

The Adventures of Rania

Part One: Her Origin

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Author's note: This story ran a little long.... First there's a slow buildup, then passages of humiliation and bondage, and then the mind control finally starts a little before the halfway point. Now that the spadework is done, it should be easy to write shorter episodes if the mood strikes me.

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The king of the small Middle East state of Kazeib passed away, leaving his two children in control of the wealthy absolute monarchy. Nasser, the eldest child at 23, had been educated at Princeton, and 19-year-old Rania was between her freshman and sophomore years there. Both children were very handsome: their late mother was an Egyptian film and television star, and Rania had inherited her mother's celebrated breasts, though she generally kept them hidden beneath fashionably casual Western clothes. Both children were personable and well-liked at the palace, and they had a good, light-hearted relationship with each other. It went without saying that, as the male heir, Nasser took the reins of government single-handedly, and that Rania had no official position of authority. Western-educated though they may have been, neither child questioned or resented this arrangement, or expected anything else. Rania attended all high-level government meetings while she was home, and Nasser conferred with her on matters of state.

During her sophomore year at Princeton, Rania spent many hours on the phone to Nasser, who liked to talk over the smallest decisions with her, to gossip about the palace life, and to laugh about the absurdity of exercising power. But gradually the phone calls became less frequent, with Nasser complaining more and more about the demands on his time. Rania didn't mind that she was becoming less involved with governing the country. She wanted Nasser to become a man and rule with authority, as their father did before him. And she was quite busy herself learning the social options available to a wealthy, beautiful young woman in the West. Just turned 20, she had become comfortable at last in the world of men, was enjoying giving her body or withholding it, as it pleased her. These were good times for her.

She returned to her country the next summer, a little sorry to leave the possibilities of America behind, but looking forward to seeing her brother and her home again. Nasser greeted her warmly, but she detected a difference in his manner: he treated her more like a prized guest than a childhood collaborator. He is a man now, she thought, and a ruler; he doesn't need me in the same way. She was a little sad, but mostly happy for him.

There was a banquet in honor of her return, like the one that had been planned the summer before but cancelled because of her father's illness. All the aristocracy of the country attended, and the slaves of the palace served the food and drink. Slavery was still legal in this little

country, though the institution had changed with the times: today's slaves were no more or less than servants, with money allowances and days off. There were old men and women in the room who remembered quite a different time...but for the royal children, those days were simply the material for the scary bedtime stories of their childhood.

That evening Nasser came to Rania's bedroom, and they chatted as in the old days. Rania noticed that his palace gossip seemed tinged with—not cruelty, exactly, but a kind of contempt, as if the foibles of others were an annoyance to him. He has become used to power quickly, she thought.

At one point he leaned back on his pillow and smiled at her. "Rania, sometimes I feel as if I'm looking at you for the first time." "What are you talking about?" she said. "It's just that...your chest is so enormous. When did that happen?"

Rania didn't enjoy this new topic of conversation. "It happened a long time ago. Where have you been?" "Well, you're my baby sister, you know. One doesn't notice these things. But they're actually quite extraordinary."

"All right, enough about my chest," Rania said.

"Why? If I were you, I'd be proud of it," Nasser persisted. "I don't think I've ever seen anything like it."

"That's because you spend all your time in meetings and committees, instead of getting out a little."

"I get around quite a lot," said Nasser, "and I've seen a good deal more of women than you think I have."

"Well, good for you," said Rania.

"And so I'm in a position to tell you that your bosom is quite exceptional."

"All right, that's enough about my bosom!" said Rania, exasperated. "I hear quite enough about it in my daily life, let me assure you. When I come home, the last thing I want is to hear my brother going on about it!"

"Why, what do you hear about it in daily life?" said Nasser.

"Enough!" screamed Rania. "Enough!" The room went quiet for a moment.

"All right, but I just want to say one more thing before we leave the subject. Okay?"

"What?" said Rania crossly.

“Some time—not now, when you’re in such a bad mood—I think it’s really important that I—I mean, I’d really appreciate it if you’d show them to me. I mean, we’ve grown up together, and I’ve never seen them...”

“Get out of here!” yelled Rania. “You pervert! Get out!”

“All right, there’s no reason to...Ow!” Rania had thrown a pillow, hard enough to knock Nasser off balance.

“Get out! You’re disgusting!” She was throwing everything she could lay her hands on.

“All right! We’ll talk about it later,” he said, beating a retreat.

The siblings met again the next morning at breakfast. Rania had lain awake angry for several hours, but had finally chalked the incident up to raging hormones. Never underestimate the ability of an Arab woman to identify with outrageous male behavior.

“Peace?” said Nasser, smiling.

Concerned but no longer angry, Rania said, “Nasser, you need to get a girlfriend.”

“Don’t you worry about that,” said Nasser. “Here, you have to try this coffee—Youssef brought it back from Marrakesh.” He poured for Rania, and was charming for the rest of the day.

The next morning, Rania attended an important meeting with Nasser, the Minister of Finance, and the ambassador to a neighboring country. The meeting concerned the ongoing fallout from a cooperative business development near the border between the countries. Rania knew quite a lot about the project and had been involved in last summer’s planning meetings, though Nasser and the finance minister had handled the project on their own while Rania was at school.

Rania arrived last, and greeted the minister, whom she had known since her childhood, and the ambassador, with whom she had only a slight acquaintance.

“You look more lovely than ever, your Highness,” said the old minister.

“Doesn’t she look extraordinary?” said Nasser. Rania, who had accepted the minister’s compliment happily, shot Nasser a sideways look. Not seeing, or pretending not to, Nasser went on: “I was just telling her the other day that her breasts are a national treasure.”

Rania stared at the table. The minister and ambassador sat in horrified silence. But Nasser acted as if nothing were the matter. “You could really make an argument that such great beauty belongs to the country, and not just to one person. Rania is a very modest person, as you know...”

Rania got up and left the room like a shot. Appearing surprised, Nasser looked at the mortified statesmen. “What’s wrong with her? We have important business to discuss.” No one said a word. “Oh, well, we can get along without her. I apologize for her, gentlemen. As smart as she

is, we have to remember that she's just a woman after all. And she's been so long in the West...." The statesmen could do nothing but murmur in vague agreement.

This time the rift was not so easily healed. Rania kept her distance from Nasser for several days, taking meals in her quarters and excusing herself from meetings. She thought about spending the summer in America, but finally decided to wait out the situation for at least a while longer. If she had followed her instincts and left the palace immediately, she might have avoided the very strange fate that was to befall her. But the ties to her family life were too strong.

Over the next few days, Nasser became more and more taken with the idea that his sister's unique beauty belonged to the entire country, and that a proper acknowledgment of this beauty would somehow restore purpose and meaning to the traditional image of Arab womanhood. And so it happened that the designer who had created the royal uniforms was summoned to a private meeting. There, after being sworn to secrecy, she was told that Nasser intended to design a special set of clothes, the purpose of which was to enhance and reveal Rania's loveliness for the edification of the court and, indirectly, all the people. The designer was quite dismayed at this strange request, but was afraid to ask questions.

All but the most urgent government business was put on hold as Nasser conferred with the designer for several hours a day over the course of the next week. Completely absorbed in his project, Nasser overflowed with ideas about every detail of Rania's new outfit. The designer was shocked to discover that Nasser's fashion concept was not conservative at all; timidly, she tried to preserve Rania's dignity by suggesting more modest design ideas. But, though Nasser never said a prurient word during the whole process, all his revisions seemed to push the wardrobe further and further beyond the bounds of decency.

On one occasion, Rania passed through a room where Nasser and the designer were having an emergency conference on a suitable hair style. Nasser seemed to have stayed up much of the night pondering this question, and had brought in a series of sketches, inspired more by Hollywood than the actual history of Arab women. Rania nodded curtly at Nasser's mockingly pleasant greeting, and walked on. She knew something strange was going on, but would never have guessed that these meetings were devoted to an intimate study of her body and how to present it.

One morning, Jamila, who had been Rania's lady in waiting for four years, appeared in Rania's chamber, flanked by two soldiers, and told her, with an air of sorrow, that Nasser wanted to see her immediately in the reception hall. Rania knew instantly that something bad was happening. She tried to order Jamila away, but it was plain that Jamila had instructions to the contrary. And so Rania was escorted like a prisoner into the hall, where Nasser sat on the throne, calm but formal. A few palace functionaries and a half dozen female slaves stood by.

"As of this moment, Rania, I officially declare your exceptional beauty to be a national asset, to be managed by the state for the enlightenment and uplift of all our citizens," said Nasser.

"You fucker," said Rania, trembling with anger and fear.

The room was still. Women did not speak this way in public in this culture.

Nasser remained calm. He nodded to Jamila, as if giving her a prearranged order. Then he went on: "It is a goal of this monarchy to restore to our culture the traditional images of Arabic womanhood, images that are being swept away by progress but without which both our men and our women are deprived of their connection to the strength and dignity of our past."

Rania looked around her. There was no way out of the room.

"At today's official reception at 16:00, you will represent the state for the first time in a new wardrobe, designed to evoke in all of us the awe and worship due to Arab womanhood, which you will heretofore embody in an official capacity," said Nasser. "You will now accompany Jamila, who has instructions to prepare you."

Nasser rose and left the hall amid obeisances. Rania stood petrified. She would be taken away by force if she didn't comply. Jamila bowed to Rania, then took her arm gently. Rania allowed herself to be led away by Jamila to the women's quarters, followed by the slaves and the soldiers.

"Jamila...please..." whispered Rania, her legs unsteady beneath her.

"Hush, my lady," whispered Jamila. "I love you, but we must obey."

The soldiers waited at the doors of the women's quarters, while Jamila and the slaves bustled about within. They had six hours to make Rania over according to her brother's specifications, and they were going to need all of that time.

Though she tried to maintain her composure, tears leaked out of Rania's eyes as the slaves stripped her naked, removing even her jewelry and hair adornments. For the next three hours she was washed, shampooed, shaved, styled, painted, and made up, all according to Nasser's detailed instructions. The slaves were infinitely gentle with her, leading her softly from one station to the next. Rania saw them refer to Nasser's drawings at every step of the way; there was no part of her body that he had not visualized and made detailed plans for. Whenever Rania tried to protest or plead, the slaves smiled sadly and shook their heads—their orders were strict.

In the fourth hour, Rania was given a meal, taken to a toilet to relieve herself, and washed yet again. Then Jamila brought out a box of jewelry, with each piece tagged and numbered. Referring to a diagram and a book of pictures, the slaves began adorning Rania's naked body with gold and silver. Rings were placed on each of her fingers, and on several of her toes; then two elaborate slave bracelets on her wrists, and matching anklets on her ankles. The bracelets and anklets were strung with tiny bells on the strands that encircled Rania's fingers and toes, and her smallest movement generated a soft glistening sound that sustained for more than a second after she was still. Some of the rings on her fingers and toes were belled as well, and then the slaves added bangles of different sizes to her wrists and ankles. When they were finished with her hands and feet, Rania found that she could no longer be silent: even breathing created a

shimmery sound, and the tiniest movement was accompanied by a small symphony of clicks and jangles.

A gold collar, one inch high, with delicate engravings, went around Rania's neck; it took the slaves a few moments to attach it in the back. Then came a pair of earrings with light, cascading strands of silver that separated over Rania's bare shoulders and hung to her armpits. A single solid arm bracelet went on her left bicep; a belly chain, hung with several descending strings of rubies, was fastened behind her (a link was bent into place—the chain wouldn't come off easily) and slung low on her left hip. Two very expensive necklaces, of rubies and diamonds, were placed on top of the collar, both hanging high on her chest. There was almost no place to put another piece of jewelry without piercing her—but the slaves found one, hanging a diadem across her forehead, with a single tear-shaped ruby suspended between her eyes. And then they found another, as Rania's waist-length hair was gathered at the top of her head and forced through an engraved gold cylinder about six inches long. After small golden clips were attached to hold her hair together at strategic places, Rania was quite a sight, her hair flowing straight up into the air for almost a foot, then falling straight down again.

Then came a surprise. Jamila approached Rania with a kid-colored piece of leather, whispered "I'm sorry, my lady," and pressed the leather into Rania's mouth. The alarmed girl found a soft wad of leather filling her mouth and covering her lower face. As she made a futile effort to speak, Jamila locked the leather in place from behind her, using a key. Rania was gagged, as a result of her public obscenity earlier.

As the unhappy girl shed tears and made muffled, unintelligible sounds, the slaves covered the leather with a dark black veil, embroidered with small jewels and hanging from the bridge of Rania's nose to just below her jaw. When the veil was fitted onto Rania's face, her gag was invisible.

Five and a quarter hours had elapsed. The slaves positioned themselves on both sides of Rania, as if in readiness for some event. Looking her silenced mistress in the eye, Jamila said sadly, "You are ready to be presented, my lady."

Rania's eyes widened in confusion. She had not yet been given any clothes. Then her face went pale.

The slaves were ready to restrain Rania when she flew toward the door, screaming into her gag. As they pinned the frantic princess into a chair, a stream of urine poured down her legs.

"Get the doctor!" yelled Jamila. "And clean this up!"

A doctor was standing outside with a hypodermic needle. He was the first man in the court to see Rania's nakedness, though far from the last. The hysterical girl was sedated while slaves held her down and cleaned her. In five minutes, Rania's hoarse, muffled cries subsided, and her tears were reduced to a trickle.

The final half-hour was devoted to repairing the damage done by Rania's expected rebellion. Makeup was fixed, jewelry was adjusted. Rania was taken to the toilet again and given an enema, which she endured with no resistance. Her gag was removed to give her water, then replaced.

The sedative had replaced Rania's stabbing terror with dull misery and a paralyzed will. She saw each separate horror that awaited her, and played them over helplessly in her head. I will be displayed naked to the entire court, she thought with a leaden feeling in her stomach. She reviewed each separate witness to her humiliation: the old men she had known from childhood, the young ones on whom she had had teenage crushes, the girls of noble families who had been her schoolmates. And the mirrors all around her showed her every detail of what they would be seeing, every swaying piece of flesh, every moist, unguarded pathway into her body.

At 16:00, the royal hall was filled as Jamila led Rania down the center of the room. There was absolutely no sound in the room except for the glistening and jingling of Rania's jewelry. Jamila led Rania to Nasser's throne, and prompted her to bow before the young king, who himself seemed stunned at what he had wrought. Then Rania was steered to the side of the throne, and was turned to face the court. Even tranquilized, Rania appeared agitated: her movements were jerky, her breathing was heavy, and her dark skin did not conceal a furious blush all over her face and chest.

Over the spasmodic jingling of poor Rania's jewelry, Nasser was delivering a speech to the court, again extolling Rania's commitment to restore meaning to vanishing images of Arab womanhood. It is unlikely that anyone heard very much of what Nasser was saying—all the court's eyes were on their naked princess. Nor did they believe what they heard. The princess's humiliation and helplessness were apparent to all.

We have not yet described Rania's appearance, and it now seems appropriate to go into detail.

Rania and Nasser's parents both had essentially European looks, which Nasser inherited. Rania had some European features—a small, straight nose and a heart-shaped face—but also some Semitic features that had jumped a generation or two. Her eyebrows were thick and low, and her lips were almost Negroid, though her mouth was small and round. The combination of traits was a bit exotic, and beautiful by any standard. Rania had plucked her eyebrows considerably in America; Nasser hated this and had considered using makeup to restore her natural look, but had given up and resigned himself to growing her eyebrows back in. With most of her face hidden by the veil, Rania looked more Arabic than usual, her dark brow dominating.

Rania was 5'4" and solidly built, with a large rib cage and hips, and a slightly thick waist. One of her Semitic features was dusky skin, much darker than her brother's. The audience who stared at her nakedness could not fail to note something animal and carnal about her appearance. Rania's nipples were both long and thick, with large blue-black areoles that were studded with little bumps, and that were not clearly demarcated from the dark skin of her breasts. They were nipples to be chewed on and bitten, nipples to draw milk from. Her sex was matted with coarse black hair, straighter than that on her head. But her vulva were large and low enough that they made two furry, irregular bumps in her damp-looking foliage. Anyone in the room who had

imagined what a princess's body looked like would have conjured up a more classical, wholesome image. But Rania's body was earthy, raw; it made one think of smells, of fluids, of biology.

Rania's breasts were as exceptional as Nasser imagined. Each one was a little smaller than her head. They sloped pleasantly outward, pulled into pointed ovals by their oversized, pimply nipples. With her long hair thrust straight up into the air, and her heavy chest obeying the laws of gravity, Rania looked like some kind of optical illusion, flying apart in opposite directions.

Her hips started swelling high on her lower back and culminated in solid buttocks: not the kind of ass that seemed to have a life of its own, but rather the kind that grew out of the fullness of her body. Above her sex, her stomach had a little, pleasant pouch; below, her legs were of medium length, with large, strong thighs and big curves. Like most Arab women, Rania's hands and feet were not delicate: they were broad and muscled, but with long, attractive fingers and toes.

This was the spectacle which was presented to the ranking officials and noble families of the country that afternoon. After Nasser's speech, Jamila sat Rania on a large pillow on the ground next to Nasser's throne, where she sat trembling, eyes downcast. A buffet was served; the attendees were at a loss, wanting to flee in horror but unable to take their eyes off the degraded princess. Horror won out, and the hall emptied faster than usual, except for a few small groups of young men and women.

Jamila knelt down to Rania and said, "We are finished, my lady. I'll come to get you for dinner." Rania was shocked to find herself left to her own devices, naked and gagged, in her own palace. Still unsteady from the tranquilizer, she got to her feet and walked, then ran, to her room, her foot jewelry clicking and jangling on the marble floor. The people she passed, shocked though they were at her nakedness, greeted her with bows, as was the custom for royalty; but she ran past without acknowledgement, holding her breasts with one arm.

She locked herself in her room and tried to take stock of the situation. All her clothes were gone; she could cover herself with the sheet on her bed or with a curtain if necessary. She tried to pull her gag off, but it was too tight to move, and she couldn't break the lock. The sedative was wearing off, and her tears were returning; she threw herself on the bed and sobbed.

Could she escape? The palace was well guarded, but she decided that she had to try—things could only get worse for her here. But it was surely best to wait until there were fewer people about.

Jamila and two slaves arrived at dinner time with a key to the room. Rania expected to be put on public display again, but Jamila took her to a private dining table—Nasser didn't want to risk an outburst when her gag was removed. At the first opportunity, Rania begged Jamila for help, quite pitifully, but Jamila silenced her, saying that she was under orders to gag Rania again if she continued to speak. The disconsolate princess was not at all hungry, but Jamila concentrated on getting her to drink a little liquid, and even made her swallow a few bites of her meal. Then, Rania was gagged again, and left in the hallway to run naked to her room.

Rania slept very little that night. She had decided to try to escape early in the morning—and, though the thought terrified her, she had to go as she was, naked and decorated. There was no hope of leaving undetected, but, before this horror had befallen her, she could come and go at any entrance without question. Surely every soldier in the palace had heard what she now looked like—if Nasser hadn't given them orders to confine her, they would not stop her.

At five in the morning, Rania left her room, trembling like a leaf, and walked naked toward the west entrance. Her plan was to avoid the business district, where she would find only police at this hour, and head for the poor neighborhoods. In her hands, she held as much money as she could conceal.

The jingling of her body jewelry sounded deafening in the stillness of the empty palace. She had not dared to meet the eyes of anyone so far, but she knew she had to acknowledge the guards at the west gate.

As she clattered around the last corner, she saw the two guards 50 feet ahead, staring at her in amazement. One of the guards was a cute guy whom she usually liked to flirt with...but adrenaline was pounding through her veins, and nothing could register on her to deepen her humiliation. Hoping somehow that she looked nonchalant, she held her head up, nodded at the stupefied guards—and sailed past them, walking naked into the town.

Once around a corner, she held her breasts with one arm and ran toward the shacks of the west district. She needed to find people, but she didn't know what to do when she found them. She couldn't speak, but perhaps she could write something in the dirt.

Arriving in a residential area, she saw two old men far down the main street, sitting on chairs. Her heart pounding from fear and exhaustion, she trotted toward them, trying vainly to cover herself with her arms. When the men saw her, they leapt to their feet as if struck by whips. Unnerved, Rania stopped dead in the middle of the street.

The men's voices were loud in the morning stillness. "A slave!" "A runaway slave!"

Panicking, Rania turned and ran as fast as she could. She heard the voices behind her multiplying and getting closer: men were joining the chase. Before she knew what was happening, she was thrown to her stomach in the dirt, howling into her gag.

Everything happened very quickly. Someone tied two long sticks of wood into an X, pushed it onto Rania's back, bent her arms and legs back over it, and tied her into a backwards knot. Then the men lashed her to the sticks with coils of rope until she lay rigid and X-shaped in the dirt, making hoarse, muffled cries, her sex wide open.

Two men picked Rania up and set her on her stomach in the back of a wagon, where she rocked in the sun as the men drove her slowly back to the palace on the rough roads. The slave who came out to meet the men didn't recognize Rania at first—and, indeed, if it weren't for the telltale jewelry, she was unrecognizable, covered in dust and mud, her body distorted grotesquely

by the ropes. The baffled villagers feared for their lives when the palace realized what had happened...but eventually they were sent away with the modest reward they had expected.

Rania was put under heavier security, but it didn't matter—there was no place for her to go, and her resistance was broken. Nasser brooded over the debacle. His sister seemed to him...unpatriotic.

While Rania was sequestered in her room, Nasser began to ask around among the attendants, looking for men who had served the palace during the old days, when his father had been a boy. He summoned one such man to his office, and asked him, "Back then, how did you teach slaves obedience?"

The man told stories, and some of the names in the stories were still alive, and told other stories. Nasser became acquainted with a part of life that his royal forebears had preferred not to know about, in the days when slavery was not simply an exotic-sounding name.

There were not many men alive with the skills that Nasser needed. One of them still worked in the palace, in the dining halls. He did not look like a threatening man, but apparently he had once been much feared. Nasser put the question to him directly: could the man's old vocation be used to make his sister more womanly, more devoted to the service of the state?

The man blanched. Though he greatly feared for his life, he said, with a quiver in his voice, that he would not do such a thing to the daughter of his former king.

Nasser smiled and dismissed the man. He had no desire to punish those who did not understand.

There was another legendary name, one who had left the palace many years ago. This man was summoned, and he looked every bit as fearsome as his reputation: an extremely tall and powerful man of seventy-five, with fierce eyes and long grey hair. He listened to Nasser's proposal, and then began to negotiate. He cared nothing about princesses, and was eager to enrich his very large family.

"I must ask you some questions first," said Nasser. "In the course of this education"—Nasser had settled on that word—"is it necessary to have any kind of sexual interaction with the woman?"

"It would be customary," said the man, whose name was Fouaz.

"Because this must not be," said Nasser. "It is an absolute condition."

"You do not want her trained for pleasure, then? Merely for household work?"

"For obedience," said Nasser. "But not for pleasure. Can you do that, without sexual interaction?"

"Without touching her?" said Fouaz.

“Without penetration,” said Nasser. “Without use of her sexual organs, or yours, or those of anyone involved in the process. Can it be done?”

“Very well,” said Fouaz. “It can be done.”

“And another question,” said Nasser. “Will it be necessary to inflict much pain on her?”

“Yes, there will be a great deal of pain,” said Fouaz. “What you want cannot be accomplished without pain. I cannot meet this condition.”

Nasser thought a while. “But no permanent damage will be inflicted upon her?”

It was Fouaz’s turn to think. “If she has much spirit, and I need to use dangerous methods to break her will, I will stop the training and return her to you as she is, and you can compensate me as you see fit. Is this acceptable?”

“Yes, it is acceptable,” said Nasser. “I fear that she has very little spirit left.”

And so, the next morning, Jamila and two slaves entered Rania’s room, and removed every piece of jewelry from the frightened girl’s body. Without cleaning or grooming her, they tied her hands behind her back with a leather cord, tied another long cord around her neck, and stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth and held it in place with another cord around her head. Terrified, Rania was lead on her leash down to the palace’s subterranean chambers, where Fouaz, his first wife, and several of his grown sons had taken up residence for a period of time not to exceed three months.

Two hours later, Rania was groveling naked on a cold stone floor, bawling like a baby and begging for mercy. Fouaz stood over her with a small whip, light and soft enough that he could strike her repeatedly with all his force without breaking the skin. He issued one order after another; Rania tried desperately to obey, but she was never fast enough, or eager enough, or graceful enough to escape the whip.

Between training periods, the dirty and disheveled princess was led to a mattress on the floor. Exhausted, she would fall into unconsciousness, only to wake up to the sting of the whip, for failing to obey orders issued when she was asleep. This regimen continued through the night, with Fouaz’s wife and children taking the whip when Fouaz slept. Too frightened to sleep but too tired not to, Rania hovered in a semi-waking state.

On the morning of the second day, Rania entered the training room and immediately threw herself face down on the floor before Fouaz, her arms extended before her. Fouaz ordered her to fetch drinking water, and Rania ran to the tap, returned with a cup of water, knelt while handing the cup to Fouaz, then collapsed again into her prostrate position before him. “Good,” said Fouaz. The little big-chested princess was half a slave already; it used to take him several days to bring a low-born woman to this stage. But his work was just beginning. It took only a day for Rania to obey him without question, but it would take months for her body to obey without the intervention of her mind.

Rania began her “education” in earnest on that day, as she was put on a varied, around-the-clock schedule designed to inculcate in her the different skills that were deemed useful to a slave in Fouaz’s day. Some of the skills were menial, others decorative. As an aid to all this teaching, Rania was forced every day to eat a black, pasty substance made from the pulverized leaves of an indigenous plant. At first, the strange drug was so disorienting that it caused Rania to regress, costing her precious, painful seconds of reaction time. But the things she relearned went deeper into her. And she became much better at obeying orders given when she was asleep.

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Some weeks later—how long, exactly?—Rania was washing herself at 6:00 in the small room that she had been given in her first days of training. She could not remember waking up, which was often the case now. But this was her first duty of the day, so she had probably been asleep just minutes ago. Her morning ablutions, which she performed kneeling on the floor next to a basin of water, were a set of instructions she was given in her first days here. No one was there to watch her, but she did not dare risk punishment by altering the ritual.

After washing, she had twenty minutes to clean the room from top to bottom. She sprang to her feet to get the cleaning supplies, walking as she had been taught: her upper body straight and still; head lowered; each foot landing directly in front of the other, touching the ground first with her toes. A sudden, violent urge seized her to walk normally, to stop the swaying of her hips that this walk forced upon her. Then, in response, came an equally violent terror of discovery and punishment. Her rebellion defeated, she scrubbed the fixtures and floor quickly and vigorously.

Next she prepared the daily dose of her drug, grinding the black leaves with a mortar and pestle, and adding oil to make a paste. She did all this with the greatest anxiety; she knew that the drug was acting on her will, changing her in some way that she didn’t understand. But her hands went on making the potion, almost without instruction from her; she had no more rebellion left in her today. With a mounting sense of dread, she ate the paste. The drug hit her almost immediately, though she could never describe its effect. She felt almost as if she were watching herself on television.

Finished with her duties, she ran to the door, knelt a few feet away from it, and assumed the posture of greeting, with her head up and her arms straight by her side. No one would come for her for twenty minutes, but she could not risk being discovered in any other position. Tears ran down her cheeks as she waited, contemplating what was happening to her. For some reason, her tear ducts still obeyed her.

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Two months after Rania’s arrival, Fouaz’s wife entered Rania’s room in the middle of the night. The princess slept naked on her mattress, with no sheet. “Bow,” said the wife. Immediately, Rania rose to her knees, then bowed down to the woman, pressing her outstretched arms, her forehead, and her breasts to the mattress. The wife listened to Rania’s breathing in the silence. The princess was still asleep.

In the morning, the wife informed Fouaz of Rania's achievement. "She is ready," he said, as the wife pulled his boots on. "And in only two months." Rania had not eaten the black leaves in weeks; her obedience no longer depended on drugs.

That same afternoon, Nasser sat alone in the palace hall, consumed with curiosity. At the appointed hour, Fouaz strode into the hall, followed at several paces by Rania, walking with eyes downcast, without jewelry, gag or veil—naked as a baby. Nasser was stunned to see his sister's physical beauty enhanced by the exaggerated femininity of her carriage.

Arriving at the throne, Fouaz said to Rania, harshly, "Down before your master!" Rania immediately dove to the ground and laid face down on the marble.

Nasser was a bit intoxicated. After exchanging glances with Fouaz, he said, "Come to me, Rania." Rania rose, ran to Nasser's feet, and knelt on both knees, eyes downcast. Nasser gently took her chin and tilted her head up towards him. Rania's face was covered with tears.

"You are magnificent, Rania. Are you angry with me?" Nasser said.

Rania's mouth opened a little. She looked distressed.

"She will not speak," said Fouaz.

"What do you mean?" said Nasser.

"It is normal," said Fouaz. "She has lost her ability to speak."

"You said that you would do no permanent damage," said Nasser.

"This is no damage," said Fouaz. "What does she need to speak for?"

"Is she still able to think?" asked Nasser.

"If she could think before, she can think now," said Fouaz.

Nasser thought for a second. "Rania, I want you to serve me a cup of tea, just the way I like it. Do you remember?"

Rania ran to the nearest kitchen. At this time of day, it would be full of workers who would not be expecting to see their princess making a pot of tea while naked.

Nasser waited impatiently. "Will her speech return?"

Fouaz shrugged. "I've heard of freed slaves who spoke again." He thought to himself: "Not this one."

“We used to have very nice conversations, you know,” said Nasser, lost in thought. “Still, it’s quite amazing what you’ve done with her.”

Rania swayed sensuously into the room, carrying a silver tray with a tea service, and knelt next to Nasser, holding the tray up so that he could reach the tea without rising. The tea was prepared as Nasser liked it.

“You remembered!” said Nasser to the tearful girl. You are an exquisite, wonderful sister.”

Fouaz received his sizable payment, despite the small matter of his having deprived Rania of the power of speech. He returned to his desert enclave of wives and descendants, far from the influence of the court.

It was Nasser’s pleasure to invite the court to the signing of a decree the next day. Rania, once again naked in jewelry, but this time without a gag or a veil, knelt on a large pillow by the side of the throne, eyes downcast, breasts thrust forward by her position. During the ceremony, Nasser asked Rania to bring him the document, then a pen to sign it; she executed both her commissions in a run, amid the glistening sound of her body jewelry, breasts flying in every direction. The court was silenced yet again. Even those who did not move close enough to see the tears leaking from Rania’s eyes could tell that she was not acting on her own free will.

The next morning Nasser had a routine meeting with his cabinet of advisors. Rania used to participate actively in such meetings; today she knelt naked behind Nasser’s chair, and performed whatever menial tasks needed to be done. The cabinet, many of whom had known Rania all her life, were stupefied. As Rania was pouring tea for each official, the minister of defense, an old family friend, spoke to her: “My dear—are you all right?” Rania looked at the minister and opened her mouth slightly, but continued her task, moving on to the next official and pouring with bowed head, her dark-nippled breasts dangling over the teacups. Nasser quickly began talking to cover the awkwardness. He was surprised that the minister of defense dared speak this way, and wondered if he should take action. So preoccupied had he been with his transformation of Rania that he had failed to notice that his behavior had brought a formerly stable monarchy to the edge of rebellion.

During the day, Nasser enjoyed keeping Rania near him as he worked, occasionally sending her on an errand, but mostly just enjoying her silent, decorative company. One afternoon Jamila entered Nasser’s office to tell him that Princeton was trying to contact Rania about her fall enrollment. Rania lay naked on a pillow next to her brother’s desk, propped up attractively on one arm; her eyes widened when she heard Jamila, and her mouth fell open a little, but she did not abandon her assigned position. Nasser said, “Oh. Well, I suppose she won’t be attending this semester. Draw up a letter to the right people—I’ll have Rania sign it.” Jamila noticed the tears in Rania’s eyes, but couldn’t tell whether her news had caused them—Rania often cried silently these days. Jamila remembered such silent, submissive women from the days of her childhood, but she had always taken them for born slaves who knew or wanted nothing else—it had never occurred to her that they might have been people like herself, or like her lovely young mistress, who had been so much smarter and more sophisticated than anyone else she had known.

Shuddering to think what it must feel like to be trapped within an obedient body, Jamila withdrew, leaving the royal children in the same strange tableau in which she found them.

One evening, Nasser entered Rania's bedchamber late at night. Left without orders at bedtime, Rania lay inertly on her bed, drifting in and out of sleep. Nasser sat on the end of Rania's bed, and shook her little toe to wake her. Roused with a start by the sound of her jewelry, Rania jumped to her customary kneeling position in the bed.

"No, Rania, you can relax—I just wanted to talk to you." Rania didn't move. "Well—are you comfortable like that?" he said. Nasser persisted in posing questions to Rania, even though each one seemed to distress her: part of her felt obliged to respond, but she had lost the autonomy of thought necessary to create speech. Her mouth worked a little, then stopped.

"I hope that you're not angry at me for all this," Nasser said. "I know you couldn't see it at first, but this has really done you a lot of good."

Rania showed not the slightest sign of disagreeing.

"I do think it would be acceptable for you to talk when you had something to say, but, really, you were in danger of becoming more of a Western woman than an Eastern one. Some women could be happy that way, but you couldn't be one of them."

Nasser paused for a response. It was hard to avoid staring at Rania's dark-tipped breasts. "And I wonder if you understand how much it means to the people to be in the presence of your great beauty. When God gives you such a great gift, you must not hide it."

Nasser became aware that his stirring speech had given him an insistent erection. He dropped his eyes from Rania's breasts and looked between her legs, which were slightly spread in this position of obeisance. Her thicket of black hair was matted at the bottom, perhaps a little damp. A thought occurred to Nasser.

"Rania, would you mind just turning around, and putting your elbows on the bed...there, that's good."

Rania instantly assumed the new position. As the jingling of her body jewelry died down, Nasser examined her full-lipped, hairy sex and her asshole, both within arm's reach. It was now possible to tell that Rania was more than damp: she was fully lubricated. Is it because of me? wondered Nasser. Or is she always this way?

Nasser took out his erect cock and moved toward Rania, nestling its tip in the purple folds of her flesh. Then he leaned forward, passing the slippery threshold of muscle and sliding slowly inside. What a peculiar feeling it was, he thought. It was foolish of me not to have tried this earlier.

"Rania, this is extraordinary," Nasser said. He eased his hands forward and slid them slowly over the great breasts that he had so often admired, winding a finger around each stiff nipple.

Rania's face was washed in tears, but she remained perfectly still as Nasser savored his first few long strokes.

"Rania, would you mind terribly cooperating a little bit? It would be nice if you..." Nasser ran out of breath and didn't finish his sentence.

For a long moment Rania did not respond. It was the first time since her slave training that she did not obey instantly. Then, slowly, he felt her tilt her big hips upward, taking Nasser deeper inside her. At the top of the movement, she twisted and squeezed, then slowly tucked her hips under her again.

"Oh..." said Nasser, quite involuntarily.

Rania was more skilled in the art of sex than her brother. And that skill was now his to command.

For several days afterward, the court saw little of Nasser, who fucked Rania as often and in as many different ways as he could. Everyone in the palace guessed what was happening.

Soon Fouaz was once again summoned to meet with Nasser, who received him alone in his office.

"When we first spoke, you gave me the impression that you were able to educate a woman in the ways of pleasure," said Nasser.

"Yes," said Fouaz. "But not if you want her to remain untouched."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Nasser. "Approximately how long would that process take?"

"For the same woman that you gave me before?" Fouaz thought for a second. "Perhaps two months."

"Two months?" said Nasser. This was longer than he wanted to be deprived of Rania's favors.

"Perhaps less," said Fouaz.

"Could I visit her during that time?" said Nasser.

"It is impossible," said Fouaz. "She must see no one."

Nasser sighed. "Very well," he said. "I think it's important for her."

Fouaz thought the young king a buffoon, but then he had known several kings during his long life, and he had not thought much of any of them. He negotiated another deal very favorable to himself, and the next day his team of selected family members returned to the palace.

Once again poor Rania found herself under the whip, and under the influence of the black leaves. At those moments when she was able to think clearly and was not preoccupied with trying to avoid pain, she was miserably aware that she was being turned into a sex slave. Her drugged mind seemed to drop pieces of time, so that she would find herself in the middle of some complicated obscene act, without remembering when it started or how she had learned her role. There were many men training her, and a few women; sometimes what pleased one earned her punishment from another.

Her will already broken, Rania did not need any further lessons in obedience or in faking enthusiasm—even on the first day, she fucked and fellated her trainers as if her life depended on it. Neither was this program meant to teach her new sexual skills, though she had to acquire the endurance of a professional athlete to service her trainers at the lengths that they demanded. (The most agonizing of all her tasks was learning the art of erotic dance from Fouaz's first wife, who was no less cruel than the men. Rania's fleshy body began to transform under the grim woman's whip; her thickish waist narrowed and flattened into a finely muscled concavity, and her ass began to protrude, its muscles working visibly as she moved. To keep her a little plump, as her trainers assumed was desirable, Fouaz's servants had to feed her frequently.)

The real goal of this process was that Rania's newly learned behavior, which was intended to arouse men and to present her in the most sexual manner possible, should take over her mind and become her nature. The months of anxiety and punishment, and the disorienting black leaves, were intended to destroy the barrier between what Rania did and what she felt. Rania's obedience already came from somewhere deep within her; soon these learned sexual responses would as well.

There is something terrifying about toppling headfirst into one's own sexuality: it makes one come a bit unglued. As the training began to take effect, Rania's obedience wavered. She would sometimes freeze on commands that had been part of her nervous system for months. And her voice returned for brief moments: not words, but little inarticulate noises, often when she was aroused. Even though these hesitations cost her dearly, Rania was almost glad to see cracks in the shell of obedience that imprisoned her: it was like feeling a paralyzed limb move again. But her hope didn't last long. She was too disoriented, and her punishment too relentless, for her to hold on to these little fragments of ego, and she was quickly battered back to total, desperate compliance. She felt herself being driven further inward, deeper into herself, trapped beneath more and more layers of stupid slave dependence and whorish abandon. Her voice remained, but it was worthless for communication: it expressed nothing but her willingness, or her desire. More and more, willingness and desire were confused in her mind: did she arouse herself to obey, or did she obey to arouse herself?

As Rania collapsed back into total submission, Fouaz said to his sons, "If you want to teach her special talents, now is the time. She will harden soon, but now she is as soft as clay."

"What kind of talents?" said one son.

"Anything you want," said Fouaz. "You will be surprised at what you can do with her. Once I created a woman who would empty her bowels on my command."

“You could order this one to do that right now,” said the son.

“Yes, and she would try,” said Fouaz. “But the other one did not try. It happened without her cooperation.”

Fouaz’s choice of an example was not very inspiring, but one of the sons had the idea of making Rania orgasm whenever a certain piece of music was played. Fouaz showed him how the trick might be done. If the trainer rolled Rania on her stomach when she was asleep and slid a hand under her sex, she was already conditioned to grind her hips into the hand until she came, even while drifting in and out of sleep. To create a new association, the trainer should insert his hand at the same time that the music starts. The only music available in the palace basement was an old cassette of THRILLER, so poor Rania was forced to bring herself off to the accompaniment of “Billie Jean.” A little while after Rania drifted off to sleep, the music would start again. Her brain was so malleable at this point that she was immediately ready to take the music as a cue instead of the hand—all the son needed to do was to order Rania to reduce the movement of her hips a bit at a time. By the second night, Rania was twitching herself off to orgasm in her sleep when she heard “Billie Jean,” without even being touched; on the day after the third night, the son was able to demonstrate the parlor trick to his brothers and nephews, using an awake, bewildered Rania.

At the end of a month and a half, Rania’s transformation was essentially complete. The black leaves were taken away, and even after her mind cleared, she found herself unable to alter her new behavior in the slightest.

On the morning of the last day of training, Fouaz’s first wife came to Rania’s chamber to administer the princess’s final examination. As always, Rania had completed her ablutions and was kneeling on the stone floor, waiting to be called. Her waiting position was more provocative than before her sex training: the most obvious difference was that she thrust her breasts out toward the person who commanded her, making little straining efforts as if she thought her nipples could make contact with a bit more effort. Rania was also looking her mistress longingly in the eye as if pleading, her lips slightly open and making little movements. And her knees were spread wider than before: once in a while she would contract her hips slightly, as if she were trying to bring her sex into better view.

Setting to work, the wife reached down, lifted Rania’s soft, heavy breasts with her fingers, and began tweaking Rania’s already-distended nipples with her thumbs. Instantly, Rania began moaning pitifully, wriggling and pushing her breasts into the wife’s hands. There was more than a little theater in Rania’s reaction to the nipple tweaking, but if she was giving a performance, it was a good one: her face became redder and hotter, and the little room began to smell of Rania’s sex juices.

Kneeling down, the wife put her hand in the shallow part of Rania’s sex and began rubbing vigorously. The little princess became wild, though she more or less held her position—she pivoted and slid on the hand as if trying to swallow it with her sex.

“Good girl,” said the wife, wiping her hand clean on Rania’s breasts. Fouaz eldest son was summoned; he sat in a chair before Rania, pulled open his pants to reveal his sex, then motioned to Rania’s breasts. The princess wasted no time, using both hands to gather her sex juices and smear them on the insides of her breasts. Then she took her great chest in both hands, trapped the man’s sex between her breasts, and began an extraordinary undulation, using the whipping motion of her back to push and pull the man’s sex through her slippery flesh. A few seconds of this strenuous motion would have fatigued her a month ago, but she was still in action two minutes later when the son pulled his erect sex out of her chest and thrust in in her mouth. Without missing a beat, Rania grabbed his legs and began sucking him hard, as she knew he liked it. Sucking had become a reflex for her: her sleep had been interrupted so often with sexual demands that she could now suck a man to orgasm without waking up. The reflex made eating difficult, especially with certain shapes of food.

Fouaz’s son came quickly in Rania’s mouth, and his father arrived to finish Rania’s examination. Wasting no time, he presented his sex to the kneeling princess and commanded her to suck it: as soon as he was hard, he turned Rania around, lifted her ass up, and pushed into her from behind. Rania, her hands and feet on the stone floor, abandoned herself to Fouaz’s aggressive fucking, slamming her hips into his thrusts whenever she caught his rhythm. After his orgasm, Rania licked Fouaz clean, causing the 75-year-old man to regain his erection—which, remarkably, was common for him. He roughly took control of Rania’s mouth again, grabbing the curly hair on each side of her head and pulling her back and forth over his sex. This went on for a full twenty minutes, with wife and son standing politely by.

Rania looked as if she was doing no more than hanging on for dear life, but, when Fouaz finally came inside her and ordered her back to a kneeling position, he said, “Good. Our work is finished.” The wife and the son nodded in agreement, with Rania looking up at them as if pleading to be fucked again.

That night, Fouaz and his family celebrated their last evening in the palace with a party, at which Rania danced naked, to demonstrate Fouaz’s first wife’s training skills. It was a very impressive demonstration indeed: Rania had been a fairly good dancer, but now her hips traveled around her body as if they were on springs. The little princess moved from person to person, twisting and untwisting her body in and out of reach, moving gracefully but arriving at lewd positions that exposed her intimate parts. She sprawled on the floor and arched and stretched into suggestive shapes, leaving smears of sweat on the bare stone. Soon she was so sweat-covered that her feet left wet marks on the ground, and her curly hair straightened and lay close to her head. As she undulated inches from her amused audience, sweat rolled down her dark skin and flew off of her purple nipples.

Only the fact that most of the men in the audience were a bit tired of fucking Rania kept a lid on the tensions that the dance was meant to arouse. Even so, one of them yielded to temptation and took one of Rania’s heavy breasts in his hand as she dangled them in his lap. As soon as he touched her, Rania covered him like a blanket, pushing her chest into his hands and grinding her wet sex on his thigh. Laughing, the other men pulled the two apart and ordered Rania to keep dancing.

“How can she do such things?” said the young wife of one of Fouaz’s grandsons. She was visiting the palace for the first time.

“You would do them too if we brought you here,” said the grandson.

“No, a good woman would never act like that,” said the young wife.

“You are stupid,” said the grandson. He meant no particular offense, and his wife took none.

Fouaz, having finished the work that would make him a wealthy man, was in a good humor. “A princess is practically a slave to begin with,” he said to his eldest son. “Never have I seen a woman yield so easily.” After the dance, Rania was taken into the back rooms, where the men at the party snuck away, alone or in groups, and used her continuously until the early morning.

The next day, Fouaz once more led Rania to the palace hall and ordered her to kneel before Nasser. Nasser noticed something different about Rania this time, though. For one thing, she looked at him now—and it was quite a provocative look, though still teary. And, for another thing, she was pushing her beautiful breasts out toward him.

Fouaz gave Nasser a brief synopsis of Rania’s new capabilities. A portable CD player was brought in, and Fouaz ordered Rania to dance. Nasser’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. Had Rania’s ass always looked like that?

“Work her hard,” said Fouaz before leaving, “so she will remain supple. Use the whip.”

Nasser and Rania vanished for days, and the state was left to run itself. Fucking Rania was like playing a complicated video game: the more you explored her, the more surprises you got.

On a lazy afternoon, Jamila came to Nasser’s chamber with a package that a courier had delivered. Exhausted from his recent journeys inside Rania, he was nonetheless excited to get the package, and called to Rania as soon as Jamila had left. Rania ran to Nasser and knelt in front of his chair, brushing against him with her hair, her cheeks, her nipples.

“Here, Rania, these are a present for you. Give me your pretty breasts, so I can show you,” said Nasser. Rania sprung into his lap, her breasts bobbling in front of Nasser’s face. “No, Rania, we just did it! No, move back a little—I can’t do it again,” Nasser said. Rania moved far enough back that Nasser could hold two large amethyst pendants up to her nipples. At the nipple end, the pendants had rings for piercings. “Do you like them?” Nasser said.

Rania did not want her nipples pierced. She had always thought she would have children, and she was afraid piercings might interfere with breastfeeding. As her eyes became moist, she felt the back of Nasser’s hand brush the underside of her breast and rub against her nipple. She gave a little moan and plunged again into Nasser’s lap, looking for a way to arouse him. Lifting a leg, she brought her sex against the inside of his thigh and slid forward. The stratagem worked: Nasser dropped the pendants, grabbed her by the ass, and pulled her roughly toward him.

Later that afternoon, the pendants hung heavily from Rania's newly pierced nipples as she sat at Nasser's feet during dinner.

Nasser made no effort to be discreet about his carnal relationship with his sister. When Rania knelt by Nasser's side on public occasions, his semen would often drip from her sex or her asshole onto the velvet cushion she sat upon.

And yet it came as quite a surprise to Nasser when an aide notified him one day of a rumor that the minister of defense was about to lead the army in a coup against him.

Nasser's disbelief and outrage quickly gave way to nervous strategizing. There was general agreement among his advisers that Rania should quickly make a public speech to reassure the army that she still supported the regime. But the room fell silent when Nasser informed them sorrowfully that this was beyond Rania's current abilities. A second, less desirable plan presented itself: Rania should vanish from sight for a while.

Fouaz was summoned again and paid handsomely to hide Rania at his remote desert encampment. Rania was stripped of her cumbersome body jewelry and, for the first time in months, given clothes: the concealing robes of a traditional peasant, complete with a headdress that hid everything but her eyes. Under cover of night, Fouaz and Rania left the capital and made the long journey into the desert.

Fouaz was the patriarch of a large, self-sufficient, isolated community that consisted largely of his wives, descendants, and servants. After her arrival, Rania was put to work in the house of Fouaz's eldest son. She wore simple clothes, and was given the most menial chores. Occasionally during the day, and always at night, she was taken away by some man or another and fucked. It was a tiring, debasing life, but Rania preferred it to the incestuous nightmare of the palace.

Not too many days after Rania's arrival, one of Fouaz's grandsons burst in with news from the capital.

"The army has stormed the palace. The young king has been executed. The minister of defense has declared martial law."

For a split second, Rania was flushed with glee at the death of her brother. Then a wave of horror swept over her. What would become of her now?

Fouaz was a shrewd man, but he had lived all his long life under an absolute monarchy and had not expected a coup. Rania's presence at Fouaz's compound had been kept in the strictest secrecy, but Fouaz did not want to take a chance on her being found with him.

And so Fouaz gave instructions to his eldest son:

"We must take the woman far away, and sell her. There is a man in Libya, five days journey from here. He will buy her and take her to the markets in the south, where no one will find her."

“She is worth twenty times what those common slavers will pay for her,” said the son.

“We do not need money,” said Fouaz. “We need safety. Sell her for whatever price she draws.”

That same night, Rania was placed under a tarpaulin in the back of a pickup truck, and transported out of the country of her birth. When they had left Kazez, Rania was allowed to sit in the van of the truck. Fouaz’s son passed Rania off as his wife when necessary, and they slept in the same bed; having helped to train Rania, the son was painfully aware of what a rare prize he was about to throw away, and seemed determined to fuck her as many times and in as many different ways as possible before he sold her.

After many days, they found themselves in a dingy room in Bengazi, where the slave trader’s men were staying. Rania was stripped and examined like an animal; when the trader’s man opened her sex and thrust his hand inside her, Rania moaned and rushed into the man’s arms, and had to be restrained by Fouaz’s son. A doctor examined Rania, setting off more of the same provocative reactions. The trader’s men took her for simple-minded.

Fouaz’s son was determined to haggle, despite his father’s instructions. Due to Rania’s exceptional beauty, the trader’s men wound up agreeing to pay Fouaz’s son more money than was their wont, though far less than Rania would have fetched with a proper presentation in a more sophisticated market.

Rania was delivered to her new owners the next day. After a long journey into the interior of the country, Fouaz’s son’s pickup truck entered the vast estate of the slave traders, passing checkpoints with armed, unfriendly guards. At the edge of the estate, the slaver’s men waited with an armed escort and vehicles. Other sellers were arriving, delivering the rest of the women the traders had bought on this trip. The women stood in the field in various states of undress: there were a number of black Africans, a few dark-skinned Arabs, and one European. None were as beautiful as Rania, but all were attractive enough to be sold into the sex trade. Most of them showed no emotion.

The slavers paid Fouaz’s son and took possession of Rania. Her robe and headdress were lifted off of her and returned to her former owner. Naked again, she was fastened to the rear of a jeep by a rope tied around her wrists—her new owners didn’t realize that she was incapable of escape, and would have run behind the vehicle if bidden. Several other naked women were fastened next to her.

Fouaz’s son had an impulsive desire to touch Rania one more time, but it was too late. He called out, “Goodbye, princess,” which made some of the slaver’s men chuckle. Her face covered with tears, Rania turned at the sound of the son’s voice and tried to move toward him, pushing her breasts out and moving her mouth seductively. Then the vehicles slowly moved out across the field and onto a road through the underbrush. Rania and the other naked women were pulled along, trotting to keep up. Fouaz’s son watched Rania’s swaying ass until the jeep led it around a bend and out of sight.

Many unusual years would pass before Rania was destined to see her home again....

* * *

At the slavers' headquarters, Rania and the other women they had purchased were isolated in cells and prepared for a life of sexual servitude. The women were forced to perform sex acts at random times of the day and night. Resistance was ignored if the slavers could overcome it, and punished with beatings if it became inconvenient.

For Rania, this crude, unpleasant program was like a walk in the park compared to her days and nights under Fouaz's whip. The slavers were surprised to discover that there was nothing they could teach Rania about degradation, and no need to punish her: she performed every sexual service with an enthusiasm that was far beyond what they required. While the other women were adjusting to the life style of prostitution, Rania became a sort of household pet, a source of pleasure during the slavers' leisure hours. Because she could not speak or make signs, she was taken for an idiot savant, a retarded girl with a genius for sex.

When they were sufficiently accustomed to their new life, the women were transported deeper into Africa, to be sold in the slave markets of Khartoum. Rania was deemed ready for sale almost immediately, and left the compound in the first shipment after her arrival. Her inability to speak detracted from her commercial value, but the slavers counted on her exceptional beauty and her lewd behavior to turn them a profit.

Along with the other women in her shipment, Ranya was gagged and chained to a bench in the back of a truck for the long journey to Khartoum. Once during the day and once at night, the truck wandered off the main road to an isolated spot, where the women were fed and watered and taken out to relieve themselves. Otherwise, the truck was on the road around the clock, and the women slept in their chains.

With no orders to follow, Ranya's thoughts calmed and settled. She felt always as if she were encased in a suit of armor, with the remnants of her old self buried beneath layers of urgent, hyperfocused submission. Within this prison of her own nervous system, she was constantly prodded with sex twinges and aches. A shift in position that scraped her nipple across the cloth of her robe, or an involuntary tensing of the muscles between her legs, caused her to cloud over with unfulfilled desire. A hundred times a day, these sensations would snowball and drive all thought from her head. In a haze of erotic need, her body would find some kind of shadowy orgasm; then, slowly, her thoughts would creep back.

She looked around at the other women who were to be sold with her. During her time in the slave quarters—she did not know how long it was; she was no longer capable of marking time properly—she had heard these women's entreaties, their screams, their quarrels. Most of them were from the lower classes. At least one was an educated girl: Rania had heard her speaking proper French with a Parisian accent, though she looked like an African black. How did she come to this, Rania wondered. Did she live a wild life with bad companions, with slavery as the last stop? Or was she an innocent who was kidnapped and degraded?

In her own case, Rania could not think of herself as trapped below her station—she knew full well that she was now fit only to serve. She remembered that she had been whip-smart, had gone

to Princeton, had helped run a small government. But intelligence is a creative state, and when the ability to choose and decide is removed, intelligence goes with it. Rania could retrieve all her old memories, and she could act quickly when bidden, but she knew how little was left of her old self.

All Rania's meditations blew away like smoke when the dark-skinned African girl chained next to her placed her bare foot on top of Rania's. Who knows why the girl reached out—perhaps she was half-asleep, or merely looking for comfort. She certainly did not expect Rania to strain her body against her chains to try to offer herself, using her feet (the only part of her able to move freely) to caress her. The African girl recoiled in fear, screaming into her gag; soon all the captured women added their stifled voices to the hubbub. Rania continued to fondle the girl with her toes in a vain effort to arouse her, until the girl started kicking at her. Then she retreated, buzzing with anxiety and frustration. By the time her thoughts cleared, she was not sure how long ago the event had occurred.

* * *

The slave market in central Sudan was held in a series of bungalows on a remote country estate. Each bungalow contained one or more women, stripped naked and lightly chained, either to a piece of furniture or with a hobble between her ankles. A salesman waited in the room with the women, and presented them to potential buyers, who often came with a doctor to examine the merchandise. The rooms were rather more pleasant than what most of the women had experienced after their enslavement: there were beds, and carpets, and running water.

The buyers at the market were almost all Africans, and the women would be sold primarily to brothels in the central and south parts of the continent. But Rania was to be spared this fate. A tall 50-year-old South African named de Vries, wandered into Rania's bungalow early in the day. He was not the first buyer to inspect the merchandise, but a woman who could not speak, even a beautiful one, was of limited use in the sex trade.

De Vries, however, dealt with the more discriminating upper-class slave trade, which had different needs altogether. He had been slumming at this market, on the off chance of finding something interesting amid the beaten-down orphans and drug addicts that were the standard fare here. But he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the lovely, big-breasted, curly-haired girl standing naked under a light fixture on the wall, to which she was collar-chained. She looked helplessly back at him as if waiting for his orders; her expression was nothing like the listless countenance of the other women for sale. Ignoring the two other slaves chained to Rania's left, de Vries walked up for a closer look. The little girl seemed to be an Arab or an Israeli, and probably not more than 20.

"Yes, she is a great beauty," said Rania's salesman. "She is Egyptian, from a good family that fell on hard times."

De Vries ignored this fiction. "What's your name?" he said to Rania. Rania's mouth opened a little, but nothing came out.

“She doesn’t speak,” said the salesman.

De Vries slapped Rania across the face, hard enough to get her attention. “What’s your name?” he said again. Rania looked at him wide-eyed.

“Believe me, she is unable to speak,” said the salesman. “She has been that way from birth.”

“Are you dumb?” asked de Vries. “Nod your head, yes or no.” But Ranya could no more nod in answer to a question than she could speak.

“She’s a bit simple-minded, I’m sorry to say,” said the salesman. “But she’s very eager to please.”

Somehow de Vries didn’t trust this verdict. He looked the girl over from head to foot. “She looks as if she’s half cow,” he said. “Look at those teats and nipples.”

“Yes, she’s in excellent health,” said the salesman.

Intrigued, de Vries reached out and fondled one of Ranya’s breasts. Instantly Ranya poured herself all over de Vries’ body, moaning at if his touch had brought her to the edge of orgasm.

“She has a voice,” said de Vries, as Ranya nibbled on the hair on his chest. What a strange girl.

“She uses her voice only for love,” said the salesman. “But she knows how to make a man happy in bed.”

De Vries suspected that the salesman had for once accidentally stumbled onto the truth. He gently pushed the whimpering girl back, then knelt down and put his finger between the lips of her sex. “Stay there!” he barked to Rania, who had started to descend upon him. His finger went into the girl as if she were made of butter. She stood unsteadily, moaning and shaking. Until now de Vries had thought Rania was just pretending to be aroused. But his hand was soaked with her juices.

Out of curiosity, de Vries removed his hand from Rania’s sex and placed a slick finger at the opening of her anus. He did not expect what happened: Rania leaned back and squatted, pushing her ass around de Vries’ finger until it was buried to the knuckle. Then she squeezed her sphincter as hard as she could until de Vries began to withdraw, when she relaxed and expelled him.

De Vries had never seen anything like this. He had entered many an ass in his time—it was a predilection of his—and had never witnessed anything other than a tense, profound passivity as the anus was breached. Who was this woman? “Get me a towel,” he muttered to the salesman. As he wiped Rania off his hand, he asked the salesman for his price, and waited impatiently through the inevitable account of constraining circumstances. Finally, a figure was produced: 500 Euros or 700 dollars. De Vries had no desire to haggle with this idiot. “Wrap her up,” he said.

That same morning, Rania was heavily drugged, packaged carefully in a padded crate, and loaded into the cargo hold of a small commercial plane. Later that same night, she was kneeling naked on the living room carpet of de Vries' luxurious ranch house outside of Johannesburg, pushing her breasts out in the direction of her buyer, who sat across the room in his favorite chair, in his evening robe, drinking a whiskey, inspecting his new purchase.

"What is your story?" he said, more to himself than to her. "I don't think you're simple-minded at all. I can feel you reacting to everything I say."

Rania just looked back and writhed a little. "Do you obey whatever you're told?" he asked? Getting no answer, he finished his whiskey, got up, retrieved a pair of scissors from a desk, and dropped them on the carpet in front of Rania. "Cut off your hair," he said.

Without the least hesitation, Rania lunged for the scissors, reached behind her to gather together her thick, waist-length hair, and started cutting it off, looking longingly at de Vries.

"All right, that's enough," said de Vries when she had cut clean across. It was as if the girl couldn't help obeying. "Some bastard must have worked you over right proper," he said.

A foot and a half of Rania's hair was strewn on the expensive carpet. She resumed her pose of obeisance, but de Vries saw tears on her face.

"Here, give me those," he said. Instinctively, Rania turned the scissors around for safety and handed them to de Vries handles first. De Vries chuckled. "You're no more simple-minded than I am," he said. "Sit still." He knelt behind Rania and evened out the ragged cut. He had planned to get her a short, stylish haircut anyway: big-chested girls favored big hair to balance out their breasts, but it was good business to make this one look as titsy as possible.

After neatening Rania's hair, de Vries said, "There—now you're beautiful again. Clean this up, will you? There's a waste can in the kitchen." As he watched the naked girl bouncing around the house, disposing enthusiastically of ten years' growth of her own hair, he began to feel quite ready for his evening's work.

"All right, that's good enough—Regina will clean in the morning," he said to Rania, who would have searched for each individual hair without this order. "Off to the bedroom. It's time to see what you can do."

When de Vries undressed and got into his bed, the naked slave girl sucked him into her arms like quicksand. For two hours, de Vries gave Rania a thorough trial run, fucking her in as many styles and as many body locations as he could think of. He obliged her expend most of the effort, wanting to evaluate her skill. But he found the work very pleasant, and sometimes he could not resist taking charge of her curvaceous little body and plowing its moist furrows. Rania's stamina was amazing: she must have trained for sex like an Olympic athlete, thought de Vries. As he felt the session coming to an end, he decided to indulge himself and produced 20 yards of soft rope, which he used to tie Rania into a small, fleshy ball. Then he picked her clear off of the bed (he

was fully twice her size) and fucked her in mid-air until his orgasm. The entire experience was a delight.

Afterwards, de Vries lay exhausted in bed, with Rania by his side, still straining toward him. He had undone the rope that had bent her into a ball, but her legs were still frogged, and her arms were fastened wrist-to-elbow behind her. She brushed his arm with her breasts and moaned.

“Do you actually want more?” said de Vries. “I can’t believe it.” He reached down and plunged his middle finger into Rania’s sex to check her readiness. She showed no signs of drying out. “You know, I could see you turning into a bit of a nuisance very quickly,” he said to the writhing girl. “We’re not all superhuman like you. Can’t you just bring yourself off without me? No, I guess you can’t when I’ve got you wrapped up like a parcel.”

Rania was actually unable to masturbate unless she was ordered to. Given the way that her sex urges had taken her over during her slave training, she would have masturbated almost constantly had the trainers not inhibited this behavior.

De Vries knew by now that it was entirely unnecessary to put Rania under restraint, but she looked so nice that way that he was sad to untie her. As he undid the knots, with the intention of letting her abuse herself, he thought of a way to test his suspicion that she was actually quite intelligent.

“All right, up on your knees,” de Vries said, lying back on his pillows. “You can bring yourself off, but here’s how we’ll do it. I’m going to say a line or two from a famous novel or poem. If the writer is English, rub yourself here”—he touched her clitoris. “No, stay back! Stay still. If the writer is American, finger your asshole. What’s wrong?”

Rania was visibly agitated. The idea of any obstacle to her obeying an order flooded her with terror.

“Don’t worry, I won’t punish you if you get it wrong. It’s just a game.” This didn’t allay Rania’s anxiety at all. Her fear was part of her brain chemistry now. De Vries went on: “If the writer is French—can you get your tit in your mouth? Show me.”

Rania had been able to do this since she was 13. She sucked passionately on her own nipple, moaning at the shivery sensation.

“If he’s French, go for the left tit, and if he’s...Russian, go for the right one. Got it? English, cunt; American, asshole; French, left tit; Russian, right tit.” Rania still looked terrified. “Here we go.” De Vries took pity on the shaking girl and tossed her an easy one: “To be or not to be.”

In a flash, Rania was frigging herself furiously. De Vries laughed and laughed as Rania gasped in ecstasy: here was proof positive. “Well done!” he said. “Well done.”

Now he wanted to see Rania do her nipples, which required a foreign quotation. “Where are the snows of yesteryear?” he said. Rania immediately pulled her sopping hand out of her sex,

grabbed her left breast with both hands, thrust her own nipple into her mouth, and began moving her head up and down on it, making the oddest muffled noises. De Vries laughed again at the success of his strategem. He tried to think of some American culture. “I sing the body electric!” he said. Before the short sentence was finished, Rania had dropped her breast and had thrust a finger into her asshole. De Vries paused to enjoy the sight, and to think of his next quiz. He wished he could come up with something really obscure to test her, but he was a little rusty on the classics. And there was no time to dawdle—Rania sounded ready to go over the edge. “Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins,” he said. Rania looked bewildered for a second, then kept working her finger in her asshole, which seemed to give her great pleasure. “I think you’ve slipped up, dear,” de Vries said pleasantly. Rania looked at him with absolute panic, though she kept diddling her ass and moaning. Wait a moment, thought de Vries. I gave her an American book by a Russian author—it’s an ambiguous case. “No, no, my mistake,” he said, trying to calm her. “You’re still flawless.” Now he needed a real Russian. “All happy families are happy alike,” he said, but didn’t bother completing the quotation: Rania was too fast for him, and was already doing delicious-looking things to her right nipple.

“Very, very good,” said de Vries. “You’ve earned a reward. Are you ready? ‘It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.’” Rania’s hands dove to her sex and rubbed feverishly; she gazed at de Vries through sex-swollen eyelids. To her surprise, the slaver reached out his hand and gently caressed her cheek. Rania reflexively leaned hard into the touch, and as she toppled forward, her orgasm surged and spread through her like a fire. De Vries held her on his chest as she convulsed and subsided. But she could not stop working her hands in her sex until he told her to stop.

De Vries’ feeling that Rania was no ordinary slave had been truer than he realized. “So you were a college girl once,” he said to himself. He felt Rania’s tears on his chest as her breathing slowly subsided. “There now,” he said. “Don’t cry.”

Rania did not want her secrets to be discovered. She preferred that people regard her as some brain-damaged trollop. To be seen for an intelligent person trapped inside an obedient, whorish body was too horrible....

Later that night, as de Vries slept and Rania’s mind cleared, she mourned the loss of her long hair, which had never been cut off before.

* * *

For a few days, de Vries kept Rania with him, trying to discover more of her hidden talents. He gave her menial work around the house, not because he needed it done, but because he wanted to see if she was accustomed to it. Whenever he was in the mood, he tried to think of new sexual auditions for her. One evening he asked her to dance for him, and was startled to discover yet another gift. She wasn’t enormously versatile, but when he found the right music, she was the most physical and the most lurid belly dancer he had ever seen. Rania had lost much of her athletic edge over the months, and she would never again attain the level of skill that she had acquired under the whip of Fouaz’s first wife. But, even out of shape, her dancing alone was

worth twenty times what de Vries had paid for her. He briefly regretted ordering Rania to cut off her long hair, which would have given her the right look for exotic dance.

Each evening, de Vries would take Rania to his bed. He fell into the pattern of exploring Rania's sexual abilities by day, and using her lovely body for his own pleasure by night.

Once, after the fucking was over, Rania lay on her back, with moonlight pouring through the glass doors onto the bed. De Vries lay on his stomach next to her, playing idly with her oversized breasts: taking one by its base, lifting it as high as it would go, then letting the flesh slowly slip through his hand until the nipple caught between his finger and thumb. Rania whimpered with longing whenever her turgid nipples were handled. But she had been ordered to lie still.

In the moonlight, de Vries saw something he hadn't noticed before. "Your nipples have been pierced," he said, turning one of them this way and that in the light. "Did you do that?"

Rania was breathing heavily from the attention. The piercings were the work of her brother Nasser, in her last days in the palace where she grew up. The holes in her nipples were nearly closed now.

De Vries resumed his slow palpation of Rania's breasts, switching from one to the other, stretching them into cylinders, then watching them slide back into little mountains of flesh. If he did this a bit longer, he had discovered, she would come, without his ever touching her sex.

"If I cared about women," he said, "I would keep you here with me. You are perfect in every way." Rania looked sideways at him and let out a long, slow breath. "But I care only about money. And you are worth too much."

Rania's half-closed eyes were looking into his. Who knew what she was thinking?

Even in the moonlight, he could see her face flushing. Her climax was on the way. De Vries held onto her huge nipple and rubbed it repeatedly with his thumb and forefinger, as if milking it gently. Rania's moan became guttural, and the world went gray as she fell heavily into her orgasm.

* * *

It was time to find a buyer for Rania. De Vries began spending more time on the telephone. A woman friend of his arrived one morning with a blowdryer, and completed the haircut that Rania had been forced to begin herself. When the hairdresser was finished, Rania had a stylish, very short cut that was almost boyish except for the curls on her forehead. The effect was extreme, almost a little grotesque: not an improvement by conventional fashion standards. With long, billowy hair, Rania had looked like a very full-figured girl; with close-cropped hair, her breasts looked freakishly large, out of proportion. De Vries knew, though, that this sex-doll look was worth more to his clientele than good fashion sense.

Rania stared helplessly at her new self in the mirror, her face burning with humiliation. She could not bear looking like this. Seeing herself on display, she involuntarily pushed her chest out and made her hard nipples swing a little bit, horrified at how dramatic this looked now. The hairdresser, who found the little girl very amusing, laughed at this slutty behavior and scratched Rania behind the ears as if she were a dog. Rania pushed her head into the woman's hand. "Sit still, girl," said de Vries.

"This one is completely adorable," said the hairdresser. "She's like a little pet."

"She's smarter than you are, Doris," said de Vries.

"Oh, is she?" said Doris, a little miffed. She reached down and tweaked Rania's nipples playfully, making the slave wriggle like a fish. "Well, I was smart enough not to end up like her."

"Don't tease her, Doris," said de Vries. "Be still, girl."

The first client to visit de Vries, a slender, rather effete American, bought Rania on the spot. He examined his purchase only briefly: asking de Vries to leave them alone, he walked around Rania as she knelt naked on the carpet, following him with her eyes. He hefted her breasts in her hands, pushing her back roughly when she dove toward him. Then he reached tentatively between Rania's legs and masturbated her, a little clumsily. She howled like a banshee anyway, and twisted vigorously on his hand. Then the man walked away abruptly, leaving Rania on her knees, in a frenzied state. He spent most of his visit negotiating with de Vries behind closed doors.

De Vries made a small fortune on Rania. He gave the American a dossier of information on his new slave, with all the tips and tricks that he had accumulated. Because of her exceptional docility, it was possible for Rania to travel to New York on a plane, on the arm of the American, who bought her ticket, ordered her food, and even took her to the lavatory. Her traveling outfit was a tight red Mandarin dress that had to be let out considerably in the front, a pair of wooden sandals, and faux-diamond stud earrings. Walking through the airports in the slinky dress, Rania couldn't have drawn more stares if she were naked.

And so Rania returned to America, only a hundred miles from where she had attended college....

* * *

In a vast New York penthouse complex, washed with city light from two walls of windows, Rania knelt naked on the thick carpet, masturbating vigorously, whimpering with desire and looking longingly at her new owner.

Twenty feet away, Charles Carling, dressed in pyjamas, reclined in a comfortable chair, talking on the phone, practically ignoring the masturbating slave who had cost him the equivalent of a Greenwich Village condo.

“She’s here right now,” said Carling. “I got her started on a jerk-off session. She’s still at it an hour and a half later, and going strong.”

A pause. “She’s all about the tits, really. Someday I’ll get around to looking at the rest of her.”

Pause. “Oh, they’re amazing. You’ll have to take a look yourself—I can’t do them justice. She’s a tiny thing—5’4”, the spec sheet says, though she looks smaller—she’s a tiny thing with these giant gazongas.”

Pause. “Yes, they’re obviously real. I’m watching them bounce around right now. The technology isn’t good enough yet to get that kind of bounce. The amazing thing about them is really the nipples, even more than the tits themselves. She looks as if a calf could come along and take a swig off of her right now.”

Pause. “They’re long, and pimply, and black, and the dark part fades into the white meat. She looks as if she’s been taking cow hormones.”

Pause. “No, that would be too much trouble. I’m too lazy for that. I’m not particularly into lactation, anyway.”

Pause. “No one knows. She looks Arab or Israeli, but she could be Spanish, or Sicilian. But—here’s the sweet part—she’s educated, probably from the upper classes. She can’t talk, she can’t even make signs, you’d think she’s a fucking vegetable. But if you make her do the right tricks, you can tell that she knows a lot of things. Wait—she’s coming. Listen.”

Carling held the phone toward Rania, who was doubled over in an orgasm, sounding as if someone had knocked the wind out of her. Slowly, she sat up straight again, her face covered with tears, and continued rubbing her middle finger up and down on her clitoris.

“Did you hear that?” said Carling. “Anyway: somebody brainwashed her. De Vries doesn’t know who, but in certain parts of the world they have ways of taking a woman and breaking her will so that it becomes impossible for her to disobey. He picked her up in Libya, of all God-forsaken places, so he’s guessing it’s an Arab thing. But she could have come from anywhere. Hold on—she’s coming again.”

Rania wasn’t quite as vociferous with this orgasm. Visibly weary, she continued to masturbate.

“She has a bunch of little orgasms after the big one,” said Carling. “Whatever they did to her, it also turned her into a sex maniac. Every time I stick my finger in, she’s wet. Maybe she’s having the time of her life being a slave.”

Carling chuckled. Rania listened, looking quite bedraggled. You wouldn't look at her and think she liked being a slave—but, on the other hand, she *was* wet all the time....

“No, de Vries wouldn't lie,” said Carling. “There's no percentage in it for him to lie. It's a small world, the collector's world.”

Pause. “You know, some day I'd really like a get a blonde, just for variety. All these girls are either dark or black. Blondes are hard to come by.”

Carling chattered on, ignoring the masturbating girl on his carpet as she thickened into another mini-orgasm.

* * *

Charles Carling was born into great wealth and had a marked taste for living outside the law. One manifestation of this taste was that he chose to collect slaves. His penthouse had been specially constructed to stifle all outgoing noise, and he rented the two floors beneath him just to keep them vacant.

Rania was Carling's third slave. The first was a Romanian girl named Dorina who had moved by degrees from prostitution to outright servitude before Carling had bought her from an Amsterdam dealer, and who had not seen the outside world for five years. The second was a Senegalese beauty named N'dour who stood over six feet tall. She had been sold into slavery after a tribal conflict and purchased by Carling just three months before. Each remained confined in a spacious room of her own when Carling was not using her.

When Carling had bought Dorina, he had the idea of mastering her through brute force in the old-fashioned way, using a whip to compel obedience. But Carling tired easily, and soon lost his taste for cutting a heroic figure. He was actually small and a bit frail, and Dorina could have taken him in a fair fight. So he turned to technology: first with cattle prods, and eventually with electric-shock collars that could not be removed. The latter worked so well that he went out of his way to acquire a tall, powerful woman when he decided to expand his collection. N'dour towered over him, but the smallest shock from the collar left her crumpled and crying at his feet.

The care and feeding of slaves was a tedious business, and so he was interested when he got word of an utterly obedient slave who would execute his orders even when he wasn't there. One of Rania's duties was to be the care and feeding of Dorina and N'dour. De Vries had assured him that he did not need to fit her with a shock collar, and Rania gave him no reason to regret this largesse.

Oddly, Carling wasn't especially interested in fucking his slaves. He availed himself of Rania fairly often in her first months as his possession, but he showed little passion; Rania's dramatic reactions even seemed to annoy him slightly. Mostly he seemed to enjoy playing with her breasts, though even this pastime eventually lost its charm. Before long, Rania's vaunted sex drive was more discussed with his friends than put to use.

What Carling seemed to enjoy more than sex was watching his slaves masturbate. After acquiring N'dour, he liked to host jerk-off contests between her and Dorina, inviting his circle of “slave-friendly” friends (not as small a group as you might think, and drawn almost entirely from the wealthiest stratum of American society). The winner would get something good to eat; the loser would get an electric shock, to keep the game competitive. The authenticity of orgasms was determined, rather arbitrarily, by the host, with shocks as penalties.

When Rania came along, the other girls simply could not keep up with her in masturbation contests, and the games became less popular at parties. Carling held this against Rania in a vague way.

Carling did not like the idea of letting Rania use the electric-shock remote control on Dorina and N'dour, which would have made it easier for her to perform her housekeeping duties. And he did not like his slaves socializing without his presence. Once, when he had left the room for a few seconds, he returned to find Rania giving Dorina a rather passionate shoulder rub: Dorina had commanded her, and she obeyed just as enthusiastically as if he had given the order. (Dorina's shoulders ached constantly because of the breast implants that Carling had given her several years ago. Even so, Rania's chest was bigger.)

So Carling had devised, at considerable expense, a way for Rania to attend to the needs of the other slaves. When a button was pressed, an alarm sounded in the slaves' rooms, and they had 30 seconds to move to small adjoining rooms before receiving a shock. The doors locked behind them, and Rania could then enter to clean the rooms or leave food. Afterwards, Rania would press another button, and Dorina and N'dour were free to return.

Rania had been a good cook, and, though her creativity had been stifled by her slave training, Dorina and N'dour's diet improved when she assumed kitchen duties. Their food was spiced in a distinctively Mediterranean way—but the slaves did not report to Carling this clue to Rania's origins.

Carling occasionally threw little parties for his slave-friendly circle, and these were invariably the most unpleasant episodes in the slaves' lives. As the new slave, Rania was the center of attention when Carling entertained his friends several months after her arrival. She and the other slaves served drinks and hors d'oeuvres as the guests arrived: all three of the slaves were naked and silent, but only Rania made eye contact as if trying to offer herself to each guest individually. Carling's friends commented openly on Rania's looks, some approvingly, some quite brutally. One young-looking man affected disgust in response to a lewd comment about Rania: “I really wish that Charles would keep this one covered up,” he said, with Rania standing naked in front of him, holding drinks. “Well, the tits are nice, anyway,” said the companion. “Jesus, no,” said the young man. “She looks like the Pillsbury Doughboy on female hormones. I may never have sex again.” It sometimes happened that Rania's overripe body, with its fleshy nipples and protruding labia, evoked disgust in men who preferred not to think about the inner workings of the female animal. Rania was surprised that she could still be hurt by such cruel appraisals of her body, after all that she had endured. But even a slave who suffers from her attractiveness wants to be attractive.

One of the floor shows for the evening was a series of lesbian acts with the slaves, culminating in a three-way. Rania's obvious sexual enthusiasm showed up the business-like resignation of the other slaves. Though Carling had taken a dislike to Rania for changing the equilibrium of his stable, he enjoyed her effect on his friends, not all of whom were so indifferent to her charms.

Meanwhile, unnoticed by all, Rania's urgent performance during the lesbian act left so much of her saliva on N'dour's neck and chest that the African girl's electric collar quietly short-circuited....

Carling's dossier on Rania from de Vries told of her great skill at exotic dance, and so Carling arranged a floor show at the party, which left even this jaded audience open-mouthed. Rania danced naked, focusing intensely on one audience member after another, as she had been instructed. With her short hair, which had grown in only a little since de Vries had given her a pixie cut, her dancing looked different, less traditional, more extreme: there was something almost freakish now about her huge breasts flying about the room at the slightest twitch of her muscles. Even more exciting than her extraordinary skills, which made it look as if each part of her body moved independently of the rest, was the obvious fact that there were no limits, no boundaries for her between dancing and fucking.

(Interestingly, some of the guests later told Carling that they wished he had put Rania into a skimpy little belly dancer's costume instead of making her dance naked. They didn't object at all to Rania's body: it seems they enjoyed the element of mystery in traditional belly dance.)

For the remainder of the party, guests slipped away to the bedrooms, where the slaves were discreetly summoned and put to various sexual uses. Rania was very much in demand, both because she was new and because of her inflammatory performance. Until the party broke up in the wee hours, she was continuously passed from one man to the next in the suite of bedrooms. Despite their air of refinement, Carling's friends made Fouaz and his trainers look like Peace Corps volunteers; if it weren't for the need to return Carling's property intact, they might easily have done serious damage to Rania.

Dorina and N'dour were called for sex as well, but on a more leisurely schedule that left them time to wait on the men in the living room. For recreation, one of Carling's friends borrowed the electric collar remote control from Carling and took aim at N'dour, who was walking by with an empty tray. The girl froze in terror as she heard the click at her neck that usually preceded a shock. But nothing happened. As she stood bewildered, the man walked across the room to Carling, yelling, "Charles! This thing isn't working!" "What do you mean?" said an irritated Carling. "It was working an hour ago." Carling took the remote, walked purposefully toward N'dour, and pressed the button. But the naked girl had had enough time to recover her wits, and when the collar clicked again, she screamed at the top of her lungs, fell to the ground, and faked the convulsions with which she was so familiar. "It's working perfectly well," said Carling, walking away. "You must have done it wrong." "How can you press a button wrong?" said the man. N'dour cringed on the floor for the right amount of time, then crawled away on her hands and knees, picking up the tray she had dropped. She would have to bide her time, wait for the right opportunity.

* * *

All the slaves survived the tender attentions of the party guests and returned to their less demanding existence with Carling. As the novelty of Rania's arrival wore off, Carling often lost interest in the girls altogether unless there was a social occasion, when their lives suddenly became much more exhausting and dangerous.

On one such occasion, Carling wanted to show his new slave off to one of his girlfriends, who had been away on a summer voyage. So Rania, Dorina, and N'dour found themselves kneeling naked in a row on the carpet one Saturday night, masturbating wearily, while Carling read the papers and waited for his companion, who was always late. There was a jar of lubricant on the coffee table, and every so often Dorina or N'dour would rise silently and moisten their sexes before returning to their assigned positions. (Rania also had permission to use the lubricant when needed, but it was her lot in life never to need it.) When Carling was not rustling the pages of his paper, the room was filled with the rather loud squishy-sucky sounds of three girls belaboring their wet genitalia.

The buzzer sounded, and five minutes later Cecily Scott had cleared all Carling's security checks and entered the room. She was about 20, and had first fucked Carling when she was 14 and he was 26 (not such an uncommon thing in the enclosed world of the very wealthy). A thin blonde with short hair, long legs and sharp, intelligent features, she wore a little black dress, looked very comfortable in high heels, and was used to being the most attractive woman in whatever room she was in.

Amused at the three naked girls set out on display for her, she took a step toward them, then stopped dead in her tracks.

"What's the matter?" said Carling.

"Rania?" said Cecily.

There was no reply, of course. "You know her?" asked Carling.

"Rania, is that you? Say something," said Cecily, a bit jarred.

"She can't say anything," said Carling. "Where do you know her from?"

"From Princeton," said Cecily. "Why can't she say anything?"

"She goes to school with you?" asked Carling.

"She was Jane Winston's roommate," said Cecily. "But she didn't come back to school last year." Cecily knelt down next to Rania. "Her hair used to be long, but this is definitely her. I know her quite well."

"I'll be damned," said Carling.

Rania was visibly agitated. But she still pushed her chest forward, trying to brush Cecily with her nipples.

“Rania—what’s going on? Is this some kind of game?” Cecily said. She reached out and put her hands on Rania’s bare shoulders, and Rania immediately threw herself into Cecily’s arms. Cecily held Rania comfortingly, expecting her to cry on her shoulder—until she felt Rania’s tongue darting in her ear, and her wet sex sliding up and down on her bare thigh.

“What the fuck?” said Cecily, startled. “Kneel!” said Carling to Rania sharply. “Get back in position with the others!” Rania withdrew at once and began masturbating again.

“What’s going on, Charles?” said Cecily, still on the carpet. “Why can’t she talk?”

“Your friend was brainwashed by experts,” said Charles. “She obeys whatever orders she’s given. And she’s in heat all the time. Bit of a nuisance, actually.”

“Oh, my God,” said Cecily, her hand over her mouth.

“I bought her from a dealer in South Africa, who bought her in Sudan from some Libyans.”

“Is she...a zombie or something?” asked Cecily, looking at Rania’s hand working between her legs.

“No, she understands everything,” said Carling. “But she can’t do anything about it.”

Rania’s flushed face and watery eyes showed her mortification at being discovered in this reduced state by her acquaintance Cecily. And the worst of it for her was that she was hovering on the edge of her orgasm. Before her training, the shock of public humiliation would have aborted her sexual response: but now, adrenalin and terror just fed into her arousal, like almost every emotion she experienced. She knelt before her classmate, leaking fluids from every orifice, feeling the ebb and flow of the blood in her head, getting closer to the edge.

“She’s royalty, you know,” said Cecily, who was tracing little figure-eights with her hand in the juice that Rania had left on her thigh.

Carling sat up. “No, I did *not* know.”

“She comes from one of those little kingdoms over there in the Middle East. Her brother is a king.” Cecily did not follow international news very closely, and had never heard about the regime change in Kazeib.

“Royalty?” said Carling. “Are you having me on, Cecily? Did someone put you up to this?”

“Check on it yourself,” Cecily said.

“I certainly will,” said Carling. “What did you say her name was?”

“Rania Al-Khalifa,” said Cecily. “She has a much longer name back home, but that’s what she went by at Princeton. What do you call her?”

“I don’t call her anything,” said Carling.

Rania’s breathing changed audibly, and Cecily turned and watched with fascination as Rania’s orgasm crept up on her and took her over. The little convulsion seemed to take forever: as she was trained to do, Rania never took her sex-swollen eyes off of Cecily’s.

“This is fucking incredible,” said Carling. “So my slave went to Princeton with you.”

“More than that—we travelled in the same circles,” said Cecily. “Your pal Harry went on a date or two with her.”

“Harry?” said an unbelieving Carling. “Why, he was at a party with her. He may even have screwed her. And he never said a word to me.”

“Well, that’s typical, isn’t it?” said Cecily. “Harry’s not very good with faces, or names, or anything else having to do with people. And Rania looks completely different without her long hair. I barely recognized her myself. Did you cut it off?”

“No, she came that way,” said Carling.

Cecily seemed to adjust quickly to Rania’s enslavement. When she and Carling drifted off to his bedroom, she didn’t even glance backward at the three naked, masturbating women, who remained at their stations until Carling came out to lock them up before bed.

But Cecily’s indifference was part of a plan. In the bedroom, she put extra effort into pleasing Carling, whose tastes she knew well. Stripping naked, she straddled Carling with her long legs and shimmied forward until she was just inches from his chin, then leaned back, spread her nether lips with her fingers and began playing with her clitoris, giving him the best possible view of the action. Carling’s face was expressionless, which she knew was a good sign.

“Charles,” she said, “you *have* to lend Rania to me.”

“What!” said Carling. “Do you know how much she cost?”

“Please, Charles. I promise I’ll take good care of her.” Cecily, still fingering herself, started breathing more and more audibly as she talked. Carling didn’t excite her in the least, but she could fake passion quite well. She started twitching her hips at intervals, bumping her wet fingers into Carling’s face.

“Please, Charles,” she said.

“Can’t we discuss this later?” said Carling

“Pleeeeeease....” she moaned, rubbing her hand across his face in a fit of ardor. Carling made her shift her weight so he could move his arm close enough to jerk off. Cecily made her fake orgasm coincide with his.

Afterward, the discussion continued. Carling didn’t like the idea of taking over the care and feeding of Dorina and N’dour while Rania was away. Then there was the issue of turning a slave over to an inexperienced owner.

“But you said that she obeys every order, and couldn’t disobey even if she wanted to,” said Cecily. “Why, a child could manage her. All you have to do is get her something to wear, and I could just walk up Park Avenue with her on my arm.”

“You’re crazy,” said Carling. “I don’t know if you’ve heard, but slavery is illegal in this state.”

Cecily was very good at getting what she wanted. She persisted in the outrageous idea of walking home with Rania, just to give Carling an issue on which to put his foot down. “You don’t know anything about transporting slaves,” he said. “There’s a right way and a wrong way, and that’s that.”

The next day, a doctor arrived at Carling’s penthouse and anaesthetized Rania. She was securely wrapped in gauze and packed in a heavily padded crate, which was delivered by movers to Cecily’s apartment, only five blocks away. After the movers left, Cecily lit a cigarette and walked around the room, inspecting the crate from every side. She hadn’t been so excited about opening a package since the christmases of her childhood.

* * *

Rania stood very still, as she had been ordered, while Cecily applied gloss to Rania’s lips.

“There,” said Cecily. She stood back and observed her work, turning Rania so she could see her in the powder room mirror. “Rania, make your mouth into a little bit more of an O shape.” Rania obediently pursed her lips. “That’s really cute. Would you be able to keep that expression all the time? That would be perfect.” Rania’s face remained exactly as Cecily had arranged it. But a tear leaked out of the corner of her eye.

“Oh, don’t ruin your makeup,” said Cecily, dabbing the tear away. Rania had gotten a fairly thorough makeover from Cecily: tasteful, but bold. Her already dark eyes had been lined to make them look bigger. A touch of eyeshadow and mascara on her lashes pushed the exotic look to the limit, but not quite to the point of parody. “Your eyes look fine without any makeup at all, but this is very dramatic,” said Cecily.

Rania’s short hair had been neatened up a bit, and she was wearing gold earrings with dangling garnets. “Actually, this hairdo is nicer than your old one,” Cecily had said while wielding the scissors. “Your hair used to be all over the place. But, with those boobs of yours, the long hair is better, isn’t it. Oh, well. Maybe I’ll look around for a wig sometime.”

Cecily looked Rania over. "Beautiful. Now for the nips." Sitting down, she pulled Rania over to her and began rouging her nipples with a small brush, trying to give the unruly areoles a bit of shape, and to add a little red to Rania's purple-black coloration. Rania instantly started squirming under the brushstrokes, and melted toward Cicely. "No, dear, just stand still and enjoy yourself, and watch what I'm doing," said Cicely, who was finding that the job needed two different colors of rouge. She felt Rania's hot breath on her forehead, and hear the helpless girl moan softly as her stiff nipples quivered under the brush.

When she was finished, Cicely playfully pushed Rania's nipples to and fro with the brush, giggling. Then she said, "I think I feel like messing up our work." Giving into temptation, Cicely pulled Rania toward her and dove into her breasts. She did everything to Rania that she could think of: sucking, biting, licking her breasts from base to tip, taking as much of them into her mouth as she could, flicking the nipples with her tongue and nose, gathering the flesh around her head like pillows. Rania's cries became louder, and Cicely's breathing also became more labored.

Finally Cicely tore her mouth away and leaned her forehead against Rania's breastbone. "Oh, my," she said. Her pretty face and Rania's breasts were both covered with rouge smears and saliva. "We'd better stop," she said, then impulsively started nipping at the soft insides of Rania's breasts. "We'd better stop," she said again. She took a deep breath. "Okay, clean yourself off and do your nipples exactly the way I did. I'll watch to see if you're doing it right." Flushed and on the edge of orgasm, the miserable Rania cleaned herself and rouged her nipples again while Cicely washed her own face.

"Good job, Rania," said Cicely when the rouge had been applied. "Stand back and let me take a look." The very naked Rania stepped to the middle of the powder room. Cicely's vision was coming together. Rania looked a bit like a sex doll with her wild curves, emphatic makeup and red, O-shaped mouth; and yet she also had a soupcon of chic and sophistication.

What to do with the bush, thought Cicely. Shaving it seemed all wrong, somehow. Cicely opted for a gentle trim to the edges of Rania's sex hair, leaving it thick but nicely defined. As for jewelry, Cicely thought that less would be more. She had bought two simple gold toe rings for Rania, which she placed asymmetrically: and two finger rings, both gold but of different styles.

That's it, she thought. "Okay, Rania, this is your all-purpose outfit. I want to do yourself exactly this way each day." Rania stood obediently, hands by her sides, mouth O-shaped. "Now let's try on some clothes for specific occasions," Cicely said.

Cicely had been busy on the phone and Internet, spending a small fortune on Rania's ensembles and mobilizing an army of delivery boys. First she put Rania into a two-piece French maid outfit, with a little frilled hat and black stockings with elastic bands at her thighs. The short skirt skimmed Rania's hairy sex; Cecile didn't like the effect, and squeezed Rania into a very cute little pair of lacy white panties. The dangly earrings had to be replaced with faux-diamond studs, and a black choker was added.

“For this outfit, your short hair works very well,” said Cecily. “Still...it’s all a little boring, isn’t it?” Rania didn’t reply. Cecily pondered for a moment, then said, “Okay, off with the shirt and bra!”

They were off in seconds. There was something a bit terrifying about Rania as a bare-breasted French maid. Cecily giggled, and said, “I like it. Okay, this is what you’ll wear when you’re serving meals, and for light housework. You’ll remember all the details, right?” No reply. “Now this next dress is for messy housework.”

Rania stripped and put on a tiny, flimsy beige shift that barely covered her. It was not quite transparent, but every detail of her body indented it. No underwear, no shoes, no jewelry, no nothing.

“This is for scrubbing and mopping, and for heavy cleaning,” said Cecily.

Next came the more festive costumes. For a nightie, Cecily had found a sheer white babydoll with spaghetti straps and white maribou trim that made perfect circles around Rania at the neckline and hemline. Rania’s massive chest pushed the fabric well out in front of her, and it dropped straight down in gentle folds, partially obscuring her sex; in the back, the bottom of her ass cheeks peeked out. Her dark coloration ensured that the filmy garment concealed nothing.

“Hubba-hubba,” said Cecily. “Make up when you wear that, but you can skip the nipple rouge—that would be a little too obvious. Okay—I have just one more thing for you, which I couldn’t resist, though I don’t know when you’re going to wear it.”

First Cecily put Rania in an old-fashioned black corset that left her breasts and sex bare, and pulled on the laces until Rania’s slightly thick waist was greatly reduced.

“Have you ever worn a corset? From the first time I saw you, I thought that you’d look amazing in a corset,” Cecily said.

Cecily was onto something. Rania was a beautiful girl, but with her waist narrowed, her body became spectacular. Not only did she take on an hourglass shape, but the corset also pushed some surplus flesh to her upper body, so that her already-imposing breasts were thrust even further up and out by this new layer of cushioning. Her every small movement set in motion a complicated system of jiggles in her chest. Cecily put her ear between Rania’s breasts to make sure the corset didn’t impair her breathing. “Oh, you’re okay, right? We can probably even make it a little tighter next time.”

Cecily produced a pair of very high-heeled, strappy sandals. Rania did not complain as Cecily fastened the shoes to her feet, but Cecily thought they were too tight. “Your feet are a little too wide for these, aren’t they? Do they hurt? Oh, you can’t tell me anything. Okay, I’ll return them and get a new size.” In fact, the shoes had hurt quite a lot, and Rania was relieved to be barefoot again.

The corset and heels were accessories for a very tight strapless wine-colored evening dress. Cicely put the dress over Rania's head and worked her into it inch by inch, like fitting a sausage into a casing. "I thought of this dress because you remind me of Marilyn Monroe with that sexy walk you do now," said Cicely, who was perspiring a bit from the effort of squeezing the dress over Rania's hips.

Finally Rania stood before Cicely in the dress, a symphony of curves. Her legs were so constricted that she could barely put one bare foot in front of the other. "We really need the heels for this dress," mused Cecily. Built-in underwiring made Rania's breasts look as if they were floating and about to escape the bodice. The situation didn't look stable at all. "Hmmm..." said Cicely. "Try bending over, as if you were picking up a drink from the coffee table." Rania bent forward, and fell heavily out of both cups of her dress, sending Cicely into gales of laughter. "Oh, Rania, I've never seen anything so outrageous!" she yelped. "I wish you could see what you looked like." Rania had stood straight again and waited for Cecily's laughter to subside, breasts completely out of her dress, mouth O-shaped. "Please, do it one more time," said Cicely. "Put yourself back in the dress, then do it again." Rania obeyed, once again tumbling free as if the dress weren't there at all. "Wait! Stay in that position," said Cicely, who thought the maneuver was just as funny the second time. Rania remained bent over, her hanging breasts pushed out most suggestively by the underwire cups. Still laughing, Cicely reached out with her foot and tapped Rania's breasts. A little noise escaped Rania's lips as Cicely's toes rippled over her nipples.

When her laughter had subsided to a chuckle, Cicely stood up and tucked Rania back into her bodice. "For social occasions, you'll need to be careful," she said. "Can you just dip your knees and stay straight when you pick things up?" The dress was too tight for a normal knee bend, but Rania could manage a dip by swinging both knees to the side. "Okay, good," said Cecily. She dabbed at Rania's eyes with a tissue. "Why do you cry so much?" she said. "This mascara is going to run all the time. We'll have to come up with something else."

* * *

A little while later, Cecily led Rania into her spacious kitchen. Rania was wearing her topless French maid outfit.

"You'll have to get up early with me, or maybe a little earlier, to make breakfast," said Cecily. "But after I leave, you can go back to bed and sleep in for a while before you do the rest of your chores."

Cecily told Rania what to make her for breakfast each morning, giving her a few variations and choices. "Now, here is a special request," said Cecily with a wicked smile. "Use these big, wide glasses for orange juice. And before you serve me, I want you to stir the orange juice with your nipples. Each nipple, one at a time. Then, at the table, present yourself, so I can suck the juice off of you before I eat." Cecily thought for a moment. "I guess that means no nipple rouge in the morning. You can apply it after you get up again." With that resolved, Cecily said, "After you serve the food, you can sit down with me and eat. Make enough breakfast for yourself as well.

Or, if you want something different from what I'm eating, feel free to make it. If you don't know where to find anything in the kitchen, don't worry—I'll be here to help you."

The next stop was the living room. Cecily handed Rania a feather duster that came with the maid outfit. "Every day, everything in the apartment should be dusted. Show me how you do it." Rania instantly started dusting the items on the dresser next to her. "That's good, Rania, but—could you do it a little prettier? Like, maybe, I don't know, hold your other hand out like this? And maybe you can stick your ass out a little?"

Rania knew exactly what Cecily was getting at, and started dusting like a comic-opera French maid, arching her back and extending both arms like a ballerina. "Oooh—that's perfect," said Cecily. "It sends shivers up my spine. I know I won't be here when you do your chores, but I want to think about you doing them just like this." Cecily watched Rania's heavy breasts sway as she flounced around with the duster. "How can you be so smart that you figured out exactly what I want, and yet you can't even talk?" she asked. Rania just kept dusting the room prettily. "OK, that's enough, Rania," said Cecily. "Now go put on your messy cleaning clothes."

In the bathroom, which was the size of most New York living rooms, Cecily had Rania draw a pail of water, and gave her a hand brush and a bar of soap. Hopping up on the washer, Cecily said, "The floors in the bathroom and kitchen should be scrubbed every day. And I'd like you to do it on your hands and knees—because I think you'll look really hot that way."

Rania's shift barely covered her lower torso when she was standing, and as soon as she started scrubbing the floor, her ass and hairy sex were completely exposed. Cicely watched as if hypnotized. Then she said, "Splash the water around a little. Get wet." The flimsy shift became transparent on contact with water, and clung to Rania's twisting body. "When you push the brush—go all the way down," said Cicely. Her breathing was becoming audible. "Until your tits hit the floor. Then—just—move them a little. Scrub the floor with them before you come back up." Rania descended into the soapy lather on the floor, using her breasts as a mop. Her wet ass and legs were facing Cicely; her bare feet slipped in the soap as she tried to get traction. "Oh, God," said Cicely. In a few seconds she had slipped the buttons on her jeans and started fingering herself. "Keep going," she said. "Get yourself all wet." Rania was covered in soapy water from her face to her toes; the dark wrinkles on the shift were the only way you could tell where she was clothed and where she was naked. Her sopping breasts made a squeaking sound when she pushed them over the slick floor, and a smacking sound when she pulled them away. "Oh, Jesus," said Cicely. "Rania, I'm coming! I'm coming...." Cicely's orgasmic grunts were drowned out by the noises of Rania's splashing and scrubbing.

Rania was almost finished with the floor by the time Cicely recovered her senses. "Stop, Rania, you can stop," she said. She buttoned her jeans and eased herself gingerly onto the wet floor. Rania stood before her, looking as if she'd emerged from a washing machine. "Don't get me wet, Rania," Cicely said, then carefully kissed her dripping slave on the cheek. "That's exactly the way I want you to do it every day," she said sweetly.

After Rania was cleaned up, Cicely gave her a few other daily chores. "These won't take you all day, so after you're done you can just relax, have a bite to eat—whatever you want," she said.

“Now, I’m usually home between 5:45 and 6:15 each day. So, by 5:30, I want you all made up, with the jewelry I gave you, and I want your little ass in my bed. And while you’re waiting, play with yourself a little bit, to get yourself hot. But don’t go all the way. And then we can unwind together after work.”

During the summer, Cicely was a paid intern at a big midtown publishing company. (She had taken the better part of the summer for travel, which caused no major problem with her employers: the New York publishing industry is familiar with the work habits of the very rich, and tries to be accommodating.) At work on Monday, Cicely was so stimulated by the idea of Rania working in her apartment that she got absolutely nothing done. She liked the idea that, even though no one was watching or would ever know, Rania was wiggling her ass as she dusted, or scrubbing the kitchen floor with her heavenly breasts.... She had promised secrecy to Carling, and meant it when she said it, but now she could not resist picking out a few like-minded coworkers, some of who knew Rania from school or society, and excitedly babbling the whole story.

Cicely was home from work at 6:05 in the afternoon and went straight to her bedroom. A split second before she turned the corner, the odor of sex hit her nostrils. Rania lay on her back in Cecily’s bed, naked and restless, her rouge-tipped breasts rolling softly from side to side. Cecily eagerly kicked off her shoes and jumped into the bed.

“You look completely, completely adorable,” Cecily said, holding Rania close to her. Rania thrust her mouth onto Cecily’s, but Cecily pushed Rania back onto the pillows, not wanting to rush her pleasure. One of her fingers found Rania’s upward-pointed right nipple, and traced circles around its soft base. Rania twitched, and her mouth fell open.

“What is it like to be you?” said Cecily dreamily, moving Rania’s breast around by the nipple. “I’m so fascinated. I wish I could be like you for exactly one day, just to see what it feels like.” Rania’s face looked swollen with sex; she couldn’t be far from the edge. Cecily leaned down and worried Rania’s left nipple with her tongue, still keeping the right nipple between thumb and forefinger. Rania let a low, growly sound escape her mouth. Cicely saw that Rania’s face was awash with tears.

“Oh, sweetheart, why are you crying?” said Cicely, kissing some of the tears away, and shaking Rania’s tongue out of her ear. Somehow the tears excited her, and she sank her left middle finger deep inside Rania, working the heel of her hand against Rania’s clitoris. “Things aren’t so bad,” said Cicely, starting to get aroused. “It’s better than being with that fuddy-duddy Charles, isn’t it?”

Rania had infinitely preferred being owned by Carling. She no longer held out any hope of recovering her free will: she assumed that she would always be a sex thing, always belong to someone. Under the circumstances, Carling was almost ideal, despite his occasional brutality: he generally left her alone, and he didn’t give a damn about the inside of her head. But to be at the mercy of Cecily Scott, who loved Rania’s debasement, who excited herself by reminding Rania every minute who she used to be.... A flood of tears blurred Rania’s vision, as Cecily made just the right pinching-squeezing-pushing move down below, and Rania felt herself start to dissolve.

She was just a sex now, a slippery, spasming thing in the palm of Cecily's hand—she was coming....

* * *

To liven up an endless Wednesday afternoon, Cicely had devised a game, and had drafted her prep school friend Joanna as an audience. At their afternoon break, Cecily and Joanna barricaded themselves in a conference room, put the phone in speaker mode, and called Cecily's apartment. When the answering machine began taking a message, Cecily said, "Rania, are you there? Pick up." After a few moments, Cicely and Joanna heard the phone taken off hook.

"Hello, Rania. I hope you're having a good day," Cecily said. There was no reply, of course. "How do you know she's there?" said Joanna. "She's there," said Cecily. "Rania, if you're wearing panties, get them off your little butt right now. Then, do you see that leather belt lying on the phone table? Put the phone down, cinch the belt around your waist, then pick the phone up again." The girls heard a few rustling sounds, and then the sound of the phone being lifted from the table.

"Now, there's a black dildo on the table. Pick it up, turn it on, hold it right up to the phone for five seconds, then turn it off and get back on the phone," said Cecily. More rustling. "You have to tell her an exact amount of time," Cecily told Joanna. "If you just say 'a few seconds,' she gets really agitated." A loud buzzing sound issued from the speaker phone, then subsided.

"Rania, my good friend Joanna is here with me, and I want to show her what a sexual person you are," said Cecily. "So, put the dildo in your puss, hold the phone down there, and just work the dildo around inside yourself for...ten seconds. Then put the phone to your ear again."

The girls listened carefully. Sure enough, a loud squelching sound started coming from the speaker phone. Joanna howled with laughter, and Cecily giggled along.

Someone tried the door handle, then knocked. "What do you want?" yelled Cecily. "We have a meeting in this room," said a male voice behind the door. "Okay, we'll be right out," yelled Cecily. "Go away! We'll be out in five minutes."

"Did they hear any of that?" asked Joanna.

"No," said Cecily, not really caring. "Ranya, are you there? Okay, clench tight and hold the dildo in for a while. Now, see the butt plug on the table? Hold it up to the phone and turn it on for a second, just to make sure it's running. Then get back on the phone."

A quick buzzing sound followed, less frantic than the dildo's.

"Okay, honey, now put the phone down, use your puss to lubricate the butt plug, put it in, and get back on the phone."

"This is going to take a while," said Joanna.

“No, it won’t,” said Cecily. “Why, does it take you a long time to put your butt plug in?”

“Never touch the stuff,” said Joanna.

The girls heard the phone being picked up from the table.

“We’re almost done, Rania. See that little chain on the table?” asked Cecily. “Thread it through the slots on the dildo and plug, clip it to the rings on the front and back of the belt, then get back on the phone.”

“Is there a lock?” asked Joanna.

“No. I don’t need a lock with her. She won’t touch it unless I tell her,” said Cecily. “Are you there, Rania? Now turn the butt plug on, and put the dildo on high—no, on medium—then get back on the phone.” There was a longish pause before the phone was picked up again. “Rania, put the mouthpiece next to your asshole for five seconds, then next to your puss for five seconds, then get back on the phone.” The girls heard a muffled buzzing sound. “Mmmm,” said Cecily. “That’s so hot.” The dildo’s buzzing sound was more audible. “I can hear her saying something,” said Joanna. “She’s not saying anything—she’s just making love noises,” said Cecily. “She’s very passionate.”

The buzzing stopped. “Rania, we have to get back to work,” said Cecily. The girls distinctly heard Rania whimper into the mouthpiece. “You have fun with those toys. Don’t do any more chores today. I’ll be home in a few hours, and then I’ll get you out of that contraption. Now hang up.”

The phone clicked, and the line was dead.

* * *

Cecily’s evening ritual included a relaxing hot bath. Her tub was big enough for two, and so Rania was trained as her bath servant, and learned quickly how to clean all the nooks and crannies of her classmate’s body. Afterwards, Cecily would recline in the tub and supervise Rania’s own ablutions, delightedly pointing out spots Rania had missed, like the mother of a three-year-old.

After the bath, Cecily would put on a white nightgown, relax in bed, and let Rania minister to her. Tonight Rania crouched at the foot of the bed in her transparent babydoll, sucking Cecily’s toes. Cecily had an inordinate, rather secretive love of this form of attention, though she only permitted it immediately after her bath, when she was not self-conscious about possible foot odor. “Oh, Rania...that feels wonderful,” she sighed. She had never known as skilled a mouth as Rania’s, no matter what purpose it was put to. More than a little turned on, Cecily rolled her head back and forth involuntarily. To no one in particular, she said, “I wonder if this means I’m a lesbian?”

* * *

Cecily soon found a pair of dressy sandals that fit Rania and matched her evening dress. And it seemed a shame to have such a terrific ensemble and no place to wear it. So, a few days later, Rania found herself serving refreshments to a small gathering of her old college friends in Cecily's living room.

No one in the room had been Rania's true intimate. Cecily had invited her childhood and prep school pals, the students who were friendly to Rania (who wouldn't be friendly to a beautiful, charming girl who was also royalty?) but somehow too enclosed in their class and upbringing to make a real social connection with an outsider.

All of them had heard about what had happened to Rania, but it was quite another thing to see the young princess, breasts barely enclosed by her outrageous dress, serving them silently. The ones who had the nerve to look at her face saw her plainly offering herself with her eyes, which were incongruously splashed with tears.

Cecily's freshman roommate Emily broke the silence. "How does she stay in that dress?" she said. The room giggled in response. The ice was broken.

"She doesn't, always," said Cicely. In this brittle company, Cecily unconsciously acted less affectionate to Rania.

"And she does whatever you tell her to?" asked Jake, who was two years ahead of the others at Princeton, but dated their friend Justine, who was sitting next to him.

"Anything," said Cecily. "Try it—give her an order. But be careful, because she'll do it."

"Rania, kiss my hand," said Emily, extending her hand regally. With a careful dip to keep the top of her dress in place, Rania knelt low and kissed Emily's hand, putting a little tongue into the kiss and looking longingly at Emily, who fidgeted as Rania remained at her feet.

"Stand up now, Rania," said Cicely.

"Does she always act like such a slut?" asked Emily, with a hint of distaste.

"Yes," said Cecily. "She was trained to please men. Or women." Cecily smiled.

"Mostly women right now, it seems," said Helen, who had taken a number of government classes with Rania. Cecily just laughed in response.

"What happened to her hair?" asked Justine.

"I don't know," said Cecily. "It's a shame."

"Does Paul Robbins know about her?" asked Annie, Cecily's childhood friend. Paul had been very publicly in love with Rania at Princeton, and had gone out with her for a while. Rania had tried to discourage him, but in such a friendly way that he continued to have hope. When Rania

didn't turn up for school last year, Paul had turned the campus upside down trying to get contact information for Rania, without success.

While asking the question, Annie looked at Steve, a close friend of Paul's who was sitting quietly at the end of the room.

"I certainly didn't tell him," said Cecily. "And no one else should either. This is supposed to be a secret." Cecily too looked at Steve.

"Got it," said Steve. "Doesn't seem like much of a secret, though."

"I've told only a few trusted people," said Cecily. "Please don't let this get around."

"Got it," said Steve.

"Cecily, could I get another glass of wine?" asked Justine.

"Ask Rania," Cecily said with a smile.

Justine looked distressed, but turned to Rania, who was still standing in the middle of the living room, where she had been left. "Rania..." said Justine. She stopped and turned to Cecily. "Cecily, I can't. We were friends."

"I was her friend too," said Cecily. "She doesn't mind."

Helen said, briskly, "Rania, get Justine another glass of what she was drinking." Rania turned and undulated into the kitchen. Helen smiled at the room, pleased at the effect.

"Why is she crying, then?" Justine asked Cecily. Rania returned and dipped her knees sideways to deliver the drink without exposing herself.

"She's always like that," said Cecily. "It doesn't mean she's sad. She's been trained to enjoy what she does."

"Oh. Well, I guess that's a blessing," said Justine.

"Cicely, you know what's on everyone's mind, don't you?" said Annie playfully.

"No, what?" said Cecily.

"We want to see what they look like," said Annie. The room broke out in chuckles.

"Then tell her," said Cecily, taking a carrot from the crudite dish.

Annie turned to Rania, eager and a little nervous. "Go ahead, Rania, show us," she said.

Rania wriggled her upper body ever so slightly, and her breasts fell out of the cups of the dress like water over a dam.

There was a low whistle. “Oh, my God!” said Justine. “How did she do that?” said Jake. “Look at the size of those babies,” said Annie.

Emily’s brow was furrowed. “What’s wrong with you?” said Cecily to Emily. “I don’t know—they’re kind of ugly, aren’t they? They look like they belong on a cow.”

“She can hear you, you know,” said Cecily, irritably. Emily’s face kept its curdled expression.

“Tell her to shake them,” said Annie, who was getting excited. “Rania, put your hands over your head and shake them!”

This triggered one of Rania’s exotic dance moves. Hands on the top of her head, she made the tiniest little movements of her upper body, timing them to amplify each other, so that in a few seconds her breasts were flying into every corner of the room. The crowd went wild. “Jesus Christ!” said Jake. “Tell her to stop!” said Justine, alarmed.

“OK, Rania, that’s enough,” said Cecily. Rania’s chest kept moving for five seconds after she stopped.

“I want to touch them!” said Annie. “But I dare not!”

“Go ahead, Annie,” said Cecily.

“I’m scared,” said Annie.

Helen jumped in. “Rania, come here and sit on my lap,” she said sternly. Rania walked over to Helen, her breasts bobbling from the difficulty of walking in the dress, and sank into her lap, pushing her breasts near to Helen’s face. Helen grabbed a breast rather brusquely and started to squeeze it like a rubber ball, until she realized that Rania was administering little wet bites to her neck.

Sitting bolt upright, the startled Helen slapped Rania hard across the face and pushed her to her feet. “Don’t you ever do that again, do you hear me?” yelled Helen, her index finger in Rania’s face.

“Don’t hit her!” said Cecily sharply. “She can’t help it.”

“I don’t believe that,” said Helen angrily.

Cecily laughed at Helen. “I don’t care what you believe,” she said. “There’s no need to hit her. Just tell her what you want.”

To dispel the bad vibe, Cecily said, “Just watch me. Rania, come here and sit on my lap.” Rania obeyed. “Now sit still, Rania.” Cecily reached up and started playing with Rania’s nipples, swirling her fingers softly from one to the other. Rania moanly rather loudly, but did not move. You could have heard a pin drop in the room.

“There, you see?” said Cecily, continuing the gentle nipple massage. Rania moaned again, then suddenly dropped her head and began a series of small convulsions that rippled her soft skin. She was coming, after only a few seconds in Cecily’s hands.

“My, my,” said Cecily softly, surprised and pleased. Rania gradually stopped writhing. “She’s got to be faking it,” said Emily.

“No, she doesn’t fake it,” said Cecily. “But this is unusual, even for her.” A big smile lit up Cecily’s face. “She must really enjoy being here with all of you.”

Rania looked longingly at Cecily with heavy-lidded eyes and O-shaped lips. There was a sheen of perspiration on her shoulders and breasts.

Steve stood up and cleared his throat. “Uh, Rania, would you mind following me?” he said. Rania jumped to her feet and headed toward the bedroom after Steve, who turned and deadpanned “Excuse us for a few moments, would you?” before closing the door behind them, amid much giggling and exclamation.

In the bedroom, Steve unzipped his fly quickly, while the topless Rania looked on. “Nothing personal, Rania,” he said. “I’m really sorry what happened to you and all, but...” He was already three-quarters erect. “Go ahead—suck it.”

Rania threw herself on Steve’s cock as if it were the last one on earth, dispensing with warm-up maneuvers and going straight to maximum suction and full-shaft head action. The strategy worked: “Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Rania,” Steve muttered. After one more “Oh, God,” he shot his load down Rania’s throat. It all took less than a minute.

Steve collapsed into a sitting position on the edge of the bed, with Rania clinging to his legs, caressing him and licking his sex clean. “We have to wait here a while,” he said, “or else they’ll make fun of me.” Steve wanted to light up a cigarette, but he didn’t know if Cecily would be angry. “Remember when I hit on you at the Brown football game, and you shot me down?” he said. Rania looked up at him provocatively from his crotch, licking him like an ice cream cone, tears in her eyes.

The gathering never completely degenerated into an orgy: it was more like a pre-teen spin-the-bottle party, with occasional back-room indiscretions and the palpable aura of things fantasized but left undone. At one point Annie summoned up her courage and had her first lesbian interlude: shut away in the bedroom, she somehow got Rania’s tight dress up high enough to perform cunnilingus on her for a dreamy half an hour, punctuated by Rania’s moans. Annie emerged from the bedroom sheepish and glowing, and sat quietly for the rest of the party, lost in reverie. Most of the time, however, Rania fetched food and drinks, and listened to people talking

about her as if she weren't there. This was a group that had a nuanced sense of how to wield social power, but was in general not highly imaginative when it came to sex.

Rania's state of mind through the ordeal was mostly a desperate hypervigilance, a fear of leaving some order unbayed. Later that night, when the party was over, after Cecily had dropped off to sleep and the babydoll-clad Rania was left alone with her thoughts, she began to realize how utter and total had been her debasement. She had once thought that, having being used for sex by her own brother, all other misfortunes would pale in comparison; but life had found new and interesting ways to degrade her, and none more fiendish than this endless afternoon as a live sex act for the prep school clique of her college class. Each face she pictured from the party, each memory associated with that face from her college life, each obscene act she had performed to or in front of those people, sent physical shocks of humiliation through her body. And her poor tampered-with brain betrayed her by sending those shocks to her nipples and her sex, turning her moist and urgent. The little princess slave could not think clearly when she was aroused. Her nearly naked body stretched and twisted in the bed, trying to find relief.

* * *

Steve went straight to Paul Robbins after the party and told him everything about Rania, except for his having borrowed her for a blow job.

Paul was an idealistic, sentimental boy who had put Rania on a pedestal. At first he was unbelieving, and made Steve repeat everything. Then he cried. Then he became angry and threw things.

"We have to get her out of there!" he cried. "We have to find a way to deprogram her!"

"That won't be easy," said Steve.

Paul started hatching plans to break into Cicely's fancy doorman apartment building.

* * *

But fate was to intervene, making a break-in unnecessary. The next day, Charles Carling was reading the newspaper in his penthouse after breakfast. Dorina was locked in her room, and N'dour was kneeling naked on the carpet. No doubt Carling intended to fuck her after he finished the paper.

The cook had left exactly five minutes ago, and would not be back until noon. This was the opportunity N'dour had been waiting for for the last two weeks.

She rose from her appointed position and headed quickly toward her weapon of choice, a metal pipe in the corner that had been used as a bondage device, to attach between her and Dorina's legs to keep them spread open.

Carling spotted her as soon as she moved without permission. Panicking, he reached for the remote control, pointed it at N'dour, who was now moving quickly toward him with the pipe, and pressed the button. N'dour's collar clicked, but no electric shock followed.

With one blow from the pipe, N'dour shattered Carling's skull.

Throwing the pipe down next to the body, N'dour headed to Carling's bedroom. She knew that she had to call the police quickly: if an alarm went off, it would summon the private operatives who provided security to slavers. But she felt an urgent, almost physical need not to be naked. After finding a sweatshirt and a pair of shorts that she could wear, she picked up the phone and dialed the operator.

* * *

A few days later, Paul and Steve entered Cecily's apartment, where they had been summoned by an urgent phone call.

Cecily paced the living room, a nervous wreck. "She has to get out of here," she said. "This thing is in the papers. They're going to come after me."

Paul said, "Where is she?"

"Rania, come in here," Cecily yelled. Rania entered, wearing her maid outfit, including the blouse. Paul stood up. "Rania," he said. Then he walked over to her and gently took her in his arms. Rania instantly glued herself to Paul, nibbling and licking his neck.

"Oh, Rania," Paul said, holding her tighter, then finding her lips. Rania started moaning and sliding her hands under Paul's clothes.

"Do you understand the situation here?" said Cecily irritably. "This is not a tearful reunion for her. She was brainwashed to behave that way. She'd give tongue to a dog if he jumped up on her."

Paul looked Rania in the eyes. "Don't worry, Rania," he said. "We're going to find a way to help you."

"Where should we take her?" Steve asked Cecily.

"Anywhere," said Cecily. "Far away. Just don't tell anybody anything, please. The police are going to come."

"Why are her lips that way?" said Paul.

Cecily snapped, "Rania, you don't have to keep your mouth that way anymore."

Rania's mouth abandoned the O shape that it had been holding for weeks, and relaxed into its normal position.

* * *

The police did indeed come, and, along with a number of other people, Cecily eventually spent time in jail. N'dour found her way to London, where she made a new home with some family friends who had emigrated from Senegal. Dorina returned to Bucharest, where she soon drifted back into a life of prostitution.

And, in the here and now, Rania sat quietly in the shotgun seat of Paul Robbins' rented car, with Steve stretched out in the back, heading southwest on I-81, somewhere between Roanoke and the Tennessee border...

* * *

Paul and Rania stood in their motel room, 30 miles east of Knoxville. Steve had taken the room next door. Rania was still dressed in her French maid outfit, partially covered by one of Paul's sweaters.

"Let's see if you have anything normal to wear," said Paul, opening the trunk into which Cecily had chucked every single item that had the slightest connection to Rania. But the French maid outfit was Rania's most conservative wardrobe. Paul was disturbed as he pawed through the array of fetishwear and erotic toys that came with his beloved, as if she were an accessorized sex doll. He was desperately attracted to Rania, but he didn't want to take advantage of her in her current helpless condition. His idea was to treat her with tenderness and respect until the brainwashing wore off and she returned to normal.

Still, he couldn't help wondering what she looked like in that wispy babydoll....

Paul stood up and faced Rania, who looked at him as if she was begging to be fucked. "Rania, don't worry—I'm not going to touch you," he said. "Let's get you all better, and then we'll see...I mean..." It was difficult for Paul to stand so close to Rania without reaching out to her. "Well, you know how I feel about you, of course," he said. "But I want what's best for you."

He touched her on the shoulder, with emotion. Rania immediately threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Rania," he said, holding her tight. "I love you so." Everything happened very quickly. Rania slid a hand down Paul's stomach and toward his crotch; before it reached its destination, Paul had popped a button on Rania's blouse in his haste to get at her breasts.

For one night at least, Rania had found someone she could not wear down in bed. Paul had been dreaming of Rania's body for two years, and he dove into its soft flesh as if he would never leave. He was a romantic fellow, and he tried to fuck Rania gently, gazing into her eyes and telling her over and over again that he loved her. But Rania was too hot and urgent, and worked her mobile hips around and over him so that his slow thrusts always turned into frenzied rutting.

If he caressed her breast, he found it in his mouth; if he kissed her stomach, he somehow ended with her writhing, wet sex in his face. As the night wore on, he became less inhibited about using his beloved's body, and even ventured to realize his long-held fantasy of fucking Rania's breasts. The experience was everything he had hoped for: Rania lubricated her cleavage with her own juices, squeezed her breasts tight around his sex, and rippled her back muscles to slide him back and forth through the vast, soft sheath of her chest.

Lying in bed in the morning, Paul didn't feel especially guilty about abandoning his plan of temporary abstinence. After all, Rania had obviously enjoyed herself. But, deep down, something didn't feel right. He was actually a bit conservative, sexually speaking; as ecstatic as his long night with Rania had been, it had been more the kind of night he imagined having with a prostitute than with the woman he loved. But his nagging dissatisfaction vanished when his arm accidentally touched Rania, and the sleeping girl rolled toward him and pushed his hand between her moist thighs. "Oh, honey," he said, instantly overcome by emotion, which turned into lust in the space of a few seconds.

Steve knocked on the door at 8:30. The fugitives from justice had planned an early getaway, but no one had gotten enough sleep to wake up at dawn.

"So you switched to Plan B?" Steve said.

"Could you hear us?" asked Paul groggily.

"It was like you were in the room with me."

Paul didn't want Rania's maid outfit to draw attention, so he insisted on running to a nearby Wal-Mart to buy some clothes, leaving Rania in Steve's care. No sooner was the car out of the motel parking lot than Steve had dropped his pants and ordered Rania to approach him. Still half asleep, Rania found her mouth plastered around Steve's morning erection.

"Turn it up to 11, Rania," said Steve. "We've got to finish before Paul...oh, Christ!"

Paul didn't know much about women's clothes, and wandered into the juniors section, where he picked out sports clothes in size S. As a result, Rania looked about as conspicuous in the new outfit as she did as a French maid—the bra Paul bought was unusable, and the sweatshirt and sweatpants were skintight and left acres of flesh exposed. Along with the leather high heels from the French maid outfit (Paul had forgotten about footwear), the new clothes made Rania look like an inexpensive whore. But there was no time to shop again, and the fugitives hit the highway. Paul's strategy was to go to the remotest place he could find, and live quietly there until his loving care snapped Rania out of whatever was troubling her. He knew that going to the authorities would get Cicely in trouble; and anyway, he didn't want Rania taken away and locked in an asylum somewhere where he couldn't reach her.

At night, the trio stopped at a motel off of I-20, somewhere east of Shreveport. Paul's vague thoughts of going back to his original, chaste game plan went out the window as soon as he found himself alone in the room with Rania. Their lovemaking was a bit less crazed than on the

previous evening, but also more adventurous, and somewhat rougher. Paul spent the daytime hours lost in romantic, adoring fantasies, but when he actually got his hands on that overripe, yielding little body, he couldn't resist the impulse to do dirty, aggressive things to it. And however far he pushed her, Rania seemed to want more, licking and sucking him into a frenzy. He had never had anal sex in his life, and didn't think he was interested, but no sooner had he thrown Rania into bed than he started working his way into her ass; Rania helped ease the penetration with her sex juices, and was reamed mercilessly for her efforts. Afterwards, Paul freaked out a little and spent the better part of an hour cleaning himself up; but his disgust turned into passion again as soon as Rania undulated into his arms. Returning to the good old missionary position, he fucked Rania so hard that her head banged repeatedly against the headboard. Rania was dizzy and achy from the blows to the head, but she could not stop herself from squirming and thrusting her hips, and Paul believed she was enjoying herself. And some part of her must have been, because her sex was so wet that she left a big spot on the sheets.

Lying next to her afterwards, Paul said, "You know, Rania, you don't have to do everything that other people want you to." He sounded a bit irritated. Rania, her head still throbbing, could see what was going on inside Paul's mind more clearly than he could. Nonetheless, she automatically arched her back at the sound of his voice, pushing her soft breasts to within a few inches of his face, even though she knew it was exactly the wrong thing to do. Paul rolled to his side, away from her.

In the morning, things generally looked a bit better to Paul. Feeling safer now that he had put almost 1500 miles between himself and New York, he decided to take Rania shopping for some decent clothes, with Steve tagging along. This time he made Rania try everything on, to avoid miscalculations. While she was putting on a loose-fitting blouse, Paul's eye lit on a very brief pair of hot pants, and he handed them to Rania after her return from the changing room. "Here—this will be for you to wear for me in private," he said with a smile.

By the time the shopping was over, Paul had selected quite a bit of private wear for Rania, including a few dramatic push-up bras and halter tops. (The tube tops he wanted to buy would not stay on Rania's very mobile breasts, as Paul discovered to his embarrassment.) A small group of employees and shoppers began to loiter in the woman's wear dressing rooms, waiting for Rania's appearances. As he was thinking that it was time to leave, Paul saw a young female employee run out of the dressing rooms, visibly perturbed, tucking one of her breasts back into her blouse, with lipstick smeared comically all over her face. She had made the mistake of complimenting Rania on an outfit and touching her on the shoulder to adjust a strap; before she knew it, Rania's tongue was in her mouth and her hands were on her breasts. The extent of the lipstick damage indicated that the girl had not put an immediate stop to her first lesbian encounter.

Paul and Steve dragged Rania to the checkout and made a quick getaway, heading west on I-20. "I don't understand you, Rania," he said crossly. "Don't you know what that kind of behavior looks like?" "Well, what do you expect is going to happen when you take her out in public?" said Steve. "She has to learn self-control," said Paul. Rania, still flushed from her interrupted excitement, fidgeted in her seat. No one said much all the way across Texas, which is a long time to keep quiet.

That night, in a motel somewhere in the west of Texaa, Paul told Rania to put on a halter top, hot pants and her leather boots, then fucked her against the motel wall, thrusting hard and showing her no affection. Walking away from her without a word, he felt unclean, the way he had on the few occasions when he had visited prostitutes. This rescue was not working out the way he'd expected.

He felt an urge to go to the bathroom. Turning around, he saw Rania in the whorish outfit he had dressed her in, still up against the wall, her hairy sex visible on one side of the dislodged hot pants, a trickle of Paul's semen running down her thigh. She looked longingly at him. Wearily, he touched her on the arm, forgetting that this would cue the sticky, sweaty princess to wrap herself around him.

"Rania, stop it!" he yelled, grabbing her by the shoulders and pushed her to the ground. Rania looked up at him from a kneeling position, her face in front of his crotch, making little wet movements with her mouth. In a fit of unthinking anger, Paul shoved his cock in her mouth and urinated down her throat.

It was hard to find a sexual indignity that had not already been visited upon Rania. Fouaz's trainers had given her practice at being a human toilet: she drank the urine down so rapidly that only a few drops escaped from the corner of her mouth and dribbled down her chin. All the while she looked up at Paul seductively.

When it was over, Paul was completely horrified with himself. Rania, noticing that the act had almost restored Paul's erection, began working her mouth around it.

"Rania!" shouted Paul, pulling away. "That's disgusting!" Rania remained on her knees, making little provocative movements. "Go wash your mouth out, now!" he said. In a flash Rania was at the bathroom sink. Paul felt incredibly dirty, and immediately wished that he had washed himself before sending Rania into the bathroom. It was an act of will for him to sleep in the same bed as Rania, and he did not touch her for the rest of the night.

The next afternoon, the trio pushed into New Mexico. Paul had gotten about as far from civilization as he wanted to, and began looking for a place where they could stay for a while, even though his doubts about rehabilitating Rania were troubling him.

At a truck stop near the Arizona border, Paul and Steve took Rania to use the ladies' room, then left her there for a moment while they got snacks in the convenience store. This was a big mistake, as they discovered when they found Rania on her knees behind the washrooms, giving a blowjob to a trucker.

Livid and shouting obscenities, Paul dragged Rania off of the trucker, who fled in embarrassment, though he was twice Paul's size. Paul shoved Rania into the back seat, and the boys sped off.

"You fucking whore!" Paul screamed at Rania. He was shaking, and would not calm down.

“Dude, pull over—I’m going to drive,” said Steve. He had to threaten Paul with violence to make him comply.

As the sun was setting, the trio arrived at a remote national park in southwest Arizona, which they had picked earlier as their destination. Paul had brooded in silence all day, and Steve was hoping that he would head to a distant corner of the park and leave Rania unattended. Steve had been using Rania as a blowjob dispenser at every opportunity, but there hadn’t been enough opportunities for his taste.

However, as soon as the car pulled into its assigned spot in the camping area, Paul grabbed Rania by the arm and dragged her off into the darkness. While Steve waited irritably in the car, Paul found an isolated spot, ripped Rania clothes off, and fucked her on a picnic table.

“Where’s Rania?” asked Steve when Paul returned on his own.

“Who gives a fuck,” said Paul, grabbing his sleeping bag and walking away. A few minutes later Rania returned to the camp area, stark naked. Paul had thrown her clothes away, and she couldn’t find them in the dark.

“Yo, Paul!” yelled Steve. “There’s a naked chick here looking for you!” When he received no response, Steve assumed that Paul had wandered far away, and ordered Rania to suck him off before he zipped her into a sleeping bag for the night.

Paul was only twenty yards away, though, well within hearing distance. The next morning, Steve found his and Rania’s luggage on the ground next to where their car used to be. Paul was already three hours away, on the road back to New York, cured at last of his long obsession with Rania.

Steve walked over to Rania’s sleeping bag. The naked girl was lying still, as ordered, her extravagant curves visible even through the thick bag. “Looks as if it’s just you and me now, Rania,” he said. A few trailers were parked within eyeshot of them, and their elderly inhabitants were up with the sun and milling about. Steve pulled a pair of shorts and a skimpy top out of Rania’s luggage, and pushed them down into the bag, leaving them between Rania’s breasts. “See if you can stay in the bag while you put these on,” he said. Rania started wriggling and moaning when Steve touched her chest, but she was too constrained by the bag to stop him from withdrawing his arm and walking away. He sat on a picnic table, contemplating his options while watching poor Rania undulating in the narrow bag, trying to get into the tight little garments without unzipping herself.

Being stranded in the middle of the Sonoran desert without a car is certainly an annoyance, but Steve had just as much plastic as Paul did, and he eventually managed to get transportation to Ajo to rent another vehicle. He decided to remain at the park for a few days, playing with Rania and pondering the situation. He enjoyed fucking Rania, but got more pleasure from the concept of her total pliability than he did from the act itself. One orgasm was pretty much like another to him.

Late one night, after the old people had retired to their trailers, Steve sat by his Coleman burner, relaxing and watching Rania play games with her breasts. At the moment, she was standing a few feet away from him, topless in black panties, hands behind her head, twirling her breasts in opposite directions like a burlesque performer. Steve had always liked this trick, and Rania had picked it up quickly.

Steve had been thinking that it might be fun to be a pimp for a while. No one in this part of the world except him knew that Rania was a Princeton undergraduate and some kind of Arabic royalty. She actually looked quite a lot like a Mexican whore in the trashy outfits that Cecily and Paul had dressed her in. And she certainly acted like a whore, or at least like every guy's fantasy of a whore. If one wanted to check out the criminal life, what more anonymous part of the country could one choose?

"What do you think, Rania?" he said idly. "As long as you're a zombie anyway, we might as well make some money off of you."

Rania gave Steve a sexy look and leaned a bit forward, as if trying to bring the orbit of her breasts closer to him. She knew Steve's plan, because it amused him to have one-sided conversations with her. The idea of selling her body for money was a mere technicality to her at this point. She was so relieved to be rid of Paul that she was almost looking forward to a life of simple degradation.

Still, it was humiliating to be bouncing around helplessly at the command of her former classmate, and her chest was getting quite achy.

* * *

Steve and Rania headed west into the California desert, where he began observing the action at truck stops. The technique he developed was to stand Rania in a visible place in the parking lot, dressed in something slutty, and to wait at a distance. When a customer approached Rania, he would move in and negotiate a deal, using phrases he'd heard in movies. He would explain that Rania couldn't speak, but was a great little lay nonetheless. After an awkward first day trying to cope with the problem of where to consummate the transactions, Steve returned the rental car and leased a tiny trailer. It was a bit of an investment, but he was having fun.

Rania was a big hit with the truck drivers. The sight of her in a push-up bra and low-cut top was the sort of thing a man didn't expect to see more than a few times in his life, and certainly not at a truck stop. Her customers would have been more than happy just to pull on her breasts a few times while fucking her, and were amazed to find her sopping wet and ready to use every inch of her body to serve them. Steve had to keep an eye on his watch and interrupt the act, as Rania would of course do whatever she could to keep the johns in bed. For the most part everyone was cooperative, paid up, and got out when requested. Steve couldn't work the same truck stop for more than two days in a row, or else crowds would start to collect.

At nights, Steve would take Rania to bars, checking out possible new markets. He had the bright idea of entering Rania in an amateur strip contest, and she brought the house down, despite some

difficulty wriggling out of her bra. Steve was able to rent her out to a few of her admirers after the contest, taking them out to the trailer parked on a side street.

This new routine came to an abrupt halt one evening in San Bernardino, when Steve pimped out Rania on the turf of a gang with its own prostitution business. Steve was beaten pretty badly, and fled in the trailer, his days as a desperado over. He boarded a plane back to the East Coast the next day.

Rania became the property of the street gang. They didn't hurt her much for whoring on their turf—there was no point in hurting someone so submissive and eager to please. While trying to figure out what to do with a mute, retarded prostitute, the gang members took her to a house that served as their headquarters, and put her through several days of relentless sexual initiation. What started as a punishment turned into a long orgy, as the gang members discovered that Rania's capacity for sex was seemingly inexhaustible.

Eventually Rania was installed in a small room in a fleabag hotel. The gang brought johns to the room, briefed them on Rania's deficiencies and fine points, and escorted them out afterwards. The business end of the operation was fairly efficient, and Rania found herself fucking a great many strange men each day. It was a rough life, but, once Rania realized that she wouldn't be hurt, she accepted the routine. All things considered, the life of an anonymous and well-protected whore was as much as she could hope for now.

The gang was endlessly amused by Rania, and liked to keep her around the house when she wasn't on the job. Her kneejerk sexual reactions were a bit hit with the boys: they never got tired of groping and goosing her, to watch her moan in pleasure and throw herself at whoever had touched her last. One weekend Rania found herself naked and face down on the grubby carpet while a tattoo artist put the gang's mark of ownership on her right ass cheek. Rania shed tears as the needle pricked her again and again: she had never liked tattoos. But she had been told to lie still, and there was nothing she could do. Afterwards, she was ordered to fuck the artist as payment.

At one weekend party at the gang's house, after having satisfied the needs of a great many of the attendees, Rania was injected with heroin by one of the gangsters, just for kicks. The euphoric effect of the drug mixed in an odd way with the perpetual hyperawareness and anxiety that the princess's training had instilled in her.

In the wee hours of the morning, one of the gang members stumbled into a little room in the back of the house and found Rania, naked, her eyes half closed, lying on the couch, her legs still spread wide open from her last fuck. The boy felt a momentary pang of lust as he looked at Rania's wet, pouting sex, but decided he was too tired to do anything about it, and flopped into a chair.

Rania watched him through heavy eyelids. She said, "Do you want me to do anything?"

The boy stared at her and sat up. Rania said, "What's wrong? Don't hurt me. I'll do whatever you want."

“Yo, bitch! You can talk?” the boy said.

“Yes,” said Rania. Her English had only the slightest trace of an accent.

“I thought you was deaf and dumb.”

Rania looked puzzled and sleepy at the same time.

“What’s your name?” said the boy.

“Rania.”

“Rania? Shit. What kind of name is that?”

“It’s Arabic,” said Rania.

“Arabic? Are you an A-rab?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Motherfuck,” said the boy. He pondered this new development. “Well, Rania, or whatever the fuck your name is, get your ass over here and suck my dick.”

Rania was very unsteady on her feet, but she got up immediately and crawled over to the boy’s crotch. After she had gotten him hard, the boy pulled Rania astride him, and she rode him as enthusiastically as she could, given her opiated condition. Throughout the act, she kept up a steady stream of chatter that sounded almost involuntary. “Ohhh...is this what you want? If you want something else, just tell me! Ohhh, I’m going to come! Ohhh...just tell me what to do, I’ll do anything you want me to!”

“Shut up, bitch,” the boy finally said. “You was better silent.”

Rania completed her ministrations without another word. After the boy shot his load inside her, he pushed her back onto the couch, put his sex back into his pants, and went to sleep. Rania sank back into a stupor. Her hand made a little motion toward her crotch, then stopped dead as she remembered that masturbation was forbidden. After 15 disoriented minutes, she drifted off.

The next afternoon, the gangsters tried to get Rania to speak again. But it was no longer possible. They slapped her around a little, then gave up and sent her back to her hotel room and her busy schedule of appointments.

* * *

In the middle of the night, Rania propped herself up on one elbow and looked at the moonlight streaming into the bedroom, where she was spending the night with a young hoodlum she had never seen before.

She tried to stop the merry-go-round spinning in her head, and find a quiet moment to think. The boy next to her was sound asleep, and she knew that she was not permitted to wake him: but her little body was buzzing with sex twinges, and she felt driven to draw closer to the boy and offer herself again. Anxiety met anxiety and kept her still.

Her breasts were hanging over the boy's head; it would not take much motion to drag her stiff nipple across his cheek. She could almost feel what would happen, the neural circuit between nipple and pussy being triggered.... She tried to stop imagining it. She wanted to calm down, but it wasn't working.

That image, the image of looking down over her bare breasts at someone below...it had always given her an odd feeling. She remembered her teenage self looking down at a man she had been infatuated with, and being a little shocked to see him framed by so much flesh, flesh that hardly seemed to belong to her at that moment. Guys cared so much about these big things on her chest, and she carried them around without always knowing what to do with them, as if they were only in her keeping, to be delivered at intimate moments to their real owners.

Now the owners had taken possession, not just of her breasts, but of all of her. She looked down between her hanging breasts at the sleeping boy who had claimed her for the night. He was a light-skinned black, his hair elaborately braided. His face looked almost gentle now, but he had not shown her any kindness before. He might be a killer—the gang who owned her liked to talk about killing people. She could still feel his sperm inside her, and a smudge of it on her thigh. He had a series of ugly tattoos on his arms: his stomach was tight and muscled. His sex lay limp across his thatch of black pubic hair; it was rather small now, though it had not been small when erect. He had not exactly hurt her when he had fucked her, but he had thrown her roughly from one position to the next, and slammed into her from behind as hard as he could, as if speed and anger turned him on.

Panicky, she felt herself lowering her soft body down onto the boy, and froze in fear. Thinking about being fucked was making her thoughts spiral out of control. She lay as still as she could on her elbow, watching her tense nipples tremble every time her heart beat.

Two days ago, she had heard one of her johns mention what day it was, and it had been her birthday. She was 21 now, which meant she had been a slave for almost two years. Her sense of time had been impaired by her slave training; she would have guessed that it had been longer. Only four years ago, she was still a virgin. Among her European prep school crowd, she had been considered a prude—17 was a ridiculously late age to be broken in. As hard as she might try, she couldn't remember the feeling of being able to have sex and then leave it behind, get on with the rest of your life.

The boy in bed with her stirred, and all Rania's senses went on alert. He rolled toward her, and his hips and leg met hers. Rania's brain exploded in a thousand little sparks. She leaned lightly into the boy, ran her whole forearm gently up his side, and tipped her upper body forward, placing her left nipple softly between his lips. The half-asleep boy took the bait, sucking the big, purple nipple into his mouth and twisting it with his teeth. Rania's body was thinking for her now; her fingers and toes all found a grip on the boy, and her hips rubbed up against his sex and

began a rippling motion that stroked and squeezed him. In a few seconds, the boy threw Rania down on the bed and took command; he pushed her head into the pillows with one hand, lifted her hips into the air with the other, and plunged into her.

* * *

The gang members weren't sure whether to believe the boy who said that Rania had spoken to him. But it was a good story, and over the course of a few days it was embellished with a number of made-up details. Whoever had given Rania heroin that night was no longer around, and the gang never made the connection between the drugs and Rania finding her voice. The earwitness had reported that Rania was Arabic, and that her name was "Tanya, or something—Tanisha—some shit like that." The gang had been referring to Rania as "that retarded bitch," but the name Tanya gained some currency after that.

The gangsters were intrigued by the fact that Rania might be Arabic, and one night, after a drunken party, one of them put on some music and told her to do a belly dance. They got quite a bit more than they bargained for: the whooping and hollering from the house woke up the entire neighborhood. Rania was wearing a flimsy white slip that was her whoring outfit; whipped into a frenzy by her wild dancing (the gang had put on hip-hop music, but the beat worked perfectly well for a belly dance), one of the boys ran up to Rania and brutally tore the slip off of her, knocking her to the floor. She continued her dance naked, but the situation became unstable quickly. Rania would have been gangraped on the living room carpet if the leader of the gang had not seized her and carried her bodily to a bedroom, where he fucked her before they even reached the bed.

An unexpected side effect of this scary incident was that police arrived at the house to investigate the disturbance of the peace. In the end, a number of the hoodlums spent the night in jail, and two were charged with possession of narcotics. The gang had to lay low, and Rania's whoring was temporarily suspended.

Holed up in a friend's room with Rania, the gang leader had the idea of using her dance skills to make some legitimate money. One day the two paid a visit to the Los Angeles office of John Washington, a young entrepreneur and promoter who hailed from the gang's neighborhood. After pulling the shades, the gangster turned on the radio and ordered Rania to dance for Washington, whose eyes almost popped out of his head. Then Rania was told to strip naked and dance again. The gangster explained that Rania was simpleminded, and obeyed whatever she was told.

Washington was puzzled. The girl was obviously not simpleminded. "Who put the tattoo on her ass?" he said.

"The homies were having some fun one day," said the gangster.

"It's got to go."

"What is the problem with a stripper having a tattoo?" asked the gangster.

“You people think small,” said Washington.

Washington came up with a plan to make a great deal of money off of Rania, but there was an element of risk that made him uncomfortable. Who was this bizarre girl, how had she been reduced to her current state, and who might come looking for her? He decided to proceed with caution. Rania was told to put her mark on a lot of legal documents (Rania could no more write than she could talk), and Washington took charge of her, installing her in the back room of a huge bar he had acquired near Crenshaw and Adams.

Pretending that Rania was deaf and dumb and that he was her interpreter, Washington took her to a dermatologist and had the offending tattoo removed. Rania’s ass wouldn’t be presentable for a while, but Washington needed time anyway: he planned to renovate the bar as an Oriental-themed nightclub.

Washington quickly figured out that Rania was incapable of disobedience, and he put her on a detailed schedule, knowing she would follow it helplessly while he took care of business during the day. The worst of it for Rania was that Washington had told her to practice dancing as strenuously as possible for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. “As strenuously as possible” meant to Rania that she had to dance as if under the whip of Fouaz’s first wife. So each morning at 10:00, Rania dressed in the cute little gym outfits that Washington had bought her, and began dancing as if her life depended on it, struggling to move her body in ways that bodies normally don’t permit. Within minutes she was drenched in sweat—but she had to complete the two-hour workout, and then had to perform whatever chores Washington had scheduled for her afterwards, though she could barely move. There was rest time built into her schedule; but at 14:00, she began dancing again.

The second and third days were worse than the first, as her aching muscles begged for inactivity. But, as the weeks passed, Rania once again turned into the superhuman dancer that Fouaz’s first wife had created. Her fleshy body developed a powerful infrastructure of muscle, and her large, soft ass cheeks became as round as two soccer balls, projecting at a dramatic angle from her lower back. She could once again rotate her hips in an oval that was almost a meter across, all the time keeping her upper body so still that her breasts barely quivered. She could kneel and arch backwards until her entire body looked as if it would fit inside a large briefcase, and still undulate so that her breasts moved in synchronized circles across her chest, and her feet fluttered rhythmically on either side of her head. She could cock her hips behind her until a valley developed between her ass and back, then tuck them so far forward that her sex would gradually come into view, its lips parting slowly.

Washington dropped by the bar more and more often as the club’s opening date approached, to watch Rania’s practice sessions and to give her dance instruction. He had definite ideas about how she should present herself, and organized her moves into a choreographed act. At night, every night, he fucked her. Surprisingly, he was an excellent lover, as sensual and attentive at night as he was remote and businesslike by day. Rania was easily brought to orgasm with or without such attention, but he seemed to enjoy giving her pleasure, and lingered inside her as long as possible. He never cared to take advantage of the erotic possibilities of Rania’s total obedience, and the belly-dancer mystique that he crafted so carefully for her during the day

didn't seem to be part of his own fantasy life. He spent a few unhurried hours with her each evening, then dressed and returned to his apartment without a word.

Rania's ass had completely healed from the tattoo removal by the time Washington was ready to open his new nightclub. He fussed over a belly dance outfit for Rania, trying endless variations: the final result, though not quite as naked as the jewelry-only ensemble that her brother had once crafted for her, was inspired by the same Orient-via-Hollywood mythology. Diaphanous skirts hung low on her hips and descended to her ankles: the law would require that Rania's sex be covered, but Washington made sure that her tights did not show through the filmy garments. A jeweled, tasseled push-up bra lifted Rania's huge breasts high on her chest. Washington had been very particular about this bra, knowing how important its contents were to his enterprise, and had rejected one design after another until Rania's breasts bounced exactly the way he wanted them to. A fake ruby was pasted onto Rania's navel, and various other jewels and bangles were placed here and there. In addition to several rings, Rania wore finger cymbals, which she already knew how to use. Below her ankle bracelets, Rania's feet were bare, and Washington had the wood floor of the club sanded and polished until there was no danger of her picking up slivers. Compared with other exotic dancers, Rania showed a lot of flesh.

A crucial part of Rania's dance costume was a thick, almost opaque veil. Not only did Washington think that Rania's mysterious appearance would be good business, but he also wanted to make sure that no one would recognize her. If the nightclub was a success, Rania would become a minor celebrity, and it would be crucially important that no one speak to her or encounter her anywhere but on the club floor.

Washington got a decent turnout for his opening night, mostly friends and business contacts. Everyone wondered why there were almost as many bouncers in the club as there were customers—but the reason for this expenditure became clear when Rania (billed as Tanya) did the first of her two nightly floor shows. Rania undulated onto the dance floor in a state of high anxiety: in her tampered-with mind, dancing was a way of offering herself to be fucked; but Washington had given her orders that she should move quickly in the opposite direction if anyone should try to touch her. Fortunately, no one could see her internal conflict through her dark veil. And there was certainly enough else to look at besides her face, most notably her outsized breasts, flying in every direction in their light casing, every jiggle controlled with pinpoint accuracy by barely perceptible twitches of her torso. Fouaz's first wife used to hold the point of her whip at different places around Rania's chest, sometimes nearly a foot away, and train the miserable, naked girl to swing her breasts until her soft flesh would just barely brush the whip. If she missed, or slapped too hard into the whip, or moved her torso too visibly, she took a lash on the thighs or ass. By the time she was completely trained, Rania's breasts had practically taken on a life of their own, and all her owners had become accustomed to feeling the little princess's hard, purple-black nipples brushing lightly against them at every opportunity: while she served them at table, knelt at their feet, or moved in her sleep.

Rania's dancing was awe-inspiring from the front or the rear: her ass seemed almost as mobile as her breasts, and almost as exceptional in quality. No one in the room had ever seen a belly dancer who moved in such an openly lewd fashion. Where Rania had learned her art, a dancer was obligated to fulfill the desires that she provoked; but, instead of prostrating herself on the ground

at the end of her dance, she followed Washington's orders and scampered out the exit to her rooms, guarded by a phalanx of bouncers.

The club's host announced that Rania would perform again at midnight, and the giddy audience took to their cell phones, alerting their friends. The room was considerably more crowded by the time Rania made her second appearance, lit by a spotlight. Everything was exactly as before—except that Rania was now topless. The crowd went berserk, and the bouncers had to force people back into their seats. Rania worked the room once more, starting out in a slow, sensual mode, and gradually building energy. Clubgoers were splashed by the sweat flying off of her bouncing breasts as she paused by their tables. The house was in an uproar by the time Rania ran off the floor; the bouncers blocking the exit after her departure had to earn their pay.

“Tanya” was a hit. The sizable club was quickly booked for months in advance. Washington successfully kept the press away from Rania, who never left the club building. His secrecy looked like a shrewd publicity gimmick, and no one questioned his motives in keeping Rania under wraps. Still, success worried Washington: he feared that the avalanche of publicity would result in Rania's past coming to light, with unknown legal consequences for himself. He decided to make as much money as possible in a short time, then to call an end to the game before something bad happened. Despite all his efforts to control Rania's image, some clubgoers snuck digital cameras into the club, and topless, veiled pictures of Rania began circulating on the Internet.

Rania's sex-addled brain had a hard time dealing with the stimulation of so much dancing, and she spent much of her days in an uncomfortable, lubricated fog. Every night, almost without exception, Washington came to her bed in the early hours of the morning, after the club was closed. He always spent a few minutes trying to calm Rania down to a less urgent and passionate state, then lay the whimpering girl on her back and made love to her in a leisurely fashion. Rania had not really been trained for this kind of sexual treatment, and it made her anxious; but Washington seemed to enjoy the game of pacifying his high-strung lover. Other than Washington, Rania fucked no one, and saw no one except for her goggle-eyed public.

After eight months of doing land-office business, Washington got word that a private investigator was trying to gather information about Rania, though he couldn't discover who the investigator was working for. Tempted to shut down immediately, Washington decided to maintain Rania's normal schedule of public appearances while he started looking for dancers to replace her, dancers with identity papers and normal lives. Getting rid of Rania would be a delicate matter, but he suspected that her amazing sex drive might make her very valuable to certain people, and he quietly investigated his options.

Rania was not notified that her dance career was ending. After her last night in the club, she returned to her room as usual. Washington appeared on time and made tender love to her for hours. As the first light of dawn broke, Washington got out of bed, dressed, and ordered Rania to use the bathroom. When she returned, there was a large suitcase open on the floor; Washington told the naked girl to curl up inside it. Rania was very flexible, and fit inside the suitcase easily.

“Now don’t move at all until the suitcase is opened,” he told her. Rania became very still. Her obedience was below the level of consciousness: she felt almost paralyzed.

Without a word of farewell, Washington zippered Rania into the suitcase, and in fifteen minutes two men arrived to cart her outside and strap her to the luggage rack of their van. Naked, motionless and packed for travel, Rania was transported up the Pacific Coast Highway and toward Northern California.

The dancer that Washington found to replace Rania (a stripper, actually, who had briefly studied Middle Eastern dance) did not make a good impression on Rania’s following, and the club lost business and closed a year later. But Washington had expected no less, and he did not waste money trying to keep the enterprise afloat. All in all, he had done quite well for himself.

* * *

Rania was unpacked at about two o’clock in the afternoon. As she heard the unzipping sound, her naked body uncoiled a bit from the tight ball it had been curled into: Washington had told her she would be able to move again when the suitcase was opened.

She looked up at two middle-aged white men, peering open-mouthed into the suitcase. Stiff and achy though she was, Rania presented herself as she had been trained to do: she sprang to her feet and stood submissively before the men, her back arched to offer her breasts to them.

“Jesus Christ, look at the body on her!” said the younger of the men, a tall 40-year-old with glasses, thinning hair, and a wirebrush moustache.

The older man, about 60, said nothing, but looked Rania over carefully. He was plump, of medium height, and wore a baseball cap and a leather jacket.

Thanks to months of strenuous belly dancing, Rania’s body had never looked better. The contrast between the fine muscling of her abdomen and the massive softness of her breasts was awe-inspiring.

Rania desperately had to go to the bathroom, but instead she touched her lips with her tongue and shimmied her upper body ever so slightly, as if to work her chest a few millimeters closer to her hosts.

She was standing in the den of a spacious ranch house in a small town about fifty miles north of San Luis Obispo. The two men didn’t look especially impressive, but in fact they were high-powered importers and exporters in the female slave trade.

The tall man casually walked up to Rania and squeezed her left breast to see if it was real. Rania moaned and curled into the touch, so that the man found himself wrapped around Rania, whose mobile ass sought out the man’s cock and squeezed it between her cheeks.

“Jesus Christ!” repeated the tall man.

“She can’t talk, but she can make noises,” observed the heavy man.

“Excuse me for a second, will you?” said the tall man, steering Rania toward a bedroom.

“If I were you, I’d show her to the little girls’ room first,” said the heavy man.

“Oh, shit,” said the tall man. “There it is, right down the hall. And hurry up,” he said to Rania.

The entire fuck was over in two minutes, and Rania found herself standing in the den again before she knew it, a dribble of semen running down her thigh.

“She’s a real firecracker,” said the tall man. “It’s a crying shame to waste her on some fetishist who probably won’t even bother doing her.”

“We can make a bundle off of this one on the fetish market,” said the heavy man. “Think about the possibilities.”

Rania looked back and forth at the seated men who were talking about selling her for money. She moved her hips forward a bit to make her sex more visible.

“What do you have in mind?” said the tall man.

“Well, just off the top of my head: let’s say that you have a thing for statues, or mannequins,” said the heavy man.

He walked over to Rania and said “Don’t move!” in a stern voice, as if giving a command to a dog. Rania became very still.

The man pushed Rania with his forefinger. Rania rocked back and forth a little, but remained in her waiting position, hands by her sides, chest thrust forward.

“When I move you, move with me, and when I let go, you stay where I left you,” the heavy man said. He pushed on the small of Rania’s back and pulled on her shoulder to arch her backwards. Rania wavered a bit when he released her, but settled into her new position and remained still, bent back and looking at the ceiling.

The man pushed Rania’s arms out into funny extended positions. She looked as if she were doing some strange modern dance.

The heavy man sat down again. “Now, I bet that she’ll stay put like that for a good long time,” he said.

“You’d better let her close her eyes,” said the tall man. Rania was staring straight up and not blinking.

“You can blink now, but don’t you move anything else,” the heavy man said to Rania. Her eyelids started fluttering to make up for lost time.

“Seems like a nice little item to have around the house, eh?” said the heavy man.

“She could be a human doll,” said the tall man.

“Exactly,” said the other. He stood Rania straight up again, playing with her face until she had a wide-eyed, happy expression. She wound up sitting on the carpet, arms and legs spread wide, grinning stupidly.

“I think she’s getting better at holding the poses,” said the tall man. Indeed, Rania was desperately trying to be a believable doll for these strange men, and was quickly picking up the knack of being poseable.

“Yep,” said the heavy man. “If we worked with her a while, the effect would be pretty good.”

“And then there are the fornophiles,” said the tall man.

“You’ve got the idea,” said the heavy man. Within seconds Rania was the base of an imaginary coffee table, looking down into the 70s-style shag carpet. The heavy man patted her upturned ass.

“Now here’s another idea,” said the tall man. While he was talking, he propped his feet up on the small of Rania’s back. She didn’t budge an inch.

“She’d be perfect for any fetish that requires training. Because she’s already docile.”

“For instance?” asked the heavy man.

“A ponygirl, or something like that?”

They tried it. Within minutes, Rania was prancing around the room, lifting each leg high in the air, her chest bouncing heavily at each step.

“Jesus,” said the tall man. “That’s a great effect.”

“Wait a minute. Those dog owners in Japan are looking to buy right now,” said the heavy man.

Rania found herself crawling around the shag carpet, barking and sniffing things. The tall man held out his hand to her; Rania licked it enthusiastically, then bounced into his lap.

“Down, girl, down!” he said. When she was back on the carpet, the tall man said, “Try being more of a poodle.”

It took Rania a few seconds to get the hang of it, but her barks turned into yips, and her crawling took on a mincing quality. Her large, hanging breasts were not very poodle-like, though, and definitely had to be taken into account as she adjusted to moving around as a quadriped.

“I’m going to try to catch those guys before they leave the country,” said the heavy man. He went outside to use his cell phone, and the tall man went to the kitchen to get something to eat. Rania, forgotten for the moment, had no choice but to remain a poodle. Trying to play the role properly, she crawled around the house a while, sniffing things. Weirdly, she found herself so focused on her task that she actually picked up smells that she would never have noticed before.

The men forgot about Rania for hours. Finally, the tall man found her whining by the door; she had to go to the bathroom badly. “Oh, Jesus, just use the frigging bathroom,” he said when he realized what she was on about. “You can stop being a dog now.” Rania picked herself up off the carpet and slunk off to the toilet. Her nose had been in some unpleasant places; somehow she hadn’t minded so much before, but now she felt a little sick.

* * *

Unfortunately, Rania was about to learn a great deal about life in the animal kingdom. The Japanese buyers, a middle-aged couple named Kagawa, showed up that evening, and Rania was turned into a dog again for them. The couple didn’t say much, but looked at the naked girl with approval as she frisked about for their benefit.

“She’s a poodle right now, but you can make her any breed that you want,” said the heavy man.

“Poodle,” repeated Mr. Kagawa, smiling. Rania was at his feet, looking up at him with her tongue hanging out. The buyer could not help but note that the girl’s large breasts, dangling below her elbows, ruined the dog effect a little bit.

But any doubts Kagawa had were dispelled when Rania arched her right leg high over her back, reached up to her shoulder blade, and scratched it vigorously with her toes. It was quite a sight, and normally Rania couldn’t have pulled it off; but she had been a professional belly dancer until less than 24 hours ago, and the grueling dance regimen that she had learned during her slave training gave her a flexibility that few could equal.

Rania was sold on the spot, and found herself yapping in the back seat of a limousine while Mrs. Kagawa fastened a collar around her neck with a metal tag marked with Japanese characters. The woman then rolled up a newspaper and stopped Rania’s high-pitched barking with a few forceful blows to the princess’s bare, perfectly round ass.

If Rania had any doubts that her transformation was now permanent, they were dispelled at the Kagawas’ rented bungalow, where the woman laid down a thick covering of newspaper in the bathtub, ordered Rania to empty her bowels onto it, and left the room. The distressed girl obeyed helplessly.

When she was finished, Rania was pushed into a small cage, the bars and floor of which were padded with some kind of artificial leather. A few hours later, she was loaded onto a private plane, where she was left alone to whine pitifully during a long transoceanic trip. Mrs. Kagawa put a bowl of dry dog food in Rania's cage; when she became hungry, she could not stop herself from eating it.

Rania was utterly miserable. One would think that she could no longer feel humiliation after so many years of utter degradation; but something about this new indignity made her aware again of the terrible fate that had befallen her. Her obedience was so engrained and so unconscious that it felt like a force outside of her—because she was forbidden to act human, her body seemed not even to remember human motions or behaviors. Beneath the layer of her brain that was commanding her to be a dog, there was still another layer that kept her in an endless cycle of arousal. She felt mummified, buried layers deep, unable to do anything but watch herself sink lower and lower.

* * *

The plane's destination was the Kagawas' secluded estate in the mountains outside the Japanese city of Nara. Mr. and Mrs. Kagawa had gradually become more involved in animal roleplay over the years, and purchased this property with privacy in mind. They had one other slave, a sullen girl in her late twenties named Chieko who was a full-time submissive and had had several owners since a former boyfriend had first put her up for sale. If she got any erotic pleasure from her servitude, it was not immediately obvious.

Rania was something new in the Kagawa household, a full-time dog. In her play life, Mrs. Kagawa was actually her husband's dog, a submissive. But most of the time she puttered around like a middle-aged housewife, and Chieko performed a maid's functions. Only Rania crawled around the house naked and barking twenty-four hours a day. Chieko was given the task of feeding Rania and letting her out, which she performed without malice or enthusiasm. As the weather was nice, Rania was often put outside for hours on end, and had to whine at the door when she was hungry or thirsty.

After her arrival, the Kagawas put Rania in a room with a television playing a DVD about cocker spaniels, in an endless loop. Rania was given to understand that she was expected to imitate the spaniels, then was left alone in the room for hours a day all during her first week in Japan. Her brain rewired itself accordingly.

Whenever it was playtime, Mrs. Kagawa and Chieko stripped and donned collars like Rania's, and Mr. Nagawa led the three naked, leashed women outdoors on their hands and knees. Mrs. Nagawa had her own fussy little dog routine which she had perfected over the years, with big, stagey gestures that Chieko duplicated listlessly. Mr. Kagawa held a rolled-up newspaper, and gave the dogs well-rehearsed commands; once in a while he swatted them gently on their asses, causing Mrs. Kagawa to pantomime distress.

Rania's act was considerably more realistic than what the Kagawas were used to. Taken off her leash, she was likely to throw herself onto the other dogs, knocking them over and biting them

playfully while rolling around. Mrs. Kagawa completely broke character the first time Rania thrust her nose into her asshole: the older woman rose to her feet and ran away screaming, disobeying her husband's commands to heel. The Kagawas would sometime restrain Rania when she displeased them, but they never actually ordered her to change her impersonation; and so the women's canine styles continued to clash.

The Kagawas had an unrealistic agreement that Mr. Kagawa would refrain from having sex with any of his dog slaves other than his wife. When Chieko had been the only temptation, Mr. Kagawa didn't break this agreement very often; but Rania was more exotic stuff, and Mr. Kagawa began taking his opportunities as they arrived, fucking the panting princess in closets or sheds, then cleaning her up frantically while she barked away. Mrs. Kagawa never caught her husband in the act, but she sensed the change in the household atmosphere, and became more quarrelsome and emotional. Mr. Kagawa, who valued domestic peace, eventually tried to repair the situation by suspending his sexual visits to his curvaceous new dog. But his wife's jealousy was unabated.

And even Mr. Kagawa didn't enjoy owning Rania as much as he had expected. He was used to his wife's silly, Kabuki-like dog impersonation, and was alarmed at the wild proliferation of earthy, physical detail in Rania's performance. She had come to smell a bit like a dog, and Kagawa found that this was not part of his fantasy. Chieko was given the added duty of bathing Rania every other day—not only a messy job, but also a risky one, as Rania was apt to bound at the maid while she was being soaped, and became positively uncontrollable whenever Chieko cleaned her nether regions.

Another mark against Rania was the size of her breasts. She never really seemed like a dog to Kagawa on this account, and she looked a bit grotesque when on display next to Mrs. Kagawa and Chieko, with their tiny breasts that suited the roleplay much better. Rania's pendulous chest and protuberant purple nipples made Kagawa think more of a cow than a dog.

As soon as Kagawa hit on this resemblance, he remembered that he had met a group of dairy fetishists at a roleplay convention in Osaka a few years ago. Rania would be worth millions of yen to them. Suddenly it seemed to him that selling Rania could solve a number of his problems at once.

And so, after only six months with the Kagawas, Rania transferred hands again, this time to a group of three men from Hokkaido, each of whom contributed part of Rania's purchase price and owned her jointly. As she was carted away in a small trailer hitched to the back of a car, she moaned in distress—for she had been turned into a cow, kneeling thigh and elbow-deep in straw, tears streaking her pretty face.

It was now late fall, and Hokkaido was already covered in snow and quite cold. But Rania was installed in a spacious, well-heated barn, with windows that looked out on the snowy mountains. Not too far from her was a real cow, and two horses, and a number of goats. A rope was knotted loosely around Rania's neck and tied to a wooden pole. It would not have been difficult to untie, but Rania could not use her arms in her current cow-like state. Next to her were two wooden structures that looked like hurdles, with which Rania would become very familiar.

A small reception was held in honor of Rania's arrival. One of Rania's three owners, Kato, lived in the house next to the barn with his wife and 16-year-old daughter, who were both in attendance. Mrs. Kato, an attractive 50-year-old who had once been a sex worker, shared her husband's fetish, and was in fact maintained in a state of constant lactation by Mr. Kato. But today she was dressed like all the other guests. The other two owners, who lived 2 and 25 miles away, respectively, were unaccompanied; but a few other dairy fetishists, including one rather elderly couple, had traveled to attend the reception. Rania was greatly admired by all: everyone felt that a more perfect specimen of a girl-cow could not be found anywhere. After a little speech, Mr. Kato tied a large cowbell around the neck of the mooing, distressed princess, and the group applauded gaily.

Rania fit easily into the daily routine in the barn. Several times each day one of the Katos fed and watered all the animals, including Rania, who ate cooked grains and drank water from a wooden trough. Sometimes she was given special treats, and the food was not too unpalatable on the whole, though Rania had become a very messy eater in her cow persona. Her droppings were swept away with those of the other animals, and she was given clean straw every day. Once in a while she was hosed down to keep her relatively clean; nonetheless, she soon acquired a much more pungent smell than she had ever had in her life as a dog, and her aroma would have been unacceptable anywhere except in a barn.

One of the barn routines was for Rania's benefit alone. Starting on her first full day in the barn, three to five times daily, one of the Katos would lead her by her neck rope and pull her up and over the wooden hurdles, so that her arms dangled over one hurdle and her legs hung down behind the other. Suspended like this, Rania's heavy breasts hung free below her, where the Katos had easy access to them. When her neck rope was tied off, Rania could do no more than jerk helplessly in the air, cowbell clanging; as a cow, she did not have enough mobility to roll off the hurdles. The Katos would then pull up a milking stool and spend 15 to 30 minutes kneading Rania's breasts and sucking her nipples, leaving her quite red and swollen. Her mooing and thrashing during these regular sessions were taken as signs of resistance, whereas in fact they were simply the poor princess's sexual excitement.

After a few months of these vigorous, methodical breast massages, a few drops of pale fluid began to appear at Rania's engorged nipples. The first sighting of breast fluid was a cause of great celebration among the Katos, and other dairy fetishists traveled from far and wide to witness and assist in the ongoing procedure. Rania watched helplessly as her already oversized breasts began to grow, and the drops of fluid turned into streams.

Only a few weeks after Rania had started to respond to this treatment, Kato and his wife entered the barn in the morning to find her mooing persistently from the dull ache in her breasts. Kato grabbed a thick, purple nipple and drew hard on it: a jet of liquid flew into the straw. Rania was ready to be milked.

The Katos already had a milking regimen for the cow and goats, and Rania was now added to the list of dairy animals. Twice a day, one of the Katos (and sometimes Rania's other owners, who began to appear more frequently now that Rania was producing milk) would pull her over the hurdles, sit next to her, and feel her gingerly for the right grip, exploring the soft flesh

surrounding her turgid nipples. When the milker had the right purchase, he or she would pull Rania down hard, squeezing at the same time. The first jets of milk hit the pail hard enough to be heard over Rania's mooing and the clanking of the cowbell. While one breast was extended toward the pail, the other would be pressed up against Rania's rib cage, as the milker prepared for the next pull. The trick was to get a flowing, musical rhythm, so that one teat would be bouncing back up toward Rania's chest while the other was being drawn down and wrung dry. After a few pulls, Rania's hard nipples would become slick with her own milk, and the milker had to allow for this slipperiness, grabbing Rania higher and tighter to get enough milk from her before her breast slipped away. At first Rania gave only a pint or so of milk at a sitting, a cup from each breast. But her output increased rapidly.

Rania's breasts grew. She had already been near the limit of how busty a girl could be while retaining an attractively proportioned figure; she now crossed that limit, heading toward cartoonish dimensions that appealed only to extreme tastes. Her nipples, which had already been long, were distended to the size of thumbs; when she was on her hands and knees, they poked into the straw on the floor of her stall.

She learned to sleep on all fours, and woke each morning to her own involuntary mooing from the discomfort in her swollen chest. Her breasts were as hard as water balloons before she was milked, and the first pulls on her teats were agonizing; after a milking, she was visibly lighter and less firm, though she began swelling up almost immediately.

Some of the milkers were rougher and less skilled than others. The men tended to enjoy manhandling Rania, squeezing her harder than necessary and tossing her breasts around like soccer balls. The most skillful milkmaid was Sumiko, the Kato's 16-year-old, for whom milking Rania and the other animals was just a morning chore before school. The girl's slender, bored fingers drew the milk from Rania's teats with a graceful arcing motion and a minimum of pain. But Rania never felt more debased than when this vapid schoolgirl pulled orgasm after orgasm from her without the least effort or concern.

Unlike at the Kagawas, there was no prohibition against fucking Rania here. All Rania's owners dropped by as often as they could, throwing Rania over the hurdles or taking her on her knees. Trusted friends of the owners also had free run of Rania's body. Kato sometimes fucked Rania with Mrs. Kato watching, or masturbating, or squirting her own milk into Kato's face. Sometimes Mrs. Kato was thrown over the hurdles next to Rania, with Kato and the others taking turns milking and fucking them. Most of the men hosed Rania down before handling her, though a few liked her dirty.

As time passed and the novelty of the new girl-cow wore off, Rania's sex life became less varied and eventful. Apart from the routines of feeding, watering, and milking, she spent most of her time kneeling alone in her stall, listening to the noises of the other animals, her own mooing, and the constant clanking of her bell. She felt as if she had arrived at the end of the world and the bottom of the food chain; she had never been so miserable in all her long years of slavery and degradation.

Rania spent two and a half long years in the barn. She never went outside, though she could watch the seasons in Hokkaido change through the barn windows. Her twenty-fifth birthday passed, though she did not know it. She lost hope of ever leaving.

Then, one spring day, without warning, de Vries, the South African who had bought her in Libya, walked through the barn door. He was a bit greyer at the temples than when Rania had last seen him, but was still vigorous.

Rania stared unbelievably at him, then began mooing.

“Good God,” said de Vries, looking at her breasts. “What have they done to you?”

He walked up to her, knelt down, and put his finger under her chin. “Your hair grew back very nicely, though,” he said. He unlooped her rope from her post. “Stop acting like a cow, please. Can you stand up?”

Rania felt as if her whole body had been released from a vice. She could move like a human being again. With help from de Vries, she rose unsteadily to her feet, then toppled forward; she would have fallen had de Vries not caught her. Fortunately, her energetic flailing during her regular sessions on the hurdles had kept her muscles from deteriorating too badly. But she was still very weak, and she had never stood straight before with breasts this large and heavy.

“Christ, look at your tits,” said de Vries. “What in the world are we going to do about that?” He lifted one breast with his hand, and Rania instinctively plunged toward him. “No, don’t,” he said, stopping her. “You’re not as clean as you might be.” He smiled at her. “It’s been hell tracking you down,” he said. “I’ve been trying to find you since Carling cashed in his chips. I nearly caught up with you in Los Angeles, and then you vanished into thin air.”

The puzzled princess stood still, as ordered. “I’m pretty sure I’ll close a deal with Kato-san for you before the day is over. They’ve had their fun with you for a few years—I think they’re ready to recoup their investment. Crikey, I think he’s coming. Quick, act like a cow again.”

To her utter despair, Rania felt herself sinking to the ground once more, losing the flexibility in her arms and legs. She mooed pitifully.

Kato walked into the barn, and de Vries, holding the end of Rania’s rope, greeted him cordially, bowing and speaking Japanese. After a few friendly words, de Vries casually tethered Rania to her post, and the two men walked outside, talking business, leaving the mooing girl secured in her stall next to the other animals.

* * *

After having resigned herself to spending the rest of her life as an animal, Rania suddenly found herself walking on two legs for the first time in years, and installed once again in de Vries’ comfortable ranch house outside of Johannesburg.

De Vries was busy with some time-consuming project, so he often left Rania to her own devices, alone except for Regina the housekeeper, who did not seem to think it strange that a naked, silent girl was wandering the house. When Rania got in the path of Regina's chores, Regina would shoo her away like a dog.

Rania's breasts posed a problem. For one thing, she was still giving milk in prodigious quantities. For another, years of lactation had grown her breasts to a size that was manageable for a girl on all fours, but not practical for a girl standing upright. De Vries would have liked to return Rania's chest to its former state, which had been quite large enough for histaste; but he was afraid that her figure would be ruined forever if he let her dry up, given how much milk she was producing.

De Vries decided to maintain the status quo for the time being. He gave Rania a rigorous daily exercise schedule to strengthen her overtaxed back and neck muscles; Rania followed it helplessly. It was more difficult to find support for breasts of that size. De Vries wound up creating a fashion design of his own, aided by a seamstress friend: a reinforced sports bra that held Rania's tits high and firm, with the cups cut out to make room for Rania's nipples, which were long and distended from years of milking. The bra made Rania look as if she were attached to two helium balloons that wanted to fly away, and she had to get used to moving about with an entirely different center of gravity. She made an odd picture, walking around the house bottomless, her upper half encased in lycra and whalebone, her chin almost touching her pushed-up cleavage, nipples pointing up at the corners of the room.

Five times a day, Rania expressed her milk. Ordinary breast pumps weren't made to handle Rania's level of output, and de Vries took to his workshop again, modifying an agricultural milking machine so that it fit on Rania's chest and produced a suitable amount of pressure. De Vries liked the taste of Rania's milk, and, instead of throwing it away, put Rania to work in the afternoons baking desserts with herself as the secret ingredient. Rania was a good cook, and had all the time in the world to adjust the recipes so that her milk didn't make batter or dough too watery or too sweet. When he wasn't busy, de Vries liked to come to the pantry and watch Rania bake, hoping to catch one of those moments when, needing to make the dough more pliable, Rania would take her hand out of the bowl and milk herself into it, leaving her breast and nipple gooey.

When de Vries was at home in the evenings, he and Rania would eat together. It always took some concentration for Rania to get her fork from plate to mouth past the obstacle course of her pushed-out breasts and pointing nipples, and she eventually settled on a big, arcing motion that minimized the chances of her stimulating herself during her meal. De Vries would always finish dinner with one of Rania's dessert creations: but he never ordered her to eat them, thinking that perhaps she would be squeamish.

At night, and sometimes during the day as well, de Vries would collect Rania, take her back to his bedroom, and find interesting new ways to fuck her. He enjoyed treating her roughly, though not cruelly; sometimes he would bind her into an immobile but still accessible package. Afterwards, he liked to linger in bed with her, having little one-sided conversations, playing with

some protruding part of her, or idly exploring one of her openings, giving her sexual release or withholding it, as it pleased him.

De Vries had been contemplating the mystery of Rania for years, gathering what information he could whenever he picked up the traces of her bizarre journeys. He had come to the correct conclusion that her obedience was the result of a great anxiety that had been induced in her, and was now working on the problem of how to eliminate that anxiety. His current plan required the services of a competent anesthesiologist, and he had no such connection on his side of the law. Finally he enlisted a doctor friend who was willing to train himself to do the job, with de Vries covering the substantial costs.

After several months of studying and acquiring equipment, de Vries was ready for his first attempt to bypass Rania's brainwashing. In the small medical office that de Vries had equipped in his basement, Rania was laid on a table and fitted out with an IV drip. The doctor monitored Rania's vital signs (and also stared quite a lot at her bare tits) while releasing 1 mg per 2 seconds of Midazolam into her blood system. Within a few seconds Rania's eyes, usually in a state of fearful alertness, became heavy-lidded and hazy.

De Vries didn't know exactly how to determine the drug's effect. He had rigged a little test by taping electrodes to Rania's bare soles and placing near her right hand a switch that would shock her painfully. Once Rania was in a stable metabolic state, de Vries asked her very politely to administer a shock to herself. He would take any hesitation on her part as a sign that her power to disobey was increasing.

But the first test failed: Rania eagerly obeyed the request to shock herself, flinching only a little and moaning softly. The Midazolam would certainly make Rania less responsive to pain, so the premises of the test were dubious in the first place.

De Vries and his colleague proceeded to increase the flow of Midazolam into Rania's veins a bit at a time. At a certain point Rania stopped shocking herself, or doing anything else: the drug had put her into a stupor. De Vries tried at every stage of the process to get Rania to speak, with no luck. The first session was declared a failure; Rania was unhooked from the IV drip and carried to de Vries' bedroom to recover.

In a few hours Rania was up and about, and the next day she was her normal obedient sex-addled self. De Vries had hoped that the experiment might have aftereffects, but he could detect none. He took the day off from studying, and distracted himself from his failure by tying Rania face down to the bedposts and ass-fucking her all afternoon.

But the next week Rania was on the table again, this time receiving a mixture of Diazepam and morphine. De Vries didn't bother wiring Rania to shock herself: he figured that the opioid would dull whatever little sensitivity to pain Rania had exhibited last time. All he could do was observe her and hope to spot any changes.

At 1 mg/sec, de Vries figured he shouldn't take the dosage much higher. "Can you hear me?" he yelled at the dazed Rania. "If you hear me, please respond."

“I can hear you quite well,” said Rania in a tiny voice.

“Christ on a crutch!” exclaimed de Vries. He exchanged glances with the grinning doctor.

“Hello,” he finally said to Rania, in a normal tone.

“Hello,” she said.

“Do you remember what you just said to me?”

“I said hello,” said Rania uncertainly.

“Before that.”

“I...”

Even this sedated, Rania seemed anxious at not being able to answer a question. The drugs were clearly affecting her short-term memory, as was expected. De Vries would have to ask simple questions and repeat himself often.

“What’s your name?”

“Shaihka Rania bint Hamad Al-Khalifa.”

The doctor’s eyebrows raised.

“That’s a nice name,” said de Vries. “Where were you born?”

“In Kazez, on the Arabian Peninsula. My father was Hamad, King of Kazez.”

“You are a princess.”

“Yes.”

De Vries had learned all of this over the years. But he did not know the answer to his next question:

“What happened to you? How did you become like this?”

Rania did not answer immediately. “They turned me into a slave.”

“Who turned you into a slave?”

“My brother. Nasser, King of Kazez.”

De Vries had heard rumors to this effect. “Why?”

“I don’t know.”

“Was it politics? Were you in his way? ” Rania seemed confused. “Did your brother want to get you out of the way and rule alone?”

“No. I supported him.”

“Maybe he thought you might challenge his rule later.”

“A princess cannot rule Kazeib.”

“So he did you in just for sport?”

Rania lay still for a while, her eyes half-open. “He wanted me.”

Simple enough, thought de Vries.

“What did he do to you? How did he make you obey the way you do?”

“I don’t know.”

“Were you brainwashed? You must have been.”

“I don’t know. They tortured me. I can’t remember.”

“Who tortured you?”

“An old man, from the old days. I thought it was just a legend, but it was real.”

“What was real?”

“There are men from the old days who know how to make women into slaves.”

“Did they violate you?”

“Yes, of course, what did you think? They did everything.”

De Vries smiled. The girl still had a personality. But now she was shedding silent tears. De Vries decided to push on.

“Your brother allowed that?” Rania had forgotten the question. “Your brother let them rape you?”

“Yes.”

“And then...after that?”

“After that my brother used me for sex.”

Bloody Arabs, thought de Vries. “How long did that go on? What happened next?” De Vries did not know whether Rania knew her brother’s fate.

“There was an uprising. My brother was killed. They took me to the country for a time, and then I was sold and taken to Africa.”

De Vries knew the next part of the story. He looked at the beautiful, semiconscious girl, lying splendidly naked in front of him, her breasts heaving up like mountains. Without thinking, he reached out his hand to fondle her, as he often did; his fingers circled one of her nipples and pulled it gently upward.

“OOOUUUHH...” Rania let out a low, rolling moan, not like her usual noises, and twisted her torso upward into de Vries’ touch.

“Christ, man, watch it!” said the doctor, who was splattered with Rania’s breast milk. De Vries quickly released his grip on Rania, but the girl’s unearthly moans continued for a few minutes. The room smelled strongly of Rania’s arousal, and her writhing had made her inner thighs slick and shiny.

“Rania—what happened after you were taken to Africa?” asked de Vries. But Rania would no longer answer, except with inarticulate noises.

“Guess I buggered up there, eh?” said de Vries ruefully, as the doctor removed Rania’s IV drip.

“If you were trying to make her talk, you buggered up,” said the doctor. “If you were trying to get her in the mood, though, you were a smashing success.”

“It’s not rocket science to get her in the mood,” said de Vries.

By evening, Rania was her normal servile self. Despite the breakthrough, de Vries felt disappointed that the anti-anxiety drug’s effects were so limited.

He was careful to keep his hands far away from Rania the next time he put her under the influence. He started with factual questions, as neutral as possible. Some of Rania’s adventures had become part of the public record in the proceedings that followed Charles Carling’s death, but there were many gaps in de Vries’s knowledge.

“Why did Carling give you to Cecily Scott?”

“I don’t know.”

“She said in court that she didn’t approve of Carling’s keeping slaves.”

“She’s a liar.”

De Vries liked it when Rania became a little feisty. “Well, she’s doing time now. Does that please you?”

“I don’t care,” said Rania inertly.

“Your college boyfriends managed to get off with suspended sentences, though.” Rania had no reaction. “Don’t you want revenge?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

After a pause, de Vries said, “Do you remember who I am?”

Without looking at him, Rania said, “You’re the slaver who bought me in the Sudan.”

De Vries didn’t think of himself as just another one of Rania’s victimizers, and was a little disappointed at how she categorized him.

He said, “I’ve been trying to find a way to give you some kind of normal life. The drug in your system is making it possible for you to speak again. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“If I gave you a command right now, do you think you could disobey it?”

“I don’t know.”

De Vries couldn’t come up with a good way to test this.

“Do you feel as if you can control your sexual responses at all? If I touched you, would you be able to think about something else and distract yourself?”

“No. I couldn’t control that.”

“Are you sure?” Rania didn’t answer. De Vries suspected she was right, and he didn’t want to bring the session to another premature end.

“I’m not sure how much I can help you. I’ve studied your problem, but I’m just shooting in the dark. The drugs help a little, but they also knock you on your ass—you can’t function in everyday life like this. Do you understand me?”

“I understand.”

“I can keep trying, experimenting. Do you want that?”

“It doesn’t matter,” said Rania.

De Vries was confused. “Don’t you care? Wouldn’t you like to be the person you used to be?”

“I can’t be the person I was before. I can’t explain to you. You won’t be able to understand.”

In a low voice, De Vries said, “For my part...I’d like to keep you the way you are now.”

Rania didn’t answer. De Vries said, “Would you like that?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

De Vries stood up and walked around the room, running his hands through his hair. “If you don’t care, maybe I’ll keep you,” he said. He wheeled around suddenly to face her. “Don’t you even want me to try to beat this thing?”

“I don’t care,” said Rania.

De Vries sat next to Rania, exhausted. “It’s time to finish up for today,” he said. “But before we stop, I just want to hear you talk like a normal person for a bit. Tell me something. Talk about something you know about.”

Rania was confused. “What do you want me to say?”

“Anything. What did you study in school.”

“Literature.”

“Then tell me who your favorite writer is.”

Rania lay quiet and heavy-lidded for a second. “Jane Austen, I suppose.”

“Jane Austen,” said de Vries. “Why do all women love Jane Austen so much?”

Without missing a beat, Rania asked, “And who is your favorite?”

Surprised, de Vries said, “Well, if the truth be told, I do like to curl up with a good John Le Carre spy novel.”

“So there you have it,” said Rania.

De Vries laughed and laughed. “There you have it,” he said. “All right,” he said to the doctor, “let’s call it a day.”

* * *

A few months later, de Vries decided to take Rania back to Kazebe for a visit.

A disguise would be necessary. But Kazeib, like the rest of the Muslim world, had been experiencing a resurgence of fundamentalism in the last few decades, and women often appeared in public with their faces covered. De Vries learned that a burqa with lacework covering Rania's eyes would not draw attention on the street, though most women in Kazeib simply covered their hair in public.

And so Rania found herself once again in the alleys and markets of the place where she grew up. De Vries ordered her to follow three paces behind him and never to make a sound, and everyone assumed that de Vries was a convert to Islam who had taken a Middle Eastern wife. The burqa did not flatter Rania's figure: her outrageous breasts pushed the loose fabric forward so that she looked obese. De Vries kept her naked under the burqa, and went exploring under the garment whenever no one was looking.

The military had taken over Kazeib after Rania's brother was overthrown, and the capital was policed by soldiers. The new regime had better relations with the United States than was the case under Rania's father, who had pan-Arab leanings; occasionally one saw American troops driving around in Humvees. No one bothered de Vries and Rania, who looked like wealthy foreigners.

Rania was unable to communicate her desires, of course, but de Vries had gathered as much information about her past as he could during her anesthesia sessions. He took Rania to see the park where she had received her first kiss in high school, and to the construction site for an irrigation project that she had helped to implement long ago. Later, under the influence of de Vries's latest cocktail of anti-anxiety drugs (he had found new combinations that weren't so debilitating to Rania, though so far nothing smooth enough to combine with her daily life), she would make excellent guesses about why the project had gotten stalled and what corrupt domestic pressures had sidelined the contracts with foreign companies that she and Nasser had brokered.

De Vries's agenda for the trip also included gathering information on Fouaz and his slave training techniques. The old man had been killed in a massive armed confrontation that followed Nasser's overthrow, along with much of his family and a surprising number of Kazeib troops. But Fouaz's eldest son had survived, and was serving a long sentence in the national prison. De Vries had political connections in the region, and managed to obtain a visit with the prisoner after a large sum of money exchanged hands. The surprised captive spoke freely, and de Vries obtained much new information about Rania's painful transformation. He was especially interested in the black leaves that had been used to drug Rania, which he had never heard about. After the interview, he went to a public market and, following Fouaz's son's instructions, scored a bagful of the leaves. He wasn't sure that they would be of any help in Rania's therapy, but he would have them analyzed, and perhaps get a new clue.

It was hard for de Vries to know what Rania's feelings were upon visiting her home again. Sometimes he would see her burqa-covered head turn to take in old sights, but her reactions were well hidden, by both her clothing and her compulsive obedience. De Vries took notes about things to ask her later.

After two days, de Vries had had enough of Kazeib, which he considered a hellhole. Early in the morning, he and Rania climbed into the back of the limousine that would take them to the airport. De Vries raised the plexiglass barrier between the front and back seats as the limo pulled away from their hotel.

“You don’t need to look your last at this place, do you, dearie? Be a good girl and give me a nice suck.”

Rania, hidden in a mass of black fabric, quickly clambered onto her knees between de Vries’ legs. He felt the soft weight of her hanging breasts pushing against the insides of his thighs, then the warm wetness of her mouth, her tongue teasing the underside of his growing penis.

And so the last of the Al-Khalifa dynasty of Kazeib departed her native land, sucking a cock as if her life depended on it.

The End