

The Sheikh Adds To His Collection Of Women



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**THE SHEIKH ADDS
TO HIS COLLECTION OF WOMEN**

The Sarema story

by

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In conjunction with Faisal Khan

A sequel to "Slaves for the Sheikh" and "Another White Slave for the Sheikh"

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EPILOGUE

PERSONAE

The Sheikh's concubines

<u>Harem</u> <u>Name</u>	<u>Real</u> <u>Name</u>	<u>Black Eunuch</u> <u>Overseer</u>	<u>How acquired</u> <u>by Sheik Ali</u>
Mauve	The Hon. Mrs Jeremy Riddle (Louise)	Naka (Pygmy boy)	"Rescued" from Arab prison
Magenta	Miss Samantha Smythe	Naka	ditto
Royal Blue	Mrs Robin Seymour <i>(also trained as midwife)</i>	Okra	"Rescued" from White slave dealer
Beige	Miss Olivia Hamilton	Okra	Bought from 'High Class' Arab brothel
Pink 1	Mrs Mona Milton (widow)	Baza (Pygmy boy)	"Rescued" from "robbers"
Pink 2	Miss Diana Milton (daughter) <i>"cut" as punishment for Adultery</i>	Baza	ditto
Scarlet	Mrs Carolyne Everard (divorcee) <i>"cut and trimmed" for Adultery</i>	Yapu	from jealous Italian wife
Crimso	Half English Lebanese twins	Naka	"Rescued" from Lebanese Civil War
Grey	Egyptian belly dancer (and two more)	Okra	tricked into Harem

Several beautiful
Arab girls

Akin

bought or gifts

Green I Sarema

Baza

Green II Julia

Akin

Green III Jane

Akin

THE STORY SO FAR

'White Slaves for the Sheik' and 'Another White Slave for the Sheik'

Sheikh Ali bin Faisal al Tufaya, the handsome but ruthlessly cruel scion of a junior branch of the ruling family of the oil-rich Sheikdom of Shadek, had, following an official visit to Britain, become fascinated by well-bred young Englishwomen.

As a result he had an unusual but very satisfying hobby. Just as other rich men around the world might enjoy collecting Old Masters or thoroughbred race-horses, so he collected beautiful, well-bred and well-spoken Englishwomen for his harem – and if they had previously been happily married or in love, then so much the better. His mental satisfaction in simply collecting and owning these now helpless, formerly free and independent, women was as great as his physical satisfaction in enjoying their bodies.

He was free to indulge his fantasy of keeping a number of these women in his harem, for the senior branch of the family had recognised him as a potential threat and offered him a large income for life on condition that he kept out of the country.

Like many of his friends amongst Arab Princelings, he renovated and extended an old palace in North Africa and moved his harem there. It was a strictly fundamentalist Moslem country with strict rules regarding women.

Moreover, he had particularly enjoyed tricking the women into begging to be given temporary refuge in his harem, little realizing what they were really letting themselves in for. Indeed, it was his proud boast that most of these women had thanked this outwardly charming, attractive and Westernised playboy for apparently rescuing them from a terrible fate.

Little did they think they would find themselves incarcerated in his well-guarded and well-disciplined harem, under the supervision of Zalu and his team of eunuchs, including one trained as a midwife and, to the further humiliation of the women, two young pygmy boys.

The Sheikh had also just acquired an attractive young English divorcee, who had attracted the jealousy and enmity of a rich Italian Principessa by having an affair with her husband. He also had a pair of half-English, half-Lebanese twins and half a dozen lovely Arab girls, including three well-trained Egyptian belly dancers.

All the Sheikh's women had just mysteriously disappeared without trace into his harem and there had been no scandal. Behind the high, fortress-like, walls of the palace and the equally high inner wall that surrounded the beautifully laid out harem garden, they were prevented from seeing or being seen by other men.

To ensure that they could not get away even if they succeeded in escaping from the harem, all were registered as Indentured Servants with the North African authorities and marked with their registered number, as well as with their Master's crest.

In this highly sensual atmosphere of the harem, they soon find themselves besotted with thoughts of their Master, their Owner, and now their only source of sexual pleasure: the cruel Sheikh Ali.

NOW READ ON!

PART I – THE SCENE IS SET

1 – THE SHEIKH IS FURIOUS - AND FASCINATED

The Sheikh was angry. His eyes were flashing and he was stroking his short pointed beard as, early one morning, he walked up and down his study in his large, newly renovated palace in North Africa.

As usual he was dressed in an immaculate white robe under a black lace cloak edged with gold, like all members of an Arab ruling family. The cords of his white headdress were also golden.

He had just learned that he had lost the last of his customers who were willing to buy his black-market oil. Back in Arabia, many of his friends and compatriots, in the surrounding desert Sheikhdoms had been seriously affected by the reduction in oil production imposed by OPEC in an attempt to stop the price of oil from falling. But Sheikh Ali's income had not been affected until now.

Of course he was still a very wealthy man and his large new palace in North Africa, which housed his harem, including his precious collection of upper class Englishwomen, was not in jeopardy. Nevertheless it was an annoying matter which he would have to deal with urgently.

His brokers, a Christian Lebanese banking family, had for years discreetly been able, hidden from the eyes of OPEC, to sell his black gold to several customers who were willing to take the risk and buy cheap black-market oil. The price was of course low, but the Sheikh had just sold more oil to make up his overall profits. How fortunate it was, he would say, that the Arabian Desert is so generous and its sand is so full of this black, foul-smelling stuff that was so important for the western infidels.

But recently, something happened. The head of the family of brokers had died, leaving his inexperienced young son, Stephan, to carry on the business. What in the name of Allah, the Sheikh asked himself, had this young man been up to? Was he secretly selling the Sheikh's oil for his own account? Was he defrauding him? Or had he just failed to pay sufficient attention to Sheikh Ali's affairs?

Either way it was a tricky situation that needed his urgent attention.

To distract his thoughts, he began idly to turn over the pages of an English society magazine.

'By the Holy Prophet!' he exclaimed aloud. There was a picture of young Stephan, smirking in a white dinner jacket at a smart party in the South of France. He wasn't even in Beirut at all!

But it wasn't the young man who caught his attention, but the very attractive, blond woman he was with. He read on.

She was apparently Stephan's new wife, Sarema – a former model and evidently a little older than him, but was clearly very beautiful. The magazine said that she had completely turned the young Lebanese banker's head and that he was besotted with her. She had been living in Europe, where she and Stephan had met and where her children were at school.

The Sheikh read on with increasing annoyance. Apparently, they had just got back from a protracted honeymoon in the West Indies where they had formerly spent some time together and were now playing a leading role in international society in Paris and the French Riviera, as well as London.

No wonder Stephan hadn't had time to keep an eye on his affairs, if he had been courting and running after this lovely woman all over Europe and the Caribbean. Well, he, Sheik Ali, would soon bring this amorous young puppy to heel! Running after beautiful widows indeed!

He called in Lars, the white eunuch who served as his most trusted secretary. Lars had been kidnapped in the Red Sea from a passing Swedish yacht some years ago. He had fallen into the hands of a capable slave dealer who specialised in white slave boys. He had sold him to the Sheikh. Lars at first had served to the Sheikh as a simple sex toy and then later, as he got older, the castrato had become the Sheikh's trusted secretary.

'Send an urgent message to Stephan in Beirut,' ordered the Sheikh, 'and ask him to come and see me on a most urgent financial matter. Tell him I'll send my private jet to pick him up.'

Then the germ of an intriguing new idea struck him. Yes, why not?

'Oh, and extend this invitation to his new wife, but don't let that sound too urgent or too eager, but make sure he brings her, too.'

Lars bowed his head. 'It will be done as you wish, master.'

Then, dismissing the white eunuch, the Sheikh called in Zalu, his chief black eunuch, a large and fearsome figure who was in charge of his harem of mixed Arab and white women. He wore the traditional dress: red silken Turkish pantaloons and a wide silken cummerbund; an open red brocade waistcoat, which displayed his bare muscular torso; and on his shaven head was a large white turban. In his hand was his wand of office – a long whippy cane tipped with silver, which was regarded with dread by the women in his charge. He salaamed respectfully to the Sheikh.

'When Stephan arrives with his wife, I want you to separate them,' began the Sheikh. 'I have special plans for him and she is to be put into the guest wing, in the room with the special two way mirrors and ...'

2 – STEPHAN AND SAREMA ARRIVE

A few days later Stephan, accompanied by his beautiful new wife, arrived in the Sheikh's private jet.

'We're going to have a wonderful little holiday,' he told her, 'staying in the lap of luxury in Sheikh Ali's new palace.'

Secretly he was aware that he hadn't paid as much attention to the Sheikh's affairs as he might have done. But doubtless the very wealthy, pleasure-loving Sheikh hadn't really noticed. How wrong he was!

Zalu greeted them in his broken English and gave Sarema quick but appraising look. As a professional overseer of women, he was used to assessing them. Sarema, he saw, was a tall, blond woman in her mid thirties, with a voluptuous body.

He immediately noticed her full breasts. Doubtless, he thought, she would have been able to feed her children. But her bosom was still set very high and he was surprised to see that both nipples were quite erect and showing clearly under the fabric of her dress.

Sarema felt somehow frightened by this enormous black creature and by the way he was looking her over. But then, she told herself, he is just a servant – and a mere uneducated eunuch at that. So what was there to worry about?

Stephan, Zalu had already discovered through his many contacts in the Middle East amongst other chief black eunuchs, was several years younger than his wife and came from an old Lebanese Christian family. He had married Sarema against the wishes of his family. She had just been widowed, her husband having been an English businessman. Stephan's father had tried to persuade him not to marry a woman older than himself with three teenage children.

Her daughters were at a convent school in France and the elder girl's twin brother was at a boarding school in Switzerland. Stephan had only seen them a couple of times and there were stories that the daughters had caught his eye, for they had the same ravishing looks as their mother. Sarema had noticed his interest and had quickly sent them back to school.

The couple were now driven across the North African countryside to the Sheikh's palace. Black Guards opened the gateway in the high walls and the car stopped before an impressive entrance.

Sarema noticed a further inner high wall, apparently surrounding another part of the palace.

'That His Highness's harem,' explained Zalu in his high pitched broken English. 'Black eunuchs in charge there.'

Good heavens, thought Sarema, with a little shiver.

They were met by more Black Guards. Zalu turned to Sarema and said to her in his broken English: 'Madam, you please follow me. I take you to your room.'

'My room? But I want to stay with my husband,' Sarema answered rather angrily.

'Madam, please excuse me, but husband, he very busy in next couple of days with my Master. They have many things to discuss and accomplish. My Master wishes you have undisturbed stay in his palace.'

Sarema wanted to object further but Zulu took her firmly by the arm, making it clear that he did not wish to argue about his Master's orders. Hesitantly, she followed him, looking back over her shoulders at her husband who was being led away by the guards.

Zalu led her to the guest wing of the palace and showed her into a beautiful room. One whole wall of this room was covered with mirrors. Next to this opulent room was a bathroom with a huge marble bath. Again one whole wall was covered with mirrors.

Sarema couldn't help being overcome with it all.

'Goodness, what a beautiful room!'

'Yes, madam, you honoured guest of His Highness, Sheikh Ali, and my Master. He want only the best for you. Only special guests accommodated in this apartment. Please enjoy your stay.'

'But what about my luggage?' asked Sarema.

'Unfortunately your suitcase not arrive from airport until later. However, everything you need, clothes, underwear, cosmetics are in closet, over there. You need anything else, you ring bell.'

Zalu left and to Sarema's surprised annoyance he locked the door behind him.

PART II – THE SHEIKH TAKES A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS A HOSTAGE

3 – THE SHEIKH SIGHTS AN INTERESTING NEW PREY

Zalu then went to see the Sheikh.

‘Your Highness,’ he said, now speaking in fluent Arabic, ‘you’re lady guest is locked in her room.’

‘And her husband is locked up, naked, down in one of my dungeons,’ replied the Sheikh contemptuously. ‘Well, what did you think about her?’

‘Your Highness, pardon me a thousand times, but how can I judge a female in her clothes? As we used to say in my part of Africa, “You do not buy a cat in a sack!”’

‘Yes, you’re right,’ laughed the Sheikh. ‘Well, let’s go and see her. Have you made the arrangements for the temperature?’

‘Yes, Sir, I have. I have turned the air conditioning down and she can’t open her windows.’

‘Well done Zalu! Let’s go,’ said the Sheikh eagerly.

They set off for the guest wing, where they went into a small room next to Sarema’s bedroom suite. The mirrors in both her room and the bathroom were two-way, so they could both see exactly what was going on.

The Sheikh sat down and watched as Sarema walked around the room, sweltering and trying in vain to open the windows or to get a reply when she rang the bell. After a few minutes, she could not bear it any longer. Quickly she removed her long dress, leaving herself just wearing a white bra and bikini panties.

‘Hmm, she’s pretty well developed,’ commented the Sheikh. ‘Not a young filly any more, but a nice rounded beauty.’

‘Yes, Your Highness, and she has three children: a boy and a girl who are a pair of nineteen year-old, non-identical twins and a younger eighteen year old girl.’

‘Well, Zalu, you are well informed,’ said the Sheikh with a smile.

Zalu acknowledged the compliment with a nod. Then he again looked shrewdly at Sarema through the mirror. ‘These children have not spoiled her figure,’ he commented knowingly.

Sarema was getting very hot. Knowing that she was locked alone in the room, she removed her bra, freeing her milky white breasts. They were firm and crowned with prominent dark red nipples. Then finally she took off her last piece of underwear and now stood up in the room completely nude.

Zalu saw with satisfaction that, like many Levantine women, she was depilated.

She first stretched herself and then taking advantage of the large mirror, she stood before it, viewing her nude body quizzically and raising her hands behind her head. It was a position that raised her breasts attractively. Zalu and the Sheikh looked at her as she turned around, looking over her shoulders at her bottom, caressing her hips and lifting up her breasts as if weighing them.

‘What do you think of her, Your Highness? She is at her peak of femininity. She would make a most attractive hostage, here in your harem, for her husband’s improved performance as your investment adviser.’

‘Yes, that’s exactly what I had in mind.’

‘Well, Your Highness, getting back the money he has lost you will take some time – even time for a little breeding! She has good childbearing hips and young enough to be made to have several more maternities.’

‘Yes, that’s a good idea, Zalu, but all in good time. But first, I’m going to use her for my pleasure. She’s such a ravishing beauty.’

Sarema tried to do some exercises, despite the heat in the room. She was sweating but she was also very evidently enjoying the freedom of her nakedness.

The Sheikh was visibly impressed by the sight.

‘I can’t wait to see her with my crest tattooed across her belly like my other concubines – or perhaps with a well curved belly.’

Zalu was watching the woman with the cool detachment of an experienced women handler. Then he turned to his master and coughed.

‘Your Highness,’ he said in his rather stilted fluent Arabic, ‘this half Englishwoman has been partly brought up in her mother’s small Christian Maronite Arab tribe, known as the Durias. They’ve survived for centuries on the Syrian-Lebanese border, near where the mountains meet the desert. This tribe was and still is famous for its women. However, I understand that all the girls are taught the art of masturbation from a very early age. And the older females of the tribes take the girls and systematically stretch their intimacies, not forgetting the beauty bud.’

The Sheikh laughed.

‘The results then are apparently quite remarkable,’ went on Zalu. ‘When the girls reach are of age and are ready to get married, they’re already passionate creatures. Their sexual parts are highly developed too – thanks to the attentions of the older women. The hot climate and regular masturbation does wonders. On the other hand, virginity is highly priced in this tribe and all of these little sex machines are in fact still virgins. This makes them very interesting and attractive as potential brides – and not only as brides but also, in the past, in the slave markets, too. In the old days, a teenage Duria girl was always much sought after – and older ones as well.’

‘You seem to have a remarkable knowledge of all this, Zalu,’ said the Sheikh in an amused tone of voice. ‘How on earth do you know about these Duria women?’

‘Your Highness, it’s my job to know all about your potential women. Before this creature came here, I investigated her family background. I found some interesting facts about her. Her father was an English businessman living in Beirut. She was educated in England and does not speak much Arabic, although she was occasionally sent by her mother to stay with her French-speaking Duria relations.’

‘Um!’ nodded the Sheikh approvingly.

‘Indeed,’ continued Zalu, ‘they say she inherited her alabaster white skin and European character from her father and the passionate side of her nature from her mother. Like your other English concubines, she has been being brought up in a Christian and infidel culture in which women are allowed a high level of independence. Like them she will need to be well disciplined and made to accept our strict Moslem attitude to women, if she is to be kept in your harem.’

‘Of course,’ laughed the Sheikh, ‘and I shall enjoy watching her being brought down a peg or two. So, she’ll be another half-English bitch for my collection. Well done, Zalu! I’ve seen enough.’

He stroked his beard thoughtfully

‘Yes, go and explain to her just what her situation now is. Tell her that her husband has lost me a lot of money and that she’s going to be kept here as a hostage until he has replaced what he has lost me.’

There was an angry glint in the Sheikh’s eyes as he continued.

‘And you can also tell her what the alternative is. Let her think about that, before you bring her to me.’

Zalu nodded, pleased that his Master was not going to waste time over getting control of this very beautiful woman – a control which really meant handing her over to the tender mercies of himself and his assistant eunuchs.

‘And to hammer home their new situations, I think it would be amusing if we let our now distraught newly-marrieds spend the night together – innocently, of course.’

‘Spend the night together!’ repeated Zalu. ‘I will, of course, ensure that she will spend a pure and innocent night, but her husband ...’

‘Don’t worry, Zalu. After I have accused him of defrauding me, my Black Guards will give him are giving him a certain temporary treatment!’

Zalu smiled. He could imagine what that treatment was.

‘Yes, I’m going to make quite sure that he can’t go running off after other women instead of recuperating what he lost for me by sheer negligence whilst he was courting his new wife. That young man needs a period of paying attention to my business without any feminine distractions – not even from his wife. That’s also why I’m going to keep her here.’

‘Very wise, Your Highness,’ Zalu grinned, his white teeth gleaming, ‘very wise decisions about both of them.’

4 – SAREMA LEARNS THE TRUTH

A couple of hours later, Zalu went to see Sarema in her special mirror room. This time he was holding his badge of office: a long whippy bamboo cane with a curved handle and a silver tip. Tucked into his cummerbund was also a short handled whip with a coiled-up black leather thong.

He quietly unlocked her room and entered. Sarema was lying in her bed, sleeping, wearing a see-through nightdress. She was resting on her back with one hand casually placed between her legs. When Zalu approached the bed, Sarema opened her eyes.

Seeing the huge Negro looking at her she burst out: ‘I didn’t hear you knock! How dare you come bursting into my room! Where are your manners? A servant entering the lady’s room without permission! Whatever next?’

‘Madam,’ answered Zalu, with very obvious mockery in his voice, ‘I not servant.’ He raised his cane warningly. ‘My name Zalu and I in charge of His Highness’s harem. I come here to tell what now happens to you.’

‘What happens to me?’ cried Sarema nervously as she eyed the silver tipped cane. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Listen carefully, woman! Or I shall leave you and not tell you about your husband.’

‘What about my husband?’

‘He has defrauded His Highness of very large sums of money.’

‘What!’

‘Yes, and His Highness is considering handing him over to the local Sharia courts here, where the punishment for fraud is beheading.’

‘Beheading!’

‘You ever seen this? You just imagine husband’s head rolling away in blood covered sand.’

‘You can’t be serious! The foreign governments would never allow it.’

‘Bah! It would be all over long before any foreign country heard about it. You do not understand the anger of His Highness at what he regards as being swindled by your husband. He want see him beheaded as an embezzler.’

‘Embezzler!’

‘And maybe you also beheaded, as his accomplice.’

‘Oh no,’ gasped Sarema, suddenly realising the seriousness of the situation. ‘Please, please, tell the Sheikh that my husband is no thief. Perhaps he has spent too much time away from his office, courting me, but he is very clever and shrewd and I am sure that he can rectify His Highness’s affairs.’

‘Well ... maybe ... if you beg him ... Sheikh might agree to give him chance get back all the money he has lost. If not, you both ...’ Zalu made raised his hand to his neck and made a chopping gesture.

‘Oh, my God!’ cried Sarema.

‘But anyway earning money for Sheikh will take long time.’ Zalu paused as if in thought. ‘Maybe he agree spare your husband if you remain here as hostage to make certain he work properly.’

‘Remain here?’ questioned Sarema nervously.

‘Yes, stay here as hostage, locked up here in His Highness’s harem. You under my control and supervision.’

‘Oh!’ cried Sarema aghast.

‘Otherwise ...’ again he made the terrifying chopping gesture.

‘Oh, no!’

‘Oh, yes!’

Sarema thought for a moment. ‘But how about my friends in Beirut and my husband’s relations? They would want to know what has happened to me.’

‘Your husband will be told to tell them simply that you have left him and that he does not know where you are.’

‘Oh! I see.’

‘But you will have to beg His Highness him to allow you to enter his harem and stay in it until all lost money repaid. If not ...’ again he made the terrifying chopping motion with his hand.

Zalu almost laughed as he saw that Sarema was close to tears. Yes, things were working out nicely.

‘Oh ... But if I were a hostage, would I, of course, simply be a guest in the harem?’

‘Ha! You stupid? If you in harem you belong to His Highness and he use you for his pleasure as and when wishes, like all women in harem. All women in harem are used and trained as concubines for the pleasure of His Highness All registered as His Highness’s indentured servants. You will be just another one.’

‘Indentured servant? What does that mean?’

‘In exchange for food and keep, indentured servants agree serve the Master. They like old-fashioned slaves, but registered with police so cannot run away. Tattooed with Registered Number on back of right hand – and, His Highness like see, on belly, too.’

‘On belly? Oh no!’

‘Yes, make woman feel more slave-like. Make her realise she, as indentured servant, now has no life outside harem.’

‘Oh!’

‘But Master not agree to take you into harem unless he finds you sufficiently attractive. And if not ...’ Again he made the dreadful chopping gesture.

‘Oh, my God!’

‘And husband must beg him to take you into harem too – and maybe Master want try you out before accepting you.’

‘Try me out!’ gasped Sarema.

‘Yes, before deciding about beheading, he want make sure you make good concubine whilst husband is away working to get back money. If not – less trouble for him send you both to Sharia Court. So he want assess you first.’

‘Assess me?’

‘Yes, he judge whether you suitably humble so that after training from eunuch supervisor you give much pleasure as concubine. He has plenty other white women in harem. So you must beg to him take you as well, or else ...’

He again made the terrifying gesture of beheading.

‘You mean he will want to assess me ... to make love to me...in front of my husband? Oh, no!’

‘Well, better that, than ...’

‘Oh,’ cried Sarema. ‘But even if I were in the harem you couldn’t keep me here by force. I should run away!’

‘Oh no,’ said Zalu with a cruel laugh. ‘His Highness’s women are all kept well locked up in harem under my supervision. None have ever escaped, and I make sure you will not either. And anyway where you go, marked as indentured servant? Big reward for runaway indentured servants and Police punish you and return you here for more punishment. So no escape!’

‘Oh my God!’ Sarema was distraught.

‘Better you settle down and accept Harem life other white women. Like them, you will obey Harem rules. And since I am chief overseer of this fine establishment, you will obey me!’

He raised his cane and brought it down with a terrifying thwack on a cushion.

‘So, just you think about it: His Highness intends hand you and your husband over to Sharia authorities for quick trial and inevitable beheading – unless you both immediately beg him to take you into his harem as a hostage and even then only if he find you sufficiently attractive.’

‘No! No!’ cried Sarema. ‘This just can’t be true.’

‘Oh yes it is – husband now chained up in Sheikh’s dungeon. He ready to be handed over to Sharia Court. His Highness, he already discussed matters with Sharia Court. They say keen to make an example of your husband. He Christian crook.’

‘Christian crook!’

‘Yes, and as Lebanese Christian he get little mercy from Sharia Court here – nor you either. So up to you now. Only you can now save husband – and yourself. You must look beautiful

and beg His Highness to take you into his harem and give your husband a chance to replace the lost money. But make sure you beg nicely!’

Yet again he made that terrible chopping motion with his hand.

Sarema looked at Zalu with a disbelieving look. She had always regarded herself as an Englishwoman, as well as a free and independently minded member of the Duria tribe. She had, of course, heard stories of Duria girls being abducted to be sold into the harems of the rich. But that was the old days and this was the twenty-first century! How could she even think of accepting being locked up in a harem, under the supervision of some ghastly castrated Negro? But what choice did she have if she were to save her husband’s life, never mind her own!

And this mysterious Sheikh Ali in whose harem she would be incarcerated: what was he like? Stephan had told her that he was youngish and good-looking but had the reputation of having a cruel streak. Well, he certainly seemed to have that.

‘Maybe best if you think things over. Soon I bring husband to spend the night with you.’

‘See my husband? Oh thank God!’

‘Yes I think you have plenty to talk about and discuss in bed in his arms. Last chance to sleep together!’

Sarema’s mind was racing. Why, if the Sheikh was thinking of taking her into harem, was he letting her sleep with her husband?

Zalu smiled cruelly and repeated: ‘Yes, last chance to sleep together before, if you wish to save your husband’s life. If after short talk you both agree beg His Highness to take you into harem, then His Highness come to hear you both beg and to assess you. So you will have to look very beautiful – and suitably humble.’

Leaving Sarema looking tearful and horrified, Zalu turned to leave. At the door he turned.

‘Soon I introduce you to one of my assistants, young Baza,’ he said. ‘He will be in charge of you in harem and teach you to please Master. If His Highness has found you sufficiently desirable.’

‘Sufficiently desirable!’ repeated Sarema in despair.

‘Yes, if not ...well you knew what will happen.’

Zalu paused to let his words sink in. There was no need to make the frightening gesture of decapitation any more.

‘Baza, he very skilful overseer of women, despite small size and low age. He initiate you into all harem rules and regulations. Oh, one thing I already notice when I come in. In harem strictly forbidden for any woman to touch herself.’

‘What?’ cried out Sarema, blushing. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Woman, rule is simple and I spell it out for you,’ said Zalu in a severe tone of voice. ‘Here in harem it is forbidden for any woman to masturbate. Do you understand? No touching yourself between legs. No pleasuring yourself. Any woman caught masturbating get severe punishment. You make sure young Baza not catch you!’

Sarema couldn’t believe her ears. How embarrassing! But was he really telling that she would have to stop her most favourite pastime? This awful black man must be crazy. But she didn’t say anything for fear of irritating him. In any case, she knew that at night she would always be able to sneak her hand secretly under the sheets and excite her clitoris until her juices irrupted all over her bed. Her previous husband had often been away and she would then masturbate using her vibrator or just her fingers.

‘I come back in a moment to prepare you for visit to His Highness with husband.’

‘What do you mean, prepare me?’

‘Ha! You soon see,’. Zalu laughed. ‘And meanwhile you take bath and make yourself pretty. I back soon’

Before Sarema could say another word, Zalu had left the room, locking the door behind him.

5 – PREPARED!

Zalu returned, and with him was a diminutive pygmy boy, who was dressed like a miniature version of himself. The pygmy was holding a dog whip with a red tassel on the end and tucked into his cummerbund was a slightly smaller version of Zalu’s whip.

Was this Baza, Sarema asked herself, the boy eunuch who was supposed to be taking charge of her? How degrading to be in the charge of such a young and tiny creature – and one with such a frightening dog whip in his hand.

Then two huge black men, Okra and Akin, stepped into the room. In all her life, Sarema had never seen such large men. They were not fat, just big and muscular. Their torsos were bare and were greased with oil, which made their muscles look even bigger.

Zalu gestured to them and, as he and the pygmy boy watched, they rushed up to Sarema. One stepped behind her and grabbed her hands.

‘Get your hands off me, you brutes,’ she cried.

The Negroes didn’t pay any attention to her angry cries. The second man, standing in front of her, ripped Sarema’s nightdress from her neck down with one quick movement. Then he pulled it right off her. Sarema was completely naked. She tried to fight and kick out at the big men, but Baza used his dog whip to lash her several times over her breasts and belly.

‘Ow! Ow! What the hell you think you are doing, you wretched little boy!’

‘Silence, woman! You insult a eunuch you get whipped,’ cried Zalu in a stern voice, pulling his whip out from his wide cummerbund and cracking it menacingly. ‘Enough of this nonsense. You stay still – and silent. Don’t move, or I give you serious whipping.’

To emphasise his words more, he cracked his whip again, the noise making Sarema cry out nervously. But she realised that resistance would only make things worse. She blushed as she stood there, naked, in front of the eunuchs.

‘That better!’ laughed Zalu. ‘Now you stay quite still and you do exactly what I say. You also answer all my questions truthfully - or you get whip!’

Zalu nodded to the man behind Sarema and handed him a pair of manacles linked by a thick chain some two feet long. Sarema heard a couple of clicks as the manacles were clipped onto her wrists. She was helpless with her hands loosely chained behind her back. She could still feel the breath of the huge man on her bare shoulders, as he remained standing right behind her.

‘Sight of manacle chains on white woman greatly excite Master,’ explained Zalu. ‘Make you look humble. He then more likely accept you for harem. Also make husband realise what will happen to you.’

Zalu came up close up to her. He stared at her, looking her in the eye, making her tremble. Then he stroked her honey coloured hair, rubbing it between his fingers as it to test its fineness. He stroked her cheeks, her ears and her nose.

‘Open mouth wide,’ he ordered. ‘Stick out tongue. Right out!’

He stroked her tongue. It was nice and soft. He gave a satisfied grunt.

Then he inspected her magnificent bosom. Her breasts were large, but as he had noticed earlier, they were firm and set quite high. They stood out from her body, almost defying the law of gravity. Zalu picked them up unceremoniously from below and, weighing them knowledgeably, asked: 'You had children? You nurse them all?'

'Yes!' answered Sarema, with unmistakable arrogance and contempt in her voice.

'Sir! You always say Sir to me. Understood?' said Zalu angrily.

'Yes,' answered Sarema in the same contemptuous tone.

'Yes what?' asked Zalu, giving her a stroke of his whip across her bottom.

'Ow! Stop it! OK! Yes, Sir,' screamed Sarema. 'Yes, Sir.'

Zalu calmly disregarded her shrieks and carefully examined both breasts. Next he took both nipples and twisted them as if they were the tuning knobs of a radio.

Sarema turned away a little, but knowing the possible penalty, she bit her lips and kept silent.

Zalu then ran his hands over her still flat belly.

'Like all the other women in the Sheikh's harem, you will have to carry tattoo of his crest on your belly.'

'What!' cried Sarema. 'But I'm a married woman. My husband ...'

'You just hostage for behaviour of husband. As such you subject to rules of the harem. To ensure that you not try escape you will, like all his concubines, be registered with the Morals Police here as an Indentured Servant. They insist your body be clearly marked with your registered number.'

'Oh my God!' cried Sarema.

Zalu now carried on with his inspection, running his hands down to the depilated junction between her legs. Just before arriving there, he expertly investigated the width of her hips, judging her suitability for breeding purposes. His experienced eyes told him right a way that carrying twins would not be a problem for this woman.

'Present your beauty lips for inspection!' barked the eunuch.

Poor Sarema, she did not know what this command meant. Zalu motioned to Okra who was still standing behind her. He took Sarema by the arms, then with a vigorous kick he opened her legs and bent her backwards until she was looking up at the ceiling. Then he pushed his knees into her lower back, which forced her to push out her belly.

Zalu bent down and opened the lips, exposing Sarema's greatly swollen and extended clitoris. He did not hide his obvious distaste for what he was seeing.

'This disgraceful,' he said, with barely concealed repugnance, pointing this out to the other eunuchs. 'How you get this monster? Is this the result of your tribal witchcraft?'

Sarema answered surprisingly calmly: 'All the girls and women of the Duria tribe have well developed clitorises like me. It is a tradition and we think looks nice.'

Zalu the just snorted: 'Looks nice, you say? Pff! Here in Sheikh's harem we have different criteria of beauty. You shall see! How often you masturbate, woman?'

'Every day. When I was a widow before I married my husband Stephan, I satisfied myself even more: sometimes several times a day. Why do you ask?'

Zalu shook his head in a silent disbelief.

'Not here in His Highness's harem! Here, any masturbation is regarded as infidelity to the Master and is severely punished.' He frowned as he looked down. 'Or, for such an impudent self-gratifying hussy as yourself, we may apply certain other remedies.'

'Other remedies! What do you mean?' Sarema gasped.

But Zalu ignored her question. 'Turn around,' he said abruptly.

Sarema obeyed and Zalu then quickly parted her bottom cheeks, feeling her rear entrance.

'No, please don't touch me there. It is against our customs.'

Zalu laughed. 'What! You never been taken that way? Never?'

'No, Sir, no. In our tribe, it is considered to be a grave sin for a man to take a woman there.'

'But not here,' replied Zalu. Then he let her rounded curves go, saying very casually: 'Well! A nice virginal state for the Master.'

The inspection was over.

'Make her ready,' Zalu ordered his assistant eunuchs.

Baza and the other two bigger eunuchs took her into the bathroom. Sarema blushed with embarrassment as they washed her down thoroughly. Baza then humiliatingly closely inspected her between her legs, evidently looking for a sign of new growing hair. Finding none, they made up her face and brushed her hair.

Zalu came in and handed a modern, shiny, rubber lined, chromium plated chastity belt to the pygmy boy. Baza pulled the two ends of the belt round her waist. Over her navel a D-shaped ring on one end fitted into a slot on the other, holding the belt tightly fastened. Then he pulled the shaped frontispiece, attached by a chain to the back of the belt, up between her legs and fastened it with a padlock to the D-shaped ring projecting through the slot.

The frontispiece had a long metal slot which fitted over the beauty lips, keeping them tightly pressed together whilst enabling natural liquid wastes to pass through them. Raised over this slot was a stiff plastic grille. This prevented the beauty lips from being touched whilst again allowing liquid wastes to pass through the tiny holes.

At the bottom of the frontispiece was a small metal ring that surrounded the nearby rear entrance and through which more solid wastes could be passed. To deter any attempt at penetrating the wearer, the ring had little sharp spikes on the inside. The ring could, however, be easily washed and kept clean.

Thus with the plastic grille in the frontpiece covering the beauty lips and preventing any access to the clitoris and with the rear entrance also guarded, total chastity was humiliatingly ensured and masturbation prevented, without preventing the wearer from exercising her natural bodily functions.

The sight and feel of the retaining padlock hanging from the D-shaped ring over the navel was a constant and degrading reminder to the wearer that she was no longer in charge of her own sensuality.

Zalu checked the fit. 'Yes,' he said approvingly, 'nice and tight.'

Before Sarema could object or ask a question, he pocketed the key.

'Important His Highness knows you pure when you beg him take you into his harem – or else he not do so and then you and husband will be ...'

Again he made that terrifying gesture. 'You understand?'

'Yes, yes,' cried Sarema submissively.

'Now we dress you as you will be as a concubine – if High Highness agrees to take you into his harem.'

Baza dressed her in an emerald green open bolero, green embroidered cap, Turkish slippers and loose silken pantaloons with a cutaway front, through which gleamed the chastity belt. Although she may not yet have realised it, Zalu had clearly earmarked "Green" as her future Harem Name.

Baza gestured to her look into a mirror. A beautiful chained and manacled Eastern houri, or harem slavegirl, looked back at her. The stiff sides of her bolero erotically displayed, rather

than hid, her full breasts and gleaming in the cutaway in the front of her pantaloons was the degrading chromium plated chastity belt.

‘Oh God,’ she cried, ‘please, don’t let my husband see me dressed like this: manacled and locked into this awful chastity belt. Whatever will he think?’

Zalu smiled cruelly.

‘He think that you now in power of Sheikh. He realise you arouse Sheikh. He think his wife will soon be one of Sheikh’s white concubines. He think he can only rescue you from this harem by getting back Sheikh’s money as quickly as possible. Oh yes, very good he see you like this ... Now you lie on bed and await husband.’

Sarema was longing to hide under the bed clothes before her husband arrived, but the eunuchs removed them and she had to lie on top of the bed, manacled and half naked in her erotic harem dress.

Then the eunuchs left, laughing to each other. Once again the door was locked behind them.

6 – ZALU WARNS HIS HIGHNESS

The Sheikh was enjoying an evening drink. Yes, he was thinking, the acquisition of a new and most attractive addition to his collection of women seemed to be going very well.

Alcohol may be forbidden by the Koran but he felt, like many outwardly strict Moslems, that what a man did in the privacy of his home was his business. He was looking forward to a night of lovemaking with the well-trained and broken-in Mauve and Magenta. Depriving them of even the sight of another man ever since they had arrived in the harem from the Arab woman’s prison, both already inseminated with the semen of a handsome Scandinavian boy, had certainly worked. Like the other women, they might resent or even hate him, but they were still eager for his embraces.

Yes, he thought, these two well educated Englishwomen had both recovered well from their enforced maternities and, unknown to them, two sets of little blond twin girls were now being brought up in a convent in France. Reunited with their mothers, they would in later years make a fine addition to his harem for his old age.

He then thought back to his recent meeting with the trembling Stephan down in his dungeons. There he had told the weeping young man that he had decided to send him and his wife to be tried by the local Sharia Court for embezzlement. Stephan had fallen to his knees begging for mercy and for the chance to get back the Sheikh’s lost money – for he well knew that a Sharia Court in this strongly fundamentalist Moslem country would show no mercy to a Christian “usurer,” nor to his wife, his accomplice.

Later the Sheikh had revisited the young man and told him that he was prepared to consider sparing him and instead to send him on a long trip to put right the mess that his banking family had made of some of his investments. However, the Sheikh had added, to make sure that Stephan did just that, he would have to leave his wife, in his harem as a hostage – provided they both begged him to take her.

The Sheikh smiled as he remembered the look on the shocked young man’s face when he had blandly him that he should regard this as an honour. He did not, he had said, bother to take the wife of every one of his other servants into his harem as surety for their good behaviour.

The young man had not dared to demur, for he was scarcely in a position to do so. Quite apart from his own predicament, his family might well be accused of fraud and he knew that

the punishment for defrauding a member of one of the powerful Ruling Families of Arabia was death - and that they would have the power to strike him, and them, down, wherever he might flee. Indeed he was glad to have escaped with his life.

The Sheikh was doubly pleased for not only did he feel that there was an excellent chance, even it was rather long term, of this clever young man retrieving most of the money that his family had lost, but he had his eye on his beautiful wife.

Yes, there was no doubt about it, happily married woman or not, he wanted her - and he wanted her secretly locked up in his harem. Whether he would have tired of her sufficiently to give her back to her husband, if and when the young man succeeded in getting his money back, remained to be seen.

Meanwhile she would be his, his to do with as he liked, and be subjected to Zalu's discipline, just like all his other women. Furthermore the fact that she was half English and was married and had been largely educated in England, as well as in Lebanon by the Durias tribes, tickled his fancy. He already had eight English women in his harem, some of them also married and, of course, there was also the half English, half Lebanese twins sisters whose joint harem name was Scarlet.

It was, he reflected, an old Arab tradition for a tribal Ruler to require a key henchman to offer his prettiest wife to be kept in the Ruler's harem as a concubine for several years. Not only was this considered to be an honour for the subordinate, but the wife would also be a hostage to ensure the underling's utter devotion and loyalty.

Even when she was released back to her husband, she would still bear the Ruler's crest branded or tattooed on her belly as a permanent reminder to the henchman of where his duty lay - and of the power of the Ruler.

Moreover, if the henchman was a Christian infidel with only one wife, then all the more piquant. In such cases the wife, carefully sewn up by the Ruler's eunuchs to protect his honour, or locked into a chastity belt, might be allowed back to make a short visit to her husband. But often this was only allowed, provided a suitably pretty daughter or sister had first taken the wife's place in the harem. But in this case the wife would only be released after the Ruler had taken the daughter's or sister's virginity and after they had satisfactorily and humbly performed together before him.

The Sheikh laughed cruelly to himself at the thought that this was just what he was now doing the same thing in what the accursed Christians called the 21st Century. His grandfather, the former Ruler, would have been proud of him! Perhaps he might later even send his young banker's wife to the present Ruler as a gift - or, rather, a loan! Or perhaps one of her daughters?

And, as he was a merciful man, if meanwhile the young man periodically returned to report progress, he would be happy to let him see his wife again - or even let her sleep with him, provided Zalu had first locked her up in a chastity belt to protect his honour, as his ancestors would have put it.

Moreover, doubtless not only would Zalu be pressing for his crest to be tattooed onto her belly, but he would want to see the standard harem collar round her neck and the big brass ring hanging from her nose, both of which would be a delightful source of concern to both husband and wife when they were allowed to meet again.

The Sheikh's reverie was interrupted by Zalu who had come to make an urgent report on the results of Sarema's inspection. He extolled her beauty and sensual attractiveness as well as the magnificence of her breasts, and her milk and breeding potential.

‘But Your Highness,’ he said in Arabic, ‘there is another matter regarding this woman that I must warn you about before you go from on taking her into the harem as a hostage for her husband’s effectiveness in retrieving your lost monies.’

‘Oh? Now what is it?’ asked the Sheikh in an irritated voice. Nothing was now going to shake his determination to add Sarema to his collection of Englishwomen – and to enjoy her as soon as possible.

‘As I told you, Your Highness, this woman Sarema’s mother comes from a Christian Lebanese tribe called the Durias.’

‘Yes, yes,’ replied the Sheikh impatiently. ‘And I well remember what you told me all about their sensuality and desirability.’

‘I am sorry, Master, but this is not a laughing matter at all. I inspected her thoroughly and what I saw is dreadful. Her overdeveloped clitoris and sensitivity of her beauty lips have made her into a compulsive masturbator. She admitted as a Durian woman to masturbating a couple of times a day and I am sure she wouldn’t mind satisfying her urges with the other girls as well.’

‘What!’ cried the Sheikh. He prided himself in having modern ideas - but not when it came to his women secretly masturbating behind his back. That he regarded, in a woman, as being only slightly less heinous than adultery. For a man, of course, it was quite a different matter. But for a woman, white or not, it was scandalous, something that he would not tolerate and which he relied on his eunuchs to stamp out in his harem.

‘Yes, Your Highness, moreover, with her overdeveloped clitoris I fear that, despite the vigilance of us eunuchs, she would sow the seeds of lesbian bawdiness in your harem. Soon your strictly chaste harem could become notorious as a place of vice. Then what would our friends the Mullahs say?’

The Sheikh bent his brows and thought.

‘This is an important and grave matter, Zalu. Perhaps we should reconsider incorporating her into the harem, if doing so might result in me having to leave this strict fundamentalist country. That would be terrible blow after going to all the expense of building this palace here. But I do want that woman in my harem. Well, you’re in charge of my women, Zalu. What’s your solution?’

‘There is only one, Your Highness. She must be deprived of all those parts that might tempt her into self abuse or mutual masturbation. Moreover, you would then also be able to win more support from the leading local strict fundamentalist Imams by being able to display her to them in a state of Salat, or purity.’

‘In a state of complete Salat? Yes, what an intriguing idea – and one that will put me in good stead with the mullahs! But she’s a married woman.’

‘Yes, but married to man who is little more now than your servant.’

‘Yes, yes, I think you’re right . . . Take care of this matter discreetly. But still, do what you have to do.’

‘Thank you, Your Highness. I have already taken the liberty of contacting our good friend Doctor Mussi in Cairo. He is expecting us and has promised to solve our problem. If you agree, we will fly out tomorrow morning.’

‘Good!’

‘I advise you not to use her fully yet. It would be better to wait until after Doctor Mussi had dealt with her.’

‘All right,’ said the Sheikh. ‘I shall look forward to having such a white concubine.’

Zalu bowed his head, pleased.

‘There is, however, another bright spot in all this, Your Highness.’

‘Oh?

‘Yes, Your Highness, the lady has two pretty daughters at school in England. Doubtless her husband would not dare to intervene if Your Highness might arrange for them to pay a visit to their mother.’

‘Food for thought, Zalu, food for thought,’ laughed the Sheikh. ‘But let’s get the mother first treated by our friend Doctor Mussi.’

PART III – IN THE POWER OF THE SHEIKH

7 – HUSBAND AND WIFE TOGETHER

Sarema's mental distress can be imagined as, dressed like one of the Sheikh's concubines, she awaited her embarrassing meeting with Stephan. She could not help going over and over in her mind what Zalu had told her.

Yes, the awful truth was that she could certainly believe that Stephan had disgracefully ignored the Sheikh's affairs whilst they had enjoyed life together away from Beirut. Now was pay-off time.

But perhaps she would not have to stay very long in the Sheikh's harem and perhaps, also, life would not be too bad there. She had heard that he had a reputation of being a charming and handsome man, though with more than a touch of ruthlessness.

Zalu again entered Sarema's room. Embarrassed, she tried in vain to hide her half nakedness. Zalu gestured towards the door – and Stephan was brought in by two burly Black Guards.

Sarema gasped, for Stephan, whom she had last seen wearing a lightweight business suit, was now dressed in just a short tunic. His hands were fastened behind his back.

'Look!' ordered Zalu as he lifted up the front of the tunic.

Stephan was blushing with embarrassment - and with good cause for there, through the ends of his now disclosed foreskin and the tip of his manhood, was a large iron ring, the ends of which had been brazed together.

He had been infibulated!

Clearly the ring that would ensure that no matter how much he might feel aroused, his manhood would remain, albeit painfully, soft and restrained. There was no way it could become erect.

Sarema's gasp of horror was echoed by that of her husband as he saw the manacles and above all the chastity belt into which his naked wife had been locked and in particular the padlock through the front ring of the belt over her navel.

Who was more embarrassed in the presence of the other? The naked Sarema locked into a chastity belt and manacles, or her equally naked and infibulated husband?

The Black Guards unfastened Stephan's hands and thrust him onto the bed on which his naked wife was already lying. Then grinning to themselves, they all silently left the room with Zalu, as usual, locking the door behind him.

Looking into the bedroom through the two-way mirror, the Sheikh smiled. Yes, it would be fascinating to listen in to their conversation, thanks to a concealed microphone in the bedroom.

Hardly had the door shut than Sarema cried: 'Oh my God, darling, what have they done to you?'

'But what they have done to you?' cried Stephan in reply.

Sarema looked down at her husband's manhood. Aroused by her near nakedness, it was trying in vain to come into erection. Her hand touched the big ring. Horrified, she realised that quite apart from making it almost impossible for him to have an erection, the ring would

prevent him from having sex, from being able to penetrate a woman. Was this, she wondered, a clever way of the Sheikh making sure that her randy young husband concentrated on getting his money back?

Stephan similarly looked down at the chastity belt and manacles into which his wife had been locked – for the benefit of his employer. My God! What a humiliation!

‘Yes, I am being kept for the Sheikh,’ the Sheikh heard Sarema whisper. ‘It’s so awful. And it means that we can’t make love.’

There was another long silence as they both realised just what the Sheikh had had done to the other. Oh the shame! Oh the frustration!

Then Zalu reappeared.

‘Well, have you both decided?’ he asked with a cruel smile. ‘Is it beheading – or are you both ready to beg His Highness to consider taking this beautiful creature into his harem?’

‘Yes, we are ready,’ replied Stephan in a quavering voice.’

‘Then kneel down alongside each other in front of that armchair.’ Zalu cracked his whip and the naked couple obediently scuttled across the room.

8 – BEGGING ON HER KNEES – AND THRASHED

The Sheikh looked down at the naked figures kneeling on all fours at his feet.

One was a lovely woman dressed in a provocative green harem dress, who was looking up at him beseechingly. The Sheikh smiled to himself as he saw that, brushing aside the bolero, her full breasts were hanging down between her outstretched arms and that her wrists were still manacled. It was delightful to see the beautiful wife of another man so debasing herself at his feet.

Behind her stood the young pygmy eunuch boy, Baza. He was holding a lead at attached to a ring at the back of her shiny metal collar with one hand whilst with the other he held a dog whip which he was warningly playing on her bottom.

Sarema was looking up the Sheikh piteously. She well knew that her husband’s very life now depended on her.

Kneeling alongside her and looking hideously humiliated was her young husband. His short tunic did not hide his infibulated manhood that was hanging down between his legs.

Zalu coughed and Baza touched Sarema’s bottom with his dog whip. It was, she knew, the signal for her to beg. Only the thought of being beheaded drove her into saying the degrading words.

‘Please, Your Highness, please, I beg you ... on my knees, to ... accept me as a concubine ... in your harem and as ...a hostage for my husband. Please! Please, Your Highness, please spare me and my husband.’

Now it was the turn of Stephan. He, too, could hardly bring himself to say the degrading speech he had been made to learn by heart.

‘Yes, Your Highness,’ he began humbly, ‘please, Sir, take my wife into your harem as a hostage to ensure that I do my utmost to recover your lost monies and restoring your oil contracts.’

The Sheikh pondered. Yes with all the international contacts of Stephan's family there was a very good chance that he could succeed, especially with the added incentive of knowing that his precious new wife would remain locked up in a harem until he did so.

He turned to the kneeling figure of the wife. With her blue eyes, long blond hair, splendid breasts and slender waist she was certainly a most attractive woman – and now certainly a very humble one, too.

‘But I already have plenty of women in my harem,’ he said cruelly.

On my God, thought Sarema, he's going to refuse to have me. Then what? But she knew the answer to that: the Sharia Court and a double beheading.

‘But I will give you much pleasure, Your Highness,’ she said urgently.

‘Yes, Your Highness,’ said Stephan hesitantly. It was, he knew, now or never. ‘Please, Sir, take my wife into your harem for your pleasure.’

‘Hum!’ said the Sheikh dubiously. ‘Walk her up and down,’ he ordered Baza.

‘Up!’ ordered the pygmy boy, giving her a sharp tap on her bottom with his dogwhip.

Feeling like a slavegirl being shown off to a potential buyer, Sarema was made to parade in front of the Sheikh. But there was a difference: few women can ever have been paraded as a slave girl to buyers in front of their husbands.

She too realised that it was now or never. Remembering her modelling days, she hastily put her hand on her hip and, as if she was back on the catwalk, began to sashay provocatively to and fro.

‘All right!’ came the voice of the Sheikh. ‘I'll take you. But remember that if your husband fails to get back my money, it'll be your life at stake.’

‘Oh thank you, Sir,’ cried Stephan.

‘Oh thank you, Master,’ cried Sarema.

‘But there is one condition.’

Sarema and Stephan looked at each other in dismay. Now what?

‘I shall expect regular progress on the recovery of my monies,’ said the Sheikh firmly to Stephan. ‘If I feel that progress is too slow, then your wife will be thrashed.’

There were gasps from both Sarema and Stephan.

‘And to make sure that you do not feel that this is an idle threat,’ continued the Sheikh, ‘I'm going to have Zalu thrash her now so that you can imagine how she will suffer if you fail to perform quickly.’

Again there were gasps of horror from the husband and wife.

‘Zalu! Bend her over and slowly give her twelve good strokes of your cane in front of her husband – and in front of her Master.’

The Sheikh paused, savouring the moment.

He went on, ‘it will also serve to show her what she can expect if she ever, perhaps through a misguided sense of loyalty to her husband, fails to strain to her utmost to please me, whenever in future I send for her to pleasure me.’

There were more gasps, this time interrupted by Zalu.

‘Green! Stand up in front of your Master. And you Stephan remain kneeling at feet of your wife's Master – and lick his shoes – properly or you get cane, too.’

With that he gave Stephan a warning stroke of his cane across his buttocks, now bared by his short tunic as he knelt. He gave a cry. But the pain was enough to make him eagerly lick the Sheikh dusty shoes.

‘What!’ cried Zalu. ‘You cry out after only one stroke. What you imagine will wife feel after twelve?’

The Sheikh kicked off a sandal and raised his foot.

‘Now you lick foot of your wife’s Master,’ ordered Zalu. ‘Go!’

With a little cry of disgust Stephan commenced his degrading task.

‘And you not dare stop!’ warned Zalu giving him a warning tap on his bare bottom.

Then he turned to Sarema. ‘You! Hands behind neck!’

Sarema obediently raised her manacled hands. Her full breasts were thrust out entrancingly past the open stiff bolero. He lowered her pantaloons and dropped them to her ankles, put his hand to her exposed belly and unlocked the padlock that held the chastity belt in place. It, too, fell to her ankles.

Suddenly relieved of the tight closing pressure, her very full beauty lips opened like the petals of a flower greeting the morning sun. The Sheikh grimaced, remembering what Zalu had said earlier about her intimacies.

‘Now, up on toes and bend over Master’s lap. Bend right over. Face in Master’s lap.’

Sarema’s weight was now largely taken by her forearms pressing on the arms of the Sheikh’s chair. Her bare breasts hung down over his knees and her face was now in the Sheikh’s lap. She was biting her lips with anxiety and fear. How could she go with it, she wondered. But she knew she must.

She felt something hard beneath her Master’s long white robe. Was it imagination or could it be his manhood? Was it coming into erection under the influence of her half naked body or was it the thought of seeing her flogged?

Zalu raised his cane behind Sarema’s soft bare bottom. It was also within striking distance of Stephan’s bare bottom, too.

‘Lick shoe!’ he warned the flagging Stephan, who redoubled his efforts.

Almost imperceptibly the Sheikh raised an index finger and nodded.

Immediately the cane struck hard across Sarema’s cheeks. She could not help screaming with pain. She also could not help feeling whatever it was beneath the Sheikh’s thin robe hardening and rising.

Twice more the Sheikh raised a forefinger and nodded. There was a whistling noise and then a thwack as the cane bit in across the now reddening bottom and each time a scream echoed round the room. Stephan assiduously bent to his task, as if trying to put out his mind the fact that his wife was being thrashed in front of him – as a terrible warning to himself.

The Sheikh silently waved his index finger sideways.

‘Stand up!’ ordered Zalu. Nervously Sarema stood up, her manacled hands still clasped behind her neck, striped bottom bare and pantaloons and chastity belt lying at her feet.

The Sheikh rang a little bell. Instantly the little pygmy eunuch, Naka, led in two figures dressed, or rather half dressed in slightly differently coloured harem costumes. He released their collar leads and obediently they ran up towards the Sheikh, manacles clinking. They were Mauve and Magenta. Obviously well trained, they knelt, quite still, on either side of the Sheikh’s chair, eyes on his fingers, hands raised ready.

They may secretly have been reluctant participants in this scene but the sight, out of the corner of their eyes, of Naka’s dog whip raised, ready, behind first one of them and then the other, was enough to make them put on a show of eagerly playing their full part in what was to follow.

There was pause and then the Sheikh silently raised both index fingers and slowly pointed them downwards towards his lap.

Immediately the two Englishwomen reached forward and deftly unfastened several buttons on the front of the Sheikh's robe. They gently reached inside. Moments later the Sheikh's hard and erect manhood sprang into view, the women gripping it low down. Sarema's eyes were fixed on it in horror, the burning pain in her bottom momentarily forgotten.

One of the Sheikh's index fingers now pointed at it.

'Open mouth!' ordered Zalu. Hesitantly Sarema obeyed. Surely she was not going to have to ...

'Bend over again.'

Her Master's manhood was now just inches below her mouth.

The dreaded order came.

'Take it into your mouth ...now ... or it will be three extra strokes.'

With a little sob Sarema lowered her head over the manhood being proffered by Mauve and Magenta.

'Suck!'

Her head was now rising and falling above the Sheikh's lap. The sensation was quite delicious. Silently the Sheikh again an index finger and nodded. Again the cane was applied. A fresh new red line appeared across Sarema's bottom but this was time there was no scream. Sarema did not dare to raise her head and stop her stop her avid ministrations – any more than the humiliated Stephan did his.

Slowly the next three strokes were applied. Sarema found herself counting each one. Six to go! But she just could not stand any more. She just couldn't. She raised her head and screamed.

'No! No more, please. No more!'

Again there was a long silence, broken by the Sheikh taking the first the elongated nipples of Mauve's milk filled breasts into his mouth and then those of Magenta whilst the two girls were gently moving their hands up and down his still powerfully erect manhood.

Then the Sheikh reached forward and gripped Sarema by the hair, guiding her down again onto his manhood. He felt her tongue. Then and not until then did he again raise an index finger and nod.

So the scene slowly continued, until almost with the last stroke, the Sheikh leaned back and sighed. Recognising the signs Mauve put her hand down and excitingly cupped the Sheikh's testicles whilst Magenta held his manhood firmly in Sarema's mouth.

The next stroke made Sarema jump with pain and the sudden movement and the grip brought the Sheikh to a climax. Sarema almost gagged as her Master's semen jetted into her mouth. She tried to avoid the bitter tasting semen, but the Sheikh held her head firmly in place whilst Magenta kept the manhood firmly in her mouth, knowing that any sigh of pity for the poor woman, her future companion in the harem, would result in her being thrashed too.

'Swallow every drop!' warned Zalu. With her bottom on fire and still terrified that the Sheikh might change his mind and sent her and Stephan off to the Sharia Court, Sarema was too scared not to do so.

Moments later the Sheikh kicked Sarema away.

Mauve handed him a refreshing iced drink and then she and Magenta scuttled out of the room behind their overseer, Naka.

'Stand up!' ordered Zalu. Quickly he raised the chastity belt and locked it back in place, then raised her pantaloons again. Sarema could still taste her future Master's semen.

‘Well, Zalu,’ smiled the contented Sheikh, breaking his long silence, ‘I think we might now put our amorous couple to bed with each other for the night. It’ll be the last night they will be together for a long time and it will be amusing watching as they find that they cannot make love.’

Zalu promptly ordered them both onto the bed – and, whilst the Sheikh laughed at their helplessness, made them kiss and run their hands over each other’s naked bodies.

Finally the Sheikh turned away and left the room.

Under the supervision of their young overseer, Mauve and Magenta would, he knew, be nervously waiting for him in his bed. And after this scene he would certainly be ready to be pleased by them.

And whilst they did so, he would be thinking of the lovely new recruit for his harem and her husband forced to sleep in each other’s arms, but quite unable to satisfy each other, or themselves. It would make them realise that they were both now utterly in his power.

9 – Total Circumcision in Cairo

The decision was made and was irreversible. After her husband had been released, still infibulated, to go back and restore the Sheikh’s lost monies, Sarema would be taken on a little trip to Cairo to spend a few days in the care of Doctor Mussi.

Before leaving, she was heavily sedated. Then two strong eunuchs placed her, covered over with a long caftan, in a special basket. Her head and face were covered with a chador, underneath which she was muzzled. The basket then was loaded into the Sheikh’s private jet, accompanied by Zalu and his young assistant, Baza, who was now Sarema’s personal overseer. As soon they were all on-board, the plane took off.

On arrival in Cairo a private ambulance drove them from the airport to Doctor Mussi’s private clinic. Sarema was taken to an examination room, which also served as an operating theatre. Doctor Mussi was waiting for them in a lounge. Zalu greeted him cordially, whilst his young assistant watched and listened, eager to learn yet more about his of his future career in charge of white women. They all drank coffee, served by two eunuch boys. After half an hour of polite and light conversation, the door opened and one of the eunuchs quietly nodded his head.

‘Gentlemen, our subject is ready for inspection,’ said Doctor Mussi. ‘Let’s have a look at what you’ve brought here.’

All three went into the examination room, where Sarema had been prepared for her forthcoming treatment. She was strapped down onto a gynaecological couch with her legs in the stirrups, covered with a light cotton sheet. Doctor Mussi removed this, disclosing the nude body of a mature woman.

She was gagged, but fully conscious, following the three men with fear and dreaded anticipation in her eyes. Zalu and Doctor Mussi now came directly between her widely separated open legs, while Baza stood politely aside, watching carefully.

She had been stripped naked quite a few times in the last week, but this time she felt especially ashamed because of the presence of Doctor Mussi. The feeling that something important and radical was about to happen only enhanced her fears.

Doctor Mussi could see right away that this women’s intimacies were unusual.

‘Hmm, I can see that she’s a true Duria woman. Her outer lips are so well developed and the inner ones so prominent.’

‘Yes, but you haven’t seen the beauty bud inside,’ said Zalu. ‘That’s why we’re here, because in her present state, it would be asking for trouble to put her into our harem.’

‘Yes, I quite understand,’ replied Doctor Mussi, nodding his grey head.

He parted the outer lips.

‘By Allah, this woman’s beauty bud was really stretched at a young age. Well, I’ll soon fix that for you and make our lady look neat and proper.’

Sarema listened all this with undisguised horror for she spoke a little Arabic. She wanted to scream but her gag didn’t allow her to produce the slightest sound.

‘Have you decided just how you want her treated, Zalu?’ asked the doctor, speaking in English.

‘Well, I think my Master would find her more acceptable with her beauty bud completely removed and her inner lips trimmed right back, in your usual way, to make masturbation virtually impossible, so that she is kept in a permanent state of Salat.’

Only now did Sarema understand the full horror of what was going to happen to her. Her eyes almost popped out of her head as she tried in vain to free herself. Amused, Baza noted how horrified this white woman was at something being done to her, that was quite normal amongst many African, or even Egyptian, women.

‘All right, doctor, please proceed,’ said Zalu.

Doctor Mussi gave Sarema a strong local anaesthetic and then left the room, returning a few moments later dressed in a surgical gown with his hands encased in rubber gloves. His surgical instruments were already aligned on a small table next to the operating table.

The local anaesthetic having now taken effect, Doctor Mussi then started to snip and cut.

First, he decided to remove the oversized beauty bud, which could hinder in his work on the lips. He attached a pair of special clamps to Sarema’s outer lips and, securing them to the eyelets on the side of the gynaecological couch, he opened them wide. Next, he picked up pair of special forceps, which could be closed and held shut by a clasp.

With an experienced hand, he took hold of Sarema’s enlarged clitoris with the forceps and, whilst Zalu and Baza watched, pulled it out as far as its resiliency would allow. Then he pressed the clasp on the forceps, which now held the clitoris in position. Picking up a scalpel, he skilfully sliced it off and held it up in the air.

‘It’s almost unbelievable, how a clitoris can become so elongated,’ he laughed.

Zalu nodded grimly. At least this woman was one step closer to being in a state of purity.

Dr. Mussi then equally expertly sliced off the protruding tips of both inner small lips. Finally, with little cut here and a little slice there, he removed any small pieces of flesh that might spoil the perfect look. Being an expert with many years of experience in his chosen field, it was all soon over and done. There was hardly any flow of blood.

Then he produced a special device.

‘I have developed a new finishing technique,’ he explained. ‘This is a cosmetic surgery laser gun. With this, I can remove flesh from under the skin without leaving any scars. I use this for shortening outer beauty lips. The results are remarkable. A woman’s intimacies treated with this laser are then left beautifully smooth and silky, without any scars. Actually, it looks so smooth and natural that you would swear she was born without any beauty lips at all. I’d like to give her this treatment, too.’

‘By Allah,’ exclaimed Zalu, ‘that would be wonderful!’

‘Well, her outer lips will be greatly reduced and joined so that they close the long opening. It would certainly look very natural. She will be absolutely smooth, without a scar.’

‘And her natural wastes?’

‘Oh, I will leave a pretty tight little orifice for them.’

‘And can she be penetrated through this by a manhood?’

‘Oh, yes, and doing so will give her Master great pleasure.’

‘Without receiving any herself?’

‘Well, yes and no. She will not, of course, be able to feel any pleasure there. Now her only possible source of pleasure will be being penetrated by a manhood up through her little new puckered orifice – and this may take a little time. But she may well become desperate to be penetrated there. So it will be up to you, or to her young trainer here, to train her in the art of giving physical pleasure without necessarily receiving any herself – a feeling that can be highly arousing for a dominant man.’

‘Indeed!’ replied Zalu. ‘And so she can still conceive?’

‘Oh yes, either from a penetrating manhood or by insemination.’

‘But can she then deliver her progeny?’

‘Certainly, her closed beauty lips can be easily opened again when she is due.’

‘And then allowed to heal together again.’

‘Exactly!’

‘And then smoothed over again with your laser?’

‘Yes. That is something I have done many times.’

Zalu considered for a moment.

‘Please, go ahead, Doctor,’ he then said, ‘I’m sure His Highness will find her all the more entrancing.’

‘That is certainly my aim,’ said the doctor with a smile. He worked on Sarema’s intimacies, and soon it was all over.

He held up a little mirror so that Sarema could see that there was just a smooth stretch of skin and a little puckered orifice.

‘So you will not now be able to masturbate,’ he said, running his hand over the smooth skin, ‘for now you can feel nothing here.’

He moved his hand down to the little orifice. ‘But you can still give a man great pleasure up here – and maybe feel a little pleasure yourself.’

Under her gag Sarema she was almost hysterical with horror and sheer disbelief at what had been done to her, she who before had always been so sensuous!

‘I believe she needs a few days of rest in our clinic,’ said the doctor. ‘I certainly wouldn’t suggest transporting her back today, right after this operation. We don’t want to risk you having any problems with her whilst airborne. So, please, accept my invitation to stay a few days whilst she recovers. My and clinic are at your disposal.’

Delighted, Zalu agreed.

‘Perhaps this will give me the opportunity to have her Master’s crest tattooed onto her belly, and her registered number as an indentured servant.’

‘Certainly, I know an excellent tattoo artist who would be only too pleased to oblige.’

‘Good!’ murmured Zalu.

‘And,’ added little Baza, ‘perhaps fit her nose ring, too.’ He produced a large brass ring with little needle-like ends for going through the nostril and then being permanently brazed together.

‘These nose rings have a strong psychological effect on women, especially white ones,’ explained Zalu.

‘Yes, I’m sure they do,’ laughed Doctor Mussi approvingly. ‘Please feel to use my facilities here to fit it.’

Baza went on, ‘Perhaps we could also fit her nipple rings, linked together with this little adjustable chain, so that her breasts are trained to hang closer together and these coils that will stretch her nipples and keep them thrust out.’

Zalu laughed. ‘You must forgive my keen young assistant.’

‘Not at all,’ replied Doctor Mussi. ‘This is an ideal time to prepare her for her future life. I’m just sad that she clearly does not need any surgery to expand her breasts.’

Doctor Mussi then called two nurses, who released Sarema from the gynaecological couch and took her to a special recovery room. Her hands were fastened behind her back, so she could not interfere with what had been done to her.

Zalu and Baza spent an evening with the doctor, who arranged a lavish dinner with male eunuch dancers for them.

The next day Sarema was nose and nipple ringed and the day after was visited by a tattoo artist.

10 – SAREMA JOINS THE HAREM

Several days later Sarema had been brought back to her bedroom in the guest wing of the Sheikh’s palace.

Held on a lead, fastened to a ring on the back of her shiny flexible metal collar by little Baza, she was now standing nervously in front of Zalu. Once again her wrists were manacled and she was wearing her green harem dress. Her long blond hair had been washed and brushed by Baza until it shone. He had also beautifully made up her face, rouged her cheeks and outlined her eyes with kohl. Dog whip in hand, the pygmy boy was proudly displaying her, just as a young kennelman might display on a lead a newly acquired new prize bitch.

But there was a change since she had been previously paraded, dressed like this, before the Sheikh. Then the cutaway in the front of her harem pantaloons had disclosed a shiny chastity belt. Now it displayed, just below her navel, a degrading tattoo of two green crossed scimitars and a black star – the Sheikh’s crest that she had seen prominently painted onto his private jet that had brought her and Stephan here.

Furthermore, just below the crest were humiliatingly tattooed several Arabic numerals: her registered number as an indentured servant. The same numbers, together with her harem name, Green, were engraved in Arabic lettering on one side of a disc hanging from a ring on the front of her collar. They were repeated in Western lettering on the other side of the disc. The Arabic numbers were also tattooed on the back of her right hand.

Below the numbers tattooed on her belly, where her prominent hairless beauty lips had been, was just a smooth stretch of skin and, lower down, between her legs, a small puckered orifice.

But they were not the only changes. Hanging down from her nose was a large degrading-looking and well polished brass ring that went round her mouth and down to her chin.

Moreover, the tips of each of her nipples, displayed between the sides of the stiff material of her bolero, had each been pierced with a gold ring. Pressing against this ring was the narrower end of an expanding gold coiled spring. The wider end of the springs pressed against the sides of the dark red aureoles of her breasts. Thus with one end of each coil pressing against the ring through her nipples and the other end of the coil pressing against her breasts, her nipples were pushed right out – and held there, being permanently stretched.

But even these nipple-stretching rings and coils were not all, for hanging from each ring was a slim golden chain that kept the breasts hanging unnaturally close together.

Zalu looked her up and down approvingly. He turned to Baza. ‘Good, time for her to meet her companions.’

Hidden under an all-enveloping and shapeless black burqa, through which was passed the dog lead, Baza drove led her out of the guest wing and down an air conditioned corridor of the palace past the Sheikh’s personal apartments. From under the burqa came the tinkling of manacles. Baza used his dog whip on her scarcely protected bottom to drive her on towards a strong-looking door guarded by powerful-looking giant Dinka Black Guard carrying a sub-machine gun.

Sarema realised, with a little shudder of fear that this had to be the door to the Sheikh’s harem. The guard exchanged greetings with Baza and unbolted the door which closed behind them with a resounding thud. She wondered when would she be allowed out through that door again ...

She found herself in another cool corridor, brightly lit by large windows that looked out onto a small, well tended garden with shaded winding paths and a kidney-shaped swimming pool.

The windows were heavily barred and on the other side of the garden was another high wall, beyond which could be seen the tops of distant mountains shimmering in the heat haze.

Looking down on her was a small CCTV television camera. She would later learn that similar cameras covered every room in the harem, even the bathrooms, as well as the garden and the swimming pool. There was no privacy anywhere in the harem. Even when out of sight of one of the eunuchs, a rare event, a woman would never be out of sight of one of the television cameras whose pictures were constantly recorded for later playback.

Furthermore the cameras were constantly being monitored by the eunuch on duty in the main harem room by day or in the darkened harem dormitory during the siesta hour and at night – when the two infra red cameras would display and record any attempted misbehaviour by a frustrated woman.

Baza took off her burqa and opened a door that led into a large airy room. A score of women were kneeling on a large carpet spread out on the tiled floor. They were chatting happily to each other, or using crayons to fill in children’s colouring books. There no books in sight – just some women’s fashion magazines, from which any pictures of men had been carefully removed.

‘Master not allow books in harems,’ explained Baza. He pointed to a text written on the wall in large golden Arabic writing and laughed. ‘That say: ‘For greatest pleasure, keep your slave girls with bodies of sensuous women but with minds of uneducated little girls.’

‘Oh!’

‘And Master not allow them see any magazines with pictures of other men – and no television or videos. Not knowing what is going on in outside world, women in harem just think only of Master – and of Master’s manhood.’

Dismayed, Sarema now saw that the women were all manacled, nose ringed, collared and dressed just like herself, but each in a different colour – except for two identical girls who were chained together by the neck, both dressed in crimson.

They were all occasionally glancing at the corner of the room where, discreetly watching over them, was a large eunuch holding a dog whip. Sarema recognised him as Okra, the burly eunuch who had so humiliatingly stripped her on the day of her arrival in the palace. He was seated at a raised desk. In front of him was a bank of small television screens and a much larger one on which he could display any particular picture that had attracted his attention.

Horried, she saw that half the women looked English, like herself, with blond hair and blue eyes. She recognised Mauve and Magenta, who a week earlier had reluctantly played such a humiliating part in her “trying out”, before the Sheikh had agreed to take her into his harem.

Seeing Sarema standing in the doorway, the women fell silent.

Baza unclipped Sarema’s dog lead and gave her a pat on her bottom with dog whip.

‘Go and run and join your future companions,’ he ordered in high pitched voiced. Then he pointed to a wooden screen high up in the wall. ‘And remember maybe your Master is watching.’

Sarema had been taught how she was to run in the harem and now ran towards the other women on the tips of her toes, with her arms held out stiffly away from her body. Was the Sheik secretly watching, she wondered. She must be making a charming yet humiliating sight.

Indeed, secretly watching the scene of his new acquisition being incarcerated in his harem, the Sheikh smiled approvingly.

He rang for Zalu.

Minutes later Sarema was kneeling on the carpet, between a compassionately smiling Mauve and Magenta, their milk filled breasts thrusting apart the sides of their stiff boleros.

‘Don’t worry,’ whispered Mauve, ‘we’ve all been through it – the shock of first finding yourself in the harem of the Master – and unable to believe that such a thing could really happen to a respectable Englishwoman in these modern times.’

‘Englishwomen?’ queried Sarema.

‘Yes,’ replied Magenta. ‘I’m Samantha Smythe, though we’re not supposed to use our real names in the harem – just our colour: Mauve and Magenta. I was a stockbroker in the City – once!’

‘Oh, how awful for you! But how many of you are English?’

‘Eight!’ replied Mauve. She pointed to the two girls chained together by the neck and both dressed in crimson. ‘Or ten if you include our two half Christian Lebanese twins.’

‘Well I’m half Lebanese too, though I was largely brought up in England. I’m married to a Lebanese Christian.’

‘So that makes eleven!’ exclaimed the two girls known as Crimson. ‘You must tell us about what’s happened in Beirut.’

‘And,’ cut in Mauve, ‘my real name is Louise Riddle, the wife of Jeremy Riddle, though he has no idea what has happened to me.’

‘Oh how dreadful! So some of you are married – like me?’

‘Oh yes,’ replied a young woman dressed in royal blue who had come over to join them. ‘My husband is Robin Seymour and I had thought that I was being taken by the handsome Master for a romantic trip on his yacht after he had rescued me from a white slave dealer, before being returned to my husband. But instead he brought me here.’

‘And some of us, like Scarlet and me, were divorcees before being tricked into this harem,’ added a very pretty woman dressed in white, pointing to another beautiful woman wearing scarlet.

‘Or were widowed,’ said a very attractive but slightly older woman dressed in Pink. ‘I’m Mona Milton and this is my daughter Diana or Pink Two, as we have to call her now.’

Sarema gasped as she saw that mother and daughter were both very pregnant, the curve of their bare tattooed bellies thrusting through the cutaways in their pantaloons – as did those of a couple of Egyptian-looking girls.

‘Or just an out of work actress,’ added a girl in beige, ‘who stupidly thought that she was being rescued by the Master from a so-called high class Arab brothel.’

So the conversation continued with Sarema learning to her horror more and more of what was in store for her in the harem and from the eunuchs. Meanwhile the other women were both fascinated and horrified to see what had been done to Sarema.

Pure White described to her how she had been “cut” when she was on the chain gang and how she believed that the Master, jealous that she had had an affair with an airline pilot, had organised it – before taking her into his harem.

Scarlet described how the mullahs of the so-called Morals Court had sentenced her to be “cut and trimmed” as a punishment for having had an affair with a married man.

‘But at least they left me with my outer lips,’ she said, eying Sarema’s smooth skin. ‘Of course, the eunuchs are delighted – it makes their job of preventing any of us from masturbating so much easier.’

‘Yes, the eunuchs are absolute swine,’ whispered Royal Blue, making sure that Okra could not hear. She pointed to him ‘He’s my personal overseer,’ she explained.

‘And mine, too,’ said Beige.

‘Personal overseer! What that does mean, for Heaven’s sake?’

‘Each of us has one of the eunuchs primarily responsible for her, for her state of training, for the pleasure she gives to the Master when he chooses, for her health and appearance and for punishing her with his dog whip when ever she is disobedient - unless your offence is so serious as to warrant getting the cane from Zalu himself,’ explained Royal Blue.

She pointed to the way Okra was tapping his dog whip against the palm of his hand.

‘And I can tell you that that dog whip can really sting when he beats you on the bottom,’ added Beige.

‘How embarrassing to be beaten on the bottom, like naughty child, by a man like that.’

‘Yes indeed, but the little pygmy boys are just as bad,’ said Pink One.

Sarema gave a little shiver, remembering how Zalu had said that little Baza was to be in charge of her.’

Royal Blue went on, ‘I don’t think that any of us will ever get used to being intimately supervised by the eunuchs – nor to having always to spend a penny or relieve ourselves under their close supervision – even in the middle of the night. It’s awful – as you’ll soon see!’

‘And they’re so proud of their positions,’ added Pure White. ‘If you ever answer one of them back, even one of the little pygmy boys, then you get the cane. So be careful to treat them always with respect.’

‘And they just love it when some of us are expectant,’ added Pink One. She pointed to the strange Arabic writing painted on her belly and on that of her daughter. ‘That’s the date of our mating – but in the Arabic calendar which we don’t understand.’

Pink Two looked sober. ‘It still wouldn’t help us to know how soon we are due, as there are no calendars in the harem.’

‘Yes,’ added Mauve, ‘the eunuchs just love to keep us in the dark about how soon we are due – none of our business, they say.’

‘And they also love to make us carry our progeny against our wishes,’ added Pink Two, pointing to the chain mail pouch locked over her beauty lips.

‘So that we can perform together on the dreadful harem double birthing chair.’ Pink One pointed nervously to the dreaded chair that stood prominently, as if waiting for them, in the centre of the room.

‘Yes,’ said the Crimson girls, ‘we both had to perform on it – and simultaneously, too.’

‘Oh how awful,’ exclaimed Sarema.

‘Yes,’ cut in Beige, ‘it’s something the rest of us simply can’t get out of our minds, even if we not expectant – yet!’

‘Yet?’ queried Sarema.

‘Yes, Royal Blue and I are terrified that Okra will persuade the Zalu and the Master to have us mated next.’

‘And,’ said Scarlet, ‘Pure White and I are equally terrified that our new young overseer, Yapu, will persuade them instead to have us mated next instead.’

‘Or perhaps us again,’ said one of the Crimson twins.

‘Or perhaps Magenta and I,’ added Mauve. ‘But perhaps they’ll surprise us all by having you mated!’

‘Oh my God,’ cried Sarema. ‘But what do you all mean by “mated”? Won’t the Master be the father?’

‘Oh, no! He won’t want to have a son from a despised Christian concubine,’ explained Magenta, ‘and it’s one of our personal overseer’s jobs to make sure that we don’t conceive by the Master.’

‘But if he’s not the father, why does he ... have you mated?’

‘Because, like other Arab men,’ one of the Egyptian dancing girls patted her swollen tummy and pointed to the big golden script on the wall, ‘that says "A well-curved belly enhances the beauty of a slavegirl," and he thinks a well-curved belly makes a girl look more beautiful and desirable.’

‘And is her natural state,’ added one of the Arab girls sadly.

‘He’s certainly found mother and I attractive all right,’ said young Pink Two, half proudly.

Mauve seemed angry as she said, ‘he really enjoys putting a girl, especially a reluctant English one, right through the traumas of a forced maternity – as Magenta and I learnt to our cost.’

‘And me and my daughter, too,’ added Pink One.

‘Oh!’ gasped Sarema. Then she asked: ‘But when do you see the Master?’

‘You’ll never know when he has chosen you for his pleasure. He looks down at us, hidden behind a screen,’ answered Pink One.

‘Or not until Zalu beckons you to follow him to the harem bathroom,’ added Pink Two.

‘To be washed out,’ commented Royal Blue,’ so as to be ready for his manhood.’

‘His lovely manhood as the eunuchs make us call it,’ added Beige.

‘And here in the harem, they make sure that it’s the main topic of conversation.’

‘Yes,’ Mauve agreed, ‘with no books or magazines allowed, and no writing materials, other than these wretched coloured crayons, there’s nothing else to do except talk about him and his manhood all day and to dream about them all night. We all know he’s a swine but we can’t help adoring him, for he’s the only man we ever see.’

‘And,’ said Magenta, ‘his manhood is our only source of pleasure, for the eunuchs make quite sure that we can’t get any pleasure from each other – or ourselves either.’

Pure White smiled. ‘I expect you’ll soon find that, like Scarlet and myself, even if you’ve no clitoris to give you pleasure it’s still terribly exciting to feel the Master’s manhood up inside you.’

‘I think and dream of nothing else, now,’ added Scarlet. ‘Which is one of the reasons why the Master was happy to have us “cut” – and you, too, presumably.’

‘But,’ Mauve joined in again, ‘I must warn you that, like many Arabs, the Master’s idea of pleasure is usually taking you up your bottom.’

‘Oh, no,’ cried Sarema, ‘not that!’

And so it went on with Sarema learning more and more about harem life and how each of them ended up in it. She had to tell them how she was being held as a hostage for her husband.

Nor was that all, for the two Crimson twins were thrilled at finding another half Lebanese woman in the harem and the Egyptian belly dancers and the other Arab girls all insisted on telling her their stories, too – and hearing, yet again, her own one too.

What all the women also wanted to hear from Sarema was up to date news of the outside world for, as Pure White sadly explained: ‘The eunuchs don’t allow us to see any newspapers or television – lest they would distract us from thinking only of the Master.’

Sarema was still chatting to her new-found companions under watchful eye of the burly Okra, when suddenly Zalu entered the room. The women all immediately jumped up and stood at attention in a line with their hands clasped behind their necks.

‘Quick,’ urged Scarlet, grasping Sarema by the hand, ‘stand up and show respect to the chief black eunuch.’

The women all stood stock still in silence, looking straight ahead. Zalu, waving his bamboo whip, looked them up and down. None of the women dared look at him. Okra was now standing behind them. They could hear him as he smacked his dog whip against his hand.

Zalu announced, ‘Your Master has decided that tonight he wants the services of ...’

The women all gave a sharp intake of breath.

‘...Green!’ shouted Zalu.

Immediately Sarema felt a sharp cut from Okra’s dog whip across her bottom.

‘Step forward!’ he ordered.

Blushing, Sarema hastily did so. There were jealous looks from the other women.

‘And Pure White!’

Julia de Freville stepped forward and stood along side Sarema. As she did so she called out: ‘Pure White thanks her kind Master for choosing her and promises she will give him much pleasure – or else she will deserve to be beaten.’

‘And Scarlet!’

Carolyn Everard also stepped forward, stood next to Sarema and Julia and also cried out ‘Scarlet thanks her kind Master for choosing her.’

‘Say it!’ she whispered to Sarema, glancing significantly at Okra’s raised dog whip

Hastily Sarema said the shame-making words.

‘To bathroom ... run!’ ordered Zalu.

The three women ran in the required harem way, to a doorway. Sarema found herself in another large, bright, tiled room with bars over the arabesque-shaped windows. Another open archway led into the harem dormitory. There was the strong sweet smell of jasmine.

Waiting for them were the pygmy Baza, the overseer of Scarlet and herself, and a young black eunuch called Yapu who was Pure White’s overseer. Evidently both were there to make certain their “protégées” were properly prepared for the Master’s bed. They were both carrying dog whips.

In the centre of the room was a huge bath and down one side a line of make-up tables like that in the chorus dressing room of a theatre. On another wall hung a line of lengths of rubber tubing, each connected to a large jar of a soapy-looking coloured liquid. At the end of each length tubing was a plastic tube with a small tap. Next to it was a table with several rubber douches lying on it, together with a large open pot of Vaseline.

In front of these was a line of named pots, like potties. She saw that one was already marked “Green”. Blushing, she could already guess its purpose. She remembered what Royal Blue had said about the concubines never being allowed to spend a penny or relieve themselves except under the humiliating supervision of their overseers or of another eunuch. In the corner was sluice like that in a hospital for emptying bed pans.

‘Pure White and Scarlet! Undress and kneel down over there,’ Yapu ordered, pointing to a table on which lay the douches.

‘And you, Green’ repeated Baza.

Carefully folding their harem dress, all three knelt down on all under the lengths of tubing. Sarema wondered what it was all about, but evidently her two companions knew only too well, for they were biting their lips as if anticipating what was coming.

Baza came behind her, took hold of one of the douches and started to anoint it with Vaseline. Suddenly she felt something greasy pressing against her new-found puckered orifice and then being firmly but gently pushed up inside her. The big rubber bulb of the douche was squeezed and she felt a soapy liquid being jetted up inside her. She was being douched – and by a pygmy boy!

Moments later all three women were sitting on the pots whilst their overseers stood over them.

But that was not all, for soon all three were again kneeling down on all fours, this time under the line of rubber tubing. This time it was the plastic tubes that were greased and Sarema felt one pressing against her rear entrance and then being firmly inserted.

Soon the little taps were opened and all three women made little moaning noises as they felt the soapy liquid in the raised large jar jetting inexorably up inside them ...

An hour later having been douched, washed out, bathed and again beautifully made up, the three women were dressed in their provocative harem dress. Their intimacies had been well oiled to assist the Sheikh’s manhood in penetrating them. The women had put on their white gloves, lest their bare hands might touch the Master’s body.

Zalu came and looked them over and then told Yapu and Baza to lead them into their Master’s bedroom and parade them before him at the foot of his bed ...

The Sheikh was sitting cross legged at the foot of his bed and admiring the three lovely half naked creatures being paraded, trembling, by their overseers before him. Yapu was holding Pure White and Scarlet by dog leads attached to their metal collars and Baza was similarly holding Sarema.

The Sheikh was a very virile man and much enjoyed regular sexual intercourse with his concubines – both his nervous English ones and his more passionate Arab ones. He only had to tell Zalu which ones he wanted – and they were produced for him. What more could a man want?

Baza and Yapu tapped their whips against the three women's thin harem pantaloons.

'Thrust bellies forward,' they ordered. 'Keep heads up and look straight ahead.'

The Sheikh leaned forward, enjoying the sight of his tattooed crests. He ran his hand down over the proffered bellies. Yes, they offered a fascinating contrast as well as being highly arousing.

He lowered his hands and parted Pure White's beauty lips, enjoying the sight of just a little scar where before had been the throbbing beauty bud that had been at the heart of her illicit affair with her airline pilot lover. This had, he remembered, been an affair which had caused him much jealousy – but his revenge had been very sweet: the lovely but wayward young woman had been "cut" and incarcerated in his harem.

He turned to Scarlet. Here the absence of any protruding inner beauty lips, as well as the beauty bud, gave even greater visual and mental satisfaction.

And now his new piece de résistance: Green's total absence of beauty lips and their replacement by delightfully smooth skin. He ran his hand down to her new little orifice. Yes, he thought, it seemed to be waiting to be penetrated. It even made him put aside his normal preference for the rear entrances of his delightfully horrified Englishwomen.

He turned to the two young eunuchs and, speaking in Arabic, gave certain orders, before going into his private bathroom to undress and take a shower – and to slip a certain new aphrodisiac into his mouth to melt under his tongue. The fact that this worked on his brain rather than directly on his manhood was suitable – for he would enjoy all the more imagining Green's future fate whilst penetrating her.

A few minutes later, the three women were lying stretched out on the large bed on their backs, over a long thick bolster that humiliatingly pushed their well-oiled intimacies up for the Sheikh's attention. Their manacled hands were fastened to the head of the bed and their ankles had been tied wide apart with silken scarves.

The two young eunuchs had retired discreetly into the shadows.

The Sheikh returned, wearing just a loose silken dressing. Raising her head, Sarema gasped as she saw he was holding a dog whip.

'Bellies up' he ordered, menacingly raising his dog whip. Scared, the women all strained to raise their tattooed tummies even higher.

The Sheik came down onto Pure White. His large firm manhood thrust at her beauty lips, already held apart for him by her outstretched legs. With one strong thrust he was up inside her. She gasped in pleasure. But she was only to serve as a preliminary appetiser, an hors-d'oeuvre, and a couple of minutes later he was up inside Scarlet. But she, too, was not to be the main course.

Soon his manhood was pressing against Sarema's tight, but well greased, little new orifice. Oh, the feeling was delicious. Wanting to draw out his pleasure, he deliberately delayed. Then slowly he pressed more firmly. The orifice opened and he slid in – and soon was fascinated

to feel Sarema moving to meet his thrusts. Clearly the removal of her clitoris and beauty lips might have eliminated masturbation, but had not affected her ability to respond.

PART IV – SON AND DAUGHTERS

12 – ARRIVAL AND INSPECTION BY DOCTOR MUSSI

After Sarema's very satisfactory indoctrination into harem life, Zalu took further steps.

Looking through Sarema's personal items, he found the addresses of the boarding schools where the girls and their brother stayed. He wrote two nice letters in the name of their mother asking them to come and join her in her new temporary home. Zalu enclosed the flight tickets to Cairo where he, acting as their mother's faithful servant, would pick them up.

Finally, the eunuch gave Sarema the letters to sign - without showing her their content, nor to whom they were addressed. She refused at first, but a caning delivered by Zalu himself broke her resistance and she finally signed, not of course knowing what exactly she was signing.

The Egypt Air Jumbo arrived exactly on time. Zalu was waiting by a glass partition that looked down into the baggage hall, looking for three teenagers travelling together. Finally, he spotted two strikingly pretty girls and a handsome youth, who fitted the description given him by Sarema. Hmm, he thought, not bad at all! More new white victims for the Sheikh – and all three in their late teens.

Moments later his future protégés were in the arrival hall, impatiently looking around for the person who was to meet them. The eunuch approached them and, bowing, said: 'You must be Sarema's children, aren't you?'

'Yes, we are' answered the older girl. 'I'm Julia; this is my sister Jane and my brother Kevin.'

'I very pleased to meet you. My name is Zalu and I take you to your mother. She waiting for you with greatest impatience.'

He then took girls' bags from them and ushered them all to a large black Lincoln limousine.

When they sat inside, he addressed them in very solemn voice.

'Egypt at moment affected by bad virus. Government of our country take it seriously. So we have very strict regulations about health and visitors - and every visitor must go through four days quarantine here in Egypt before being allowed on into our country.'

'Oh, Mummy didn't tell us anything about this quarantine,' said the younger girl.

'Quarantine only just imposed. But you not worry, I arrange we by-pass this regulation. Believe me, four days in the Cairo's General Hospital is not pleasant at all. But my very good friend, Doctor Mussi write you an official certificate that you are virus free and in good health. He willing to do this for His Highness.'

'His Highness?' queried Julia.

'His Highness, Sheikh Ali, in whose palace your mother staying.'

'A real Arab Prince!' gasped Jane with excitement.

'And staying in a palace!' murmured Julia.

'Sounds fun!' said Kevin. 'Maybe there'll be dancing girls!'

'Oh shut up, Kevin!' cried Julia. 'That sort of thing is all you ever think about.'

Zalu smiled to himself as he listened to this innocent and unsuspecting talk. 'But, you understand, he has to protect himself.' he continued, 'Doctor Mussi, he must first give you medical check up, just in case somebody in future checks his records. So, we drive to his clinic right away and there he will inspect you briefly. Then we will be immediately on our way to see your mother.'

The teenagers looked each other with certain dismay, but then the boy said, 'OK, Sir, we'll do as you say.'

The limousine brought them in less than half an hour to the smart residential part of Cairo. After passing through some impressive gates, they drove up to a white private clinic into which Zalu ushered them. All three teenagers found themselves in a comfortable waiting room.

Zalu then left them there, returning with a small Egyptian man. The contrast between those two was remarkable. Zalu was a huge powerful-looking Negro, over six feet tall, whilst the Egyptian barely came up to his chest. He was impeccably dressed, had a very pleasant and friendly face and grey hair. He could be in his late fifties.

'So, welcome to Egypt,' he said in fluent English in a friendly voice. 'Please don't worry. I'm just going to give you a short medical examination to confirm your healthy state. So, please will you, young man, follow me?'

Kevin hesitantly went with the doctor. Both girls were left in the waiting room with Zalu. To their surprise, Kevin returned from the doctor's office in less than twenty minutes. He was a bit red in the face but otherwise looked cheerful enough.

The two girls looked each other and Zalu said: 'Now your turn. You see your brother is safely back,' and turning to Kevin added: 'And it didn't even hurt, did it?'

'No, no! Not at all,' answered the boy.

The girls then went inside and an invisible hand closed the door behind them. Zalu browsed through a local newspaper, while watching the boy out of the corner of his eye. Kevin then sat looking with dreamy eyes out of the window. He was visiting Cairo for first time in his life and everything there was so exotic and at the same time so exciting.

The girls' medical took much longer than Kevin's. Even Zalu was getting slightly impatient. But then, almost after an hour, both maidens emerged from the door accompanied by the doctor.

'Well, Doctor Mussi, how did it go?' asked Zalu.

'Oh, everything is fine. All three of your guests are in perfect health. Their health certificates will be ready shortly and with a short report on each of them that I have dictated, together with my recommendations which I think will interest Sheikh Ali. If he agrees with those for the two girls, then I can come and implement them a two days' time – if your Master can send his jet to come and collect me and my operating equipment.'

'Oh I'm sure he'll be only too delighted,' replied Zalu.

Two hours later, the Sheikh's private jet took off from Cairo airport heading for his palace. The evening beauty of the vast desert below them astonished all three teenagers, as they enjoyed the jet's delicious food and drink.

However, they would have been even more astonished if they had seen the reports from Doctor Mussi that Zalu, sitting in the back of the plane, was quietly reading with increased interest.

13 – DOCTOR MUSSI’S REPORTS

Name: Kevin

Age: 19

Gender: male

Status: probably a male virgin

Observations:

A well-built developed teenage boy. He seems to be absolutely healthy. No anatomical anomalies found. At his peak of puberty. His reproductive organs are extremely well developed. His boyish appendage is in my opinion already fully grown, of above average size and weight. The manhood is not only long but also very thick for a white male of European descent.

Recommendations:

Excellent potential for breeding use. A sperm sample was taken and sperm count done. The specimen is not only extremely virile, but his seed is to be considered very potent. Will make an excellent stallion on any breeding farm.

‘Hm,’ thought Zalu. ‘Who would have thought this about such an innocent looking boy? Let’s see what our doctor has to say about the girls.’ He picked up the second page of the report.

Name: Julia

Age: 19

Gender: Female

Status: Virgin

Observations:

A typical girl in her late teens. Bodily built after her mother. Large breasts ready to be brought into milk. Relatively flat belly, but already now with certain stretching potential. For her age wide hips, I don’t see any problem for her to be mated immediately. Julia definitely inherited the abundance of her intimacies from her mother. Large beauty lips are thick, long but still covered with very soft and tender skin. Her small beauty lips are very large, in my opinion above average large and extremely protruding in between the large lips. In size, the beauty bud is in proportion to the beauty lips, therefore very large. When manually stimulated it even protrudes out from the slit.

Recommendations:

Julia is an ideal candidate for breeding. She seems to be in her prime and is now ready for a first maternity. I suggest artificially bringing her into milk before even before her mating. For aesthetic and moral reasons, I also strongly recommend that she is deprived of all her intimacies. They may pose some discipline problems and may also be in the way of proper

mating and, later on, daily progeny inspections. Cutting will change this potentially immoral and lecherous creature into an obedient filly. The same operation that was performed on her mother is recommended and the sooner the better.

Zalu was surprised by the accuracy and detailed work done by Doctor Mussi. He looked at the third sheet of paper.

Name: Jane

Age: A rather juvenile and under developed 18.

Gender: Female

Status: Virgin

Observations:

This girl is still in a pubescent stage. Her body has just started to change from girlish to that of a young woman. Breasts are undeveloped, yet, nipples still prepubescently inverted. But her breasts have considerable growing potential. Very flat belly. Some pubic hair. Her intimacies are different from her mother's and not only because of her age. Her outer labia are small and compact. The small inner lips are completely hidden inside the outer ones, as is her clitoris.

Recommendations:

Not yet recommended for breeding. Her virginal state should be safeguarded for the time being. Doubtless suitable employment can be found for her in personal attendance on her Master. To avoid the need to keep her locked into a chastity belt, whilst preventing her from masturbating, I recommend fitting her with one of my clitoral shields. This will also permit constant check on growing of the labia. I do not yet recommend cutting. However if the sensitive inner lips start to grow and protrude, then moderate trimming may be applied.

Zalu was smiled. Doctor Mussi was a real professional, who understood his job and was well worth the high fees that he charged the Master.

His ideas for using Kevin as a stud would certainly tickle the Sheikh's fancy. His suggestion to use Jane for the time being as a virginal personal body servant for the Sheikh, and to keep her pure, would also interest the Sheikh.

It was part of the folklore of eunuchs of how in the harems of the Sultans of Turkey a team of gedikli, or maids in waiting, were chosen from amongst the most beautiful virgins. They were responsible for dressing and bathing the Sultan, for doing his laundry and serving his food and coffee. They were also trained in playing the harp and singing. Yes, thought Zalu, here was more food for thought.

14 – A SAD REUNION – AND A DELIGHTED SHEIKH

Emerging from the plane after a smooth landing, the teenagers were hit by a blast of hot dry air. Zalu took them straight to the palace. What a difference! Inside the air was cool and

pleasant. A black servant ushered them into a large room and left. They didn't have to wait too long.

Suddenly the door opened and they saw their mother being led in by Zalu.

They hardly recognised her. She was wearing such different clothes. Although her manacles had been removed, they had never seen her dressed like a harem concubine in transparent full harem trousers cut away in the front and in a stiff bolero that displayed her ringed bosom and the gold coils that held her nipples thrust out. They were equally astonished to see that, following behind her, was a little pygmy boy.

There was a moment of perplexed silence in the room. Then the girls dashed to their mother with open arms followed closely by their brother. 'Mama, what is happening? Where are we? Why are you dressed so strangely?' The questions all poured out.

But before Sarema could give them any answers, Zalu raised his hand to call for silence.

'You are now in the palace of Sheikh Ali. Your mother she is Sheikh's guest and, from now on, so are you. In order to protect you all, you girls will stay in women's part of the palace, known here as harem. Kevin he will live in the other part of palace. You must all obey the harem rules. Your mother she will explain them to you. I now leave you now. You not see each other for some time, no? Have much to talk about!'

His words were marked with unmistakable mockery and irony.

He left, leaving Baza still standing by the door. As soon he had gone, the teenagers burst out, repeating all questions and ignoring Baza. Sarema started to cry.

'Oh my poor children. We are in hands of a cruel Sheikh. We are not guests here. No, we are more like hostages – prisoners.' She pointed to the pygmy boy. 'He's Baza and is particularly in charge of me.'

Both the girls and the boy listened her, appalled.

'Your stepfather and his family made some grave mistakes and lost the Sheikh a lot of money. Now the Sheikh has sent him to rectify those errors. We have to stay here until his return. And if he doesn't succeed, then God help us...'

Big tears were running down Sarema's cheeks. 'And what about you, my sweethearts?'

'We are OK, Mummy,' said Julia. 'This black man, Zalu, picked us up and because of the quarantine; we had to go to see a doctor'

'Quarantine? See a doctor? What doctor?' Sarema became pale 'Was he a short man with grey hair?'

'Yes, mother, he did look like that,' answered Kevin

'And was his name Doctor Mussi?' Sarema's voice revealed her worst worries.

'Oh yes, Mummy, that's what Zalu called him,' said the younger girl.

'My children, this is terrible, what did they do to you there?'

'Oh, nothing much, we just had to undress and he gave us a medical examine, like we get every half a year in our school,' answered both girls, seemingly unconcerned.

'Hmm, but something was different,' Jane remembered. 'The nurse there measured us both all over. She measured everything even between our ... '. The girl giggled and started to blush. 'But other than that, it was like at our school doctor's.'

'Kevin, what happened with you?' she turned to her son.

'Hmm, nothing really, Mum.'

But Sarema, knew her son too well not to guess that something unusual had happened. For one thing his face, all red and tearful eyes, betrayed him. But she did not have time to ask any

more questions as Zalu now returned, now dressed like a larger version of the pygmy boy in billowing red Turkish trousers, a white turban and an open waistcoat.

Two strange looking people followed him. One of them was an older Negro dressed like Zalu and the other one was an older woman covered in long all-enveloping black burqa. All that could be seen of her was her eyes and enough of her face to show that she was not black, but had dark skin.

Zalu then said: 'This is Akin. He take good care of your daughters. He give them good bath and let them sleep.'

Sarema blanched. But Zalu just laughed and then turning to Kevin added: 'And you, my boy, Sarba take care of you. So, let's go.' He clapped his hands and both of his assistants led their new charges away, leaving Sarema standing there crying bitterly.

'Don't cry, woman!' ordered Zalu in a harsh voice. 'They will stay here. You will be able to see them every day. Now go back to the harem.'

Akin took both girls to the Hamman, the guest wing baths. There he handed them over to the Negress bath attendants who, despite their hesitation, insisted on briskly stripping them naked. Both girls were thoroughly washed and taken to the harem barber, who expertly removed all their body hair.

Akin then came back to look both girls over. Horrified at what had happened and at having to stand naked in front of the Negro, they blushed with shame as he made them part their legs and clasp their hands behind their necks.

Akin looked them, carefully comparing the two youthful bodies. The older girl was coming into full womanhood, inheriting the full hips and ample breasts from her mother. Her younger sister, on the other hand, still had her small, pert, schoolgirl breasts. Her nipples, however, were surprisingly pointed.

Akin examined them between their parted legs. They were now both hairless and smooth. The beauty lips of the younger girl still had the perfectly closed innocent look of a teenager whilst in the case of the older sister, small inner lips protruded between her outer lips.

Well, thought Akin, knowing Zalu, the older girl won't be keeping those for long.

He then instructed them in his broken English about harem hygiene, their duties and all the rules that they had to obey.

Meanwhile watching this, hidden behind a two-way mirror and listening to every word were the Sheikh, who had previously just finished reading Doctor Mussi's reports, and Zalu.

'Excellent material!' remarked the Sheikh. 'I certainly agree with Doctor Mussi's recommendations. Yes, I think the older girl will make an ideal matched pair with her mother and the younger one a fine personal maid ...'

He stroked his beard thoughtfully.

'Yes ... See to it, Zalu. I'm going away for a couple of weeks on family business back in Shadek and this will give you time to have both girls ready on my return.'

15 – KEVIN

Meanwhile, Kevin had been taken to the other wing of the palace where he went through a similar procedure to his sisters.

His feminine overseer, Sarba, striped him nude and with the help of other two bath attendants, they washed him thoroughly. When they started to work on his manhood, it came into erection. Both bath girls began to giggle at the sight as Sarba skilfully rolled his foreskin back, baring a large purple gland. She looked it from both sides before she thoroughly cleaned it.

‘We must keep your manhood clean and will wash it every day. It must be in perfect condition.’

Sarba then took his heavy scrotum and, before she generously soaped it, she weighted the sac on the palm of her hand. Both bath girls were giggling again, jabbering something in Arabic. Next the girls turned him round, bending him over, whilst Sarba washed his back opening. In a quick movement, she inserted her middle finger inside his pink orifice, making Kevin gasp but she ignored his reaction.

Next the girls dried him with large and soft towels.

‘Boy,’ Sarba said in the broken English used by all the black harem servants. ‘I not lock you into male chastity belt for the moment. But you wear special underwear. If I see you somehow play with yourself, I have devices here which will calm your lust.’

She handed him a pair of pants made of shiny latex rubber. The legs came down half way to his knees. Kevin pulled them with difficulty as they were very tight. Despite having a small bulge for his manhood, they fitted so snugly that it would be impossible for him to have an erection.

Furthermore, he could not even touch his manhood for, to his embarrassment, Sarba fastened the pants round his waist with a small padlock. Nor could he get his hands up under the legs. There were, however, several little eyelets down between his legs to enable him to urinate – in a squatting position.

‘I will start your training right away,’ announced Sarba. ‘Follow me, boy.’

They went to the next room where Kevin had his biggest surprise. He found a large bed with two nude girls in it. They were sitting there, smiling.

‘First, you will learn how to please a woman.’

Sarba sat on the edge of the bed and Kevin got his first lesson. He had to learn how to satisfy a female with his fingers, with his tongue and how to massage her intimately.

After four hours of detailed lessons, he was taken to his room to rest. He needed sexual relief after so much excitement during the training, but was quite unable to get it. Not only did the rubber pants prevent him from having an erection but also from climaxing. Moreover, Sarba had pointed out a video camera placed in the upper corner of his bedroom that would quickly betray him if he tried to take off the rubber pants or try to slip his hand beneath them.

Sarba collected Kevin every morning. His training was detailed and very thorough.

One day she brought with her a young slave boy and Kevin also had to learn how to fully satisfy a person of his own gender.

16 – DOCTOR MUSSI TREATS JULIA AND JANE

‘Have you instructed them properly in the harem rules?’ asked Zalu.

‘Yes sir,’ replied Akin. ‘But, to make them more humble, I recommend that they should be given an introductory caning before Doctor Mussi arrives.’

‘Right, but perhaps it might be better if you did it, so that they learn to respect you,’ suggested Zalu.

Akin silently bowed his head. Moments later he took both girls into the Punishment Room where Zalu joined him. There, he bent them over a special frame that positioned the girls’ bottoms just right, with their hands held level with their heads and ankles held slightly apart.

Akin took a long flexible cane and started to deliver one well-aimed stroke after another. Julia received the first beating. She was proud and tried not to scream so each stroke accompanied by a muffled groan. When Akin had counted ten strokes, he went to the other girl, Jane. She started to cry and plead desperately.

‘Please don’t beat me, no, no please!’

Zalu silently nodded his head and Akin started to thrash her tender bottom, too. She also was given ten strokes, each leaving a pink mark on her skin.

When these introductory thrashings were over, Zalu turned to Akin.

‘Take both girls to the harem sick bay and fasten them down on the gynaecological couches ready for Doctor Mussi. He should be arriving at any moment now. Oh, and tell Baza to bring their mother and fasten her down, too.’

Zalu welcomed Doctor Mussi cordially. The doctor then introduced his anaesthetist.

‘I’ve brought him to make it easier to give these girls their treatments,’ he explained.

‘Hmm,’ said Doctor Mussi later, over a tiny cup of Turkish coffee, ‘so your Master has accepted my advice to give the elder daughter the same treatment as her mother?’

‘Yes,’ replied Zalu, ‘he trusts your vast knowledge and years of experience and very much likes the idea of both beauty lips looking the same. He’s away at present but is looking forward to seeing the transformation of the elder daughter on his return.’

‘That’ll be no problem my friend, no problem at all – thanks to my laser scalpel they will look identical.’

‘And he also welcomes my idea of using the younger girl as a personal maid-in-waiting-with her purity and chastity ensured?’

‘Oh, yes he was particularly tickled with that idea.’

‘Good, then we can make a start.’

After the doctor and his anaesthetist had sipped some more coffee and had prepared their equipment, Zalu ushered them into the harem sick bay where several other eunuchs had also come to watch – and to learn. Both daughters and their mother had already been stripped under Akin’s orders.

Coerced by into obedience by their beatings, Julia and Jane had been stripped and prepared for their respective treatments, lying on their backs with their hands fastened above their heads, ankles strapped to stirrups that held their legs well apart, knees bent. They had been muzzled to prevent them from calling out to each other or annoying Doctor Mussi. They were anxiously looking around the room, for they had been told what was going to happen.

Baza now led, on a lead, a naked and similarly muzzled Sarema and fastened her down on a couch between her daughters.

‘Excellent!’ murmured Doctor Mussi. ‘This will greatly help me to make sure that they both look alike.’

He went over to Julia and examined her, talking to Zalu and Akin as he compared her to her mother.

Julia listened and was getting more and more bewildered and perplexed. What are those two talking about? Same look as her mother? Laser scalpel? But these were words that made Sarema guess, with horror, what was going to happen.

But Julia had little time to wonder about what Doctor Mussi was going to do. First there came two little pricks on each side of her clitoris. Suddenly she started to feel as if the whole of that part of her body was numb. Then came a little prick into the back of her hand. She saw that Doctor Mussi was bending over her with a shining scalpel in his hand. Then she mercifully lost consciousness.

In less than half an hour it was all over. Julia has been treated in exactly the same way as her mother had been.

She gasped in horror as she raised her head and looked down at the now smooth stretch of skin with, below it, a small puckered entrance.

She gasped again she saw Doctor Mussi ran his hand down over this smooth piece of skin.

‘Yes, they look identical,’ he said with a smile.

Then he felt both closed orifices.

‘And feel alike, too!’

Then Julia saw that, as had been done to her mother, golden stretching rings and coils had been fitted to her nipples, together with a lightweight chain that kept her breasts artificially close together.

She sobbed as she realised that she had been made into one of the mysterious Sheikh’s concubines - just like her mother.

Jane had been horrified as, muzzled and held helpless, she had watched silently what was being done to her sister. She saw that Doctor Mussi was coming over to her, holding a little silver shield-shaped object with slightly flattened edges above, two tiny little holes on each side and another one at the tip of the shield. Scared stiff, she tried in vain to scream.

The anaesthetist gave her two little pricks, but this time they were not on either side of her clitoris but on either side of her outer lips. Then she, too, felt a little prick into the back of her hand and lost consciousness.

A little later she came to. Doctor Mussi and Zalu were looking down at her intimacies.

‘Well done!’ said Zalu.

Doctor Mussi smiled. The operation had been highly successful.

First he had used his laser to permanently remove any signs of pubic hair. Then he had closed the top ends of her beauty lips with two sets of silver barbells. He had pushed the shanks of the barbells through the little holes on either side of the shield, thus holding it in place raised over her clitoris with the flattened edges pressing against her skin. In addition, under the shield, the shanks of the barbells had pierced the girl’s two outer lips, which were thus held tightly together by the sides of the shield and by the barbells.

To hold it even more firmly over the girl’s clitoris, the shank of a much shorter third barbell, this time with black plastic balls on the ends, had been pushed through the little hole on the tip of the shield and down through the top tip of the girl’s outer lips.

Thus two silver barbells balls were in place on either side of the shield and a single black barbell ball was in place on the tip. There was no way that the girl could get at her clitoris to excite herself or masturbate.

But that was not all for lower down, two hollow black plastic rings had been inserted, one each side of her beauty lips and threaded through these rings was a larger silver ring which

hung down below her beauty lips and kept them closed. The ends of this ring had been brazed over and could not be removed.

Thus the combination of the shield and, lower down, the ring served as a simple form of chastity belt, ensuring her purity and her chastity – both of which were essential requirements for a Master's maid-in-waiting.

17 – TRAINING

'Wash him, Green Three,' ordered the big burly Akin, his red-tipped dog whip raised menacingly

Nervously Jane nodded and reached forward with a sponge towards the huge, erect, black manhood before which she was kneeling. She was horrified but the memory of the Introductory Thrashing that Akin had given her before she was operated on by Doctor Mussi drove away any thoughts of disobedience.

She was dressed, like her mother, in a green harem dress. Over her arm was a small folded white towel that gave her the appearance of a maid servant – as in fact she now was.

Repeatedly Akin made her practice washing the large black manhood and the heavy testicles. But that was not all, for Zalu then told the giant, hooded so that Jane did not see his face, nor him hers, to turn round and bend over. He was one of the Sheikh's Black Guards, borrowed by Zalu to give Jane practical training in the duties of a Maid in Waiting.

'Now clean him behind,' ordered Akin.

Biting her lips to overcome her natural disgust, Jane did as she was ordered.

Then she had to hold up a jar for the black giant to urinate into and then she had to empty it.

'All these are duties you must perform for the Master,' Akin said.

Earlier, in the Sheikh's dressing room, she had been made to practice undressing and dressing the Black Guard, neatly folding and putting away clothes and laying them out like a personal valet, and dressing him in night clothes.

She had to practice accompanying him to the adjoining bathroom, washing, bathing him and attending to his beard, as well as more intimate duties. She had also had to learn to serve coffee, little refreshments and sherbet – and whisky.

She had been shown where she would sleep: on a mat on the floor of her Master's bedroom, instantly and silently ready to refresh him from his love-making with his chosen concubines. Suppose these were her mother or her sister? How humiliating that would be! But she knew that she would still have to serve her Master, for Akin had made it clear that the slightest failure to serve the Sheikh humbly and obediently would result in another thrashing.

'You make good servant girl,' Akin had humiliatingly told her. 'White virgin servant girl for Arab Master, kept pure and unable to masturbate.'

Oh, how degrading it was to be spoken to like that by a eunuch. But what was now uppermost in her mind was how her mysterious Master would turn out to be – and what he would look like.

A subdued Julia, now just Green Two, had been horrified to find herself joining her mother in the harem. Like her mother, she had been shocked to see the expectant state of the other English mother and daughter, Pink One and Two as Mona and Julia were called.

However, she had been pleased to find a girl of her own age and background in the harem and the two of them, Julia and Diana, had become close friends.

Julia commiserated with Diana at being used for Breeding with her mother and at having to wear, below the hated crest and registered numbered tattooed on her belly, the chain mail pouch that was ensuring she carried her unwanted progeny through to a forthcoming delivery. She also learned what it was like to go through the joys and tribulations of maternity and to have to display daily, with her mother, their growing curved bellies to their cruel Master.

‘Do you think Mummy and I will also be mated?’ Julia asked her new friend, glancing nervously at the large figure of Okra who, as the supervising eunuch on duty, was quietly going round the room, his red-tipped dog whip in his hand.

‘Who knows?’ replied Diana. But then she pointed to a huge golden Arabic on the wall. ‘The pregnant Egyptian belly dancers say it means: “A well curved belly enhances the beauty of a slavegirl.” So we’re all supposed to look forward to being mated.’

‘Oh!’

Then she pointed to another script. ‘That one says: A harem is a poor place without a few well curved bellies on display to the Master.’ Yes it’s like a sword of Damocles hanging over us all. We never know who the Master and eunuchs are planning to have mated next.’

Diana in turn commiserated with Julia at having been subjected to a cutting. Just as the other women in the harem had earlier been astonished and appalled at the sight of the smooth stretch of skin that ran down below the crest and registered number tattooed on Sarema’s belly, so Diana was filled with astonishment and wonder at the sight below Julia’s similarly tattooed belly.

They would also constantly commiserate with each other over their loss of freedom and how they never even saw another man.

‘The eunuchs even tear out any picture of a young man from the children’s and fashion magazines that are all we allowed to read,’ Diana told Julia. ‘And,’ she added wistfully, ‘what I miss is going to dances and clubs and flirting with boyfriends.’

‘Well, in any case, there’s no chance of the eunuchs or the Master allowing you to flirt with boys – ever!’ laughed Diana with a bitter tone.

As the Sheikh was away, Julia would anxiously ask Diana about the Master she had not yet seen.

‘Oh, I’m sure that on his return he’ll quickly want to take your virginity.’

‘Oh my God!’

‘And you’ll then you and your mother will have to “perform together”, as the eunuchs call it.’

‘What! You mean Mummy and I will ...will have to ...’

‘Yes, my mother had to pleasure the Master whilst he took my virginity.’

‘Oh, no!’

‘And, even worse, we had to amuse him by exciting each other in front of him. We’re always being made to do just that – even in our present state.’

‘But I couldn’t do that!’

‘You’d be surprised how a few strokes of the cane can make you do anything that the eunuchs think will please the Master.’

Julia said nothing, remembering her dreadfully painful Introductory Thrashing.

Just then Zalu came into the harem. With him were little Baza and the huge Akin. The women all stopped talking and stood up respectfully.

‘Any problems, Okra?’ asked Zalu.

‘No, they’re all nicely subdued,’ was the reply.

‘Good!’

Then Zalu raised his silver tipped bamboo cane. There was the noise of numerous nervous intakes of breath from the women. Each was searching her memory for any way, perhaps inadvertently; she had broken one of the harem rules and was now going to be thrashed.

‘Green One – and Two’ Zalu called out. ‘To the training room – go!’

‘I think your training together is about to start,’ whispered Diana. ‘The Master must be about to return.’

18 – JULIA TAKEN

The scene was reminiscent of that when the Sheikh had taken Sarema. But whereas Sarema had been on her back, Julia was kneeling on the Sheikh’s large bed in on all fours. Furthermore, where Mauve and Magenta had been stretched out on either side of her, Sarema was kneeling behind her Master. Her tongue was pushed forward to trickle his rear entrance as he, in turn, thrust forward into the tight puckered little orifice, as the eunuchs called all that remained of Julia’s beauty lips.

Sarema felt utterly ashamed at having to assist the taking of her precious daughter. Only moments before she had to lick and suck her Master’s manhood into a firm erection, ready to take her daughter’s virginity. She had thought of refusing to do so, but with Baza standing by the side of the bed, tapping her bottom with his awful dog whip, what else could she do?

And the Sheikh himself? Oh yes, this is real ecstasy, he thought, as he pressed his manhood into Julia’s wriggling and excitingly tight little new orifice and felt her mother’s tongue behind him. He paused for a moment, coming up against the girl’s hymen. This was indeed a moment to enjoy and remember. Then there was a scream from Julia as, with a sudden thrust, he broke through and pushed his way right up her.

There was a little cry of protest from behind him, followed by the swish of Baza’s dog whip and another cry, this time of pain, followed by a humble, if reluctant, little voice.

‘Master, enjoy my daughter!’

PART V – KEVIN’S ODYSSEY

19 – A DISCREET ADVERTISEMENT AND ITS RESULT

After couple weeks, when Zalu felt that the white boy Kevin was fully trained and ready to be put into use, he decided to contact some of his other fellow chief black eunuchs, as well as certain slave dealers and give them a brief note.

YOUNG WHITE BOY FOR RENT

We offer a white teenager, slim, absolutely healthy, very virile and equipped with above average endowment. He is well trained, docile and obedient and eager to serve. Very knowledgeable in care of mature Mistresses, but can be also used for breeding purposes.

Short term contracts are preferable. Price to be negotiated.

He didn’t have to wait too long. In the next twenty-four hours, he was repeatedly contacted. The majority of his fellow chief black eunuchs were looking for something new for the entertainment of their bored masters. Two owners of male-only brothels were also interested.

Zalu excluded all these. He knew that this kind of rent out could end up with unhappy results. The boy could be injured and worn out. However one response really caught his eye. A middle-aged Arab widow had heard of the discreet advertisement and was looking for a little short-term divertissement. She also mentioned that she would like to try out his breeding qualities.

Zalu liked her style and answered her immediately, saying that the object was still available and could be readily seen. The woman seemed to be in a hurry and said that she would visit him in two days’ time.

Zalu made sure that everything was ready for the forthcoming presentation.

Leila, the widow, arrived in the palace in a large limousine driven by a huge Negro chauffeur. She was clad in a shapeless burqa with her face covered with a light veil. She was ushered to Zalu’s chamber. Only there did she remove her face cover for, of course, custom allowed a woman to bare her face only in front of her husband, her children, other women and of course eunuchs. She was in her forties, but in Zalu’s opinion, was still young looking.

‘Welcome to our palace, madam,’ said Zalu politely. He was always careful to treat upper class Arab ladies with respect.

‘Good morning,’ she answered. ‘I’m delighted to be able to come and see what you have on offer as I’ve been looking for something like this for several months.’

‘I hope our boy is just what you are looking for. He is really well endowed and properly trained in how to please a lady.’

‘Hmm, I am glad to hear that. I would also use him for breeding purposes.’

‘Also for breeding purposes?’ queried Zalu

‘Yes, you see I’ve been widowed for the last ten years. My late husband left me enough money to live in prosperity and comfort. And so as well as a relatively modest number of domestic servants, I also keep three young slave girls for my personal use. They bathe me and keep me company at my table. We go on trips together and last, but not least, they entertain

me in bed. So I've have got very used to being pleased by young females. But now, somehow, I've got a craving for young male flesh: long, thick and hard.'

The widow closed her eyes and lustfully licked her plump lips.

Visibly amused, Zalu answered: 'Of course madam, we live only once. Why shouldn't you try some variation?'

'Yes I will, but there is another reason for acquiring a young virile boy. You see, my girls are in their mid twenties and I have decided that it is time they experienced the joys of motherhood. I plan to let them be impregnated by my virile and handsome buck. Then, in future years, I shall have some young white flesh to amuse me in my old age – and of both genders.'

'What a splendid idea, madam. You have come to the right place, for I'm sure our young boy will fulfill your requirements – and perhaps more. Now, would you like to see him?'

Zalu opened the door, letting the widow go first. He wasn't often so polite to a woman. They walked along to the male part of the palace. There, in a lavishly decorated room, they found the boy. He stood on a low stage, dressed in a white short gown with his hands tied behind his back. He was blindfolded. As soon as the woman saw him, her eyes began to sparkle with lust.

She came and stood in front of the boy with Zalu standing at her side.

'Madam, this is Kevin. His mother is half-Arab from the Duria tribe and half-English, his father is a Lebanese Christian. He is in perfect health and naturally blond. Mother Nature was very generous to him and equipped him with a magnificent manhood. Le voila!'

Zalu briskly unfastened the sleeveless gown, leaving the boy stark naked. The widow's eyes almost popped out of her head.

'Oh my! By Mohammed, this is excellent. Oh, the length of this thing. Oh!' she exclaimed, evidently longing to run her hands over his body.

'Would you mind? It's so hot in here,' she said.

Without waiting for the eunuch's consent, she removed her burqa, revealing a simple black long dress. It was sleeveless with a deep décolleté which ended somewhere above her navel.

Zalu smiled and removed the blindfold. Now the boy could see that he was being displayed to a beautiful, if mature woman. Moved by the sight of her cleavage, his body reacted naturally and his manhood began to come into a massive erection. This, of course, elicited yet more enthusiastic remarks.

Zalu then took the boy by his waist and twice slowly turned him round to show him off. The widow was visibly excited.

Zalu was very pleased. This woman will definitely take him, he thought, she's like a bitch on heat.

'May I?' she asked in a trembling voice.

'Of course, madam,' said Zalu, checking that the boy's hands were still firmly tied behind his back. 'And, if you wish, you can even try him out more privately.'

'No, no, I shall keep that for later.'

The woman came up to the boy, who still standing up on the stage. She ran her soft plump hands all over his chest, then his belly, occasionally sliding onto his rounded buttocks. Then she bent over and gently seized the by now fully erect manhood in her right hand. Lifting it gently, she placed her left hand under his penis and knowingly weighted the huge sac. It was obvious that she wasn't handling a boy in this fashion for the first time.

Then she turned towards Zalu: 'So, as a Christian he's not been touched. Well, the better! I like normal manhoods. They can give a woman more pleasure,' commented the widow dreamily.

When the woman bent forward to handle his manhood, her garment opened and Kevin could see deep down to her décolleté. Two milk full, firm, white breasts were hanging there, swinging with her every move.

The widow then again moved her hand up and down over the highly erect manhood. Then it happened, for Zalu had told Sarba to keep the boy strictly pure for nearly a couple of weeks. Now he was released and being handled by a sexy-looking female. It was too much for him. He gasped and suddenly a huge plume of white sperm jetted out of his manhood.

The woman was slow to react and as she stood there, she received the main jet directly between her full breasts.

'Oh you filthy brat!' said Zalu angrily. 'I am so sorry, madam. But you know what it is with these young bucks, they are so virile and horny. You only have to touch them twice and it's all over.'

'No, no, everything is fine. It was a surprising and pleasant experience - and at least we now know that everything functions there properly,' answered the woman in an amused voice. 'I think I'd like to take him if the price is right.'

The negotiations took just less than ten minutes. Zalu called in two harem women, who cleaned the buyer up and two eunuchs, who took the boy to the next room. There he was tied and muzzled and then placed in a special chest. The chest had two handles on each side and was promptly carried to the palace station wagon and driven off by a uniformed chauffeur.

20 – THE WIDOW'S PET TOY-BOY

When both cars had arrived at the opulent house of the widow Leila, two of her servants carried the heavy basket into the house. There, the widow opened the lid, removed the boy's muzzle and told him to step out.

Kevin stood before her, stark naked. He didn't dare to move, not knowing where he was nor what was going to happen to him.

Leila took off her ugly, shapeless burqa again disclosing the well-cut black dress that showed off her voluptuous figure. She walked slowly round him a couple of times, hungrily looking at his youthful firm body and shamelessly eyeing his manhood, which was already again in a half erect state – thanks to the presence of such an attractive and sexy-looking woman.

'You will call me Madam, do you understand?' she said, speaking now in fluent English but with a cool, stern voice.

'Yes ...Madam,' answered Kevin respectfully.

'Good! You will have an easy and pleasant life here, so long, of course, as you obey my orders exactly and to the last letter. I punish any insubordination in my house. You will take orders only from me – and, of course, my eunuchs.'

Eunuchs, thought Kevin, why has she got any eunuchs? And what on earth have they to do with him? He wasn't a girl! But before he could think about that, his new Mistress came up and stood close to him, distracting him, her dress gently touching his protruding manhood.

‘Hmm, you are a naughty, naughty boy. It’s only a little while since you ejaculated and here you are ready to do so again! I am afraid I’m going to have to control your energy - and your lust. You’re here now for my pleasure alone and I’m not going to have you playing with yourself behind my back ... Luckily I have a way of keeping you nicely chaste, eager and strong. Something much more efficient than the latex pants you had to wear at the Sheikh’s palace. You’ll soon will be longing for relief, my boy.’

She clapped her hands and in came a large, powerful-looking black man dressed in a silken waistcoat and baggy Turkish trousers. His torso was oiled, highlighting his muscular arms and shoulders. On his shaven head was a red fez.

Goodness, thought Kevin with dismay, he looks rather like that awful Zalu, the Sheikh’s chief black eunuch. He was even carrying a long slender cane in one hand. Kevin’s partial arousal was now disappearing fast.

The man bowed to the widow. She nodded and he went to a large cabinet and took out a special harness made of leather with a strange, shiny, curved metal tube fastened to it. He held it out to Kevin who shrank back nervously.

‘Put it on!’ ordered his Mistress. Scared by the sight of the cane that the eunuch had raised menacingly, Kevin nervously took the harness. Horrified, he realised what it was for – for the shiny metal tube was curved downwards.

‘Go on, push your now soft little manhood through the tube,’ ordered Leila. She pointed at the big, strong man and laughed cruelly. ‘Or do you want my eunuch, Achmed, to do it for you? He’s going to be in charge of you, just as he is of my girls.’

Hesitantly Kevin began to push his totally deflated manhood through the tube. It was tight fit. When the end appeared, Achmed reached forward and pulled it so that the glans was now clear of the tube, leaving the shaft gripped by it.

Looking down, Kevin saw that below the base of the tube was a circular clasp that went round his testicles and on the sides were two short leather securing strap secured to a supporting belt that went round his waist and would be closed by a buckle in the small of his back.

Meanwhile Leila had drawn the belt taut over his hips and closed the buckle.

Achmed passed the circular clasp round behind the boy’s scrotum and closed it with a click.

Kevin’s testicles were now tightly held thrust forward, with the locked circular clasp preventing the curved tube, which was gripping his manhood, from being pulled off. His manhood itself was firmly held pointing downwards. He could only touch the end of it and not the more sensitive shaft.

He saw that there was a little keyhole in the front of the harness just above the top of the tube. Evidently if this was unlocked, the straps leading up to the harness would be released and so too would be the clasp that kept the tube in place over his manhood.

Then he felt sharp little points inside the tube. Goodness, he thought, they would stick into him if his penis ever tried to become erect inside the tube.

‘Yes,’ laughed his Mistress, ‘it will be very painful if your little manhood tries to have an erection inside the tube. And you’ll now never be able to play with yourself. You’re going to be kept nice and soft – locked up and ready for what ever I decide to do with you.’

The fact that the belt was not locked did not matter, he realised. It was only there for comfort, to take help take the weight of the metal tube and the locked circular ring behind his scrotum. It was this that prevented him from taking the harness off and freeing his manhood. His chastity, he realised, was assured.

He wondered whether perhaps it might be possible at least to straighten the tube. But he saw that welded onto the underside of the tube was a small, curved, strengthening bar, which would prevent the tube from being bent back upwards.

‘Now,’ laughed his Mistress, waving a little key that hung from her wrist, ‘you won’t be able to touch yourself. Nor, unless I unlock you, will you even be able to have an erection. So being put in with my lovely young girls here will not effect you – even if they’re stark naked. You won’t even be able to spend a penny standing like a man! But I’ll wash your little manhood myself every evening.’

She gave a cruel little laugh. Oh what fun it was to own your own pet stud and to keep his virility locked up for your own use only.

‘Now,’ she said, ‘Achmed is going to show you the dormitory where you’ll sleep together with my girls. The room is next to my bedroom and, like them; you’ll be at my disposition day and night. Every time you hear my bell ring I shall expect you to come running into my room – just like the girls do. The bed in the dormitory is big enough for you all, but you’ll find that, like you, they can’t misbehave either.’

Again she gave a cruel little laugh.

‘And, during the day you’ll join them in attending on me and keeping me company – my own personal young pageboy, to fetch and carry as I want.’

Appalled by what had been done to him on his Mistress’s instructions, Kevin let himself be led upstairs by the big eunuch. Achmed proudly opened a locked door.

The astonished Kevin found himself in an airy room, furnished sparsely with just a large bed and several Eastern carpets on which three very pretty half-naked young Arab girls were sitting. Seeing Achmed they all jumped up and stood respectfully silent in a line in front of him. They were all obviously equally astonished to see Kevin and their eyes were on stalks when they saw his tubed and helpless manhood, even though he was obviously younger than they were. But they were also nervously eying Achmed’s long whippy cane.

Like his mother, the girls just wore harem-like dresses of an open brocade bolero over their full breasts and painted nipples, together with transparent silken harem trouser with turned up Turkish slippers and pretty little brocade caps perched on the side of their heads over their carefully brushed dark long hair. Their eyes had been beautifully and identically made up, making them all look remarkably alike.

They made an erotic sight and Kevin could feel his manhood trying in vain to react. He gave a sudden little jump of pain as the little spikes inside the tube began to dig into his manhood. Within seconds it was soft again.

Achmed pointed to a dressing table on which make-up was laid out.

‘You make up, too,’ he said to Kevin. His English although often broken was markedly better than Zalu’s. ‘Mistress wants you look like girl – just like these girls. Same painted eyes and lips.’

Look like a girl, like these girls! Oh no, thought Kevin. But eying Achmed’s cane, just like the girls, he did no dare to say a word.

Achmed proudly walked down the line of motionless girls, adjusting the hang of one girl’s bolero and the angle of another’s brocade cap. Then he pointed to one end of the line.

‘You stand there . . . with girls,’ he said, pushing the naked and highly embarrassed Kevin into the line.

Then he ran an electric razor over Kevin’s nearly smooth chin and, going to a cupboard, he pulled out an embroidered bolero, just like the ones that the girls were wearing, together with a brocade cap and a pair of Turkish slippers. He handed them to Kevin.

‘You put on now,’ he ordered, ‘Mistress wants you to wear these in house. Like girls. Nothing else.’

Feeling a complete fool, Kevin dumbly pushed his arms through the armholes of the bolero, put on the little slippers and perched the girlish cap on his head. Oh, how embarrassing!

‘Now you sit at dressing table,’ said Achmed.

He turned to the girls and gave them an order in Arabic. Instantly they all crowded round the now seated boy, giggling and laughing. Whilst one busied herself outlining his eyes with black kohl, another was brushing his hair and the third was painting his lips and nipples with the same coloured lipstick as themselves.

Soon, to his horror, he saw a lovely Eastern houri looking back at him in the mirror – except for the little manhood that was thrust forward and kept pointing downwards.

Achmed grunted his satisfaction.

‘Yes you make nice girl now.’

The girls all hastily lined up again, pulling the embarrassed Kevin with them.

‘Remember,’ the eunuch said to him, ‘when you hear bell, you run with girls to that door and wait.’

He pointed to a large door across the room.

‘It has electronic lock, controlled by Mistress from bed or dressing table. When you hear it click and open, you too run into room with girls and stand at Attention with girls in front of Mistress, with your hands clasped behind your neck and wait for orders to pleasure her. Rest of time you stay in this room, unless Mistress wish to take girls out to garden for walk, or attend her in bath or serve coffee and sherbet to her and her friends. Then you go with girls.’

He pointed to the girls.

‘They Mistress’s pretty trained slavegirls, her body-servants. If they disobedient or not give pleasure properly they get my cane. You now Mistress’s pretty slave boy, her pageboy and body-servant too. You also soon learn to pleasure her, or you get my cane, too.’

Kevin gasped as the meaning of the eunuch’s words sank in: a body slave – just like these girls. How awful!

With that Achmed left the room carefully locking the door behind him.

There was a pause and then the three girls all rushed round Kevin, crying out to each other in Arabic and trying out their simple English on him.

It didn’t take long before the girls got bolder. They came close and first one of them very shyly touched him on his chest, the other one stroked his blond hair. The last girl plucked up her courage and, out of curiosity, touched the metal tube. She seemed to be fascinated by the open end, where Kevin’s gland peeked out, soft and helpless. The girls giggled and jabbered something very fast in their Arabic.

Then the oldest girl said in her broken English, ‘Look, we same as you’

She dropped her harem trousers showing Kevin a cleverly designed chastity belt.

‘Look!’ she said.

Kevin’s mouth fell wide open in astonishment. A rubber-lined metal belt that was locked round her slim waist supported a curved, Vee-shaped, metal grille over her intimacies. Her two companions followed her example and dropped their trousers as well. They too were locked in the same chastity belts

‘But ...’ he began

‘Look,’ she said, ‘ok spend penny through little grille, but we no can touch.’

‘No play, Mistress prohibit,’ added another girl sadly, with tears of frustration in her eyes.

‘Just like you,’ said the third one pointing to his tubed manhood.

Kevin could hardly believe it. He was about to live with three beautiful girls and yet he was not going to be able to have any sexual relations with them. Again he jumped with the pain as for a moment his manhood tried to swell inside the tube, before reverting again to soft helplessness. It was so terribly frustrating.

He hungrily looked at all the delightful plump breasts around him. And to make it worse the girls were all clearly excited by the sight of a male manhood, which they could see, but not use. Their nipples, painted like his, were all nicely erect. But there was nothing, absolutely nothing he could do about it. And to make it even worse, he himself was dressed and made-up like the girls, too. How awful!

Then Achmed entered the dormitory followed by two Negresses who brought in trays with lunch. Since no tables were installed in the room. Kevin lay on the bed with the girls and the Negresses placed the food trays between them.

21 – IN THE SERVICE OF HIS MISTRESS

Suddenly there was the sound of a bell. His mistress was calling them! The girls sprung out of bed, rushed to the make up table, straightened their hair and touched up their make-up. Hastily Kevin did the same. Then they all ran to the door to their Mistress’s bedroom.

There was click and the door opened. They went to the foot of the luxurious bed in which their Mistress was lying and lined up facing her, hands clasped behind their necks, breasts and painted nipples exposed.

How sexy and provocative she looked, thought Kevin, dressed as she was in just a silken nightdress that showed off her full bosom and the generous curves of her body. Terrified lest his manhood might try to react, he hastily averted his eyes.

Leila smiled knowingly. How exciting it was having a virile young boy kept sexually helpless - and dressed and made up like her girls. Oh yes, she was going to great fun with him all right – and keep him nicely frustrated, just like her girls.

‘I shall first take a bath,’ she said, speaking to them all. The girls ran to another door on the side of her room and respectfully held it open for their Mistress. Then they all followed her into her private bathroom. Kevin found himself doing the same.

Kevin gasped. The bath was a large sunken circle, surrounded by marble. Leila came to the side of the pool and waited.

‘Haven’t you been trained in bath duties, boy?’ she said, slightly irritated. Kevin nodded and then coming up behind her as he been trained to do, he gently removed the see-through garment. Leila turned around, completely naked and looked down at Kevin’s belt. Yes, it was keeping his manhood under control. Good!

Leila then went up to him and, taking the key that hung from a chain round her neck, inserted it into the lock in the harness. The tube slipped away, baring his still soft manhood.

‘Now keep it nice and soft or the belt goes on again, - and it’ll be Achmed’s cane for you, too,’ she warned. ‘I’m not going to have you insulting me by having any impure thoughts.’

Kevin was horrified. How on earth was he going to stop his now free manhood from reacting in the presence of so much naked female beauty? Frantically he tried to think of something else: logarithms or French irregular verbs!

Leila unlocked the chastity belts from the three girls; all four of her body servants were now completely naked. Kevin saw that the girls had all been depilated and the sight of their bare beauty lips made it impossible to keep his manhood soft. The girls were glancing at his now half rampant manhood, giggling and whispering something to each other.

Furious, Leila rang a little bell. Achmed entered, bowing, his cane ready in his hand as if he had anticipated what he had been sent for.

‘Beat him, Achmed, until he’s learnt to control himself.’

The huge eunuch grinned and gripping Kevin’s hair with one hand, made him bend over – facing his Mistress. He raised his cane and brought it down sharply across the boy’s bottom. Kevin cried out with the pain, all erotic thoughts gone. He felt his manhood collapse. Two more strokes followed.

‘That’s enough,’ said Leila, looking at the boy’s shrivelled and harmless little penis, ‘but stay nearby in case I need you again.’

Achmed bowed and left.

‘Come with me,’ said Leila to her body-servants. They all entered the shallow pool. Leila lay back and ordered the kneeling boy to give her a thorough wash.

‘Be careful,’ she warned him, ‘or I’ll call in Achmed again,’

Kevin fearfully nodded his head, desperately trying to keep his manhood soft. Then he took a large sponge and begun to soap her voluptuous body down from the neck, whilst keeping his thoughts pure. It was so difficult. When he started to bathe and massage her big firm breasts, he thought he would explode without even touching himself.

‘I’m watching you, boy,’ she said, noticing how he was catching his breath and panting. ‘I warn you. If you climax, you will be whipped!’

Kevin closed his eyes so that he didn’t have to look at the lovely large breasts quivering before his eyes. Despite his desperate efforts, his manhood was now fully erect and protruding out from his lean body. The worst thing was when Leila turned and touched it with her soapy body. His hands ran down over her belly and she turned over so that he could wash her soft opulent bottom cheeks.

Then it was the difficult part again. Leila’s intimacies were clean-shaven and her Mound of Venus was as smooth as velvet. She came and stood at the edge of the pool and, placing her foot on the top, opened her legs in order to be properly washed. Kevin then wanted to close his eyes, but if he did so, how could he wash her properly?

Noticing his excitement. Leila said: ‘No, boy, let one of my girls to wash me there. You can then dry it with your tongue.’

Kevin gladly handed the sponge to one of the girls. She started to wash her Mistress between her legs. Under the girl’s administration, Leila’s beauty lips started to become swollen and their colour changed to a darker red.

Kevin stood aside, curiously watching how the girl knowingly soaped her mistress. He couldn’t believe his eyes, for Leila possessed a magnificent set of beauty lips. Between them now protruded a strangely long beauty bud. He had only seen a couple of women nude before and neither of them had so shamelessly offered her nude charms to him. Again, the excitement was rising and he thought that he would climax just watching this highly erotic theatre.

Again he tried to think about other things: about how he had broken his wrist two years ago. The memory of that pain helped him to cool down. He could feel his penis drooping. He briefly glanced at his Mistress. Her eyes were closed now and she was crying out with little gasps of passion. Soon she started to shake violently, digging her long nails into the girl’s back. And then it was over.

She stood up, legs apart and beckoned over another girl.

‘Kneel, girl, kneel!’ she ordered. ‘Hands behind your back! Tongue out! . . . Now lick me dry.’

She clasped the girl by the head, holding her to her body. Suddenly she thrust the girl away and pointed at Kevin.

‘You now,’ she ordered, ‘but first put your belt back on. Yes, I think your manhood has had quite enough freedom. I want it back in its cage! Hurry up or I’ll call Achmed to do it.’

It was lucky for Kevin that he had been trying so hard to keep his manhood soft. He able to slip it quickly back down into the curved tube. Hastily he passed the clasp behind his testicles and locked it with a click.

‘Yes, nice and helpless now,’ laughed his Mistress as she fastened the belt behind his back. ‘Now you lick me dry!’

Seconds later Kevin, his manhood innocently curved downwards in front of him, was kneeling at her feet, hands clasped behind him and head held to his Mistress’s body. He could taste his Mistress’s juices.

Leila looked down at the boy kneeling at her feet. Oh how exciting it was, being licked by a virile young man, his manhood held pointing innocently downward. Oh, frustrated he must be feeling! She loved keeping her girls frustrated and now she had an equally frustrated and good-looking boy as well. What a feeling of power it gave her! Oh how exciting it was!

‘Get your tongue right up,’ Kevin heard her order in a hoarse voice, ‘or I’ll get Achmed to make you do so with his cane.’

Suddenly she reached down and clasped his face to her intimacies.

‘Lick it! Lick it’ she cried as she climaxed into the boy’s mouth.

Leila told her body-servants to follow her to her bedroom. They were to made wait, kneeling on all fours on her huge bed whilst Leila went to her walk-in clothes cupboard.

Two minutes later she returned. Kevin simply could not then believe his eyes. Leila was still nude, but around her hips, she had attached a black leather belt with an enormous pink dildo proudly projecting from the front. But that was not all for hanging below the artificial penis were a pair of large and realistic-looking artificial testicles.

All the girls must, he realised, have had some experience with this, because they started to moan in a mixture of excitement and fear.

Leila joined them on the bed where the girls now raised their hips and lowered their heads whilst keeping their eyes looking ahead. Holding a pot of grease, she went down the line of presented bottoms, putting a dab of grease on each tight little rear entrance.

‘And you, boy!’ she ordered. Seconds later he felt his own rear entrance being greased, too. He was appalled.

‘Come behind me, boy, and lick me!’ she ordered.

Nervously Kevin obeyed her. Perhaps after all he was not going to suffer the humiliation of being sodomised by a woman.

One after the other, Leila slowly and deliberately thrust up each girl’s rear entrance, arousing herself to greater and greater peaks of excitement as she felt the boy’s hot little tongue licking her from behind. Oh the excitement of playing the male role on a helpless girl!

Then with each girl, just as she felt her climax arriving, she reached down and gave a gentle squeeze to the heavy artificial testicles hanging below her. A little jet of warm milk mixed with burning camphor shot into the girl, making her cry out and wriggle desperately with pain.

The wriggling of the girl was transmitted down the dildo to her Mistress's own beauty bud, arousing her yet more and mixing with the equally arousing tongue of her boy body-servant to bring to her a climax.

'You, too, boy!' he suddenly heard his Mistress order, 'unless you want me to call in Achmed to cane you again.'

Desperately humiliated, Kevin now joined the line of kneeling girls, whilst one of the girls replaced him in licking his Mistress from behind. He, too, now thrust up his hips and lowered his head, whilst looking straight ahead. He could feel his little manhood being kept soft and curved hanging down beneath him. Oh, the feeling of degradation.

Then he felt his Mistress's dildo pressing against his rear entrance. Oh God!

Soon the dildo was thrusting in and out of him, too. He could feel his Mistress becoming more and more excited yet again. Suddenly he, too, felt a little jet of milk and camphor shooting into him and cried out with the burning pain. He found himself wriggling like mad, humiliatingly bringing his Mistress to her climax.

The satiated Leila now rang for Achmed.

'Lock them up, back in the dormitory whilst I have a sleep,' she told him. 'But first put the belts back on the girls. The boy's got his back on already.'

22 – ANOTHER HUMILIATING ORGY

Back in the dormitory, Achmed made the girls put in their chastity belts again and checked that Kevin's was on properly, too.

Satisfied with their state of sexual helplessness, he made them all have a shower together. Except for their chastity belts they were all still naked. The feeling of the girls excitedly rubbing their slippery, soapy, naked bodies up against his, made Kevin feel more frustrated than ever. Indeed, he realised not only had his Mistress denied him any relief, but her girls, too.

Then to make it worse, Achmed made them, Kevin included, put on short nightdresses and get in the big bed together.

'You all have little siesta,' he said turning off the light. 'Maybe Mistress want you again when she wake up.'

'I so want you,' whispered the pretty Arab girl lying on Kevin's right. She put her hand down to the unyielding grille that guarded her beauty lips and then onto the curved little tube that kept Kevin's manhood imprisoned. 'So unfair!'

It was a sentiment that Kevin shared as he lay helpless and impotent in the bed. He could not sleep, for the girls lay close to him, one pressing her breasts on his back and the others on other parts of his body. He tried to react naturally, but the little spikes in the tube kept pressing painfully into his manhood. Desperately he tried to think of other things: anything to keep his member soft. How humiliating it was for him, a virile young boy, to be dressed like a girl, to be put into bed with some lovely girls whilst his manhood was kept helpless.

He lay in the large bed and closed his eyes, thinking about the strange things that happen to him and his sisters in the last couple of weeks. Finally he went into a half sleeping and half-dreaming doze.

Suddenly the bell rang again.

Their Mistress had awakened feeling refreshed and revived. She now wanted her four body-servants to bathe her again.

Once again they all had to suffer the excruciating frustration of having their chastity belts removed whilst they washed and dried her. Again they had to follow her back into the bedroom and to kneel expectantly on their Mistress's big bed, whilst she went off to fasten her dreaded dildo over her beauty lips.

Returning, she unceremoniously she threw one of the girls onto her back and telling her to pull her knees back up to her breasts. Then she positioned Kevin also on his back with his head immediately behind the girl's raised bottom cheeks. She thrust into the girl, sitting directly over his face. Her intimacies were dripping with her arousal.

'Lick, boy, lick!' she screamed, 'Or it'll be the cane again.'

Kevin realised what she wanted. Having been trained in the art of satisfying a woman orally, he begun to lick up at his Mistress's rear entrance, desperately trying to keep his exposed manhood soft. Leila was like a mare in heat, or perhaps more like a stallion mounting a mare. Vigorously she copulated with the girl, whilst the other two girls, evidently well trained in their duties, each took one her fully erected nipples in their mouth, sucking them hard.

Leila was now being serviced by three of her body-servants whilst venting her lust on a fourth one.

Then suddenly she gave her dildo belt to one of the girls, who quickly strapped it on. Lying on her back, she positioned Kevin directly between her legs. A second girl took his now erect and swollen manhood and inserted it between the aroused beauty lips of their Mistress.

'Slowly, boy, slowly! Don't come too fast, or else ...' said Leila. Whilst another of the girls spread his boyish buttocks, the raven haired girl then knelt behind Kevin and placed the tip of the still wet dildo directly over the boy's own little pink rear orifice. The girl pushed and, although the device was quite large, it quickly penetrated the rear opening that his Mistress had stretched earlier on.

'You thrust every time you feel the girl thrust into you,' she ordered.

Kevin was horribly embarrassed at being made to perform like this – just like an animal. But before long he could not help getting into a frenzy of excitement. His body rose and stiffened and in the next second, he erupted into his Mistress.

But Leila was still not satisfied. She drew out from her bedside table another strange device, which was something Kevin had not seen before. She strapped it over the head and mouth of one of the girls like a muzzle. Protruding in front of her mouth was a large black rubber dildo – an exact replica of a Negro's organ.

Leila thrust the girl down between her raised and parted legs. Steering the dildo with her head the girl carefully slipped it into her Mistress, something she clearly had been made to practise doing in the past.

Nor were the other two girls were sitting there idle. One took good care of Leila's nipples, while the second girl inserted the other dildo into the oral serving girl's back orifice, making her thrust with her head in and out in time with the dildo up her rear. It was a highly erotic sight for the Mistress.

Kevin was left to relax for a minute, whilst Leila played with his rapidly recovering manhood. Then Leila climaxed again. This time her climax was so strong, probably because the girl had cleverly stimulated herself, that she almost ejaculated like a man, splashing the face and head of her body servant.

Seeing that Kevin's manhood was now coming into erection again, she cruelly replaced his chastity tube. She laughed as she saw his that his manhood was now held curving downwards.

‘Yes,’ she laughed, ‘you thought that you’d be allowed to climax again. But you’re not! Instead you’re going to pleasure your Mistress like this girl has just done and whilst I shall know that your manhood is held nicely frustrated and helpless.’

Kevin did not at first understand what she meant. But he soon did when she took the harness off the head of the girl and placed it over his own head and mouth.

‘Now it’s your turn, boy,’ she said, picking up a long whippy cane, just like Achmed’s. ‘And, if you don’t do it properly, you’ll get the cane just as the girls did when I was teaching them to perform.’

Soon she was looking down, laughing as, using her cane, she made the boy use his mouth to thrust the dildo in and out and to wobble it around to yet further excite her.

‘Now sit up,’ she ordered. The boy withdrew and knelt up. Yes, there was his little manhood, held helpless and curving down. It was a sight that further excited her.

‘Back again,’ she ordered. Soon she was again using her cane to make him bring her to a last devastating climax.

And then it was all over. Leila stayed in bed to relax, sending Kevin and his companions back to their room – but not before she had made sure that they were securely locked into their chastity belts.

23 – MADE TO PERFORM

It was three days later.

It had been three days in which Leila had kept Kevin’s chastity belt firmly locked on him. For her pleasure, she had only used her girls and Kevin’s tongue.

She had, however, frequently and admiringly and yet rather mysteriously, inspected and stroked his bulging testicles. Evidently she had been checking that they were full again after that his great eruption into her. The boy, she reckoned, being so young and virile should soon be ready for action again but she had wanted to be sure, for the action she now envisaged was of a more serious type.

That day Achmed had taken the girls away, leaving him alone in the dormitory.

In the evening, a Negress entered Kevin’s room, waking him up. She brought a tray full of plates with delicious smelling food. Kevin started to eat, while the Negress waited in the corner with an expressionless face. After the meal, she took the tray and left him alone.

A few minutes later, Achmed came and took Kevin to a bathroom. There, he put him under a shower and washed him all over, except for that part of him covered by his chastity tube.

When the white boy was cleaned up, combed and perfumed, they both went to another chamber. His Mistress was already there waiting for him. She was sitting on a large comfortable chair. On each side of this chair stood a gorgeous girl. They were two of Kevin’s companions.

On a long sofa opposite Leila’s chair were other Arab ladies. They were in their late twenties, very attractively made up and dressed in similar very loose garments. One was a dyed blond, one was raven-haired and the third had dark hair.

Leila, noticing Kevin’s bewildered looks, smiled and explained: ‘These are my closest girlfriends. Their husbands have all gone off on business trips and they are so bored. So, I invited them to see your first performance. They may even borrow you for a day ...’

Kevin looked more surprised than ever. What first performance? Borrow him? What for?

But the biggest surprise waiting for Kevin was when his Mistress got up and drew back a curtain on one of the walls. A naked girl was standing there with her luscious bottom towards them. She was bent over with the top of her body thrust through a padded circular hole in the wall, apparently into another room.

Her legs were wide spread and her ankles tied to rings at the foot of the wall. This position clearly exposed her intimacies to all in their room.

Leila gestured to Achmed, who produced a cane and started to beat the nude bottom. Everybody could hear the faint screams and weeping coming from the other room.

After five minutes or so, when the cheeks were a bright red, Leila stopped the Negro. She came to the girl and, gently stroking the skin she said; 'Yes, this is very nice. She's now properly warmed up.'

She turned to her friends. 'You see a good beating is the best way to ensure a successful conception.'

Both girls on each side of the Leila's chair looked at each other with undisguised shock. But Leila addressed them with a wicked smile: 'Yes, girls, it is time for you to start experiencing the joys of motherhood. And I will be only too happy to have some nice little curved bellies in my harem of body-servants.'

Ignoring their looks of horror, she continued: 'And one more thing, let's prepare the entrance for a smooth insertion.'

Snapping her fingers at one of the Negresses, Leila rose and went over to the displayed naked rear.

The Negress had a small silver tray with some green plants on it. She took one of the plants with a hand protected by a fine leather glove and started to lash the displayed beauty lips with it. More faint cries and screams came from the other room. The poor girl tried to writhe and to toss her lower body about to escape the treatment she was being given, but this proved to be in vain because of her tied ankles.

Kevin recognised the plants that the Negress was using - freshly cut nettles.

Leila stopped the Negress every minute or so to inspect the effect of this treatment. It was not long before both beauty lips were very swollen and coloured a darker red. It was enough! She turned to Kevin.

'Come here, boy! Let's liberate your beautiful tool of fertility.' Leila removed the little key from her neck and unlocked his chastity belt. Excited by the scene, within moments Kevin's frustrated manhood was almost fully erect.

Leila led him to the parted bottom cheeks of the girl. There, checking that their intimacies were at the same height, she took hold of his manhood and carefully guided it into the displayed beauty lips.

Only now did Kevin see the full impact of the nettle thrashing. The outer beauty lips were extremely puffed up, swollen and unusually thick and the inner lips protruded grossly out between them. Above this was the tumid button of the beauty bud. Everything was dark red and much bigger than one would expect from a woman in her early twenties. Leila apparently left her girls as uncircumcised as they were when she first tricked them into coming into her service as indentured servants.

'You be careful and gentle,' she said sternly. 'You are here to perform as a stallion and not to enjoy yourself. And don't you dare scratch her, I don't like any marks on her body.'

She smacked his boyish buttocks vigorously, forcing him to enter into the girl. But then he stopped, afraid to go further and unwilling to rape a reluctant girl. Leila had

anticipated this. She produced a small whip made out of narrow strips of leather and then beat him. With every stroke it made him thrust forwards deeper into the crying girl. Soon he seemed about to climax.

‘Not so fast boy, we want to have a little entertainment,’ laughed Leila, putting aside her whip. Achmed and the Negresses grinned, their white teeth contrasting with their black faces. So too did the guests, whilst the two girls silently watched, in horror, what was being done to their friend. Leila turned to them.

‘Look carefully you two,’ she said. ‘Tomorrow it will be your turn. Yes, thanks to synchronising your monthly cycles all three of you are now ready to conceive. And unlike me you’re not on the pill so the seed will do its work unimpeded! I’ll just love to have three swollen bellies in my house at the same time. Achmed has had experience of dealing with reluctant young mothers and he’ll make certain you carry your progeny right up to delivery – whether you like it or not.’

Achmed politely bowed his head.

‘Yes Madam, I have had much experience in the field, having worked for many years on a secret white slave farm in Anatolia, breeding white girls for sale to the slave dealers who still operate in Arabia and North Africa.’

‘Good!’ laughed Leila.

‘But Madam,’ said the eunuch, speaking in fluent Arabic, ‘may I suggest something?’

‘Of course,’ replied Leila.

‘Madam, I would humbly suggest that we should modify our mothers-to-be before delivery, or better still right after the conception is confirmed. It was very common on the farm that our white brood mares, as we called them, were deprived of the ability to masturbate by snipping off their beauty buds and their inner lips were trimmed back as well. Breeding women don’t need them and, from my point of view, they just get in the way. Believe me, for a gynaecological inspection and the actual delivery it is much better and easier to have well trimmed intimacies.’

Leila’s girlfriends look at each other and giggled but both girls gasped in horror. They knew about how Middle Eastern men enjoyed circumcising girls, but they had thought that being acquired by a woman, they had somehow escaped this dreadful destiny.

Leila contemplated the idea for a minute or so and then nonchalantly answered.

‘Not a bad idea at all, I will think about it. How did you arrange it on the farm?’

‘Madam, in the beginning we were taking all the girls to a near by village to an old crone who use to trim them for us. But the transport and other details all proved to be too complicated. So the owner of the farm sent me to a special clinic where in two months I learnt all the tricks of the trade for it is really very simple. I don’t want to boast, Madam, but I have a certificate showing that I am an accomplished circumciser.’

‘Very good, so I hired a specialist in you, did I? Excellent! But now let’s get on with the job in hand.’

‘Wait, my dear,’ interrupted Leila’s blond friend. ‘This is very interesting. I was just thinking of having my own female servants done. Yes, all. I have noticed that they seem to play with themselves whenever they think no one is watching. Just a couple of days ago, I came unexpectedly into the kitchen and what did I find there? Two of my teenage kitchen helpers engaged in licking each other. The cook had gone to the market, they were left free and ... they misbehaved.’

The raven-haired woman joined in.

‘Oh you are absolutely right,’ she said in casual tone of voice. ‘I like to have all my servants cut. If I hire a new one, I inspect her personally to see just what they still have and

what they don't. Black girls are mostly cut before puberty, but not Europeans, Indians and Filipinos, not so.'

'So you don't hire them?' asked Leila

'Of course, I do,' laughed the woman. 'I just take them to my doctor for a medical. The doctor gives them a shot, telling them this is a vaccine and when they fall asleep, he removes their beauty buds and trims back the inner lips – the naughty flesh as he calls it. You won't believe how orderly my household functions now since I introduced this simple, but very effective measure.'

The blond lady then turned to Leila. 'Darling, could you send Achmed to my house next week, please? Just for a day! I think he can manage everything in couple of hours.'

'Of course I can. Just let me know the day. But now, we have to go back to our boy here, I think he won't last too much longer.'

Leila began to beat Kevin's buttocks once more. Then suddenly, she ordered him to stop. He obeyed very hesitantly. Leila bent down and peered.

'I must see if everything is in the right place and if your manhood is properly inside. Good, that's my boy! Now, carry on. Perhaps you need some more stimulation?'

She snapped her fingers and one of the Negresses, sat down at Kevin's feet and taking his scrotum firmly in her hands, started to fondle them almost passionately and this brought an unexpected result. In less than a minute, the boy started to breathe fast. Leila gave him a sharp stroke with her special whip ... And then it happened.

Watching carefully, Leila pressed both hands on the boy's buttocks making the manhood stay fully inserted for the full time of ejaculation. Nobody moved for a minute, nobody even spoke.

Then Leila pulled the boy back. His manhood slipped out with a loud smack, making the guests smile. One of the Negresses came up, carrying a small washbasin. She carefully washed the half-flaccid penis with a pink sponge. Then Leila replaced the boy's chastity belt again, locking it carefully before letting the Negresses take him back to the dormitory for a well-deserved rest.

Meanwhile the girl was left tied down: 'To let the fertilising sperm run down into her,' explained Leila.

She turned to the other two girls. 'Bring some coffee and cakes for my guests, ' she ordered, 'whilst we discuss our friend's fertilisation.'

Finally, after half an hour, Achmed released the girl but also quickly replaced her chastity belt so that she could not try to wash out the fertilising seed.

PART VI – TWO UNWANTED MATERNITIES

24 – SAREMA AND JULIA ARE HONOURED

Although they did not know it, this was to be the most important day in the life of both Sarema and Julia. They were going to be mated – for the amusement of their Master.

That morning, Zalu came to the harem and led them to the harems steam baths, where Baza and Akin were waiting for them. Under Zalu's supervision, they scrubbed Sarema and Julia in the bath and then placed them on a massage table, where they massaged their breasts with special cream and then, armed with tweezers, pulled out every superficial hair from between their legs.

They were both dressed in simple tunics. Their faces were made up and their hair brushed. Then, blindfolded and muzzled, they were taken, unknown to them, to the mating room where Zalu tied them kneeling on all fours alongside each other over a special double mating stool. They both felt something strange being dropped over the small of their back.

Each could hear that somebody was next to her. Who, she wondered, and why? Then suddenly they heard the door open. Several people seemed to enter the room. They thought that they could make out at least five different voices - one of them unmistakably belonging to the Sheikh. There was the noise of chairs being moved only a few feet away. There was a pause and then each felt Zalu's hand as he removed her blindfold.

Looking around, Sarema gasped in surprise. There was her older daughter, Julia, – fastened down in the same way as herself and also naked and muzzled. What was going to happen to them? They had both already been circumcised so it could not be that.

On her left sat the Sheikh, immaculately dressed as ever in a white robe. Sitting on either side of him were four men dressed in long black robes. Seeing their black hats and long beards, Sarema immediately recognised them as Islamic religious leaders, or Mullahs. Two were her grandfather's age, with grey hair and long grey beards, while the other twos were not much more than 30 years old.

She blushed with shame. Tied down as she was with her hips raised, legs parted and head hanging down, her circumcised intimacies were clearly on display. How awful to be naked before so many men. The fact that they were pious religious leaders and scholars made the embarrassment even worst.

Then she saw that what had been dropped over the small of her back was a thick curtain-like screen that prevented her and her daughter from seeing what might be going on behind them.

The Sheikh was chatting with the oldest of the Mullahs.

'My holy brother in Islam,' he was saying in a devout voice, 'I invited you today to witness another victory of the crescent over the cross. A woman with Arab blood but who lives with a Christian dog and confesses to living by the teachings of Jesus is here to be denigrated and punished. She even seduced her daughter into leading the same immodest and impudent way of life and ... into masturbating regularly in particular.'

'Teaching a daughter to masturbate regularly!' repeated the Mullah in shocked tones. 'Yes, she deserves to be punished – and seriously.'

'Well, I have decided,' went on the Sheikh, 'that a suitable punishment for both would be for them to be mated and carry the progeny of a True Believer. And by the way, the kernels

of temptation and flesh of debauchery were taken away from them right after I took both under my protective wing.'

'Excellent!' cried the Mullah.

'Please look for yourself,' the Sheikh invited them with a gracious movement of his hand. All the religious scholars went to the women, curiously peering into their wide opened orifices.

'You see, my brothers, usually when you have a mother and daughter, they may have very similar face features. Of course, Mother Nature does such things. But regarding their beauty lips and other sexual accessories, they are always different. The beauty lips of a teenage virgin must in any case look different from those of a more mature woman, right?'

The clerics nodded their head in agreement and some genuine surprise.

'But, my brothers,' the Sheikh continued, 'you will be fascinated to see that here, in this case, we have made them identical. If you wanted to know which was which, it would no good trying to tell them apart, for, apart from the little puckered orifices, that is all that remains of their beauty lips. Look for yourselves. Is it not true?'

There was a long paused whilst the clerics examined Sarema and Julia more closely. They muttered amongst themselves.

Finally the oldest of the Mullahs straightened himself up.

'We are very pleased to see how you treat these Christian unbelievers. It is good to see that their ability to masturbate has been removed and that whether they like it or not they are now in a permanent state of Salat.'

Then the Sheikh invited the Mullahs to take their seats again and continued: 'I have therefore chosen two rather special African males. Those creatures may come from the bush and were originally pagans, but now they have found and worship the only true God, Allah, and honour Mohammed, as his prophet. They seem therefore very suitable to sire these women's progeny and my chief eunuch has adjusted the women's cycles so that they are both now ready to conceive and therefore, most probably will deliver their progeny in the same time.'

The oldest of the Mullahs again nodded his head. 'You are a pious son of your fathers. This is indeed the proper way of teaching the infidels a lesson. We are pleased with your devoutness, my son. Now, let us witness the very suitable degradation of the infidels.'

The Sheikh bowed and nodded to Zalu who left the room. In less than a minute, he returned holding a chain fastened to a collar round Jane's neck in one hand and with the other a chain fastened to the neck of her brother Kevin, who had been specially brought over by his Mistress.

Their hands were fastened behind their backs. They, too, were both muzzled and gave muffled gasps of horror when they saw the scene.

Ignoring their cries and attempts to run to their mother, Zalu positioned them down on their knees, so that both Sarema and her eldest daughter would see them. Then he handed their leads over to another eunuch, the burly Okra.

'I want the other children of this woman to witness the way we treat unbelievers,' explained the Sheikh.

A moment later two other large eunuchs entered, each leading a black pygmy boy. Both pygmies were naked except for a red loincloth. There were muffled gasps of horror from Kevin and Jane but the pygmies were kept behind the curtain behind the mating stool, so that neither Sarema nor Julia could see them. The eunuchs took the pygmies' leads and attached them to a nearby pole as if they were animals.

Then the Sarema's overseer, young Baza and that of Julia, the big Akin, each took a long and whippy cane and began apply it to the exposed bottoms of their charges. Both started to scream in protest but, thanks to their muzzles, the invited guests could only hear little moans.

Baza might still be young but he was almost as experienced as Akin in the art of caning a woman and their joint aim was simply to get the women's blood racing rather than inflict pain. The result was not long in coming. Soon both women's little puckered orifices were glistening.

'An appropriate warming up like this ensures a proper and successful conception,' explained the Sheikh.

Zalu held up his hand to stop the beating and came up to each of the women to feel their mottled skin and moist orifices. 'They are aroused and ready, Your Highness. May we proceed?'

The Sheikh exchanged glances with the Mullahs and then nodded his agreement.

'Oh, one more thing, you Highness,' said Zalu with a light bow of his head. 'This woman is still unduly proud and arrogant. She needs to be properly humiliated and therefore, adequately tamed. I know what will embarrass her most.'

Zalu handed Baza something that he had pulled out of the deep pocket of his Turkish trousers. The Mullahs recognised a large rubber dildo. Baza then pulled out a small bottle of oil and carefully rubbed some of the contents over the dildo before handing it back to Zalu.

'This is a special oil containing pepper essences. It'll make her wriggle nicely.'

With these words, Zalu started unceremoniously to insert the artificial penis in to the inviting, but resisting rear orifice. Sarema went into frenzy. Nothing, she thought, could ever embarrass or humiliate her more than being sodomised by a dildo held by a Negro eunuch whilst other men were watching. But being tightly held down and gagged she could not prevent the whole length of the beautifully finished dildo from disappearing into her body. It had a slimmer ring round it at the end, so her sphincter muscles held it firmly in place.

Zalu then took the leads of both pygmies and brought them right up to the women's spread legs and raised hips. Removing their loin clothes, he revealed two firm, but little, erections that matched the size of the pygmy boys. Then Zalu encountered a small problem. The pygmies were too short to mount the women!

One of the eunuchs ran out, quickly returning in less than a minute with two little stools. Pointing with his whip, Zalu encouraged the pygmy boys to stand up on the stools. Checking carefully that the height was now correct, he took the first pygmy's manhood and guided it into the swollen puckered orifice of the mother.

Sarema gasped and turned her head to see what was happening but the curtain prevented her seeing who was trying to rape her. But the pygmy did not need any further help and, behind the curtain, pushed the full length his manhood right up inside her, stretching her surprisingly.

Then Zalu repeated the same operation with the second pygmy – this time on the daughter, which was not so easy. She, too, could not see the pygmy who was raping her. She screamed behind her muzzle and wriggled as much as the leather bonds allowed her to do so. Although she was no longer a virgin she was still very tight and at first the pygmy seemed unable to penetrate her properly.

The situation was getting embarrassing and the Sheikh found himself trying to explain the delay to the Mullahs. However Akin brought a bowl of oil and smeared it over the pygmy's little manhood. Then, they tried again. This time, with the eunuch's expert help, the pygmy

succeeded in inserting the whole length of his little but still highly potent weapon into the girl.

Sarema heard a sudden muffled cry coming from in front of her. 'Oh mama, oh mama!' cried the younger daughter, Jane, under her muzzle, pulling at her lead as she tried to go and help her mother.

'Keep still!' her overseer snapped, holding her lead and raising his cane menacingly. She had been warned of all the possible punishments should she be disobedient in front of the important guests.

The eyes of her brother, standing by her side; were on stalks as he breathlessly watched the spectacle. He felt vigorous twitches in his by now half erected manhood, but the sophisticated device immediately brought his erection back to a semi-soft state.

Meanwhile the first pygmy had been diligently thrusting in and out of the mother who was now wriggling madly, while his colleague was now making up for the delay in obtaining the proper degree of slipperiness for his movements.

This ongoing performance captivated the Mullahs. The two older ones observed the act with a look of almost pious satisfaction, whilst the two younger ones were undisguisedly enjoying its erotic aspects.

Both pygmies were now working like synchronised machines, thrusting in and out together. It was not long before they were both approaching their climaxes ... Suddenly, both at the same moment ejaculated their seed inside the white women.

It was all over. The eunuchs took the pygmies and Jane and Kevin away.

'We will leave them here in this position for couple of hours to make certain that they are properly impregnated,' the Sheikh explained to the Mullahs. 'Of course they do not know from whom came the sperm that they can still feel slipping down inside them nor that they have both been on a course of fertility pills. So we are hoping for twin half white pygmies.'

The older Mullah turned to the Sheikh. 'My son,' he said, speaking in a tone that showed his satisfaction, 'you are a true supporter of our fundamentalist ideals and a true scourge of the hated Christians and their immoral women. You are indeed humble and pious and you fulfil the ideals of the teachings. May Allah bless you and all you household and all your doings.'

Hiding his somewhat cynical thoughts, the Sheikh thanked them with a silent bow of his head.

'But I have something else to show you,' he said. 'You may remember that nine months again you witnessed a similar mating of a Christian mother and daughter.'

'Yes, I remember it well,' said the older Mullah.

'Then you'll enjoy what I'm now going to show you.'

He led them into the next room where the double birthing chair with its two cut outs had been set up on a little platform in front of a row of little tables and chairs. Just below the front of the chairs was a short little curtain to hide any unpleasantness and below these were two little wicker baskets.

The Mullahs smiled as they recognised Pink One and Two who were now strapped alongside each other on the birthing chair, wrists fastened to the double arms of the chair. They were muzzled and their pink pantaloons had been removed. They still wore their pink embroidered caps and slippers and their open boleros displayed two sets of swollen breasts with little white drops of milk on their extended nipples. Their naked bellies were thrust hugely forward and they were wriggling as their contractions hit them. Little cries were coming from behind their muzzles.

Behind the chair stood the proud figure of Okra, the eunuch who doubled as the harem's trained midwife. He was smiling for he had cleverly used a mixture of modern drugs and his own native potions now to bring both Pink One and Two simultaneously right up to the very point of delivery.

He nodded to the Sheikh to indicate that all was well and then waited whilst the Mullahs settled down on their chairs and were served little cups of sweetened Turkish coffee. Then he momentarily loosened one by one the women's muzzles and administered his final strong potion before replacing the muzzles, for the Sheikh did not want his guests being upset by the women's cries.

But that was not all, for he also covered the now sweating faces of the mother and daughter with the painted masks of two happily smiling white women – for the Sheikh also did not want to have his guests upset by the sight of drawn and grimacing faces. However the masks also had another purpose, to prevent the mothers from seeing the progeny they dropped into the baskets below them.

Then he went sat down on the midwife's stool behind the birthing chair, ready to assist as necessary or whisper instructions to the two nervous women.

The Mullahs and the Sheikh began to enjoy a political discussion about the Middle East and the wicked interference of Israel and the West. More coffee and sweetmeats were served.

Then things started to happen and first one writhing figure and then the other was made to drop two little wriggling half- black progeny into the baskets to the delight of the Mullahs.

Half an hour later the Sheikh conducted the scholars to their cars. They kept murmuring their approval of his obvious piety: a true son of the Faith, said the older Mullah approvingly. He was even more pleased when the Sheikh handed him a generous contribution for their Mosque.

‘ Yes,’ the Sheikh murmured to Zalu as the Mullahs drove off, ‘I think I can be sure of being left alone to enjoy the delights of my harem, including a new set of little curved bellies!’

25 – A TIME OF EXPECTATION.

The little pygmies had done their work. To the great satisfaction of the Sheikh, Sarema and Julia both conceived. They had hoped that this would not happen and that their morning sickness was just a simple tummy upset, but when they started to feel their progeny kicking, they knew that their worst nightmare had proved true.

They had, of course, been locked in special breeding belts, which prevented them completely from touching their little puckered orifices and trying to harm their progenies. Like the other expectant members of the harem, the Egyptian belly dancers, they had to stay the whole day in their cutaway harem dress, with their curved bellies and hardening breasts fully on display.

They were both thoroughly examined together with the Egyptian girls every morning by Zalu. Akin and Baza, as their proud personal trainers and overseers, were always present – as was Okra, as the harem midwife and Zalu's breeding assistant.

There was soon proof that the Sheikh found a swelling belly attractive, for Sarema and her daughter were regularly selected to please him.

Three months later the newly mated pair of Scarlet and Pure White also joined the line-up of curved bellies, under the supervision of their personal trainer and overseer, Yapu, the eunuch youth who was enjoying supervise his first maternity and three months later to the delight of their overseer, Okra himself, so too did Royal Blue and Beige.

Indeed with so many curved bellies in the harem, Zalu had now started a new daily routine.

First, all the expectant women's breeding belts were removed by their overseers who carefully washed and bathed their charges. Then they had to line up with the expectant Egyptian belly dancer with the biggest curved belly on the right and the most recently mated ones with the least swollen bellies on the left.

At a word of command, each woman had to open her legs, bend backwards and thrust out her lower belly. Then, each woman's personal overseer would hold her outer lips, or what Doctor Mussi had left of them, open for Zalu's inspection.

Okra followed him, pushing a trolley carrying a portable ultrasound machine. When Zalu came to Sarema, Baza ordered "Present Belly!" and gave her a tap on her bottom with his dog whip. Hastily she parted her legs and bent backwards, her eyes on the ceiling. Bending her knees to keep her balance, she thrust her belly as far forwards as her expectant state allowed.

Oh, the shame of being ordered to display herself like this by these awful men and in front of the other expectant women.

Zalu nodded his head, satisfied by how well Baza had this woman under control. He pulled a pair of rubber gloves onto his hand and unceremoniously inserted his finger inside the hairless and trimmed opening.

He ran the scanner over her belly whilst looking closely at the monitoring screen that showed little twin embryos. Sarema was always tempted to look down at the screen but a warning tap from Baza's dog whip and the order 'Keep eyes on the ceiling!' in his young high-pitched voice stopped her.

It was a strict harem rule that women with curved bellies were never told just what they were carrying or how soon their delivery would take place. These were, of course, matters of keen discussion amongst the women in the harem, but as they never saw their mates when being fertilised and as no calendars were allowed in the harem, they remained matters for speculation only. Moreover, if they ever dared asked a eunuch, they risked being beaten for "unseemly curiosity" for they were told what the Master decided to do with their bodies was none of their business.

'Eyes on ceiling,' again came the order in young Baza's high pitched voice, accompanied by a sharp warning tap on her bottom. Poor Sarema. Tears started to run over her cheeks. She was so ashamed, even though this routine happened every morning.

Zalu grunted something and then ran the ultrasound device over her belly, carefully circling over the now well-curved stomach. He looked on the screen, where he could see that Sarema was carrying twins, probably girls.

As the last part of the inspection, Zalu thoroughly weighed both breasts, estimating their growth and amount of milk they were carrying for both Sarema and Julia had already been artificially brought into milk. Both nipples then were squeezed in order to check the starting milk flow.

For this part of the inspection, Sarema had to change position. Baza made her to bend slightly forward, so her milk-laden breasts would hang down for easier access by Zalu. It was at this stage that Baza never forgot to add his own little trick: inserting his middle finger into the grown woman's inviting rear entrance. Fearing possible punishment, Sarema kept quite still and did not dare to object. This was the most humiliating part of her day and Baza knew it.

Zalu then moved onto Sarema's daughter, Julia, who was next in the line. Akin, her personal overseer, put her into same inspection position as her mother had been.

Julia had been even more horrified to be mated and then to find herself expectant than her mother had been. She was still only a girl and one whose hopes for the future had been now ruined by one man, the Sheikh, now her Master. All that and this being her first maternity was having a having a strange psychological effect on her, and one that would have been even stronger if had known that she was carrying twin pygmies.

But Zalu was not very worried. He was used to making young white women submit to breeding, for the amusement of their owner. Akin parted her puckered orifice, all that remained of her pretty girlish beauty lips and then inserted a probing finger. He had to admire Doctor Mussi's work. The man was a true artist. No beauty bud, no futile small lips, everything was nicely smooth and empty.

Next came the ultrasound inspection. As with Sarema, he could see twin embryos but could not, in this case, yet be sure whether they were boy or girl twins. Girls would be ideal, because if her mother also had girls, the Sheikh would be fascinated to have four little half pygmies growing up for his future delight. But even boys would not be so bad for Zalu knew exactly what would happen to them. They would be trained as catamites in a range of different sexual services and then sold on the special market – or perhaps gelded and sold in the same market as completely shaven Sandali.

Zalu also enjoyed showing his young assistants the difference in curvature of the mother and daughter bellies. This was all part of training of their training as eunuchs in charge of white women.

Julia's breasts were then inspected and Zalu moved to the next harem woman in interesting state. All the overseers knew the routine and before Zalu actually came to this woman, she was already standing there with her belly thrust out for him.

'Do you think they will deliver both at the same day?' asked Akin.

'Well, my boy, this is a tricky part. We may make them conceive simultaneously, but the delivery is a different story and will largely depend on Okra's skill and potions,' answered Zalu. 'He'll take the mother as the basis for his timing as she's older and most probably would normally deliver earlier than her daughter, who is having her first maternity.'

'Yes,' cut in Okra, 'you and Baza must keep a careful watch on them and when the mother shows signs of delivery, I'll give the daughter a special potion to make her catch up. And, as well as my own native potions, I also have some special European drugs that I recently and very successfully tried out on Pink One and Two. I think I can time the delivery to within a half an hour.'

'So once again,' cried out Akin in sheer admiration. 'we can have then have them both fastened to the birthing stool side by side and be sure that they will both drop their progeny almost at the same time.'

'Exactly,' said Okra.

'And,' added Zalu, 'with a little bit of luck and careful planning you and your fellow eunuchs can safely bet on it!'

'Now let's carry on. I want to see all our happy little future mothers to be in the pool for their morning belly and breast exercises at ten o'clock sharp, read for a possible tour of inspection of his harem by the Master,'

When Zalu had finished the regular morning belly inspection and all the expectant women had been examined and their bellies probed by the ultrasound machine, they were marched,

still in a line, to the breeding exercise room. They were all still naked and without their breeding belts, for Zalu felt that this assisted the ante-natal aspect of the exercises.

The exercise room had a large swimming pool in the middle. This pool was not too deep, just shallow enough for the water level to reach just below each curved belly. Around the pool was a wide area with many different exercise machines, varying from several stationary pedal bicycles to so-called treadmill machines and rowing machines. Wooden bars lined the main wall.

The boys each placed his protégée on one of the machines, nodding to them to start to exercise. Okra ordered his charges, Royal Blue, Beige and the three Egyptian girls, all to go to the pool, where they stood on either side of high net. He tossed a big rubber balloon to them and they started to throw the balloon to each other across the net. Now carrying a long carriage whip, he made sure that they caught and threw the balloon above their heads so as to enhance the firmness of their full and by now milk-laden breasts as well as stretch their belly muscles.

Baza usually put Sarema first onto a stationary bicycle and, using his dog whip, made her pedal faster and faster. The eunuch boy also gradually increased the braking of the bicycle and soon Sarema was pedalling away as if riding up a steep hill against strong wind. Sweat started to run from every pore of her body. In a couple of minutes her whole body was glistening with sweat.

It was a sight that gave Baza a great feeling of power: a mature Englishwoman with nicely curved belly being made by his dog whip to pedal like mad. Her belly was shining with perspiration. Baza leant forward and carelessly weighted one of her full breasts. But his small hand could not get a proper grip on the sweat-covered flesh which slipped out of his palm, bouncing back on Sarema's chest with a loud smack.

Akin placed his pregnant women, including Sarema's daughter Julia, in the rowing machines. The expectant Julia rowed with an unusual keenness, because she knew that today Akin would be watching her all the time and that each time she slowed down she would receive a couple of strokes from his dog whip across her back.

Moreover, Akin would often stand right in front of the rowing machine from where he could watch how Julia's little puckered entrance would slightly close and open with every stroke. Yes, he thought Doctor Mussi had certainly done a splendid job.

Meanwhile Yapu, dog whip in hand, was standing over Pure White and Scarlet as they lay on their backs raising and lowering their bellies to his order.

When any of the boys thought that his women had endured enough of a particular exercise, he would signal to a colleague and the women would change places.

Sarema thus soon found herself in the pool throwing the ball. On this occasion Sarema now was in the pool, watched by Baza, as she threw the ball over the net to Yapu's Pure White and Scarlet. Her body was still sweating from the bicycle exercise, but then she to swap places with Julia and start working in one of the rowing machines.

Before long Julia in turn was exercising her belly by madly pedalling under the brisk whip of her frighteningly burly overseer, Akin, whilst her mother, urged on by Baza's dog whip, had to exercise her belly muscles by stepping up again and again on a treadmill with her hands fastened to a bar above her head. Indeed this treadmill was regarded by the eunuchs as perhaps the most important of all the pre-natal exercises.

These exercises took place every day and sometimes twice a day, for both Zalu and Okra felt that they played a key role in ensuring that there no complications during delivery and that the women would quickly drop their progeny into waiting baskets placed below the birthing chair.

Sometimes Zalu came in to check how the women were doing and occasionally the Sheikh would accompany him. They usually stopped at each woman with the smiling Sheikh

watching her as she strained and sweated, whilst Zalu pointed to her belly and breasts, commenting in Arabic on the progress of her forced maternity.

It was, the Sheikh felt, a wonderful sight seeing how the expectant white women all looked up him with hate and yet also with fear and respect, knowing that it was his tattooed crest that was now distended across their bellies. Yes, he was their Master – and they knew it. They were his helpless indentured servants – mere slaves.

They all knew that it was by his decision that their bellies were swollen and that they were being made to go through, right through, a forced and unwanted maternity to produce future labourers for his estates or future concubines for his harem or to give away to his friends.

26 - DELIVERANCE!

Time slowly, ever so slowly passed and Sarema and Julia's bellies gradually became more and more curved as their secret delivery date approached. Zalu still inspected them every day, concentrating on their increasingly curved bellies and still taking the opportunity to teach the younger overseers in the art of handling white women being subjected to breeding.

Almost daily they were taken on a lead by their proud overseers to show off their bellies to their Master - and to thank him as they knelt up before him for his kindness in having them mated.

It was a sight that never failed to arouse the Sheikh: a white mother and daughter with identically curved bellies, simultaneously and forcibly covered by pygmy twins, being made to carry their progeny under the control and dog whips of young eunuch boys. Indeed, so stimulating was the sight that it often ended with both women, each still held on a lead by their young overseers, having to use their mouths and tongues to relief their Master's arousal.

Both women were under constant supervision, they were not left alone for one second. Their young overseers would be deciding, under the overall guidance of Zalu, just what they were to eat to ensure that their progeny were healthy and when they were to rest and when to exercise. They were like valuable brood mares under the control of young stable lads and an experienced stud groom in a breeding stable.

Then, on the day that Okra had forecast, Sarema started to show signs of an approaching delivery. When it was clear that this was not a false alarm, Okra gave Julia a special injection. The effect was swift and Julia was also soon showing the same signs of an imminent delivery as her mother. Their overseers were busy getting everything ready. The Sheikh was also informed about the forthcoming Happy Event as it was euphemistically called in the harem.

Then like Pink One and Two, Sarema and her daughter were taken to the harem delivery room. There, on a raised bench, stood the same, old fashioned, Eastern double birthing chair with wooden armrests fitted with leather straps. Other straps were attached to the front legs of the chairs. The seat of the chair was cut out in front on a circle shape. Under each of this cut out was a large wicker basket.

Sarema and Julia were strapped to one of the chairs. Akin and Baza blindfolded their protégés so that they would never see their progeny. Then they were muzzled so that their cries would not disturb the rest of the harem and in particular those still expectant and awaiting their day of deliverance. Furthermore, they were also masked with the masks of happy smiling girls so that the Master would not see their grimaces of pain - if he could spare the time when he came to watch their joint performance.

Thanks to all their exercises, it was not long before both had dropped little half pygmy twin girls into each of their baskets, which were then taken away for their progeny to be shown to the Sheikh and then raised on his estate by specially chosen negress wet nurses.

Mother and daughter were then taken back to the harem to rest but they cried bitterly at not being allowed even to take a quick look at their progeny. But that was the cruel harem rule. No concubine subjected to breeding was ever allowed to see her progeny.

The Sheikh was indeed fascinated by these tiny half white pygmies who being all sisters or half sisters had similar features. He was entranced by the idea of being pleased by four tiny sisters in his old age.

EPILOGUE

As soon as Sarema and Julia had recovered from delivering their progeny, they were made to continue their harem life as concubines of the Sheikh and were both frequently summoned to perform together in their Master's bed. One day the Sheikh called Sarema in his study. She knelt prostrated before him on her knees.

Her younger daughter Jane was standing behind him waving a large fan over his head.

'Green One,' said the Sheikh, deliberately using Sarema's harem name to humiliate her further, 'I am afraid I have some bad news for you.'

Sarema was now too well disciplined to dare to speak to her Master with permission, but she wondered what could possibly be worse than what had already happened to her.

'Your husband, having successfully restructured my finances, I summoned him to come and discuss future investments. Doubtless,' went on the Sheikh with unmistakeable irony in his voice, 'he was as eager to see you again as you would be to see him and to tell him how well you had treated here in my harem'

Sarema's heart jumped at the thought of seeing Stephan again. But could she hide from him the Sheikh's crest tattooed across on her belly. What would he say if he learnt of her mating with the pygmy – or the fact that she was the registered indentured servant of the Sheikh? .

'But,' went on the Sheikh, 'the helicopter, bringing him here from the main airport, was hit by a sudden sand storm and crashed in the desert. I have just heard that all on board perished'

Sarema couldn't believe it. Her husband was gone forever, leaving her in power of this horrible man. She and her children were all virtually enslaved. She started to cry very bitterly. The Sheikh smiled.

'My dear, as you have no place to go to and no money to support you children, you will remain in the harem'

Sarema wanted to say something, but the Sheikh silenced her with a resolute movement of his hand.

'It is my holy duty to protect and support widows and orphans. You are lucky to find a new home in my palace and I shall be happy to take care of you and your children.'

With a quick movement of his hand, he signalled Zalu to take her out.

Sarema was appalled. But what could she do. Fight him?

* * * * *

So it was that Sarema and her family remained in the harem. Like his other white indentured servants, Sarema and Julia were regarded by the Sheikh as potential breeding stock. Both having already successfully covered by a pygmy, Zalu planned to recommend that they either be next put to a one of the Sheikh's giant Dinka guards or perhaps to a handsome Swedish youth that one of the Sheikh's Arab friends had recently acquired.

This boy had the reputation of throwing female progeny and as he was blond with blue eyes and the Sheikh calculated that, if crossed with Sarema and her daughter, or indeed daughters, should produce very pretty progeny.

Having served his purpose in the household of his Mistress, Leila, Kevin was returned to the Sheikh's palace and Zalu was renting him out to different ladies in the area, but more on a short-term rental.

Meanwhile Jane was growing up in the harem in relative peace, but under the constant supervision of the eunuchs and still fastened in her purity shield and still carrying her chastity

ring to ensure her purity. Zalu inspected her twice a week, for he knew that the Sheikh had some special plans for her.

End