

# HAREM CAPTIVE

by

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## BOOK ONE - THE PRINCE'S TERRIFYING HAREM AND THE ENSNARING OF PENELOPE

*A wealthy but gross and repulsive Arab Prince, living in a luxurious palace in North Africa, places an order for another Matched Pair of European women for his harem. It is a harem where Black eunuch boy overseers control the rival teams of women, and masturbation is punished by female circumcision.*

*Meanwhile, Penelope, a pretty young English actress, breaks off her engagement and secretly goes alone to Tangier for a long holiday, to get over it all. No one knows where she has gone.*

*Little did she imagine that meeting there a charming young Frenchman would lead to her being tricked into the harem of the cruel and repulsive Prince, together with a pretty married French woman. Branded, ringed and infibulated by the Prince's Black eunuchs, they find themselves, like a pretty mother and daughter, another of the Prince's carefully chosen Matched Pairs of helpless indentured servants.*

*But this is a harem with a difference, for the cruel swine of a Master not only enjoys degrading the white women in his harem, but also has a rather special hobby: making them submit to a certain traditional form of revenge on despised Westerners - Forced Breeding.*

## CONTENTS

### PART I - PROLOGUE

A girl is ordered to be punished.

### PART II - HAREM DISCIPLINE AND AN INNOCENT AT LARGE

- 1 - An engagement is half broken off
- 2 - The Prince's palanquin and the cruel team system
- 3 - Penelope's travel plans
- 4 - The Prince shows off a mother and daughter
- 5 - Penelope's plans are suddenly changed
- 6 - The Prince places an order for two new women
- 7 - Penelope feels lonely
- 8 - Mizzi's terrible punishment
- 9 - An unsuspecting prey

### PART III - A CRUEL PRINCE AND AN UNSUSPECTING QUARRY

- 10 - The Prince inspects his harem
- 11 - Penelope takes the bait
- 12 - The Prince impresses the Imans with his devoutness.
- 13 - Some interesting photographs of Penelope and a video
- 14 - The problem of culling - and a novel solution
- 15 - Penelope's potential is unsuspectingly recorded

### PART IV - THE TRAP IS SET

- 16 - The Prince sees a brochure
- 17 - Penelope is thrilled
- 18 - An unsuspecting Penelope is inspected for a new role
- 19 - The Prince prepares to receive his new matched pair
- 20 - An unsuspecting guest
- 21 - Pierre sees how his previous captures are coming along

### PART V- A TERRIFYING INITIATION TO HAREM LIFE

- 22 - Penelope's awakening
- 23 - Ringed!
- 24 - Initial disciplining
- 25 - The Blue Team
- 26 - The black eunuchs and the Prince's new acquisitions

## PART VI - TAKEN INTO THE HAREM

27 - House trained

28 - Well disciplined teams

29 - Harem talk

30 - Mother and daughter - both mothers-to-be

## PART VII - PENELOPE EXPERIENCES THE FULL HORROR OF THE HAREM

31 - Branded!

32 - The healing of the brand

33 - Taken by the Master

34 - Bathroom girls

35 - Broken-in and schooled

## PART VIII - BREEDING!

36 - A certain performance is planned

37 - Mated!

38 - The Master's prize brood mares

## PART IX - EPILOGUE

Under their Master's control

## PART I - PROLOGUE

### A GIRL IS ORDERED TO BE PUNISHED

'Number 12. She caught masturbating, Your Highness.'

Malaka, the Prince's short little Chief Black eunuch, sounded grim. He was speaking slowly in his broken English so that the frightened half-naked Austrian girl, kneeling on all fours by his side, would understand. Arabic and English were the only languages allowed in the harem.

'What!' exclaimed the gross, cruel-looking Prince angrily. 'One of my concubines caught playing with herself in secret! Deliberately deceiving me, her Master! That's almost as serious as being caught in adultery!'

Malaka nodded.

'European women might be free to masturbate in private in the degenerate West, but they are certainly not allowed to do so in my harem! My concubines only exist for my pleasure - not theirs,' went on the furious Prince. Of course, having a number of White Christian women incarcerated in his harem was a most enjoyable and satisfying hobby. The modern drive in the West, for female emancipation and "women's lib", made it all the more satisfying to impose strict discipline on well-educated European women, previously used to being free and independent.

'Was she alone?' the Prince demanded.

At the best of times he seemed to be a sadistic brute of a man. Now his unattractive plump face with its hook nose, cruel eyes and short goatee beard, was flushed with anger. His bulky size contrasted sharply with that of the slim little blonde creature abjectly kneeling on all fours at his feet. Similarly, his immaculate fine white Thobe, or Arab robe, covered in a black lace cloak embroidered with gold and the gold-tasselled Igaal, that went round his headdress, contrasted vividly with the girl's skimpy green harem dress - green denoting that she belonged to the Green Team of concubines.

'Was she with another girl?' again demanded the Prince, also speaking in English. His sinister eyes glinted. Two girls to be caught playing with each other was almost as bad as being found committing adultery - for which the traditional punishment was death.

'No, Your Highness, she alone,' replied Malaka. 'Her overseer, he hear bracelet bells tinkle as she play with herself.'

He spoke in a high-pitched voice that seemed to belie his muscular appearance. Despite being a small man, he was a formidable figure, his well-oiled torso gleaming under his gold-embroidered waistcoat, his voluminous Turkish trousers of golden silk and his matching golden silk turban - all indicating his status.

In the West, Black eunuchs are sometimes derided as figures of fun, but no woman in his charge ever tried to make fun of Malaka! He was holding a silver-tipped dog whip in his hand - his badge of office. It was largely this, coupled with his small cunning pig-like eyes and the deep tribal scarring on his cheeks that made him also a terrifying figure for the women under his control, especially the white European ones.

'But, Your Highness, I have more to report. She also show Lack of Respect to yourself.'

'How? How?' demanded the Prince furiously. Lack of Respect, even to a Black eunuchs, was a serious offence in the harem, especially by a White woman. Lack of Respect to himself was intolerable.

'When Team Overseer tell her you now approved her selection for honor of being mated with Black Guard to become Blue Team entry for next European Brood Mare competition, she say you a cruel swine.'

'What!' the Prince exploded. 'This wife of an unclean pig of a Christian had the temerity to call me a swine?'

'Yes, Your Highness. And she also say she soon get rid of progeny - but no chance of that, Your Highness,' he added with a slight laugh, 'once she locked into chain mail breeding belt.'

The Prince laughed unpleasantly as he remembered the old axiom that his grandfather, the late Ruler, who maintained a substantial harem, was fond of quoting: "Revenge yourselves on the hated Christian infidels by enslaving their wives and daughters and by then forcing them to breed good Moslem half-black servants for yourself - and for the greater glory of Allah and of his blessed prophet."

This was just what the Prince did - and enjoyed doing. He often thought how lucky he was that the oil revenues of his family had enabled him to re-establish this cruel form of revenge - and on arrogant modern-day Western women, too.

Mating an intelligent and horrified European woman with a Black servant and making her carry and deliver her black progeny was indeed a cruel and enjoyable pastime, one that went back to the days of the Crusades. These days the mulatto progeny made excellent workers for his estates, just as they had made excellent slaves for his ancestors! It was all the more enjoyable if the now helpless young women, like this one, had been happily married and in love with her husband from she had been cruelly separated.

He would justify his apparent cruelty with another of his grandfather's axioms: "A harem is not a harem without a few nicely curved white bellies and breasts in milk - and remember, the whiter the woman, the sweeter the milk."

Like his grandfather, he scorned the men of the West who eschewed pregnant women. On the contrary, like his grandfather, he considered maternity to be a natural state for a slave girl - and one that enhanced her beauty. And if it was an enforced maternity - then so much the better!

He had not needed much persuading by Malaka, before allowing this lovely, formerly happily married, young Christian woman to be earmarked for mating with one of his giant Dinka Black Guards. How his grandfather would have approved. Revenge on the hated West! All in the name of Allah!

The Prince's reverie was interrupted by his Chief Black eunuch. 'Your Highness, she also spit out preliminary fertility pills that Team Overseer give her to make sure she become satisfactory brood mare and milkmaid for Your Highness.'

'What!' he cried, going red in face with even more anger. This was deliberate disobedience - and of his own orders! 'Then she deserves further punishment.'

The Prince was infuriated by this girl's obstinacy to the honor of becoming one of his chosen milkmaids. He turned to Gorka, the diminutive little Black Pygmy boy, dressed like a smaller edition of Malaka, but with a green stripe in his turban to denote that he was the eunuch overseer in charge of the Green Team. The Prince's concubines, all branded on the belly with his crest, came from four main sources, each divided up equally between the four teams.

A dozen were pretty Arab girls, mainly Egyptian or Lebanese belly dancers, whose contracts had been discreetly offered to Malaka by cabaret owners, delighted that the girl had caught the eye of such a rich man. The Prince himself, of course, did not discuss the acquisition of his women - he left checking a girl's suitability and haggling over price to Malaka. But how he enjoyed the feeling of a trained belly dancer wriggling under him as he drove in and out of her, or as she sat astride his large stomach wriggling delightfully as she carefully kept his manhood inside her.

Another half dozen were lovely slim girls from Thailand and Laos, trained dancing girls who had been tricked by the modern equivalent of slave dealers into signing contracts to work abroad - contracts which had then been offered to Malaka. Because they were so tiny and he was so large, their Team Overseers tended to concentrate on training them in the exquisite art of oral sex.

Another half dozen were beautiful Pakistani or Indian girls who had rashly accepted apparently lucrative jobs in Arabia - only to end up in the Prince's harem. Subjugating them he found to be very satisfying.

But the Prince's pride and joy and indeed that of his four Team Overseers, too, were his dozen well educated European women. They were nearly all blonde, as was his newly acquired prize matched pair: a beautiful young Dutch woman and her pretty, look-alike, teenage daughter. These White women had all cost a small fortune to acquire, including Mizzi the Austrian, now kneeling trembling at his feet.

Following his grandfather's dictums, it was these Christian women, split up between the four teams, who were made to provide the swelling bellies and breasts in milk, that he so enjoyed. As for using them for his pleasure, he followed another of his grandfather's maxims: "The Christian dogs in your harem are not worthy to be to receive their Master's manhood like a woman. So mount them from behind like the dogs they are, and then use them like boys."

Oh, how they all hated it! Deliciously so!

Gorka was standing behind the humbly kneeling Mizzi and was holding her proudly by a lead fastened to her slave collar. It was a strict harem rule that, to prevent resentful Christian concubines from trying to attack their Master, when brought before him, they must always be held on a lead by her Team Overseer - even when brought to his bed.

'Make sure, young Gorka,' said the Prince, still speaking in English to further humiliate the girl, 'that, whether she likes it or not, she properly completes the full course of fertility pills. I shall want to see a good swollen belly on this girl - good strong twin mulattoes at least!'

Mizzi blanched. Twin mulattoes! Oh my God!

'Oh yes, Your Highness,' she heard the young Pygmy boy reply proudly. 'I make certain she conceives twins.'

'And, Your Highness,' cut in Malaka, 'she has good child-bearing hips. We not expect any problems.'

'Good!' said the Prince. Although Dinkas were giants, they had small heads - and this made delivery of their progeny relatively easy, even in a first pregnancy.

'When is she due to be put to the Dinka?' asked the Prince.

'In three month's time, Your Highness,' replied Malaka. He liked to take personal charge of forced breeding arrangements in the harem. 'She then nicely placed for next year's competition.'

'So there's time for her to have a good thrashing - and undergo something else,' said the Prince with a sinister laugh as he looked down contemptuously at the silent, half naked young woman, kneeling humbly before him.

Despite his continuing anger at this girl being caught trying to give herself pleasure, he had to admit that she made an erotic sight with her head now down on the floor, her buttocks raised high and her long blond hair flung forward. Her long naked back prettily curved upwards from her lowered shoulders past her slim waist to the swell of her hips. A collar made of shiny metal links, like an expensive wristwatch strap, was locked round her neck. Locked on her wrists were the belled bracelets, that had given her away. Like all the white women in his harem she wore white gloves in the presence of her Master - as a constant reminder that unclean Christian dogs were not worthy to touch their Master's body with their bare hands.

As the Prince looked down at the kneeling white woman, he could feel his manhood stirring. A feeling of power and pride of possession surged through him. This once free white woman was now his - his to do with as he liked.

Mizzi did not dare to utter a word as knelt humbly in front of the large Prince, her loathsome and terrifying Master, who was old enough to be her father.

He was the only man she had seen now for months. Much as she tried to think about her handsome young husband and much as she found her Master repulsive, it was her Master, the only man she was allowed to see, who now dominated her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. She could not help now being thrilled when she felt his strong manhood masterfully thrusting into her specially stretched backside as she, as a mere Christian dog, knelt on all fours on his bed like a dog - the required position for his white Christian concubines. Always on a lead, humiliatingly held by the horrid little Gorka, she would have to lower her head and offer her buttocks like a bitch - or feel Gorka's whip.

At first she had been shocked, but the terrible truth was that here, shut up in her Master's harem, she did secretly get pleasure in submissively serving and arousing her strong, rich and powerful but horrible Master. Oh how ashamed she was, when he would reach forward and excitingly play with her nipples and she would find herself raising her backside to him - like a bitch on heat, whilst he laughed cruelly - and complimented Gorka!

She still knew next to nothing about him nor had she ever had a proper conversation with him. She did not even know his full name. He was just The Master, her Master, her Overlord. It was even, as she well knew, a punishable offence for a mere concubine to speak uninvited to the Master, never mind question him.

Here, there was no question of equality of the sexes. Her sole purpose and aim in life and that of the other women in the harem, was simply to be chosen to give her Master physical pleasure. Indeed, the eunuchs had taught her that her pleasure, as a mere concubine, must now come from giving pleasure to her Master. An essential part of the harem system, she realised, was the sexual frustration to which the women were subjected.

Gone were the days when her husband would actively seek to give her pleasure. Here, when her Master chose her, the young overseer would be humiliatingly holding her lead and watching her to

make sure she did not climax without her Master's express permission something which he rarely gave.

Gone too the days of private intimacy that she had so enjoyed in her husband's bed and which Western women expect as a right. Here, not only would young Gorka always be present, holding her on a lead and ready to use his dogwhip at the slightest sign of revolt or repugnance, but invariably there would be at least one, probably two other women from the Green Team as well - all fearfully eyeing Gorka's dogwhip as they, too, pleased the Master. One would frequently be a girl in milk - another Christian girl, also held on a lead as she knelt offering her milk swollen breasts to her brutal Master, whilst either she or the third girl, driven on by their young black overseer's whip, would be licking their Master's backside - one of his favourite delights, especially when performed by a dog of Christian girl.

Gorka would, of course, be striving to make his girls to give the Master more pleasure than the girls of their rival Red, Yellow and Blue Teams - and so earn himself a good tip.

Gone, too, was her active interest in world affairs. The eunuchs allowed no newspapers, radios or TV in the harem. The women must not be distracted from thinking and talking only about the Master and, egged on by their rival Team Overseers, on catching his eye.

But, oh the frustration!

She gave a little shiver as she remembered how Gorka had gleefully told her that soon he would be recommending her for the honour of being selected to become a little mother-to-be. Then, paraded before the Master with the other Team's mothers-to-be, she would be his entry for the annual prize for the Team Overseer who produced the girl with the prettiest curved belly. Later, as she was such a buxom girl, she would be his entry for the prize for the Team Overseer with the milkmaid producing the greatest yield. The size of the prizes ensured that competition between the Team Overseers was fierce.

Oh the shame! Oh the horror!

Prizes! All the poor girls got were little red stars branded on their bellies - one for each forced pregnancy they had successfully undergone for the amusement of their Master and for the honour of their Teams. Honour of the Team! Some honour, she thought bitterly. Quite apart from the chance of winning the prizes, these black boys, coming from a simple native background, obviously got a great kick out of forcing an educated white woman into an unwanted motherhood and then of experiencing the trauma of carrying a couple of black progeny, destined to labour on their Master's estate.

She remembered seeing other European women in the harem tearing in vain at their chain mail breeding belts as they felt their unwanted progeny kicking inside them.

It was, she decided now or never, for once locked into breeding belt she would not be able to touch her now constantly throbbing beauty bud. Desperately, she had sought to give herself the relief for which her body was screaming.

But, oh what a fool she had been to think that she could get away with it, behind the back of her horrible little Team Overseer. Like all the black eunuchs, Gorka had a thing about his girls masturbating. He had even specially locked belled bracelets round the wrists of his team to warn him if they tried to excite themselves. It was, she knew, the damn tinkling of the little bells that had given her away - just as she was secretly reaching the so longed-for climax.

But, oh what an even greater fool she had also been, originally, to have allowed herself to be persuaded by a young Frenchman, Pierre, to spend a romantic and secret weekend in the fabulous palace of a wealthy Arab Prince - whilst her husband was away in the Far East for a month on a business trip.

It was all to be so excitingly secret. She was to use an assumed name and sign a strange looking document in Arabic that Pierre said merely confirmed that she was travelling with him as his secretary. She did not even know where Sheikh's private jet was taking them, nor even his name.

She had found herself in the palace all right - but in the harem of the cruel and terrifying Prince. Pierre had disappeared, having apparently been specially commissioned by the Prince to bring him a pretty young married European woman as an addition to his harem. And no one, back in Austria, had any idea where she was! It was all so clever!

She had soon learned that there was no chance of escape, nor of getting a message out to her husband to tell him where she was, or even that she was alive and well. He must have given her for dead by now - as having just mysteriously disappeared.

Was she destined to spend the rest of her life here? Did the Prince really let the white women he

had tired of go back to Europe - and risk them telling their story? She had seen how some of the older concubines had suddenly disappeared, but no one knew what had happened to them. She had once asked Gorka about them - and had been beaten by him for "Impertinence".

With a grim smile, the Prince returned to the business in hand. He nodded to Gorka.

Gorka cracked his whip.

'Stand for sentencing!' Mizzi suddenly heard her awful little eunuch overseer shout in English. 'Display Position!'

Terrified and biting her lips to keep back her tears, Mizzi jumped up and stood in the degrading position that Gorka had so often made her practice: head up, hands clasped behind her neck, eyes fixed on the wall behind her Master, legs well apart, and her belly and hairless pouting, beauty lips thrust forward.

The Prince looked at the girl now standing silently and rigidly in front of him. She looked very pretty in the Harem dress of the Green Team: embroidered cap, open bolero, silken trousers, Turkish slippers - all in green. Her registered number as an indentured servant, together with the name and crest of the Prince, were engraved on the side of her collar. Her registered number had also been tattooed on the back of her right hand.

Slavery, of course, had been banned. It no longer existed here in North Africa. However, particularly as a gesture to wealthy members of Ruling Families from Arabia settling there, indentured service by women could still be discreetly enforced. Moreover the progeny of a female indentured servant were automatically indentured, too.

The authorities insisted on European female indentured servants being prominently marked with their registered numbers. These numbers were registered with the police and with the emigration service at ports and airports. Neither the local authorities, nor the Ruling Families, wanted the scandal that would result if a white woman escaped from a harem back to the West.

But what really caught the cruel Prince's eye was the way the girl's green silken harem trousers had been cut away in front displaying her belly and beauty lips that she was straining to keep thrust forward in the Position of Showing Respect.

The still angry Prince feasted his eyes cruelly on the sight of his crest, two green scimitars within a black circle, neatly branded onto the girl's soft pouting belly. Above her navel was another brand: also a black circle, this time enclosing the Arabic numerals ,of her Harem Number: "12" - also prettily branded in green, the colour of her Team.

The different colourings had been achieved by the girl's her overseer, young Gorka, carefully rubbing the appropriate pigments into the wound of the brand before it was allowed to heal. Once the brand of a girl's harem number had been coloured she would belong to that same team for the rest of her time in the harem. Her loyalty was now to her team and her team overseer - after the Prince, of course.

At first the Prince had been unsure just where to have his women branded. He had experimented with having the brands placed on a girl's buttocks, like on the hindquarters of one of his horses. He had also experimented with having them placed on a girl's breasts.

But, he had finally decided, it was on a girl's soft little belly, just above and below the navel, that they looked best - and, moreover, would stretch prettily if the belly was made to swell.

The sight of the brands made a further feeling of power and pride of possession sweep through the Prince. Like his name and the girl's registered number engraved on the collar and on the back of her hands, they were a further sign that this once free Christian girl was now his property. She was the helpless and registered property of an Arab Prince and his to do with as he liked.

He wondered how the brands would look stretched by a well swollen belly - and with a shiny chain mail breeding belt, locked by her black overseer over her beauty lips, to prevent her from interfering with what he had ordered was to be done to her. More power!

'Green 12! You're a disgusting little slut,' Mizzi heard the Prince say contemptuously in his heavily accented English.

She gave a little shiver of fear.

'I'm not going to stand for you white girls thinking you can get away with masturbating in my harem. Any sensual pleasure you may be allowed will be decided by me and only if you have earned it whilst pleasuring me. Do you understand, Green 12?'

'Yes, Master,' Mizzi cried out keeping her eyes fixed on the wall behind her terrifying looking Master.

'Give her twelve strokes with the rattan cane,' ordered the Prince slowly. 'To be delivered in front of the whole harem in two days' time - that'll give the girl time to think over the error of her ways - and put the fear of God and of the rattan cane into the other women, too.'

Mizzi gasped. Twelve strokes! And with the awful rattan cane! The dreaded words ran through her brain. cane. And in front of the other girls. But not for two whole days! She would go mad with fear. Oh what a fool she had been to think she could ever get away with it.

There was a pause. The Prince remembered the traditional punishment meted out to white slave girls caught masturbating. It was a punishment that involved putting a despised Christian or Western woman permanently into a state of Salat, or purity. This would also make him popular with the fundamentalist Mullahs who were becoming increasingly influential and with whom it was important that he retained good relations.

'And after she has been thrashed,' he ordered, 'she is to be cut.'

'Cut! Oh my God, no,' cried out Mizzi. 'Please, Master, please!'

She remembered how one of the other white girls, Maria, another Austrian girl in the Red Team had been cut, as it was so casually called, or circumcised, by her slave dealer, to increase her value before she was bought by the Prince.

Like the other Team Overseers, Gorka did not allow his girls to talk to girls in the other teams for fear of his strict discipline being undermined. One day, however, she had managed to have a hastily whispered conversation with Maria in German.

Like all the girls in the Red Team, Maria was a jolly person with artificially enlarged breasts and nipples. But it was in horrified tones that she had told the shocked Mizzi about her little operation. It had at first seemed such a tiny affair, just the tip of her beauty bud being snipped off. But the effect had been devastating.

Maria had whispered, no longer could she get any pleasure from secretly playing with herself. The only pleasure she could get was when something actually penetrated her - a dildo, another girl's tickling finger, a banana, or a cucumber. But here in the harem the eunuchs made sure that there no dildos or tickling fingers and that bananas and cucumbers were always first sliced.

The only thing in the harem that could penetrate her and her give her relief, was her Master's manhood. But, of course, that was rarely possible for he would not normally deign to penetrate a mere "Christian dog" normally - as a woman. No, like the other European women in the harem, she was just occasionally sodomised.

But to be taken properly by her Master was something which now obsessed her, something she dreamed about every night, even more than the other frustrated concubines. It was something for which she would do anything, submit to anything.

As she said to Mizzi, no wonder so many men in Africa and in the Moslem world insisted on their women being circumcised. No wonder the slave dealer, into whose hands she had fallen, had had her done. A circumcised European woman was indeed as rare prize!

Remembering this terrifying conversation, Mizzi now wanted to scream out in protest, or to fall to her knees before the Master and beg him to spare her this cruel punishment. But a tug on the lead fastened to her collar and a sharp tap on her buttocks from Gorka's whip reduced her to a petrified silence.

So she just stood there, horrified.

Young Gorka heard the double sentence with grim satisfaction.

Twelve strokes of the rattan cane from the hands of the powerful looking Malaka would certainly help enforce the strict discipline that he liked to see in his team. He would look forward to seeing a white woman screaming and writhing, as she hung by her wrists, and as Malaka slowly proceeded with the punishment.

As for the girl being circumcised, if he had his way, all the women would be done just as they were back in his native village where they also cut back the beauty lips as well. It would make his job as guardian the purity of the Prince's Green Team that much easier.

He cracked his little whip. Automatically Mizzi stiffened.

'About turn,' he ordered.

Mizzi raised her right knee high in the air and with a practised precision that would have done credit on the Guards' parade ground in London, turned round. She thought, how degrading it was: a married woman being drilled like this by a nasty little boy.

Again he cracked his whip.

'Prance out!' he ordered.

Obediently the girl pranced slowly out of the room, her breasts bouncing as, feeling Gorka's dog whip on her buttocks, she strained to raise her knees higher and higher in the air and to keep her hands clasped behind her neck.

She made a perfect picture of well disciplined white womanhood as Gorka both held her back with the lead still attached to the back of her collar and drove her forward with his dog whip.

## **PART II - HAREM DISCIPLINE AND AN INNOCENT AT LARGE**

### **1 - AN ENGAGEMENT IS HALF-BROKEN OFF**

Several thousand miles away from the Prince's harem, the telephone suddenly rang.

Penelope sat up in bed to answer it.

'Darling,' came a well-known voice, 'I hope you feel better this morning and didn't mean all you said last night.'

'Oh, hello. It's you! I didn't expect you to want to speak to me again.'

'Well, I do and I've thought hard about what you said about us breaking off our affair. You say that perhaps we should not see each other for a bit. We haven't in any case gone firm on wedding plans. So we could break it off temporarily and then see how it goes?'

'Exactly what I want,' agreed Penelope petulantly, though secretly she felt very sad about it all.

'Well, it needn't be final and, as I'm going to the States for some weeks, we would not be being seeing each other anyway.'

Penelope was silent for a moment.

'Darling,' came the same, rather weak, pleading voice, 'let's have a compromise and not be too final about it all ...'

Oh God, thought Penelope, why can't he be decisive and either sweep me off my feet, or just decide to stick to Pamela and disappear out her own life?

'No,' she muttered, her voice becoming increasingly angry. 'This just what's been our whole trouble: it's never one thing or the other. We just drift on and I did hope that this time you'd agree to a clean break and wouldn't contact me ...'

'But Darling ...' came that same weak pleading voice.

'No! Let's not see each other for six months and then please let it be me that first gets in touch with you.'

'Six months!'

'Yes and promise you won't badger me as you always do and get around me. If I don't contact you, it will be because I feel the same as now - and last night.'

'I'm not sure I'll be able to promise that,' came the doubtful answer. 'But do anyway please keep the ring I gave you.'

'Well!' laughed Penelope, looking down at the eye-catching lapis lazuli stone on her finger that he had given her as a token. 'All right. But I do mean what I said. I think we must have a little time apart. So, I won't take any calls or answer any letters. So goodbye - and good luck. Perhaps you'll find a stronger minded woman.' Penelope replaced the receiver and then took it off its cradle to prevent him

from calling back.

\* \* \* \* \*

Penelope thought her life was in a really boring negative phase. She was 26, tall, vivacious and, she knew, strikingly pretty with a good figure that made turned men's eyes. And yet and yet ... Oh, if only she could find a rich older man who would look after her and take charge of things.

Straightening her stiff legs, she stood up and went into her bathroom. She pulled her pyjama top over her head, slipped the bottoms down to her feet and stepped free to appraise herself in the mirror.

Her newly capped front teeth were a source of delight, after years of being acutely conscious of her cramped upper jaw with the centre teeth almost crossing. Her shoulder length hair, though still tousled from sleep, was well cut and her natural blonde colour was highlighted with pale streaks.

She had no close relations; her parents had recently died in a car crash and she had just received the money they had left her. Her own earnings as an actress had been rather meagre and erratic. She had wondered about spending some of it by going away to somewhere exciting - away from Charles. But hopes of getting a role on the stage or on television had held her back.

Penelope had gone to RADA on a scholarship with assistance from their local council. There she had been regarded as talented. However, jobs in the theatre were nigh impossible for an unknown actress and her teeth hadn't helped. Finally, in despair, she had taken a job as a secretary. She had had to give that up and take redundancy when her employers were taken over.

The small redundancy payment had paid for her teeth and a small but beautifully coordinated collection of clothes and shoes. She had circulated photographs of the new Penelope and these had been well received. She had even been told, in the auditions that followed, that she stood a good chance of getting a part in a film. It would have launched her career but, alas, she had just heard that she had failed to get the part.

'She's not sufficiently decisive and forthright for the part,' her agent had been told.

Not decisive enough! Had they spotted, under her mask of vivaciousness, her secret desire to be submissive and to be controlled? Indeed, only in her recent dealings with Charles, her former fiancé, had she shown any decision - and that was only after being driven half-mad by his weak character and indecisiveness - and financial unreliability.

Penelope looked at her breasts and cupped her hands under them. They had not flopped at all, despite Charles's attentions. He had nestled his face between them, sucked and tugged the nipples as he sought with a free hand to stimulate himself - generally with only moderate success.

He liked her to tie bows to her nipples so that he could pull the ends free, or put elastic bands round them so that they protruded palely and would then be rouged by him. He liked to place his limp manhood between them and squeeze her breasts together as he moved up and down between them.

He was a bosom fetishist and had been ingenious in his ideas of how to provide stimulus for himself. Some she rather enjoyed, like being laced into a tight corset so that her waist was only twenty-two inches and her breasts were pushed up and exposed. Then her nipples would project out of their own volition, hard and pink and the sensation of lust between her legs would make her yearn for a firm manhood to thrust up into her.

To try and capture Charles's attention, she had trimmed her beauty hair into a blonde triangle and squeezed cream inside her to make herself moist and alluring. However, it was a great frustration to her that he rarely showed interest in her there.

His financial status was also fairly moderate and he had suggested that by moving into her mews flat, he could economise on his outgoings.

Yes, Penelope had decided in a rare moment of resolution, it was time for a change. This unsatisfactory relationship just couldn't go on any longer. Charles clearly longed for a strong-minded woman of independent means who would take charge of his life and she equally longed for a strong-minded man: a father figure.

She had, indeed, adored her rather, who was demonstrative to her, kissing her on the lips and cupping his hands under her breasts as he released her from a hug, or innocently sliding his hands down her back as they passed.

Somewhere there must be a positive and loving man for me, Penelope thought. A man who would enjoy this slim body and perfect breasts; a man who would respond to her longing to be dominated; a rich man who would shelter and protect her. But where? And how can I meet him? 'My luck must

change for better,' she mused. 'Maybe I should give my agent a ring just in case he's got any news.'

## 2 - THE PRINCE'S PALANQUIN AND THE CRUEL TEAM SYSTEM

The Prince walked towards the short mounting ladder that led up to the comfortable sixwomen palanquin that would carry him up the steep winding path to his Guest House where several male members of his family had just arrived. A fringed awning would shade him from the sun.

Being a rather corpulent gentleman, the Prince used his ornately carved palanquin to go up the zig-zag path that led up to the Guest House, a couple of hundred feet above the palace. It was a simple variation of a traditional Eastern method of transport and one that made good use of the women in his harem.

He used to use a small carriage drawn by mules, but Malaka had recently suggested replacing these by one of the harem team, changing them every week to make it more interesting and competitive. It had proved to be an excellent suggestion - and a fine way of keeping his women fit and on their toes. It was also very arousing sport.

A feeling of power surged through the Prince as he looked at the six women, three kneeling up in front of the palanquin, known as Leaders in horse driving parlance, and three behind, known as Wheelers. Twin poles projected from the front and rear on each side of the palanquin. Each of the women's wrists were, in turn, securely manacled above her head to a large metal spring attached to wooden crosspieces that linked the ends of the poles.

The extent to which the springs were compressed instantly showed the Team Overseer, mounted on a donkey by the side of the palanquin, whether a particular woman was pushing up properly to bear her share of the weight of the palanquin and its passengers.

If a woman slackened off even slightly, then her springs would immediately show as being less compressed than those of her team-mates. This in turn would result in immediate application of the overseer's long driving whip to the exposed backside of the offending young woman.

Once fastened in place, there was no escape for a woman as kneeling, waiting for their Master, they held his palanquin with their upstretched arms. Nor would there be when moving a smart trot, straining, driven on by their overseers whip, carrying the palanquin on which their Master would now be reclining, to the top of the hill. Like real carriage horses, they would, if necessary, have to relieve themselves on the move.

The women were naked except for little running shoes and capes that came down to below their hips at the front and were fastened by a long line of brass buttons. The women made an erotic sight for at the back the capes were cut away to leave their pretty little bottoms quite bare - ready for the application of the carriage whip the overseer used to spur them into greater efforts.

As they were used in the large park that surrounded the palace, their heads were entirely hidden under black leather hoods that prevented any spectator from seeing their faces - or even the colour of their hair. The hoods also acted as muzzles.

Little hinged leather lids could be lowered over the small eyelets in the hood. These were held in place by Velcro and prevented the women from seeing any man to whom the Prince was showing off his beautiful palanquin. Even they did fleetingly see another man, only if the zip fastener across the mouth of each mask was pulled back could they call out to him.

No one watching the Prince's palanquin go by would ever have guessed that under several of the hoods was a beautiful European woman straining her utmost from fear of the whip - though their existence in the Prince's harem was widely, and approvingly, rumoured in the local bazaars.

The blue capes showed that this week it was the turn of the Blue Team to carry the Prince's palanquin. Each of the rival harem teams, Green, Red, Blue and Yellow, would take it in turn for a week to provide the women for the task.

The times that each team took to carry the Prince up the long winding path that led up to the top of the hill, looking over his domain, were automatically recorded by an electronic timing device.

Each team's young eunuch overseer would be desperately trying to make his team achieve faster and faster times during their week on palanquin duty. His aim was to outperform his rival overseers and

so win the monthly cash prize for the fastest run up the hill. Competition was fierce and each overseer was allowed each day to make changes to the composition of the team of six that carried the palanquin, resting one or two girls and trying out others.

The Prince looked at young Burka, the Blue Team Overseer, mounted alongside the palanquin on a donkey, his whip ready to spur the women of his team into greater efforts.

Partly because he knew that the women, especially his European ones, hated it, the Prince preferred to have young black eunuchs in direct charge of each team, rather than older ones. It appealed to the Prince's cruel character. Certainly his sophisticated European women who so bitterly resented merely being locked up in his harem, really hated the additional humiliation of being intimately supervised by ignorant young black boys, especially as they had the authority to beat them at the slightest sign of impudence or surliness.

These young eunuchs were still under the experienced guidance of Malaka, in whom he had complete confidence. If a serious situation arose, as when Mizzi was caught masturbating, then Malaka would take direct charge.

But there was another reason for him deciding to use these youngsters as Team Overseers: he liked a girl's overseer to be present, holding her lead, when she pleased him in his bed, so that he could make sure she performed well. Whereas the presence of a big fat, plodding, older eunuch might have been off-putting for him, he felt no embarrassment in taking his pleasure with a woman in the presence of a young black boy - or indeed of his young Italian white eunuch, personal valet, Rosebud.

When the unsuspecting boy had entered his service he had had him gelded, so that he could accompany his Master into the harem. Now he was too ashamed to run away back to the derision that would greet him in his home town in Italy. Instead, just as a neutered dog stops running away, so too Rosebud was now devoted to serving his cruel Master.

He had at one time considered using the well-educated Rosebud as a Team overseer. However, it was noticeable that the women did not treat Rosebud with the same respect that they gave to the more frightening young black eunuchs. On the contrary, they rather regarded him as one of them - which in some ways he was, for the Prince did not hesitate to use him for his pleasure when travelling away from his harem.

No, the Prince had decided, the traditional custom of using black eunuchs to control the women in a rich man's harem and of using white eunuchs as personal attendants and pleasure boys was undoubtedly right.

To stimulate rivalry between the Team Overseer's and to encourage each one to train his girls in the art of giving pleasure, the Prince would give a substantial tip to an overseer whose girl, or more usually girls, had particularly pleased him in his bed. Thus the overseers all had one simple aim: for their girls to please the Prince more than those of the other teams. By allowing each Team Overseer a high degree of independence in the appearance, discipline and training of his team, the Prince further encouraged the rivalry between the young Team Overseers and thus, between the teams themselves.

Each Team Overseer had his own budget and it was largely up to him how it was spent: so much on acquiring new blood for his team to enable it to compete for the Master's attentions against its rival teams; so much on expensive beauty treatments, such as breast enlargements or re-shaping; so much on scents and beauty preparations: and so much on silks and embroidery for the teams' skimpy dresses.

The Prince allowed the rival overseers considerable latitude on how they dressed their teams - provided it was erotic, provided each team was dressed identically and in the team colour and provided that all their little bellies were bare with their brands well displayed.

The Prince also enjoyed the sight of each rival team complying with his grandfather's dictum about a harem always having a few attractively curved white bellies on display - and a few breasts in milk to provide sustenance for the Master. Each team was allowed to have one of each.

A special reward was given to a Team Overseer if his girls, helped by being made to take a course of fertility pills, successfully produced mulatto twins or triplets who would be brought up to labour on the Prince's estates. Inheriting their white mother's intelligence and resourcefulness and their father's strength and resilience to the harsh climate, they made excellent and docile workers.

The Team Overseers competed against each fiercely for the annual prizes for the best curved bellies and for the girl giving the most milk.

The biggest monthly prize, however, was for the Team Overseer obtaining the fastest time carrying the palanquin up the hill. Here an overseer could earn a big handicap for his team if he included his

team's mother-to-be in his palanquin carriers. It was, moreover, a handicap that increased with each month since the girl was successfully mated. Inclusion of the team's milkmaid or milkmaids earned another handicap.

It was all a competitive system, the Prince felt, that had worked out very well and given him a lot of pleasure. At the same it kept the Team Overseers on their toes with each desperate to win the prize by a mix of his strongest girls and the biggest handicap.

It also made the Team overseers think very hard about the acquisition of new girls for which each would have to put aside part of his budget and his earnings from prizes and tips.

The original choice of a new girl lay with the Prince and Malaka, his Chief Black eunuch. Payment to the dealer who produced the girl would be made by a special fund administered by Malaka.

Once acquired, the various Team Overseers would bid to have the new girl, if they could afford her, allocated to their team. In this way Malaka's fund was constantly being topped up again by receipts from the funds of the Team Overseers.

In deciding how much to bid for a particular new girl, the young Team Overseers would not only be assessing her beauty and attractiveness. Character was also important. Would she train well and thus give her Master extra pleasure - and thereby earn her overseer substantial tips? Was she also strong enough to play her part in carrying the palanquin so that her overseer could win the coveted big monthly prize?

In the case of white women, how would she look after being mated with one of the Prince's giant Dinkas guards or with the pygmies, or black dwarfs, preferred by some of the Prince's rich friends? Would she still be strong enough to take her place, right up to the foaling, in carrying the palanquin and so qualify her team for the special handicaps? Might she earn her Team Overseer the prizes for the prettiest belly? Could she carry twins or triplets? Were her breasts big enough to earn him, later, the prize for the girl producing most milk?

Tall European girls with their good child-bearing hips gave an overseer the best chance of winning these various prizes, but they were very expensive and rare.

Each team was therefore composed of a mixture of beautiful women from different parts of the world and the rival Team Overseers' role in choosing, buying and training their teams of women was somewhat similar to that of rival football team managers in choosing, buying and training their teams of players.

Team Overseers were selected for their intelligence. It was a position of considerable responsibility for young boys who, until they were castrated, had only experienced the harsh life of their African rural home. Now, as black eunuchs, they may have lost their virility but they had gained a life of ease that would have been unimaginable back in their poor native village. They were well fed, well dressed and in a position of power: each responsible for the disciplining a team of young women, all older than himself, including white women whom he had been brought up to regard as untouchable goddesses. How often, back in his village, he would have heard men describing the much longed for, but unobtainable, beauty of white women. Now, still mere boys, had some of them under their control! They were theirs to train, theirs to supervise in their most intimate moments and, above all, theirs to punish. No one back in their native villages would ever believe it, but they were actually allowed to beat white women with a dog whip. Oh, how they enjoyed doing that!

The Prince was convinced that the best way of bringing on these clever young boys was to put them in complete charge of a team of valuable and beautiful concubines. Having to cope with the tantrums, anxieties and petty jealousies of a team of women, especially the white women in the team, as well as keeping them fit and healthy, well trained, obedient and subservient, quickly made the eunuch boys into effective Team Overseers. But that was not all, for each boy was responsible for supervising and recording his girls' natural functions; checking and synchronising their monthly cycles; bringing on the milk of those he selected to be the team's milkmaids and maintaining a good flow.

He was also responsible for recommending a future mother-to-be and for assisting with her mating or, if the girl was initially to be kept unaware of what was happening, with her artificial insemination. He was responsible for subsequently checking that conception had been achieved; for supervising the girl's subsequent progress and for ensuring that she did not interfere with what nature intended: and for finally making sure that all went well on her day of deliverance.

These boys kept themselves aloof from the European women in their charge, whom they associated with the hated white slavers who had so cruelly carried so many black people off to slavery in the New World.

They equally distanced themselves from the pale olive skinned Arab women in the harem, whom they related with the hated Arab slave traders of yore who had cruelly carried off so many black people to slavery in Arabia.

Instead they took advantage of these women's natural fear of black men to impose their authority on them. Young though they might be, their position of authority in the harem gave them the opportunity, whilst loyally serving their Masters, of getting their revenge for the cruelty and domination that their forebears had suffered from their Arab and European captors.

The Prince laughed to himself at the thought that no matter how much the women might resent the humiliation of being controlled by a young black boy, nevertheless they all soon assumed the characteristics and personality of their overseer: -The Green team, for instance, had taken on the serious and earnest attitude of the young pigmy eunuch Gorka and were conspicuous for their fitness and slimmess.

This was the result of hours spent in the harem gymnasium being drilled and driven on by young Gorka's whip to further and yet further efforts on the treadmill and weight lifting machines, as well as over the leather covered "horse". Marching into the harem in perfect unison, half naked, heads up, svelte bodies shining and the bells on their bracelets tinkling, the Green Team made a fine and erotic sight of well disciplined young womanhood.

The Red team, however, took after their plump and more easy-going young overseer, Rafta.

At eighteen he was the oldest of the Team Overseers. His girls were a laughing, bubbly, buxom lot - for Rafta had had all their breasts enlarged and their nipples stretched to bring them more into line with those of the young Negresses back in his home village. They, too, also made a splendidly arousing sight for their Master and in particular, the effect of breast enlargement and nipple stretching on the normally slight little Thai girls was very erotic.

The Yellow Team's young overseer, Yoka, had also introduced some of the customs of his native village back in Africa where women were kept strictly subjugated. For a start, all his women's heads were kept shaved and shiny, with the Prince's crest and the women's harem numbers tattooed on their polished craniums, matching the brands on their bellies. Each was also fitted, like the women back in his village, with a large, animal-like brass nose ring that went down to her chin and round her mouth. From the ring hung a little bell that tinkled with every movement. The little needle-like ends that went through their nostrils were brazed together to prevent the women removing them. Each woman had to keep her brass nose ring carefully polished or else! The only clothing they were allowed to wear was a yellow coloured native modesty flap, made of bark, which was supported by a string strung round their waists and which hung down below their branded bellies and over their hairless beauty lips. Yes, the Prince reflected, his Yellow team certainly made an arousing sight of delightfully degraded female slaves - particularly the European ones. He thought, for instance, of Inez, a tall young Spanish woman. Working as a Governess, she had been saving up to get married to her childhood sweetheart when she was abducted and sold to the Prince.

Once she had lovely long black hair, but Malaka, knowing that the Prince wanted only blond European women in his harem, had assigned her to the Yellow Team where she would be destined to lose her hair anyway. She now resembled a naked white Negress with her bald shiny head, her nose ring and her little strip of bark. Like her team-mates, she made a sight that particularly aroused the Master when she was made to kneel down between his knees and pleasure him.

It was indeed difficult for him to decide which was more exciting: seeing her well polished cranium, tattooed with his crest, moving obediently up and down below his large belly; or feeling alternatively the cool of her nose ring and then the soft heat of her tongue on his manhood; or simply thinking of how this once free and well educated young woman was now in his power and had been reduced to such a servile status.

The twelve year old overseer of the Blue team, Burka, had also introduced a custom from his native village - one that was also intended to enhance the Negress-like appearance of the women in his team. He would bind the nipples and beauty buds of his girls with cotton thread so that they became greatly swollen and extended. Then he pierced them and fitted them with gold rings, an inch in diameter. From each of the nipple rings hung, humiliatingly, a little bell which tinkled with the girls' every movement. From each of the clitoral rings hung a pretty little jewel that glittered with their every step. The swing of these jewels also had another effect. Because of the movement of the gold ring itself, they were kept in a state of constant, if frustrated, arousal. This made them more desperate than ever to catch the eye of their Master - and to please him, their only permitted source of pleasure. And, of course, the more

they pleased him the bigger Burka's tip ...

Although each Team Overseer was responsible for the appearance of all the women in his team, they had the support of another black eunuch, Hurta, whom the Prince had had trained as a beautician and hairdresser - though this last accomplishment was not of much use to the Yellow Team!

Similarly, although each overseer was responsible for the progress of his own reluctant mothers-to-be, they could call on the advice of the experienced black eunuch, Nadu, whom Malaka had had trained as a male midwife - and as an expert in the art of artificial insemination.

The Prince often thought the task of the young black Team Overseers in his harem was not unlike that of his young Arab grooms in the stables of his stud. Both were responsible, under the supervision of the Chief Black eunuch or stud groom, for the valuable and delicate young women or brood mares in his care. Moreover, just as the young grooms could call in the assistance of the stud blacksmith and veterinary surgeon, so the boy eunuchs could call in the specially trained harem eunuch hairdresser and midwife.

Malaka also employed a retired Chief Black eunuch, Patak, to patrol the dormitories at night. The dormitories were kept lit up at night and television cameras, high up in the roofs, recorded the women's every movement. Nevertheless, Malaka wanted to be quite sure that the women did not misbehave whilst their overseers slept.

Patak was the night-time guardian of the purity and frustration of the Prince's women.

Yes, the Prince thought, as the English say, variety is the spice of life and Malaka with his young rival Team Overseers and supporting older black eunuchs, certainly succeeded in providing that.

At least his grandfather could never accuse him of keeping his concubines all boringly alike!

### **3 - PENELOPE'S TRAVEL PLANS**

Back in London, Penelope's agent was enthusiastic about her new photographs and told her that he had also circulated them to Australia. He had now just learnt that it was almost certain that she was going to be offered the new part of an English girl in a television 'soap' that had been a great success there. He told her to be ready to travel to Sydney at a day's notice.

'How wonderful!' cried Penelope, her self-confidence restored. Thrilled, she promptly rang up all her girl friends to tell them of her good fortune.

The next day, Penelope thought that it would be a sensible precaution to enquire about the immediate availability of flights to Sydney. So, dressed in white jeans and a red shirt under a black blazer, she made her way to the Knightsbridge travel agency that she had heard specialised in cut price fares around the world.

Whilst she was waiting for details about possible flights to Australia, the helpful clerk was called away to the telephone.

'Oh dear, ' he said on his return, looking rather crestfallen, 'another last minute cancellation. And I'd taken so much trouble over it.'

'Where was it to?' she asked politely.

'Tangier!' he replied. 'It's wonderful place. So romantic and different! And the hotels are cheap now, out of season. I'd booked him out on tomorrow's flight and into a charming, but inexpensive, hotel that we know. Discreet and very comfortable, with a swimming pool. Oh well ... Now, Madam, about your flight to Australia ... '

### **4 - THE PRINCE SHOWS OFF A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER**

Although their heads were all hidden under their hoods, the Prince noted that from the white skins and larger build of the two Outside Leaders that two of the six women bearing his palanquin today were European.

He also noticed that the bellies of both these Outside Leaders, proudly chained by their Team Overseer in the positions of honour, the display positions of his palanquin, were pressing against the fronts of their capes.

Also not unnaturally, in view of the handicap earned by women in milk, he saw that the breasts of two of the three women at the back of the palanquin were also pressing against their capes.

Clearly Burka was experimenting to get the fastest time and the biggest handicap and using today both his Matched Pair of a pregnant mother and daughter to carry the palanquin, as well as one of his girls in milk

It was always a difficult judgement to balance the extra handicaps given to Mothers-to-Be and to heavy breasted Milkmaids against their likely reduced stamina and consequent slower time - especially when the Mothers-to-Be could, as in this case also qualify for an additional handicap as a Matched Pair!

It was just this sort of problem that made palanquin racing with girls such an absorbing sport - whether confined simply to his own different harem teams or to the teams of some of his neighbours with similar harems, whom he would also challenge to come and compete.

The Prince also noticed that each of the women's heads were completely hidden behind their leather hoods and that the muzzling zip fasteners were closed. There would be no risk of any gardeners, or other men, seeing the faces of his concubines or hearing them call out. Nor, if the eyelet covers on their masks were lowered, would the women be able to see any other men. Naturally, the only man they were ever allowed to see close-to was himself! He did not want the sluts mooning over a handsome young gardener - nor over one of his young cousins.

He noticed that another masked woman was strapped down in the palanquin, with her face forming the bottom of the seat on which he would sit cross legged. The zip fastener over her mouth had already been pulled back zipped back. She would earn her team another handicap - provided she silently used her tongue to perform its secret task to his satisfaction.

Thus it was that the Prince had in effect four rival teams for his palanquin, each kept fit by its overseer and each consisting of six women, in this case with a Matched Pair in the last stages of an enforced maternity as Outside Leaders and another woman performing a rather special function in the seat.

The Prince gestured to Burka to raise the capes of the two Leaders. He grunted with approval as he saw two nicely swollen bellies each emblazoned, under the brand of his crest, with the numbers 20A or 20B, those of his valuable Dutch mother and daughter. He wanted to make a good display in front of his cousins.

He then gestured to Burka to bare the breasts of the girls at the back of the palanquin. Again he grunted with approval as he recognised the branded numbers of Blue Team's current milkmaids, one an Arab girl and the other a Pakistani - they had been Burka's entry last year for the prizes for the prettiest swollen bellies and this year for the greatest yield of milk. They too would impress his cousins.

The Prince now laboriously climbed up onto the palanquin. He had a glimpse of a little face and then sat down on it, lifting up and gathering his loose robes around him. As he did so he felt a little hidden tongue thrusting up eagerly between his buttocks. He squirmed in his seat, making sure that the tongue would be licking the most sensitive part of his anatomy and then pressed himself down on the woman's face. A feeling of intense physical pleasure shot through his body as the tongue reached up and licked - together with an equally intense feeling of power as he looked down on the helpless women chained to his palanquin.

He nodded to the boy overseer now mounted on his donkey.

Burka cracked his whip and in a piping little voice called out: 'Up!'

Like a camel or an elephant rising to its feet after being mounted by its rider, the six women carefully rose to their feet, raising the swaying palanquin up high with their manacled hands.

There was another crack of the whip.

'Prance!'

The six women were now high-stepping in perfect time as they approached the start line at the bottom of the hill.

Suddenly they heard a crack of the whip. They were across the line!

'Trot!' cried Burka, applying his whip to all six backsides

As the straining women carried the palanquin up the steep slope, the Prince reflected on how several of his equally wealthy friends had boasted to him of their white Pony Girls. He had been tempted to start, like them, a separate stables for Pony Girls.

However, the great advantage of these Palanquin girls over Pony Girls was that they did not require separate stables and treatment. They could live in the harem as ordinary concubines. They could be used as normal concubines for his pleasure as well as for carrying his palanquin up and down the hillside when it was their team's turn.

Indeed as ordinary members of a particular team, they would spend one week a month in his private ablutions as his personal attendants, one week as his pleasure slaves, one week as carrying his palanquin and one week resting - their young overseers having carefully brought their monthly cycles into coincidence.

The Prince's cousins were waiting for him on the steps of the Guest House as the palanquin crossed the line that marked the end of the hill climb.

'Prance!' cried Burka again and cracked his whip.

The exhausted women slowed to a walk and then, after two paces, started raising their knees high in the air again, pranced towards the Guest House, making a fine picture of well disciplined, if half hidden, womanhood.

'Halt!' ordered Burka as the palanquin opposite the steps of the guest house. Again after two paces the women came to a smart military halt.

Burka now discreetly lowered the lids over the eyelets of the women's hoods so that they would not see the Prince's handsome young relations.

The six women, now soaked in sweat, were breathing heavily as the repulsively large Prince reached down to close the zip-fastener over the mouth of the girl under him and gathered his robes around him.

'Kneel!' ordered Burka with a crack of his whip.

The women slowly dropped to their knees, still holding up the swaying palanquin.

The Prince slowly climbed down the steps and went forward to greet his guests, dressed like himself in spotless white Arab dress and headdress.

Ignoring the half naked women, they embraced each other effusively and went inside to sip coffee and discuss the situation back in Arabia.

Half an hour later they emerged, smiling.

'I must congratulate you, my brother, on your palanquin women,' said one of the Prince's cousins.

'And I see that some look like accursed white Western women,' said another.

'And there's an interesting looking pair at the front,' commented yet another.

'Indeed,' replied the Prince jovially, moving over to the two Leaders. 'Have a look at these two - they're a special matched pair,'

As they stood there helpless, unable to speak or to see anything and with their hands manacled above their heads to the palanquin, the mother and daughter heard their Master tell their young overseer to unbutton their capes.

They could hear several male voices - deep voices, not the squeaky falsetto of the black eunuchs. The voices were speaking in Arabic which they could not understand, but they blushed under their masks as they realised that they were being shown off to strange men.

'Look!' the Prince was saying proudly, patting the swollen white belly of the righthand woman. 'A European Christian woman! You can see she's not a young girl but she's making a fine job of carrying a pair of Negro twins, sired by one of my giant Dinka guards. They'll be reared to make fine workers on my estate.'

'And fitted with a breeding belt to prevent anything untoward from happening,' remarked another pointing at the filigree silver pouch chained over her beauty lips.

'Yes, one can't be too careful with these white sluts,' replied the Prince. Then he pointed to his now distended brand which was prominently displayed on her belly.

'Our family crest!' exclaimed one of the party.

Above it was branded in blue the Arabic numerals of her harem number, 20, followed by the letter "A".

The Prince put his hand on the blushing woman's spreading hips. 'She's carried them well and we think she'll have no difficulty when it's time to drop them,' he said casually.

He now nodded to Burka who now quickly unlocked the tiny padlock in the small of the woman's back. Her breeding belt fell to the ground, displaying the woman's hairless mound and glistening beauty lips - and the gold ring through her out-stretched and swollen beauty bud.

There were cries of appreciation as Burka now parted her beauty lips to show how the ring ensured that she was kept moist and well aroused, even when straining to carry the palanquin up the hill.

Then Burka drew back the capes over her breasts, displaying their enlarged and ringed nipples.

There were further cries of admiration.

The Prince lifted up one of the woman's swollen breasts. 'And there's every sign that she'll make a fine milker, too,' he said. 'Of course, these days you can bring on a girl's milk at any time, but I like nature to take its course with the breasts having to grow fast as her body realises that in principle she'll soon have to start feeding couple of hungry baby giants.'

'Though in fact they'll be taken away from her, I presume,' said one of the Prince's guests.

'Of course,' laughed the Prince. 'My women's milk is for me alone!'

The Prince now moved across to the other woman whose face was also hidden behind her leather mask. Again he drew back the cape. Again the same brands were displayed, but the letter in blue was not "A" but "B".

'You mean these two masked white women are mother and daughter,' cried one of the Prince's younger cousins incredulously.

'Oh yes, and from Holland,' replied the Prince, running his hands over the young girl's swollen belly in a proprietorial way. 'And both mated to the same Sire. Originally I had thought of having them artificially fertilised, unknown to them. But in the end I arranged for their mating to be the highlight of a party I gave for my friends here. Their chosen Sire, one of my Black Guards, a very virile giant Dinka, mounted them one after the other - though of course they were hooded so that they never saw him - or my guests.'

'And it took?' laughed one young man.

'Oh yes, the scan quickly showed their progeny coming on nicely,' replied the Prince proudly.

'So they're both carrying the progeny of the same Dinka father?'

'Yes, the progeny will be half brothers with the mother also the grandmother of her daughter's progeny,' said the Prince with a cruel laugh.

'What a fascinating combination,' said one of the cousins, whilst the other nodded in agreement. Fascinating indeed!

'And is this one carrying twins also?' asked another cousin

'Yes,' laughed the Prince, 'thanks to the fertility pills used by my clever Chief Black eunuch.

The Prince's cousins laughed cruelly.

The Prince went on, 'we had wondered whether it might be better to mate them this first time with my little pygmy stallion, so that the daughter's hips would have been spread more before putting her to one of my giant Dinkas. However, my Chief Black eunuch was satisfied that with these Dutch women, even young girls, have good child bearing hips. So we went ahead.'

Even so, isn't that rather risky - especially as you must have paid through the nose for this pair.'

'Yes, they certainly cost a lot,' agreed the Prince, 'but Dinkas have quite small heads, despite their size, so there's little risk when a girl foals - which is why, of course, our forefathers always used Dinka stallions on their slave-girls.'

'And her breasts look like coming into milk well, too,' observed another cousin.

'Yes,' said another, 'and we can certainly see you're taking seriously the tradition of our ancestors: "seek revenge on the hated infidels by mating any of their women, that you capture, with black slaves!'"

'Indeed!' replied the Prince with a rather grim smile.

## 5 - PENELOPE'S PLANS ARE SUDDENLY CHANGED

That afternoon Penelope was sitting alone, thinking of her father and how decisive and protective he had been. He made other younger men seem so unsatisfactory, especially Charles. If only her darling Daddy was still alive. She would have made up for her mother's undemonstrative attitude and have kissed and loved him. She caught her breath. Oh, how she missed him.

Just then the telephone rang, It was her agent again,

'Bad news, I'm afraid,' he said. 'I've just been rung by my Australian contacts. Apparently the Producer there has just decided at the last moment not to go ahead with the part of the English girl, after all. So bad luck, darling - but keep in touch! Ciao!'

'Bad luck!' Penelope cried aloud in anguish as the agent put down the phone. She burst into tears. It was too much! And just after she had told everyone, that she was going to Australia! Now she would look a complete fool.

Oh God, what more could go wrong with her life here in London? She must get away!

Suddenly she remembered the telephone conversation she had heard in the travel agency. It had been about Tangier. She knew nothing about Tangier but the man had said it was romantic and cheap out of season. At least it would get her away from London for a bit, away from Charles, away from her Agent.

Best of all, no one need know where she was or that the Australian role she had so stupidly boasted about so much, had fallen through. Everyone would just assume that she'd gone off to Australia.

And there was a flight to Tangier tomorrow!

Yes, she thought, why not? Tangier might be fun. And that "charming, but inexpensive, discreet and very comfortable hotel with a swimming pool" sounded just what she wanted. She could afford to go there for a couple of months and then contact her agent again before returning to London.

Penelope reached for the telephone and dialled the travel agency's number. She got through to the same helpful clerk.

'That cancelled booking on the flight to Tangier for tomorrow,' she said. 'Can I have it? And the booking at that nice hotel?'

## 6 - THE PRINCE PLACES AN ORDER FOR TWO NEW WOMEN

It was shortly after the visit of the Prince's relatives that that Malaka came to see him.

He coughed discreetly. The Prince looked up from his book. Malaka was an excellent Chief Black eunuch. He ran the harem excellently, imposed a strict discipline and only bothered him with the women's major problems. He was also his confidant, someone to whom he could speak openly about his women and his desires, without embarrassment - just he could speak to his head groom about his well bred Arab horses.

'Your Highness,' he began, speaking in fluent Arabic, 'young Burka, the Blue Team overseer, is worried about being able in future to provide a satisfactory team for the palanquin.'

'They were running very well the other day,' said the Prince, 'and the similarly swollen bellies of our young mother and daughter were greatly admired by my cousins.'

'That is exactly the problem, Your Highness' replied Malaka in an anxious tone. 'Repaying me for the acquisition of such rare delicacies as a white mother and daughter used up all poor little Burka's budget.'

'But a very well worthwhile acquisition they were,' exclaimed the Prince, thinking back to their initial training and breaking-in which had enabled him to take the virginity of the daughter whilst, from underneath, the tongue of the mother provided him with additional delight.

'Indeed, your Highness, indeed,' agreed Malaka ingratiatingly. 'But they are due to foal in only three months' time. When they have dropped their progeny, Burka will need another European woman, with a swollen belly, to take their place - until the mother and daughter are ready to be mated again.'

'And what you're saying is that he'll need extra money to acquire one.'

'Exactly, Your Highness.'

'Well, I don't want to start trouble amongst the other Team Overseers by giving Burka extra money

for his team. They'll say that it's unfair and they'll want more, too.'

'Not really, Your Highness, there is a general understanding that the acquisition of a white mother and daughter was a quite exceptionally expensive item. Whilst, of course, the other Team Overseers are jealous that they were put into Burka's team and not into their own ones, they do nevertheless realise that it used up all his budget. I don't think that there would be a problem if Burka's budget was now topped up again.'

The Prince stroked his beard as he considered the matter. In fact, quite separately, Malaka had already advised him that it was now time to cull one or two of the girls and get in some new blood. He himself had begun to feel that he needed the excitement of acquiring a new girl - or better still what about another matched pair?

'Well,' he said again, having now made up his mind, 'after the good news about my share of our family income that my cousins brought me yesterday, I think I can afford to buy more than just one more white girl. I think another matched pair is called for!'

Another matched pair of Christian European women! Well, Malaka thought, that would set the pigeons amongst the Team Overseers. They'd all want them. But Burka only had two white women in his team, the Dutch mother and daughter and he had been highly successful in handling them - and fairly soon he would need a European woman, or better still two, with nicely curved bellies.

It seemed only fair to reward Burka with the new Matched Pair. It would certainly keep all the Team Overseers on their toes. Burka would be trying to justify his special treatment and each of the others would be desperate to show off his own competence and so perhaps get the next white woman allocated to him. Each was only too well aware that these white women could be money spinners for their Team Overseers, earning him a small fortune in tips from a delighted Prince.

But all this, Malaka thought, was rather premature. The first thing was to find a suitable matched pair, for they did not grow on trees - especially not Christian European ones!

He wondered if Pierre might be the answer. Several times in the past, like some of his fellow Chief Black eunuchs, serving other rich Arab Masters, he had used Pierre on behalf of the Prince.

He was a charming young Frenchman whom the Prince liked. He was not cheap or quick, but if given a firm commission he did have the knack of eventually coming up with just the sort of basically submissive European woman who would adapt well to harem life despite her initial rage at finding herself a mere indentured servant. Moreover, Pierre operated in a very discreet way so that there was no hue and cry when a girl disappeared into a harem.

It was now six months since the Prince had bought a new European girl for his harem

- and that had been through Pierre. She had been the pretty Austrian girl he had recently ordered to be thrashed and cut for masturbating. And before her, he had also acquired the Dutch mother and daughter from Pierre.

'Perhaps, Your Highness,' Malaka suggested tactfully, 'we might see what Pierre could produce?'

'Yes, a good idea,' agreed the Prince.

He liked dealing with Pierre. He knew that he was not going to be cheated. Although he was careful not to "damage the goods", he did seem to be able to supply a lot of intimate preliminary information which the Prince could discuss with Malaka, including photographs and videos of the girl, often undressed, which she seemed to be unaware were being taken. With Pierre, the Prince felt, he would not be buying a pig in a poke.

He reached for his pen and started to write out a telegram for Malaka to send to Pierre. It was written in a coded way that would throw any casual reader off the scent.

**WE REQUIRE MATCHED PAIR STRONG EUROPEAN THOROUGHBREDS PREFERABLY CHESTNUTS. GOOD MOVERS AND GOOD CONFORMATION ESSENTIAL ALSO MUST BE SUITABLE FOR EARLY USE AS BROOD MARES. WILL BE STABLED HERE AND REGISTERED UNDER USUAL CONTRACT. PHOTOGRAPHS REQUIRED. WILLING TO PAY MARKET PRICE AND EXPENSES FOR UNUSUAL REQUIREMENT. PLEASE ADVISE HEAD GROOM IF LIKELY FILLIES FOUND. WILL SEND HIM TO INSPECT DISCREETLY BEFORE BUYING**

## 7 - PENELOPE FEELS LONELY

Blissfully unaware of the order that the Prince had just placed, young Miss Penelope Lyndsey-Baker had just arrived in Tangier.

Life here, she told herself, certainly seems rather exciting and very different from boring old England. She was so glad that she had come out of the tourist season. She was fascinated by the sight of fierce looking men in immaculate long Moorish woollen robes with hoods, or in long cotton caftans. Others were in long white cotton robes with Arab headdresses and black silken over-cloaks with gold lace edges - the sign, she learnt, of wealthy Arab Sheikhs from the Middle East.

All she could see of the women was their hands - and not always that for they often wore black gloves, as well as ugly black boots to hide their ankles. Over their heads they wore a long black or white shroud, with a little gauze strip over the eyes. How awful, she thought.

She was even more shocked later when she learned that the women of richer households were hardly ever allowed out at all. Do rich men here still have harems, she wondered? How dreadful! But surely the days of half naked concubines watched over by black eunuchs don't exist these days - not outside Hollywood! Certainly no educated European woman would stand for being kept locked away in a harem.

She hardly ever saw a young man and a girl together. Instead, young men and youths walked about the streets, openly holding hands.

And everywhere there were the smells and scents of the Orient ...

She was beginning to regret not having her former fiancè, Charles, here to share this new experience. Had she been stupid, she wondered, to break off their affair?

Oh why, she kept asking herself as she looked down on Charles' pretty ring on her finger, did he want to go off with that horrible old dominating Pamela Strickland when he could have had delicious little me as a future wife. After all, she was very pretty and vivacious, tall, with lovely soft blue eyes, silken honey coloured hair, good legs, a slim waist and firm breasts - a figure that turned men's eyes. And she was just as tall as Pamela. And she was only 26. What more could a healthy young man want?

Did she still love him? Had absence made her heart grow fonder?

It was a question that she found difficult to answer. Certainly she missed him. Certainly she was still wearing his ring. But she had been very hurt when she found out about Pamela. There he was, half engaged to her and still running around with another, older, woman! My God!

It really annoyed her that he was so weak. Why couldn't he take charge of things like a man? Why couldn't he take charge of himself? Why couldn't he take charge of her? She liked a man to assert himself and make decisions. And why couldn't he get a proper job and earn a regular salary, instead of adding to her own financial uncertainty?

Anyway, she told herself, for better or for worse, she had secretly come here alone for a couple of months to get away from it all. She had no plans, except to see new places and meet new people.

Perhaps if she met a ravishing young man, had a mad fling with him and wrote about it to her friends then Charles would hear about it and come rushing out to claim her as his own! Yes, she thought, perhaps that's what she should do. It would be rather fun and she could do with a little loving care and attention after all that she had gone through - and anyway she was already feeling a little lonely.

She had noticed that there were not many Englishmen around, and so perhaps she should look for a Frenchman or an Italian. That would be all the more exciting - and make Charles all the more jealous.

Meanwhile, the great thing was that no one, but no one, knew she was here. She was free to do as she liked!

## 8 - MIZZI'S TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT

The cruel-looking, Prince stepped quietly from his private study out into his viewing balcony. It was carefully screened in the traditional Middle Eastern style by lattice work, so that the women below would never know whether they were being watched by their Master. He sat down on a comfortable chair.

Like the owners of many a large harem, the Prince enjoyed spending long hours watching his concubines relaxing under the supervision of his eunuchs, or being put through their paces by them.

Moreover, modern technology in the form of internal television had made this even more practical. It also ensured that the women had no privacy, even when the backs of their Overseers were temporarily turned away - as Mizzi was now going to learn to her cost.

A large television monitoring screen in his study was linked to television cameras situated throughout the harem. They covered the four team dormitories and bathrooms, the garden, even, from underneath, the shaded harem swimming pool. The remote control enabled him to train the cameras up and down, or left and right, to zoom in, or to the continue just moving slowly to and fro.

The balcony looked down into the air-conditioned main room of the harem with its central fountain surrounded by large cushions. On these were sitting four separate groups of some ten women, each dressed in a different colour. Some of the women were obviously Arab, others looked Indian or Siamese. Some were European.

All the women were present - except one, he laughed to himself. Even those on bathroom duty and resting had not been excused.

There was an expectant air in the harem as if the women were all waiting for something to happen. Some of women in each group were nervously whispering to each other like frightened children in a confused mixture of English and Arabic - the only languages allowed in the harem. Some were quietly embroidering. The Prince was glad to see that there was no talking between the rival groups

The Prince smiled as he saw that some of the women were holding children's picture books and magazines. They were avidly turning over the pages as if looking for pictures of handsome film stars or pop artists. But they looked in vain, for Malaka did not allow the women to see any pictures of men, other than their Master and, cruelly, for white women, those of their now lost husbands and lovers.

For this reason, too, the only videos they were allowed to see were children's ones and cartoons. Malaka liked to see his charges laughing away like innocent little children.

To heighten the white women's feeling of helplessness, Malaka even allowed them to keep to keep photographs or other mementoes of their former boy friends or husbands. It made them realise all the more that they all belonged to His Highness now!

The Prince smiled cruelly as he saw that several of the white women's bellies were nicely curved, with a shiny chain mail breeding belt locked over their sex lips and around their loins. Their liquid wastes could pass through the chain mail but they could not reach up inside themselves with even a little finger or a pencil, the only writing material allowed in the harem. These young mothers-to-be had no control or say over the progress of their maternities, just as they had had no control or say over their mating.

Once again the Prince reflected on how he agreed with the maxim of his grandfather, and indeed of most owners of well stocked harems, that a harem without several curved bellies was a dull place. Moreover, like his peers, he agreed that maternity was a natural and attractive state. Thus, another source of great pleasure for him was breeding from his collection white women. Naturally he did not use them for breeding sons of his own. He did not want any half-caste mongrel sons! No, producing his sons was the role of his wives women who shared his own pure Bedouin breeding which could be traced back to the Holy Prophet himself.

They each had their own villas in the palace park were he periodically visited them. But it was his harem of concubines that took up most of his time.

Nothing could beat the feeling of power that came from seeing a horrified white woman being controlled by his black eunuchs and then brought to him for his amusement - or of having her forced into an unwanted maternity. It was as fascinating experimenting in breeding from these white women in his harem, as it was from his prize brood mares in his stables.

It was indeed fascinating to choose a suitable black stud for a particular white girl whether, for instance to have her covered by one of his friend's pygmy midgets, or by one of his own seven foot Dinka Black Guards.

It was also fascinating to decide whether the white woman should be hooded when she was mated or allowed the horror of seeing her giant chosen mate. Or, alternatively, whether, using the new medical techniques, she should be artificially fertilised, without her knowledge

- with the girl thinking that her young Team Overseer was merely douching her again. Nor was it only young white girls whom he enjoyed breeding from, but also slightly older married white women

as well. They often felt the degradation even more!

He had recently achieved one of his ambitions: to acquire a beautiful white mother and her pretty teenage daughter. It had been a highly erotic and mentally gratifying experience having a mother and daughter taught, by fear of the whip, to please their Master together and then to have them nervously perform together in his bed.

Then he had them both put on a course of fertility pills and put to the same Dinka giant. It was really mind-blowing to have a white mother and daughter being paraded by Malaka for his inspection, both pregnant by the same Dinka black Guard, both expecting twins.

For some time, his secret ambition was to acquire a well-educated English or French woman. He had blonde women of several different European nationalities in his harem, but no English or French. It was time that he owned a representative of the arrogant races that had once so dominated the Arab world - or better still one of each!

He wondered what Pierre would come up with this time.

The Prince smiled again cruelly, as he remembered that only two weeks earlier he had watched the branding of a newly arrived Arab girl, an Egyptian belly dancer. Screaming and begging for mercy, she had been fastened with her back to a special pillar so that she could not move. Her belly was thus thrust out nicely for the branding iron.

Then, whilst more screams filled the harem, the white hot brands had been carefully and relentlessly applied - together with the appropriate coloured pigments and a special ointment that that would slow up the healing process, so as to leave a good clear brand mark.

Then for several days the girl had been fastened down on her little bed in the team dormitory, with her hands tied above her head - to prevent her from scratching her itching brands and disturbing the production of a perfect mark.

The Prince was glad to see that watching the women from a raised podium was the green clad Gorka, the black eunuch on duty. It was a strict harem rule that the women were to be constantly to be under the supervision of a eunuch, even when relieving themselves or asleep.

A battery of small television monitoring screens in the podium enabled him to see what was going everywhere in the harem from each team's dormitory and bathroom to the garden and swimming pool. A larger screen gave him a closer look at anything suspicious that caught his eye.

He was also glad to see, prominently displayed on the front of the podium, the curved rattan cane used for major punishments. This was something that he himself had introduced.

'Your long whippy cane,' the cruel Prince had recently told Malaka, 'is all right for quick minor punishments, but there is nothing like a good nobbly rattan cane for installing real fear into women - and I want my women to be constantly scared of a beating.'

The Prince smiled as he saw how the women kept glancing nervously up at the new rattan cane. It was obviously having a powerful effect on them. Fear of the cane had always been a key feature of harem discipline. Now the sight of the dreaded new rattan cane had increased that fear nicely - as had the notice in Arabic and English underneath it.

*Take heed, women! This cane will be used to thrash any woman:*

- 1. Who fails to show proper subservience to the Master at any time, stands in his presence, looks directly at him or speaks to him, without permission.*
- 2. Who, when selected by the Master for his pleasure, does not do her utmost to give him pleasure, without seeking any for herself.*
- 3. Who tries secretly to climax without the express permission of the Master, when pleasuring him, or during training sessions, of a eunuch.*
- 4. Who is caught masturbating or is suspected of masturbating, whether alone or with another woman.*
- 5. Who is impertinent, answers back or shows dumb insolence to a black eunuch.*
- 6. Tries to see another man.*
- 7. Allows her face to be seen by another man. Next to the notice was another board on which were listed the harem numbers of all the women, grouped into their colored teams.*

Opposite each woman's number was listed any golden stars that she might have earned from the eunuchs for good behaviour during the past week and any black stars for any minor misconduct. These were totalled weekly by Malaka and every Friday, after the Prince had returned from midday prayers at the mosque, any woman who had more black stars than red received the difference in the form of strokes of the rattan cane.

It was a simple system that kept the women constantly on their toes. Indeed the Prince could not help laughing as he saw how the women were constantly looking at the board and at the rattan cane, checking that they did not have more black stars than gold ones.

Another recent innovation of the Prince's were the two well separated chains terminating in padded wrist manacles that now hung down in front of the podium. The chains could be raised or lowered.

'In future,' he had also told Malaka, 'when you are going to beat with the rattan cane, I want to see her standing up on tiptoe with her arms outspread above her head. She should be fastened sideways on to the other assembled women so that they can see each stroke as it is applied to her bottom and facing my lattice screen so that I can see her face as she is beaten and the way her breasts jump at each stroke.'

The Prince now saw Malaka stride into the patio. He was short and squat but he made an impressive sight in his golden, widely cut, Turkish trousers and matching waistcoat which only partly covered his powerful torso. As always he was carrying his emblem of office: a silver tipped long whippy cane. He was scowling.

He was followed by the three other young Team Overseers, the handles of their whips tucked under their arms. Gorka came down from the podium to join them. Each went and stood with a proprietorial air behind his team.

Suddenly, with a loud crack, Malaka brought his cane down onto a cushion. The women sitting in the harem room all froze.

'Punishment Parade!' he shouted in Arabic and then repeated in English in his high pitched falsetto that seemed so incongruous coming from such a powerful looking and terrifying man.

The women remained quite still, like well drilled marionettes, not daring to move.

Then Makumo brought his cane down for a second time. Instantly the well trained women rose and chased by their whip cracking overseers, formed up into four well separated lines like soldiers on parade, the tallest of each team on the right and shortest on the left.

Discipline in his harem, the Prince was glad to see was as strict as ever.

'Number Twelve, step forward,' ordered Malaka.

The Prince watched gloatingly as Mizzi stepped forward. A young married European woman, formerly free and independent, was going to be thrashed by his black eunuchs. The thought that her pygmy boy overseer had stretched her backside for his easier use made her degradation and his feeling of power all the greater.

Under his robe he felt his manhood stir. It stirred even more at the thought that this lovely creature now embellishing his harem, had no prospect of escaping, of ever again seeing her beloved husband.

Yes, he thought cruelly, it was very satisfying when a young white woman was incarcerated in his harem whilst still being in love with her dog of a Christian husband or lover. How he enjoyed making her submit to his degrading embraces - up her backside! It was an age-old custom - and a highly stimulating one at that.

Looking terrified, Mizzi raised her hands and clasped them behind her neck. Her nervous state was highlighted by the way her full breasts were quivering under her green embroidered bolero - as was his crest, branded on her belly.

'Prance to the Rattan Cane,' ordered her Team Overseer, young Gorka.

Prancing, knees raised high in the air and hands still clasped behind her neck, Mizzi ran up to the cane.

'Kiss it!' ordered Malaka.

Mizzi stooped forward and placed a kiss on the shiny cane.

Gorka now came forward and fastened her wrists to the two hanging manacles. He raised them both slightly. The girl was now standing on tiptoe with her feet together and her arms held outstretched sideways above her head.

There was an audible intake of breath from the paraded women as Gorka slipped Mizzi's harem

trousers down, baring her soft little bottom.

There was a long pause and then there was another horrified hiss from the women as Malaka slowly took down the rattan cane. They watched spellbound as, taking it in his powerful hands, he bent it almost double and the let it spring back again.

'Confess!' he ordered.

Mizzi knew what she would have to say.

'I was ...unfaithful ... to my Master,' she stammered through her tears. She could hardly bring herself to go on. 'By ... masturbating.'

'And?' insisted Malaka.

'I let my Team Overseer down and my team ... and I deserve to be punished.'

Malaka turned to the paraded women.

'For this dog of a Christian infidel who was caught deceiving her Master,' he announced slowly in Arabic and then in English, 'the Master has ordered twelve strokes of the rattan cane.'

There were horrified gasps from the women, and cries of: 'Twelve!'

'Silence!' shouted Malaka.

He looked up the screen behind which the Master was watching, waiting for the little green light to come on. The Master, he knew, would not be in a hurry to switch it on - he would first enjoy watching the frightened faces of his women.

Unseen, the Prince looked down at the scene below and reflected that of course it was not merely the sight of these lovely creatures that he found so satisfying, nor even the sexual pleasure he obtained from using them for his pleasure. No, what he really enjoyed was the feeling of power and of ownership, evidenced by his crest, prominently branded on their bellies. This feeling of power was particularly strong when it came to his white women, for they were well educated and formerly free, used to having boyfriends, lovers and even husbands - and, he suspected, vibrators.

Now safely locked up in his harem, they were never allowed even to see another man and vibrators were strictly banned - except, of course, when used by themselves to arouse a reluctant woman, so that, despite herself, she was ready and eager for her repulsive Master.

Equally enjoyable was the sight of these arrogant stuck-up young white women, used to regarding black men and indeed even Arabs with scorn, now being subjected to the constant and humiliating intimate supervision and fearsome discipline of Malaka and his assistants.

Oh, how deliciously humiliated they were, he knew, at the degrading ways in which their young overseers trained them to please their Master - especially, following his grandfather's dictum, having their rear orifices stretched for his manhood.

Equally humiliating for them was the way these mere boys also checked the state of their monthly cycles, their wastes and the sensitivity of their nipples and beauty lips - noting them all down daily and reporting them to Malaka for his records. Malaka made sure he knew the personal and intimate characteristics of every woman in the harem.

Praise be to Allah, thought the Prince, that the poverty and constant civil wars of Africa ensured a continuing supply of young black eunuchs, neatly gelded by Arab doctors with no more fuss than the gelding of a colt.

The Prince had no qualms about using them - they certainly enjoyed a much better life, running a rich Arab's harem and living in luxury, than they would have had back in a primitive village. Moreover, they really enjoyed controlling women, particularly white ones and it was interesting how the women had a natural fear of them.

Furthermore, the Prince reflected, he also enjoyed seeing sophisticated white women being kept incarcerated in his harem with other beautiful, but relatively uneducated, coloured girls.

The Prince rang a little bell by his chair. Rosebud entered the balcony. The Prince pointed to a little cupboard. The boy unlocked the door and opened it.

Out crawled a beautiful white woman: the only woman excused from attending the Punishment Parade. Her shiny bald head denoted that she was from Yellow Team. She was chained by her neck to a ring at the side of the cupboard.

Rosebud unfastened her lead and, holding it in his hand, drove her forward. As she crawled across the balcony to his feet he noticed with a smile that alongside the crest and the harem number tattooed

onto her smooth cranium were two small red stars - the sign of having successfully completed two enforced maternities.

Two maternities, the Prince thought. Thanks to Malaka's courses of fertility pills, four little mulatto children were now being raised as indentured servants to labour on his estates.

The woman was Ingrid. Her husband, a Scandinavian businessman, had been caught out defrauding the Government of the Prince's state. The punishment for this was death by beheading. However the Prince had agreed to overlook the offence and to allow the terrified man to leave the country - one condition: that he left behind his beautiful wife, Ingrid, who would enter his harem, as an indentured servant. She would never see her husband again.

Like a well trained dog, with her lead still held by Rosebud, the woman silently put her head under her Master's robes and applied her tongue - her task to provide pleasure as he watched Mizzi being flogged.

Feeling Ingrid's tongue, the Prince now pressed the switch that lit up the green light the signal for the punishment to proceed.

'In the name of Allah , the kind, the merciful,' intoned Malaka reverently in Arabic. ' ... One!'

Then he took careful aim. There was a sudden crack, a cry of pain and gasps of horror from the assembled women. A thin red line appeared across Mizzi's bare bottom.

Malaka stood back to allow the pain to subside. A Punishment Parade, he knew, should be drawn out if it was to have the full effect on both culprit and on the watching women.

Half a minute later, Malaka again intoned: 'In the name of Allah, the kind, the merciful ... Two!'

Again he took careful aim. Again there was a crack, a piercing cry and more horrified gasps.

Another red line appeared half an inch below the first one. Malaka was an artist with the cane. He would achieve a perfect ladder effect on the girl's backside and thighs but, whilst inflicting great pain, there would be no permanent marks.

The thrashing went on and on, with the same formal incantation before the application of each stroke and the weeping Mizzi being given time to recover from the pain of the last stroke before the next one was applied. The ladder of little red lines was getting nice and long.

Never, Mizzi knew, would she ever forget this terrible drawn out thrashing. Not being able to understand fully the counting of the strokes in Arabic, at first she tried to count the strokes herself. But the pain and the long pauses between each stroke made her confused. Had she now had ten strokes, or was it only eight? Vaguely she was aware that the muscular brute, Malaka, was not using all his strength - or he would have half killed her by now.

At last Malaka stood back, repeated the incantation, bowed towards the screen and replaced the rattan cane. But the punishment was not over. She was now to be circumcised in front of the other women.

Malaka now slightly lowered the manacles holding the girl's arms outstretched, allowing Gorka to chain her ankles wide apart.

Watched by the scared women, Nadu, the harem male nurse, entered the room. He was holding a tray of shiny surgical instruments. He sat down on a stool in front of Mizzi's hairless and already well-drawn apart beauty lips.

Using clips to hold her beauty lips even wider apart, young Gorka now began to massage Mizzi's beauty bud, tickling and arousing it and drawing it forward. Despite herself and the shame and pain of her thrashing, Mizzi began to moan with pleasure.

When her clitoris was nicely swollen and presenting itself properly, Nadu reached forward and rubbed a freezing liquid over it. Then he picked up a sharp little scalpel, shaped like a small pair of clippers. Gorka held a little steel bowl under it. The watching women all held their breath.

With a deft movement, the experienced Nadu let the clippers slide down over the end of the now swollen beauty bud. Then he squeezed the clippers, instantly snipping off the sensitive tip of the little bud.

Mizzi gave a sudden scream. Immediately Nadu applied a special ointment to the scar. Only a few drops of blood had fallen into the bowl.

Mizzi was carried away to the Green Team dormitory. The horrified teams of watching women were dismissed.

## 9 - A POSSIBLE PREY?

Penelope was having another lazy day, enjoying the sun and the hotel swimming pool.

Once again, she felt so glad that she had come here out of season - there seemed virtually no tourists. Although the hotel was small it was comfortable and discreet - just what she had been looking for. All she wanted now was a little holiday romance!

The Moroccan hotel manager joined her for a drink. He seemed very charming and after a couple of glasses of champagne she found herself confiding in him. He seemed very surprised when she told him she was all alone and had just broken off her engagement.

'Alone!' he exclaimed. 'A beautiful young lady like you, alone!'

Penelope blushed. Flattery got you everywhere with her, she knew.

His eyes lit up when she told him that she was actress. They lit up even more as she told him about her embarrassing disappointment over the Australian role, about breaking off her affair with Charles, about her breaking sudden decision to get away from it all by coming here and how no one knew where she was.

'Well,' he said sympathetically, 'we must try and cheer you up and make your stay in Tangier a happy one.' He rubbed his hands in a strange way and said that he would make sure that she met some interesting people, so that she saw more of the country during her stay.

'How very kind of you,' she enthused. 'I should like that very much, I'm feeling a little lonely.'

The Manager said something to himself under his breath and then, smiling, excused himself.

She heard him making a long telephone call on his portable phone. He seemed to be speaking very guardedly in Arabic and she could not understand what he was saying. But she thought he mentioned her name several times. She wondered why. She wasn't interested in meeting any Arabs!

Then he suddenly switched to French. From what she could make out from her schoolgirl French, he seemed to have received some rather exciting news.

'Well,' she thought she heard him say, 'what a coincidence! Yes she might well fit the requirement - especially if she looks like the other one. A real matched pair! However, you'd better keep them apart for the time being - until the buyer shows definite interest ... Yes, I'll make the usual arrangements here ... And remember I shall want my usual ten per cent introductory commission - so good luck!'

What on earth could he be talking about, she wondered? Some boring deal about a buyer and a ten per cent commission. But who was the "she" who might fit some requirement or other? Presumably a Arab mare. She had seen how proud they all were of their breed of Arab horses. But what did he mean about a matched pair? A pair of similar Arab horses?

When the manager came back, she saw that he was smiling happily.

She asked him about the local way of life. He told her how several of the older and very rich Sheikhs and Princes from the oil states in Arabia had built themselves luxurious palaces here, especially since all the fighting and terrorism had wrecked their former homes in Beirut. They felt there was more stability here and yet being in an Arab country they felt more at home and more welcome than in, say, Spain or France.

They would, he added with a smile, be left in peace to enjoy the delights of their harems, with no awkward questions being asked by the authorities.

'Harems!' gasped Penelope. So rich men still do have harems. How exciting, she thought. But when she tried to ask him more about them he looked at her in a strange way and changed the subject. It was as if the subject was taboo.

Being in a harem, she supposed, would be rather like being in a private brothel - a high class brothel serving one man only. She could see that being the helpless slave of a handsome young Sheikh might be rather exciting.

But the Manager had talked about older men. She had always been attracted to older men. They seemed more sure of themselves, more authoritarian, more dominating ... Perhaps, she thought, that was what was wrong with her affair with Charles. She should marry an older man whom she could

look up to.

But it must be awful to be in the harem of a gross and repulsive older man. A girl might have to please him, no matter how repellent she might find him. Ugh! She could never do that!

## **PART III - THE CRUEL PRINCE AND AN UNSUSPECTING QUARRY**

### **10 - THE PRINCE INSPECTS HIS HAREM**

Whilst Penelope had been travelling to Tangier, the Prince had been travelling in the opposite direction. Whilst she had been savouring the delights of Tangier the Prince, accompanied by Rosebud, had been away in London and Zurich for a few days to check up on his investments - for, thanks to oil, he was a very rich man. Indeed he found his investments almost as absorbing as his women. Listening to his serious minded advisers, bankers and brokers, he had been unable to stop himself from chuckling at the thought of how shocked they would be if they knew how much of the money that they so assiduously made for him was spent.

They knew, of course, that like many of his wealthy Arab friends, he spent large sums on his palace, horses and falcons, but had no idea that much of it went also went on his collection of beautiful European, as well as Arab, concubines.

As always during his visits to Europe, the Prince had been struck with the absurdity of the Western Christian culture with its emphasis on the marriage of one man and one woman; on chivalry towards women; on companionship in marriage; on a woman having to give her consent to sex; and now on the so-called equality of the sexes.

How much more sensible and practical was his own culture which believed that women existed for the greater pleasure of men and the more of them you could afford to keep the better.

Moreover, as women were naturally inferior to men, as he had always been taught, they should be ruled by them and kept subservient to them. The idea of a man having to ask a woman for sex was equally absurd. In his world a man simply takes a woman he owns, or keeps in his household, whenever he wants to - if necessary, by force.

Similarly, as the owner of a harem of beautiful women, he knew that many women were driven by their instincts to want to please and serve a man. They got great pleasure from doing so. There was no need for them to be allowed any more pleasure. Only in the West had they been brainwashed into demanding the same sexual relief as their lovers and husbands.

No, he felt; women should only very occasionally be allowed sexual relief. The more frustrated they were kept, the more anxious they were to please their Master - and this was as it should be.

And, as for a woman being a companion to a man, the very idea was absurd. The companions of men were men. Men talked about politics and philosophy and about their favourite horses, camels and hunting falcons, over cups of Turkish coffee, with men - not women. Indeed one of the pleasures of living in North Africa was the company of other well educated Moslem men.

Nothing better exemplified the status of women than the tradition, in the Bedouin tribes from which his family had sprung, that men always rode the camels and horses whilst women, even wives, had walked - watched over by black eunuchs riding donkeys.

His harem was not there to provide companionship. It was there to provide him with pleasure and to house his collection of women - a collection of which he was proud and the ownership of which gave him great satisfaction.

He did not use his women merely to satisfy his sensuous needs. Almost as satisfying was simply watching his collection of women unseen, as they were controlled, disciplined and punished by his eunuchs and especially the white ones with their unwanted curved bellies and humiliatingly restraining breeding belts.

Even when he was busy on other matters, the thought of what was going on in his harem could be

highly arousing.

His wives and their sons, however, he kept separately.

Nor could the Prince understand the sneering criticism in the West about older men having much younger wives or mistresses. For him this was the most natural thing in the world. Until recently, his ancestors would have been regular purchasers in the local slave market - even in their ripe old age. Their Chief Black eunuchs would also have been regularly invited to come and inspect a slave dealer's new stock of fresh slave girls, especially if it included any white women.

Equally, he did not understand the Western concept of love-making being a mutually satisfying experience with both the man and the girl climaxing. He, on the contrary, enjoyed simply taking his pleasure from a woman. The idea that a man should have to bother to bring the girl to a climax was absurd.

He insisted that unless the man gave the girl his express permission to climax, it was an affront to his manhood for her to do so. Women had been put into the world, the Prophet had taught, for the pleasure of men - not to have pleasure themselves.

The fact was, as his grandfather used to say: "The more your black eunuchs keep your women frustrated, the more eager they will be to give you pleasure."

As for the Western Press remonstrating about white women being locked up in this day and age, in a rich Arab's harem, he would point out that Arabs have been subjected to a constant barrage of sexually orientated Western propaganda, preaching the desirability of white women.

Hollywood films firmly established that white woman were the epitome of female beauty and seductiveness. Advertisements for Western goods shamefully used drawings or photographs of half naked white women to sell almost anything.

Was it surprising, therefore, that the acquisition of a bevy of beautiful and helpless young European women featured so large in the fantasies of most Arab males?

But the Prince, of course, had the wealth to make such fantasies come true!

Moving from Arabia and from his war-torn villa in Beirut to the stability of this country had been a great success. Amongst the local Caids and Sheriffs, he had found congenial new friends with the same traditional ideas about Islam as himself - and about women. It was also a country whose regime understood the needs of rich Moslem gentleman and turned a blind eye to any excesses.

In the Arab world a man never discusses his women with other men, but it was understood that, like many other Moors and Arabs, he would discreetly maintain a harem of both Arab and European women - a harem which would require both strict discipline and a high degree of security to prevent the women from escaping.

Provided there was no scandal, no questions were asked as to what happened behind the high walls of his white painted palace and, in particular, behind the locked doors and iron barred windows of the harem wing.

Here, without bothering him, the Prince's experienced Chief Black eunuch, Malaka, and his young assistants, could be largely left alone to impose the strict discipline on the women in their charge that was so necessary in a well run harem, particularly one that contained European women.

As soon the Prince returned, he entered his sumptuous and well guarded palace. He made his way to his private apartments next to the harem, where Malaka gave him a report on his women.

Red Team, he reported, were providing the bathroom girls, Blue Team were still available for palanquin duty and Yellow Team were "resting".

It was Malaka who had introduced the concept of using pills to bring on or delay when the women in the various teams came into season and so synchronise each team. In this way all the women of one particular team could be used for a particular duty, or all rested together, locked up in their own dormitory under the supervision of their Team Overseer.

Previously, several members of each team at one time were always out of action in the various team dormitories - something which made it difficult to achieve proper constant supervision of the women by the eunuchs. Now each team as a whole came into season together.

Feeling hot and dusty the Prince entered his tiled bathroom.

Several naked women were chained by the neck to various parts of the large room. Their evidently enhanced breasts made an erotic sight. This was the sign of the Red Team, whose turn it was to be on Bathroom Duty for a whole week.

Watching them unobtrusively from a corner of the room stood their Team Overseer, Rafta. He smiled as he reported to the Prince. His team were ready.

The Prince went towards two of the chained girls. They were pretty Siamese girls and each was holding a glass jar. They fell to their knees before their repulsive Master and with charming little chuckles their slim little bodies both disappeared under his robe. Malaka liked to train his Siamese girls to provide this service.

The Prince felt his manhood being gently sucked by one girl and then the other, to start the flow. Then he felt it being quickly diverted into one of the jars. He stood there his legs apart under his robe, his hands on his hips. The two girls would know that woe-betide them if a spot of his liquid waste touched his robe and also that they would have to lick up any that fell to the tiled floor.

His flow ceased and again he felt two soft little tongues - this time cleaning him. Yes, using his Siamese girls for this duty was an excellent idea.

Another girl, a white one this time, was chained kneeling by the side of a Turkish style toilet set in the floor. Silently she held up a silver bowl half filled with rosewater - in case he wished to pass other wastes.

This much more humiliating service was one that the Prince enjoyed imposing, like the maternities required from each Team Overseer, on his Christian concubines. It seemed to sum up his desire to degrade and yet enjoy them.

But on this occasion he shook his head. The young European woman looked almost disappointed. It might not be a very pleasant duty, but it provided a good chance of catching the Prince's eye.

Two Arab girls now helped him undress whilst an Indian one started a shower. The Prince laughed as he saw them all eyeing his large manhood. Whilst their overseer watched carefully, they directed the shower all his gross body, soaping him gently and then drying and dressing him again.

The Prince snapped his fingers towards another white girl who was silently kneeling on a trolley. He recognised her as the Christian girl who had won the previous Belly Championship. Little drops of white were glistening on her prominent nipples and blue veins showed on the breasts themselves. The girl was now Red Team's current milk maid.

Rafta wheeled the trolley over to where the Prince was now sitting. He was again smiling proudly - for he had worked hard to keep the girl in milk and with a good flow. Moreover, so that her breasts would be ready for the Master's return, he had not allowed her to be milked since the previous day.

The Prince reached forward and took a swollen nipple into his mouth.

'Let down your milk!' said Rafta to the girl, giving her a warning tap with his dog whip.

As he sucked, the Prince felt the warm, sweet and refreshing milk ease into his mouth. His grandfather used to say that the milk of a white woman was exceptionally sweet and made a fine aphrodisiac too - though he himself thought that it was very nearness of a soft engorged white breast that achieved that rather than the milk!

Rafta turned the trolley so that the Prince could use the other breast.

Finally the Prince rose to his feet, refreshed. It was time to inspect his other concubines. He looked round the bathroom and at the beautiful and submissive women all keeping their eyes dutifully lowered as, out of the corner of their eyes, they watched their loathsome Master - and both his manhood and their overseer's little whip.

The Prince laughed aloud at the cruel thought that, as well European ones, none of the others had either entered his harem voluntarily and none remained in it willingly. It was not only his European women whom he enjoyed keeping in his harem and subjecting to the discipline of his eunuchs ...

Entering his viewing balcony he looked down into the main harem room. With the Yellow Team "resting", the Red Team on Bathroom Duty and the Blue and Green teams at morning exercise, the room was empty. Once again his eye was taken by the rattan cane hanging prominently from the central podium - the sign of his domination.

The Prince swivelled his comfortable chair and turned it towards to the side of his viewing balcony from where he could look down into the outside patio.

In the centre of the patio was a heart shaped pool with a fountain playing in it. Surrounding the pool were tiles and more cushions.

The patio was carefully shaded from the sun to prevent the women from acquiring a tan. What was the point, the Prince reckoned, of going to the trouble to acquire and keep white women if they were

then allowed to become tanned by the sun? White women must remain white was his firm rule.

Beyond the pool was the harem garden with beds of brightly coloured flowers between paved shaded paths which zig-zagged their way around the small garden. Surrounding it were high walls up which mauve and orange bougainvilleas and oleanders were growing. The walls were too high and smooth to be climbable, but, as a further precaution against escape or rescue, on the top were curved sharp iron spikes and an electric fence. No woman had ever escaped from his harem!

At certain stipulated times, the individual overseers, each responsible to Malaka for the state of training and fitness of their team, would take their teams out to the patio to play or to be exercised.

The Prince saw that Nadu, the eunuch who had special overall charge for all the reluctant current young white mothers-to-be, had several of them, from different teams, playing in the shallow end of the swimming pool. They were naked with their swollen bellies thrusting out prominently above their shiny chain mail breeding belts.

They were throwing a large heavy rubber ball to each other over a net. The Prince nodded approvingly. Keeping the belly and breast muscles firm and strong was a key part of the exercise programme of the girls reluctantly Expecting a Happy Event, as the eunuchs euphemistically called it.

Nadu was watching them carefully from the side of the pool, a long carriage whip in his hand, ready to correct any woman not exercising her belly properly. Like Malaka, he was a firm believer that mothers-to-be who were kept well exercised right up to when they foaled, rarely had any problems.

For the watching Prince, of course, it was also an exercise that showed off the now amusingly stretched brands on the women's swollen bellies, just above their flexible breeding belts.

One woman, he saw, had a strange animal-look with her shaved head and large brass nose ring - clearly a member of the strict Yoka's Yellow Team. Two others were very alike and had the gold nipple rings and bells together with the prominent clitoris rings that marked them as part of the Burka's Blue Team.

He picked up a pair of binoculars and read the Arabic numbers branded on their bellies: 20A and 20B - his prize Dutch mother and daughter. The Prince could feel his manhood stir at this erotic sight and at the thought that they were both carrying the twin progeny of the same black Dinka guard

A grinning eunuch boy, dog whip tucked under his arm like a drill sergeant, was watching a half a dozen naked women as, laughing and giggling they, splashed innocently in the shallow pool, or ran in and out of the fountain.

They all had gold nipple rings from which little bells tinkled happily. Between their beauty lip glistened their infibulation rings. These, of course, were the signs of his Blue Team. Another team, evidently the Green one, was being drilled in the garden by Gorka. To his falsetto words of command, the women were marching and counter-marching, wheeling and about-turning, marking time and running on the spot. Gorka was a firm believer that a well drilled team made an obedient one, ready to obey without thinking any command that their Master might give them.

As he watched, he saw the boy halt his team and call out to one of them. Nervously she marched smartly up to him and saluted. It must be humiliating, the Prince thought with a smile, for a woman to have salute and obey such a young boy - and a black one at that.

The boy said something to her and blushing she bent over in front of him. The boy took his dog whip from under his arm, then raising it in the air, he brought it down three times across the girl's backside, before telling her to march back and rejoin her silently watching companions.

The young Team Overseers had the authority to give a woman three strokes of their dog whip to punish minor transgressions of the harem rules, such as laziness, failure to look attractive, disobedience and of course the slightest sign of impertinence towards themselves.

The dog whips might look relatively harmless but wielded on the bare buttocks or hands of a woman could really sting. The women had all learned this to their cost. Certainly they ensured that the women eagerly obeyed every order given to them by their young overseers, no matter how humiliating.

Even more frightening for the women was that the boys could always report them to Malaka for punishment by him with the even more feared rattan caned - and there was no point disputing what the boy said, for Malaka always took the side of his assistant whether he was right or not.

There was no doubt that the combination of the rattan cane and the dog whips ensured a very high level of discipline in the harem. It was one that depended on fear of corporal punishment - much to the horror and continuing sheer disbelief of the European women.

The Prince now saw that the Blue Team were being organised by their small overseer, Burka, to play like little girls with skipping ropes. He had tucked his dog whip into the sash round his waist and had pulled out his short handled whip. The women were calling out girlish rhymes as they nervously eyed the long black leather thong that their overseer was now running through his hands, ready for instant application to the backside of any reluctant girl.

The sight of grown women being made to play like little children never failed to excite the Prince. Moreover these childish games, like the strict forbidding of masturbation, were deliberately intended to conflict, constantly and frustratingly, with the highly sensuous but strictly controlled atmosphere of the harem.

The harem regime was one that had been cunningly designed, over many centuries, to make the frustrated women in the harem long passionately for the arms of their Master. No matter how repulsive and cruel he might be, no matter how much they might hate and fear him, he was nevertheless the only man they ever saw, heard or touched.

Indeed, it amused him to see the effect of the frustrating regime of the harem, and its sensuous atmosphere of jealous women dedicated to providing sexual pleasure for one man. Even a newly incarcerated white woman, still furious at being kept locked up in his harem, would soon learn to glance, coquettishly, up the balcony in case her Master might be watching her.

The Prince smiled as he looked again at the bellies of the women who had been exercised by the experienced Nadu and at their shiny chain mail breeding belts.

They were held tightly over the beauty lips by two light chains attached to the upper corners of the belt and another attached to the lower end. The two upper chains went round her hips and the lower one went up between the buttocks. They met in the small of the back where they were held taut by a small padlock, the key to which was held by the woman's Team Overseer.

The women's liquid wastes could pass through the chain mail but the women were quite unable to get at the little progeny they were being forced to carry.

For more solid wastes, the boy overseer could either temporarily remove the belt whilst the woman performed under his supervision, or he could teach her to use one hand to pull the chain aside sufficiently to allow the passage of her wastes - but woe betide her if she ever allowed the chain to be dirtied.

The Prince glanced back into the still empty harem room with its large cushions and little tables. Many people imagined that the women of a harem just lay around waiting to be chosen by their Master. The reality, he laughed to himself, was very different, certainly in his harem. The women were constantly kept on their toes: Bathroom Duty, Palanquin Duty, Drills and Exercises, all kept them busy, sleek and fit - even when Expecting a Happy Event!

He wondered how Pierre was getting on meeting his latest order for another Matched Pair. Doubtless it would take him some time to find a pair that could quietly disappear without trace!

## **11 - PENELOPE TAKES THE BAIT**

Penelope was delighted when the hotel manager invited her to join his party for dinner that night in a private room.

'I think you'll enjoy meeting a young French friend of mine, Pierre,' he told her. 'He's very good looking - and know the country well. Make friends with him and you'll see the real Morocco.'

A handsome young Frenchman! And one who knows the real Morocco - what ever that meant. This would make coming here really exciting!

That evening Penelope put on her best face and her sexiest dress. Glancing in the mirror before going downstairs she decided that she was really looking gorgeous.

The manager greeted her courteously and immediately introduced her Pierre. 'I've put you next to him at dinner,' whispered the manager.

'What a lovely dress,' Pierre complimented her, as he kissed her hand.

Penelope blushed. What a handsome and charming young man! It was a short, off the shoulder little black dress that she knew showed off her figure and long legs to perfection.

Looking at her, Pierre seemed rather taken aback.

'Excuse me asking,' he said, 'but have you by any chance got a ... twin sister ... or a French cousin ... here in Tangier?'

'No!' said Penelope. 'I haven't got any sisters, twins or not, nor any French cousins, and I don't think I know anyone here in Tangier.'

'Why do you ask?'

'Oh, I just wondered,' he replied. 'Then I heard him murmur, as if to himself. The likeness is remarkable. It's a pity they're not sisters, but even so, a matched pair ...'

'Even so, what do you ... ?'

'Oh, nothing,' he replied.

'Are you planning to introduce me to my ... twin?' she asked with a smile.

He smiled back. 'Oh, I'm sure you'll both meet before long!'

'Well, I hope she's pretty.'

'Yes very,' said Pierre, adding with a laugh, 'That's why I thought she might be a relation of yours!'

'Flattery will get you everywhere with me,' she said. She knew it was true.

Then as if wishing to change the subject, he looked closely at her: 'But forget about that, I'm much more interested in knowing about you. Are you planning to stay here for a little time?'

'Oh, I don't know, a month or two - it rather depends.'

'Then, perhaps you'd let me show you round a little,' smiled Pierre. In fact, he had already been briefed by the hotel manager that she was alone out here, after splitting up with her young fiancé. He started to describe what there was to see in and around Tangier.

'You make it all sound fascinating,' Penelope said enthusiastically, thinking what a delightful guide Pierre would make. Moreover, he spoke excellent English with a delightful French accent. Her holiday here was certainly getting off to a good start.

Just then a photographer came in and started to take photographs of the party. Pierre insisted that he take several of himself and Penelope and then of her alone. He even persuaded her to be photographed sitting up at the bar on a stool. It was a pose that would, she knew, show off her legs to perfection.

At dinner, she found herself at first talking to the neighbour on her other side from Pierre. He said he was an Italian architect and was kept busy designing new palaces, or modernising old ones, for rich Middle Eastern Sheikhs.

'That must be interesting work,' Penelope said politely.

'Yes, it is,' replied the architect, 'though they are very demanding as clients particularly when it comes to the harem quarters.'

'Harems!' Penelope exclaimed.

'Oh, yes,' her neighbour laughed, 'many rich Arabs, including those regarded as very religious are reverting to the old custom of keeping a harem of young women. I can't complain - designing the harem quarters makes all the more work for me!'

'But how do these men satisfy so many women?' asked Penelope with ill concealed interest.

'That's not the point,' replied the architect earnestly. 'It's a question of pride of ownership. They enjoy collecting and owning beautiful women - just as a rich man in the West might enjoy collecting and owning Old Masters or a stable of race horses.'

'Oh!' Penelope gasped. 'To be owned as part of a collection of beautiful women! How awful!'

'You must remember,' added the architect, 'that thanks to oil, many Arab Princes, Sheikhs or businessmen are extraordinarily rich. Not only do many have huge incomes, but they have also acquired large fortunes from lucrative business deals. They now have the money to indulge their personal desires - and a luxurious palace with a harem with a couple of dozen beautiful young women at their beck and call is pretty high on their list of desirable things to purchase and own.'

Penelope gasped again. 'Purchase and own! To be bought and owned by a rich and powerful Arab Prince! To be at his beck and call! How quite ghastly!'

'Especially,' added the architect, 'if some of them are European women.'

'European women!' cried Penelope. 'Locked up in a harem! You can't be serious. They'd run away!'

The architect laughed. 'My dear young lady, there's no escape from a modern harem anyway not

from one designed by me!

'Oh!' exclaimed Penelope.

Before she could ask what he meant, Pierre turned to her. He had now finished his conversation with the lady on his right and evidently with some relief turned again to Penelope, whilst the architect turned to speak to the lady on his left.

'You mustn't believe all that my architect friend tells you about palaces and harems,' he said.

'Oh, don't worry, I didn't,' laughed Penelope. 'Not in this day and age!'

'Exactly,' said Pierre, evidently relieved. 'Now how about letting me take you out to dinner tomorrow - we might go onto a local night club. It'll be fun!'

'Oh yes,' cried Penelope. 'I think I'd like that very much.' She looked again at the handsome young Frenchman. 'Very much indeed!'

## 12 - THE PRINCE IMPRESSES THE IMANS WITH HIS DEVOUTNESS

Three fundamentalist clerics, Imans, had asked to see the Prince.

One had come all the way from his own country, having been sent by the Ulama, the body of religious scholars, there. The other two had been sent by the local Ulama. All wanted to be sure that the Prince supported the Islamic fundamentalist movement that had swept through the Moslem world in recent years. They regarded with horror what they regarded as the unbridled immorality of Western women with their brazen and immodest public behaviour, their superior ways and provocative dress and, even worse, their use of vibrators.

Women, they taught, should stay indoors, never go out alone, never drive cars, never travel without the written permission of their husbands, masters or fathers, never be alone with a man who is not a close relative and never work in public places. Their education should be strictly limited.

"Allah created women for the enjoyment of men and the continuation of the race," ran the ancient texts. 'Go ye and enjoy them, for copulation is a gift to men from Allah.'

The texts said nothing about allowing women to enjoy sex as well and the Imans strongly disapproved of it.

As for harems, another text enjoined: "Keep as many as many slave-girls as ye can afford and if they do not serve you willingly, then have chastised by your servants, but do not let them out of your house to tempt other men."

A special religious police, the Muttawin, operating under the control of the Imans, now enforced the old Shariah law. The veil was re-imposed. Women were not allowed to flaunt their bodies in the provocative fashions of the West but must hide them behind loose tops and trousers or loose kaftans. The education of girls was restricted. Contact between the sexes outside the home was forbidden and women found out alone risked a flogging.

The Imans had no objection to rich men re-establishing the old harem system. On the contrary they encouraged it - provided there was no lesbianism and the women were under strict and continuous supervision - something that modern electronics made easier. Nor did they object to the harems containing European concubines, provided they, too, were kept under strict control.

It was, thus, clearly in the Prince's interests to keep in with the fundamentalist Mullahs here in his adopted country and for them to be content about what went on behind the high walls of his palace.

There was a discreet knock on the door. Malaka entered.

'Your Highness,' he said, 'the delegation of Imans have arrived.'

'Show them in,' ordered the Prince.

The three clerics, clad in black, entered. The Prince greeted them warmly. Over coffee they explained that they had been sent by the Ulama to enquire into his attitude towards the Western women that he was rumoured to keep in his harem. Clearly they were concerned lest these women, used to the shocking freedom of Western women, might form a hotbed of feminine revolt against the strict teachings of the fundamentalists regarding the treatment and control of women.

'Women are naturally licentious and promiscuous,' explained one of the clerics, 'and should be kept

in the home or harem, away from the sight of other men.'

'My sentiments entirely,' agreed the Prince with genuine fervour.

The Imans were clearly delighted when Malaka described how he prevented the Prince's women, once in the harem, from leaving it, from seeing other men, from having any knowledge of what was going on in the outside world, the man's world and also how the European women were kept illiterate in Arabic.

Malaka then looked enquiringly at the Prince who nodded approvingly. He had no objection to his women's bodies being seen by these clerics - provided, of course, their faces were not seen close up and provided the women could not see them. Malaka pulled the curtain over the screen, displaying to the clerics a scene of girlish innocence. A dozen collared women were playing naked in the pool, laughing and splashing as they threw a large rubber ball to each other - under the eye of a watching eunuch .

'Ah, yes,' quoted one of the clerics, "The bodies of mature women, kept with minds of children."

Malaka pointed to the swollen bellies of two blonde women. They were the Dutch matched pair, the mother and daughter.

'A woman's natural state!' said one of the Imans approvingly.

'And doubtless imposed on these infidels, to produce good Moslems?'

The Prince nodded. 'An infidel mother and daughter,' he explained.

There were exclamations of astonishment from the Imans. 'And are they both carrying your child?' one of them asked.

'Oh no,' replied the Prince in horror, 'the mothers of my children, my wives, are all truly descended from our Holy Prophet, may he enjoy Paradise for ever.' He paused for effect. 'I am sure,' he continued, 'that such eminent clerics as yourselves are only too well aware that it is written: "Take revenge on the hated Christian infidels by using captured Christian women to breed good black Moslem servants for the greater glory of Allah." ... This is a precept that in my humble way I try to follow.'

There was a long pause whilst the clerics looked at him opened mouthed with admiration.

'My son,' the oldest cleric finally said, 'you are an example to us all.'

Remembering the dramatic effect that displaying these two women had had on his young cousins, the Prince picked up the house phone and dialled a number. Briefly, he gave certain orders. He wanted to be sure that these influential clerics were properly impressed with his apparent devoutness.

At the same time Malaka drew the curtains across the grille that looked down into the harem.

Tactfully, the clerics now enquired about masturbating and lesbianism and were greatly reassured to hear from Malaka of the steps he took to stamp on any such scandalous behaviour amongst the women in his charge, whether they were Arab or Western.

'And how about the imposition of the state of Salat on these potentially licentious creatures?' asked one of the Imans.

'Yes,' said the Prince with a smile, 'Let me assure you that I fully support your efforts to re-impose Salat.'

Salat, of course, requires as a minimum the removal of the sensitive tip of a woman's clitoris to control what the Mullahs regard as the natural licentiousness of women. By greatly reducing a woman's pleasure, it reduced lesbianism and masturbation - and adultery. It also had the effect of making a woman more submissive and to concentrate more on giving, rather than receiving, pleasure. In Africa, traditionally female circumcision was imposed on all slaves whether they were in the harem or employed on manual work such as cotton picking or carpet making - they did not then waste time mooning over boys and instead got on with their work. Some Masters had even taken the line that since the status of a slave girl is that of a domestic animal and as animals do not have clitorises, it was morally wrong to allow a slave girl to keep hers. Even in the present day, Filipino or Indian girls going to Arabia as servants to make, as they thought, their fortunes risked losing not only their freedom but their clitorises as well. Similarly even an unsuspecting European girl entering a respectable Arab household as a governess, nurse or private air-hostess, risked being called in for a so-called medical inspection. Then, anaesthetised by a so-called preventative injection she finds, on waking up, that the tip of her clitoris had been neatly removed to ensure that she was not distracted from her work.

The Imans, of course, encouraged this, saying that putting immoral infidel women, with their uncontrolled passions, into a state of Salat would prevent them from leading innocent Arab men astray.

The full state of Salat, as traditionally carried out in many African countries, required the trimming of the sensitive outer lips as well. Indeed, the lips were then allowed to heal together, leaving only a small orifice for the passing of liquids and for a man's pleasure. Where once had been the woman's beauty lips was now just a long thin scar.

The scar is, of course, cut open to allow childbirth and then allowed to heal together again, so that neither the mental nor physical pleasure of her husband or Master is spoilt.

Using modern surgical techniques, the full operation could now be carried out quite satisfactorily even on grown women.

However the Prince and Malaka had agreed that since the black eunuchs ensured that all the women were anyway kept in a frustrated form of Salat, circumcision should only be used as a punishment in the harem. Moreover they agreed that even in such cases just the partial version was needed.

The Prince clapped his hands and immediately little Gorka and Rafta each led in a figure hidden in an all-enveloping black shroud. As usual in the presence of the Prince each was on a lead, held by her young overseer.

The young woman held by Gorka was Mizzi and the one held by Gorka was her fellow Austrian, Maria.

The Prince laughed to himself as he remembered how Maria had volunteered to go and work on famine relief in a remote and lawless part of Africa before going to University. There she had been abducted by tribesmen and sold to a modern slave dealer. Knowing the preferences of the local Arab dignitaries, he had the tip of the girl's clitoris removed in order to enhance her price.

In fact he had sold her to the Prince whilst he was on a tour of inspection on behalf of his parent country which had offered considerable financial aid to this much poorer one. He had used her several times in the dealer's house to relieve his tension and then, sedated and carefully boxed up, he had sent her back to his harem to start her training and await his return.

He had found her unusually submissive and eager to please. She made an exciting change from his other women - and variety was at the very core of the harem system!

He had been tempted to have more of his white girls similarly circumcised, but having spent a little time in Europe and having learned to appreciate European women, he had decided that he preferred a woman with a bit of spirit. But he wasn't going to admit that to the Imans.

Both women were now made to stand up, hesitatingly, on a little stools.

'You will understand that these women have been blindfolded and gagged under their shroud,' explained Malaka. 'We do not allow His Highness's women to see or talk to other men.'

The Imans nodded approvingly. The Prince certainly had the right ideas - and the money to impose them! He was an example to the community.

'Position for Inspection,' ordered Malaka, giving both women, through their shrouds, a sharp tap on the buttocks. Obediently both women raised their hands and clasped them behind their necks. Then under their robes, they parted their legs, bent their knees and thrust out their bellies.' The Imans watched approvingly at this display of disciplined womanhood.

Their approval was even greater when the boys, one by one, parted the front of each woman's robe to disclose on her thrust-out naked belly the branded crest of the Prince and above it her harem number. The jet black hands of the boys contrasted strikingly with the whiteness of the women's exposed bellies.

'And are these both Christian woman?' asked another of the Mullahs in surprise.

'Indeed they are,' replied the Prince proudly. 'Both formerly free women of the West. Just two of my European concubines' he added nonchalantly. 'I will not bore you with the sight of more of them.'

The Imans exchanged more looks of approval.

They approved even more when the two boys, one by one, parted the beauty lips of the women to disclose the little scars where the beauty buds should have been.

'Salat!' admiringly cried first one and then the other two Imans, as they peered more closely. One reached forward to make sure. There was a whimper from behind the shroud.

'And this one was only recently done,' exclaimed one of the younger clerics authoritatively. 'His Highness certainly imposes the state of Salat even on his European women!'

The women's shrouds were now closed again and silently they were led out of the room by their young overseers.

However, summoned by the prince's telephone call, Burka now appeared leading two more shrouded figures. Burka helped them to mount up on the stools.

The Imans looked at each other in surprise. Now what was this evidently very devout Prince going to show them?

'I thought,' said the Prince, 'that perhaps you would you like to see something else for yourselves.'

Then on a signal from the Prince, he and Malaka parted the tops of the robes of the two women, displaying their full and very white breasts. On one set were the pronounced nipples of a mature young woman, whilst the nipples of the other were the almost virginal little pink ones of a much younger girl, There were gasps of astonishment and admiration from the clerics as Malaka explained: 'His Highness's prize matched pair - a European mother and daughter.'

There were even more gasps, this time of approval, as Malaka and Burka then parted the robes lower down. This time the display, almost level with the Imans' eyes, were two identically and sharply curved white bellies.

'Both mother and daughter are being made to carry good future Moslem twins,' Malaka again explained. Then he paused. 'And both were mated on the same day with the same one of His Highness's Dinka Black Guards!'

Then the Prince pointed down to their tight gleaming chain mesh breeding belts immediately below the stretched brands of his crest.

'To prevent these Christian dogs from interfering with what has been ordained for them - and for the greater glory of Allah!'

The impressed clerics looked at each and nodded. Then the oldest one put his arm around the big Prince's shoulders and embraced him.

'We have seen enough, Brother,' he said. 'You are indeed a True Believer, a true follower of our Islamic revival. I shall report back to our Ulama that there can be no doubt about your piety and this will also be known in the bazaars. There will be no interference with what goes on behind the walls of your palace.'

'You are too kind,' murmured the cruel Prince.

### **13 - SOME INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF PENELOPE AND A VIDEO**

The following evening Pierre took Penelope to a crowded night club. It was decorated like something out of the Arabian Nights. There several belly dancers and Pierre held Penelope's hand, as she watched the sensuous display.

Later they danced together and he held her very tight. She found it all very exciting and arousing. It had been such a long time since she had gone out with a good-looking man.

Pierre, she thought, certainly knew his way round these parts. She couldn't quite make out what he did for a living - but he seemed to visit the palaces of wealthy Sheikhs and Princes fairly often.

'If you like, I might be able to take you with on a short visit that I'm expecting to have to make shortly to the palace of a rich Arab Prince out in the desert.'

'Oh that would be exciting!' cried Penelope. 'An Arab Prince!'

'Well, I won't promise anything yet!' laughed Pierre.

'But would it be safe?' Penelope asked. 'I mean might he not lock me up in his harem?'

'Oh I don't think he has one!' Pierre lied convincingly. 'Anyway you'll be safe with me!'

After they had shared a bottle of champagne and Penelope was feeling more and more relaxed, Pierre insisted on her being photographed yet again. He even persuaded her, as a joke, to lean forward to show off her cleavage. He said he wanted to have the photographs as a reminder of a wonderful evening with a very beautiful and entrancing woman.

'Well, flattery will get you everywhere with me,' laughed Penelope, all her inhibitions now lost, 'let's have some really sexy photographs!'

Later, going back in the taxi, Pierre kissed her passionately and cupped her breasts. Penelope was very excited. She could feel herself becoming more and more aroused.

When they arrived at the hotel, he told her that he had arranged with their mutual friend, the Manager, for her to be put into a better room with a larger bathroom. All her things had apparently been moved whilst they were having diner. He certainly gets things done fast, she thought admiringly

She assumed that he was going to follow her up to her new luxury double room. Feeling as she did, she certainly would not have objected. But in fact he simply kissed her hand, saying that he would join her for a swim the next day.

'That'll be lovely!' she said.

'But on condition, you're wearing your prettiest swimming costume,' he said earnestly.

Penelope felt madly disappointed. But she told herself, perhaps he did not want to rush things or appear too eager. Then as he turned away he said strangely: 'Be careful to take off your dress carefully and have a shower before you go to bed.'

What an odd thing to say, Penelope thought. She saw that on the way out, Pierre paused and said something to the reception clerk who looked at her and nodded. Was he telling him to look after her or that he would pay for the better room? She wasn't sure that she approved of that.

Penelope decided that the new room was so lovely that she immediately put aside any quibbles. She could see the bay from the balcony and the bathroom was spacious. It was all more like a film set than a hotel room and the lights were quite extraordinarily bright - almost like a television studio. She tried to turn some of them off, but you either had to have them all on or all off. Typical Arab electrics, she thought.

There was a huge mirror along one side of the wall of the bedroom and another in the bathroom. Curiously there was no bath, just a shower set in the middle of the room with no curtains surrounding it.

Idly, she pretended she was undressing in front of Pierre and amused herself doing a sort of strip tease in front of the huge mirror. It made her feel even more sexy and disappointed that Pierre had not come up, too. Perhaps he was planning to do so tomorrow!

For a moment she thought that she could see a light coming from beyond the mirror, but this was obviously impossible and must be just a reflection of the bright lights in the bedroom. Alice through the looking glass was only a fairy story, she told herself with a laugh.

She then had a shower in the magnificent well lit bathroom. She was still feeling very aroused and the luxury of this suite made her feel all the more frustrated at the way Pierre had gone off. So in the shower, once again glancing at the large mirror, she just could not help squeezing her nipples and then putting her hands down to her beauty bud.

As she played with herself, she laughed at the thought of what Pierre would think, if he knew what this apparently cold English girl was doing. Men just never seemed to realise the depth of a girl's secret longings - or at least European men did not. Perhaps these inscrutable stern looking Arab men did. Perhaps, she told herself, as she reached a series of lovely climaxes, that was why they kept their women under such strict supervision.

Penelope now put on a lovely satin night dress and got into the huge bed. She remembered what Pierre had said about wearing her prettiest swimming costume. She'd certainly do that! Perhaps Pierre would join her in it the next day for a romantic siesta in the warm afternoon. What a wicked woman she was to have such thoughts. And she a respectable girl! Almost a married woman!

In fact Pierre turned up early the next morning. Penelope was delighted to see him, but was still a little sleepy after her naughtiness in the shower the night before.

He really is charming, she thought: well dressed, smiling and making her laugh as he handed her a large bunch of flowers. What more could a girl look for? Anyway in a holiday lover.

A holiday lover! Poor Pierre, she told herself, how hurt he'd be if he knew what she was thinking: to use him to get her own back on Charles and to make him so jealous that he'd come back to her. A real Latin lover she could boast about to her friends when she returned to London. That would soon get back to Charles - and he'd come running!

Yes, she thought, as again she showered whilst he waited for her to join him for breakfast in the warm morning sun on the balcony, I'll even ask him to come and stay and I'll introduce him to my girl friends. She would tell them all about their passionate and romantic affair in North Africa. Charles will make a terrible scene and then we'll make it up. She would tearfully renounce poor Pierre on condition that Charles got a job. Then she and Charles would live happily ever after. She'd even start a family!

She laughed as she thought what a scheming little creature she was. She had worked it all out - and poor old Pierre hasn't a clue! But meanwhile she would enjoy herself with him.

Indeed, looking at him across the breakfast table as she nibbled a delicious croissant, she could not help thinking what a very good-looking young man he was. And so interesting and attentive - he made a girl feel like the Queen of Sheba!

For two whole hours they swam, drank and flirted by the pool. Pierre had a Polaroid camera and they had great fun taking instant pictures of each other. Some of the pictures that Pierre took of her in her swimsuit were, she realised with an excited chuckle, getting really rather naughty - for the pool was conveniently deserted.

Penelope had been wearing her lovely one-piece swimming costume - one which was cut shockingly high on the thigh. It showed off her body and her slim legs wonderfully. Then Pierre asked her if she had a bikini and so, rather embarrassed, she changed into her scandalously brief new bikini and posed provocatively for his camera as if she were a model.

They looked at the Polaroid photographs and he made her pose one way and then another. He certainly seemed to know a surprising lot about fashion photography, Penelope thought. She still did not know what he did for a living, except he travelled a lot and met lots of girls. Perhaps he was a well-known photographer?

Posing for him like this made Penelope feel rather excited, especially when she thought of the lovely siesta together, in her glamorous new bedroom, that all this must be leading up to.

Pierre took more photographs of her lying on her tummy and diving into the pool. Then he put a huge towel round her shoulders and kissed her. He put his hand on her breasts under the towel. It was very exciting. Whispering, he dared her to let him photograph her topless, holding the towel round her shoulders, to hide her breasts from the sight of anyone who might be looking.

It was a dare that Penelope could not refuse, especially when he started he say that, of course, if she were flat-chested or pendulous ... Penelope had always been proud of her firm breasts and was furious at his teasing. So ripping off the top of her bikini, and throwing away the towel, she stuck out her chest and dared him, in turn, to take some photographs.

She had to admit that the results made her look smashing. He certainly knew how to bring out the best in a girl!

All this made her feel even more amorous and she suggested that they might continue to photographic session in her room. But again to her great disappointment, he jumped up, looked at his watch, picked up all the photographs and said he must dash. He promised to ring the next day.

Poor Penelope was left feeling highly frustrated. No lovely relaxing siesta with Pierre! He did say he would give her a ring that evening, but even so!

Of course the inevitable happened. She just had to relieve her pent-up feelings again, lying naked on the big soft bed all alone instead of with Pierre. It was almost as if he knew that this would be the result of rushing off like that.

She could not help glancing towards the big mirror as she played with herself, thinking how much more exciting it would have been with Pierre. The strange thing was that she was thinking of him so much, that she even fancied she heard his voice coming from the next room, beyond the mirror. He seemed to be encouraging her to greater efforts.

What tricks the brain can play on one, she thought. What on earth would Pierre be doing in the next door room when he could have been in hers!

## **14 - THE PROBLEM OF CULLING - AND A NOVEL SOLUTION**

The Prince well knew the risk of a girl escaping from a modern harem like his, and from the custody of his eunuchs, was not a serious problem. However, what was a problem, especially for the owner of a harem containing European women, was what to do with a white woman he wanted to cull from his harem to make way for new blood.

The Prince knew this was regarded in his harem as a dreaded mystery. There were rumours that he would eventually let them return home, to their husbands, families or boyfriends. But this was nonsense, for inevitably they would tell their story to the Press and so cause a great scandal - not only for him personally and for the rest of the Ruling Family of his own country, but also for the country that had allowed him to set up his new palace and harem.

The story that was most widely accepted in the harem and which Malaka let them think was true, was that he had an arrangement with a particular brothel, deep in the desert, that served the passing trade. The women thought that he sent them there, knowing that the chances of them ever escaping back to civilization were remote.

It was true that he had, at one time, thought of such as solution but he had dismissed it as too risky. A woman might well use her charms to persuade a client to help her escape or to offer to buy her so that she could later escape back into what she would regard as the free world.

Traditionally, of course, a rich man presented his surplus women to his faithful retainers, or to other visiting Arab dignitaries. But these days, the Prince complained, one had to so careful about ensuring that the delighted recipient of a well trained white woman had adequate security arrangements for keeping her safely locked up.

It used to be possible to sell a girl back to the dealer who originally sold her, but oldfashioned slave dealers, dealing in white women in large numbers, were a rare breed these days.

It was also true that certain local high-class brothels, specialising in European women, did use modern electronic collars to prevent them escaping but, even so, one could never be sure.

Faced with this problem, some Ruling Families had set up a discreet establishment where their surplus white women could entertain Arab and other Eastern guests with the sight of Western women trained to perform for their enjoyment.

These establishments could, as the Prince knew well, play an important role in business deals. It was amazing how much a Japanese or Chinese businessman will reduce his price after dancing with a manacled, but otherwise naked, European woman whose vocal chords had been snipped to prevent her from talking.

The life of a white woman in such an establishment, the Prince knew, was similar to that of a white woman in a well run harem such as his own one: constant supervision by black eunuchs; skimpy clothing; a viewing gallery; and the constant fear of the cane if they do not please the visitors. These establishments might well be keen to take on the odd surplus girl from a well disciplined private harem, but they could only cope with a limited number.

Recently, the Prince had found another small outlet for his surplus women. During his visits to Europe, he had been impressed, especially in Germany and France, with the intelligence and strength of character of certain older, usually wealthy, women who shared his taste for submissive and desirable younger women. Often they came from the world of literature or the arts.

The fundamentalist Imans would, he knew, regard such women with shocked horror as godless lesbians. However, he himself had found the strict attitude of these Mistresses, towards their young women as being very similar to his own attitude towards his young women. He had even found it interesting to exchange views with them regarding the proper training and custody of young women in their power.

Some of these Mistresses had come to live in Morocco where, like himself, they could discreetly indulge their pleasures. Like him, they bought and restored former palaces and made them places of great beauty, for such women usually have very good taste.

More to the point, finding that their new homes include separate and well protected harem quarters, they had brought over several of their little friends from Europe to keep locked up there as registered indentured servants - just as he, himself, had done.

It even amused these rich lesbian friends of his to employ eunuchs as in his own harem to supervise their girls, to prevent them from misbehaving with each other and to stop them having any contact with men. Outwardly his new friends lived the life of a typical rich expatriate, but secretly they maintained a well-guarded harem of young white women.

The fact that these lesbians often like to enjoy controlling slightly older women, but still younger than themselves, had given him the idea of selling onto them one or two of his surplus ones, knowing that they would still be kept carefully locked up and under the mental and physical dominance of a strict woman.

But even so, he felt that this was not a really safe solution.

The Prince was, of course, also very conscious of the fact that some of his friends and relations, also with unwilling European women in their harems, felt that he was being unnecessarily squeamish about the problem of disposing of white women so that they did not sell their story to the world press.

If they could not find a suitable retainer who would take a woman off their hands and ensure that she will not escape, then they simply tell their eunuchs to put her down, like a favourite old horse and to bury her in the desert.

'No one will ever ride where I have ridden!' they boasted.

But cruel and ruthless as he was, the Prince could not quite bring himself to adopt such a drastic solution to his problem.

Then a cousin of his, Sheikh Ali, an astute businessman, had come up with a novel idea and had invited the Prince to help finance it - with cash and women.

He had also asked the Prince to lend him Malaka but the Prince had refused. With forty highly emotional white, Arab and Asian women to control in the harem and with several Happy Events from each team pending, Malaka was far too busy to be spared.

However he had let Malaka go there for a month to set things up and had made a substantial investment in this new enterprise. Moreover, he had also sent Sheikh Ali a couple of his surplus white women.

He had just received his first dividend. This unexpected little windfall had made him decide to go and see his investment for himself - and at the same time also see how see for himself just what had happened to his former concubines.

From the air, Sheikh Ali's breeding establishment, deep in the desert of the Prince's native country in Arabia, looked like a typical battery farm for producing chickens, eggs or even pigs. Surrounding the long animal houses were storage barns for feed and several modern houses for the farm manager and his black assistants. An electrified fence surrounded the farm complex, but clearly the main deterrent to escape were the surrounding miles of waterless desert. The Turkish farm manager met the Prince on the airstrip and, on the way to the farm, explained how it was organised.

'Your Highness,' he said obsequiously, 'we have based this breeding farm, or stud farm, as we prefer to call it, on the slave breeding farms that thrived in Turkey right up to the end of the First World War. They provided a steady stream of blue eyed blonde boys and girls for the harems of the Turkish Beys and Pashas throughout the old Ottoman Empire. The demand was substantial and the farms paid very well. Similarly, we aim to provide a similar steady stream of beautiful little creatures, but for the for the adoption societies of the West. The demand is also substantial. The rise in the West of the number of single parent mothers who now keep their offspring has resulted in a shortage of white children available for adoption. So we can keep our prices high and are making good profits.'

'What a clever idea,' commented the Prince.

'But,' the farm manager went on, 'whereas the old slave breeding farms were dependant on Circassian studs, whose progeny were often uncertain, we use artificial insemination and the deep frozen semen of proven studs sent to us from Scandinavia. And whereas twins used to be a rarity in the old farms, thanks to modern fertility pills, they are the norm. Moreover, whereas in the old farms, the progeny had to be raised to the age of about ten before they could be sent to the slave markets, here our agents in Europe send us daily FAXs, ordering newly born children whom we despatch to them by air. Our rearing costs are therefore much less. Whereas the old breeding farms had to buy in their stock of carefully selected future mothers, ours are provided free of charge by harem owners, grateful for the culling service we provide.'

'So your overheads are much lower?' said the Prince, impressed with the business acumen of Cousin Ali.

'Indeed, Your Highness,' replied the Manager.

The air conditioned car now arrived at the farm buildings. The heat outside was like a furnace. The farm manager slid back an airtight door in the long main building door. Inside it was cool again - and light and airy.

'We like to keep our breeding pens air conditioned,' explained the manager.

There was a pleasant smell, rather like that in a stable. Soft music was being relayed by loudspeakers. It was a romantic Viennese Waltz. On the side of a long passageway was a row of raised cages. Peering through the bars of each cage was a naked white woman.

'These are our brood mares,' said the Manager proudly.

The Prince was surprised to see that all the women's heads had been shaved and that a big brass ring hung down from each girl's nose. They gave the women a strangely inhuman look that reminded him of Yoka's Yellow Team back in his harem, except that their craniums were kept smooth and polished whilst these showed the stubble.

'We keep their heads shaved,' explained the Manager, 'partly for reasons of hygiene but also to help the women realise they are now just mute animals.'

'Mute?' queried the Prince noticing that except for the music, there was a complete silence in the pens. 'You mean that all your mothers have been muted?'

'Yes. It's kinder really. If they can't talk to each, they don't fret so much about what's happening to them. They just remain ignorant of why they are here, ignorant of being artificially inseminated,

ignorant of being in whelp until they feel the progeny kicking away inside them, ignorant of when they are due to foal, ignorant that their foals will soon be taken away and sold, and, finally, ignorant that they will then be fertilised again.'

'Not all that different from what goes on in my harem,' laughed the Prince cruelly, 'though we don't render them mute.'

'Well, Your Highness, it's such a simple little operation that it seemed silly not to do it. At first we just snipped the vocal cords but now we just give the woman on arrival a little immobilising injection through the neck. It also enable us to keep them ignorant of the fact that when their breeding days are finally over, they'll be quietly taken out and put down. But, these days, we expect that won't be until they are well into their forties, by which time they will have dropped sufficient whelps to have earned their keep! Their nose rings also help them to accept that they now just animals, prize breeding stock - especially when they glance at the mirrors in their cages. This in turn makes them much easier for my staff to handle.'

The cages were too low to allow a woman to stand. Instead, they had to crawl round them on all fours in the straw, under which the floors of each cage sloped down to a little central channel. In turn, as in many large stables, this emptied into a drain which ran down the side of the passageway. Each cage was completely bare except for the straw covering the cement floor and for the mirror on the wall.

The Manager pointed to the glass sides of the cages. 'You can see, Your Highness, that the mares can see other pregnant mares, but can't touch them,' the Manager said proudly.

'Yes, ' replied the Prince, 'I suppose otherwise the women would be tempted to form illicit lesbian relationships.'

'Indeed and this would detract from each woman thinking of herself as purely as an animal whose natural maternal instincts are being mysteriously satisfied.'

Fastened to these walls were automatic drinking troughs, like those in stables. On the floor of each cage and fastened to front bars by a short chain was a flat, shiny metal, feeding bowl.

'How many women do you have here?' asked the Prince.

'Thirty one - all from the harems of Sheikh Ali's friends and relations - like yourself, Your Excellency. Indeed, we were most grateful to you for the couple you sent us. But to meet the ever increasing demand, we plan to build our numbers up to over sixty mothers, with some two or three foals being delivered each week.'

'Three a week!' exclaimed the Prince in admiration. 'Why, we think we're doing well if we get that from each team in my harem every year!'

The Prince now noticed that on the front of each cage was a blackboard on which was written the stud number of the woman - a number that was also tattooed on her right buttock.

The board also showed her age; her date of entry into the breeding pens: the date of starting her course of fertility pills; the number of foals she was currently carrying and the number she had successfully delivered; the date when she would be ready for insemination, or had been inseminated; her anticipated date of foaling; and any special feeding instructions. These boards being on the outside of the cage, the women themselves were not able to see what was said about them, even if they could read Arabic.

It all seemed a highly efficient operation, thought the Prince. No wonder it was so profitable. And it provided such a useful service. Perhaps he had better buy some more shares!

Just then a large black man dressed in breeches and well polished boots came down the passageway wheeling a trolley.

'Because of the women are kept locked up in cages to which only I have the key, we don't have to bother about using expensive black eunuchs as grooms here,' explained the Manager.

As if to prove his point the Negro called out in a very deep masculine voice: 'Numbers Twenty Seven to Thirty One! Attention!'

He picked up a long thin rod with two electrodes at the far end. The Prince recognised it as a cattle goad, capable of giving a nasty shock. He saw that the groom's thumb was on the switch. Nervously eyeing the goad, the four women hurriedly came to the front of their cages, gripped the bars and pressed their flat little bellies against them.

The black man looked at the four women in turn. 'Present backsides!' he suddenly ordered.

There a rustling of straw as the women in the four cages, kneeling on all fours, all obediently turned and pressed their buttocks against the bars of their cages. Their beauty lips were now well displayed

for their daily douche.

'These ones are all new arrivals, awaiting fertilisation - though they don't yet know it,' laughed the Manager. Then he added, in an undertone, 'Keep an eye on Number Twenty Nine

- it'll be for real for her this time.' Fascinated, the Prince watched as the black groom loaded a douche with soapy water,

and then parted Number Twenty Seven's proffered beauty lips.

'Eyes on back wall!' he ordered.

The woman then raised her head and looked at the wall in front of her, keeping her backside pressed against the bars of her cage. The man inserted the douche and squeezed the big rubber bulb, driving the mixture ran up inside her.

Then it was the turn of Number Twenty Eight. She had the temerity to look round to see what was being done to her. The groom touched her bottom with the goad. The woman screamed and quickly turned her head back again to face the back wall of her cage.

'As you can see,' commented the Manager, 'the goad is a wonderful enforcer of discipline for caged women.'

Then coming up to Number Twenty Nine, the Negro checked the date on her board and that the woman's eyes were fixed on the back wall. Then he picked up a rather different looking douche. Opening a medical thermos flask he loaded this douche carefully.

'The semen is very expensive,' explained the Manager, 'so I don't want any being spilled. But this man is an expert. I sent him off to do a course in Artificial Insemination for dairy cows. The technique we use here is similar.'

The man turned again to the kneeling woman and inserted the specially loaded douche.

'It nearly always takes the first time, provided the woman's overseer has got her date right,' the Manager went on, as the fertilising semen was delicately injected up inside the unsuspecting woman. The Prince now saw that another large black groom, similarly dressed in breeches and boots, started coming down the passageway with a feed trolley containing a bucket of steaming porridge. As he passed each cage the woman would push her feeding bowl out through the slit below the bars of her cage onto the passageway. The groom would check the feeding instructions on the woman's board and then ladle one or two dollops of the mixture into the shiny feeding bowl before kicking it back into the cage.

The Prince noticed that a fingerless glove was strapped on each woman's wrists, making it impossible for her to hold anything and making her hands into mere paws. Unable to use her hands to feed with, she had to lower her face into the bowl to eat - like an animal.

He saw one woman turn away in disgust from the porridge in her bowl. Immediately the groom picked up a goad and thrust it through the bars of the cage. There was a little whimper from the muted woman and she quickly lowered her head and started to lap up the mixture noisily, whilst the groom stood over her with a satisfied look on his face.

'We get this particularly with younger women,' explained the Manager. 'They start feeling sick a few weeks after being inseminated and go off their food. But these cattle goads are excellent in teaching a girl that she must eat up properly and not leave anything in their bowls. We want them to produce fat healthy little foals!'

The Prince saw that the women were eagerly licking their bowls clean, and polishing them with their tongues, so that the groom would see that they had indeed eaten up properly.

'Those gloves ...' he queried.

'They're mainly intended to prevent a woman from trying to get at herself and harm the whelps she is carrying. But they also help to make her feel that she is now just an animal a brood mare.'

The Farm Manager led the way down the passageway.

'Look!' he said, 'here's one of the women you sent us.'

Seeing the Prince, the woman crawled eagerly to the front of her cage. With her shaven head and her swollen belly, the Prince scarcely recognised the pretty young Swiss girl he had become rather tired of nearly a year ago.

She knelt up, gripping the bars of her cage. Unable to speak, she pointed pathetically to the stretched brand of his crest on her belly and looked up at him pleadingly.

'She's due to foal in only two week's time,' said he Manager, looking at her board. 'We're not expecting any difficulties and so she'll probably be left to whelp naturally in her cage. We rarely have

any problems with women who've been kept on all fours. She's carrying twins, but she doesn't know it, of course.'

The Prince turned to look into the cage next door which held a Polish woman whom with some hesitation he had also agreed to spare. She had whelped a few months earlier and now had a fine pair of little blonde whelps crawling after her in the cage.

At a word of command from her Negro keeper, she lay on her side on the straw and allowed the little creatures to feed eagerly from her breasts. It was, he thought, just like watching a bitch feeding her puppies and presumably that was what the Farm Manager wanted her to feel. He smiled as he saw his crest on her belly, too.

She looked up at the Prince through the bars of her cage with a contented smile on her face, as if to say: 'Aren't I a clever girl!'

It was interesting how treating these women as animals helped to bring out their natural maternal instincts. In his harem the woman had always made it clear that she loathed children and yet here she was, as proud of her litter as any real brood bitch.

'We'll be taking her litter away from her tomorrow,' said the Farm Manager. 'We've just had a FAX from our European Sales Manager wanting two more whelps and hers will meet the order well. Although she doesn't know it, she's in whelp again and we find it best to take a litter away before a woman feels her next one kicking. There's a danger that she'll become so absorbed, or at first horrified, by her new litter that she'll neglect the old one.'

The Prince turned back to the Swiss girl.

'Has she been kept cooped up in this cage all the time?' he asked.

The Manager laughed. He called over her black overseer.

'It's very important to keep them well exercised all the time they are in foal,' he said. 'Each woman spends two periods a day on the exerciser, right up to the day she foals.'

He said something to the Negro who bent down and pulled a lever at the side of the girl's cage. A small barred gateway at the back of the cage opened. The Prince saw that it led into a low barred crawl-way that ran along the back of the line of cages.

The Negro gave an order. The Swiss crawled awkwardly out through the gateway and along the crawl-way.

The Manager led the Prince to the end of the line of cages. There was a round sand covered arena. In the centre of the arena was a post and attached to that were four arms which, driven by an electric motor, slowly revolved round it. Every two feet along each arm hung a collar and chain. It was very similar to the mechanical exercisers used to exercise horses in bad weather.

The Swiss girl had now arrived at the end of the crawl-way. A barred gate prevented her from going any further. The Negro turned a switch on the wall. The rotating arms stopped. He opened the gateway and pointed with his cattle goad to one of the collars. Obediently the girl crawled up to it. He fastened the collar round her neck and stepped back to switch on the motor again.

The exerciser started to rotate slowly round again, taking the crawling Swiss girl along with it. As she passed the Prince, she flashed him a look - this time of resentment.

'We can exercise up to twenty women simultaneously with this machine,' the Manager boasted, 'and all quite safely. It keeps the women fit and helps them to drop their foals without any problems. By varying the position of each woman along the arm we can make her crawl slowly one day and fast the next. It's ideal for our purpose.'

Flying in his private jet back to his palace, the Prince reflected on what he had seen. Yes, he thought, he would instruct Malaka that all surplus white women were to go Cousin Ali's breeding farm.

He laughed at the thought that one advantage of his cousin's farm was it would not be too late if he changed his mind about a girl and wanted her back in the harem again. The fact that she would now be mute wouldn't matter. Most women would be improved if they were rendered mute.

## **15 - PENELOPE'S POTENTIAL IS UNSUSPECTINGLY RECORDED**

Pierre rang the next day as he had promised. Although Penelope was feeling rather angry with him, his husky voice and French accent charmed her into agreeing to have dinner with him.

'But no more photos!' she insisted.

'Don't worry, darling,' came the reply. 'I've got almost all that I need.'

Need? What did he mean, she wondered.

This time he took her out to watch some oriental dancing, including belly dancing.

'You'll appreciate its gracefulness and sensuousness,' he told her, 'especially as you told me you had been trained as a ballet dancer, before you grew too tall and had done some dancing as an actress.'

How funny that that he should have remembered that, she thought.

He made her watch it all very carefully.

'Imagine that it was you dancing and that you were having to dance to attract the attention of a man - a busy and rather jaded man,' he said rather mysteriously.

Fascinated, Penelope watched the erotic performance. It would be very exciting to have to dance to a man like that, but she'd be far too shy!

Nevertheless she was delighted when Pierre took her behind the little stage into the spacious dressing room of one of the dancers. The dancer was a gorgeous Arab girl with a figure rather like her own. She spoke only Arabic so she could not understand what the dancer and Pierre were saying, though she saw that the girl was constantly turning to look at her.

Suddenly Pierre turned to Penelope. 'Narina wants you to put on her costume so that she can show you how to dance in her way. I'll leave you both to it.'

As soon as he had left, Narina gestured to Penelope to undress. She then dressed her in one of her own scanty dancing costumes. There was just a head-dress of gauzy silk that fell to the floor, several necklaces and a big jewel that hung on her forehead. A wide sequined belt went round her lower tummy, leaving her navel and waist quite bare. And was all!

Admittedly, she realised, the gauzy head-dress partly hid her naked, swaying breasts and admittedly a long tassel hung down from the front of the belt, partly hiding her intimacies. But they only served to make her feel all the more naked.

Narina then put on a similar costume. She put on a tape of Arab music and began to dance. Penelope watched her, entranced. She noticed as Narina swayed to the music that all her body hair had been removed - unlike her own. Her beauty lips were even painted the same bright crimson as her mouth and nipples. What might have seemed rather shocking back in England somehow seemed quite natural out here.

Narina gestured to Penelope to come and join her and to follow her movements. Soon she began to get the hang of it.

Then Narina made Penelope up in the same Eastern way as herself with painted eyelids, crimson lips and eyes heavily outlined in black kohl. With a little giggle she even painted the blushing Penelope's nipples the same bright crimson as her own. If it hadn't been for her body hair, Penelope thought with relief, she might even have painted her body lips like hers too!

Narina now took her into what seemed to be a rehearsal room. It was brightly lit, almost like a television studio and the walls were covered with mirrors. She started again and Penelope could see that she was pretending to arouse and excite a man, to tantalise him almost beyond endurance with little flashes of her swinging breasts and swaying body, half hidden behind the long silken gauze. There were also fascinating glimpses of her smooth little beauty lips behind the dangling tassel.

It was an exciting sight for Penelope too and again she too joined in. Looking in the mirror she saw a pair of heavily painted and half naked Middle Eastern houris, dancing in a beautiful and very uninhibited way, their bellies wriggling enticingly, their breasts swaying, their eyes flashing, and their hands alternatively out-stretched or with their backs touching above their heads.

Indeed, she too was dancing as if to excite a man. It was an exciting feeling for her. She found she was becoming aroused with her own movements and thoughts. Looking at Narina's flushed face, she wondered whether she, too, was becoming aroused by the dance.

As the tape finished Narina flung herself to the floor in a gesture of abject servility, her arms outstretched, the palms of her hands flat on the floor, her forehead touching it and her long hair flung forward, baring her little neck. She made Penelope practice it several times too.

Penelope could see that it was a gesture of utter submission by a dancing girl to her Master. How exciting! Soon she, too, was doing it gracefully and humbly.

Then Pierre burst in.

Highly embarrassed, she put one hand over her breasts and another over her intimacies.

'That was fine! You were great! I was watching from the camera room behind the mirror.'

Penelope looked in horror at the mirror in front of which she had been displaying herself in such a wanton way, little realising that it was a two-way one.

'You're a natural dancer,' Pierre went on, making her feel more and more proud. 'You've got wonderful rhythm and a wonderful body.'

'And it'll put her price up!' she heard him mutter to himself.

Put her price up! What did he mean, she wondered. Perhaps he meant her agent would be able to negotiate a better deal for her back in London if he could say she was also a trained oriental dancer!

'Do your dance again. Please!' he begged. 'I'll be videoing again from next door like before, and you're getting better and better.'

'You mean you've been videoing me - in this costume?' Penelope cried.

'Of course, darling, you were wonderful - and you'll be able to take back to London to show your friends.'

And something to make Charles more jealous than ever, she thought. Hesitantly she nodded her agreement. Pierre sounded so persuasive and anyway, apparently, he'd already videoed her practising. So he might just as well take a better one. And anyway there would be no harm as she probably wouldn't ever show it to anyone.

'Don't forget that the camera will be on you,' he explained, 'but you follow Narina just as before.'

Before she could say anything he had rushed out and the music started again.

The dance had to be repeated three times, before Pierre was satisfied.

'Wonderful!' he said, 'You looked wonderful - wonderful!'

Penelope blushed at all this praise.

'You did just what I wanted. He'll be delighted.'

Penelope did not understand who the "he" was supposed to be. Charles? Perhaps it was just a French expression.

Then she changed back into her dress and Pierre drove her back to the hotel. She was still very excited and aroused from the dancing and became even more so when he stopped the car and started to kiss her passionately. What a man, she thought! Perhaps she should simply leave Charles to get on with his life and go off with Pierre?

But at their arrival at the hotel, he again just formally kissed her hand in the foyer and said goodnight, leaving her frustrated and disappointed. Again! Perhaps, she wondered, he is too much of a gentleman. Perhaps she should be more forward. If only he would take her out into the desert and rape her!

Next morning, Pierre said he was very busy putting together a brochure for a client. He hoped to join her for a drink, but wouldn't say when. Was he, she asked herself, trying to stop her from going out and meeting someone else? How exciting! So he does find me attractive!

But what did mean by "putting together a brochure"? A brochure about what - or who? She wondered just what his business was and who was his mysterious "client".

But, anyway, it didn't seem to have much to do with her. He'd hardly be likely to win a serious business contract by showing the client pictures of herself topless, or showing him a video of her dancing half naked. Or perhaps he might!

What a deliciously naughty idea!

## **PART IV - THE TRAP IS SET**

### **16 - THE PRINCE SEES A BROCHURE**

It was shortly after Penelope's exciting evening learning oriental dancing.

Malaka salaamed humbly to his Master. He was in what was for that stolid and grim person, a state of considerable excitement.

'Your Highness,' he began in fluent Arabic. 'News from Pierre! Already! A special courier has arrived

bringing a detailed brochure regarding Your Highness's order for a matched pair of girls.'

'What?' exclaimed the Prince, his cruel eyes glistening. 'That was quick!'

'Yes, it seems he has already found two young women, one French, a Madame Chantalle de Mieury, and an English actress called Penelope Lyndsey-Baker. They are staying at different hotels in Tangier.'

'Well they've both got good sounding names,' said the Prince with a sinister laugh. 'I like a bit of class in my harem. And if one's a married woman and the other an actress, then it'll be all the more interesting.'

'Yes, Your Highness and they're at present unaware of each other. Apparently the two hotel managers act as talent spotters for Pierre and had separately reported them to him as being of potential interest.'

'But are they a matched pair?' queried the Prince

'Yes indeed! The photographs he has sent me show them to be remarkably alike. And both are on holiday alone with no one knowing where they are!'

'Better and better,' commented the Prince. 'But why?'

'Oh, Your Highness! It's really quite disgraceful the way in the West that women are allowed to decide things for themselves. Their independence is a scandal. It seems that the French girl has left her young husband for a trial separation and the English girl has broken of her engagement to her fiancé. Both came to Tangier secretly without telling anyone, in order to get away from it all.'

'Well, giving women such independence has certainly given us an opportunity!'

'Indeed, Your Highness and Pierre reports that both are still blissfully unaware that they may be joint candidates to be incarcerated in Your Highness's harem - with no one knowing where they are! But, Your Highness, apparently both are beginning to wonder if they have done the right thing. The young French lady is beginning to pine for her husband and the English actress is thinking that perhaps her fiancé wasn't such a bad catch after all. Apparently Pierre has managed to get both women emotionally interested in him - without of course any sexual intercourse. But nevertheless he advises that an early decision is necessary if we are to ensnare this pair before they decide to return to their native shores.'

'Um!' grunted the Prince. He did not like being rushed into decisions. 'What's he asking for them?'

Malaka mentioned a very high price - almost as high as what he had charged for the Dutch mother and daughter. 'This brochure gives details of them both. They had a similar upbringing as the only children of respectable families - one in France and one England. Both have lost their parents. Both had trained for the stage. Both are, Pierre reports, naturally vivacious and yet also submissive. Both are pretty, tall, blondes with good figures. Both are fit and healthy and breeding from them, Pierre adds, should not be a problem. Neither have had had a child!'

The Prince was immediately interested. Not only were both the women alike but they were also fit and well. They also still half in love: the French girl with her young husband and the English girl with her fiancé. This sounded just what he wanted. He liked to ensnare girls still in love with a younger man. It made their subsequent captivity in his harem so much more devastating for them!

Similarly he was pleased that they had not yet had any children, which was something that he preferred. It was, he used to say, so much more interesting to breed from a filly, ignorant of the pangs of an enforced motherhood, than from an experienced brood mare.

'Photographs?' he asked.

Malaka handed him some coloured ones. They showed two remarkably similar young women. In some they were dressed up to the nines as for a dinner party, others in various swimming costumes in their hotel pools and some even topless showing off their firm, full, breasts.

They seemed a delightful pair, tall and slim, blondes with blue eyes, all of which, like most Arabs, was what he preferred in a European woman. Their hair would look better when all the curls had been taken out and it was brushed to hang, like a child's, straight down their backs or over their shoulders.

They both had an intelligent look that would make it the more piquant when they were forced to assume the intellectual level of a little girl. Each of them also had a sweet little mouth - almost crying out to receive his manhood.

He looked more closely at the photographs. Yes, they both had determined little chins, which contrasted with their soft appealing eyes. Doubtless they will occasionally mix a little obstinacy with their natural submissiveness - enough to make them candidates for the rattan cane!

In the West, he reflected, the idea of thrashing a woman is quite unacceptable, but not here in the Arab world. Here women expect to be beaten and the thrashing of captured Christian girls was a pleasure that rich Arabs have enjoyed for centuries. A little recalcitrance was therefore to be welcomed.

The photographs also showed that they both had nice figures with good legs and well developed breasts that seemed to be crying out to be made to fulfil their natural function. He smiled as he saw that their bikinis showed off their slightly pouting bellies that also seemed to be crying out to be made to carry his chosen progeny. And their little bottoms ... yes, he could imagine them being made to proffer them to him.

'Very promising, Malaka,' the Prince said as he handed back the brochure. 'But, as you know, I don't like going too firm about a girl until I have seen her absolutely naked.'

Malaka smiled. He had a video tape in his hand. He put it on the player.

It showed first the French girl and then the English girl separately taking off their evening dresses. Then it showed each of them taking a shower in a hotel bathroom. It then showed each of the little minxes playing with themselves in the shower. It did not take either of them long to reach her climax.

The Prince laughed at the thought that this video would have really confirmed the Mullahs' contemptuous belief in the natural licentiousness of women, especially Western ones. He himself, however, liked a girl to be passionate and sensuous, which is why he only had a few of them cut to enforce Salat.

The Prince had already pretty well made up his mind that he wanted these girls in his harem and wanted them quickly. Then to his astonishment the video showed each of the girls separately repeating, as she lay on her bed, the performance she had given in the shower, but this time each was using a vibrator.

Malaka showed his shocked disapproval with a quick intake of breath. But the Prince found it made the thought of keeping them frustrated in his harem all the more stimulating.

Clearly neither of the girls had any idea that she was being observed - never mind filmed. It was like watching a pair of innocent fawns. How Pierre had been so brilliantly clever as to catch them both at it, not once but twice, was a matter for admiration.

Malaka now put on a second video. This showed each girl dressed and made up as an Arab dancing girl and again separately putting on display that may have been a little amateurish, but which showed off their natural training as dancers - a training that could well be perfected here in the harem.

The video also showed them coquettishly flaunting their painted nipples. Only a brief glimpse of the hair over their body lips spoilt the scene - and that was something that Burka, their future overseer, would soon have off!

Again the Prince silently murmured his congratulations to Pierre for having achieved such a display. No wonder he was charging so much. His overheads must have been considerable.

The Prince looked at Malaka. For someone who was usually extremely phlegmatic about white women, he was surprisingly enthusiastic about these two.

The Prince had made it a firm rule never to go in person to see a possible recruit for his harem, unless she was already in the close custody of a dealer - which was clearly not the case here. In this way he avoided ever being associated with any hue and cry that might arise, following a girl's disappearance.

Pierre knew this and once the young women's purchase had been finally approved, would be expecting to bring them to his palace, in conditions of complete secrecy.

'Right,' said the Prince decisively, 'take my plane tomorrow and go and inspect the girls for yourself. Decide if they measure up, in the flesh, to what we saw in the photographs and on the videos. If they do then arrange with Pierre to bring them here separately, one by one, on my plane - after which I will pay him for them, cash on delivery. Oh,' he added, 'just check that he's going to do it in such a way that no one will ever be able to trace them to my palace or to my plane.'

## 17 - PENELOPE IS THRILLED

A few days after so mysteriously saying that he "had to go and prepare a brochure for a client", Pierre came round to Penelope's hotel in a state of great excitement.

During the last few days she had only seen him on and off. One moment he was monopolising her completely, as if jealous lest she went out with anyone else, or decided to go back to London. Then, the next moment he seemed madly tied up. She began to wonder whether he was dating another girl. Surely not that so-called double of hers?

Now, however, all was becoming clear. Or was it?

'Oh, darling,' he cried in his sexy French accent as he kissed her warmly, if not, perhaps, passionately, 'You're going to make my fortune for me!'

'What?' cried Penelope.

'And yours, too, of course,' he added. In her astonishment, Penelope did not notice that this was said a little bit rather as an after-thought and with slightly less conviction.

He had not been able to tell her before but he had sent her photos - not the topless one Penelope hoped - to a very rich client of his, a wealthy and powerful financier, a successful and ruthless entrepreneur.

He was looking for an attractive, well spoken, English actress to play the role of a young English visitor in a big tourist promotion he was financing. It would include a series of linked short TV films and a photographic advertisement campaign featuring the English girl in different local settings.

He said his rich client was very interested in her photographs and acting background. He was even sending one of his top executives, his right hand man, to come and see her in person. He himself was a friend of this top executive and had done several business deals with him and his wealthy employer.

'My client relies very much on his top executive's judgement - especially when it comes to women,' Pierre explained. Then he went on to explain that if they chose her, then she would be on TV all over Europe and her photographs would be in every glossy magazine. She would then be in demand by every film producer and advertising agency in England. Quite apart from what she'd earn immediately, her future would be assured. It was a wonderful opportunity for her - and for him, as her agent, the man whom had found her!

'Goodness!' cried Penelope enthusiastically. 'How exciting! And I'll so be grateful to you, darling, forever! My new agent! My old one was hopeless! But what do I have to do to get the job?'

'Just be you own natural sweet self,' he answered looking her up and down with a mysterious look. 'I was not supposed to tell you, for he wants to see you unaware that that you were being auditioned for a part.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Penelope. 'How intriguing!'

'Indeed!' laughed Pierre. '

'Now listen,' he went on. 'This top executive of theirs is arriving tomorrow. He'll be coming to this hotel at noon and will expect to find you wandering around the pool and swimming - just as you will in the tourist promotion.'

'Oh I see,' cried Penelope. 'So I'll have time to have my hair and nails done and get a good night's sleep.'

'Exactly! And wear your prettiest bikini - the one you were wearing when I took all those photographs.'

'A bikini?' queried Penelope. 'Surely I should wear something more ... '

'No!' interrupted Pierre. 'Wear your bikini!'

'All right, if you say so,' laughed Penelope not wanting to have a row.

'Good,' said Pierre. 'But, darling, don't arrive too early. Wait in your room until half past twelve and then just saunter down to the pool as if you had come like a typical tourist for a pre-lunch swim. Walk round the pool several times. Pretend that you are modelling the bikini. Head in the air and wear high heel shoes. Don't pay any attention to me or my friend until I give you a wave and then come over and join us for a few minutes. Put on your prettiest smile and look as entrancing as possible. Then after a few minutes make an excuse and dive into the pool. Swim up and down a couple of times, before getting out and drying yourself. Be natural. Let him see you as you would act the part of an English girl in the advertisements. That'll get you the role!'

'Yes, I see,' Penelope answered. Perhaps she was being a little naive, but it did all sound a wonderful opportunity - if she could only bring it off. A major role! No more financial worries! A new life style! What a treasure he was! She kissed him gratefully.

'Oh one thing, don't be put off by my friend's appearance,' said Pierre. 'Just remember that the man he represents is very rich indeed. He doesn't mind what he pays provided he gets the right person for the role he has in mind.'

Gosh! thought Penelope. 'But what do I say to his representative?'

'Just answer his questions and do as he says. Treat him with great respect. Call him Sir. Don't sit down until he invites you to do so. Remember that he's used to treating women in the Moorish way, as

inferior beings - even if she is really an adorable young Englishwoman!'

He kissed Penelope's hand and grinned. Oh, she thought, how I adore him, too!

'Now I must dash off and make all the arrangements. Remember half past twelve! Don't be late. It's an insult here for a man to be kept waiting by a woman - and, although he's an employee, he's an important man, used to being fawned on by women, including European ones!'

He turned at the door, saying: 'Oh, and don't say anything at this stage to any one about this project, or the whole thing may be cancelled as far as you're concerned. They're very secretive. So remember, not a word at this stage to anyone - neither here nor back in England.'

Penelope wanted to ask so many questions. Just who is this mysterious top executive? Why should Pierre warn her about his appearance? And who was the even more mysterious and wealthy financier behind him? And why did it all have to be so secret?

But Pierre put his finger to his lips and turned and rushed off.

How exciting it all was, she thought.

## 18 - AN UNSUSPECTING PENELOPE IS INSPECTED FOR A NEW ROLE

Next morning Penelope made sure that she was looking her best for her audition with Pierre's mysterious, but important, friend.

She looked in the mirror and saw a tall girl with long blonde hair, blue eyes, a pretty face and a good figure that was, perhaps, rather spoilt in European eyes by an over generous bust.

All night she had been turning over and over in her mind what Pierre had told her. She had come out to Tangier to get away from her upset at breaking off her engagement and to make a new start. A new start! Well if this introduction of Pierre's comes off, it would more than that. A whole new world looked like opening up for her.

No wonder she was feeling so nervous at the thought of meeting the right hand man of Pierre's rich financier client. Normally she was not the least awed by men. On the contrary, back in England, she could usually twist them round her little finger. But here, these grave faced Arabs and Moors seem different. They looked at her as if they knew her most secret thoughts and desires. And Pierre had told her that many wealthy Arabs still keep harems, perhaps containing European women! What did they think of her? It was all wildly intriguing.

But presumably this mysterious financier was just a boring old rich European or American.

Not only had she spent hours making sure that she was looking her best, but also had been reading about North Africa so that she could talk intelligently about the tourist project. She had been fascinated to read about the castles or Kasbahs of the Caids. How exciting it would be to be taken off to one of them!

She had even been reading about the famous Pasha of Marrakesh who used to have agents in the railway stations in Tangier and Casablanca to look out for any attractive European woman travelling alone. She would be met by a friendly guide who would "specially arrange" for her to visit the Pasha's palace. If the Pasha was taken by her looks he would suddenly appear and invite her to dinner and then ...

As Penelope read, she could feel herself getting more and more moist and excited. Goodness! Would she be invited to dinner, too, by a tall, dark and handsome Pasha and then ... What a thrilling idea!

It was exactly half past twelve when, with some trepidation, she nonchalantly waltzed down the steps that led down into the deserted hotel garden that surrounded the big swimming pool.

She was wearing a blue cut-away bikini that set off her long blonde hair. A bathrobe was thrown loosely over her shoulders. She knew that her high heeled sandals made her walk with an attractive swaying motion.

She noticed that Pierre was sitting, half hidden behind a screen, on the far side of the pool with a fat man in a strange looking red robe. She saw with a start that he was black. Goodness!

They were evidently deep in conversation and the black man was pointing to a young blonde woman, also wearing a bikini, who was disappearing into the changing rooms.

Penelope thought she looked rather like herself. Was she the woman who had made Pierre ask if she had a twin out here in Tangier? How odd!

Goodness, had she just been auditioned for the part, too? Well, if so, Penelope decided, she'd pull out all the stops to make herself look as attractive as possible. She certainly didn't want to lose this wonderful opportunity to some other chit of a girl!

Yes, she said to herself, throwing off her bathrobe and starting to saunter round the pool in a provocative way, if the black man was Pierre's client's top executive and liked to goggle at girls in bikinis, then she'd really give him something to stare at!

Moments later she saw Pierre pointing to her. He waved to her to come and join them.

The sumptuousness of the black man's dress made her feel embarrassed in her frivolous little bikini. Perhaps she should have worn a dress? But Pierre had repeatedly specified a bikini. She wondered why.

Neither Pierre nor the black man got up as she approached and she remembered that in Arab society men do not stand up for a woman.

'Malaka Effendi,' said Pierre, with a little respectful bow of his head towards the black man. Effendi! Penelope was very impressed, that was an Arab title of some sort - an outward sign of a man's authority.

'Effendi,' said Pierre, 'this is the young Englishwoman I mentioned.'

For a moment Penelope was angry that Pierre had not bothered to introduce her properly. It was as if her name was of no concern to this important man. Then she remembered how Pierre had said that the relationship between the sexes was very different out here. It certainly was!

But standing there in just her little bikini, she felt too over-awed to protest. She glanced nervously up at the man whom Pierre had addressed Effendi.

As an actress, Penelope was used to working with black men and was certainly no racist. But this man brought out all her primeval fears of black men, for he was a short, fat, powerful, ugly brute of a man, terrifying and repulsive.

Penelope had the impression he could have picked her up with one hand and just broken her neck or effortlessly carried her, struggling helplessly, under his arm. His head was completely bald and shiny. Perhaps, she thought, he kept it shaved to heighten the brutal effect. But who was it supposed to terrify?

She wondered what on earth the mysterious financier made of this awful and ignorant looking creature. His eyes were beady and bloodshot. There were large rings on his fingers. There were tribal scars on his cheeks and his lips were very thick. He just looked at her blankly as she stood there awkwardly in front of him. Surely, thought Penelope, he can't be used to seeing half naked, young white young women standing nervously in front of him? He made her feel like a little girl again and her air of sophisticated nonchalance evaporated.

Remembering how important Pierre had said he was, she smiled at him, but his face remained inscrutable. He began to look her up and down, taking in every little curve, every little asset and defect in her body, making her feel even more naked in her brief bikini.

He seemed to be assessing her like a horse dealer might judge a horse paraded for his inspection. Somehow she felt that he was used similarly to assessing beautiful women and that she was merely one more. She felt herself blushing with embarrassment.

She jumped as he suddenly reached out to touch her arm, as if to feel the softness of her skin. Frightened, she backed away, away, cringing, her arms crossed over her breasts as if hiding her nakedness.

'Don't be scared,' said Pierre reassuringly. 'Remember Malaka is an old friend of mine and we have done business together for some years. He admires you greatly. He thinks you are very pretty and that you are probably just what they are looking for - and just think of all that money!'

Penelope smiled and relaxed. What a nice man Pierre is, she thought. The black man beckoned her forward and took her hand. Then with his other hand he started to stroke her arm, as if he were stroking a pet dog. She just stood there, mesmerised by his glittering eyes.

Then he gestured to her to turn round, so that her back and soft little bottom were facing him.

'Put your hands behind your neck,' murmured Pierre. 'And keep quite still.'

She did so. She realised that she must be a very provocative sight. Thank Heavens there was no one else in the deserted garden! She felt the Negro's hand, his jet black hand with those strange mauve palms and those big rings on his fingers, slide slowly down her back. She gave a start. It was a strange feeling to be touched by another man in the presence of the man she half regarded as her lover. The hands paused on her waist and then went on down over her quivering bottom to her thigh. Little did she then think what an important role her bottom would soon be playing in her life.

She heard the Negro say something in Arabic to Pierre. His voice seemed surprisingly high pitched for such a huge brute man of a man - almost falsetto. She would have been appalled if she had understood what he was asking: "Is she a virgin here?"

'Oh yes, I'm sure she is. English women are very prudish,' replied Pierre also in Arabic.

'Excellent,' murmured the Negro, again stroking her bottom. 'His Highness particularly likes using a Christian girl there. It is an old tradition.'

He laughed cruelly.

What can they be talking about, thought Penelope, as, with her hands still clasped behind her neck, she faced away from the horrible laughing Negro.

'He's only admiring you,' came Pierre's soft calm, reassuring voice.

Again Penelope relaxed. She thought of the major role for which she was being considered. But even so, she was glad that no one could see them.

Again she heard the Negro's high-pitched voice, speaking Arabic which she did not understand.

'Now part your legs,' came Pierre's quiet calm voice. As if hypnotised, she found herself obeying. Again she heard the Negro say something.

'Now touch your toes,' said Pierre softly.

Again she obeyed. Slowly she realised the extent to which she was displaying herself. She shuddered as she felt the black hands slide down between her legs. She heard the Negro say something. She heard Pierre laugh and reply in Arabic. She felt herself blushing again. Another second and she would have run off sobbing with shame.

'Very good,' whispered Pierre in that same hypnotic voice. 'Now turn round ... That's it - head up and hands behind your neck again.'

Penelope looked straight ahead. She tried to forget where she was. Again came a discussion in Arabic.

'Legs apart, darling. That's it. Now bend your knees. More! That's very good!'

She saw the black man gesture towards her flat little tummy that was so well set off by the bikini and whispered something in Arabic into Pierre's ear. Pierre nodded and smiled. Penelope felt so embarrassed. Again she felt very naked in her little bikini. She felt like a slave girl being displayed in an oriental slave market.

'Yes,' she vaguely heard the Negro say to Pierre with a laugh and speaking for once in broken English. 'They will make good Matched Pair for Master, especially when bellies swell nicely together.'

Penelope did not understand what he was taking about. What matched pair? What Master? And why should their bellies swell?

Then the Negro pointed to a cushion at his feet. Gratefully she knelt down, looking up at him. He patted her head as if she were a child or a pet dog.

He turned to Pierre again said something in Arabic.

'My friend is asking what your plans are,' said Pierre smiling. 'He asks when you must go back to England. I've already told him you are no hurry.'

'That's right. I can stay here as long as I like - until my money runs out! No one knows I'm here and I have nothing really important to rush back to. So I'm available for this exciting role.'

The Negro exchanged a meaningful look with Pierre. For the first time she saw him smile.

'So, my child ... You available now ... That good,' he said in a jerky and strongly accentuated English. 'Very good, little girl, very good!'

Penelope smiled up at him, for Pierre had said he was so important, but inwardly she was boiling with anger. How dare he, an ignorant black man, talk to her in such a patronising way, as if were a stupid child! She had to remind herself what Pierre about him being used to treating women as inferior beings and that he was the right hand man of a very rich wealthy financier. Moreover he had come Tangier specially to see her - and, perhaps, that other girl!

Well, if this strange black man's wealthy employer was looking for an English actress for his tourist project and was apparently willing to pay her handsomely, then here she was!

'When would you want me to start filming?' she asked, hoping to start an intelligent conversation.

'Sir!' whispered Pierre.

She remembered what Pierre had said about calling this man Sir. But to do so to this ugly brute was almost too much. Then she remembered what Pierre had said about a contract that would assure her

financial security.

'When would you want me to start filming, Sir?'

'Filming!'

The Negro seemed to find this very funny. He laughed and slapped Pierre on the back, again making a remark in Arabic.

'All ... in good time,' he replied mysteriously. Then he changed the subject. 'You have boyfriend? You get married?'

'I did have, Sir. I thought that by coming out here I would make him miss me and we could then get together again.'

'Ah ... so you still love him?'

'Yes,' Penelope found herself murmuring. 'Oh yes!'

'That very good too,' the Negro laughed. 'Make little lady much more interesting ... if still in love ... with boy friend.'

Again Penelope did not understand what he meant. What was more interesting? And for whom? This time Pierre laughed too. How strange, Penelope thought. She had expected him to be angry. Why, after all, was she flirting with him if she was still in love with Charles?

Rudely ignoring her, the Negro started a long conversation with Pierre in Arabic, leaving Penelope once again fuming. Here she was, ready to have an intelligent discussion about promoting tourism instead the odious Negro was treating her as if she was just a silly child.

She remembered what Pierre had said about not staying too long and, smiling her prettiest smile, she got up off her knees, kicked off her sandals, ran to the pool and dived in. She knew she must have looked a most attractive sight.

As she swam up and down, she could not help glancing at the black man who was now pointing at her and talking to a smiling Pierre. Evidently she must have made a considerable impact!

Remembering Pierre's instructions she climbed out of the pool and walked along the side towards the diving board. She saw that the black man's eyes were fixed on her swaying little bottom. She made a lovely sight with her flimsy wet costume clinging to her body. She raised herself up on her toes and prepared to dive again.

When she surfaced she saw that Pierre too was alternatively pointing at her and in the direction in which the other girl had disappeared. They were both shaking their fingers at each other, as if bargaining about something. Was Pierre negotiating a bigger salary for her and emphasising her superiority over the other girl?

She climbed out of the pool and walked round it to her bathrobe. She started to dry herself, tossing her hair back in a sophisticated way.

It was a sight that seemed to decide matters, for suddenly she saw the terrifying Negro slap his thigh and reach forward to shake hands with Pierre as if coming to an agreement. Then the sinister black man rose and left.

Pierre now waved to her to come back again, smiling broadly.

'We've pulled it off,' he laughed happily. 'My friend is definitely going to recommend you for the part!'

'Oh how exciting!' cried Penelope, clapping her hands with delight. 'When do we start?'

'Pretty soon, I've just got to check the legal side this afternoon before my friend leaves. As your agent I must check that that everything is in order. Then the day after tomorrow we'll fly together in my rich client's private jet to his palace so that you can meet him and sign the contract - and then we'll spend the weekend there together celebrating in his lovely guest house. You'll love it there - it's so romantic, darling!'

'Oh, how lovely,' exclaimed Penelope. Staying in a real palace! And a weekend alone with the handsome Pierre! 'And will I be returning to this hotel?' she asked.

'Oh, no!' said Pierre. 'You'll be on location filming around the country. So you must check out of the hotel the day after tomorrow.'

Goodness! Things were moving!

'I'm tied up tomorrow or we'd go there then. But never mind, what's a day! Just think what fun we'll have together. A secret weekend alone in a fabulous palace!'

'Secret?' queried Penelope.

'Well, I don't want to compromise you, darling and, as I said yesterday, it's essential that we keep your involvement in the project a strict secret for the time being. If one word leaks out to our entrepreneur's political or financial rivals, then he might well have to abandon the whole project. So, in your own interests, not a word to anyone - and we mustn't be seen going off together either. And it's important you tell the hotel staff that you've decided to spend the rest of your holiday in Spain.'

'Goodness!' cried an excited and thrilled Penelope.

'Just pack up all your belongings and the morning the after tomorrow put on your smartest travelling suit - ready for meeting our financier! I'll suit I'll send a special taxi to pick up you and your luggage and take you to the airport. Then no one will link your departure with me.'

'But where will I meet you?'

'Impatiently waiting for you on the plane, darling! Instead of going to the terminal, the taxi will secretly take you straight to the private jet in which we're both going to fly off together. Oh! And another thing. In the taxi there'll be an Arab woman's all enveloping black shroud for you to put on over your suit, so that no one will guess that you're a European woman.'

'More secrecy!' laughed Penelope, thrilled.

'Yes, of course, darling!' Pierre replied blandly, giving her a reassuring kiss, 'so no one will see me embarking with a strange woman! Now go and fetch your passport and airline ticket, so that I can arrange for it to be officially altered to include the flight across the Straits of Gibraltar to Spain - and then with an open ticket onto London for later.'

'But what happens when I do want to fly back to London?'

'Oh don't worry, darling, our rich financier will replace your ticket only too happily and First Class! So off you go and fetch them and meanwhile I'll order a bottle of Champagne to celebrate your success!'

As she ran happily off to her room to get her tickets and passport, Penelope could not help thinking how much she would rather have celebrated it all with Pierre in her bedroom. But what a brilliantly clever young man he was! No wonder he brings off these secret deals!

It was such a pity that he took endless trouble on her behalf and yet always avoided going to bed with her. Ah well, she thought, it'll be different when we're staying in the romantic palace and can relax together! Then I'll seduce him!

She was so excited that she scarcely realized that she still did not know the name of the mysterious financier entrepreneur was, or where his palace was. Perhaps he was a wealthy South American or German recluse who liked to hide himself away in darkest Africa!

## 19 - THE PRINCE PREPARES TO RECEIVE HIS NEW MATCHED PAIR

The Prince was speaking by long distance telephone to Malaka in Tangier.

'Both items of merchandise, Your Highness,' reported Malaka guardedly, 'are of the highest quality and very suitable for your collection.'

'Excellent!' murmured the Prince. He was licking his lips in cruel anticipation. The thought of two new and unsuspecting young women in his harem tickled even his jaded palate. Having them broken in would be as exciting as having a new Arab filly to ride.

Yes, just as it's a bit of shock to a young filly when she first feels a man astride her back, it'll be an even greater one when these two young women first experience being ridden in his favourite way for European women - from behind, up their well prepared and well greased rear orifices !

'I've arranged with the pilot,' Malaka was going on, 'that the French piece will be flown to your palace tomorrow, together with myself and it's custodian. Then after it has been installed in the palace, the plane will return here with the custodian ready to bring the English piece the following day. In this way the merchandise will be kept separated until ready for ... display together,' added Malaka with a sinister laugh.

'Good, but how about the pilot and any ground crew ...?' queried the Prince, anxious lest any suspicions might be aroused.

'Both pieces, Your Excellency, will be disguised as local produce before taken to the plane, so that not even the pilot will be know of the real origin, or value, of the merchandise.'

'Good,' said the Prince. From the all-important security point of view everything seemed very satisfactory. He had briefed Malaka to make certain that Pierre had booked both women to fly to Spain and that two other veiled women, using their passports, took their place.

In this way, they would both have officially left Tangier. Any search for them, when they were finally reported as missing, would be in Spain rather here in North Africa. Meanwhile they would, of course, be safely locked up in his harem as his branded concubines - and registered with the police under false names as his indentured servants!

Originally he had thought about having the two young women drugged on the plane as Pierre brought each them unsuspectingly to his palace on successive days. Each would be thinking they were going to be the star of his tourist films and advertisement and each, half in love with Pierre, would be thinking of the romantic naughty weekend she was going to spend with him in the palace - after signing her lucrative contract.

They could be given drugged little Turkish pastries of the sort that young women can never resist - and both wake up to find themselves in his harem with no sign of Pierre, no idea where they were - and no idea, indeed, who their Master was.

They were, of course, destined for young Burka's Blue Team with their ringed nipples and beauty buds keeping them almost permanently aroused. It would be very amusing to have these delightful creatures held on a short chain under his bedclothes and pleasuring him - once they had been trained to do so by their young overseer.

The slightest slackening off and, on a signal from him, young Burka would lift the bottom of the bedclothes and apply his dog whip to their backsides, driving them on to greater efforts. They would be familiar with their Master's manhood long before they ever saw his face!

Moreover, blindfolded, they would still not have seen him as he enjoyed the exhilaration and feeling of power that came from riding them from behind.

Finally, however, the Prince had decided, it would be even more amusing to give them the drugged Turkish pastries after Pierre had introduced him to them, on separate days, at his palace. Anxious to impress him and get the contract they would be on their best behaviour, ready to impress him with their sophistication and would be dressed in their smartest European clothes. The contrast with their future fate could not be more marked. Indeed, expecting to find a European or American recluse financier, they would be shocked to meet a sinister and anonymous Arab one.

It would amuse him to play cat and mouse with them, complimenting them on their beauty and congratulating them on having been selected to play such an important role in his project. Yes, he would have a prolonged and civilised talk to each of them about Europe and about his bogus project. He might even tease them about what nonsense it was, in these days of liberated Western women, to imagine that modern Middle Eastern men, like himself, kept a harem of helpless European women!

In no time they would have willingly signed what they imagined to be the contracts, in Arabic, that Pierre would have told them about, but which in reality were their Articles of Indenture, putting themselves utterly, and quite legally, in the power of an unknown Arab Prince.

As each girl in turn chatted away, toasting in forbidden Champagne the success of her new career, she would never guess that what fate really lay in store for her. Little would she know that she was already his property, his indentured servant and effectively his slave. Nor would she ever guess that she was destined, like the other girl in this new Matched Pair, to be mated with one his Dinka guards or perhaps secretly fertilised with the semen of a pygmy stallion.

Nor that later, their bellies swollen, they would take over, when the Dutch mother and daughter delivered their progeny, as the matched pair of two front Leaders - when it was the turn of Blue Team to carry his palanquin.

He laughed cruelly at the thought of how the two new women, idly talking to himself and Pierre, would unsuspectingly find it impossible to resist some of his little drugged Turkish cakes. They would then awake, not in his comfortable guest house with Pierre, but alone in his harem, chained to their new companion in servitude.

How he would enjoy watching on his television screen their appalled faces when they recognised the stern looking portraits of himself that dominated the harem. The shock of finding themselves in his harem would draw out as they desperately tried to persuade the eunuchs that there must be some mistake and that they were the Master's guests, not his newly acquired concubines. They would feel that if only those awful eunuchs would let them talk to him, the mistake would be corrected and they would be released - to start filming.

All this would make their performance on the short chain under his bedclothes even more piquant. It would similarly be even more stimulating when riding them, bitted, bridled and gagged, from behind.

## 20 - THE TRAP CLOSES - AN UNSUSPECTING GUEST

Penelope was delighted to find everything was going like clockwork.

The hotel staff, apparently taken in by her story of leaving for Spain, gave her tips and advice about where to go and what to see. Pierre's special taxi turned up on time and took her to the airport.

There, neatly folded on the back seat of the taxi, was a black shroud-like burka for her to put on over her smart travelling suit. It completely hid her with just a little piece of gauze over her eyes for her to peer through - just like, she thought with a little shiver, the ones she had seen local women wearing.

Peeking with difficulty through the gauze, she made out that they were driving up to an executive jet parked on a remote part of the airport. On the nose of the plane was painted a crest of two green scimitars within a black circle.

The driver led her up the steps of the small aircraft. Inside, waiting for her, was Pierre. They fell into each other's arms. But Pierre said she must keep the shroud on, to ensure secrecy, until she was in the financier's palace.

As if put off by her shroud, Pierre strangely kept to himself during the flight. There were curtains over the windows and she could see little of where they were going, though they seemed to be flying over mountainous country for much of the time.

Finally the plane landed on a small airstrip. Waiting for them were two large cars and a jeep full of armed guards. The second car had blackened windows so that no one could see into it. Standing by it was a small black boy dressed in smart baggy red Turkish pantaloons and wearing a turban with a blue stripe.

Pierre checked that her shroud hid her completely and then pointed to the car with darkened windows.

'You must go in that car, darling. We must not be seen together,' he explained. 'But don't worry, that boy will look after you and I'll be waiting for you in the palace.'

Before she could say anything from under her shroud, he had left the plane and was walking over to the first car. The little Negro boy came and took her by the hand.

'Come!' he ordered, and silently led her to the second car. He seemed surprisingly self-assured for such a young boy.

He opened the rear door of the car and got into it, beckoning her to follow. Not much of "Ladies First" around here, Penelope thought. To her surprise she saw that the windows were also opaque from the inside. Not only could no one see into the car but once inside it, no one could see out. There was even an opaque window between the back of the car and the driver.

The little boy, who seemed to be very much in charge, locked the car door with a special key and knocked on the driver's partition. He gave an order in Arabic in his high pitched boyish voice. Penelope felt the car moved off. She turned to her companion and smiled. But the boy just looked grim. His skin was as black as that of the frightening man who had inspected her at the hotel pool. It seemed strange to send such a young boy to escort her.

She tried to talk to the boy, but he merely shook his finger. Obviously his English was limited.

The journey seemed to last about half an hour. From the way the car was swaying they seemed to be going along a mountain or coastal road though, of course, she could not see anything. It was all rather bizarre.

Suddenly the car stopped. She heard Arab voices and heard their driver reply. She heard the other men laugh. There was a clatter as if rifles or machine guns were being lowered onto the road. Then she heard a squeaking noise as if a large door or gate was being opened. The car went on but almost immediately stopped again. There was clanking noise behind them as if the gate had been closed and then another noise ahead of them, as if a second gate was being opened.

From the scrunching noise of the tyres as they moved again she presumed that they were now on a driveway. Were they crossing a park that surrounded the palace?

Suddenly the car stopped. The black boy unlocked the door and got out, beckoning her to follow. She could not make out much through her burka, but had the impression of a huge white building and

of a spacious park surrounded by a very high wall.

The boy grabbed her hand and hustled her into the palace through a side door. He led her down a corridor. She had vague glimpses of marble floors, of beautiful patios, of fountains and of windows covered in arabesque stone tracery and wrought iron bars. They passed Negro servants and armed guards, dressed in brightly coloured robes, emblazoned across the chest with the same crest, two green scimitars surrounded by a black circle, that she had seen on the plane.

They went up a marble staircase and into a room - and there waiting for her was Pierre. Standing alongside him was a sinister looking Arab. He was large and gross, with a beard and dark glasses. His fat face matched his bulging stomach. He was dressed in an immaculate white Arab robe and head dress, a gold edged thin black cloak and golden head cords.

Goodness, she thought, so this is the mysterious financier, who was going to employ her. How strange of Pierre not to have told her that he was an Arab. However, at least Pierre knew him and had done business with before. But she glad she would not be seeing much of him in future, once she had signed the contract and filming started.

The little black boy made an Eastern salaam to this man and indicated Penelope, standing there silently, still hidden under the ugly black shroud and feeling rather nervous and foolish.

'Child,' came the deep voice of the Arab, speaking in strongly accented English, 'take off your shroud.'

He said something to a white youth dressed like a ballet dancer in a frilly shirt and tights. He ran forward and, with the young black boy, helped Penelope to take off the dreadful shroud.

As she struggled to get it off, she heard Pierre's voice. 'Your Highness, this is Miss Penelope Lyndsey-Baker, the English actress I have recommended to you for your ... project.'

So the awful Arab was a Prince, she thought. She was going to be working for a real live Prince! What a pity he seemed so unattractive.

At last she managed to see the Prince properly. Her heart sank. He was the most fearsome and intimidating man she had ever come across. She had never seen such a repulsive looking man, nor one with such a self assured and arrogant air. She remembered that Pierre had said he was immensely rich and powerful. The air of authority that seemed to surround him was overwhelming.

Thank Heavens she was still a free and independent young woman and that Pierre was here, too. She would not like to be in the power of this Prince.

He was indeed a big man in every sense of the word. Penelope was a tall girl, but he seemed to tower over her. He looked about 45 or 50 with a large paunch, a grey speckled and pointed small beard, a hook nose and, when he took off his sun glasses, cruel and piercing black eyes. He certainly looked every inch an Arabian Prince. He seemed to approve of her and was smiling to himself slightly, as if playing a game.

He took her hand and kissed it.

'You are a ... very beautiful woman, ' he said slowly and deliberately in English. 'Welcome as an honoured guest in my humble home.'

Goodness, thought Penelope, overwhelmed by flattery from such a man. An honoured guest! Perhaps she had misjudged him at first. Despite his rather frightening appearance he seemed to be quite a civilised man.

'I have had ... ' he said, speaking slowly in that deep voice, as he looked her up and down, 'good ... reports about you ...my child.'

Penelope suddenly felt very shy and subdued in his presence. Reports from whom, she wondered. Presumably from Pierre - and, of course, from that awful Negro he had apparently sent to look at her. He, too, had called her child. How humiliating!

'But, you are ... even more beautiful ... in the flesh!' he said.

Penelope blushed. How she hated being flattered by such a repulsive looking man.

But what did he mean by "more beautiful in the flesh"? Had he seen a photograph of her - perhaps, she thought with a start, one of those that Pierre has so strangely insisted on taking of her?

My God, she thought, had he seen those ones of her topless or in that flimsy dancing girl costume? She found herself blushing. Goodness, was that why Pierre had taken them - to send them to this Prince? Oh how embarrassing. But why?

'Thank you, Your Highness,' she said demurely, lowering her eyes.

The Prince turned to Pierre. 'You have done very well ... finding this pair.'

What pair, Penelope wondered. Then her thoughts were interrupted by the white youth offering her a gin and tonic. Gin and tonic? In a Moslem palace? Well!

Startled, she noticed that the youth's eyes were made up like a girl's. His skin was his skin was strangely soft and his voice was high pitched. Goodness, did the Prince like boys? She had heard that many Arab men did.

Eagerly she took the drink and downed it far too quickly - and then another one. They made her feel relaxed. She was not to know, of course, they were to be the last alcoholic drinks she would have for a very long time indeed.

Then the Prince started to ask her about her life in England. He seemed genuinely interested in learning all about her. How strange he was so interested in her if he was only the project's financier.

Her tongue loosened by the gin, she found herself hiding her feeling of repulsion by telling him about her education at an expensive girl's school, about her dead parents and about Charles. It didn't matter, she told herself, she would not be seeing much more of this awful man.

She noticed that he seemed particularly interested when she told him about Charles and about how was missing him and regretting breaking off their engagement.

'I see you are still wearing his engagement ring. Perhaps you are still in love with your young man,' he said mysteriously. 'It will make ... your stay here all the more interesting.' He turned to the young black boy. 'Will it not, Burka?'

The boy grinned and nodded.

Why, Penelope wondered, should still being in love with her former lover make her short stay here more interesting? And anyway what on earth had her private life got to do with this young black boy, she thought angrily. She was about to protest when the Prince turned and spoke in Arabic to Pierre. They both laughed.

She was sure they were laughing about her. How rude, she thought. But she was too over-awed to say anything, even when she thought she heard the Prince say to the boy in English something about "quickly getting her well trained". Well trained? By this black boy? She was a trained actress! She did not need any further training to act her part in this advertising project! And certainly not from a mere ignorant Negro boy.

Pierre gestured to her to take off the jacket of her thin silk suit and then led her over to the window to show her the view. It was magnificent: wild mountains and in the distance the sea. She wondered where they were.

She saw the Prince looking at her closely and suddenly realised that in her silk skirt and blouse, with the sunlight streaming in through the windows, the horrible Prince must be able to see everything. She blushed again and put her arm over her body, like a naked girl, surprised by a man.

Had Pierre taken her to the window deliberately, she wondered, or had the Prince asked him to do so? Anyway the Prince again seemed very pleased and clapped Pierre on the back.

Then Pierre pointed to a document lying on the table.

'Sign the contract,' he whispered. 'It's in Arabic, but I've checked it and the terms are what I told you.' Hesitantly she picked up a pen.

'Hurry up and sign it,' whispered Pierre, 'before he changes his mind.'

Hastily she did so. She noticed a line of Arabic numerals that had been inserted into a space in the writing. Idly she wondered what they could be.

The Prince then, strangely, handed Pierre an envelope. Smiling they both shook hands as if concluding a deal.

Still smiling, the Prince turned to her.

'I think you will soon ... settle down here,' he said.

Settle down here? Penelope was more confused than ever. Surely the filming would take place on the coast and in the main tourist centres. Perhaps he was just trying to put her at her ease.

Then she noticed a portrait of an elderly Arab. He was riding a magnificent looking Arab horse which was pawing the sand. In one hand he held a rifle. In the background was an oasis. He too seemed to be extremely self-possessed and arrogant - rather like the Prince.

'That, child, is one of my ancestors - a famous tribal leader in the days before oil made us rich. He was a magnificent man - and great collector of women.'

'A collector of women!' cried Penelope, wondering in dismay if the Prince took after his ancestor. She was glad that Pierre was there.

'Of course in this day and age, harems have all but disappeared,' laughed the Prince reassuringly. 'But in those days, when one tribe raided another, the leader would take the prettiest women back for his harem. But my ancestor went further. When he captured an oasis and killed the men, he would have all the young women paraded in front of him, with their breasts bare. Then he would order the prettiest ones to crawl forward to lick the dirt off his horse's hoof as a sign of their subservience. Those he liked he would order them to turn over on their backs and raise their bellies - to be branded.'

'Branded!' cried Penelope in sheer disbelief. 'Branded on their tummies!'

'Indeed, my dear, indeed,' said the Prince cruelly. 'Then, chained by the neck to his stirrup, they would have to run alongside his horse as he rode back to his encampment, her hands tied behind her back to prevent her from tearing at the fresh brand and spoiling its beauty.'

He stopped. Penelope was looked at the picture of the terrible old man sitting motionless on his horse. What a dreadful story. She turned and looked at the Prince. He looked just like his ancestor! She could feel the hot moisture in her loins. To be branded! Like an animal! To belong to a strange older man. How awful!

'But,' laughed the Prince, 'I'm not cruel like my ancestors!'

There was a pause. She could not meet the Prince's eye. One moment he seemed almost civilised man - and the next a terrifying brute of a man. Thank Heavens she and Pierre would only be staying here for the weekend.

The Prince now said something to the young boy who handed her a plate of the most delicious looking cakes and pastries.

Oh, how delicious, thought Penelope. Nervously munching first one and then another, she wondered what to say to this awesome man.

'Perhaps, Your Highness,' she began, her voice now becoming strangely slurred, 'if you do have a harem ... I could ... visit it?'

Goodness, she thought, I've had too much to drink. How embarrassing.

However, the Prince did not seem to notice. He laughed and, to her annoyance, Pierre joined in too. 'Visit my harem?' he said in his overbearing way, 'Oh you will! You most certainly will!'

Suddenly Penelope felt drowsy, very drowsy.

The room started to go round.

Those drinks must have been very strong. Or was it something she had eaten? The cakes!

She staggered.

The white youth and the young black boy caught as she fell. Within seconds she was unconscious.

'Put her in with the other one,' the Prince ordered the boy. He turned again to Pierre.

'Yes, they'll make a fine matched pair - just what I ordered! You have done well and you can now take my plane back to Tangier. But before you leave I thought you might like to see how the last women you sent me are getting on!'

'It would be an honor to see them,' replied Pierre with a laugh.

## **21 - PIERRE SEES HOW HIS PREVIOUS CAPTURES ARE COMING ALONG**

A few minutes later, watched over by Malaka, two half-naked crawling figures were led into the Prince's office by young Gorka.

As always in the presence of the Prince they were held on a lead attached to their collars. Also, as always when approaching their august Lord and Master, they were crawling on all fours with their heads bowed - for it was a harem rule that women must not look at their Master without permission.

However, these women were from the Blue Team and so were crawling in the distinctive way that their Team Overseer made them practice. Although their heads were down, their shoulders were raised, so that the little bells hanging from the rings on their nipples were clear of the floor. So, a pretty tinkling noise came from them as, driven on by their overseer, they crawled into the room

They were led up to where the Prince was sitting. They could see, from under their lower heads, his raised Moorish style shoes. Conquering their distaste, both women reached forward and began humbly to lick the soles.

Each was then astonished to see, nearby, another pair of shoes - this time a man's European shoes. How awful that another man was witnessing their debasement - and their half nudity. The fact that he was a European somehow made it worse - unless, of course, it might lead to their release from the harem. Their minds were racing as they knelt humbly licking their Master's shoes.

Each was then astonished to hear the Prince say in English, apparently to this other man, 'I thought you might like to see the use I have made of the other merchandise you recently supplied.'

'Your Highness, is too kind,' came a voice with a distinctive French accent.

Both women recognised the voice. Pierre! That swine of a young Frenchman who had tricked them into going into this awful harem. The man who had tricked them into becoming the helpless indentured servants of the Prince - his concubines whom he also enjoyed treating as human brood mares to be bred from, for his amusement.

Both wanted to fling themselves onto him and tear his eyes out. But both felt a warning tug on her lead and a warning flick of their overseer's whip on her rump. Both remained kneeling subserviently at the feet of their Master, licking his shoes.

The two women started as young Burka suddenly cracked his whip.

'Position of Attention - Up!

He cracked his whip again, and, feeling highly embarrassed, the two women jumped up. Obediently, they clasped their hands behind their collared necks and stood silently at Attention, their heels together and their eyes looking straight ahead, fixed on the wall above their Master. Their bare breasts quivered with their emotion, making the bells hanging from the rings through their pierced nipples tinkle again in a quite delightful way. Pierre recognized the beautiful young mother and teenage daughter he had sold to the Prince nearly a year ago.

'You see their registered numbers as my indentured servants tattooed on the back of their hands and engraved on their collars?' asked the Prince with a laugh.

'Indeed, Your Highness,' replied Pierre. Even if the women somehow got out of the harem, they would soon be arrested and brought back here.

Burka now proudly drew back the cutaway front of the two women's harem trousers, displaying their swollen bellies.

Pierre gasped as he saw the brands stretched unnaturally across the two women's bellies. Below them gleamed shiny metal breeding belts, locked round their hips. Both mother and daughter were identically and heavily pregnant! Knowing Arab ways, he knew that the father of the progeny of these mere indentured servants would not be the Prince himself.

'Both mated on the same day to one of my Black Guards, a giant Dinka,' explained the Prince with a cruel laugh. 'A thoroughbred brood mare and her filly, both in foal to the same Sire.'

The Prince called the women over. He ran his hand over their bellies in the same proprietorial way that he had when showing them off to his cousins. A little flick of Burka's whip on their backsides warned both women to stand quite still and to keep their eyes fixed on the wall.

Once again a feeling of power surged through the Prince as he remembered seeing the video secretly recorded by a hidden television camera, of the weeping mother and daughter vainly tearing at their breeding belts as they felt their progeny starting to kick.

'Yes, both carrying identical twins by one of my prize stallions,' he laughed proudly, whilst both the mother and the young girl blushed with shame. 'The new matched pair will soon be taking the place of these two in their team,' he added in a matter of fact tone of voice.

Then Burka cracked his whip again.

'On your hands and knees - grovel again in front of your Master!

There was another crack of his whip, and both women dropped back to the same humble position as before. Then they heard the noise of another woman being driven into the room, also crawling on her knees. Her progress across the floor was marked by a rather different tinkling sound that of belled bracelets on her wrists. It was Mizzi, being brought in on a lead by the Pygmy Boy overseer of the rival Green Team, Gorka.

Pierre recognized the young Viennese married woman he had tricked, whilst her husband was away on business, into coming away for a romantic and secret weekend in the Prince's palace - a weekend that for her had ended up in the harem.

She, too, recognized Pierre's voice. She, too, was only stopped by her lead and by Gorka's whip from leaping at him like a wild dog. Here was the swine of a Frenchman who was responsible for her being

here, lost to her adoring husband and now, unbelievably, the plaything of a cruel and revolting Arab Master.

Little Gorka cracked his whip. 'Position for Inspection - Up!' he ordered and cracked his whip again.

Mizzi jumped up alongside the now kneeling mother and daughter. Her hands were now clasped behind her neck as had been theirs. Her eyes were similarly fixed on the wall and her ankles were also touching. But, having been ordered to take up the position for Inspection rather than of Attention, her knees were bent and wide apart.

Gorka came round just as Burka had done and slid back further the cutaway in the front of Mizzi's harem trousers. Proudly he parted her beauty lips and equally proudly displayed the little scar where previously had been her beauty bud.

'I won't stand for a girl masturbating in my harem,' the Prince explained laconically. Then he looked at his wrist watch. 'My plane will be waiting. Once again many thanks for all your help.'

In the plane flying back to Tangier, Pierre took out the cheque for the agreed very large amount. It was the agreed amount for the safe delivery of Penelope and Chantalle. He congratulated himself on meeting the Prince's requirements. It had been a difficult task, well carried out.

Then he thought of the other women he had previously delivered to the Prince and whom he had now seen again. He had never liked to think, or ask, about the fate of the unsuspecting white women he delivered into the hands of his rich Arab clients.

Once he had handed them over and had been paid he would forget all about them. Now the swollen branded bellies of the very pretty Dutch young mother and her daughter and that of the circumcised young Mizzi had shown him just how cruel his clients could be.

At the same time he was delighted with what he had seen, for clearly these branded women would never be freed by the Prince - the risk of scandal was too great. Even after he had tired of them, the Prince would ensure that they would never be free to tell their story to the Western Press - or to tell the Police about his role in their abduction.

Moreover he had been delighted to see their collars engraved with the Prince's crest and name and their tattooed registered numbers as indentured servants. He had also noted the high walls surrounding the harem and the way the women had been kept on a lead by their young overseers. Clearly the Prince had made sure that escape from the harem or even from North Africa was impossible.

He had always been careful that the unsuspecting women he handled never learned his real name, or where he really came from, so that they could not trace him if they ever got out of their harem. But even so, it was nice to know that they never would.

## **END OF BOOK ONE**

*(To read about the horrors that are imposed on Penelope by the eunuchs of the terrifying harem of the Prince, and the fate the Prince has in store for her, see Book Two: Penelope in the Harem.)*