them white, to match your hair." The only two colors [was interested in were Qiana's black for my lashes, and Dehab's former dark brown for lashes and brows, though the brown was darker than I would have picked with white hair. I suppose it would be dyed some other color anyway. I ended up choosing black lashes and dark brown eyebrows, as thin as they were, but no thinner. If I returned to the Albastil Alharim, they could make them purple again.

The combination, with my white hair and purple eyes, looked fine. Maybe I stay white-haired. Then I could avoid the weekly coloring the Enakazin required. Idle time, and Negasi, decide. I didn't really care, in the end.

I was finally as restored as I would be. I left the Pastel Harem with the ghostly Dehab, leaving Diya, Altaf, Eshe and my unborn son behind. I hoped to return in eighteen months.

Chapter 6 - Back in the High Life Again

Arriving at my freshly cleaned apartment in the premium prostitute building. I was greeted by a huge, gorgeous bouquet of desert flowers, a mix of orange and gold mokara orchids accented with pink cushion protea, sitting in a bowl on which floated orange and peach cactus flower blossoms. Also floating on the bowl was origami swan, which opened into a note which, of course, I couldn't read. I knew, however, that the bouquet was from Shahad, because she was the only one who knew who did origami.

There was a picture of a phone on the note, and two girls connected through the phone via wires. Obviously, she wanted me to call her. I could almost guess what the note said, "My Love! I can't wait for your return! I've missed you so much! Call me right away!"

I walked over to my small desk and saw another large bouquet; this one of vibrant, white-outlined, speckled-red Oriental lilies with yellow stamen. An arrow on a small piece of paper pointed to the a blinking answering service on my land line, Enakazin phone. The message and bouquet were from my Master, Negasi. He instructed me to see Shahad, then come to see him tomorrow. He understood where my priorities would be, clever master that he is. Thanks to him, I'd never had a chance to say goodbye to Shahad a year ago, before I was shipped off to the Pastel Harem. He knew I'd see her first anyway.

As I picked up the phone, there was a knock, and the unlocked door burst open. Shahad paused to look at me, then rushed up to embrace me in the strongest hug I'd ever received from a woman. The two of us shared tears of joy for a long, long time before she finally let me go and, taking my hand, led me to some cushions where we flopped down.

"I missed you, Fatina," she said, wiping away tears.

"I missed you, my Love. I'm so sorry I didn't get to say goodbye before they shipped me out."

"Understand. Negasi had the decency to call me to his apartments and told me what had happened with you and the common hours who went with you. You must tell me everything about your experiences. But first... you have hair! I didn't know it was white though! I thought it was naturally: medium blonde! Your eyes are a strange purple color. I missed the deep blue, every night. I saw your eyes in dreams over and over." "Well, my hair wasn't this color, until this morning. Now, it looks like it's going to stay this way, unless I get it dyed. I don't have the compulsion to shave it anymore, as you can see. As far as my eyes go, it's a long story. I suppose I should get started."

I told her everything about my year as Kadin of the Pastel Harem. She was most amazed that I had been married, making me Kadin for real. She was shocked that I received a wedding gift of one and a half million dollars - of which I only spent about two hundred thousand - and that I was having a baby by a surrogate. As I expected, she viewed the entire Pastel Harem idea as pretty much insane. She struggled with how I could come to love at all and respect a Sheikh who would dye his odalisques, freeze the faces of those with a controller, add a controller to anyone entering the Pastel Harem without one, make their eyes cross when they climaxed, and all the other quirks of Sheikh Diya al din Al Naqbi.

It was getting late. If we didn't get to the courtesans' restaurant soon, we'd miss dinner. We decided to go get something to eat. Shahad called Lesedi to meet us there and off we went.

At dinner I launched into a summary account of my year for Lesedi. While Shahad ate, and Lesedi ate and masturbated in about equal amounts, I tried to explain why I'd come to regard the Sheikh as not such a bad guy at all and, in fact, often kind of fun to be around. As discovered, given the bizarre circumstances of the Pastel Harem, trying to convince someone who wasn't there that I hadn't spent a year with the Mad Hatter in Wonderland, proved to be rather difficult.

When I told them I planned to return after my sentence was served, they both looked at me as though I had lost my mind. I even told them I would try to buy their freedom from Negasi and have them join me. Having my best friends and female lovers with me seemed a wonderful idea. I was sure I could convince Diya to let me have trysts with my friends. I had told him I was bi, and he seemed more intrigued than horrified. Besides, if I agreed to let him fatten me up or agree to some equally erotic fetish for him, I could get anything I wanted. At least, that's what I thought at the time.

Shahad and I were able to spend the evening and night together. Lesedi had a client coming at midnight, who would stay the night, so she kissed me goodbye and left.

Shahad and I went a long way that night to make up for a lost year. By morning, when I awoke with my head on her shoulder and one of her fingers in my vagina, it was as though I'd never left. That is, until I felt her thumb resting on my still-relatively-new Princess Albertina ring. Otherwise, we had almost instantly and automatically returned to where, in our relationship, we had been. Such is the nature of our love for each other, I thought.

After a few days of readjustment, life had again become a tolerable routine, since I remained persuaded by the controller interlaced throughout my brain that I wanted and needed to be the best whore possible. Selling my body and, to a large extent, my mind to generate money for the Master who kept me, once again seemed the normal thing to do. It was nearly impossible to imagine what my life would be like if, for example, I remained a free woman and an archeologist. Being able to make my own decisions about my life seemed as foreign a concept to me, Fatina, as the Middle East had seemed foreign to Destiny, when she first arrived in Egypt, over six years ago.

Prostitution had become, and continued to be, my inescapable calling and [I remained exceptionally good so. I was so good that, despite my less than optimum figure (apparently in my opinion alone) and my sometimes-toothless smile, I had been in the top three of the premium whores every month since arriving, except for one, and I had been at the very top 20 of the 42 months as an Enakazin resident. That didn't count my 12 months in the Pastel Harem. I was the top fucker around.

Fatina, formerly a naive, young American archeologist, probably named Destiny Michelle Hutton, and subsequently, a convicted felon named Karimah - assuming my memories were even a little accurate - was the top prostitute at the Retreat. was consulted and called on for the most difficult, challenging assignments. I commanded the highest price. I made the most money for my Master. I did more than anyone to enhance the reputation of the finest Brothel in the Middle East, perhaps in the world.

I was an indentured servant, a slave, attempting to survive in a life I no longer had any control over, always trying to avoid another beating, any more damage to my person, or additional warping of my mind.

Given my performance, recognized among the other whores, staff, and patrons of the Enakazin, I was surprised to be bluntly summoned to appear before Negasi, following a three-hour session with the wife of a Qatar ambassador to some other country, not the Kingdom of Salat. I was told to drop whatever I was about to do, and arrive at Negasi's palatial suite within an hour. I could only assume that I was in big trouble.

I removed the long, brunette wig I'd worn over my white hair and jumped in the shower in my brothel suite, not bothering to return to my apartment. One never attended to the Master without being scrupulously clean, and I'd just finished off a sweaty romp in the bed with a surprisingly athletic, middle-aged woman.

I stood before the mirror, carefully but quickly applying the makeup which Negasi preferred on me. I was nervous and wanted to find out what was going on soon as could get my Master's suite. Suddenly, Tia appeared in the mirror, as though she were standing next to me. A glance away from the mirror showed no one was physically next to me. Her hair was white like mine, and also cut in a short bob with short bangs, but unlike me, her brows and lashes were white too. Her eyes were an almost colorless blue. The overall effect was ghostly. When she'd last appeared to me, I'd just been made to cum by my Husband, and my eyes had still been crossed.

I stared at her in the mirror. "Are you fading away, or trying to mock me?" I asked her.

"Neither. I like the color and style. I thought I'd try it out."

"I don't understand how this works in the afterlife" I said. I suppose I was trying to be funny in a mocking sort of way. I loved Tia, but she managed to irritate me more than half the time.

"I don't know how it works either," she admitted. "I'm here with advice. Delay as long as possible, Destiny. Don't arrive at Negasi's quarters until the last minute. You better color match, and your figure is closer to the target." With those few words, she disappeared.

I didn't know what she was talking about. I was anxious to know what was on Negasi's mind, but Tia had, many months ago, told me there were dangers ahead and that she'd warn me if she could. What she'd said sounded like a warning to me, so I waited until the last minute, smoking a much-needed cigarette while walking briskly to my Master's apartments. I arrived exactly one hour from my summons.

As it turned out, I had been in danger, though I didn't realize it until later. In summoning me and few others, Negasi thought he was rewarding me, at the same time he was favoring the Retreat's wealthiest and most revered client.

When I arrived, the doorman took me to Negasi's study, where the formerly English woman, Ergaalem, was already waiting. I'd seen her around the grounds regularly, before I left for the Pastel Harem, and since I'd returned. We'd become not just friendly, but good friends, ever since Shahad had introduced us at lunch shortly after I'd arrived at the Enakazin. We had a lot in common. We were both natural blondes from English-speaking countries, with similar attitudes and experiences. We had both been made into gideen whores, and we were both well-regarded, premium courtesans.

Before either of us could speculate on why we were there, Negasi entered. We immediately knelt on the floor, sitting back on our haunches, eyes lowered, knees apart, hands clasped behind our heads, breasts and ringed nipples thrust forward.

Not saying a word, Negasi motioned us to sit again. "The King is planning a visit to the Enakazin in about three months," he said without preamble. "He will bring an entourage and will entertain here for four or five weeks."

Everyone knew who The King was. He was the absolute ruler of a small Middle Eastern country who was the richest repeat client of the Retreat. He visited every two or three years, and spent as much money in month as the Enakazin took in from all its other clients combined over a three-month period. As a result, Negasi did anything- and I mean anything- to please him. I was absolutely sure that would include human sacrifice with a knife on an altar, if the King requested it.

"While here, the King and his retinue will use many of our premium courtesans, which we will make available at the highest priority. In addition, the King has requested four of you to be at his disposal at any time, every day. I've decided those four will be in two pairs: two gideens and two dontolehs (girls who were plump, but not chubby as Ergaalem and I, since the King prefers fuller-figured houris. Each pair will be prepared according to the instructions of the King's Travel Agha. He will inspect you a couple weeks before the King's arrival at the Enakazin. That gives us about ten weeks to prepare you two, and the two dontoleh.

"One of the dontoleh is currently no chadn; we will bump her weight up rapidly, by a couple kilos a week, until she is up 16 or 17 kilos. The other is Muna, who is already dontoleh. Since your lighter complexions are closer to Muna's, I considered matching one of you to her by dropping your weight a little, but the other two got here first and, after seeing how well they could be matched with some weight added to one, and a complexion change to the other, decided to go that way."

Muna was a pain slut.

I thought of Tia's words to me and her warning to be late. Someone was going to be matched to Muna, a frightening thing to have happen to anybody. Many of the premiums were slender no chadns, so the one to be fattened up could be anybody.

Though I'd been at the Enakazin for more than four years of the five plus since I left the Control Institution, I had met and spoken to Muna only a few times. I knew her somewhat - I knew all the high-tier houris but I knew Muna less than anyone else. She was a beautiful, shapely, curvaceous, German girl with blonde-streaked, light brown hair. She was maybe a couple centimeters taller than I and plump, rather than chubby, almost borderline fat, like I was. She was sullen and withdrawn; she mostly kept to herself. I didn't know anyone who was actually friends with her. Like me, but unlike most of the other premium whores, she smoked. It appeared that she smoked a lot - almost constantly from what I could tell.

The most noticeable things about Muna, other than the fact that she was pretty and invariably gloomy looking, were her hair and body modifications. She now had the shortest hair among the premiums, since my hair had grown out to be longer than hers. Everyone believed Muna's hair was kept short in the back because Negasi thought long hair would get in the way of beatings and whippings, which was poor Muna's daily reality. Regardless, her light-brown, highlighted hair was in a modernized, angled bob. Unlike my somewhat-long, straight-cut,

Louise Brooks-style bob, hers ended just below her lip in the front, and angled up sharply toward the back. Her neck was shaved up to the base of her occipital bone. The overall cut and bangs were shaggier than my original Louise Brooks, but the sharp angle upwards at the sides and the shaved back still made her look severe, aloof, and unapproachable.

Like the rest of the houris, Muna was most always naked, which made it easy to see what had been changed about her externally. She'd been circumcised; outwardly, her pussy was almost identical to what Dyana's had become. In other words, she had a puckered vaginal opening, and nothing above it - no inner or outer lips, no clit hood, and no clit. Where Dyana had a tiny pee hole a couple centimeters above her vaginal entrance, Muna had nothing visible. I had no idea how she passed urine.

Equally startling were her awful bondage rings. They'd been permanently mounted in her. Merely thinking about them gave me the heebie-jeebies.

She had two big rings piercing her through the back of each ankle. They entered her right in front of her Achilles tendons. The big rings - easily twelve millimeters in thickness and about five centimeters in inside diameter - rested against her heels when she walked. As a result of their intrusive presence, Muna walked a bit stiff-footed, as though her foot no longer swung completely freely up or down at her ankle. Muna had two other rings which, if anything, looked even more uncomfortable to bear. They were almost a centimeter thick, and only a little more than two centimeters in inside diameter. They extended up from the back of her hands, maybe two centimeters below her wrists, apparently above the middle carpal bones of her hands, the capitate bones. The ring passed through a thick bolt, allowing it to move back and forth against the top of her hand and wrist, or rotate as the bolt turned within her flesh. The bolt went all the way through the capitate bone of her hand, apparently with nerves, muscles, and tendons pushed to either side of it. On top, the bolt was held in place by a flat washer sandwiched between the top of her hand and the eye of the bolt through which the ring passed. Underneath, a permanent flat fastener was positioned low the palm of her hand.

Out of the corner of my eye, I'd noticed an expression of shock across Ergaalem's face at the mention of matching someone - another premium whore - to Muna.

"Ergaalem, is something bothering you?" Negasi asked. He tended to be indulgent that way with his top concubines, so I wasn't too surprised that he'd asked her, rather than simply ignoring her.

"I am sorry, Master," she replied timidly, "I didn't mean to interrupt..."

"Then get on with it, girl. I asked what was the matter and I expect you to tell me."

"I was wondering, Master, if the other premium and Muna are to be fully matched."

"Ah ...I see. You are concerned for a friend?"

"Yes, Master."

"You know some Masters would consider your reaction to be impertinent?"

"Yes, Master. I'm sorry, Master. Please forgive me, Master"

"Ergaalem, you're originally British, correct?"

"Yes, Master."

"Expected more restraint from you. Instead I get more disciplined control from this American here " He paused for a moment to look at her intensely. I understand your concern. Munais a pain slut and all that implies here at the Enakazin. I've been of a mind, recently, that business could benefit from a second premium pain slut. So yes, someone will become that second pain slut. I have reason to believe that several of you have the inherent disposition for it, including both of you. In fact, I considered picking one or the other of you for the position. But I've chosen otherwise. We shall see if that works out. I'm confident it will." Of course he confident. Negasi was always confident. That was probably because he was near-infallible, when it came to whores, brothels, and pimping. In Western parlance, he was the Pope of Pimps.

Obviously, he wasn't prepared to tell us who the other premium was. Or, equally likely, it didn't even occur to him that we'd want to know.

I was horrified by this news. That would mean that someone would be cut and subjected to all the future Retreat clients who wanted to see a houri orgasm by being beaten, stretched, pinched, pierced and every other way of feeling pain. She would be trained to cum from pain and it would become the only way she could orgasm, since her inherent physical capability would be taken away.

We were all denizens of a somewhat gilded cage. For the most part, our lives were comfortable and pleasant, as long as each of us accepted being a whore. We premium whores certainly had, including me. If we hadn't, we wouldn't be premium. We'd be common whores, fodder for the Collectors, or barely-uncovered, bleached bones among the drifting sands of the desert.

From time to time, though, someone would let the demons into the cage and they would rake their talons over one of us. Those demons could take the form of visitors, like clients who would go too far, or the Or Collectors. Sometimes though, they would be Negasi's ideas turned into actions against our bodies or our minds. I had suffered at Negasi's whim - my mind was slower, my thoughts were no longer always my own, I was illiterate and deprived of my native tongue. Now Negasi's whim was to change the femininity and disposition of a sister premium. It turned out to be the most congenial and pleasant woman I had ever met.

"You will both report to the infirmary as soon as you leave here. Most of your clients will be serviced elsewhere within the premium ranks for the next few months, as you are matched. There will be some discomfort involved, but you will be glad to know that we have obtained a supply of hyperhealant, directly from the American company which created it, River's Edge Biotech. It will be used to speed healing where possible. That will help move things along, and make you more comfortable."

I knew the name, "River's Edge," but, at that moment, I couldn't place it. Such is the scrambled state of my memory.

"You may go now, directly to the Infirmary, to see Dr. Wtanna" "Yes, Master," we both said, rising and rushing out the door.

Once on our way, Ergaalem turned to me and said, "This is very bad news for one of our sister premiums. Do you realize she'll be cut?"

I did, and I told her that. Neither of us knew the other two had already reported to the infirmary. For that matter, I didn't know what was ahead for the formerly British, pretty, blonde Ergaalem and me.

While we sat alone, naked in tulip in the infirmary waiting room, our legs widely spread and our hands clasped behind our heads, I turned to look at her, wondering how closely we would be matched. My English friend, Ergaalem, was blue-eyed, and now mine were a somewhat unnatural purple. She had very long, honey-blonde hair, unlike my short, white hair, and beautiful, clear, perfect, porcelain skin, somewhat lighter than mine had become following the restoration injections I'd received right before leaving the Pastel Harem. Like me, she had been made gideon; pleasingly plump as some might say. I'd say chubby or near-fat. As a result, our figures were very close to identical, including our full, nicely rounded, healthy breasts. The comparison was even closer because we were the same height.

Her slightly-wider nose was pretty much ideal in profile, with a straighter bridge than mine; my nose was narrower but with slight saddle to it, meaning it was a little bit concave. Like me, her nose was pierced on the left side and her lips had also been made fuller from implants. Also like me, she had three cartilage and a tragus piercing in each ear. Her single earlobe piercings, one in each ear, were normal; they had not been enlarged around 15-millimeter flesh tunnels, like mine had. Her nipples were pierced, but she didn't have the purple gemstone studs embedded in and cemented to the tips of them.

Ergaalem's clitoris itself was pierced, and probably, as a result, tended to extend, always erect, out from its hood. She didn't have a Princess Albertina like I did. From the angle I was looking at her, her pussy lips appeared to have been significantly trimmed. Unlike me, she had no visible, protruding inner lips.

My inners were clearly visible, the skin of their crinkled edges extended beyond my outer labia.

I wondered if Ergaalem would lose most of her hair and be given large flesh be tunnels in her earlobes, and if they would trim my inners to match hers. I hoped they wouldn't because mine were very sensitive and I loved it when Shahad sucked on them. For that matter, I liked it a lot when a client sucked on them too. Another difference between us was that Ergaalem had a large, faceted zircon mounted deep in her bellybutton, ostensibly held in place by four piercings : above, below, and on either side of it. The piercings appeared to curve up from below the large zircon in her navel into her flesh, and out through her pudgy belly. They were capped with smaller zircons at those four positions.

We waited in the reception area of the infirmary for only a few minutes, then a nurse escorted both of us back to an examination room. "You may relax. You will wait here for as long as necessary. Dr. Wtanna has only now entered the surgery and will be very busy for several hours. I will be at my desk if you need anything. I will return when Dr. Wtanna's surgical work is nearly finished." She left, closing the door behind her.

"I wonder if Dr. Wtanna is already creating : new pain slut in the surgery," Ergaalem mused.

"How altered is Muna?" I asked. In my whole time at the Retreat, I'd never been close enough friends with the woman to ask her about everything that had been done to her. Two years ago, in the observation room when Lesedi had been harvested, was the first time I'd ever been close enough to see her up-close. Even then, all I could really see were the rings and bolts in her hands and the rings in her ankles as she was mostly turned away from me. Since then, I'd seen more of her, but I'd never actually examined her.

"I've never inspected her, Fatina, because she doesn't let people get close to her, either physically or emotionally. She's very much a loner. I don't know if she were always that way, or her personality changed after they modified her. The only person who knows her much is Niyat, who was here when Muna first arrived and had some role in training her for while, until Negasi decided to create a pain slut among the premiums. Niyat told me Muna was a reluctant whore, as most of us are, and received a lot of beatings during training. She thought they saw something in Muna's response to the beatings, but doesn't know for sure.

"One day she simply disappeared into a Khassung for about three months. When she emerged again, she was changed"

"What did they do to her?" I wanted to know and I didn't want to know at the same time. I thought, partially thanks to Tia's warning, I'd dodged the bullet this time, but I still wanted to know what was probably happening to one of our sisters right now.

"Do you know what a Pharaonic GSE is?"

I had a sharp vision of Dyana, my mentor and lover from my first expedition as a professional archaeologist, and what the Egyptian fundamentalist government had done to her - a Pharaonic without infibulation, I thought it was called.

"I've seen the results of a Pharaonic with the vaginal entrance left open," I said, shivering with the memory. "It looked like what little I could see of Muna."

"As I understand it from Niyat, the GSE procedure was actually used on Muna. According to what I read online six or seven years ago, it was created by a slaver determined to produce what he referred to as:

consistent line of pain sluts for sale. He did become somewhat famous, or infamous, for the women he treated by GSE and then sold. That was some twenty years ago. The slaver's name was Kabir, and the procedure is sometimes called a Pharaonic Kabir. I have no idea whatever happened to the God-awful guy who came up with it." "I hope he was beaten to death by the slaves he mutilated," I couldn't resist saying how I felt.

"That's what he deserved. More likely, he retired rich, fat, and surrounded by some of his own pain-addicted courtesans."

"So what is the procedure?" I was fearful of the answer, but my curiosity got the best of me. It was like covering your face with your hands when you know something awful is about to happen, and then peeking through your fingers.

"In the Pharaonic without infibulation, as you've seen, the inner lips, clitoral hood, and the clitoris are all removed. The depth of removal of the clitoral crura - the internal erectile tissue of the clitoral body under the vulva - varies somewhat, depending on the skill of the cutter. The same level of skill applies to the degree of removal of the dorsal and posterior clitoral nerves along the inside of the labia, around the urethra and as far as the vagina. The procedure may be performed by surgeon, the chief eunuch, the barber or even the local circumatrix woman in the village. Any of them could be called on to do the Pharaonic, depending on the country, the individual tribe, or local custom.

"After the inner labia, hood, clitoris, and some or all of their connected internal structures removed, the outer labia are cut back and stitched together, leaving only the opening for passing urine. Sometimes the urethra is rerouted. In that case, the rebuilt woman urinates from somewhere else. Often, the opening of the vagina is modified to resemble and work somewhat like: Partially open anal sphincter.

"When it was done to my friend and lover, that's what they did," I told Ergaalem.

"Could she cum vaginally?"

"No"

"Then they probably went very deep in removing the crura and the dorsal and posterior clitoral nerves. They may have damaged the nerves to the Grafenberg-spot, the G-spot, also.

After simple Pharaonic, a small percentage of women can still climax vaginally, with a lot of work."

"Believe me," said. "My friend Dyana and I tried very, very diligently, for a very, very long time, on multiple occasions, and she could barely register any arousal." "You'll have to tell me the whole story sometime."

"I will if you want. It's hard to think about, though. In addition, what they've done to my mind through my controller makes my memories suspect."

"They tampered with your memories? I'm sorry, Fatina. I didn't know. Perhaps you can tell me what you remember"

"I promise to try. It looks like we'll be spending a lot of time together. That sounds fine to me. But like said, I've never heard of a Pharaonic GSE. What's the difference?" "It's intended to make orgasm impossible, unless the woman can be trained to accept some other stimulation to substitute for her clit and G-spot arousal."

"Like .?"

"Like pain and agony, Fatina."

"Oh!" It was obvious and I should have seen it coming.

Ergaalem continued, "In a Pharaonic GSE, the GSE stands for Grafenberg-skene Excision. That's what happened to Muna, according to Niyat, who heard it from Muna, and then from Dr. Wtanna, when Niyat had the audacity to ask her.

"When a Pharaonic GSE is done, everything is taken, as it is in a Pharaonic without infibulation. In addition, though, all of the clitoral erectile tissue, the nerves of the clitoris, and the parts of the pudendal nerve at and surrounding the vagina, are removed. Apparently, that's not easy, requires significant skill, and is never attempted by anyone who isn't a trained surgeon.

"Next, the Grafenberg-spot is located within the vagina, carved out, and the remaining tissue is sewn together, creating a tighter wall on the anterior side of the love shaft, but without the spongy stimulation area of the G-spot."

I wanted to express my horror, but she wasn't finished.

"Finally, the surgeon removes the Skene's glands from either side of the urethra. Skene's glands are the glands that produce female ejaculate, when it happens, which, for many women, comes from the urethra during a profound climax.

"So after all this cutting of a hapless female subject, she's totally unable to either cum or

squirt, her only remaining, comparatively feeble points of arousal are her nipples. Often they do become more sensitive, but they're no substitute for what she's lost. The places between her thighs, which had been so infinitely pleasurable, contain only partially numb flesh, with a thin, healed line down the middle, from where her clitoris had been, all the way down to her re-formed vaginal entrance, perhaps broken by her urethral opening, if it isn't rerouted.

"At that point, according to that despicable, pain-slut trainer, Kabir, the woman is ready for application of the whip, the cane, stabbing, piercing, pinching, actual mutilation, branding, and any other method of hurting her, in order to be stimulated to the point of arousal and climax.

"And, of course, Kabir goes on to describe what to do to make the mutilated woman begin to respond to her torment, and couple it to her need to orgasm." "How do you know all this?" I asked Ergaalem.

"I was a nurse in hospital before I was taken. While a student at university, I did a paper on circumcision traditions and practices. I ran across the GSE variation on some web site. I never thought I'd meet or even know of anyone who'd had the procedure done to them."

"Soon, you're going to know two."

"So it appears. By the way, as mentioned, in Pharaonic GSE, the urethra can be routed elsewhere for convenience. Niyat thought that was done to Muna, but she didn't know for sure."

"Where is 'elsewhere?'"

"Through the vaginal wall, in which case it empties out through the vaginal opening or, more rarely, within the rectum, emptying from the rosebud, the asshole"

I was appalled, though in retrospect, I shouldn't have been. This was the kind of thing this repulsive, appalling enterprise did, while sanctioned by the sick society that had allowed it to happen. They had changed me so I enjoyed being a whore, but they hadn't done anything to my basic disgust at what they did to the women here, all in the name of sexual arousal for some perverted clients.

Neither of us said much after that. A little while later, the nurse returned and asked Ergaalem to accompany her. "You can come too, if you want," she said to me, so I went along. SO She sat Ergaalem down in a reclining chair in a large, outer exam room, then retrieved something from a drawer. As soon as I saw it, I knew what was coming. I must have had a strange look on my face because Ergaalem, who was looking at me and not the nurse, said, "What is it, Fatina?" Before turning toward where the nurse was coming up behind her.

"Sorry," I said. Even though it wasn't my fault, I felt like it was. After all, the nurse was about to

start the process of matching Ergaalem to me.

"Oh! Ergaalem said then as she saw the scissors in the nurse's hand. "Oh, no!"

"Quiet now," the nurse said kindly. "Fatina can't grow hers out to anything close to your length in time. So these beautiful, light, golden locks have to go much shorter. After you leave here in few days, you two will receive matching hairstyles at the premium houri salon. In the meantime, it will be much easier for what we need to do here in the clinic, if your hair, Ergaalem, is closer to Fatina's length." With that, there was a loud snip followed by a series of snips as the scissor blades contacted Ergaalem's lovely hair in the back, at her neck. They carved rapidly through Ergaalem's blonde treasure, making short work of years of growing her hair. Sitting there transfixed, watching the efficient shearing, I thought my friend was losing close to three years of growth in a few minutes.

The shearing went on and on until all the locks lay on the floor around the base of the chair, and Ergaalem's hair didn't reach her shoulders. Tears had streamed down Ergaalem's face from the moment she realized what was about to happen, and they continued now without stopping. The nurse brushed her off and wheeled a cart up to the chair.

Reaching into a jar on the cart with a flat spatula, the nurse brought out a dollop of anesthetic and spread it over each of Ergaalem's pretty, full eyebrows. She reached for an electrolysis wand and began to remove Ergaalem's eyebrows, one hair at a time. The process took quite a while. When they were all gone, the doctor started on my friend's eyelashes.

"At the salon, they will insert artificial brows and lashes like Fatina's," the doctor told her. We'll check you again before you leave here, to get any which appear over the next few days. Then we'll check them weekly after that, until they're all gone."

Poor Ergaalem cried for the next ten minutes, while the nurse attended to other things. Her deeply blue eyes were red and bloodshot.

With much shorter hair and no eyebrows or eyelashes, she looked like a completely different person - still pretty in an alien sort of way, but nothing like the long-haired Brit she'd been. I tried to understand why she looked so bereft of personality when I didn't think I had, even when I hadn't drawn my eyebrows on or had these fake ones bonded to me. Ultimately, I decided I probably looked just as blank as she did; it was just that the people around me had gotten used to the way I looked. It's strange how and the people we see regularly adjust to weirdness. What seems highly unusual eventually becomes normal.

Ergaalem gingerly reached up to run her fingers through her short, choppy hair. Even though she knew what to expect, her browless eyes widened in surprise, and I could see her face tighten up in an attempt to hold back additional tears. [I kissed her on her forehead and whispered that it would be all right. She gave my hand a squeeze and tried hard to smile at me. I witnessed a vulnerable side of her that I hadn't seen before, probably because of the

inclination toward privacy her British upbringing had instilled in her.

The nurse led Ergaalem over to the gyn chair. I couldn't figure out what she was doing. She strapped Ergaalem's legs and feet into the stirrups, placed a tight band around her forehead to hold her head in place, but didn't bother restraining the rest of her. I could see that Ergaalem was pretty nervous about what was going to happen. The nurse fastened clips at the end of elastic cords to each of Ergaalem's outer labia and spread her open. Then she started to take pictures with a small, digital camera.

When she'd taken more than a dozen of my friend's pussy, she took three or four of each ear. Then Ergaalem was told to open her mouth as more pictures were snapped. She was instructed to extend her tongue out, up, and to each side; the nurse took pictures of everything. After that, Ergaalem was released.

I was next in the chair and photographed in all the same places, but more shots were taken of my two tongues in their various positions.

Ergaalem couldn't hold it in anymore. She asked the nurse, "Mistress, is the doctor going to split my tongue like Fatina's?"

"Yes" she said without pausing.

"What about my inner lips?" asked.

"They will be trimmed back completely," she said. "You two are to be matched as closely as possible." I saw Ergaalem reach up to her mouth at that point. She nervously licked her fingertip with the end of her tongue and then touched her front teeth. I could see she was becoming upset again, but she didn't say anything else.

At that point, I was certain that she'd also lose her teeth, and I'd lose all of both of my inner labia.

It was slightly more than four hours after we arrived at the clinic before Dr. Wtanna entered the room where we waited. We immediately knelt in unison. She seemed distracted and weary. That surprised me because I'd rarely seen any emotion on her face, except the few times she'd been angry.

The doctor had us stand, sit and kneel as she ran her hands over part of one of our bodies, and then the same part on the other's. She made notes as she went along. She measured us everywhere I could think of, paying particular attention to our breasts, areola and nipples, and our pussies and anal areas, outside and inside. She spent an hour recording comparative information about our two bodies, barely saying anything at all. Finally, sounding even more weary, Dr. Wtanna told us what would happen next.

"Ergaalem, as I'm sure you realize, we'll be doing a lot of work on you to match you to Fatina in every way possible. There will be healing time involved, but we have a supply of hyperhealant from the US, which will mean we can heal any surgical procedures, at least externally, in about four days. I'll start with you first thing tomorrow morning, so you will spend the night here.

"Fatina, you will have only five procedures here. Your nose will be slightly modified, as will Ergaalem's. As a result, both of you will look different than you do now, but you will then match each other. Your inner lips will be trimmed back, I will install a matching stone in your navel, and you will receive: clitoral ring like Ergaalem's. Finally, Negasi wants your flesh tunnels increased to 18 millimeters. I'll stretch them the at necessary 3 millimeters all at one time. You may return here tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock and will do the work then. You are free to leave. Your friend, Shahad, should be out of recovery now. You can visit her if you'd like to, before you go."

It were as though a bitter cold hand had suddenly gripped my heart! I thought I might collapse from the shock. Had it been Shahad who had been cut? It couldn't be! IT COULDN'T BE!

"Sh Sh... Shahad?" I asked, my already poor voice shaking with emotion. "You operated on Shahad?"

"Oh, thought you knew" Dr. Wtanna said it completely nonchalantly, as though she were telling me it was sunny outside. "Yes. Shahad is being matched to Muna. She is to become a pain slut." I was so horrified that my vision instantly narrowed to a tunnel and I fainted, dropping to the floor like a wet bag of sand.

There was the awful smell of ammonia, and my eyes snapped open. I tried to sit up and immediately felt dizzy again, but this time it was caused by a throbbing pain at the back side of my head. I'd apparently banged it against the tile floor when I passed out.

The nurse and Ergaalem were trying to help me sit up. Between myself and their efforts, I managed to get to my knees. Dr. Wtanna leaned over me with a small flashlight, which she proceeded to shine directly into each eye in turn.

"That was foolish, Fatina" the doctor said, apparently blaming me for being so upset and fainting.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," I replied automatically, as the nurse and Ergaalem pulled me to my feet and led me to a sofa.

"I need to see Shahad," I managed to say before another wave of dizziness overtook me.

"You'll have to sit here for an hour or so while the nurse watches you for any signs of concussion," Dr. Wtanna ordered. "If you're alright in an hour, you can go see her then. There's no need to worry about Shahad's surgery. It all went well. She's been treated with

hyperhealants. In four days or so, she'll be almost completely healed" "But...but. but she's been cut/" Ergaalem pointed out, I thought on my behalf, since I was having trouble concentrating enough to speak at all.

"Of course she's been cut," Dr. Wtanna agreed indignantly. "That's part of the Kabir process for creating a pain slut. That's what was done to Muna, so of course, to match Shahad to her, it had to be done to Shahad." I was sure hadn't been this upset since they cut - I could barely even think it - since they cut Dyana, maybe since Tia died! Why did awful things keep happening to the people I loved?

"You had no right to do this to that sweet girl! I yelled at Dr. Wtanna, who looked at me like she'd just heard the ravings of a lunatic.

"I doubt I even understand where you're coming from, Fatina. Shahad or you or Ergaalem, or any other houri, have only the rights that Negasi grants you, and even those he can withdraw at any time. That is the way of the world. The powerful grant rights to the less powerful."

[I knew that wasn't correct. People were entitled to fundamental rights. I was pretty sure there was an English word for that, but I didn't know the Arabic equivalent, if there even was one. It was another example of what their taking English from me had affected. My Arabic was only a language I'd learned in Egypt and the Kingdom of Salati. I never studied it in depth as I had English, or used it in the study of other subjects like history, civics, philosophy or social sciences. The result was that robbing me of English had in turn controlled what I could think about, because I no longer had words for concepts I knew at one time.

Dr. Wtanna, exhausted and clearly not interested in having this conversation with me, got up to leave.

"I want to see Shahad," I said to her, then thought it best to add, "Mistress."

"As I said, if the nurse deems you alright in an hour, you may see her."

Shorn, frightened Ergaalem, distressed for Shahad and what was to be done to her, came over to the couch to sit with me. She held my hand and gave me a peck on the cheek, whispering, "I'm so sorry, Fatina" "Thank you" I said. "I don't know what to do, Ergaalem."

"Be there for Shahad.. and maybe for me too."

I hugged her to me. The poor woman must have been scared to death. When I was modified, I didn't know everything that would happen to me beforehand. Ergaalem had only to look at me to know what would be done to her. When they were finished with us, we'd be as close to clones as they could make us.

We held each other until the nurse sent Ergaalem to the room where she'd spend the night, and told me where I could find Shahad. I jumped up and rushed to a third-floor recovery room.

As soon as I walked into the room, I could see naked and bandaged Shahad, strapped to her bed. She looked smaller than her usual self, almost as though they had not only diminished her, but shrunk her as well. A thick tube filled with a grainy, slowly-moving, grayish-tan paste disappeared into one nostril. Her eyes were closed; her head was tipped to the side, facing where I stood.

I watched her for several minutes, holding back tears. Then, as though sensing that I was there, her eyes fluttered open and she looked directly into my own, sad face.

"Oh, my Love," I managed to choke out. I stepped up to her and laid my hand against her cheek. I expected it to be hot, maybe feverish, but it was cool and dry.

I didn't know if she'd be able to talk with the tube through her nose and down her throat, but she could, through her usually melodic voice was raspy.

"I am cried out, Fatina." That was all she said and closed her eyes. I pulled up a chair and sat next to her head, slowly sliding my fingers along her scalp, through her hair and all the way to the ends. I sat doing that for maybe fifteen minutes, before her eyes opened again.

"Do you hurt?" I asked her.

"I don't actually feel anything most places, but my hands and ankles hurt. The doctor said I'd be all healed in a few days. They are matching me to Muna, Fatina. They've taken away the center of my womanhood" Her eyes closed again. At first, I thought she was fighting off tears. She wasn't. She was truly cried out. I realized later that she was struggling with facing me because of what she'd lost, because of embarrassment, because of uncertainty about what the future held.

"I will not let you go," said in a firm, determined voice. "You are my lover, my best friend, and you will remain so. We will be intimate again as we've been before.?" "We may be intimate again, but it will not be as it was before, Fatina. They have changed me too much already, and intend to do more?"

"Then we'll adapt - both you and I."

I hope so." Her eyes closed again. I intended to sit with her all night, but the nurse came and sent me back to my apartment, telling me not to return until couple hours before my procedures the next day. I'd be allowed to see Shahad and Ergaalem before my relatively minor surgery. Shahad didn't awaken before I left. I was furious with the nurse, Dr. Wtanna,

Negasi, and angry at everyone I knew except Shahad and Ergaalem.

When I got back to my apartment, I went directly into the bedroom, stared at the full-length mirror, and screamed, "Show your face, Tia! This is all your fault!"

I intended to stand there yelling until she appeared. I'd never actually summoned her before, but I was hurt and angry and oh so sad for my friend and lover!

I yelled again and again. I closed my eyes to see if I could make her materialize by sheer force of will. I saw red through my tightly closed eyes. I opened them to stare again at only my own, pudgy figure and a face contorted with a host of emotions.

"Tia! I shouted as loud as I could. "I demand to talk to you, Tia!" Nothing happened.

"Tia!"

Suddenly, a naked, albino, flat-chested Tia was standing there next to me in the mirror but, once again, not next to me in the real world.

"I'm sorry Destiny." She looked honestly saddened.

"This is all your fault, Tia! If you hadn't told me to wait, I might have gotten there before Negasi decided to make Shahad the next pain whore, and talked him out of it!" "I was protecting you, Destiny. I look out for you, as best I can."

"You were jealous, Tia! That's why you let Shahad be chosen and cut!"

Tia looked down, not shamefully, but with toil-worn sadness.

"You were jealous" I said again, but not so loudly.

"In life, had that emotion sometimes, Destiny.] never claimed to be perfect."

"I thought you were perfect," " I said sarcastically.

"Then you were wrong, as you are now. In any event, those who have passed on are in no way jealous of the living. It's not an emotion that travels with us beyond the grave. I did what I did in warning you, because I want to protect you. I promised to do that to the best of my ability, and I have. I'm sad it turned out this way for your lover, Shahad. I'm sad that you had to suffer profound personal loss for a third time in your young life. All I can say is that I made you safe for now at least."

"And what's to become of my friend?"

"I don't know, Destiny. She'll become pain slut. I cannot see what that will do to her, nor to your relationship with her"

My anger toward Tia, which I realized was misguided and had only arisen from my own sense of hurt and frustration, had completely deflated, leaving only profound loss and further misgivings about the future.

I opened my mouth to say something, apologize I suppose, but was mentally too slow to form a coherent thought before Tia vanished, not fading away; one moment she was there, the next she was gone.

The next day I arrived at the clinic several hours early. The nurse allowed me to go up to see Shahad as soon as I got there. She was sitting in a low chair, trying to use her strangely-bandaged hand to eat an enormous plate of lasagna with garlic bread. The nasogastric feeding tube no longer went up her nose.

If you haven't been to Eritrea, you might be surprised to see Italian food commonly served. I can't speak for much of the country, but in the Enakazin, there is plenty of Italian food. The reason? Eritrea was an Italian colony back in colonial times, from 1890 to 1947. According to what I'd been told, you could find pasta and pizza in all their forms everywhere in Eritrea.

What I struggled with as I first beheld Shahad was why Negasi would take his most beautiful whore -everyone in the Retreat readily acknowledged that Shahad was the fairest in the land -and disfigure her at all.

It seemed completely counter to his business interests. Apparently though, Negasi thought he knew best. He was undeniably of the opinion that cutting her wonderful intimacies, brutally piercing her lovely hands and ankles, and forcing her to gain weight to match Muna's plump, doll-like figure would bring even greater financial rewards to himself, over the short and long terms. I didn't understand it.

Of course, he's the Middle East's preeminent pimp. I'm only its preeminent whore.

"Hi Lover" said purposely with an exuberance and confidence I didn't feel, as bent to kiss her forehead. "I'm glad to see they took the feeding tube out." I decided to start with chit-chat and see where her emotions were today.

"I promised them I'd eat whatever they wanted me to if they got rid of the damn thing. Oh Fatina, they're fattening me up to match Muna! I need to gain about 5 pounds!" That almost seemed like I'd dodge, like an artificial focus on something less important, in order to avoid the truly awful.

"Don't worry," I tried to say light-heartedly, "you won't be as fat as I am. I think you'll look cute." That was an untruth at best, and might have been a boldfaced lie. I didn't want to be

fat, and I certainly didn't want that for Shahad either. Of one thing there was, however, no doubt. I would love her regardless of her shape.

"Liar. know how you feel about being forced to be chubby. And I know you like me thin. I hope you can adjust to more of me."

"It's not important, shahad, honest. What's important is being together, however are. Right?"

"Thope so, Fatina." She concentrated on eating for the next several minutes. Her bandaged right hand, which held her fork, seered stiff and uncoordinated. Eventually she looked up at me and I could tell it was time to confront the elephant in the room. She put down her fork and finished chewing, then started to speak before had chance to say anything.

"They cut away my ability to orgasm as a normal woman, Love."

"I know. T1l make you cum regardless" Yes, I spoke knowing what that might mean. thought could do it to her, to this sweet, innocent [former] American, Freya Knutsen, whom I'd come to love. After all, I'd been beaten before. Beatings from clients in the Retreat were not at all uncommon. I could beat my friend, if that's what she required. Couldn't I? I could beat or cut or pierce or pinch or mutilate my lover to make her cum, couldn't I?

"There's no guarantee I could cum under any circumstances. I won't know for . for a while."

"Shahad. I want to be yours and want you to be mine. If there's one thing life as forced me to learn, it's that sharing a togetherness is far more important than any physical satisfaction. In that, I'm as mature in my understanding as anyone you've ever known." I believed that, and I wanted her to believe it too.

She studied me for a long time before she finally said, "Alright, Love, I do believe you. I know you'll be there. T1l try my best to be there for you. Understand, though, as they have made you a contented whore, they intend to make me a dedicated, satisfied pain slut. Only the methods differ; they will have their way with me."

"That doesn't change my love for you, Shahad."

"But they might yet change how I feel about intimacy. After all, Fatina, I no longer possess the physical capability to climax in the way built into in a woman's body from birth. I'm not like the girl I was back in America. I'm far less like her than I was merely a day ago. Muna has dealt with that through her training. It's caused her to be sullen and withdrawn. T1l resist allowing that to happen, but I fear what they have yet to do to me. Never have I felt less the girl I grew up to be than I do now. They've denied me my essential self as a woman. They intend to make me something else entirely." "I will still be there. Have you seen what they did to you?"

"Yes, when they changed the bandages. With the fast-healing treatments, I am already as healed as I would have been after ten days without them. There is nothing down in my crotch save a puckered hole at the entrance to my vagina, and a fading thin line from about where the top attachment point of my hood was down to the entrance. I now pee out of my backside, or I will, once they take the catheter out." Oh God! They'd gone even further to change my lovely, sweet Shahad. They'd gone beyond cutting my love! Now she wouldn't even piss like a normal woman!

"I'm so sorry, Shahad. But you need to know; you need to realize, that doesn't change how I feel about you in any way!

"I love you Fatina. I would only see you happy. I can't yet believe you would be happy with a clone of Muna."

"You are not Muna, Love."

"They would make me so, and I don't know how. I doubt there is any way that I'll be able to resist their modifications to my body - the body that I gave freely to you, Fatina."

"Look at this, Fatina." At that point, she got up from the low table, sat beside it on the floor, and rolled over onto her tummy. She raised her legs so her feet were almost in my face. There were some bandages, but I could easily see that she had the equivalent of Muna's rings through her ankles, inward from her Achilles tendons. It was truly, truly awful. They hadn't just pierced her; with big, thick rings of unyielding steel, they'd bored through the flesh of the ankles of the woman I loved!

Shahad rolled onto her back and ripped at the dressings on her hands. I tried to stop her, but she managed to unwrap them. There, on the back of her lovely, graceful, beautiful hands, the hands that had so often caressed me in the gentle sweep of a dedicated lover, were rings resting against the backside, obviously mounted in bolts that extended through the lower center of her hands.

"Look what they did to me, Fatina."

"Can you move your hands and fingers as before?" I asked, afraid of the answer."

"Not now, they are stiff, especially my middle fingers. They said my hands would be harder for me to use from now on. But they said I'll be able to move them better, when the piercing - or the drilling - heals."

"They drilled through my bones, Fatina!" She started to cry. It was the most awful, disturbing, saddest sight I've ever beheld. I was beside myself with foreboding, with the knowledge that these people would go to any lengths in the interest of presenting novel sexual escapades to their clients.

At that moment, I was certain that I could kill not only Negasi, but all of his minions, given any chance at all, regardless of the consequences to me, personally. That feeling passed, for the most part, over time, but stayed with me for many weeks. Forever after though, from time to time, I'd feel it again.

I kept all of that to myself. I wanted Shahad to know that I'd have her back, no matter what happened.

"Regardless, I'll be there, ready for you. I will be there, Shahad."

"I know"

Little was said after that. While later, I left to see Ergaalem before they tidied-up my inners, pierced my clitoris, put a gem in my navel, further stretched my flesh tunnels, and spoiled my perfect, pretty little nose.

Chapter 7 - Twins

The nurse was with Ergaalem when I arrived in her room. Despite almost drowning in hyperhealant, poor Ergaalem was a complete mess, from her chin up. She would achieve: couple months-worth of healing over the next week, but just hours after her surgery, she was stunned, disheartened, and in pain. So her mouth and jaw were so swollen that she couldn't talk at all, and nor could she open her mouth more than about a centimeter.

I wasn't surprised to see a bandage over her nose, and bruising that looked like she had two black eyes. They must have shaved back the bridge of her nose to give it a little saddle, making it more concave like mine. The bridge itself and where her nostrils flared, still looked wider than mine, like it had been before.

I sat next to her, holding her hand, and lightly running my fingertips through her still rough-hewn bob. She gave me a pitiful attempt at a smile and closed her eyes.

They had placed 7-millimeter flesh tunnels in her earlobes. Used that, with the healing ointment, they'd be able to stretch them to the full 15 millimeters to match mine, and then 3 millimeters more to match how mine were going to be, over about 5 weeks.

Like me, her natural teeth were gone. The nurse said her gums had been shaped to exactly match mine. Her dentures, including her gums and teeth, would be so much like mine as to be almost interchangeable. That meant she would get duplicates of the generic teeth they'd given me at the Control Institution, which had been slightly modified here with an increased overbite. My actual dentures had been replaced three times, but always with the same teeth, which weren't at all like my original, natural teeth. Her tongue had been stretched and split like mine, and she had dual, 3-millimeter flesh tunnels in both her right and left tongues.

After closing her eyes, Ergaalem was essentially unconscious, mostly from the morphine and fentanyl drips she was receiving to keep the pain under control while the hyperhealants did their work. Without significant pain relief, I'm sure her head would have been almost exploding in agony.

I sat with her, holding her hand. I noticed that she had a clear, plastic patch on her upper arm. Then I realized it was nicotine patch. My first thought was that Ergaalem didn't smoke, so why was she wearing a patch? Then I realized what they were doing. They were preparing her body, adjusting it to nicotine, because they had to make her smoke to match her to me. I felt bad for her, because she wouldn't have chosen to smoke on her own, but there was nothing I could do.

The nurse returned to take me to a prep room for my own surgery. I didn't want to have anything else done to me, but I no longer felt adamantly against anything they chose to do. There was no way for me to resist, so fretting about it was useless. Over more than four years at the Enakazin, and another year in the Pastel Harem, my Masters had managed to deeply insert, and solidly entrench, submissive inclinations into my psyche. The level of will-power I possessed was pretty low when it came to things done to me, except things I absolutely, fundamentally didn't want -like being fat.

I would bet that, given enough time, they could use my controller to overcome even my basic desire to be thin. Up to this point, they simply hadn't had the need to make me like being chubby. I was compelled to be that way, but my mind was not modified enough to require me to like it. The irresistible imperative my controller forced on me was enough.

On the other hand, when things were done to my friends, like Shahad, Lesedi and Ergaalem, [had strong opinions. That said, I recognized that I was almost powerless to do anything for them. The one exception had been when I'd persuaded my Master to install a controller in Lesedi, and: was still not sure whether I'd done the right thing there.

I was prepped for my procedures with an injection of a mild tranquilizer and awaited someone to push my bed into the surgery. Finally, a master showed up to transport me and arrived in the same room where Lesedi had been harvested. I didn't expect a crowd at the observation windows, and there wasn't one, but Negasi was there looking down at me.

Instinctively, I closed my hands together in a prayer-like way, and bowed my head to him, while I lay there. He nodded at me with a slight, satisfied smile. Moments later, I was told to count to ten and at "six" I was out.

I resurfaced from the anesthetic some indeterminate time later -dull, sinus-like headache, centered on my nose. When my eyes fluttered open, I could see that my nose was bandaged, because the stuff covering it was visible in the inner corners of my eyes. As I'd been told, they'd changed my nose, to match the new one they'd given Ergaalem.

As I came around] noticed a raw, cut feeling along with slight stinging pain in my groin. If I pushed out in my belly, I felt a stinging around my navel, which was sorer than I expected it to be. Both my groin and navel were bandaged. I turned my head to the side to call to the nurse and realized my earlobe hurt too. I felt it and it was sore, like it had gotten when they stretched it every two months until it could capture and hold a 15-millimeter flesh tunnel. What was there now felt bigger than that, and assumed they had, indeed, stretched me again as planned.

That didn't make me happy. I never liked what they'd done to my otherwise pretty, perfectly-formed, small ears, and this would be 20 percent bigger and 20 percent worse. I was already stuck with wearing the flesh tunnels all the time, because when I didn't, I had this ugly loop of skin hanging from me that looked far worse than the tunnels did. Now the unrestrained loops would be even longer. Shit.

I did call for the nurse and she came in a few minutes. I asked her what had been done to my nose. As I'd assumed, they'd changed both Ergaalem's and my nose a little, to create a new, ideal nose that was the same for both of us. Ergaalem had lost her ideal, perfect, straight bridge to a modestly more concave or saddle-shaped one, like the shape of mine. My nostrils and bridge had been noticeably widened to match Ergaalem's. Negasi, connoisseur of all female attributes, was convinced that each of us would be more desirable with that modification. Personally, I doubted it. I liked the slenderness of my natural nose, and wasn't happy that it had been tampered with.

After I thought about it, I realized that Negasi probably had no concern whether or not either of us would be more beautiful, he simply wanted us to be more approachable and attractive to clients paying for sex with us. We weren't in a beauty contest; we were selling our bodies to very high bidders. What those clients wanted was of paramount importance, not our individual beauty scores on a scale of 1 to 10. I learned a lesson at the Enakazin. Sexual desire often did not equal Western views of beauty, as represented by models and actresses in the West. Perhaps those popular images of tall, thin, unapproachable, stick-figure models or movie stars didn't equal beauty for most people, even in the West.

That was why I was so desirable as a whore, though I thought] wasn't as beautiful as had been. Being desirable and being beautiful weren't necessarily the same. Whatever had been done to me had made me sexier, more a desirable partner for sex, more of a worthy whore. Whether I was more or less beautiful was irrelevant. I was sexier, and] was beautiful enough.

With the rapid healing medication, I would be healed in a few days and I could see my nose and ears and everything else then.

My Master had been determined to further stretch my earlobes to accommodate an 18-millimeter flesh tunnel, which I was now wearing. I would apply a hyperhealant ointment to them twice per day for the next week, then they'd be permanently stretched and healed into

their new, expanded size. I hated it, of course. Now I would have even bigger holes in my head, and my earlobes without flesh tunnels would look like even longer noodles. With the hyperhealant, it would take about 5 weeks of repeated stretching for Ergaalem's flesh tunnels to catch up with mine in size.

The nurse got me up.. was sore but could waddle with my legs spread to mostly avoid rubbing my bandaged groin. She let me put my teeth back in and had a late, high-calorie snack before I went back to sleep for the night.

I wasn't able to see Shahad or Ergaalem for few days, while all of us healed. On my fourth day, I was amazed to be so well-along in my own wounds healing, that: was feeling pretty good, though still sick at heart about what they'd done to Shahad. I felt a need to see her and almost insisted to the nurse - barely short of insolently - that she allow me to see my lover.

By that day, I was still walking carefully but naturally. My pussy was almost as well-healed as it would have been after a month without the hyperhealants. My outer labia closed neatly, with no protruding inner lips visible any more. They were no longer there; from top to bottom, all of each of them had been trimmed off so there was nothing to see when opening me up.

My clitoris itself had been pierced horizontally, through the stem, right below the glans, and fairly close to my Princess Albertina. I knew this was an uncommon piercing, and was worried that they would do it to me to match Ergaalem, without regard to my clit potentially losing sensitivity. As far as I could tell four days after it was done, my clit seemed just as sensitive as before. I was relieved about that. Otherwise, I hadn't really cared what they did to me down there. I had only feared they would leave me, at least externally, physically anorgasmic, like my poor lover, Shahad.

My bellybutton looked exactly like Ergaalem's, with a large zircon in the middle, tendrils from under the zircon through my flesh above, below and to either side of it, and each prong piercing me ending in small, permanently-affixed zircon bead. What I hadn't known is that the large, center zircon would be permanently bonded to my navel or, rather, to where my navel had been. The doctor had actually cut away the button of my bellybutton, and bonded the back and sides of the zircon to where the button had been, using something called biobond, made by the same company that made the hyperhealant, and the bonding agent affixed to my individual brows and lashes.

Net, I had a permanent gem fastened into me where my navel used to be.

I hadn't seen my nose yet, but was told they'd remove the special bandage on it after supper, and I could see it then.

I showered, shampooed, and headed for Shahad's room.

When I got there, she was sitting on the edge of her bed. The first thing I noticed was that her

lovely, mid-back-length hair was mostly gone. she now sported a black-haired version of Muna's updated, lip-length, sharply angled bob, with her neck shaved well-up in the back and her new bangs cut in a jagged fashion. The rather severe hairstyle exactly matched Muna's. Seeing me, her hand shot up to self-consciously touch the much shorter hair. I saw the brutal ring mounted on a post through her lovely hand, and almost broke into tears. She looked at me with expression of sheepish diffidence.

I tried to avoid looking sadly at her cropped hair and rushed over to kiss her. "You look delicious, sexy," I whispered in her ear. "I want you!"

"You can have me, Lover," she whispered in return, "but I don't have much left to give you. They took almost everything."

"They didn't take your heart. They didn't steal your soul"

"My heart is broken, I think. My soul seems poised to leave me. I fear they'll beat it out of me. Look at my hands, Fatina! Look what they did to my hands! And my ankles! They built bondage rings into my body!" And then she began to cry uncontrollably.

I was heartsick, watching the person I most loved in the world come apart. I didn't know what to say. Instinctively, I reached down to her pussy. I only managed to just catch myself before I made everything worse by touching her in a place where she was now so different. Instead, I laid my hand carefully against the middle of her abdomen, encircled her with my other arm, and drew her to me to cry it out on my naked shoulder.

A while later she sat back and looked at me with sad, glistening eyes. She reached up to wipe them with the backs of her hands, then realized her own mistake before the cruel rings touched her face, and used her fingertips instead. When she was done, I reached out to hold her hand.

"Is it still painful?" I asked her.

"Not much, but both of my hands are somewhat stiff. It feels strange when I close them. Dr. Wtanna said I'd get used to the bolts through them eventually. My feet are in some ways worse. I can't point my toes down and up as much as before - I've lost about half the range of motion that I had. As a result, I walk somewhat stiffly, pretty much like Muna walks. The doctor said she expected that to happen, and that I'd learn to live with it. I can walk at a stiff but normal pace, although I won't be able to run anymore. I think the best I'll be able to do is a fast shuffle." She looked me up and down. "What did they do to your nose?" She asked me.

"Apparently, they widened the bridge and nostrils to match Ergaalem's, and they shaved the bridge of her nose to make it more concave like mine. I haven't seen mine or Ergaalem's yet. I'll see mine after supper." "The jewels in and around your navel are very pretty, Fatina."

"I'm glad you like them, because everything is bonded onto me or piercing through me so I can't take it out, like ever.

"It's okay, I like it." She was so sweet. She was trying to make me feel better even though they'd done horrible things to her. And more was to come when they started her Kabir training.

"They trimmed your inners and pierced... did they pierce your clitoris itself?"

I didn't want to talk about it right then because Shahad's were gone for good. My changes seemed trivial by comparison.

"I'm fine," : told her. When I saw that wasn't sufficient for her, I added, "My inners are gone, trimmed back to nothing at all." [spread my legs to show her. "The clit piercing hasn't caused any problems. It's all healed now.""

"May I?" She reached down to touch the ring.

"Of course! You're my lover and best friend, after all."

She gently flicked the ring and I felt an immediate, erotic stirring from my clit to my vaginal opening. She did it again and involuntarily moaned with pleasure.

"Does that feel good?" She asked.

"Wow! Does it ever!" Then, as a tease, she flicked my Princess Albertina. Ooh, yum!

I immediately felt ashamed because of that instant pleasure, and the fact that I could enjoy it while Shahad had nothing left to do for her.

So as so often happened, she read my mind. "Don't feel bad because you get pleasure, Fatina. When you do, I enjoy it too."

I looked at my sweet Shahad and burst into tears. She pulled me to her and comforted me that time. While I was still losing it, probably to prove her point, she began to diddle my clit ring and my Princess Albertina, and slide her fingers up and down my featureless, juicy slit.

I reached behind her neck, onto the shaved nape, and into the shorter hair above her nape in the back, and pulled her lips to mine. We kissed hungrily, and I used both of my tongues to give her all the oral pleasure I could.

When we pulled back, she said, "Don't be sad about my hair, Fatina. It was cut for a reason - to keep me safer. Long hair is a danger when a houri is frequently subjected to the cane and the whip. It can easily become tangled and torn out. You have been lucky in that you have

never had that concern. Even when you wear a wig, the worse that can happen is that it is pulled off, leaving you uninjured. If a whip ever became tangled in my long hair, it might not only tear at it, but it could snap my head back so hard my neck could be injured or even broken.

"I will have short hair from now on. That is a good thing given the change in direction of my occupation."

"I don't want you beaten, Love."

She looked at me with sad understanding. "I know ... but will see. Perhaps it won't be so bad. Perhaps I will learn to enjoy and extract pleasure from it. Muna told me she does now." "Oh Shahad! I was left without words. We spent the next hour merely holding each other, a few words of affection passing between us.

With her hand held carefully in mine, she slowly walked with Shahad into Muna's room. Because of the hyperhealants, my lover's awful wounds in the palm and top of her hands were almost completely healed already. The thick, heavy rings behind her Achilles tendons apparently interfered with up-and-down movement of her feet, though, and her gait appeared to be more of a stiff march. She was always so graceful in all her movements that this singular effect on her moving about appalled me. I doubted she'd ever walk normally again.

The veteran pain slut lay on a bed with no railings to protect her, nor with a sheet to cover her. She appeared to be dozing. Her highlighted, light brown hair had been dyed jet black, exactly like Shahad's. I thought her skin was already darker, but I couldn't tell for sure. She had some ways to go to match Shahad's originally pale but now Middle-Eastern-dark skin.

Muna had the ring in the middle of her lower lip like Shahad's. I was pretty sure that hadn't been there before. The rest of her face was almost entirely obscured by bandages: over her eyes, nose, cheeks and chin. They had really worked her over. It apparently was facial reconstruction with a vengeance, to make her more closely resemble Shahad, I assume. They hadn't touched Shahad's face, of course. She was regarded throughout the Enakazin as the most beautiful woman there, including both houris and mistresses. It would have been insanity to mess with her exquisite face.

I felt it had been insanity to ruin her as a normal, intensely responsive woman. I doubted: would ever have a chance to even the score with Negasi for what he'd done to my lover, but if I ever did, I'd exact revenge in a heartbeat.

Muna couldn't see us because her eyes were bandaged. When I asked Shahad if Dr. Wtanna had performed the surgery on Muna, I saw the unfortunate pain slut stir.

"They called in a plastic surgeon to do the work on her face. The nurse told me this morning that it was only done last evening. Apparently, they had to wait for the surgeon to fly to Eritrea

from somewhere else."

Muna moaned and turned toward us.

"Muna, it's Shahad and Fatina," Shahad said to her. 'Are you hurting?' "Not.. not enough,' Muna said breathlessly. I looked at Shahad, not understanding.

"Bite my nipple .. please," Muna mumbled, to both and neither of us. "Please...." she repeated. "Please."

Shahad bent to Muna's shapely breast and bit her nipple, right above the ring through it. As she held on, Muna reached up to her own face with both bolted hands and pushed down on it on either side of her nose.

The pain that caused must have been awful. I heard Muna moan, "Ahhh ... harder .. harder."

Shahad glanced up at me with Muna's nipple between her teeth and I saw my lover redouble her efforts to bite down, at the same time her own newly bolted hand went to Muna's other nipple and clumsily pinched it with all the strength she had. It was obvious that Shahad's hand didn't work as well as before. I hoped it would eventually heal completely, even if it always had the bolt through it, and the ring mounted through the bolt above the back of her hand.

Suddenly, Muna began to shake and her naked legs involuntarily squeezed as together as her pelvis jerked up and down. Muna came. Right then. Right there. The pain from pushing on her face and the biting/ pinching on her nipples pushed her over into climax. I couldn't believe it. I looked at both of them. Frankly, I was astonished.

When the ripples of orgasm through Muna's body died away, Shahad released her nipples and stood up, taking hold of Muna's hand.

"Th.. th... thank you' " Muna said, then turned her bandaged head away.

"Why did you do that to her?" I whispered to Shahad, still shocked by what I'd seen.

"I know what she is, Fatina. She needed me. I can already sympathize with her, though I'm not sufficiently like her.... yet." "

I wondered how soon I'd be called on to hurt Shahad in the name of our lesbian coupling, our lovemaking. I shuddered at the thought, and felt myself becoming physically sick. I told Shahad I'd wait for her in the hall, and left the room, my mind in turmoil.

Shahad went with me to find Ergaalem. She was sitting up in bed, sipping on fruit juice and smoking a cigarette, when we got to her room. Like me, her nose still had a pressure splint

and tape over it. Her tongue and gums, however, were as healed up as mine had been six weeks after my tongue was split.

I saw that Ergaalem's eyes now matched my unnatural purple ones. They'd apparently injected the stroma layer of her irises with the same purple pigment infused into my irises. Her lovely blue eyes were now as much history as mine.

Ergaalem started to say hello and then noticed Shahad's ankle and hand rings. "Oh Shahad! I had forgotten about the large body rings! I'm so sorry this has happened to you." Without her teeth, Ergaalem was slushing her "s" sounds, pretty much like I did. Overall, though, I thought she more understandable than I am, given our stretched-longer, split tongues with two grommets in each. I suppose it's amazing we could talk at all.

"I'll be alright," Shahad said woodenly. "The rings are mostly healed but my hands and feet are a little stiff. wasn't planning to run any races or do a lot of typing anyway" Shahad paused, and didn't appear to want to talk about what they'd done to her anymore. She tried to cover her hesitancy by asking Ergaalem, "How are you coming along?" "As you can see, they're making a smoker out of me," Ergaalem replied, still slurring her words.

"You were already wearing a nicotine patch when you were still semi-conscious from your surgery"

"Yeah, they told me I'd wear them until my mouth was healed enough for me to smoke regularly. They said the patches would eliminate the nicotine poisoning that first-time smokers often get and, thus, get me into smoking more quickly. I have to match to you of course, Fatina." "

"Sorry, Ergaalem. I had no say in my smoking either?"

Shahad asked again, "How are you healing? How are you otherwise?"

"I'm doing fine. After all, I'm looking more like Fatina, and we both know how beautiful she is."

"I'm fat and over-modified," I pointed out, needlessly. "I'm sorry they did all of this to you, Ergaalem."

"Don't be, Fatina. I always liked my nose, but it'll be okay in this new shape. So will yours, which looks to be identical to my new nose. They're taking the splint off later today"

"Me too."

Ergaalem was looking at us, struggling with something. Then she burst into tears. She sat there sobbing for several minutes. Finally, I could see her try, with evident effort, to bring

herself back under control.

I ... She stopped again to compose herself, swallowed hard, and tried again, slurring her words even more than before. "I'm sho shorry that Im shuch a baby," she half-sobbed, embarrassed and distraught. "T'm sho unhappy about my teef.●" Then she started to cry again.

She had said, "teef," though she meant "teeth." I had the same problem when I wasn't wearing my dentures.

I sat down next to her to hold her and Shahad bent over her to kiss her on the cheeks and comfort her. Her plump body shook as it rested against my own.

"T know how hard it is to have that happen to you" I said. "All I can tell you is that it's not as bad as you fear, you'll look fine with the dentures, and you do eventually get used to them, though you will never like them. Honest, Ergaalem, they simply become part of your daily routine. On the positive side, the clients love that you bring that capability to offer for their pleasure."

I could see Ergaalem trying to gain composure. At the same time, T realized that she was examining Shahad somewhat surreptitiously. Shahad noticed it too and simply spoke up, "Yes Ergaalem, they took everything, inside and outside. All I have is vagina with. Lpuckered opening and no G-spot. They'll teach me to cum using other ... ah.. other methods."

"I hate them for what they've done to you."

"I'm no different from Muna now."

"Yes, but I've always known Muna to be the way she is. As Liesl, she may have been a sweet, innocent, kind German girl, but she was no longer that by the time I met her. Whatever she was before, I didn't know her then. I've known you and your pleasant, friendly personality - and your sexuality. I didn't want to see you altered."

"My sexuality will become different. I'm trying to look at it simply as different. I don't expect my personality to change! Why should I?"

I could see Ergaalem was struggling with how to answer Shahad. Finally, she said, "T hope it won't change, my friend. I'm only concerned about how you'll react to the... to the..." "To the pain? I will learn to handle more than I can now. I'm expecting to be trained to cum from it."

I thought Shahad's answer was rather cavalier, but didn't say so. I hoped she was right. I wanted her to be able to cum again, though I hated how it was to be accomplished. Being beaten much of the day, every day, and not have it affect you? I couldn't see how that was

possible. Perhaps it was. If anyone was strong and balanced enough to withstand it, it was Shahad.

How wrong] was. None of us would emerge from the next few months unchanged or unscathed. Most of us would deviate further and further, both physically and mentally, from the Western women we'd been before, until we became avowed denizens of the foreign culture into which we'd been thrust without our consent.

Ergaalem and I stayed at the clinic until Ergaalem was fully healed and given her dentures. Then we were both moved into 1 apartment for two. Our old apartments were closed up until our time with the special guest and his retinue was over. We were to live together and train to do everything together. Wherever possible, we would do everything either exactly the same or exactly mirroring each other. We would always wear the same hairstyle, or wigs, wear the same colored contacts in our eyes if any, and dress the same. Our makeup would always match.

With the changes to our noses, we both looked somewhat different than we had before, and amazingly alike. I didn't like my new nose as well as my old one, because it was a little wider in the bridge, tip and nostril wings, and I thought it dominated my face. It probably didn't, but at least it was more dominant than my old nose by a little bit, which I suppose was exaggerated in my biased mind. Ergaalem had possessed a perfect, aquiline nose. It now had my gentle saddle, where the straight bridge had been, and was slightly upturned like mine is. She would never tell me how much it bothered her that her perfect nose had been altered, but I knew she wasn't happy with it.

The teeth in her dentures, and how they were positioned, exactly matched mine. Because our lips were already essentially identical, pictures of our mouths were totally indistinguishable.

Frankly, so were pictures of any part of us, including our faces and bodies. We were probably more identical than twins, physically. I suppose part of Negasi's decision to match Ergaalem and me was based on our body similarities in the first place, at least regarding our identical height and the indistinguishable length of our upper bodies and legs.

Mentally, in what we did and how we did it, we were as far apart as any two British and American women usually would be. Our two trainers were determined to eradicate those differences during our three months of training.

Their biggest challenge was not only our somewhat different Arabic accents, not only the difference in the way we said things, but the fact that I was mentally challenged when it came to talking at all. Given what they'd done to me, I didn't think I would ever be able to think and respond as quickly as Ergaalem. It took them about an hour to realize this, and another hour discuss it with Negasi. They even considered putting a controller into Ergaalem. When she heard that, I thought she was either going to vomit or pass out right on the spot.

In the end, they decided to train her to respond more slowly - like I did all the time. Over the

first month, we had language sessions all morning, every morning. They intended to slow down Ergaalem, and refine my accent. Both turned out to be up-hill battles, for which both of us were beaten multiple times a day.

Under Negasi's sometimes wise, sometimes insightful, always obsessive-compulsive leadership, the Enakazin left nothing to chance. Ever. That included every behavior, offer, courtesan, facility, food or the very atmosphere of the place. When any client and in particular the most important client • expressed a desire to be served by two pair of matched hours, that was exactly what Negasi and the Enakazin would deliver. The only caveat was the client's ability to pay.

Given enough money, we concubines were totally disposable. The fact that I was the number one whore, and Shahad was the most beautiful of all, carried almost no weight with Negasi, when it came to pleasing his richest patron. He'd try not to destroy my motivation, or Shahad's loveliness, but that was a secondary concern to the primary goal of pleasing The King, King abd al-Hfaqq, and his entire retinue.

To that end, the entire Enakazin was in some level of preparation for several months. The four of us premium whores, Shahad and Muna, Ergaalem and I were involved in preparation for, along with the visit itself, one-hundred percent of the time, from the moment Negasi had told us what was to come, until King abd al-Haqq left some four and a half months later.

Shahad and Muna, had left the infirmary several days after Ergaalem and me, once they were both completely healed. I wasn't to see Shahad again for almost two months. She and Muna had been sequestered in a training wing of one of the Khassungs, for Shahad's Kabir training and her rebirth as a pain slut.

That left an emotional void in my life, which I tried to fill by concentrating on my own pairs training with Ergaalem. Our studious efforts to become a perfectly matched pair of courtesans was essentially a 24-hour-per-day effort. We had trainers with us for probably 18 hours of that time, including sometimes when we slept. Yes, we were required to sleep exactly alike too, whether it was on our backs or either side. Generally, Enakazin whores aren't allowed to sleep on their stomachs, because that makes too many erogenous areas unavailable to any client with whom we're engaged at the time. Sometimes, however, a client will require that we sleep with our face down, our knees tucked under us, and our asses raised up for easy access during the night. I've been taken that way, when I was sound asleep, many times. The first few times, it was startling to be awakened by being buggered. After a while, though, I came to quite like it.

I always wondered if they made me like it by adjusting my mind again. I'll never know, of course. truly don't know why] do most of the things I do. Is it because I decided? Or because they decided for me, and put the thought in my mind?

Underlying everything they did in our training was the obvious goal of making us think alike,

so we would act alike automatically. In doing this, they seemed to pick on Ergaalem more than on me. I suspected that was because I was the higher-rated whore, and it was in it their short and long-term interest to make Ergaalem more like I was.

Ninety percent of the exercises we did as part of our matching were boring in the extreme. Everything from how we disrobed to how we served tea would be done over and over until the tutor couldn't tell the difference between us. The only humor in the entire experience came when we got so good that, for a moment, the trainer would forget who was who and call us by each other's name in confusion. That always set us to giggling- which we did identically, of course.

Language practice was the worst for both of us. We both garbled our speech because of what they'd done to our tongues and mouths, but each distorted our Arabic in different ways. We also had a different rhythm and accent because, though we'd both grown up speaking English, Ergaalem had spoken with a Yorkshire dialect and accent, while mine was more-or-less standard American like you'd hear on the evening news.

My speech had no cadence because I was mentally slow to form sentences, which wiped out any rhythm to my talking. Ergaalem had, I supposed, a clipped, Yorkshire cadence, whatever that meant when she spoke Arabic. It's almost funny when you think about it like that. Speeding me up wasn't an option. Using the controller, they'd affected my brain's speech centers so couldn't communicate as well, for reasons only Negasi knew. At that point in time, it wasn't at all clear to me how many of the changes which slowed my brain were reversible, and how many were permanent. As it turned out, many of them were permanent.

With the physical modifications that had been most recently done to us, my nose, labia trimming and new piercings and stretchings, along with Ergaalem's nose, ears, lips, teeth, hair, and so on, we looked like twins. Totally like identical twins. That was the goal and they got us there effectively with about a month to spare before The King arrived. The plan was for us to spend the last month practicing the things that we'd likely be called on to do when The King and his party arrived. Most of that last month, we'd be with clients so Negasi wouldn't lose more income from¹ However, before we started the final month of preparation, I was ordered to report to a particular room in one of the Manzilun Khassungs, or special brothels.

I immediately feared something awful had happened to Shahad. I quickly rushed to the Khassung, my heart in my throat. I found something awful had, indeed, happened to Shahad, though it was nothing unplanned.

The Khassungs were restricted and had to be identified and registered before I could be admitted. When I entered the windowless, dimly-lit room in the Khassung, I saw a plump, naked Shahad standing there in the semi-darkness, facing a painting of a slave bound to a whipping post, her back to me. From the back, it looked like her sharply-angled, lip-length bob had been kept unchanged since: was last with her. It was evident, though, that they had succeeded in fattening her up.

"Shahad, I was so worried about you. I've missed you terribly" I gushed.

She slowly turned to me. I didn't recognize the expression on her face. It seemed neutral, emotionless. She looked at me coolly, unblinking, then reached over to a wall switch and turned the lights up a little more.

I didn't know what to say. Her body was fuller, including her face, boobies and bottom. Her arms and legs were noticeably plumper too.

She interrupted my examination. "How do I look?" Her voice was off slightly. I was trying to ascertain if she were upset when she smiled demurely and said, "I'm so glad to see you, Fatina." I took a step toward her and extended my arms in greeting, opened to hug her to me. She quickly ran with short steps, her gait stiff and unlike it had been before they modified her. Shahad put her arms around me, and we held each other tightly. Then she pulled back and kissed me, her tongue probing between my two as our mouths attempted to consume each other.

Her kiss was unmistakable; I would have known it even if I had been in the darkest night, unable to see her at all. The feel of her soft curves against me was new, but I didn't care. I was reunited with my lover, and she was holding on to me with all the force that I was, in turn, using to hold her.

Finally, at almost the same time, we released each other a little and I looked into her dark eyes. The eyes were hers, and they weren't hers. There was something in them that hadn't been seen before. She smiled at me shyly and, to my amazement, said, "I'm Muna, Fatina."

Chapter 8 - Pleasure and Pain

I was speechless. I held her back from me and examined her. She didn't look like Muna at all. She looked like a plump Shahad, perhaps save for the slight difference in her eyes, a difference I couldn't quite put my finger on, couldn't quite explain. Muna's blue eyes and light, Germanic complexion were completely gone, replaced by the Middle-Eastern-dark skin and dark, dark brown eyes that had previously been imposed on the ethnically-Nordic Shahad.

"Is ... is Shahad alright?" I asked, fear that something had happened to my lover once again foremost in my thoughts.

"I am.. alright...., Fatina." The voice, unmistakably Shahad's, came from a doorway which had been closed when I entered. At Shahad's words, Muna stepped back and motioned me to go to Shahad, who ran stiffly towards me, mimicking the same small steps Muna had used. We embraced and kissed and cried and hugged.

When I was holding her, she felt exactly the same as Muna had. I could feel her softer body

press against and into my own soft curves. Her breasts were indeed larger and she was larger everywhere. Her face, save for her eyes, was indistinguishable from Muna's plastic-surgery-altered countenance. It was fuller than it had been, though beautiful as ever. I realized it would take me some time to adjust to and appreciate the fleshier Shahad; I had so loved the slender body which was now nicely rounded.

I turned to say something to Muna, noticing that she had already lit a cigarette and was puffing away. She held a pack out to me and took one to calm down.

"You almost completely fooled me, Muna"

"Almost?" She asked, her lips forming a mocking smile.

"Okay, you fooled me, though I honestly did detect slight difference in your voice, and there was a look in your eyes I hadn't seen on Shahad before."

"You are quite a good kisser, Fatina." The ice houri was actually being light-hearted and still smiling. I couldn't believe it. "Your body is also very luscious, pressed against mine." "And thus my name. It means 'luscious' In Arabic."

I didn't know that."

Shahad had dropped my hand a few moments earlier and I turned to her to make sure she wasn't upset with my faux pas in thinking Muna was she. She was lighting a cigarette. Of course, she'd never smoked..

before. Knowing Muna did, I should have expected this to happen, but I hadn't thought about it. I felt bad for Shahad, because they'd given her a habit that I had, but hated, and now she was stuck with it too.

"You too, eh?" I asked her.

"Sadly yes, Fatina. Now I know what you meant when you told me you loved to smoke but hated the habit. I don't want to do it either but I no longer have a choice. My addicted body has chosen for me."

"How did they force you?"

"They told me you wanted me to smoke to like you did ..."

"I would never ...!"

"I know, Love. But that's what they said, and then they required that I smoke a few that first day, and more each of the next few days until I was at least used to them and didn't get dizzy

or sick anymore. For some reason, they hadn't started me on the patch like they did with Ergaalem. After I got used to the nicotine, I had to smoke one every time Muna lit up."

"I didn't know at the time, or I would have tried to cut back" Muna added, still puffing away.] was puffing too, along with both of them. It felt good. It felt sweet. Mellow.

I hated it.

"Now, of course, I have a need - and a command from our trainers - to light-up whenever Muna does. So I do. I try, always, to do it in conjunction with her. She has the lead on this. But I can also light up whenever

I want." "

'And then have to follow'" Muna offered. "And I have a command from our trainers to not change my habits in regard to my smoking-hah! As though could! I was a smoker back in Germany, but not chain smoker like I am now. When they initiated me to this BDSM lifestyle, Fatina, they left me with nothing of my past, Western, comfortable way of living, except my smoking. At first it truly was an anchor, which let me cling to my life in Deutschland, before] was enslaved by the Enakazin. Later, it became my refuge. The Retreat did that to me, of course. I used to smoke four to six cigarettes a day, which was all I could afford. At the Enakazin, they forced me to smoke continuously.

"I resisted that, like I resisted everything else, until they cut me. Once I suffered that, I knew I was no longer. German girl. I could never return there and be the same. They had taken my birthright from me and made me: piece of female flesh, or something less than female, to be used like so many women in the Middle East are used. They had turned me into an Eritrean girl; I'm not a German girl anymore.

"You, me, Shahad, Ergaalem are no longer the people we were. The Retreat has altered us; made us slaves to the Middle East and whores to Negasi's clients. We're no longer the young, naive, comfortable, happy, girls we were in Germany, England or the USA. Our former lives have no further claim on us. Now, we are Enakazin prostitutes, and we do whatever our Masters require us to do" "I know you're right, Muna, but I hate that you're right," Shahad said. Then at she looked at me with both sadness and trepidation in her eyes. "You are to come with us, Fatina. We are to entertain you. You can

assume we'll all be watched."

Shahad took my hand and we followed Muna into a very large room. Tables and cabinets lined the deep maroon walls, which were hung here and there with tapestries. An enormous, thick, predominately hunter green, Persian carpet covered most of the dark hardwood floor. As far as I could tell, the ceiling was painted black. Chains ending in rings, or nothing at all, hung everywhere from the ceiling. There were pairs of scourging posts with rings positioned

a couple meters from both sides and at both ends of the massive, dark-wood bed.

The overall ambiance of the room was unapologetic, unmitigated gloom and doom. The thought of lovely Shahad having to spend days and days of training in here was so very, very sad, I couldn't bear to think of it. Fortunately, both of them spoke together then and distracted me from my unhappy musings.

"You will want to, need to, get LS in the mood, before we begin to please you, Mistress," they both said together, kneeling before me. I was shocked speechless. After a couple minutes, when I didn't say or do anything more than stand there wringing my hands, they both said, "Please take us, Mistress. It is what we are for. We will get into trouble if you reject us. Shall we move into position, Mistress?"

What could I do? The last thing I wanted was for my lover and poor Muna to be punished because of me. "Yes, move into position," I told them.

At that, they each moved to a set of posts on either side of the bed. I watched Shahad click the thick ankle rings, which brutally pierced her in front of her Achilles tendons, into snap hooks mounted to the bottom of the two scourging posts. Then she lifted her arms and pushed the rings on the backs of her hands into snap hooks a foot or two or above her shoulders. She now spread like an "X" between the whipping posts. Muna had identically fastened herself to the posts on the other side of the bed.

"Please beat us, Mistress," they both called out. "Please beat us vigorously. We need release, Mistress."

The person I most loved in the world, perhaps the one I loved more than any other, ever, was asking me to beat her. I didn't think I could do it. I walked over to table and found a light, rattan cane, only semi-stiff.

I tried to kill time by holding and swinging all the whips, canes, paddles and other items on the table. After a few minutes of this, Shahad and Muna called out again, "Please beat us, Mistress. Our need is great!"

I took the flexible, rattan cane and stepped over to Muna, who was facing away from me. "Please beat us, Mistress," she whispered. "We will all suffer if you don't. Besides, we both need to feel... we both need to feel..."

Pain my mind filled in. They both needed to feel pain because the source of the ultimate pleasure they had been able to experience in the past had been taken from them. Muna was able to climax from pain properly inflicted. I didn't know if Shahad had gotten to that point yet, or if she ever would. She no longer had the ability to climax any other way, though.

"Please beat us, Mistress," they called out again.

I stood behind Muna and swung the cane at her newly olive-brown, mid-back with considerable force. I heard a satisfying slap-thunk and she jerked slightly, but didn't make any noise. I hit her twice more in rapid succession. Those times, she didn't move at all, nor call out.

I walked over to Shahad, tears forming in my eyes and beat her three times with the cane on her mid-back. She didn't move or make any sound. [hated what rdjust done. That said, I felt an odd, uncomfortable sense of power and it crept down my pussy. I feared was going to get aroused, and tried to focus on the horror of what I was being asked to do.

"Beat us harder... much harder, Mistress," they begged.

I returned to the table and selected a non-telescoping, steel whipping rod. I had been beaten with a collapsible version of one of these and it had been extremely painful. I moved behind Shahad and swung the rod with all my strength across her newly plump buttocks. She screamed with hurt and surprise. I hit her there twice again and three more times on her back.

"Yes!" She called out. "Beat me, Mistress! Beat me, Fatina!"

I moved to face her. My pussy was getting wet and I couldn't understand it. I slammed the rod into her rounded tummy, then twice across her thighs. I felt adrenalin pumping through every channel in my body.

I'm sure my face must have been crazed, twisted as I swung the steel whipping rod against her breasts as hard as I possibly could. Then I whipped her there again, impacting her nipple rings with a loud, double-click as she yelled out, "Yes, yes, yes!"

I stopped and stared while she hung there from the rude bolts through her hands and quivered in orgasmic bliss. "Again!" She yelled and I hit her breasts, stomach and thighs again, then went behind her and beat her fleshy ass several times. She continued to scream with the pleasure of repeated climaxes.

I looked for her to squirt, which she often did when fully aroused. The rebuilt, puckered opening to her vagina was glossy with her juices, but there no ejaculate. Then I remembered that they'd taken her skene glands, making female ejaculation impossible for her.

Her bladder, however, let loose a stream of urine which ran down from her anus on into a drain conveniently located on the floor between the posts. I was shocked and horrified at what I'd done to her, how she'd reacted to it, her inability to ejaculate, her loss of urine control, and the fact that she now pissed from her asshole.

I turned aside and vomited, collapsing to the floor on all-fours, distraught with tears and physically sick from observing the horror of what they'd done to the woman loved.

The vomiting was finally under control and Was trying to find enough fortitude to get uP and clean both myself and the mess Id made. I had managed to stand when I heard Muna call out, "Please, Mistress!

Beat me, Mistress!"

I limped over to her and beat her into orgasm, and continued to beat her untill fainted from the exertion and the heartache.

I lay on the floor at the side of the bed, near Muna' s feet, for unknown period of time. Eventually,I was awakened by both pain sluts, Muna and Shahad, my lover, when they repeatedly called out, "Please beat us again or free us, Mistress! Let us serve you, Mistress!" This• repeated over and over.

I looked up to see the back side of naked houri, whom: thought was shahad. Then realized I was on the other side of the bed and it Was Muna, still fastened spread-eagle, with her invasive body rings hela snuggly by the snap hooks of the whipping posts. I struggled to my feet and managed to release her hands. She bent to release her feet and I moved over to Shahad.

I kissed my lover on the neck and whispered, "T'm so sorry, My Love" into her ear as I pushed my body against her from behind, my arm encircling her thicker middle.

"Don't be sorry, Fatina. You brought me great pleasure. I think the intensity compounded because it was you who beat me, out of love for me

"Tbrought you pain, Shahad."

"Yes, but that is how I am able to attain the pinnacle of pleasure now. That is how I climax. Like smoking, Ilove it and hate it at the same time. You know, of course, that they've made me a Kabir pain slut. They took my intimacies, but gave me, or trained me in, another way to cum. It is what I have. If we're to be together intimately, it is what you must do for me, both now and going forward" "You will hate me for beating you, Shahad""

"Never. I will love you all the more because youll do what you hate in order to give me pleasure."

"God help me, but I began to feel pleasure in causing you that pain. What kind of lover is aroused by the pain of her sweetheart?"

"One who is trapped in the same cruel, uncaring world as I am. One who loves me in spite of her circumstances, and in spite of mine. You, Fatina. There is nothing wrong in you deriving pleasure from whipping me to climax. We are lovers still. If you have the gift of pleasure at my pain, all the better."

"Oh Shahad!] didn't want this for you!"

"Yet they altered me to it in spite of your wishes or mine. A sadness has settled over me, Fatina, as I contemplate the unfolding of my future life of pain. But it would be unbearable without you as the tender focus of my affection."

"How can I be tender and still beat you?"

"Just like you are now. [know you love me, and I know how sexually talented you are. You will always find a way to both love and lash me so that I can experience the gentleness of your heart, and still receive the pain that has become necessary to bring me to that point of supreme pleasure."

I simply want to love and pleasure you, Shahad, as we have done since meeting"

"Oh sweet Fatina! I am nothing like I was when first we met. To pleasure me, you must beat an orgasm out of me. I don't have simple bud to stimulate. I don't have a clitoris, Darling. I have new mental paths that cause my mind to turn torment to profound pleasure. My brain can still produce the pleasures of orgasm for me, but the trigger is not the clitoris or G-spot I no longer have. My orgasms travel along the pathway of pain to cause my brain to react. You must drive me along those paths to fulfill me"

I was crying again by this time; my impaired mind had locked up as it tends to do, and I couldn't talk anymore right then.

No one said a word, but we all three climbed onto the large bed, with me in between Muna and Shahad. Curiously, the bed was covered by a thick, absorbent pad with a plastic back. Muna had her hands full of BDSM paraphernalia which she laid on the bed next to her. Shahad had oegg-shaped vibrators which she pushed into me into my pussy, the other into my well-used, well-stretched rear entry. Using a remote control, she turned them on and almost immediately I felt their stimulation begin to affect me. Shahad bent to my nipples and her tongue played with the rings through first one, then the other. Muna's fingers lightly circled my clit.

"clamp me, please," Muna asked, handing me a pair of clover nipple clamps with a chain connecting them.

She also needed the pain; I knew she needed the pain; and I was too emotionally drained to resist. I realized I was resigned to providing the pain they both needed, Muna lay on her back, waiting.

I opened the clamps to apply them, more or less, to Muna's nipples' areola, behind her piercings. These were remote-controlled clamps that used an electric solenoid controlled by

a hand-held remote to open them automatically. Otherwise, they operated like normal clover clamps with one other exception.

When they clicked open, I saw that these clamp ends were different. Extending from the clamp pads were two retractable needles, the one on side positioned above the other, so that they each could extend and push into the opposite pad. When the clamps were open, the needles disappeared into their respective pads. As the clamps closed, each needle would begin to extend beyond its pad, piercing into the clamped flesh. The tighter the clover clamp, the more the needle extended until it passed completely through the soft tissue and into the opposite pad.

The pain caused would be a vivid, breath-stealing combination of the severe pinching of the clover clamps, combined with a sharp piercing of the flesh being squeezed. Worse yet, after the clamp was worn for 15 to 20 minutes, removing it would be agonizing in the extreme, as the pinched nerves would be immediately released and blood would flow instantly to the needle and pressure-tortured tissues.

[didn't ask Muna if she were sure she wanted me to do this to her. I knew she was. I was sure she was no newcomer to these devilish clamps. I extended her nipple by pulling on the very tip, well beyond the ring piercing it, opened the clamp, and positioned it behind the ring, one jaw above and the other below, with the clamp sticking out to the side. I let it go and it settled into place behind her permanently hard nipples. Then I rotated the clamp so it was SO sticking straight out from her, with her nipples and rings between the jaws, but not being pinched by them because they were cut out and curved to accommodate her nipples in that space.

was sure the needles were already penetrating Muna's dark brown areola. I similarly positioned the other clamp, then pulled firmly up on the chain, causing the clamps to pinch more tightly. Muna's eyes narrowed in pain and she emitted a soft cry.

Shahad reached over me and picked up another set of clamps. "Please clamp me too, Mistress."

I dia, pulling on the chains as I had with Muna. Shahad's reaction was, not surprisingly, precisely like Muna's had been. In that regard, they continued to be exactly matched.

I could open the clamps of one or both of them at the same time with the remote. That would free the nerves, cause a rush of blood to the squeezed areola, and result in horrid, biting pain which would become worse before it got better, likely some minutes later. A single button on the remote labeled 2W

Arabic for "STRIKE," would open both clamps and, as I found out, activate any other electronically-coupled devices at the same time. I couldn't read it, but I memorized the button and label. Using the controller, I could simultaneously inflict pain and agony on Shahad and Muna from the clover clamps and other devices attached to or inserted into their most

sensitive flesh.

Both of them lay on their backs, their clamped nipples and the chains linking them rendering them easily accessible. I grabbed both chains and pulled steadily upward, continuously increasing the force of my pulling as they moaned and writhed in pain. I felt Shahad turn up the frequency of the vibrations from the eggs within me. Now, that stimulation was having an effect on my arousal. It was mixing with the turn-on from my infliction of pain on these two torment and torture-altered concubines.

Once I let go of the chains, both houris positioned themselves on hands and knees on either side of me.

To my shock and horror, Muna handed me a tube of lubricant and a short, fat, black rod which tapered to about a two-centimeter-wide and equally long tube. At the other end of the tube was stainless-steel, pear-shaped bulb, which looked like - and was - a very large butt plug. I recognized the device a shock baton, with the added bulb designed to be inserted into the rectum, and then fired off by pushing a button recessed into the shaft or, because it was coupled to the remote control, fired by pushing the STRIKE button. The pain that the shock baton caused was like an electrical explosion within the wearer's bowels, which radiated down into and then painfully disrupted their asshole. No damage would occur, but the precisely-delivered pain was beyond exquisite for an established pain slut, and it was gripping, consuming, even lifechangingly evil for a novice.

I had only one client ever use a shock baton on me - externally - one with a contact-firing tip, which she applied to the Enalkazin tattoo on my lower abdomen. I never wanted to repeat that experience. It felt like my entire lower body had suddenly burst into white-hot flames from the surface to deep within. I think if I still had a uterus then, it would have exploded inside of me.

I hadn't recovered for several hours. I had gotten my poorest evaluation ever from the woman who had used it on me, and missed winning the highest rating that month. In fact, it was the only month at the Enakazin wasn't in the top three.

After she'd done that to me, I was useless for hours. I'd been thrust into hell, and it took that long for me to climb out of it.

I shook at the very sight of the shock baton. I made sure the safety was on, lubed the bulb, and worked the huge plug into Shahad's rosebud with infinite trepidation. Pain sluts, as understood it, were kept stretched enough to be fisted back there, and Shahad had been well-opened. The bulb slid in, and her sphincter closed around the two-centimeter-wide taper.

[I thought this was going too far. This wasn't, in my view, a BDSM device at all. It was, a device of torture, of grievous, life-threatening torture. Nevertheless, this is what they wanted. I was

obviously here to see what the Enakazin had done to my lover, and prove that both she and I could take it. I imagined some sick fucker out there enjoying this scene over a video feed. I certainly wasn't enjoying it.

Or Was T? I reached down and felt my own, flowing lubrication. What was going on here?

"You should at least clamp me," I said to both of them, before [inserted the shock baton into Muna.

"As you wish, Mistress," they both said. Muna got up to get another clover-clamp set out of a drawer.

"Are they the same?" I asked. "Do they have the needles?" It was very important, at that moment, that I experience at least that much of what they were going through.

"These do not have pins, Mistress," Muna told me.

"Then put them back and retrieve a set like yours."

She did that without saying anything, then returned to the bed. I lay back and let her fasten one to my right breast, while Shahad fastened one to my left. When the clamps closed, I could feel the pinching and Piercing and IT HURT! IT HURT A LOT! IT HURT TERRIBLY!

I screamed in agony; though I tried diligently, there was no way for me to suppress it. I wanted to yell at them to take the God-awful thing off me, but I had to try to endure it! They were handling the pain, as though it were the simplest thing in the world. I couldn't believe Shahad's tolerance at this point. In the past, I thought she'd been more pain-sensitive than I was. Now, she was enduring what to me was almost unimaginable anguish and suffering.

"Let's take it off," Shahad said to Muna.

"Noll shouted, my false teeth grinding, my heart beating furiously, my chest wracked with piercing, pinching persecution. "No.. I'm okay. It was just a shock at first. I'm fine now."

"The longer they're on, lover, the more they will hurt when they're released," Shahad told me.

"I know .. know ... can handle it. Honest. I want to. I.. I need to."

Negasitold me later he was watching the video feed at that moment. He said he was exceptionally proud of my response. That was 1 opportunity for me to tell him to go to hell. To go fuck himself. I didn't. All I said was, "Thank you, Master." I was a wimp before the man. Nevertheless, I was convinced that I could kill him, given the right opportunity.

Once I was determined to deal with the biting invasion of my areola, I got up, lubed the other baton, and worked it into Muna while kneeling behind her. It was hard to focus on anything. The clover clamps were biting, skewering, evil in their effect on me. I stayed on all fours next to Muna for a minute, to try to get the pain under control.

"Shall I fit you with you with a shock baton?" Muna asked.

I wanted to shout, "Are you out of your fucking mind?" But before I could, Shahad said, "No. I cannot do that to her. She isn't acclimated to pain the way we are. It could irretrievably affect her mind. I won't further torture my beloved."

They both looked at me, Shahad seeking agreement, Muna wanting to make sure. After all, I was Mistress in this grotesque, bizarre scenario.

A thought crossed my mind that, in fairness, I should be outfitted as they were. I should feel the same thing they did when the STRIKE button was pushed. My next thought was, yeah, that's probably not gonna happen. I knew I never wanted to experience a shock baton again, and it was inconceivable that I would want it up my ass when it fired.

"Mistress?" Muna was asking me to specifically instruct her in what I wanted to do.

"No!" Shahad interjected.

Muna responded to Shahad with eerie calm. "We would do her a favor, expand her sexuality, teach her how to couple pain and pleasure."

That was a view I hadn't considered and an offer I wasn't sure I wanted. I was often - but not too often - beaten by a client. I invariably hated it, and it, I'm sure the client sensed that. It probably affected my performance too. Maybe it accounted for half the months when I wasn't the top whore.

I was an intensely competitive little bitch.

"We could remove the egg and insert a baton with a smaller bulb and turn the device down to the minimum." Muna seemed very intent on having me join them, at least somewhat. I suspected she was getting aroused from all of this. Astonishingly, I thought I was too.

"Is there any possibility I can handle it?" I asked both of them.

They looked at each other, Muna had a look of anticipation, Shahad one of concern.

"Possibly," they both said at once. At hearing that I suddenly felt a stab of pain in both nipples. They had, together, pulled on the clover chain and forced the clamps tighter and the needles pressed further within me.

I was still on all-fours, and Muna slid under me, between my arms and down to my pussy. She somehow managed to lie on her back with the baton in her, and began to lick me from my pierced clit down to my Princess Albertina. I felt Shahad turn up the vibrations from the eggs again and begin to lick around my rosebud. As Muna attended to me from below, she continued to pull steadily on the chain linking my abused areola and nipples. The pain was deliciously sharp and it was beginning to merge with the pleasure coming from my pussy and anus.

"Go ahead...", I managed to croak out. My debilitated mina was working even more poorly than usual now, as I was being consumed with physical sensations. "G .. 90 ahead and fit me with a baton." Shahad got up. I heard her rustling at one of the benches. When she returned she said, "This should fit but it will be snug. I will set the lowest power, which is still quite penetrating and cruel. Remember, when it fires - and then repeatedly fires afterward - you will be unable to expel it because your sphincter muscles will lock around it and you will lose control of them. Once started, it is: torment that must run its course." I'm sure I gulped at her words, but I wanted the damn thing at that moment, and this whole BDSM scene was majorly turning me on. Muna's tongue on my clit was just fine, too. She repeatedly took me to the edge, held me there, and brought me back a little. Meanwhile, the eggs buzzed away inside me, and the stabbing pain in my nipples was coming closer and closer to merging with the pleasure I was receiving.

Distantly, I felt Shahad extract the egg from my rosebud, then felt the cold, lubed tip of the shock baton bulb at my rear entrance. As gently as she could, she pushed it into me, rotating it back and forth continuously as she worked it in. I was stretched, of course, because I was often buggered multiple times a day, but this smaller pear was still larger than I was accustomed to. Eventually, with one hard, rotating push, Shahad shoved it within me and I felt it seated with my sphincter holding the bulb within, the baton without.

"You should know, Fatina Love, that these particular batons are rather insidious and sneaky" Shahad said. "They must fire before they are removed. If one attempts to extract it before it fires, it will immediately fire. You are committed at this point, my Love."

She's telling me this now? Oh well, knowing that probably wouldn't have changed anything. But now I knew was going to feel that horrible shock up my ass for sure!

I realized that my eyes had been closed ever since I'd knelt on all fours. I opened them and looked down to see Muna's modified groin directly below my face. Except for a thin, almost invisible seam line where her slit once had been, she was smooth and featureless, until you got down to the puckered opening to her vagina that had been created for her some years ago. They must have plumbed her to pee from her asshole, like they'd done with Shahad.

I didn't know what to do. I thought I should lick her in return for her most excellent ministrations to me, but knew it wouldn't provide her any arousal. Perhaps her pucker was sensitive ;

Dyana's had been somewhat pleasantly sensitive, if I remembered correctly.

Tentatively, I lowered my head and allowed my two tongues to circle around her puckered vaginal hole. I slipped one within her while the other continued outside. I heard a surprised, "Doh ..." as I licked her. As an experiment, I let my tongues slide up her, one on either side of her seam. "Ooh .. ooh, Fatina," she cooed. "That is quite nice." "Do you feel any arousal?" I asked, trying not to lose the moment by talking. I wanted to know, though.

"I feel the beginnings of stirrings, as Shahad can also."

"They've taken your ability to cum this way from you, haven't they," I said, not as a question, but stating the obvious. For me at that moment, it seemed like sex play, in other words pillow talk intended to turn her on because of any masochistic inclination she might have, and any sadistic inclination of my own.

"Yes. They have robbed me and Shahad of the wonderful pleasure of our intimacies."

Her response was breathy, and I was sure this talk was turning her on. Strange creature that I'd become, it was turning me on too. "Your attention to me is superb, Muna. If it took the removal of your intimacies to make you this good, I'm glad they did it to you." At that moment, I was so into being with a pain slut that I was almost out of my mind.

"I hope you will feel that way about me too," Shahad said.

"We shall see, but expect. will," I responded as she reached under me and pulled my clamp chain and began to kiss my back and neck and run her fingers through my white bob.

"I for one am glad they split your tongue" Muna added, then moaned again as I continued to lick at her, dipping between her legs to reach toward her anus with my lengthened tongues. Her rosebud was, however, covered on the outside by the body of the shock baton. I had to play around it. I slipped my tongues back up to her pucker and along her seam.

"You have no pussy and I'm glad," I said. "They took it from you and made you something other than a normal woman. You're no longer the Western girl you were. You're the pain slut they turned you into and I love it!" I said to Muna. There was a side to her mutilation, to this kind of mutilation that Dyana and Shahad had also suffered, that was somehow incredibly arousing to that moment, where it was only horrifying before. Something had changed within me, and I didn't know what it was.

Muna slid out from below me and Shahad took her place. I licked her as she played with my slit and clit with her tongue and fingers. Muna reached around to keep a constant pressure on my chain and an unending pinching and stabbing behind my nipples. As I licked at her pucker, Shahad lifted her pelvis to me, I thought with a pitiful, involuntary attempt to draw attention to a pussy she no longer had. I decided to speak to her as I had to Muna.

"Why are you lifting to me, Shahad? You have nothing there for me to pleasure. You aren't Freya Knutsen anymore. They've taken that identity from you. you're a pain slut of the Enakazin, forever without a clit or a G-spot. If you continue to push your empty pelvis up to me, I'll have no choice but to push the STRIKE button."

It Passion was building in all three of us. It was unlike all my myriad experiences of sexual escapades up to now. It was far more mental than I'd experienced before, and was interlaced with the spasms of pain originating near the tips of my substantial breasts.

A sado-masochistic mist had settled over the three of us.

I felt Shahad grasp the new, horizontal ring through the glans of my clit and pull it out from me. It was fully healed and, at first, all I felt was a ringing arousal along the small shaft of my averaged-sized bud.

"I could pull hard enough to make you more like us, Shahad said with a wink and an attempt at an evil grin. "Of course, you know I wouldn't. However, we've been instructed to add pain to your repertoire. Had you been reluctant, I would have violated our orders because our love is more important. But, as you are resonating with this, we will add one more focus for your • ah.. enjoyment." "This will heighten everything else, especially when we STRIKE. It will feel wonderful and awful at the same time." The tone of Muna's words seemed to express her delight, her Retreat-created, sadistic inclinations, and her warning that I was going to cum like I never had before, and did that all at the same time. "This is going to hurt very much," she warned, simply.

Shahad had pulled harder on my clit ring while Muna reached between my legs from above. I suddenly felt the pressure of a clover clip Muna was positioning above-to-below on my clitoral shaft, followed by the white-hot agony of the needles penetrating my most sensitive flesh.

"Aaaaaghhhhh! I screamed, shamelessly. "Aaaaaghhhhh' TAKE IT OFF! FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH, TAKE IT OFF!"

"No, Love," Shahad whispered, causing me to quiet down to hear her. "You will wear it now, until we are done here. You were allowed to reject the baton; wish you would have. At least, it is set low. You were allowed clamps without pins, but you chose the pins for your nipples, and so you must have them on your love bud too." I felt her lips tenderly kiss around my inflamed sex.

"OH GOD THAT HURTS" I screamed again as Muna pulled on the chain connected to the single clip, fiendishly pinching and stabbing needles into the hypersensitive flesh below my clitoral glans.

This clover clip is perfect for your little stem," Muna said. I could hear amusement in her voice, sick fuck that she'd become, thought right then. "It has two rows of very thin needles, about five on each side, spread along a centimeter-long strip. It's designed to penetrate the external pillar of your clitoris. Now, perhaps, having that sweet little love button won't seem quite so lucky to you, yes?" "Crazy Kraut" I yelled at her, only partially in jest. I was finding humor, horror, and an intense arousal in this experience. I knew I was trapped, both from Negasi's planning and my personal, undeniable, sexual need for what was happening here.

"Ah no, I am no longer German, as you said - and it's true. They have made me something else entirely." And she tugged on the clip chain causing the pain to skyrocket again.

I didn't know how much more of this I could handle.

We rolled around the large bed in every configuration of bodies and limbs that I could have imagined. Always, I was being pinched and pierced by the iniquitous, dreadful clover clamps crushing and stabbing my most sensitive, sexual flesh. I almost forgotten about the time bomb in my rectum, and was only reminded of it when I saw the short, fat tail extending from Shahad or Muna.

I was insane with arousal. Every part of me was ignited. My body, taken over by my subconscious, acted on instinct as my fractured, percipient mind retreated. I knew only pain, hot, sweaty bodies near my own, astronomical arousal, and the anticipation of a climax of unbearable agony, just over the horizon.

Somewhere in the tossing and rubbing and sweating and screaming and piercing and pain of the monumental romp that was our triumvirate fucking we all ended up on hands and knees, our heads together, their tongues and my tongues hanging out. I could feel the thick, short bangs of their sharply angled bobs against the sweaty, bare skin of my back and shoulders. Our nipple chains were in the hands of the girl to our right, and my clitoris chain was held by Muna. Everyone was pulling down to increase the pressure and piercing.

The pain behind my nipples was awful, consuming. At the same time, the pain in my sweet clitoral shaft was unearthly. I was sure I would never be the same there again.

"Spit out your dentures, Fatina, lest you bite your brilliant tongues off" Muna said, as she tugged on my clit chain.

I reached up and half grabbed, half-spit them into my hand and tossed them somewhere aside. I felt Shahad tug on my nipple chains as I pulled down on Muna's and she pulled the clamp on the shaft of my love bud until I almost fainted. I felt Shahad press a remote control into my hand. There was a large button in the center, easily felt. The STRIKE button.

Someone's fingers were playing me at the lower end of my slit, tugging and moving my Princess Albertina, probing within my vagina, and scratching along my taint. I was so close. I

was as close to the as edge as I'd ever been without tumbling over. With profound anticipation, I awaited the initiation of the climax.

I closed my eyes and yelled, "Aaaaarrrrrggggghhhhl" as I pressed the button.

My sweet, plump ass exploded in a pain so focused within me, so consuming of the tenderest parts of my whole body that in the instant before I lost my mind, I did not believe it was possible for a human to either feel or endure. At the same time, my nipple and clit clamps released, sending a supersonic rush of blood and sensation racing to my nipples and love bud. I had been in harrowing pain before. Now I was surely in a gruesome, unrelenting universe of suffering.

I lost bladder control. I heard screaming all around me. Some of it was me, but much of it was Shahad and Muna. I'm sure they would have pissed themselves too, but they had been surgically modified to relieve their bladder through their anuses, and those were blocked by their shock batons, which continued to pulse. As a result, they violently jerked and trembled, out of physical control, consumed by the detonation in their asses. Shahad quivered so violently that she fell from the bed onto the floor. Her baton fired again and again as she lay thrashing beside the bed. For a moment, I saw Muna's face distorted in a rictus of pain that I'd never even dreamed a human face could express.

I had a supernova orgasm, brought on by the body modifications I'd watched in action, including my own, the pillow talk, the stimulation, the application of pain, and the STRIKE of even more intense pain. My nipples had almost burst with agony when the clamps released, the sensation flew along the nerves, and the blood brought the recognition of extreme abuse to my nipple tissues.

But then oh but then the shock baton had fired within my ass, and altered my view of the extreme height and unfathomable depth of satisfying sex forevermore. Then it had fired over and over. Some pulses were weaker, some stronger. It was diabolical in that I never knew whether the pain - meaning the sexual stimulation since they were inseparable - was going to get stronger or let up a little. I thought this might have continued for an hour, as I felt my sexual experience grow, explode in orgasm, then grow and explode again. In the end, it probably was a fraction of that perceived time.

Muna continued to thrash on the bed and Shahad on the floor. At first, in the dimness of my mind, I thought the anal pain had been too much, and they were convulsing in an anguish beyond even their ability to cope. In my few lucid moments, I realized they were in the throes of a pain-induced orgasm uniquely different from anything I had ever experienced. In a most subversive way, my lover had been taken to a higher plane that I could not reach, could not attain, could barely understand.

But I understood a little more.

I would repeat this experience in a heartbeat, and fear it all the way up until I lost my mind in the consuming pleasure of the event's torment.

Chapter 9 - Hurts So Good

I probably passed out from the pain for some time after the most explosive, awful, wonderful orgasm of my life. It was a combination of incredible physical pleasure, coupled with precisely applied, soulwrenching, body destroying pain, and the attendant ministrations of two world-class pain sluts. No, I had never experienced anything like it. I wanted it to go on forever, forever repeating. At the same time, I never wanted that to happen again if I lived 1000 years.

When my awareness returned, I realized that, indeed, it was going to happen again. My wrists were cuffed, to the right and left bedposts, while I lay on my back atop a clean, absorbent mat, with the bottoms of my feet flat on the bed, a pillow behind my back, and my ass somewhat raised in the air. I could feel the baton, still extending: short way from my butt.

"I am sorry, Love," Shahad spoke quietly into my ear.

I didn't have any words, and wasn't sure I could form any. I finally said, "Was that good for you? Will we still be lovers?" I guess that's what was of prime importance to me.

"Yes, Fatina, it was. I am confident that we will remain lovers. We must, sweet Fatina, because I love you with unending love. What they have done to alter me hasn't changed that.

"Sadly for me, we have to do this twice more, with you alone. Our Master, Negasi, decided that you have become such a sexual being that you would take to pain-induced arousal and climax much faster than anyone else. It does seem that he was correct."

"Am I to become a pain slut?" Was that what this was all about?

"No, My Love, but you will be expected to add more depth - more pain depth - to your sexual offerings. When the King visits, you will pair with Ergaalem as you've trained, but you will also form a pain triple with us as requested"

"What are you doing to me?" I asked.

"Preparing you for another wonderful, beautiful, awful, almost unbearably painful climax, Fatina. It's what we've been told to do. It's what I want to do to you. I think it's what you want, and what you need. We aren't in America anymore."

I felt a stirring in my rosebud. "I'm turning up your baton's intensity," Muna said.

"No. I can't take anymore""I pleaded.

"You must, Love," Shahad said, somewhat sadly, somewhat elated. I was amazed she could combine both feelings into single, voiced phrase.

In a moment, the pinching-piercing had returned to my nipples. Then I felt a tug on my clitoris followed by the horrid pressure of clamping and piercing my clitoral shaft. Oh God, I thought, it's happening again.

"Now we add something new, Fatina" Muna said.

.. "But.. but.. but you already turned up the intensity of the baton Please, don't think I can handle that! I certainly can't handle that and more."

"But you will have to," Muna said, matter-of-factly. "We are to spread the pain to your extremities. It will only be temporary, but we will impale your hands and feet to hold you open while we minister to your sex."

"WHAT?" asked, but I was to find out what.

Turning my head to the side, I could see Shahad fastening something to the bed pillar to which my right hand was cuffed. It was a solid, metal fixture, designed to attach to the post, and then present a flat base with about a 5-centimeter-long, 4-milimeter-thick needle extending straight up from it! The word, "impale" burned in my mind. They meant to impale my hand on that spike!

"NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!" I screamed.

Shahad looked up surprised. It almost seemed she'd become inured to this kind of torture. It was Muna who answered, though, "Hush, Fatina. This is going to happen. I'd rather not gag you." Shahad had now fastened another fixture near my left hand. Muna had completed setting two different devices at my feet, more than a meter apart. With those, the plates rose vertically and the needles stuck straight out the back, away from me, about half a meter above the mattress. These diabolical fixtures were designed to strap my foot flat against them, and then, apparently, the needles would be pushed toward me, through my immobilized feet. My feet would be trapped and held elevated above the bed.

"No, no, no. Please don't do this" I begged, tears in my eyes.

Muna spoke, almost kindly. "We have been where you are, Fatina. It is painful but endurable. The spikes aren't large, and the sharp tips allow them to easily pierce the softer spaces between your bones. They are more fear-inducing than painful, 进 you are able to hold your hands and feet still once you are impaled"

Her Words were not encouraging. I saw Shahad cleaning the spikes with alcohol. Then I felt the cold of alcohol on my hands, then feet.

"Don't do this. Don't do this," I said. was too afraid to shout anymore.

The egg within my pussy began to vibrate again, I'd forgotten about it. Shahad started to lick around my pussy and could feel my arousal and fear build together. I could smell a musky panic in the air. I could taste it. She carefully licked at the tip of my tortured clit, pinched and pierced by the clover clamp that had been put on it again. Her fingers toyed with my Princess piercing.

Shahad seemed to know what to do to merge the clamp pain from the shaft and the pleasure from the glans of my clit and Princess Albertina. I rose quickly towards the edge of climax. I was to be held there for a long while.

Muna straddled my right arm, facing away from me, towards my hand. "Tam going to impale you now, Fatina. Do not struggle and I will make this quick and clean. If you struggle, you could cause me to damage

you."

Meaning this wasn't damage? I started to say something snide in return, then thought better of it. I didn't know how to prepare myself for what was to come. I tried to focus on what Shahad was doing to me.

Distantly, I realized Muna had uncuffed my wrist and was holding my hand over the spike. I felt the spike press slightly against the back of my hand when Muna positioned it. I stiffened in awful anticipation.

"Don't stiffen up, Fatina. Let me move your hand or this will be worse."

to I forced my muscles to relax for a heartbeat and, in that instant, Muna pushed my hand down onto the spike and it shot through me, emerging from the center of my palm on the other side!

I screamed and screamed and screamed. I lost bladder control again. It was very painful, but it was the realization of it that was the most horrifying. It hurt, but much less than the shock baton had. It was just the idea of my small, sensitive hand being impaled! Oh having: metal spike thrust through it!

Muna had fiddled with something and was now getting off of me. I looked over at my poor hand and saw that she had replaced the sharp tip with a one-centimeter ball, that would prevent me from pulling my hand off the spike.

"Try not to move your hand, and it will lessen the pain," Muna suggested. I was too scared to move it anyway. She moved over to my other hand, straddling my arm again, uncuffed my

wrist, and positioned it above the spike like before. I knew what was coming and it made it both better and worse. I had real difficulty relaxing my arm, but I finally must have because I felt the awful invasion of my body as the needle jabbed completely through my hand from the back through the palm.

I instinctively made a fist with my already-impaled hand and that pain was almost as bad as the fresh stabbing of my left. I discovered that my impaled hands wouldn't close properly anymore and, when I tried to do that, my fingers moved only a little and the pain was awful. The problem was that forming a fist was an involuntary response to the infliction of pain.

I screamed uncontrollably again, while Muna unscrewed the tip and replaced it with a metal ball.

"No more. Please .. no more." I begged.

"We're to extend the pain through your whole body, hand to foot. I'm sorry, Love" Shahad told me. "You've also experienced this, multiple times now. You can endure it. I know you can." I was afraid I was losing my mind from what was being done to me. In addition, my arousal was held at the edge and my pleasure was totally merged into the agony I felt. I was beginning to understand the fusion of pain and pleasure like I never had before.

Muna was sitting below my right leg and attempting to hold it up while fastening my foot into the leather and steel sandal, which would hold it in place as that needle was driven through it. I tried repeatedly to throw her off, but every time I did, it would jerk my arms, and pull terribly on the spikes impaling them. I had to stop my struggles and she got first one foot, then the other fastened in place.

"You must be very still, Fatina, or I could damage your feet as they are pierced."

"For the love of God, don't do this to me!"

"We have no choice, Love," Shahad said, only true sorrow in her voice now. "If we do not, masters will come and do it and they won't be as careful as we are. This must happen. Once you are prepared, we will begin pain fucking you again. You will be like this for quite while, as you will need to complete two cycles of pleasure-pain orgasms, one now, and one tomorrow." They were going to keep me impaled until tomorrow! I was sure I couldn't survive it without going insane. I hate needles! I hate the idea of them stabbing into me!

Muna was standing at the end of the bed, her hand on small lever. I felt the needle touch the bottom of my foot, then felt it move as Muna adjusted its position. "Do not move, Fatina" she ordered. [I wasn't sure I could move my foot even if I wanted, and I definitely didn't want to do anything that would cause permanent injury.

Shahad was on my pussy again, her talented tongue working the glans of my inflamed clitoris.

I saw Muna's arms jerk back as she pulled the lever. I was looking into her determined eyes when the atrocious stabbing occurred as the needle shot forward instantly through my foot. I looked down to see it extending from the center top, above my arch. It looked totally incongruous: my pretty foot with well-pedicured, red nails as backdrop to a spike sticking up from the middle of it!

I writhed in pain; the spikes through my hands and the instinctive attempt of my fingers to form fists caused excruciating pulling in every direction. I would have pissed myself again if my bladder hadn't been empty.

I was conscious of pinpoint arousal from my clit and broader arousal from the egg within my pussy as the pleasure again merged with the pain in my hands, foot, nipples and clit. I shook uncontrollably; the pain that shaking caused made me shake more and that caused more pain and I was stuck in a feedback loop from which I escaped only when Muna slapped my face with a powerful blow from the flat of her hand.

She said nothing but moved back and positioned my left foot. I saw she had already removed the tip from the needle impaling my right foot, and replaced it with another steel ball. "Do not move," she warned again. Shahad's tongue and fingers still held me at the brink when I felt the stabbing in my left foot as the needle pierced it. I actually saw the needle emerge at the top of my foot this time and I mercifully fainted.

I don't know how long I was out, but smelling salts brought me around. I remained firmly bolted in place through my hands and feet. I hurt from my center - my sex and nipples - out to the ends of my arms and legs.

"Please let me go," I pleaded.

"Tomorrow, Lover. Tomorrow this will be over. For a while, at least." Shahad then whispered in my ear, "Reset shock baton in you back to low should help some. All I can do... Negasi is watching..." That was something. But I was still impaled. My hands and feet were entrapped by steel posts thrust through them, and then fastened in place. I couldn't get free! This was no simple bondage, this was the unapologetic fastening, securing, bolting, anchoring of my body for pain and sex! Spikes ran through my very flesh to hold me in place!

I WAS FULLY IMPALED! It was like being nailed to the bed upon which I lay! I felt myself begin to separate in something like an out-of-body experience. My conscious mind was rising above my body, as though my soul were leaving the pain of my pierced, restrained hands and feet and my pinched and pierced nipples and clit behind.

Then Shahad started kissing me, and I snapped back together, to the reality of my suffering. She played with my breasts, and occasionally pulled on the clover chain connecting the nipple clips. I felt Muna on my pussy, her tongue arousing my wounded clitoris, one hand pulling on the clover clip chain, while several of her other hands fingers invaded my vagina and

manipulated my Princess Albertina, and pushed the vibrating egg against the deep end of my love canal, which now ended at the place which used to lead to my excised cervix and uterus. to

Without my consent, help or cooperation at all, they reinitiated and reinforced the ravaged sources of my pleasure: my lips and mouth, my nipples, my clitoris, and my vagina. The intensely erotic feelings of a dangerous arousal began to overtake me, once again.

I involuntarily began to writhe in response to the sensations flooding me. Every time I did, the agony in my impaled hands and feet increased. Yet every time it increased, Shahad and Muna managed to coax additional pleasure from my body. Their efforts, overt or covert, were clearly intended to merge pleasure with pain in my body and in my mind. I've heard orgasm described as "the sweetest pain," or the pain that cleanses, but I never thought that. To me, pain was biting, hurting, undesirable, while pleasure was everything opposite. Now questioned my understanding My pretty hands and feet were brutally pierced by thick needles and held in place. With tongues and fingers, my two erstwhile lovers were pleasuring me LO point where they would release terrible suffering upon me yet again. That atrocious suffering would happen along with the pleasure and I was sure that my experience of both the pleasure and pain would be inseparable. Not only that, but I wouldn't be able to tell one from the other. In fact, I was concerned that my previous understanding was flawed, and that there was no separation.

Somehow, I had earned this unwanted education about suffering and bliss. Or, perhaps, I was considering myself too important. Maybe was so unimportant that my Masters thought they could do anything to me, as though: were merely an unthinking lump of clay. Given that attitude and distorted perspective, my hands and feet deserved to be affixed like they were because I was simply a lump of flesh to be warped and molded to the desires of my Masters.

to them, I had no worthy, reasonable, actionable thoughts or desires of my own. I was soft plastic for reshaping into whatever perversion those above me, my Masters, desired. I wasn't Destiny or Karimah or Fatina. I was impaled and empty. I wasn't anything at all. The fact that I could feel pain and pleasure was an accident, and only of concern to me.

The idea of being an individual, imbued with life, liberty and a right to happiness, was lost to me. All I possessed was life, and it wasn't my own anymore.

The ministrations of Shahad and Muna continued. They both wore the piercing clover clamps behind their nipple rings, and the shock baton within their rosebuds. I saw them pull hard on their clamp chains several times. It must have hurt terribly. Neither reacted at all. I suppose they were far from their pain threshold, far from the point where they would notice it at all.

Because hurt so badly, I must have entered something like an enlightened state. I didn't feel bound to my body anymore. I was feeling very mellow, very stimulated, happily surfing the edge between arousal and climax. In truth, I was near catatonic from the pain and the very

thought of being impaled, of having spikes driven through my hands and feet and being held in place by them. Shahad and Muna had sent my mind to a place wherein I felt neither pain nor pleasure. Rather, the stimulation was a distorted merger of the two, so intertwined that could never have separated them. In other words, I would have been unable to tell you if my clitoris felt wonderful or caustic, whether the spikes through my hands and feet were nearly orgasmic, deliciously painful, or simply there, or how my nipples could be dreadfully abused and deliciously stimulated at the same time. I couldn't decide if I were a girl caught up in a hell beyond her control, or on the verge of ecstasy.

At that moment, I didn't exist in this reality, or quite in any other. Then Shahad and Muna took me yet higher, within the tiniest gap of climax, and then hurled me over the cliff.

The clamps on my nipples and clit released, flooding my body with blood, nerve impulses, and endorphins. My hands tried to clench and that pain was added. Then the shock baton fired and I lost my mind to the incandescent pain in my rectum and bowels, and began to jerk and move, only constrained by the spikes that bound my hands and feet. My body tried automatically to expel the shock baton bulb, but that was impossible. It was too tightly in place, and my sphincter had locked around it because of the electrical charge disrupting my nerves. It was insidiously effective.

OH GOD, IT HURT SO MUCH! OH GOD, IT FELT SO GOOD! My entire body was in agony and bliss simultaneously! It came and came and came. I quivered and shook, my hands and feet pulling at the rude metal that impaled and held them! I'm sure I screamed, or tried to, but I felt unable to control anything about my body.

OH GOD IT HURT SO GOOD!

I orgasmed, again and again and again. I lost track of space and time. I certainly couldn't distinguish pain from pleasure. Everything was total pain and unimaginable pleasure at the same time.

I threw my body from side to side, straining to escape the metal that bound me. There were needles sticking through my delicate little hands and feet and they were holding me fastened in place!

Distantly, I felt Shahad and Muna continue to minister to me as their bodies were wracked with pain-induced orgasm from the high settings of their shock batons. I think Shahad tried to hold me still lest I tear the wounds in my extremities. She was only partially successful in slowing my seizures; one shook me violently with every pulse of the baton and the concurrent climax. My orgasms had synchronized with the pinnacles of my pain and suffering.

Eventually the climax of a lifetime, the orgasm of orgasms, pulsed lower and lower, slower and slower, until it stopped.

My nipples and clit were quite swollen and very, very tender to the touch, which was obvious to me when Shahad licked them and kissed them gently. My lower abdomen was tightened with cramping from the repeated electric shocks it had suffered within. Shahad removed my spent shock baton and Muna took it and the other paraphernalia away.

I lay there, bound to the bed by nails which had been turned into bolts, firmly spearing my hands and feet. I was still too weak to talk and too afraid of the pain to move. Shahad was lightly running her fingers over my white-haired scalp, whispering words of love and caring that barely registered. All I could think of was that the horrible clamps and baton were removed from me, but I was still unable to move because I was pinned like a butterfly on display.

Shahad lifted my head as much as she could without pulling on my impaled hands, and gave me a sip of some sweet fruit juice, peach or nectarine or mango - in my stupefied state, I didn't know quite what it was.

I drank greedily. What I wanted was alcohol - good old ethanol in large quantities. [I knew, however, that the part of my mind which controlled my body had been altered to reject that as not haram. Though I craved a Cosmo, a Manhattan, a Margarita, I knew, sadly, that my controlled mind and body would reject it.

So I sucked at the fruit juice until I could take no more. Finally able to talk, I begged them to release me from the needles through my extremities. They refused, saying they could not, on threat of horrible punishment for all three of us, from our Master. Meaning Negasi. For a moment, I tried to ascertain what punishment would be worse than this. I couldn't, but I remained silent.

I felt Shahad rub a salve, hyperhealant she said, on my wounded nipples and clit. I begged her to put it on my hands and feet to stop the pain. She refused, saying if she did, they would heal a lot by morning, heal around the spikes jabbed through them, and I might have open piercings in my hands and feet forevermore. I told her I didn't care. She told me she did.

Perhaps Shahad had, unbeknownst to anyone else, spiked my drink with a sedative. Perhaps I had simply succumbed to the most physical and emotional day of sex and pain of my still-young life. Whatever the cause, I slipped into a deep sleep, until mid-morning, some twelve hours later.

I wasn't disoriented. I didn't wonder if I'd dreamed the whole terrible, wonderful experience. I didn't immediately try to sit up and rip at the spikes restraining my hands and feet. With surprisingly vivid memories immediately bubbling up from the depths of my returning consciousness, I remembered that I was dreadfully bound to the fixtures that impaled me. I would escape only when they allowed me to. I suspected my release was still on the far side of yet another gauntlet to be run, to be endured, to be relished, to be survived.

Sadly, I was right in that assessment.

Before I could call out, both Shahad and Muna stood over me, one on each side of the bed. I looked at each of them, and then at my hands and feet.

"Please let me go" I pleaded without conviction or expectation. "I am a mere whore. I cannot stand this level of anguish." "Soon, Love," Shahad told me.

"But not before I suffer. That's what you're telling me."

She looked down, once again breaking contact with my eyes, and said, "Yes. That's what I'm telling you"

At that moment, I was nothing more than an insignificant whore, mounted on a bed like a biological specimen, with spikes rudely holding my hands and feet in place. I could barely move my fingers. Not only the pain stopped me, but they didn't seem to want to do what I was requesting of them. My toes were frozen. I couldn't move them at all.

I really had nice toes. I hoped they would be alright.

I used my hands heavily in having sex with my clients. I feared my ability to please them, should my hands be crippled. I might become less than a premium whore.

As I stared at Shahad, I felt someone else, Muna, fasten clover clamps to my nipples. I could see they were also thicker, with more than two pins.

"Please, no more. No worse.."

Shahad sighed deeply and didn't look into my eyes again. She bent to me again and whispered, "Worse, my Love."

"How bad will this be?" I asked. I felt the many tiny needles sink into my distended areola, behind my nipple rings. Then I felt the clamp on my clitoral shaft before Shahad answered, "It will be bad, Sweetheart." A lubed shock probe was forced into my rosebud by Muna. Before it entered my asshole, I felt something worm-like slither up into me. This shock probe had a long, 30-centimeter-or-more, slender extension, which found its way far inside of my body, ahead of the probe. It moved deeply within my bowels. Then the probe itself was forced into my rosebud and finally locked inside me. At that point, I was trussed up and impaled like I had been for my last sexual episode with these two pain sluts. However, the snake at the front of the probe was far, far within me, and I feared what it would do.

Shahad bent toward me with forlorn eyes. "I'm so sorry, Sweetheart. This will be bad, but not as bad as it would be if we didn't do what we were commanded to do, and they sent a Master to prepare you." "No... No, please ... don't hurt me anymore."

"Neither we nor you have a choice," Muna said emotionlessly, from what seemed like far away. Involuntarily, I pulled up on the balls capping the spikes which bound me with hands and feet. It hurt so badly! But I couldn't stop because of my fear of what was going to happen!

I tried to get away, even knowing that my hands and feet would be stopped by the steel balls tightly capping the nails piercing me, trapping my hands and feet on them. My pierced extremities painfully banged up against the constraints. I couldn't get loose! My bladder, which I'd been holding since I woke up, let loose without me being able to stop it. Fortunately, a fresh, absorbent pad beneath me caught it all and wicked it away.

Then, something new was added. Shahad removed the ring through my mostly-healed clit, the ring that had been installed to match me to Ergaaler. She replaced it with a bar that extended a couple centimeters to either side of my clit.

At the ends of the bar were large wheels, probably about five centimeters in diameter. The wheels pressed against the skin of my outer vulva, causing my clitoris to be stretched up and out beyond my hood and the tops of my labia. That wasn't particularly painful, but it made my much-abused clit highly vulnerable.

Muna held up an egg, dangling from a short chain. Shahad pushed a button on the remote and the egg started to vibrate, then vibrate faster as she adjusted the speed. She pushed a button and small, perhaps four-millimeter needles shot out all around the egg. "These needles are triggered by the STRIKE button also," Shahad said. "They are long enough to hurt, but not so long as more than minimal damage: She did something and the needles snapped back inside the egg.

She pushed the egg within my vagina, having discovered that, because of my warped sense of arousal, it was already wet. This was all turning me on, and I couldn't understand it.

Muna approached my head with a large, rubber dildo and pushed it into my toothless mouth. It was so thick that it forced my mouth to open all the way. I could bite down on it but, once she'd fastened it in place, I couldn't expel it. I could make no noise at all, save for grunts or sounds through my nose.

"One final preparation, My Love. I'm sorry. I know you hate needles

I wanted to say, "Whatever it is... don't. Please don't," but couldn't. She ignored the look of terror in my eyes.

While Muna held the short chain extending from the porcupine egg within my vagina, Shahad slid a wire clamp up from below my outer labia, all the way to the end, just below my exposed clitoris. A stiff wire clip, Leach side, positioned where my outer labia - my only labia now - joined my body, held those lips exposed and tightly forced together, pinching me

uncomfortably, but with nowhere near the pain of the diabolical clover clips. Muna released the chain which dangled from within my clamped slit.

Muna sat beside me. She was holding a ten-centimeter needle, about the thickness of the ones piercing my hands and feet, and with a small ball at one end. I started to jerk and shake my head, for the moment ignoring the suffering caused from my impalements. Muna ignored me, bent to my pussy, and positioned the thick needle at the very top of my right, outer labia, just above the clip.

"Once again, Fatina, do not move."

I stiffened and she shoved the needle into me, diagonally across and through my clamped outer lips, until it emerged near the very bottom of my left labia. The pain shot through the sensitive tissues and bit down on the dildo and screamed into my full mouth. I'm sure my eyes must have almost shot out of my head.

Muna removed the piercing tip, replacing it with another small ball, to lock the needle in place. Then she pierced me with another one, diagonally from upper left to lower right. The needles formed an "X" within me, fastening my pussy closed.

Before Muna got up, she reinstalled the awful, piercing clover clip on the stem of my clitoris, below the bar that held my clitoris extended out from me.

I was in serious pain from the needles through my hands, feet and pussy and the clover clips on my clitoral stem and behind my nipple rings. I had time bombs in my pussy and my ass. Shahad gently stroked the hair on my head, made wet by copious perspiration. She kissed me on neck, shoulders and breasts. I started to relax a little, trying to forget what was going to happen. I attempted to reach that Zen-like state again; I tried to rise above the pain; -tried to let the pleasure from Shahad, and now Muna on my Pussy, merge with the pain into something submissive, unique, sexual, arousing. It started to work.

At Shahad's suggestion, I strove to clear my mind. I let the pleasure of her lips, tongue and fingers, interlace with the agony that extended from my hands to my nipples. I tried to conjoin Muna's delicious tongue play on the pearl of my clitoral glans with the piercing pain of my feet, pussy, and my bud's stem.

I floated above. I could sense my arousal climbing up, up, up. The flavor, the feel, the quality, and the effect of my arousal was different than that resulting from pleasure alone. It was more demanding while being less substantial and focused. It not only sucked my body in, but it tried to control my mind. It promised no edge that I'd reach and be held at. Instead, it rose ever upward. I expected the build-up to continue until something rudely interrupted it and pushed me into climax, a frighteningly anticipated climax that I thought might thrust my mind, my body, and my self into oblivion.

f ascended, unhindered by physical limitations. Pain had stripped my body of that which bound it to material existence. Now I was merely meat in the hands of my Lover and her twin. Pain and pleasure disappeared, replaced by a universe of sensations without the attributes of good or bad, lovely or terrible.

Sexually, I was beside myself with arousal, though not at climax. Everything that excited me was being fed: my own submissive nature, the body modifications of me and the pain sluts, the painful needles piercing my pussy, hands and feet, the pleasure from the lips, tongue, fingers and the hot, naked bodies of Shahad and Muna, the pleasurable, rhythmic vibrations of the egg within my pussy, the biting foci of the clamps, the anticipation of the orgasm to come. I couldn't have been more turned on in any reality or afterlife.

I think I stopped seeing, hearing, smelling or tasting. There were only the complex feelings registering on my undistracted mind. I have no idea whether I was in that state for a second or an hour. And then And then there was the Big Bang of sexual eruptions!

I felt jerks on my all my clamps at once, and then they released, flooding the tissues with blood and suddenly open nerves, injecting me with gruesome sensations of pure pain. There were simultaneous detonations in my ass - extending deeply into my bowels - and in my pussy as the shock baton and its snake-like extension fired and the egg's needles sprang out to stab into the sensitive walls of my vagina! The resulting climax hit me like a mile-high tsunami, and pounded me over and over in time with the shocks generated and surging inside me!

I jerked without control, tearing at the spikes that bound me to the bed. That ripping, piercing, pleasurable pain added to the intensity of the orgasms slamming into and through my entire body, over and over. I continued to thrash about like a living moth pinned to a display board.

My orgasms were extreme, vehement, consuming, long-lasting, and seemed to repeat without end. I had a fleeting thought that my heart would rupture from the physical exertion of this climax. Then all my attention was directed toward the next orgasm. And again. And again.

I ended before I stopped cumming. At some point beyond my ability to endure, I simply ceased to be.

I must have been out for only moments because I awoke to the dampening contractions from the most recent orgasm still throbbing through me. Then the baton fired again and I climaxed all over. But there were only a few more and finally they stopped, leaving me to wonder how it was possible to experience what I just had endured.

Shahad and Muna gazed down at me. Shahad lightly ran her fingers over my face, breasts, and lower abdomen. Everything was quiet. The egg within my lacerated vagina wasn't vibrating, the baton wasn't firing.

With the involuntary contraction of my sphincter over, Muna removed the baton from my rosebud. I was still nailed to the bed and my pussy was still sewn shut by the two needles. My love bud was still stretched out by the horizontal bar below my glans. Muna had removed the dildo from my mouth. My jaw and my toothless gums were sore from biting down on it during the glorious agony of my climax.

Shahad offered me a drink through a straw and I sipped greedily. I managed to croak out, "Please free me" "You must rest for a little while first, Sweetheart. I'm afraid it will hurt when you are unpinned."

I wasn't looking forward to that, but compared to what I just experienced, it didn't seem so bad.

I was wrong. Muna unscrewed a ball on one end of the needle through my pussy and started to withdraw it. I screamed in sharp, lacerating agony! Shahad decided to lick at my almost dead clit to distract me, once she found a position for her head which wouldn't inhibit Muna from pulling the needles. I still screamed as the first labial needle, then the other, then the clamp were removed, but I got through it. I screamed again when the egg was extracted from my damaged vagina.

What had been my sweet pussy and my genitals existed in a fiery hell I wished for nothing more than they be cut from me to reduce the pain.

Shahad immediately treated my nipples, clit, labia and the inside of my vagina with hyperhealant. In a couple of minutes, the pain began to noticeably lessen. I lay there with the only sharp pain coming from the spikes that impaled me. I wanted them out of me, right then, and said so.

I didn't get an argument. Muna moved to my feet and unscrewed the balls on the top of each foot, above the arch. She reattached the levers she had used to thrust the nails through my feet, and told me to count to three. She pushed hard against both levers at "two," and I screamed my lungs out as the spikes were ripped from my poor, wounded feet. I screamed over and over as I tried, unsuccessfully, to move my feet or wiggle my toes. There was nothing sexual associated with how my feet felt, and I sobbed and cried over their stabbing agony. My ankles and toes were frozen in place.

My hands were still pinned, but Shahad took a moment to squirt hyperhealant into my foot wounds. She tried moving my ankles and managed to get the muscles and tendons to loosen up. My toes wouldn't move and any attempt to even slightly bend them was excruciatingly painful. I told her to leave them alone.

Muna unscrewed the balls confining my hands. Once again, I tried but couldn't force myself to pull my hands off the needles piercing them. Finally, Muna and Shahad each held one of my hands from below, and at some signal from Muna, they pulled them up and off the needles.

simultaneously.

"Aaaaarrrrrgggghhhhl I yelled and immediately cried again. I couldn't move my fingers! shahad shot hyperhealant into the wounds and carefully held my hands in hers until calmed down, perhaps fifteen minutes later. I still couldn't move my fingers or toes, though.

While I lay there, trying to recover enough to sit up, there was a knock at the door to the suite. Muna answered it. She returned to the bedroom with Negasi, who was smiling like the cat that got the cream.

Shahad and Muna knelt in tulip. I managed to sit up and bow my head to the man who had ordered all of this done to me. I wanted to curse him, murder him for this and his previous crimes, but managed to control my anger.

"I am enormously pleased with all of you, but you, in particular, Fatina. Very, very well done!"

Chapter 10 - Pillowtalk

"It was awful for her, Master. Muna and I are acclimated to and trained for pain. Fatina was simply thrown into the lake and told to swim" Shahad responded boldly to Negasi's unexpected praise of me.

"I think Fatina swam quite well. Perhaps not Olympic quality, but a promising pre-Olympian. I am not trying to create a third, premium pain slut. simply want our best whore to expand the horizons of her talents and services to her clients. This experiment served well to round out her talents and capabilities, wouldn't you agree, Fatina?"

Everyone looked at me. was somewhat stunned by his revelation, but even more surprised that he was here at all. hurt- everywhere - and I was in no mood to say anything positive about what had happened to me, in spite of the awesome power of the orgasms I'd experienced. Negasi was, however, my Master. I would gain nothing by saying what I truly felt. This was the time to seek revenge. In the end, I bowed my head and said, "You are my Master, and you know best. do, of course, defer to your judgment." And that was about it. He had a satisfied, rather smug look on his face when he left LS.

would not become a pain slut. I wouldn't be cut. I would be part of: matched pair with Ergaalem, as we had practiced for so long. But, on demand, I would form a pain triple with Muna and Shahad, in which I would occasionally take the lead as the director of the pain-centric encounter with the King, or anyone within his entourage.

Afterward, I'd be available as needed for pain and punishment sessions for important clients of the Enakazin. That would continue as long as I remained there.

Even with Negasi's satisfaction with me, I still hurt and I was still upset when I was wheeled by

Shahad back to my apartment. I couldn't walk because of what had been done to my feet. I still couldn't move my toes either.

"I fucking hate needles! I screamed out loud after Shahad left to return to her training with Muna. I wouldn't see her again until right before the King arrived.

"I don't care how big the fucking orgasm is, or how long it lasts, IFUCKING HATE NEEDLES! You hear that, Negasi, you prick! I fucking hate needles including your little needle dick." Actually, that wasn't true; he had a substantial, talented dick, but they were listening. I wanted him to get an earful. I had no idea whether he invaded the privacy of our apartments. I'm sure he would if it were in the interest of business.

Even though Shahad had virtually bathed me in hyperhealant after this morning's final, dreadful romp, I was still sore everywhere. In addition, I was almost ready to collapse from sheer exhaustion. I'd never before been worked over by two professional pain sluts and, though I knew it would very likely happen again and again, I truly didn't look forward to it, even if Shahad were there, and even if I experienced another set of climaxes like the three they gave me yesterday and today.

I wheeled into the bathroom. I looked like death warmed over, and not warmed much at that. Thank God they'd given me: smoke break or three while I was impaled but before we fucked -you can even call it fucking- this morning, or I would have been climbing the walls or trying to climb right off the stakes that impaled me.

I didn't have the strength left to shower so I sort of splashed water in my face, and rolled back into my bedroom. I managed to stand up from the wheelchair and fell forwards onto the bed. I rolled over and there was Tia, midnight-blue hair and brows this time, her skin an iridescent pale yellow, lying on her side facing me, her head propped up on her elbow.

"Where the hell were you?" I yelled at her. "T sure could have used your help yesterday and today!"

"It's good to see you too, Destiny"

"Don't be snide, you haven't earned it," I quipped. "And don't call me Destiny. If there were any of her left in me, those two pain sluts surely demolished it."

"Stop feeling sorry for yourself. It's not like you're a schoolgirl anymore, meaning the youthful teen you were when we were together in this plane. You're a whore, Destiny. You have to take the rough and tumble with the pleasure and orgasms. You set yourself up to fall into this life

"I did not! This was all forced on me!"

"You let doors close as we all do. You dwelt too long on a past with me that, which would never return, and you ..."

"And set goals and I achieved them, Tial All by myself "

"Yes, Tial give you that. But then the deck was reshuffled and you got new cards. Cards you couldn't play, without falling into a trap. Now you have both the rewards of the trap, and the punishments and payments

due."

"Rewards for being a whore?" I said, astonished at her words.

"Yes, of course you do. Your life is pretty good. It simply isn't one you chose, and you can't get past that. In fact, you're a damn good whore which I know that you know" "They made me that"

"Yes, but it's still what you are. No one goes through life and ends up someone they made solely by themselves. We all are molded by ourselves, our friends, our enemies, our circumstances, random happenings, changes in the world, and on and on. The life you're in made you a whore, admittedly more directly than what happens with most influences in our lives."

"Meaning they messed with my brain."

"Yeah. Not your choice, but reality nonetheless. You're lucky; you're quite : good whore. They instilled an effective attitude in you, but your innate talents and creativity are what make you the greatest." "Gee, that just makes me so proud ... Why are you here now? I thought you'd have your angel wings by now and be off singing somewhere in the clouds. I thought I heard a bell ring some time ago" She looked at me, not amused. "I'm here to warn you again. Your most dangerous encounter is still to come. Be guided by your mind this time, not your heart. Your time at the Enakazin will eventually end. When it does, swallow your pride, forget what's been done to you, accept your diminishment, abandon your former husband and your soon-to-be-born son and return to safety in the West. Seek out the sisters if you need help. I can't explain it any more clearly than that. Don't be seduced, not even by the promises of two inherently good men."

"What men?"

"Sheikh Diya al din Al Naqbi, and yet another whom I don't know. I'm not omniscient; I can only know, only see a little. I'm limited to what the rules, which I don't completely understand, allow me"

"How can I abandon my child? What kind of a mother would be?"

"One who survives, even though you aren't the bright, young, promising woman you once were."

"I' m still young!

"Yes, but you are now one of the dimmer bulbs in the package. Your most promising, accomplished future is as a whore of the Enakazin. That is also one of the most dangerous of your possible futures. In the West, you would be at the lowest economic rung, unless you attract a rich husband or wife, but, admittedly, you would be safe in the West."

That was certainly a downer. didn't want to hear anything else about my dismal prospects. Scrubbing toilets in a River's Edge hotel wasn't very attractive to me. There was something I wanted to know, however. "Tia, who are the sisters?"

"The women who see and exchange things on the wind™

"Sounds like more mumbo-jumbo, Tia. How will I find them?"

"They will find you when they must. It is imperative that you be receptive to them when they do. I' m being pulled away, Destiny. I..."

She rapidly faded to nothing and Was alone in my bedroom. "Well that sure wasn't helpfull" I exclaimed out loud, angrily. Her messages rolled around in my mind for several days afterward, as I tried to squeeze some clearer meaning from them, and maybe a little hope, but to no avail. Finally, given the increased pace of our preparation for the King, essentially forgot about Tia's visit. I wouldn't recall it in time.

And so it came to pass that the time for the King's visit finally arrived, after three difficult, physically damaging months of preparation.

The two pairs of matched whores, Ergaalem and Muna and Shahad, had met the King and his two sons, Yusef and Fahd upon their arrival at the Enakazin. Yusef had immediately struck me with his virile handsomeness, and the powerful impact of his very presence. I longed to have him in bed with me. For reasons I didn't at all understand, I wanted to be joined to that particular human T'd more than I'd ever wanted to be with anyone, male or female. Merely a glance from him had captured my attention, my imagination, and my heart.

Yusef was probably 20 centimeters - eight inches - taller than I was. He had the deep-set eyes of the sexually intense male. The darkness of their brown irises only added to their mystery. His face was powerfully chiseled, with a strong jaw. He had a sensuous mouth with full, inviting lips and an easy, endearing smile. He had a straight, noble nose, more Roman than typically Middle Eastern. His shoulders and arms screamed power. I couldn't tell anything about his shape, waist, butt or legs, which were obscured by the Arabic robe he wore. Later,

I was to find he had an ideal, trim waist and long legs, which were as powerful as they looked. He had a mustache, but no other facial hair.

His brother, Fahd, might be described in a similar way, save for Fahd's collar-length, dark hair. By contrast, Fahd's eyes affected no humor, and his shoulders slumped a bit, where Yusef's were never anything but confident, strong and supporting.

About an hour after our brief introduction in the Royal Retreat Salon, Ergaalem and I were summoned to the King's Enakazin apartments. Asit turned out, one or both of us would spend quite a lot of our time there over the next five weeks. I would guess King abd al-Haqq was about 50 years old. He was probably the most virile man of that age I'd ever encountered. He possessed an insatiable appetite for sex, and his creativity in bed knew no bounds.

AS found out from Shahad, he was as comfortable with pain-centric sexual techniques as he was with the wide range of more conventional sexual activities offered by Ergaalem and me. He gave me the distinct impression that he was involved, interested and royal. There was no doubt the King knew he was the King, and aridiculously wealthy one too.

"Which of you is Fatina, and which is Ergaalem?" He asked us for the nth time that hour.

"I am Fatina, your Highness," I told him, rising up from his hard, slightly curved cock that had been all the way in and down my throat. It took him back into my mouth and past my uncaring uvula.

"I am Ergaalem, your Highness" my sister told him, not pausing from ministering to his balls, taint and anus.

"You are so well-matched: can't tell you apart. How am I going to know who is who?"

"We are indistinguishable and interchangeable," Ergaalem told him alone, since my mouth was otherwise occupied. I was using my much-practiced, swallowing-based throat massage as I serviced his glans far down into my esophagus. I could hold my breath for almost two minutes, before I needed to pull back enough to take a breath. All that swimming years ago was still paying off.

"Nonsense, you are very closely matched, but you are individuals. There is a reason I'm asking you, other than my personal interest in each of you as a unique woman."

He was getting close to the edge of arousal, so I had pulled back as he finished. "You flatter us, your Highness," we said together.

"You are trying to prove your point" " he laughed. I'd already noticed that he laughed easily. It appeared he was determined to enjoy himself on this holiday.

"My son, Fahd, is quite infatuated with the pain sluts. I suspect he'll monopolize their time as much as he can. My other son, Yusef, was instantly taken with one of the two of you, but neither of us know which one. Want you to go to him to since we're finished here. Let him decide if he wants both or just one of you. If only one, then I want the other to return here to warm my bed while I take a short nap. Now off with you. I'll swim a few laps and then rest."

"But we can bring you to climax, again," we lightly protested together.

"I'm sure you could. But I'm quite satisfied. Now, go to Yusef."

Bowing with our hands in prayer, we quickly backed out of the room in short steps, facing the King until the doors to his chambers were closed in front of us. I was wondering and hoping that by some miracle, Yusef had been as thunderstruck by me as I was by him. Or perhaps it was Ergaalem whom he saw as desirable. Or maybe it wouldn't make any difference in the end.

We walked slowly to Yusef's apartments, quietly discussing our first, favorable impressions of the King. I had observed, over the years, that the most pleasant, appreciative, and kind clients were invariably the best, most talented lovers. The mean, angry, or just grumpy clients rarely performed well. The King was further evidence supporting the conclusions I had reached from my years as a prostitute.

Ergaalem liked the man a lot and so did I.

We were met at the entrance to Yusef's suite by a servant, one of the two dozen or more who had accompanied the royal retinue. After telling him the King sent us, he pushed a button on his small desk. A red light lit, then changed to green a moment later. He opened the door for us. We entered the vestibule, a reception room, and knelt in the middle in a tulip to await Prince Yusef.

Prince Yusef walked into the reception room, talking on a mobile phone. It sounded like a business call and continued for several minutes while he stood there and we knelt. Quite unnecessarily, he held up a finger to indicate he'd only be a minute more. We were his to command and would wait for him until the proverbial cows - or sheep here - came home if that's what he wanted. I thought the gesture thoughtful, though, and warmed to the man because of it. He was every bit as handsome as my first impression of him, perhaps even more handsome in casual, pleated tan slacks and a bright, white, button-up shirt with open collar and jewel-encrusted cufflinks. When I'd first seen him in the Royal Retreat Salon, he'd been wearing an Arab robe.

He ended the call, slipped the phone into a pants pocket, and stood there studying us with his hands clasped behind his back. "Look up here," he kindly ordered.

He was looking directly at Ergaalem when I looked up at him and my heart sank for a moment.

It must have been she who had attracted his attention. In no time at all, though, he turned to me and our eyes locked again. For me, the room and everything in it save for the Prince just vanished and all I could see was his glowing, friendly face and his trim, desirable body.

He walked up to me, reached out, and cupped my chin in his warm hand. He looked at me with a casual, confident intensity I'd rarely seen any man exhibit before. We gazed into each other's eyes for what seemed like hours. Finally, still holding my chin, he turned to Ergaalem and dismissed her to return to his father. She was quickly gone, and I was alone with the Prince. I felt like a teenage girl being picked up for the prom by the hottest guy in school. My heart fluttered like a schoolgirl's.

"You are truly enchanting" he said, delighting and surprising me all at once.

"Thank you, your Highness," I replied, casting my eyes downward.

"I want you to forever remember those words as the first I ever spoke only to you," he stated.

I didn't know what that was supposed to mean to me, if anything. I replied, "Of course, your Highness."

"Look at me." I looked up into his beautiful face, which was regarding me pleasantly.

"What is your name, my Sweet?"

"I am called Fatina, your Highness."

"Is that your name from birth? Fatina is an Arabic name. You don't look Arabic. You have neither Arabic features nor color"

I didn't know how to respond. I didn't think it was, but I was so confused about my past, that I remained uncertain. I found myself unable to lie to this fine man. Likewise, I couldn't tell something as truth when I didn't positively know if it were.

"I don't believe it was always my name, Master, but my owners have tampered with my mind, and I'm not at all certain what is real about my past, and what is result of the meddling. I think my birth name was Destiny, and before I was Fatina, I was a prisoner named Karimah at the Control Institution for Delinquent Women."

"Is that one of the Eritrean, Salat prisons which use the invasive device called a controller?"

"Yes your Highness, there is a controller interlaced throughout my brain" "That must be awful for you," he said, surprising me again.

"It can be, Master, depending on what it's told to do to me, and depending on whether the

to changes are temporary or permanent. It has made me do many things I would not have done otherwise.” “Like become a premium prostitute of the Enakazin?”

“Yes, Master. Honestly, once here, I would have become the whore that I am in the interest of self-preservation. What the controller did was make me want to be that.”

“And is it causing you to want to be with me, right now?”

“It causes me to want to please the clients of the Enakazin. You a client of the Enakazin, so I guess that means yes. Sadly, Master, I cannot distinguish between my wants and the wants that have that are controller-induced.”

“You are surprisingly candid for one who is controlled by device.”

“Yes. But I’m not free to choose much else. At the moment, my heart would tell me that I am delighted and astonished to be with you. You are a most beautiful man, Highness.” I paused in what I was saying as I felt the heat of a blush crossing my features, and looked up at him, trying to decide if I should go on.

“You were going to say something else” he observed. “Tell me”

“You have unusual eyes, Highness. They are probing, insistent, captivating, intelligent, and kind, all at the same time. I have never encountered their equal”

“You are a flatterer, Fatina.”

“I am truthful, Highness, and I don’t exaggerate. You captured me with your eyes. I think you felt it too. That was bold, but I decided to toss it out there.

He studied me for an uncomfortably long time, then moved on to another subject.

“Tell me about yourself, Fatina.”

“As I said, my memory is poor, Highness. I am merely a formerly Western woman caught up in the unique culture of the Middle East.”

“I suspected you were from the West. As for your memory, tell me your story as best you can.”

“Please, Highness, you need to understand that talking is slow and challenging for me, because of what they did to my brain with my controller. I...I’m afraid that it would take me a long time to relate my boring story. I know, because of changes to my mouth, my Arabic diction is also poor, which causes me to speak even more slowly so I can be understood.”

"I have many faults, Fatina, but impatience isn't one of them. Tell me about you and your life, and take as much time as you want. This is a rare treat for me. It isn't often that I have any opportunity to learn about someone else in detail. Especially someone else who is as mesmerizing as you"

I told him everything I could remember.: spoke for hours, the time broken up by getting to know him also, in many ways. He asked a few questions, but, mostly, I found his very presence enough to encourage me to open my heart and mind to him.

I sat next to him on some cushions while I started to tell my story. I wasn't sure how he'd react to my lesbian episodes with Tia, Dyana and Shahad, since I knew homosexuality was at least publicly forbidden in Middle East cultures. He guessed why I was hesitating, and told me not to be concerned. As hoped, and thought was probably true, this noble man had no prejudiced bones in his magnificent body. He had an open mind, and broad exposure to many cultures around the world. In fact, he had spent his college years in the US, getting his undergraduate degree in Petroleum Engineering at Stanford.

When I told him of the death of my Tia, he held my hand in honest sympathy. He did the same when I told him the terrible thing the Egyptian government had done to Dyana, and when I related the story of my sentencing to the Control Institution. After that, he lay back with his arm around me, my head resting on his inner elbow and his hand on my shoulder. I summarized my overall story right to up to the present, finally ending it with my experiences at the Pastel Harem, my return to the Retreat, and the preparation for the arrival of his father's entourage, including the extreme changes to my friend and lover, Shahad, and the matching of Ergaalem and me.

After giving him the condensed version of my personal history, I went back to provide details, as to he requested. I noticed him looking down at me, and the intelligence and affection in his eyes completely befuddled me. I lost my train of thought and couldn't speak at all. He bent down and kissed me with his warm, full lips. His tongue slid into my mouth and I captured it with my tongue. I could see: flicker of surprise on his face, but he said nothing.

We kissed. As we did, he removed my bolero and pantaloons. His hand slid to down to the ring in my clit and his talented, experienced fingers used it to bring me near the edge of climax in mere moments. He slid down me, playing my nipples with his tongue, until his face was over my Pussy. As he tongued me there, he managed to slip out of his shirt. He slid off the bed long enough to remove his pants and his black, microfiber boy-shorts, which were bulging with his erection.

He returned to my pussy. His tongue circled my clit and moved along my inner-labia-less, featureless slit, until it encountered my Princess Albertina. He pushed up for a moment and examined it, seeing how the captive ball could be rotated into my pee hole and back out into my vaginal opening. He flicked it to rotate it back and forth, causing delicious pangs of sensation to flow around my pussy. "That is pleasurable to you?" He asked.

"Very pleasurable, Master." thought the use of Master was better during coitus than "your Highness." He smiled at that, so I assumed] was correct.

would bring you near the edge," he said, "to earn your attention and interest"

"That is kind of you, Master, but not necessary. I am, as they say, a sure thing"

He laughed and his eyes sparkled when he did. "Any man who takes a beautiful woman for granted, under any circumstances, isn't a true man. want you to know that I am a true man."

A too good to be true man, I thought. I was to find out how wrong I was. He proved himself to be entirely real, entirely umm

We focused all our attention on each other. It were as though we'd been lovers for years. Our use of fingers and tongues and sex were entirely complimentary, so well-coordinated someone looking on would have called them rehearsed. We each possessed an intuitive feel for the wants and movements of the other. I had become a successful whore because I could read even the subtlest needs and desires of my clients. I had never encountered a client who was as intuitive about me. [wouldn't have believed that possible, except, perhaps, from male prostitute. Yet here it was, an obvious, innate talent of the royal prince.

My Prince was stimulating me from my lips to my pussy, and everywhere in between, as lay there running my fingers through his curly black hair, along his muscular shoulders, and onto his strong back. I was concerned that he'd taken control of this session, but he had me right where I wanted to be. As the prostitute in every encounter, save with Shahad, I was used to controlling the session. I immediately fell, without thinking about it, into a partnership with the prince.

He entered me, filling me nicely with his penis, pressing me down into the pile of cushions. I put my arms around his neck and lifted my pelvis to him, intending to use my legs to flip him onto his back and take control. Instead, he used his greatly superior strength to roll us onto our sides, facing each other, his member remaining deep within my welcoming sheath.

He gazed into my eyes, smiled, and told me to tell him more details about my story. I put my top leg over his, using that little bit of leverage to ensure that we wouldn't slip apart. I was warm, comfortable, and I felt that this man needed and wanted me. Content with our now tantric encounter, I continued my narration.

I related how I'd been rendered mute, shaved and fattened up in the Control Institution. I told him I'd been slightly thinner than average all my life before that. I had no idea how he'd respond to that, and was definitely surprised when he said, "Really? I took you for someone who had always been pleasantly plump. Your body seems to fit you so well, and I can definitely appreciate your soft, sexy curves. It's hard to imagine you without them. I honestly don't think

Ia want to."

MTt's hard foY me to imagine myself thin too, now that I've been this way for over seven years" Iagreed. "That said, I' m so different overall that I'm sometimes unrecognizable to myself, as myself." "Show me what was done to you" he gently commanded, looking into my eyes again. beleve he was trying to sense my feelings, read my mind through the windows to my souil "Your eyes are quite beautiful, but they are a most unusual color of purple," he told me.

"In my opinion, they were a gorgeous, dimensionally-deep shade of blue, but they were changed in the Pastel Harem. Changing them back might have rendered them almost colorless so, rather than take a chance, I had the harem doctor leave them this artificial shade of purple. Over the year I was there, I'd become used to them, and] was resigned to the likelihood my lovely blue eyes were lost to the past." Iteared up and he took note of that. He lightly touched my cheek in sympathy.

When he asked me to continue, I told him about my missing teeth. T'm sure he could see by the look on my face and the red color rising from my neck that: was embarrassed to be like that, especially in front of a man as gorgeous as he. I told him that's how felt. He kissed me on the forehead, and told me never to be upset about how was, whether because of something Id done, or something done to me. He claimed there was something about the woman I was - about the totality of the person he observed (who was the only version of me he'd known)- which he found completely captivating. That made me feel wonderful, until I dwelt on how I was so unlike the young woman Id been in Egypt and before.

Still, he wanted to see me without my dentures.

Fighting back tears,I removed them and set them aside. Being without them in front of him wasn't like it had been with most of my male or female clients. felt like I was with a Western man, or at least man who thought more like me in my youth, andin whom I had an interest. He had presented himself as someone closer to what I had been, but whichi wasn't any longer. He was from a completely different culture but Isensed that, through education and life experiences, we'd arrived at similar world-views. That made it harder for to no longer be the woman I was before the Control Institution and the Enakazin had changed my body and affected my mind.

I had turned away when I removed my dentures. I told him about my two, pierced tongues before I turned back andlet him look at me. was so mortified I almost pulled back and crawled away. did start to cry, but I stayed next to him, remaining joined to him through our sex, as he prompted me to let him see my ravaged mouth. Ishowed him my tongues andI ran through a short demonstration to try to get his attention away from my empty gums. It worked for a few moments; he was shocked at what I could do with my tongues. I offered to please him with to them.

"In a while" he said. "I want to get to know you better before we move forward."

Once more, tears formed in my eyes and he used his thumb to brush them from me.

"Why do you cry, Fatina?"

"They have made me such a freak," I confessed. "I used to be cute -ev pretty -regular kind of girl. Now I'm some strange, transformed denizen of the Kingdom of Salat and the Enakazin' He said nothing, but placed a hand behind my head and pulled my face towards his. Our lips met again and his tongue immediately invaded my mouth. It ran along my gums and interlaced with my tongues in a wet interplay that sent a thrill up my spine. He used his full lips to full advantage as his mouth ravaged mine in a most memorable kiss. I opened my eyes to see him gazing at me with his own, joyous, twinkling eyes. Then his eyes closed and the intensity of the kiss rose even higher.

He rolled me onto my back and began to slowly move in and out of me, our lips still bound together. The feeling of him taking me was indescribably smooth, soothing, filling, consuming. I played along his shaft with my talented vaginal muscles and heard him moan pleasantly in response. I automatically coordinated my motions with his efforts. We were in sync as though we'd been lovers for years.

His motion sped up and I knew he was close. I felt his scrotum tighten between my thighs and I grabbed him hard with my Kegels, rippling them up and down his shaft. His ejaculation began with him pressing deeply, tightly against me. As his own pulses came, I released and milked in clear rhythm with him. As filled, and his pressure within me combined with my own voluntary muscular contractions, I came as well, the intensity of my orgasm growing with the volume of his seed within me, and my provisional understanding of what this man might, ultimately, mean to me.

Yusef collapsed onto my body and we lay perfectly still for many minutes, breathing heavily and enjoying the warmth of ourselves against each other. I thought he would gradually shrink out of me. I felt him soften a little, but he remained hard enough and long enough to keep me captured and impaled onto his fine cock.

Still embedded in me, he rolled us to our sides, back to the position we'd been before he made love to me. Of all the things he could have requested of me, he asked me to continue with my more detailed story. I told him I was sure he was tired of hearing about me and he looked at me like I was totally misunderstanding.

"How could I ever tire of hearing about you?" He asked sincerely. Before I could say anything to that, he commanded me to, "Continue" in a way that couldn't be denied. It was obvious he was used to getting what he wanted, either by asking or commanding. Fortunately, he was kind and gracious in how he asked.

As I've mentioned before, I had, over the years of my captivity, managed to put most of the angst and anxiety of the physical and mental changes behind me day to day, lest they devour me. I dwelt on them. Now however, in the presence of this handsome, confident man, it all came crashing back, and I was humiliated by how I had been altered. Those modifications had made me, physically and mentally, the ideal, high-end, Middle Eastern whore. I told him that and he spoke kindly to me.

"You are as you are. I find your effect on me electrifying. I'm sorry if that makes you feel I'm getting aroused by your misfortune, but I can see that you are both a delightful woman and an unusual one. No ... a unique one. I am decidedly attracted to your uniqueness."

He pushed the long, red hair of my wig back behind my ears in a tender gesture. He saw my stretched earlobes and 18-millimeter flesh tunnels for the first time.

"How did your ears become like that?" He asked, genuinely surprised. I suspected he had never seen earplugs before. I asked and he hadn't.

"It's like looking through a hole in my body, isn't it?" "I stated. I was silently praying that my altered ears didn't gross him out, nor cause him to want to flee from me.

"Actually ... yes, it is." He chuckled, then looked to see if I had been hurt by that. I struggled to keep my emotions hidden. "How was that done?"

"The doctor surgically opened the single piercing I had in my earlobes, then continued to stretch the hole a couple millimeters about every other month."

"Can you remove the uh.. the jewelry?"

be my pretty little earlobes. Because of that, always wear the flesh tunnels now sometimes they're called earplugs - or solid disks, called "Yes, but then I have these ugly, noodlelike loops of skin which used to plug. Please don't make me remove them, your Highness." As I pointed to the holes through my earlobes, I realized I was jittery. I needed a cigarette in the worst way, and I didn't know how to ask him without further embarrassment. As it turned out, the Prince was surprisingly perceptive.

"If you don't want me to, I won't. But perhaps you'll show some day. What is wrong, Fatima? You seem agitated, or uncomfortable"

"I need to smoke a cigarette badly, your Highness. It's a habit they gave me, along with everything else." "They forced you to smoke?" He actually looked surprised at that.

"Yes Highness. My Control Institution group smoked, therefore I was required to."

"Then please do so. I want you to be comfortable with me. Smoke whenever you want in

my presence. It won't bother me. You don't need to ask permission." "

"You are very kind, Highness." I reached for my pouch on the small table behind me, straining so remained joined to my prince, but he slipped out of me. I grabbed my small purse, took out a cigarette, and lit it. In spite of his kindness, I was humiliated.

He propped himself up with a cushion and sat next to him, smoking while he played with my nipple and bellybutton piercings. His fingers traced the tattoo on my lower abdomen, and then moved down to my Pierced clit. "Does this give you pleasure, Fatina?"

"Yes, Highness. Along with my nipple rings and, most of all, the small ring below that one."

At that, he reached down to play with my Princess Albertina again. When I was done smoking, he gently laid my head back, spread my legs, and sat up so he could once more see it up-close. "It is a strange place to put a ring, isn't it? It goes in your urethra, and comes out through your vagina" he noted.

"That is exactly how it's supposed to be positioned, Highness. It is called a Princess Albertina, and it is something of an amplifier of arousal. It was a gift from my former husband, the Sheikh Diya al din Al Naqbi. I'll admit to being quite fond of it."

"Ah ... so it does enhance pleasure?"

"Oh •. most definitely, Highness. It enhances and amplifies."

"So some of your modifications, though not your choice, have been positive for you." He looked at me and I lowered my eyes and nodded. "Tell me what you like, what you accept, and what you hate" "At this moment, I like everything you like about me," I said coyly.

"Ha, ha. But I like everything about you Fatina! Given a perfect world, wherein you had a host of modifications to choose from, or a choice of none at all, and knowing what you know now, which would you reject, be neutral about, and embrace wholeheartedly?"

I never thought I'd be called on to answer about those things.

"I like my nipple rings and my Princess Albertina a lot, and like my clit ring too. I suppose I'm neutral about my bellybutton jewelry. I like to smoke but I hate having the habit. That is the strangest in its effect on me. I hate smoking but I definitely don't want to quit, meaning I love and hate it at the same time.

"I don't want to be chubby or borderline fat, but I've gotten used to it. My former husband made me fatter still, but I managed to lose the extra weight before I left the Pastel Harem.

"I don't like my purple eyes but suppose I don't hate them. Under this wig, my hair is totally

white - or platinum blonde - not like the naturally-streaked but darker blonde hair I had before, and was forced to shave daily. It grows out white now because of what they did to me at the Pastel Harem. At least I have hair now. My natural eyebrows are long gone. The brows you see on me are artificial, but are permanent. I've become used to them, though they're nothing like my natural brows were. The same is true of these long, thick eyelashes. I have permanent eyeliner which I don't mind." "Let me see your natural hair," he said.

I didn't want to do anything that might cause him to think less of me. "It is only barely shoulder-length, Highness, and it will be all matted down under my wig. My hair is still much shorter than it was before I was imprisoned"

He laughed, and I couldn't figure out why. I'm sure I looked at him quizzically.

"Fatina, I suppose I've become used to having people do what I ask, as soon as I ask it. You're the first person I've run across in a very long time, who keeps questioning my requests." I opened my mouth to say something, then couldn't decide whether to apologize or defend myself. Before I could speak, he continued.

"Don't worry, I'm not upset. You are refreshingly different. They've made you Middle Eastern, yet not completely. I like the yin-yang of your personality. But I want to see your hair. Go into the bathroom, remove this lovely wig, shower and smoke if you want, then do whatever it is that women do to fix their hair, and return here. Now go!"

He laughed as I ran off. I returned in half an hour, showered, dosed with additional nicotine, makeup fixed, and white hair combed into my undercurrent, smooth pageboy.

"Lovely! He exclaimed. My little white-haired sprite"

think I'm too plump to be a sprite, Master."

"Alright, cherub then." We both laughed. I was already finding it almost impossible to be unhappy around him.

"Now, Fatina, continue with what you would choose or not, what you like and dislike."

"Yes, Master." I took a moment to recall where I'd been. "They made me want to be. Whore, in fact, to be the best whore, which I am. Negasi will agree, should you ask him. I don't mind that for two reasons. One is that it has the overall effect of making me comfortable and mostly happy here. The second is that, being the best, am somewhat protected. My Master Negasi wants me to continue to earn for him, so he tends to favor leaving me alone, and protecting my abilities. At least mostly. He takes some risks, like sending me to the Pastel Harem for a year, and expanding my offerings through pain training, but I don't think he has further altered my essence since shortly after I arrived at the Retreat.

"I suppose I hate everything else, at some level. The absolute worst is what they did to my brain, which I've already described to you. Being forever functionally illiterate makes me unemployable for most jobs once I leave here, and completely eliminates any chance of resuming my career as an archeologist. The next worse is the loss of my teeth, from a punishment I didn't deserve. I can't ever seem to get used to that.

"That's what they did to my tongue. I have trouble speaking at the best of times because of their slowing my mind, and now I'm even more unintelligible."

I can understand you just fine, Fatina."

"I'm glad, Highness. That's not the case with everyone."

"I will say, your tongues, and your use of them, are pretty remarkable. Go on."

I remain devastated about being sterilized, and rendered unable to bear a child. However, since my ovaries are intact, Sheikh Diya al din was able to have eggs extracted and fertilized in vitro with his sperm. A surrogate is carrying our son even now.

"You have a biological son with Sheikh Diya al din Al Nagbi of the Kingdom of Linah?"

"If all went well, meaning the Pastel Harem odalisque, my friend and protege Eshe, formerly Toni, was able to successfully carry the child to term, he should be close to nine months old by now. Sadly, I've received no updates since: returned to the Enakazin. Do you know the Sheikh?"

"I have actually met him several times. He comes across as an as enthusiastic fellow, creative too. He is quite an astute businessman; he's made a sizeable fortune, almost entirely on his own. I've always found him to be somewhat .. eccentric."

"You got that right" I agreed. He laughed.

"You plan to return to the Pastel Harem when your servitude is satisfied." He didn't ask, he stated it as a fact, with little more intensity than I would have expected.

"I have not yet decided to return, your Highness, though I would want to know my son, of course. I don't see how I could accomplish that without returning. He will be slightly over a year old by then." "You will have considerable money from the Nikah al-Mut'ah, your marriage for pleasure to the Sheikh. I'm sure you could arrange for joint custody, apartments on the palace grounds, and have your son with you half the time. Of course, you may want to renew your marriage to the Sheikh, and assume the office of Pastel Harem Kadin again, with your son in residence, and available to you all the time."

"I honestly don't know, Highness. It is true, putting his eccentricities aside, I was happy with

the Sheikh. With all that's transpired here lately, I haven't given it much thought. Becoming anything other than a slave in servitude is still something I have a hard time imagining anymore. I will have been imprisoned or enslaved for more than half of my adult life before I'm allowed to leave here, if that ever comes to be." At that point, I sought to change the subject. I didn't want to speculate on my future with this man I just met, despite - or maybe because of - my strong, undeniable attraction to him.

"Please, your Highness, would you share your own story with me?"

He did, much to my surprise, at almost the same level of detail that I told my story. He and his brother Fahd were the King's only sons, though they had three younger sisters. He and Fahd were fraternal twins, not identical, though they looked very much alike, save for Yusef's short hair, versus Fahd's much longer hair. His mother and father hadn't wanted to know which was born first, because by tradition, that son would eventually become king. His father had decided that he would choose the worthiest of the two of them when the time came.

He admitted, as I observed, that his brother and he were very different. I believed he loved his brother, but they didn't get along at all. His brother saw every word, phrase, action or accomplishment as a competition between the two of them. He knew his brother desperately wanted to be king, while Yusef wasn't very attracted to the possibility that he might inherit the title and power. However, he recognized that his brother had a cruel streak, and he feared what that might mean for the Kingdom under his brother's rule. Thus, Yusef would take the throne if it were offered to him, more to keep it from Fahd than for any desire of his own to be king.

"What do you do when you're not learning to be king?" "I asked him and he laughed good-naturedly. I realized at that moment that this exchange with the Prince was already longer than any conversation I had with any man since before I was imprisoned. All of my other encounters had been interlaced with sex. Of course, this one had been too. The difference was that sex between Yusef and me seemed to be part of the story itself.

Chapter 11 - The Root of All Evil

Yusef answered me, but not before he ravished me until my eyes actually did cross, like they had in the Pastel Harem. I wondered if that were a residual effect from my time as the Lavender Kadin. There was no way to know for sure, but I think it was. Fortunately, they returned to normal in about 15 minutes. I had to do some explaining, though.

Yusef had reduced me to a puddle of ooze by the time my mind recovered enough for me to be focused again, and gaze into his gorgeous, dark eyes.

I was shocked by what I saw.

Everything in his visage said, to me, that he was enthralled by me. At the same time, he was

profoundly enchanted by him.

I refused to let myself believe that such a man, a true prince, would be so enamored with me.

"Master?" I said as a question, wondering what he was thinking.

"Fatina, I've never met anyone whom I desired as much as you, or became infatuated with so quickly.

"Master, that is certainly what it is - merely infatuation. It will pass. I am not for you. There was a time when I might have been closer to, perhaps almost worthy of your royal attention, but alas, I certainly am no longer. I am a prostitute, Master. I am mentally challenged as well. That wasn't my choice, but it is what I've become. I am far beneath you." "I admit, you've been beneath me. On top too for that matter" he replied, smiling. I was put off, thinking he was making fun of me.

"I am not your equal, but please don't toy with me, Master. I do have feelings, unworthy of your consideration as they are."

"I am doing no such thing, Fatina! I want you and, surprisingly, I sense that you want me, not because you're required to want me, but because you genuinely do. Of course, I have no way of knowing that is the truth. Even if you tell me it is, I can't know if it is a lie of convenience, a part of your ritual as a concubine. I would be willing to bet, though, that I am correct in my observations." "Master. One thing I've been taught as a houri of the Enakazin is that I best serve my client by creating the state of mina that my client is truly my lover. In fact, I believe Master Negasi had that capability programmed into my mind through my controller"

"You're saying that you can't, yourself, tell whether you are drawn to me, or whether it is your odalisque programming. Is that it?"

"It is certainly a possibility that my programming is causing my reactions, Highness. You dare not trust me, because I cannot trust myself."

"That is very sad, My Sweet. Tell me, how long does it take you to prepare your mind and your attitude in that way, Fatina?"

"It requires a few minutes of meditation, Master."

"And you did such preparation before coming to see me?"

"Well .. no Master. There was no time. Your father sent Ergaalem and me to see you and we came straight away. I didn't even know which of us you wanted, and assumed it wouldn't matter. Ergaalem and I are matched, after all"

"It seems to me that you have your answer, Fatina. Your feelings for me are honestly your own."

"But perhaps, after so many years as a whore, I automatically fall into that infatuation' as you say, with whomever I' m being intimate."

"You don't believe that, do you, Fatina?"

I paused to consider his words. I did know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that was intensely drawn to this man. It had been immediate, and it was deep, very deep within me. "No Master" " I said, my eyes downcast. I looked up at him, "Tf there is such a thing as love at first sight, Master, then surely I am its latest victim."

"Have you been to Sicily, Fatina?"

"I have been to Italy, years ago, but never Sicily, Highness."

"I like it there. It's rustic and basic and earthy. They've been conquered by invaders so many times they have, through the years, been exposed to a plethora of ideas and conflicting concepts. Their fundamentally ancient Greek ideals and ways of thinking, Roman practicality, Judaism, Islam from the Moors, and, of course, Christianity have combined into something unique. Untraceable, even more ancient, prehistoric ways still season their thinking, attitudes, and beliefs. Though they profess a strongly-rooted Catholic faith, they are a superstitious lot, and still incorporate many of the ancient ways into their world-view."

"To get to the point, they claim that, sometimes, a man and a woman will suddenly meet, and, as they say, be 'struck by the thunderbolt: It always happens to both the man and the woman at the same time."

He paused and [took that as permission to speak. 'And you suspect..

He jumped in. "No, Fatina, I don't suspect at all. I know we both experienced the thunderbolt when Our eyes first met, when I stood before you with my father and brother. You felt it, as I did. It is fate that has brought us together"

"I don't believe in fate, Highness. I don't think I ever did."

"Then it is simply what is. My feelings are undeniable. fear ; hope;1 desire; I rejoice that you are the one."

"Highness.. only fear."

Yusef's words haunted my dreams during the few hours I was able to sleep, alone or with someone, over the next few days. There was only one someone, and worst of all, it was Yusef's

father, the King.

Ergaalem had well-pleased him while I was trysting with Yusef. As a result, he wanted both of us to attend him. We did our Master, Negasi, proud. We fucked him until he begged for rest. When he awakened some hours later, we fucked him again - with him getting special attention from Ergaalem. The little British tart seemed enamored with the King. No, she wasn't struck by the thunderbolt, but she was irrationally excited about having his dick in her mouth, pussy, or rosebud.

In a rare, private moment, I asked her why she seemed so taken by the King.

"Power," she said. "Power over me, you, his family, and even Negasi. Power over everything"

Based on how he was indulged, I couldn't dispute her assertion. The Enakazin catered to his every wish, whether it concerned him personally or a request he'd made on behalf of a member of his retinue. The most difficult of his requests to me was to join Shahad and Munain in a painful slut triumvirate, for the entertainment of Yusef's cruel brother, Fahd.

Yusef had requested that I attend him right after lunch. He wanted the day and night with me privately, something we had managed about every other day during his first two weeks at the Retreat. We'd become closer as the days passed, and our relationship showed no signs of cooling off.

I sat between Yusef's legs, leaning my naked body back against his. I could feel his manhood pushing up hard against me, but it hadn't entered me yet. His nimble fingers were toying with my nipple rings and the purple stones which graced the tips and were anchored permanently within my ever-erect nubs.

I was reaching a point where I needed to know the meaning and direction of our obviously tighter-growing relationship. I thought that I should back off, at least regarding the increasingly complex and all-encompassing binding of my emotions to him. I was sure nothing good could come of it and, though I could be the hardened prostitute in most cases, I had weakened when it came to Yusef. Dangerously weakened. I couldn't afford to be enchanted by a man so far above me, a prince for heaven's sake, who would be gone in a month. If I grew any closer, I feared his departure would obliterate me, leaving only a shell where Fatina had been.

It had happened too quickly, too intensely. If it seemed too good to be true, it probably wasn't, right? I had to know. I decided to be direct.

"May I speak openly, Highness?"

"Of course, Fatina. When we're alone, you need never ask. We are equal when it is simply

between the two of us."

"We can never be equal, Highness. Not even before the law. Certainly never before Sharia Law."

"All men are created equal, that's the teaching of your nation's founding fathers, is it not? And don't try to tell me they were only thinking of men. Even if true, your country's principles apply to all"

"We are not in America, Master."

"We might be, someday."

"But not today. Besides, there's nothing for me there. I'm better here now. The Middle East has changed me too drastically. I'm not an American woman anymore."

"We should discuss this further at some point. But I know that wasn't what you wanted to talk about."

"No, Highness. I wanted to ask you about the relationship that is deepening between us. From where I lie, it appears to be an immediate and continuing infatuation that has been consuming us both. At this point, for me at least, it threatens to become perhaps the most important occurrence in my life, ever. That said, I know it can go nowhere..." He interrupted me. "Why would..." And then he was interrupted himself by a knock at the door.

Unbidden, the door opened to reveal the King's vizier. "His Majesty" The vizier announced. The King immediately swept into the room.

I literally jumped up and knelt before the King, sat back on my haunches, and then bent fully prostrate from the waist, my hands out over my head, my breasts, face and palms pressed to the floor.

Yusef stood and bowed. "Welcome, Father" I was surprised that he'd completely ignored the fact that he was naked, and that he sounded welcoming to his father, given the circumstances.

"You're spending your day with one of my matched pair again? What's the point of having a pair if they are never paired up, eh?" He chuckled at his own joke.

"Sorry, Father, I thought you were quite enjoying the sole attention of Ergaalem."

"Who's Ergaalem?"

"The houri who matches Fatina here."

"Humph. I thought her name was Golem, like one of those supernatural creatures of Jewish folklore." I could hear Yusef chuckling at that.

"What can do for you, Father?" Yusef asked innocently.

"I understand that this girl has been trained to serve in a pain threesome with the two matched pain sluts. Your brother wants to play and want to keep him out of further trouble."

"Further trouble?" Yusef asked.

"He got a little too eager with Sheikh Almasi's idiot daughter, though she was certainly flirting enough with him and leading him on. Sometimes he can be too distracted to see what's really happening. As the Americans or Brits would say, he often thinks with his dick. Anyway, I promised Almasi to reign him in for a few days to cool him down."

"I have plans for Fatina, Father."

"Put them off for a day or two. Help me out here, Yusef. A romp with three pain sluts is just what Fahd needs get him back in balance."

Out of the corner of my eye, my face still pressed to the floor, I could see that Yusef was not moved and wanted to protest. I feared that if he did, his Father would banish me from him altogether. I could see him struggling with his father's request. I wanted to assure him it was okay, but I dared not move unless the King bid me rise.

It seemed: long pause, but it was only a couple seconds.

"Of course, Father. I will always honor your requests."

"I know you will. It is what I expect of you, Yusef. It is why you are going to be a great ruler, one day. But today is a day to relax, not to speak of things too serious. Do this for me, Yusef. I will make it up to you." There is no need, Father. I am your servant."

The King actually reached down to me at that point.

"Come child, join your friends. Muna and Shahad, right? Help me bring my other son back to balance."

I stood, bowed deeply, and set off to leave.

"Join them in the room with all the bloody velvet and black brocade"

"Yes, Highness," I said as I left. I knew where I was to go. was to join my friends to be tortured

by Fahd.

I wasn't privileged to hear the conversation that followed, once I left the chambers of Prince Yusef. He told me later, what had transpired.

"She is quite lovely, isn't she?" The King had said to Yusef.

"Indeed, Father. I'm surprisingly taken with her."

"She is a whore, my son."

"By situation, not by choice "

"Yet she is a whore, an honorable if denigrated profession. At least among our women."

Yusef had found himself unable to not defend me. He felt this an opportunity to reveal his feelings for me. He told me he spoke without thinking, without planning, without tact, only with the spontaneity of his feelings for me. "I am enamored of her, Father"

The King looked at him, dark, probing eyes meeting dark, determined eyes. Nothing was said for several minutes. Yusef stood there, still naked, facing his father.

"In ages gone by, I felt that way about a young, beautiful, misunderstood, naive, yet possibly worthy young woman, Yusef. Not someone a King, or, as was then, a Prince should stray toward. My father was not pleased. In fact, he sent me to England for four years, ostensibly to get a further graduate education, but really just to get away from her."

"What happened to her, Father?" Yusef asked with some trepidation.

The King looked at Yusef, a faint mist in his eyes, a faint smile forming on his face.

"Father?"

"Yusef, you are a worthy son, but sometimes you can be a complete dolt. I married her, of course. She gave me twin sons, one of whom will be king someday."

I wasn't privy to that conversation. I was on my way to meet Shahad and Muna for pain fest. I wasn't so worried about the pain to come as I was unhappy about being dragged away from Yusef. I thought Fahd would be trying, but I assumed that serving him would fall to all three of us. We would each bear some of the load of meeting his perverse needs. I knew I could rely on Shahad to see me through this. In addition, of course, I was going to be with Shahad, which was always a joy for me.

Yeah .. not so much this time.

Naked, I entered the suite where the King had sent me. Fahd was reclining on deeply red pillows that matched the velvet-covered walls. Shahad and Muna reclined to either side of him.

Fahd had the fingers of one hand within Shahad - his thumb in her vagina and his middle finger in her rosebud, apparently pinching her from within. The fingers of his other hand were spread with two on either side of her nipple. They had grasped and were pulling up on thick needle that had been thrust through her lovely breast, several centimeters below her areola. The pain must have been sharp and very uncomfortable, but her face was impassive. Then, as I watched, her expression changed to one of sexual pleasure and she came as he pulled upward on the needle.

I stood there, just within the padded door, unable to move.

Prince Fahd gestured to me to join them. I moved a step or two forward, then froze in place.

He got up and came to me. He stood looking at me for a minute or more. Then, suddenly, his closed fist swung at me from the left and collided with the side of my head in a blow as powerful and dramatic as any I'd ever received. I fell to the floor, stunned and barely conscious. My ear rang and I saw a plethora of stars in my disrupted vision.

"When I gesture to you, you come," Fahd screamed at me. Shahad and Muna remained reclining, their expressions stolid. He grabbed my arm and lifted me up. He went to strike me again, and I reflexively lifted my arm to protect my head. He stopped, white spittle foam at the corners of his mouth, his long hair in disarray, his eyes crazed with loathing.

I couldn't understand from where, within him, his hate originated. I'd been with his brother and his father and neither were anything like this.

He forced my mouth open, and inserted his fingers within and his thumb below my chin and started to drag me across the room by my mouth. Of course, my lower dentures were pulled loose, much to his surprise.

"What the fuck is this?" He shouted, throwing my lower teeth across the room. He reached into my mouth and jerked my upper teeth out, cutting my gums in the process. He threw them somewhere else.

"I suppose they made you this way so you could give better head?" He chided. "Or maybe you bit someone and they fixed you." "I give excellent head, Your Highness," I managed to squeak out.

"Stick out your tongue," he commanded.

I did, and showed him a little of my two-tongue tricks. He started to laugh.

"I bet my peculiar brother loves those tentacles in your mouth, eh? You should make sure you please me, little whore, or you may leave here without them." He wasn't kidding, and I knew it. However, I had every intention of pleasing him. That said, he could do anything he wanted to me, and I'd be almost powerless to stop him.

He took me over to Shahad and Muna, sitting me down next to him, with Shahad's head right next to my lap.

"Pull up on her needle," he demanded.

I hated needles, in me or in anyone. I cared about, but I did as he requested. The wicked metal was thrust vertically through my beloved Shahad's breast, about one-third of the way back from her nipple's tip. It must have hurt horribly. I pulled up on it, away from her chest, but her neutral expression didn't change. Fahd told Muna to go over and pinch Shahad's inner thighs. As she was pinching firmly with whitened knuckles, he told her to bite Shahad's other nipple.

In a minute, Shahad came, yelling at me to pull harder.

I had to fight the urge to vomit right there. The only thing I hated more than causing her pain was what they had done to make her need the pain in order to be satisfied.

Fahd was fingering my pussy, pulling up firmly but not painfully on my clit ring. "You're still intact" he noted. "I suppose that's because you're only a part-time pain slut. Perhaps I should have one of these two bite off that little pearl that sits so comfortably within its nest. That might encourage you to learn to come from the most exquisite of human experiences, the fine application of pain, eh? Would you like that little

whore?"

I didn't know what to say to this sick bastard, but I thought I needed to say something since he'd asked me a direct question, even to try to bait me. "I believe my Master Negasi prefers me like I am, Your Highness."

The blow to my head was immediate, painful, and shocking. I saw stars again.

"I am your master! He shouted at me. "At this moment, I am the only master who matters! Do you understand, you insolent whore?"

"I'm sorry, Master," I said, careful to remain even-tempered. I was instinctively afraid of this man. "I meant no disrespect."

He turned to Shahad, an unmistakably hungry gleam in his eye. "You Shahad! If you want

to be relieved of that needle, and avoid another one in your other tit bend down here and bite the love bud off this bitch, below the ring piercing it. I would have: for a souvenir."

Shahad's eyes flashed in fear for a moment, but she covered it well. I doubted Fahd, not as familiar with her as I was, noticed it at all. She said, "I don't mind the needle, Master," as she pulled roughly up on it herself without wincing in the least. "Your Highness, you may, of course, favor my other breast with a needle whenever you wish, with my wholehearted encouragement and commensurate reaction." A faint, flirtatious smile crossed her lips, which Fahd did notice. It was her intention to distract him from mutilating me.

"You sick, fucking Pain slut/ He exclaimed with a wicked chuckle. "You would actually like that, wouldn't you?" She coyly smiled again and nodded slightly.

He reached into a rolled-up, leather pouch I hadn't noticed before and extracted a needle like the one embedded in my lover's sweet, shapely breast. "Push it through her slave tit," he commanded me.

I was about to shake my head when Shahad looked at me with an intensity I'd never seen in her before. She nodded her head, almost imperceptively. Still, I hesitated. I did not want to stab my lover with a needle.

"Prove you're not irretrievably worthless, Fatina," she said. "If you don't, I would rather never see you again when our responsibilities here are discharged." I still knew what she was trying to do. I didn't want to cause her anguish to save myself. She was insisting, though. I didn't know what would happen to her or me if I refused.

God forgive me, I grabbed the sharp, long, thick needle from the pouch in his hand, cupped her full, sweet, soft bosom from below, and thrust it through her breast from bottom to top, as quickly as I could.

Shahad's eyes rolled back, she took a short breath, and climaxed right there. The quivering of her orgasmic convulsions were impossible to mistake. It was no act. She came from the pain of me piercing her sexually-sensitive breast flesh.

Fahd watched all this with his face and eyes reflecting both interest and arousal. Unbidden, I lowered my mouth to his manhood and took it within me. I gave him the blow job of his life, I'm sure. He came in my mouth and, using all the talent I possessed, I made him hard once more and pleased him until he came yet again.

After that, we all lay still. The ugly needles were still thrust through Shahad's breasts. She reclined flat on the floor, in front of the pile of pillows, totally unmoving. I thought she was trying to Zen her way out of the pain, horror, and disgust she was feeling.

I was partially right. The pain was welcomed by her, as she murmured in both pleasure and

torment.

Fahd eventually roused. supposed hed slept the sleep of the ignorantly despicable. He shoved me rudely off his lap and I rolled onto the floor next to Shahad. "You're a worthless cunt if ever there Was one," he told me. Ill beat you close CO death and fle: L complaint with Negasi, f I don't see some improvement in your ability to please me."

Of course, right before he'd passed out, Id made him cum twice with my mouth. What he said and how he acted had nothing to do with reality. I knew that, but I didn't know what to do with that knowledge, to prevent harm to me, Shahad, and Muna.

Yes ... Muna. She was a woman like me. She was even originally Western. I wanted to protect her.

I, Fatina, was, at that time, the greatest whore of the Enakazin perhaps the greatest ever. needed to protect the lessor whores. They look up to me. That's how [felt then, based on all my experiences over the past, more than five years, at the Retreat and Pastel Harem.

Fahd reached over to Shahad and squeezed both of her breasts, from top to bottom, until they were nearly flat along the axis where the needles still pierced her.

Shahad was trying, now unsuccessfully, to cover her pain. The rude needles extended above and below her lovely breasts. They must have hurt terribly after this long of time thrust through her. With Fahd's squeezing, the torment would surely have been awful.

Yes,I watched as the face of my lover contorted in pain, then relaxed into a look of undisguised, orgasmic bliss.

lf feared that I'd lost my Love to the agony of the painfully aroused forever.

Moments later a young female servant, topless but wearing burnt-orange, very full pantaloons, entered the chambers. She carried a pouch, the contents not at all obvious. I didn't find out what they were until much later, after all of us had been caught upin Fahd's desires or delusions. The girl set the pouch on the floor, somewhat near Fahd and behind me to the right. She bowed, and backed swiftly out of the room.

"Come back here!" Fahd yelled. The servant-a cute, pleasant girl, who had served me and Yusef a few times - was one of the King's retinue, not an Enakazin houri. She stopped dead in her tracks. She immediately returned and knelt just inside the door, facing the Prince but prostrate on the floor, her and hands extended toward Fahd in supplication.

A look of disorientation passed over Fahd's face and, for a minute or so, I thought hed forgotten why he asked the girl to remain. The room was eerily quiet. Then Fahd bid the girl rise and come over to him. He pointed to Shahad, who remained on the floor with the needles

thrust through her breasts.

"How do you like her piercings, Maryam?" He asked the girl in a completely normal voice. I knew right then what I'd suspected was true; Fahd was a manic depressive, rising up and crashing down independent of what was actually happening around him.

Maryam was visibly shaking, no more sure of what to say to Fahd than I'd been. I felt sorry for the girl. At some point, Fahd would leave here and I wouldn't have to see him again. This girl would go with him.

"You... Your Highness" Maryam stammered. "The needles look quite painful."

"Slip the fingers of each of your hands under the needles and pull up on them at the same time," he ordered. Maryam hesitated for the briefest moment.

"DO IT! Fahd exploded at her.

With her tiny hands shaking, she grasped the needles, looking sadly into Shahad's eyes. She pulled up gingerly.

"PULL THEM, GIRL!" He shouted.

His outburst shocked her and she pulled up at the needles. I could hear Shahad's intake of breath at the pain she felt. Shahad's hands moved to her nipples, which she began to squeeze. The girl relaxed her pulling, then jerked up again. Fahd nodded and she repeated the cycle until Shahad came from the pain, pinching and twisting her nipples and pulling the rings piercing them in the process.

The girl looked shocked. I doubted she'd ever seen a woman cum from pain alone.

"Wouldn't you like to be able to do that?" Fahd asked her cruelly.

Maryam looked at him with open mouth, unable to speak.

"Probably not, eh?" Fahd said. Maryam was still speechless. "Now that I look, your nipples aren't even pierced, are they?"

"No... Your Highness."

"Fatima, move your fat ass and make yourself useful, if you want to lessen the danger of the little experiment I'm going to do with you in a few minutes."

"Yes Master" I said rising.

"Pierce Maryam's nipples for her"

Well, I didn't see that one coming. The girl jerked in surprise. I thought her lucky, there were many worse things he could have said.

"What would you like me to use, Master?" I asked.

He opened the leather pouch again and pulled out a very long needle, probably almost 20 centimeters, and rather thick for piercing nipples, I thought, especially given Maryam's small little nubs. It had a ball at one end and what looked like a removable sharp at the other end. It was very similar to the needles that had been used to pierce my hands and feet during my introduction to real, pain-induced arousal.

"This should do nicely. Push it through one, then the other so that it's piercing them both. Then take off the tip and replace it with this ball. When Fatina is done, Maryam, go find one of Negasis minions and have them put some rings in those things, and return here with the needle"

"Yes Highness," she said as her eyes misted up. She scared. The kind part of me, which was pretty deeply suppressed at the moment, felt sorry for the poor girl.

Fahd was fiddling with a compartment in the pouch. He extracted a 15-centimeter, gently double-curved, steel rod about 5 millimeters in diameter. It had a slightly textured surface and rounded, blunt ends. I recognized it from the erotic education I'd received during my early training at the Enakazin after we first arrived. It was a sound, a short one for use on females. It was designed to be inserted into the urethra, to build sensation there. I'd never used one or had one used on me. The not-very-common fetish was known as sounding.

He pulled out two other rough-surfaced sounds, perhaps 7 and 10 millimeters in diameter, along with a tube of lubricant and some sterile wipes. Then he turned to me again.

"Sound her first, and leave it in while you pierce her. Maryam, lay down here in front of me so I can watch how well Fatina does what I commanded." I could see the girl was very nervous. Fahd produced surgical gloves for me to wear. I cleaned her vulva with the wipe, and used another one on the sound.

Maryam lay there and closed her eyes tightly, trying to hold back fearful tears. I couldn't help but feel sorry for the young woman, who seemed naive and inexperienced. I guessed she was only about 20. She had a pleasant figure and pert, little, almost-B-cup breasts. Her very dark brown hair tumbled around her like a halo when she lay before the prince.

I wanted to tell her not to be afraid, but I thought if I said anything, Fahd might make things worse for her. Instead, I got right to work. I tried to look like an expert to Fahd, even though I barely knew what I was doing.

lubed the sound and opened the girls vulva. As I expected, her urethral opening was small. I felt her body quiver as I positioned the sound and slowly rotated it to ease it into her. Fahd watched her reaction with manic eyes.

The sound slid into her with little effort while she emitted tiny, bleating whimpers, almost like a kitten being tortured. I didn't think I was hurting her; I suspected her moans were from fear more than discomfort.

I had certainly come to love the stimulation my Princess Albertina gave me as it rotated in and out of my urethra. I thought she might come to appreciate the feeling of the sound.

Fahd must have read my thoughts. "I suspect you'll come to like this, Maryam. I hope so, for your sake. I intend to see if I can stretch you enough that I can eventually fuck you there." Maryam gasped in shock at his words. I'd heard houris claim they knew someone who was stretched enough to be penetrated by man's finger or penis there, but I never believed the stories, because they were all second or third-hand. The women who'd been stretched supposedly had, by the time their urethra was open enough for a finger, become incontinent because of permanent damage to their urethral sphincter. They were also highly susceptible to urinary tract infections. I felt sorry for Maryam, if Fahd ended up having his way with her. I decided to talk to Yusef about it at the first opportunity.

I could tell by feel that I'd reached her bladder, even though I'd never done this before. I pushed it a little way into her bladder and told Fahd it was all the way in. He told me to move it around and rotate it a little. The young woman moaned at the strange and unusual sensations. A few more tears formed at the corners of her eyes, which were still tightly closed.

"Leave it there while you pierce her nipples," he instructed. The sound was sticking several centimeters up from her vulva.

It wasn't tight and I thought it a better initial fit for her than either of the other two sounds. Since it was in her bladder, and not all that tight, all I feared she'd piss herself, with the sound opening her bladder, and the urine leaking down her urethra. If she did, I hoped that Faha wouldn't punish her.

Using a bottle of alcohol and a cotton ball from his pouch, I wiped her nipples, areola and the needle, at least trying to keep the girl from getting an infection, given that these were not ideal piercing conditions. I pulled out her nipple and clamped it with forceps. She winced.

I decided quick was better for the poor girl, and readied the long needle to penetrate her flesh. I placed it against her left nipple, at the base. She felt it, and immediately jerked upward. I roughly pushed her back.

"Be still, Maryam, I said to try to calm her?" It was a warning about Fahd, and I think she

got it.

I was going to pierce this young woman because I'd been commanded to. I suspected Fahd would require that the piercings heal before he released her from either the needle, or actual nipple jewelry. I wanted to do good job so as not to mutilate her loveliness. I carefully positioned the thick needle, and pushed it through the base of her small, lovely nub.

"Owwwww! She exclaimed in a long burst as the needle entered and exited the tip of her tit at the very base of her nipple, pressed against her areola. In an instant, she pissed herself around the snug, but not tight sound. She had no control, of course, and was entirely in my hands, which were being commanded by Fahd. Fahd saw her sweet nipple stabbed and he responded with his eyes aglow with the pleasure of the Dom sadist.

Fahd reached down, grabbed her right hand, and bent her thumb painfully backward. "Aaahhh/" She screamed.

"Be silent, or swear to you that will remove this thumb with a hatchet. Do you understand?" Fahd asked, once more returning to normal, after a manic outburst.

"Of course I will be silent, Master! Please don't hurt me, Your Highness!" The poor girl begged. "I live to serve you" she added. I thought it was contrived, but I had to applaud her for enough presence-of-mind to try to get the volatile prince to be reasonable.

The problem was that Fahd, though doubtless many things, was seldom reasonable.

I clamped her right nipple and prepared to push the long needle through it, at the base. Oh, how I hated needles! Even holding this one was almost unbearable for me!

"Stop!" Fahd said. I didn't want to hear him say anything, because I knew he was displeased with poor, inexperienced Maryam. After all, she was a simple servant, not a courtesan familiar with the demands of her own or anyone's else's sexuality. Before I could pierce her other tit, he demanded that I "Remove the sound from within her and replace it with the 7-millimeter rod."

I did. First, I released the clamp from her right tit, and I could tell it hurt as blood rushed back to it. Once again, the pretty young thing shed a tear, shivered when I inserted the sound, bucked upward and... and the little novice houri came! Right there! From an invader in her pee-hole!

I'd never seen it before or since. With a BIG needle pushed through her left nipple, and a substantial, roughly-surfaced, metal rod pushed into her all the way to her bladder, she orgasmed!

Then she pissed herself again in little dribbles that managed to flow around the snug sound rod.

"Fatina, wouldn't you say she needs a thicker sound?" Fahd asked me. He wasn't asking, of course. He knew what he wanted, and his interest held sway.

Without hesitation, I removed the 7-mm sound, sterilized and lubed the 10-mm sound, and began to insert it into the young woman.

This was big a full centimeter and it was too much for her. Regardless, I kept at it over the next ten minutes, while the needle dangled from her single pierced nipple. Finally, her urethra responded to the cautious stretching until she was used to having a centimeter-thick, rough steel rod in her pee-maker. Maryam didn't piss herself anymore. There was space for pee. She was full-up with the steel rod, which I finally pushed through the opening to her bladder.

"Finish piercing her," Fahd commanded. I was surprised that he'd managed to be patient while I sounded her with the big rod. He'd watched the entire exercise with total, fascinated intensity.

I re-wiped her right nipple, re-clamped it, and pushed the rod through. The ball end of the rod was now near the outside of her left nipple. I unscrewed the sharp tip and screwed another ball on it. The body of the needle forced her breasts together, somewhat closer than their natural position, and held there by the ball-covered ends of the rod pressing against her nipples. The effect was to give her something resembling a slight cleavage that wasn't there before.

"Leave her sounded," Fahd commanded, tapping the pillow next to him to indicate Maryam should sit next to him. He turned his attention to Shahad.

By now, with the needles still piercing her breasts, the pain had caused Shahad to fall into a trance-like state. Fahd had me get her up and, with her in something of a stupor, lead her over to a set of posts, and lock her into place using autolocking carabiners clipped to the rings mounted in her hands and ankles. She stood there, arms and legs spread to the posts, with two needles pointing up through her breasts. Her breasts had, of course, grown some as she was plumped up. Now however, with the presence of the needles, they had begun to swell further from inflammation.

"Select a crop and beat her breasts, Fatina. Hold nothing back, or T11 make it worse for both of you."

His words horrified me. How could anyone be that cruel to a lovely, innocent young woman? Not sexually innocent, but innocent of any wrongdoing whatsoever. I hated Fahd with a raging passion at that moment.

I stared at the crops on a side table. Apparently, I took too long because Fahd told me to get on with it. I was sure he knew about my feelings for Shahad, and that was the reason he

concentrated his sadistic punishments on her. I suspected that Maryam was simply a passing diversion, a victim of convenience. When I turned toward him with a crop in my hand, he had Maryam sitting next to him and Muna kneeling in front, felling him.

I stepped up to Shahad, sick to my stomach, an anxious tightness binding my chest. If I hesitated even a moment, I knew I wouldn't be able to do this, so as soon as I stepped up to her, I swung the crop across her breasts.

She didn't scream or whimper. She faintly smiled at me and nodded, almost imperceptively. I hit her again. She made a slight "oomph" sound, and her face contorted a little. I hit her again and again.

She climaxed immediately after the fourth blow landed on her nipples.

"Stop!" Fahd called out. He watched Shahad quiver with her pain-induced orgasm. When she was spent, he told me to continue. Six blows later, she came again, then her eyes rolled back in their sockets and she slumped limply, her body now hanging forward, held insensate from the rings in her hands.

Chapter 12 - Hurts Me

"Well that was... fun.. while it lasted," Fahd said chuckling. "Did you like that, Maryam?"

She looked horrified, but responded with, "Yes Your Highness."

I bent to unhook the shackles from the rings in Shahad's ankles. "Leave her, I'm done with her for now," Fahd ordered. I wanted to protest and opened my mouth to say something, then saw Muna very slightly shake her head. Somehow, with a deep desire to kill that bastard, I held my tongue.

"On second thought, since you're so good at it, sound her and then come over here."

"I... cannot sound her, Master," I stuttered. "She has been altered. She no longer has the front opening."

"Oh... yes ... part of the Kabir process. She pisses out of her ass now, right? Ha! Ha! What the fuck must that be like! By Allah, that is funny on so many God damn levels ...! Do you know how to sound her through her back door?"

"I do not, Master," I responded, hoping the idea would die there. My dentures were gone, thrown somewhere across the room, so I still slurred my words.

"Well, since I don't know how to instruct you on sounding her through the revised plumbing within her back door, come over here and lie spread-eagle on the bed. Muna, fasten her

down. have something special planned. Remove her wig, too."

Muna had me bound to four bedposts in short order. She fluffed up my flattened white hair after removing my wig.

"I do hate to waste a good sound, now that the rods are unwrapped " Fahd mused sickly. "Muna, go ahead and sound her. You shouldn't have much trouble getting past her Princess Albertina. Start with the 5. millimeter sound and if it isn't tight, move up to the 7."

With some trepidation, I saw Muna lubricate the smaller sound and felt her spread my outers, the only labial I had left. I felt a smooth, cold hardness against my pee hole, which also pressed on the ring through it. I felt the coldness enter me slowly. I had never experienced the sensation before. It slightly resembled the pleasant feeling of the Princess Albertina, but it was tight, then stretching, then deeper. I was being penetrated, after all Your urethra -if you're female or, I suppose, even if you're male- is familiar with the feeling of liquid passing through it from the inside out, but the solid sound rod was different, backwards, filling me from the outside in. That reversed sensation was more intense, slightly painful in a good sort of way, and coupled with the feeling of being fucked in an unusual place.

I felt the rod go further and further into me, and then it must have entered my bladder, because there was snap-like sensation. I could feel some liquid movement.

Fahd took the sound and moved it around, turning it and moving it slightly in and out. The rod was very slightly rough and I could feel the motion. It hurt and felt ... painful and interesting at the same time.

"Too loose," he said, and told Muna to replace it with the 7-millimeter sound.

It hurt more when Muna sounded me with the larger rod, but once in place, I was able to relax a little. Fahd played with it and I began to feel aroused. It was a different, peculiar arousal, seemingly coming from somewhere where it shouldn't. I actually found myself glad for the experience, though I can't imagine ever getting used to it.

But it was good because it was novel. I am such an irredeemable sex addict, and a masochist to boot. In spite of myself, I seem to find every new sexual experience interesting and enticing, whether it's by choice or forced upon me.

"Put this cushion behind her neck and pull her head back, Muna" " Fahd instructed. My head was pulled back so far that: found myself looking mostly upside-down, at the wall behind me, my nostrils pointed up toward the ceiling and at Fahd. I partially opened my toothless mouth to relieve the pressure below my chin.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Fahd pull a long, 4 or 5-millimeter-thick chain out of the mysterious pouch Maryam had brought, when she first entered the suite. He turned toward

me and pushed down on my forehead, telling Muna to keep a tight grip on my hair. If she let me move, he said he'd cut her, whatever that meant. In her pussy at least, there was nothing left to cut. Actually, "in her pussy" was an oxymoron, since she had no pussy.

I felt the tip of the chain against my nose; then he was slowly lowering it into my left nostril!

I jerked without thinking, but Muna had a very firm grip on my medium-length hair, holding my head in place, virtually unmovable. The feeling of something in my nose was an awful tickle, and I felt like I was being violated in an unexpected place, yet again.

"No, no, Master! I cried out without thinking. "Don't put that in my nose! I was irrationally horrified by the thought of something metal inside my head.

"Be quiet, Fatina, or I swear I will cut off your clit!" I felt the chain drop into my nostril. I really, really hated that feeling!

"Twiddle her sound, Maryam," Fahd instructed. "I'll help move her focus away from her face. A moment later, I felt the sound move within me, slowly, carefully. The changing pressure within my urethra was disrupting. I felt a need to pee, but I couldn't. It would have made me anxious and totally disconcerted, but for the new invasion of my head. The chain was still dropping into my nose!

Fahd worked the chain back and forth, lowering it farther each time. The feeling was slightly painful and very disturbing. After a couple minutes, I could feel the chain in the back of my throat! My nose tickled and mucus dripped down my throat.

I have no gag reflex anymore, but I could feel what seemed most like a wad of phlegm in my throat. It was actually the chain. Fahd forced my mouth open more and told me to gag, and essentially throw-up the chain. It took several horrible, mostly involuntary attempts, but I finally did and he was able to grasp it in the back of my mouth and pull it out, over my empty upper gums!

He ran it back and forth. It entered my nose as he pulled it out of my mouth, then it entered my mouth as he pulled it out of my nose! "Every head needs good flossing from time-to-time," he said, laughing. I started to puke, then tried with all my might to control it out of fear that I'd actually vomit into my own sinuses. I fought the horror of him running a chain through my head!

He left the chain in place and reached for another one. I wanted to scream for him to stop, but I was too afraid of what he'd do to me if I said anything. I thought he might trip my head apart with the chain!

The new chain dropped into my right nostril. Somehow, he caused it to find its way into my throat. He again demanded that I cough or gag it up. I was unable to resist coughing, hacking,

and even gagging anyway.

After several horrid disruptions, he grabbed the second chain and pulled it through my mouth. Now, my head was bound with two chains through either side of my nose and out of my mouth.

This was nowhere near the worst pain I'd ever felt, but it was the most alarming and disquieting sensation of my life. Having: metal chain threaded through your head, held by someone else who could jerk your head around as result was awful. I wanted to scream for him to let me go. I even started to, before he pulled the chains tightly, jerking my nose, mouth and the inside of me, and then slapped my head with the flat of his fist, first on one side, then the other!

'Ahh! Agg! Agag! Ughh/ Ma... Ma.. Mastagh!" I couldn't talk properly but I wanted this to stop! This was too much of a personal invasion of my body! He'd bound my head from within! He was inside my fucking head! No one should be within my head like this! I couldn't stand it + I] don't think I've ever felt so invaded, controlled, so likely to lose my mind!

Ignoring me, Fahd pulled up tightly on the chains and fastened both ends of each to clips on a low cross-bar at the head of the bed, just above me, causing my head to be pulled up and back by the chain through my sinuses, exposing my neck. The feeling of being secured through my nose, mouth, and- worst of all - my sinuses, was dreadful, uncomfortable, painful. The idea of it was even worse. I had chains running through my head in places that they never should have been! They were being used to secure my head!! LIVED IN MY HEAD!

Once he'd fastened me, Fahd turned his attention to the snug sound in my potty-maker. I tried to lie still, to avoid any puling within my head, but it was almost impossible as he rotated the textured rod and slid it in and out.

This Was .control and torture worthy of hell. I think, for a long time, I lost my mind. I couldn't get past having chains through my head and a rod in my pee hole. It was phobia, I suppose, the likes of which I'd never experienced before. Far worse than needles!

A diminutive Tia, her orange hair in a never-before-seen short buzz, appeared above me, holding onto the bar to which my head was fastened like a gymnast about to launch into her routine. She was laughing!

"I never would have thought up that one!" She announced to me alone. Then she swung up above the bar, somersaulted into the air, and disappeared with a "Pop" audible only to me.

My wrists and ankles were shackled to the brass bedposts. My nose, sinuses, mouth and head were likewise chained to a bar connecting the two posts. A sound was planted securely in my pee hole. Muna had released my hair. Fahd told her to play with my sound, pushing it farther into me until only a centimeter or so was sticking out. He intended to fuck me, from the top,

but wanted me sounded while he as did it. Once the sound was in me as far as he wanted, some centimeters into my bladder, he had Muna plug my well-stretched rosebud with a very large butt plug Then he shoved a penis-shaped dildo into my mouth and down my throat. It was long, but not too thick. I could breathe just enough around it, without having it extracted. The blockage was enough, however, to keep me gasping to draw adequate air into my lungs. He fastened it with straps that went behind my head.

I couldn't move. I could barely even twitch. As Fahd entered me, I realized I was as tightly filled as fever had been. My body was invaded through my head and mouth, and through every hole in my intimacies. There were too many sensations, too many points of focus for my mind to handle.

Fahd reached down and fastened a clover clip to my clitoris, below my to clit ring, and pulled up on its chain to make it bite into me. That added yet another invasion point. I was near crazed with things stuck in or on my body. Fahd straddled me and pushed his hard member into my vagina.

Fahd's iron-like penis was very tight within me because of everything else stuck into me down there. Had he not been about as hard as steel, he would have been too tight to fuck me in and out. But he was exceedingly hard, obviously turned on by everything he'd done to Shahad, Maryam, and me. So far, Muna had been spared any torment, at least since I'd gotten there. The prince seemed to want her as an assistant at this point.

Once he'd established his motion, he tugged hard on the clover clamp and lay his lower abdomen flat on me, pinning the chain into its tugging extension. He rested on his elbows, looking down at my chained head. My head was pulled back so far by the chains fastened to the bar, that I could barely look down enough to see Fahd. When I did manage to see him, his eyes were crazed and saliva was dripping from the corner of his mouth, where he held his tongue slightly extended.

I felt his fingers slip behind my neck. His thumbs were positioned on either side. I think he looked down at my nipples to gauge my arousal. That wasn't a very good indicator for me, as my nipples were always hard. I was aroused, however. I was in some quasi-unreal state caught between the probing of my body, my masochistic reaction to it, and various points of pain and horror.

I wanted this session to be over with, and thought I could speed it up by appearing to be aroused. There was little opportunity for me to work my arousal magic on Fahd, bound as I was. In addition, there was so much stuff in my crotch that it was impossible to make effective use of my Kegels.

I moaned with mostly faked pleasure and repeatedly whispered, "My Prince," when it became clear that this sick bastard liked that. It was not possible to do my mental trick with him, to make him my virtual lover for our time together.

Fahd positioned his thumbs behind my ears, sliding them down and probing. In a moment, they stopped in position on either side of my neck, and I realized they were over my carotid arteries. Fahd continued to pump me with a steady, fast rhythm, but he raised up to see my upturned eyes in clear focus as he began to squeeze my neck, pressing my carotids closed with his thumbs.

I'm sure my eyes must have become enormous, because I feared for my life. I thought Fahd was sinister enough to snuff me out right then, both to be evil toward me, and to hurt his brother; I was sure Fahd knew that Yusef truly cared about me. The pressure continued and I tried to say something but the dildo down my throat prevented any intelligible speech at all and the chaining of my head through my sinuses made it impossible for me to shake my head "no."

Because of how I was bound, struggling was out of the question. As the moments lengthened, I started feeling giddy and lightheaded. My field of vision shrunk some, and everything darkened. I heard a roaring in my ears and then the pleasure I was feeling from my groin started to rise swiftly towards climax. If I had been able to draw anything but the barest of breaths, the experience would have been breathtaking. I'd rarely, if ever, felt stimulated and aroused everywhere. It was like the greatest high I'd ever encountered.

I struggled to keep my head from moving because of the chains in it. I let my body shake as much as it could, given that I was tied spread-eagle with Fahd on top of me. As my brain starved of oxygen, I entered the lucid, semi-hallucinogenic state of hypoxia. Thinking back on the experience later, it was like taking a drug and getting the best high of your life. When it comes to sexual excitement, I'm sure heroin or cocaine has nothing on blood choking, which is what Fahd was doing to me.

The climax hit me like a hydrogen bomb. I dissolved into nothingness. I was merely a mist of pleasure, devoid of body or mind. The orgasm was monumental and all-consuming. There are no words sufficient to describe it. It was like being with God.

And then I was no more. For some seconds, or minutes or hours, I was nothing.

I regained consciousness gagging, choking and completely confused. I couldn't move my head. There was pressure on my body. I didn't know where I was, nor what was happening to me. I could only sense the wrongness of the state I was in. My vision didn't return immediately.

After a while, I realized my pussy was being pumped. I had fleeting memories of what God had done to me, but I couldn't understand why God was so concerned with a common whore. Why would I deserve such attention and pleasure from God?

I felt pressure on each side of my neck again, and the escalating pleasure returned. I gasped for breath, for I could still feel something in my mouth and throat. I couldn't understand what

was holding my head rigid. I tried to move it and it just felt wrong, so I held still.

My pussy was alight with tight arousal and the pleasure was building. I had a flash of vision and then it dissipated. I heard the buzzing in my ears again. I could swear I could hear and feel the rush of blood to my head. Then the flow stopped and the climax returned in full-force. I orgasmed as before, with the same physical-world abandon, and was reduced to a mere ooze of orgasmic pleasure.

With the climax hitting me in one, never-ending wave, I passed from this world into oblivion again.

I don't know how many times Fahd did that to me, cutting off the blood flow to my brain while fucking me, to give me an hypoxic orgasm. I suspect it was many times. I don't wonder if he caused permanent damage to me, I now know that he did. Since that day, my hands quiver sometimes, and they didn't before. I also found that when I had a particularly intense orgasm thereafter, my mind would completely blank and it was several minutes before I could think again. Something was disrupted or rewired in my brain as a result of Fahd's repeatedly depriving it of oxygenated blood. Though he gave me a succession of orgasmic experiences to which I would forever after compare any powerful climax, it wasn't worth the long-term impairments he caused me.

Now, of course, that's irrelevant.

I awoke much later. I was still trussed up by hands, feet and head. The butt plug and sound were still in me, but the clover clamp was no longer on my clit, and the dildo was not in my throat and mouth.

There was a steady smacking sound - sometimes followed by very low moans, sometimes not - coming from elsewhere in the room. My eyes were pointed up and back, so I couldn't see directly what was happening. My vision was darker than normal anyway, it was not very clear, and I had no peripheral vision at all.

After a while, my peripheral vision returned and I could just make out Fahd beating Muna and Maryam with a steel whipping rod. At least I thought it was Muna. She was shackled to the posts where Shahad had been. Maryam was tied to one of the posts with both hands fastened above her head. She moaned when Fahd struck her. She was in no way prepared for the severity of the beating that was being delivered via the nasty metal rod to her back, butt, and legs. Muna was silent. [I suspected she was becoming aroused, if she hadn't climaxed already.

I stirred very slightly and saw Shahad move into my field of view and kiss me on the side of my forehead. The needles were still thrust through her lovely breasts. A little blood had leaked out to the inside of one breast, which I could see.

"Are you alright?" Shahad whispered into my ear. "Don't talk out loud, lest Fahd hears you. Blink twice if you're alright, and think you'll be okay."

I didn't think I was alright, but I wasn't dying either. I assumed I'd recover, so I blinked twice.

Perhaps five minutes later, Fahd stopped and turned to Shahad. "Shahad, do you know how to split tongues?"

"No master, it requires some skill to avoid immobilizing the muscle by cutting the wrong nerves. I never learned."

"Oh.. too bad. Well then, just come over here, bring my knife, and cut this irritating girl's tongue off. Or totally out, I don't care. I'm tired of hearing her moan and mumble." "Your Highness," Shahad spoke up, taking a chance that the violent Fahd wouldn't turn on her. "I can probably fetch Dr. Wtanna to do the split in a few minutes." Fahd said nothing but I heard him walk over to me and saw him stare down. "Fatima, stick out your tongues!"

I did. Without the dildo in my mouth, that was no problem. The chains through my sinuses ran almost along the top of my mouth, over my now sore gums, and out over my upper lip. My tongues were free to

move.

I had 5-millimeter gold balls mounted through the permanent grommets in each tongue.

"How are those balls held in position?" Fahd asked me.

"They are fit through four permanent grommets, Your Highness." I lisped, as my tongue slipped along the chains at the roof of my mouth.

"Shahad, tell Wtanna to come here to split a tongue, fasten grommets into it, and put big, thick rings in some already-pierced nipples. Quickly! Have her bring some of that healing balm Negasi tells me you use

here."

"Hyperhealant. Yes, Your Highness," Shahad said and scurried away as fast as her unfortunately stiffened feet would allow her to go. I suppose she hurried to get Dr. Wtanna to come before Fahd lost patience and started cutting out tongues on his own.

"It's time to give you some more attention," Fahd said, looking down at me. "I wouldn't want Yusef thinking I'd taken you away from him and then ignored you."

Before I knew it, the dildo was back down my throat, the clover clip was digging into my clitoris,

and Fahd was mounting me. I was sure was to going to be blood choked again and again. That had been an incredible high and an unbelievable orgasmic experience. As pure sexual play and a pathway to orgasm, it was unsurpassed, and I realized I looked forward to experiencing the astonishing, rapture-like pleasure. But it frightened me terribly. I was afraid of permanent brain damage, or even death.

The decision of what to do to me was, of course, out of my hands.

Fahd's penis moved purposefully in and out of me. His hands closed about my throat and I could feel the pressure from his thumbs.

Over the next 24 hours, I would experience the orgasmic, choking ecstasy again and again. Each time, Shahad and Muna told me later, my recovery would take longer and longer. In between, the violations of me, Fatina, as a human being worthy of some level of respect, would continue.

Fahd was an equal-opportunity sadist. He tortured Shahad and Muna with beatings and other violations of their bodies, but he especially tormented Maryam. The poor, sweet girl was the focus of his attempts to turn her to something less than . pretty, young, human woman. Fahd wanted her to become a blank slate in basic, fundamental pain, ready for his every whim, and his every command. He wanted her primed to seek anything that would free her from the horror he intended to, and On did, inflict on her youthful innocence.

Thinking back on it, I'm ashamed to say that in some way - though with a much more dastardly intent, I'm sure - Fahd tormented Maryam like Dyana and had tormented poor Toni Pintaudi, now my sweet surrogate, Eshe. I feared we might be different only by a matter of degree. I hoped I was wrong.

Because of what was done to deprive my brain of oxygenated blood, I don't remember the splitting of, and insertion of grommets into Maryam's tongue, or the doctor ringing her nipples with 4-millimeter-thick, 4-centimeter, round rings.

Fortunately, Shahad had deflected Fahd from cutting the poor girl's tongue out altogether. Shahad told me all of this later, but I don't remember anything from the time it happened. Only at Shahad's second telling, did I remember the episode. have no recollection of the destruction of Maryam, when she was being beaten again or deprived of the kindness of the people around her, because of Fahd's isolation, which happened repeatedly, until Fahd had reduced the young girl to a sniveling, beaten-down version of the attractive, pleasant young woman she had been.

Through this episode, I think Maryam learned something I already knew deep in my soul: human beings, male or female, were capable of intense cruelty, and callous disregard for their fellow creatures.

I was subject to episodes of blood choking over and over again, through that day, night, and the next day. I recall little. I had rare moments of clarity, interspersed with moments of pure ecstasy, and what seemed to be long times where I don't know if I existed at all. When it finally ended, I wasn't able to think. My world consisted of pain and pleasure, patches of unrecognizable color, and random sounds. None of my memories are of happenings or events, only of impressions and feelings.

I think the first vivid, mostly normal memory had after Fahd finished with me was being carried, sprawled out in the arms of a strong, handsome man with intense eyes, short hair, and a swarthy complexion.

I couldn't tell who he was, though I could see his face clearly. I couldn't move more than a tiny bit. I couldn't speak at all. Everything beyond the man's face was just patches of color.

I was laid on a bed - I think it was a bed, not the ubiquitous pillows that were everywhere around the King's apartments at the E in. I remember the handsome face bending over me. He said something which was unintelligible to me. I remember opening my mouth and trying to tell him I didn't understand, but I didn't know how to talk. I didn't even know who I was, or where I was.

Sometime later - it could have been in minutes or hours - I was taken to the infirmary. I partially awakened there to see someone bending over me, poking at one of my eyes. Once again, I could see the face but not tell who it was. I still couldn't speak, meaning I couldn't figure out how to. The person said something to me that sounded like gibberish, and then I was out again.

Apparently, I was in and out of consciousness in short episodes over the next week. I was treated with some new drug that was supposed to fix whatever Fahd had done to my brain by depriving it of oxygen repeatedly over an entire day and night. The affect had been like a stroke in many ways, though there was no clot blocking any blood supply to my brain afterwards.

When the course of the drug was completed, I was brought back to consciousness, with the intention of keeping me awake normally. Yusef was holding my hand when I came to.

"Hello, Fatina," he said.

I understood him. "I am happy to see you, Your Highness," I managed to croak out. My voice was weak and scratchy from disuse.

"You must call me Yusef, my sweet."

"I cannot do that, Master. Neither Negasi nor your father would approve."

"That is no longer an issue, I assure you. I'll explain later."

let it drop. I was simply delighted that I could talk and understand again. "Am I going to be alright?" I asked him.

"It appears that any obvious damage caused by Fahd's treatment of you has been corrected by the medication and care you received."

"Fahd.." I started to say, but Yusef cut me off.

"He is no longer here, and he is no longer a concern of yours. You need to rest and become strong again. I want our remaining time here to be time to get to know each other even better." I was tempted to argue with him on that. I was a houri of the Enakazin. Even I would admit was not a suitable companion, let alone love interest, for a crown prince. let it drop when he placed a finger over my lips and said, "I won't tolerate any argument on the matter. After all, my father married one of his concubines, and she became my mother."

Married? I thought. Then I was distracted as Dr. Wtanna entered and got me up, with help from Yusef. I sat naked in a chair for a while, then Yusef helped me walk slowly down a hall to a solarium on one side of the infirmary. We visited until tired. In spite of my determination to make the most of every moment with Yusef, and his equal resoluteness, we decided that I should return to my room and rest.

Shahad visited me that evening. She seemed haggard but, overall, 10 worse for the wear. The wounds in her breasts from Fahd's needles had been fully healed by hyperhealants. She and Muna had been monopolized by the King himself. She'd found the ruler to be unusually virile for his age, with a refined sense of the infliction of pain for the arousal of women like Shahad and Muna.

I asked her what had happened after Fahd had begun to blood choke me. She told me that, after Dr. Wtanna had finished splitting and grommeting Maryam's tongue and ringing her nipples, Shahad became concerned about how often Fahd was choking to unconsciousness, even though I was clearly ecstatic about the orgasms he was giving me.

She had tried to get him to back off and let me recover some, but he'd have none of her advice. In a fit of anger, he had backhanded her so hard she'd been knocked out. At that point, she resolved to get out of there and warn someone of what was being done to me. Her opportunity didn't come until the next afternoon, while he was beating poor Maryam into unconsciousness, with Muna also fastened to the posts, having just been whipped to orgasm. Shahad had simply slipped out, ignoring the consequences to herself when Fahd found out.

She rushed immediately to Yusef's quarters, in the hopes that he would intervene. Unfortunately, he wasn't there. It took her an hour to locate him, and tell him what Fahd was doing to me, and the young, inexperienced Maryam. She told me that at the news, Yusef's eyes had blazed with an intensity she'd never seen before. They sped out of the courtyard

garden where she'd found him, with him dragging her behind him by her hand. When he realized she couldn't keep up, he scooped her up into his arms and carried her, running as fast as he could.

When they'd arrived in Fahd's chamber of horrors, he had been blood choking me while fucking me yet again. Muna and Maryam were both slumped unconscious, hanging from their post bindings.

Shahad said Yusef erupted in an anger so deep that it was unlike anything she'd ever imagined. He pulled Fahd off of me and tossed him aside as though he weighed no more than a pillow. Yusef bent to examine me. While he was intent on checking my injuries, Fahd had picked up a substantial steel rod and raised it, held by both hands, to bring it down on his brother's head. Shahad had screamed "Yusef!" Using the prince's name without even thinking.

Yusef turned in time to avoid the dramatic blow to his head, which might have killed him, and took it on his muscular shoulder instead. That's when the fight began between the two brothers.

Though hurt, Yusef quickly gained the upper hand. Fahd grabbed his brother around the waist, mostly to keep Yusef from coming at him with more devastating blows. Eventually they fell to the floor, and Yusef began pounding Fahd mercilessly. This went on for what seemed a long time to Shahad, but must have been less than a minute. Watching the pummeling, Shahad feared that Yusef would beat his brother to death, which appeared very much to be his intention.

Shahad had no positive feelings for Fahd at all but she didn't want his kind brother to carry the burden of fratricide for the rest of his life, nor did she want that to hang over any relationship he might have with me. She went to Yusef and put her arms around his shoulders to get him to stop, saying "Please, Master, you are killing your brother."

He threw her off effortlessly and resumed the beating. Fahd's face was a bloody mess and she thought both his left arm and thumb were bent back at an unnatural angle. She tried to grab Yusef again, begging him to stop.

He turned to her with animalistic ferocity in his eyes, his face contorted in an anger so profound that Shahad screamed at the sight of the enraged man. She thought he was going to attack her, when his face suddenly drained of the rage that had enveloped him, his eyes lost their crazed look, and his arms slumped to his side.

"Highness?" Was all she could say.

With his voice merely a croaking parody of a human voice, he told her, "Call for help." Then he rushed to me, picked me up in his arms, and ran with me all the way to the infirmary.

Yusef had, indeed, beaten Fahd to within an inch of his life. The evil prince was taken by helicopter to a hospital in their country, near their home. He would recover fully, including his shattered nose, eye socket, elbow and thumb joints, but it would take a couple months, even with hyperhealants which Negasi graciously provided.

Fortunately, there were video recordings of everything that went on in Fahd's chambers. Negasi had computer-monitored cameras installed as insurance against false accusations by the volatile prince, which had happened on a previous visit. Unfortunately, the room hadn't been monitored in real time.

After reviewing the video, the King was aghast at Fahd's blatant cruelty and disregard for the lives and safety of the women who had served him. Privately, he praised Yusef for stepping in. He wasn't pleased with the severity of the beating Yusef had visited on his brother, but admitted that it was at least understandable and somewhat justified.

Yusef confided in me that he believed the King was so displeased with Fahd, that he would no longer consider him a viable candidate for heir to the throne. Yusef was less than happy that the crown might pass to him. He didn't much want it and, if he did receive it, he wanted to earn it on his own merits, not because his brother's senseless actions had disqualified Fahd. Oh well, it was what it was. That's what I said to Yusef. At least, I told him, his people would be safe from that lunatic.

I asked Yusef about Maryam. She had seemed merely a naive servant who had accidentally become caught-up in Fahd's BDSM game, through no fault of her own. Fahd had treated her, at least in my opinion, as a somewhat experienced pain slut. The young girl hadn't been in any way prepared for that experience.

I could see that Yusef didn't want to talk about Maryam at all, and especially given my frail state. After my prodding, he told me, "I believe Fahd's final beating of Maryam, while he was also beating Muna, affected Maryam greatly. She is a broken young woman, and I am distraught about her. She lives in a world we cannot reach, neither able to talk nor respond emotionally to anything. We can't tell if she can understand anymore. No one has an opinion of what to do with her. Of course, we aren't willing to abandon her. At least, Father and I aren't."

I was equally upset with the young, sweet Maryam's current state. "Surely there must be something that will bring her back from the underworld wherein she exists now." "Not that anyone can determine. Tomorrow, they are to move her back to Father's palace, so she has a comfortable place to be."

"So she will recover there?"

"I don't know, Darling. she may only exist there."

That was terrible, terrible news. I could feel myself withdrawing into my own world for a long

time. Yusef let me absorb that, without interrupting. That's another reason why I loved him. He was a natural at granting space, and then waiting patiently.

Finally, I said the distasteful, fateful words, yet again. "Force Negasito obtain a controller and put it into her. When she recovers, she will be able to function as new woman -a servant or a slave or a concubine, you select. She's been subjected to personal invasions which go beyond any untrained woman's ability to accept without subsequent, lifelong pain. Spare her that. Nudge her, force her to be a woman for whom the external or internal invasion of her person is not important, not relevant to her peace of mind."

"Make her a whore," Yusef said, deadpan.

"Perhaps. Make her sexually willing, BDSM willing, along with all that implies. Do you or your father have a place for her in one of your harems back home?"

"I will find her a place, a safe place."

"The controller will bring her back from the purgatory in which she suffers, but it will control her. Make sure she understands that."

"I will, Fatina. I promise. I will see to this as I'm able." as

Before the King's company left the Enakazin, under pressure from Yusef, Negasi obtained yet another controller - this time to use on the unfortunate, sadly broken Maryam. As it turned out, I became the agent of her revival and undoing at the same time. I remember feeling like I now dwelt in some nonsensical universe where the concept of physical laws and moral behavior was no longer valid, and everything conformed to the dictates of an unknown entity, who was something like the capricious Wizard of Oz.

To this day, I mourn what happened to that pleasant, lovely girl I barely knew her, yet I felt a kinship with her, brought on by the satanic treatment of each of us by the deranged brother of the most wonderful man I'd ever met. She was never deserving of the cruelty she suffered, nor the ultimate fate with which she was saddled.

I left the infirmary two days after awakening from my drug-induced, recuperative coma. At Yusef's insistence, I moved into his apartments, to be with him for his remaining weeks at the Enakazin.

I was famished, so that evening we ate rich, delicious dinner of seafood, a savory, seasoned quinoa, and Mediterranean vegetables. Yusef noted that Negasi had sent the wine. He told me it was frightfully expensive -at least a thousand dollars per bottle. It was a Boillot Batard, 202& Grand Cru Montrachet. I certainly knew what a Grand Cru French wine was. Sadly, I couldn't even stand to sample what Yusef said was its full, golden aroma. The slight whiff of alcohol made me queasy. I'm sure Negasi would have known that. It was a gift to Yusef, not

to us.

"You don't like wine?" Yusef asked me.

"I love wine, Highness, or, rather, I did. At the Control Institution, they made me strictly adhere to the tenets of Islam. I cannot drink alcohol in any form, even if my mind sometimes craves it. If I took a sip of that glorious wine, I would become violently ill." "

"THOSE EVIL BASTARDS!" He shouted as he stood up. He thought he was going to throw the glass he held at that moment. "What would be the point in doing that to someone?" "This is the Kingdom of Salat, Highness. They are most devout, most strict, particularly at the Control Institution. I was, in their eyes, a criminal to be controlled and punished." "They are narrow-minded idiots," he said accusingly. "The promise I will take you away from all of this nonsense, and fix you if it's at all possible."

"I would love to accompany you anywhere, My Prince, but I am a whore of the Enakazin. I am so unworthy of you that I shouldn't even be spoken of in the same sentence with you?"

"That is ridiculous. You are the most desirable woman I've ever met, and I've come to know you as a good person too. You always do your best for both those you serve, and those emotionally close to you. I find you completely admirable. You have only a few months to serve here. I have no issues with what you do, though I'd rather have you with me full-time. But when the Enakazin experience ends for you, I would be honored if you'd let me come for you. I'll even make arrangements for you to see your son, spend as much time with him as you wish, have him visit us, and so on."

I was speechless. There was nothing I wanted more, though I did have strong feelings about leaving Shahad. I knew that was probably going to happen anyway. Shahad wouldn't be leaving; Negasi owned her outright. As far as being anything like consort to the prince, I didn't see how such happiness could possibly be mine. What I said was, "Highness, your father would never approve." "First of all, I don't want you to call me that ever again when we're alone, or among friends. Save it for the court. To you, I am Yusef - always."

"Secondly, I think you underestimate how liberal my father can be. If I can't convince you, I'll ask him to help me."

"Master .."

"FATINA! I want you to call me Yusef! I refuse to talk with you unless you do" He smiled at me, but I knew he was serious.

"Yusef, I would love to have you come for me when my time here ends. Let's see what happens over our remaining time together. I promise not to hold you to anything you've said here today" "Alright. But you will see. I need you, Fatina. I care deeply for you. I have no doubt that I've fallen in love with you."

Chapter 13 -I Think We're Alone Now

Even after I recovered and became: person again, I still had a good number of days before Yusef would leave the Enakazin. That time turned out to be pearl of great price.

Yusef was passionate about everything he did. What he loved most was, of all things, cooking. His mother was Kurdish, and he barbequed in the Kurdish tradition -lots of lamb, mixed ground lamb and beef, and seasoned poultry, flavored with saffron. He often made it with a rice/potato amalgamation, called Basmati (rice with a potato liner, made with a touch of saffron). He also claimed to make a wonderful Kofta kabob: ground beef and lamb squeezed around a flat, steel skewer and barbequed.

I ate well and regained my strength. The gray tinge of sickness left my complexion. The new, unavoidable tremor in my hands persisted, but was usually not bothersome. If I steadied my hands against something firm, I could make it stop.

At the Enakazin, there was to be a masked ball in two days and I felt up for it.

The attendees would be all of the King's retinue, about 40 Enakazin odalisques, including all of the premium houris, and 20 to 30 of the King's additional guests, whom he would fly in, bringing the total to about a hundred. That was the approximate, comfortable limit to the capacity of the Retreat's Grand Ballroom.

The theme of the masquerade was classical images, meaning that guests would dress like characters from paintings, photos or films from the primitive times through the 20th century. Yusef insisted that he and I go as a couple, so our costumes had to be coordinated. He suggested we go as Ramses II and his beautiful wife, Nefertari, as depicted in an Egyptian painting from her tomb. The idea didn't appeal to me for two reasons: my bad experience in Egypt, and the fact that Nefertari is shown as a typical, slender Egyptian, and I considered myself to be too fat to look like she did. Yusef thought the comment about my weight was irrelevant, because he likes me like I am, but he understood my feelings about Egypt.

In the end, we decided on a plump cheherazade and a somewhat evil-looking Schariar, as depicted in an 1880, oil painting by Ferdinand Keller. We were measured for our costumes by servants who had accompanied the King's group, and they made them almost exactly as depicted in the painting. If there was a prize for costumes most like the painting, I thought we were a shoo-in. The masquerade was lavish and colorful. In Yusef's company, I felt almost like a normal woman for the first time in years. We danced, talked, laughed, and visited with friends of both Yusef and me. The King was particularly nice to me. I was both surprised and pleased. I already found that the King was an accomplished lover in the bedroom. In a social setting, in he was interesting and pleasant company - much more like Yusef than Fahd.

The King bid me dance with him and, of course, I did. He was the King. We chatted about the

ball and the guests and so on, until near the end of the dance. The King looked down at me and shocked me by saying, "You are surprisingly compatible with Yusef. He is of better temperament than Fahd, as you know, but he can be moody. However, you have dissolved completely away any tendency for him to be morose. I've never seen that happen to him for as long as it has, or as completely.

"You seem to be good for him, Fatina. I'm pleased you are spending time together. Yusef has told me of his feelings for you. I would force you into nothing, but] would be no impediment to his relationship with you, wherever he and you decided to take it."

I was speechless. I've rarely been so surprised. The music stopped and I just stood there, looking at the King with, I'm sure, complete and utter shock on my face.

"Well, say something, girl" he said at last, more kindly than impatiently.

"Ah...ah .. I ...I'm very happy to hear you say that, Your Highness. Surprised, but de ... delighted. I have come to care deeply for your son, Yusef. I am but a lowly denizen of the Enakazin."

"Not so lowly, Fatina. Negasi tells me you are the best he's ever had. I would even attest to that, though I'll admit to a fondness for Ergaalem. You challenged me, she merely pleases me. Sometimes, an older man seeks only relaxation." He laughed at that. We'd been walking back to where Yusef stood, talking with Shahad. The King took my hand and handed it to Yusef.

"I am pleased, Yusef," he remarked and slipped away.

"What just happened?" I mumbled out loud, but to myself more than to Yusef.

Yusef answered anyway. "My father was following up conversation I had with him a few days ago. He essentially gave me carte blanche to pursue you if I chose to. I told you he had no fundamental problem with you as a person. I knew he would defer to my judgement. It's how things work in my family"

In spite of his assurances, and the King's, I didn't dare think I could have a future with Yusef.: would not have my hopes and dreams dashed against the rocks again. Or the sand. I thought it was better to have no hope than to see it lost, betrayed, or altered unrecognizably.

We didn't win best costume. It was won by one of Yusef's handsome, older cousins who was accompanied by my friend, Lesedil. They came as Titus Andronicus and his daughter, Lavinia, from Shakespeare's play, Titus Andronicus. They copied a scene from a 1957 photograph of Laurence Olivier as Titus Andronicus and Vivien Leigh as Lavinia. In the play, which is Shakespeare's bloodiest, Lavinia is raped and, to render her unable to "tell" on her attackers, they cut out her tongue so she cannot talk, and cut off her hands so she cannot weave a tapestry to identify them as Philomela did in Greek mythology.

Of course, Lesedi has no tongue nor thumbs from her mutilation by a Collector. I think the party goers appreciated the connection to lovely, young Lesedi, and Yusef's handsome, more mature cousin. Anyway, they won.

As the evening progressed, the older guests took their leave and the music became more up-tempo to satisfy the tastes of the younger guests who remained. I met good number of Yusef's relatives uncles and cousins mostly, and few, young, female cousins who had either accompanied the King, or arrived for the ball. Except for the wicked Fahd, who was back in their country, well-ensconced in a hospital, they were courteous, talkative, fun, mostly affectionate people. It was a completely different picture of Middle Easterners than I had ever had before. Their world-view was not that different than mine had been, back when I was probably Destiny - the identity I thought less and less about as time passed.

I decided this was something to consider. Perhaps, I encountered a people with whom I could create a future.

Then I thought about the fact that the King had brought them all TO A CELEBRATION IN A BROTHEL! One in which I was a prostitute. They were the guests, the clients, the marks, the johns. I was here to please them. To fuck or be fucked.

I doubted they were much like the people Destiny had known in the West.

I didn't know what to do with that insight.

was dancing with Yusef - that evening had been the first time I'd danced for many years, other than erotic dancing, especially at the Pastel Harem. A fast, European dance number started to play and it was accompanied by strobing lights from several locations around the ballroom.

I looked up to smile at Yusef and the bright, flashing strobe light caught my eye. The next thing I remember, I was lying on the floor, held by several costumed men, with Yusef's fingers in my mouth, pressing down my tongues.

I had an attack of reflex epilepsy. It wasn't the last time it would happen.

Without a doubt, it had never happened to me before.

In the end, Dr. Wtanna and a specialist from Germany, whom the King demanded be brought to the Enakazin by Negasi (who charged the King for his services), determined that the repeated blood choking had insidiously damaged my already altered brain. I was now sensitive to flashing lights, and rapid light variations. My brain would short-circuit when I sensed that strobe-like effect, sending me into la-la-land.

The likelihood of such an event triggering a seizure in my brain was over 98 percent. My brain would shut off, would collapse, connections from my brain to the rest of my body would short-circuit, causing me to foam at the mouth, jerk spasmodically, swallow my own tongues, and choke on my own vomit.

I was prescribed a drug, Depacon, also known as Valproate, to control the seizures in my brain, which could be triggered by something as simple as the sun filtering through gently swaying leaves.

I might grow out of it with age, or I might never be rid of it, Yusef, learning of my disability, vowed to kill Fahd. If he didn't, I would.

I feared that Fahd, should he ever learn of Yusef's intentions, would kill Yusef first.

I said that to Yusef, who laughed me off. I told him to kill Fahd at the first opportunity. Unfortunately, he didn't follow my advice soon enough.

Other than my latest handicap, we had a wonderful time together during our last ten days at the Enakazin. Our relationship built up stronger every day. The lack of disputes, disagreements, fights or any kind of stress between us was remarkable, and we both remarked on it.

I knew Yusef was to leave in a week. It was time to decide if we had any future together, for me to look forward to. I resisted hope; I put off knowing for as long as I could.

We settled down to breakfast that morning and, before: even lifted my silverware to butter my toast, I asked him, "Yusef, what is to happen? You depart in a week. Will I ever see you again?" He looked at me as though I were crazy.

"Fatima, I thought sure you understood. I've said everything that needs to be said"

"Then I must be among the stupidest of women, Highness, else I wouldn't have asked" I called him "Highness" on purpose, to show him that I didn't know where was vis a vis him.

"I intend to come for you and marry you, Fatima, as soon as your time here is fulfilled"

"YOU WHAT?" I shouted, probably loud enough for anyone in the hall outside our breakfast room to hear. Marriage had NEVER been mentioned.

"I would take you as my First Wife, of course."

"Wha.. wha ... WHAT? How is that even possible?"

"It's the simplest thing. I come, pick you up in a car, a plane, a helicopter, a camel or whatever. You ride off with me to my country. We marry and live happily ever after."

"YOU WOULD TAKE ME FOR YOUR WIFE?"

"Of course. Absolutely. Why is that even a question or surprise? Surly you believe me when I say] need you and that I've fallen in love with you." I was without words. For a moment, I thought I might be having another seizure.

I wanted to say something, anything. What I said, like the idiot I sometimes can be was, "What if I don't want to marry you?"

"Don't you?"

"OF COURSE I DO! BUT YOU NEVER ASKED ME™"

"Huh?"

I swear can be so incredibly stupid, no matter where they originate. It is clearly a characteristic of the "Y" chromosome.

"How was I supposed to know you wanted to marry me?"

"Because I asked you."

"BUT YOU DIDN'T!"

"Sure I did." He looked genuinely perplexed.

"OH?"

"Yes. Without a doubt."

"Okay, when?"

"Well, [talked it over with my father.] got the input of several cousins. I got all the permissions needed, including an unnecessary one from my mother. set up the timing and pick-up with Negasi. I even arranged for a helicopter already, even though it's a few months off. I sent one of my aides to arrange apartments for us, until we can secure our own palace. I mentioned it to Shahad when I saw her briefly last night

"YOU NEVER ASKED ME, YOU BIG LOUT!"

"Huh?"

"YOU ALREADY SAID THAT! I CAN'T MARRY YOU!"

"Why not?"

"Because ... Because .. BECAUSE I CAN'T AND: DON'T KNOW WHY!"

"Huh?"

"I never said. would!"

"You won't?"

"Yes... No will, but that's irrelevant!"

"Sounds pretty relevant to me."

"You asshole! You have to get down on one knee, ask me to marry you, give me ring, wait with a pounding heart because you're afraid MIGHT SAY 'NO!'"

"I don't think you would say, (No, would you?"

"UNTIL YOU ASK ME, YOU WON'T KNOW!"

"Well, would you say no?"

"I can't answer that!"

"Huh?"

"I can't answer that because you haven't asked me!"

"I just asked you, Fatina"

I was ready to kill, and Fahd wasn't even here. I tried to compose myself, then looked into the most wonderful eyes I've ever seen and said, "You have asked everyone except me, Yusef. But you've never asked ME if I would marry you"

He sat there and stared at me. Then he ran his hand through his short hair, scratched his face which was bristly because he hadn't shaved yet that morning. He took a deep breath and then seemed to be lost in thought.

I was about to hit him up side his handsome head when he came around the low table, took my hand, knelt On one knee. He looked into my purple eyes and said, " You're right. I'm an idiot." "Well, we can agree on that."

"Fatina, Karimah, Destiny, whoever you are and whoever you will be, will you marry me? Will you be first among any wives I might take, as Islam provides?" Wow. That pretty much covered it. With the Islamic twist. Well, when in Rome ...

"Yes, Yusef, I will marry you, but there are conditions."

"I was hoping for a simple 'yes.'"

"Sadly, nothing is simple."

"I can see that. What's the issue?"

"Yusef. You know that I love Shahad."

"Yes Fatina, know that."

Ididn't think he understood. "I don't love her as a sister, Yusef. Before you and I came to be, Shahad and: were."

"Darling. If you love others - friends, relatives, children, women lovers - I don't feel it diminishes your love, and leaves less for me. believe it expands your love, increases it. It makes you more loving. It doesn't dilute your love for me."

This was too good to be true. I had to test it. "Yusef, I would sometimes still want to be with Shahad. In coitus with Shahad"

"Then I must work hard to remove her from the Enakazin, and bring her1 US

Wow! Id been taught that ifit seemed too good to be true,it was.

"Is that even possible?"

"Negasiis a businessman. Il make him an offer

"That he can't refuse?"

"Huh?"

Maybe he'd never seen The Godfather. Iguess it was about 70 years old by now. "Never mind."

"Jh okay. If you want Shahad with us, she will be with us."

"Do you know about Shahad?"

"She is a Kabir pain odalisque, as I understand it."

He had never heard it put that way, but "Yes, that's right. Whoever your father had coordinating his visit insisted on two matched sets of premium hours. Ergalem and I were matched, and Negasi, deciding to add another premium pain slut, designated Shahad and matched her and Muna, who was our only premium pain slut before. Shahad and Thave been intimate - we've been lovers - for several years." "You told me you were bisexual before, Fatina. I have no problem with that. I have no problem with you practicing both halves of your sexuality, though I would expect to be your exclusive male partner, if we

married."

"But you may have multiple wives. Why should I be confined to one husband?"

"You may have multiple female lovers; I just agreed to that. Regarding multiple wives but not multiple husbands, it is the way of our culture. It is more of a social/religious tradition than sexual one. I suppose I'm offering as trade, my private agreement with you to have female lovers, in exchange for the custom of multiple wives, should I ever choose to take others. Of course, you would always be First Wife." He could agree to that bargain and said so. I wasn't done, though. as "But as your Kadin, even as First Kadin, I'd be essentially confined to your harem."

He sighed. "That is true to some extent, even to a large extent. However, I will give you my promise to populate the harem with whomever you choose, Shahad for example. The Chief Eunuch will know that you have free access to everyone and everything. When I travel, hold official functions, or want to simply entertain friends, it is you who will be by my side. Until there are other wives, it is you who will attend me nightly, or who will refuse me if you want. Your life will be ideal. You will have all your desires immediately satisfied. When I... come home from work ..., in your Western parlance, it is you will seek, daily when possible, as soon as I can otherwise. Is that so different than your life would be as a wife in the West?"

"Maybe not in 1955, but now ... yes! I'm a trained and educated archeologist."

"I know. And if you choose to pursue that, you will have all the resources you need at your disposal, including access to sites in the Middle East which would be closed to you, save for my influence." "But you'd prefer that I not pursue that." That statement was a test.

"Not at all. Why would I? If we are committed to each other, how could your accomplishments do anything but boost you, me, my perception of you, and the world's perception of us?" That viewpoint sounded far too Western, not to mention that it was impossible. I could no longer be an archeologist, any more than I could be a rocket scientist. Negasi had taken the requisite mental talents away from me, and, if I were willing to be generous in my assessment, replaced them with sexual talents.

"You only say that because this place has reduced my mind, and I no longer have the talent to be an archeologist anyway."

"I think you are still quite remarkable, Fatina. I am eternally sad about what they have done to you through your controller. If I had any knowledge of that happening, I would have intervened and stopped it."

Alas, I knew neither you, nor what was being done to you. But you must not let that get in the way of what could be. Of whatever happiness we might create, share, and offer to our children. I was only trying to say that I will support you in anything you decide to do. If your talents should limit you, then I will help you overcome the limitations. But I, personally will never limit you, nor allow you to be limited, if it's within my power to prevent."

Okay. How was I supposed to cast his wishes aside at that point? He'd passed all the tests. If I couldn't become an archeologist again, it wasn't his fault. It was the fault of the people here who had done terrible, likely irreversible things to my mind.

"Since you've satisfied the conditions which concerned me, I accept your proposal. I will marry you, Yusef. I hope you will never come to regret what you've offered to me." "That regret is impossible. You've made me a very happy man, Fatina."

"I am, sadly, a cynic, Yusef. In the morning, after I've drained you through the night, you might relent, decline, attempt to find a way out of this. I will understand. When that happens, at least do me the honor of not returning here."

"That will never happen. When we awaken, Love, I will be holding you to me. 'Spooning you from behind' as your countrymen like to say."

The rest of the evening was very, very physical, active, pleasurable, and oh so warm and loving. SO

When I awoke in the morning, I was cold and alone.

I propped myself up onto one elbow and looked around the suite which Yusef and I had shared. No one was there. The room was empty of everything but me, the furniture, the sunlight, and my hopes.

Tears... unbidden, fiercely resisted, formed in my eyes and tumbled down my cheeks. The hurt was worse than

Yusef burst through the door, totally out of breath. "Oh no! I didn't make it! You're awake!" He could see my tears.

"Oh Darling!! am so sorry! My package came and I rushed to get it!!."

"I thought you had left, Yusef." At that point, I burst into a torrent of tears. For several minutes, I was inconsolable. I was also shocked: I didn't consider myself so vulnerable emotionally.

"I only stepped out, Fatina. Please believe that I love and care about you. I went to get the icon which solidifies my love, and proves it to you, I hope." Damn it! I couldn't stop crying. I didn't realize my emotions, my spirit, were so sensitive.

I looked up into Yusef's penetrating, brown eyes. "I thought you were gone I shook with the emotion of loss, even though my love was right beside me.

"You didn't lose me, Love. I only stepped out for a moment ..."

Sitting there on the edge of the bed, I looked up at him standing above me, and I must have resembled the most cold, wet and lost puppy he'd ever seen. "I thought you'd gone, Yusef ..." My eyes were still glassed over with the tears I was resisting.

The Prince knelt before me at the edge of the bed, and said, "I have no doubts about our future, Fatina. No one knows, especially my Father, will resist my decision. I want a chance for real life with you, and all that might entail. Please, Fatina. Please marry me, and be my First Kadın forevermore?"

I'll admit, it was a decent offer. He held up a small, intricately-carved wooden box, and opened it in front of me. Within was a beautiful ring, with a diamond that must have been three carats, surrounded by arcs of rubies above and below, and presented with polygonal diamonds either side of the central diamond.

"Destiny, Karimah, Fatina.. please, will you marry me?" He asked.

Hell yes I'd marry him!

We spent a number of happy days together after that. Yusef had told me he was making arrangements to bring me to him after the final few months of my sentence. I was confident that, even if Negasi had decided to somehow keep me or sell me, Yusef's power and prestige would triumph over any other plans.

It was now only a day before he was to depart with his father and the rest of the guests. I was sad and anxious. I was sure he recognized how I was feeling, though I tried to cover it.

It was morning and I was in the sumptuous bathroom, getting ready for my last full day with Yusef. He was patiently waiting for me in another room. From the muffled clatter, I could tell breakfast had just arrived and was being set out.

I wasn't going to wear a wig today, so I didn't comb my shoulder-length, still white hair back, in preparation for the wig cap. Rather, I combed it down all around into the straight, smooth bob I had. It had been styled that way by the Enakazin salon, in anticipation of it growing out even longer over time. It was cut in a way that made it smoothly curl under in typical bob fashion and reached just to my shoulders. I had short but heavy bangs which ended about a centimeter above my thin brows. The sides and my neck were shaved all around, up to about two centimeters above my ears, providing an interesting undercut to the pageboy style. As it grew out, might keep the undercut or not. Time would tell.

The room suddenly shook or shimmered, a ripple passed over me, and Tia was there. She looked exactly as she had the very last time I'd seen her alive.

Tia said out loud, but not loudly enough to be heard by anyone else. "Tia! Can you believe it? I've found happiness with a most wonderful man!"

She stared at me with some degree of concern. I got the impression that she was holding back. I was about to ask her what she was thinking this time when she said, "Destiny, you aren't going to want to hear what I must tell you"

"Then don't tell me. I'm happy, Tia. I trust Yusef. Don't spoil it. I'll take care of myself."

"If you pursue Yusef, you will lose even the tiny modicum of control you have over your future."

"Nonsense. Yusef is a good man. He's proven it to me. He's powerful, and he's on my side. He can deflect any problems because of his power."

"Your assessment of Yusef is legitimate and accurate, Destiny. That is not the issue, not the danger here."

"Good. Yusef will protect me from anything which would hurt me. He's promised. As you say, he's true and honest - and he loves me, He's also a Prince."

"Yusef cannot protect you from the dangers that lie in wait along the path you would walk with him."

"I don't believe you and: refuse to listen to this, Tia. Just be happy for me!"

"The other dangers you've faced will pale in comparison with what lies ahead, if you insist on trying to go off with Yusef."

"I've survived them and, with Yusef's help, I'll survive anything else too. What is this great danger you're talking about? Stop dealing in riddles and tell me!"

"I don't know the danger, Destiny" she said as though it should have been obvious to as that she didn't know. "T only know it is something terrible, to be avoided at any cost. I am here to beg you to return to Sheikh Diya al din."

I looked at the love of my youth, my wonderful friend who had died far, far too young, with all the intensity I could muster. "I WILL NOT GIVE UP ON YUSEF, TIA! I will go with g0 him when I am able to leave this place. Nothing is going to stop us!

"Be glad for me. I do thank you for the warning, and I will make sure both Yusef and I are vigilant. Come back to me if you are able to learn more about the threat."

Tia's shoulders slumped in resignation. "T will return if and when I can, Destiny ... or Fatina if you prefer. I will bring additional insights, if any come to me on the wind"

I didn't know what "on the wind" meant, but I was sure I had heard it before when Tia spoke of the mysterious Sisters. I assumed it was a metaphor for how communication was done on whatever plane Tia existed. If she were even real, and truly existed on some plane, rather than within my damaged, disrupted mind.

She studied me for a moment. "What?" I said.

"You are different in appearance, talents, personality, and SO very much more experienced, Destiny. The number and depth of your experiences have far, far exceeded my own before I died. You have matured from them, as was totally predictable. Many could argue that you are more mature and experienced, than I, and they would be right. But dwelling where I do, I can see other lines of life, of existence, which should be obvious to you and others in your plane, but aren't.

"I know .. no, I can feel what you cannot. That makes you sometimes appear foolish to me. Yet I remain totally enamored of you. You retain the beauty, essence, and psyche that drew me to you so long ago in your time, so recently in mine."

She began to fade, and I got the unmistakable impression that she wasn't fading voluntarily.

"No! This is breaking my heart! No!" Then the anguish faded and a numb Tia spoke to me, "There's nothing more I can do now, Destiny, save one piece of advice."

For moment, Tia looked confused. Then she said, insistently, "Seek the Sisters, Dohattn. When all else seems lost, they will briefly cross your path. Do not ignore their offer. Seek the Sisters, Dohattn. Believe in

them."

Her image slipped away, the room shuddered, and I was back alone again, standing before the mirror. Who in God's name was Dohattn? Was that the name of these mysterious "Sisters" Tia had mentioned before?

I thought I'd heard it as an Arabic word, but I wasn't sure. Even then, the meaning escaped me.

Oh well. More mysteries from Tia. Nothing I could or was inclined to do anything about. By that time, in the last months of my incarceration at the Enakazin, I didn't think Tia was real. I was sure she was a strange manifestation of my own, damaged mind. I intended to be permanently with Yusef, as soon as possible. Within mere hours of being freed from the Retreat.

I made myself as lovely as I could, and went out to join Yusef.

I finished yet another grilled, stuffed eggplant roll-up and the last of my boiled egg halves, which I had salted heavily with the Enakazin's sea-salt granules. My plump little body was comfortably stuffed. Yusef made room for me and lay back in his lap as he bent to kiss me. His hand rested on my, usual, exposed breast, diddling lightly with my nipple rings and the purple jewels at their tip. [looked up into his smiling face. It was so handsome, so beautiful to me. I watched his loving eyes become just a tad more serious.

"It is time for us to discuss my plans for what happens next, My Love," Yusef said, sitting me up next to him. "According to Negasi, you have exactly 101 days left on your sentence. On the last morning, the Kingdom of Salat will, through your controller, release you from your inability to leave the Kingdom. Your controller will no longer require the daily continuation code. At that point, you are free to depart, forever, both the Enakazin and the Kingdom of Salat. Negasi will in no way interfere with that. He is too respectful of my father, and perhaps me too, to interfere. Even more, he is respectful of the money we will spend here in the future.

"That said, inveterate pimp that he is, he expects you to continue to earn for him up until that day. He will then give you one day to say goodbye to your friends and pack up anything personal you wish to bring with you. will arrive in a helicopter to pick you up at noon the day following your release. We will fly to an airstrip and then take my private jet home."

to "It seems to be too good to be true, Yusef. I can hardly believe that good fortune has finally come to me, along with the love of a wonderful man. I am so afraid I will prove to be unworthy."

"Hush, Fatina. That could not possibly happen."

"If you say so, My Love."

"Absolutely, I say SO. By the way, once we leave here, my intention is to journey directly to my palace and help you settle in for a few days. Then, whenever you're ready, we can journey to the Pastel Harem, where you can meet your son. If you like, he can travel back with us."

I had heard nothing about my son or his birth by my surrogate, Toni Pintaui, now known as the mute, Pastel Houri, Eshe. "Do you have word from the Pastel Harem, Yusef?" "I do. Your son was born without complications. He is healthy and about ten months old as I understand it."

"And Eshe?"

"The surrogate odalisque?"

"Yes. A former American girl whom I knew - who was with me - right before I was imprisoned."

"She is well and nursing the child. I've already secured agreement from Sheikh Diya al din Al Naqbi, your former husband, that the boy will be able to spend time with you and with him as he grows. The Sheikh was more than a little disappointed that you wouldn't be returning to him. He had intended to reestablish you as Kadin. Fortunately for you, and me, it seems he's become infatuated with the surrogate, this Eshe." That pleased me greatly. Poor, mute, circumcised Toni would have a much-improved life with the Sheikh enamored of her. She might even become Kadin.

There was one more important question to be answered. "What of Shahad?" Yusef had promised to bring her to live in his harem with me.

"It is more complicated, but I think you will ultimately be pleased."

"More complicated, My Prince?"

"Negasi is reluctant to lose his most talented houri, you, and the houri he claims to be the most beautiful, Shahad, at the same time. I felt I understood his concern. What we agreed to was that I would buy her from him one year from the date you leave the Enakazin, for a considerable - no, an astronomical - sum. Astronomical meaning only that, even for me, it's a huge amount of money." I didn't like it. Mostly without thinking, I blurted out, "They made her a pain slut for your father's visit. They cut out her clitoris! They put thick rings through her ankles, AND BOLTS THROUGH THE BONES IN HER HANDS, YUSEF! BOLTS THROUGH HER SMALL, SWEET HANDS! THEY WILL BEAT HER MANY TIMES PER DAY FOR ANOTHER.. FOR ANOTHER FIFTEEN MONTHS!"

He looked surprised, then uncertain, finally saddened. He never once looked at me angry, despite my words which at least somewhat implied he was or would be responsible for her suffering. My words also spoke to some level of ingratitude on my part. I was immediately ashamed of what I'd said. This wasn't the West, and I needed to realize that, remember it, and react accordingly.

I feared I'd stepped over some sort of line. I waited for the explosion of Middle Eastern temper which would end everything. I started to cry because of my fear that I would lose him, at my sadness because of the depth of Shahad's suffering yet to come, and at my situation in general. I never signed up for this level of angst. I felt like I was 32, going on 16, and ill-equipped to deal with happenings and emotions at this depth.

Yusef looked into my eyes, yet again. His face had the gentle understanding, the empathy, the kindness, the concern of a true love. That particular image is, even now, burned into my mind. I had little doubt before, but when I saw that face, I knew, beyond any infinitesimal doubt, that he not only loved me, but put me first in his life.

I know this, Fatina. But I am not Allah, praise be upon Him. I can only do what I can do. Your friend and lover was cut and mutilated, but I did not have any part to play in that. I would not have allowed it to happen, had I known, even before I met you. The view of women here, at least of the vast majority who lack real power, is that they are to be sculpted to conform the desires of the powerful - men or women. They are merely putty in the hands of people of power. They are possessions. That is not how I think of you, or Shahad, or any woman."

"Yusef .. I'm sorry.] .. He interrupted me.

"I did the best I could. By the laws of this land, Negasi holds all the cards. I realize that, before she joins uS Shahad will be subject to the repeated tribulations of the pain concubine."

"TRIBULATIONS, YUSEF? That is WAY too mild a word." Suddenly, I wasn't contrite about my statement to him, I was indignant.

"Sweetheart, you know LS well as] that Shahad can no longer experience pleasure, save through the pain inflicted on her."

"THAT IS WRONG, YUSEF!"

"Of course it is wrong, Fatina. But what are you going to do when she is at home, with uS, in our harem? How are you going to give her sexual climax? How are you going to satisfy her need: How would any woman, or man, satisfy her: YOU KNOW HOW!"

I think, at that moment, I was as low as I'd ever been, because of the juxtaposition of my joy of being with Yusef, coupled with the reality of my poor Shahad's life going forward, even in the best of circumstances, 1n with me and Yusef.

"What you're saying, Yusef, is that, at least for the year after we're together, Shahad will suffer the horrors of an Enakazin pain slut."

"No, Sweetheart. What I'm saying is that here in the Enakazin, she will be brought to orgasm in the only manner available to her, because she has been forced to become a pain slut. You refuse to acknowledge it, but that is what they have made her - from the surface all the way into her. At least she has that. As I understand it, your surrogate, Eshe, and your lost love,

Dyana, have, sexually, nothing at all. Shahad will be beaten in some simple or complex manner, until she succumbs to the biting forces now driving her body, and her ability to climax. Then, she will be satisfied for some moments, before succumbing to her needs, once again, as a pain slut."

I was ready to go on a stern, directed refutation of this view of Shahad's reality. I stared into Yusef's eyes with an intensity intended to humiliate a lesser person.

can I restore your lost lover, Dyana, nor your surrogate, Eshe. They are cut He didn't bite. Instead, he said to me, "That is the best I can do. No man on this planet, at this time, can restore that lovely woman. Nor and they are cut irreversibly.

"To add to that, Fatina, I cannot restore you to the young woman, Destiny, who would have grown into an incredible beauty. -in body and mind. I know this, having simply known you. I cannot reverse what has happened to you. I have power, but I am not Allah.

"I will tell you this. Your forerunner, Destiny, might have grown to be, at your age, so very beautiful, almost beyond measure. But you have, through your experiences and the development of your body, mind and soul, exceeded whomever she would have become. I am as certain of that as I am of the sun continuing to warm the Earth." He looked at me and, thankfully, I was speechless.

"Now, Fatina, you must choose. I have done my best by you and for you. Should I come for you in a hundred days, or not? Will you accept the life I offer or not? Will you live with the consequences to your friends, or not? Decide now and forget the other paths."

I broke down completely, and cried for a long, long time. My plump body shook with the sorrow and regret of my inability to put things right for my friends, lover, or myself.

Ultimately, my breakdown ran its course. With red, swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks, I looked into the eyes of the man I had easily, unavoidably come to love. All I saw there was patience and a heart-felt welcome home. I had been so lucky to find him. Beyond that, he was willing to extend his protection to my Shahad, and had already put an agreement in place to protect and rescue her.

If I had caused him any angst, I was so very, very sorry.

"Honestly, Yusef, in spite of my awful behavior here, I am totally in your debt. I am filled with gratitude. You have gone beyond anything I could reasonably expect.

"Thank you, My Prince, My Love, My Master"

There were no recriminations from him. He was far too noble for that. What he said was, "Then we will happily allow what has been agreed to play out. will come to retrieve you in

102 days. You will finally arrive at a true home. You will see me, and your son and your friend, Eshe, and the others in the Pastel Harem. In a year and a quarter, you will have Shahad with you. But from the day I pick you up, you will have me there to protect, love, and cherish you for all time."

"I am so grateful for you, Yusef, and for your love and devotion."

"You are utterly deserving of it, Fatina."

Chapter 14 - Goodbye My Friend

There was an official sendoff for the King and his entourage. Negasi had a breakfast party for all of them, and of course, Shahad, Ergaalem, Muna, and I, and the other concubines, like Lesedi, who had served them, were invited. The food was gourmet Eritrean and had stuffed myself. After all, I had a chubby body to maintain. They gave me the habit of enjoying food, and I did. I had glued myself to Yusef the entire time.

It was time for the limousines to depart for the long drive to an airstrip. Yusef, his father, and a few others would travel by helicopter. I was very, very unhappy to be separated from my true love, even though we would be permanently rejoined in just over three months. 101 days. 2,424 hours. I liked the sound of "3 months" better.

Negasi had pulled Yusef aside and, before I could turn toward him, I felt a firm but friendly grip on my naked arm. I turned the other way to see the King. I immediately fell to my knees, and started to prostrate myself. The King grabbed me and pulled me up before I could complete the obeisance.

"Daughter" he said to my surprise and shock. "You have made Yusef happier than I have seen him since he was a young boy. You have a magic about you that particularly resonates with his own."

"You have time to spend here, yet. Try though he did - try though I did - we cannot undo that. I ask you to keep Yusef in your thoughts, and await the day when he will come for you. In your Western terms, keep the faith."

Wow! He'd interceded on my behalf with the Kingdom of Salati! Just knowing that was huge boost to my ego and mood! "Of course, Your Majesty" I moved to bow and kneel again.

"Stop that, Fatina. I want to welcome you to our family, not watch you curtsy, bow, kneel or prostrate yourself. I am not the old, staid Arab you think I am. Not slave to protocol" "Your Highness, I meant no offense ..." If I'd offended him, would never forgive myself.

"You have not offended me, Fatina. Please. Relax around me. I'm on your side, girl"

"I am beyond honored, Master"

"Father."

"I am beyond honored, Master Father."

"By Allah woman, I want you to call me Father! You're to be the first wife of my beloved son!"

I'll admit to trembling in the presence of my future father-in-law. Then I remembered him in bed - fondly. Maybe I had an advantage which other wives-to-be didn't...

"Thank you, Father. I..." And the tears sprang forth. Tears of relief, but most important, tears of happiness.

"Fatima?" The King inquired, as he hugged me to him.

"You made me so happy, H Father. I was overcome."

"Good. Stay that way." He looked down at me and smiled. At I felt warm in his embrace.

Yusef came to me then, and looked curiously at me and his father.

"Is everything alright?" He asked us both.

"Couldn't be better" I told him. He looked at his father again.

"What she said" the King replied.

I walked them to the waiting chopper. Yusef told me again, he'd see me in 101 days. I told him I was anxious for the time to pass, and excited about my future for the first time in many years.

They boarded, the doors closed, and with a wave, they were gone.

I remained the Enakazin's premier fucker for the next three months. I found my efforts redoubled; I suspected that Negasi was using my controller to make me even more dedicated whore during those last days. I worked day and night, almost without a break, during that time. Shahad did as well. We accrued enough down time that we'd be able to spend the last week together, uninterrupted.

One brief event occurred at the beginning of the last month, from which I've never emotionally recovered. It taught me something about enemies, comrades and friends that I didn't understand before.

For the first and only time during my life at the Enakazin, I was summoned to one of the exclusive wings in a special brothel, a Manzilun Khassung. I'd been in Khassung buildings before, like when I had my intense introduction to pain and impalement with Shahad and Muna, but never into the restricted areas occupied by the exotic hours. This time, I was told to go directly to a particular suite, to participate in a BDSM session with a resident, and a male client. Once I arrived at the building, admittedly very nervous, a guard escorted me to the suite.

I entered the chambers through a darkened foyer. Inside, the lighting was reduced to simulate twilight. Everything appeared to be a shade of blue: from medium blue to midnight blue. Sheer blue curtains hung about everywhere. I stepped through a parlor into another room which was slightly brighter.

The floor seemed to be formed of thick, rough-hewn, wooden planks, which were coarse and splintery against the somewhat toughened soles of my feet.

A man stood there, looking at me. I fell to my knees and sat back on my heels, my eyes downcast. He told me to look up at him. When I did, I was able to take in much of the room. Off to the left was a round canopy bed shrouded in more sheer curtains. When I glanced to the right I didn't, initially, understand what I was seeing. There was a single, round, 7 or 8-centimeter wooden pole, not quite waist-high, with a short, cone-shaped top that ended in a blunt tip. It was set in a steel cylinder. A crank handle was attached at the bottom of it through the steel sleeve, maybe 15 centimeters above the floor. Next to it, closer to the draped wall, were two whipping poles connected by a high crosspiece. Something was suspended between them. At first, in the dim light, I couldn't figure out what it was. Then, I couldn't believe what my eyes were showing me.

A woman, or what seemed to be part of a woman, was facing away from me, suspended between the poles by three large rings, one mounted in each shoulder where her arms should have been attached, if she had any arms, and one somehow mounted in the top of her head, extending about 5 centimeters above her short, black hair. Her body ended immediately below her cute, shapely butt. Her skin was the warm tan of a Middle Easterner. Essentially, she was a torso and a head, nothing else.

I suppose I'd reached a point where I thought nothing could shock me anymore. I was wrong. I didn't know if this woman had been born limbless, had lost them from some tragic disease or accident, or had been God forbid - rendered this way. I did believe that someone at the Enakazin had surgically altered the poor 19-year-old girl and installed rings in her. She hung there like a piece of art on display from behind.

The client gestured for me to remain on my heels. He reached for a jar on a table and walked over to the single post. He smeared some of the thick, greasy contents of the jar onto the cone at the top of the post, and a long way down the shaft.

Oh God! I knew what was going to happen next! It had never been done to me before, but

he was going to impale me on the post by my vagina!

I wanted to shake my head and scream "NO!" but I was afraid it would go even worse for me. He gestured for me to come to him. He used the crank to lower the telescoping pole, until the rounded tip was just below the height of my crotch.

"Step over it. Do you know what to do?" He asked me.

"I know, but I have never done this, Master" I said, shaking with fear. I didn't think the full thickness of the pole would fit within me. I started to tell him so but he shushed me. The other occupant of the room simply hung there, motionless, making no sound whatsoever.

"Have you been fisted?" He asked.

"Yes Master."

"Then you will stretch enough. All you need do is spread your legs, open your folds, and let the pole slide into you. Since this is your first time, I will go slowly. You must remain flat on your feet, with them close to the pole, until the pole is fully within you. If you don't and I discover your deceit, I will break both of your feet. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master."

He stooped down to the crank. I spread my legs and reached down to open my outer labia. The pole rose to them, then the tip entered me. The cone section was only a few centimeters tall, so the pole wasn't very far into me before its full diameter was pushing into my vaginal opening.

I struggled to keep my feet flat. On the floor, I didn't want him to stomp on them and crush them, might never recover fully. I had no doubt that he'd make good on his threat. I broke out in a sweat at the tremendous pressure splitting open my snug sheath. Gradually, the full size of the pole entered me. I could feel the friction of the pole against my Princess Albertina ring. That caused me to squirm. "Be still," he warned.

It took about ten minutes before I felt the top of the pole push against the upper end of my vagina. It was about 22 centimeters into me, which corresponded to the length of my somewhat-stretched, closed vagina. I had no cervix; it had been removed when they sterilized me.

Apparently, he could tell that he'd reached the end. "You did well" he said. "Now, rise up onto the balls of your feet as I increase the height."

I did as I was told. He kept the pole fully within me. I was forced to remain on the balls of my feet to avoid having my entire body-weight resting on the closed end of my vagina.

He snapped manacles around both my wrists and lowered the chains they were connected to until my arms were fully extended outward and down, with my hands about twice as far apart as the width of my shoulders. He fastened the chains to links in the floor. They were snug but not so tight as to force any more weight onto my feet.

He brought thin chains down from the ceiling and clipped them to my nipple rings and my clit ring. Then he pulled them tight to the fixtures above me.

He came over to me, holding an air-powered nail gun, which, he explained, contained a magazine of small nails with flat heads. He stooped down in front of me. I couldn't figure out what he was going to do. Then I felt the nail gun tip against the outside of one of my outer labia!

I wanted to yell "NO MASTER/" but I was so afraid. He held the gun in place and fired a nail through my tender flesh, into the wood post on which I was skewered. He injected a second nail into that lip, then third.

and then three in the other side! When the last nail was through me, I climaxed, hard, like Muna and Shahad had somewhat programmed me to do. As I writhed on the post, bound by the post within my vagina and the nails through my lips, he masturbated, then sprayed me with his cum. He looked at me curiously.

"You like that, don't you?" He asked. I thought the question was rhetorical, so I didn't answer.

"DO YOU?" He shouted then.

"It is very painful for me, Master. I am not a pain slut, but I have been trained, somewhat, to orgasm from a certain level of the application of pain."

"It seems that I've hit that programmed button, that luscious level!"

I didn't want to respond, but could sense he was waiting. At this point, I was very afraid. After all, in a few weeks, I would be reunited with Yusef! I didn't want to be irreversibly damaged for that.

"Yes Master, but please, no more. I am not a dedicated pain slut .."

He interrupted me. "But you are the premier whore of the Enakazin, are you not?"

"Ah y .. yes, Master."

expected you to be, BECAUSE YOU ARE COSTING ME A FUCKING FORTUNE!"

One thing I'd learned as a premium whore: the men and women who could afford me, could afford me with their pocket change. That was probably well beyond: lifetime's earnings for an Eritrean. For most anyone not in the West.

The fact that this man stated how [relative] much I was costing him, led me immediately to believe that he really couldn't afford me. That made him very dangerous to me. I resolved to redouble my efforts to make him feel like the paramount master.

"I have many skills, Master. Remove me from this pole, and I will demonstrate exactly why I am the greatest here"

"You will demonstrate within the boundaries of what I create for you!"

"Yes, Master," was all I could respond. He would pay a lot, and get less than he could have, because he was too stupid to realize that I knew what to do with him, how to please him beyond his ultimate fantasy. Too bad. He could complain to Negasi. I knew that my pimp would set him right, though that was little consolation at that moment.

All this time, I WAS NAILED TO THE POST INVADING MY PUSSY BY MY LABIA! Specifically, by my outers, but, since I no longer had inners, those sweet folds of tissue WERE MY LABIA! PERIOD!

I was trapped, captured, impaled, trussed up, nailed, confined. Apparently, that wasn't enough for this sick bastard.

Moving slowly, he almost crept behind me with a lubricated pole, 4-centimeters in diameter, ending in an identical, cone-shaped tip, but with a rim of wood around the pole, about 8 centimeters below the tip, tapered toward the top of the pole, and thick below that • -perhaps 15 millimeters bigger than the pole. I felt it enter my rosebud and move into me. I felt the rim of wood pressed against me, and then it popped in, past my sphincter, held in place by the substantial ring.

I saw him pick up an air gun. I thought I knew what he intended.

"Please, no Master!" I couldn't be silent. This was going to be very bad. I'd never heard of this before, but I could clearly understand what he intended.

I felt the post and rim within my anus pulled back, as though he were trying to extract it from me. He essentially prolapsed my rectum so that it extended from me like a short, fleshy tube, trapped along the pole and its ring pulling from within me. Then, I felt the tip of the air gun against the outside of my sphincter ring, as he pulled on the pole, but not so hard as to pull it free.

"PLEASE, MASTER!" I yelled without thinking. Then I heard a "cur-chunk!" and felt a horrible pain as a nail was shot through the rim of my rosebud, into the rim of the wooden pole within me. Moments later, I felt another "cur-chunk!"

The pain was awful, so awful I orgasmed. Then I felt it twice more and I orgasmed again.

Now my asshole was nailed in four places to the pole fucking my rosebud!

He moved in front of me again, masturbating, and sprayed his cum all over my abdomen and my impaled, nailed pussy.

I was in horrendous agony. He slapped my face repeatedly, to get me to stop screaming and crying. I came yet again.

Nothing happened for several minutes after I came down from my pain-fucking. I thought he was done with me, done trussing me up. Then I felt him remove my dentures, and retrieve another long, wooden pole - this one ending in a large ball and two, hollow, bamboo tubes, side by side. He shoved the ball into my mouth, only barely making it past my empty gums. The ball filled my mouth to the extent that I couldn't open it any farther. My gums rested in an indentation, and my lips grasped the probe just beyond yet another carved, thick ring which pushed against my gums.

The bamboo tubes went far up into my nose, one in each nostril!

I tried to shake my head "NO," tried to stop what he was going to do next, when I saw him approach my face with the nail gun! It was no use! He kept coming!

He positioned the gun above my upper lip, to one side of my nose, pressed down, and pulled the trigger! I felt the small nail enter the side of my upper lip and embed itself in the wood of the pole held in my mouth. He repeated the nailing through my upper lip on the other side of my nose. The pain wasn't as bad as it had been on my pussy, and it didn't approach the agony of nailing my rosebud. The second nail did cause me to cum.

He paused and beat himself off on me, trying as best he could to hit my face. Then he nailed my lower lip to the post with two nails. Finally, he nailed the outside flesh of each nostril to its penetrating, bamboo tube. Afterwards, he fastened the long pole to a bracket in the floor, so that it held my head in position.

Breathing-through my mouth a little, or my nose a little more was difficult. I had to inhale in sharp bursts. My head was held in position, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw my client step over to a table and do something with the air-powered nail gun. In a couple of minutes, he returned to me and knelt at my feet.

NO, NO, NO! He couldn't do that!: wanted to scream but I was impaled on and nailed to wood

everywhere and could barely move! He positioned the tip of the gun between my second and middle toe, immediately above the ball of my foot. I could feel him move it around until he found the spot he sought. Then there was an unbearable pain as he fired long nail through my foot, into the rough, wood floor. I climaxed and fainted.

In my stupor, felt it happen again and waves of pain-centric, orgasmic bliss swept me deeper into unconsciousness.

I awoke to a bucket of water being splashed unmercifully into my face. I was nailed in place in the most hellacious of BDSM experiences, in a veritable chamber of horrors. My pretty little feet were now nailed to the floor.

The evil, evil man began to beat the torso-woman hanging next to me, and then he scourged me with a cane, steel rod, and a whip. Because of all the chains and wooden rods coming out of the front of me, he concentrated on my back and the part of my buttocks above the pole nailed to my rosebud. The beating seemed to last for hours. I orgasmed and I fainted repeatedly.

I had found that, since Fahd's blood choking and its damage to my brain, I fainted much more quickly than before.

The worst part about the beating was how it made me writhe on the large post jammed into my pussy, to which my labia were nailed. I had no freedom of movement, yet I involuntarily tried to move. My upper body was held in place, but it also instinctively wanted to jerk away from the lashes being inflicted on it. My feet wanted to push me up off the pole, though that would have been impossible, even if I weren't nailed to it, and even if my feet weren't nailed to the floor.

It was, perhaps, the most hellaciously painful, God-awful experience of my life.

The glaring, yet-unknown wickedness in the whole episode was about to get much, much worse.

I regained consciousness for the umpteenth time. My entire body and all its orifices were on fire. I hated needles and hated nails too, which were merely stiff, stronger needles! I HAVE BEEN NAILED AND BOUND ENOUGH!! I thought. I DON'T WANT TO BE NAILED ANYMORE!

With my lips nailed to a wooden gag, I couldn't shout that of course, so I was bound and trussed up there, unable to do anything to alleviate my suffering.

I saw my tormenter unfastening the arm-socket rings of the pitiful torso woman. He held her in one arm, apparently so all her slight weight wouldn't be supported solely by the ring somehow fastened into her head. Then he turned her around so that she was facing me. Her eyes were cast downward and her face obscured, mostly by the thick, black hair with mid-

eye-length bangs which was cut in a short, layered bob. He quickly refastened her rings and walked away.

I studied her thin, frail-looking body. There wasn't enough left of her to tell me if she'd been muscular or weak, though she did have defined abs, right above the point where her body ended. Looking below her abdomen, I could tell she'd been cut. She had no vulva, only a puckered opening to her vagina, below featureless groin.

Her body wiggled a little, reminding me of the motion of a worm or a maggot, truth be told. She came to a moment later and lifted her eyes. Her face was contorted in pain and her eyes were glazed. She blinked several times and seemed to come around a little more. Finally, her face relaxed somewhat and she stared directly at me, a curious look on her face, as though she'd never seen a woman trussed up like I was. She wasn't horrified at the sight of me, simply bemused.

After a moment of staring, her mouth opened into a large "O," as though her mind had finally caught up with the situation surrounding her. Her eyes widened in surprise.

"Karimah!" She croaked out in a weak, raspy, whisper.

My first thought was how could this person possibly recognize me, bound and pinioned as I was. The second thought was that this person knew me as Karimah! The third thought was I don't know any torso houris

I strained to see her eyes, partially obscured by her bangs. I looked at her nose and then her mouth - her mouth!

It couldn't be! OH HOLY MOTHER OF THE WESTERN GOD! IT COULDN'T BE, BUT IT WAS! I KNEW THIS PERSON! This fraction of a woman was all that remained of my enemy, probably the woman whom I most hated, HABIBA!

I remembered that Altaf told me she was sure Habiba's contract had been bought out by the Enakazin, several years ago now, yet I'd never seen her. She must have done something to cause Negasito remove her from the population of ordinary houris, and be sent to this Khassung. They had rendered her an exotic whore by completely removing her arms and legs. They had cut her. I couldn't tell if they'd done anything else to her, other than mounting the horrid suspension rings into her body.

Her life must be daily, living hell. It was amazing that her mind still functioned at all!

I had once sworn that if I ever got the chance, I could easily kill this woman. Now ..now!..

The true horror of what her life had become suddenly broke through the brittle barrier of the situation which surrounded us and it hit me in my heart, punched me in the gut, tore at my

mind. Any hate I had harbored for Habiba suddenly and irretrievably transferred to Negasi. How could anyone do this to another person?

I had, by and large, lived pleasantly, even lushly at the Retreat. I had found love. Negasi had, when asked, catered to me. I knew he worked his own agenda, and that it could hurt me and, more importantly, those close to me. Even knowing that, I had no idea the other side of him was this cruel, so desirous of money that he would take the body of a perfectly healthy young woman, and carve it up like this. What he had done to Habiba went far beyond what had been done to Lesedi. Knowing that he allowed the Collectors in should have been the warning to me that he was capable of this level of brutality. Seeing what he'd done to Shahad and Muna should have been the revelation to me.

But this, this went beyond anything I could have imagined. They had removed Habiba's arms and replaced them with rings screwed into her shoulder sockets! They had removed her legs just below her butt, maintaining the rounded nature of her posterior, but nothing else. I found out later they had removed the top of her head, inserted a rounded steel plate onto which the ring was welded atop her brain, and replaced her skull bones and scalp over the plate, leaving a tight hole for the ring to protrude through. Then they caused the skull bones to knit together over the metal plate.

Without arms or legs, her weight would have dropped from about 55 kilos to about 35, apparently supportable by the three rings installed in her torso and head. I was bound and immobilized and unable to speak to her. Had I been able to, I would have said, "Habiba, I am so sorry they have done this to you, comrade."

There exists the comradery of people who have faced difficulties together, and then there is the [s comradery of being in of one situation as enemies, and then in another as colleagues, or people of common experiences. Habiba and I were the latter, but no less comrades for it.

I swore another oath. If ever I could extricate Habiba from this imprisonment of the body, I would. I would also punish Negasi for what he'd done to her. Finally, I vowed to crush Dr. Wtanna, as the key person, the Josef Mengele, in this insane drama of one desecrated body after another.

A second after I'd concluded that thought, I was being beaten again. My back - but especially my cute, sweet ass burned, and my body tried to lurch repeatedly. I couldn't move because of the fastening of every important part of me to wooden posts, nor could I call out, being nailed as I was. I was Fatima bound, subject to any punishment my client visited upon me. I was Karimah the felon, suffering her unjust incarceration, and I was Destiny, adrift in a cosmos of BDSM horror. It seemed to be the culmination of the abuse of my young self. The final step in creating a Destiny Bound.

There was a pause which I relished, but I saw this atrocious man turn to my partner, Habiba.

He beat her poor, reduced body relentlessly. His crop - whether it was cane, steel rod, or leather whip bit into her breasts, her abdomen, my back, or my buttocks.

Habiba writhed like a worm snared on a hook, while I barely squirmed, bound almost without possible motion by the poles and nails thrust into and fastened to my body.

I climaxed and T tried to scream in pain, though the balled post in my mouth rendered me virtually mute. In between his bouts of beatings, the client would masturbate and ejaculate onto one or the other of us. At one point, I came to wonder how he had any remaining ejaculate within him.

Never once did he attempt to fuck either of us, though Habiba's pucker was there, at the lowest extent of her reduced body, ready for his member to exploit it.

Every fuckable hole of mine, and some not fuckable, were skewered and nailed to wood.

I still don't know if this went on for many, many hours, or for many, many days. I lost track of time, and the light at the end of the tunnel which I knew was Yusef, waiting for me.

Habiba hung, reduced and beaten, off to the right of me. was still nailed to wood - mouth, pussy, asshole, and feet. I didn't even notice or recall that my nipples and clitoris were being pulled out from me by chains through the rings embedded through them. How can you experience anything else, when your pussy is impaled on a post, and you are trapped there like a live butterfly, prematurely pinned to a display board?

Ages and ages hence, I heard the client pick up the phone and call someone. "I'm done here," he said gruffly. Send someone to clean up this mess.

Shahad nursed my wounded body back to health over the next two weeks, with a liberal application of hyperhealant and tender, loving care. I would have no scars to remind me, of the nailing I received.

I couldn't get the image of Habiba out of my mind. It was always there, her hovering, suspended by rings in her head and arm sockets. No arms or legs. Merely a torso and a head with sad, sad, tragic face, still graced by duplicates of my original teeth, it would haunt me for years, and was the source of uncounted nightmares.

The despicable Negasi wasn't pleased with the client who abused me. Apparently, the sick fuck had wood and amputation fetishes, and wanted to nail beautiful woman to wood everywhere he could, and beat her while he beat a Khassung torso.

The fact that the suite was equipped with a nail gun wasn't lost on me. Negasi had allowed it to be set up, and the client had used it to extreme effect. I blamed Negasi, as much as I blamed that lunatic bastard who had abused me.

At least Negasi ruined him financially. He maxed every credit card the guy possessed, which Negasi had on record, and sued him in the Caribbean, where the monster used a bank to support two companies he owned. The guy's assets were frozen, and likely to end up in Negasi's hands, to compensate for loss of my services. I was a business loss, as far as one island court was concerned. Negasi's reach was far and wide.

My very last client turned out to be a woman who was totally into self-pleasure, and couldn't care less whether or not I received any. She liked to watch me suffer. Our time together was a combination of my face and fingers in her crotch, with interludes of beatings, chained to the whipping posts. She ended our time together with needle play, which I absolutely hated still, despite my controller-induced allegiance to my profession.

She left me pinned to the wooden posts with needles pounded into them through the palms of my hands. Fortunately, my feet were on the ground and they were carrying my weight, not my hands. I couldn't free myself, and was stuck there until Shahad found me when he didn't show up to meet her for lunch. Thus, I began my last week at the Retreat with painfully sore hands. It took several days of hyperhealant to treat the wounds. Shahad was pissed and really tore into Negasi. I was afraid she'd get in trouble, but he took it in stride. He needed her, after all, and couldn't control her in the same, electronically effective way he could control me.

We made the most of our time together, knowing we wouldn't see each other again for a year. Shahad understood and was delightfully appreciative of Yusef's efforts to ultimately free her from the Enakazin. No longer considering herself a Western woman because of her altered body, she had no interest in returning to the Twin Cities, and was looking forward to joining me in Yusef's harem. She would have: and, when he was so inclined, Yusef too. (mentally tested my own feelings and realized I had no problem with that idea.

As you might expect, the days of my last week with Shahad passed quickly. They were filled with love and warmth and the delight of our bodies and hearts together. Yes, I tortured Shahad. It is what she wanted. I tried hard not to hate myself while I did it. It was what my lover required of me to achieve the satisfaction and temporary dispersal of desire that orgasm delivers. She did cum, over and over, as I did.

Negasi summoned us both in the late afternoon of the day before my sentence ended.

We knelt, prostrate before him, our Master still, before he bid us rise, and join him on the cushions of his lavish living room.

He sat across from us and studied us both. After several minutes, I saw a hint of sadness in his eyes. Cynically, I thought he was considering the money he wouldn't be earning by pimping me.

The first thing he said was, "I have news from Yusef?"

My heart instantly sank. I tried hard not to let it show. It had been too good to be true.

Sensing my distress, Negasi, not knowing how my mind had turned against him, immediately held up his hand as though to stop me from being upset. "He will come to get you at noon tomorrow, Fatina, rather than in two days. Apparently, he's anxious to have you with him. I thought you'd want to know as soon as I could tell you, so you could prepare, pack, and say your goodbyes." The relief that washed over me was like a cool breeze on a blistering, hot desert day. Yusef was coming tomorrow! This was great news!

"Thank you for telling me, Master" "I said. Nothing would be served by my insolence at this point. I would wait, and exact my revenge when the time was right. Somewhen in the future, I would have satisfaction at Negasi's expense.

"Of course, Fatina." He again looked at us silently. The pause was uncomfortable. I thought he wanted to say something, but was either struggling with whether it was a good idea, or with what words to use. He finally took a deep breath, smiled, and spoke.

"You've done right by me and your responsibilities here, Fatina. You've sometimes been a challenge, but you've also been the finest concubine I have ever possessed. I would have done most anything to legally keep you here, including offering you money or a position of some power, but Yusef convinced me that it would be best for you to go with him. I do not bite the hand that feeds me.

"Thus, I send you off with both regret and thanks. This experience, though not one you would ever have taken on without reservations of your own, has changed you, and those changes are unlikely to reverse.

Yusef will, of course, possess the means to operate your controller. It is between him and you to decide what, if anything, he ever does with it. After tomorrow, it is out of my hands. You'll be as free as it is possible to be, in this part of the world. I believe Yusef will be an attentive, kind, invigorating companion. Because it's hard to imagine you as anything other than the best, I expect you to be an outstanding consort to him." "Thank you for your kind words, Master" I intended to leave here gracefully and without rancor. Based on the little I could remember of her, Destiny had been taught never to burn her bridges. Someday I could return to crush Negasi, to take my revenge for what he had done or allowed to be done to Shahad, Lesedi, Habiba, Muna, me, and countless others.

"I speak only what is true, though I do speak from the heart. As you know, I couldn't afford to lose both of you at once. Yusef understood that, and, though the agreement is in place and the funds paid, Shahad will continue to please the clients here at the Enakazin for one more year. Then she will join you and Yusef. Shahad, Yusef is purchasing you. Your freedom or continued servitude is between you and Yusef" "I understand, Master," she said, squeezing my hand.

He stood up and we bowed, then took our leave. We returned to my apartment where Shahad helped me prepare to leave on the morrow. With her, hand-in-hand, I visited as many of my friends as was possible, before we returned to my place. We spent the night together in sweet coitus. I did not sleep for even a moment of my last hours with Shahad at the Enakazin.

I knew tomorrow Was going to be a glorious day. A day of happiness I'd always remember.

Shahad had arranged for an early picnic at our favorite spot. She'd invited Lesedi, Ergaalem and Muna, my closest friends, to join us. We talked and laughed or, in Lesedi's case, passed notes which one of the others read. The few hours went quickly and soon it was 11:00 am.

The items I'd packed: clothes, jewelry, makeup, and a few personal items, were in suitcases which had already been transported to the helipad. The four of us made our way there. I was lightly dressed in the turquoise pantaloons and open bolero I'd worn the first time I'd laid eyes of Yusef - the day we were both struck by the thunderbolt. I wore only my engagement ring on my fingers. My white hair, still undercut but finally getting long, blew about freely in the gentle desert breeze. The chopper would touch down, remain in idle, and I would join Yusef aboard. Once the luggage was loaded, we'd take off immediately.

There was little left to say. I kept telling Shahad that the year would quickly pass, and then she'd be with me again. She knew that, of course, but tears still filled her eyes. Lesedi was also openly distraught. Muna was her usual, stoic self, and Ergaalem was maintaining the British stiff upper lip, with the little bit of the British background that still remained within her.

A few minutes before noon, we heard the large, Sud Aviation helicopter owned by Yusef's father, the King, in the distance. In couple minutes, it was touching down. The ground attendants rushed to load the bags, and I gave everyone a final hug, and a deep kiss to Shahad.

As I turned back to the chopper, my short-haired, handsome Yusef appeared at the open door, and motioned for me to come to him. I didn't need any further invitation. I ran across the broad pad as he ducked back inside to make room for me to enter. I rushed up the short steps and I was inside! I was truly leaving the Kingdom of Salat, after so many years, so much trial and tribulation, some moments of consuming love and many more of heartbreak.

I looked around the large passenger area but didn't see Yusef. I recognized an attendant from the King's retinue and asked him where Yusef was.

"He's up with the pilot, Mistress. You can sit here, next to him. He'll join you in a moment. Please buckle up."

I sat down, fastened my seatbelt, and the chopper took off, just as Yusef emerged, ducking from the small door to the pilot's compartment. The helicopter was big, but not the pilots' door.

Yusef turned to me and smiled, though he looked down, probably because he was stooped over. He was wearing the white silk shirt and beige trousers he'd worn when he'd left the Enakazin a hundred days ago.

His hair was the same short style, though my white locks had grown about another three or four centimeters.

I unbuckled - rules be damned. I stood up and embraced him. He hugged me tightly to him like the long-lost lover that I was. I thought it odd, but he didn't smell like Yusef. He hugged me, nudged me to sit back in my seat, and looked down at me he turned to sit down.

His eyes ... his eyes .. his .. eyes were cold, bereft of any welcoming gaze or feeling. As stared, they became penetrating, imperious, triumphant.

"Hello, Fatina," he said.

"Fahd I gasped, as he clicked my belt into place.

My hands were tied and my mouth was filled with a ball gag. My legs were hobbled with rankle chain. I was belted into my seat, flying to I knew not where.

Fahd, who'd been sitting next to me, had gone to the back of the small cabin to retrieve something. He returned, holding several sheets of paper, which he held up before me.

"You can't read this, can you, my little Fatina?"

I shook my head. I thought it was Arabic, but I wasn't sure. My brain didn't process squiggles on paper that way. Mostly, it didn't process them at all.

"Let me read it to you. It says, T Yusef, Prince of the Ringdom of AlJenakis, (this was the kingdom of my love, Yusef; roughly translated, Al Jenakis means the paradise), do hereby consent to the sale of my slave, Fatina, to Maise Elfadil, of the Sudan."

Fahd gave a self-satisfied chuckle. "I can just imagine the look on Yusef's face when he arrives to pick you up tomorrow and you've already been picked up! How I wish I could see that! I'll be back in Al Jenakis waiting for his return. I expect he'll know it was I who grabbed you.

"He'll be powerless to locate or retrieve you. You'll be long gone, of course, and he'll never be able to find you. People disappear all the time in the Sudan, and are never heard from again.

"Of course, he'll threaten me, but I'll have your safety and well-being to hold over him, at

least for a little while. Before Yusef is ready to act, or Father forces my hand, I will be gone to another land where neither of them can touch me. The revenge is sweet enough that I don't mind abandoning the throne which 'm sure was going to Yusef anyway. I have a better arrangement elsewhere.

"So you see, Fatina, I am going to deliver you to one Malse Elfadil, a minor tribal leader, forthwith. In fact, if my watch is correct, we should be at the meeting place in about four hours." He called for the aid who had seated me. "Help Fatina take a nap," Fahd ordered.

"She' ll need some rest because, even after we and, she will have a journey of many hours" I felt a prick on my upper arm, and that was it.

"Fatina, welcome to the Sudan! I heard Fahd say as he shook me from my drug-induced sleep.

Though barely awake, I could tell that we were still flying steadily onward. I had no idea where in the Sudan we were. I knew next to nothing about the geography of the country, though I knew it shared borders with Eritrea, Egypt, and several other Middle Eastern and African countries. Not that it would make any difference. The Sudan is a large country, about three times the size of France. It is essentially tribal. A girl can become lost here in mere minutes, and never be heard from again.

Fahd produced a controller remote. I assumed it was the remote tuned to my controller. I was horrified at what he might do to me, temporarily or permanently.

"Ah, you recognize this, Fatina. Of course you do. It's one of those life-changing innovations, like the Internet, or hyperhealants, or MIND CONTROL!" I nodded my head at the implied question. Then I shook it, hoping he's get the message to please, please not use it on me.

"I suppose, if I had controller tendrils wormed throughout my brain, the sight of it would scare the shit out of me too. Oh Fatina, I've spent a month learning how this delicious device works, and how to use it. I obtained control of the one put into Maryam, did you know? Of course you didn't. Everyone thought she'd mysteriously disappeared. She was with me. She is hmm ... how can put this ... oh, yes she is much different now. The most wonderful part of that is that she knows it, and she still can't do anything about it!

"She deserved it, of course. She was complicit in having me disgraced before my father" Without a doubt, he would blame everyone but himself.

"Maryam .. alh, sweet Maryam. I have secreted her away in a place I control. She goes by Phhut, now. It's one of the hand-full of sounds she can understand. The others are ugh, no, and fuck.' She's a cavewoman with the intelligence of an opuntia." Seeing me frown, he laughed and said, "To you, a desert cactus, a prickly pear! And then he laughed some more, maniacally.

"I took language from her, you see. Not like you, where a subset of Arabic replaced a broad

knowledge of English. No, she lost all language! You should see what that does to a person! They are like totally mind fucked! In a group of a hundred clueless, she is not only the number one clueless, she doesn't even know what a clue is! You see, since virtually everyone learns to think with the words of their language playing in their heads, when language is taken from them, thinking becomes ... oh, it becomes really, really hard" His tone was mocking and despicable.

"So, as it turns out, Maryam ... sorry, Phhut can't think worth shit!

"Obviously, given that golden opportunity, I fucked with her body too." He broke down in uncontrollable mirth for several minutes. He wasn't faking, he was irredeemably crazy.

"She can't move properly, Fatina. She jerks about like a short-circuited crab, because every desire to move is countered with a need to STOP IMMEDIATELY! It is fucking hilarious!" "By the way, just so you don't think I restricted my involvement with her to her mind, capabilities and behavior, I took her beauty. I'm not going to give you the details. You'll have to use your imagination. I will only tell you that my surgeon applied the changes with great finesse and success. She is now a true denizen of my Shadow Harem."

I shook my head in denial, and in supplication for the poor Maryam. She was merely a dedicated servant to the King's entourage- sweet, young, and innocent - before Fahd had forced her to be a concubine and a pain slut initiate.

Fahd began to manipulate the buttons on the controller. It sent in horror.

"Oh, don't look so nervous! I promised your new Master that you'd be mostly intact • unchanged from the woman I described, when I contracted you to him. I merely need to make a few fine adjustments."

I had a ball gag in my mouth, and could say nothing, plead nothing.

"On a relationship scale of one-to-ten, I bet you would consider sex a six, as most women would, right? All those touchy-feely things are great, but the devotion of a great provider, an adequate lover, and a person of high office would outweigh your six' wouldn't it?" I had a gag in my mouth and couldn't argue with this maniac.

"So ... this fine-tuning, Fatina, will bump sex up there to about a ten. I suppose that means almost nothing will be more important. Sex was your job, your occupation, your vocation for years, wasn't it, Fatina?

Now it will be your raison d'etre.

"After I pass you on, I doubt I will ever see you again. But if I do, will fuck you with all the size, vigor, dominance, and passion you require, as the most basic of nymphomaniac whores."

He paused to study me, then smirked yet again.

"If your own mythology contains even a scrap of veracity, at one time, in your forgotten past, you probably thought of yourself as a citizen of, as a member of the greatest nation on this planet. You were a proud member of a universally-important civilization. You shared in the power of that heritage.

"Your new Master, Malse Elfadil, is a minor official in a tiny tribe, which would be less than insignificant in the place of your birth. Now, however, that tribal entity will become the focus of all your allegiance. Its goals will be your goals. Its mores will be your mores. Its customs will be your customs. Its laws will be your laws. Elfadil will instruct you, and you will learn and adhere to the dictates of the tribe. Your world-view will become that of the tribe - self-centered, insular, parochial, confined, narrow.

no "You have no idea how this odd compulsion will play out for you, but I do! He laughed maniacally. I was truly among the damned.

"Finally, your memory will become foggy and unreliable. Sometimes you will forget even more than you have. Other times, you will remember everything, but not be sure of the accuracy of your memories. You will remember growing up, maturing, being captured, being altered, but those memories will come and go and may seem to be only dreams. Merely glimpses of lives that could have been.

"I won't take more of your past from you, but I will allow it to be scrambled sometimes. You will sometimes remember Destiny, Karimah, or Fatina. I'll even allow you to sometimes remember Yusef. Other times, you won't recall his name or his appearance, his voice, his time with you, his feel, his taste, or his scent.

"You will only remember that you are a whore; you will come to the conclusion that you have always been whore; you have fucked the lowly and the exalted. "Asa nymphomaniac, you will continue to fuck. You will do it to please your master, for favors, for prestige, for money, or only to satisfy the dominating need within your pussy" I shook my head, over and over. With my eyes, begged him not to do this to me.

He smiled, laughed, and pushed a button on my control device. Once, twice, thrice.

My head exploded and I was sent somewhere else.

The next thing I remember was standing in off-colored, dirty sand. A hot wind whipped around me, filling the air with brownish orange dust. At that moment, I didn't know who I was. A handsome, Arabic man was pushing me forward, toward a tall, muscular, frowning black man who stood in the desert, flanked by several other powerful-looking black men.

The black leader stepped forward, holding a thick chain, with smaller chains dangling in a

cluster from it.

He fastened two of the smaller chains to grommets in my tongue, two to the flesh tunnels in my ears, two to my nipple rings, one to my clit ring, and one to my Princess Albertina ring. I was intimately bound. If I resisted, I could be ripped at and pulled asunder by every sensitive part I possessed.

The handsome Arab said to me, gesturing to the man who held my chain, "This is your master, Malse Elfadil. You must obey him in all things. He will name you. You must obey everyone to whom he gives power over you. You are the lowest of the low in his tribe."

The black man looked at me sternly. He was so big, and I was so little, so plump, so weak, so insignificant, so low.

"You are Dohattn now" he said, as he pulled me after him, bound by so many of the rings in my body. "It is an Arabic name which means Cuddles."

There was an insistent, needful feeling in my Pussy, which radiated to and affected my mind. I really, really had to be fucked soon. I wanted to be fucked more than anything. I would come to find the feeling never went away.

I wondered how soon my new master would fuck me.

I was desperate to be fucked.

End.