

MODERN MOORISH HAREMS
Stories of enforced and abject submission
Lesbian with male enforcer

Book Two – In The Power Of The Caid

By Commander ALLAN ALDISS

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INTRODUCTION

The extensive harem scenes in ‘Emma Enslaved’, published several years ago and written by Allan Aldiss under the name of Hilary James, are widely considered to be amongst most erotic of harem stories.

Unfortunately the very popular book containing these scenes is now understood to be out of print. Following popular demand we are, therefore, now offering them in two self-contained Books. At the same time Allan Aldiss has expanded the story and has reinstated some of the more erotic scenes that had had to be cut out of the original published book – and given a new exciting twist to the end.

In Book One (“A Most Unusual Harem”) of this highly erotic story, Ursula who is a cruel and ruthless lesbian, invites a well educated, married Englishwoman, Emma, to come and stay in Morocco, whilst her husband is abroad for a year. There, however, Emma finds that Ursula has bought an old Moorish house with its own built-in secluded harem quarters. She finds herself one of several girls incarcerated in it.

But the strict discipline imposed in Ursula’s harem is nothing as compared to that imposed in Book Two (“In the Power of the Caid”) by the black eunuchs of the much larger harem of a local Caid to whom Ursula is forced to lend Emma.

Even readers who originally bought the Nexus printed book some years ago will find these expanded and unexpurgated extracts both fascinating and fresh, featuring not only some astonishing scenes of harem life, but also of Emma as a Female Galley Slave. She is even made by the whip of her whipmaster to go right through with her enforced maternity, delivering her progeny whilst still chained to her oar.

PROLOGUE THE STORY SO FAR

Emma has been tricked into accompanying Ursula to stay in her palace in North Africa. This contains a harem quarters and Emma finds herself shut up in it together with the other girls who form Ursula’s harem.

To Ursula’s dismay, an important Moorish Caid invites himself to an entertainment that Ursula has arranged for her like-minded friends. There he is much taken by Emma’s display of erotic dancing.

He tells her that as Lesbianism is against the tenets of the Moslem faith, the fundamentalist meet out severe punishments to any lesbians that they get to hear about. He threatens to denounce Ursula to the local Moslem fundamentalists as an active lesbian unless he lets him “borrow” Emma for his harem.

If however she agrees to let him have Emma, then she and her girls will be safe under his protection. When Ursula remonstrates that Emma is a married woman, he merely remarks that makes her all the more desirable to have in his harem.

Ursula is horrified, but as a foreigner living in North Africa, feels that she has no option but to let Emma go. Nonchalantly, the Caid says that his black eunuchs will collect her in the morning to take to his remote estate.

Now read on!

PART I

IN THE HANDS OF THE CAID

1 - PREPARED FOR SLAVERY

Miss Marbar handed Emma over to a burly, brutal-looking black eunuch, wearing an Arab style robe and a grey felt fez-like cap.

Emma was sobbing with despair. Under her all-enveloping black burkah, with just a little lace grille for her to see through, she was stark naked. For once even her chastity belt had been taken off.

She could not believe that she was really now actually being lent by Ursula to the cruel-looking Caid, for whom she had danced the previous night. She really was being handed over to him for his sexual use. It was all too awful.

She was even more shocked when she saw Miss Marbar also handing over to the black eunuch a little book which she recognised as the one started by Miss Perkins and subsequently kept up to date by Rafaela in London and by the Dragon here in North Africa. It recorded her monthly cycle, her natural functions, her weight and measurements and every occasion on which she had been allowed to reach a climax. She had even had to give Rafaela details of every time she had climaxed with Henry. Now this awful black eunuch was going to keep it up to date. It was really all too shame-making.

The eunuch pushed her roughly into a large car with tinted windows. She looked around to wave goodbye to Ursula, but Ursula had decided that it would be too painful to witness Emma's departure.

Emma was surprised to find another shrouded figure in the back of the car, also being held by a black eunuch. She wondered if this was another girl destined for the Caid's harem. She saw that the woman's hands, all that she could see of her, were black. Perhaps, she thought, the Caid liked women of all colours. She saw that the woman's shroud had been covered with a hood that even covered the lace grille in front of the woman's eyes.

The car drove off. The eunuchs exchanged comments in Arabic. Emma was sure that they were talking about her. She tried to say something but clearly neither spoke any English. She wondered if the Caid did either. He had been speaking to Ursula in French, a language of which she still had only a rudimentary knowledge. Perhaps, she thought, the Master of a harem did not bother to actually speak to his girls.

Emma remembered being told that traditionally Moorish girls, although often very pretty, were often also virtually uneducated and even illiterate - and deliberately kept like that lest, by having other interests in life, they might revolt against merely existing to please and obey their masters.

Women, Emma knew, were not companions to men in the Moslem world. They were there merely for a man's pleasure and to bear his children. Presumably a common language was not considered important.

Her thoughts were interrupted as they drove out through the gates of Ursula's villa by a hood being pulled down over her head. Now, like the black girl, she could see nothing. She tried to pull the hood off but her wrists were seized and handcuffed behind her back. She felt utterly helpless. It was very frightening.

Here she was, a respectable married English woman, being driven through the streets of a modern town to be put, against her will, into the harem of a terrifying looking Arab Caid whom she had only seen once and with whom she had no common language.

She wondered if the European tourists who saw the car passing would have the slightest inkling of the drama taking place under their very eyes. The veneer of Western civilisation was very thin in this still very traditional Moslem country.

At last, after what seemed to be a long journey, the car stopped. Still hooded and handcuffed, she was dragged out and pushed into some sort of building.

She heard a rustling sound. She guessed that the black girl's hood was being removed. A few minutes later she heard a grinding noise as if something was being engraved in metal. Then she heard a repeated hammering noise. She also heard the noise of a girl sobbing. What were they doing to the black girl, she wondered with a shiver? What were they going to do to her? Even in these modern days, she knew, a Caid had almost limitless powers to do what he liked to his women.

Emma heard the high pitched voices of the eunuchs and she could also hear a deeper pitched voice. She could not understand a word of what was being said. There was a sharp cry, apparently from the black girl, followed by more talk and laughter. The eunuchs sounded pleased with whatever had been done to the girl.

The distressed girl was led away and there was a distant clang as if a metal door had been closed. Emma could no longer hear the black girl's sobs and became quite terrified again.

She felt herself being led forward. The black shroud was slipped back over her head, under the hood and raised slightly to bare her neck. She could still see nothing.

There was an iron post by her side. Something cold and metallic was put round her neck and moved around as if to check that it fitted properly. She heard the same grinding noise as if metal was being carefully engraved. Then the collar, or whatever it was, was fastened round her neck again. A piece of metal plate was inserted between her skin and the metal collar round her neck. It held her tightly up against the post.

Then Emma felt a man's hands on the side of her neck. It was in fact a Negro blacksmith inserting a rivet into the matching holes at either ends of a hinged metal collar. She felt a series of hammer blows on the side as the rivet was hammered flat. The steel plate protected her from the full force of the hammering, of course, but even so it was a nerve-racking experience, especially as she could not see what was happening. It was repeated three times as three separate rivets were inserted into the matching ends of the collar and hammered flat.

The burly blacksmith stood back to admire his work. It would not be easy to remove the collar. He was used to wealthy Arabs still having their women permanently collared, even in this day and age - it had, after all, been customary for centuries. So he was not particularly surprised to be riveting a collar round a European woman's neck.

He had suggested a heavy brass collar, saying that its golden colour would match the girl's hair. However the eunuchs said that they had orders to make sure that she was fitted with a simple black iron collar, similar to those of his other concubines. He had made sure that it was sufficiently wide to make the girl keep her chin up well and that the rounded edges would prevent her from rubbing her skin on it.

He reached forward and moved it slowly round her neck. Normally she would wear it with the hinge and the riveted end on opposite sides, so that the two strong rings

attached to it hung down the front and back. Alternatively, with the collar slightly turned, the rings could be on either side. This would enable girls to be chained side by side in the Caid's bed. The Caid, the blacksmith knew, was a demanding man when it came to his pleasure.

The blacksmith examined the Caid's crest engraved on one side of the front ring with the Caid's name in Arabic on the other side. These would not only ensure that the girl would be returned quickly to the Caid should she ever try to escape, but also played an important psychological role in making the girl feel that she was nothing but property. Satisfied with the engravings, he examined the rivets. Yes, it would take careful work with a special riming tool to remove them to enable the collar to be taken off.

It was time to fit the matching iron manacles to the girl's wrists. He measured her slender wrists and produced a pair of manacles joined by a two foot length of light steel chain. Each of the manacles was several inches wide and, like the collar, was hinged and would need three rivets to close them permanently.

The Caid insisted on his concubines being kept lightly chained and manacled. It was something that had been traditional in his family for generations and he saw no reason to change it now. The two foot length of chain allowed a girl to use her hands almost normally, but it also had a strong psychological effect on her, making her feel the Caid's helpless possession – and in making her realise the hopelessness of trying to escape. But, of course, the blacksmith laughed to himself, it was also simply for the Caid's own greater erotic excitement.

Emma felt the handcuffs being removed from her wrists. Then first one and then the other was held by the post, a metal strip inserted to prevent her bones from being broken by the hammer and then each manacle was closed tightly round each wrist by three rivets. She heard the clink of the chains as her second wrist was manacled. Horrified she realised that she was now permanently chained.

Again the blacksmith smiled as he checked his handiwork. Looking at the helpless creature, he could certainly understand why the Caid found the sight of a chained young woman so arousing. Doubtless, he thought, the Caid also found the rattle in his bed also highly stimulating.

The blacksmith also checked the enlarged 'purity' link in the middle of the chain. This was designed to allow the Caid's eunuchs to padlock the centre of the chain to the ring on the front of a girl's collar at night or during the harem afternoon siesta. The girl could then just about reach down to touch her nipples, it was true, but no lower. She was forced to keep herself pure for her Master and was prevented from secretly indulging in what the Caid and his black eunuchs would regard as wanton unfaithfulness.

It was also the normal harem way of ensuring that even the most reluctant girl was driven by frustration into becoming positively eager for the embrace of her, perhaps hated, Master. He wondered how long it would be before this proud European woman would be panting for the Caid's touch.

The ring at the back of the collar was often used for padlocking, in a similar way, a girl's wrist chain behind her neck. This was the usual procedure for the first few occasions when a girl was summoned to the Caid's bed, especially if she had not entered the harem voluntarily, if she had been kidnapped or was the wife of a man who had tried to rebel against the Caid. It made sure that the girl was completely helpless and unable to harm him. Doubtless, it would not be long before this white woman found herself with her wrists chained behind her neck as she lay in the Caid's bed, awaiting his arrival.

The blacksmith now turned his attention to fitting Emma with a large brass nose ring. These were fashionable amongst rich harem owners who found that, like manacles, they had a powerful psychological effect on their women, at a time when

otherwise they might get carried away by the ideas of Women's Rights that were now being imported from the West.

He fastened little clips onto each of the girl's nostrils and asked the eunuchs to pull them up, whilst keeping the girl's hood down as far as possible so that she would not see what was being done. With one hand he removed a red hot needle from a little brazier and with the other he held her nostril steady.

There was a scream as he drove the needle through the septum of Emma's nose. The pain was over in a few seconds, but then she felt something being threaded through the skin. Whatever it was, it seemed to be supporting something large and quite heavy. She could feel it touching her face and chin. There was more heat near her face, spreading to the thing in her nose. Moments later, she heard the horrible Negroes laughing as they touched her nose.

The hood was removed from her head and the shroud pulled back. Her wrists were still locked by the chain to the ring at the back of her collar. The eunuchs laughingly pointed to a mirror.

Emma gave a gasp of horror. Hanging from her nose was a large brass ring that circled her mouth and came down to the point of her chin. It reminded her of the big rings she had seen in the noses of pigs and bulls. It made her look like an animal – and feel like one as well.

Then she saw the chain and wrist manacles and the wide iron collar riveted round her neck, the big ring on the front of the collar, the Caid's crest and Arabic writing. They made her feel even more like an animal. She thought of the unfortunate girls who had joined her under Ursula's lunch table and whose heads had been shaven on the orders of their cruel Mistresses. They had lost their human look. So too, she felt, with her collar, her chained manacles and above all her nose ring, she had almost lost hers.

The worst part about it, she saw, was that just as the collar and manacles had been permanently closed with rivets, so the ends of the nose ring had been permanently brazed together.

At least, she thought, as she gazed in horror into the mirror, the part of the ring that actually went through her nose was much smaller in diameter than the thick ring that hung down to her chin.

Once again the blacksmith stood back and looked at his handiwork. It was perfect. The Caid would be pleased and give him a large present. The Caid insisted on all his concubines being ringed in this way. It not only excited him, but also played a significant role in keeping his women docile and submissive. Even the mothers of the Caid's sons were made to wear the degrading nose rings. Only the Caid's wives were excused this humiliation.

Indeed, the Caid particularly enjoyed having his black eunuchs show an aggrieved husband or father the sight of his precious wife or daughter, now wearing his nose ring, collar and manacles as a sign of her new status. He enjoyed it even more if the woman had been covered by one of his black guards, when his black eunuchs proudly drew aside her robe to disclose a well curved belly to the humiliated man.

2 - A TERRIBLE JOURNEY

Emma was hustled from the room. Outside was a windowless van with the back door open. Inside was a low cage and inside the cage, kneeling on straw, was a very pretty black girl, evidently the hooded girl she had seen earlier. She was gripping the bars. A black iron collar had been riveted round her neck; her wrists were joined by light chain. A big brass ring hung from her nose. Just like me, thought Emma despairingly.

One of the black eunuchs unlocked a sliding door in the front of the cage. Emma, now as naked as the day she was born, except for her collar, wrist manacles and nose ring, was pushed inside. The eunuch gripped the two women by the hair whilst his

colleague snapped a short length of chain onto the front of each girl's collar and locked the fastening. The two girls were now closely secured together inside the cage. Having no common language they could only look at each other - like chained animals.

Emma knew that cages had traditionally been used in North Africa to transport rebels and valuable slaves, now she was seeing the modern version.

The black girl, overcome with the pain and emotion she had suffered, had wetted the straw in the corner of the little cage. Equally overcome herself, she backed into the corner, pulling the black girl by their neck chain, and did likewise. She heard laughter from the front of the van. The eunuchs had been watching her through a little one way mirror in the driving cab of the van. Emma blushed with shame.

The chain linking the two girls was only a couple of feet long. The cage they were in was only six feet square. It was usually used for transporting prize rams to inseminate the Caid's flocks. Now it was being used to transport different animals but also belonging to the Caid.

The van drove off. The girls, bumped about as they lay huddled on the straw of the tiny cage, could not see out. After a time, it stopped and nothing happened. Then there was the sound of voices: a deep man's voice, a boy's and the falsetto voices of the two Negro eunuchs.

The van door was flung open. The two girls, each gripping the bars of the cage, blinked in the sunlight. There standing in front of them was the imposing figure of the Caid, accompanied by a young boy, dressed like him, who arrogantly eyed Emma as if he were the Caid's favourite son.

They were talking in Arabic, the Caid pointing to Emma and the black girl. He pointed to Emma's nose ring. The boy laughed. Evidently the Caid was showing his son his latest acquisitions and telling him that even white women must be kept subdued if a man is to get maximum pleasure out of them.

The Caid reached into the cage with one hand and gripped Emma by the hair, holding her close to the bars. With his other hand he felt her breasts. He invited his son to do the same. Emma felt two small podgy little hands gripping her nipples. She tried to push the hands away, but the black eunuchs stopped her. She felt she was just an animal being shown off to her owner's young son.

The Caid forced her head right back. With his other hand he parted her knees. Emma could not now look down, but she realised that her new terrifying Master was showing her hairless body lips to the young boy and inviting him to feel them. Soon his podgy fingers were busy there too. To her utter shame, Emma felt herself responding. She heard the Caid laugh and clap the boy encouragingly on the back. Then the process was repeated with the black girl.

The door was then shut and the van set off on what was to be a twelve hour journey across mountains and desert. There was a break when the men thrust a couple of bananas and a bowl of water through the bars of the cage and then they all slept.

For Emma, caged like an animal and chained like one to another girl with whom she could not talk, it was a horrific journey. She had always thought of Ursula as being ruthless and cruel, but of men as being basically soft under their macho veneer. But she was now in the power of a man whose sheer callousness and natural cruelty made Ursula seem like a saint.

Similarly she had always regarded the Dragon and Miss Marbar as being implacable servants of Ursula. But these black eunuchs had shown themselves to be far more pitiless servants of the Caid, gloating in the pain and humiliation they inflicted on his behalf.

If this was how the Caid had her treated now before he even got her into his harem, how would he treat her once she was in his complete power, locked up in his harem under the surveillance of these terrifying eunuchs?

Would he really keep his promise to return her to Ursula? Doubtless Emma would invent some cock and bull story to tell her husband, John, so as to explain her silence – and perhaps her disappearance.

It was a frightened and nervous Emma who lay curled up with her companion in the tiny cage as the van bounced and swayed through the countryside which she could not see and who sobbed herself to sleep during the short stop in the middle of the night.

Never in all her life had she felt so scared of anyone as she now felt of the Caid. Never had she felt so alone and so uncertain of what was going to happen.

3 – THE KASBAH OF THE CAID

It was light when they reached their destination.

If Emma had been able to see out of the cage in which she was chained inside the van, she would have been astonished by the sight that would have greeted her.

Craggy mountains, bare of any vegetation, reached upwards on either side of the fertile valley. Halfway up one mountainside was the rambling maze of the Caid's castle or *kasbah* with its innumerable castellated towers and high walls. It dominated the valley which was watered by a typical North African *oued*, or dried up water course. When it rained this turned into a raging torrent as the water poured down the sides of the mountains. Numerous large plantations of date palms and of almond and olive trees, marked the twisting course of the *oued*. On either side of it was rich pasture and arable land.

Every few miles there was a group of twenty or thirty houses built of dried mud. Innumerable flocks of hardy sheep grazed the pasture land and good crops grew on the arable land.

This valley was the heartland of the Caid's own tribe and the origin of his power and wealth. The valley had become even richer with the building of a very large reservoir, a little higher up the valley.

The French colonisers had largely relied on selected tribal leaders for the pacification of the country. When French troops were withdrawn back to France at the outbreak of the First World War, the Caid's great grandfather, like many other tribal chieftains, had been given virtual *carte-blanche* to do what he liked in his region, provided it remained quiet.

Between the wars his grandfather had thrown his luck in with T'hami el Glaoui, the all powerful Pasha of Marrakech, who had left him to run his region almost as he liked. After the Second World War, his father had switched allegiance to the Sultan, just before the fall of El Glaoui.

Now he himself ran his region in the name of the Sultan, free to do almost what he liked.

The result of all this had been dramatic: the complete subjugation of the surrounding tribes and the implementation of a state of complete servitude to the ruling Caid and his family.

For centuries the innumerable tribes had all been rivals. They had bickered and fought, taken each other's women and decapitated each other's men - or thrown them into the dark underground dungeons that lay beneath each *kasbah*. But now the Caid's family had been given sufficient modern weapons and resources to really dominate their neighbours - and all in the name of the state!

The surrounding tribes had been made destitute by taxation imposed by the Caid and his armed retainers. Cultivated lands left vacant by ruined tribesmen were now worked by the Caid's black slaves, officially his indentured servants, bought for this purpose by the Caid, or by his *khalifas*, or lieutenants, invariably members of his family.

This may all sound incredibly oppressive, but in fact the Caid and his father and grandfather had merely been acting in the tradition of their country. Cruelty, torture

and oppression had always been regarded as signs of strength. Mercy was evidence of weakness. No man could rule and show pity.

So it was that tax collectors were used by the Caid and his *khalifas* to enforce their demand for more and more money. When there was no more money left, the wretched villagers were forced to pledge their unripe crops, their almond trees still in flower, their lambs still unborn, or instead to give their prettiest daughters as concubines to the Caid or his local *khalifa*, all of whose harems grew rapidly in size.

To accommodate these girls, even the most junior members of the Caid's family built large and imposing residences - the *Tighremt*, or tall castellated palaces of the rich. But none rivalled the *kasbah* of the Caid himself in size and grandeur.

The girls would be sent to the Caid's *kasbah* for a personal inspection by him. Those who particularly caught his eye were put into his harem. To emphasize her new status, any girl seized by the Caid in lieu of payment of taxes would immediately, like Emma, have an iron collar riveted round her neck, have her wrists manacled and chained and have the Caid's distinctive big brass ring hung from her nostrils. This latter had long been the particular distinguishing mark of the Caid's own personal female slaves and concubines.

To establish the Caid's authority over the girl's father, these operations were usually carried out in front of him - to make him realise that his daughter was now just one of the Caid's creatures. The slightest sign of objection was punished by the seizure of the man's wife. She would then be stripped and flogged before being thrown to the Caid's brutal black guards, whilst the man would be consigned to the Caid's dungeons.

Similarly any man who tried to revolt against the Caid was likely to have his prettiest wife taken off to the Caid's harem, whilst he himself rotted in the dungeons below, only being properly fed when his wife had pleased her new Master.

Even in his own tribe, any girl who caught the Caid's eye, or that of his agents, was liable to be sent to the *Kasbah*, where she too would be collared, chained and nose-ringed, partly to ensure her own submissiveness and partly for the Caid's greater pleasure. There was no question of refusal by the girl's parents and indeed it was considered a great honour to have a daughter, or even a wife, in the Caid's harem.

Once the doors of the harem closed behind a new acquisition she knew that she would never again leave the women's quarters of her Master, or ever again see any other man face to face.

From then on she was a woman of the harem, her life bounded by its jealousies and rivalries, under the watchful discipline of black eunuchs. It was a world in which even petty squabbles and minor household breakages risked being reported to the Caid for his personal judgement and punishment.

It was also a world in which conversation was limited by the listening eunuchs to the endless gossip of her fellow concubines regarding the sexual prowess of their Master. Moreover, a girl's own sex life would be limited to her necessarily infrequent turn in her Master's bed or, if the eunuchs' supervision should ever slacken, to the passionate solace of her own sex. But few girls ever dared even to try to indulge in such serious misbehaviour, for it was regarded as a crime almost on a par with adultery.

A concubine's collar, chains and nose-ring would remain on her forever, unless she was lucky enough to present her Master with a son who lived. But even in this case the collar and nose-ring would remain as a constant reminder of her status.

If all this sounds incredibly cruel, then it must be remembered that such things had been normal here for centuries. They were still accepted as part of the way of life of rich and powerful men in a culture where traditionally women had few rights and privileges - as was now being re-emphasised by the growing influence of the Moslem fundamentalists.

So the Caid was left in peace in his remote castle, virtually able to treat his women as he liked.

However, Emma was blissfully unaware of all this, as the van containing her cage stopped outside the harem entrance of the Caid's *kasbah*. But, nevertheless, it does illustrate the barbaric background of the man who was now her Master. The contrast between him and the very sophisticated and artistic woman who had previously been her Mistress could hardly have been greater.

The rear doors of the van were opened, making Emma blink in the sudden bright sunlight. One of the eunuchs unlocked the cage door, reached into the cage and released the chain linking Emma's collar to that of the black girl. Then, using the chain as a dog lead and indicating to Emma that she should remain on all fours, he pulled her out of the cage and down onto the sandy soil.

It was Emma's last brief moment in the outside world before the big strong harem door opened and closed behind her as she crawled through it – for the Caid liked a girl to enter his harem naked and on her knees. It symbolised her new status.

Meanwhile the van had driven off to take its other female passenger as a present to one of the Caid's henchmen - and out of this story.

However, for both girls a new chapter in their lives was now opening.

Two days later, the Caid's large Mercedes was approaching his castle. The Caid was seated in the back with his spoilt young son, whilst his pretty white page-boy, Karl, was seated alongside the chauffeur.

Karl had been in the Caid's service for a couple of years. His brilliant blue eyes and blonde hair had attracted the attention of a gang of kidnappers whilst he and his Swedish parents had been holidaying in North Africa. It had not been difficult for them to lure the boy away and hustle him into a van. His distraught parents had never seen him again.

The boy had been taken to a small private clinic where, along with half a dozen other European boys, he had been taught Arabic - and cut. It was a simple operation, but being done before puberty it was enough to ensure that the boy's manhood would never become erect, that his voice would never break, that his chin would remain beardless and that his skin would remain as soft as that of any girl.

When judged to be sufficiently submissive and trained in the arts that wealthy Moors expected from their page-boys, he was paraded in front of the Caid who bought him - or rather, since slavery no longer exists officially, signed the papers making the boy his indentured servant.

The boy had been firmly told that there was no future for him, back in Europe, now that he had been castrated, and had accepted his new role as the Caid's loyal personal attendant.

The Caid kept the boy in permanent attendance on him and the boy's beauty and Nordic appearance increased the Caid's own standing. Only the most important men had castrated European boys as their personal attendants and the Caid had refused many offers for the boy.

Since the boy had been made sexually harmless, the Caid had no qualms about taking the boy with him into his harem, or even of having him in attendance when he was enjoying one or more of his women.

But it was not Karl that the Caid had had on his mind during the drive across the mountains. He was looking forward to enjoying the English girl he had so artfully borrowed from that European lesbian.

However, he had kept his word and had spoken to the chief of police about ensuring that she and her women friends were not disturbed by any Moslem fundamentalist fanatics.

Indeed he felt that he had found a future regular supply of nubile young European girls whose Mistresses would be willing, albeit perhaps reluctantly, to send one of their girls for a spell in his harem, in return for his protection.

He had never previously bothered to have European women in his harem - he had felt that they were too expensive to acquire and, moreover, too delicate, ill-disciplined and, moreover, difficult to dispose of when their charms faded. However, borrowing already submissive girls from the so-called harems of European lesbians would neatly avoid these problems.

This English girl would now have spent two days in his harem, being put through the standard induction procedures by his black eunuchs. She would have been wormed and thoroughly purged with castor oil. She would also have learned to relieve herself, humiliatingly, into a bowl, half filled with rose water, held by a eunuch - so that her wastes and health could be kept carefully checked.

But that was not all, for when the eunuch judged that she had finished, he would pick up another bowl of rose water and carefully wash her rear entrance so that it was spotless, inside and out – knowing that this was the Master’s favourite orifice and must be kept clean, stretched and ready for him at all times.

Moreover, she would have started the concubine’s special liquid diet, with nothing more solid than yogurt and fruit, to ensure that, like the other girls, she remained as clean as possible inside. Meanwhile the orifice itself would have been stretched just enough to allow an easy penetration.

She would have been given her new harem name, Naima, and her harem number: 17. She would have been given the two formal beatings, one on her bottom and the other on the soles of her feet, both of which were administered to all new girls by the eunuchs on arrival in order to instil a proper sense of fear and discipline.

She would have learnt to eat and drink through her nose ring without spilling anything. She would have learnt to keep it highly polished, together with her iron collar and manacles.

She would have been taught how to make up in the heavy Arab way that the Caid liked, especially her eyes. She would have learnt to dress in the standard uniform harem dress that he liked to see all his harem girls wearing, each dressed absolutely identical to her companions.

As she was already adept at dancing in the Arab style, she would have quickly learnt to take her place amongst his other dancing girls, displaying her body and her sensuality just like them. She would have begun to learn to live with her hands permanently chained and to use her clinking chains as an erotic and provocative ornament.

Finally, of course, she would have learnt that at night and during siestas, she, like the other girls, would have her wrist chain fastened to the ring on the front of her collar - so as to prevent her from getting at the more interesting parts of her body, whose use was strictly reserved for the Caid alone.

He had realised that language would be a problem. None of his eunuchs spoke English and few spoke more than a few words of French. He had therefore given orders that she was to be attached to Zuriba, his Lebanese Christian girl, who spoke English. He would use them both together. They should make an interesting pair. Zuriba's sister, Murina, was now pregnant by one of his Black Guards, having thereby been allowed to try and get her foot on the ladder that might eventually lead to promotion to odalisque.

It would also be amusing, the Caid had decided, to see what this English girl had learnt in the harem of a woman. He had therefore given instructions that she and Zuriba were to be instructed in putting on a little exhibition for his private enjoyment. The eunuchs enjoyed training girls to put on such exhibitions of unnatural love – but made sure that the girls did not climax.

It would be exciting to see a blond English woman having to degrade herself in this way. If she proved adept, it would be amusing to have them both, suitably veiled, perform their little show when he entertained neighbouring Caids.

The car reached the crest that overlooked the green valley. The long reservoir stretched from the edge of his castle for several kilometres up the valley. He smiled to himself. As well as dramatically improving the fertility of the valley, it also provided him and several of the neighbouring Caid, with a new type of sport - a sport that required a large number of women, something that they were not short of! Perhaps it might later be amusing to use his new English plaything there as well. He gave a sinister laugh.

He turned to his young son. It was time he had his own women. Perhaps the English girl would be ideal for this too?

She certainly looked like having a busy time in his harem before she was returned to her Mistress - if she ever was. Perhaps he might decide to keep her! Again he laughed.

4 - A HAREM INSPECTION PARADE

Emma, or Naima, or just Concubine Number 17, as she was now called, was kneeling up on a huge sheepskin rug on the shiny marble floor of the main harem room.

She was facing the dais with its throne-like Moorish sofa on which the Caid would soon be sitting, as his concubines were formally paraded in front of him on his return after an absence of several days. Above the dais was a grille through which the Caid, unseen, might already be looking at them.

The atmosphere in the harem was tense. On some previous similar parades, the Caid, in a fit of temper, had ordered all the women to be flogged. On others, however, he had been friendly and charming, inviting the girls to come and sit on his knees in turn, whilst he examined them more closely. He was, like many Moorish men, unpredictable and liable to take out on his women his frustrations over business or political matters.

Emma only partly understood all this, but it was enough to make her understand the other girls' tension and to share their extreme nervousness. Indeed, she was trembling with fear and trepidation as she kept her eyes fixed on the back of the Berber girl kneeling in front of her.

The women were aligned on the large sheepskin rug in four rows with ten women in each row. Thus, as seen from the front, the women were in ten dead straight lines, each of four women. Emma was third from the right in the second row.

The eunuchs had taken care to ensure that each row and each line of girls was perfectly straight. It was certainly all very different from Ursula's relatively friendly little harem, reflected Emma ruefully.

All six of the Caid's big Negro eunuchs were on duty awaiting his arrival. They were eager to show him how beautiful and well disciplined the girls were whom the Caid had entrusted to them.

Each eunuch wore a gleaming white turban which contrasted with his coal black face, gleaming naked torso and bright red baggy Moorish pantaloons.

They were big and powerful-looking with mean bloodshot eyes. Standing proudly by the dais, the chief black eunuch's quick eyes kept glancing over the lines of frightened women. In his hand was his badge of office: a long thin silver tipped bamboo cane. It was a cane that the girls all knew and much feared.

The other eunuchs stood round the sides of the room, the whites of their eyes shining as they, too, carefully watched the scared women kneeling on the floor. They were each holding a short-handled whip, with the short and well oiled black leather leashes coiled up in their hands. A similar whip was tucked into the red silken cummerbund of the chief black eunuch.

These whips were designed to crack easily and frighteningly, as well as to be brought across a terrified girl's bare back or specially bared bottom.

The eunuchs had spent two hours getting the girls ready for this moment. Each one had first to be purged, washed and then doused from both behind and in front. Each had also to be supervised as she made up and dressed, to ensure that she was looking beautiful, her eyes huge with belladonna and outlined with kohl, her cheeks heavily rouged, and her lips, nipples and body lips all carefully painted a matching scarlet.

The eunuchs also made sure that each woman's glistening hair hung down identically from under her little golden jewelled cap, from which also hung two long white silk scarves fastened to each of their little manacled wrists.

Perhaps most important of all they had to ensure that all the girls, even those heavily pregnant, were identically dressed. Each wore a little silver beaded open bolero that disclosed her naked breasts and painted nipples. As the girls' manacles prevented them from putting their hands through the armholes of the boleros, they were fitted with Velcro fastenings over the shoulders.

Each also wore identical long transparent blue silk harem pantaloons, cut away in front between her legs to display her hairless and carefully outlined body lips. The harem pantaloons were also slung low on the hips to display the beautifully curved bellies of those girls who were expecting.

From behind, the transparent silken pantaloons showed off each girl's pretty little backside and also, on closer examination through the cut-away, the little silver plunger that served to both stretch and protect their rear entrances.

Emma had now been wearing the plunger for over a day. It had a circular indentation around it near the end, which her sphincter muscles gripped, keeping it in place. It was a horrible feeling that, as was intended by the eunuchs, constantly reminded her what her fate was likely to be when the Caid sent for her.

She remembered having heard that Arabs particularly enjoyed penetrating a woman there. She remembered Henry's 'little predilection', but that had seemed mild compared with what now apparently confronted her. How awful men were, she thought. Ursula was right!

As befitted mere concubines, the girls were all barefoot, their little feet heavily ornamented with henna - like their hands - and their ankles clinking with shining anklets.

Each kneeling girl held her manacled hands up level with her shoulders, the heavy chain linking her wrists hanging in a pretty curve below her breasts with the large central link exactly level with her navel - something the eunuchs had also carefully checked.

On Emma's left knelt the Lebanese Christian girl, Zuriba. She was, of course, dressed and painted identically to Emma. But her soft belly still showed the stretch marks of a recent pregnancy and her heavy white breasts showed the pronounced blue veins and prominent nipples of a woman in milk.

She too kept quite still and silent, but out of the corner of her eye she was watching lest Emma made some little mistake in the elaborate ritual of a formal harem inspection by their Master. As the only girl who could make herself understood to Emma, she had had been told to instruct Emma - with the threat of a flogging should Emma make the slightest mistake.

The chief black eunuch noticed with satisfaction that her heavy breasts, like Emma's smaller ones, were rising and falling rapidly with her anxiety. The Caid liked, he knew, to see women trembling with fear in his presence.

Emma had been appalled when Zuriba had told her how the Caid had arranged for her to be mated, hooded, gagged and blindfolded to one of his black guards. This was the first hurdle that a concubine had to cross if she was to succeed in being promoted to the rank of odalisque. First she had to prove her fertility by becoming pregnant by the chosen blackguard and then her suitability by producing a healthy mulatto boy. If she had a girl, or if the boy died, then she would be eliminated.

If, however, she produced a boy and if he lived, then the Caid might reward her by allowing her to become pregnant by him. If that resulted in a girl, then again she would be eliminated, but if it was a son, and if that son lived for three months, then she would be made an odalisque.

Odalisques, Zuriba had explained wistfully, had certain privileges that mere concubines did not enjoy. For a start, although odalisques still had to wear their collars and the degrading nose rings, the chains linking their manacles on their wrists were removed. Perhaps even more important, they could only be beaten by the black eunuchs on the order of the Caid. But this privilege had its limitations since during the frequent short absences of the Caid, his wives were left in charge of the harem – and they certainly enjoyed the sight of a hated “half wife” writhing under a eunuch's whip.

But anyway, Zuriba had said softly, it was all for nothing since she had only borne a daughter - and that did not count. She had had to continue her life as a concubine and was not even allowed to see her daughter. The eunuchs were, however, keeping her in milk for the Caid's personal enjoyment – but, she suspected, not for much longer. Indeed, Emma had been shocked to see that several of the girls were also in milk - a state that apparently appealed to the cruel Caid.

On Emma's right knelt Zuriba's younger sister who did not speak any English. She was already pregnant but not yet by the Caid, only by one of his Negro guards - for the Caid's amusement. In Europe a pregnant woman is not thought of as being desirable, but in the Arab world, Zuriba had explained, having a nicely curved belly was considered to be a natural, and attractive, state for a girl - and the younger the better.

Indeed several of the girls, Emma had noticed, were in various stages of pregnancy. It was clearly a state that the Caid enjoyed imposing on his concubines. Like the girls in milk, however, they were treated by the eunuchs just like the other girls, making no allowances for their often well-curved bellies.

Emma had found it all very terrifying. Supposing the Caid decided that it would be amusing to have his new English concubine mated to a Negro? Would he then keep her or return her to Ursula when it was too late for her to have an abortion? How could she ever face John's family if, on her return to England, she gave birth to a little black baby?

No wonder she was trembling as she awaited the arrival of the Caid - the man who now had power of life and death over her.

Earlier she had asked Zuriba how she and her sister, Murina, had come to be in the Caid's harem. Zuriba had told her that they had been the daughters of a rich Lebanese of a good Christian Maronite family. Her father and mother had been killed during the fighting in Beirut. An aunt, thinking to save the two girls from the chaotic conditions then reigning in the Lebanon, had agreed to send them out under the auspices of what she had thought was a charity for refugees.

However, they had been taken not to a nice boarding school in France, but to North Africa. There, they found themselves in a modern slave dealer's establishment, operating under the guise of a domestic agency. They had been seen by the Caid who, after having them more closely inspected by two of his eunuchs had acquired them - as indentured servants. It was, Zuriba said, as simple as that.

Emma had listened, horrified, as Zuriba had said that, presumably, Emma was in the same boat - an indentured servant for as long as the Caid decided that he wanted to keep her. Not knowing what to say, she had nodded in agreement. Perhaps, indeed, she had thought, that was exactly what she was.

Zuriba was a pretty girl with the long auburn hair and white skin so often found in Christian girls in the Near East.

Emma had been very nervous when two eunuchs had taken Zuriba and her into a separate little room off the harem. A tape recorder was playing Arab music.

Shyly Zuriba had told her that the eunuchs were going to teach them to put on a little exhibition to music for their Master's entertainment. As the eunuchs barked out a

succession of strange orders, punctuated by sharp cracks of their whips, Zuriba would whisperingly try to translate them.

Soon Emma realised just what sort of exhibition they would be putting on for the Caid. Before long, the panting girls were writhing stark naked in each other's arms. But every movement had to be made to the music and only as and when the whip was cracked. The eunuchs would give a sharp order and Zuriba would hesitatingly tell Emma what they were to do. Then they would have to wait until the whip cracked again before doing it - and doing it immediately and passionately, or else they got the whip themselves.

They had to repeat their little performance over and over again, waiting for the short staccato orders of the eunuchs and then the crack of the whip before making any move. Both girls were panting with desire, but the clever eunuchs always pulled them back before there was any question of relief.

It was, Emma realised, not to be an exhibition of two young girls doing what came naturally, but rather a performance by two trained animals responding to the specific and harsh orders of a eunuch and executed to the crack of his whip on the one hand and the music on the other.

It humiliatingly reminded Emma of circuses where dumb animals were taught to perform tricks to the crack of their trainer's whip. Here the eunuchs were similarly teaching Zuriba and herself to perform tricks and only carry out movements that had been expressly ordered by them - and which had been practiced over and over again.

It must be very exciting to watch, Emma realised shame-facedly. The sight of two white girls degradingly performing to the orders of a Negro and to the crack of his whip, must make an arousingly erotic sight.

It was all a long way from learning to satisfy Ursula. Neither she nor Zuriba were allowed to be interested in satisfying either themselves or each other. They were simply putting on a highly erotic show, to order, to music, for the amusement of a watching man. Their own feelings were of no account.

Emma's thoughts were interrupted by the noise of a door being unlocked and the crack of the chief black eunuch's whip. The women all dropped their foreheads to the floor in a humble position of obeisance. Emma found herself kneeling, like her fellow concubines, on all fours like a dog, awaiting the arrival of her Master.

A remarkably good-looking youth, wearing what seemed to be a beautiful woman's caftan made of blue embroidered silk, stepped into the room and stood by a door near the sofa on the dais. With his long blonde hair and soft beardless skin, he might have been a girl, except for his height, thought Emma.

The youth held the door open and bowed. The chief black eunuch, his silver tipped cane tucked under his arm, cracked his whip. The four rows of waiting girls knelt up, clasped their hands behind their necks and parted their knees in a gesture of utter submissiveness. They were displaying themselves to a dominating male like female animals on heat.

The chief black eunuch cracked his whip again. The well trained lines of girls, including Emma, strained their heads back, their eyes fixed on the elaborately curved ceiling. They were now unable to watch the Caid enter and take his seat on the sofa. Emma could not help blushing at the thought of what she was displaying to this almost unknown and terrifying man.

There was another crack of the whip and the girls, their knees still wide apart as they looked up at the ceiling, began to wriggle their bellies to and fro in the erotic way they had been taught by the eunuchs.

Emma had, of course, been made to practice all this, but she felt deeply humiliated at having to do it in front of a watching man. She could feel her little body lips moving as her belly wriggled forwards and backwards. It was too degrading. But how about the

pregnant girls? Out of the corner of her eye she could see Murina making the same movements with her well curved belly. She was shocked.

Again the chief black eunuch cracked his whip. This time with a rattle from their chained wrists, forty beautiful young women, keeping their backs perfectly straight, lowered their foreheads to the floor again, their chained arms stretched out in front of them and their hair flung forward across the cold shining marble.

It was, Emma realised, a picture of utter female abasement: the abasement of a group of young females to an older and powerful male. Never had Emma felt so humbled and so servile in the presence of a man, a man she scarcely knew and with whom she had no common language.

It was so utterly degrading and yet, as her increasingly moist loins kept telling her, it was also unbelievably exciting. Against her will, her natural female instincts, strengthened by her feeling of utter helplessness, were taking over control of her body.

Emma heard the voices. The Caid was talking to his chief black eunuch - discussing his silently waiting women as a man might discuss his horses with his stud groom. Emma longed to look up momentarily to see this terrifying man who was now her Master. But she did not dare do so. Her forehead remained as if glued to the floor.

She heard heavy footsteps. The Caid was descending the steps that led down from the dais. He was coming to inspect his women - to choose one or more for his pleasure. To her shame, Emma felt her loins becoming moister than ever. She could smell her own arousal. It was so shame-making!

The chief black eunuch cracked his whip. Keeping their heads and chained hands on the marble floor, the girls parted their knees again and raised their bottoms high for the Caid's inspection.

The eunuchs who had been lining the walls now moved in amongst the lines of kneeling women ready to hold them quite still for the Caid's inspection.

The heavy footsteps were coming closer. She must have caught the Caid's eye with her blonde hair, she thought. She heard the footsteps pause by Zuriba. She longed to have a quick look at what was going on, but did not dare to do so. She heard Zuriba give a little moan. She heard the Caid asking a question in a deep gruff voice. She could not understand what he was saying. She heard one of the eunuchs reply and then a high pitched European-sounding voice.

Was that, she wondered, the voice of the blonde youth who had entered the room before the Caid? The thought that a European youth might be looking at her from behind, made her feel even more humiliated. She thought about his high-pitched girlish voice. Was he a eunuch? A white eunuch? She had heard that rich Arabs liked white youths, but to have a European boy castrated merely for his greater enjoyment seemed unbelievably cruel.

She thought of her own terrifying treatment in the hands of the Caid's eunuchs and the fear of him shown by the other girls in his harem. No, if a man was sufficiently cruel to have girls mated and kept in milk in the old traditional way, for his amusement, then he could certainly have a white boy castrated for his pleasure, again in the old traditional way that captured Christian youths had been treated for centuries.

She heard the voice of the Caid right behind her. She blushed with shame at the thought of what he was seeing. She realised that he was giving an order. Suddenly, she felt hands on her cheeks - holding them even wider apart. Instinctively she knew they were black hands of two of the eunuchs.

She wanted to jump up in protest, to cry out. But the memory of those two awful beatings, one on her bottom and the other, unbelievably, on the soles of her feet, were still with her. She made herself keep quite still. She blushed again at the thought of what the Caid would now be looking at.

She heard the Caid give another order. More hands gripped her, holding her up by her belly and hips. She was now held quite helplessly. Desperately she wondered what was going to happen.

There was a long pause.

She felt the awful plunger being slowly removed. She remembered that the eunuchs had washed her out that morning – presumably in anticipation of the likely Caid's embarrassing interest in that particular part of her anatomy.

She gave a little moan. It sounded just like the moan that she had heard Zuriba give a few minutes before. She remembered that the eunuchs had inserted a little plunger into her too.

She heard the Caid give yet another order. She felt a little grease being applied and felt a finger probing as if testing her tightness. Was it the Caid? She did not dare look round to see. She tried to pull away, but was held firmly. She heard herself give another little moan. The finger was withdrawn - apparently satisfied with what it had discovered.

She felt another hand replace the plunger. Appalled, she heard the Caid talking to the chief black eunuch behind her. Obviously he was discussing her. It was too awful. She felt she could have died of shame.

The hands released her and the Caid and his party moved on to Murina.

Surely, she thought, he would not subject that poor creature to the same sort of examination - bearing in mind her state. But soon Murina was moaning just like she had been. Clearly having a well-curved belly did not prevent the Caid from enjoying a girl from behind.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the grey speckled beard of the Caid as he bent down over Murina. One hand was behind her cheeks, doubtless probing just as he had apparently probed her. The other was holding the young girl's swollen tummy. The Caid gave a little laugh, evidently pleased by what he was feeling.

The Caid moved away to the row behind them, leaving the three ashamed young women kneeling abjectly on the floor, too frightened to dare break position, keeping their heads still down, their knees still parted and their rears still raised.

A few minutes later the Caid and his party moved forward to the row in front of Emma. Not daring to raise her head, Emma could only see the hem of the Caid's robe and his white Moorish slippers. She saw how he paused by one or two of the trembling off-white Arab and Berber bottoms.

When he did so, the eunuchs held the girl helpless for his inspection - just as they had held her. Once again she was made to feel that she was part of an utterly degrading performance - and yet one which inevitably excited the women forced to take part.

Indeed, the smell of female arousal was now almost overpowering.

The shameful thing was that she had found it exciting, being forced to display herself to a powerful and ruthlessly dominating man. So, clearly, did the other women. It seemed to satisfy something buried deep in her consciousness - like her desire to please and serve a strong minded man - or woman.

PART II

MORE HAREM HORRORS

5 - FORCED TO PLEASE THE CAID

The Caid walked back to the dais, followed dutifully by his pretty white page-boy. He sat down again on the sofa, his page-boy standing behind him, waving a large fan over his head.

At a sharp word of command from the chief black eunuch, the women all gracefully stood up. They raised their chained hands above their heads, the backs of their hands touching. The chains linking their manacled wrists hung down level with their foreheads.

Like the other girls, Emma stood quite still, expectantly, a picture of grace and beauty. With her shiny collar, the heavy chain linking her wrists and the large and

demeaning nose ring she, like the other girls, made an erotic picture of subdued femininity.

Suddenly the room was filled with Arab music. As one, the women began to sway to the music, in time with each other. The eunuchs had made Emma rehearse this several times. Shyly, she too swayed erotically to the sensuous music. She could feel her bare breasts swinging and bouncing clear of her little fringed bolero. With legs parted, she swung her lower belly forwards and backwards and then round and round - just as she had been taught in the dancing classes in Ursula's harem and as the other girls were now doing, feeling ashamed at having to do so before a man with her body lips utterly exposed in the cut-away harem pantaloons.

'Look at the Master!' hissed Zuriba.

Emma had been too embarrassed to do so, but now she forced herself to look at the terrifying man in whose power she was and before whom she was displaying her sensuality.

Timidly she raised her eyes. To her surprise, the Caid was looking directly at her and smiling encouragingly. She forced herself to smile back - smiling at this awful man at whose command she had been so degradingly chained, collared and nose-ringed - treated indeed as if she were some animal, merely for his amusement.

She saw his gaze drop to her exposed breasts and then further to her equally exposed body lips. She blushed with shame. She saw his eyes glisten with desire and felt utterly helpless - helpless in the presence of a powerful and commanding man. It was an exciting feeling.

He pointed to her and Zuriba and one of the eunuchs stepped forward, snapped a dog lead onto the ring on the front of Zuriba's collar and then snapped another onto Emma's collar before barking an order.

Zuriba fell to her hands and knees. 'Down!' she whispered to Emma. 'Get down.'

The eunuch raised his whip as Emma hesitated.

She quickly fell to her knees alongside Zuriba. The eunuch gave their leads a tug and led them, crawling between the still swaying women, up to the dais. The two women moved up the marble steps behind the Negro.

Emma saw Zuriba take one of the Caid's feet in her manacled hands. Humbly she started to lick the sole of his slipper. It was, Emma thought, a gesture of utter servility and abasement.

Zuriba nodded to Emma to do the same to the other shoe. She hesitated and the eunuch raised his whip warningly so she quickly followed suit. The sole of the slipper was dusty and tasted horrible, but she did not dare show her disgust.

Satisfied with the women's submissiveness, the eunuch respectfully bowed to the Caid, handed him both chains and backed away. The Caid snapped his fingers imperiously. Zuriba stopped licking his slipper and moved up to his side. She knelt up and started to kiss his ringed hand, her eyes fixed adoringly on him. Emma found herself following suit on his other side.

The sumptuousness of the Caid's robe highlighted her own half nakedness, making her feel even more embarrassed. This was made even greater by the realisation that her head was only inches away from the Caid's manhood and that it would probably be responding, hidden under his robe, to the erotic sight of two score half-naked women swaying and wriggling in perfect time, purely for his pleasure.

The Caid paid no attention to Emma or Zuriba as he watched the remaining women begin an intricate dance in which they mimed their desire for their Master. Occasionally he would absent-mindedly stroke the neck, cheek or back of one of the two girls kneeling, like pet dogs, at his feet.

Finding herself for the first time so close to the Caid, Emma's emotions were at breaking point. On the one hand she hated this dreadful older man who had ordered such awful things done to her and who even now was treating her like a little dog; on the other hand, she had to admit that she found it exciting. She could not help licking

his hand, just like Zuriba, looking up at him, if not with adoration, certainly with respect - the respect of a young female for a older and successful male.

She looked at his grey speckled short pointed black beard and sensuous lips and at his glittering eyes. Again she could not help wondering about his probably erect manhood - only a few inches away from her face, under the silken robe. He was, she thought, a man who would not stand any nonsense from a young woman, a man who was used to having young women obey his every whim.

This Arab Caid, she found to her dismay, made her feel submissive and humble - just as she used to feel in the presence of Henry. But Henry was a civilised white man, an Englishman, whereas the Caid was a dusky Arab tribal leader - a fact that made her ashamed of her feelings.

Could she ever fall in love with such a man, she wondered? Not unless he was the only man she ever saw, she laughed to herself. But then, she thought, he was indeed the only man whom she, or any of the beautiful and passionate young women locked up in his harem, were allowed to see or talk to.

Deprived, like them, of the company of exciting young men and prevented by the eunuchs from enjoying the alternative delights of lesbianism, the Caid would indeed be the centre of her whole life. The idea made her shudder, though she was not sure whether it was from revulsion or excitement.

She looked at the girls dancing in front of the Caid. They were all displaying themselves shamelessly and adoringly as they tried to catch their Master's eye. How shocked their fathers or husbands would be if they had been allowed to see the way their daughters or wives were being made to behave!

How shocked her Mistress, Ursula, would be to see the way she was humbly licking the Caid's hand - after only being shut up in the harem for two days!

Suddenly the Caid snapped his fingers in an impatient gesture. To Emma's horror, Zuriba lowered her head under his long robe. Emma saw her head moving up and down under the robe. Appalled, she realised what Zuriba was being made to do. She saw that the Caid was still watching the dancers - apparently oblivious of Zuriba's frantic attentions.

Then he kicked Zuriba away, gave Emma's chain a tug and snapped his fingers again. His meaning was only too clear to Emma. 'No! No!' she thought, 'I just can't do that to a man I hardly know, even if I am in his power.'

But her hesitation had been noticed by the watching eunuchs. She heard footsteps running up the steps of the dais and she felt a flash of fire across her almost bare back. Her screams of pain were drowned by the music. The Caid did not even bother to look down. She felt her neck being gripped by a strong eunuch and her head was thrust down under the Caid's robe. Simultaneously she felt another flash of fire, this time through her thin harem pantaloons.

Still she hesitated. She just could not bring herself to do it. Twice more the whip descended. It was enough to break her resolve. Hastily she now raised her head in the darkness under the Caid's voluminous robe. She was overwhelmed by a strong male smell. There was something hard against her cheek: her virile Master's erect manhood. She felt the whip tapping warningly against her bottom. Quickly she began to do what she had seen Zuriba do.

As her head rose up and down, just as Zuriba's had done, she wondered whether the Caid was again ignoring the little personal attentions he had ordered and was still concentrating on the dancing women. She could feel his already large manhood becoming yet larger. Was it, she wondered, as a result of her efforts, or the result of a particularly lascivious part of the dance?

Driven by sharp little taps of the whip, Emma applied herself diligently to her task. Never would she have dreamt a few months ago that she, a simple housewife in England, would become the sexual slave, first of a rich and dominating woman and then of a rich and even more dominating Arab tribal chieftain. None of her friends

would ever believe what happened to her - should she ever get back to England to tell the tale.

Kneeling in the darkness under the Caid's robe, Emma thought back on the last two days. If her arrival in Ursula's harem had been a surprise, her arrival in the Caid's had been a terrifying shock.

Ursula had had just five girls watched over by the Dragon and Miss Marbar. The Caid had some forty young concubines watched over by half a dozen black eunuchs. This did not include his three wives and several odalisques - promoted from the ranks of the concubines after giving birth to a son for the Caid, and now excused some of the harem discipline - but only the three wives themselves, veritable goddesses in the eyes of the concubines and even regarded as far superior by the odalisques, were excused the demeaning nose rings - and the position of wife was reserved for the daughters of other Caid's.

The Caid's daughters by his concubines were removed at birth and given to one of his wives to adopt and rear. They would later be valuable commodities with which to forge useful family alliances. The fact that they were the progeny of mere concubines would not be disclosed and the girl herself would never know which of the concubines was her real mother.

But it was the presence of the burly eunuchs and the way they enjoyed controlling and supervising the girls at all times, even in their most private moments, that had most shocked Emma. She had also found unbelievably embarrassing. It was bad enough being supervised by the Dragon in Ursula's harem. To be even more closely watched over by these huge great eunuchs was too shame-making for words.

No wonder that, unlike Ursula, the Caid did not bother to put chastity belts onto his women to keep them pure, the eunuchs regarded keeping the girls in their care completely pure as their most important task. The girls were never left unsupervised, even at night, and Emma had soon found that she was given no opportunity to secretly play with herself - or with another of the girls. Life in the harem of the Caid was as excitingly frustrating as life in Ursula's!

Emma was particularly terrified of the hugely fat chief black eunuch with his piggish eyes and his glistening half naked torso. He was immensely strong - as she had learnt the first time he had effortlessly picked her up and carried her into the bathroom to be wormed and dosed as a newly acquired concubine.

She just could not believe what was happening when he forced the horrible castor oil down her throat and waited for it to have its devastating effect.

Then had come the dreadful insertion of the thick rubber plunger, as Zuriba had euphemistically called it. The realisation of its true purpose and of the reason why she and the other girls were all kept on a virtually liquid diet, had come as a terrible shock.

The uncomfortable presence of the plunger reminded her constantly of what her body was being prepared for. It was yet another terrifying thought that she could not get out of her mind.

She had lain awake at night, longing to ease the plunger or take it out. But she had not dared to touch it, knowing that the eunuch on duty in the dormitory would check that it was still in place several times during the night, his little whip at the ready. It was just too awful being treated in such a degrading way by these hideous brutes!

Similarly, she simply could not believe it when later the frightening chief black eunuch had suddenly come to where she was sitting with Zuriba, picked her up again like a doll and carried her off to be given her 'introductory' thrashing with his long whippy cane.

If the idea of this beating was to make a new girl utterly submissive and obedient and to put any idea of revolt right out of her head, then it had certainly succeeded in her case, Emma thought ruefully.

She had felt a little better about it afterwards when she had noticed that all of the girls, even the odalisques with their superior airs, eyed his cane and the whips of the

other eunuchs, with constant nervousness. At least she was not the only one terrified of the chief black eunuch's cane!

Emma had even noticed how one of the Caid's gorgeously dressed wives, a vastly superior personage, before whom all the concubines and odalisques had to kneel as she passed, had also looked nervously at the chief black eunuch's cane.

Zuriba had told her that the eunuchs could not thrash the Caid's wives without his permission. Nevertheless they were constantly seeking to impose their authority over the wives by reporting them to the Caid for some minor misdemeanour. This often resulted in the Caid ordering the wife to be thrashed by the chief black eunuch himself in front of him, or, if she was lucky, in the privacy of her own apartments in the harem.

The mere concubines, of course, could be beaten by the eunuchs for impertinence or disobedience without reference to the Caid. But even so, as Zuriba had explained to Emma, the eunuchs would often report a girl to the Caid for merely dropping a glass, or for not putting sufficient rouge onto her cheeks or nipples. They knew that it greatly amused the Caid to watch the face of a terrified girl as she stood trembling in front of him, whilst he ordered her to be thrashed - quite apart from the pleasure he later would also have as he watched the punishment being carried out.

It all sounded terrifying, Emma thought. Clearly the cane and the whip played a key every day role in the harem. She was used to Ursula's strict discipline, but this was far worse. The Dragon had not been a patch on those awful huge eunuchs.

But she noticed how the girls all seem to take it in their stride. Despite the constant fear of the whip and the cane, they seemed to be a happy lot, spending the days laughing and giggling together.

The Caid's harem was much bigger than the relatively small one attached to Ursula's villa. Whereas the centre of Ursula's harem had seemed to be the modern open air swimming pool in the patio, here the centre seemed to be the baths - a huge vault-like room with an inside swimming pool.

Watched over by the eunuchs and constantly handicapped by their wrist chains, the young women swam naked, lay on the marble benches to be massaged by Negress servant girls or just sat around laughing and talking. The main topics of conversation were invariably the sexual prowess of the Caid, or whether he would himself beat the last girl whom he had sentenced to be thrashed for some minor misdemeanour.

A beating was not considered to be so awful, Zuriba had explained, if it was administered by the Caid himself. Who knows, she had laughed, there was always the chance that he might find the plump squirming bottom so attractive that he would order its owner to be sent to his bed!

Emma had learned that there was a strict code of behaviour in the baths. The girls had to be very careful not to make the eunuchs suspect that they were touching themselves or each other. The punishment for this was so awful that Zuriba would not even tell Emma what it was.

'We must keep ourselves pure for our Master,' Zuriba had whispered earnestly to Emma.

Emma also learned that if one of the wives came into the baths, then all the concubines and odalisques had to quickly scramble out of the pool so that she could have it to herself. Invariably the last girl out would be ordered to be beaten by the wife.

A wife could at any time order a eunuch to give a concubine three strokes of the whip for 'impertinence', but only one stroke to an odalisque. But they would often make up for the limited number of strokes by ordering them to be given on a girl's belly, or across her breasts.

Emma had seen the tell-tale marks of the cane on the bottoms of several of the girls. She also saw the girls sniggering at the marks on one of the wives, whom the Caid had apparently ordered to be beaten. Clearly the girls were delighted to see that one of the hated wives had been given her come-uppance.

The girls were deliberately kept unaware of whether or not the Caid was away. Their eyes kept flashing provocatively up towards the wooden lattice screen on the balcony that looked down into the baths and behind which the Caid might at any time be sitting unseen. They would shamelessly flaunt their bodies up at the screen - just as they would spend hours painting intricate designs onto their hands and feet and on their faces, to catch the Caid's attention.

The eunuchs had ordered the Negress servant girls to do the same to Emma.

Later, looking in the mirror, Emma had been shocked by the picture of sheer eroticism that she saw staring back at her: a girl with huge painted eyes, a big shiny nose ring, rouged cheeks, painted lips and a fascinating pattern of black dots on her forehead, going down her nose and repeated on her chin – just like the Arab and Berber girls.

The girls all slept on the floor of the large dormitory room on roll-up mattresses, under the constant watchful eye, once again, of one of the eunuchs.

A permanently illuminated portrait of the Caid, looking particularly manful and commanding, looked down on the girls. It was the last thing they saw before falling asleep and the first thing they saw on awakening. It ensured that even their dreams were dominated by images of their Master.

Psychologically, Emma realised, it was all very clever, particularly since no drawings or photographs of other men were allowed in the harem and since the listening eunuchs made sure that no other man was ever talked about.

As Zuriba had sadly told her, when a girl entered the Caid's harem, she had to forget all about her former life. If she had been married or engaged, she had to forget her husband or lover. She now just had to think only about the Caid, about how to attract his attention and then about how to keep it by giving him much more pleasure than any of the other girls.

‘The eunuchs are ruthless about getting rid of a girl who the Caid is no longer interested in or is tiresomely disobedient,’ had whispered Zuriba.

‘What happens to them?’ Emma had asked.

‘We don't know. They just disappear and are never seen again. All the girls disappear sooner or later. It's very frightening.’

‘How awful!’ Emma had said.

‘Yes, but don't you see? That's why we are all so desperate to bear the Caid a son and so become an odalisque. They may still have to wear those shame-making nose-rings, but whilst their son is still alive at least they are safe. There's even a special harem in one of the Caid's other castles in which he keeps his retired odalisques, his divorced wives and elderly female relatives. It may be dull there, but at least you are alive!’

‘But is it really so difficult to get pregnant by the Caid?’ Emma had asked. ‘He seems to have a rather randy reputation!’

‘Yes, that's all very true, but the eunuchs keep us on the pill,’ Zuriba had replied. ‘Didn't you realise what the pills are for that the eunuchs make you take every day?’

‘Oh!’ Emma had cried, not knowing whether to be shocked at not knowing what the eunuchs were doing with her body, or relieved to learn that she would not conceive.

‘Anyway, the Caid often prefers to take his pleasure with his women in the same way as he does with a boy,’ laughed Zuriba, ‘and they won't be pregnant that way!’

Emma had blushed at the thought of the uncomfortable plunger that the chief black eunuch was making her wear so as to get her ready to please the Caid in his preferred way.

‘So you have to be specially selected to try and bear a son for the Caid,’ Zuriba had continued. ‘The eunuchs only allow a few girls to try each year.’

‘But that's barbaric,’ cried Emma.

'But it don't forget it's also the first step towards being promoted to odalisque,' replied Zuriba. 'But if it's a girl, like mine was, then it's all been for nothing. You never get a second chance.'

She sighed. 'I often wonder what happened to my little daughter. The eunuchs keep you hooded when you have it, so I never saw her. And with my hands fastened above my head I never even touched it. But there was one consolation! The eunuchs have kept me in milk for the Caid for two whole years and he really enjoyed the taste. He was always calling for me!'

'But your sister ...' asked Emma, remembering noticing that she was pregnant.

'She's now having her chance,' replied Zuriba with a laugh. 'If she's lucky she'll have a little boy mulatto. And then if he lives, she'll be allowed to try to bear the Caid a son and so become an odalisque!'

'But she looks so young,' said Emma.

'Yes, she is, but the Caid likes seeing a well-curved belly on a young girl,' explained Zuriba. 'And the eunuchs like to start breeding early from a girl - they say that being pregnant is the natural state for a girl and one that brings out her beauty and so makes her more likely to catch her Master's eye.'

'My God!' Emma cried.

She had wanted to ask Zuriba lots more questions, but it had been just at that moment that the huge chief black eunuch had arrived. Without a word of explanation, he had picked Emma up, thrown her over his shoulder, and had taken her off for that terrible 'introductory' beating ...

Suddenly Emma's thoughts, as she applied herself to pleasing her terrifying Master, were rudely shattered as he abruptly kicked her away.

Emma blinked in the sudden bright light. She saw that the other girls, except for Zuriba, had disappeared.

The Caid gave an order. One of the eunuchs took Zuriba's collar chain from the Caid. He unfastened it from the ring in front of her collar and snapped it onto the ring at the back. Another eunuch did the same with Emma's lead.

The two girls were led down to a mat at the foot of the steps below the dais on which the Caid was sitting. They were now kneeling on all fours, facing each other. Each was held from behind by a eunuch holding a chain fastened to the back of her collar - just like dogs being set at each other, thought Emma, or with their big brass nose rings, perhaps more like pigs.

The Caid flicked his fingers. Appalled, Emma saw the pretty white page-boy kneel down in front of his Master and put his head under his robe - where Emma's had been just moments before.

Suddenly the music changed. Emma recognised it. It was the music to which the eunuchs had trained her to perform with Zuriba and realised that they were going to have to put on their well rehearsed performance in front of the Caid, whilst a white boy pleased him.

Even more shameful, whereas they had rehearsed their act unfettered except for their wrist manacles, now they were going to have to do it grovelling on all fours on a mat at the feet of the Caid, whilst each was held by her neck by one of the eunuchs. They were going to control them completely, pulling them back if things were moving too fast and driving them on with their dog whips if they should slacken.

It was all too humiliating for words, Emma thought. She just couldn't go through with it all, she couldn't!

She was certainly used to lesbianism, thanks to Ursula. But to have to do it as previously instructed, to music, and with each woman held by her collar like a dog by a burly Negro armed with a dog whip, was just too awful for words.

It was all a horrible sham, an act to be put on to amuse a cruel and vicious man.

All real lesbianism was completely forbidden in the harem. She and Zuriba were to put on a display of passionate love and affection that the eunuchs would never allow them to show to each other in real life in the harem. The chains on their collars would allow the dreadful eunuchs to pull them back from each other if it looked as though they might be reaching a climax.

She would not go through with it. She simply couldn't.

But any idea of resisting the eunuchs was abruptly driven out of her mind by a slash across her buttocks from the whip of the Negro holding her chain. She gave a little cry and heard Zuriba give a similar little cry.

Timidly and shyly, under the approving smile of the chief black eunuch and the cruel gaze of the Caid, the two women reached out for each other, their movements made awkward by their wrist chains which clinked as they touched. Each was thrusting her pointed little tongue through her big brass ring that hung down from her nose.

There was another little clinking noise as their rings touched ...

6 - A MERE CONCUBINE

Two weeks had passed. Emma had lost count of the days. Each day had seemed so like the others in the harem.

Each day had been spent largely lying in the baths, or sitting on the big leather cushions in the main harem room, wondering whether the Caid was still in the castle and when he was going to send for her again. The eunuchs, she had learned, made a point of keeping all the girls guessing about both these key matters in order to keep them on their toes.

They had been days in which the girls had to listen whilst the latest girl to be summoned to the Caid's bed gave a graphic and doubtless greatly exaggerated account of what had happened. This made all the other girls madly jealous and so was insisted on by the eunuchs as part of the standard harem routine. The eunuchs also insisted on Zuriba translating the most lurid parts of the girls' accounts for Emma's benefit and were delighted when, as a result, she too started to show signs of jealousy.

They were also days in which Emma and the other girls were kept constantly wondering if the Caid was even at the very moment secretly observing them from behind one of the lattice screens that enabled him to look down, unseen, into the baths, the dormitory and the main harem room.

There was also the endless battle between the vicious black eunuchs and the half naked young women, who were protected only by their wits. The eunuchs were always ready at the slightest provocation to use their whips to punish what they decided was 'impertinence' or 'lack of respect' towards them, never mind 'disobedience' or 'dumb insolence',

There was no appeal when the chief black eunuch, his much feared whippy cane in his hand, silently beckoned a protesting girl forward with his finger, indicated with his hand the number of strokes she was going to receive and told her to bend over and lower her harem pantaloons .

Nor was there any appeal when, in the absence of the chief black eunuch, one his grinning assistant eunuchs slowly uncoiled his short whip and similarly ordered a girl to present her bare bottom.

They were both experiences that Emma found terrifying. They were also ones that might repeated at any instant, depending on the temper and mood of the chief black eunuch or the eunuch on duty. Certainly fear of the eunuchs' whips ensured that the level of discipline in the harem was very high indeed, with the girls desperately running to obey their orders or slightest gesture.

Emma had by now begun to get used to the chain permanently riveted round her wrists. But the big brass nose ring was quite different. Never, never, she thought, would she get used to that. Never, never, she decided whenever she looked in the

mirror, would she get over the degradation of having to wear it permanently as a sign that, as one of the Caid's women, she now just had the same status as one of his animals. Indeed, she thought, it made her look like a pig!

She also found it difficult to accept having to wear the uncomfortable little plunger up her bottom, at first all the time and then later, like many of the other girls, just at night. She had, however, been glad that the eunuchs had stretched her when the Caid had taken her there - as if she had been a boy. It had been a terrifying experience, but at least it had not been as painful as it might have been, had her rear entrance not been well stretched.

Since her arrival in the harem, she had not seen or heard any man other than the Caid. The eunuchs were certainly frightening, but they were not real men. Being allowed to see only the Caid already was having the intended effect of making her regard him no longer as merely a cruel grizzled swine of a man, but rather as her Master, the man to whom she must devote her whole being.

Every day she would wistfully grip the bars of the one window in the harem that allowed the women to catch a glimpse of the outside world: a distant view of the fertile valley, of the blue waters of the long reservoir, of the arid looking rocky mountains and of the road that wound over them to the outside world - and to freedom. Freedom! There would be no freedom for any of the Caid's women, she knew - and precious little for any woman in this strict Moslem country.

As a change from the formal inspection parades in the main harem room, the Caid would often order his concubines to be paraded for his inspection in the outside patio. They would rush off to make themselves as beautiful as possible, before lining up on a raised narrow under the eyes of the eunuchs. Minutes later the Caid would enter the patio. The women would have to show respect for their Master by dropping to their knees and making a humble obeisance with their foreheads touching the floor.

At a word of command from the chief black eunuch, the women would rise and stand on the edge of the platform with their chained wrists clasped behind their necks, breasts thrust out, heads up and eyes looking straight ahead above the Caid's head. The women would stand rigidly at attention, their nose rings and breasts trembling delightfully as the Caid slowly made his way down the line, accompanied by the chief black eunuch who would be proudly pointing out each girl's best points with his cane.

As the Caid passed each girl, a eunuch, standing behind her, would give the next girl in line the signal with a tap of his whip on her rear to separate her legs, bend her knees and thrust her tongue through her nose ring. She would not dare even to glance down as the Caid reached up to feel her breasts or beauty lips, or paused to comment approvingly to the chief black eunuch on a poutingly pregnant belly or on the design a girl had painted on her chin.

Emma found it all unbelievably degrading and yet, perhaps even more humiliating was the fact that she could not help herself from becoming wet with excitement as the Caid came closer and closer - something that the chief black eunuch would proudly point out to the Caid as he demeaningly parted the Englishwoman's lips for her Master's inspection.

Alternatively, the girls would sometimes be ordered instead to parade in front of a screen, behind which the Caid was presumably sitting. Each girl would then have to step up on a little stool and display herself to the eunuch's orders.

Frequently, the Caid would order the women to dance for his delight, with Emma now playing a leading role.

Three times now, Emma had been chosen for the Caid's bed. On the first occasion, Zuriba had also been summoned, ready to interpret the Caid's orders. The two girls had been positioned by the eunuchs kneeling on all fours side by side on the Caid's bed, their well oiled plungers prominently displayed and inviting removal. Emma had felt terrified as she knelt there in silence, waiting for the Caid's to arrive and take her.

To her horror, the Caid had indeed removed both their little inserts and used them both like boys, much to her shame and then to her discomfort. However, it must have been an experience that the Caid at any rate found enjoyable, since he had repeated it only a few days later.

On this second occasion, however, it was not Zuriba who knelt alongside the trembling Emma, but the pretty Swedish white page-boy, Karl. Like Emma he was proffering his bottom for a deep penetration and was ready by his example to show Emma what she should do to please the Caid or to translate his more erotic demands,

Once she had got over her initial shock at having to work with a boy to please the Caid, Emma found it an enjoyable experience. She had never seen him naked and was surprised by the softness of the youth's skin. But she was shocked when she noticed the explanation - where the boys testicles should have been, there was ... just nothing.

To castrate simple Negroes from the bush, so that they could then start a new life in a position of authority and respect in charge of a rich man's harem, was one thing. But to castrate a well educated young white boy, merely so that his own sensuality would not clash with that of his Master, was too cruel for words, Emma thought.

On both these occasions, Emma had found to her surprise that, partly thanks to the eunuchs careful stretching, this type of penetration had been quite exciting, once the initial pain and shock was over. But, frustratingly, the Caid always seemed to switch his attentions back to Zuriba or Karl again just when her arousal was reaching its height.

Indeed, it had at first seemed to Emma that giving his partner pleasure was simply something that simply did not concern the Caid. She was surprised, remembering the graphic descriptions of delight that she had heard from the other girls.

Then suddenly, on her third visit to the Caid's bed, he had brought her to the very summit of ecstasy. Never, she thought, had any man showed such expertise. Never had she felt so fulfilled, not even with Ursula. Never had she come to regard a man in the way she now did the Caid, not even Henry.

She could not now stop herself from feeling that the Caid, her Master, was simply the most wonderful man in the world! She was prepared to forgive him all his cruelty simply to feel his hands again on her body and his firm manhood deep up her between her beauty lips.

Like the other concubines, she now spent all day dreaming of this wonderful man. The constant sight of the illuminated portrait of the Caid in the dormitory ensured that at night she also dreamt only of him.

The chief black eunuch noticed with pleasure that her natural resentment at her fate was disappearing and was being replaced by a submissiveness that he felt was surprising in a European woman.

Simultaneously, however, her irritation as Zuriba translated the other girls' stories of how the Caid had also brought them to the peaks of ecstasy, changed to feelings of blind jealousy. The Caid's new white woman, the eunuchs told each other with delight, was now just another concubine, as desperately eager to catch the Caid's eye as the rest of them.

Despite all this and indeed partly because of the frustrated state in which she was deliberately kept, Emma was also finding herself becoming more and more emotionally involved with the beautiful Zuriba.

The Caid had found their lesbian exhibition, carefully choreographed as it had been by the clever eunuchs, quite fascinating. The sight of two white women, one of them an English woman, held back on leads like dogs by coal black Negroes, as they kissed, stroked and aroused each other to music, was really very erotic.

He had warmly congratulated his chief black eunuch for having trained the two women so well. He had their little exhibition performed in front of him again and again, as a hors-d'oeuvre, prior to using other concubines for his more serious pleasures - much to the frustrated rage of Emma and Zuriba.

As a result of having to put on their shows so frequently, they had become more and more expert - not only at making their performance more and more exciting to watch, but also at exciting each other. The eunuchs who held the chains attached to the backs of their collars had to be quicker to pull the two girls back so as to prevent them from making each other really reach a climax.

The effect of all this on the two young women had been devastating. Deprived as they were of the company of young men, kept usually frustrated by their Master and constantly bringing each other to the very edge of pleasure before being pulled back by the awful eunuchs, they found themselves secretly rebelling, despite their outward submissiveness, against the strict harem rules forbidding secret lesbianism and masturbation.

The Caid might want both of these to be performed in front of him for his entertainment, but for a woman to obtain pleasure secretly by herself or with another woman behind his back, was tantamount, the eunuchs warned Emma, to adultery. And the punishment for this by a woman in a Moslem country could be death by stoning.

The two young women found themselves reaching out for each other whenever they thought that the normally watching eunuchs had turned their backs. In the baths they vied with each other to grope secretly for each other under the water before the eunuchs noticed, or to massage each other in an apparently innocent way before the suspicious eunuchs intervened.

In the main harem room, they would try and sit on neighbouring cushions and at night in the dormitory they would wait in vain for the eunuch on duty all night to fall asleep himself so that they could at last make love together.

Emma scarcely knew which was worse: being made madly excited by the Caid himself and then kept frustrated whilst he amused himself with other girls, or being constantly made by the eunuchs to play with Zuriba in front of the Caid but never allowed to reach a climax. Both were deeply humiliating.

The cunning and experienced eunuchs, of course, were fully aware of the feelings that had been aroused in both girls. They enjoyed the feeling of power that came from preventing the girls from making love to each other except in the presence of their Master, just as they also enjoyed the power that their whips gave to them.

Indeed, three times, Emma had felt either the cane of the chief black eunuch or the whips of his assistants. On the first occasion she had childishly put her tongue out at the back of a retreating eunuch who had just admonished her for letting her hair fall out of place. One of his colleagues had noticed her gesture of defiance.

This had cost her six strokes of the chief black eunuch's cane across the palms of her hands, making her feel like a naughty schoolgirl - a feeling that was accentuated when Zuriba translated to her that the eunuch was going to punish her for 'gross impertinence'.

The second occasion had been after the Caid had taken her for the first time. Still sore and shocked, she had received ten strokes of the chief eunuch's cane on her bottom 'to encourage her', as Zuriba had translated, 'to keep her back arched back and her cheeks thrust up more when the Caid honoured her from behind'.

This beating had certainly had the effect of making her concentrate like mad on maintaining a perfect position throughout on the next occasion, the one when the Caid had alternatively mounted her and his white page-boy.

The last occasion had been when, deeply embarrassed by always having to relieve herself into a bowl half-filled with rose water and held under her by a grinning eunuch, she had tried to slip, unseen, into the harem's luxurious loos which were reserved for the exclusive use of the Caid's wives and odalisques. To her great embarrassment, that had resulted in her being taken in front of the Caid himself, with Zuriba again acting as interpreter.

The Caid had ordered her to be given twelve strokes of the chief black eunuch's cane for 'behaving above her lowly status as a mere concubine'. To Emma's even

greater embarrassment he had also ordered her to be given a large dose of castor oil to drive home to her the enormity of trying to avoid the eunuchs' bowls.

He had also said that the caning was to be carried out in front of him. At first Emma had thought that this might make the beating seem almost worthwhile, especially when she was taken to his bedroom to be punished. But to her dismay she saw, as she was told to bend over by the chief black eunuch, that the Caid already had a girl on either side of him in his bed, as he lay watching her punishment - and that their hands were already busy pleasing him beneath the bedclothes.

She felt deeply humiliated when she was ordered to crawl out of the bedroom behind the chief black eunuch, sobbing with the pain and with her cheeks still on fire, having been used, once again, merely to act as the preliminary appetiser for a feast to which she had not been invited to stay.

Never again, she resolved, would she ever break that particular harem rule, no matter how degrading it might be for an educated European woman.

7 - THE CAID'S FAVOURITE YOUNG SON

Emma was sitting chatting to Zuriba on one of the brightly coloured leather cushions in the main harem room.

Both girls were looking very beautiful. Both were dressed in the standard harem dress of little bejewelled cap, a stiff little bolero that left exposed both their nipples and most of their backs, and long silk transparent pantaloons. These were slung low on their hips so as to leave the belly bare and cut away in front to expose the hairless body lips. The girls were kept barefooted. Like the other concubines they made an erotic sight.

'Damn this wretched thing,' murmured Emma trying in vain to brush aside her big and carefully polished nose ring. 'I'll never get used to it. It's there the whole time, always in the way, and always making me feel like an animal.'

Zuriba looked around nervously. Talk like that could get them both a thrashing for 'Impudence' from a listening black eunuch. She was relieved when she saw which eunuch was on duty, watching the girls in the main harem room. The Negro's bloodshot eyes ceaselessly swept over the women in his charge. He tapped the handle of his whip against the palm of his hand. He looked a frightening figure but Zuriba smiled. She knew that he was one of the eunuchs who did not understand a word of English.

'That's the effect these horrible nose rings are supposed to have on us,' she replied. 'The eunuchs say they are to make us more submissive.'

'I'm afraid mine certainly succeeds in doing that,' said Emma sadly.

'But that chastity belt, that your Mistress made you wear, sounds even worse,' laughed Zuriba quietly, looking round again to make sure that no other eunuchs had come into the room.

She had already taken the opportunity to ask Emma about her life before she was put into the Caid's harem and had been fascinated to learn all about Emma's husband, about Henry and especially about Ursula.

The concubines were strictly forbidden by the eunuchs to talk about any man other than their Master, the Caid. Zuriba knew that she was running a great risk, but felt safe provided one of the eunuchs who understood a little English did not come into the room and overhear them.

She knew that, with lesbianism regarded in the male dominated Moslem world as being almost on a par with adultery, she was also running a great risk in asking Emma about Ursula. Any talk that the eunuchs might construe as being about lesbianism could result in a highly embarrassing, and subsequently extremely painful, interview in the study of the Caid himself.

‘I thought that Henry and Ursula were strict enough,’ said Emma wistfully after a pause, ‘but I must admit that neither were a patch on the Caid and his eunuchs. Still, the rest of you seem to be happy enough here in this harem ... and I'm also finding that in some strange way it all seems to meet my own deep-felt longings. It's as if we women have some instinctive desire to be treated as the chattel of a strong and powerful man.’

‘Well, like you,’ said Zuriba, ‘I was brought up in a Christian community where men respect women. I was engaged, before he was killed in the fighting, to a charming and handsome young man, Michael, who ...’

The words froze on her lips as she saw that the chief black eunuch himself was coming towards them, his cane, the badge of his office, gripped in his hand. Petrified lest he had been alerted to their forbidden conversation, the two girls watched him open mouthed. They were mesmerised with fear as he slowly approached.

The other concubines in the room were also anxiously watching him. The sudden arrival in the harem of the chief black eunuch himself was an alarming matter. Was one of them going to be beaten? Each girl was desperately thinking back on whether she might have been caught out breaking one of the many petty harem rules, or had inadvertently given offence to the eunuchs.

The huge eunuch stopped and pointed with his cane at Emma.

‘Come here!’ he ordered in Arabic with a gesture of his hands that Emma could not fail to understand.

Quivering with fear Emma quickly stood up and ran over to him.

‘Inspection!’ he ordered sharply in Arabic. It was a word she had learned to understand and obey. Hastily she raised her chained wrists and clasped them behind her neck.

He looked her up and down carefully. Emma was trembling lest the heavy make-up on her eyes and cheeks, or the paint on her lips and nipples might be smudged, or her hair might be ruffled. It was a strict harem rule that the girls must look beautifully groomed at all times, since the Caid might at any moment decide to come in and look at his women in the harem itself, or inspect them in secret from behind one of the lattice screens.

Apparently satisfied, he gave another harsh order which Emma now understood only too well: ‘Open!’

Blushing crimson, she opened her mouth and thrust her tongue out through her nose ring. Simultaneously, she parted her legs wide, bent her knees and thrust her hips forward.

The huge Negro thrust a finger into her mouth. He ran it over her teeth as if testing that there were no rough edges. Then he sat down on a stool to examine her body lips. Emma did not dare look down as she felt her lips being pulled apart and the probing finger was inserted.

Then, apparently satisfied, he gave another order.

‘Turn round for inspection!’

Feeling deeply humiliated, Emma quickly turned round, keeping her legs still wide apart. Then she leaned forward and, lowering her manacled hands reached back and pulled her cheeks apart, thrusting what she sincerely hoped was her spotlessly clean bottom back towards the seated Negro, for him to inspect her Master's favourite orifice.

She felt his hands on her. Ashamed, she felt him checking that, thanks to the horrible plunger that she was still made to wear at night, she would be ready to accommodate the Caid's manhood there. She still hated it though, it seemed so degrading.

Then she heard him call out to the eunuch on duty. She saw the latter look in his little book and then call out a reply. Shocked, she realised the chief black eunuch was checking that she was now empty.

Indeed, earlier on she had successfully placed her meagre little daily offering, the results of the strict liquid diet, into a bowl held by a closely watching eunuch, who had then examined, weighed and recorded it, before using another bowl of rose water to wash her spotlessly clean. It was a humiliating daily harem routine that she would never get used to.

Then the chief black eunuch stood up. Without saying a word, he clipped a leather lead onto the ring on the front of her collar. He turned away and gave the lead a tug. Emma trotted obediently behind him, hands still clasped behind her neck, wondering what on earth was happening.

Was she going to be punished, she wondered? But, if so, why the careful and degrading intimate inspection? Or had the Caid sent for her?

Her heart was pounding as the huge Negro led her into a room. There were several other eunuchs there. On a trolley stood a cage and inside the cage was a creature that looked like young black dwarf.

She had heard that such creatures were popular as playthings amongst the rich in Arab countries - rather like they used to be in medieval courts in Europe. She remembered that the hobby of a friend of Ursula's, a rich Saudi Princess, was breeding these creatures.

The cage was being wrapped up in coloured paper as if the dwarf was to be a present. When the cage was completely covered over, a bright ribbon was fastened round it, making it look even more like a present.

Another eunuch pushed forward another trolley with another cage on it. Before she could say a word, a rubber ball with a strap through it was thrust into her mouth and fastened tight round her neck with the buckle strapped behind her neck. Her hands were roughly raised and she felt the chain linking her wrists being fastened to the ring on the back of her collar. She could not now unfasten the gag.

Suddenly she was lifted up. Her silken pantaloons were slipped down and taken off, leaving her wearing just her cap and the bolero - apart from her metal collar, her heavy chains and, of course, her nose ring.

Then she was unceremoniously put into the empty second cage.

The lead clipped onto the front of her collar was fastened tightly to one of the bars of the cage, holding her kneeling up.

Again the chief black eunuch gave a grunt of approval.

Quickly her cage was also wrapped in coloured paper and tied up with a ribbon, just like that of the dwarf. She could not see out and felt very frightened. Tightly gagged as she was, she could only make a whimpering noise. She could hear the equally frightened dwarf making a similar noise.

There was a long pause. She could hear people coming and going. Then she felt the trolley being pushed along down long corridors.

Suddenly she heard excited voices and the raised voice of a boy together with the distinctive voice of the Caid. There seemed to be some sort of a party going on. Then she heard them singing what sounded like an Arabic version of 'Happy Birthday to you!', followed by the sound of the paper round the dwarf's cage being torn off.

She heard the voice of the boy becoming very excited, as if he had been given the dwarf as a present. The boy, Emma realised, must be the Caid's favourite son. Zuriba had spoken about him with dread. This must be a birthday party for him. My God, she thought, am I too going to be given by the Caid to his son as a present!

She remembered the gossip in the harem that the Caid was going away for a few days and would then be taking his son back to school. Emma's horrified brain was racing. Was the Caid giving her to his young son to enjoy before going back to school? Was she, a young married English woman, going to be given as a toy to a young Arab boy, perhaps almost young enough to be her son?

There was the sound of excited young fingers untying the ribbon round her cage. This was followed by the ripping noise of the wrapping paper being impatiently torn back.

Emma blinked in the sudden bright light. She seemed to be in a small courtyard of the palace, a private patio surrounded by a small suite of rooms. She saw toys, train sets, plastic miniature tanks and cars, toy guns, swords and whips - all the paraphernalia of a spoiled child.

There right in front of her, was the excited face of the same young boy to whom the Caid had shown her off, naked in the cage inside the van that had brought her here to the Caid's harem. She remembered with shame how the Caid had encouraged the boy to feel her breasts through the bars of that cage and then to feel her body lips.

This time the proudly smiling Caid, standing behind the boy, did not have to encourage the boy at all. Immediately he thrust his hands through the bars of the cage and with a squeal of delight began to feel his new and exciting present.

Chained and gagged as she was, there was nothing that Emma could do to stop the boy. She glanced up at the Caid, but he was clearly delighted to see how his son's latent masculinity was beginning to show itself in the way the boy was twisting her nipples and eagerly parting her hairless body lips.

The boy turned away from Emma back towards his other present: the little black dwarf. He stroked and patted the dwarf and then turned back to Emma again, stroking and patting her in just the same way. The boy was evidently equally delighted with both presents.

Then the Caid gave an order. A shroud was dropped over the dwarf's cage and another over Emma's. She was in darkness. She heard the voices of the Caid and his son going away - presumably to continue the party elsewhere. There was a long silence. She heard the dwarf give a little whimper. She had heard that dwarfs were often muted by their Masters. Was this one mute? Was a whimper the only noise he could make? Had his tongue been slit to make him less human and more like a pet animal?

She found herself answering his whimper with another.

An hour later, the boy's mother, the Caid's second wife, a very grand lady dressed in a magnificent silk brocade caftan, came to inspect her son's new toy. She had Emma and the dwarf taken out of their cages and then had shown her son how to make them both behave like little animals: sitting up and begging for lumps of sugar, or scuttling into the corner both chasing the same piece of chocolate.

It was something the boy had subsequently much enjoyed, making them do it in front of his younger brothers and friends.

It had been one such friend who had suggested a new game. First, the dwarf was put back into his cage. Then, with their toy whips, they made the shame-faced Emma play with herself in front of them. When they were satisfied that she was thoroughly aroused and smelling like a bitch on heat, they held her down on all fours like a dog, over a high stiff leather cushion in front of the dwarf's cage.

She was forced to offer herself helpless to the now equally aroused mute black dwarf, who was making whining noises and slavering at the mouth as he threw himself against the bars of his cage in his eagerness to get at the white girl.

They kept her like that for a couple of minutes and then let the frenzied dwarf out of his cage. He bounded towards Emma, growling. Terrified and deeply ashamed, Emma tried to get up and run away but the boys held her down.

Holding the dwarf back by his lead, they encouraged him to lick her from behind. Eagerly the dwarf applied his long split tongue and Emma found herself becoming even more aroused, for it was a sensational feeling. The boys laughed cruelly as, to her even greater shame, she found that she simply could not help parting her thighs and thrusting her body back towards the dwarf.

The boys began to encourage the dwarf to mount her, standing upright between her parted knees.

Never had she felt so ashamed. With their whips, the awful boys had made her bark like a dog to show her rising excitement. They had made her bark again and again as first the dwarf penetrated her and then brought her to a juddering climax as she felt the dwarf's seed shooting up inside her. She felt more ashamed than ever.

It was at that moment that the boy's mother had stormed into the patio, screaming blue murder at her son and his friends. She had pulled the dwarf off Emma, ordered the other boys out of the patio and then, after ordering the still shaking Emma to be washed out so that she did not conceive, had encouraged her son to take her to bed.

With her chained wrists still fastened behind her neck, she had been quite helpless as the boy played and experimented with her body as he became more and more excited himself. It had been the boy's mother who had presided over the first time that the boy had been allowed to take a white woman - a real Englishwoman. That, his mother had told him, would really be something to boast about at school!

Emma had been put back in her cage in the patio whilst the boy rested, but constantly during the next two days he had pulled her out for his private amusement. The boy might have been very young but he still imposed his masculinity onto the terrified Emma and he also soon showed that he was very adept at the use of the whip.

His command of the English language may have been limited to such simple phrases as "Pretty Girl!" and "Kiss me!" However, it also included sufficient of the cruder expressions used to describe love-making to ensure that Emma was in no doubt as to what he wanted her to do. Nor did she dare to refuse to carry out any of his humiliating orders.

Several days later, Emma was back in her cage in the same patio, this time awaiting the return of the Caid.

The dwarf had been taken out of his cage, but was still chained to it, like a dog chained to his kennel. He was now busy sniffing at the bars of Emma's cage, making her feel like a bitch on heat being protected by the bars of her kennel from unwanted attentions.

Horrified, she watched him cock his leg against the bars of her cage. It seemed to typify the animal-like way she had to live ever since she had been given to the Caid's son to enjoy as a going-back-to-school present, whilst the Caid was away for a couple of days.

Indeed it was an exhausted, as well as a terrified and thoroughly degraded, Emma who with relief saw the returned Caid enter the patio with his chief black eunuch to take her back to the harem.

But first she had to listen, gripping the bars of her cage, to the Caid jovially questioning his son in Arabic, pointing at her and doubtlessly asking what use he had made of his present. She also had to listen, ashamed and unable to understand, as the boy pointed to her and laughingly seemed to be boasting to his delighted father of all his exploits with Emma.

That night, the boy having apparently left to go back to school, the Caid sent for Emma. With Zuriba translating he made her recall all that had happened. He laughed uproariously at Emma's tremulous account of her encounter with the dwarf - even sending for the little creature and then making poor Emma re-enact every aspect, down to barking her excitement as the dwarf again penetrated her and, to her utter shame and the Caid's delight, made her climax yet again.

But this only served to arouse his own libido. He ordered his eunuchs to wash Emma out, in front and behind and to put her into his bed. Her chained hands, he instructed, were to be fastened again behind her neck, just as they had been in the boy's bed.

Then later the Caid himself re-enacted on the helpless Emma the same scene that his young son had carried out. It was a sport which he found so enjoyable that he not only repeated it there and then, but resolved to repeat the experience on subsequent nights, after first having the eunuchs make Emma put on her degrading and frustrating little exhibition with Zuriba.

It was indeed an exhausted and silent Emma who tottered back into the harem the following morning - only to be greeted with jealous looks from her fellow concubines.

8 - CAUGHT RED-HANDED!

‘Hurry, darling, hurry,’ whispered Zuriba in a conspiratorial tone. Her English had a strong Middle Eastern accent, but was quite fluent.

‘Why? What do you mean?’ asked Emma, surprised.

The two girls were sitting on adjacent leather cushions in the big harem room.

‘Don’t you see?’ replied Zuriba impatiently. ‘I’ve found just the place. Come quickly whilst the eunuch on duty is taking my sister to the bathroom. She’s promised she’ll pretend to faint there and say she’s having a miscarriage! That’ll bring the chief black eunuch running - for the Caid has enjoyed having her mated and he’ll be furious if anything now spoils his fun.’

She looked at Emma.

‘Look, there’ll be such a scene going on there that no one will notice we’ve slipped away. Come on, darling, hurry! We may not get another chance to be alone together for ages.’

Emma hesitated for a moment. She looked around carefully to make sure that it was true that, for once, they were not being watched by any of the eunuchs.

‘Yes, let’s go!’ she whispered excitedly.

‘Wait, darling. We mustn’t risk being seen going out of the room together,’ said Zuriba. ‘I’ll just walk casually in a moment to the dormitory as if I’d left something there and then I’ll slip into the corridor. You meet me there in two minutes’ time. My sister will be starting her little act just about then. So we won’t be seen and then I’ll show you the little door that I found behind an empty chest of drawers. It leads to an empty room. It must have been a rest room once for the eunuchs. We’ll make it our secret love nest!’

‘You are a sly one,’ laughed Emma again in a whisper. ‘Planning all this and never saying a word to me!’

‘I didn’t dare. One of the eunuchs might have heard me and anyway, you’d have been so excited that the eunuchs would have suspected something. Anyway I’m off now. See you there in two minutes’ time.’

She got up slowly and strolled over towards the dormitory, leaving Emma in a state of turmoil.

How many times had she longed for just a few minutes alone with Zuriba! How she had despaired of such an opportunity ever arising in this closely watched harem. And yet now it was really going to happen!

Ever since the Caid had come back, after giving her to his son to play with for a few days, he had amused himself more and more often by having Emma and Zuriba perform their little lesbian act together in front of him. But always there had been a eunuch holding each of them by a lead fastened to the back of their collars, to pull them back in time whenever they looked like reaching a climax - and to drive them on with their whips if they showed any sign of flagging.

It might have been a delightfully erotic spectacle for the Caid, thought Emma, watching two educated young Christian women being made to behave in front of him in such a shameful way merely for his amusement. But for us two girls, not only had it been horribly degrading, but also madly frustrating.

Indeed, to have to embrace each other passionately, sometimes several times a day, in the normally strictly supervised atmosphere of the harem, in front of the cruel Caid, was bad enough, Emma kept telling herself. But to have to bring each other repeatedly to the point of release and then to be pulled back by the neck by two grinning eunuchs was too much. It was driving them both crazy!

Watched particularly closely by the eunuchs, they would sit around all day, looking at each other, longing to fling themselves wildly into each other's arms. But all they would dare to do was occasionally to touch hands, or perhaps exchange a chaste little kiss under the approving eyes of the supervising eunuch.

Indeed, the eunuchs liked to see women showing a little girlish affection towards each other. The inevitable frustration that resulted, the eunuchs calculated, would make the women realise more than ever that they were utterly dependent on catching the Caid's eye if they were to have any chance of enjoying sexual relief.

This in turn made the women more submissive and humble towards the Caid - much to his delight and hence to the enrichment of the pockets of the eunuchs. But, of course, any attempt at anything more serious was stamped on immediately.

The Caid, as Emma had learned, sometimes enjoyed keeping a woman he had chosen for his bed, uncertain whether she was going to be sent away the following morning still hopelessly frustrated, or whether he was going to use his great experience to bring her to the heights of passion. This terrible uncertainty made the girls all the more eager to be chosen by the Caid, but in no way did it reduce Emma's desire to find relief at last in the soft arms of the beautiful Zuriba.

There were no clocks or watches in the harem just as there were no calendars or books. Such things were only for men and the eunuchs - not for women and certainly not for mere concubines. The Caid liked to keep his women uneducated, ignorant and preferably illiterate. He enjoyed keeping a harem of frustrated young creatures with the bodies of grown up women, but with the minds of adoring and submissive little girls.

So the agitated Emma was reduced to counting desperately on her fingers the seconds before she was due to get up and join Zuriba. She was also praying that the eunuch would not come back in the meantime.

Just as she was standing up, she heard a cry from the bathroom. Murina had started her feigned sickness! As the other girls all turned in alarm to look towards the bathroom, Emma quietly slipped out of the room.

So far so good, she thought.

However, she would not have been so complacent, and nor indeed would have been Zuriba, had she noticed the vague black figure of the chief black eunuch silently surveying the room from behind the lattice screen that was normally used by the Caid to watch, unnoticed, his pretty young creatures at play.

The screen was also used from time to time by the chief black eunuch for the very purpose of checking on just how affectionate certain pairs of girls were getting. In particular, at the present time his considerable experience in handling and supervising young women was making him keep a discreet but close eye on Emma and Zuriba. With their superior education, they were a potentially disruptive influence in the harem. He would not be sorry to see them go.

But in the corridor Emma, blissfully unaware that they had been observed, was thrilled to see Zuriba awaiting her, a delicate little finger raised warningly to her lips. Like Emma, she was half naked in her provocative harem dress. She looked entrancing, eyes dancing with excitement and anticipation, as were those of Emma.

Zuriba beckoned Emma and led her down the little-used corridor to where a large chest of drawers was propped up against the wall. Emma looked at it in dismay. They would never manage to move it - or anyway not quietly. However, just as Zuriba had said, it turned out to be empty and quite light. And there behind it was indeed a little door, just as Zuriba had described!

Zuriba led the way into the little room. It was comfortably furnished with thick Turkish rugs, several ottomans and a large bed. Such luxury, Emma realised, bore out what Zuriba had said about it having been used as a rest room for the eunuchs. No such luxury was wasted on the Caid's concubines, she thought bitterly.

Zuriba put her chained arms round Emma's waist.

Emma's hands were on Zuriba's large breasts.

They began to make love passionately, their lithe little bodies rubbing against each other. Breathlessly, they fell together onto the bed, first pushing back each other's boleros so as to bare their breasts better. Then they took off their little embroidered harem caps and slipped down each other's harem pantaloons.

Soon, they found themselves doing for real what they had so often had to do for show. This time, however, as each girl's head disappeared between the other's legs, there were no chain leads attached to their collars against which they had to strain and which might at any moment painfully jerk their heads back.

Nor, of course, were there any whips insistently driving them to greater efforts. Indeed there was no need for such encouragement and before long the two young women were panting with mutual desire and both were about to reach the heights of ecstasy for which they had waited for so long ...

Suddenly there was a swishing noise as the chief black eunuch, his eyes blazing with anger, brought his cane down across Zuriba's bottom as she lay on top of Emma and screamed an order to them both to get up at once.

Appalled at having been caught in the act of making love to each other and at the enormity of their offence in the eyes of both the eunuchs and the Caid, both girls jumped up, sheepishly pulled up their harem pantaloons and replaced their harem caps.

Like naughty schoolgirls caught masturbating together, they stood by the bed looking down in shame and fear at the floor – for, as they both knew, here in the harem of the Caid, mutual masturbation was no minor offence.

Seeking supporting corroboration for the evidence he would soon be giving to the Caid, the chief black eunuch gave an order. Immediately, the young apprentice eunuch with him put his hand down between Emma's legs. He was holding a piece of silk white cloth. After a moment he stood up, looked at the cloth, smelt it, nodded grimly to the chief black eunuch and handed it to him. Then, with another piece of silk cloth, he did the same to Zuriba.

Emma was appalled at the sheer sordidness of it all.

'Out!' ordered the furious chief black eunuch. 'Run!'

The two girls rushed back to the harem room.

The other girls, each now sitting silently and demurely on their leather cushions, looked at them open-mouthed. The now angry-looking eunuch on duty waved them to the leather cushions on opposite sides of the room. They were not going to be allowed to talk to one another - and the other girls spoke no English.

What was going to happen to them, she wondered, anxiously biting her lips.

Then she saw Murina, Zuriba's much younger sister. She was bending over a high cushion in the middle of the room. Her harem pantaloons were down round her ankles. Her swollen little belly and her now rapidly developing little breasts hung down from her seventeen year-old body.

It was a sight that had often given the Caid much pleasure as he sat watching from behind the screen. He had been entranced at the way the teenager's immature little breasts had begun to swell quite delightfully in preparation for her forthcoming lactation. It would be a lactation that the eunuchs would prolong for as long as possible, for the milk of a very young girl was particularly sweet and much enjoyed by the sensuous Caid.

She was looking over her shoulder with terrified eyes at the huge figure of the chief black eunuch who was slowly coming towards her, his long whippy cane raised.

Clearly Murina's ruse and her diversionary role in the whole affair had been exposed.

There was complete silence in the harem.

How awful, thought Emma, that grown women should be so scared of these dreadful and hideous eunuchs. What a terrifying effect they had on women in their charge. It was, she realised, the fact that they were black and uneducated that made the women so scared of them. Effeminate white eunuchs would not be nearly so effective. The women would tend to laugh at them, or to tease them. But no one teased or laughed at these burly Negro eunuchs who clearly despised the white skinned women in their charge.

The chief black eunuch called out: 'Twenty!'

Murina gave a little sob of disbelief. There was a gasp from Zuriba. The other girls held their breath. Twenty strokes of the cane! And to a girl who was pregnant - not that that, they knew, would make any difference. The chief black eunuch firmly believed that a good thrashing never did a pregnant girl any harm.

Twenty strokes of the cane! Even Emma understood that. It was more than she had ever seen administered to any girl since she had been in the harem. If Murina, who had not after all been involved in any lesbianism, was to get twenty strokes, then what sort of punishment was in store for Zuriba and herself?

It took over twenty minutes for the thrashing to be completed. The young girl was allowed to jump about after each stroke, trying to ease the pain with her manacled hands. Then she was made to run round the room in front of the silently watching girls and to kiss the cane before bending over for the next stroke - for which the huge Negro kept her waiting for a different length of time for each stroke.

It was a spectacle that struck fear into the heart of every girl who was watching - as it was intended to do.

Not only had Murina tried to distract the duty eunuch whilst her sister and Emma indulged in strictly forbidden love, but also she had tried to take advantage of a very basic harem rule: that that a girl must always be accompanied by a eunuch when she went to relieve herself in the bathroom. Emma and Zuriba had equally deliberately broken another basic rule: that girls must at all times be under the surveillance of a eunuch.

Clearly this constant surveillance could be easily put in jeopardy when only one eunuch was on duty by girls pretending they urgently needed to go to the bathroom. This was something that the chief black eunuch was determined not to tolerate.

So poor Murina had been punished for this, as well as for being involved in covering up something that was regarded by the eunuchs, and by the Caid himself, as only slightly less serious than helping a girl to make a secret assignment with another man.

Hence the chief black eunuch's decision to make an example of Murina, as well as reporting her sister and Emma to the Caid.

PART III

FORCED BREEDING

9 – SENTENCED - BUT TO WHAT?

Two hours later, Emma and Zuriba were standing nervously in the Caid's study. They were standing at attention in front of the desk, behind which an angry-looking Caid was sitting in a modern swivel chair, listening to the chief black eunuch who seemed to be acting like a prosecutor in a court room with the Caid as the judge.

Standing behind the Caid in attendance, as always, was his white eunuch pageboy, Karl.

Both girls were just wearing their skimpy harem dress which contrasted with full robes of the Caid, making them feel more naked than ever. Behind them and holding them like dogs by leads attached to the rings on the back of their collars were two other eunuchs. Both girls were too embarrassed to look the Caid in the eye.

Lying on the desk were two white silk cloths - the proof that the girls had taken pleasure from each other - pleasure which they were only permitted to receive from the Caid himself. They had both deceived the Caid. To all intents and purposes, they knew, they had both committed adultery, and by Moslem Sharia law, a woman who commits adultery can be sentenced by the local Caid to being stoned to death.

The Caid had listened to what Emma had presumed was the chief black eunuch's description of what he had seen in the little room. Then the Negro had produced the white silk cloths.

The Caid's fury had been terrible. He asked no questions of the two women, nor were they given any chance to speak, since by Sharia law, the evidence of a woman is of little or no account unless it is corroborated by a man.

Then there was a long silence whilst the Caid decided what to do with the two young women.

Clearly an example must be made of them - or else other concubines might be tempted to follow their example. Moreover, as the chief black eunuch had urged, she must be removed from the harem, where they would clearly be a bad influence. If they had been ugly or if he had been bored with them, then he would quite happily have had them beheaded in the harem, or have sent them to the brothel he maintained in another part of the castle for the benefit of his negro guards.

But these two girls were too desirable for that and in any case he had given his word to return one of them to her Mistress but, he felt, there was no need to hurry to do that. The girl's Mistress could wait.

Indeed the English girl was so attractive that it was only the fact that he had given his word to return her to her Mistress that had prevented him from considering having her start the long process of being considered to bear him a son. She would have looked delightful in an interesting state with an increasingly curved white belly.

Deprived of that particular pleasure he had been wondering what to do with her next. Now this had happened.

As he turned the problem over in his mind, he remembered his thoughts as he had driven over the pass several weeks before and he had looked down into the valley and admired the sight of the long blue reservoir.

Of course! That was the answer – and a wonderful idea that could well result in him winning a large amount of money. Moreover this would also solve the problem of how to punish these girls.

Then he thought about his recent interesting acquisitions for his private zoo. Yes, he could use them. What a good idea – and a most amusing and unusual one at that. That'll put those Christian sluts in their place, he thought. He stroked his beard thoughtfully. Yes, that was the answer.

The Caid gave a series of concise instructions to the chief black eunuch. The latter was smiling cruelly as he listened to the Caid. Then the Caid turned to Karl and gave him an order. The boy nodded and ran off as if taking a message to someone.

Emma, who did not understand a word of what was being said, was extremely alarmed to see that the Caid's words had the effect of making Zuriba shake with fear.

The chief black eunuch then nodded to his assistants who, giving the leads a jerk, led the girls out of the Caid's study. There the two girls waited in silence whilst the eunuchs chattered and laughed – evidently at what the Caid had said. Emma longed to ask Zuriba to explain what was happening, but she was too scared to do so.

Finally Karl returned and nodded to the chief black eunuch. He also handed him a bottle of bright blue pills.

'Open mouths! Tongues out!' he ordered.

They were orders that Emma had learned to recognise and dutifully she and Zuriba obeyed. The chief black eunuch put two pills on each of their tongues and made them swallow.

‘An initial double dose should have done the trick,’ he muttered to his assistant as he led the girls down a long corridor. There was animal smell.

‘I think we’re being taken to the Caid’s private zoo,’ whispered Zuriba.

‘His private zoo?’ Emma whispered back. ‘Why?’

Bearing in mind what she had heard the Caid say, Zuriba did not reply.

The chief black eunuch then unlocked a door leading into a sandy courtyard. Both girls were astonished to see a line of large cages containing cheetahs, leopards, gazelles, jackals, apes and chimpanzees as well as aviaries containing falcons and other birds of prey.

The cages were made of iron bars that also formed the roof. The iron bars of the floors were partly hidden by a mixture of sand and straw. Over the roofs were simple coverings that gave shade from the sun and shelter from any rain.

A man, wearing grey Moorish dress embroidered with the Caid’s crest, came forward and, ignoring the two naked girls, greeted the chief black eunuch. He was evidently expecting him. Emma wondered if he was the zoo-keeper. He was holding two long lengths of chain. What were they for, she wondered?

The zoo-keeper led them all down to a particularly cage and pointed into it. Both girls gasped.

10 – PYGMIES!

Fastened to the bars of the cage was a long shiny metal feeding trough like that used for animals together with a water trough. A strong-looking padlock kept a small barred door firmly locked.

But it was the sight of the inhabitants of the cage that had particularly made the girls gasp, especially Zuriba, for she had only partly understood the orders that the Caid had given in Arabic.

‘Oh my God, they really are pygmies!’ she whispered to Emma. ‘I didn’t quite understand what the Caid was saying – but I certainly do now. It’s terrible!’

‘Silence!’ roared the chief black eunuch, stopping Emma from asking for a further explanation about the naked little black creatures in the cage. They were grinning happily at them, like children being offered a lollipop.

Emma saw that a collar similar to hers was fastened round their necks and that strong-looking chains linked them to a ring cemented into the floor in the middle of the cage. The chains would be long enough to allow them to exercise themselves by running round the cage. However, unlike the girls, their hands were free of manacles.

Then the chief black eunuch gave some orders in Arabic to the two eunuchs holding the girls’ leads.

Watched in silence by the obviously fascinated pygmies the eunuchs slipped the girls’ harem pantaloons down to their ankles and gestured to them to step out of the garments. Then they removed the girls’ embroidered harem caps and undid the Velcro fastenings on the boleros and slipped them off, too. They were now stark naked except for their collars, their nose rings and manacles.

The eunuchs then made them step over their manacles so that their hands were held loosely behind their backs. Although this was quite comfortable, they were now unable to get their hands properly round to the front of their bodies and were thus held helpless and unable to resist any passionate embrace.

To prevent them from stepping back over the manacles again, a light chain was fastened from the ring at the back of their collars to the big ring in the middle of the manacle chain.

As the girls were stripped, the grinning pygmies were chattering to each other excitedly in some outlandish language of their own and playing with their manhoods. They had hardly ever seen a European woman before, never mind two naked and helpless ones.

And these beautiful ones they were going to be put into their cage. Goodness! And they were going to be given a reward if they got them pregnant. They had never dreamt of such luck!

Emma could not quite understand what was going on, but the horrified Zuriba certainly did.

‘No! No!’ she cried, ‘Please no! We meant no harm.’

But chief black eunuch contemptuously ignored her and told the zoo-keeper to unlock the small door of the cage. The tiny, obviously very virile, pygmies ran eagerly to the open door, reaching forward to grab the shrinking girls, their little manhoods already showing signs of arousal.

But they were stopped dead in their tracks by the chains attached to their collars. Clearly the chains were intended to prevent them escaping when the door was opened.

Just then the chief black eunuch threw two short whips through the bars of the cage. Emma noticed that they were fitted with wrist straps to prevent them being snatched away from their owners.

The two little creatures picked them up and, to Emma’s dismay, began to swish them menacingly to and fro as they looked at the two cringing white women.

Still carrying the lengths of chain, the zoo-keeper pushed the pygmies aside and went up to the ring in the centre of the cage. Here he fastened one end of each chain to the ring and then returned to the cage door.

‘How long are we going to kept here?’ whispered Emma, hardly able to believe what was happening and thinking that at worst this was just another of the brief performances she had been subjected to in the harem.

Zuriba paused before she replied. ‘You won’t believe this, but I heard the Caid say we were to be kept in the pygmies’ cage until we had both “taken”.

‘Taken?’

‘I think he meant until were both pregnant, as I also heard him say that the pygmies were to be given a reward for getting us expectant.’

‘Oh no!’ gasped Emma, as the full horror of what was going to happen to her struck home.

The eunuchs then thrust both girls into the entrance to the cage and unfastened their leads. The zoo-keeper replaced them with the two lengths of chain. Both girls were now, like the pygmies, chained to the ring in the centre of the cage. He slammed the barred door shut and locked it.

Then he stood back and joined the laughing eunuchs in watching the scene of rape that would soon be taking place in the cage.

‘Oh God!’ cried Emma as she quickly found herself trying to fend off one of the tiny pygmies. He might only come up to her waist, but he now had a whip – and her hands were fastened behind her back.

Watched by the zoo-keeper and by the horribly grinning black eunuchs, the pygmies used their new dog-whips on the helpless girls’ bare bottoms to drive them, screaming, back into the centre of the cage.

There they pushed the helpless girls down on their backs. The little creatures were surprisingly strong, despite their minuscule size. Then without any more to-do they each used their whips to make their girl part her legs – and then came down onto her belly.

Emma would never forget the awful feeling of the pygmy’s little manhood pushing between her beauty lips. Desperately she tried to shake him off, but with her hands chained behind her back she was quite unable to reach her ravisher. With his head only coming level with her breasts, she could not even bite him.

She screamed aloud and heard Zuriba screaming, too. But their screams only served to make the pygmies even more aroused and determined to force their little manhoods upside these beautiful white women.

Moments later she had for the first time felt the pygmy's slippery semen shooting up inside her. Was she conceiving, she had asked herself, scared out of her wits?

11 – THE BREEDING CAGE

Was it, Emma wondered, only a couple of weeks since they had been shut up with the pygmies in this cage? If it had been difficult enough to keep track of the passing days in the Caid's harem, here in the bare cage being incessantly raped by the tiny pygmies, it was even more difficult.

'Do you think you are yet ...' whispered Emma, kneeling by the bars of the cage and anxious not to wake the pygmies who, exhausted by yet another sexual performance, were sleeping in the corner of the cage. Unable to resist the incessant assaults of the pygmies, even with their hands only loosely chained behind their backs, Emma didn't want to risk waking them and be raped yet again.

Nor did she want to wake them and be beaten again. The pygmies really loved beating the white girls with their short riding whips and making them use their tongues as a prelude to rape. Even in their sleep they still gripped their fearsome little whips and kept the straps fastened round their wrists.

'Yes, I think I am,' Zuriba whispered back. 'I'm beginning to feel strange, just like I felt last time. And I've started to feel sick in the morning.'

'So have I,' said Emma sadly.

The girls had no common language with the pygmies. Only the eunuchs and the zoo-keeper could communicate with them in some strange African dialect. And they were so tiny – hardly human. Did they come from a tribe of exceptionally small pygmies? Was that why the Caid had acquired them for his zoo?

'And,' went on Zuriba, 'judging by the way the chief black eunuch has been smiling when his assistants come to take our specimens, I think he knows we've both been testing positive for some days. I think he's just making certain we've taken properly before taking us out of the cage.'

Indeed, every day, one of the eunuchs came, humiliatingly, to take a specimen from each of them under the supervision of the chief black eunuch – specimens which had then been taken away for testing. Even worse, every day they were made to swallow more of the strange blue pills.

'I heard the eunuchs say they're to make us conceive,' Zuriba had explained, 'but I didn't like to tell you.'

'And if we do, what then?' Emma had replied with dismay. 'Back to the harem?'

'I don't know,' replied Zuriba. 'But I heard the eunuch tell the Caid that we would be a bad influence on the other women.'

'But then where will those swine take us, when they've got us well and truly pregnant by these awful pygmies?' Emma asked. But Zuriba just shrugged her shoulders.

Certainly, they both knew, it would be a miracle if they did not conceive. And what were the pills that the eunuchs made them take? Fertility pills so that they conceived a litter of tiny half white pygmies? How awful!

Emma remembered how they had been raped the moment the cage door had closed behind them.

But that had only the first of innumerable rapes by these very virile and apparently insatiable little creatures. They never knew from one moment to another when they were again to be pushed down onto their backs and mounted with the pygmies crying out to each in delight in their incomprehensible language.

The pygmies seemed indifferent as to which girl they took and there was no attempt to please them. They just mounted them and took them like an animal might, forcing their seed up inside them. Even when the girls slept they would awake to find themselves being held down and mounted – and more than once during the night.

Twice, to the girls' deep embarrassment and shame, the Caid himself had come to watch them being mounted. He evidently enjoyed their screams of horror as they were unable to prevent the little manhoods from penetrating them. He was also delighted with the virility of his newly acquired pygmies and rewarded them with little bits of delicious, locally made, Turkish Delight.

But there had been no such reward for the girls. Their reward had just been to receive the pygmies' sperm deep inside them.

The Caid liked to visit his private zoo, with its wide variety of different beasts, not only when females were being mated, but also at feeding time. After watching his animals tearing into their food, he would come with his zoo-keeper to the pygmies' cage.

The two girls had to share the simple African dish of mealy maize and beans that was fed to the pygmies. The pygmies could, of course, use their hands to scoop the sticky mess out of the shiny metal trough, into which it had been dished. But the girls, being unable to use their hands, had to wait until the pygmies had finished and then lower their heads into the trough and then hungrily guzzle up what the pygmies had left.

It was a degrading sight that never really liked to please the Caid. He liked to see women being brought down to the level of animals – especially Christian ones and even more so if one of them was a naked and educated Englishwoman. It gave him a wonderful feeling of power.

Perhaps even worse was when the chief black eunuch had brought a group of their former colleagues as concubines to see how Zuriba and Emma were being punished for their misbehaviour. He not only intended that it should be a terrible object lesson for the visitors, but also for the entire harem, for he knew that the shocked group of concubines would quickly spread the news about what they had seen.

It was a lesson made even more terrible for the visiting concubines by the chief black eunuch encouraging the pygmies to mount the screaming Emma and Zuriba in front of them – something that, once again, the little creatures, wielding their dog-whips, needed little encouragement to do.

Then one day, the zoo-keeper opened the cage door and unfastened the chains to the girls' collars. Moments later they found themselves being marched by a posse of eunuchs out of the Caid's private zoo and into another courtyard.

There, leather hoods were slipped over their heads. Each had two little breathing holes opposite the nostrils. Although terrified, Emma found she could breathe quite easily, but could see nothing and was in complete darkness.

She felt the hood being fastened with a strap round her neck and over the metal collar and heard a click as the strap was fastened by a little padlock. She put her chained hands up to feel the hood. It was thick and stiff. She felt the little padlock that kept it fastened round her neck and realised that there was nothing she could do to remove it.

She tried to cry out in protest but her cries were muffled by the hood. She was quite helpless and could see nothing. She could not speak properly and anyway, who would understand her? Her hands were manacled together. She was stark naked.

She felt a long shroud being put over her. She was, she realised, being veiled so that she could be taken out of the castle. Then her arms were gripped together through the shroud and she was frog-marched forward.

She had no idea where they were going. She could hear Zuriba stumbling behind her. She tried to call out to her, to ask what was happening, but her words were again muffled by the thick leather hood.

She felt herself being taken along winding corridors. She heard a door being closed and moments later she was unceremoniously lifted up and dumped in what she realised must be the back of a truck. The truck drove off, bumping over the stone track.

After what seemed ages, the truck stopped. Emma heard men's voices. Where were they, she wondered anxiously. Was this where she was going to be executed? Was her life to end in some remote desert gully? And all merely because she had been found making love to another girl! What a fool she had been to agree to meet Zuriba in secret!

Suddenly she was pulled out of the truck, her arm was gripped and she was frog-marched forward. She felt the enveloping shroud being removed. She was now stark naked again in front of these unknown men. She blushed under the hood. Was she now, she wondered, going to be shot?

She felt herself again being marched forward. She seemed to be going along some sort of wooden jetty and then up a plank, then she seemed to be standing in something that seemed to be rocking slightly. There were the muffled moans of women. Women! Where on earth could she be?

She felt the chain that ran down her back being removed. Her manacle chain was no longer fastened to the ring at the back of her collar. Oh the relief! But there was more relief when she was made to step over her manacle chain. Oh the feeling of freedom! But it was a feeling that was not to last long.

She was made to sit down on what seemed to be a hard wooden bench. Her manacled hands were pulled forward. She could hear the big link in the middle of her wrist chain being locked to something. She groped around and her hands gripped something that felt like a heavy wooden pole.

She was left alone, unable to see or speak, with her hands fastened in front of her. She heard a woman's muffled moan immediately behind her and another from in front of her. There was a rattle of chains and a barked order accompanied by the crack of a whip. She flinched in fear. There was another crack followed by a woman's muffled cry.

Then she heard footsteps approaching. She felt the strap of the thick leather hood being unlocked. Suddenly the hood was pulled off her head. She was no longer in darkness and blinked in the sudden bright light. She looked around her. Then she screamed out aloud in sheer disbelief.

PART IV

GALLEY SLAVE

12 – CHAINED TO AN OAR!

Emma saw that she was seated on a rowing bench in a long slender wooden galley. The heavy pole which her hands were gripping was the loom of a long oar. The large centre link of her wrist chain had been padlocked to an iron staple on the oar.

Horrified, she realised that she was now chained to her oar, just like the galley slaves in days of yore. But they had been men, usually fit young men, not delicate young women and certainly not young mothers-to be. This was unbelievable! But far worse was to follow.

In front of her was the naked back of another young woman – and there were whip marks across it! Down the back of her head hung a pretty plume of shiny hair that seemed to emerge, like the crest of a bird or a girl's ponytail, from a polished brass tube on the top of her head. The tube was secured by a sort of leather bridle which went over her head and was fastened in the back of her neck by a small padlock.

She gasped as she saw that the plume was accentuated by the fact the hair on either side of it and under it at the back of the girl's head had been shaved and was smooth and shiny - just like, Emma thought, her own now smooth and hairless mound.

The girl was silently reaching forward with the loom of her oar, as if waiting the order to start rowing.

Emma felt something hard touch her own back and she looked round. Sitting behind her was a beautiful Arab woman, stark naked except for a metal collar, a degrading big brass nose-ring and wrist manacles, all identical to her own.

However she, too, was completely bald, except for a long thick plume of hair coming from the top of her head. Her head had been shaved and was smooth and shiny. Did Arab men find keeping part of a woman's head shaved and polished to be very erotic? Or was it just to prevent a girl's hair from falling over her face as she strained at her oar?

The woman's plume of hair, shiny bald head and her big brass nose ring gave her a strangely animal-like and inhuman look. This animal-like look was further enhanced by a large black leather muzzle, like a bridle, over which her nose ring hung down. The muzzle covered not only her mouth, but also her chin and her cheeks. Oh my God, thought Emma, oh my God!

The woman gave Emma a little friendly animal-like moan. It was all she could do for her welcoming smile was hidden by her muzzle. Dear God, thought Emma, am I also going to be reduced to the level of a dumb animal?

The woman's wrists, like her own ones, were chained to her oar. Emma was appalled to see the marks of the whip across the woman's delicate but firm breasts. She, too, was reaching forward with her oar, the loom of which was pressing against Emma's back. Emma realised that the only way to avoid being hit by the oar of the woman behind her was to reach forward herself, with her own oar.

On one side of the wooden thwart on which she was seated was the wooden side of the galley with a little porthole through which the oar protruded. The galley's bulwarks rose up above the level of her head, thus hiding, she realised, the inside the galley slaves from prying eyes.

But it also made it difficult for her to see out. All she could see, peering through the little gaps in the porthole on either side of the loom of the oar, was the blade of the oar balanced just above the water. Was this so that the female galley slaves would not be distracted by what might be going on outside the galley? Did they have to keep their eyes on the back of the woman in front of them and concentrate on pulling their oars in perfect time together?

Female galley slaves! The expression raced round her brain. Was this the state to which she had been reduced? Was this the Caid's punishment? Was this why Zuriba had looked so frightened when the Caid announced his sentence on the two of them? But what was the purpose of the galley? Merely for the punishment of naughty or disobedient concubines? Hardly!

Emma remembered what Zuriba had said about girls disappearing from the harem and not being seen again. Was this where they were sent? To start a new life as a muzzled galley slave chained to an oar?

But were the galley slaves kept permanently chained to their oars day and night? If so, how did they eat with their hands chained to their oars? And how did they ...? After the embarrassment in the Harem of having to perform, squatting, into a bowl held by a eunuch, Emma was prepared for anything, but even so!

Emma looked around her. On her other side was a little platform, or catwalk, which ran down the centre of the galley. On the other side of the catwalk was another thwart on which a woman was also seated. She was also chained to an oar - on the other side of the galley.

Her face, too, was largely hidden by her muzzle, but Emma saw that she had very pretty eyes. Although her muzzle hid her smile and kept her silent, her eyes seemed to

be welcoming Emma as a fellow galley slave. She too was reaching forward with the loom of the oar to which her wrists were chained.

She wore the distinctive collar and nose ring of the Caid and the sides and back of her head also been shaved, again leaving a long plume of hair going through a raised ring on the top of her head which was held in place, like the muzzle over her mouth, by a leather bridle. Emma could see that the effect was very distinctive – and erotic.

Shocked, Emma saw that she carried the marks of the whip across her shoulders and breasts. But that was not all that shocked her, for she saw that her belly was quite definitely well-curved. But, despite that, she was still chained to her oar. How dreadfully cruel! How also potentially dangerous – or was the constant to and fro rowing movement of a galley slave an ideal pre-natal exercise?

She wondered how long it would be before her belly was as curved as that of her neighbour. She remembered Zuriba translating for her the eunuch's awful expression about her pregnant sister's belly as now "showing nicely".

There were twelve oars on either side of the long slender galley, with a young woman chained to each. All were muzzled. Emma wondered why. Why was it so important for the women to be kept dumb, like animals? Animals! Was that the reason? Were they deliberately kept muzzled so that like dumb beasts of burden they could be better made to pull their oars? How ghastly!

Or did it just amuse the cruel Caid see his female galley slaves reduced to the level of dumb animals?

She saw that the bellies of several other women were also "showing nicely". One seemed to be huge. She was obviously in the last stages – and yet she was still chained to an oar.

The larger women seemed to be seated aft and the more slender ones, like herself, were seated forward in the galley. Some of the women were dark-skinned, but all were tanned by the sun - tanned all over.

Emma recognised Zuriba's still white back. She was chained to an oar just ahead of her on the opposite side of the catwalk.

Right aft of the galley was a little raised poop covered by a light roof to give shelter against the sun and rain. However, there was no shelter for the women galley slaves, she realised.

Up on the poop was a ship's wheel, presumably for steering the vessel, and a comfortable divan, presumably for the Caid and his guests. She saw the galley's Arab coxswain standing there, his eye on the shore, perhaps keeping a lookout for the arrival of the Caid.

Beneath the raised poop, at the level of the thwarts, were two cages, possibly to carry spare women for the oars. Emma saw two nose rings flash from behind the bars of the cages. They must be the two women, two human animals, who had been moved to make room for Zuriba and herself.

Also at the foot of the poop was a naked little black boy sitting by a drum, ready to give the beat to the female galley slaves, varying the speed of the beautifully-made galley in accordance with the orders of the man at the wheel.

Suddenly a man leant over her. She realised that it must be the man who had pulled the hood off her head. He had now returned and was standing on the catwalk.

As she looked up at him in some alarm, she saw that he was a big, bald and brutal-looking Negro. He was naked except for a bulging loincloth, the sight of which made her cower in horror and in shame at her own nakedness in front of this evidently very virile man. He was evidently no eunuch.

Tucked into the man's belt was a short black leather whip, the sight of which made Emma cower in fear, as she remembered all the whip marks she had seen on the other women's unprotected backs and breasts. He was indeed the galley's whip-master.

He was grinning cruelly and in his hand was a black leather muzzle and bridle, complete with a brass top piece, like those worn by the other women in the galley. Ignoring Emma's little protests, he bent down and fitted the muzzle it over her mouth and under her big brass nose-ring. Emma saw that there were holes in the muzzle to help her breathe. Were they also to allow water to be sucked up?

Like the other muzzles she had seen, the bottom fitted tightly under her chin to keep her mouth closed and to prevent it from slipping, or being pulled, up.

Similarly to prevent the muzzle from slipping, or being pulled, down, straps were attached to the top corners. Like those she had seen on the other women, they were pulled up on either side of her nose, to meet on the bridge. From there a single strap went up over her forehead to the top piece.

Two further cheek straps were led back from the sides of the muzzle to the back of her neck and to prevent the bridle from slipping sideways, two more straps went down from the top piece, just forward of her ears, to meet the cheek straps running back to behind her neck.

Finally a further strap ran back from the top piece to meet the cheek straps behind her neck. Except for these, all these straps were permanently stapled together with strong metal clips.

Emma felt her hair being drawn up through the top piece and combed down like a pony tail. The straps were pulled taut and she heard a click from behind her neck as they were locked in place. There was a grunt of satisfaction from the whip-master as he stood back and checked that the leather muzzle was now held, tightly secured, over Emma's head and mouth with the plume of long blond hair emerging from the brass top piece.

But the whipmaster had not finished. Emma gave a little cry of disbelief as she saw that he was now holding a shaving brush and a bowl of saving soap. He brushed the soap over her head, then he picked up an old fashioned cut throat razor.

Emma shook her head screamed. But her muzzle muffled her cries of protest and with her hands chained down helplessly to her oar, she was powerless to interfere with what he was about to do.

'You keep quite still – or you get cut,' he muttered in broken English.

Terrified, Emma stopped shaking her head. She felt him hold her head with one hand as with the other he carefully began to shave the sides and back. Soon some of Emma's lovely honey-coloured locks were falling down into the bilges. Periodically he would pick up a leather strop lying on the nearby on the central catwalk and expertly rub the razor up and down, sharpening its edge.

Soon the sides and back of her head were as smooth and shiny as those of the other women. The huge whipmaster looked down at the lovely thick plume of golden hair and the smooth bald head that surrounded it. Yes, the rest her cranium would polish up very well and with regular weekly shaving he would be able to keep it nice and shiny – just as the Caid liked.

Leaving Emma, he went over to where Zuriba was chained to an oar. After fitting a similar bridle-muzzle over her head, he started to shave her head too.

Still in a state of shock at what had been done to her, Emma watched in horror what was done to her friend and lover. It was all a nightmare.

She then glanced back at the animal-looking girl chained behind her. Did her own muzzle and bridle, together with the big brass nose-ring and the raised plume of hair make her look more like a performing animal than a human being as well? She tried to call out to the girl, but she could do was to make a little purring sound. The woman replied with a similar little animal-like moan.

How awful, Emma thought, realising that she, too, had been reduced to the level of an animal – a beast of burden used simply to pull an oar.

The whip-master returned and again bent down. He separated Emma's chained wrists so that they were the same distance apart as her shoulders as she held her oar

forward, her arms stiffly outstretched. With her hands well separated, she realised, she would be able to pull her oar more effectively.

Then he slipped a pair of gloves onto her hands and a little piece of carpet under her rear. Clearly, both were to guard against blisters until her skin had toughened. Emma glanced up at him in gratitude. She wanted to thank him but her muzzle kept her silent.

Perhaps this was just as well for how could she think of thanking a man who had just shaved off half her lovely hair? Clearly, he regarded the galley slaves as just naked animals - there to pull their oars!

Then the whip-master produced a length of light chain. He locked one end to the ring on the front of Emma's collar and the other to the ring on the back of the collar of the woman seated in front of her. In the centre of the light chain was a bottle screw which allowed the chain to be shortened or lengthened slightly.

Then he locked a similar length of chain to the back of Emma's collar and onto the front of the collar of the woman behind her. He adjusted the two bottle screws so that the chains were taut.

Emma's neck was now tightly held. She saw that the women on both sides of the galley were all linked like her, forming two separate chain gangs. She would have to sway to and fro and therefore row in perfect time with the other women. It was a very ingenious way of harnessing the women to all pull their oars in time together – just as the harness of a four-in-hand ensures that carriage horses all also pulled together.

Finally the whip-master rubbed sun oil over her shoulders and down over her bare breasts to protect them until she became properly tanned by constant exposure to the sun.

The craft appeared to be moored by the stern to some sort of jetty and Emma could see several other galleys.

The female galley slaves of the nearest one seemed to be standing up, as if for inspection by a swarthy man dressed in Arab robes who was presumably the galley's owner. She saw that their heads were completely bald without any pretty central plumes. How degrading!

Why, Emma asked herself in some bewilderment, why did these men have these galleys? Just for amusement? For the erotic feeling of power that came from making twenty beautiful, bald, young women strain at their oars under the whip of a whip-master?

Did it also further amuse the Caid to breed from his animal-like galley slaves as he might breed from real animals? Or was there some reason, some advantage to be gained, by using pregnant women?

The galley was evidently very lightly constructed – and fast. Was it used for racing? Racing with a crew of female galley slaves? If, back in Europe, horse racing was the sport of Kings, was galley racing with female galley slaves, on a remote reservoir, the sport of rich and bored Caid's and their friends?

Was the acquisition of sufficient pretty women to act as galley slaves cheap and easy here? Was keeping and feeding them similarly cheap and easy?

Was this the ultimate erotic sport, a secret and highly sensuous pursuit?

But if they did race these galleys, surely it would be a considerable handicap to use slender Arab or Berber women as galley slaves, rather than big strong Negresses – especially as some of them clearly expectant? A handicap? That must be the explanation, she thought.

Emma knew that the Caid enjoyed mating some of the slender girls in his harem with his robust black guards and getting a well curved belly. The fact that they were undergoing an unwanted, forced maternity made it all the more enjoyable to watch. What a swine he was! But he would also, presumably, equally enjoy breeding from pretty women in his galley. After all it was really just an extension of his harem.

So presumably he and his cruel friends might have some handicap system for their races which would make it worthwhile to use beautiful Arab and Berber women as galley slaves and to have a proportion of them pregnant. Perhaps, she thought with a shiver of apprehension, to make it even more worthwhile, the handicap might increase as the girls' bellies swelled.

Perhaps the handicap would continue for a period after the girl gave birth, making it even more desirable for a galley owner to breed from his galley slaves.

Furthermore, as the anti-Western feeling of the fundamentalists was now so strong in the Moslem world, she wondered with another little shiver, was there a further handicap for using Christian girls as galley slaves? And might there be an ever greater handicap if a galley slave with a well curved belly was a Christian girl?

My God, she thought, no wonder the Caid had wanted Zuriba and herself sent here to his galley as soon as their pregnancy by the pygmies was confirmed!

She looked again at the girl with the huge belly. She saw that, although it seemed temporarily covered over, her thwart had been cut away under her and below this cutaway was a wickerwork basket. Horrified, she realised that it would allow the girl to drop her progeny whilst still fastened to her oar – or perhaps even whilst being made by the whip-master's whip to continue to row in time to the drum. How quite unbelievably cruel!

Was there perhaps a special handicap or prize for a galley slave giving birth during a race? Might the whip-master even bring on or delay delivery to ensure that it took place during a race?

Would the Caid enter his galley for a particularly long race, knowing that his whip-master could, with luck, arrange for a special event to take place during it – and thereby earn him a special prize? How dreadful and yet how typical of the Caid's attitude to his women. Might that be the fate in store for her - and for Zuriba, too?

Might the handicap be doubled for twins? Was that that why the Caid had her and Zuriba mated to his pygmies: so that their progeny would be smaller and so slip out more easily, to be dropped during a race, into the basket under the cutaway thwart? My God! Her mind was racing. Might there even be an extra prize for two women dropping their progeny in the same race?

Were such things really possible or was she letting her imagination run away with her? It seemed unbelievable. But, as Emma had already learnt, there seemed to be no limits to the cruelty with which women were treated here.

Trying to put away such terrifying ideas, Emma turned her thoughts to the more immediate threat of the frightening whip-master. He certainly seemed to be in complete charge of all the galley slaves. Just as the black eunuchs had been responsible for producing well trained and submissive girls for the Caid's bed, was the whip-master responsible for producing a team of fit female galley slaves for the Caid's racing galley?

Similarly, just as the awful big eunuchs were responsible for ensuring successful maternities in the harem, was this equally awful big black whipmaster responsible for ensuring the successful maternities of his galley slaves?

Did the owners wager huge sums, she wondered, on the outcome of their races? Did the whip-master have a vested interest in the fitness of the women in his charge by sharing in the prize money? And thus have a vested interest in the progress of pregnant galley slaves? Certainly the wretched women wouldn't! Any more than a winning horse shares in the prize money, Emma thought bitterly.

13 – THE CAID TAKES HIS GALLEY OUT FOR A SPIN

Suddenly there was an air of excitement in the galley. The whip-master shouted an order and the muzzled women turned their oars so that the blades were now horizontal

in the salute position, perfectly aligned. They all stood up silently and respectfully lowered their eyes, carefully holding the looms of their oars level with their bellies.

The Caid was coming on board!

Out of the corner of her eye, Emma saw this terrifying man, this cruel man who had sentenced her to this terrible fate, sit down in comfort on the poop. He looked down onto the rowing deck in front of him. There was a cruel smile on his face.

Clearly he was enjoying the sight of twenty-four naked and muzzled young women all chained to the oars of his galley – and also enjoying the sight of double that number of trembling breasts.

What a feeling of power: twenty-four pretty young women reduced to the level of dumb animals for his greater enjoyment with half a dozen of them being subjected to the delights of forced breeding for his pleasure - and to increase the likelihood of winning races. There was no sport like this!

The Caid gave a nod to the whip-master. He called out an order to the black boy at the drum who stood up and took the wheel from the coxswain, who cast off the stern lines.

Simultaneously, the whip-master gave an order. The women all sat down on their thwarts. They reached right forward with their oars. Emma found her neck first jerked forward by the chain leading to the woman in front of her and then back by the chain at the back of her neck.

Emma saw that the Caid was now looking down alternately at her and Zuriba. He was stroking his beard and the cruel smile on his lips was even more accentuated – and so too was his feeling of satisfied revenge. Now he had a pretty young European galley slave – here as a punishment for trying to deceive her Master with another woman. And she'd had half her head shaved!

Moreover, the big race was coming up in a few months' time and she and her Christian colleague in crime could well be made to play a key role in helping him to win it. Certainly he had been quick to take advantage of the new rule introduced by some of the more fundamentalist-minded owners of racing galleys: to reward owners with a special handicap for each infidel Christian girl that they inveigled into becoming a galley slave.

He very much doubted if his rivals had yet acquired suitable Christian women. He already had two! And the fact that they were both petite would earn him another compensating handicap – although he was sure that by the time of the big race his whip-master would get them pulling their oars as well as much bigger girls.

Putting them into his galley had also solved the problem of how to punish these girls for what, in the Moslem world, was regarded as a very serious crime.

Furthermore, as an additional punishment, thanks to the girls' sojourn in the pygmies' cage, their bellies would soon be showing nicely. He smiled as he thought that as a result he would be able to claim the special extra handicaps for Christian galley slaves who had been successfully subjected to a little forced breeding – and double if they were carrying twins!

These extra handicaps would, by Allah, make all the difference to winning or losing.

Perhaps his clever whip-master might even be able to arrange for them both to deliver their pygmy progeny simultaneously during a major race. That would really ensure a winning handicap - and make his fellow galley owners mad with jealousy!

There was a warning roll of the drum and the first of a slow regular beat. In perfect time, the women on both sides of the galley swayed back, each straining to pull her oar through the water, each terrified lest the whip-master might think she was not putting her back into her work and give her a cut across her naked back with his whip.

Emma found herself being pulled first backwards and then forwards by her neck at an increasing rate as the drum rate increased.

She soon learned that, although properly pulling her oar was a great strain, she could go through the motion of rowing without having to make much effort. She did not, however, deceive the whip-master, standing behind her where she could not see him.

Suddenly there was a crack of his whip and then another crack as he brought his whip down across her back so that the tip flicked round and caught her bare breast. She cried out, but instantly she also started to really strain at her oar. Now she really knew the meaning of the order “put your back into it”!

She would do anything, she told herself, to avoid another stroke of the whip like that!

She glanced up at the poop. The Caid was looking at her and laughing. The swine! The utter and unspeakable swine!

She could not meet his stare. As she lowered her eyes, she felt herself, to her utter shame, becoming excited by him. It was as if she, as a mere female, was yet again responding in some primeval or instinctive way to the presence of a powerful and dominant male.

For the next two hours the Caid exercised his team of pretty female galley slaves, occasionally handing the helm over to his Coxswain whilst he sat down in comfort to enjoy an iced drink.

A clever trainer of race horses will exercise them alternatively at the walk, at the trot, at the canter, at the gallop and then at the trot again. So, too, the Caid exercised his female galley slaves at frequently changing paces.

The drum boy would beat out the pace for the Arabic equivalent of Slow Speed Ahead. Suddenly this would be followed by a change to the quicker pace of Half Ahead. Just as the women were beginning to tire, the beat would change to a burst at Full Speed Ahead, with the whip-master cracking his whip menacingly and the sweat pouring down over the faces and naked bodies of the straining women, before the drum reverted to Slow again. No wonder their heads were kept shaved!

To keep them on their toes, the Caid would order Hold Water, with the women desperately straining to hold their oars still in the water to bring the galley to an emergency halt, or by Hold Water Starboard and Half Ahead Port to make the vessel spin round to starboard as if rounding a marker buoy in a race.

This might be followed by Back Water to make the women drive the craft astern as if to avoid a collision with another galley.

These were all manoeuvres that called for considerable effort from the unfortunate galley slaves.

The Caid was clearly not merely getting his women slaves fit for the start of the racing season. He was also trying them out under realistic racing conditions.

Galley races were not often held over short distances. They were usually long drawn out affairs, lasting perhaps an hour or even two or more. Such races were intended partly to really test the stamina of the female galley slaves. But they were also intended to test the skill of their owners in conserving the flagging energy of his slaves and in out-manoeuving his rivals.

It was these long races that also provided the opportunity for a owner to arrange for a galley slave to drop her progeny whilst still straining at her oar under the whip of her whip-master.

In horse-racing, a clever jockey might keep his horse back and then suddenly use his whip to drive his horse forward to overtake his rivals at just the critical moment when they are beginning to tire. So, too, in galley-racing the Caid regarded himself as an expert in judging just how much more his exhausted women could be flogged into straining at their oars without finally collapsing.

He would ease back to rest them for a few minutes by rowing at a slower beat. Then he would decide to put on the pressure to shoot past an unsuspecting rival, suddenly

increasing the rate of the drum-beat dramatically and instructing his whip-master not to spare the whip.

Similarly the Caid was also an expert at conserving just sufficient of his women's energy to enable him to make a last minute high speed dash for the winning line, with his whip-master driving the already exhausted galley slaves into producing new unexpected reserves of stamina as they toiled at their oars in response to an increasingly fast drum.

He would be furious with his whip-master if the women were not all in a state of utter collapse as the race ended.

It was a cruel sport. It was this mixture of cruelty, of forced breeding and the prospect of winning large sums as prize money or by on the results of each race, that accounted for its popularity amongst the Caid's and other rich Arabs.

Whilst the women galley slaves were being put through their paces by the cruel and demanding Caid, he would be drinking delicious looking iced drinks as he looked down at the now madly thirsty women. Oh how Emma hated him!

Occasionally the drum boy would be sent with a bucket to water the sweating women. Each girl had to drop her chin into the bucket, without missing a stroke with her oar, and suck up the refreshing water through the little holes in her muzzle. Like a sweating horse, each desperately thirsty girl was only allowed a few mouthfuls of water, so that her performance at the oars would not be affected.

'More! Please more,' Emma wanted to cry out as the boy took the bucket away. But muzzled as she was she was, she had to remain silent – again, she realised, just like a dumb animal.

After one particularly hard spell at Full Speed, the Caid handed over the helm to his Arab coxswain and came down from the poop. Accompanied by his whip-master, he came down the catwalk to inspect his galley slaves.

Whilst the drum kept up a relaxed but brisk beat, the two men worked their way slowly down the catwalk, examining and discussing each of the women in turn, like a successful race-horse owner examining and discussing his string of race-horses with his trainer.

Each woman being examined would continue to strain at her oar, terrified by the near presence of both her dreaded owner and his equally dreaded whip-master. Similarly, she would keep her eyes fixed on the back of the woman in front of her, as the men felt her arm and shoulder muscles and judged whether the hang of her swaying breasts was impeding her efficiency at the oar.

Emma had noticed how firm the women's breasts were - presumably, she thought, rowing was very good for the pectoral muscles. But she had also noticed how the men reached down to feel the bellies that were showing well.

When the Caid came level with her, she could not help glancing piteously up at him. He was furious at this and turned to give an order to the Negro whip-master. Horrified, Emma recognised the Arab word for 'impertinence' - it was a word she had heard so often in the Caid's harem.

The whip-master nodded with a smile. He stood back and brought his whip down under her outstretched arms. The whip caught right across her belly, just as she was raising it at the end of a stroke. There was a little muffled cry of pain from under her muzzle.

However, she did not dare move her eyes again from the exact middle of the back of the woman seated in front of her, as she felt the Caid running his hand over her belly. He seemed particularly excited, as he gave instructions in Arabic to his whip-master. Might her tummy have already begun to swell?

Emma felt utterly humiliated and more like a helpless animal than ever. But she would have been even more horrified if she had understood what the Caid was saying:

‘I want to see a really good belly on this one. She and Zuriba should both be carrying a good litter of pygmies.’

At last the Caid turned his back on Emma and went to the heavily pregnant pretty galley slave seated on the opposite side of the catwalk. Putting his hand down, he began to feel the hugely curved belly, talking to his black whipmaster and pointing down to the basket under the girl’s cutaway thwart as he did so.

Oh my God, Emma thought, might I one day be sitting on that same thwart with a belly like hers? She saw the girl turn her muzzled face up towards the Caid. Was it she looking up at her Master with hatred for what had been done to her, or with an animal-like pride in her swollen belly? Was she trying under her muzzle to swear at the swine of her Master or perhaps, overcome by maternal instinct, wanting to thank him for having her covered?

Emma heard the Caid say something to her in Arabic. The girl’s eyes sparkled. Was he patronisingly telling her what a clever young girl she was? Or how pleased he was with the size of her belly?

Emma found herself constantly looking with dread at that cutaway thwart and at the basket below it. Although she did not then fully realise it, that cutaway thwart would be dominating her thoughts, and those of her companions with swelling bellies, over the coming months – as it was intended to do.

During races, each galley was allowed to carry two spare galley slaves. To prevent any cheating by having the spare woman double bank one of the oars, it was a strict rule that until one was used to replace a specific galley slave, she had to be kept locked up in a cage - hence the two cages that Emma had seen below the poop.

Thus, the rapid replacement of a particularly exhausted slave also needed frequent practice. Indeed, Emma was greatly relieved when one of the women in the cages at the foot of the poop was dragged out by the whip-master and used to replace her for a short period.

She was delighted when the metal door of the cage clanged shut behind her. Every muscle in her body was aching and she was covered with the marks of the whip-master's whip. She slumped back in the little cage.

Looking up, she was surprised to see that there was grille which allowed the Caid, when steering the galley, to glance down into the cage and see the fresh or exhausted woman in it - and decide whether a change would be advantageous.

She found herself looking up at the busy Caid with increased hatred.

But, she realised, it was a hatred also mixed with increased respect for him as a man, a real man, a man who had no qualms whatsoever in using his women purely for his own entertainment and for sport.

Her delight at being put into the cage, apparently to rest, was short lived. She soon learned that she was merely being taught the drill for replacing a galley slave under way. A few minutes later, she was dragged out and chained again to her oar.

The Caid then pointed at two women who had caught his eye during his inspection. The spare women in the cages were pulled out again and chained to the oars of the two chosen women. Emma sensed that the rest of the slaves were very jealous of them as they were made to crawl humbly along the catwalk on all fours and up onto the poop. Emma saw that one had a clearly curved belly.

Then in the full view of the other women, they were made to kiss the Caid's shoes lovingly. Their bridles were unlocked and their muzzles removed but neither of them dared to say a word.

The Caid snapped his fingers and they both put their hands under his robe. Moments later there was another snap of the Caid’s fingers and, this time, both their heads disappeared under his robe.

Soon Emma could see the outline of their heads rising and falling under the robe.

The Caid now ordered Full Speed again. Whilst he was enjoying the sight of the other women all straining at their oars under the whip of his whip-master, he was being pleased by two little creatures kneeling under his robe.

Although she knew now only too well that she must keep her eyes straight ahead, fixed on the naked back of the woman in front of her, like the other galley slaves, she simply could not help risking the whip and glancing up at the Caid.

He was, she had to admit, a magnificent figure of a man as he stood at the wheel, his legs astride, and whilst at his feet four little feet and two naked female bottoms peeked out from beneath his robe.

She wished her little bottom was one of them!

Would he choose her next time, she wondered.

The very thought made her feel ashamedly excited again.

14 -THE SLAVE PENS

The exercise period was over. The Caid disembarked into a small boat to return to his *Kasbah* - and to the delights of his harem.

The galley was now taken by the coxswain back to an island in the middle of the reservoir where the galleys were moored when not in use and where the galley slaves were kept.

After some complex manoeuvres, the galley was moored stern-on to a wharf on the little island. The women were now unfastened from their oars.

At a word of command from the whip-master, the naked women, still chained by the neck to form two chain gangs, lined up silently on the catwalk. They were joined by the two women who had been let out of their cages again.

Another word of command, accompanied by a terrifying crack of the whip, and the women ran down the gangplank and formed up again on the wharf under the interested eye of several other rival Negro whip-masters.

An official-looking man came up to the whip-master and pointed to a large weighing machine – large enough, thought a bemused Emma, to weigh the whole of a chain gang. The whip-master nodded but clearly there was something else he wanted to do first.

Indeed, apparently keen to show off his mastery over his female galley slaves to his peers, he then called out yet another word of command. Twenty six women obediently assumed a squatting position with their chained hands placed on the top of their heads.

There was then another barked word of command and a pause, followed by a sudden crack of the whip-master's whip. Immediately there was a sudden sound of running water as twenty six women let their pent-up wastes run away into the sand.

After several hours in the galley, Emma was as anxious as the rest to spend a penny. But to have to do it like this, to the order of the Negro and watched by several more, was too humiliating for words.

The official-looking man again pointed to the large weighing machine. The whip-master gave an order and first one and then the other of the chain gangs had to step up onto the scales whilst the official wrote down their total weight.

The whip-master also pointed out to the official the women with noticeably curved bellies. The official nodded and checked them against a list in his notebook. He ran a measuring tape over each swollen belly and again immediately under their breasts. He noted these figures in his book and evidently deducted one from the other to get a figure for the increase in size. Goodness, though Emma, perhaps there really is a clever handicap system here that covered both the number of pregnant women in each galley and the size of their curved bellies – and which also encouraged the use of lighter women, as opposed to just big negresses.

Moreover, by making the women all spend a penny before being weighed and then weighing them before they slaked their raging thirst, he would get a low total weight

and therefore a better handicap for his galley. How clever, she thought. And yet, how callous!

Then Emma saw the whip-master pointing to Zuriba and herself. Again the official made a note and embarrassingly measured their bellies, too. Goodness, were they, too, being registered as pregnant galley slaves – just to earn the Caid a better handicap?

He also ran a modern-looking audio-scan over the bellies, apparently to try and count on the monitoring screen the number of little embryos that each was carrying – and note that, too. How humiliating, Emma thought yet again, to be treated in this way like a brood bitch or mare, with no control over her maternity. Anxiously she tried in vain to see what was on the screen.

Oh my God, she thought, had the Caid really put Zuriba and her to those pygmies to get an even greater handicap now – with more to come later when they performed on the cutaway thwart?

At last the desperately thirsty chain gangs were allowed to run to a long horse water trough and to lower their heads into it for a minute to suck up water again through the little holes in their muzzles.

‘Enough!’ ordered their whip-master with a crack of his whip. ‘Prance to Cages!’

The two chain gangs then ran prancing off, even those with curved bellies, their knees rising in perfect time with each other, as the whip-master called out the step, his whip cracking as he ran alongside the women.

It was one of his rules that whatever the galley slaves did: eating, running, drinking, urinating, marching, prancing or defecating, all had to be done in perfect unison and to his order. In this way he helped to ensure that the female galley slaves ceased to think of themselves as individual women, or even as women at all, since no human speech was allowed. Rather they now regarded themselves as a team of performing animals, controlled at all times by their whip-master.

Similarly he took great care to ensure that the women's energies were strictly conserved for their efforts at the oar and not dissipated by any sexual relief.

It was therefore a standard rule that unless a girl's wrists were fastened to her oar, or to a restraining chain in the galley slave's cage, then they were at all times to be placed on the top of their heads - where he could see them!

Emma heard the noise of a departing helicopter. It must be a wealthy galley owner departing, she thought. She had wondered how they got to the island, for few lived by the side of the reservoir, like the Caid. No wonder they had succeeded in keeping the existence of the galley slaves so secret! Private helicopters would certainly make it much easier for busy men to visit the island.

The Caid's two chain gangs ran past a beautiful white building - the club-house where visiting owners could stay in comfort, attended by one or two of their prettier galley slaves.

They ran on towards some long open sided buildings. They looked rather like a cattle sheds. Outside were neat piles of new straw and dung pits for dirty straw.

But it was what was under the roofs of the buildings that caught Emma's eye: a row of iron cages, too low to stand up in; and inside each cage, a chained group of kneeling or crawling women just like themselves - galley slaves from another owner's galley.

As they pranced past the line of low cages, each with its row of silently watching women, Emma recognised the team she had seen earlier standing up in the galley - all with their heads shaved and polished. Another group all had a distinctive mark tattooed on their foreheads and yet another had a crest apparently tattooed across their naked bellies.

Like the ringed noses, muzzles, collars and plumes of the Caid's women, these distinctive emblems were intended to make the women all feel a sense of identity and of belonging to their owner's team. They were also intended to curb any sense of individuality. The whip-master's job was to produce a well trained team of animals, used to working together, not a set of different individual human beings.

Emma saw a group of black workmen emptying a dung pit into a hand cart. Later she would learn that the rotted down wastes of the galley slaves were used as valuable manure on this isolated island, especially in the kitchen garden that served both the club-house of the galley owners and the quarters of the black whip-masters and their drum boys - and of the Arab coxswains.

The two chain gangs were finally ordered by their whip-master to halt in front of two cages. Each already contained several naked women. They were collared, manacled and wore the Caid's big brass nose rings, muzzles and plumes. Evidently they were spare girls who had been left behind that day – chained kneeling up at the bars of their cages.

All in all, Emma realised, the Caid must keep over thirty female galley slaves in training to ensure that his galley could be raced at all times. Was choosing the exact crew and reserves for each different race a complex matter and one that called for fine judgement by the Caid and his black whip-master advisor?

With the women still standing with their hands on their heads, the whip-master now hosed them all down to wash off the sweat and to clean them up. He liked his team of galley slaves to take pride in their appearance, painting their cheeks and eyes, and combing and brushing their pony-tails until their shone. But all the time he insisted that they all looked alike as much as possible. They had, for instance, to use the same shade of lipstick and eye shadow, with a stock kept in the cages.

The starboard chain, containing Emma, was now made to crawl into one cage and the port chain, including Zuriba, into the other. Emma sighed - doubtless they had been separated on purpose.

Even kneeling up in the cages, the kneeling women were careful to keep their hands on their heads. Still muzzled, they could not talk. As they were still chained to each other by the neck, all movement was restricted. Indeed to all intents and purposes, each girl only got to know the girl on either side of her on the chain gang - the girls who rowed immediately in front and behind her in the galley. But she also soon got to know the Head Girls of her chain who, being the biggest and strongest, was seated on the stroke thwart right aft, next to the drum.

Each Head Girl was responsible to the whip-master for discipline in her chain gang - something which she had to enforce with the flat of her hand, or occasionally with her fist. Like the other girls, she was not allowed to talk, however, and indeed one of her main tasks was to enforce the no talking rule whenever the women's muzzles were removed.

Their main task, of course, was to keep a sharp lookout at night in the cage lest any girl, unable to use her hands to give herself relief, might try to obtain it by rubbing herself against another galley slave or even, in her desperation, against a bundle of straw.

The Head Girls were allowed the privilege by the whip-master of being permitted to give themselves relief once every two weeks - provided no race was imminent. They had to do this under the orders of the whip-master and facing the cage in which the rest of the chain gang were lined up, jealously watching.

This privilege made the position of Head Girl a much sought after one. Once a week, any girl could challenge her Head Girl to a fight in front of the Caid. There were no rounds and no rules. The fight continued until one girl gave in.

To discourage frivolous challenges, if a challenger lost the fight then she would later be thrashed by the whip-master in front of the remainder of the chain gang. If, however, the Head Girl was beaten, then the winner became the new Head Girl and exchanged places on the chain gang with the former Head Girl. Usually a Head Girl beat off her challengers and remained in her prestigious position on the stroke thwart right aft. She also, of course, then retained the jealously guarded right of being allowed to masturbate once every two weeks.

An open truck now drove up from the beautiful white club-house that Emma had noticed earlier. It stopped in front of the two cages containing the Caid's galley slaves.

In the back of the truck were several large metal rubbish bins. The driver and his mate, both Negroes, unloaded the bins. Emma saw that the two girls on either side of her were licking their lips in anticipation. She did not understand why.

Right in front of the cage, resting on the sand, was a low metal cattle trough, running the whole length of the cage. It was polished and empty.

Emma now saw that the rubbish bins were full of scraps of food of the type normally used to feed pigs: potato peelings, bits of oranges, apple cores, pieces of bread, lumps of meat and coffee grains. Another bin was full of raw meat and fat, rather like the discarded kitchen scraps that one might give to a dog.

Clearly, these were the left-overs from the magnificent meals enjoyed by the owners and their guests in the club-house restaurant.

Emma looked at the nauseous mess with revulsion, even though it had been a long day and she was feeling hungry. They had been given a little water, mixed with dissolved glucose energy tablets, to drink in the galley - but nothing else. Presumably, she thought, this was because the only toilet facilities on board the galley appeared to be those below the poop and they were clearly reserved for the use of the Caid, the coxswain, the whip-master and the drummer boy. Certainly the galley slaves could not use them.

That was why, Emma realised, the whip-master had allowed the girls to empty themselves onto the sand as soon as they were all ashore.

To Emma's surprise the workmen now emptied their rubbish bins into the metal troughs just outside the cage. They added a sackful of bran and oats - and poured on water. They then stirred up the resulting mess with a stick until it looked like porridge. The whip-master came to look at it and nodded in approval.

He was responsible for feeding the Caid's women galley slaves. The more he could feed them on scraps, the more money went into his pocket. But, of course, he was also responsible for the fitness and stamina of the galley slaves, including those with curved bellies. Moreover he stood to gain from the Caid's generosity every time the galley did well in a race - or his curses if it did not.

The scraps might look unappetising, but they were nourishing and full of proteins and vitamins. Certainly the women did very well on them - including the pregnant ones.

The workmen threw the empty bins into the back of the truck and drove off.

The whip-master now blew a whistle. The whole line of women, facing the bars on the front of the cage, fell to their knees, their faces touching the floor. Emma found being pulled down alongside them by her collar chains.

Evidently, if the women had to obey the crack of their whip-master's whip when outside their cages, inside them they had to perform to his whistle.

There was a long pause. The whip-master pulled a lever and narrow slots along the bottom of the bars on the front of the long cages were lifted up. Again there was a long pause, whilst the line of women became more and more restive. He gave another blast on his whistle. The women, now kneeling on hands and knees like animals, thrust their heads through the raised section at the bottom of the cage with their manacled hands still flat on the floor.

He lowered the lever so that the bottom of the raised slot was pressing down on the back of their necks, holding them in position and went down the line of women slipping off their muzzles. He blew his whistle and the women eagerly began to gobble up the food in the trough in front of them and to fight with their teeth over the more succulent parts.

Emma hesitated. She was certainly hungry and the thought of eating some solid food again after being on a liquid diet in the harem and fed just on mealy beans in the

pygmies' cage, was exciting. But the porridge looked so repulsive with all the bits and pieces floating in it.

She was also shocked at the animal-like behaviour of the women. They were like pigs at the trough. They were fighting with their teeth over the larger scraps, like dogs.

Suddenly Emma's head was pushed down into the trough by the whip-master. Her face was covered with mash and rubbish.

'Eat! Eat quickly!' screamed the whip-master in Arabic, holding her head down in the mess.

Emma understood that order all right. Hastily she started to gobble and guzzle, whilst the whip-master held her head down in the mess. She could hardly breathe. She was choking and spitting, but still the whip-master held her head down in the mess.

'This make you pull oar harder!' cried the Negro. It would be a lesson she would not quickly forget, she thought, as she desperately swallowed and swallowed.

At last the trough in front of her was empty. The whip-master released her head. She saw that the whole trough was now empty and that the other women were licking it clean. Not wanting to anger the frightening whip-master any more, Emma too began to lick and lick until the trough in front of her shone too.

The whip-master replaced the muzzles over each woman's mouth and then raised the barred slot again. He blew his whistle again and the women all withdrew their heads into the cage. The raised slot was lowered and locked into place.

There was another blast of the whistle. The women all lay down on their backs with their heads touching the bars of their cage, holding their manacled wrists behind their heads. The whip-master threaded a long chain through the loop in each woman's wrist chain. Then he locked each end of the long chain to a ring at either end of the cage.

The women's arms were now all held behind their heads by the long chain - and they were quite unable to reach down to masturbate. Nor could those being subjected to forced breeding harm the little creatures that they were being made to carry. To the Caid, forced breeding meant just that: a forced conception, forced carrying of the progeny to due term, and a forced delivery.

The galley slaves were all very tired after their exhausting training session with the Caid. Some soon began to fall asleep.

The whip-master looked carefully down the line of women lying on the straw. It was beginning to get dark. He switched on the cage light. This would enable anyone outside to see what was going on in the cage. He and the other whip-masters took it in turn to patrol the line of cages to check on masturbating. But certainly in his cage, the long restraining chain really made it impossible for a girl to play with herself.

He laughed to himself as he remembered playing a little prank on another whip-master the night before a big race. The galley owner concerned was very unpopular. He had wagered a large sum of money on winning the long distance race for which he had specially bought and trained some new women.

The Caid's whip-master had offered to patrol the cages in the middle of the night and had quietly unlocked the long restraining chain in the cage holding the galley slaves of the unpopular owner. The frustrated girls had eagerly seized this unexpected opportunity. Soon the cage had resounded to little cries of female ecstasy ...

Before leaving a few hours' later, he had fastened the restraining chain again so that no one had ever known how he had nobbled the specially trained girls.

Next day he had smiled as he saw that the unpopular owner's girls all had rings under their eyes. Sure enough, although their galley had got off to a flying start and took the lead, it soon began to drop back as the galley slaves unexpectedly began to tire.

He had heard the angry owner shouting at his bewildered whip-master, demanding to know why his galley slaves were performing so badly and screaming at him to whip the sluts into action. But it was all in vain. By the end of the race the women had been half killed by their whip-master's whip, but the galley had come in last.

Carefully the whip-master now checked the padlocks on his own long chain. They were brand new and only he had the key.

There was no chance of the women being allowed to get at themselves or at each other! Not even that new European woman that the Caid had sent to the galley as a punishment for serious misbehaviour in his harem.

He checked that their muzzles were all properly back in place and locked. 'I treat my galley slaves like animals,' he used to say to his friends. 'Animals can't talk – and I make certain that my galley slaves can't either.'

He gave a final look at the women lying muzzled and helpless on their backs. Yes, he could now go off to his dinner and a comfortable bed in the whip-master's comfortable quarters. There was a pretty Negress waiting for him too. He could relax and enjoy himself.

Chained helplessly on her back in the cage, Emma was in despair. She had foolishly and naively counted on being secretly able to get at herself during the night to get rid of her hated progeny.

But clearly there was no chance of that, as indeed the galley slaves with already well curved bellies must have discovered, too - to their horror. They were being treated as animals and just as a brood bitch or mare could not get rid of her progeny, so neither could they.

Oh, how she hated the horrible Caid who had so cruelly condemned her to forced breeding and to the life of a galley slave! Anxiously she looked down at her tummy. Was it beginning to show? Was that what had so excited the Caid when he had inspected her onboard the galley. How dare he treat a delicate and well-educated Englishwoman like this!

But once again, she could not also help half admiring a man who was so strong and utterly self-confident and who treated his women merely as animals to be exploited, or as toys to be played with.

He might rely on black eunuchs to run his harem and on his black whip-master to run his galley. But the driving force was his. What a truly magnificent man he was - and what a cruel bastard.

Just as she had become aroused in the galley by merely looking up at him, now she could not stop herself becoming wet with excitement at merely thinking about him. She felt very ashamed.

She tried to put her hands down to her body, but, of course, the restraining chain prevented her.

'Damn!' she muttered to herself. 'Damnation!'

15 – EMMA'S BELLY IS SHOWING NICELY

The days, weeks and even the months passed slowly for the Caid's galley slaves.

Only the weekly shaving of the sides and back of their heads every Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, marked the passing of time. The galley slaves all had to put their heads through the slots at the bottom of the bars of their cages, as they did at feeding time. The whipmaster would lower the top of the slot, thus holding their heads in place. Then he would go down the line women, shaving brush and razor in hand and, taking care not to interfere with their pretty plumes, would make sure that once again the rest of their craniums were nicely smooth and shiny.

Each morning they were given a light feed and then, at the Negro whip-master's command, had to empty themselves onto the straw at the back of the cage. This would then be collected and added to the precious dung pit.

Woe betides any woman who did not perform for the whip-master. She got an instant dose of castor oil - for the whip-master could not risk a woman having to relieve herself onboard the galley.

The whip-master would unfasten from the chain gang the spare women he did not require for that morning's exercise. Several might be pretending to be ill, to avoid a strenuous day at the oars. But the whip-master was too experienced to allow any malingering.

Emma had hoped that her morning sickness would let her off. But the black whip-master, whilst noting with pleasure this confirmation of her pregnancy, still kept her fastened to the rest of her chain gang. Her contribution as a pregnant Christian galley-slave to the galley's overall handicap was too great for her to be let off. She had to be got fit – racing fit!

The women being left behind were then chained by their manacled wrists to the bars of the cage to prevent them from taking advantage of the absence of the whip-master and of their own Head Girl to play with themselves.

Since the whip-master attached such importance to making his women galley slaves think of themselves more as dumb animals than as intelligent human beings, the women left behind were, of course, kept muzzled. There was no way that he would allow a breach of his strict rule that his galley slaves must not be allowed to talk to each other at any time.

The two chain gangs were then doubled down to the wharf and onto their galley to be chained to their oars. If the Caid was not away on public or private business, then he would often come on board during the morning exercise period. Otherwise, the Arab coxswain would take charge.

When he did come on-board, Emma found herself frequently being chosen to crawl up the catwalk, and to have her muzzle removed so that she could lick his shoes humbly and then put her head under his robe to give him pleasure – or face the dreaded whip of the black whip-master.

Giving the Caid pleasure in this way was, of course, something at which she had had plenty of practice in his harem. Each time she was called on to perform, she found her feelings of respect for the Caid grew. She was lucky to have been chosen to worship such a magnificent male creature and, she felt, she was unworthy of his attention.

Usually, the galley slaves would be exercised twice a day, sometimes three times. No explanation was, of course, given to the women about what was happening - they were mere animals to be whipped into pulling their oars to the best of their ability. Nevertheless, Emma sensed there was a growing feeling of excitement in the galley.

The women, including herself, were being made stronger and stronger. They were beginning to pull their oars for longer and longer in time with an increasingly fast drum beat.

Emma would never forget that first long race. It was exhausting and, quite apart from being flogged as they shot past their rivals, there was the sight of the girl with the hugely curved belly being made to drop her progeny in the middle of the race. The poor girl had been given some pills to delay her delivery and then, just before the race, some others to bring on her contractions - and they certainly did so, with the progeny slipping out easily as the girl swayed to and fro in time with the drum giving the stroke.

It was the whip-master's proud boast that his girls never missed a stroke even when dropping their progeny. In this way the Caid earned an extra handicap and, after the judges had come on board to inspect the girl's little black progeny lying in the basket under her thwart, he was declared the winner.

This race coincided with the first time she felt her progeny kicking. It was a dramatic moment for a future mother-to-be, no matter how reluctant a one. It was also a moment that the experienced whip-master was carefully watching for.

He knew the signs of old. A young woman with only a slightly curved belly and who had previously been rowing well to the varying beat of the drum, would suddenly give a jump. A muffled cry would be heard from beneath her muzzle and she would make as if she wanted to press her hands, chained to her oar, to her belly.

The whip-master would then act quickly, using his whip to make the woman keep rowing in time - as he had with Emma. Her mind in a turmoil, Emma was made to concentrate on pulling her oar – and on nothing else. But later that night as she lay chained down on her back, Emma again felt a little kick and then another and another.

Just as earlier in the galley she had longed to press her hands to her belly but had been unable to do so, so now too her hands were chained above her head. Just as then she had longed to cry out and ask for an explanation but being muzzled had been unable to do so, so now, too, she longed to speak to another woman, but still being muzzled she again could not do so.

How cruel, she thought, to treat a pregnant woman like this. Or was it she wondered, once again, all a deliberate part of getting the best out of galley slaves by treating them like dumb animals –like beasts of burden. Animals could not speak nor seek verbal reassurance when they first felt their progeny kick. So why, perhaps reasoned the whip-master, should pregnant galley slaves be allowed to?

However, Emma now noticed that when the Caid inspected her at her oar, he would now feel her belly with even greater care – feeling for himself the wriggling of her hated progeny.

Months later, the galley slaves were being worked up for a special race. The prize money was considerable and so was the betting. The whip-master was taking increasing care in the feeding of each of the women and in her wastes. The Caid was paying attention to examining each of his galley slaves as she strained at her oar.

The women's positions on their chain gang were frequently varied, as was which women were left behind chained to the bars of the cage. It was as if the Caid and his whip-master were experimenting in getting an optimum mix of his galley slaves for a particular purpose.

Just what that purpose was became clear one morning when the galleys all lined up, a gun was fired and they were off. Deliberately, of course, the women galley slaves had been kept completely ignorant of the length of the race – perhaps this was just as well, for it was a three hour one, mimicking a chase of a rich prize by the galleys of the Barbary pirates in the days of yore. Thanks to the high sides of the galley, the women had little idea of how they were doing during the race. It was better that they didn't know, for they were leading for much of the time and might have been tempted to take it easy.

As it was, the Caid, by judiciously setting off at a fast speed that tired the less well trained crews of the other galleys, then easing back to conserve the energies of his own flagging crew and finally flogging them almost past their powers of endurance right up to the finishing line, was able to win the large prize – greatly helped by the handicap awarded to him for having two Christian galley slaves, both of them with “nicely showing bellies” and by an other girl being made to drop her progeny into the waiting basket.

That night the Caid, slightly inebriated from celebrating his win, came to the cages of his exhausted and well whipped galley slaves. As a special treat he ordered the two chain gangs to be released from their restraining chains for the night. There would be no other important race for another two weeks. He felt that he could afford to let the women excite each other and then give each other relief that they had been denied for so long.

However, he gave strict instructions that there was not to be a complete relaxation of discipline. The girls were to remain chained to each other by the neck and their muzzles were to remain in place. The galley slaves were still mere animals.

Emma found herself reacting passionately to the touch of the two girls on either side of her on the chain, although she had never been allowed to even exchange names with them, and although her back was still smarting from all the strokes of the whip-master's whip that she had earned during the race.

Her only regret during that long night of love was that the beautiful Zuriba, still fastened to the other chain, was not alongside her.

16 – THE BIG RACE – AND DELIVERY

The day of the biggest race of the season, the Grand Prix, was approaching – and Emma and Zuriba's bellies were coming on well, the whipmaster reported to the Caid. Emma could feel her tiny little half-pygmy progeny almost constantly moving or kicking. Did the audio scan show that there was more than one of them? They would not tell her – and she could not ask.

She had lost count of the months she had spent chained to her oar. With her increasingly swollen and heavy tummy projecting awkwardly in front of her, she had to learn to part her knees wider when reaching forward at the beginning of each stroke, and to pull her oar back. Similarly she had learned to lean back, to counter-balance the extra weight of her belly, when having to prance back to her cage with whipmaster's whip playing on her bottom to make her raise her knees.

This, he maintained, complemented the rowing action as a perfect pre-natal exercise. None of his girls, he used to boast, had ever had any difficulty in dropping their progeny.

Emma saw with alarm that another thwart was being altered to have to have a cutaway. There were now two such thwarts: one on either side of the catwalk. Were they for Zuriba and herself? When were they due to deliver their tiny half-pygmy progeny? Were they being prepared to drop the tiny creatures during the forthcoming race? How many was she carrying? Oh, how she longed to be able to ask. It was so ghastly not being told.

The answer to all her questions came on the day of the big race. She and Zuriba were moved to the cutaway thwarts and were given some special pills. They did not take long to act.

Her contractions made the race a seemingly unending nightmare. Sweating and exhausted, screaming with pain under her muzzle, she could feel the Caid's fierce eyes on her as the whip-master flogged her and Zuriba into maintaining the stroke. They must make a fine sight performing together like this. Was this his further revenge for their attempted lesbian affair? Oh, the swine!

Suddenly she gave another muffled scream as she felt one little creature and then another slipping down into the basket below her, but she did not dare to look down. Indeed she never did see them, for the basket was taken away up into the bows for the creatures were to be raised on the Caid's estates as little pets.

Vaguely she was aware that the race was over. The inspectors came onboard and felt the now empty bellies of Zuriba and herself and went up into the bows to see the little creatures that they had dropped – writing in their notebooks and adding up the handicap figures.

The Caid was soon looking very pleased. He came down onto the rowing deck and patted the exhausted Zuriba and Emma on the belly, like a man might pat a brood bitch who had successfully dropped a valuable litter.

'Clever little girls,' he said. 'Thanks to you I've won the Grand Prix.'

It was enough to make both of them feel very pleased with themselves. Indeed, try she might, Emma could not help looking up at him with a proud look in her eyes.

EPILOGUE HOME!

Next day as a special reward, both chain gangs were left to rest in their cages. Their whip-master was still recovering from the celebrating the win. But then it was back to her oars again. Was this a way of firming up her belly again, wondered Emma? Certainly she was recovering quickly.

One day, perhaps a week later, to her surprise, Emma was unfastened from her chain by the brutal black whip-master and her muzzle and collar were unlocked and taken off. She was even more surprised when, using a special of pliers, he removed her nose ring.

She was then hooded, just as she had been when first brought to the galley. She was put in some sort of craft and taken to the mainland. There she was lifted up and put into what seemed to be the boot of a car.

The subsequent journey seemed to last for hours, indeed it might have been days for all that she knew. Periodically she was taken out by unseen male hands and allowed to relieve herself, squatting on the road. Periodically, the hood was slightly lifted and she was given something to drink and to chew on. For much of the time she slept, curled up on a rug in the boot.

Emma heard the car stop. She did not pay much attention for it had stopped several times, apparently for the driver and guards to eat or to fill up with petrol. But this time she heard the noise of a gate being opened.

Then she heard the distinctive voice of Miss Marbar, the Dragon 's assistant harem mistress. The Caid had sent her back to Ursula, just as he had promised – evidently keeping her, however, until after she had delivered her progeny during the Grand Prix.

Moments later she was lifted out of the boot. She felt Miss Marbar's hands covering her with a cloak of some sort. She was gripped by the arm and taken away. With the hood still covering her head she could not see where she was going.

At last the hood was unstrapped and removed.

Emma found herself standing in Ursula's studio in her villa. But it all looked very deserted. There was no sign of any new pictures being painted and much of the furniture was covered by dust sheets.

Miss Marbar silently led the way into the harem quarters. The door which had previously always been kept locked by its electronic lock was wide open. Emma looked around for Karen and the other girls. There was no sign of anyone. The harem seemed deserted.

‘But what's happened? Where is everyone? Where is the Mistress? Where are the girls?’ stammered Emma in astonishment.

‘First you have hot bath,’ replied Miss Marbar.

Brushing aside all questions, she took Emma to the harem bathroom and put her into a piping hot bath. The sheer joy of a bath again after her life in the galley and on the chain gang made Emma feel a new woman. It was indeed hard to believe that only a few hours, or was it days, before she had been living the appalling life of a galley slave.

Watched over by Miss Marbar, Emma just lay and soaked. She looked down at now flat tummy. Being made to continue as a galley slave after she had dropped her progeny, had certainly hardened it up again and there were hardly any stretch marks now. Just as well, she thought, for her husband must be due back now at any time and he'd have a fit if he knew what had happened to her.

But what about her half shaven head? How long would her hair take to grow back on the sides and back?

‘Miss Ursula, she suspect that you might come back like that,’ said Miss Marbar. ‘She make arrangements for you to go into hair clinic for treatment to make hair grow again quickly and meantime be fitted for wig.’

Several days later, Emma was relaxing in bed. A beautiful wig covered her head. Her figure tummy was now almost back to normal. Evidently the enforced exercise being a galley slave had prevented her putting on weight during her pregnancy.

Her curiosity now got the better of her.

‘Oh, come on, Miss,’ she cried. ‘What’s going on? Where is everyone?’

‘Mistress she go back England suddenly,’ replied Miss Marbar. ‘She not come back here for six months. She shut up house.’

‘Gone back to England for six months?’ Emma queried, very surprised. ‘Are you sure?’

‘I quite sure. I keep eye on house until she come back.’

‘But what’s happened to the girls?’

Miss Marbar laughed. ‘Ah girls ... Mistress she lent them to her friends.’

‘Lent them to her friends!’ cried Emma in astonishment.

‘Yes, Mistress she say not safe take girls back to England. Maybe they talk to newspapers. Get Mistress into trouble! Mistress say they must stay here. And she not want sell girls to rich Arabs - Mistress too kind. So she lend to friends until she come back.’

‘But what friends?’ asked Emma, beginning to feel worried.

‘Well Mary, she go to Mistress’s rich Arab lady friend - the one who has the Austrian mother and daughter and the Scandinavian girl.’

‘But she was the one who ... who ... liked to ...’ stammered Emma, remembering her horror at hearing the Arab woman boast of how she like to breed from her girls.

‘Yes,’ replied Miss Marbar nonchalantly.

‘How awful!’ gasped Emma, thinking of Mary’s slim little teenage figure and remembering how innocent Mary was. She had never seen a naked man and didn’t properly understand the facts of life. She wouldn’t really understand what was happening to her. And doubtless her new Mistress would keep her isolated so that no one else could tell her either.

Emma paused for a moment. ‘But what about the others?’ she asked.

‘Monique, she go to Italian lady. She got bald head now just like her new Mistress’s other girls. She also got harem number written on skull and on belly just like others. New Mistress like feel bald head between legs and she like girls just have numbers not names. Monique look very pretty with bald head.’

Miss Marbar laughed, whilst Emma just stood open-mouthed, remembering the sight of the shaven headed girls of the Italian woman.

‘And what about Daphne?’ asked Emma at last. Daphne had been her particular friend.

‘She gone back to same Saudi Princess where she was before Mistress got her. Princess want her for her young son again. Now he have his toy back again! But Mistress will still take her back again when she return. She not jealous of little boy!’

Emma thought back to her terrible experience with the Caid’s young son. How awful for Daphne! These spoilt young Arab boys could be incredibly cruel to a white woman.

‘And Karen gone to same Caid as you come from.’

‘What?’ cried Emma in sheer disbelief.

‘Caid tell Mistress he not return you until he got another white girl to take your place. So Mistress send Karen – a few weeks ago. Caid say he keep her until Mistress return and send another new girl. Perhaps send you again.’

‘Oh no! Not there again!’

‘We see. You not see Karen in Caid’s harem?’

Emma shook her head. Karen must have arrived long after she had been sent to the galley. No wonder the Caid seemed to spend so much of his time in the harem! Would she also end up as a galley slave in the Caid's galley? Poor Karen!

'But what about me?' Emma now asked desperately. The words poured out. She was almost hysterical. 'Am I going to be sent to one of the Mistress's friends too? Which one? Oh, do tell me which one, please! Oh, please let it not be the rich Arab lady. Please! I don't want to be used for ... The Mistress promised my husband I would be back by the time he returned to England. Oh, my God!'

'Don't you worry. Mistress arrange you now go back.'

Miss Marbar pulled an envelope out from her dress.

'Mistress leave ticket and passport with me and letter to immigration saying she agree you may leave Morocco. You now better. I booked you on flight tomorrow.'

'Tomorrow!' gasped Emma.

'Yes, you fit and well again now. You go home. Mistress contact you when she wants to see you again. She give me money to give you. Three months' wages. I think you earn that! Now I put you into clothes to fly back in.'

Sitting in the plane the following day, Emma thought about all that had happened since she had flown into North Africa a year ago.

She remembered her astonishment at finding that Ursula had a real live harem of girls and that she was one of them and the terrible jealousy between the girls as they vied for Ursula's attention. She also remembered, only too well, all that had happened in the Caid's harem, in the pygmies' cage and in the galley.

Never would she forget her forced maternity, nor the terrible races and being treated like a dumb animal, and nor, above all, how she was made to drop her progeny in the middle of the Grand Prix.

She looked round the happily chattering tourists in the aircraft cabin. None of them would have believed her if she had said that she had been a Caid's galley slave, chained to an oar just like the galley slaves of several hundred years ago –nor that she had been subjected to forced breeding just so that a cruel Caid could get a better handicap for his racing galley.

These people had absolutely no idea of the existence of the secret world to which she had been taken by the Caid. They had no idea of the existence of the secret world in North Africa of Ursula and her friends with their secret harems of young girls.

They would, indeed, scarcely believe what she could tell them about the secret world back in England where Ursula and her lesbian women friends dominated and controlled young women.

The fact was that what had happened to her in both England and North Africa, since she first met Ursula, was quite unbelievable. At least, however, she did not have to wear a chastity belt!

What would happen to the lovely Zuriba? she wondered as the plane levelled off after take off. Ah well, in a couple of hours she would be back in England. Already memories of North Africa were fading – like the marks of the whip-master's whip on her back.

What was going to happen to her when she got back to England? What story should she make up to tell John to account for her wig?

What had made Ursula abandon her villa in North Africa and her harem of pretty young girls, at least for the time being?

Had Ursula abandoned her also? Or did Ursula have some new plan in mind for her?

THE END