

ANOTHER WHITE SLAVE FOR THE SHEIKH

BY

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PART I THE ABDUCTION OF AN ADULTERESS

Chapter 1 – THE BALL AT THE YACHT CLUB

The story so far --

Sheikh Ali bin Faisal al Tufaya is the ruthlessly cruel scion of a junior branch of the ruling family of the oil-rich sheikdom of Shadek.

The senior branch of the family had recognised him as a potential threat and offered him a large income for life on condition he kept out of the country. He had therefore renovated an old palace in North Africa and moved his harem there. It was a strictly fundamentalist Moslem country with the same strict rules regarding women as he was used to in Arabia.

He had long been fascinated by European women and, following an official visit to Britain, by well-bred young Englishwomen in particular. Now he was free to indulge his fantasy of keeping a number of them in his well-guarded and well-disciplined harem, under the strict supervision of Zalu, his chief black eunuch.

His mental satisfaction in collecting and owning these now helpless but formerly free and indeed often happily married women, was as great as his physical satisfaction in enjoying their bodies.

He now had seven beautiful, pure bred, upper class Englishwomen in his harem, including a mother and daughter, as well as a pair of half English, half Lebanese, twins and half a dozen lovely Arab girls - all closely supervised and trained by his eunuchs and prevented by them from seeing or being seen by other men. They do not even know where they are or just who their Master is.

All had just mysteriously disappeared without trace into his harem and there had been no scandal - partly thanks to the assistance of Pierre, a young Frenchman. To ensure that they could not get away even if they succeeded in escaping from the harem, all were registered as his numbered Indentured Servants with the North African authorities

It was now time, he felt, that he increased the number of his white women concubines.

The ball at the exclusive yacht club on the Costa Esmeralda in Sardinia was a scene of magnificent splendour.

Chinese lanterns lit up the big terrace overlooking the sea. A band was playing romantic music. A new moon was reflected on the still, tideless, Mediterranean Sea. Across the bay numerous visiting yachts lay at anchor, their fairy lights making a carefully planned and beautiful backdrop to it all.

Periodically the Yacht Club's fast launches would bring yet more guests to the yacht club jetty in one of several small-secluded rocky inlets.

The men all looked splendid in their white dinner jackets, but it was the women who really made the scene with their glittering ball dresses, that showed off slim figures, beautifully dressed hair, sparkling eyes and provocative cleavages.

Some of the dresses were satin covered with sequins that must have cost a fortune to sew on and an even larger fortune to buy. Some were scarcely more than simple wisps of silk. Others were long and graceful in a rainbow of colours. Yet others were perhaps more striking, being all in a simple white, blue, or green colour.

The necks, ears and corsages of the women glittered with diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires.

Standing to one side and watching the dancing was a tall and beautiful dark haired woman in her forties. She was wearing a well-cut green dress of damask silk. She was the Principessa Zorrenti, the wife of a large Calabrian landowner. She was pointing to a strikingly beautiful, young, blond woman wearing a provocative slip of a dress that hardly seemed to cover her prominent bosom. The Principessa seemed as jealous of the younger woman as only a Southern Italian woman can be.

Indeed she had reason to be jealous for the younger woman was dancing and flirting with a distinguished looking grey-haired man, who seemed to be besotted with her. He was the Principessa's husband – the Principe.

'Oh,' the Principessa burst out, 'I'd give anything to get rid of that slut of an adulteress – and to put her where we'd never have to see her again.'

She was speaking to an attractive-looking young Frenchman, Pierre, who was standing attentively at her side.

'Oh, really?' observed Pierre in good Italian. 'Are you serious?'

'Oh, yes,' answered the Principessa in an almost hysterical tone. 'Just look at the way she's flaunting herself with my husband in front of all my friends and me. Everyone seems to know she's his Mistress. Of course, he's had shop girls or servant girls before, but this one is different. This one he parades in public.'

'Yes,' murmured Pierre sympathetically. The girl was strikingly attractive with a healthily tanned skin and dark eyes that hinted at some Latin blood. She was tall and slim and her dress scarcely covered her full firm breasts.

'I hate her,' went on the Principessa. 'She's nothing more than an adventuress – an adulteress.'

'Adulteress?' queried Pierre.

'Yes, she's a married woman having an affair with a married man.'

'A married woman?' repeated Pierre with interest.

'With a husband who has apparently gone off to Australia with most of her money, leaving her to play around with rich married men like that booby of a husband of mine. She's even almost persuaded him to divorce me and marry her – so that she can get her greedy hands on his money.'

'Oh!' said Pierre. Divorce in Catholic Italy was rare and expensive and usually had to be arranged abroad.

'He's been so infatuated by her that he even arranged for her to stay at an isolated flat near our villa, so that he could slip away and see her without anyone knowing – no maids or prying landladies.'

'Goodness!' exclaimed Pierre sympathetically. Then he added as if to himself. 'How convenient.'

'Oh, yes, I tell you I'd pay a fortune to anyone who could get rid of that adulterous slut for ever – and if I could see her suffer as she's made me suffer.'

'Well,' replied Pierre suddenly serious. 'Perhaps I might be able to help you. What's her name?'

'Carolyne Everard,' muttered the Principessa angrily

'English?'

'Yes.'

Pierre's eyes lit up. 'Even better,' he murmured.

'I think her mother was half Spanish. Anyway, she was well educated,' went on the Principessa, 'and her father came from quite a good family – though you wouldn't think so from the way she behaves here. More like a tart or some common pop star.'

'No close relations then?' asked Pierre in an interested tone.

'No, apparently her parents died when she was young and she was brought up by her only close relative, an aunt who died recently, leaving her very little money and quite alone – except for her absentee husband.'

'Interesting,' said Pierre. 'And when is her husband be coming back?'

'Never, I think!' replied the Principessa.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Oh he’s got another girl.’

‘Better still!’ Pierre’s mind was racing. Then he turned and looked the Principessa in the eye.

‘Supposing,’ he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, ‘supposing she were to disappear for ever into the harem of a rich and cruel Arab Sheikh.’

‘Oh, disappear into a harem!’ gasped the Principessa. ‘Yes, that would be brilliant.’ Then she thought for a moment. ‘But would she suffer? I wouldn’t want her to enjoy it.’

‘How would you like to be a mere concubine, disciplined and under the constant and intimate control of a Sheikh’s strict black eunuchs?’

‘It would be ghastly!’

‘Exactly,’ said Pierre.

‘I see! But is that really possible in this day and age?’

‘It might be well be,’ replied Pierre enigmatically, ‘if you’re really prepared to pay for it.’

‘Yes, provided I can actually see her suffer – and being punished.’

‘That might also be possible,’ said Pierre thoughtfully. Again his mind was racing.

‘Oh!’ cried the Principessa clapping her hands with excitement. ‘But I’d want to see her being properly punished for her adultery with my husband.’

‘Well there’s always the canes of her new Master’s eunuchs,’ Pierre said with a smile.

‘But could I watch her being thrashed?’

‘Perhaps,’ replied Pierre, realising that the Principessa was getting really serious. It was time to cast another fly over her.

‘And, of course, flogging is not the only punishment prescribed in the Arab world for adulterous women.’

‘Oh?’ exclaimed the Principessa eagerly. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Well,’ replied Pierre slowly, ‘the Arabs have special, very special, punishments for an adulteress.’

‘Ah yes!’ exclaimed the Principessa, again clapping her hands as she realised just what Pierre was hinting at. ‘Oh yes! That would indeed be a sweet revenge. But do you really think ...’

‘Are you sure she’s alone here?’ Pierre interrupted. ‘No boyfriends?’

‘Apparently not - she came secretly out to Italy to start a new life on her own, when her husband left her, and told no one. Apparently, she had ideas of using her looks and figure to start a new modelling career here – but then, instead, set her cap at my husband, the scheming little bitch.’

‘Well!’ said Pierre slowly. ‘I wonder where her passport is?’

‘Oh she always carries that. I saw it in her bag earlier this evening – together with her credit cards and cheque book - and, of course, the key to her flat.’

‘Excellent!’ laughed Pierre. ‘In that case ...’

He paused for a moment, deep in thought.

Then he pointed over the terrace to a handsome and rather swarthy looking man in his thirties who was wearing a well-cut dinner white jacket of Shantung silk. There was a distinctly cruel air about him, coupled with a certain self-confident ruthlessness that was accentuated by his short pointed beard and piercing eyes. He was talking and laughing with a group of similar Arab-looking men.

‘That’s Sheikh Ali,’ said Pierre. ‘How would he do?’

‘Well he looks a cruel bastard. I wouldn’t like to be in his hands.’

‘It so happens he has a penchant for well-bred Englishwomen.’

‘What!’ exclaimed the Principessa.

‘They say he even secretly collects them for his harem.’

‘Secretly!’ repeated the Principessa. ‘Good Heavens! You mean ... Caroline ... could ... could disappear into his harem? That would certainly get her out of the way.’

‘Indeed,’ said Pierre. ‘But that would not be all. You’d also get further revenge.’

‘Oh?’ asked the Principessa intrigued.

‘Adultery is considered as a very serious matter by certain Moslem courts. He might perhaps agree for her to be charged, for the punishment for adultery is, as I said, often ... how can I put it? ... making sure that her pleasure is much reduced – a treatment that many Moslem men are in any case not adverse to having done to their women ... for their own greater pleasure ... mental as well as physical.’

‘My God!’ cried the Principessa. ‘You mean? ... Yes, that would teach that slut a lesson all right.’

Then she thought for a moment.

‘But how come you know all this? I thought that Arabs never talk about their women.’

‘They don’t, which is why no one would ever know where the beautiful Mrs Everard was.’

‘That’s all very well,’ the Principessa said suspiciously. ‘But you still haven’t told me how you know all this.’

Pierre made no reply. Instead he put his finger to the tip of his nose in a well-known Italian gesture.

‘Well,’ laughed the Principessa, ‘I’ve often wondered just how you earned your income, but I never thought that ... So you know him well?’

‘Well enough to ask him if he would be interested in acquiring young Mrs Caroline Everard.’

He paused for a moment.

‘And, of course, on condition that you were able to come and watch her humiliation and her punishment for adultery.’

The Principessa’s eyes were sparkling with excitement.

Pierre wanted to make sure that the Principessa was well and truly hooked. He pointed to a large yacht at anchor out in the bay. ‘That’s the Sheikh’s yacht,’ he said significantly. ‘It has an all-Arab crew.’

The Principessa gasped. ‘You mean ... she’d be ... abducted ... now?’

‘Maybe ...’ smiled Pierre. ‘If you can arrange for the Principe to leave this party.’

‘Oh that’ll be easy,’ said the Principessa, ‘I’ll simply say that I am feeling ill and that he must take me home immediately and then stay with me.’

‘And can you also arrange for a typed note, written in broken Italian, to be left for your husband tonight in her flat saying that she had decided it to break it all off and to rejoin her husband in Australia?’

‘No problem!’ laughed the Principessa. ‘I’ll do anything it means getting rid of her.’

‘And can you arrange for all her things to be quickly collected, as if she had gone to the airport – and instead burnt?’

‘That’ll be no problem. My maid is the soul of discretion and, if you can lend me your mobile phone, I’ll tell her to do that now, immediately, before we return to our villa.’

‘Good. So no one will know that she did not return to her flat after the ball.’

‘Tomorrow my husband will simply find an empty flat and a note saying that she had decided to leave him and didn’t want to see him again.’ cried the Principessa, once again clapping her hands with delight. ‘Oh, what a simple plan, but how wonderful.’

Pierre laughed. ‘Yes, but I’m afraid it’s going to cost you a hundred thousand dollars.’

A hundred thousand dollars, gasped the Principessa to herself. It would be worth it to save her marriage. Luckily she had her own money quite apart from the Principe’s. She turned and looked again at the beautiful young Englishwoman who was still flirting outrageously in public with her husband, then turned back to Pierre

‘That’s all right. But supposing she reappears?’

‘I don’t think there’s any risk of that. But if she does, I’d give you money back. I have my professional reputation to consider.’

‘My God, you really are serious!’

‘Certainly,’ said Pierre, ‘if you are.’

‘Done!’ she said.

Chapter 2 – THE SHEIKH MUSES ABOUT SOME OF HIS WOMEN

Whilst Pierre was talking to the Principessa, the Sheikh had been busy in the special gambling room that had been widely advertised amongst the cognoscenti as an opportunity for playing for high stakes. This indeed had been one of the Sheikh’s main reasons for bringing his yacht to the Ball, for in North Africa gambling was frowned on and it was, together with his harem, one of the Sheikh’s main passions.

He had done well and was in a good mood, but he frowned as he watched the dancing couples, sophisticated young women cavorting on the dance floor and shamelessly leading on the men - so many half dressed women behaving in ways that a good Moslem would regard as both lascivious and immoral. These Western women were highly attractive creatures, but their

men-folk were mad to allow them so much freedom and to put up with their constant demands for yet more rights for women. They were equally mad to allow them to meddle in politics and business.

How much more satisfactory, he thought, was his own culture, in which men sought the company of other men for serious talk and company, whilst keeping women for pleasure, as was enjoined in the words of the Prophet: “Women were put into the world by Allah for the greater enjoyment of men. Go ye and enjoy them and keep as many as you afford and can control.”

Men were naturally polygamous and his own culture allowed for this so much better than the ridiculous Christian one of cleaving to one woman – for life. He laughed contemptuously as he thought of the jealous wives and demanding mistresses of Western men and of their constant concern lest their women were having affairs with other men. How much more sensible it was to keep your women locked up in a harem under the control of eunuchs - and if you wanted another one, you simply added her to your harem. Simple!

And as for the eunuchs ... how extraordinary it was that these relatively uneducated creatures from the bush had for centuries taken quite naturally to disciplining white and Arab women, to training them to give more and more pleasure to their Master and to dealing with their many little feminine problems without worrying the Master about them.

Zalu, his own Chief Eunuch, ruled his harem with a rod of iron. Only if a woman had committed a serious offence would he bring her up before the sheikh for judgement: for instance, if she had been found mooning over a pictures of some pop star, or trying to catch a glimpse of another man, or, worst of all, trying to masturbate.

The shocked eunuchs would regard such offences as tantamount to being Unfaithful to the Master. The girl herself would stand in front of him, nervously wringing her hands, whilst Zalu made his report. Then to the evident satisfaction of the eunuchs, he would order her to be given so many strokes of the cane – partly as a punishment for her misbehaviour and partly as a warning to the other women, but also largely to bolster the authority of the eunuchs.

Although he was well travelled in Europe and in Britain, he still preferred his own women be kept locked up, unseen, in a harem and kept ignorant of events outside. Indeed, to quote his grandfather: “Your women should have the bodies of beautiful and beguiling grown women and the minds of innocent young girls.”

Furthermore, treating formerly free and independent Western women like slave girls and subjecting them to the discipline of his eunuchs was one of the most intriguing and challenging aspects of his hobby of collecting well-educated Englishwomen for his harem.

Zalu kept his Englishwomen illiterate in Arabic and the only English books, magazines and videos they were allowed were children’s ones – no newspapers that might give news of the outside world or videos that might show handsome young men. Indeed, Zalu would first carefully cut out any drawings or pictures of grown men, lest the women might start daydreaming over them, instead over their Master, the only man they ever now saw.

The Sheikh turned his mind to the cages in his yacht, underneath his sleeping cabin, guarded by Zalu and his young pygmy eunuch assistant, Baza, and occupied by four young women specially chosen from his harem. He enjoyed keeping them there knowing that they would be longing to be allowed up on the upper deck to catch a forbidden glimpse of a young Western man or of the world from which they had been so cruelly snatched.

But all they were ever allowed to see, outside their cages, was an empty sea. In harbour they were kept caged – except when taken up to his cabin for his pleasure.

They were there not merely to satisfy his lust when the urge came upon him, but also for him to enjoy inspecting and watching - on the large television monitors in his private quarters, having first switched on, by remote control, the bright television lights that lit up the line of cages for the internal television camera.

Indeed, he liked to take several of his concubines with him even on a short voyage, like this one to Sardinia – remembering another of his grandfather’s sayings: “An Arab gentleman can survive on a short trip away from home with only three or four slavegirls.”

In one cage was the voluptuous and formerly famous, belly dancer from Egypt called Leila, with the harem name of Grey. It had been so clever of Zalu to call them by the name of the colour of their harem dress – so much easier to remember than their real names and nicely humiliating for the women.

He smiled as he remembered how, hearing that Leila had signed a contract to appear in Tunis, he had discreetly offered to give her a lift there in his small private jet. She had

accepted with alacrity, but he had made certain that no one had seen her board his plane. So when it took her not to Tunis but to the Sheikh's harem, she had mysteriously disappeared without trace.

In another cage was the beautiful Amanda Seymour, or Royal Blue. How traumatic it must be for her to be onboard the yacht again. The last time she had been there was as an honoured guest after he had apparently rescued her from a white slave dealer in Beirut and had offered to take her for a cruise to get over it. It had been a lovely cruise for her and, although she was looking forward to being reunited with her husband, she had half fallen in love with the handsome young Sheikh who had so kindly rescued her.

But it was a cruise that had ended not with a tearful reunion with her husband, but with finding herself locked up in the harem under the tender mercies of Zalu - with no one knowing what had happened to her.

He gave a cruel laugh as he thought how, unknown to Royal Blue, it would not be long before it was her turn to be secretly inseminated by Zalu. She would think he was merely giving her a good douche, but in fact the syringe would not be loaded with soap but with the seed of a young blond Scandinavian boy.

Nine months later she would produce a future white concubine for his old age, or hopefully, if Zalu did the insemination with his usual skill, twin concubines.

Yes, the Sheikh mused, no matter how distasteful a Western man might find a swollen belly under an ugly maternity dress, for an Arab there was no doubt that in a harem a naked, swollen white belly was a delightfully erotic sight.

We Arabs, he thought, consider that having a nicely curved belly is the natural state of a young woman and one that increases her beauty, not detracts from it. Indeed, referring to his hobby of breeding slaves, another of his grandfather's favourite sayings was: "A harem is not a harem without one or two curved bellies on display."

Indeed, subjecting Royal Blue, once a free young English married woman, to the trauma of Forced Breeding was going to be a delightful and highly erotic pleasure. It would be made even more pleasurable by her resentment at being regularly paraded half naked before her Master by Zalu and her own overseer, the eunuch, Okra. How she would hate it as her increasingly curved naked belly, emblazoned with the Master's also increasingly distended crest, would be proudly shown off, as if she were a pedigree bitch in whelp.

Moreover, she would also resent the chain mail breeding belt locked inexorably over her beauty lips that would make sure that she could not interfere with her forced maternity. How she would resent still being closely supervised by her overseer – under, of course, Zalu's experienced and equally watchful eye. It would make it all the more humiliating and degrading for her.

Of course, if her progeny were little girls, they would be quickly taken away from her to be brought up in a convent in England, which the Sheikh generously supported financially.

There they would join two other sets of little blond twin girls, with which two of his other English concubines, Mauve and Magenta, had recently presented him. They and the nuns would all be blissfully unaware that the strange little Arabic numerals, discreetly tattooed on their wrists, showed that they, as the daughters of Indentured Servants, were by North African law, also registered as ones themselves.

Then, if they turned out to be pretty like their mothers, they would be secretly brought back as teenagers to join their mothers in his harem.

It would be delightful for him, secretly, to watch their tearful reunion of mothers and daughters through the screen that looked down into the harem. The natural excitement of the mother, at being reunited with her long lost daughters, would be tempered by her horror at the thought that they were going to be put through the same humiliating treatment that she had had to undergo at the hands of his eunuchs. Indeed it would then be even more delightful to watch each pair of twins and their mothers being trained together by a now older Zalu to perform before him as an erotic threesome.

Meanwhile the daughters would be equally horrified as they slowly took in that they were now an old man's darlings and would never again be allowed to flirt with, or even see, boys of their own age.

But, as the Sheikh mused, he would not have to wait until then to enjoy the sight of an English mother and daughter in his harem. He had one already: his two prize Englishwomen, Mona and Diana Milton, or Pink One and Pink Two to give them their harem names - a beautiful mother and her pretty teenage daughter.

Like Royal Blue they had also been tricked into disappearing into his harem, but his breeding plans for them had been different - quite different!

Ever since the days of the Crusades, the Sheikh's ancestors had taken great pleasure from exacting a degrading revenge on the hated Christians: demeaning and shaming their captured women, especially if they were mothers and daughters, by forcibly mating them with black slaves. This was, in fact, only an extension of the tradition amongst conquering Arab tribes to show their contempt for a defeated tribe by also mating its captured women with their black slaves.

He smiled as he thought how he had tried to emulate faithfully his tribal tradition with Pink One and Two.

Not only were they now kept by Zalu chained together by the neck, in the traditional way that for a captured Christian mother and daughter in a harem, but also, moreover, both now had nicely and identically curved bellies – a living modern example of the old Arab tradition.

Indeed, like his ancestors, he so enjoyed the sight of naked white curved bellies that he had actually brought these two with him on this trip. Hidden onboard his yacht, in the slightly larger middle cage, were Pink One and Two with their bellies showing nicely – an erotic sight on his monitoring screen, especially when they were ordered to kneel up against the bars of their cage.

He remembered how, five months earlier, Zalu had carefully brought both their monthly cycles into synchronism and unknown to them had secretly replaced the contraception pills that he normally made all the women take with a course of fertility pills

Then on the day when Zalu had reported that both were ready to conceive, the Sheikh had watched with delight as one of his virile giant Dinka black guards had covered first the mother and then, after a pause, the daughter as well. They had both been hooded to prevent them from seeing their eager black lover. Thinking that they were still on the contraception pills, they had not realised the true significance of their joint degrading performance before their Master.

Zalu, however, was soon able to report to the Sheikh that, unknown to them, both had conceived, having tested positive. Soon after, he was also able, thanks to his modern sound scanner, to report that, due to their secret course of fertility pills, both were now expecting half black giant twins to be raised to labour on their Master's estate.

It had been a mind-blowing moment for the delighted Sheikh. A white mother and daughter both, unknown to them, expecting black twins, both sets sired by the same Dinka giant and both due to be dropped on the same day. No wonder his ancestors had received so much pleasure from just this!

Indeed not only had he given Zalu a special bonus, but he had even ordered a double birthing chair to be prepared for the special event in nine months' time.

When they both started their morning sickness, Zalu had told them they were both merely suffering from indigestion. It was not until they were feeling their twin progenies kicking inside them that the appalling truth had slowly dawned – and then it was too late, for Zalu kept them both locked into chain mail breeding belts to prevent them from interfering with the slow and inexorable course of Nature.

Oh, how he had laughed as he had seen them, on the big harem internal television screen in his private quarters, sobbing and tearing in vain at the belts that Zalu kept firmly locked into place, as they both desperately tried to get rid of their unwanted black progeny.

And now he was able to watch them on the yacht's internal television in their cage. Nor did their swollen bellies prevent them from kneeling down, chained together, to lick and suck his proud manhood or to being humiliatingly used in his other favourite way – with Baza in attendance with his dog whip, ready to correct any sign of recalcitrance.

Of course one the great advantages of using a Dinka stallion was that they all had very small heads, so they could be used safely to cover even the most delicately boned Englishwoman. Indeed Zalu had never had any trouble on the birthing chair, even with slender Arab girls.

But there was more to the interesting state of his beautiful English mother and daughter than merely their curved bellies. Their breasts were also greatly swollen as Nature, unaware that their progeny would be taken away to be raised on his estate, prepared them for what it imagined would be their task of meeting the demands of two hungry little giants.

The Sheikh's grandfather also used to say: "Always keep one or two slave girls in milk in your harem for your own sustenance" and "The whiter the skin, the sweeter the milk."

Well, Zalu had used his clever hormone pills to bring on the milk of both Pink One and Two. Not only was their milk delightful, but also their milk-laden breasts were a delight to see and, thanks to Zalu's ministrations, their nipples become beautifully extended – even those of young Diana. No wonder he had decided to bring them with him on this trip.

Yes, the Sheikh thought, one way or another he was thoroughly enjoying the four caged women he had brought with him on this short voyage.

One cage onboard, however, was always kept empty – ready to receive a possible unexpected new arrival . . .

Chapter 3 – THE SHEIKH STRIKES A BARGAIN

A few minutes later Pierre could be seen in serious conversation with the Sheikh, pointing at the lovely young Englishwoman flirting with the Principe.

'She would make a fine addition to your collection of Englishwomen, Your Highness' he was saying. 'Well bred and well educated, as well as very beautiful.'

The Sheikh looked at the innocently laughing young woman with an experienced eye. She was tall and blonde with sparkling eyes and lovely big firm breasts - just what he liked in an Englishwoman. Idly he wondered what she would be like in milk. These English women made excellent milkmaids.

Moreover she was exceptionally slim and the Sheikh liked to see either a slim little belly or a nicely curved one. He laughed cruelly as he also wondered what she would be like, one day, being paraded by Zalu, his chief black eunuch, weeping with embarrassment and shame, her manacled hands clasped behind her neck - but with a prominently curved belly being thrust out for his inspection.

Yes indeed, he thought, taking another look at the beautiful young woman, he would really enjoy seeing her shut up in his harem under the supervision of Zalu – kept for his enjoyment, along with his other Englishwomen. She would make a fine sight with his crest tattooed on her naked belly and, below it, in Arabic numerals, her Registered Number as his Indentured Servant – registered as such with the local authorities. Of course, in accordance with the local law her Registered Number would also be tattooed on the inside of her right wrist.

Meanwhile, Pierre was remembering how rich Arabs traditionally valued keeping the wives, or mistresses, of captured, despised, Christians or Jews, locked up in their harems – and the more they missed their lost men folk, the greater was the enjoyment for their cruel new Arab Master.

'Your Highness,' said Pierre, letting his imagination run wild, 'she's from a well born family whose ancestors were Crusaders – and she's the mistress of the Principe Zorrenti. Of course, his ancestors were also Crusaders and he's rumoured to be partly Jewish.'

The Sheikh smiled. Revenge! The descendent of the hated Crusaders and also the mistress of another descendent of the Crusaders - and a hated Jew to boot. And, it would be all be all the more enjoyable keeping an Englishwoman, locked up in his harem, who was pining for a lost lover - but who was now kept for use of her new Arab Master.

Taking his eyes off the lovely dancing English girl, he turned back to Pierre.

'You are sure you can deliver her to my harem, safe and sound, with no scandal?'

'Of course, Your Highness. If you're planning to leave tomorrow in your yacht, then how about taking her with you?'

'Aha!' exclaimed the Sheikh, thinking of his spare cage.

It would indeed be splendid to see her in it – naked, ringed and manacled like the other Englishwomen he had brought with him, with a transfer of his crest temporarily glued to her belly, as she pathetically gripped the bars and begged in vain for her freedom.

'But what about the Principe?' he asked.

'The Principessa will arrange for him to be summoned back to their villa to cope with her own sudden illness – leaving the way open for me to console the disappointed girl.'

The Sheikh looked again at the delightful young Englishwoman. Yes, how exciting it be to own her!

'So,' said the Sheikh, stroking his beard, 'there would be no scandal and no one would attach her disappearance to me or my yacht?'

‘Certainly not,’ replied Pierre, ‘especially if you are seen here at the gambling tables at the end of the Ball, long after the girl is last seen – and especially as you are giving a buffet lunch onboard tomorrow.’

The Sheikh’s eyes glittered. Yes, so the girl could really soon be locked up in a cage in his yacht.

Then he laughed as he thought of how Zalu might object to him taking her on his return onboard later that very night. ‘Too soon, Your Highness, too soon,’ he would insist, like a stud groom stopping his Master from riding a young new horse until it had been broken in. ‘Let me first prepare her for you.’

But tomorrow afternoon, after the party, when they were on the way back to North Africa he would certainly take her, tied down for his enjoyment.

‘So, perhaps in an hour’s time your men could hide along the little used path that leads down to the deserted inlet next to the Yacht Club?’

‘Why not?’ agreed the Sheikh, looking at across the dance floor at the delicious Carolyne and reaching inside his dinner jacket for his mobile phone.

Pierre suggested ‘Tell them to bring a sack. When they see me leading her down to the jetty they can jump on her, seize and then bind and gag her. Then they can thrust her into the sack and quietly take her out to your yacht. I will then go to her flat and remove all her clothes, as if she had suddenly decided to leave.’

‘So she’d be locked up in a cage onboard my yacht before anyone knows she’s missing,’ said the Sheikh, with obvious pleasure. ‘Can you be sure of getting her to come with you without everyone noticing?’

‘Yes, I’ll tell her that the Prince had told me to tell her that he was only pretending when he rushed off home to look after his wife. Really he was waiting for her for a romantic meeting in an inlet to which I would discreetly take her – making sure that no one noticed us. I’m sure she would not refuse the chance of a secret tryst with the Principe, behind the Principessa’s back.’

‘And my ship’s launch?’ asked the Sheikh.

‘There’ll be so many other boats picking people up from the dance from the other inlet, that yours will not be noticed.’

The Sheikh thought for a moment, then, having reached a decision, he turned to the dapper young Frenchman.

‘Right,’ he said, ‘how much, Pierre?’

‘Your Highness,’ protested Pierre, in the customary Arab way, ‘for an old customer like you, virtually nothing at all.’

‘How much, Pierre?’

Pierre knew that an Arab was always more satisfied with a purchase if he had had to bargain for it, even if the final price was high.

‘Well, Your Highness,’ he said, ‘she’s a very beautiful young woman and the mistress of a prominent man. I shall be running quite a risk. But getting hold of her, will be a unique opportunity for you, Your Highness . . . Let’s say a mere half a million dollars.’

‘Half a million! That’s absurd. A hundred thousand – and only payable after Zalu has examined her and reported that she is fit and healthy.’

‘Oh, Your Highness, I could not possibly drop below a quarter of million,’ replied Pierre, thinking of the hundred thousand that the Principessa would also be paying. ‘After all,’ he added, ‘who else would be able to lure such a beautiful and desirable young woman down into your yacht’s boat and arrange for her disappearance with no scandal or fuss.’

‘Done!’ said the Sheikh.

‘But there’s one stipulation, Your Highness.’

Pierre pointed across the terrace to the handsome figure of the Principessa. ‘She would want to see the girl being humiliated and punished once she was in your power.’

He explained how the Principessa hated the girl who was openly flaunting herself as her husband’s Mistress.

‘Oh!’ murmured the Sheikh. ‘It’s an unusual request and I shall have to give Zalu a good tip to ensure his willing co-operation. Can I be sure of the Principessa’s discretion?’

‘Oh yes, Your Highness. The Princess would know that if she breathed a word of what she had seen, you would release the girl to tell her story to the world. The girl would not know your full name or where she had been taken, but she would know that it was the Principessa Zorrenti who had arranged her abduction and who had come to gloat over her humiliation in your harem.’

‘And why not onboard my yacht as well?’ laughed the Sheikh. ‘Perhaps you could bring her and her husband on board tomorrow morning for my little lunch party before we sail. I’ll then arrange for her to be taken off to see ... what I think she would find a very interesting ... sight.’

Pierre smiled, thinking how delighted the Principessa would be to accept the invitation. Revenge! Indeed, she would be so delighted at what she saw that he might even get another fifty thousand out of her.

‘Then later,’ went on the Sheikh, ‘she could come and stay in the guest wing of my palace and could see into the harem through a grille and observe how my concubines are the controlled by my eunuchs.’

‘But. Your Highness,’ said Pierre choosing his words carefully, ‘the Principessa also wants to see that the girl ... has been punished for her ... adultery.’

‘Adultery by a woman,’ murmured the Sheikh as if to himself. ‘Well!’ He was thinking of the beautiful Julia de Freville, another of the Englishwomen now incarcerated in his harem, whom he had arranged to lose the sensitive tip of her beauty bud before he had “rescued” her and put her in his harem. Yes, it would be amusing to have another Englishwoman in his harem, one who had also suffered the same “treatment” – and perhaps this time, something a little more apposite, “a fuller treatment”. He knew just the man, an expert surgeon, who could do it.

‘In North Africa,’ he said slowly, ‘there are special religious courts and punishments for adultery – at which the aggrieved Principessa could act as a key witness - whilst staying as my honoured guest.’

‘Exactly, Your Highness, exactly!’ laughed Pierre, thinking that this second invitation would also be well worth another fifty thousand dollars to the wealthy Principessa. What a way of getting her revenge on her rival! He must start negotiating matters with her now, so that the Sheikh’s invitations to the yacht for tomorrow’s party and then to his palace in North Africa must seem to have been arranged by him.

Chapter 4 – SEIZED!

‘Oh how romantic’ cried Carolyne, pointing to the light of the moon dancing on the still waters of the deserted cove. She looked up at the handsome young Frenchman, half hoping that the elderly Principe would not be waiting for her at the water’s edge. Pierre would be much more fun than the old Prince – and probably much more virile, too!

Gripping Pierre’s arm, she continued her way unsteadily in her high heel dancing slippers, down the little winding path that led to the small rocky inlet. ‘No wonder the Principe told you he’d meet me here. No one can see us.’

She turned to the handsome young French man with a sigh. ‘You are kind to lead me down here.’

‘The pleasure is mine,’ laughed Pierre, thinking of the money he was about to earn from the Sheikh – plus what the Principessa was going to pay him.

‘Oh look,’ Carolyne suddenly commented as they passed under some large bushes, ‘there’s a motorboat tied up to the jetty just down below. The Principe must have already arrived. How exciting!’

They were the last words she said, for four figures suddenly pounced on her out of the darkness. Three were each carrying a long dark cloth and the fourth, a large powerful looking, hugely fat, and black man, held her immobile.

Terrified, Carolyne tried to cry out, but one of the men had expertly thrust his cloth into her mouth to silence her. He tied the ends of the cloth tightly behind her neck. Meanwhile another man had tied her hands behind her back with his cloth and another had similarly fastened her ankles. She was quite helpless.

Desperately she looked around for Pierre but he had disappeared.

The big black man gave a grunt of satisfaction and said something in Arabic in a voice that was strangely high-pitched for such a large man.

Two of the men then picked up a sack and held it open.

My God, thought Carolyne, they’re going to put me into it!

In vain she tried to cry out and tried to struggle. The big black man just picked her up as if she were a doll and dropped her body into the sack, leaving her head exposed. The top of the sack was tied round her neck.

Then the big black man dropped a thick felt hood over her head. She could now see nothing. She was helpless: gagged, tied and in darkness.

I'm being kidnapped by the Mafia, she thought. They're going to try and get a large ransom out of the Principe. Oh, I do hope Pierre quickly fetches help!

Little did she know that this was her first encounter with Zalu, the terrifying huge eunuch under whose intimate supervision she would be from now on - until perhaps she lost her looks or the Sheikh tired of her and gave her away.

She felt herself being picked up and carried down the path.

Where was Pierre, she wondered? He must have gone to get help. Oh, hurry please hurry!

Moments later she was being lowered into something. An engine started and there was the feel of a fast motorboat getting under way. Now what, she wondered?

A few minutes later there was a bump as if the boat had come alongside something. She felt her sack being lifted and being lifted up and the apparently carried up and then down again. Was she, she onboard some ship, being taken off somewhere? She felt terrified.

PART II

ONBOARD THE SHEIKH'S YACHT

Chapter 5 - ZALU

Suddenly she was put down and was kneeling on a hard floor.

Something cold and metallic was being fastened round her neck. It was wide and made her raise her chin. She heard a click as if it were being locked into place. A hand checked it and there was a high-pitched grunt of satisfaction.

Then suddenly the hood over Carlyne's head was lifted up, leaving her body and tied hands immobilised in the sack. Blinking in the sudden bright but artificial light she saw that she was kneeling in her sack on a shiny linoleum floor in what seemed to be a compartment of a ship. Sitting comfortably in an arm chair, in front her, was the same big, fat, black man with a strange voice who had apparently taken charge of her abduction earlier on the path down to the deserted inlet.

He was looking down at her with a gloating smile that terrified her.

'Me Zalu,' he said his high-pitched voice in broken English. 'Mr. Zalu to you. You now in my charge.'

He was a frightening figure with harsh-looking, bloodshot eyes set in a face disfigured by tribal scars. He was dressed in a strange Middle Eastern type of dress: big, wide, red silken Turkish-style pantaloons with a red open waistcoat that scarcely covered his huge belly and powerful torso. On his head was a white turban. He was holding a dog whip and tucked into his large cummerbund was the short black stock of a leather whip, with a coiled-up lash.

He did not look a member of the Mafia, Carlyne thought. But then who was he?

The man raised his dog whip menacingly. Her terror at seeing it was scarcely assuaged by seeing that it was more like a cane but was made of beautifully plaited leather with a red tassel at the end. Round the handle was an engraved silver band, as if the dog whip was a badge of office.

'From now on you always obey me, or you get cane,' he said waving the dog whip.

Carlyne gasped in horror. Then she gave a little shudder of fear. No one had ever beaten her. Now a terrifying man was threatening her with corporal punishment.

Although she did not yet know it, it was a threat that would hang over her constantly. Zalu liked to make sure that the women in his charge were constantly terrified of being caned. He liked to know that fear of his dog whip dominated their thoughts by day and their dreams at night.

'You always show much respect to me and call me, Sir,' he said. 'Or you get cane for Lack of Respect. You want say something to me, you first ask permission. Understand?'

Dumbly Carlyne nodded. Oh this dreadful Negro! On where, she sobbed to herself, where was the Principe? And where was she now? This didn't seem like a Mafia kidnapping. It was something far worse.

Smiling grimly, Zalu leaned back in his chair and proudly drew back a curtain.

Carolynne screamed beneath her gag, for now facing her, as if in a menagerie, was a row of low, rubber-lined cages. In two of the cages was a half-naked sleeping woman. In one rather larger cage, in the middle of the row, were two women.

The menagerie effect was heightened by the large, well polished, nose rings, like those used in pigs, that hung down from the women's noses, round their mouths and down to their chins. These rings gave them a strangely erotic, but also animal-like, look.

'Those slave rings - make women feel and look like animals, like slaves,' said Zalu.

Carolynne gasped in horror. Animals! Like slaves! My God, she thought. Where was she, she wondered yet again? Who were these white women and who was this awful black man, Zalu?

Standing proudly to one side of the cages was a diminutive black figure, a boy but a strangely small one. He too was carrying a dog whip.

'Him Baza,' said Zalu, 'Him pygmy boy. Him my assistant in charge of women that Master brought here. You obey him too, or else you get cane for Disobedience. And you no forget call him, Sir, too.'

Then he pointed to a comfortable-looking bunk. 'He or I sleep here to make sure women behave properly at night.'

How humiliating, Carolynne thought, to be under the constant supervision of a mere black boy - and a pygmy one at that. And to have to call him, Sir.

The sleeping women all looked very beautiful with long, well brushed, hair falling down over their shoulders and eyes that, curiously, were made up and outlined in an exaggerated Eastern fashion. Three of the women, including the two in the same cage, were blond and evidently European. The fourth woman looked like an Arab girl. She, too, was very beautiful.

The two European women in the same cage looked strangely alike, although one was clearly older than the other. My God, she thought, surely they could not be a ...'

Zalu evidently saw Carolynne looking quizzically at the two women.

'Yes,' he said proudly, 'nice upper class English mother and daughter.'

An upper class English mother and daughter, held here chained and half naked in a cage. It was unbelievable!

'Both now Indentured Servants of Master, just like slaves in old days,' went on Zalu in his cruel high-pitched voice.

'Indentured Servants of Master', and 'just like slaves of old!' The words reverberated round Carolynne's mind. My God, she thought, into whose hands have I fallen? She wanted to scream, to scream for help. But all that came out from under her gag was a little pathetic moan.

'Master much enjoy having them in his power. Maybe he also enjoy having you, too.' said the terrifying black man with the strange voice.

Oh, no, thought Carolynne, no!

Then she noticed that round each of the women's necks was a pretty choker collar made of shiny flexible chromium plated links, like a metal watchstrap. Was whatever had been put round her neck like those? She longed to reach and feel it, but with her hands tied behind her back under the sack, she was quite powerless to do so.

Carolynne then gasped as she saw that the collars were not simply decorative - for fastened to a ring at the back of each collar was a large heavy looking chain that led back to a ring set in the floor of each woman's cage. In the case of the cage containing two women, not only were the women separately chained to the ring in the floor of their cage but they were also chained together by a much lighter chain fastened to a ring on the front of their shiny collars.

She gasped again when she saw that padded leather manacles had been fitted round the wrists and ankles of the three European-looking women and that these were linked by shiny, solid-looking, chains. How awful, she thought, and yet how odd, for the Arab girl had not been manacled.

'Manacles help make white woman feel like slave,' said Zalu with a cruel grin. 'Not necessary with Arab girls. They more naturally obedient.'

Lucky Arab girls, she thought. How awful it must be to be kept permanently manacled like that.

At the end of the line of cages was an empty one. Its barred door was open. Lying on the rubber floor was a heavy chain fastened, like those in the other cages, to a ring in the floor of the cage. My God, she thought, is that cage intended for me?

‘You now watch carefully. You learn routine here.’ He raised his dog whip. ‘Remember you make mistake, you get cane.’

Pulling out the whip that was tucked into his cummerbund, he cracked it twice sharply.

‘Wake up!’ he shouted in his falsetto voice.

Not only did Zalu have to start breaking-in Carolyn but also, as a good chief eunuch, he also had to anticipate the Master calling for one or more women on his return onboard. They must all be ready and looking their best.

There was no time to be lost.

The young Baza emphasised the order by running his dog whip noisily along the bars of the cages.

‘Wake up!’ he also shouted in a boyish voice.

Sleepily the women stirred.

Again Zalu cracked his whip.

‘Prepare for Inspection!’

There was a rattle of chains as the still sleepy women rose to their knees and looked in the mirrors in their cages. Quickly and nervously they began to adjust their meagre dress. The wrist manacles of the mother and daughter and of the other white woman, tinkled as they began hastily to brush their hair and touch up their Eastern-style make-up.

They were all naked except for little velvet boleros. Those of the mother and daughter were matching and both coloured pink. That of the Arab girl was grey and that of the other European woman was a dark blue.

The boleros did not meet in front and left their very full breasts and scarlet painted nipples fully exposed. Appalled, Carolyn saw that that the women’s nipples had all been ringed and were joined by little chains that held their breasts artificially close together. Although she did not yet know it, Zalu liked to present his women to the Sheikh with breasts trained to hang so as to offer, as if naturally, a pretty cleavage effect.

Each of the women now perched a little embroidered cap on her head. Its colour matched that of her bolero. They also slipped onto their feet little Turkish slippers with up-turned toes. They, too, matched the colour of their boleros.

‘Bars!’ came the sudden order, again accompanied by a frightening crack of Zalu’s whip.

Again there was a rattle of chains as the women awkwardly crawled across the thick rubber mats that formed the floor of their cages.

They were now kneeling up on the rubber floor of their cages, gripping the bars and, in the case of the three white women, gripping the bars with manacled wrists. They were all silently looking up at Carolyn with astonished but compassionate expressions. None of them said a word. They kept glancing nervously at the dog whip with the red tassel that Zalu was holding - and the smaller one of the boy, Baza. Evidently talking as not allowed.

Carolyn saw that the breasts of the mother and daughter were well lined with blue veins like those of a woman in milk. Yes, there were even little white drops on their nipples. Goodness! She had heard that it was now possible to use hormone pills to bring a woman into milk even if she had not just given birth. Had these women been artificially brought into milk? How cruel!

‘Tongues!’ ordered the big man.

Immediately the women thrust their tongues through the bars of the cage. Astonished Carolyn saw that two little silver studs had been set into the tongues of the two women in single cages. The pygmy boy went down the line of cages feeling their tongues and checking that the studs were securely in place.

Although she did not then know it, these studs were something that Zalu liked to implant in some of the Sheikh’s women to provide a variety of pleasure for the Master. They provided a little surprise for the Sheikh when a girl fitted with them was ordered to lick when kneeling behind him as he enjoyed another of his women - or when he sat on her face and ordered her to lick up at him, whilst another woman sucked his manhood. The Master had been delighted with the increased pleasure that the little studs provided.

These women, Zalu reckoned, were in his charge partly to give the Master the deep mental satisfaction that comes from pride of ownership, but also real physical satisfaction. It was his task to make certain that this was what they provided, willingly or not. And of course the

greater his satisfaction with a particular woman, the greater the cash bonus that he, his chief black eunuch, and girl's own overseeing assistant eunuch would receive.

And now he had a beautiful new addition to the harem to break in and train – and seeing what the other women were made to do would, he knew, save a lot of time.

'Present bellies!' ordered the man.

Hastily the women thrust their bellies against the bars of their cages.

Horrified, Carolyne saw that all four of them had been depilated leaving their mounds bare and smooth like those of little girls. How shame making she thought. She had always been proud of her own curly blond pubic hair.

Then she caught a glimpse of something shiny between the mother and daughter's legs.

But that was not all, for tattooed across all four of the women's naked tummies, just above the hairless mounds was an elaborate Arab crest of two bright green, crossed, scimitars and a red star, all within a black circle.

'That Master's crest,' explained Zalu with a cruel laugh. But even that was not all, for neatly tattooed below the crest, on the women's now smooth and hairless mounds, were some Arabic numbers.

'That,' said Zalu, pointing to the numerals tattooed onto belly of the Englishwoman dressed in blue and onto her wrist, 'is Registered Number as Indentured Servant.'

Carolyne shivered with fear as she remembered seeing cows freeze branded with their herd name and number on a cousin's farm back in England. These women had been similarly marked – like animals.

'All Master's animals and concubines are marked with crest and women also marked with Registered Numbers. Numbers registered with police, so they find you if you ever escape from harem.'

My God, thought Carolyne, am I destined to be the concubine of some awful Arab - locked up in his harem? Are these other women, poor things, from his harem? How dreadful! And to be supervised by this awful Zalu.

'You soon have Registered Number too,' went on Zalu. 'When I get you in harem I have you tattooed like other women. But you lucky,' added Zalu, 'you have nice kind Master. He not have women branded on belly with crest and numbers like many other Masters.'

Branded! Women branded just like animals! How appalling, thought Carolyne.

But these tattoos on the women's bellies were not all that she noticed. Shocked and horrified, she saw that the tummies, of what Zalu had told her were an English upper class mother and daughter, were both similarly swollen – both prettily and identically curved with their tattooed crests neatly stretched.

My God, Carolyne thought, they're both expectant and, strangely, already in milk.

How awful, a mother and daughter similarly pregnant and both kept caged together. And even worse to be under the control of this big man, Zalu, and, almost worse, of the little boy. How cruel. Why did they not just get rid of their presumably unwanted progeny? What was stopping them?

As if anticipating her question, Zalu now gave another order: 'Knees apart!'

Blushing, the women parted their legs.

The astonished Carolyne saw that the shiny thing she had noticed on the mother and daughter were in fact triangular-shaped, silver filigree, pouches, or breeding belts. They were held in place tightly over their beauty lips by little chains that went round the hips to meet in the small of the back a similar chain running up between the bottom cheeks. A little padlock in the small of their backs held all three chains tightly together.

The links of the chain mail pouch were so close that not even a knitting needle could get through them, never mind a probing finger. No wonder, poor things, that they had not been able to get rid of whatever it was that was that they were having to carry. They were being forcibly bred! How unbelievably awful and cruel!

Then a sudden awful thought hit her. Might whomever it was, the person who had arranged this abduction, intend her to suffer the same fate, too? Oh no! What would the Principe say, or even her absentee husband, if they ever knew!

Baza now put a little scented bowl on the front of each cage below a rubber lip that protruded out below the bottom bar.

'Get ready to perform,' he ordered. The women must all be empty in case the Master selected them.

He went down the line of cages, checking that each woman was thrusting forward and back with her belly, then nodded to Zalu.

‘You watch! You learn!’ he said to Carolyne.

Then he smiled to himself. This was one of the most effective ways of asserting his authority over the white and Arab women in his charge. He might be an ignorant Negro from a primitive village in the Sudan, but what was now to follow made him feel like a king – and a ruler of white women.

‘Perform!’ came the order accompanied by another crack of the whip.

Four little jets tinkled their way down onto the rubber mat between the women’s legs and into the little scented bowls. In the case of the embarrassed mother and daughter the liquid first ran down between the mesh of their breeding belts.

Carolyne was watching with her eyes on stalks. She remembered Zalu’s order to watch and learn. Oh, how awful.

‘You only do this when ordered,’ Zalu then said to her. ‘You understand? You want relief, you ask Baza for permission to perform.’

To be made to spend a penny to order – and to the order of a hideous man! And to have ask permission from the little boy. Oh, how shame making.

Zalu unfastened the top of the sack and slipped it down over Carolyne’s shoulders. At the same time Baza clicked a leather leash onto a ring on the front of her collar, making her feel like a dog on a lead.

She was going to be prepared for caging!

Chapter 7 – MANACLED, CHAINED AND CAGED.

‘Stand up’ Zalu ordered.

Hesitantly and awkwardly she did so.

Baza now held her by the lead, his dog whip raised warningly. She felt very frightened. She saw Zalu pick up a pair of the padded leather wrist manacles like those worn by the other white women. He went behind her and she felt him fasten them to her bound wrists. There were two clicks as they were locked into place.

She saw him then pick up a two-foot length of shiny chain.

‘You keep quite still,’ he warned in a harsh and frightening tone of voice.

Then, whilst Zalu gripped her slim neck with a strong hand to hold her still, Baza untied her wrists and, holding her right arm tightly, he brought it round to the front of her body. With another click he locked one end of the chain onto the manacle fastened round her right wrist. Then he repeated the process with her left wrist. Her wrists were now permanently chained together in front of her body, making her feel utterly helpless.

Baza knelt down and similarly manacled and chained her ankles. The feeling of helplessness was now even stronger.

Zalu stood back and looked her and down.

‘Strip her,’ he ordered Baza in Arabic.

Horrified, Carolyne saw him pick up a big pair of scissors. Then, ignoring her little moans of protest from under her gag, he cut away her precious evening dress, destroying it forever.

‘You not need this where you going,’ he muttered cruelly

Soon she was just standing there in her bra and panties. These two were cut away, leaving her stark naked, except for her new collar and manacles.

‘Clasp hands behind neck,’ Zalu ordered.

There was a tinkling noise from Carolyne’s newly fastened wrist manacles as she nervously obeyed.

‘Head up! Look straight ahead!’

Baza’s dog whip pushed up her chin. ‘Don’t look down!’ he warned.

She felt Zalu’s big hands carefully feeling her breasts, pulling out her little nipples. Then as his hand ran down to her belly, he again nodded to Baza.

‘Legs wide apart,’ ordered the boy, giving her naked rear a sharp tap with his dog whip. ‘Bend knees!’

Zalu’s hand was probing between her beauty lips and up between them. Yes, she was still nicely tight. He tickled her beauty bud and was rewarded with a gush of moisture. Yes, she was nicely responsive – for the time being, he laughed cruelly to himself. He pulled on a pair of thin plastic gloves.

‘Bend over,’ he ordered. ‘More! Touch toes with hands! Legs apart!’

Blushing, she felt him probing her back orifice. Oh how awful! Oh the shame!

Pleased by his first cursory inspection of a new woman, Zalu stood up. Yes, he thought, this girl should make a good addition to the Master's collection of educated Englishwomen – and perhaps in time become a good subject for an enforced motherhood.

He nodded to Baza who picked up a scarlet velvet bolero and put it over Carlyne's shoulders. In view of her chained wrists, it cleverly fastened over the shoulders with Velcro. Then he put a little embroidered scarlet cap on her head and scarlet Turkish slippers on her feet. She was now dressed identically to the other white women.

'Your name now Scarlet,' said Zalu. 'You understand? Scarlet!'

Carlyne nodded, but how humiliating to be called by the name of the colour of your bolero. Were the others also just called by the colour of their scanty dress: Grey, Royal Blue and Pink?

Her mind was reeling. Yet again she wondered in whose hands she now was. Who had arranged her abduction and why?

'Get down onto all fours,' ordered Baza, giving her another sharp tap on the bottom. She could feel the weight of her breasts as they hung down below her. Oh how degraded she felt.

The little boy pointed to the small open barred gate to the empty cage door.

'Into cage, crawl!' he ordered.

Carlyne hesitated for a moment. Zalu cracked his whip behind her naked rear. Hastily she scuttled into the little cage. Baza picked up the end of the heavy chain lying on the floor of the cage and with a click fastened it the ring at the back of her collar. Then he untied her gag. Oh the relief. Finally he slammed the little gate closed.

Carlyne was now caged – chained and naked.

Zalu smiled with satisfaction – everything was now ready for the Master's return onboard.

He glanced at the little viewing grille that faced the line of cages. It often amused the Master to come down and watch, unseen, his caged women and then perhaps choose one or more for his pleasure. He did not, however, think that he would bother to do so at this late hour.

It was more likely that the Master would take advantage of the internal television camera in the corner of the room trained on the cages. A control by the side of the large monitoring screen in the Owner's Quarters enabled the Sheikh to train up and down the line of cages and to zoom in on any woman who caught his eye. He himself had a similar screen and control in his own small cabin.

He did not want the Master to take Carlyne until he had had prepared her properly for his pleasure. Of course, inflamed by the sight of her at the Ball, the Master might demand her services. However, knowing the Sheikh as he did, he was fairly confident that the sight of her on his television monitor, caged and manacled, would be enough and to divert his need for sexual relief to the other caged women. Probably, Zalu thought, he would call for Royal Blue, Amanda.

Just then the yacht's internal telephone rang. Zalu answered it. It was the Quartermaster saying that the launch bringing back the Sheikh was approaching the gangway.

Hastily, Zalu left to greet the Master with a report on his caged women and on his latest acquisition.

Chapter 8 – A TERRIFYING CONVERSATION

Watching from behind the bars of her cage, Carlyne saw Zalu leave the compartment, apparently leaving Baza in charge. She longed to talk to ask the other women what was going on and where she was but Baza put a finger to his lips and raised his dog whip. The message was clear. No talking!

Suddenly bright television lights lit up the cages, making Carlyne blink. She saw that the little television camera was now slowly training up and down the line of cages, repeatedly pausing, it seemed, on her own cage.

'Present at Bars!' ordered Baza with a crack of his little whip. 'Bellies to bars! Knees well apart!'

There was a rattle of chains and manacles as the women hurriedly took up the ordered humiliating position. Carlyne found herself blushing. Was, she wondered, the mysterious Master having a good look at his women – and in particular at his new one? How embarrassing to be looked at like this.

The bright lights suddenly went out and a few minutes later Zalu returned. He pointed to the end cage, the one holding the Egyptian-looking girl. Baza unlocked the trap door to her cage and gave her an order in Arabic. He unlocked the chain fastened to the back of her collar and she crawled out, her nose ring almost touching the floor. Baza then clicked a dog lead onto the ring at the front of her collar.

Tapping her bare bottom with his dog whip, he led her crawling out of the compartment, followed by a satisfied-looking Zalu. .

Had she, Carlyne wondered, been chosen by the mysterious Master for his bed?

There was silence in the compartment now empty except for Carlyne and the three other caged women. Carlyne wondered if she dared to speak. Then she heard a little whisper from the double cage.

'Oh Mummy, my tummy's getting so big and I'm getting so frightened,' came a little voice that Carlyne realised must be that of the young daughter.

'So's mine, darling, but with these breeding belts, Zalu and Baza made sure that there was nothing we could do about them,' replied rather older voice, obviously that of her mother.

'But I can feel something big moving about already. Do you think I'm going to have twins? Baza and Zalu both get so excited when they put that scanner on my tummy. But they won't let me look at the monitoring screen.'

'It's the same with me, darling. But it's no good asking them. You remember they whipped me for Inquisitiveness last time I asked them. They said it was none of my business.'

'Yes, but it's our bodies they're playing with,' came the daughter's angry voice.

There was a pause

'Oh, how soon do you think it will be, Mummy?'

'I don't know, darling. If only those cruel eunuchs would allow us to have a calendar in the harem – I don't want to get another whipping for 'Inquisitiveness' by asking them. They obviously enjoy keeping us in the dark about our progress, the horrible pigs.'

There was a sigh and then silence. Poor things, thought Carlyne. To be made pregnant and then not allowed to know what they were carrying or when they were due! How unbelievable cruel.

'I'm Amanda Seymour,' finally came another little whisper, this time from Royal Blue's cage. It was as if she had been plucking up her courage to dare to speak whilst the eunuchs were out of the room. 'Who are you?'

Amanda Seymour, thought Carlyne? Yes, she remembered reading how a well-connected young married woman had apparently drowned herself after losing a lot of money in the casino at Beirut, but her body had never been found. And now here she was - in the power of the mysterious Master.

'I'm Carlyne Everard,' came the whispered reply. 'But where am I? And what has happened to me? One minute I was dancing and laughing at the Yacht Club Ball with my lover and the next I was hooded and brought here. But why and where am I?'

There was a cynical laugh from the cage holding Mona and Diana, the expectant mother and daughter.

'You're the Master's latest acquisition, that's what you are,' came the voice of Mona.

'And one of his concubines – white slave girls just like us,' added the younger voice of Diana.

'But there aren't slaves in this day and age,' cried Carlyne. '

'No, but there are Indentured Servants, which seem to all extents and purposes to be the same,' replied Amanda angrily.

'But I'm a free Englishwoman, used to running my own affairs and having my own boyfriends – the richer the better.'

'So was I,' said Mona bitterly. 'But now, like the rest of us, you won't now have any more – the eunuchs will see to that!'

'But that's awful!' exclaimed Carlyne. Was she really never going to see the rich Principe again? Were all her plans to get him away from the boring Principessa and marry him herself being stopped? Was this why she had been abducted? But who had arranged it? Was it that bitch of a Principessa? But surely there must be some way out of this ghastly fate!

'It's all quite unbelievable in this day and age,' she exclaimed. 'It just can't be true.'

'Yes, that what we all thought at first,' said Amanda sadly

'But can't you escape?' Carlyne asked hopefully.

‘There’s no escape from a harem run by that swine Zalu,’ replied Amanda. ‘Quite apart from all the locked door and high walls – and, if you’re Englishwoman, you’re kept manacled.’

‘And,’ added Diana, ‘there are also our ghastly collars.’

‘What you do mean?’ whispered Carolyne.

‘They’re like those clever electronic collars that stop dogs from straying – as soon as you go near the harem door or the high walls that surround the small harem garden, you get the most awful electric shock.’

‘How dreadful!’ exclaimed Carolyne.

‘Yes,’ added Mona, ‘and even if you did somehow escape, what could you do with no money and no passport? And half naked with a big brass slave ring through your nose? Even if you managed somehow to find a burkah, as they call the black shrouds that women have to wear in public, the Morals Police would immediately arrest a lone woman out in the streets by herself or trying to travel unaccompanied by a man – both of which are strictly forbidden.’

Amanda agreed. ‘Even a taxi driver would refuse to pick up a lone woman.’

Diana cut in then. ‘The numbers tattooed on your wrist would instantly identify you as one of the Master’s Indentured Servants – and you’d be returned to a furious Zalu to get the thrashing of your life.’

‘Zalu says that everyone knows there’s always a big reward paid to the finder of an escaped Indentured Servant,’ observed Amanda.

‘Anyway we don’t know where the Master’s palace is,’ added Mona. ‘It could be anywhere in North Africa, from Egypt to Morocco. They’d all welcome a rich Sheikh and not ask questions about his private life.’

‘Zalu’s been so clever in not letting us know just who the Master is,’ said Amanda. We think ‘Sheikh Ali’ must be a member of one of the many rich Ruling Families in the oil sheikdoms of the Middle East, but even the Arab girls in the harem don’t know just which one.’ She paused for a moment. ‘Anyway how could I ever go back to my husband with the Master’s crest permanently and prominently tattooed on my tummy? You’d never get that off – not there.’

There was horrified pause.

‘But what does this mysterious Master want with you all?’

‘That’s simple to answer,’ observed Amanda. ‘As well as having Arab and Levantine girls in his harem, he also enjoys collecting Englishwomen.’

‘Collecting them?’

‘Just as a rich man in England might collect valuable pictures to hang on the walls of his house where he can get a kick the feeling of owning them, so our rich Arab Master collects upper class Englishwomen. He, too, gets a great kick from the power of knowing he owns us.’

‘Owning you!’ repeated the horrified Carolyne.

‘So, just as the collector of famous pictures the enjoys just looking at his collection, our owner enjoys secretly watching us from behind the wooden screens that look down into the harem – watching us being controlled by his eunuchs, or being trained by them to give him more pleasure. There’s another difference, of course. He can at any time also send for one or two of us to pleasure him or serve him in his bed.’

‘Half the pleasure for a rich collector is discussing his art treasures with the knowledgeable Keeper of his Collection and showing them off to his friends,’ said Mona, ‘so our Master enjoys discussing us with his chief eunuch and secretly showing us off from behind those screens to his friends and relations.’

‘And,’ she went on, shaking her wrist manacles, ‘to make collecting us all the more erotic, he keeps us, previously free and independent Englishwomen, manacled.’

‘It’s to make us feel more subservient,’ explained Diana. ‘The swine!’

‘My God!’ exclaimed Carolyne, ‘how many Englishwomen has he got?’

‘Seven so far. You’re the eighth.’

‘Can’t you ask him to release you?’

‘Oh come off it!’ retorted Diana bitterly. ‘A fat lot of good, that would do - except result in you being sent back to Zalu with a note to be thrashed for Impudence.’

‘Anyway,’ said Mona, ‘except when you’re chosen to please the Master, like Leila was tonight, we don’t see all that much of him. He prefers to watch us in the harem through screens or, ‘ she pointed up at the now dormant television camera, ‘on his big internal television monitors.’

‘No wonder, you all hate him,’ cried Carolyne.

‘We do,’ said Amanda, ‘but when you’re sent for to please him, you have to pretend the whole time to be loving and adoring, knowing that if afterwards he makes the slightest complaint to Zalu, then your own eunuch overseer will be furious.’

‘Why?’ asked Carlyne naively, ‘why should they be so bothered?’

‘Because they’ll be disappointed not to get the reward they had been expecting from the Master for their particular girls having pleased him. The Master usually likes to have two or more of us together,’ said Amanda.

Diana joined in. ‘Your overseer is primarily responsible for everything you do – or don’t do. He’ll beat you if the Master is not fully delighted with your performance in his bed.’

‘Beat you!’ repeated Carlyne in a horrified tone.

‘I have to say it’s quite awful how we are terrorised into pleasing him,’ said Mona.

‘The dreadful thing is that much as you may hate him, you can’t also help admiring him as well. He’s so magnificently virile and ruthless – and good looking!’ whispered Diana.

Amanda leaned closer. ‘As we are never allowed to see another man, you soon find yourself dreaming about him – and,’ she lowered her voice as if embarrassed, ‘about his manhood. When you do have a chance to speak to him he seems so charming – the very last man who might keep a harem of disciplined white women. But underneath, as Diana said, there’s a terrifying ruthlessness. I’ll tell you one day how he tricked me, a respectable married woman in love with her husband, into his harem.’

‘And how he tricked me and my daughter into it, too,’ added Mona.

‘Once in the harem, we’re all under the control of Zalu and his team of eunuchs,’ interjected Diana

‘How many of them are there?’ asked Carlyne.

‘As well as Zalu, the chief eunuch, there’s half a dozen assistant eunuchs, some mere boys. They take it in turn to be on general supervisory duty, as they call it, in the harem, when they’re in charge of all the women. By day, there are normally two of them on duty – making sure we’re all always watched by one of them, wherever we are,’ Amanda informed her.

‘You can’t even go to the loo or spend a penny without their permission – and under their supervision.’ Diana added.

‘How awful,’ gasped Carlyne.

‘It’s partly just to humiliate us - blacks revenging themselves on whites - and partly to make sure we don’t play with ourselves.’

‘Oh!’ mourned Carlyne. ‘How embarrassing.’

Amanda said, ‘They’re constantly on the watch, because the frustrating atmosphere of the harem tempts us to play with ourselves, or even worse, with each other. They regard that as being unfaithful to the Master. So, they watch us the whole time – even at night. In the harem they make us keep our hands above the bedclothes. Even here Baza sleeps on that couch where he can keep an eye on us - for, as in the harem, there’s always a light left on.’

‘Back in the harem, there’s even a special older retired eunuch, Nadu, who’s always awake at night, employed specially to keep an eye on us. So we’re under constant supervision, day and night.’ added Mona.

‘What’s more,’ cut in Diana fervently, as if thinking back on some particular episode in the harem, ‘if they find you’ve managed to slip away and be alone, they check you and if you’re wet, they report you to the Master for masturbating.’

‘How embarrassing,’ cried Carlyne again, thinking how she enjoyed secretly playing with herself.

‘It’s worse than that,’ said Amanda, ‘when you, a grown woman, have to stand in front of the Master, blushing like a naughty schoolgirl, whilst the eunuch makes his report.’

‘Then being sentenced to be thrashed,’ added Diana. ‘I got fifteen strokes when I was caught. Fifteen! I’ve never done it again.’

‘That’s the Master’s standard punishment for masturbating. It makes you regard him even more fearfully than ever – and, of course, of the eunuchs themselves,’ said Amanda.

‘My God!’ exclaimed Carlyne, ‘I’ve never been beaten in all my life.’

‘Well, from now on the threat of punishment will hang over you the whole time,’ said Amanda. ‘The eunuchs are always looking for an excuse to use their dog whips. You must never answer them back – not even to one of the young boys.’

‘Nor treat them with what they call Silent Contempt either,’ added Mona. ‘Don’t let them ever hear you criticise them or the Master – or say you aren’t happy in the harem. They want to hear you saying, over and over again, how proud you are to be one of his concubines.’

‘And how you only exist to please him,’ added Diana.

‘Which, I’m afraid, is just about true,’ laughed Amanda bitterly.

‘How awful!’ again cried Carolyne.

‘That’s not all,’ added Mona, ‘for as Amanda said, ‘as well as taking their turn on general supervisory duty in the harem, each eunuch, even the youngest pygmy boy, is also the particular overseer of several of us.’

‘Quite apart from now being Zalu’s assistant on board for this cruise, Baza, is also the overseer in charge of Mummy and me,’ explained Diana.

‘Their duties are all carefully planned,’ said Amanda. ‘Each overseer is responsible to Zalu for keeping a constant eye, not only on our state of training in pleasing the Master but also, very embarrassingly, for our intimate health. Each overseer, for instance, is responsible for keeping a complete record of our monthly cycles – taking our temperatures twice a day.’

‘Why?’ asked Carolyne. ‘Just for their amusement?’

‘Partly,’ said Amanda, ‘partly just to emphasise that they’re in complete charge of us.’

‘It’s also partly so that they always know when we’re ready to conceive – not that they tell us!’ said Mona.

‘Oh!’

Mona continued, ‘we didn’t know that when the Sheikh had us both violated, as we thought, in fact we were being mated. Nor that Baza, I suspect, had deliberately used Zalu’s special pills to bring both our monthly cycles into line with each other and had then put us both onto Zalu’s fertility pills so that he could then report to Zalu and the Master that we were both ready to conceive on the same day.’

Diana interjected with feeling, ‘now it’s horrible the way that awful little boy likes to show off our terrifyingly growing tummies and breasts. It’s as if he was the Keeper of a pair of prize animals in a zoo.’

‘Which he is, I suppose,’ lamented Mona. ‘Apparently the little wretch got a special reward for getting us both to conceive on the same day and will get another reward if we both give birth at the same time.’

‘Oh, I’m so frightened,’ murmured Diana. ‘They even brought a special new double birthing chair into a harem to replace the old single one.’

‘A birthing chair?’ exclaimed Carolyne. ‘You mean ...’

‘Yes,’ said Amanda, ‘the eunuchs don’t approve of a girl giving birth lying down. They say that the old traditional harem way of dropping your child into a little basket under a chair is far less trouble – and quicker. The chair has a cut away in the seat and arms you can grip. There’s a little curtain round it below the seat, to protect the susceptibility of the Master if he comes and watches. No one can see what’s going on – except from behind where your overseer sits on a little stool to make sure, like a midwife, that everything goes well.’

‘My God!’ cried Carolyne. ‘It sounds more like a breeding kennels.’

‘There are rings on the arms of the chair, so that they can tie you down on it,’ added Diana in a scared voice. ‘Oh, I’m so frightened!’ she said again.

‘Oh!’ cried Carolyne, shocked.

There was silence for a moment.

‘Going back to the eunuchs,’ said Amanda, ‘there’s the other little pygmy eunuch boy, Naka. He’s the overseer in charge of Louise and Samantha, who’ve just presented their mysterious progeny to the Master. No one knows for sure, not even their mothers, but they say that they’re two sets of little twin white girls and that they’re going to be raised as concubines for the Master’s old age. The eunuchs say it’s an old Arab tradition for favourite concubines to be used to produce little girls for the harem in later years.’

‘But surely their mothers saw them when they were born?’ cried Carolyne in disbelief.

‘Oh no, when their time came, they were hooded and chained down onto the birthing chair and, because of the curtains under the chair, no one except the eunuchs saw the progeny they were made to drop down into the basket.’

‘Hooded and chained to the birthing chair!’ repeated Carolyne. ‘How awful!’

‘Zalu has kept them in milk, so the Master loves sending for them – to suck their breasts.’

‘Like he does ours,’ said Mona.

Diana observed, ‘he likes to have to have little jugs of milk on his office table – each marked with the name of his current milkmaids, as the eunuchs call us, so that he can decide which is giving the sweetest milk – and then reward the girl’s overseer. There’s also great rivalry between Baza and Naka as to which can make his girls produce the best milk. So Baza’s very strict about we eat!’

Carolyne's head was reeling from all that she was being told. 'These other two, Louise and Samantha, who are they?'

'Louise is The Hon. Mrs Jeremy Riddle, the wife of a young man who was doing well in City and Samantha is a thirty five year old career girl who was working with a firm of stockbrokers.'

'How on earth did such women end up in this Sheikh's harem?'

'It's a terrible story, which you will no doubt hear from them, but briefly they both separately went to Cyprus for a holiday and met a good-looking Frenchman, Pierre, who tricked them into secretly going with him to see a remote Arab state where they were imprisoned for Adultery. The prison conditions were terrible and finally the Master rescued them – on condition they entered his harem as Indentured Servants,' explained Amanda.

'My God,' said Carolyne. 'Did you say Pierre, a Frenchman? I was with a good-looking Frenchman of that name when I was seized on a path near the Yacht Club, put in a sack and brought here.'

'I would say it's the same man – paid by the Sheikh, our Master, to help him with his hobby of collecting well-educated Englishwomen, who can simply disappear into his harem without trace.'

'Oh! If I see him again, I'll kill him.'

'You won't have a chance,' said Diana bitterly. 'None of us will ever get away from the hands of the Sheikh and his awful eunuchs.'

'Talking of eunuchs there's also Okra, an older, bad tempered, Negro who's in charge of me and Olivia, Olivia Hamilton, whom the Sheikh so-called 'rescued' from an Arab brothel just as he 'rescued' me from a whiter slave dealer in Beirut. He's been left in charge of the harem in Zalu's absence. We both hate being under his orders.'

'Just like we hate being under Baza's,' said Diana.

'Okra's even persuaded Zalu to have a little ring put through our beauty buds,' went on Amanda, 'to keep us constantly aroused with every movement - and so keener than ever to catch the Master's eye and earn him a nice reward. The awful thing is that it's true. That little ring does make me mad for the Master's manhood. I seem to think of nothing else now.' She went on, 'Okra's very scornful and jealous of young Baza - his rival overseer.'

'His rival?' repeated Carolyne, by now completely bemused.

'Baza's two charges, Mona and Diana here, were chosen rather than his, Olivia and me, to be mated next. He wanted to get the reward that Baza got. But he swears he's going to make certain that it'll be our turn next.'

'Your turn next! But that's awful.'

'Yes,' agreed Amanda. 'It's a terrifying thought. To be covered against your will, like an animal. It's dreadful!'

'Covered, just like a mare,' repeated Carolyne, appalled. 'Who by?'

'Neither Diana nor me were allowed to see our so-called lover. But he seemed huge.'

'Perhaps,' said Diana with disgust, 'he was a Negro.'

'Zalu says,' explained Amanda, 'that mating captured Christian women with a black slave is an old form of Arab revenge – and one which the Master gets a kick out of repeating in this day and age.'

'From what I overheard the eunuchs say, I think he uses his Black Guards – they say they're huge giant Dinkas,' said Mona.

'But Louise and Samantha were never mated,' said Diana in a shocked tone. 'They think that, unknown to them, they must have been secretly inseminated.'

'Inseminated!' cried Carolyne. 'Like a cow?'

'To get white children,' whispered an equally shocked Amanda. 'It's a terrifying Sword of Damocles hanging over all us. We never know when they're planning to do it to us. It's awful.'

Just then there was a rattle at the door as Zalu unlocked it and entered. The women all fell silent.

'You all now go to sleep again,' he said. 'Master only want Grey to-night.'

With that he climbed into the comfortable bunk facing the line of cages and began to read, before dozing off.

But it was a long time before the shocked Carolyne, lying naked and chained on the thick rubber mat of her cage, with her mind in a torment, could fall asleep.

Chapter 9 – THE PRINCIPESSA SEES THE ABDUCTED CAROLYNE

It was noon the following morning when the fast motorboat from the Sheikh's yacht started to bring off his buffet lunch guests from the jetty of the yacht club.

Whereas on the previous night they had been dressed for the Ball, now they were dressed informally – but still elegantly, the men wearing long, smart-looking, white trousers and well cut summer shirts and the women wearing their best designer beach clothes, dark glasses and straw hats with brightly coloured bandeaux round them.

The Principe, coming off the boat with the smiling Principessa, was looking sad. That morning he had found that his new and exciting English mistress had gone, leaving a typed message to say that she had decided to break off their relationship. Evidently, after his wife had been taken ill at the Ball, she had rushed back to her little flat, packed her clothes and vanished – just like that.

Ah, women, he thought. Doubtless she would soon return. After all, he had money and she had none. Meanwhile, he decided, he must put a brave face on her disappearance.

The Principessa, in contrast, was looking radiant as she secretly anticipated seeing Carolyne on her way to a new life – and a painful one at that. Pierre seemed to have arranged the girl's disappearance very cleverly and she had willingly agreed to pay another fifty thousand dollars if she could see Carolyne locked up onboard - and more if he could arrange for the Sheikh to invite her to his palace in North Africa

The Sheikh looked a magnificent figure as he smilingly welcomed his guests at the top of the gangway. He was dressed strikingly different to last night - in an immaculate and gleaming white Arab dress with a white headdress and a golden cord as befitted his royal status. Over his long white and slightly starched djellaba, he wore a thin, transparent, black cloak also edged with gold lace.

Tall and handsome, he certainly radiated charm, but some of the women felt a little frisson of fear at his glittering eyes as he courteously bowed over her hand. Indeed, they would have been really scared if only they knew the truth about their outwardly sophisticated and westernised host!

Once on board, the champagne flowed on the spotless upper deck, under the shade of white awnings. Here the Sheikh's Arab stewards, wearing red fezzes and green jackets with the Sheikh's crest of crossed scimitars and a black star embroidered on the back, offered trays of drinks and canapés. The Sheikh himself, of course, like any outwardly devout Moslem only drank orange juice – though only his servants knew that it was, in fact, a Buck's Fizz: champagne and orange juice.

Suddenly the diminutive figure of Baza, dressed in Eastern clothes, came quietly up to where the Principessa was standing. He tugged her elbow discreetly.

'Princess,' he said in the broken English that all the eunuchs used in the harem and which the Principessa found she understood perfectly. 'Me Baza. Come please.'

The Principessa looked down at the pygmy boy. How extraordinary to find such a figure on the Sheikh's yacht. What on earth did he do?

Again the boy tugged at her arm.

'Come! Hurry!' he said. 'You come look see.'

Intrigued, the Principessa discreetly slipped away from the party on the upper deck and followed the little figure down a companionway to the covered deck outside the Sheikh's luxurious private quarters.

Baza opened a door and ushered the Principessa into a beautifully furnished anteroom furnished in oriental style with sofas, huge Arabic scripts on the walls and hangings that made the cabin appear more like desert tent. Then he led the way into a sumptuous sleeping cabin with a huge curtain bed.

'Master's cabin,' explained Baza.

The Principessa was intrigued to see that there were rings around the sides of the bed and wondered what on earth they could be for. But there was no time to speculate for Baza had unfastened a double locked door disguised as a cupboard.

'Only Master and us eunuchs have key to this door,' he remarked to the Principessa as he gestured to her to follow him down a small winding companionway to the deck below.

Goodness, the Principessa thought, had the Sheikh risked a potential scandal by bringing some of the women incarcerated in his harem this trip to European waters? Anyway, surely, none of them would be his Englishwomen. Supposing they escaped?

She found herself in a small room in which was a comfortable chair facing a little curtain, covering what appeared to be a small wooden grille. Alongside the chair was small table with a bottle of champagne in a silver ice bucket and some delicious-looking canapés.

‘Master often come here to watch his women,’ said Baza. He gestured to the now even more intrigued Principessa to sit down. Silently he politely served the champagne and offered her the plate of canapés.

‘Now look!’ he said as, smiling, he pulled back the curtain.

The Principessa looked through the grille and gasped, for in the middle of the room next door was a wooden table. Stretched out on it was the naked figure of Carolyne Everard!

Her eyes were staring wildly. Her hands and ankles were manacled with the chains strapped to rings at the top and bottom of the table, holding her tautly stretched out on her back. Her head was kept down on the table by a strap fastened over a shiny collar round her neck.

By the side of the big table was a trolley and on it were several metal trays.

Behind her was a large, frightening-looking, fat, black man. He was dressed like a larger version of Baza. Tucked into a broad red cummerbund was short handled black whip with a long, neatly coiled-up lash.

‘Him Mr Zalu,’ explained Baza. ‘Him chief black eunuch of Sheik. Him very important person. Him in charge of all Master’s women.’

The Sheikh’s chief eunuch, repeated the Principessa excitedly to herself, remembering what Pierre had said about Carolyne being doomed to be controlled and supervised by strict cruel eunuchs. She had never imagined that it would be quite like this. How wonderful! Well worth all those dollars.

‘Me one of Mr Zalu’s assistant eunuch,’ Baza said proudly, pulling his little black whip from under his cummerbund, ‘Me also in charge of white women.’

Goodness, thought the Principessa, how humiliating for a grown white woman to be under the supervision of a pygmy boy – and one armed with a whip.

‘Me go now,’ said the boy. ‘You stay. You watch.’

Moments later, looking through the screen, the Principessa saw Zalu, the apparently all-powerful chief eunuch to the Sheikh, pick up a long dog whip with a small red tassel on the end. It had a silver band round the handle. Then he gave Carolyne a sharp tap across the belly.

‘Scarlet! You keep still and silent – or you get the whip on belly. Understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ came Carolyne’s terrified voice.

The Principessa smiled with delight. The big Negro had clearly lost no time in breaking the slut in – and to call her Scarlet, a scarlet woman, was a splendid name for an adulteress.

Zalu leaned over the girl’s face and, reaching down, rubbed her nostrils with a liquid. Then he picked up a metal piercing instrument, like one used for punching holes in leather. The Principessa watched in fascinated silence.

‘Oh no, no please sir, no!’ cried Carolyne, shaking her head in dismay. ‘What are you going to do?’

With a furious look, Zalu put down the piercing instrument and picked up his dog whip again.

‘Three!’ he said. ‘For speaking without permission – and four if you cry out or say another word without permission!’

Then he raised the dog whip high in the air. He paused dramatically to heighten the effect.

The Principessa was beside herself with delight. The slut was going to be beaten – and on the belly. Oh, yes, all those dollars she had paid to Pierre had been well worthwhile.

Suddenly Zalu brought the whip down. Carolyne almost bit through her lips in her effort not to scream aloud. Her eyes bulged. Across her flat tummy was a red line.

Again Zalu paused. Then again he brought the whip down. There was grunting noise from Carolyne and tears came to her eyes. There was another red line across her tummy, just below the first one.

Baza had entered the room. He had the handle of a miniature whip tucked into his cummerbund. It was of black leather and coiled-up - just like Zalu’s. He was also carrying a smaller version of Zalu’s dog whip- but without the red tassel or the silver band that signified Zalu’s position as the Sheikh’s chief eunuch.

The Principessa watched excitedly as Zalu stood back and gestured to the boy to give Carolyne the remaining stroke – presumably so that he could exert his authority over the girl.

Baza raised his own dog whip and then, just as Zalu had done, paused. The Principessa smiled happily as she saw that Carolyne was looking at it with terrified eyes. Finally the boy brought it down just below Zalu's last stroke and with a smacking noise that seemed even louder than Zalu's to previous strokes. It was as if he was showing off to Zalu that despite his diminutive size, he could still apply the whip both accurately and painfully.

This time Carolyne did scream. How wonderful, thought the Principessa!

'Please, no more!'

'Four strokes,' cried Zalu angrily. 'You scream again and it will be five.'

'No, please no!' begged Carolyne, weeping.

'Five!' said Zalu nonchalantly. 'An extra stroke for speaking without permission.'

Yes, the Principessa gleefully told herself, that's how the slut should be treated! And how she must hate it all the more being in the power of these Negroes – and one of them a pygmy!

Somehow Carolyne managed to hold back her screams as Baza brought his whip down twice more across her belly.

There was now a ladder effect on her belly with the marks of the dog whip evenly spaced. Zalu gave Baza a congratulatory pat on the shoulders. The boy had done well.

Carolyne was still writhing in pain. Zalu gave her a couple of minutes to recover. Then he poured more liquid from the bottle onto the cloth and again rubbed it over her nostrils. He again picked up the strange punch. Carefully he placed its two prongs on either side of the girl's inner nostril, then he squeezed the handles.

There was a sharp little cry from Carolyne.

Ignoring her, Zalu then picked up a large brass ring with smaller needle-like ends. Carefully he threaded the ends of the ring through the hole he had just made and squeezed them together. There was a little click as they locked permanently together.

Then he rubbed a little ointment into the hole and moved the ring to and fro. It was firmly in place.

Satisfied with his work, he stood up and smiled. The big brass slave ring now hung from her nose ring, round her mouth and down to her chin. How degrading!

Then he picked up a mirror so that Carolyne could see what had been done to her. She gave a cry of horror. The big, brass ring made her look like an animal – like a pig.

Behind the screen, the Principessa could hardly contain her delight. This was getting better and better! The girl would never dare show her face in public with that ring hanging from her nose – even if it did give her a strangely erotic look. Yes, that would teach the adulterous bitch!

Baza was standing alongside Zalu and she heard him being given an order in Arabic. The boy picked the cloth that had been used on her nostrils - before the punch had been used on her. He poured some more of the liquid onto the cloth and rubbed it over her nipples. He then began to massage them, arousing them both into a prominent erection and pulling them out yet further.

Finally Zalu seemed satisfied. He held Carolyne's left nipple in one hand and with the other picked up a large steel needle, rather like a knitting needle. Carefully he drove it through the flesh.

Again there was a little suppressed scream from Carolyne.

Zalu now picked up a large, but thin, golden ring with two open ends. He threaded one of the ends through the hole in the nipple and then clicked the two ends together. He tried to open them and grunted with satisfaction as he checked that the two ends were securely and permanently locked together.

Then it was the turn of Carolyne's right nipple to be pierced and fitted with a similar large but light gold ring.

Zalu now fastened the two rings together gently together with a light silver chain. Hanging from the middle of the chain was a little lead weight.

The Principessa realised that this would gently draw the breasts together and train them to hang more closely to give a greater cleavage effect. How clever, she thought, and how degrading for the girl to have the shape of her body altered by the big Negro.

But, she thought, with a cruel smile, the greater the degradation, the greater her revenge – and clearly what she was now witnessing on board the Sheikh's yacht was merely a foretaste of what was going to come when the big chief eunuch had her back under his control in the Sheikh's harem.

Satisfied with this work, Zalu gave another order to Baza who unfastened the girl's ankle manacles from the end of the table, then fastened each ankle to chains hanging down from the ceiling and finally turned a handle on the wall. Carlyne's ankles were now drawn upwards and pulled wide apart until the chain was taut. Her knees were bent. Her beauty lips were nicely displayed.

Zalu picked up a pot of paste and dipped a wooden spatula into it. He leaned over the naked belly of the girl and used the spatula to spread the paste over the blonde down on her mound and down between her legs.

Then once again he stood back.

Finally he started to wipe the paste, now intermingled with hair, off her body, leaving her mound and beauty lips smooth – except, the Principessa saw, for the rather prominently protruding inner lips.

Zalu ran his hands down over her mound and over, and between, her beauty lips. Not quite satisfied, he repeated the whole process and then with tweezers painfully plucked out the odd remaining hair.

He rubbed baby talc over the whole now strangely bald area. As he did so, he murmured to Baza in Arabic: 'A pity about the protruding inner lips.'

Then he smiled and, with a little conspiratorial wink, added: 'But ... who knows ...'

He washed his hands and again nodded to Baza who let down Carlyne's ankles and unfastened her wrists.

If the girl was now expecting a little kindness after such a physical and mental ordeal, she was to be disappointed.

'Get down on all fours, like animal,' ordered the horrible little boy, pulling his whip out from his cummerbund.

With a little cry of despair, Carlyne hastily did as she was ordered.

Baza cracked his whip. 'Crawl back into cage,' he ordered, pointing to the curtain that the Principessa had noticed earlier.

The Principessa laughed as she saw Carolyn jump at the whip crack and then scuttle towards the curtain, lift up the bottom and disappear under it. My God, she thought, they were not wasting much time in breaking her in to her new life.

Moments later Baza also slipped behind the curtain.

The Principessa heard a rattling noise as if from a heavy chain. Then came a noise as if a cage door was being slammed shut. She heard Baza order, 'Present at Bars.' How strange she thought.

Baza now reappeared in front of the curtain.

'Master give special permission you see women he has brought from harem for his enjoyment on this trip,' he said to the screen behind which the Principessa was still sitting hidden. With a proud smile, he pulled back the curtain.

Like Carlyne the night before, the Principessa gasped as she saw the line of cages and the naked and chained women, kneeling up and gripping the bars. Their prominent big nose rings giving them an animal-like look, whilst the crests and Arabic numbers tattooed on their bellies gave them a slave-like look.

A feeling of sweet revenge swept over her as she saw that the woman in the end cage was Carlyne. Her belly, however, was, of still bare of any tattoos.

Chapter 10 - A CLOSER LOOK

The Principessa was still enjoying the sight of the caged Carlyne when the door, through which Baza had disappeared opened again.

It was Zalu. He bowed to the Principessa and, holding the door open, he asked: 'Would Madam like come see?'

The Principessa followed him and found herself standing in front of the line of cages. She looked down at the manacled and chained Carlyne. The feeling of revenge was now even stronger.

Carlyne looked up and stared in horror at the happily smiling Principessa, the wife of her lover.

'You!' she cried in amazement and hatred.

Suddenly she realised what had happened. She could hardly believe it. Instead of her getting rid of the Principessa so that the Principe could marry her, the Principessa had got rid of her – and in a terrible, but clever way.

She remembered what the other women had said about Pierre tricking women into the Sheikh's harem. Had the Principessa used Pierre to get rid of her – into the harem? Oh, what a fool she had been to let Pierre lead her down to the deserted inlet, straight into the trap. Oh, what a fool she had been to get mixed up with the husband of this jealous woman.

'Silence!' cried Zalu, cracking his whip.

He pointed to Carolyne's smooth hairless mound and beauty lips.

'His Highness he like girls nice and smooth,' explained Zalu in broken English. 'Back in palace I will use laser, then hair not hair not grow again. But meanwhile I must get her ready for him to take this afternoon.'

'This afternoon!' gasped the Principessa. My God, the Sheikh was not losing time.

'Yes, as soon as ship get under way. His Highness want impose his authority on new girl for harem even though she not yet trained to please. So she tied down for his pleasure.'

Tied down for his pleasure! So that was what the rings round the bed had been for. The Principessa smiled with delight. The Sheikh was clearly not going to lose any time in raping the girl.

'She tied down on Master's bed,' Zalu repeated, 'on all fours, like animal. Baza in attendance, holding girl by lead to collar and with whip ready to punish her. Master much enjoy taking muzzled girl from behind – especially new girl.'

Then he pointed to a bridle and bit hanging from a hook outside Carolyne's cage. 'That for her. Master pull back on reins to make her raise head and raise buttocks, ready for entry of his manhood. She already been nicely stretched.'

He pointed to an enema hanging on the wall. 'Already she washed out and greased ready for Master's manhood. New white women not like being taken from behind. She soon get used to it, once in harem.'

Goodness, thought the Principessa, the girl was going to be sodomised. How degrading! Excellent!

Then Zalu pointed to Carolyne's scarlet coloured open bolero – and to the scarlet slippers and little embroidered cap in her cage.

'She now called just Scarlet. Easier for Master just to use colour of harem clothes as name.'

How deliciously degrading and very suitable, thought the Principessa, remembering the expression: "A scarlet woman".

Zalu pointed to the beautiful woman wearing a blue coloured bolero, who was kneeling up in the cage next to Carolyne.

'This Royal Blue. She upper class Englishwoman. Master tricked her into harem, although she married. But she not see husband again. Concubines not allowed see other men – only Master.'

Not allowed see other men! That would clip Carolyne's wings, the Principessa laughed cruelly to herself.

Zalu put a hand through the bars of her cage and lifted up a full breast.

'Master like take Royal Blue very much. He want see her soon in milk – and maybe Scarlet too – like these two.'

He was pointing to the two strangely similar women, one in her thirties and the other a teenager, both wearing pink boleros and both chained together in the same cage – and more to the point both having identically swollen bellies,

'These Master's special pride,' explained Zalu: 'Pink One and Pink Two. They English mother and daughter. They well educated women. They also tricked by Master into his harem.'

The Principessa gasped in astonished. An English mother and daughter, both prisoners of the cruel Sheikh – and, moreover, both very evidently expectant.

Zalu put his hand through bars of their cage and patted first one belly and then the other.

'You see, both bellies nicely curved,' he said. 'Both mated on same day, hooded so that they not see happy eager lover.'

Then he stood up and whispered into the Principessa's ear: 'Although they not know it, both mated to same black Dinka giant and both carrying half black twins to work on Sheikh's farm as labourers.'

Specially bred black twins, thought the Principessa. Well!

‘Part knees!’ Zalu ordered the two women.

Zalu pointed to the chain mail breeding belts locked round the women’s hips and over their beauty lips.

‘That stop women try get rid of unwanted progeny. They made to carry for Master what he decide.’

Again the Principessa gasped. Made to carry half black twins, whether they like it or not.

Zalu was now stroking the women’s breasts, as if trying to milk them. Soon little drops of white appeared on the tips of their ringed nipples.

My God, she thought, they’re both in milk – already. She saw that even the breasts of the young girl were, evidently, heavily milk-laden. She saw blue veins just below the skin and the nipples were very prominent.

‘I bring on milk early – with special pills,’ explained Zalu. ‘Master like have some girls in milk. That why he bring these two on this trip- as well as enjoy watching bellies swell. He pointed to Carolyne. ‘May be Master want her milk brought on, too.’

The Principessa was thrilled. Carolyne was going to be treated like a cow. How wonderful!

Before she could hear about the beautiful Arab girl in the remaining cage, Baza tugged at her sleeve again. ‘Time to return to party,’ he said, indicating the open door.

‘You not say anything about what you see here,’ said Zalu, ‘or Sheikh might release angry girl. She not know who Sheikh is, but she know you.’

‘Oh don’t worry,’ the Principessa reassured him. ‘I’m not a fool. My lips are sealed. I don’t want the Sheikh to free the girl – never, ever.’

Zalu smiled.

The Principessa’s mind was racing as she rejoined the party under the upper deck awnings.

The contrast between this sophisticated scene and the line of naked and caged women hidden awaiting the Sheikh’s pleasure only a few feet away, could hardly be sharper. None of chattering guests would ever imagine that the strikingly pretty English girl whom they had noticed the night before, was now held, chained and caged below, by their charming and urbane host.

What a story!

But clearly she must never breathe a word about she had seen – or else Carolyne might be released by the Sheikh to accuse her of having had her abducted and assaulted by an unknown Arab.

‘So Princess, I hope you had an enjoyable tour of my humble quarters?’ The smooth and courteous voice of the Sheikh interrupted her thoughts. She turned and looked at the smiling and handsome, if cruel-looking, man with his hooked nose and small goatee beard.

‘Yes ...yes ... Your Highness,’ she stammered.

‘And,’ the Sheikh murmured, ‘I hope you found a mutual acquaintance of ours being suitably prepared for her new life? Were you pleased with what you saw, even though you must not speak of it?’

‘I was delighted with her treatment, Your Highness,’ replied the Principessa, finding her voice again.

‘And do I understand that you are anxious to see her being tried and punished for her recent adultery with a certain gentleman?’ smiled the Sheikh. ‘I shall be handing her over to the Morals Police as soon as we dock and doubtless her trial will be only a few days later. I’m sure you would like to attend it.’

‘Oh yes, Your Highness,’ replied the Principessa earnestly. ‘There is nothing I should enjoy more.’

‘Then perhaps I might have the pleasure of inviting you and your husband to come and stay in the guest wing of my palace in a few days’ time?’

‘With my husband?’ queried the Principessa. ‘Surely ...’

‘Oh I would not want to compromise you, Princess, by inviting you alone. Indeed I have already taken the liberty of inviting him whilst you were exploring certain matters below. He told me he was a keen amateur archaeologist and I am sure that we can find some interesting ruins for him to go off and see, whilst our mutual acquaintance is being tried and punished for her sins.’

‘Oh, I see,’ replied the Principessa. ‘Well, in that case ...’

‘And of course you would be the prime witness in the trial,’ added the Sheikh with an enigmatic smile. ‘I think you will find it a rewarding and satisfying experience.’

Without another word, the handsome host excused himself and rejoined his other guests, leaving the proud and haughty Principessa smiling happily and inwardly thrilled.

Chapter 11– THE SHEIKH TAKES HIS PLEASURE

The last of the Sheikh's guests had left, the yacht's own motor boat had been hoisted inboard and the anchor chain had been shortened to short stay, when the Arab Captain reported to the Sheikh that the yacht was ready to sail back to North Africa.

'Very good,' replied the Sheikh, rubbing his hands as he thought of the delicious Carolyne awaiting him in his luxurious sleeping cabin.

He turned to enter his private quarters. Sure enough, there was his dependable chief eunuch waiting also to report to him.

'Scarlet is prepared for your pleasure, Your Highness,' he said, gesturing towards the sleeping cabin.

'Is she chained down and helpless?' the Sheikh queried, He did not want her jumping overboard and trying to swim to the shore.

'Of course, Your Highness. And properly bitted so that her cries and insults do not upset your pleasure.'

The Sheikh nodded. What would he do without Zalu? Uneducated blacks made such excellent chief eunuchs, especially when in charge of hated white women

Zalu went on with a smile. 'I took the liberty of also providing Royal Blue to provide a little preliminary arousing of Your Highness's manhood – to make sure that it is ready to take Scarlet.'

'Excellent!' said the Sheikh. Was there nothing that Zalu did not anticipate?

He strode into his secluded sleeping quarters. The curtains over the large ship's windows onto the deck outside were drawn. But he knew he need not have worried: that deck was strictly off-limits to the crew and his loyal Black Guards guarded the gangway that led to it.

He saw a figure draped in white muslin kneeling on all fours across the wide bed. There was a rattle like the noise of clanking manacles and of straining chains. He felt his manhood becoming aroused.

The little figure of Baza was standing by the bed, dog whip in his hand. He bowed respectfully to the Sheikh. Somehow the Sheikh felt no inhibitions in taking a woman in the presence of such a young boy and there was no doubt that his presence and the sight of his dog whip made a woman, especially a typically prudish English one, feel even more humiliated and subservient.

Moreover Baza was holding the collar lead of another woman – one wearing a dark blue embroidered harem cap and open bolero, She was kneeling on all fours by the side of the bed. Her wrists and ankles were manacled. A large, degrading, brass ring hung down from her nose,

The Sheikh's arousal increased yet more at the thought that this beautiful, manacled and nose-ringed, young married Englishwoman was going to be driven by Baza's whip into alternatively sucking and licking his manhood to ensure that it was ready to penetrate the backside of another young upper class Englishwoman.

He came round to the side of the bed and Baza then drew back the muslin cover, to display a chained and bitted, naked, beautiful young white woman – also with a large well polished brass ring hanging down from her nose. She was looking up at him half in horror and half as if pleading for mercy.

It was a sight that further increased his arousal considerably, as a feeling of power and of pride of ownership surged through him. This beautiful creature was his, to do with as he liked. Her fate was in his hands. The joke was that by handing her over to the Morals Police as an adulteress, she would become his property perfectly legally – and the locally highly influential Mullahs would once again be impressed by his piety.

Carolyn gasped behind her bit at the sight of the man in Arab dress looking down at her. It was the same man whom she had noticed looking at her the Ball. Was he the mysterious Master of whom Zalu and Baza and the caged women had spoken of and in whose power she now was? My God!

The Sheikh put his hand down and checked that the bit was held tight in her mouth by a leather bridle that went over her head to fasten behind her neck. From the bit two plaited reins ran back to the small of her back, ready for him to pick up.

Behind her knees a small, raised, padded bar, fastened to the bed, kept her on all fours. Her manacled wrists were chained to the side of the bed, holding her quite still.

Looking between her outstretched arms, the Sheikh had a delightful view of her hanging breasts and nipples from which two golden rings now hung. Moreover the breasts were hanging attractively close together – thanks to a little chain with a small weight in the middle that linked her nipple rings.

Zalu had certainly not lost time, the Sheikh laughed to himself.

Stroking his short beard in approval and followed dutifully by Baza, the Sheikh went round to the other side of the bed. The girl's manacled ankles were held well apart by the bed chains so that she could not kick her ravisher. Her knees were held bent so that her now smooth and hairless beauty lips were well displayed. He saw that Zalu had beautifully outlined them with black kohl. He ran a hand over them. Quite delightful.

But the Sheikh's mind was on something else – equally delightful. He put a finger down to her rear orifice, highlighted with lipstick. Protruding from it was a small, well-oiled, stretching plug made of pink plastic. It had a circular indented ring, gripped by her sphincter muscles, preventing her expelling it. Zalu certainly thought of everything!

He gestured to Baza who, gripping the base of the plug, gently removed it, leaving a slippery, puckered and nicely stretched orifice.

What was he going to do her? thought Carolyne desperately. Surely not ... no one had ever done that to her before. It was a disgusting thought – though she remembered with a shudder, a girlfriend whispering to her that it was a favourite predilection of the Arabs. Oh no!

The Sheikh put a manicured finger to the orifice and gently pushed past the now well-stretched sphincter. The girl gave a little muffled cry from behind her bit. Zalu had reported earlier that she was evidently a virgin there. Yes, despite the stretching, she was still was still delightfully tight.

He gestured to Baza who attached the still crawling Amanda's lead to a ring on the side of the bed and then came over and began to remove the Sheikh's robes and headdress, folding them up with care. The Sheikh's virile manhood now thrust forward proudly from his hard naked body as he stroked Carolyne deliciously soft bottom.

Baza led the crawling Amanda up to the Sheikh.

'Please your Master!' he ordered, giving her a sharp tap with his dog whip on her bottom cheeks. With a little cry Amanda reached forward and took the Sheikh's manhood into her mouth,

'Suck it reverently!' warned Baza, tapping her again.

Kneeling in front of the Sheikh, poor Amanda did just that.

The Sheikh looked down at his beautiful English concubine, Royal Blue, kneeling abjectly in front of him as she dutifully sucked and licked. Then he looked at Carolyne, displayed for his pleasure. Oh the feeling of power – of pride of ownership. Two lovely Englishwomen offered for his pleasure. And the best part of it all was the thought that neither of them would be allowed any pleasure – Baza would see to that. He could feel his manhood becoming harder than ever.

'Back!' ordered the clever little pygmy boy to Amanda – just in time, or the Master might, prematurely, have erupted into Royal Blue's mouth. .

The Sheikh caught his breath and then picked up the reins lying in the small of Carolyne's back. He tightened his grip on them, forcing her head up, so that she was looking straight ahead.

She longed to collapse onto the bed, but the bar behind her knees kept her kneeling up. She jumped as she suddenly felt the Master's manhood pressing on her rear entrance.

Baza brought his dog whip down across her shoulders, making her scream out with pain.

'You keep still or you get cane,' he ordered. '

Terrified, she obeyed.

'Buttocks up!' ordered the boy.

Never had Carolyne felt so humiliated. But worse was to follow.

'Thrust back to Master,' the boy shouted, accompanying his order with another stroke of his dog whip.

With a sob of despair, Carolyne strained to thrust her hips further back. My God, she thought, I'm going to be dishonoured – and I'm being made to assist it. She tried to cry out and beg for mercy but, bitted as she was, all that could be heard were pathetic little moans.

Hearing them, the Sheikh laughed cruelly and again pulled back on the reins making her raise her head yet further. This and the bar behind her knees made her lower her belly so that he could now drive down into her. Yes, she was perfectly positioned.

Again she felt the Sheikh's manhood pressing on her rear entrance – this time much harder. She screamed behind her bit.

Meanwhile Baza had motioned Amanda to come behind her Master – and to continue her ministrations with her tongue. Suddenly the delighted Sheikh felt Amanda's soft little tongue exciting him from behind. Oh the thrill as she thrust the studs in her tongue forward!

Seconds later Carolyne felt her stretched sphincter muscles cede to her Master's hard manhood. He was so huge! She screamed again as she was penetrated.

The Sheikh momentarily eased the reins and then pulled back on them again as he thrust down into her - again and again. And, each time that he did so, the girl gave another little gasp - and he felt Amanda's pointed little studded tongue.

Carolyne felt Baza's hands on her shoulders holding her still – whilst she was violated.

'Now wriggle, girl,' ordered Baza again bringing his whip down across Carolyne's shoulders to force her to obey. Never had she felt so degraded, so utterly in the power of a man – and it was so humiliating being made to perform like this by a pygmy boy in front of another Englishwoman.

The Sheikh paused so to spin out the pleasure. There was no need to hurry after all.

Then, moments later, Carolyne gave another gasp as he again thrust down into her.

Finally he climaxed, ejaculating deep into her. And as he did so Amanda, driven on by Baza's little whip, was desperately wriggling the tip of her tongue. The pleasure was intense – and made all the greater by the knowledge that neither Carolyne nor Amanda were getting any, as they writhed and wriggled under Baza's whip.

PART IV

PUNISHMENT – FUNDAMENTALIST STYLE

Chapter 12 – THE WOMEN'S PRISON

It was evening when the black prison van drove up to the quay to which the yacht was moored, stern-on, of course, as is usual in the tideless Mediterranean.

Several armed men in the black uniforms of the Morals Police, so dreaded by the local Arab women, slowly got out. They came up the gangway.

'We understand that His Highness wishes to hand over an adulteress he has caught,' said their Sergeant.

'Indeed,' replied Zalu with a smile. 'That's her there.' He pointed to a tall veiled figure, in a black burkah that covered her from neck to toe. A chain attached to the ring on the front of her collar had been led out through a small gap in the front of the burkah. The other end of the chain was padlocked to the yacht's guardrail.

'We didn't want her trying to escape Sharia justice by jumping overboard,' said Zalu in Arabic.

The Sergeant laughed and handed Zalu a receipt for one woman suspected of Adultery.

Zalu unlocked the chain from the guardrail and handed it to him. There was a little muffled noise from under the hood.

'Muzzled?' asked the Sergeant nonchalantly.

'And blindfolded under the burkah to make sure she can't see anything,' Zalu said. 'She has no idea where she is, or who His Highness is – and he wants it kept that way. So please keep her isolated from any other prisoners who speak English.'

'Of course,' replied the Sergeant, gesturing to his men to frogmarch the woman down to the waiting prison van. She was walking awkwardly, not only because of her ankle manacles, but also because of the Sheikh's repeated assaults on her backside during the voyage.

When they arrived at their unknown destination, Carolyne was led down a passageway. Then she heard a door being opened and she was thrust through it. To her embarrassment she felt her burkah being slipped off by the guards and the chain unfastened from her collar, though they left her blindfold and muzzle. She was, she realised, now naked in front of these

men – except for her manacles and collar – and the rings in her nipples, joined by the weighted chain.

She blushed as she heard the guards laugh. One of them gave the chain linking her nipples a painful little tug and then ran his finger over the transfer of the Sheikh's crest on her belly and laughed again.

Still unable to see or speak, she felt them slipping something, like a chador, over her head, leaving her breasts and belly exposed. She felt a hand slipping up under the back of the chador and unfastening first her muzzle and then her blindfold.

She blinked in the sudden light and saw that she was in what seemed like a prison cell. Or more like a dungeon, she thought, for the floor was cobbled and the sanitary arrangements consisted of a tap over a hole in the floor. There was one barred window covered in frosted glass. There was a comb attached to a chain fastened to a ring in the wall, near the mirror – and that was all. The cages in the Sheikh's yacht had been palatial compared to this, Carolyne thought.

There were three Arab-looking, women in the cell – kneeling humbly along the wall facing the door. They were, she was horrified to see, all stark naked except for black ugly chadors that kept their faces and hair covered. They seemed young and pretty with slender figures.

They only had a slit for their eyes, kept in place by a narrow slip of cloth that came down over the bridge of their noses to join the rest of the chador, leaving two small rectangles over each eye. Glancing in a mirror on the wall, she saw that she, too, was now wearing an identical chador – and nothing else.

She also saw that the other women had been depilated and that like her, their mounds and beauty lips were smooth and hairless. My God, she thought once again, now where was she? Presumably somewhere in North Africa, but where?

The women in the cages in the yacht had told her that she would be joining them, locked up in the Sheikh's harem. That had sounded awful enough. But this wasn't the harem, surely? These simple Arab girls seemed very different from the Sheikh's collection of beautiful Englishwomen. What was going to happen to her?

What awful fate had the Principessa arranged for her? Once again, she realised what a fool she had been to ever get mixed up with the Principe – and even more to have planned to oust the vindictive Principessa.

'You not take off chador!' warned the Sergeant. They were the last words in English that she was to hear for two days.

The door slammed behind him and there was the noise of a key in the ancient lock. She was left with three half naked women.

There was a pause and then the women got to their feet and rushed over to Carolyn, shrieking excitedly in Arabic.

'I don't understand,' Carolyne cried. 'Does anyone speak English?'

There was a silence.

'Or a little French or Italian?'

Again there was silence.

Carolyne began to take off the hot and uncomfortable chador. Instantly there were screams of protests from the women. They made smacking gestures and pointed to an open peephole in the door, as if to warn that removing her chador would result in a whipping. Hastily Carolyne pulled her chador back on.

Next morning, shortly after the guards had brought them the first of their twice-daily meal of rice and semolina, there was the noise of a key in the door. Hastily Carolyne followed the other women in humbly kneeling down along the wall facing the door – a routine she had learnt to do every time the guards started to open the door.

Now what? she wondered.

The Sergeant stood in the doorway. In his hand he held a long whippy cane. With a start Carolyne recognised it as being like those she had seen in photographs of men being beaten in the Middle East for being in possession of alcohol or drugs. He pointed at one of the other women and beckoned her forward. The woman began to scream. Quickly two other guards ran into the room, seized her and frog marched her out, still sobbing and screaming.

Carolyne noticed the remaining women looked terrified. 'Judge! Judge!' they cried in explanation. What judge, thought Carolyne and why?

Some time later they heard the noise of the same girl being dragged, still sobbing and screaming, down the corridor past their cell. The remaining women looked even more terrified than before.

Shortly afterwards, there came a swishing noise and the thwack of a cane on naked flesh, followed by a woman's scream of pain.

My God, thought Carolyne, that swine of a Sergeant is beating the poor women with that long whippy cane – beating a woman!

Eventually the beating seemed to stop. But the woman was not returned to their cell.

The next morning the scene was repeated and again followed by the noise and screams of a beating.

A day later, there was only one woman left in the cell with Carolyne and when she was taken out and later beaten, Carolyne was alone and scared out of her wits.

The following morning, the noise of the key in the door seemed rather earlier than usual. Carolyne rushed back to the far wall and fell to her knees. She gasped with fear as the door was, as usual, flung open by the Sergeant.

But this time there was a veiled figure with him. The woman flung back her chador - Carolyne caught her breath with astonishment.

There, gloating over Carolyne, stood the sneering figure of the Principessa.

But that was not all for, behind her, grinning happily was Pierre.

The Principessa spat out one lone word: 'Adulteress!'

Then she exchanged a look of what seemed like gratitude with Pierre and replaced her chador.

The Sergeant respectfully ushered her out of the cell, locking the door after him, leaving Carolyne trembling and her mind racing.

What, she wondered, was the connection between the last time she had seen the Principessa from behind the bars of her cage on board the yacht and this extraordinary brief meeting here – wherever here was?

And clearly that young swine Pierre must have been involved in her abduction – just as, she had learnt in the yacht, he had been with the incarceration of other Englishwomen in the Sheik's harem.

But if she was destined to join them in the harem, as the women in the yacht had assumed, what was she doing here?

Chapter 13 – THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

It was an hour later.

'And, so Madam,' said the Prosecutor, a frightening-looking man dressed all in black, with the black turban-like headdress of a Mullah, 'to sum up, you say that the accused, a married woman, had the effrontery to seduce your reluctant husband?'

He was speaking in Arabic and paused whilst his question was translated for the benefit of a tall figure, whose face and body was totally hidden, in accordance with local custom, in a black shroud-like burkah with just a strip of black lace in front of the eyes.

'Yes,' came the voice of the Principessa from beneath her burkah.

'And to your certain knowledge she repeatedly seduced him into having sexual relations with her.'

'Exactly.'

She pointed a black-gloved hand finger at the woman now similarly dressed in black, but with her eyes left uncovered by her chador, who was standing in the dock of the court behind a metal cage-like grille.

'That bitch is nothing more than an immoral adulteress and a money-grabbing adventuress, who should be put away where she can do more harm.'

At these harsh words the woman behind the grille shook her head. All she had done was to have an affair with a married man. What's so really terrible about that? Lots of women in her milieu did. She started to say something, but was instantly interrupted by the Presiding Judge – also dressed as a Mullah.

‘Silence, woman!’ he ordered in heavily accented English – ‘or I shall order you to be gagged.’

With a sob of fear, Carolyne lapsed into silence.

The case had not taken long. The evidence of the Principessa, corroborated by Pierre, had been clear and convincing. The two other judges, also Mullahs, now briefly conferred with their chief, who then turned to the Prosecutor.

‘I understand that the accused woman has been in the custody of our esteemed brother in Islam, His Highness, Sheikh Ali?’

‘Yes, Your Honour, His Highness reluctantly took the woman into his custody to prevent her from committing further acts of adultery.’

‘No, no,’ cried Carolyne as this exchange was translated for her.

She pointed to a regal looking figure sitting on one side of the Court, immaculately dressed in a white and black Arab dress with gold lace borders. Sitting next to him were Pierre - and Zalu and Baza.

‘It wasn’t like that at all. I was abducted by that swine, who then assaulted and repeatedly sodomised me ...’

‘Silence, woman!’ shouted the President. ‘Gag her!’ he ordered in Arabic.

The two burly Arabs, standing next to Carolyne in the uniform of the much-dreaded Morals Police, seized her. One held a thick cloth over her mouth and the other tied it behind her neck. All that could now be heard from her were little muffled moans.

The Presiding Judge turned.

‘I apologise, Your Highness, for the disrespectful attitude shown to you by the prisoner. She should be grateful to you for being so public-spirited as to bring her here to be judged and punished.’

The Sheikh made a graceful gesture in reply, as if the accusation that Carolyne, a mere woman, had been stopped from completing was a matter of no account. Indeed here in North Africa such accusations from a mere woman were of very little account.

He smiled to himself as he remembered, on the journey back from Sardinia, repeatedly taking the delightfully wriggling Carolyne up her backside, as she fought against the chains that held her presenting her carefully prepared rear orifice to his large manhood. During the voyage he had really enjoyed slaking his lust on the beautiful young English girl – and in treating her in the degrading and traditional way that captured Christian women have for centuries had to endure at the hands of the Faithful.

He smiled again as he remembered how whilst Royal Blue had served to ready him for Carolyne on that never-to-be forgotten first time. It was the luscious Egyptian Grey whom he had used next time and then ... and then ... on the final time before the yacht docked it had been the turn of his prize English mother and daughter, Pink One and Two, still chained together, to ready his manhood. Yes, that had been an event he was looking forward to repeating - once Carolyne was safely ensconced in his harem.

He also smiled at how producing Carolyne for trial would greatly increase his standing with the strict religious authorities of this fundamentalist state. He was always anxious to show them that the white Christian women in his harem were treated like the infidels that they were.

The Presiding Judge then coughed.

‘In view of the evidence we have heard from the unfortunate wife, we have no hesitation in finding the accused, a married woman, guilty of adultery – a most serious offence under Sharia Law.’

He paused whilst his speech was translated sentence by sentence into English for Carolyne’s benefit.

‘It is an offence that Sharia Law calls for Death by Stoning.’

This was greeted with a muffled scream from Carolyne.

‘However, in this merciful age, we are prepared to take a more merciful view of her shameful behaviour.’

Again he paused. Carolyne was hanging on his every word – and indeed so was the Principessa.

‘We therefore sentence her to penal servitude for ten years in a desert prison.’

There was another muffled gasp of horror from Carolyne.

‘Nevertheless,’ continued the Presiding Judge, ‘the Court understands that His Highness, Sheikh Ali, to whom we are most grateful for his public spirit in having brought this grossly immoral woman to our attention, has kindly offered to reduce the burden on the State by

accepting this woman as an Indentured Servant for ten years instead – and to assume full responsibility for her good moral behaviour during this period. The Court therefore rules that the Accused be registered as the Indentured Servant of His Highness.’

There was a little worried cough from the Principessa as the Judge’s words were translated. Only ten years, she thought, what would happen after that?

The Sheikh smiled at her reassuringly. ‘The Mullahs might really just as well have sentenced her to life indentured service,’ he whispered to her, ‘for there would be no way that she would ever be released to tell her tale to the world press.’

‘However,’ went on the senior Mullah, ‘we must also set an example to other women that we will not tolerate adultery by them. So we also sentence her to two hundred lashes.’

Again he paused and again there were very different gasps from the two veiled women – one of horror from Carolyne and one of delight from the Principessa. ,

‘The first twenty lashes are to be applied immediately in the Punishment Room of this Court. The remaining lashes are to be applied over the next two years at the discretion of His Highness by his eunuchs.’

He passed. He nodded towards the now grinning Zalu and Baza.

‘Furthermore, so that we can satisfy ourselves that His Highness’s eunuchs are well capable of this onerous task, after the first ten lashes have been applied here by our Morals Policed, the second ten are to be applied by them.’

Pierre smiled happily. Thanks to his quiet word with the Mullahs before the case started – and the handing over of a certain well-stuffed envelope - this was indeed going to be a fine spectacle for the Principessa to watch and one for which she would surely reward him further.

The Mullah turned and looked at the Sheikh.

‘We are most grateful to you, Your Highness, for undertaking this annoying and burdensome task – and we assure you that you will our support in any steps you feel may be necessary to take to ensure that this woman cannot tempt other men to committing adultery with her.’

He turned back to Carolyne.

‘But we feel that it is important that we make an example of the adultery committed by this Christian woman - in the interests of frightening off any of our Moslem women who might also be tempted to commit acts of adultery.’

Again he paused. ‘So there is more,’ he announced.

The two women were separately agog to hear what further punishment was to be imposed.

‘It is also usual,’ the Presiding Judge eventually continued, ‘when the death penalty is not invoked, for the state of Salat, or Purity, to be imposed on the woman.’

Salat! What’s that? Carolyne thought nervously.

‘This Christian woman,’ went on the Presiding Judge, ‘is accordingly so sentenced – the treatment to be carried out in the Palace of the Court before the woman is handed back to the care of His Highness’s chief eunuch.’

Carolyne was mystified when this last sentence was translated for her. Treatment? What treatment?

The Principessa was smiling happily, remembering the terrible penalty, about which Pierre had hinted, at the Yacht Club Ball.

Chapter 14 – THE PUNISHMENT COURTYARD OF THE PRISON

The Palace of Female Justice, where the Mullahs in charge of the Morals Police dealt with women sexual delinquents, was a magnificent Arab-style building with walls of different coloured stones and pillars and a marble courtyard bedecked with flowering geraniums and other plants. All this was in glaring contrast to the adjacent, sordid, woman’s prison.

So too was the scene that was about to take place in this courtyard - for there in the middle of it, surrounded by geraniums, with her manacled hands fastened above her head to a rope that went over a pulley was white woman whose head was hidden by a black chador. She was gagged by a white cloth tied over her mouth.

The woman was wearing a simple black garment that that unbuttoned down the back. The top buttons had been undone and the garment pulled forward so that whilst her breasts were still covered, her delicate shoulders were bare. The whiteness of her skin and of her gag contrasted with the blackness of her garment. Below her waist the buttons were still fastened, hiding her bottom and manacled legs.

By her side stood a powerful-looking man with a large moustache, wearing the smart dress uniform of a Sergeant of the Morals Police. He was nonchalantly holding a long thin whippy cane resting against one shoulder. Holding the end of the rope was his assistant, also from the Morals Police.

Standing alongside the Sergeant were two figures both wearing the traditional formal dress of a eunuch, one large and fat and the other tiny. They were Zalu and Baza. Each was smiling with eager anticipation and holding his dog whip in one hand.

Carolynne – for she was indeed the figure in white - was trembling with fear as she stood there on display, knowing that she was about to be whipped, just as she had heard the other women in her cell being taken out and whipped. Had those regular morning beatings also been applied by this same terrifying Sergeant?

She wondered whether the other women had also been accused of Adultery. Had they too, been sentenced to be thrashed and to years of penal servitude? As they had not returned to the cell, had they, too, been released as an indentured servant into the so-called “care” of some leading Arab? Was accusing a woman of adultery a regular way a rich Arab could legitimately get his hands onto the pretty wife of another man?

There was a long pause as if everyone was waiting for something to happen.

Suddenly the large principal door into the large patio was flung open by Court officials. Again there was a pause. Then the Presiding Judge led the Sheikh, Pierre and the still veiled figure of the Principessa into the beautiful courtyard.

The guests of the Presiding Judge were ushered into comfortable seats and offered little cups of Turkish coffee and bowls of local sweetmeats.

The Sheikh eyed the Sergeant’s whip, concerned lest his future concubine, for whom he had paid a fortune, might be permanently marked. Sensing his concern, the judge leaned over to him. ‘Don’t worry, by Sharia Law, when beating a woman, the cane must not be raised above the level of the elbow. It looks terrifying, makes a lot of noise and stings her wonderfully, but does no permanent harm – just as, doubtless, your own eunuchs also take care not to spoil the goods.’

The Sheikh smiled, reassured.

Pierre was still smiling happily, mentally counting his dollars.

The Principessa felt almost overwhelmed. She could hardly believe what she was seeing. Her arch-rival, the Adulteress, was going to be whipped! And publicly in front of her! Oh yes, revenge was very sweet – and she could feel herself becoming moist with arousal at the sight of Carolynne tied like that for her beating.

Carolynne, in turn, was appalled and felt further humiliated when she saw that she was not to be beaten in private but before the woman she had so nearly ousted – and before the Master whom she had learned to hate ever since he had repeatedly sodomised her onboard the yacht.

And, she saw, with astonishment, she was going to be beaten before Pierre, the man who had tricked her into going down to the inlet where she had been abducted. She remembered how she had said to the other women in the cages in the yacht that she would kill Pierre if she ever saw him again. Well, tied as she was, there was no chance of that!

Again there was a pause whilst the guests sipped their coffee.

Then the Presiding Judge gave a signal.

A smartly dressed Court official untied Carolynne’s gag and the equally smartly dressed Sergeant stepped forward. At the same time, his assistant pulled down on the cord that led up to the pulley. Carolynne was now raised by her arms up onto the tips of her toes. The manacles on her ankles that Zalu had fastened on her in the yacht were now clearly visible below her burkha.

The Principessa caught her breath as the Sergeant lowered his long thin cane and stood to one side of the now visibly shaking Carolynne. Then, keeping his elbow into his side, he expertly raised his cane and brought it down across Carolynne’s exposed white shoulders, leaving a thin red weal.

There was a scream from Carolynne that almost made the aroused Principessa swoon with ecstasy. The rope keeping her up on her toes was eased and she wriggled her shoulders to try and ease the pain.

Again there was a pause and then Carolynne was pulled back up onto the tips of her toes. Again the cane was raised and brought down. Again there was a scream but this time it was followed by a sobbing cry in English as the rope was eased down to allow the woman to fall to her knees before the judge and his guests. ‘No more, for God’s sake, no more! I admit I was wrong, but no more, please!’

The judge smiled and signalled for the beating to continue. The Sergeant and his assistant ignored the woman's pleas. Pulling on the rope, the Morals Policeman pulled her up off her knees and again up onto the tips of the toes. The Sergeant again brought his cane down across the whiter woman's shoulders.

There more screams and pleas as, leaving a decent interval between each stroke and allowing the woman to fall to her knees before being pulled up again, the Sergeant and his assistant slowly completed the first ten strokes.

The Sergeant stood back and bowed to the Presiding Judge and to the Sheikh, who handed him the customary small purse.

The Court Officials buttoned up the top of the back of Carolyne's dress and covered her shoulders. However, they then unbuttoned the rest of the dress, pulling it aside to bare the soft, nicely rounded, feminine bottom that only a eunuch was allowed to beat.

Zalu stepped forward and bowed. He showed his dog whip, the symbol of his authority, with its prominent red tassel at the tip and the silver band round the handle, to the Presiding Judge who nodded approvingly.

He gestured to the Morals Policeman to ease the rope slightly so that Carolyne's bottom was better presented for his dog whip.

Then he raised his whip, paused and brought it expertly down across both cheeks. As before, there was a scream and more pleas for mercy as the rope was eased to allow the woman to fall to her knees.

Once again the rope was tautened, raising the woman off her knees and once again Zalu brought his dog whip down – this time a fraction below the line of his previous stroke. Soon there were five red lines on the soft white bottom, beautifully spaced to give a perfect ladder effect. Zalu was clearly an expert with the whip.

Only the sheer degradation of being constantly pulled back up off her knees to receive yet another terrible stroke had prevented Carolyne from fainting away from the pain of it all.

Now it was little Baza's turn to step forward and use his dog whip to apply the final five strokes. The sight of the pygmy boy beating the much larger white woman was a splendidly erotic sight and one that finally brought the Principessa to biting her lips under her burkah as the throes of a secret orgasm swept through her.

The Presiding Judge politely invited his guest to have another little cup of coffee.

Chapter 15 - FUTURE PLANS

Carolyn was untied and taken by the Sergeant and his assistant into the Palace of Justice's adjoining clinic for women prisoners.

Zalu and his pygmy assistant both respectfully salaamed to the Presiding Judge. Then they followed the Sergeant into the clinic.

The show was over and the Presiding Judge was discussing some trivial court matters with the Sheikh.

The Principessa had to sit and listen, without being allowed to mix in the conversation. She well knew the Arab customs as regards women and kept quiet. She was prepared to put up with a little humiliation to see her rival being humiliated in a far greater way.

If only, she thought, she could slip away back to her lovely air-conditioned bedroom in the Sheikh's guest wing and get rid of this heavy shroud. She could imagine herself in bed again, wildly exciting herself and playing the whole punishment scene before her eyes like a movie.

'Well Madam,' came the cool voice of the Presiding Mullah, bringing her back to reality. 'I hope you enjoyed seeing justice being done. Of course, one more part of her sentence must be carried out – indeed, I think that it's being taken care of right now as we speak.'

The Principessa nodded and smiled under her burkah. So in a short while this adulteress bitch was going to be purified. Her heart was beating wildly. Her revenge on this hated female, who tried so treacherously to steal her husband, would then be really fulfilled.

Then the Judge turned to the Sheikh.

'Your Highness,' he said, speaking in Arabic 'your servants will be able to collect your new Indentured Servants as soon as she has recovered from ... her little operation. Usually, it takes a week or so.'

‘Thank you, Your Reverence,’ replied the Sheikh with a smile, thinking of how much he was going to enjoy the transformed Carolyne. ‘My chief eunuch and his staff will be ready to come for her.’

Then he turned to the Pierre, for in his world men only spoke in public directly to a woman who was a part of their household.

‘Perhaps,’ he said, speaking in English, ‘you could pass onto the Principessa an invitation to return to my humble palace in say ten days’ time, to see the incarceration of the now transformed young woman into my harem?’

‘Oh yes,’ the Principessa was dying to say, ‘I don’t want to miss that for anything.’

‘I will send my private jet to pick you both up,’ went on the Sheikh. ‘She will then be able to see for herself that further justice has been served on this licentious young woman.’

Pierre glanced at the nodding veiled figure seated beside him. ‘I’m sure, Your Highness, she will be delighted to accept your kind invitation.’

‘And may I rely on her discretion to keep what she has seen here today and will see later entirely to herself?’ He paused deliberately. ‘I’m sure, Pierre, that she realises that her own very life could be at risk if news of what has happened to our friend Carolyne should ever leak out. The arm of our Arab Ruling families can reach out very far, these days, even in Europe, especially they feel threatened with scandal.’

The Principessa gasped at the veiled threat.

‘Yes, Your Highness,’ Pierre replied, ‘you can rest assured that she is well aware of the need, in her own interests, for complete secrecy –and, of course, so am I.’

Then he stood up and bowed and, politely taking the Principessa by the arm, led her out of the courtyard and outside to where the chauffeur of the Sheikh’s guest car stood respectfully waiting.

Chapter 16 – SALAT

Zalu felt quite at home in the Palace of Female Justice. Still accompanied by Baza, he went straight to the special ward of the palace’s clinic. It was here, in a secluded corner of this large palace, that all the female prisoners condemned to be purified and brought to the state of large Salat were dealt with.

The prison doctor, whom Zalu knew of old, was already waiting for him, along with an older, well-dressed gentleman. The prison doctor was used to carrying out the Court’s orders when it was just a question of snipping the end off a beauty bud. But the Sheikh had wanted more to be done to Carolyne and had used his great wealth to tempt the famous surgeon, Doctor Mussi, from Cairo, to come and ‘treat’ her.

This surgeon was a leading specialist in the field of certain feminine sexual matters and indeed was well known as a master of the use of the scalpel in certain delicate female areas. Indeed Dr. Mussi had been appointed as the surgeon general of the main Cairo prison for women. Zalu did not feel that it would be difficult to persuade him to meet the Sheikh’s requirement to carry out a further trimming on this particular prisoner.

They went immediately into the next room.

Here in the middle of what seemed to be a modern operating theatre was a special table. On it Carolyn was lying stretched out, naked and immobilised with her hands fastened above head. Once again she had been muzzled. Her hips were elevated and her legs were strapped into gynaecological stirrups.

Her beauty lips had been fully prepared for the forthcoming treatment, or rather punishment, with clamps already fastened to the sides. These clamps were connected to light chains which were pulled back on both sides of her body and then hooked to small rings on each side of the operating table. This had the effect of completely opening and presenting her opened beauty lips to the gaze of the doctor and to Zalu.

‘These white women,’ said Zalu in his broken English, ‘they such hopeless creatures. Look, she about to lose her most precious possessions, but still she excited and wet. What a wicked woman! Head Mullah he quite right when he order she lose bud. But His Highness he think best she also lose more before she enter his harem.’

‘Oh, I agree, Zalu,’ answered the surgeon, smiling as he thought of the extra fee he could charge direct to the Sheikh. ‘We should not merely carry out the Mullahs’ sentence. We should do more, not only for the greater satisfaction of His Highness but also for the girl’s own good. She will be delivered from evil, freed from eternal temptation. From now on, she

will only concentrate on her Master's pleasure and not needlessly seek her own gratification. And, of course, she will be easier for you to supervise in the harem.'

As they were speaking in English, poor Carolyn could understand every word they said. Was this deliberate, she wondered? Just what were they talking about? Lose more? Eternal temptation? Own gratification? Easier to supervise?

Then, suddenly, the surgeon started to talk to the prison doctor in Arabic and Carolyn could only guess what was then being said.

'So, my dear colleague, did the Mullahs give any specific orders how should we dealt with this delinquent?'

'No, doctor, not really,' answered the prison doctor. 'From what I understood, it was left to my and your discretion – and in consultation with High Highness's chief eunuch.'

'Well then,' said the surgeon visibly delighted. He turned to Zalu. 'Do you have any specific type of trim in mind?'

'Well, Sir, we both know that at least the kernel of pleasure must be properly abstracted and not just the tip snipped off.'

'Indeed, indeed,' agreed the surgeon. He leaned forward. 'I can see that her inner lips are perhaps too much developed and protrude too much, already posing a constant temptation. You know, in my experience, even if the bud itself is removed, well-developed inner lips can still be unseemingly sensitive and be a great source of temptation.'

To illustrate his argument, he took one of the protruding and by now glistening, inner lips and rubbed it between two fingers. He was rewarded by a moan from beneath the girl's muzzle as they became even more moist.

'Just like a bitch on heat,' laughed Zalu. 'But soon she'll react very differently. In future, she have pleasure only if penetrated - and me and my staff we make sure that only object that ever penetrates her is Master's manhood. Soon she become desperate for that!'

'Exactly,' said the surgeon. 'And that's why my services are in such demand by wealthy Arabs.'

'So, then, I think we are agreed,' summed up the prison doctor, looking at his watch. 'I'll give her the local anaesthetic now so that we'll be able to make a start in a few minutes' time.'

He turned to Zalu.

'I expect you'd like to watch?'

'Yes indeed,' replied Zalu eagerly. 'And would Doctor Mussi mind if my young assistant, Baza, watched too? He's just starting to learn the art of controlling white women and it would be most informative for him if he could also us watch such a famous surgeon in action.'

Doctor Mussi was obviously delighted by this compliment.

'Of course, you may - and you can both even assist me, so I don't have to call in one of the prison matrons to be my nurse. Those women are some times so stupid and cumbersome.'

Minutes later, when the strong local anaesthetic had taken effect, the doctor leaned over poor Carolyn as he started to remove what he regarded as providing an unnecessary risk to purity.

Soon just the outer lips were left, now free to press themselves together like those of a young girl. It was a remarkable and yet simple transformation.

Chapter 17 – A NEATLY CUT CAROLYNE IS COLLECTED

Just over a week later, the Sheikh received a message from the Morals Police that Carolyn was ready to be collected. He immediately sent Zalu to bring the girl to his palace out on the coast. Zalu took Baza with him, as he had decided to make him primarily responsible for Scarlet just as he was already primarily responsible for the mother and daughter, Pink One and Two.

When they arrived at the women's prison, they were met by a sergeant who conducted them to the clinic. There, they were met by the prison doctor.

'My dear friend, we meet again,' the doctor greeted them jovially. 'We've been expecting you and your new Indentured Servant is ready to leave.'

He pointed to one of the nurses, who briskly removed the white sheet, which covered the sleeping girl's body. Underneath, she was nude except for a sort of panties like very large and oversized pampers.

The doctor, noticing the eunuch's surprised look, immediately offered an explanation.

‘Our friend, Doctor Mussi, did an excellent job. But as you requested, the girl still doesn’t know just what happened, as we’ve kept her bandaged since her delicate operation. She has been heavily sedated the whole week and her bandages only changed while she slept. She has of course a strange feeling of emptiness between her legs, but hasn’t yet realised just what was done to her.’

‘Good,’ replied Zalu, while his young pygmy assistant was just yawned impatiently – all this talk, when what he wanted to do was to start training his new charge! ‘His Highness, my master,’ went on Zalu, ‘will like that. He wants to be the one who will reveal to this creature the true extent of her punishment for adultery. Is she really ready to be transported?’

‘Yes, she’s healed up perfectly now,’ the prison doctor assured them, anxious to impress Zalu so that the Sheikh would send him a valuable little present for having allowed Doctor Mussi to interpret the decision of the Court in his own way and to operate in his clinic. ‘She now looks as if she had never had a beauty bud at all, nor any inner lips. Have a look for yourself.’

The prison doctor nodded to the nurse, who skilfully slipped down the bandages. Zalu eagerly parted the girl’s outer lips. This was something he did anxiously with every new girl arriving in the harem. He was, after all, responsible for the pleasure that she would be giving to her new Master – and, apart from her tongue and backside, it would be largely with this that she would be doing so. So this first inspection of a girl’s beauty lips mattered a lot.

Zalu and Baza peered between the parted lips. There was nothing to see.

‘Ah,’ sighed the prison doctor, not without a degree of envy in his voice. ‘This Doctor Mussi is the greatest surgeon in our land. Look at this master’s work.’

All of them looked at the now nicely cut Carolyn. There was indeed very little to see. There was no sign of her inner lips and where her beauty bud had been was now just a little scar. The lips had evidently been very expertly removed and it was now if they had never been there.

‘And,’ said the prison doctor, ‘even this little scar will soon disappear completely, believe me. Your Master will be delighted and if he decides one day to sell her, then everyone will swear that she must have been born like that.’

Zalu released the outer lips and they closed together tightly so that the whole effect was smooth.

‘Ah,’ cried Zalu, ‘that’s what I call a really good cut and trim. Allah be praised!’

The doctor nodded his head.

‘Yes, I agree with you. We need more such specialists in our Arab lands. I would give I don’t know what to have one, like Doctor Mussi, just coming to work regularly here in my prison clinic. Just like a visiting surgeon. Well, perhaps one day ...’

Zalu laughed. ‘I am afraid we have to go. We would like to bring this flower to its new home in the harem before evening prayers.’

‘Yes, of course, I’m sorry if I’ve delayed you,’ said the prison doctor ingratiatingly. ‘We’ve specially given our patient a larger dose of sedatives, so she’ll sleep at least until midnight.’

‘Good,’ replied the eunuch, ‘that should be long enough.’

The doctor rang a small bell and two very tall and large guards entered carrying a woven wothy basket. They nonchalantly pulled a burkah over Carolyn’s head and put her into the well-padded basket.

‘We like to give our guests a comfortable ride,’ commented the prison doctor, ‘so that even if you run into a sandstorm on the way home, she doesn’t arrive bruised or with a black eye.’

‘Thank you, Doctor. You certainly performed an excellent job,’ said Zalu. ‘I will draw His Highness’s attention to all your help.’

The doctor beamed happily.

‘Oh, my pleasure! I am a state official and this is a service to the community. This week alone the Mullahs’ Court passed past over a dozen more sentences in other adultery or lesbianism trials, so believe me, I was quite busy the whole week. All those delinquents were sentenced to simple circumcision, so I have been kept busy.’

Zalu bowed his head and asked the guard to take the basket. The doctor was annoyingly chatty, but on the other hand, he could sympathise with him. It can’t have been easy to be locked in a prison, working only with prison guards and with only the nurses to talk to.

‘Oh, I nearly forgot,’ said the doctor. ‘One more thing before you go. I need some paperwork to be signed – a receipt for the girl. You know the state bureaucracy! Would you please follow me?’

PART V
THE NEW CONCUBINE

Chapter 18 – IN THE PALACE OF THE SHEIKH

An hour later, Zalu arrived at the Sheikh’s palace with the still sleeping Carlyne. He went immediately to see the Sheikh and told him about the bandages and about Carlyne not yet knowing what had been done to her.

‘Splendid!’ exclaimed the Sheikh. ‘Make sure she remains ignorant until Pierre and the Principessa arrive back in the palace guest wing tomorrow. She must not know what she has lost until then, so keep her bandaged and her hands tied.’

‘I understand, Your Highness,’ answered Zalu. Indeed he had already given clear instructions on the subject to Baza.

Then the Sheikh, lowering his voice, added: ‘when they arrive, place the Principessa in the special room. You know, the one with the large wall mirrors. I doubt if she’ll be able to resist looking at herself in them!’

Zalu bowed, smiling to himself. Many of his Master’s feminine visitors had been put into this room. The mirror was of course a two-way mirror and the Sheikh usually had a good look at all his female guests, both as they undressed and as they took a shower.

Once, the new young half-English wife of a young Christian Lebanese banker who had come about the Sheikh’s investment business, had promenaded to and fro, stark naked, before the mirror for so long that the Sheikh was driven mad by her. He decided she would make a lovely addition to his harem - a high breasted, ravishing beauty whose Levantine looks would make a delightful contrast with his other Englishwomen.

It was an old Arab tradition for a tribal ruler to keep the wife of a key henchman in his harem as a hostage to ensure his underling’s utter devotion and loyalty. Even when she was eventually released back to her husband, she would still bear the Ruler’s crest branded or tattooed on her belly as a permanent reminder to the henchman of where his duty lay – and of the power of the Ruler.

This tradition was just what the Sheikh reinstated - with his young banker. The Sheikh had a serious talk with her husband and he, after a short persuasion realised, that it would be smarter to leave the palace alone, than not at all – leaving a horrified and tearful wife in the hands of Zalu, who lost no time in having her nose ringed, collared and tattooed, before having her thrust into his other concubines.

Soon, fear of the whip, the sensuous and yet frustrating atmosphere of the harem, and the isolation from all other men, had reduced her, like the other women in the harem, to serving her new Master with a surprising, if feigned, eagerness.

Zalu did not think that, in this case, the Principessa was quite the Sheikh’s type, however.

Meanwhile, for Carlyne the moment of truth was fast approaching.

She had a feeling that there was something odd had happened to her body. Her mind kept running over the strange conversation she had heard before her “treatment” between the eunuch and the doctor about her punishment for being what these people regarded as so wicked: an adulteress. But still she could not make out what could have happened.

Now the situation was even more bizarre. She was permanently guarded and watched by that awful little boy Baza and by other men – presumably eunuchs. Her hands were tied loosely, but securely, to the head of the bed. She could reach down to her nose ring and with difficulty to her nipple rings too, but not to her tummy.

The eunuchs treated her as if she were a little girl, feeding and washing her. She was so embarrassed. And, when she asked what was happening, they just ignored her questions, talking amongst themselves in Arabic or some African tongue.

Mystified, she could feel bandages between her legs, under the strange panties she had to wear, but wasn’t allowed to touch. How odd!

Now suddenly her legs were also tied down onto her bed and she was muzzled again. Then her head was encased in one of those awful chadors – this time with only a strip lace over her eyes through which she could just peer.

Horrified, she saw Zalu bring in an elderly Arab carrying a set of needles. Baza bared her tummy, making her blush with shame under her chador.

‘Raise belly up!’ he ordered, giving her a sharp tap with his dog whip.

Ever since her thrashing by the Sergeant she had become more scared of the whip than ever. Hastily she did as she ordered. Oh the shame!

Unable to see properly what Baza was doing she felt him carefully wash and then dry her. What on earth was going to happen now?

Meanwhile, the Arab had sat down beside the veiled woman and had laid out his needles on a little table on which he had also put various small pots of differently coloured liquids. Then he reached forward and with a special pencil he very carefully began to trace something on her skin. Then he picked up a needle.

Suddenly she remembered a remark of Zalu’s onboard the yacht. My God, she thought, I’m going to be tattooed ... on my belly ... like Zalu had said ... like the other women in the cages in the yacht ... with a large crest of the Sheikh ... I’m going to be marked as his property ... like an animal ... and forever. She had heard of tattoos being removed from ankles and shoulders – but not from the soft skin of a belly.

‘Lift belly up!’ ordered the awful boy, raising his whip.

‘And keep it up!’ had added Zalu from the other side of the bed. ‘You now being marked as one of Master’s concubines.’

Slowly and methodically the Arab had, time after time, dipped a needle into one of the bowls and then pierced Carolyne’s skin, before wiping away the excess ink. Although she could not see it, the Sheikh’s multi-coloured crest was slowly beginning to take shape ...

At last the elaborate tattoo was completed.

‘That look very nice,’ commented Zalu, holding up a mirror for her to see it. ‘Make you feel you now belong only to Master.’

Horrified, Carolyne remembered what Amanda had said about never being able to go back to her husband with the Sheikh’s crest permanently and prominently tattooed on her tummy. Never, in her case, could she now marry the Principe – or any else.

‘Now we add new numbers as Indentured Servant, authorised by Court,’ said Zalu.

Carolyne felt the needles pricking her mound. Then her wrist was also marked with her number. She remembered the women in the cages saying that a woman who managed to escape from the harem would quickly be identified as an escaped Indentured Servant and returned to Zalu for a thrashing – with a big reward for her finder. Oh God! Why had she ever set her cap at the Principe?

The next morning, the Sheikh’s small private jet brought Pierre and the Principessa to the luxurious air-conditioned palace. The Sheikh cordially greeted them and then Zalu took the Principessa to her room. She looked around in astonishment when she entered the opulently decorated room, with one wall almost completely covered by a huge mirror – and with a similar one in the adjoining bathroom.

‘This Master’s best guest room,’ explained Zalu, ‘He only put here most important and honoured guests.’

Zalu said this with a certain irony in his voice, which Principessa scarcely noticed.

‘Perhaps you like take shower? Then I come back and take you to see His Highness.’

As she showered and admired herself in the big mirrors, she could not resist tickling her beauty bud, excited by the memory of Carolyne, once her deadly rival, being sentenced to indentured service and then being thrashed by the Morals Police came flooding back. And now she was going to see her actually locked up in the Sheikh’s harem. She laughed as she also remembered watching her in the yacht being nose and nipple ringed.

Well, Pierre had certainly been as good as his word – and earned every cent she had paid him. What a wonderful revenge he had provided it for her – and he had made sure that the girl was now permanently out of the way. And her husband would not easily make such a fool of himself again ...

As she showered, the watching Sheikh sadly turned to Zalu, saying that she was just not his type – he preferred blond European women, like his collection of Englishwomen.

An hour later, Zalu was ushering a freshly dressed and beautifully made-up Principessa into the Sheikh's private quarters, where Pierre was already waiting for with their ever-charming host. The Sheikh courteously invited the Principessa to join him on a large sofa.

Could, the Principessa kept asking herself, this apparently sophisticated and indeed very westernised man be really the cruel owner of the white women she had seen caged onboard the yacht? Could he really have instigated the scenes in the women's prison? Then she remembered seeing the Sheikh's crest cruelly tattooed on their bellies – the same crest as she had seen on the tailplane of the private jet and on the doors of his cars.

The Principessa, of course, was longing to know what had happened to Carolyn since she had last seen her, nearly ten days previously, being led away after being thrashed in the courtyard of the Morals Police. However, as they sipped champagne, the Sheikh made no mention of Carolyn, nor did Pierre. Instead they discussed the political situation in the Middle East and the Sheikh described his recent Operatic tour of Verona and Vienna.

Then just as they were about to move into the dining room, the Sheikh turned to the Principessa.

'I do hope,' he said in his studiously polite way, 'that what I would now like to show you will make feel that your journey was worthwhile.'

He rang a little bell.

A side door opened and in came Zalu. He looked enquiringly at the Sheikh and then motioned to Baza who was standing behind him.

The Principessa saw that he was holding a lead in one hand and, as usual, his little dog whip in the other. He gave the lead a tug and, dwarfing the pygmy boy eunuch came the tall figure of Carolyn. But what a different a figure she now made from that of the self-confident adventuress whom she had jealously watched, openly flirting with her husband at the Ball.

Indeed Carolyn hardly knew whether to be more embarrassed at being seen like this by the Principessa or by her Master, the man who had so shamefully stamped his authority on her – and on her backside - in the yacht and whose crest she now bore on her belly.

'Up, up, up!' called out Baza, cracking his whip and tightening the lead that was fastened to the back of her collar. The girl now pranced into the room, raising her knees high in the air despite her ankle manacles. Her manacled wrists were clasped behind her neck. She looked straight ahead. Evidently this was all something she had been made to practice by her little overseer.

She seemed half naked. She wore a little embroidered scarlet harem cap with her hair hanging down her neck. Her big brass nose ring and her breasts, disclosed by her open scarlet bolero, bounced in time with her raised knees. The light chain, with its little weight in the middle, that linked the thin, large, golden rings through her nipples, kept her breasts attractively close together – and ensured that they bounced together and did not swing wildly outwards.

'Halt!' ordered Baza, cracking his little whip.

The girl came to a smart, and clearly well rehearsed, military halt, in front of the dining room table, with Baza shouting out the time: 'One ... One Two!'

She now stood rigidly at attention, looking straight ahead at the wall, over the heads of the seated Sheikh and his guests. Her hands were still clasped behind her neck.

Zalu bowed proudly. Yes, he thought, despite Baza's other preoccupations with Pink One and Two and their swollen bellies, the pygmy boy had certainly made a good job of breaking Scarlet into the discipline that the Master was entitled to expect in his harem – and to show off to certain very carefully selected visitors!

The girl was wearing a very pretty pair of transparent harem trousers, made of red silk and gathered at the ankles, with little golden embroidered straps that matched a low slung belt that went round her waist, leaving her belly bare.

The Principessa could not help rubbing her hands with delight when she saw the Sheikh's crest now neatly tattooed across the girl's bare belly. But, once again, there was yet more to delight the Principessa – for her former rival's trousers were cut away in front, baring her hairless mound and beauty lips.

And there, neatly tattooed on the completely hairless mound, were the Arabic numerals that showed that the girl was now a properly registered Indentured Servant, registered as such with the Morals Police with the Sheikh as her authorised Master.

Oh, the exciting feeling of revenge!

Then the Principessa looked a little lower. The beauty lips themselves, she thought, looked very neat, tightly closed, with no sign of the protruding inner lips that she had noticed on the yacht – and which Zalu had evidently disapproved of. But was that all/ she wondered, feeling rather disappointed. Had the judgement of the court been changed?

‘I think you might like to have a closer look,’ laughed the Sheikh, speaking to the Principessa. ‘We have an Arabic saying: “A girl is like a water melon and should be judged only after being opened.”’

The Principessa looked mystified. But the Sheikh nodded to Zalu who, checking that Baza was holding the lead tight, came round to the girl’s front.

‘Two paces, forward march,’ he ordered. The girl obediently stepped forward, still looking straight, her hands still clasped behind her neck. Her beauty lips were now level with the Principessa eyes as she sat on the sofa. ‘Legs apart! Bend knees! Keep head up!’

As she stood there, on display, Carolyne was biting her lips with shame. She longed to look down at the Principessa, but did not dare to do so. Nor did she dare say a word.

Then the Sheikh said to the Principessa: ‘Voila, my dear,’ as Zalu leaned forward and parted the beauty lips of the Principessa’s hated former rival.

The Principessa gasped. There was nothing there!

She could not believe it. Everything was gone, even the slightest and smallest crinkle of flesh was gone. She had never before seen a woman whose beauty bud and inner lips had been neatly removed. She looked at it with undisguised fascination.

‘Touch her yourself,’ said the Sheikh invitingly.

The Principessa reached forward and ran her fingers over ... the now empty space.

‘You see,’ said the Sheikh, ‘there is no sign of arousal. She now exists only to give pleasure, not to receive it.’

‘Oh yes,’ cried the Principessa. Her revenge was accomplished.

The Sheikh waved Zalu and Carolyne away.

‘Let us have lunch,’ he said, ‘whilst Zalu introduces the girl into the harem – which she will now never leave.’

Never leave! The words were running through the Principessa’s brain. Oh how wonderful it was all turning out!

‘And,’ continued the Sheikh, ‘perhaps after lunch, you might like Zalu to take you to my observation room to let you see how’s she getting on.’

‘Oh, yes, Your Highness, I should like that very much.’

Chapter 20 – A LOOK INTO THE HAREM

‘This where Master spend much time,’ said Zalu motioning to the Principessa to sit down on a comfortable armchair, facing a wooden lattice screen. It was covered with a curtain – rather like the one she had seen in the yacht.

But this time it was not a row of cages that she saw as the eunuch pulled back the curtain. Instead she found herself looking into a large airy room, elaborately decorated in traditional Eastern style with coloured marble pillars, elaborate arabesque arches and walls covered with coloured tiles. The beautifully tiled floor was partly covered by valuable- looking Persian rugs. Numerous large, brightly coloured, cushions were scattered around the floor.

A fountain was playing in the middle of the room and light streamed in through a line of carved, but nevertheless barred, windows. Like the rest of the Sheikh’s palace the room was evidently air-conditioned.

Close by the screen was a curved swimming pool with steps leading down into it. The clear sparkling blue water looked inviting.

A beautiful garden with winding gravel paths could be seen through a barred doorway. It was like a French garden, with miniature parterre hedges that surrounded small square flowerbeds filled with brightly coloured flowers.

Beyond this pretty garden was a high wall, whose top was covered in iron spikes. Little television security cameras covered the garden and the approaches to the wall.

But it was the people in this room that really caught the attention of the Principessa: a dozen beautifully made-up, half naked women, some European and all dressed like Carolyne

had been, but in different colours. They were idly chatting sitting on cushions or walking round the room, or lying on mattresses around the pool.

‘Now women resting,’ explained Zalu, ‘but in morning each overseer he keep his women well exercised or practice pleasing Master.’

He pointed to a eunuch sitting in a raised dais, like a pulpit, on one side of the room. He seemed to be keeping a watch on all the women.

‘Women always under eye of eunuch,’ said Zalu proudly.

Half a dozen other women were sitting chatting on a carpet under a large awning in a large patio outside the main harem room.

‘Master like women kept out of sun,’ explained Zalu. ‘He like white skin.’

The patio was separated from the garden by a barred fence and there were more bars over the top, making it seem more like an aviary – but an aviary that held beautiful women as well beautiful birds: doves, different coloured parrots and even a couple of peacocks.

A young eunuch, carrying a cane in his hand, was standing discreetly in the corner of the patio.

‘You see,’ said Zalu, ‘women always watched by eunuch.’

The Principessa soon found what she was looking for.

Yes, there was Carolyne, sitting on a cushion next to the woman dressed in dark blue, Royal Blue, whom the Principessa had seen caged in the yacht. She was holding a piece of paper on which something was written, something that she seemed to be learning by heart – when not looking around in dismay and especially at the barred windows, at the barred aviary-like patio and at the high wall.

‘All Master’s new women take little time to accept their fate,’ said Zalu with a laugh. The Principessa laughed as well.

Then, with a start, she recognised the pink-dressed figures of the English mother and daughter she had seen in the yacht. They were still chained together by the neck and were being led round and round the pool by Baza, their curved bellies thrust out.

‘Bellies showing well now,’ commented Zalu, ‘so important they given extra exercise now – then drop progeny better quicker in birthing chair.’

He pointed to a double armchair, made of bare wood, with cut away seats. There was a little curtain around the double chair and below it two little wicker baskets could be seen. Behind the chair was a stool.

‘Stool for girls’ overseer,’ commented Zalu.

There were rings on the arms of the double chair and another two high up on the back.

‘Women strapped by wrist to arms of chair and by collar to the back of chair,’ explained Zalu.

How terrifying, the Principessa thought, it must be for the English mother and daughter to have to see, every day, that awful chair, waiting ominously for them.

Suddenly, there was a crack of Baza’s whip and the two women clasped their hands behind their necks and began an awkward, high-stepping, prancing action.

‘Up! Up! Up! Higher!’ shouted Baza.

Biting their lips, the two women tried to obey, Baza whip flicking their almost bare bottoms.

Zalu pointed to a large board on one wall, with on the left hand side, a list of names and opposite each one, a line of ticks. Some of the ticks were double ones and others had circles round them.

‘That show how many times Master choose each woman for his pleasure in last month,’ explained Zalu. ‘If any girl not get many ticks, her overseer beat her. He want reward from Master!’

‘And the double ticks and circles?’ asked the Principessa, fascinated by it all.

‘Double tick mean girl penetrated by Master and circle mean taken up backside.’

‘Oh!’ gasped the Principessa, shocked.

‘Master specially like take up backside, especially White women. Make them feel humiliated. He take Scarlet like that three times on yacht. I stretch her specially.’

‘Oh!’ again gasped the Principessa. How wonderful! Perhaps, she thought, that was the greatest revenge of all.

Zalu then pointed to a little curved staircase that was closed by a barred gate.

‘That lead up to roof,’ he said. ‘Or rather, to big cage on roof, like patio. Sometimes I allow women go up there in cool of evening, instead of walking in garden, to see mountains and sea, and other houses. Sometimes they see ships passing.’

‘How lovely for them,’ said the Principessa unthinkingly.

‘Yes, but sometimes make them cry,’ Zalu laughed. ‘They get sight of world outside, world they were taken from. Make them think of husbands and boy friends.’

‘Oh, how sad,’ cried the Principessa.

‘No, not sad,’ protested Zalu. ‘They not now free, but they very lucky live here in great luxury. Master not very cruel. And eunuchs only cane them if disobedient. They well looked after – and not have care in world.’

Zalu looked at his watch.

‘And ‘I go now. Time for Master’s afternoon selection parade – for siesta. You stay and watch. Sometimes Master go into harem and have women paraded for his inspection, but this afternoon he just want choose from behind this screen.’

Moments later the Principessa, looking down through the screen, saw Zalu enter the harem room. Nervously the women seated on the coloured cushions rose respectfully to their feet.

Zalu rang a little bell. Instantly there was pandemonium in the harem.

The Englishwomen’s manacles clinked as, like their Arab companions, they all ran into an alcove. The Principessa could see a row of mirrors and behind each a table covered in make-up material.

Hair that already shone was brushed yet again. Belladonna was dropped into eyes that already seemed huge. Rouge was rubbed in cheeks that already to glow with a rosy tinge. The bright red paint on beauty lips and nipples was touched up. Gleaming manacles, collars and nose rings were re-polished. Painted nails and toenails were given a quick new layer of varnish.

The Oversees strode behind the women, giving orders, checking their appearance and spraying each of their charges with the different and expensive French scents that he had chosen for each for of them. Each was also muttering threats of a thrashing if none of their girls were chosen and of worse if, having been chosen the Master, he did not give them a good report.

Indeed the Principessa wondered sceptically whether all this frantic activity was really because each girl was desperate to please her Master, or rather out of sheer fear of their overseers, for whom these parades were an opportunity them to earn a large reward – or perhaps was the simple result of the women never being allowed to see another man and of the parades now being the centre of their life in the harem.

The Principessa laughed as she saw Baza angrily ordering a reluctant Carolyne to go back and brush her hair again and touch up her make-up. She saw a flush of anger cross the face of Zalu, who was quietly walking up and down taking everything in. She did not think that such a display of reluctance would last for long in a harem run by him.

Finally Zalu rang his hand bell again and the women all rushed back into the main harem room and, aligning themselves in little groups, dropped to their hands and knees, The overseers in charge of each group snapped a double, triple or even quadruple dog lead onto the rings on the backs of their girls collars – and stood there waiting, dog whips raised.

It was a scene that reminded the Principessa of a dog show, with proud owners holding their prize entries on a lead, as they awaited the arrival of the judge.

The Principessa smiled as she saw that the scarlet clad Carolyne was kneeling down on all fours alongside Pink One and Two, the expectant English mother and daughter. How humiliating for her, she thought. Excellent!

There was a long pause.

The Principessa could see that the women’s breasts, hanging beneath them, were quivering as the anxious women caught their breath.

Chapter 21 – THE HAREM INSPECTION PARADE

Suddenly the door into the gallery opened and the Sheikh entered.

‘Ah, Principessa, I thought you’d like to see my harem, small though it is, being paraded for my inspection.’

He pressed a button and the Principessa saw that a red light lit up in the harem.

Immediately Zalu clapped his hands and a big eunuch cracked his whip and drove three beautiful Arab women towards the lattice screen behind which the Sheikh and the Principessa were seated. The women made a fine sight as they crawled along, their heads down and nose rings touching the floor.

It was a sight, the Principessa laughed to herself, which would be enough to arouse any man. How clever these eunuchs were. Then she started as she recognised one of the women as having been in the cages in the yacht.

The overseer gave an order and the women rose gracefully together to their feet and began to rotate their bellies.

‘I always like to have several young former professional belly dancers in my harem,’ explained the Sheikh with a smile. ‘They make splendid concubines in bed, both alone and together.’

Each of the women made a short little speech in Arabic and then dropped back onto all fours.

‘But,’ said the Sheikh, ‘I don’t think they’re quite what I want this afternoon.’

Crawling, the women were driven away.

Then it was the turn of another young pygmy boy to bring up two English women dressed, if that was the right word, in mauve and magenta. Unlike the Arab girls, their wrist and ankles were manacled and the manacle chains tinkled as they crawled towards the screen.

The little boy cracked his whip. ‘Up!’ he ordered and the women rose to their feet in front of the screen.

The Principessa saw that there were tell-tale blue veins showing on their breasts and their nipples were unusually prominent – as if they had been artificially extended.

‘Yes, young Naka has done a splendid job keeping these two in milk ever since they dropped the little twin blond daughters that they had both been made to carry for me.’ The Sheikh was speaking with a nonchalant air, as if it was the most normal thing in the world for Englishwomen to be subjected to Forced Breeding and then kept in milk.

‘They were specially inseminated,’ he added. ‘You see, I really must occasionally think of my old age.’

Then came the clear voices of the women, each speaking in the clipped tones of an upper-class English accent and speaking alternatively as if they had been made to rehearse carefully.

‘We just love our kind Master!’

‘We adore our beloved Master and love being kept locked up in his harem!’

‘We only exist to give him pleasure!’

‘We love being part of his collection of Englishwomen!’

‘Our Master is quite right to keep us under the orders of his kind eunuchs!’

‘We loved producing little girls to be concubines for the Master in his old age!’

‘And now we love being his milkmaids.’

‘We love it when he sucks our nipples or orders us to be milked.’

‘Choose us, Master, for your pleasure.’

‘Choose us Master, please. Please!’

How humiliating, thought the Principessa, to be made to say such awful and degrading things.

The Sheikh turned to the Principessa.

‘Yes,’ he said as the two women dropped back onto all fours again. ‘I really enjoy owning these two – and they’ve been very well trained. But I don’t think they’re what I want now.’

Several more pairs of beautiful Arab girls were brought up including a pair of girls, both dressed in Crimson, who were chained together by the neck. They seemed extraordinarily alike. Like Mauve and Magenta, they repeated a similar little catechism, speaking alternatively in English with a slight foreign accent

‘They’re a pair of half English-half Lebanese twins,’ explained the Sheikh. ‘That’s why they’re kept chained together and wear the same coloured harem dress – and both answer to the same name: Crimson. It saves a lot of time.’

Then Baza brought up two women dressed in Pink, the mother and daughter, whom the Principessa had seen onboard the yacht. The Principessa could hear the Sheikh take a long intake of breath as he watched them, also chained together by the neck like the Crimson pair, their swollen bellies and breasts hanging down below them, like their nose rings, as they crawled awkwardly up to the screen. What feeling of power and of pride of ownership must be flowing through him, she thought.

But if they made a fine erotic sight crawling, even better was the sight they made when in obedience to the crack of Baza’s whip they awkwardly stood up and stood at Attention before the screen, their hands clasped behind their necks, with the Sheikh’s tattooed crest now stretched across their nicely curved bellies.

Like Mauve and Magentas they alternatively spoke a humiliating but carefully learnt catechism – and this time in childish lisping tones.

‘Oh, kind it was for the Master to have us mated!’

‘Oh how we love to be carrying prize progeny for the Master!’

And then, there was a catch in the voice of the mother as she said: ‘How kind of the Master to allow my daughter to experience motherhood – for the first time!’

This was followed by a little sob from the daughter as she somehow forced herself to say the words: ‘And every time I feel my progeny kick inside me, I think of my kind Master!’

Then speaking together in a terrified tone, they said: ‘We so look forward to dropping our progeny together, seated alongside each other on the special new harem birthing chair.’

As they dropped back onto all fours, the Sheikh turned to the Principessa. ‘Looking at this lovely and helpless pair, I’m sure you can understand why my grandfather used to say: “A harem is not a harem without a few curved white bellies on display on display – and especially, ” he used to add, “if they belong to concubines whom you’ve had put to one of your black slaves.”’

The Principessa smiled and nodded, remembering what Zalu had told her in the yacht about both of these having been put to a giant Dinka from the Sheikh’s own Black Guards.

Before long nearly ten different pairs of beautiful Arab and English young women had been brought up before the screen. The Sheikh then turned to the Principessa.

‘Well, Principessa! I trust that you have been suitably impressed with the state of discipline that Zalu keeps in my harem?’

‘Yes indeed, Your Highness,’ replied the Principessa, ‘I have never seen such control.’

The Sheikh laughed. ‘Yes, it difficult to strike a balance between, on the one hand, keeping the women too cowered to be pleasurable and, on the other, letting them be too free, so that they get too full of themselves, especially the English ones - and even more so the married ones. However, the eunuchs seem to be expert at keeping them looking happy.’

He turned back to the wooden screen as Zalu himself brought up a lone Englishwoman, tall and buxom and dressed in white. The Principessa was horrified to see that she was quite bald, with a perfectly smooth and shiny cranium.

‘White’s hair was shaved when she was on the prison chain gang from which I rescued her,’ explained the Sheikh casually. ‘I rather liked the effect and so had Zalu use a laser treatment to make it permanent.’

He smiled.

‘But that was not all that had been done to her. In prison she was also been subjected to Salat.’

‘Oh?’ queried the intrigued Principessa.

‘Yes, but to a lesser degree than Carolyne – she just had her beauty bud snipped off. Yes,’ he went on, ‘it gives me great mental pleasure to take her, knowing that she feels nothing – until I actually penetrate her. Then she becomes as wild as any of them – perhaps more so, having been kept pure until then. It will be very interesting to compare Carolyne’s performances with hers.’

The Principessa laughed to herself. Goodness!

Then finally Baza brought an abject and fearful Carolyne crawling up to the lattice screen. With Baza’s dog whip raised menacingly behind her, she stammered out the words she had to learn by heart. The Principessa’s eyes gleamed behind the screen, remembering seeing her learning something by heart only minutes before.

‘I thank my kind new Master for having me punished for my adultery!’

‘I thank my kind new Master for having me properly cut so that I cannot in future cheat on him by masturbating.’

‘I thank my kind new Master for repeatedly sodomising me in his yacht on the way here, so as to teach me my position.’

‘I long for my Master to choose me for his further pleasure.’

She fell back down onto her knees. Baza smiled proudly.

‘Well?’ asked the Sheikh. ‘Which do you think I should order Zalu to have brought to my bed?’

‘Oh, Carolyne, I mean Scarlet, Your Highness,’ cried the Principessa. ‘Surely it must be her?’

‘All right, Scarlet it is, but with White as well! I want to compare the two.’

He leaned forward and pressed two switches. A screen lit up in the harem and immediately there was a ripple of suppressed female cries – though it was not clear whether these were from relief, from fear of reprisals by their angry overseers or of genuine disappointment.

‘Of course Scarlet’s quite untrained as yet, so the presence of White will help steady her – and a further advantage is that her overseer is young Baza and so I’ll have him in attendance in my bedroom to keep her on a lead whilst I take her – and with his whip ready to correct the slightest sign of any reluctance.’

‘You mean,’ asked an astonished Principessa, ‘that Baza will be actually presentin attendance ... whilst you ...’

‘... Take my pleasure with both girls?’ laughed the Sheikh. ‘Oh, yes indeed. Of course I wouldn’t want some fat, old, eunuch to be present, but I feel quite different about these young pygmy boys. They don’t embarrass me at all. That’s why I acquired a couple of them.’

He paused and then smiled as if a new idea had occurred to him.

‘Well, perhaps, you’ll feel the same a little later.’

‘What?’ said the Principessa, mystified. But the Sheikh had already risen to his feet and, with little bow, left the observation room.

Chapter 22 – A FINAL REVENGE

The Principessa was lying relaxing in her bed, dressed in a dressing gown. Only a sheet was covering her.

The astonishing scenes she had seen today in the Sheikh’s own apartments and in the observation room, kept flooding back into her mind – as did the thought that even now at this very minute, only a few yards away, the Sheikh was slaking his lust on the bodies of Carolyne and the other cut Englishwoman, White.

It was a thought that filled her with a thrilling feeling of further revenge. Carolyne the cut plaything of an Arab Sheikh! Carolyne shut up in his harem under the control of his cruel eunuchs! Carolyne condemned to never seeing another man!

And she had actually seen it all for herself!

Oh the satisfaction! Oh the excitement.

Finally, she dozed off.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. ‘Come in!’ she called pulling the sheets up around her.

The door opened and there ... stood Baza!

‘His Highness,’ said the little eunuch, ‘he send me bring you something he think you like.

He gave a little tug to a lead he was holding ... and ... in crawled Carolyne!

Carolyne had been brought to her bedroom!

‘Master say to tell you he enjoy her very much and he hope you do, too.’

‘Oh!’ gasped the Principessa.

Then she watched, breathlessly and in silence, as Baza led Carolyne over to the big bed, her manacles clanking. He lifted up the edge of the sheets and gave the half-naked Carolyne a sharp stroke on her bare bottom.

‘Get in!’ he ordered.

Obediently Carolyne crawled up into the bed. The Principessa felt her between her feet.

The Principessa looked at the pygmy. He was still holding the girl’s lead. Surely he wasn’t going to stay? Then she remembered what the Sheikh had said about not being embarrassed by the presence of the pygmy boy. Well!

The Principessa had never been interested in lesbianism, nor so far as she knew had Carolyne. But this wasn’t lesbianism – Zalu would never have permitted Carolyne to participate in that. On the contrary, this was revenge – sheer revenge – and clearly there would be no need for her do or say anything, Baza had it all under control.

‘If Madam would just part her feet a little.’ said Baza, lifting up the sheets to bare Carolyne’s soft little bottom to his dog whip.

‘Crawl up,’ he ordered, giving her another tap with his whip.

Seconds later the Principessa, now thoroughly aroused by the excitement of it all, reached down over the sheet to find Carolyne’s head. Below the sheets she raised her knees and thrust her beauty lips forward.

‘Tongue out!’

‘Oh no! Not that, please!’ came a little voice from under the sheets. It was a protest that instantly increased the Principessa’s arousal. But it was also a protest that angered Baza considerably. Down came his dog whip on her bottom.

‘Tongue out!’ he repeated furiously. ‘Tongue out properly!’

He paused. He looked enquiringly at the Principessa and then, seeing her eyes were half-closed, he looked carefully at the position of the raised head under the sheet.

‘Now lick – and lick carefully ... up and down ... up and down ... now shake tongue sideways ... faster ... faster ... now slowly up and down again ...’

Baza’s orders were rewarded by a sudden little cry from the Principessa and at the same time she clutched Carolyne’s head and pressed it more tightly down onto her body. Half her excitement came, she knew, from realising that the girl hated what she was being made to do and was only doing it out of fear of Baza’s whip. Moreover if she herself was feeling exultant over her defeated rival, how must the girl be feeling?

It was these thoughts as well as Carolyne’s tongue that brought her to her first thrilling climax.

But Baza did not allow the girl to give up.

‘Go on!’ he ordered and indeed made her go on and on until the Principessa was exhausted and could not stand any more.

Gratefully she slipped a \$100 bill into the boy’s hand and motioned him to take Carolyne away.

Then she slept and slept – the deep sleep of a satisfied woman.

Moments later, in an adjoining secret passage, the crawling Carolyne was astonished to see the Sheikh, who had been watching the scene approvingly through the two-way mirror, slip another \$100 bill into Baza’s grateful hand.

She was overcome with the shame and degradation.

Chapter 23 – ARRIVEDERCI!

The following morning, after meeting at breakfast, the Principessa and Pierre were saying a formal goodbye to the Sheikh.

‘Let me know,’ he said to Pierre, ‘if you come across other ... suitable subjects. You know my taste in these matters.’

‘Of course, Your Highness – and one never knows when another ... suitable subject ... might appear,’ Pierre smiled. But, he thought, he was unlikely to find one that would prove so lucrative - as producing Carolyne had been.

The Sheikh turned to the Principessa. ‘Well,’ he said with smile, ‘I hope you now feel sufficiently revenged?’

‘Oh yes, Your Highness. Oh yes!’

‘And you’re satisfied that she’s now in good hands.’

‘Very good hands, Your Highness. Zalu and Baza will certainly take her well care of her!’

‘Well, she certainly won’t escape from here to be a nuisance to you again. And in any case I rather enjoyed myself with her yesterday. Yes, I think that Scarlet and White will settle down to make a very satisfactory pair. And I saw ...’ The Sheikh corrected himself quickly. ‘Or rather ... I hear that someone else, someone not far from here, also found Scarlet to be rather satisfactory, too!’

The Principessa blushed.

‘Yes, Your Highness, very satisfactory.’

The Sheikh paused, apparently deep in thought, ‘Well, after our English mother and daughter have done their duty in a few months’ time, I’m thinking of having Scarlet and White jump the queue.’

‘Jump what queue?’ asked the Principessa, mystified.

‘Don’t you see? The queue to be the next concubines to be inseminated, of course – or, perhaps, mated!’

‘Oh!’ gasped the Principessa.

‘Yes, I thought it perhaps it might be rather amusing to experiment by having them both put to the young uncut pygmy stallion boy that one of my neighbours here in North Africa had recently acquired. He’s the same size as Baza and Naka but not castrated – yet! Or it might even be more amusing, if, unknown to them, Zalu simply had them impregnated with the pygmy’s seed. Yes, I think that would be very amusing, especially if, like Pink One and

Two, the first thing they really knew about it, was feeling their progeny kicking away inside them.’

The Principessa’s mouth fell wide open in excited astonishment as the Sheikh calmly continued.

‘And, in either case, it would be all the more interesting if, since they are so much bigger than pygmies, he had secretly put them both on a course of fertility pills, just as he did with Pink One and Two - quietly replacing the normal contraception pills that he makes all the women take.’ ‘

‘Oh!’ again gasped the Principessa, her mind reeling.

The Sheikh rubbed his hands in an eager way, as if he had just made up his mind about something.

‘So, Principessa,’ he said, ‘how does the idea of Scarlet being made to carry a litter of little mulatto pygmies strike you? A final revenge for you!’

‘Wonderful,’ gasped the Principessa. She exchanged looks with Pierre. ‘Would I be invited back here again to see her in an expectant state?’

‘Why not?’ laughed the Sheikh, adding in his most charming manner: ‘Come and gloat over her as much as you like. And bring Pierre as your chaperon! My humble jet, like my humble Palace, would be at your disposal. I’ll let you know as soon as the seed takes, so that you can make plans.’

The Principessa again looked at Pierre, her mouth open.

‘Well? I can’t do more, can I?’ laughed the Sheikh.

‘Oh no, Your Highness. You are being quite unbelievably hospitable.’

‘Well I regard Scarlet as very fine addition to my collection of Englishwomen – and I’m grateful to you for having ... shall we say? ... put her in my way.’

He paused and then just as the Principessa was about to get into the car that would take her to his jet, he added with a touch of menace in his voice: ‘but remember not a word about all this to anyone. Ever! Neither I nor my family want any scandal in the world press – and I’m sure you don’t want any either.’

‘Don’t worry, Your Highness,’ replied the Principessa. ‘I’ll be as silent as the grave.’

‘Excellent, Principessa, I see we understand each other perfectly.’

The Sheikh bowed as the Principessa got into the car that was going to take them to the waiting jet.

‘Arrivederci!’ he said.

Pierre smiled happily to himself as the car sped through the gates of the Sheikh’s palace. Yes, the entrapment of Carolyne had earned him a small fortune, or rather, as I should now say; it had earned me a small fortune – for I am Pierre!

Yes, and it is I, Pierre, who has written this story and that’s why it is true.

But there will be no scandal for the Sheikh, nor for his family, nor for the Principessa and nor for me either – for although they all exist and are alive and well, I have changed their names - even my own one!

What, however, I have not changed is the story. And that, as I have said, is a true one!

THE END