

ARABIAN HONEYMOON

by

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Book Two – Trained as a whore

Little did a young American couple, Greg and his beautiful bride Heidi, imagine what would happen when Pierre, the young Frenchman who has appeared in many of Allan Aldiss's stories, offered to arrange for them to spend their honeymoon in a romantically remote Arab Sheikdom – and promised that no one would know where they had gone.

After being accused of drug smuggling, Greg was infibulated and Heidi lost to the Ruler the virginity she had been carefully saving to give to her young husband. But, she had not been expensively acquired for his harem, but for something else: his private brothel to which members of the Ruling Families of his oil-rich neighbouring Sheikdoms are invited to indulge their fantasies in return for substantial financial loans.

This is a brothel with a difference: the girls are all from highly respectable backgrounds, broken-in to whoredom by the Ruler's Black Guards. Furthermore, Heidi and Greg were destined to play the leading roles in the brothel of modern enactments of the traditional Arab Revenge that goes back to the days of captured Crusader Knights and their Ladies.

This is a story of the subjugation of women, particularly white ones, by their black eunuch supervisors and of rape, of well-curved bellies, of circumcision and of enforced Salat or female purity.

As with Book One, this is dedicated to the real Greg and Heidi, who commissioned the story and whose fantasies provided the Author with many helpful ideas.

THE STORY SO FAR

Heidi Moore, an American photographic model, well known for fitness and bikini modelling, was determined about two things for her honeymoon. Firstly, it was to be largely spent in some memorably romantic and unspoilt spot. Secondly, as a strictly brought-up southern belle from Atlanta, she would not give her precious virginity to her young husband Greg until they were in the right place.

She had, therefore, been appalled to find that their travel agent had booked them into a bustling modern tourist hotel in Cyprus.

Their hotel Manager introduced them to Pierre who suggested that they accompany him to a little known Arab Sheikdom where he could show them sights that no ordinary tourist had ever seen. Enthusiastically they agreed, but he refused to tell them just where they were going, saying that the mystery would make it all the more romantic.

On arrival in Murat, Pierre disappeared and the American honeymoon couple were arrested for fictitious drug smuggling for which the penalty is death.

Greg was infibulated with his manhood held down between his legs. He could no longer have an erection and experienced considerable pain if his manhood was vainly aroused.

Heidi was flogged naked in front of the grim-faced Sheikh, the Ruler of the Sheikdom, with a rhinoceros hide bullwhip until she and Greg confessed their 'guilt'. Their sentence was commuted on condition they entered the service of the Sheik as indentured servants – virtual slaves.

Horried, they realised that Pierre had cunningly arranged things so that no one knew where they were. Moreover, he knew all about Heidi's great friend Laura, another bikini model, who was due to join her later for a joint photo shoot for a well known American Sports magazine.

Greg was made to beg the Sheik to take his wife's virginity, which he did in front of the helpless Greg in a cruel modern re-enactment of the traditional fate in olden times of captured Crusader couples: the Arabs' Revenge.

But then, instead of being incarcerated in the Sheik's harem, as she had expected, they were both mysteriously sent to the desert barracks of the Sheik's Black Guard of Dinka giants – to be broken in. But broken in for what? Ironically Heidi had often fantasised about being a helpless slave girl - but not like this!

Heidi was repeatedly raped and sodomised by the Guards in front of the helpless Greg. She was brainwashed into preferring big black manhoods rather than Greg's small infibulated one and soon found herself behaving shamelessly with the giant black guards. With Greg infibulated and Heidi locked into a chastity belt, they were made by the jeering Guards to live like brother and sister.

Finally, after Heidi was considered sufficiently 'broken in', Oumfata, the Sheikh's chief black eunuch, came to collect them. What would happen to them? Would they be released, they wondered hopefully?

NOW READ ON!

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PART I – A TERRIBLE DESTINY

1 – A STRANGE ARRIVAL

The long journey in the locked van from the guard's barracks was the first time Heidi and Greg had been able to speak properly to each other for some time - for in her last week at the barracks she had been taken each evening to the private quarters of the Sergeant of the Sheikh's Black Guards - the man in overall command of this remote desert fort.

Every night, naked in the Sergeant's bed, she had been to squirm under his touch. Every night she had found herself unable to keep from behaving shamelessly in the bed of the massive black giant of a man. She had found herself actually begging to suck the wide flared head of his manhood and had repeatedly been brought to gut-wrenching orgasms when riding on his hard rod or had been made to push her buttocks high in the air and spread her cheeks degradingly for him to thrust up her rear entrance.

It was as if the black giant had brought her into total submission to him, just by his sexual mastery of her body. He had done it so well that by morning she would lie back exhausted. She would even become hoarse from the loud cries of both pain and sheer uncontrollable delight that she found herself making whilst impaled on his manhood.

She was unaware, until now in the van with Greg, that he had been able to hear her every sound – for the Sergeant's room was right above Greg's cell. For hours on end, Greg had had to listen to her moans and cries. However, he had had been ordered by Traka, their trainer, under penalty of the whip, not to tell her until her breaking-in period was over.

It had all been overwhelming humiliating to Greg, as many of the sounds were obviously those of a woman in complete sexual ecstasy. Indeed, he had been forced to listen to his wife repeatedly begging this huge black man to take her. Now, in the van, when he told her what he had heard, Heidi was mortified and so ashamed. She cried and apologized over and over again to Greg.

'Look, don't worry. It was hard for me to take but I'm sure we will get over it,' murmured Greg. 'Thank God it all seems to be past. I guess all that talk about indentured servants was just hot air. I expect they'll now let us go and we can then get together again.'

Get together again? As if nothing had happened? Heidi knew she could never forget what had been done to her. She shuddered as she remembered the brutality of Traka, her trainer, and how he would take her down to the torture chamber in the barracks. Although he never marked her skin permanently, he was a master at inflicting exquisite pain.

She had greatly feared him and her memories of the rack and bullwhip were very real. However, she had also strangely found herself getting wet and aroused as she was held, chained down on a rack, spread-eagled and naked in front of Traka and the other Black Guards, sweating profusely in the hot dungeon and awaiting the next instruments of torture to be applied to her bare glistening skin.

How was it that even hot needles, thrust through her nipples, could be so painful and yet, despite her screams, she could also feel a tingling in her exposed sex, as her hips and belly had wriggled involuntarily in front of the men? Then, humiliatingly, would come a feeling of deep release as her torturers took their turns with her body. Sometimes they would even callously mount her whilst she was still stretched on the rack and would thrust into her until they had, each in turn, emptied themselves into her – and not only up between her beauty lips, but also into her mouth or, turning her over, up her bottom.

She had never felt so much pain and utter degradation and yet she had also experienced a heightened feeling of sensuality that, before, she had equally never imagined existed. How did these awful huge Dinka giants know just how to manipulate her body in such a way? She hated them, yet also found herself powerfully drawn to them as well. It was a feeling she wanted to suppress, for surely, now, their ordeal was over and she could return home to her normal respectable career as a successful fitness model in America – and to her new married life.

‘Yeah, surely they’ll let us go now,’ she said. ‘They must think we’ve been punished enough - especially when they know we didn’t do anything anyway.’

However, Heidi did have some concerns which she had shared with Greg on the trip in the van. If they were to be released, then why had she been branded on her now smooth and hairless mound with the Sheikh’s crest? And what about all those jeering comments by Oumfata, Traka, and Sergeant about ‘the place where you’ll soon be going’?

Greg shared her worries, but he also encouraged her to hold out hope for their release.

The locked van stopped. Heidi and Greg heard footsteps outside and the back door being slowly unlocked. They looked at each other enquiringly. Now where were they?

The door opened, disclosing the dreaded huge fat figure of Oumfata, the Ruler’s chief black eunuch. Holding in one hand a long thick bullwhip, with the other he silently beckoned them out. He towered over them.

‘Out!’ he ordered harshly, cracking his whip frighteningly.

Dressed in just their short slave tunics, still wearing their wrist manacles, Heidi and Greg hastened to get out of the back of the van, their eyes fixed nervously on the bullwhip. It was something of which they were terrified, for they had both been flogged with one. That had been something which they knew they could never forget.

Oumfata clipped short chains onto the rings at the back of their collars.

Then, towering over them, he began to drive the couple forward.

Blinking in the sudden sunlight, they saw they were in an attractive park- like compound surrounded by a high wall. To one side was a long white painted building.

‘That breeding stables of High Highness,’ muttered Oumfata in his broken English. ‘He breed fine Arab horses from valuable brood mares and fillies, like he also enjoy breeding from pretty white two-legged ones.’

Two legged mares and fillies, thought Heidi. My God!

‘But four and two-legged animals kept separate. Two legged breeding mares and fillies make fine sight for Sheikh’s guests.’

Oumfata laughed cruelly, his heavy jowls shaking with mirth.

Heidi gave a little shiver. Pretty white two-legged breeding mares and fillies? Did he mean using white women like brood mares? For forced breeding? Shown off to the Sheikh’s guests? How awful! What a terrifying thought. How cruel and callous! How dare these ignorant Arabs breed from gentle, delicate, white women as if they were dumb animals.

But her thoughts were interrupted by Oumfata pointing to a large house with arched, curved, arabesque windows and doors.

‘That palace of His Highness, the Ruler - your Master,’

Heidi gave another shiver. The Ruler’s palace! That was where her virginity had been taken by the cruel Sheik. She remembered with shame how Greg had been forced to watch. But now surely they were going to be released and she could put that dreadful memory behind her.

However, just at that moment, there was a loud shout and several horses came galloping up towards them. They pulled up in a cloud of dust. Sitting on a white Arabian stallion and

accompanied by two other riders was the Sheik himself. Heidi gasped at the sight. This was the man who had so ruthlessly taken her virginity – and in front of her newly married young husband. She had felt so ashamed.

How she had hated him. He was a cruel and despicable man. Now here he was, sitting only a few feet away on a prancing stallion. Only the collar chain held by Oumfata stopped her from flinging herself up at him and trying to scratch his eyes out. However, she had to admit that he looked very handsome and powerful with his broad shoulders and piercing eyes.

He looked directly at Heidi. ‘Oumfata! Who are these miserable creatures?’ he yelled, speaking in his fluent English, apparently deliberately for the benefit of Heidi and Greg. ‘Get them out of my way!’

‘Your Highness, these are American couple you send to barracks of Black Guards, for woman to be broken-in after you take her virginity. They now just returned.’

The Sheik laughed. ‘So I took her virginity, did I? Oh really? I don’t remember her.’

What? Heidi felt crushed and humiliated. How could he not remember her? A girl never forgets her first man and it had been such an important thing for her to keep her virginity intact for her husband - and instead this awful Sheik had taken it. And he didn’t even remember doing so! Had she been just another bauble for him to play with and throw away? Once again, how humiliating! Heidi blushed crimson and lowered her head, not wanting Greg to see her embarrassment over the Sheik’s words.

Little did Heidi know that not only did the Sheik well remember the exquisite pleasure of her slim tight and virginal body, but also the thrill of taking her in front of her young husband. And, moreover, he was looking forward to many more evenings with her, when she was not serving important visitors in his royal brothel.

‘What was their crime?’ he asked Oumfata, continuing to feign forgetfulness of even their existence.

‘Drug smuggling, Your Highness,’ answered Oumfata.

‘Oh yes. I remember now,’ the Sheik said, laughing out aloud. ‘They chose servitude over death.’

‘Yes sir, that is correct.’

‘Well then, Oumfata, have them prepared for presentation to me at my *Majlis*.’

‘Yes, Your Highness, straight away.’ The Sheik rode off.

2 – INSPECTED AND SENTENCED

Oumfata took the couple to a bath area in the luxurious palace where they were told to wash themselves and were then given clean new tunics to wear. Heidi’s was quite short and made of diaphanous silk, so that it was virtually see-through. It was fastened in the front in only one place: just below her full breasts. Greg’s was just a clean linen tunic, like that of a servant or house slave.

Oumfata took two lengths of chain and attached one to each of their collars. Soon they were going down the same corridor that they had trodden a month before. Once again they found themselves standing before the Sheik who was seated cross-legged on an oriental

sofa.

Heidi was embarrassed at the skimpiness of her dress, especially as she saw that, just as before, there were other men, evidently the Sheik's Ministers or Advisors, seated with him in the sumptuously decorated *Majlis*, or audience chamber. This time, her stretched and now much more pronounced nipples were pressing against the thin transparent material of her tunic and must have been clearly visible. She could not help blushing as she saw the men's eyes on her beautiful full breasts. But she could put up with anything, if they were about to be released

'Kneel!' ordered Oumfata.

Both Heidi and Greg did as they were told.

'Very good, Oumfata,' said the Sheik, again speaking in English, 'we will now proceed with formal sentencing.'

Greg's senses were reeling as were Heidi's. What did he mean by "formal sentencing"? Hadn't they been punished enough? What in the hell was he talking about? Weren't they going to be released? They were Americans! He couldn't just keep going on punishing them. They were innocent.

Greg struggled to speak.

'Silence, you insolent infidel!' shouted the Sheik. A stroke from Oumfata's whip across Greg's back emphasised the order.

'We will now proceed,' said the Sheik. 'Pankour Ali, my Chief Judge, will now pronounce sentence on you.' He turned to one of the men sitting alongside him. 'Carry on, Pankour.'

'Lower your heads respectfully,' ordered Oumfata

As Heidi and Greg knelt with their heads down, the sentencing began. Heidi was shaking and quivering, causing her supple breasts to jiggle enticingly in front of the men under her silk tunic.

Pankour Ali began to read what was evidently a translation: 'As befitting the crime with which they are accused and taking into account that they have already confessed their guilt, the American couple, Mr Gregory Johnson and Mrs. Heidi Klum Johnson are hereby sentenced in accordance with Sharia Law as follows. Gregory Johnson to serve as an indentured servant in the service of His Highness, the Ruler of Murat, now his Master for a period of not less than 10 years.'

Greg was blinking at the floor, not believing his ears.

'Heidi Klum Johnson is similarly sentenced to serve as an indentured servant of His Highness in the royal brothel where she will serve as an authorised whore for a period not less than ten years. Given under the seal of the Sharia High Court of Murat,' he concluded.

Heidi felt weak and started to faint. 'Oh my God!' she gasped. 'Please no! No!'

A quick stroke from Oumfata's whip across her back brought her upright again. Now Heidi understood what all those jeering comments in the barracks by Traka and others were about. Her time in the barracks hadn't been a punishment after all, but just a preparation to get her ready for what was next in store for her: she was going to be a whore! She, Heidi Johnson, a famous and beautiful international fitness model, a respectable Southern belle and a new bride, was to be a whore! How could such a thing be happening to her?

'Strip the whore, Oumfata,' ordered the Sheik. 'Let me see what my visitors will be enjoying.'

At that word Oumfata reached forward and grabbed Heidi's tunic in front of her breasts and pulled. The flimsy piece of material shredded easily off her beautiful body, causing her

firm breasts to bounce out enticingly. Her mouth was still open in shock, disclosing the ring that had recently been fastened through her tongue.

The Sheik stared intently at her while she blushed. He noted her nipples were now more prominent than when he had sucked them before and the stretching ring barbells were still in place. His own personal brand of two green, crossed, scimitars had been neatly placed on her bare mound with, above it, the red star marking her as a whore. Her gleaming white breasts, bottom and pubic area, where her bikini had protected her from the sun, contrasted erotically with the rest of her still well tanned body.

Oumfata tapped her bottom with his whip and made her assume the position of a pleasure slave, as she had learned to do in the Black Guards' barracks: hands clasped behind her head, hips thrust forward to show off her humiliating clitoral ring that degradingly aroused her with her every movement, legs apart, knees bent and her ringed tongue, with which she had been made to give so much pleasure in the Fort, thrust out. It was a degrading position for any woman to assume in front of a man and doubly so for a well brought-up American girl in front of an Arab who had raped her.

The Sheik could see that Oumfata had done well with breaking her in. She was in excellent condition with a sleek and trim body which was well toned and ready for service. Perhaps her nipple and clitoral rings needed a little enhancing and then she would be ready – for her clients, his important invited Arab guests.

'Oumfata,' he said in his excellent English, 'take her down to the dungeon and have the blacksmiths finish preparing her body in the usual fashion for her status as a whore.'

Heidi was still in a state of emotional shock. As Oumfata and the guards started to pull at Greg and Heidi's chains to lead them out she suddenly became hysterical screaming and shouting: 'No, no, no! You can't do this to me! No!'

'Silence that impertinent woman!' shouted the Sheik, outraged at her outburst.

Oumfata put his big black hand over her mouth. Then he reached into a pocket and pulled out a black leather muzzle that went tightly over her mouth - and under her chin to stop her opening it. It was held in place by straps that were fastened behind her neck. There were little breathing holes over the mouthpiece through which little moans could be heard. He checked the muzzle was tightly fastened in place and stepped back.

'And her wretch of a husband,' ordered the Sheik.

Oumfata fitted a similar muzzle over Greg's mouth and chin and fastened behind his neck, too.

'Oumfata,' ordered the still furious Sheik, 'have them also both bullwhipped naked, front and back, prior to her preparation. I won't stand for this ill-discipline.'

'Yes, Master,' grinned the large black eunuch. 'Oh, and Oumfata!'

'Yes, Your Highness?'

'Use an accelerator agent on her skin so she will learn to show respect to her Arab superiors and not dare to speak without permission.'

'Yes, Sire,' Oumfata replied. He would be happy to do so as he knew that this accelerator would increase her suffering significantly. It consisted of hot oils, full of peppers indigenous to the region and when rubbed on to bare skin would cause an intense burning pain, as if the skin was on fire. When struck with a whip this would increase the severity of the sting ten-fold.

The oil also allowed the whipmaster to use more force in the whipping since the skin was lubricated, allowing the leather lash to slide along the skin, instead of gripping it. So there was less chance of cutting the delicate skin of a white girl. More pain, less risk - a perfect combination! And there would be the erotic sight of a sleek and naked woman, hanging

from chains fastened to the ceiling, and writhing under the whip.

The only problem with an accelerator was that it made the skin so sensitive that it prevented the subsequent rape of the victim, if she were to be whipped by a virile Black Guard instead of by a eunuch – though plain oil with no added pepper could be used if rape was to be included. In this case, however, Oumfata would make sure that the pepper oils were at maximal strength.

With Heidi sobbing under her muzzle and Greg looking terrified as the pair were pulled out of the *Majlis* room, the Sheik felt quite pleased with his afternoon's work, and decided he would watch the blond American woman being bullwhipped naked in his dungeon through his two-way mirror.

3 – THE PREPARATION OF A WHORE

Greg was kneeling, muzzled, naked on a stone floor. His body was still on fire from the bullwhipping he had received. His groin area had been swathed with the hot pepper oil and was still on fire. This oil had also curiously caused his manhood to struggle vainly into coming into erection – something which was causing him great discomfort as it pulled against his infibulation rings.

He was kneeling facing a stone slab on which his precious wife was laying naked on her back, also muzzled. Her body was covered in raised red welts, front and back, from her neck down to her feet and the slick sheen of the hot pepper oil was still on her skin. Her hair was wet with perspiration. The Black Guard whipmasters had spent almost an hour very slowly and very methodically applying their bullwhips to both Heidi and Greg's panting bodies.

A large blacksmith was now placing Heidi's ankles into padded shackles with a long bar between them, forcing them wide apart. A chain ran from the bar up to a tackle up near the ceiling.

The blacksmith started turning a crank and the slack in the chain was taken up, bringing Heidi's feet up into the air off the slab. Soon her buttocks were also lifted off the slab followed by her shoulders and finally her head. More turns were put on the crank and Greg saw that his precious wife was now hanging upside down, with her ankles wide apart and her exposed sex level with the blacksmith's eyes. Her manacled hands hung down to the floor and the manacles were attached to a ring bolt in the floor. Her cries of protest were muffled by her gag.

The blacksmith laughed and slapped and kneaded Heidi's perfectly shaped rear. Then he ran his hand over her smooth beauty lips, looking closely at his intended area of work. Oumfata gave the blacksmith explicit instructions in English, within earshot of Greg, as to how he wanted her intimacies modified. Greg could not believe his ears, but now he was quite subdued and was simply kneeling with his head down.

'Husband, you watch!' said Oumfata. 'Yes, important you see wife made fully into whore as part of punishment. See also how convenient she now is for blacksmith to work on wife's beauty lips. They now fully exposed and at his disposal.' He turned back to blacksmith. 'Begin!' he ordered.

The blacksmith pulled a red hot set of pincers from the nearby brazier. Using his left hand and a clamp, he pulled up Heidi's pink inner beauty lips, so that they were stretched

out, and used the hot pincers to clip off most of them. Heidi's beautiful body tensed as the searing heat hit her brain. The pincers cut and cauterized at the same time, taking about four cuts on every lip to complete the task.

Heidi screamed behind her gag as Oumfata laughed. When the lips were shortened and lying well inside the outer ones, Oumfata was satisfied and ordered the man to put decorative clips in place on the cauterized edges. These would run along the edge of the trimmed inner lips, and provide an inviting and continuously smooth pathway for her customers as they penetrated up her.

The private brothel of the Ruler of Murat was sometimes nicknamed 'The Silver Lining', as the inner lips of many of the whores would look like that around the manhood of the man taking her, as he looked down on it, sliding in and out. The clips were applied with a punch so that they were attached permanently to the edge of the inner lips, lying right next to each other so that the effect was to have a silver lining running the entire length of the lips.

Heidi flinched and screamed, as each punch was applied.

Now it was time for the final touch on the new whore's intimacies. Oumfata had the blacksmith pierce her outer lips with silver rings, similar but smaller than the one that had been placed through her clitoris. The lips were first pierced with red hot needles from the brazier to cauterize the hole, followed by the rings, the ends of which were then brazed permanently together.

Six rings were placed down in each outer lip, so that a row ran the entire length of each one. Not only were these considered to be the ultimate mark of a woman condemned to whoredom, they would also provide much pleasure to the men who would be using her, as they would tickle their cocks when sliding in and out.

Greg watched with tears in his eyes, as the last ring was put in place, with his wife jerking in her bonds with muffled screams. Oumfata wanted this piercing to be particularly painful, as a further punishment to the insolent American.

Finally, to set off her breasts, when she was displayed naked to the waist to her potential clients, a second set of nipple rings were placed through her nipples, which had been well stretched in the Black Guards' barracks. This elongation allowed a much thicker and bigger ring, with a diameter of some two inches, to be set deep in the base of the nipple, away from the smaller ones that already pierced the tips. Heidi could well feel their weight.

As she was let down from her humiliating position back onto the slab, Oumfata said: 'Now you look like proper whore for clients.' He ran his hand down between Heidi's legs. 'I think you now ready. I take you both to brothel.'

Minutes later, he led them back out into the walled park, towards an inner and yet higher wall.

'This Annex to His Highness's palace,' said Oumfata nonchalantly. 'That where you will be kept.'

Kept behind this high inner wall? How awful, Heidi thought. She saw that in this inner wall was a small, but heavy, iron studded door, guarded by two Black Guards. They were wearing the same smart uniform of red fez, red jacket, white jodhpur trousers and well-polished black boots as those whom Heidi had come to dread in the desert fort. They were carrying modern sub-machine guns.

What, Heidi wondered, could be behind this wall, that seemed to be more strictly guarded than even the Sheik's own palace? She was soon to learn.

The guards greeted Oumfata and let him pass. He pressed a bell, as if to give warning of his presence, and paused. There was the noise of heavy footsteps from behind the door. A high-pitched voice called out enquiringly. Oumfata replied and pressed the buttons of an electronic lock. The door swung open.

Oumfata beckoned a nervous Heidi and Greg through it. He was greeted by another large black man, dressed like him in a red fez, wide red Turkish trousers and a red brocade waistcoat. He was carrying not a bullwhip, but a coiled up black leather whip with short handle.

He took Oumfata's bullwhip and instead, as if handing back command, respectfully handed over to him a long silver tipped bamboo cane with a curved handle. Clearly, Heidi thought nervously, here the cane was the symbol of the chief black eunuch's authority. But, she thought, even a bamboo cane was better than a bullwhip

'This Domata, my deputy,' said Oumfata. 'He now your particular overseer. You show him respect!'

This was a degrading order that Heidi and Greg had learnt in the Black Guards' barracks to obey instantly – or get the bullwhip, as they so recently had experienced.

Blushing, they turned towards the big black man and, rose up on their tiptoes. With a rattle of their manacle chains, they raised the front of their slave tunics to display their intimacies – and, in the case of Greg, his manhood which was infibulated with a ring that was fastened to another ring through the skin at the back of his testicles, keeping his manhood held harmlessly down between his legs.

Domata looked Heidi and Greg up and down with blood-shot, pig-like eyes, in a detached professional way. He then turned and, grinning, said something to Oumfata.

Greg wondered if, like the Black Guards out in the desert barracks, they were speaking in Swahili. In any case he was evidently respectfully congratulating his superior on the acquisition of these new slaves. His high-pitched voice showed that he, too, was a eunuch.

Oumfata acknowledged his congratulations with a nod and, with a wave of his silver-tipped cane, led Heidi and Greg down a shaded colonnaded patio, beyond which was the higher wall she had seen earlier. It certainly looked impossible to climb. Domata took up the rear, the thong of a short-handled black whip coiled up in his hand.

Heidi could not take her eyes off the menacing bamboo cane nor the equally frightening black whip. She would soon learn that here a black eunuch always carried one or the other in the presence of the girls, so as to coerce them into submission and ensure instant obedience.

Greg and Heidi were still somewhat stunned by the painful transformation of her beauty lips and nipples. However, their equally new stripes served as a reminder to keep quiet and not attempt to protest as Domata took their leashes and clipped them onto their collars.

Neither dared to say a word as they were ushered into a small room off the patio. Heidi's short tunic had worked up and she hastily pulled it down again. Domata told her angrily to hold it up again.

'You can now have good look at wife, boy,' he said.

If Greg had previously been humiliated at seeing his wife locked into a chastity belt, he was now even more humiliated to see that her beauty lips had been so elaborately cut and decorated for the visual and physical pleasure of other men. But equally humiliated was being called "Boy" by these black eunuchs. Back in the part of the South where he came from, "Boy" had been traditionally used, when a white man spoke to a black man.

'Slut!' Domata called out, menacingly bending back the ends of his silver-tipped bamboo cane with both hands. 'Go up to husband. Put hands down and feel your husband's

manhood.'

Scared, Heidi did as she was told. Yes, she thought, poor Greg's manhood, held down helplessly, was small like that of a boy, especially by comparison with that of the Sheik, and in particular with those of the Black Guards.

'Boy!' Oumfata then ordered. 'Feel what's done been to your wife.' Hesitantly, his eye on the eunuch's cane, Greg put his hand down, raised his wife's tunic and felt the numerous little rings running the length of the outer lips. Oh my God, he thought, this was not for his enjoyment, but for that of the men to whom she now belonged – for his guests. It was for the same Master who had ordered his crest to be branded onto her mound, as he might similarly have had branded the hindquarters of his equally valuable pedigree racing camels.

But there was something else. Where previously there had been the proudly pouting inner beauty lips, the ones he had painted and prepared for the Black Guards, the same lips that he had washed after the Black Guards had taken their pleasure, there was now just a half-hidden silver lining inside the ringed outer lips.

'Kiss! Kiss!' came Domata's voice. Then he added: 'Boy, hold one of her breasts and press your body passionately against her. Feel her special new nipple rings pressing into your chest.'

He smiled cruelly, as he saw how the nearness of his wife's naked body had its inevitable effect on Greg's manhood, as, straining to become erect, but still firmly held curved down between his legs, it pressed harmlessly against her ringed beauty lips. Heidi, still muzzled, in turn could feel herself becoming moist and aroused. She could feel her faced reddening with embarrassing arousal.

Watching Greg and Heidi's joint dismay, Oumfata and Domata whispered to each other about how this would also make a fine little preliminary display, during the re-enactment of the humiliation of a captured and infibulated young Crusader husband and his pierced and branded wife.

4 – THE NEWLYWEDS FURTHER LEARN THEIR FATE

It was now time, Oumfata decided, to tell this young couple the full extent of what their fate was going to be. Even though they had been formally sentenced, he felt they still had no idea of the full extent of their expected servitude in the brothel.

'Now you both listen carefully,' he said to the still muzzled couple. 'You still think you both in something like a harem? You wrong!'

He turned to Heidi.

'You, girl, you think you will still be pampered concubine of Sheik? You wrong! Quite wrong. You not destined to be concubine in harem. You just another of his indentured servant girls. That give you same status as animal. Yes, you now just an animal. Like Sheik's Arabian horses broken-in to saddle and bit, you broken-in to work in His Highness's private brothel as trained whore. Your only purpose in life is to pleasure his guests in any way they please.'

Horrified, Heidi knelt there, unable to say a word, thanks to her muzzle. An animal? A trained whore: broken-in at the Fort to serve in a real private brothel – a real-live, modern brothel, in which she would be made to please strange men, no matter how repulsive she

might find them, and to accept their penises, perhaps even up her bottom?

‘Yes, you now like other whores here in private brothel. I show you them soon.’

Heidi’s mind was racing. Other whores?

‘But you special. You and young husband will also be used to excite His Highness’s guests, by allowing them to use wife as whore in front of husband. And always remember: you put on perfect show, perfect exhibition, or you get bullwhip again in same manner you just experienced.’

He paused to let his words sink in, swishing his cane to and fro like a bullwhip.

‘Yes, you now in private brothel, attached to Guest House for His Highness’s guests, mostly Arab from neighbouring countries. Sometimes he invite wealthy businessmen from other countries, but mostly they very important people from rich neighbouring Sheikdoms: Rulers, members of Ruling Families; Ministers and rich businessmen. Unlike Murat, their Sheikdoms all rich from oil. But back at home these men cannot properly enjoy taking and degrading white and Far Eastern women in their own Sheikdoms for fear of scandal. But here they can! You, a white American, will be special treat since you are first one here - until recently.’

My God, Heidi was thinking. Humbling an American woman will be a “special treat”. She shuddered at the possibilities. Well, she had certainly been humbled all right. But who, she wondered, was this other American?

Oumfata gave a sinister laugh.

‘Yes,’ he went on, ‘here they can find everything they could ever want and can take several days enjoying them: young girls; beautiful older women; now American white women; other women from places around the world like England, Israel, Eastern Europe, India and Siam; some already impregnated against their will by our specially selected Black Guards; some with beautiful well-curved bellies; and some with little bellies only just showing – but subjected to the joys of a forced maternity. Some women here are even former harem slaves, sent here by angry Masters, as punishment for masturbating or seeing another man, and after being first circumcised.’

Heidi was listening to his every word in horror. They were racing round her brain. Find here everything that they could ever want? Take several days enjoying them? Women sent here as a punishment for masturbating or seeing other men – but first circumcised. How unbelievably cruel and callous! Beautifully curved bellies? Subjected to the joys of a forced maternity? Joys? My God! American, English, European and other girls? But how could such things be allowed, even here, in this modern age?

As if in answer to her private question, Oumfata continued: ‘All women in brothel have one thing in common: they not Moslems. So, by *Sharia* law they just infidels – infidel pigs with status of animals, who can be enjoyed and treated in any way guest wishes. They can cage them and they can beat them. They can even sponsor girls to be crossed with strong giant Black Guards. Sponsorship for breeding make very good profit for brothel. Sheik much pleased. And all guests enjoy sight of nicely curved bellies on reluctant slave girls, especially if given fertility pills to make girl conceive twins.’

Clients paying to have girls crossed, Heidi gasped behind her muzzle, with those awful giant Dinka Black Guards? She had certainly experienced what they were like. Guests enjoying sight of curved bellies on reluctant slave girls? Fertility pills to make a girl conceive twins. How awful! She couldn’t imagine what it would be like, to have to carry one of those giants’ offspring, never mind two.

Oumfata gave a meaningful look at the humbly kneeling Greg and laughed aloud.

‘Or perhaps cross them with a handsome young white boy to produce pretty girls for the

guest's old age.'

My young husband to be used as a breeding stallion, thought Heidi in jealous horror.

'They can even kill a girl if they wish,' went on Oumfata, wishing to scare Heidi out of her wits, 'if girl is lazy or has outlived her usefulness here.'

Kill them! Oh my God! thought Heidi. Unable to cry out, she shook her head anxiously.

'But,' he added with a cruel laugh, 'maybe you and your husband's performances will be too popular with the visitors, for you to be disposed just yet awhile.'

He paused to let his words sink in.

Performances, Heidi was thinking. What performances?

'You here at least 10 years, until age 31,' Oumfata went on, 'and, maybe, if you good whore, you then still alive. Traka and Sergeant back at the barracks say, you natural whore and slut, so likely you do well with our clients.'

'So, our Sheik, he may not have oil. But instead he has special brothel here, where guest from oil rich Sheikdom can do anything. Yes - anything! If particular white girl catch his fancy, then may he ask Sheik if he have her covered to breed from her, like brood mare. He then get much pleasure, coming back to see how belly coming on.'

Once again Oumfata's words raced through Heidi's brain. Breed from her? Like a brood mare? Coming back to see how her belly was coming on? My God! It was as if he was talking about dumb animals, not about well-educated white women.

'And,' went on Oumfata, 'if guests well entertained here in brothel, they give Sheik much money to keep him and his people happy. So, you please Sheik's guests, or you get bullwhip again. Understand?'

The bullwhip again! Oh my God, Heidi thought. She knew she would do anything rather than be thrashed with that – even having to work in a brothel for the Sheik's VIP Arab guests. But how awful, even so! It just couldn't be true. But, she knew, it was.

Oumfata turned to Greg.

'And you boy! You now serving boy in brothel. A brothel boy! You wash and prepare women chosen by Sheik's guests, just like when Sheik take your wife's virginity. Guests like see white boy having to prepare women for them, especially his own wife – they enjoy watching through two-way mirror, and give me good tip.'

Greg hung his head in shame. Oumfata smiled and rubbed his hands.

'Guests will also enjoy being served and waited on by handsome, but infibulated, young white man, whilst enjoying his pretty wife and other women. And you, too, always remember you not serve humbly, you also get bullwhip. Understand?'

Greg also stood there overwhelmed with horror. He, a well-educated white American, made to be serving boy in an Arab brothel, in which his wife would be serving the clients? A mere brothel boy. What an unbelievably shameful and humiliating fate!

Even if he somehow managed to escape, he would never again be able to hold up his head back in America, if the truth ever got out about what he had been made to do here. It would be better to stay here and carry on with his degrading tasks. But he also felt overwhelmed with jealousy – jealous of these Arab men, who were going to enjoy his wife in every way possible, while he could only look on in suppressed anger and jealousy.

'But that not all,' Oumfata added, 'you both give great pleasure to Arab guests by re-enacting traditional "Arab Revenge". In Crusader days, Arab conquerors much enjoy taking captured young Christian wife in front of infibulated husband. Now you both put on modern re-enactment of this to arouse clients.'

Oh, my God, Greg was thinking. Arab men taking Heidi in front of him - just as the Sheik

had so humiliatingly done a month or so previously. He had taken Heidi's virginity, whilst he had to watch, peering through a narrow slit in a kennel-like cage. He would never forget that degrading moment, as the Sheik laughed and called out to him, mocking him, whilst he was buried to the hilt inside Heidi.

'And "Arab Revenge" not limited to wife being taken by Arab conqueror,' interjected Domata. 'Arabs Sheiks also like watch captured Christian woman taken up backside in front of husband by black men servants, like Black Guards.'

Oh no, thought Heidi, not more black men, not more of the Sheik's Black Guards! But was that why she had been so repeatedly sodomised by them? To get her used to putting on a show for the Sheik's guests? Oh, my God!

'And, of course, as I've said,' said Oumfata, 'sometimes guests like see Christian woman inseminated by black man and subjected to forced breeding of mulatto slaves. Progeny of delicate white women, crossed with big black slaves, was much sought after in olden days – make ideal house servants.'

The young couple listened to this in appalled silence, too frightened of the cane that Oumfata was swishing to and fro, like a bullwhip, to try and utter even a moan of protest from under their muzzles.

'Yes, guests much enjoy watching white woman being raped or actually inseminated here in mating pit – perhaps in front of horrified husband,' added Oumfata.

Mating pit? Inseminated? Horror of horrors, both Heidi and Greg were thinking.

'Yes,' said Oumfata, 'Arab men like see nicely curved belly on white girl subjected to forced breeding. Very popular sight in brothel. As I say, make His Highness's guests ask to come back, to see how belly getting on.'

'But,' said Domata, 'perhaps you lucky. Maybe His Highness prefer keep you with flat belly. Who knows? Traka and Sergeant say, you very hot in bed, especially once you filled with large manhood, and say they like your tight little body. So maybe he keep you, like prize filly racehorse? Prize racehorse filly he never foal and keep her for speed. Ha!'

Again Heidi caught her breath at the sheer callousness of what this evidently influential black eunuch was saying: her future to depend on the whim of the Sheik or the desires of his guests, the brothel's clients. But at least she might escape being mated.

She also hated him reminding Greg of the lascivious way she had come to behave whilst naked in the bed of a giant Black Guard. The memory was both humiliating and strangely stimulating in a way.

She had even got to the point, where it was an extra turn-on for her to look up from under a black guard and see Greg watching her. She remembered on one occasion, how, with the giant Traka thrusting up between her legs, she had looked across into the appalled eyes of Greg. It had made her act even more like a slut than ever, opening her legs further for Greg to see better, thrusting her nipples out more and arching her back, while Traka sucked on them, breathing faster and moaning louder.

She had seen Greg look directly at Traka's massive manhood, sliding in and out of her wet beauty lips. It was a sight that had made her orgasm violently. Humiliating? Yes, but she couldn't keep herself from responding in that way.

Oumfata interrupted her train of thought. 'But either way, whether you soon have curved belly or not,' he said slowly, with sneer, 'you will both continue to perform before the Sheik's guests in manner similar to traditional "Arab Revenge". That something very special, and arouse them to choose from other whores in brothel.'

'Soon time for you to be offered, like slaves, to His Highness's next guest, a Crown Prince.'

Offered to a real Crown Prince? thought Heidi. Well!

But her eyes were on stalks, as she saw Oumfata turn to leave and then clap Domata on the back and pointing to her. Oh my God, she thought, now what's going to happen next?

But to keep up the psychological pressure on the American couple, nothing immediately happened. Instead, laughing amongst themselves and having removed both their muzzles, the two Black eunuchs now left, leaving Heidi at last able to feel and take a closer look at what had been done to her by the blacksmith.

Immediately she ran her hands over her trimmed-back, silver-lined inner lips, together with her now ringed outer ones and her extra sensitive and ringed beauty bud. She could not help, becoming aroused at the thought, that all this had been done to her, merely to make her more attractive to the clients.

Although she did not know it, this would be the last time she would ever be able to touch herself in this way, before she was immured in what the fundamentalist mullahs constantly preached, as being how women should be treated – kept in a state of *Salat* or enforced female purity.

‘Oh, how shame-making,’ she murmured.

‘Yeah, sure,’ agreed Greg.

‘Gee, I’m sorry Greg,’ said Heidi. ‘If I hadn’t had the idea of a private trip to an Arab Sheikdom, we wouldn’t be here. I’m so sorry! I know how hard all this has been for you. These rings in my nipples, clitoris and lips are all meant for other men to enjoy, and I am so sorry. Also, I sure am sorry for the way I’ve behaved.’

She paused for a moment, to collect her thoughts.

‘I know,’ she went on, with tears gathering in her eyes, ‘it’s so shameful, but those black giants at the fort and the eunuchs here, are all experts at controlling us women and in getting us to reveal our innermost feelings and desires. The girls back home only talked about things like this as a fantasy. Yet deep down, I guess, we like to be taken by strong men. I try to control myself, but I have to admit, that even though I hate these cruel men, sometimes I just lose control of myself when in their power.’

‘Calm down’, said Greg. ‘Just calm down. We’ll do what we have to - until we can figure out a way to get out of here. Even if we both have to serve the whole ten years, I will still be here beside you. So just calm down. Do what you have to, and so will I.’

‘Yeah,’ Heidi answered, wiping away her tears and kissing her young husband, ‘I guess you’re right.’

It was shortly after this conversation that Domata came to collect them both. In one hand was the usual frightening bamboo cane, and in the other a small leather bag.

‘Time you met your fellow whores – all indentured servants like you,’ he said. He turned to Heidi. ‘But first we put you into state of *Salat* like them.’

He sat down on a little stool, put down his cane and opened the small bag. He pulled out some black leather laces, like strong shoelaces, but with several little loops at the ends, then a tiny padlock.

He made Heidi stand up in front of him in the Inspection position, as usual looking straight ahead with her head raised and hands clasped behind her neck, her ringed tongue pushed out, legs apart with knees bent, and belly thrust forward. She felt very embarrassed at having to stand before the black eunuch in such a degrading position in front of her husband, but she did not dare to say a word nor move a muscle.

Keeping quite still, she felt him lift up her the front of her tunic and tuck it up, so that it was not in his way. Then he started threading the laces through the rings running down both sides of her outer beauty lips. She had to hold her legs wide apart for this, which was humiliating as the Negro’s face was between her legs as he worked. When finished, she felt

her outer lips being tightly pulled together. The hasp of the padlock was threaded through two of the loops and then there was a click as the padlock closed, holding the laces taut over her beauty lips.

Domata stood up.

‘Good,’ he said, reaching down for a final check on the tightness of the laces, and then letting the front of her tunic fall back again. ‘You now properly in state of *Salat*. You cannot now masturbate.’

She felt him touch her clitoral ring, which was hanging down over the laces. She felt her now hidden beauty bud responding in an arousing, but frustrating way.

‘Yes,’ he laughed, ‘you get aroused with every movement, but you not able to climax. And if client not satisfied with your response, he can also arouse you by tickling ring, whether you like or not.’

Heidi gasped. How horrible to be so helpless, she thought.

‘You can look in mirror now, to see what lacing looks like,’ Domata added with another cruel laugh.

Heidi looked into the mirror. Across her beauty lips the laces were held tight, like the laces of a shoe, by the little padlock which hung down between her legs. She put her manacled hands down to feel the laces. Her natural liquid wastes could slip out past them, she realised, but there was no question of even a little finger getting through them. She was quite unable to touch her throbbing beauty bud. However, as Domata had said, her clitoral ring was still hanging there, ready to arouse her, whether she wanted it or not - but clearly not enough to allow her to climax. Oh how devilish clever and cruel it all was. And how degrading!

‘Now follow me!’ ordered the big eunuch, snapping leads onto Heidi’s and Greg’s collars and leading them out through the door.

PART II – IN THE POWER OF THE SHEIK

5 – THE OTHER BROTHEL GIRLS

Domata led them, again just wearing their short slave tunics, into another colonnaded patio where Oumfata was waiting for them, as ever holding his silver tipped cane.

Greg was grabbed by two large eunuchs, and a chain was attached to his collar. He was led away, without a word to Heidi of where they were taking him. A brief glance into each other's eyes, and he was gone through a locked door.

Oumfata took Heidi's lead and gestured to her to follow him. Suddenly she saw over a dozen girls, some little more than teenagers, and some rather older, sitting back on their heels on a large carpet. Several were blond, perhaps from Eastern Europe. Several were pretty Jewish-looking girls or women and a couple might have been Indian. There was also a pair of beautiful delicate girls who might have been Siamese.

They were all laughing, whispering and talking together, almost like innocent giggling schoolgirls – or perhaps girls in a harem. Their only common language was broken English - like that of the eunuchs.

Indeed, standing at one side and both watching and listening to them carefully, was another large eunuch. Like Domata he was holding a short black whip, but he had uncoiled the thong and was running it through his hands, as if to remind the girls to behave obediently and humbly.

Kept slightly apart was a slightly older blond woman of perhaps 35 or 40 years. She had a well-bred look about her. With her was a much younger girl. They were looking sadly wistful. Were they English, Heidi wondered? They were very beautiful and similarly made up. She saw that their faces also had similar traits. Oumfata saw her looking at them.

'They Mrs Cynthia Howard and Miss Charlotte Howard, English mother and daughter,' he told her with a cruel laugh. 'Very popular here in brothel. They well broken-in – just like you. Maybe both sponsored for breeding soon. Client pay well to sponsor English mother and daughter, put to same giant Dinka Black Guard!'

An English mother and daughter, broken-in and incarcerated in this brothel, for the amusement of the Sheik's guests? And soon to be sponsored for breeding, mother and daughter to be covered by the same black giant? My God! And a well educated couple to judge from their names. The fact, that Oumfata proudly called them "Mrs" and "Miss" showed, that he was impressed with having such superior ladies in his control. Heidi had heard, that rich Arabs loved to enjoy white, upper class, mothers and daughters, but had dismissed it as silly talk. It was true!

'And,' Oumfata continued, 'just as you have Domata in special charge of you, so this valuable pair also have own eunuch, Bula, in charge of them.'

He pointed to a young boy, standing behind the English mother and daughter. He was dressed like the other eunuchs and carried a whip. He was clearly as proud as Punch, at being in charge of this pair of beautiful women.

It was bad enough for herself being under the intimate control and supervision of Domata, Heidi thought, but how much more humiliating it must be especially for the older Mrs Howard, to be under the control of such a young boy.

Heidi saw that all the women wore little embroidered caps, below which hung their long,

evidently well-brushed shiny hair. Like Heidi and Greg, they had also been degradingly collared with wide steel collars, which fit closely round their slender necks, and which had a ring riveted onto the front and onto the back.

The same crest, that was branded on her mound, was on all the collars, as well as some engraved Arabic writing and numerals. The fact, that neither Heidi nor Greg could understand, what was written on them, had made having to wear the collars all the more humiliating. Like Heidi, the girls had all been equally humiliatingly nose-ringed.

‘All signed contracts of indefinite indentured service – like you did,’ whispered Oumfata. Heidi remembered how she and Greg had only signed their contracts as indentured servants to save their lives, after they had been flogged into falsely admitting that they had smuggled drugs into the country, an offence for which the penalty was death – in her case by stoning. She wondered how all these pretty girls had been tricked or coerced into signing their contracts.

Suddenly the girls saw the new arrivals and fell silent. Heidi saw that they were also looking with fear at the sight of the long bamboo cane held by Oumfata. Then she saw, that hanging prominently on the wall was a bullwhip. Oh my God, she thought. Fear of corporal punishment from Black Guards had been keynote of her breaking-in in the Fort and evidently dominated life here, too, though from eunuchs. She felt terrified again.

The girls were dressed in coloured silken transparent pantaloons and stiff open boleros that disclosed, rather than hid, their naked breasts. Heidi saw that, like her, big slender golden rings hung from their painted and surprisingly long nipples. Clearly they had been stretched – just like hers. She wondered, if they had been stretched by the same horrible barbell device, that the Black Guards had used on her in the Fort, and which had now been mercifully removed by Domata.

The girls’ nipples were also linked by a light chain that kept them hanging close together, to accentuate the cleavage. She had noticed, how her own chain seemed to be training her breasts, to hang closer together. She remembered, how the Black Guards in the Fort had enjoyed rubbing their huge manhoods between them, as an alternative to penetrating or sodomising her, gradually tightening the chain to increase the cleavage.

Also as in her case there was a large link in the centre of these cleavage chains. She shivered as she remembered how the Black Guards had delighted in fastening a lead to this link, as an alternative to the ring on her collar or to her nose ring and then leading her like a dog, crawling on all fours round the courtyard of the fort.

Then, they would take it in turn to take her up her specially stretched backside, whilst she had to remain humbly kneeling on the sand, still on all fours, looking straight ahead and keeping her bottom well thrust back – or risk getting the bullwhip across her back. She remembered being constantly told that white women deserved to be sodomised.

Oh, the humiliation of those sodomising gang rapes – especially when Greg was made to watch by the grinning Negro guards. The fact that both he and Heidi came from Georgia, with the inherited racial prejudices of white Southerners, had made it all the more traumatic for both of them.

Putting aside those shameful memories, Heidi saw that another ring hung down from the girls’ noses and that their wrists were manacled. My God, Heidi thought, I look just like them!

She also noticed that like the cleavage chains, the bigger wrist manacle chains also had a large link in the middle – just like hers. They reminded her of how, in the fort, the Black Guards had humiliatingly used this link to fasten her hands at night to the ring at the front of her collar, so that she could not reach down and touch herself. ‘You not masturbate!’ they would gleefully cry as they locked her wrists to her collar. She had been brought to the

point where just the sight of a large muscular black man started stirrings in her sex. She had so wanted to touch herself. Oh the frustration!

Her thoughts were interrupted by the girls' supervising black overseer calling out an order in heavily accented English.

'Attention!'

He emphasised his order with a crack of his whip that made the girls, and Heidi, jump. It was an order that was repeated by the boy in charge of the English mother and daughter – also with a crack of his whip.

Hastily, as if eager to show due deference to the chief black eunuch, the women all rose up on their parted knees. Then they opened their mouths and put out their tongues, like schoolgirls. Heidi saw that they all had tongue rings just like her. She remembered with shame how the Black Guards in the Fort had humiliatingly shown her that this tongue ring was intended to give a man more pleasure when licking his manhood.

But it was what they did with their hands that really caught Heidi's eye. Hanging down over the front of their pantaloons were little white aprons, like those of Victorian maid-servants. Blushing prettily and using both hands, they all lifted their little aprons up, disclosing a cutaway front to their silken pantaloons. Their bellies, mounds and beauty lips were now all on display.

Heidi gasped as she saw that they had been branded on their tummies with the Sheik's crest of two green scimitars and a red star. These brands must really make them feel to be his indentured servants, his virtual slaves, his property – as did her own.

She gasped again as she saw that one or two of the tummies distinctively bore stretch marks – the sign of a recent pregnancy. Oh my God, she thought.

Heidi also saw that all the women had been completely depilated. Down the length of the outer beauty lips of some of the girls were two lines of little silver rings. The lips had all been laced together like the laces of a shoe, sometimes as in her case, in a straight-across style and sometimes in a criss-cross fashion.

Either way, under the taut laces there was a strangely smooth effect with, now like herself, no sign of any projecting inner lips. She wondered if, like her own inner lips, the edges had been lined with silver. Certainly, like hers, their beauty buds were hidden away beneath the top of the lacing. But still hanging over the lacing were large clitoral rings. How dreadful!

Evidently, as with her, the laces of these girls were kept taut by the ends of the laces, being held locked together by a small padlock that hung down between the girls' parted legs. Would she, like them, also be kept laced-up, frustrated and unable to get at her precious beauty bud, until perhaps chosen by a client? But why? And how humiliating!

A further erotic, but humiliating, touch for these girls was that each padlock had brightly-coloured ribbons attached, from which hung a little bell which tinkled with the girls' every movement. Would she soon have to carry a little bell?

Heidi also saw how, even more humiliatingly, a girl's clitoral ring, still hanging down over the laces, could prevent a girl from being cold and unresponsive to a client. By gently shaking or moving it, an eunuch, or the client himself, could readily arouse a girl's ardour, even against her wishes – and thus make sure she gave proper pleasure to even a most unattractive ravisher.

As with in her own, there were several loops at the ends of the laces. She had wondered, what they were for. She realised that by temporarily unlocking the padlock of a girl chosen by a client, eunuchs, could sufficiently ease the laces to allow even a large manhood to penetrate a girl. Then having partially eased the laces, he could lock them together again, this time using a different set of loops, and still prevent the girl from getting at her beauty bud.

Oh how shameful it must be, to be treated like that by the horrible eunuchs! And how frustrating it must be!

At the same time, Heidi realised with a shock, the client could receive great physical pleasure from the tightness of the laces around his thrusting manhood, and great mental pleasure from the knowledge that the girl's own pleasure was strictly limited and controlled by the laces keeping her beauty bud hidden away. And, as he enjoyed her, the client might tantalisingly hold up in his hand the key to her padlock which, if released, could free her precious possession.

Alternatively, of course, a client might choose to have the laces temporarily removed completely. How the girls must long for this to happen!

Was all this, she wondered, part of the Moslem domination of women – a domination to which she, an American girl who had formerly rejoiced in her sexual freedom, was now being subjected? Certainly the padlock and the laces would, she realised, ensure that she would be kept pure and unable to masturbate – as did the chastity belt, into which she had so humiliatingly been put by the Black Guards out in the Fort. My God, she thought again, how devilishly clever – and cruel!

Heidi noticed that, as if to give further proof of the subjugation of women in this part of the world, on some of the girls, instead of two lines of little rings held together by laces, there were two lines of what she recognised as being the ends of pairs of shiny silver barbells – rather like those that been used to stretch her nipples.

Each pair of barbells pierced the base of both of the girls' outer lips and held the bases tightly together, so that the tips of the lips were pushed out, making them more prominent, rather like the mouth of a pouting girl might be pushed out in anger, or perhaps held out to be kissed. There was no sign of any projecting inner lips, and the effect was most unusual.

However, although the tips of these lips were open like the petals of a rose about to flower, below them they were held tightly pressed together at their bases by the shiny barbells. Clearly, as with the laced-up girls, nothing could penetrate these pouting lips, and only liquids could slip out.

Once again, the clitoral rings hung down, this time over the barbells. Heidi realised that these girls would also be kept pure and unable to masturbate, but could, like the laced-up girls, be readily aroused to give a man more pleasure.

Presumably, Heidi thought, some of the barbells, especially at the bottom, could be temporarily removed to allow a manhood to penetrate the girls. Then, just as the laces of the other girls could be tightened up again or replaced, after a girl had been used by a client and was returned to the main brothel room, these barbells could be replaced afterwards to ensure that they remained in a desirable state of enforced female purity and frustration, or *Salat*.

6 – THE JOYS OF *SALAT*!

Salat!

Heidi had first heard something about this, when being broken-in in the Fort.

She had learnt from the Black Guards there that it was a traditional practice that fundamentalist Mullahs in many parts of the Moslem world were advocating should now

be enforced on all women. Like both the Black Guards and the eunuchs, these Mullahs had a horror of female masturbation, lesbianism, unfaithfulness and even forwardness - all of which could be virtually eliminated if *Salat* was properly enforced.

The Mullahs taught that keeping a woman pure and frustrated made her much more submissive and obedient – for she could only obtain sexual relief if her Master or husband decided to use her for his own sexual needs. Thus, keeping women locked in the home, veiled and in a state of *Salat*, was the answer to the hated women's liberation movement that had already swept the Christian world and which they were determined to keep out of the Moslem one.

Heidi had also learned that the Mullahs preached that a Moslem who kept his wives and concubines in a state of *Salat*, did not only enjoy the blessings of Allah, he also received greater physical pleasure from his women, who would be desperately anxious to please him and also greater mental pleasure as well – the feeling of power that comes from controlling the sensuality of his women.

She had learned all this with a feeling of intense resentment and scepticism – but here she was herself, sewn up and kept in a state of *Salat* to increase the pleasure of her future clients and to make her keener than ever to be chosen by one of them. She had, she realized, been deliberately broken-in by the giant Negroes in the Fort into wanting more sex but was now cruelly being denied it by her laces – unless she caught the eye of a client.

All the women incarcerated here in this dreadful brothel, she realized, were being kept by the horrible eunuchs in this state of desperate frustration, or *Salat*. It was so cruel, especially for formerly free Western women. No wonder the Sheik's private brothel was so popular with his fellow Rulers.

But that was not all, for it was this mental pleasure of controlling the sensuality of women that also motivated eunuchs in charge of white women. They may have lost their ability to enjoy physical pleasure, but the mental pleasure they enjoyed in controlling and caning lovely white women and keeping in this state of *Salat*, more than made up for it.

Back in their poor and primitive native villages, they might have kept their testicles but they could never have laid their hands on a beautiful and highly desirable white woman – never mind beaten or flogged one. Here, however, they lived in luxury and could handle, humiliate and beat gorgeous and terrified white creatures every day of the year.

Looking at one of the girls whose outer beauty lips had been barbelled, Heidi also realized that, like a laced-up girl, she would be unable to give herself any secret relief with a finger, a banana or a cucumber – and, of course, Heidi told herself, the eunuchs would never allow any dildos or vibrators here, any more than the Black Guards had allowed them into the Fort.

Indeed the Black Guards in the Fort had much enjoyed bananas and she had found herself desperately looking secretly for one to hide until her chastity belt was next removed. But the Black Guards were too careful to ever allow that. They made sure that only their own massive black manhoods were available for her sexual release, which is why she eventually found herself begging for them, even shamefully on occasions in front of Greg.

Yes, Heidi realised, one way or another, *Salat* was going to be a dominant feature of her life from now on – as it was for so many women in certain Moslem countries.

But *Salat* was not only about women being kept laced up or barbelled.

Heidi caught her breath as she saw, that on two of the blond Eastern European girls and on the dark-haired Jewish-looking girls there were no laces, no barbells, no clitoris rings and, indeed, no sign of any lips at all. Where the lips should have been and, she thought, must have been, there was just a smooth stretch of hairless skin running down

between the legs. A faint scar led down to a little puckered orifice, down between the legs, for natural liquid wastes.

My God, Heidi realized, these poor women had been circumcised, completely circumcised!

Heidi had vaguely heard about female circumcision being still being widely practiced in some Moslem countries. Now she was seeing it in the flesh – and it had been done to grown-up white women.

Perhaps these were the former harem girls that Oumfata had mentioned as being circumcised as a punishment for masturbating or looking at men other than their Master. Or had they been circumcised merely to please the clients by displaying another method of ensuring *Salat*?

Was full circumcision just something to which Moslem Masters enjoyed, with the backing of the Mullahs, discreetly subjecting their Christian and Jewish indentured servants – like slave girls of old? Certainly circumcision was final and forever and there would be no point even a freed indentured servant later complaining about what had been done to her.

She glanced back at the English mother and daughter who were still dutifully holding up their little pinafores to display their intimacies – blushing as they did so.

She saw that on the daughter there was no sign of any protruding inner lips. They had evidently been trimmed back, like hers. But more to the point her outer lips had been ringed and laced up with a little holding padlock hanging down between her legs from which was suspended, as one the other girls, a brightly coloured ribbon holding a little bell that tickled with her every movement.

But on the mother there was nothing – just a smooth stretch of skin with a long faint scar running down to a little puckered orifice. Clearly she, too, had been fully circumcised. How dreadful! It was one thing to circumcise a little Moslem girl. She would grow up never knowing what she was missing. But to circumcise a grown-up white woman, used to the sexual freedom that the Mullahs ranted about, was perhaps far crueller – but, she realised, very exciting for a client.

Had this poor woman been circumcised here, she wondered nervously? Then her thoughts were interrupted as Oumfata, with a menacing wave of his cane, led the way round a corner of the colonnade.

7 – CURVED BELLIES

Heidi saw a beautiful blue swimming pool, shaded from the sun by a wide concrete awning. Three pretty white girls were swimming in the pool. They were stark naked, their golden nose rings and shiny metal collars flashing above the surface and their very white bodies gleaming erotically below it.

The concrete awning shaded the pool and its surroundings thus ensuring that the skins of any women swimming in it, or relaxing round it, would remain white and untanned. Heidi knew from her past interest in the history of harems that women with pure white bodies were much prized in the Arab world.

However, with the increased visibility of western culture through the world-wide media, many Arabs had begun to recognise the erotic appeal of sun-tanned bikini beauties

as seen on television and in magazines and newspapers. Oumfata had therefore been very interested to find that Heidi was a photographic model - and a well-known bikini model at that.

Oumfata had first noticed her tan lines when Pierre had sent him the topless photos of her that he had managed to take on the beach in Cyprus before her abduction. These showed her already sun-tanned body making an erotic contrast with her white un-tanned breasts. The whiteness of the whole of her bikini area had been confirmed when he had examined her naked on her arrival in Murat.

He had then decided that she should, exceptionally, be kept as a girl tanned by the sun but with an erotically white, un-tanned, bikini area, to appeal to those visitors to the brothel who found the Western type bikini girl to their taste. He had, therefore, made sure that she was kept that way whilst in the Fort.

Heidi saw that the swimming girls were being watched over from the side of the pool by a young eunuch, scarcely more than a boy. Nevertheless, he was holding a long carriage whip that he used expertly to emphasise the orders that he was shouting to them. His name was apparently Yama.

The girls were swimming alongside each other in a perfect line, using the breaststroke, as best as their manacle chains permitted. Was this, Heidi wondered, to keep their breasts firm?

She saw that their ankles were also manacled but apparently with a thicker, heavier chain. Again she wondered why. And why only these girls and not others that she had seen earlier in the patio - and why not, indeed, herself? Poor things, she thought, it must make swimming much more of a strain.

Suddenly, seeing Oumfata, the black boy cracked his long carriage whip and shouted another order.

‘Christian and Jewish infidel pigs ...Brood mares and fillies ...Out!’

Christian and Jewish infidel pigs! Brood mares and fillies! What humiliating expressions, thought Heidi. She had become used to being called a pig of a Christian infidel in the Fort, but surely the expression Brood Mare was kept for valuable mares used for breeding? With a shiver she remembered Oumfata’s comment about two-legged brood mares and fillies. Were these they? Surely not!

Yama put down the long carriage whip, leaving it at the side of the pool ready for the women’s next exercise period. Instead, he picked up a bamboo cane with a curved handle.

The three girls hastened to the shallow end of the pool where steps led out of it.

Heidi saw why they had been keeping in such a perfect line: their necks were linked, over their shiny steel collars, like oxen, by a wooden yoke. Like animals, she thought; how degrading. The animal look was further heightened by a number prominently emblazoned in black paint on their foreheads.

One girl, marked ‘1’ was a tall well built, older woman, probably in her late thirties, but still very attractive. She was Scandinavian-looking and her long hair was very blond - something that Heidi had learned was much prized in Arabia. Her name was Greta.

Another, marked ‘2’ was a pretty dark-eyed Jewish-looking girl, whose name she would later learn was Ruth. The denigration of Jewish girls was something that the Sheik’s visitors particularly enjoyed seeing. Finally the girl marked ‘3’ was a slight blond girl, much younger-looking. Her name Heidi would learn was Yolanda and she was a Serb from Kosovo.

Heidi could not help noticing that the three girls were nervously eyeing the cane of their young overseer.

There was a clattering noise from the girls’ heavy ankle manacles as, still yoked together by the neck, they awkwardly began to climb up the steps. But surely, Heidi thought, their

awkward gait could not have been caused by their large breasts; nor by their yokes; nor even by the weight of their ankle manacles. There must be something else. Indeed the Scandinavian-looking woman was leaning back in a strange way, as if to balance herself whilst carrying an extra weight.

Extra weight? My God, she thought, surely the women could not be ... Then she gasped as she saw that the Scandinavian woman's belly was

indeed very curved forward – and very prominently so. My God!

Indeed, she saw that the bellies of all three girls were prettily curved. That of the Serbian girl was only slightly showing, but the well-curved belly of Greta showed she was nearing her time, whilst that of the Jewish girl showed that she was not far behind.

My God, she again thought, remembering what Oumfata had said about curved bellies and white women being crossed with Black Guards for the amusement of the Sheik's important guests. Poor things, she thought and wondered how they, like her, had come in this modern day and age, to be helpless and expectant white slaves in the power of the Sheik.

Then she saw that as well as the brand marks on the women's bellies, there was also to one side some neat Arabic writing, evidently in permanent waterproof ink. Might they be the dates the women had been mated and with which Black Guard? Presumably the eunuchs would have such information noted down separately. So were the dates there, degradingly painted on the women's bellies, just for the information of the brothel's clients? Again how humiliating!

She looked about. There was no sign of any calendars, newspapers or television sets and so no way of checking the passing weeks or months. Was this all done deliberately by the eunuchs so that even if the women could make out the Arabic date of their mating, they still would not know just how soon they were due? Did the eunuchs like to keep them as unaware about the one matter that concerned them above everything else – as if they were just dumb breeding animals?

But then why had they been made to swim in the pool? Could the eunuchs not only consider that swimming kept the swelling breasts of a pregnant woman firm, but also that it would also help make her curved belly thrust out even more prominently than usual – as these ones undoubtedly were.

Was swimming also good for the girls' tummy muscles and so help to ensure an easy delivery? And was that also the reason for the heavy ankle manacles? To make it harder for them to swim - and so exercise their belly muscles all the more? She had heard that that, for the same reason, some stud grooms in the Kentucky breeding studs, liked to exercise their pregnant mares in a special swimming pool, with weights strapped round their fetlocks - apparently to make their foaling easier.

My God, she thought, were the eunuchs using the same technique here with their two-legged brood mares and fillies, as Oumfata had described them? She gave a little shudder at the thought of the forced maternities of these beautiful women and of them being treated as mere animals by their young supervising eunuch, Yama.

Was this what the Sheik and his mysterious guests liked to see: white Christian and Jewish women being subjected to the horror of bearing black Moslem progeny against their will?

'Line up for Inspection!' ordered the eunuch.

The women dutifully lined up and, looking straight ahead, clasped their manacled hands behind their necks, parted their legs, bent their knees and degradingly thrust out their swelling bellies.

Heidi gave another gasp as she saw that the green and red crests branded on their swollen tummies were stretched, too – especially on the greatly curved belly of the Scandinavian woman.

Heidi saw that, also like herself, all three women had been depilated – and, perhaps deliberately, their smooth hairless intimacies displayed the three methods of used here to enforce *Salat*.

The beauty lips of the young blond girl were laced together, like her own, the laces being kept taut by a little padlock hanging down between her legs.

The Jewish girl, however, had been subjected to the barbell treatment and the tips of her beauty lips were thrust out erotically above the shiny barbells that kept her pure – and unable to interfere with the growing progeny that she must hate being made to carry. This also ensured that like the youngest girl, she too was kept in a permanent, if madly frustrating state of *Salat* and equally unable to get at her also unwanted little progeny.

In neither case was there any sign of any projecting inner lips, instead in both cases, a golden ring projected out from the top of their laced up or barbelled beauty lips, showing that their clitorises had also been infibulated.

Join the club, Heidi thought sadly.

Yama ran his hand down over the barbelled beauty lips of the blushing Jewish girl and then of the younger girl's leather laces, testing the padlock, as if to show Oumfata that both the barbells and the laces were holding the lips tightly closed – the latter even more having been shrunk by being immersed in the swimming pool.

He then unfastened the yokes connecting their necks and, snapping a lead onto Ruth and Yolanda's nose rings, led them like animals over to Oumfata who, smiling with satisfaction, began to run an experienced hand over their curved bellies.

Evidently he could feel the Jewish girl's progeny kicking and commented approvingly in Swahili to the boy as he did so. He asked him several questions, apparently, from his gestures, about her natural functions. How humiliating it must be, Heidi thought, for the state of your pregnancy to be mysteriously talked about in front of you, as if you were just a dumb animal.

Meanwhile Greta was still standing at attention by the side of the pool, hands clasped behind her neck. She was again leaning back to counter-balance the weight of her thrust out belly. Heidi sucked in her breath in astonishment as she saw that, like two of the other white girls she had seen earlier, below this older woman's curved belly there were no signs of any beauty lips whatsoever - and, like them, there was no clitoris ring.

Instead, as she had briefly seen on some of the other girls, there was just a smooth stretch of skin running down between her legs with no rings, laces or barbells. All that Heidi could see was a faint scar running down where once had been her beauty lips. She, too, had been fully circumcised. And yet, the woman was clearly due soon. How on earth was she going to deliver her progeny?

Heidi gasped in horror. She began to wonder how these three pregnant women, for a woman of nearly forty could hardly be described as a girl, felt having their maternities controlled by eunuchs. How humiliating it must be for pregnant white women to be under the supervision of such a young eunuch – especially for the older woman to be ordered about by a youth half her age.

Later she would learn that Greta had been a nurse with an international aid organisation in the Sudan. On her way to visit an isolated village her car had broken down and she had been abducted and sold to a slave dealer who had taken her to Arabia and sold her to the Sheik.

Oumfata, fearing that such an independently minded woman might be a disruptive

influence in the brothel and too headstrong to settle down to life as a whore, whose only purpose in life was now to attract the clients, had recommended to the Sheik that she be fully circumcised.

This drastic treatment had been highly successful and she had become much more subservient and submissive. She been very popular with the clients who enjoyed taking such an unusual white woman and finally one had paid a large sum to sponsor her for forced breeding. Oumfata prided himself on his ability to get older women pregnant by the Black Guards – as well as much younger ones.

Ruth had been seized in Israel during a raid by Palestinian terrorists who anxious to raise money to buy weapons and explosives and sold her to a modern slave dealer, who contacted Oumfata. Yolanda had been similarly seized by Albanians in Kosovo during the fighting who felt she would raise more money secretly sold in Arabia as a slave than merely put onto the streets of London as a prostitute.

Yama snapped another lead onto Greta's nose ring and led her, too, up to Oumfata, who ran his hands over this blushing woman's naked belly. Then he nodded approvingly.

'Dress them and put them back with the other whores,' Oumfata then told Yama in English.

'Put back with the other whores!' repeated Heidi to herself in disbelief. Were these expectant white women still used as whores? Used for the greater amusement of the Sheik's guests? My God! After her own degrading experiences in the Fort she could imagine only too well they might be used up the bottom, without risking any harm to the progeny they were being made to carry. But how cruel!

Heidi watched as the three pregnant women put back on the same brothel dress as the other girls and taken off to join them. Apart from their curved bellies and their ankle manacles they now looked just like the other girls – and this, she realised, would make them made their curved bellies seem all the more erotic.

Heidi then saw that in the middle of this patio was a strange-looking shallow pit, thirty feet across but only three feet deep, with a sandy floor. Steps led down by the side of the pit to a small but strong-looking door that was the only way into, or out of, the pit. The door locked from the outside – at the bottom of the steps.

Surrounding the top of the pit was a strong fence, made of metal bars some six feet high. It was topped by spikes that curved inwards towards the bottom of the pit and which would deter anyone from trying to climb out.

Protected behind the spiked fence were several comfortable chairs for spectators watching what was going on below. There were scratch marks in the walls of the pit as if made by someone desperate to get out, but clearly, once in the pit, the only way out was being let out through the equally well scratched locked door.

Down below, there were footprints in the sand, as if a bare-footed woman had been running desperately round the pit, trying to get away from a man wearing much larger boots, who was chasing her. In the middle of the pit was a partly churned up and partly flattened area that looked as though it had been the scene of a struggle and then of the woman perhaps being held down on her back.

In the Fort, Heidi had been horrified to hear the Black Guards laughing, talking about white women being chased round and round before being caught and mated in a pit, like animals. She had not then understood what they meant but now she certainly did.

My God, thought Heidi, this must be the mating pit that Oumfata had talked about.

With that Oumfata pulled on Heidi's chain and she was back to the ante-chamber off the brothel where he handed her back to Domata.

‘Bath her and tend to her whip marks and her new piercings. She and her husband must both be ready to be checked out by His Highness on his return.’

8 – DISPLAYED AND CHECKED

It was a few days later and the trimmed back tips of Heidi’s inner lips had fully healed.

She had been kept locked in a small room off the eunuchs’ examination room in the main brothel. She had been fed well and cared for meticulously by Domata and her whip marks had nearly faded, leaving only pinkish lines.

She was unaware of Greg’s whereabouts and was concerned about him. Domata had told her to stop asking questions about her husband who, he said, was also being prepared for what was in store for them. He would not say any more and threatened her with a caning, if she asked again.

Meanwhile, unknown to Heidi, the Sheik was away visiting neighbouring Sheikdoms and inviting them to come and stay – and taste the new delights of his private brothel for important visitors.

Several times she had heard the distinctive clanking of one of the pregnant women’s heavy ankle manacles as she was presumably brought in for the progress of her enforced maternity to be checked with the audio scanner. She could hear the eunuchs laughing to each and speaking in Swahili as they ran the scanner over the woman’s belly and her unwelcome progeny appeared on the screen. But there was no talk in English and clearly the anxious woman was not allowed to look at the screen.

Poor thing, thought Heidi, it must be terrifying to have no idea what was going on inside you; not to be allowed to ask; to be treated like a dumb breeding animal; and to be helpless in the hands of these awful black eunuchs.

Indeed, she had been unable to get out of her mind the quite awful image of those poor expectant women being treated like human brood mares. She had been appalled, not only by their callous treatment in the pool with their heavy ankle manacles, but also by the dates and details of their mating being written in Arabic on their swollen bellies. And why? Just for the amusement, it seemed, of the Sheik’s guests and re-enact the cruel treatment of Christian and Jewish slave women.

During the day Greg had been made to work as a labourer. He had been kept busy clearing away and burning the palace’s daily rubbish under the supervision of a strict whip-carrying black overseer, and carrying fresh food into the kitchens that was manned by Negress servants of the Sheik.

In the evenings he was taken to the preparation room of the brothel and stripped naked where, under intense verbal berating, he was given instruction in the preparation of the naked whores for the brothel’s clients. This was humiliating work for a normally virile young man: applying cosmetics; learning how to keep intimacies hairless; rouging nipples; giving enemas; and painting naked skin with henna. The whores would point to his infibulated manhood and laugh, as would the eunuchs.

Although degrading, it was not as degrading as knowing that, with his assistance, his lovely new wife was shortly going to be the recipient of these same preparations before being checked out by the Sheik.

He had taken the opportunity to see if they could escape. But it seemed quite hopeless. Quite apart from the high wall surrounding the Sheik's well guarded palace, the annex in which Heidi was locked up was mysteriously surrounded by an even higher and quite unclimbable wall with its own well guarded entrances.

Moreover, even if they could somehow have escaped from the palace, where would they go? They had no money, no passports and no proper clothes and so, he realised, would quickly have been arrested by the Sheik's police or Black Guards – and presumably flogged by them with one of their terrifying bullwhips.

Heidi in the meantime was mysteriously being kept away from any contact with the other women here in this in this terrifying private brothel.

Locked in their room, Heidi had much time to think over the appalling situation in which she now found herself. The awful thing was that no one knew where they were. The only person who might have discovered them was her great friend and equally successful fellow photographic bikini model, Laura, who had planned to join them for a photo shoot. They were both so beautiful and looked so alike, except she was blond and Laura was a brunette, that that they were both in great demand to work together – even in the middle of Heidi's honeymoon.

Heidi remembered how trustingly she had given details of Laura's travel arrangements to Pierre – the man who had tricked her and Greg to coming to this dreadful place and who had apparently sold them to the Sheik. She had even given him a letter telling Laura to trust him and to follow his instructions for joining her and Greg.

Then one day in Greg's cell there was a rattle of keys in the lock. Oumfata entered. The Sheik was back, he announced. He was carrying some strange garments and threw a mainly white one at Greg.

'Boy! You take off old slave tunic. You put on this new one.'

Greg saw that Oumfata was carrying a thick long bullwhip rather his usual silver tipped cane. Was this to ensure obedience?

The chief black eunuch emphasised the order of his deputy with a crack of his bullwhip.

'Move!' he shouted, cracking his whip again. 'Take off tunic!'

Hastily, he did so. He was now stark naked. The two Negroes pointed at his infibulated manhood and laughed.

'Put on new tunic!' ordered Oumfata, raising his long whippy cane.

Greg picked it up. He saw that it was a simple long white robe consisting of a front panel and a back panel with a hole in the middle for his head thus, like his tunic, allowing for his manacles. A simple cloth belt tied round his waist. .

'Hurry!' ordered Oumfata with yet another crack of his bullwhip.

Hastily Greg pulled it on and tied the belt. He was led away by a large black to an anteroom to the Sheik's chamber.

Meanwhile, in the preparation room, Domata had just completed giving Heidi her daily bath and oiling. He had again checked that her mound was perfectly smooth, with no trace of hair. Momentarily unlocking the padlock to loosen her laces, he had embarrassingly checked her inner cleanliness and the silver lining to the tips of trimmed-back inner lips. He had also

made up her face but this time, curiously, in the typical Western style that she was used to.

Oumfata walked in and Heidi tried to cover herself – she had still never got used to her body being exposed to these strange black eunuchs. He laughed and threw a small garment to Heidi

Heidi saw that it was a black thong bikini almost exactly like the one she wore in a popular photo shoot destined as part of a swimsuit section for a famous sports magazine.

Her thoughts were harshly interrupted by Domata.

‘Now time for His Highness to check two things: firstly, that you are truly the famous bikini model whose photographs I showed him and secondly, that pretty wife also suitably obedient – and husband, too.’

Pretty wife suitably obedient? And husband too? What did he mean, Heidi wondered? What was she going to have to do? The cruel Sheik had already taken her virginity. And, peering through a slit in the door of a kennel, Greg had been made to watch whilst he raped her - taking the precious virginity she had been saving up to give to her newly wedded husband. What more was this terrifying Sheik now planning to do to them?

‘And remember,’ cut in Oumfata, swishing his cane warningly through the air, ‘His Highness want to see humble white woman broken-in by Black Guards. He test her obedience. If he not satisfied he send her back to Fort. Very painful for you there again. But if you show proper obedience, then he later check you properly trained to perform Arab Revenge and to give pleasure to his guests. Understand?’

Nervously she nodded. Anything would be better than being sent back to that terrible Fort.

After she had pulled on the bikini, she was led by her neck chain to the anteroom where she saw Greg for the first time in days. Greg was shocked at her appearance: she looked stunningly beautiful, just like she had on the beach in Cyprus at the beginning of their honeymoon. Oh how he wished for those days.

A few hours later, the Sheik was sitting cross-legged on a large sofa in the luxurious main guest bedroom of the private brothel. He was stroking his grey-speckled beard and holding a short bamboo cane.

Behind him, smiling proudly, stood the large figure of Oumfata, now holding not a bullwhip, but a handier short-handled black whip. The leash was coiled up in his hand. Heidi was beginning to realise that she would never see a man or black eunuch without a frightening cane or whip in his hand.

The Sheik smiled approvingly, cruelly, as he looked at the two helpless figures being paraded before him. He could feel his loins stir.

One was a young blond man wearing a long white slave tunic. His manacled wrists were now held helpless behind his back. His well-shaven, beardless face made him seem like a smooth chinned white eunuch.

The burly eunuch, Domata, towered over this young white man and, spurning to use the chain attached to a ring on the back of the metal collar riveted round the young man’s neck, he was instead holding him humiliatingly by the neck with one of his big black hands. Not surprisingly, the young man’s eyes were lowered in shame.

Tucked under Domata’s arm was a bamboo cane, with as silver ring round it to denote his superior rank as Oumfata’s deputy.

The other figure being paraded before the Sheik was the same beautiful young white girl whose interrogation and flogging by his Black Guards had given him so much pleasure – quite apart from the exquisite joy of taking her virginity in front of her new young husband. Domata was holding her, too, by the neck with his other hand, instead of by the chain

attached to the metal collar riveted round her neck.

She was clad in a western style black thong bikini with string sides, low cut in front showing her ample cleavage. Her skin was oiled to enhance her tanned skin and complete the look so often portrayed in many of Heidi's magazine shoots.

Oumfata handed the Sheik a dossier of photos.

Heidi was shocked to see that they were many of her more famous shoots. The Sheik was holding them up and smiling as he compared them with the nearly naked body being paraded before him. Yes, he was thinking, Pierre had been right: this well known model would certainly make a valuable addition to the collection of beautiful women he kept for his guests in his private brothel. Not only would his guests see a white American girl re-enacting the traditional Arab Revenge, but also a famous one at that – and one who many of them who read western media would even recognise!

How dare they treat me like a tart, Heidi was thinking furiously. But Laura would surely tell the authorities that she was missing and surely she would soon be rescued. In the meantime, however, she would just have to do what was necessary to survive. She felt a tap of Oumfata's cane on her thong clad bottom.

'Display Position!' came his order.

Once again she clasped manacled hands behind her neck, the better to show off her buxom but slim figure. She looked straight ahead.

'A captured Christian man and his new wife on their honeymoon, Your Highness,' murmured Oumfata. 'I believe you have "known" her, Sire,' he added with a discreet and respectful laugh. The Sheik laughed as well.

Oumfata went across to Greg.

'Hold him tight!' he ordered Domata and, to Greg's embarrassment, began to pull aside the front of his tunic, under which he was naked. Proudly he drew the tunic back, as if showing Greg off.

'Infidel American husband now well infibulated, Your Highness,' he said, pointing to the big ring through the foreskin at the tip of Greg's manhood. 'Infidel husband kept impotent, like white eunuch,' he said. 'But he have all desires of a full uncut man.'

Then he went across to Heidi, still standing with her manacled hands clasped behind her neck. Again he ordered: 'Hold her tight' and as Domata held her by her collar chain, he turned and gave an order to Greg.

'Boy! You slowly undress wife. Nice and slow! You shown off wife's body to her owner.'

Horrified, but too terrified to disobey, Greg went behind his wife and slowly began to untie her bikini top at the back. As the straps came loose the cups of the bra began to loosen but did not fall away.

'Boy! Display her breasts!'

Feeling highly embarrassed, Greg had to reach around her and pull the bikini top slowly off her, baring the blushing Heidi's startlingly white, full and supple breasts with their now elongated and erect nipples. Then he had to lift them up to show them better to the Sheik, his Master.

Again comparing a photograph, a topless one this time, the Sheik nodded.

'Boy! Display her body!'

This time Greg had to kneel behind her and place his fingers in the sides of her bikini thong and slowly slide it down her hips and down over her tanned thighs, showing off her bare white mound with the Sheik's brand of ownership and the red star of whoredom on

it. The white skin here contrasted beautifully with the well tanned rest of her body.

He then had to make her turn round and show off her beautifully shaped bottom. The bikini bottom fell to the ground between her pretty long legs. He had to help her step out of it. His wife was now completely naked before the Sheik, her owner.

‘Now turn round and face Master,’ Oumfata ordered her. ‘Legs apart!

Up on toes! Bend knees!’

Domata put his hand onto the small of her back and pushed her belly forward. Heidi blushed as she saw the Sheik, her Master, looking at her now well displayed and laced up beauty lips.

‘She in state of perfect *Salat*, Your Highness,’ reported Oumfata, ‘and ready to enter brothel.’

The Sheik continued to stroke his beard. Yes, he told himself, this beautiful white girl and her husband would make a piquant addition to his special brothel. His guests would be delighted by this new and unusual attraction. She was not only an American but a spoilt and arrogant girl who was proud of her fame as a model. What a catch: the well known Heidi Johnson whose photos he and his friends had seen in several American western and European publications – and now a whore!

He knew the period she had spent out at the desert Fort had been necessary, not only to break her in due to her sexual inexperience, but also to humble her. Now he would see if it had been sufficient and make sure that the girl was properly broken-in. There was one simple way to test her – or rather two. They were also ways that would also test the submissiveness of her young husband, as he watched the degradation of his wife.

He stood up.

‘Kneel down in front of me,’ he ordered. ‘Open your mouth wide.’

Heidi gasped as she realised what was coming. It was something that the Black Guards in the Fort had made her do frequently and she had hated it. But now it seemed much more significant to be doing it for her Arab Master.

‘Hold her tight,’ the Sheik ordered the hugely embarrassed Greg. Then he parted his robes. ‘Drink it or get the bull whip,’ he ordered.

Moments later a stream was jetting into Heidi’s mouth and, terrified of the threat of the bullwhip, she was trying to swallow it all.

‘Good,’ said the Sheik to the horrified Greg. ‘Now, put her down on her back in the middle of the bed – and fasten her manacles over her head to the head of the bed. I wish to test your wife’s licking skills, boy.’

Moments later, stretched out in the darkness under the Sheik’s robes, Heidi felt him lower himself down towards her face, as he knelt over her facing towards her feet. She could smell his manly body. Once again she knew what she had to do – she had been made to do over and over again to the horrible Black Guards. She reached up with her tongue and humbly began to lick up at him. It was something which she had never heard of a woman doing to a man in America. But she now knew it was what Arabs enjoyed doing to degrade Christian women.

Heidi knew full well that unless she gave real pleasure she would be punished. Terrified, she used her now well trained tongue with its little silver ringed tip to try and push up inside him as she had been made to do to so many Black Guards in the Fort.

Oh the pleasure, the Sheik sighed to himself, the physical pleasure - and the mental pleasure. He now turned round so that he was facing her manacled wrists that were fastened to the head of the large bed. Raising her head slightly, Heidi felt that the Sheik’s manhood had grown and was almost as hard as steel. Evidently her licking had had the

desired effect.

The Sheik now began to move slowly forwards and backwards. One minute his large manhood would cover her lips and she would obediently take it into her mouth and suck using her tongue ring as Traka had taught her, to give men greater pleasure. Then he would pull out of her mouth and edge forward allowing her tongue to go back to pleasing his backside.

Still hidden in the darkness under the Sheik's robes, Heidi heard his sudden orders: 'Stop licking!' She heard the Sheik order Greg to hold her legs still, quite still. The Sheik was close to exploding and he wanted to save it for later.

He sat down with the full weight of his buttocks on her head and ground into her face. It was horrible but held down as she was there was nothing she could do about it – or dare to do. She felt sick and utterly ashamed. She also felt utterly owned by the man who had the power to do such an appalling thing to her.

Greg, however, was once again consumed with jealousy: jealous of the Sheik who was enjoying his wife.

Heidi felt even more ashamed when, her head still hidden under the Sheik's robes, she heard him speaking to Oumfata in English, presumably for her benefit.

'Yes, you've had her well broken-in. She will make a fine whore. But I also want to see how she and her husband perform the Arab Revenge. Take this fine American lady to the preparation room and have her husband wash, prepare and scent her for me, and in the way that Arabs prefer to use the wives of Christian pigs – like boys!'

9 – GREG LEARNS TO PREPARE WOMEN – ARAB STYLE

Heidi was standing up naked in a large bath whilst Greg, watched closely by Oumfata and Domata, still wearing his long slave tunic, was standing by the bath holding a large sponge. Hidden behind a screen, the Sheik was watching the scene – just as his guests would do, too.

Along the wall that faced the bath was a line of several Western-style loos.

But Heidi was not alone in the bath – for the Sheik, like his guests, was not used to taking his pleasure with one woman only. Standing next to her, on one side, and equally naked, was Greta, with her very well-curved belly. On her other side was one of the beautiful, delicately-built young Siamese girls, Mei, whom Heidi had noticed earlier in the brothel.

All three were clasping their manacled hands behind their necks to allow Greg to sponge them down. Their legs were parted, displaying three very different very different methods of keeping female sensuality under control. Whereas Heidi's outer lips had been ringed and were held erotically flattened by her laces; those of Mei had been barbelled and, held together, were protruding prominently and equally erotically. By contrast Greta, of course, again equally erotically, now had no lips at all.

All three were finding being washed like this by a handsome young white man an arousing experience – even though they realised that Greg's masculinity was under strict control. This was, of course, strictly a scene for a whorehouse, for it would never be allowed in the Sheik's private harem. There no other non-castrated male could ever, under penalty of death, see the Sheik's own private collection of pretty slave-girls.

For Greg, having to wash three beautiful young naked women, including his wife, with his manhood infibulated and held down, and under the supervision of the two black eunuchs,

was an arousing and yet also unbelievably degrading experience. It was also a very painful one, as his infibulated manhood tried in vain to become erect.

But he did not merely have to wash them down prior to being taken to the Sheik's bed. He had to clean them out, too. The Sheik had specified that he was also to prepare her for what he had blithely called 'being used like a boy'.

Domata turned to Greg and pointed to a large, open glass jar hanging high up on the wall by the bath. It contained what looked like a fizzy soapy green liquid. It was sweet smelling. Several rubber tubes, each controlled by a tap, led down to small numbered jars with markings on the side showing how

much of the liquid was in each. They were all full.

Hanging down from the bottom of each of these smaller jars was another rubber tube. On the end of it was a long plastic nozzle controlled by another tap. Each was numbered with the same number as the jar above it. A small dial showed how much liquid the tap had allowed to flow through the nozzle. The nozzles were standing in a jar filled with a red antiseptic liquid.

'Girls!' ordered Domata, as Oumfata watched approvingly. 'Keep hands clasped behind neck. Now bend over! Tight! Present bottoms. And keep silent.'

The three women, scared of the eunuch's cane, obediently turned and bent over tightly.

Domata now handed Greg a pot of lubricating cream. 'Now boy! You take three nozzles and grease them well.'

Greg did as he was told. The three nozzles were now hanging down near the girls' bottoms.

'Insert Number One nozzle into Greta. Carefully, but right in.'

Greg was appalled - he had done this occasionally in the preceding days but it didn't prepare him for what it would feel like to have Heidi standing here as well. He picked up the first long nozzle and gingerly began to insert it up Greta's rear. She gave a little cry and then thanks to the grease and to the stretching that, like Heidi, she had been subjected, it slipped in easily.

'Right in!' ordered Domata. 'Now slowly open tap - just a little. You get better clean out if fizzy liquid only goes in slowly.'

Greg opened the tap a crack.

'Yes, that good. Look at dial. She will need a full litre.'

A litre! Good God! Greg saw that, moreover, at the present rate of flow it would take a minute or two for her to take a full litre.

'Now, boy, you insert Number Two nozzle into your wife.'

Even more hesitantly Greg repeated the performance up Heidi's rear and then up that of slender Mei. 'She very small she only need half litre,' said Domata.

Three pretty bottoms were now presented in a line and up each rear entrance was a nozzle leading back to one of the small jars. The women were all groaning as they felt the fizzy liquid making its way inexorably up inside them. Domata came down and stood behind the women. He put a hand down, one at a time, between their legs below the nozzles and felt up to their now swelling bellies. Yes, he decided, each was getting a good washing out.

'Check dials, boy,' he ordered.

As each one dial showed the ordered amount, Greg had to close the tap. The women were moaning out loud and wriggling as they tried in vain to expel the nozzles. Greg was about to remove them when Domata curtly told him to leave them in place.

'Best leave liquid for two minutes to give a good clean out,' he explained. 'You remember that!'

What did he mean, Greg wondered? Would he have to do this task regularly?

Finally Domata told him to remove the nozzles one at a time and led the shame-faced women over to the line of loos to release the sweet smelling liquid.

Then it was back to the bath again where the blushing women again had to bend over and present their rear orifices - this time for Greg to wash them carefully. It reminded him of how he had been made in the Fort to check the cleanliness of the rear of Heidi's shiny chromium plated chastity belt when it was taken off every morning, before she taken away for her daily degrading performances with the Black Guards. He remembered how Traka had threatened him with the bullwhip if he ever found even a spot of dirt.

'Make sure they're spotlessly clean,' Domata now similarly warned him. 'One complaint from Sheik and you get bullwhip.'

It was enough to make him be certain that all three rear orifices were in an immaculate condition.

Domata now handed him a douche in the form of a small rubber ball attached to another long thin nozzle. 'You first dip nozzle in red antiseptic liquid.'

Then he pointed to the large open jar of green fizzy liquid. 'Then you dip nozzle into jar and squeeze rubber and release to fill it with it with liquid.'

Again Greg obeyed.

'Now you douche each woman, boy,' Domata ordered, 'and between each woman, you dip nozzle back into red liquid to clean it and then refill douche with fizzy green liquid.'

Swallowing his pride, Greg turned to the older woman, Greta. He wondered how she came to be in this terrible place - and how she came to have such a hugely curved belly. He had seen that her beauty lips had been completely removed, leaving next to her rear orifice just another similar one - all that was left of her beauty lips that had once given her so much pleasure.

Gingerly he inserted the nozzle of the douche up inside her special orifice and gently squeezed the ball. Seconds later there was a little trickle down between her parted legs into the bath. Three times Greg had to repeat the process.

Then it was Heidi's turn. Her laces had to be eased to take the douche. Domata handed Greg the key to her padlock, the key kept her in a state of *Salat*.

Finally it was the turn of the delicate Mei. Domata handed Greg the special little tool that was used to remove the barbells for, of course, they could not be unscrewed by hand. Oumfata told Greg to remove two of the bottom barbells to enable her to be douched.

'Leave laces eased and barbells removed,' ordered Oumfata, 'in case His Highness decides to use either of them in the normal way.'

He put his hand down to check. He was an expert at judging just how much a girl's laces should be eased, or the number of barbells removed, to give a man maximum pleasure. Satisfied, he showed Greg which of the loops at the end of the Heidi's laces should now be fastened with the padlock, so as to keep her beauty bud still inaccessible.

'Remember, boy,' he said, 'your wife must be aroused to give pleasure to Master, but she not allowed to climax like Master. Mullahs not like women kept in state of *Salat* to climax. Women's role only to give Master pleasure - not receive it.'

For Greg, brought up in a culture in which failure by the male to give his female partner equal pleasure was a serious matter, this male Arab attitude of arousing a woman during sex, but not allowing her to climax, was quite shocking.

For Heidi to feel herself being douched by her husband and then for her laces to be eased

and then padlocked again to allow her to be taken by the Sheik, was a highly humiliating experience - even more humiliating than being washed out behind. Her laces, she realised, were sufficiently loose to allow the Sheik to penetrate her, should he choose to do so and yet still sufficiently tight to give him great pleasure. Her pleasure was no account. She still could not get at her clitoris - except via her silver clitoral ring.

In the Fort, she remembered, the brutal Black Guards had not bothered with such niceties, but evidently the Sheik was a man of delicacy - and strictness when it came to allowing women pleasure.

Domata was now satisfied that the women had been well washed out. He handed Greg a pot of sweet smelling white cream. 'You now grease both orifices of each woman. You make sure that each woman ready to receive His Highness in both orifices. If he find them not sufficiently oiled he order you to be thrashed. Greta first. '

Now Greta's two very similar puckered orifices were being presented to him for his attention, both of which he had just washed out. Hesitantly he pushed a cream covered finger up her backside. It was tight and yet seemed to have been stretched. He remembered how Heidi had worn a plunger up her rear entrance to stretch it for the shameful attentions of the Black Guards.

'You make it really slippery, boy!' ordered Oumfata. Greg dipped his finger into the pot again and rubbed more of the cream up inside the woman. This, he realised, was normally the task of the eunuch preparing the woman. Now he had to do it instead- as part of his new duties.

Finally, also pushing his fingers up her to check, Domata was satisfied.

'Good! You can leave other orifice. Sheik will not wish risking disturb her progeny there. You now prepare wife - both orifices. And then Mei.'

Moments later Heidi blushed as she felt her husband's oily finger slipping up her rear entrance, rubbing more and more cream right up it. She felt her husband's finger penetrate her there too.

However, Greg had to make sure that both her orifices were well greased and ready for penetration by the Sheik, their Master. Oh, the shame - and for them both! She blushed as she realised that Greg had been made to lock her now loosened laces to make sure that she still could not touch her beauty bud.

Then it was the turn of the slender Siamese girl, Mei. How could she ever take a large manhood up her small pretty backside, Greg wondered. He soon learned the answer, for like that of Heidi, the girl's rear entrance which initially seemed tight on his finger easily gave way as he pushed his finger in. She also had been well stretched.

Then just as Heidi's laces had been slightly eased to allow for penetration by the Sheik so, too, this girl's barbells were partially removed.

Greg now had to help the girls titivate: outlining their eyes with black kohl in the Eastern way; shampooing, drying and brushing their hair until it shone; painting their lips, nipples and beauty lips identical shades of scarlet; spraying each of them with a different expensive French scent; and dressing them in lovely silken see-through nightdresses with extra large neck holes, to allow for their wrist manacles.

Heidi had hoped that her manacles would be removed prior to her pleasuring the Sheik, but on the contrary, she learned, the sight of the manacles played at an important part in arousing both the Sheik and his guests.

'Now, boy, you arouse wife so she ready to receive your Master. You play with clitoral ring - like this!'

Guided by the hands of the experienced Domata, Greg had to rub her nipples and then

gently vibrate Heidi's protruding clitoris ring until she was moaning with arousal and her laces were glistening with her own juices. Then he had to check that the cream he had inserted up her was mixed with the juices of her arousal. Oh the shame of doing all this to his wife for the further enjoyment of his Master!

Greta, of course, had no clitoral ring and indeed no clitoris, but he had to repeat the process with Mei. Then with both her and Heidi standing alongside him he had to use one hand to play with each of their rings whilst they writhed and wriggled – aroused against their will. This all, of course, made him painfully aroused as well as his now small manhood struggled in vain to become large and erect again. Oh, the shame!

Finally the two eunuchs were satisfied.

'Now you remember,' Domata said to Heidi, 'Sheik just lie back and he expect white lady show off expertise learned in Fort.'

Heidi gasped, but giving her no time to ask questions, Oumfata cut in: 'You just kiss and lick His Highness and show him you now trained to please a man. Then you kneel over him to receive and excite him more by receiving manhood up inside you fully and then by alternatively gripping and releasing Arab manhood with inside muscles.'

'Oh, no!'

'Oh, yes! And you not forget if Sheik not completely satisfied, he have you thrashed again with bullwhip.'

'Oh!' cried Heidi, 'not that again!'

'Yes that again,' added Oumfata remorselessly, 'or he send you back to Fort for further training by Black Guards.'

'No!' cried Heidi almost scared out of her wits. 'I'll do anything, but don't send me back there. Please, please!'

'So make sure you satisfy His Highness,' grunted Domata, with a sly wink to Oumfata. He turned to Greg.

'And His Highness also want see young American husband now reduced to being His Highness's servant boy.'

The Sheik's servant boy! What, Greg wondered, did he mean? Reduced to humble obedience by the bullwhip, he had been forced to watch his lovely wife being repeatedly raped and sodomised by Black Guards in the Fort. But he had to admit that often it hardly looked like rape, for he could see Heidi squirming in obvious ecstasy under her large black lover. Now what more humiliations were in store for him?

The two eunuchs looked at each other and nodded. Carefully prepared and aroused the women were ready to be led by leads held by Greg, and crawling humbly on all fours, into the presence of their Master.

10 – TRIED OUT BY THE SHEIK

The Sheik was standing, still dressed in his immaculate Arab robes, by the large bed.

Greg, again wearing his long white slave tunic, was standing by the side of the three women lined up in front of the Sheik. Each was naked under her silken nightdresses, with the prominent belly of Greta thrusting against hers. Like good slave-girls, each woman was

clasping her hands behind her neck.

Oumfata had told Greg in very explicitly what he was to do and his final words as he pushed Greg and the women through the bedroom door were still ringing in his ears: 'Remember you just servant boy. You make sure Sheik is pleased with your wife and with the other women – or you get the bullwhip from Black Guards.'

Greg salaamed humbly. Somehow overcoming his deep-felt feelings of jealousy, he managed to blurt out 'Your Highness, may I have the honour of displaying my wife to you?'

The Sheik nodded.

Biting his lips to keep back his feeling of shame, Greg beckoned Heidi forward. She made a lovely and irresistible picture of lovely American womanhood: her face beautifully made-up; her long, soft, honey-coloured hair hanging down over her shoulders; and her slim, but buxom body, gleaming through her transparent night dress.

Greg's last duties in the preparation room had been to oil the Heidi's skin to produce a high glossy sheen and to check her night dress, which had a full length opening in front, was held together with only a small tie below her navel. Her cleavage was well exposed with her nipples jutting out proudly, fully visible under the thin material.

Greg led her up to the Sheik, holding her by a chain fastened to her collar

– just as he had seen Domata do earlier and which he knew he now had to do. Somehow he managed to get out the shaming words: 'My wife, Your Highness. Please accept her for your pleasure.'

The Sheik reached forward and pulled Heidi to his bearded face. 'Kiss your Master,' said Greg.

Silently watched open-mouthed by the other two women, Heidi nervously lowered her hands from behind her neck and put them put them over the neck of the Sheik, as she had been made to do countless times by the Black Guards in the Fort. Reaching up on tiptoe, she dutifully, but passionately, kissed him on the lips. 'Master, master,' she murmured.

The Sheik gripped her round the waist and held her to him. He pushed his hands into her night dress and kneaded her supple, smooth breasts.

'Strip her!' he ordered Greg. 'Now!'

Again biting his lips to control his feeling of utter degradation, Greg reached up and pulled Heidi's night dress off her shoulders. He reached around in front and pulled the tie free allowing the dress to fall away completely. Hastily checking that his wife's nipples were firm and her laces were still glistening with her arousal, he gave both her nipples and her clitoral ring a final gentle rub, to make sure that she was ready for their Master. Aroused, himself, by her nakedness, he could feel his manhood again desperately but, of course, vainly seeking to become erect.

Moments later she was naked in the Sheik's arms, rubbing her clitoral ring against his hard body – as she had been told to do, while locked with him in a deep kiss. Greg's jealousy knew no bounds, especially as he could tell from Heidi's quickening breathing and pelvic thrusts that her arousal was real.

The Sheik pressed her to him and began running his hands all over her slim and exciting body. Oh yes, he thought, this creature is delightful – and being shown off by her embarrassed husband make it all the more so. Suddenly he lifted her up and threw her down on the bed.

'Check her for your master boy!' ordered the Sheik.

Greg knew what this meant and, as Oumfata handed him the key and Heidi obediently parted her legs, Greg unfastened the padlock and again checked that the bottom end of

her laces were sufficiently loose for the Sheik's manhood – the manhood that was about to take his wife. Then he refastened the appropriate loops of the laces in the hasp of the padlock and closed it again. As he did so, Greg saw that her beauty lips were puffy with arousal and that her hips and belly were beginning to undulate in a writhing motion that did not come from any training in the Fort, but was the natural and involuntary reaction of a sensuous woman in the arms of a strong-minded lover.

Greg wasn't even sure if Heidi realised she was moving her hips in this alluring manner. He tweaked her clitoris ring once more and, like a good brothel boy, checked with his finger to be sure she was slippery enough between her loosened laces for penetration. His own frustrated erection was unbearably painful.

'She's ready for you, Your Highness,' he reported with a catch in his voice.

The Sheik smiled cruelly and flung open his arms outspread as if giving a signal.

Greg knew what he had to do. If having to undress his wife in front of the Sheik and then unlace her beauty lips was bad enough, having to undress the aroused Sheik was far worse. Both, he knew, were just part of the duties of a humble servant boy. Again he gritted his teeth and helped the Sheik out of his robes. The Sheik's manhood, unlike Greg's, was jutting out proudly and massively. It was something that Greg, with his own manhood held down, soft, small and helpless, could not take his eyes off – and nor could Heidi.

Greg's final humiliation was having to massage a lubricating cream over the Sheik's rampant manhood.

The Sheik went up to the bed and lay down. He seized the kneeling Heidi by the hair and pulled her face down to his erect manhood. Deliberately he did not say a word, testing her breaking-in and training. For a moment Heidi revolted. To have to suck and lick this older man again, in front of her young husband, was just too much.

Then the reality of being set back to the Fort in disgrace for further training and punishment with the bullwhip hit her. Hastily she knelt down between his legs and further lowered her head, applying herself to her duties like an abject slave-girl. As her glossy painted lips slid past the flare of the Sheik's bulbous head, her pierced tongue danced expertly all over the underside.

Lying back and enjoying the ministrations of Heidi, the Sheik snapped his fingers at Greg and pointed to the other two women.

'I want them here, naked, one on either side,' he ordered. Quickly Greg beckoned them forward and undressed them. Moments later they were kneeling up, one on each side of the Sheik and facing him. They knew their duties and were soon caressing him and gently squeezing his nipples, whilst Heidi alternatively sucked and licked his manhood.

The Sheik lay back and enjoyed the feeling of thrilling excitement and power that was surging through him. The contrast between Mei's flat little belly on one side and Greta's well curved, thrusting one aroused him yet further. He waved Greg away – his duties completed for the present. Quietly, like a good young servant boy, Greg retreated into the shadows in the corner of the room, from where, ashamed, he could not help watching discreetly – and madly jealously.

After a time, he saw the Sheik silently lift his wife up by her hair and make her kneel up across him, her ringed nipples quivering erotically as he lay back and Heidi leaned over him on all fours. Greg saw his wife reach down between her legs, as she had been trained to do in the Fort, and take the Sheik's manhood into her hand and begin to rub the wide head of his manhood up and down over the little silver rings implanted in her laced up beauty lips. The Sheik gave a little cry of delight.

Then, satisfied that her Master's manhood was firm, she placed just the spongy tip of his

manhood into the opening in her laces and teased him by dancing her hips up and down, allowing only the head to push in and out of the opening whilst hanging her breasts down onto his face where he could suck on her nipples.

This was a technique Traka had taught her in the fort and she had practised it many times, with Greg having to watch through a grille from his next door cell. This time, Greg could see the loosened laces and the freed ends of her outer beauty lips as they parted to accept the large spongy head of the Sheik's manhood.

Then he saw something new: the silver lining to her trimmed inner lips and the firm manhood sliding down between it and then back up again. It was as if the ringed outer lips, the loosened laces and the silver lining were all combining to massage him in a most delicious way – an Arab way.

Heidi had learned well. She began slowly sliding down the full length of his long, thick shaft, coming to rest with her beauty lips against his pelvis. As she slid down his shaft he could hear her breathlessly whispering: 'Master, Master, I'm yours, Master'.

Greg knew she was excited but hoped she would be able to control herself as Oumfata had clearly instructed her she was not allowed to orgasm unless expressly given permission to do so by the Sheik. The Sheik was obviously testing her.

He then saw that her belly was moving in and out like that of a belly dancer and remembered how the Black Guards had taught her to grip and release their huge manhoods. He could not help feeling overwhelmed with shame. He had realised he was going to be humiliated – but this was sheer degradation. He had to watch his wife lustfully riding the manhood of another man, who now owned her completely.

But perhaps worse was to follow when, moments later, the Sheik gave a new order. All three women now knelt on all fours in a line across the bed, their pretty full bottoms towards him, their breast all hanging down beneath them - together with the well curved belly of Greta.

It was Greta's rear entrance that the Sheik first penetrated, reaching forward to feel her swollen breasts and then down to feel her strange lipless and totally circumcised belly, as she strained to wriggle under his weight to give him greater pleasure. Moments later it was the turn of the slender Mei to wriggle and then, last of all, Heidi.

The Sheik called Greg over to hold his wife's beautiful cheeks open for him. He even made the horrified Greg guide his still hard manhood slowly up into his wife's bottom, as she began to wriggle enticingly. A deeply shamed Greg could not take his eyes off the manhood sliding in and out.

The Sheik, of course, had planned it just this way, as a test of the young husband's new submissiveness - to make him watch, from close-up, his wife being sodomised by their Master. There was nothing that Greg dared to do about it. It seemed like an eternity as the Sheik pleased himself up Heidi's bottom with Greg still dutifully holding her cheeks open.

Finally the Sheik began to breathe faster and jab harder as he reached around and cupped the lovely soft breasts that he now owned. He was about to erupt and seconds later he did so, with a loud yell and great enthusiasm, jetting his sperm into the beautiful Heidi, even pulling out and spraying the last few jets onto her back, some which even splashed up into Greg's face.

'Rub it in boy!' yelled the Sheik. 'Rub your master's sperm into your wife's backside. Ha!'

Horrified, Greg did as he was told.

Minutes later, again like a good servant boy, he was back in the bathroom douching

and sponging all three women. He could hear the Sheik speaking in Arabic. Little did Greg know that the Sheik was expressing his approval of Heidi's performance and telling Oumfata that he agreed that she and her husband now were ready to start their duties.

Furthermore, the Sheik added, the Crown Prince of their rich neighbouring state was coming the next day to make a quick return visit – nominally to see the progress of the Jewish girl he had sponsored to be forcibly mated in front of him six months previously.

'But I intend to give him some little surprises,' the Sheik was telling Oumfata. 'Make sure, of course, that he sees our recent English acquisitions, Mrs Howard and her daughter, and is tempted to sponsor them both for forced breeding on a future visit. But above all, you can now make sure that he also sees and enjoys these other new acquisitions: the American bikini model and her husband.'

'And, Your Highness,' said Oumfata, suggestively putting his finger to one side of his nose in a gesture of oriental cunning, 'the other new one you tried out the other day?'

'Yes, of course! She too!' The Sheik laughed.

'Oh yes, I want the Crown Prince to have anything he wants. This visit may be short but it could well be very important. He has already talked of giving us a very large loan. I want him to go away delighted with his stay, and keen to return – this time with a large outright grant!

'But remember,' he added in a more serious tone, 'that as is normal in this part of the world, the Crown Prince is not the Ruler's eldest son, but rather an older member of the Ruling Family. So his pleasures may be more mental or visual rather than physical.'

He paused, deep in thought.

'Yes, Oumfata,' he finally went on, 'last time he came here, you'll remember, what he really wanted to see was a Jewish woman being mated for real with a Moslem Black Guard. This time as well as seeing how the Jewish woman's belly is getting on, I want him to enjoy seeing our new American and English inmates. You'd better make sure that the American ones rehearse their roles well.'

'Your wishes are my command, Your Highness,' answered a smirking Oumfata, thinking of all the tips that should be soon be coming his way.

PART III - THE VISITING CROWN PRINCE

11 – THE SLAVE MARKET AND A SUDDEN SURPRISE

Throughout the next day Heidi and Greg were repeatedly made by Domata to rehearse what might be expected of them. They were prevented from having any contact with the Siamese girl or the Scandinavian woman – or, indeed, any of the other women they had seen.

Wondering what was going to happen, they were made to put on their Arab Revenge clothes with Heidi wearing her black thong bikini under a simple white muslin robe and Greg wearing black swimming trunks under a long white slave tunic.

Oumfata entered and looked them up and down approvingly.

‘You make good captured Christian.’ He pointed to Heidi. ‘Yes! A handsome young Christian captured with his pretty lady wife.’

Still muzzled and manacled and with leads fastened to their collars Heidi and Greg were led by Domata, again carrying his short handled whip, into a colonnaded patio, at first sight a little like the one they had seen several days earlier on their arrival from the Fort.

Then they looked around in astonishment, for this patio was clearly quite different from the one that they had briefly seen earlier. It had been transformed, for the enjoyment of the visitors to the Sheik’s private brothel, into an old fashioned public slave market with, down the opposite sides of the patio, two lines of stalls, like those in a stable, raised up on narrow low platforms.

To make the choosing of a girl, or girls, more piquant for the Sheik’s guests, they were displayed as if they were on sale. The guests chose the women they wanted for their pleasure in the brothel as they might in former times have chosen slave-girls to add to their harem. To add to the realism, there was a wide choice of types of women for them choose from, including some with already well curved bellies and others ready for mating if desired.

Thus it was that Heidi and Greg saw that in each stall stood one of the girls whom they had seen on their arrival here a few days before.

As in the real Middle Eastern slave markets in the earlier days, the girls were chained by the neck to rings on the wall at the back of each stall. The length of the chains allowed them to step forward and stand for inspection on the edge of their stalls. They were barefoot and wearing thin, long, loose muslin robes that were thrown over their shoulders which opened in the front. These showed off, rather than hid, their otherwise stark naked bodies.

Buyers could examine each girl in turn in relative privacy, so here the stalls were separated by high solid wooden partitions that prevented a girl from seeing what was going on in the next door stall. However the fronts of the stalls were open to allow a buyer, or rather here a guest, to see what was on offer.

Like Heidi and Greg, the wrists of the girls in the stalls were manacled, as they would have been in a real slave markets and their noses were degradingly ringed to indicate their slave-like status. Furthermore, just as Greg had been made to beautify Heidi and her two companions before they were taken to the Sheik’s bedroom, all the dozen or so women had their long hair brushed down over their shoulders, their cheeks rouged and eyes and lips painted in the Eastern manner.

Several black eunuchs, like the staff of old-time slave dealers, were walking up and down in front of the group of women for whom they were particularly responsible. They were carrying black whips which they would periodically crack alarmingly to enforce silence and to instil an air of terrified obedience – again as if playing the role of a slave dealer’s staff.

Heidi’s eyes opened wide with fear as she saw that, as if to enhance the realism of this slave market, a black bullwhip was hanging prominently on a wall.

Then, looking across to the opposite side of the patio, she was astonished to see Greta chained in one of the stalls. Her well curved belly was hidden by her loose robe.

In the stalls on either side of her were the other two pregnant girls that they had seen by the pool: Yolanda, whose only slightly curved belly was also hidden and the Jewish girl, Ruth, whose belly, nearly as well curved as that of Greta, was equally hidden.

Walking up and down in front of these three was Yama, the young eunuch they had seen in charge of them by the pool. He was tapping the stock of his whip impatiently against the palm of his hand.

Once again Heidi thought how humiliating it must be for these unwillingly expectant women to be supervised by such a young eunuch - though, of course, both the experienced Oumfata and Domata were also there to keep a watchful eye on the progress of these white women’s forced maternities. Indeed all the eunuchs knew how beautiful white women with curved bellies, being subjected to forced breeding, never failed to catch the interest of the Sheik’s delighted guests – who would thus be a good source of more handsome tips.

Heidi recognised little Bula, proudly walking up and down in front of two stalls, just beyond those holding Yama’s team of curved white bellies. Chained by the neck in two stalls were the beautiful Cynthia Howard and her equally attractive daughter, Charlotte.

Heidi recognised, further down the line of stalls, the delicately built Siamese girl, Mei. But these stalls and the robed women in them was not all that caught Heidi’s eye, for in the middle of the patio was a small exercising ring with a sandy floor. It was rather like a ménage used for exercising horses and in the centre of the ring was a small platform with a long carriage whip leaning against it. Heidi had read about similar display arenas in old-fashioned slave markets in the Southern States of America during the days of slavery but she had never seen one before.

In fact real Middle Eastern open-air slave markets also often had a similar exercise ring in which slave dealers could further display a woman who had caught the eye of a potential buyer. Making a girl prance round and round a sandy ring before a potential client, with long carriage whip playing on her naked bottom as she clasped her hands behind her neck, was a traditional practice that the Sheik had been keen to revive in his modern day reconstruction of a slave market.

Oumfata was looking around with satisfaction. It was a perfect scene of frustrated women, all kept in a state of *Salat*. This was not merely to pander to the feeling of power that it engendered in the clients, nor to please the local Mullahs. No, by cleverly giving the women a taste for big manhoods in the Fort and then keeping them frustrated in the sensuous atmosphere of the brothel, he also ensured that they were all eager, desperately eager, to be chosen by the client.

As a result, there was none of the casualness or pretence found in normal brothels. Here the women were genuinely anxious to be chosen, not only from fear of the eunuchs’ canes, but also in the hope of being allowed to climax – and, despite the presence of her jealous young husband, he knew that Heidi was going to be as desperate as any of them.

Furthermore, this slave market was an excellent way of showing off the women that the brothel offered. He knew that most of the Sheik’s guests had their own small harems back home. Thus, inspecting the women here as if they were in a harem would not be all that

different. However, there had not been any public slave markets in Arabia for many years and re-enacting one was something very different and one that the brothel's clients found to be highly erotic.

Just what, the astonished Heidi and Greg were asking themselves nervously, was going on? They were even more surprised when Domata released their leads, cracked his whip and pointed to one of two adjacent empty stalls on the opposite side of the patio.

'Run there!' he ordered, 'both to same stall!'

Too scared to try and run away, they ran to the platform, stepped up onto it and stood there humbly side by side in the stall. Domata followed them and chained both by the neck to the same ring. Then he joined the other eunuchs walking up and down in front of their displayed charges in this strange, but highly erotic, modern reconstruction of a slave market.

Heidi and Greg silently looked at each other. His long slave tunic and Heidi's muslin dress, like those of the other chained and manacled women, contrasted vividly the baggy red pantaloons and fezzes of the cane-carrying eunuchs. Was this deliberate? All part of the Sheik's cunning strategy to get more money out of his visiting neighbours by arousing them with the sight of an ancient scene?

Then Domata whispered something to Oumfata who nodded. Domata went out of the room for a moment, returning leading a tall, slender, young, dark haired white woman by a chain fastened to the ring on the front of her collar.

Heidi was astonished to see that the woman was dressed identically to herself in a long white muslin robe through which could be seen a black bikini. But she seemed more buxom. Like her she was also manacled and a ring hung degradingly from her nose. Her face was half hidden by her robe, but as Domata led her towards the row of stalls on their side of the patio, there seemed something strangely familiar about her.

Suddenly Heidi recognised her. It was Laura!

Yes, it really was Laura, her great friend and modelling companion - the girl who looked so like her that they might have been sisters. Laura was here!

She tried to call out to her but was so scared of Domata's whip that she dared make a little whimper. It was enough, however, to make Laura turn and look at her - her eyes showing both recognition and astonishment. She too was evidently too scared to speak, instead gave a little answering whimper and a tiny wave with her manacled hands.

'Silence!' shouted Domata, bringing his whip down across the thin material on Laura's back. There was another little whimper - this time clearly of pain.

Then she disappeared from sight behind the stall's partition as Domata led her up onto the platform and into the empty stall next to Heidi and Greg. There was a clanking noise as Domata now fastened the ring at the back of her collar to the heavy chain secured to the back wall of her stall and took off her lead. Then there was silence as Domata climbed down off the platform. He turned as if to check that all was well in the two adjoining stalls and went off to speak to Oumfata.

Heidi tried to look over the partition, but it was too high. She tried to look through it, but there were no holes in the solid-looking wooden partition. She made a little animal-like whimpering noise. There was a pause and a clanking noise as Laura evidently came to the front of her stall and looked around to make sure that Domata was no there. She did not want to get another painful stroke of his whip across her back. Then she, too, like a little dog made an answering whimpering noise.

Making sure that Domata was out of hearing, she whispered: 'Heidi!

Darling, it's me, Laura.'

‘Yes, I know,’ came an answering whisper. And this is Greg – we’re treated like slaves here.’

‘Me too! But can we escape from here? Does anyone know where we are?’

‘No! Not a chance,’ came a louder whisper, this time from Greg. ‘Oh God! But I’ve got so much to tell you about.’

‘Yes, so have I, but be careful.’

It was too late. The always watchful Oumfata had seen the two girls whispering together - something that was strictly forbidden in a slave market.

‘Muzzle them, Domata! I’m not going to have those sluts spoiling the impression in this slave market of subjugated women.’

Domata came running angrily back to their stalls. In his hands were two black muzzles like the one that Heidi had been made to wear to silence her earlier.

He fastened the muzzles over the girls’ mouths and chins and closed the holding straps behind their necks. Now they could only make little moaning noises.

Heidi’s mind was in turmoil.

She did not know whether to be pleased that at last she had a friend here in this awful brothel, or appalled at the thought that, because she had innocently confided in the apparently reliable Pierre, she had been responsible for her great friend’s incarceration in it. She longed to speak to her, to call out to her, to ask how she was, and when and how she had arrived here?

She also longed to ask her what had happened to her after her arrival. Had she, too, been sent to the Fort to be broken in – albeit, perhaps deliberately, for a shorter time? If so, she must have been there at the same time as Greg and herself. Had she been deliberately kept apart by that swine of a Sergeant? To unnerve her and so speed up her breaking-in? Had she, too, flogged with a bullwhip? Had she had her own special trainer, just as she herself had had the awful Traka with his extra big manhood? Had her rear entrance also been stretched with one of those dreadful plungers. Had she, too, been repeatedly sodomised?

There was so much to ask her, so much to talk about, so many shameful confidences to be shared. Laura was, of course, no virgin, but had she, too, been tried out by the Sheik before entering this brothel? Why was she dressed, under her robe, in a similar thong bikini that made her look more like Heidi than ever? And, even more important, did anyone in the outside world know where they both were?

Heidi remembered she had longed to show off Greg to Laura as her young but manly husband. But now she would only see him as a harmless brothel boy, humiliatingly washing out and preparing the women that a guest had chosen for his pleasure.

The thought that her great friend and modelling companion was chained up, out of sight in the next door stall, and muzzled like herself, was just too much to bear.

Similar thoughts were racing through the mind of Laura as, her back still smarting from the stroke of Domata’s whip, she stood chained in the next door stall.

She had no idea that Heidi and Greg were here, though Pierre had told her that they would be interrupting their honeymoon to meet her at the airport he was taking her to and whose identity he had teasingly kept secret until after they had taken off – thereby she realised later, preventing her from telling anyone where she was going.

She had been arrested at the airport and drugs had been ‘found’ in her luggage – just as, though she did not then realise it, had happened to Heidi and Greg. Abandoned by Pierre and terrified at being told that the penalty for women caught drug smuggling was death by

stoning, she had signed the papers that made her one of the Sheik's indentured servants.

Laura was quickly found by Oumfata to be no virgin, unlike Heidi. After being humiliatingly inspected by the Sheik, fitted with a slave collar inscribed with his name and having her nipples and nose ringed, she had been selected by the Sheik for his personal pleasures before being sent off to the Fort.

There she had undergone an accelerated breaking-in course of training. To make sure that she understood and would never forget her new status as a mere indentured servant, virtually indistinguishable from a slave, she had, also like Heidi, been flogged with a bullwhip and had her nipples stretched and ringed. Then, screaming with pain, she had been branded with the Sheik's crest on her now hairless mound.

Oumfata had also decided that, like many of the other girls in the brothel, her breasts should be enlarged with a course of injections of a special silicone-based compound. This was something in which he had become an expert.

Degradingly told that it was to prevent her from masturbating, she was at first kept locked into a chromium-plated chastity belt. From this she was only released to be repeatedly raped by the Black Guards, giant Dinkas with huge manhoods. After her rear end had had been suitably stretched, she had then been regularly sodomised by them as well.

Her inner lips had been trimmed back like those of Heidi and, indeed, of all the brothel girls. However, to make an erotic contrast with Heidi's laced-up and flattened outer beauty lips, Oumfata decided that Laura should be barbelled to ensure her purity, but fitted with the usual clitoral ring for arousal purposes. This simple operation had been carried out in the Sick Quarters of the Fort, so that Laura was kept out of sight of Heidi and Greg.

She had not understood what was happening, and had wept bitterly when the bandages were removed and she saw the line of barbells that kept her outer lips thrust out and closed tight together, with the silver clitoral hanging from the top of the line. She put her hand down and felt the line of barbells that pushed out the tips of her outer beauty lips and her now silver-lined, cut-back inner lips. She felt the clitoral ring tickling her beauty bud, but clearly not enough to bring her to a climax. For that she would have to use her finger - or a vibrator, if she could find one. She gasped as she found that there was no way in which she push her finger, never mind a vibrator, down between her now tightly held outer beauty lips. She had lost her ability to masturbate.

Just then Oumfata had come in. He saw what she doing and laughed.

'Yes, you can no longer masturbate. You now in state of what we Moslems call *Salat*. All women should like that - nice and pure for their Masters.'

'Oh God!' had cried Laura in despair.

Meanwhile, struck by her close likeness to Heidi, despite being a brunette, Oumfata had, unknown to either of them, decided to present them in the brothel together as sisters - as soon as they had both recovered from the snipping off of their protruding inner lips. European sisters were much sought after in the Middle East and would yet further attract visitors to the Sheik's Guest Wing - and thus, hopefully, bring in further financial grants.

The guests would be keen to compare the enjoyment they received when taking each of them - and the exciting feeling of power that taking two very similar sisters, both well known photographic models, would give them: especially with both kept in a state of erotic *Salat*, one laced up and the other barbelled with strangely provocatively pouting beauty lip.

Laura had no idea what had happened to her great friend Heidi and her new young husband, and certainly no idea that they were also being broken-in by the Sheik's Black Guards in the fort.

Now judged to be ready to perform, she and Heidi had been separately taken to what

she now knew to be the Sheik's private brothel for his Arab guests. They were now, unknown to them, ready for their first client.

12 – A CROWN PRINCE INSPECTS A PARTICULARLY WELL-CURVED BELLY

Suddenly there was the sound of a gong being struck. Heidi saw that all the women, chained in the stalls opposite her, hastily straightened up. She looked down towards the end of the colonnade. Was the mysterious Crown Prince arriving?

Ignorant of the Arab custom that the next in line to a throne was normally the next oldest brother or cousin of the present Ruler, Heidi was thinking that, if he was a Crown Prince, then he might well be a young, handsome and Westernised man who, shocked at the potential political row about Americans being incarcerated in this shocking brothel, might insist on their release.

She was therefore appalled when she saw that Oumfata, as always his silver tipped cane in his hand, was smilingly ushering in a repulsively fat grey- bearded Arab.

He was wearing sunglasses that hid his eyes and much of the cruel expression on his face. He was, however, wearing a thin cloak edged with gold over his long white *thobe* and the *igal* round his head-cloth was also edged in gold – a sign of royal status. Clearly he must be the visiting Crown Prince.

The Prince looked eagerly up and down both the lines of women standing chained in their stalls. Oumfata led him over to Ruth's stall.

Momentarily putting aside her mixed anxiety and excitement about Laura, Heidi saw the young overseer, Yama, beckon the well pregnant Jewish girl forward. Still chained by the neck to the ring in the wall behind her, Ruth now stood at the front of her stall with her toes gripping the edge.

'Position for Inspection!' ordered Yama in English and accompanied the order with a crack of his whip.

It was an order that Heidi recognised only too well as she saw the beautiful dark haired girl raised her manacled hands and clasp them behind her neck, next to her collar chain. At the same time she came up onto her toes, raised her head, looked straight ahead, opened her mouth wide and thrust out her tongue. Once again, Heidi thought, what a humiliating position it was for a woman to have to assume, but at least her curved belly was still hidden beneath her loose dress.

'The Jewish girl, Your Excellency,' said Oumfata in his broken English for Ruth's benefit, 'aged twenty five and married – but I don't expect she'll ever see her anxious young husband again! She was captured a year ago in a raid on her village in Israel carried by our brave Palestinian fellow Arabs and sold to His Highness. She's just six months pregnant now and also carrying twin black girls. She's now having her first maternity,' he added cruelly.

'But scarcely enjoying it, I suspect!' laughed the Crown Prince.

He looked up at Ruth's face and pushed his finger into her open mouth, feeling her ringed tongue.

'Yes, this looks like the Jewish girl who sucked me well on my last visit and whom I so

liked that I sponsored her for forced mating with of one of your Sheik's larger Black Guards. I remember thinking that it cruel to deprive this infidel Jewess of the joys of motherhood,' the Prince laughed cruelly, 'even though it would be an enforced one, fathered by a good black Moslem.'

'Indeed, Your Excellency,' replied Oumfata, 'and here we seek to satisfy all the whims of our Master's honoured guests.'

'Good! Well, I remember watching her being mated with a giant Black Guard. Unfortunately I had to leave immediately afterwards and so I did not hear whether she had taken and never had time to return to see what had happened. But I do also remember you said she was on a course of fertility pills. Didn't they work?'

Oumfata did not reply but just smiled and nodded to young Yama.

'Head up. Look straight ahead. You keep quite still!' Heidi heard the youth order Ruth in quite good English. She wondered if he had been sent to an English-speaking school. Perhaps he was being groomed as a future chief black eunuch? Was that why he was in charge of the pregnant women? To gain experience? Goodness!

Ruth bit her lips nervously and then, very slowly and very proudly, the boy slipped her robes over shoulders, disclosing her full breasts and extended ringed nipples, linked, like Heidi's, by a little chain. They made an erotic and stimulating sight.

'Thrust out belly!' Heidi heard Yama order. She now saw that the height of the slave platforms was designed so that their displayed intimacies would be level with the eyes of an interested visitor, pretending to be a buyer.

Then Yama slowly lowered the woman's robes, gradually disclosing more of her prominent and well curved belly, including the now distended bright green brand of the Sheik's crest of two crossed scimitars surmounted by the red star that denoted an authorised whore.

The Prince gave a cry of delight. 'So she did take then!' he laughed.

Then he looked at the date of her mating neatly written in Arabic on one side of her swollen white belly and pulled out his diary.

'Yes, that's right - that's the day I watched her being mated with the giant Negro. And now look at her!'

Eagerly he reached forward and ran his hands over the swollen tummy, feeling it carefully, admiring the stretched green and red brand marks, before stepping back.

'Dance!' Yama ordered. At the same time, on a sign from Oumfata, hidden Arabian musicians began to play the tune of a well-known belly dance. Blushing, the Jewish girl now strained to belly dance to the music - something which she had clearly been made to practice to entertain other clients. The sight of her straining to pull in her well curved belly and thrust it out again and then wriggle her hips in time to the music, was something that clearly aroused the grey-bearded Prince.

He turned to Oumfata. 'What's she carrying?' he asked. He might have been discussing a pregnant brood mare with his stud groom.

'Half black twin girls, Your Excellency,' replied Oumfata proudly. 'Excellent! Dinka-Jewish! They might well turn out to be a useful pair of

servant girls. Perhaps I should ask Your Master if he would be interested in selling them to me as soon they're born.'

'I'm sure His Highness would wish to please Your Excellency,' Oumfata replied diplomatically.

The Crown Prince's hands were roving down below Ruth's already prominent curved belly.

Yama slipped Ruth's robe over her shoulders and dropped it to the floor of her stall, leaving

her stark naked except for her collar and manacles. 'Part legs and bend knees,' he ordered. 'And don't look down. Head up!'

Blushing, Ruth did as she was ordered.

'Two or more of the pairs of lower barbells can, of course, be temporarily removed,' explained Oumfata, 'to allow, as with a laced up girl, tighter or easier penetration by a manhood – a penetration that is made all the more enjoyable by the rubbing of the remaining barbells.'

Moments later, Ruth felt the Crown Prince's hand running down the two lines of barbells that kept her beauty lips tightly closed and yet well thrust out 'That's brilliant!' he muttered, imagining the pleasure that the feel of the metal barbells would give when taking the girl.

'Your Excellency is too kind,' murmured Oumfata. He gestured to Yama.

'Turn round and bend over!' the boy ordered, keen to show off all that his charge had to offer.

Unbalanced by the extra weight of her belly and her manacles, as she struggled to obey the shameful order, Ruth had to thrust her bottom well back – back towards the Crown Prince. She blushed at the thought of what she was displaying to him. Instinctively she tried to close the cheeks of her bottom together to hide her intimacies.

'Keep legs apart and knees bent!' warned Yama angrily with another crack of his whip. Hastily, with a little sigh of despair, she obeyed the boy.

'And keep hands behind neck!' Again the youth's whip cracked. 'And keep your head up.'

Ruth strained to obey, her raised head keeping her bottom pushed back even more as she struggled to keep her balance whilst Yama parted her cheeks to allow the Prince to feel up her stretched bottom.

'A fine picture of a well disciplined pretty Jewish slut,' commented the Prince approvingly. 'And one who has been rightly subjected to forced breeding. I think I'll have this one sent to my bedroom later on.'

13 – THE PRINCE SEES SOME ALTERNATIVES

Heidi heard Oumfata gave an order in Arabic to Yama who, waving Ruth back to the rear of her stall, turned to the next door one, in which Greta was chained.

'Christian pig, forward!' he ordered, raising his whip menacingly. Evidently, Heidi thought, the eunuchs treated Christian women with the same contempt that they did Jewish ones.

It was now the turn of a highly embarrassed and nervous Greta, standing up on the platform above the Prince, to have her robes slowly drawn back, firstly to have her breasts displayed and then her hugely curved belly, well stretched by having to carry two half Dinka little boys. She, too, was made to thrust out her belly even more, part her legs, bend her knees and thus display the now smooth stretch of skin where once had been her lovely source of the pleasure – her beauty bud and her sensitive beauty lips. Now she felt nothing.

'Yes, I remember my delight at seeing a grown white woman who had been fully circumcised.'

‘Indeed Your Excellency,’ replied Oumfata ingratiatingly in fluent Arabic. ‘That’s something that has made her very popular with the clients – as has her well curved belly.’

‘And moreover,’ added Yama proudly, ‘not only has she been completely pure and kept in the state of *Salat* that is recommended by our Immans as the proper way of treating women, but also, as you can see, she has been quite unable to interfere with her growing progeny.’

‘Splendid! That’s brilliant,’ exclaimed the Prince. ‘Yes, and I can see that total circumcision, particularly of a Christian or Jewish woman, would give a man using her a particularly great feeling of power - and of mental satisfaction. Perhaps I might have a word with your Master about taking her away with me.’

‘An excellent idea, Your Excellency,’ murmured Oumfata smoothly, ‘but I wonder if it would really be wise. As you can see her day of deliverance will be in less than a couple of months and ...’ he pointed to the faint scar running down her now smooth intimacies, ‘expert attention will be required ...’

‘Yes, I see. What a pity!’

‘But, Your Excellency,’ said Oumfata quickly, ‘here’s another girl treated with a third method of ensuring purity, that might also interest you.’

He pointed to the next stall, where Yama had already called forward Yolanda. The lower part of her robes were now parted to disclose a line of laces that held her beauty lips, tightly together, with at one end of the laces the hanging clitoris ring and at the other the little retaining padlock, hanging down between her legs.

‘Ah!’ exclaimed the Prince, running his hand over the belly of the blushing girl.

Oumfata pointed to her tightly laced up beauty lips.

‘And, despite her state, she’s guaranteed to have been kept completely pure since her arrival here six months ago.’

The Prince lowered his eyes to look carefully at her beauty lips. He felt the laces that kept them close together. ‘And the laces ...?’

‘Not only ensure her purity, Your Excellency, but also that she cannot interfere with the progeny she is being made to carry.’

‘And yet when required ...?’

‘They can, Your Excellency, be readily adjusted to give, temporarily, easier or tighter access for a manhood – by simply removing the padlock, adjusting the laces and then replacing the padlock again.’

‘And her golden ring?’

‘Can be used to excite her hidden clitoris and thus ensure that, willingly or not, she gives greater pleasure.’

‘Without being allowed to climax herself? ‘Exactly, Your Excellency!’

‘Interesting! And when her time for delivery arrives?’ ‘Then the laces are simply loosened again as necessary.’ ‘And then?’

‘And then, Your Excellency, when she has safely delivered her progeny, they can be tightened up again!’

‘Yes,’ said the Prince, thoughtfully stroking his beard, ‘I can see that this is all much easier than with a fully circumcised woman – and yet *Salat* is still imposed.’

‘But not, of course, Your Excellency, permanently as with circumcision.’

But, the Prince saw, the laces and the little padlock were also very effective, like Ruth’s barbells, in preventing the girl from getting at her unwanted growing black progeny and in making her have to carry them through to delivery.

‘Ah!’ exclaimed the Prince, rubbing the back of his hand up and down the silver rings as if to assess how they might feel to his thrusting manhood. ‘I think I should like to try this one out.’

‘Of course, Your Excellency, she is at your disposal.’

The Prince stood back and looked again at the three naked and pregnant white women whose intimacies he had just inspected.

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it is such a pity that our Sheikdom is now so much on the tourist map that it would be difficult to keep a large harem of girls treated in these ways without risking an international scandal. I have several wives, of course, but they are members of other Ruling Families, and have to be treated with respect – which makes my visits to your Master’s Guest House all the more interesting!’

‘Indeed, Your Excellency, my Master is keen to provide a special service, to his fellow Rulers and their Ministers that that they might be a little hesitant to enjoy in their own Sheikdoms.’

‘Such as,’ laughed the Prince cruelly, ‘selecting a beautiful white woman for forced breeding and then watching being made to carry her valuable but unwanted mulatto progeny.’

‘Indeed, Your Excellency, but you can always come here to this out of the way Sheikdom and enjoy such pleasures to your heart’s content – as the woman’s belly become more and more beautifully curved.’

‘Yes, I’ll just have to come back more often.’

‘Your Excellency will always be very welcome to sponsor other curved bellies,’ murmured Oumfata – inwardly delighted that he had both neatly avoided Greta being taken away and ensured that the Prince returned – doubtless with another large loan in his pocket. ‘But there is something else that I think you will also find of interest.’

‘Oh?’ said the Prince, intrigued.

Oumfata lead him down the line of stalls to pair of adjoining ones, containing two tall and lovely blond women who, despite the evident disparity of their ages, showed a distinct facial similarity.

‘A well educated pair of English women,’ proudly explained Oumfata, ‘Mrs Cynthia Howard and her young daughter Charlotte, broken-in to serving my Master’s guests.’

He nodded to their overseeing eunuch, who parted first the robes of the older woman and then of the younger girl, disclosing two slim but full-breasted bodies. They were both blushing in embarrassment at being shown off in this way to the grey-bearded Prince.

‘Well educated Englishwomen!’ exclaimed the Crown Prince enthusiastically. How clever, he thought, of the Sheik to get hold of them. The English had been almost as much resented in the Arab world as the Americans were now. Enjoying such a pair of Englishwomen would indeed be very satisfying. What a pity he could not keep such a pair permanently in his power locked up in his harem.

‘And, moreover,’ added Oumfata even more proudly, ‘as you can see, whereas the daughter has been laced up, with her inner lips trimmed back, to keep her in a state of *Salat*, to make them a more interesting pair for the Sheik’s guests, the beautiful mother has been fully circumcised.’

‘Ah, yes – like the Scandinavian woman.’

‘Yes, Your Excellency,’ they are both only in their thirties.’

‘An interesting age for a white woman to be subjected to circumcision,’ commented the Prince.

‘Indeed, Your Excellency, and our surgeon is very skilled. And there is more!’

Oumfata pointed to two daily temperature graphs hanging from the women stalls. ‘My assistants record the daily temperature of both the mother and the daughter, so that we can keep a close check on their monthly cycles.’

He pointed to where the graphs had been underlined in red for the period some ten days before.

‘As you can see, Your Excellency, we have nearly succeeded in getting both their monthly cycles synchronised so that before long they will be ready for you to sponsor them to be both mated at the same time to a Black Guard chosen by you. My Master would wish you to feel free to take the eventual progeny away for rearing.’

‘That really would be fascinating – and useful,’ said the Prince with a smile.

‘And meanwhile,’ went Oumfata, ‘to increase the chance of success I shall, unknown to them, put them both on a course of fertility pills – so we should be able to provide you with two pairs of twins.’

‘Well! An English mother and daughter being used to breed a new line of house servants or concubines. Yes, I should very much like to be kept informed as to when they will both be ready for mating.’

‘Of course, Your Excellency,’ Oumfata bowed.

Little Bula was grinning happily as he listened to this conversation for Oumfata had promised that he would remain in charge of these two lovely creatures even if they were selected for forced breeding. That would be one in the eye for that stuck-up Yama. Yes, he would be in charge of two, lovely, white, growing curved bellies – he could hardly wait!

‘But, Your Excellency,’ said Oumfata carefully, ‘I think you might like to delay matters slightly, so that we can also offer you a third similar white woman, also to be mated for you on the same day. Think of that, Your Excellency: three similar white women subjected simultaneously, by your command, to an unwanted motherhood. Three white women to be watched as they are forced to carry black progeny for you. And then, hopefully, three pairs of twins for you to take away and have reared – and all by the same black sire.’

‘Three white women subjected to forced breeding! Three pairs of twins! All sired by the same giant Dinka,’ repeated the Crown Prince excitedly. ‘Oh yes! But which is this other woman?’ He looked around the patio. ‘Which one is she? Is she also English?’

‘Not exactly, Your Excellency,’ laughed Oumfata teasingly. ‘But perhaps even better!’

‘What do you mean: not exactly but perhaps even better?’ demanded the Crown Prince.

‘Please curb your impatience, Your Excellency. I shall be showing her to you very shortly and all will then be clear. Meanwhile I something else to show you ...’

‘Oh?’ exclaimed the Prince intrigued. This Oumfata was certainly putting on an arousing show in this slave market.

Oumfata pointed to the ménage ring in the middle of the patio. ‘Perhaps Your Excellency would, meanwhile, like to see our three brood mares being exercised? Their curved bellies will make a fine display.’

The Prince nodded enthusiastically and Yama unfastened the collar chains of his the human brood mares from the rings at the back of their stalls. Naked, with their wrists still manacled, they were all made to climb down from the platform and to line up alongside each other in the ménage in the order of the size of their bellies: the Serbian Yolanda with her slightly curved belly, then the Jewish Ruth with her very noticeable one and finally Greta with her even more prominently curved one.

Yama now yoked them together by the neck, with Yolanda on the outside, Ruth in the middle and Greta on the inside. He stepped up onto the central platform and picked up the

long carriage whip.

‘Run round the ring!’ he ordered with a crack of the carriage whip.

Hesitantly and awkwardly because of their curved bellies, the three women began to trot round.

‘Keep in step!’ ordered Domata, warningly touching Greta’s naked bottom with the tip of his long whip. Because of her larger belly she was clearly having difficulty in keeping up with the other two women. ‘Take time from woman on the outside.’

He made them run twice round the ring. ‘Clasp hands behind neck!’ he ordered.

This made them straighten up, with their bare breasts swaying prettily from side to side in perfect time and their bellies thrust out.

Suddenly he cracked his whip and called out: ‘Prance! Raise knees high in the air.’ It was an order that was accompanied by several strokes of his long whip on the women’s bare bottoms to encourage them, despite their curved bellies, to raise their knees.

‘Up! Up! Up!’ he called out.

Sweat was soon running down the women’s backs and between their breasts and over their curved bellies, as urged on by the whip, the exhausted women strained to raise their knees, putting on a fine display for the Prince of well-disciplined, expectant, white womanhood.

‘Very good, pre-natal exercise!’ laughed Oumfata Finally the Prince was satisfied.

‘Have all these sent to my room,’ he said.

Oumfata coughed. ‘Your Excellency, before you finally decide ... My Master was also particularly keen for you to see something new goods that we are also offering.’

‘Ah!’

14 – HEIDI AND LAURA ON DISPLAY

Heidi, Greg and Laura were each separately alarmed to see that Oumfata was now leading the fat grey bearded Prince across the patio towards their stalls.

They were expecting Domata to crack his whip and order them forward to the front of their stall, but the order that accompanied the sudden crack of the whip was different.

‘Christian dogs!’ he snarled. ‘You salaam to His Highness.’

It was a humiliating order that Heidi had learnt to obey in the Fort and she fell to her knees and grovelled with her hands and forehead touching the floor. There was a rattle of chains from the next door stall. Evidently it was an order that Laura had also learnt to obey.

‘What are these ones?’ the Prince asked, as he might have asked about some unusual young fillies and a colt at a horse sale.

‘A captured Christian married couple and the wife’s sister, Your Excellency,’ replied Oumfata, ‘just like the captured Crusaders and their womenfolk in the days when we Arabs drove the hated Christian infidels out of Palestine, out of what they call their Holy Land.’

‘Ah!’

Domata cracked his whip. ‘Up!’ he ordered. ‘Come to front of stall. Position for

Inspection!’

With a rattle of chains Heidi and Greg jumped up and, like Greta earlier on, stood up on their toes, on the edge of the platform, looking straight ahead with their tongues thrust out, their feet apart and their manacled hands again clasped behind their necks. Again a similar rattle of chains from the next door stall showed that Laura had also obeyed the order.

‘My Master thought that you might like to enjoy taking the Arab Revenge on the these - the same one that goes back to the days of Saladin,

‘The Arab Revenge! Oh yes!’ replied the Crown Prince, forgetting all about his recent enthusiasm for the women with curved bellies and for the English mother and daughter. ‘Fully re-enacted?’

‘Of course, Your Excellency, the Black Guards are standing by – and there’ll be a sister-in-law as well as the wife.’

‘Even better! Yes, these are ones that I want tonight! But has the “Crusader Knight” been rendered harmless, as in days gone-by?’

‘Totally harmless, Your Excellency,’ replied Oumfata with as smile, giving a nod to Domata who stepped up into their stall. Then, warning Greg to keep quite still and to keep his hands behind his neck, he lifted up the hem of Greg’s long slave tunic to display his harmless infibulated manhood.

‘Very clever,’ commented the Prince, reaching forward to feel Greg’s flaccid manhood.

Greg bit his lips in embarrassment as, watched by the girls in the stalls on the other side of the patio, his humiliating infibulation rings were examined by the Prince. But he knew he must keep quite still and continue to look straight ahead.

‘As you can see, Your Excellency,’ added Oumfata, ‘we can now safely use this young Christian slave, as in the days of old, to offer his wife and her sister, to his Master’s guests - and, also, as a trained brothel boy, to prepare his wife and other girls for our guests’ pleasure. He is also trained, like the captured young Crusaders, to serve the guests whilst they are enjoying the women they had selected – including his own wife.’

‘Excellent!’ cried the Prince as Domata let the hem of Greg’s long tunic fall to the ground again. ‘But tell me what nationality are these later-day Crusaders? French, German or English, like their predecessors of eight hundred years ago?’

‘No, Your Excellency, these are Americans.’ ‘Americans!’ cried the Prince in astonishment.

‘Yes, Your Excellency, although the infidels had not then discovered America, my Master felt that in present circumstances his guests would find it all the more piquant to offer them now subjected, but formerly free and independent-minded, American women – together with the young husband of one of them.’

‘Yes, indeed,’ said the Prince in a serious tone, ‘it is the freedom and immorality of Western women, and especially of America ones that our fundamentalist Mullahs rage about: the Great Satan! That makes it all the more delightful to find some of them here under your strict discipline - and made to offer themselves to followers of the True Faith.’

‘Yes indeed, Your Excellency. My Master had for some time found that offering his guests the use of well educated and now subjugated, Jewish women, abducted from hated Israel, was very popular with his guests. They had much enjoyed taking their revenge on real live beautiful Jewish women like that Ruth you’ve just been looking at.’

‘Ah, yes, that Jewish slut quite properly subjected to forced breeding of a good black Moslem. It’s a pity we can’t do that to more of them.’

‘Indeed, Your Excellency, indeed,’ repeated Oumfata obsequiously. ‘But now His Highness felt that as some Moslems do not exactly love America either, they would even more enjoy taking their revenge on two subjugated young America women.’

‘Your Master certainly knows just how to entertain his guests!’ laughed the Crown Prince. ‘No wonder he gets so much money from us. But it is money well earned. I shall certainly be recommending that we increase our funding for the Sheikdom of Murat – and, in return, spending more time here in future.’

Oumfata bowed. Clearly the Sheik’s acquisition of these Americans was going to make an invitation from the Sheik to come and stay more popular than ever – and hence increase the Sheik’s riches – and his own tips from delighted visitors.

‘I can see you’ve got them very well disciplined,’ observed the Prince. He looked at the silver tipped cane that Oumfata was carrying. ‘Just by fear of the cane?’

Oumfata pointed to the long thick black bullwhip hanging prominently on the wall. ‘More fear of that, I think,’ he laughed. ‘They’ve all had at least one flogging with one of those. It’s something they’ll never forget, though we do have to be careful, for a whip like that, specially cut from a single piece of rhinoceros hide, could kill a girl – especially a white or Far Eastern girl, as their skins are more delicate. But, Your Excellency is quite right. It’s fear of punishment, whether from a bullwhip, from my cane or from those of my assistants, together with fear of being used for forced breeding and keeping them in a state of *Salat*, that enables us to keep the women here humble and obedient - and to make sure that they give great pleasure to the Master’s guests. Now would Your Excellency like to inspect more closely the beautiful wife of this modern Crusader and her sister?’

The Prince nodded eagerly and Domata called across to Yama to join him and take charge of Heidi whilst he concentrated on Laura.

The two girls, still muzzled, chained and manacled, were now made to stand on tip-toe at the front of their stalls, close up against the high partition that separated them. Unable to see each other, they were now displayed to the Prince alongside each other – but still separated by the partition and far too frightened to dare to say a word to each other.

At a sign from Oumfata, Domata began to unbutton the front of the blushing Heidi’s long muslin robe and pull it down over her shoulders, whilst young Yama did the same with the similar robe of the equally blushing Laura. Their well-tanned back and shoulders were first revealed, and then, as their bikini tops were removed, the Prince’s eyes gleamed at the sight of what was an unusual and highly erotic contrast in this part of the world: their very white firm breasts which had been protected by their bikinis from the sun.

The enlarged breasts of Laura contrasted with Heidi’s smaller, but still full, ones. The nipples of both girls had been well stretched and were now long and hard. The light chains connecting their nipple rings gave them an attractive cleavage. The Crown Prince was delighted. Standing by the partition he reached forward and felt their breasts, comparing their weight.

Oh how degrading, both Heidi and Laura were thinking, to be undressed and examined so publicly by this horrid old man. They tried to call out in protest but all that the smiling Prince could hear were little animal-like moans coming from under their muzzles. In any case, this was only the beginning.

Their tanned slim waists and flat bellies were now displayed and the Prince put his two hands round their waists checking that they were really both as slim as each other. What a beautiful couple of sisters they were. Yes, he was thinking, I shall certainly take them several times before I leave in a few days time.

Then came the moment of truth, as their black thongs were slipped down over their hips.

First the identical bright green and red brand marks on their smooth, hairless and very white mounds were disclosed to the Prince. Again not only did the brands stand out, but the whiteness of their loins that had been shaded from the sun contrasted erotically with the rest of their well-tanned bodies.

Then the girls were ordered to thrust out their bellies, part their legs and bend their knees so as to display, in the case of Laura her barbelled outer lips, and, in the case of Heidi, her laced-up ones – and in both cases their hanging silver clitoral rings.

One American girl forcibly barbelled and the other forcibly laced up! It was a sight that once again made the Crown Prince's loins stir. It would be amusing, he thought, once the lower barbells had been removed or the laces eased, to see a large black manhood forcing its way into them.

'I presume,' said the Prince, 'that they cannot masturbate?'

'Oh no, Your Excellency,' replied Oumfata in a shocked tone. 'You can be sure that they kept in a perfect state of *Salat* for the Sheik's visitors.'

'Good! Well the methods you use to ensure that certainly make a very interesting sight.'

'And an interesting contrast, Your Excellency?' 'Yes indeed.'

The two American girls were then made to step over their manacles and turn round.

'Bend over and pull cheeks of bottoms apart,' ordered Domata.

Oh, the utter shame that they both felt as they were both made to present the sight of their washed out and scented rear entrances, with just below them, in the case of Laura her lower barbells and in the case of Heidi, the little padlock that kept her laces taut.

Pointing to the two little orifices, Oumfata whispered to the Prince: 'Both stretched to take even a giant Black Guard there – as well as up front.'

The Prince nodded. 'I think I shall much enjoy seeing the Arabian Revenge, but as a little preliminary, can I see them both prancing?'

Moments later both girls were standing side by side in the ménage, naked and yoked together by the neck with their manacled hands clasped, as usual, behind their necks. Having seen the expectant girls being put through their paces, Heidi and Laura knew what to expect. They still had not been able to exchange a word. But Heidi had been shocked to see that Laura had been barbelled whilst Laura was jealously intrigued that her friend had only been laced up.

Once again there was crack of the long carriage whip from Domata, again standing up on the small central platform.

'Side by side, prance round,' he ordered, as the Prince came and watched the fascinating spectacle of two shame-faced American slave-girls being put through their paces with the carriage whip playing on their backsides to keep them raising their knees high in the air, prettily in step with each other, with Laura's enlarged breasts swaying from side to side in time with Heidi's.

'I'd like to see these two American girls made to perform together,' said the delighted Prince to Oumfata.

'Of course, Your Excellency, of course. But first they must be trained.'

Perhaps, on your next visit ...?'

The Prince pointed to Heidi. 'I suppose you'll want to keep that one for performing the Arab Revenge with her husband.'

'Yes, Your Excellency and she has been given a tiny contraception implant in her thigh to prevent her conceiving during her performance of the Arab Revenge.'

'I see. But how about her sister? Is this American woman the third woman you were talking about? Could she be covered at the same time as the English mother and daughter?'

'Ah! Yes, Your Excellency, you have guessed right! This is the third one. . . But, as part of the modern Crusader set-up, she, like the English mother and daughter, will not be available for forced breeding just yet. Perhaps soon! But first, her monthly cycle will have to be

synchronised with those of the mother and daughter and she will have to be put on a course of fertility pills.’

‘Well, when you have them ready, the fact that she was barbelled would make her mating an interesting contrast to that of the fully circumcised mother and to the laced-up daughter.’

‘Yes, Your Excellency,’ replied Oumfata with another of his cruel smiles, ‘and it will make her maternity and eventual delivery all the more interesting, too.’

‘Well,’ laughed the Prince, ‘perhaps all three might be ready for mating when I return to see Greta’s belly just before she delivers?’

Oumfata said nothing but bowed obsequiously. Yes, he was thinking, that won’t be for another two months, time for all three of the future mothers to be well used as whores before being mated – not that they couldn’t be used afterwards as well. White fillies with well curved white bellies and well stretched rear entrances made popular whores – and, once mated, these three white women of different ages, but with identically curved bellies, would certainly catch eye of many a client.

Meanwhile prancing, panting and sweating, round the ring, Laura had seen Oumfata mysteriously pointing at her, as he talked to the horrible fat Prince. Then she blushed as she saw him pointing to the graph of her monthly cycle and daily temperatures, pinned to the front of her stall, just as earlier she had seen him pointing to those of the English mother and daughter. Her mind was racing.

My God, she thought, oh no!

15 – THE CROWN PRINCE ENJOYS THE ARAB REVENGE

It was several hours later and the Crown Prince was sitting naked on the edge of a large bed, his legs apart.

With one hand he was gripping Greta’s blond hair, as she knelt on the floor in front of him, her arms round his legs. Her pretty head was nodding up and down, as she avidly sucked his manhood. She was looking nervously up at him, over his gross belly, as she did so, for in his other hand was a long whippy bamboo cane with a curved handle.

Kneeling up on the bed on either side of him were Yolanda, the entrapped Serbian girl, and Ruth, the abducted Jewish one. They were busy stroking and kissing him, but they, too, were nervously eyeing the cane.

Like Greta they were wearing loose but stiff short embroidered vests that came down to only just below their breasts. These had the effect of enhancing and cleverly disclosing their variously curved bellies.

Earlier they had been washed out, soaped, scented and made up by Greg in the humiliating way that he had been taught – a way that they realised was also humiliating for him, a virile young man made to prepare women for another man. It was made all the more humiliating by knowing that the Prince was probably watching, unseen, through a two-way mirror.

The fact that these three women had already been subjected to forced breeding made it all the more enjoyable for the Prince. The feeling of power that the mere sight of their curved bellies produced greatly increased his enjoyment – especially the hugely curved one of Greta.

However they were ancillary to what was now really arousing him: the degrading presentation to the Prince by Greg, dressed in his slave tunic like a modern version of a young captured Christian knight of old, and of his beautiful and entrancing bride, Heidi, and of her equally fascinating 'sister', Laura.

With their big blue eyes outlined in black kohl, their long hair brushed until it shone, their cheeks highlighted with rouge and their long slim legs and gorgeous figures, the two muzzled girls, were the epitome of desirable Western womanhood.

Oumfata knew well that whilst clients might well find the presence of older eunuchs in their bedrooms off-putting, this did not necessarily apply to younger ones. So it was that the proceedings were now being directed by young Yama and the even younger Bula. They had made Greg slowly undress his wife and Laura. Now all they wore were wide black leather belts round their waists, from which hung tiny little pleated blue skirts, only inches long. These disclosed the red and green brand marks on their smooth mounds and the laced up beauty lips of Heidi and the barbelled ones of Laura.

Earlier the Prince had enjoyed watching, from behind the two-way mirror in the bathroom, the obviously highly embarrassed Greg preparing for him not only his wife but also her sister. The fact that this was the first time that Greg had evidently seen the equally embarrassed Laura naked, never mind having to wash her out front and rear, had made the scene even more stimulating.

He then had to present his wife and Laura to the grey-bearded Prince. Oh, the ignominy for the young white man, but, equally, oh the delight for the Prince!

The Prince pushed aside Greta and beckoned forward the two American girls. Waving his cane in the air, he made them stand alongside each other right in front of him, looking straight ahead, with Greg now kneeling humbly to one side. Then, momentarily putting down the cane, he ran both hands over their breasts, slender waists and down over their intimacies, watched by the ever more humbled Greg.

He made them turn round and bend over, presenting their well washed, greased and stretched rear entrances. He stood up and snapped his fingers.

Yolanda and Ruth knew that, now assisted from behind by Greta, it was their reluctant task to ensure that the manhood of the elderly Prince remained firm. Indeed, it was not long before first Heidi and then Laura were moaning under their muzzles as the manhood of the horrible old Prince penetrated first the bottom of one and then the other, before finally exploding in Heidi.

The Prince was in ecstasy. Yes, this was how infidel Christian women should be taken; how his ancestors had taken captured ones in the days of the Crusades: up their backsides and in front of their husbands – the first part of the Arab Revenge. Tomorrow there would time, before he had to leave, for the second part.

Greg was trying to overcome his feeling of jealousy. How he longed to attack hit the horrible old Crown Prince - but once again he did not dare to do so. The memory of his and Heidi's terrible floggings with the bullwhip were still very vivid.

16 – THE ARAB REVENGE CONTINUES

It was the following day and, now rested, the horrible fat Prince, as Heidi thought of

him, was sitting comfortably behind the protecting high bars that surrounded the shallow mating pit. He was eagerly looking down into it and was holding in one hand a long whippy bamboo cane.

Held by young Yama by leads attached to their collars, the beautiful English mother and daughter, Cynthia and Charlotte Howard, were kneeling between the Prince's knees. Their heads were thrust up under his loose robes, bobbing up and down as they applied themselves to their task, encouraged by taps of the Prince's bamboo cane on their naked bottoms - a pair of well brought-up and highly respectable Englishwomen being made to pleasure a fat and repulsive-looking Arab.

To one side of the Prince, humbly waving a long fan over his head, stood Greg, dressed in his slave tunic.

He had been made to stand with his back to the pit so that he could not see what was going on in it. What was going to be done to his wife and to her friend was none of his business, Domata had sneeringly told him. Like, him, they were just animals of the Sheik's to be treated by his guests in any way they liked.

Down in the pit, wearing their black thong bikinis and wrist manacles, Heidi and Laura looked up in astonishment at the Prince. Now what, they wondered? They had been thrust through the little door into the pit, which had been immediately shut and locked behind them. Their muzzles had been removed and this was almost the first time that they had an opportunity to talk to each other since first seeing each other in the Slave Market. They had so much to ask each other, but this was obviously not the time nor the place.

Indeed, moments after they found themselves in the pit, the door opened again and in came two huge Black Guards, naked except for their shiny black boots and smart peak caps, with their long manhoods hanging down prominently. Their bodies had been oiled and the muscles of their torsos and shoulders glistened menacingly – a sight that made the women gasp in horror. Greg stiffened when he heard the gasps and recognised that of his wife.

What was being done to her? He couldn't see, unless he turned round and peered down into the pit – and that he did not dare to do. He felt so helpless.

The Prince saw that the humiliated young husband was biting his lips. He smiled knowingly. 'Keep your fan moving, boy!' he ordered, 'and don't turn round.'

Down in the pit, the two black giants had raised their hands, their fingers outstretched in glee at the sight of the two beautiful blond white women. White women! The American women! Allah be praised! They exchanged glances of delight and then ran eagerly towards their prey.

The pit now echoed to the screams of the horrified women as they ran round it, seeking to escape the groping hands of their naked male pursuers. But first one and then the other tripped and fell onto the sandy ground of the pit.

Oumfata had specially weakened the threads of the buttons of the bikini tops and bottoms and the screams of the women soon mixed with the triumphant shouts of the powerful Black Guards as they ripped them off. The laces of Heidi's beauty lips had been discreetly eased by Oumfata and the Laura's lower barbells removed, to make penetration by the black giants easier. Similarly Greg had been made to grease them – front and back.

These precautions were just as well, for in no time the black manhoods were each rapidly coming into a huge hard erection. The giants were holding the now screaming women down with one hand, whilst with the other they were holding their manhoods and thrusting them into the women in a primeval gesture of male dominance that they had learnt in their simple native villages back in the African bush.

Meanwhile the Prince was being really aroused by the sight of these two women suffering

this second part of the Arabian Revenge. He turned to Greg.

‘Now, boy, look! Look at how your wife is being taken - and her sister too! American women being raped by Black Guards! Just like the Arab conquerors of old would use hated infidel Christian women – and give them to their black slaves, in front of their husbands. Well, boy, are you enjoying the sight of your wife being raped - for my amusement? Are you? Answer me, boy!’

‘No, Your Highness,’ came a quavering reply.

‘Ha!’ cried the aroused Prince. ‘No! I don’t expect you are, boy.’

Cries of delight announced that the two huge manhoods had forced their way into the writhing women and that the giants were on their way to achieving a thrilling climax – whilst the women beat ineffectually with their fists on their ravishers powerful chests.

Although the black giants were in no hurry to finish things off, nevertheless, the sheer eroticism of it all soon brought them to a shuddering climax – and one that coincided with Cynthia and Charlotte almost bringing the Prince to a climax, too.

Oh my God, Greg was thinking. But he knew that there was nothing he could or dared do.

As the door of the mating pit closed behind the two happily smiling black giants, the discreetly watching Oumfata smiled to himself. He knew that there no risk of either of the girls conceiving – not yet. And the Crown Prince was clearly enjoying the spectacle. But it was not yet over! There was yet more of the Arab Revenge to come. He snapped his fingers.

The door of the mating pit opened again and in stepped another two equally naked black giants, both grinning with anticipation – and this time carrying long whippy canes.

Terrified, Heidi and Laura backed up against the wall of the pit. They were still panting from their rape. The two Black Guards moved slowly towards them, their manhoods coming into erection at the sight of the two now dishevelled white women.

‘Step over your manacles!’ shouted one of the giants, waving his cane in the air.

Terrified the two girls did so. They were now standing next to each other ‘Turn round!’

Horrified they began to guess what was coming. ‘Oh, no! Not that!’

‘Oh, yes,’ jeered the Negroes. ‘Kneel down! Heads to the ground!’

Both girls hesitated and both got a stroke of the cane across their bare bottoms. They dropped to their knees and lowered their heads.

‘Bottoms up!’

Again both girls hesitated and again the canes made them obey the order. There was a pause the two black giants looked down at the two women kneeling helplessly at their feet. They took their manhoods into their hands and played lasciviously with them. It was a scene that yet further aroused the watching Prince.

‘Pull back cheeks of bottom with your hands!’ ‘No!’ cried Heidi, her worst fears confirmed. ‘No!’ cried Laura.

‘Yes!’ cried one of the giants.

‘Or do you want the cane?’ cried the other.

With sobs of despair, first Laura and then Heidi pulled open the cheeks of their bottoms with their manacled hands. Their well-greased rear orifices were now well displayed to the giants who dropped to their knees, their huge black manhoods thrusting out in front of them as each gripped an enticing pair of white hips.

Seconds later screams from the girls announced that they had each of the Negroes had achieved a good penetration up the stretched girls.

‘Look, boy!’ cried the Prince. ‘Your wife and her sister being sodomised by black giants

for my amusement. Captured white Christian women being sodomised by black servants. The ultimate part of the Arab Revenge!’

Greg had witnessed similar scenes in the Fort, but not like this – not in front of a rich gloating Arab Prince. He wanted to throttle him, but did not dare to move a muscle. Oh the shame!

The giant manhoods were moving in and out, accompanied by little cries from each of the girls. It would not be long now and the Prince thrust his hips up under his robe to push his manhood deeper into the mouth of Mrs Cynthia Howard. ‘Take it!’ he screamed, holding the woman’s head to his body.

Again Oumfata smiled to himself

With grunts of satisfaction the two black giants erupted up the girls’ backsides and at the same time, with a cry of delight, the Prince climaxed into the mouth of Mrs Howard.

Oh, yes, the Crown Prince was thinking, as he felt the tongues under his robe busily cleaning him, the Ruler of Murat had really hit on a winner with his brilliant idea of re-enacting the spectacle of the Arabian Revenge for the entertainment of the other Ruling Families, here in the privacy of this secret brothel.

And with horrified Americans being made to play the key roles! And with an equally horrified English mother and daughter in a supporting role – and available, it seemed, shortly to play a more active role, after suitable preparation.

He would not, of course, discuss in detail what had gone on here with the Ruler. Arab men do not discuss women with each other – only with their own, or their host’s eunuchs. But he would leave the Sheik in no doubt of his delight; nor of his intention to grant Murat another even larger loan – subject to another invitation to see the mating of the English mother and daughter.

The Ruler deserved it. Moreover, making sure that the loan was being well spent would provide a good excuse to return here – and spend a little more time in this private brothel again.

PART IV – SERVING IN THE BROTHEL

17 – LIFE AS A WHORE

It was over a month later, a month in which a succession of the Sheik's guests had been visiting the secret brothel, some alone and some accompanied by their retainers and bodyguards – who all also had to be accommodated by the brothel's whores.

It had also been a month in which Greg and Heidi, as well as Laura, had all been repeatedly made to perform the humiliating Arab Revenge with Greg having to witness the degrading sodomising and raping of his wife and her friend, both by clients in the comfort of the brothel's bedrooms and down in the mating pit.

Heidi and Laura had had plenty of time to commiserate with each other over their appalling fate, their terrible breaking-in as whores in the Fort and how there seemed to be no way of escaping from either the Sheik's palace compound nor even from the Sheikdom of Murat.

How they both hated Pierre, who had separately persuaded them both into coming here dressed as veiled Arab women to hide their American identity and to travel under false Arab names with Palestinian passports. Thus there was no record of their having left Cyprus, nor even of them taking a flight to the Arabian Gulf.

Moreover, as is normal in the Arab world, he had, as a male, taken charge of Laura's false passport and her flight tickets, just as he had with Heidi and Greg, teasingly refusing to tell her where she was going. Thus he had ensured that she, in turn, had been unable to tell any friends or relations back in America where she was off to – or where Heidi and Greg were. To the outside world they had all just booked out of their hotels in Cyprus and disappeared off the face of the earth.

Both Heidi and Laura hated their nose-rings, collars, manacles, the silver lining of their trimmed and hidden inner lips and the little chains that joined their nipple rings, making their breasts lie unnaturally close together and thus increase their cleavage.

Both also hated the eunuchs who were so degradingly and intimately in charge of them and who monitored their performances with the ever more demanding clients. Nor could they get used to having to the shame of having to perform all their natural functions to the order of, and in front of, a closely watching eunuch – usually their own hated overseer, Domata. Perhaps even worse was that after the performance of these natural functions they often became a subject of animated discussion amongst the eunuchs – in front of the humiliated girls.

The two girls also shared a fear of the whips and canes that the eunuchs carried to instil obedience and of the way they would emphasise their orders with terrifying cracks of their whips. Neither of them could take their eyes off the constantly lit-up thick bullwhips, made of rhinoceros hide, hanging on the walls of the main patio and of the women's dormitory. They hated being kept, like children in a book by Dickens, in constant fear of corporal punishment.

Woe betide them if they ever showed the slightest disrespect towards any of the eunuchs, even to little Bula, or if they failed to please the Sheik's demanding guests.

It was fear of corporal punishment that also kept them, like the other girls, always looking their best: their faces beautifully made up in the Eastern way; eyes sparkling; gestures highly feminine; movements always slow and delicate and bottoms and breasts always

swaying provocatively. The slightest failure by a girl in any of these would mean an instant beating and, if in front of a client, a flogging with the bullwhip.

It was this fear that resulted in the brothel boasting some of the most attractive and compliant women in Arabia, for the eunuchs understood very well the sensuality and charm that attracted a rich Arab to a white or Far Eastern woman and made sure that, willingly or not, their charges exuded it at times.

But what Heidi and Laura most hated was Oumfata's clever way of keeping them, like all the other girls in the brothel, in a state of *Salat*. Having been given in the Fort a strong taste for big black manhoods, they found themselves maddeningly kept pure and frustrated – until and unless they were chosen by a client for his pleasure. Then they found themselves behaving like real sluts, desperately trying to get relief – something which, with their precious beauty buds hidden away under the tops of their laces or barbells, was not easy.

Indeed, only when a manhood had penetrated them and was rubbing against their G-spots could they really climax and, even then, they only dared to do so if the client gave his permission.

They had learned with dismay the meaning of one of the huge texts written in gold paint in beautifully executed Arabic calligraphy on the walls of the main room. It read: *“Blessed be the man who keeps his women in a strict state of Salat, for the women will be all the more abject and anxious to please.”*

Was this the very epitome of male domination and female submissiveness? Was it the secret of this brothel's success? Certainly, different it all was from what went in most brothels where blasé young women pretended to climax to satisfy a client's ego. Here, on the contrary, kept helplessly frustrated, but constantly aroused by their clitoral rings with their every movement, the women, including Heidi and Laura, all found themselves desperate for sex, even if it had to be in front of the impotent Greg. Oumfata, with his eunuch's experience of female sensuality, understood only too well how to make his women provide unforgettable, erotic, physical and mental pleasure for each of the Sheik's guests.

Despite the poor English spoken by most of the Eastern European, Indian and Siamese girls, Heidi and Laura soon struck up friendships with the other girls. Each had her own harrowing story of how she had been tricked into the brothel and they all shared a common hatred of their Arab Master and visitors - and above all of the eunuchs who had complete power over them. But they were hatreds that they had learned to suppress, for fear of chastisement.

The two American girls became particularly close to the beautiful Mrs Cynthia Howard and her daughter, Charlotte and would share their helpless horror of the way they were both used by the clients of the brothel and by the constant and embarrassingly intimate supervision by their eunuch overseers. The Englishwomen had also been victims of Pierre's clever trickery. They had secretly gone out to Cyprus to get over Cynthia's divorce – and there had fallen victims of Pierre's persuasive talk and offer to show them the real Arabia - just as Heidi and Greg had done.

Heidi and Laura were horrified by the way so many of the brothel's clients particularly enjoyed degrading the mother in front of the daughter and vice-versa, just as they also enjoyed degrading Laura and particularly Heidi, in front of Greg.

Nor could Heidi and Laura take their eyes off the increasingly curved bellies of the three Christian and Jewish women being subjected to an enforced maternity, for the amusement and titillation of the grinning and excited Arab visitors.

They told the two American girls of their humiliation at being subjected to forced

breeding, with their curved bellies now being constantly shown off by Yama to fascinated clients. They also told of their horror at feeling their unwanted little black progeny kicking away inside them and of their dismay at not being able to get rid of them. They also hated, despite the indecipherable dates so degradingly written in Arabic on their bellies, not being allowed to know when, and how soon, just how soon their deliveries were due.

Heidi and Laura also learned to their horror that Oumfata liked to have one or two girls mated every three months or so, so that the brothel always had a steady stream of increasingly curved bellies to offer to the clients. It was a couple of months since Yolanda had been mated and all the girls were fearfully talking about who would be next and when. Being selected for forced breeding was a Sword of Damocles hanging over all of them.

Heidi and Laura had been shocked to learn the meaning of another huge text on the wall of the main room. It read: *“A swelling belly is the natural state of a slave girl and enhances her beauty and attractiveness.”*

The eunuchs kept cruelly pointing out the this text both to Heidi and Laura and to Cynthia and Charlotte Howard, translating its meaning and grinning as they then pointed meaningfully to the women’s still flat bellies.

How long, all four women kept asking themselves in hushed whispers, would it be before they were made to perform for real in the dreaded mating pit, for the amusement of a watching sponsor – and then later have to parade their swelling bellies before them?

Perhaps, Heidi wondered, if she might be spared being subjected to forced breeding by the evident popularity of the Arab Revenge displays that she and Greg were made to put on. It was a thought that drove her to make these humiliating displays more and more erotic for the watching visitor.

‘We not want deprive girl of experiencing joys of motherhood, just because she is whore in a brothel,’ the eunuchs would laughingly tell the scared girls.

‘Joys of motherhood!’ whispered Laura to Heidi. ‘Some joy carrying a pair of half giant Dinka twins, whom you’ll never see or touch before they’re taken away to be reared on the sponsor’s estates – and all for the titillation of these awful clients.’

‘Which of you will be chosen by Oumfata to be my next one?’ Yama, the eunuch in charge of curved bellies, would constantly tease the blanching girls. ‘Maybe a first motherhood for a young girl? Or another one, for an older girl, as a reward for successfully completing one, or perhaps two, already?’

Then, pointing yet again to the huge text on the wall, he would say: ‘Remember clients find curved bellies very erotic.’

They were remarks that made Heidi and Laura look at each in horror.

‘And I want my Englishwomen to be next,’ little Bula kept saying, to the horror of Cynthia and her daughter.

The women all also kept looking across to the big archway, beyond the swimming pool, that led out to a well cared for garden – and perhaps then to freedom. But the archway was closed by a large ornate and gold painted grille that somehow symbolised the captivity of the women, held in the brothel for the enjoyment of the guests.

Just how each of the Sheik’s guests was entertained in the brothel depended on Oumfata who carefully choreographed each visit.

For most, like the Crown Prince it was the Slave Market.

For others, particularly for those who did not own, back home, a large harem of wives and concubines, the brothel was transformed into a luxurious harem in which the visitor or visitors either strolled about or made his or their choice whilst hidden behind a lattice-work grille that looked down onto the paraded and carefully made-up girls.

Each woman or group of women, like the Heidi and Laura, or the three women with curved bellies, would be led up to the grille by their supervising eunuch and displayed to the hidden client. Heidi hated it when Domata made her lift up her little apron to display her branded mound and the laced up beauty lips with her belled retaining padlock and Laura hated it equally when she had display her barbelled and pouting beauty lips.

This harem scene was also used when the client was a young boy, sent to the brothel by his father as a birthday present – to enjoy his first white woman.

For other, perhaps more sophisticated visitors, a live Western-style cocktail party would sometimes be organised, with forbidden alcoholic drinks and the women wearing smart European low-cut evening dresses or business suits – but still with their wrists erotically manacled to remind them that they were still whores at the disposal of the clients.

For some, a more casual approach was organised with the girls swimming naked with the clients or drinking topless with them round the shaded pool. Here the contrast between the well tanned bodies of Heidi and Laura and their still white breasts, provoked much interested comment – as did the brand marks of all the girls on their bare bellies.

Once at such a pool party Laura and Heidi recognised a distinguished Arab whom they had met back in America. Their hopes of being released from this terrible life in the brothel soared. But all he said was: ‘How nice, my dears, to meet you again.’

Then he had asked Oumfata if he could celebrate their reunion by giving them both a good thrashing, before raping them. Their hopes of release fell as the strokes of his cane fell across on their naked bottoms. There was to be no escape, ever.

In the case of the cocktail and swimming pool scenarios, the girls were either all warned that they must be put on a show of friendly animation, with much laughter and banter, but when the Slave Market or Harem scenes were used, then they must be subservient and frightened.

Each girl, including the pregnant ones, knew that she must meet a certain quota of being chosen by the clients for their beds. This resulted in an atmosphere of competition, for any girl who did not look like meeting her target risked being given twenty strokes of the cane by Oumfata in front of the other girls, to encourage her to greater efforts.

Similarly, any girl who had not fully pleased a client, who had therefore not given a substantial tip to Oumfata, also immediately received twenty strokes of the cane for a first offence and thirty for repeated ones. In this way Oumfata ensured that an atmosphere of fear of corporal punishment constantly lingered over the brothel.

But the cane was also used in other ways as Heidi and Laura soon learnt when they were chosen by a particularly cruel-looking Sheik, who told Oumfata he wished to watch them both being flogged: five strokes of the bullwhip across their backs and twenty strokes of the cane on their bottoms.

The more they screamed with pain, the more aroused the Sheik became until finally he came into the mouth of pretty Siamese girl.

Yes, as Heidi and Laura repeatedly told each other, life in this brothel was sheer hell on earth.

Laura felt deeply for her friend at the way her new young, but now infibulated, husband was now longer treated as a man, but as a mere brothel boy - as harmless as a white eunuch. Indeed, the shame-faced Greg, always wearing his slave tunic, was run almost off his feet, fetching and carrying for the demanding Arab visitors.

The worst part had been bringing refreshments to the bedside of a visitor whilst he was petting or actually penetrating Heidi or Laura –usually up their specially stretched backsides. Only fear of the bullwhip stopped Greg from angrily throwing the contents of his tray into the face of the grinning Arab.

Equally humiliating for Greg was having to prepare them for the enjoyment of a client. Under the critical eye of a eunuch and watched, unseen, by the visitor through the two-way mirror, he had to wash them both out, grease them ready to take an Arab manhood and then make up and scent them so that they were irresistible.

Oh, how jealous he felt at the idea of his wife being used by another man

– and how ashamed he felt at having to prepare her for him. It was this resentful and jealous hatred that prevented him from becoming inured to the situation. But Oumfata also had another trick up his sleeve to keep Greg’s jealousy at fever pitch and thus increase the satisfaction of the visitors.

On this occasion the important Arab visitor had brought a party of his friends. Each had selected a girl from the Slave Market for his eventual enjoyment, but meanwhile the Arab Revenge was being re-enacted before them all. However, unknown to Greg, some changes had been made.

First, the lights were now turned down, except for one spotlight over Heidi and Laura and another over Greg. Then, holding his cane in one hand, Oumfata called out an order to Greg in his broken English: ‘Boy! You lift up tunic.’

Humiliated, almost as never before, Greg was made to display his infibulated and helpless manhood to the visitors, who were seated on a line of leather cushions. It was a sight that was greeted by jeers and applause. Then he equally humiliatingly had to present and slowly strip his wife and Laura, leaving them standing naked and embarrassed, with their manacled hands gripped behind their necks.

There were cries of delight as Heidi was made to part her legs and bend her knees. Standing behind her, Greg was made to put his hand onto the small of her back and thrust her naked belly forward.

‘As Your Honours can see,’ said Oumfata, ‘this Christian woman has been well sewn up. And the lips are kept locked together.’

Then there were even louder cries of approval when Laura’s barbelled lips were similarly displayed.

‘Treated like immoral Christian sluts should be!’ cried a voice in Arabic from the darkness.

Oumfata acknowledged the cry. ‘There’s more to see,’ he laughed. Oumfata now held up a key, which he waved in the air,

‘This key,’ he called out in Arabic, ‘is the key to our Christian’s manhood. It has ensured that it has remained soft and harmless even since he arrived here in the Sheikdom of Murat – as a captured Christian. Shall we see if he can still perform after all this time of enforced harmlessness?’

There were cries of agreement.

‘And perhaps with his sister-in-law too?’ This was greeted with even more enthusiasm.

Oumfata ordered Greg to take off his tunic. He was now stark naked. The spectators could see his now small and infibulated manhood and the padlock that kept its tip fastened to another ring at the base of his testicles - and so held helpless down between his

legs. But that had not been all, for if any erotic thoughts ever resulted in it trying to come into erection, the pain would have been intense.

Oumfata unlocked the padlock. However his manhood, although now free, remained small, having been kept in an enforced state of softness for so long.

‘Go and embrace kiss your wife!’ Oumfata ordered.

Blushing, Greg did so. Soon husband and wife, both standing up, were passionately embracing each other under the spotlights - it had been so long and they were half-oblivious to the watching spectators, hidden in the darkness.

Aroused by his wife’s nudity, Greg’s manhood slowly came into a meagre half erection – to be greeted with humiliating derision by the watchers.

‘You girl, kneel down!’ Oumfata ordered Heidi. ‘On all fours! Legs apart!’

The loosed laces over her smooth beauty lips were now well displayed – as was the little padlock hanging down between her legs. ‘No sign of ugly protruding inner lips,’ commented Oumfata. ‘That we removed.’

Turning to Greg, Oumfata again held up another key and tossed it to Greg.

‘Boy! You unlock padlock and ease wife’s laces,’ he ordered.

Blushing with embarrassment, Greg knelt down behind his wife and unlocked the padlock hanging down between her legs.

‘Now loosen laces. You make room for manhood go up wife!’

Blushing even more, Greg did as he was told. Then Oumfata threw him a little metal tool.

‘Now take off bottom two barbells of her sister.’ Again blushing with embarrassment, Greg did so. ‘Now you mount wife and then her sister.’

Make love to my wife, thought Greg – at last and after all this time of frustrated desire. How wonderful! But not in front of all these grinning Arabs. And not to Laura as well. She was a most attractive woman – but he could not just rape her, not here.

‘Not here, not like this!’ he cried, his half erect small manhood showing little sign of being able to carry out the order.

‘So, if husband cannot, I find someone else who can.’ Oumfata clapped his hands and into the spotlight sprang a huge naked black man. His military cap and shiny leather boots, all that he was wearing, showed once again that he came from the Sheik’s Black Guards. His long thick, black, manhood was already prominently erect – in glaring contrast to Greg’s small white one.

Pushing Greg contemptuously aside, he knelt behind Heidi, and pulled the laces open. In no time there was a cry from Heidi as the big manhood penetrated her. It was a cry that was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the watching Arabs and by a cry of despair by Greg.

Another naked Black Guard leapt into the spotlight. A few minutes later there was another cry, this time from Laura as she, too, was penetrated, but up her backside.

This was a spectacle, or exhibition as Oumfata called it, that proved very popular with the clients and was repeatedly put on. However, it was also one that neither Heidi nor Laura could ever get used to – any more than Greg could overcome his furious jealousy and his sense of deep shame.

Another day and another visitor was enjoying a popular little appetiser, before getting down to serious sex: watching two reluctant white women being forced to put on a display together, sometimes the blushing English mother and daughter and sometimes Heidi and Laura – or even all four of them together.

It had taken numerous threats of the bullwhip and the application the cane, but now Heidi and Laura were doing just that. Beautifully made up, they were naked and kneeling up facing each other, their knees parted to display, of course, two very different sights: Heidi's laced up beauty lips contrasted dramatically with Laura's barbelled and pouting lips.

As an amusing change and to prevent the girls from talking as they were made to perform, both of them were muzzled. There was a slit over their mouths through they could stick out their tongues but which was normally closed with a Velcro fastening

Behind Heidi, holding a cane in one hand and, in the other, a short chain attached to the back of her collar, stood the large grinning figure of Domata, whilst similarly behind Laura stood Yama. They looked like kennel men showing off prize bitches.

Two pretty girls, one Indian and one Siamese, were kneeling on the floor in front of the sofa, their hands gently thrust up under the plump Arab visitor's robes, heightening his arousal.

Standing proudly behind the important visitor, like the conductor of an orchestra with his silver tipped cane taking the place of a more slender baton, was Oumfata. 'Breasts!' he ordered, signalling with his cane to the two other black eunuchs to ease their hold on the girls' collar chains.

Hesitantly, but driven on by sharp taps on their bottoms, Heidi and Laura reached forward to touch each other's breasts gently and arousingly. In the interval since their degrading performance in the mating pit, they had been taught to obey certain commands and had obviously been well rehearsed together.

The visitor was particularly fascinated to see how alike these two girls were, except that, following her breast enlargement, Laura's breasts were much fuller, though just as firm as Heidi's.

Oumfata was soon pleased to hear little moans coming from behind their muzzles. He bent forward to whisper in Arabic into the visitor's ear.

'I think they're ready, Your Excellency, for the next step.'

The important visitor nodded approvingly. How humiliating, thought Laura, to be obviously talked about, but in a foreign language which they could not understand. It made her feel like some dumb animal.

'Nipples!' Oumfata ordered in English.

Obediently, as if expecting the order, both girls delicately put their forefingers and thumbs together and began to rub and squeeze each other's already noticeably extended nipples. They hated doing so, but were too scared not to do it. The moans from behind the muzzles became louder and were interspersed with the noise of sharp intakes of breath through the little holes in front of their mouths.

It was a noise that was matched by a similar intake of breath from the visitor. It was indeed arousing, he thought, to see these two lovely Christian creatures being made to act like performing animals

'As you can see, Your Excellency,' whispered Oumfata with a cruel chuckle and pointing to the laces that held Heidi's beauty lips pressed together and to the barbells that similarly kept Laura's pouting ones tightly closed, 'they are kept in a state of *Salat* and unable to climax.' Then he laughed and added: 'But I think we shall soon see them

getting moist with arousal.’

Then he gave another order: ‘Play with clitoral rings,’ he said, pointing to the big slender clitoris rings hanging down over Heidi’s laces and Laura’s barbells.

‘Thrust out bellies,’ he then humiliatingly ordered. It was an order that both Domata and Yama emphasised with sharp taps of their canes on the girls’ bottoms.

‘Hands behind neck and look straight ahead.’

Heidi blushed as, not daring to look down, she felt her beauty bud, hidden away under the lacing, reacting to the tickling movements that Laura was having to give to her ring. Oh the shame, she thought, and, oh, the frustration – for she longed to reach down and tear open the lacing and then bring herself to a juddering climax with her fingers. But, of course, the leather laces would have been far too strong.

They were thoughts that were being mirrored by Laura, as she reacted to Heidi’s teasing fingers on her clitoral ring and longed to be able to pull out the horrid barbells that prevented her from touching her beauty bud.

So it was that both Heidi and Laura felt themselves becoming increasingly aroused – and could not help wriggling their hips, much to the delight of the visitor. Secret masturbation by a woman was, of course, regarded by the eunuchs as a serious sin. But mutual masturbation performed in front of a man by two women and aimed at arousing a jaded man was altogether another matter.

‘Yes,’ the important visitor said to Oumfata, ‘just look at the way those laces are now glistening with her juices – and the barbells, too.’

‘Indeed, Your Excellency. But I think enough is enough – for the moment!’

He gestured to Domata who pulled Heidi back by the neck, away from Laura’s hands and to Yama who pulled Laura back too.

‘I think,’ said Oumfata, ‘that it is time that we undid the front of their muzzles. They can then thrust out with their tongues but with the muzzles still firmly holding their chins together, they will not be able to talk properly.’

Again the visitor nodded. He liked seeing Christian women treated like dumb animals. He put his hand down over his robe to feel the small hands of the Siamese girl that were gently tickling him deliciously.

The Velcro flaps on the front of the muzzles were now unlocked and opened. For one glorious moment Heidi thought that she would at least be able to whisper to her best friend, Laura, but in vain.

‘Tongues out!’ ordered Oumfata. Both girls strained to push their ringed tongues out between their still tightly compressed lips. He pointed to Laura. ‘You! Suck nipples!’

A sharp tap on her bottom from Yama’s cane, and Lara lowered her head. Soon more reluctant moans were coming from Heidi.

‘Change round!’ came the order and soon it was Laura who was moaning with delight, despite her shame.

‘On your backs, part your legs and hold your knees!’ was the next order. Both girls blushed as they displayed their intimacies.

Oumfata nodded to Domata and Yama. Domata now unfastened the padlock that kept Heidi’s laces taut over her beauty lips. Then he slowly began to unthread the laces through the little six silver rings on each lip. Heidi’s long tightly closed outer lips now opened like the petals of a flower greeting the morning sun. Her infibulated beauty bud now protruded prettily. Oh, the excitement after all this time of being kept totally or partially laced up.

Meanwhile, using a little tool, Yama was unfastening all of Laura's barbells – allowing her beauty lips to open and her similarly infibulated beauty bud to protrude too. For her, too, it was a moment of excitement.

But that was not all, for the Velcro fastening over their mouths was now pulled back, allowing them to stick out the ringed tips of their tongues.

'Sixty nine!' ordered Oumfata in English.

This, too, was an order that clearly had been partly rehearsed, for Laura immediately lay down on her back and Heidi came and lay down on her with her head pressed down between Laura's parted legs. She parted her own legs to press her clitoral ring against Laura's tongue.

'Suck and kiss!' came the order.

Holding their canes raised with one hand, both Domata and Yama used their other hand to check that their particular charge's mouth and tongue were performing properly.

'Do it!' said Domata angrily, bringing his cane down across Heidi's bottom as he found that she was hesitant about arousing her friend in this lesbian way. 'Do it!' he repeated, bringing his cane down again. He was rewarded by feeling Heidi's little tongue thrusting forward to tickle Laura's beauty bud.

Soon both girls were moaning with excitement and encouraging each other's tongues to even greater efforts.

Oumfata cracked his whip.

'Rub clitorises!' he ordered. 'Laura on top!'

Wriggling under Laura, as a girl might under a man, Heidi was now rubbing her beauty bud and lips up against those of Laura. There was a little tinkling noise as their two clitoral rings met as Laura held Heidi down under her, pressing her infibulated beauty bud against that of Heidi. At the same time she thrust the tip of her tongue through the slit of Heidi's muzzle into her mouth.

Then, turning to the visitor, Oumfata said: 'Of course, Your Excellency will appreciate the poignancy of what happens next – the re-application of *Salat* before it is too late – for we eunuchs like to keep the women in our charge pure and totally frustrated.'

Oumfata cracked his whip.

'Jump up,' he ordered, just as both girls were about to climax. Yama pulled a reluctant Laura back off Heidi.

Panting, red in the face and with their muzzles covered with each other's juices, the two girls were lined up alongside each other, manacled hands clasped behind their necks and eyes still wild with desire.

'Legs apart!'

'Oh no! No! Please no!' both girls were crying out through the slits in their muzzle as each felt her laces or barbells being replaced.

'Yes,' laughed the delighted visitor, as the closing click of Heidi's padlock announced the successful re-imposition of *Salat*, 'a very poignant little trick.'

The grey bearded Crown Prince had kept his word. Not only had Murat been given a large interest-free loan but also had been promised further grants. The Sheik was therefore keen to please this important man and had invited him back again.

Greta was now due to deliver her progeny and her belly was quite exceptionally well curved. However, knowing that the Prince was returning and remembering his interest in the state of the Scandinavian woman's enforced maternity pregnancy, Oumfata had given her pills to delay delivery.

It was therefore a very satisfied Crown Prince who settled down on sofa facing a row of three low little wooden cages, next door to the mating pit. The cages were the size of dog kennels and Yama, the young eunuch in charge of the brothels expectant slave girls, was strolling up and down outside them whip in hand.

'We thought you might like to see how we keep them kennelled like brood bitches,' said Oumfata.

The Prince smiled as he made out three nervous little muzzled faces peering through the grilles in the wooden doors of cages as they knelt on all fours in their small, narrow and, above all, low cages.

'We think it best,' explained Oumfata, 'to keep them all muzzled and kennelled when one of them is due, so as to prevent the others becoming alarmed. Then when one has been taken away for her delivery, the other can be released again to mix with the other brothel girls, still happily ignorant about when they themselves are due.'

'Just as brood mares or bitches are also ignorant,' the Prince smiled. 'Exactly, Your Highness. The Mullahs tell us that women are inferior creatures who should be treated as such and not allowed to get above their station.'

The Prince smiled even more when Yama now drew back a hinged slot in the bottom of the front of each cage, disclosing each kneeling woman straight and parted arms with her swollen breasts hanging down between them – and beyond them a glimpse of a hanging, well curved belly.

Yama now came forward and salaamed to the Prince.

'My white Christian and Jewish infidel women,' he explained proudly, 'each of whom has been subjected to a forced maternity to produce more sons for Allah, having been mated with a True Believer in the former of a huge and virile Black Guard.'

They were a sight that brought the Prince's manhood into erection under his robes and he nodded to Heidi and Laura's overseer, Domata, who was holding their collar chains. The girls were kneeling at the Prince's feet, looking up at him with feigned adoration.

'Get heads under robe!' ordered the eunuch, tapping their buttocks with his cane. The two girls gave each other a last look of despair and, with a rattle of their wrist manacles, buried their heads in the darkness of the Prince's robe.

Moments later the eunuch repeated the gentle but firm application of his cane, this time to the bare soles of their feet, the only part of them still visible. Immediately the delighted Prince felt their apparently eagerly licking soft tongues. He parted his legs and the well-trained girls recognised the signal. There was another rattle of manacle chains as one of the girls silently took his manhood into his mouth whilst the other licked the base, sending shivers of delight through his fat body.

Yama went to one of the kennels marked with the Arabic numeral for "1" and now fully opened the door. 'Number One, out!' he ordered, with a crack of his whip.

A woman hastily crawled out. She was naked. It was Greta. The prince was struck, as before, by her very pretty and now even more curved belly.

Yama snapped a lead onto her nose ring and lead her, still crawling on all fours, over to the

Prince, who contemptuously thrust the dusty soles of his sandals past the naked bottoms of the two kneeling women and out towards the crawling woman. This is a grave insult in the Arab world.

Yama unlocked the little padlock that closed the flap of the muzzle over her mouth.

‘Lick soles of Master’s shoes,’ he ordered.

Humbly Greta pushed her tongue out through the flap and started to lick the dirty sole in front of her face. It tasted horrible. She wondered what he had been walking in.

Heidi and Laura, hidden under the Prince’s robes, shuddered in disgust.

Poor girl!

‘And the other sole!’

Again Greta humbly obeyed.

Yama now put a small stool between the between the two naked bottoms at the bottom of the Prince’s robe.

‘Stand up on stool!’ he ordered.

Hesitantly, for fear lest her swollen belly made her lose her balance, Greta climbed up onto the stool and clasped her manacled hands behind her neck in the humiliating way that the black eunuchs always required. Yama proudly pointed with his whip to her now hugely curved belly with its erotically stretched brand marks.

The Crown Prince was fascinated.

‘Ah,’ he cried cruelly as he slowly ran his hands gloatingly over the blushing woman’s belly, just as he had done a month previously. He pulled her belly towards him and read the Arabic writing carefully written on the front of her white belly. ‘Seven days overdue!’ he exclaimed in Arabic. ‘No wonder she is so well curved.’

He turned to Oumfata. ‘Thank you for holding her back until my return.’

‘Your Excellency’s pleasure is my delight. I did not feel that she should be allowed to complete her maternity without Your Excellency’s permission.’

‘Excellent!’ cried the Crown Prince.

‘Thank His Excellency,’ Oumfata said in English to the cringing woman, tapping her belly with his cane, ‘for now letting you deliver your black progeny.’

But it needed several efforts and more taps from the cane before the blushing Greta got the words out to the satisfaction of Oumfata who then pointed to the faint scar running down the smooth strip of skin where once had been the woman’s beauty lips.

‘My Master’s surgeon is here, ready for the delivery,’ he explained. ‘And then he’ll stitch her together again?’

‘Indeed, Your Excellency, indeed,’ replied Oumfata with a little bow. Then he waved Greta away and, watched by the Prince, she was led back to her kennel, again crawling on all fours.

‘You will remember, Your Excellency, that you were particularly interested in a beautiful Jewish girl who had been mated with a Moslem Black Guard in your presence seven months ago.’

‘Indeed and you had her paraded before me a month ago. I should like to see her again.’

Smiling Oumfata gave an order to Yama who opened another of the kennel doors, and with a crack of his whip called out a crawling Ruth. Once again he snapped a lead onto her nose ring and led her crawling to the Prince. She, too, was made to stand on the little stool between the Prince’s knees and to display her well-curved belly to him.

The Prince again ran his hand over the branded white belly being presented to him and

checked the dates written on it, before having her turned round to see the curve of her belly side-on and then her curvaceous bottom and long slim back.

‘The Mullahs,’ murmured Oumfata speaking in Arabic, ‘have expressed their particular pleasure that this Jewess, like the Christian woman, you have just seen, is being made to carry the progeny of a son of the True Faith.’

‘Yes, indeed,’ replied the Prince as Ruth was led crawling back to her kennel.

‘You will also remember,’ said Oumfata, ‘that you were particularly interested on your last visit two months ago, in a beautiful English mother and daughter that we were preparing for a simultaneous motherhood.’

‘Yes! I remember thinking how fascinating it would be to compare their bellies as they swelled.’

‘Well, Your Excellency, my Master has agreed that you may order them to be mated and they are now both ready to be mounted - here in the mating pit and both with the same Black Guard, who will be chosen by you. And tomorrow the same reinvigorated Black Guard will be used to cover one of the American girls, the photographic models now pleasuring you under your robe.’

‘Not the wife of the young man? You said you wanted to keep her belly flat for the moment as she was the key figure in your re-enactment of the Arab Revenge.’

‘No, Your Excellency, it will her very similar sister who will be mated. And perhaps, Your Excellency, you would like to tell them all, in your much better English, what is about to happen to them.’

It was a little later and Mrs Cynthia Howard and her daughter, Charlotte, were kneeling before the Prince. Alongside them was Laura who had been pulled out from under the Prince’s robe. They were all blushing as they only wore their scanty brothel dress. They had been made to step over their manacles and their hands were helpless behind their backs.

Cynthia and Charlotte were held by little Bula by chains attached to the backs of their collars. To make sure the mother and daughter behaved respectfully to the Prince, he was holding a long curved handled, bamboo cane with which he was periodically tapping the women’s scarcely covered bottoms. Charlotte’s laced-up beauty lips made a fascinating contrast to Cynthia’s faint scar that, like Greta’s, was all that showed where her beauty lips had once been – except, of course for the new little puckered entrance at the bottom end of the scar.

Laura was similarly held by the huge Domata – also with a cane in his hand

‘So, my dears, I have a happy little message for all three of you,’ said the cruelly smiling Crown Prince, in well spoken English with a distinct Arab accent, as looked down at the women humbly kneeling before him.

He paused and the three women looked up at him eagerly. Were they going to be released – sent back to England, or Laura’s case to America?

‘I am happy to be able to tell you,’ the Prince went on, ‘that your Master, the Sheik of Murat, has agreed that you will be both be allowed something that will make very happy.’

‘Oh, we’re going to be released!’ cried the Cynthia, overjoyed.

‘You mean we’re going to be sent back to England?’ cried the young Charlotte, thrilled.

‘Back to America!’ cried Laura happily. ‘Back to my modelling career!’ ‘Oh no,’ laughed the Prince, ‘you’re all far too valuable for that. No, your kind Master, the Sheik of Murat, is going to allow you all to experience something else.’

‘Something else?’ stammered Charlotte.

The Prince paused, enjoying keeping the women on tenterhooks.

‘Yes, my dears, joys of a little motherhood. He laughed cruelly, ‘Or perhaps a rather large one.’

‘What?’ cried Mrs Howard. ‘Oh no! No, not that!’

She burst into tears, her worst fears being realised. She had seen what had happened to Greta and the other two expectant women and had been terrified that she and Charlotte might be next to be similarly used. ‘Please no!’

‘Oh no,’ sobbed her daughter. ‘Oh my God!’ thought Laura.

‘Oh my God,’ also thought Heidi, hearing the words of the horrible fat old man as she nervously but now avidly sucked his manhood. Her lovely friend was going to be given a curved belly. Horrified, she wondered if one day she, too, might hear a similar sentence being passed on herself.

‘No, you can’t do that to her,’ came Heidi’s muffled voice from where she was still kneeling hidden under the Prince’s robe, still with now just the bare soles of her feet now showing below his immaculate white starched Arab dress

– soles that had already felt Domata’s cane when she had slackened her efforts.

‘Silence!’ screamed an angry Domata as he again brought his cane down across the soles of her feet.

‘I’m too old now,’ sobbed Cynthia through her tears. ‘And I’m too young,’ cried Charlotte.

‘Nonsense,’ laughed fat Crown Prince, his jowls shaking with excited mirth, ‘you’re both well within breeding age.’

‘But I don’t want to be a mother,’ cried Laura.

‘I’m afraid that’s not a matter in which you have any choice,’ replied the Prince. ‘Your Master has promised me the use of all your bodies in return for my generous sponsorship of your maternities - though if it’s any consolation, none of you will have to rear your progeny. You won’t even see or hold them. They will be taken away at birth to be reared on my estate as good Moslems – just the progeny of Greta and Ruth.

‘Oh my God!’ cried Laura.

‘And you’re all going to be bred to the same Black Guard. Think of that! A new breeding line of servants for me – and being out of indentured servants they will legally be indentured servants, too.’

‘No! No!’ cried the daughter.

‘Oh yes!’ answered the Prince, ‘and your kind Master has left the choice of your black lover to me.’

‘Oh my God!’ sobbed the mother. ‘At least spare my daughter.’ ‘And spare me too!’ cried Laura.

‘Oh no, that would spoil half the fun. The eunuchs have cleverly brought your monthly cycles into exact synchronism. So you’re all ready to conceive today and tomorrow – and today the two English women will do just that. You’ll both be carrying the progeny of the same black stud, having been mated with the same virile man at the same time, one after the other. I wonder which he’ll mate with first.’

He turned towards Laura.

‘And tomorrow it will be the turn of the American girl to receive the seed of the same Black Guard.’ Then he added with a laugh: ‘We mustn’t exhaust our Black Guard. Two women in one day will be quite enough - with a night’s rest before he covers the third one.’

‘Oh, no! No!’ cried Charlotte. ‘It’s all just too degrading!’

‘Moreover,’ the Prince added, ignoring Charlotte’s interruption, ‘Oumfata tells me that you’ve all just completed a course of fertility pills; so you pleased to know that there is every likelihood that you’ll all conceive twins – pretty half black twins.’

‘Oh no,’ cried Cynthia. So that was what those strange “vitamin” pills had been. No wonder the eunuchs had been so insistent that they took them every day.

‘Oh no,’ gasped Laura. So that was why Domata had insisted on giving her “vitamin” pills that were different from those he was giving Heidi.

But the Prince was no longer listening to them. He had turned to Oumfata.

‘Can I now see the choice of black mates for these lovely white creatures?’

‘Certainly, Your Excellency,’ replied Oumfata, clapping his hands. Then he turned to the two eunuchs holding the collar leads of the mother and daughter and Laura.

‘Hold them tight!’ he warned them.

Four huge grinning naked black men now came marching into the room. Their long, thick, black manhoods swung prominently to and fro. Once again only their peaked caps and shiny black boots showed that they were Dinkas from the Sheik’s Black Guard. Both Mrs and Miss Howard cower back in horror. Laura, too, shrank back, appalled. She and the two Englishwomen, she realised, were really being treated like brood mares – with no say in the choice of sire.

The Black Guards lined up smartly in front of the Crown Prince, who slowly looked them up and down, periodically looking back at the cowering mother and daughter whose hands were still fastened behind their backs. Meanwhile the sight of the half naked, beautiful, white women was having its inevitable effect as their manhoods were becoming erect, making the Englishwomen and Laura cower back even more.

Finally he pointed to one particularly big specimen, with bulging testicles. ‘I think he’ll now jet a satisfactory amount of seed up both the mother and daughter and might throw some very good progeny,’ he said teasingly in English, ‘but let me first see the women lined up next to him.’

Using their canes to drive the horrified, but helpless, mother and daughter and Laura forward Bula and Domata lined their charges up on either side of the selected naked black man, whose manhood was now sticking out in a proud erection.

Hearing the Prince switch to English, Heidi had been able to guess what was going on. How humiliating for Mrs Howard and her pretty daughter, not to mention poor Laura.

‘What do you think, Oumfata?’ asked the Prince. ‘Should they have any difficulty in carrying his big progeny?’

Oumfata stepped forward and ran his hand over the women’s bellies and hips. With their hands still fastened behind their backs there was nothing they could do to prevent him.

‘I think they all carry progeny very well with very nice prominent bellies,’ he replied.

‘Good!’ answered the Prince.

Oumfata turned to young Bula and pointed to the steps leading down to the mating pit. ‘Take your women down,’ he said.

Then he turned to Domata. ‘And as yours won’t be covered until tomorrow, put her back at pleasuring His Excellency.’

21 – THE MATING PIT

Five minutes later, Laura was again kneeling, hidden under the Prince's robes, licking his testicles whilst Heidi sucked his manhood. To make sure they kept at it, Domata would occasionally tap the bare exposed soles of their feet. They could hear everything that was going on and were trembling with fear – especially Laura whose mind was in whirl at the thought of her mating the following day with that awful huge Black Guard.

In the darkness under the Prince's robes, Heidi gave Laura's hand a sympathetic squeeze. What more could she do? The terrified Laura gripped hers in return.

Meanwhile, down in the sand floor of the mating pit, Cynthia and Charlotte Howard had been strapped down alongside each other, kneeling down over a mating frame. Their manacled hands were fastened to the front foot of the frame and their parted knees to the back. Their bellies rested on a high bar which had had the effect of thrusting their bottoms up and back.

Young Charlotte's laces had been loosened to allow the Negro's large manhood to penetrate up her well greased body. Cynthia's little puckered orifice had been similarly greased. Bula stood by them, cane in his hand, to make sure nothing untoward happened during their mating.

'Oh Mummy, this is dreadful,' sobbed Charlotte. 'I just can't believe this is happening.'

'Nor can I,' replied her mother. 'We must just be very brave.'

'Silence!' ordered Bula, with a stroke of his long whippy cane across both their bottoms that left a red mark on both of them.

There was now silence in the pit, a silence that was only broken from up above by the shuffling of the Prince's feet as Heidi and Laura excitingly applied their tongues under his robe.

Suddenly the door of the pit opened and Oumfata thrust in the naked figure of the chosen Black Guard who lost no time in doing his duty.

It was the following day.

Cynthia and Charlotte had been kept resting by their young overseer Bula to make certain that the Black Guard's seed took properly. The girl's laces had drawn tight again and padlocked to make sure that she did not try to interfere with what Nature was doing to her. Being totally circumcised, there was, of course, nothing that Cynthia could have done except perhaps used a douche up her little remaining orifice – and Bula had made quite sure that she could not get her desperate hands on one.

The previous night, Prince had enjoyed himself with Heidi and Laura, despite the latter thinking of little else than her forthcoming mating.

Meanwhile the virile Black Guard had been feted by Oumfata for his success in well fertilising, within half an hour of each other, both the English mother and daughter. Now his virility had been restored and he was ready to repeat the process on Laura.

Now, too, the Prince was again sitting on the sofa, smiling as he looked down into the mating pit where Laura was now strapped down helpless over the mating frame. Earlier he

had watched as Domata had removed some of the lower barbells that kept Laura's beauty lips – removing just enough of them to allow the massive black manhood to penetrate up inside her.

Now he put his hand down to adjust the position of Heidi's head under his robe, as the door into the mating pit opened and again stepped in the same Black Guard, his mounting erection proving his readiness to perform again.

Domata was standing in side of the pit, as Bula had the day before, cane in hand.

Heidi was trembling under the Prince's robe as she heard the door into the pit slam behind the Black Guard. She did not dare let up on her alternative licking and sucking of horrible fat Prince's manhood, but her mind was racing desperately: her great friend, the beautiful and lovely Laura was about to be mated with a horrible black giant; to be forced into an unwanted maternity – and all merely as part of the services offered by this dreadful private brothel.

She felt the Prince's manhood thrust forward into her mouth in a firmer erection as he looked down into the pit. She shivered in horror as she imagined the scene: the black giant Dinka slowly walking over to the well displayed Laura; the giant playing with his huge black manhood as he did so; Domata discreetly making sure that the manhood was able to penetrate deeply between Laura's well greased beauty lips; Domata smiling as he saw that, despite herself, Laura she could not help becoming aroused; and, finally, Laura moving her hips to meet the increasingly violent thrusts of the giant Negro.

Heidi could hear the Negro grunting with pleasure. She heard Laura's little cries, half in protest, but also half in pleasure. She heard a roar from the giant as he shot his semen up into Laura and a terrible cry from her as she felt the fertilising seed jetting deep up inside her.

This was accompanied by the Prince pushing Heidi's face away, under his robe, from his manhood. He did not want to spoil his planned pleasure with her later in his bed, together with the Jewish girl with the curved belly, Ruth.

The excitement scene he had just witnessed indeed called for an immediate and drawn out session of pleasure with them both – with Ruth's overseer, the young eunuch Yama, discreetly in attendance with his cane to ensure that they obeyed his increasingly debasing and degrading orders. And if Heidi was still shocked by the mating of her friend – then so much the better.

The Prince was also thinking that it would not be long before little Bula did his pregnancy tests on the English mother and daughter and was able to report that they had tested positive – and before Domata similarly reported on Laura.

He had agreed with Oumfata that, before he left to return to his own State, he should have the pleasure of informing the dismayed Englishwomen and the shocked American girl that their matings had been successful and that they were now carrying black progeny.

He smiled as he remembered how Oumfata had told him that if by any chance they had not taken, then there was still time within their present monthly cycles to repeat the process with a different black giant.

Furthermore, he had arranged to return, as soon as the scanner could show how many creatures each was carrying, so that he could also have the pleasure of telling the even more dismayed women the full truth. Oh yes, he told himself, doubtless the excitement of that would enable him to take them both up their little, but well stretched, backsides – as befitted an Arab Prince again taking the Arab Revenge on an upper class Christian mother and daughter, and an American model.

Down below, the black giant gave Laura a parting slap on her bottom and, well pleased

that he had done his duty, left the pit.

Laura was twitching her beauty lips in a desperate attempt to expel the horrible seed that she could feel working its way up inside her. She heard from above the Prince laughing at her vain attempts to do so – for with her bottom raised high and her shoulders kept down there was no way that she could defeat gravity.

Then she felt Domata come up behind her and start replacing the barbells so as to keep her lips tightly closed again so as to make even more certain that that the giant's fertilising seed could not slip out – and *Salat* had been restored.

EPILOGUE

THREE MONTHS LATER

‘Well, Oumfata,’ the Sheik was saying, ‘your brothel seems to be going very well – and my guests seem to be only too anxious to be invited back again. The loans and grants for my Sheikdom are still rolling in.’ He smiled contentedly. ‘Certainly,’ he added, ‘the Crown Prince was obviously very pleased with his latest visit last week and he’s confirmed that he has recommended that Murat be given another large grant.’

‘Good, Your Highness,’ replied Oumfata, remembering how the delighted Prince had also given him another handsome tip. ‘I think your guests are all very agreeably surprised to find that that our girls are not cheap whores, but respectable women forcibly broken-in to whoredom.’

‘Thanks to my Black Guards,’ laughed the Sheik.

‘And there’s another thing that make our brothel so different, Your Highness: keeping the formerly free and sexually independent women in a strict state of *Salat* and, as a result, so frustrated that they don’t have to pretend to be aroused when with a client. No, they’re genuinely desperate for sex.’

‘And, I understand, the sight of our different ways of enforcing a strict *Salat*, comes as another very agreeable surprise,’ said the Prince, ‘especially the sight of a grown white woman who’s been fully circumcised!’

‘Ah, Your Highness, if only you’d let me have all the infidel Christian and Jewish sluts circumcised.’

‘No, no, Oumfata! That would spoil half the fun. It’s the contrast between the circumcised ones, and the laced-up and the barbelled ones, that so excites my visitors.’

‘And so too, Your Highness, does the sight of several differently curved bellies on display.’

‘Yes, indeed, and talking of that, how are my English mother and daughter coming along?’

Oumfata reported that they were doing well and that their bellies were now showing nicely. Of course, there had been lots of tears and pleadings when morning sickness had confirmed that they really had taken and there would be more when they first felt their progeny kicking. But the clients had really enjoyed seeing an English upper class mother and daughter with identically curved bellies and carrying unwanted twin black progeny, sired at the same time by the same good Moslem Black Guard.

But, the Sheik queried, had not the Crown Prince sponsored one of the new American model girls also to be mated at the same time with the same Black Guard?

Yes, Oumfata confirmed and the sight of Laura’s little curved belly had been much commented on by the clients, especially when they learned that she came from one of the old black slave-owning Southern states. Oumfata had even called her “The Slaves’ Revenge”. As well as humiliating the American model by taking her up her bottom, the clients loved watching her through a two mirror, when she thought she was alone, secretly tearing in vain at the barbells that prevented her from getting at her hated twin black progeny.

‘That was very clever of you to arrange, Oumfata. And all twins, eh?’

‘Yes, Your Highness, our fertility pills rarely fail, and twins, especially these giant half Dinka ones, really do make the belly much more prominently curved - and so more intriguing for your visitors.’

‘And how about our young American couple? I’ve been repeatedly complimented on our idea of using them to re-enact the old Arab Revenge - especially as they so obviously hate, as a newly married couple, being displayed and humiliated together.’

‘Yes, Your Highness, along with the English mother and daughter, Heidi and Greg are the reluctant stars of the brothel - though a few strokes of the cane soon makes them put on a show of eagerness!’

Oumfata laughed to himself. He made certain that the threat of corporal punishment was always hanging over all the women, even the older ones and the ones with curved bellies, too - and over Greg as well!’

‘Good!’ said the Sheik. ‘There’s nothing like a good thrashing to knock sense into a woman – and nothing like the sight of girl being thrashed, either.’

Oumfata emphatically agreed. He would often offer the clients the sight of Heidi being bent over for a good caning, or strung up naked for whipping, alongside her pregnant “sister” Laura. They made an erotic pair, both displayed together in their black thong bikinis, one with a flat belly and one with a contrasting curved one. This made them very popular with the clients – as did the sight of Greg being used as a mere brothel boy, preparing the chosen girls for a client and then waiting on him in the bedroom.’

The Sheik then enquired about Ruth, saying that several of his guests had commented to him that the sight of a Jewess being made to bear black future Moslem twins had really turned them on – and this had directly resulted in some new loans and grants.

Oumfata confirmed that the clients really enjoyed her. However, she had successfully foaled now, and so had the circumcised Greta, the older Scandinavian woman. They had both been so popular with their well-curved bellies, that he was considering a further maternity for each of them – perhaps next after Heidi. After all, he argued, four-legged mares and foals have an annual maternity, and so did the two-legged ones in the Turkish white slave breeding farms of old. So why not these ones, too?’

‘Well, don’t rush into offering Heidi for mating,’ interrupted the Prince, ‘not yet anyway. I may have other plans for her and her young husband.’

‘Oh?’ said Oumfata.

‘Yes, I want to talk to you about the future.’

One idea, he explained, was to invite one of the head men of the Japanese firms currently competing for the contracts for Murat’s new hospitals, roads and schools to visit our brothel – in exchange, the Sheik added with a sardonic laugh, for reducing his bid – and leaving his pretty Japanese secretary behind, when he returned to Japan.

‘Ah!’ gasped Oumfata eagerly. ‘A Japanese girl in the brothel! I’ve never handled one of them. How exciting!’

‘And there’s another matter - one that concerns Heidi. Do you remember that black dictator of that remote diamond rich Central African country, who came to stay last month?’

‘Yes, indeed, Your Highness - a cruel and ugly-looking man. He was much taken by our American couple, and by Laura.’

‘Well, he gets plenty of money from his country’s diamond mines, and is interested in borrowing our Heidi and Greg for a month or two - and perhaps Laura as well.’

‘Borrowing?’ queried Oumfata.

‘Yes, apparently he wants to impress his subjects, by showing off Greg as a white personal valet, and Heidi as a white concubine.’

‘But would that be wise, Your Highness?’

‘Well, I’m not too sure about it, but he is offering a large loan for that new bridge we

need.'

'Um!' muttered Oumfata hesitantly.

'I certainly don't want to risk them escaping, or contacting their families - nor the American authorities. But he says, he can make sure they don't. Anyway, perhaps, having Laura here as a hostage would deter them from even trying to do so - and if he later offers another loan, then we might let him have Laura - with Heidi and Greg held here as hostages.'

'Well! That's certainly food for thought, Your Highness!'

THE END

(But to be continued, perhaps, in a further sequel!)