

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

*Book One – Ursula’s Unusual Harem*

**By**  
**Commander ALLAN ALDISS**

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**INTRODUCTION**

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

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

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

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

Even readers who originally bought the Nexus printed book some years ago will find these expanded and unexpurgated extracts both fascinating and fresh, featuring not only some astonishing scenes of harem life, but also of Forced Breeding and Female Galley Slaves.

**PROLOGUE**

**EMMA FALLS INTO THE TRAP**

It had been some time since Emma had first met Ursula, a meeting which had completely changed her whole life.

Before that she had been a bored young housewife with a dull job, living in the country with a rather boring husband who spent long periods abroad. She had changed into a highly sensuous creature, devoted to Ursula, but who was also very frightened of her. Emma's husband was delighted that his wife was working for such a well-known painter. Little did he know that Ursula controlled and dominated his wife's every thought and action!

Ursula was planning to spend the winter in North Africa where, she said, the climate was so mild - and she could paint in peace. Looking back, Emma was surprised by just how much time Ursula had spent in North Africa since they had first met. Several times she had disappeared there for as much as a month at a time.

Emma wondered what was there in North Africa which so attracted her - especially since she was so well established in London with her friends and her house. It all seemed very mysterious - especially as every time she went there she returned with more of those drawings and paintings of half-naked women in oriental settings that sold so well.

Emma's husband, John, announced that he was about to go ahead on an oceanographic survey in a remote part of the Pacific. He would be gone for a year.

As soon as Emma told Ursula this, she had telephoned John and suggested that Emma should come and work for her in North Africa whilst he was away. Not only would Emma be paid a good salary and see an interesting part of the world, but she would also be kept - and also be kept busy and out of temptation, she added with a laugh.

Ursula had, of course, not thought of consulting Emma about this - Emma merely did as she was told. She was astonished and embarrassed to hear Ursula speaking to her husband and discussing her as if she were no more than a child that needed looking after. At the time she was kneeling at Ursula's feet, painting her toenails. Humiliated though she was to hear herself being discussed, she did not dare interrupt. Indeed, she found it exciting to have her future decided for her by her Mistress.

John, not surprisingly, was delighted for Emma to go off with Ursula whilst he was away and be looked after by her. He would not now have to worry about her when he was in the Pacific, nor about how she was or what she was doing. She would be in the care of her intelligent and well-to-do employer.

Ursula put the phone down with a contented smile.

'Well, little Emma, that's all settled then. You're going to be mine for a year in North Africa.' She gave the still kneeling girl a hug. 'Aren't you excited, little girl?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' replied the delighted Emma, looking up at her Mistress with fervent admiration. Quite apart from the prospect of being with Ursula for so long, she was also thrilled at the thought of seeing North Africa - a land of veiled women and secret harems, a land so very different from dull old England.

It was now getting late. Emma was dressed in the black abbreviated maid's outfit in which Ursula liked to keep her dressed. Under it she was naked.

The skirt was so short that it hardly reached down to the top of her thighs and flared out behind to reveal her bare bottom. The top of the dress was open down the front to the navel, displaying her breasts and allowing them to hang down whenever she bent over to serve her Mistress.

A little white apron was fastened round her waist and hung down over the cutaway at the front of the tiny skirt and hid the girl's exposed beauty lips. She was wearing white gloves, for it was Ursula's strict rule that her girls were never allowed to touch

their Mistress's body with their bare hands. Black stockings and shoes and a white maid's cap completed the revealing and erotic outfit.

Emma saw that Ursula's eyes were shining with excitement. She could well imagine what sort of night was in store for her.

At least she was not wearing her awful, rubber-lined, chromium plated, chastity belt with the artificial rubber lips. These were designed to give Ursula great pleasure as she held Emma down under her and pressed her own lips against them, secure in the knowledge that Emma would not be able to feel anything under her belt. With luck there was every likelihood that Ursula would not put it on her again, before making Emma give her relief in bed.

In fact, aroused by thoughts of North Africa, Ursula did not even wait to get Emma into bed with her. She held Emma between her knees as she sat relaxing on the sofa, her cane in her hands to stimulate Emma into even greater efforts as she licked, sucked and tickled her imperious Mistress's beauty bud.

Meanwhile, Ursula made quite certain that Emma did not secretly put her hand down to her own beauty bud in a desperate attempt to get the relief that her body was crying out for. Finally satiated and exhausted, she ordered Emma to stand up in front of her.

'now, you little slut, lift up the front of your little apron and let's see you perform to my orders.'

It was half an hour before Emma was finally allowed to yield, half an hour of hell as she was constantly allowed to bring herself to the brink and then would have to stand to attention with her hands at her sides, breathing heavily with her cheeks and breasts discoloured with the tell-tale blotches and her eyes glazed. Only the constant tapping of Ursula's cane prevented her from clutching herself in desperate attempts to seek the relief that she had so nearly been allowed to reach.

Then she had to undress and wash Ursula and help her into bed, before being allowed as a special treat to curl up on the mat by Ursula's bedside - instead of being banished to her usual little bunk in the dressing room.

'You'll be nearer later on when I will want you again,' Ursula said.

She could not be bothered to lock Emma into her chastity belt again, but instead strapped her wrists to a special leather belt that she fastened round the girl's waist.

'That will stop you touching yourself while I'm sleeping,' she said as she turned off the bedside light.

A few moments later Emma felt her Mistress's hand absentmindedly stroking her hair as she lay like a dog alongside Ursula's bed.

'Oh yes, little Emma, I'm going to enjoy having you in my power in North Africa. You'll just never guess how much!'

## **PART I**

### **URSULA'S SECRET HAREM**

#### **1 – ARRIVAL IN NORTH AFRICA**

Emma was surprised how short the journey was. No wonder Ursula had so often thought nothing of dashing off to North Africa for a few days. But once seated in the Royal Air Maroc plane she felt that she was entering a new world with a different culture.

Ursula had produced Emma's passport at London airport and shown her the special visa she had obtained for her - not a mere tourist visa, she had explained, but one that would enable Emma to go on working for her as a maid servant.

Indeed Ursula had insisted that Emma should travel in her maid's outdoor uniform so that there would be no doubt about their relative status. To Emma's embarrassment Ursula had also insisted that she should be naked under her long dress - except of course for her chastity belt.

'I'm not going to have a servant of mine making eyes at the stewards or playing with herself in the loo,' Ursula had said when Emma had protested.

As soon as they had passed through immigration in London, Ursula had taken back Emma's passport. Nor was Emma allowed even a handbag or any spending money.

'I'm not going to have you guzzling yourself on sweets or buying trashy magazines,' Ursula had said. She gave Emma a copy of 'Little Women'. 'You can read this on the plane. It's all about little girls. So you won't be able to moon and lust over pictures of some awful male pop star. You belong to me, don't you, little girl?'

'Oh yes, Madam,' Emma had whispered in reply, secretly excited at being treated like this by her imperious Mistress.

She had been given a seat at the back of the plane, amongst other servants: Arab girls, travelling back to North Africa with their employers. Some were pretty, but before the plane descended to Tangier they covered their faces completely with heavy veils that left just a little lace strip over their eyes to look through. They even put on gloves to hide their hands. With their long black shapeless robes hiding even their ankles and ugly sandals, it was impossible for anyone to see whether they were hideous old crones or beautiful young creatures.

Indeed, Emma wondered whether they were perhaps not servants at all, but rather their Master's concubines, travelling and treated like servants, as was the Arab way, whilst their Masters travelled First Class. Just like me, she thought, except that I am the secret concubine of a woman - or rather a lover, for of course Ursula did not have a harem of girls!

At the airport in North Africa, a fierce-looking official had warned Emma, after seeing her passport, that she could be arrested and imprisoned if she left Ursula's employment.

'We do not allow European women to work here except as a servant, or as registered prostitutes. If you try to run away from your employer, or if you try to leave the country without her written permission, then the police will pick you up and you will be returned to your employer after the normal punishment.'

'The normal punishment?' stammered Emma, taken aback.

'One hundred lashes for breaking our immigration laws,' replied the official coldly. He looked at her passport again. 'I see you are a married woman. Just also remember that this is a Moslem country. The punishment for adultery is two hundred lashes and five years hard labour.'

Emma gave a gasp of disbelief.

'Indeed,' the man went on, 'by the Moslem Sharia law a woman who commits adultery would be stoned to death.'

Emma was speechless when she rejoined Ursula.

'Did you get the usual little speech about not leaving your employer and not committing adultery?' asked Ursula with a laugh. 'Well, I don't expect you to want to run away from me anyway. And as for adultery, I'll certainly see to it that you don't have any opportunities for that!'

She laughed and gave Emma's little hand a squeeze.

‘You must meet Ali, the only male in my life - my elderly Arab chauffeur! He's supposed to be meeting us. Carry my cases! Remember you are supposed to be my maid servant - walk three paces behind me.’

Ali turned out to be a grizzled old man dressed in the Moorish way in an ankle length grey *djellabah* with a hood, over which he wore a *selham*, a black cloak - also with a hood. He greeted Ursula respectfully, but ignored Emma and made no attempt to relieve her of the cases. In this society, Emma thought, it is clearly the women who fetch and carry.

Ursula's car turned out to be a smart-looking Mercedes with the tinted windows common in Arab countries, as Emma was to learn, to prevent curious eyes from seeing inside. Emma put Ursula's heavy suitcases in the boot of the car - she herself, of course, had no luggage, for Ursula had forbidden her to bring anything, saying that all she would need would be her chastity belt.

Emma was uncertain as to whether she should get in alongside the chauffeur, or in the back with Ursula. In England, she knew, Ursula would have been outraged if she had tried to sit alongside her. Ursula came to the rescue.

‘Get into the back, girl. You'll see there is a special folding servant's seat,’ she said angrily, annoyed at having to interrupt a long conversation in French which she had been having with Ali whilst Emma struggled with the suitcases.

There was indeed a little servant's seat, almost on the floor, so low that she could not see out of the window properly.

Sitting at Ursula's feet, Emma simply had the impression of dry dusty heat as they drove away from the airport. She tried, out of curiosity, to rise up in her seat to look at this new countryside, and strange new people, but Ursula angrily smacked her.

‘Keep your eyes down on the floor, you stupid girl. If I want you to look, I'll tell you. Here in North Africa curiosity is not encouraged in a slave girl - nor is looking at men in the streets.’

‘Slave girl?’ queried Emma. It sounded rather exciting.

‘Yes, you know very well I told you that in future you were to be merely my slave girl. Well, here in North Africa, that's exactly what you are going to be. Slavery may not exist officially but it certainly thrives unofficially. Anyway, the terms of your work permit effectively make you my slave, just as much as the indentured labour system here makes virtual slaves of the servants and labourers of rich Arabs. Keep your eyes down and remember, from now on speak only when you are spoken to - or you'll be sorry!’

Shocked by Ursula's angry tone, Emma lowered her eyes to the floor. She could feel herself becoming moist under her chastity belt, aroused despite herself, by Ursula's references to her being merely a slave. Ashamed, she felt herself blushing. Would she really be treated as Ursula's slave here? How exciting! How frightening!

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Ursula looking eagerly out of the window as the car drove on. She heard her exchanging remarks with Ali as they passed some building of interest. She did not dare open her mouth. She had no idea where they were going.

After perhaps an hour, she felt the car slowing down and turning into what seemed to be some sort of drive. She heard a gateway being opened, apparently electronically, and then the car stopped. Ali opened the door to Ursula. Emma made the mistake of looking up.

‘How many times do I have to repeat myself?’ said Ursula angrily, again smacking Emma's cheeks as she got out of the car. ‘Keep your eyes to the floor and stay here!’

The door slammed behind her. Emma did not dare raise her head as she squatted in

the tiny little chair, wondering where they were, for Ursula had not told her just where her villa in North Africa was.

After several minutes the car door was opened again. This time Emma kept her eyes fixed on the floor. She heard a woman's voice speaking in a harsh tone with a heavy German accent.

‘All right, little girl, now you can look up!’

Emma raised her head and saw, framed in the door of the car, a large, very tall, strongly built, middle-aged woman with straight hair, grey piercing eyes and a grim expression. She was dressed like a nurse in a long grey uniform, but to Emma she seemed more like a prison wardress with her thick black belt from which hung a bunch of keys. Horrified, Emma saw that hanging from the belt was also a short leather whip.

The woman reached into the car and, without a word, dragged her out by the hair. Emma caught a glimpse of a sumptuous, white painted, Arab style house with Arabesque stone tracery and elaborate black metal bars over the windows.

Then, gripping her by the arm, the woman led Emma into the house. It was spacious and cool with typical Arab ornamental ceilings. Emma remembered Ursula saying that her house had been built by a Moorish Caid, a cousin of the Sultan, who had been exiled to Tangier from Fez. He certainly seemed to have lived well, judging by the large house with its marble floors. Intrigued, Emma followed the big woman down the passage.

Through the elaborate Arabesque tracery behind the windows she could see a splendid view of haze-covered mountains to one side and of the vividly blue sea on the other. At the end of the short passage was a heavy wooden door strengthened on one iron bars and bolts.

‘This is the door to the old harem quarters, built for when house belonged to a rich Caid,’ explained the woman with the strong German accent, as she took a large key attached to a chain round her waist and inserted it into the lock. She pressed the buttons of a modern electronic lock on the adjoining wall. “The door has a clever modern lock as well. Only Miss Ursula and I, and my assistant, Miss Marbar, know the number for this lock.”

‘But what on earth do you keep behind the door these days that has to be kept so carefully locked up?’ asked Emma with a laugh. ‘Surely Ursula doesn't keep a harem of girls?’

‘You'll soon see,’ grunted the woman in reply as she swung the big door open on its well oiled hinges. She motioned Emma to pass through and then carefully locked the door behind her.

## **2 – A HAREM WITH A DIFFERENCE**

Standing behind the door as it opened was another large, very tall and powerful-looking, black woman. She was dressed in a long robe – rather like that of the terrifying woman who had brought her there. She also wore a broad leather belt around her waist, from which hung a short leather riding whip. Her glittering black eyes looked Emma over silently. My God, thought Emma, this must be Miss Marbar.

The big black woman seized Emma by the hair. Emma found herself being held up so that she was standing up on the tips of her toes right in front of the German woman, as she had mentally called her.

‘Look up at me, you slut, or you'll get the whip,’ shouted the woman menacingly. Terrified, Emma did so, feeling like a rabbit being hypnotised by a stoat.

As the Negress continued to hold Emma helpless, the German woman went on slowly in heavily accented English: 'You listen, girl! Miss Marbar and I are in charge here. In charge of you! And we maintain discipline here; not your sloppy English-type discipline but strict German-style discipline. If you ever give me or my assistant any lip, or answer us back, or ever try to argue with us, then it'll be the whip or the cane for you, my girl. You call me "Madam", and you call my assistant, "Miss Marbar".' She paused for a moment to let her words sink in.

'And you curtsy when you report to us and you stand at attention, looking straight ahead with your head up and your hands clasped behind your neck, when we speak to you.'

The black woman released Emma's hair.

'Understand?' asked the German woman

Dumbly, scared stiff of this frightening woman, Emma nodded – only to be rewarded by a stinging slap across her face.

'Then get into the proper position! Head up! Hands clasped behind neck! Elbows back!'

Terrified, Emma saw that she was unfastening the short riding whip from her belt. Hastily she did as she told.

'Keep your eyes fixed ahead, you stupid girl!'

She brought the whip down across Emma's shoulders, protected only by her thin maid's dress. Emma gave a little scream of pain. She felt so foolish, standing there in front of these two powerful-looking women. But she did not want to further anger them.

Like a sergeant major inspecting a new recruit, the German woman slowly walked round the trembling Emma, impatiently tapping her whip against the palm of her hand.

Emma was petrified. She did not dare to move a muscle. The woman put her whip under Emma's chin to raise it slightly, then tapped Emma's bottom with it. Instantly Emma clenched her cheeks together and straightened up even more.

'That's better, my little beauty. That's a good girl.'

Out of the corner of her eye, as she looked straight ahead, Emma saw the German woman smile slightly as she pulled Emma's honey-coloured hair back, but it was a smile that made Emma shiver as she wondered who on earth this woman was.

Scared stiff, Emma kept her hands firmly clasped behind her neck and her head up, in what was apparently the required subservient position.

'Keep a close eye on this one,' muttered the German woman to her assistant, as she strode off purposefully, as if going to check something important.

Innocently, Emma wondered what was going on.

'You look around now,' said Miss Marbar. She too spoke with a heavy accent.

Emma saw she was looking down onto a very pretty and slightly sunken patio, with a tinkling fountain and brilliantly coloured flower-beds. Round the patio was a small colonnaded shaded walkway with several rooms leading off it. Barred windows looked out onto the patio. At the far end was a swimming pool, shaded by a curved roof. It was a picture of cool tranquillity.

But what caught Emma's attention were the black painted curved iron bars that went right across the top, giving it the look of a luxurious aviary. They would have clearly kept strangers out of the Caid's harem, thought Emma with a laugh - and have kept the inmates in!

'Caid, who live here before, he not want concubines escape from harem - nor be stolen,' said the big Negress in her broken English. 'Once girl in harem, she stay here - no escape. That big door and those bars make sure she not even see another man - so

soon even young girls fall in love with elderly Caid.'

'How awful for the girls,' said Emma, rather shocked at this display of masculine control of women. 'Would there have been European women here too?'

'Oh yes, black girls, Arab girls, Turkish girls, Berber girls and, of course, white girls. Moorish men like white girls best of all. They pay plenty money for white girls. Still do. And for white pageboys too.' She winked. 'Caid he also keep castrated white pageboys in harem with white girls. And he like show off white boys. Make him feel important. But keep white girls secret.'

Rather shocked and yet a little excited by the Negress's remarks, Emma asked: 'But how do you know all this?'

'I was assistant harem mistress to Caid,' Miss Marbar answered proudly. 'I keep girls in order.' She tapped her whip and laughed. 'Miss Ursula, she keep me on.'

Emma followed her down the steps into the patio, still curious to see what it was that Ursula kept locked up so carefully in this part of the former palace. Suddenly she heard girl's voices.

The big German woman came out onto the patio and clapped her hands. 'Girls!' she called out. 'Come meet new girl.'

There was a sudden silence. Emma heard Miss Marbar call out from behind her, 'Yes, girls, hurry! You all put down little dolls and come go out to see what Mistress has brought.'

There was a sudden patter of little feet and four strikingly pretty European girls suddenly burst into the patio. Clearly, Emma realised, the German woman and Miss Marbar were in some sort of position of authority over the four pretty young women. But she had no time to ponder over that, for it was the girls who caught her attention.

Silently they gave a little curtsey to the German woman and then quickly lined up, like well-drilled soldiers, with the tallest on the right and the shortest on the left.

All four were dressed in similar white caftans. They were of a thin cotton material and attractively embroidered. However, Emma was shocked to see that they were semi-transparent and that it was obvious that the girls had nothing on underneath the caftans, just as she too had nothing on underneath her long maid's dress.

All four girls were of the same height as herself, with tiny waists and full bosoms - just like me, she thought. Ursula, with her own tall straight boyish figure, liked to see an old-fashioned hour-glass figure on a girl.

She saw that embroidered on the right breast of each girl's caftan was Ursula's monogram - an elaborate 'U de F', short for Ursula de Freville. The girls all had their hair hanging long and straight like that of a little girl, which was how Ursula had told her to keep her hair, too - in contrast to Ursula's close cropped fashionable style.

The girls were all looking at her in amazement, their mouths wide open - as indeed was hers as she looked at them. What on earth were they doing here in Ursula's villa and in the former harem quarters? Who were they? Who, for that matter, were the large German woman and the equally large and strong-looking Negress? Why were the girls not decently dressed? What was that she had heard about dolls? These were grown women, not little girls! And why did they all have Ursula's monogram on their caftans, just like she had on her nightdresses back in England?

'This is Emma,' said the Negress. 'Mistress bring her today from England to join you. You all be very nice to new girl. You tell her our little rules. Dismiss!'

Moving as one, the girls turned smartly to the right, paused and then ran off, squealing with delight at the news that Ursula was back.

'Madam's back! The Mistress is back!' they cried. 'Ursula's here again! ... We must get ready for her ... Hurry! ... Come on! ... I want to look my best! ... So do I!'



... I want ... '

The girls all made as if to rush off back to the room they had come from. But the German woman barred their way, her arms spread out.

'Wait!' she ordered. The girls stood stock still. She continued. 'I heard one girl call the Mistress by her name Ursula.' She turned to the oldest looking girl, a strikingly beautiful blonde woman of about thirty. 'You did, Karen! You know that's not allowed. She's your Mistress, not Ursula. You get two black marks for lack of respect. And you also get this, Karen ...'

The German woman brought her open hand down across the girl's face. The girl gave a little sob.

'Oh no!' she cried. 'That's not fair! I was just excited. I don't deserve any black marks.'

'You'll get another two black marks for arguing with me,' shouted the German woman. She went over to a table in the patio on which stood a big leather-bound book, opened it and picked up a pen.

'Karen. Four black marks,' she called out as she wrote it down slowly.

'You asked for that, Karen, you are silly,' Emma heard one of the other girls whisper in a very upper class educated English accent.

'I know, I know,' muttered Karen, 'but don't you start. It's bad enough being kept locked up here by that bitch, without getting a beating as well on the day she comes back. Just my luck!'

'What you say?' Miss Marbar said angrily. 'What you say?'

'Just that I love my Mistress and that I'm very sorry,' Emma heard the girl called Karen say in a frightened voice. Only a moment before she had heard her refer to Ursula as 'that bitch'. It was all very strange. And what had she meant by 'being kept locked up here'? Surely the girls were not prisoners? She looked up at the bars across the top of the patio and gave a little shiver of fear.

'Who is she?' she heard one of the girls ask in a very French accent. 'And why is she dressed in a maid's uniform?'

'Don't you bother your little head about that, she'll soon be dressed just like you!' came the reply. She turned to Emma. 'The Mistress likes all the little girls in her harem dressed alike.'

Harem! What harem, thought Emma. Suddenly an awful thought crossed her mind. Surely Ursula did not keep a harem of young women in her villa, locked up in the old harem quarters? Was she now part of it?

The German woman and Miss Marbar were now deep in conversation in the corner of the patio.

'I don't understand,' whispered Emma to Karen. 'What is this? Who are those awful women? And what's that book?'

'It's very simple,' said Karen. 'Welcome to our beloved Mistress's harem of girls. You're her latest addition to it. And those awful women, as you rightly called them, are the harem mistresses. We call the German woman the "Dragon" ... she's very strict. And that book is our punishment book – deliberately placed there at the orders of ...,' she looked round to see whether her words might be heard by the harem mistresses, 'of our ... beloved Mistress to keep us all frightened and obedient.'

'No! No!' cried Emma. 'I'm her friend. She invited me here. She never mentioned a harem. And I'm a married woman.'

'All the more of a challenge for her,' laughed girl bitterly. 'Has she let you sleep with your husband since you met her?'

'No, but ...'

‘There you are! And if you are simply her friend, why are you dressed as a servant girl?’

‘Because she made me,’ admitted Emma in a whisper.

‘Exactly! You’re just one of her slaves, like the rest of us.’

‘Slaves!’ said Emma. ‘There are no slaves these days.’

‘Perhaps not technically,’ replied Karen in a whisper so that the Dragon and Miss Marbar, now sitting talking in the corner of the patio, would not hear, ‘but that’s what we are. Didn’t Ursula make sure you came here on a work permit? Didn’t they warn you at the airport what would happen to you if you tried to run away from Ursula? You’d be flogged and returned to her.’

‘Yes, but...’ Emma tried to say.

‘And didn’t they warn you that the same thing would happen if you tried to leave the country without Ursula’s permission?’

‘Yes, but ...’

‘So, don’t you see? To all intents and purposes you’re just a slave here and for the rest of your life if Ursula wants that ... just like us,’ she added.

‘No! No!’ cried Emma with tears starting in her eyes. ‘I love her. She wouldn’t do this to me.’

‘But she has! And she did the same to the rest of us ... But I can hear you’re Irish and it will be lovely to have another Irish girl here to cheer me up!’ The voice, a strong Irish brogue, came from the youngest of the girls, a vivacious and fiery-looking redhead. She began to laugh.

‘Cheer up! We’ll stick together and see off these bloody Brits!’

Emma now saw that the Dragon was pointing to her and saying something to Miss Marbar who then came up and gripped Emma by the arm.

‘Enough talk! You come with me.’

She began to lead Emma across the patio.

‘Please,’ murmured Emma embarrassed. ‘I want to go to the ...’

It had been a long flight and so much had happened since. She sounded, she realised, like a little girl, but neither Miss Marbar, nor the woman she, too, thought of as the Dragon, seemed surprised.

‘We’ll take you to bathroom,’ said the Dragon. She turned to the other girls. ‘You wait outside - and no talking!’

Bemused and shocked by what she had just learnt, Emma let herself be led into a spacious modern bathroom. It had one extra large bath.

‘This is where we wash the girls,’ laughed the Negress. ‘now you take off dress.’

Emma was terribly embarrassed about the chastity belt locked over her body as they took off her dress. But the women simply ignored it. Instead they produced a little Moorish brass bowl and placed it on the floor. She saw that there were four others. The women pointed to the new one and explained to Emma just what she was to do.

Emma was appalled. Ursula had controlled her back in England, but these inscrutable women with their little pig-like eyes, made it even more humiliating.

‘All girls use a bowl in the harem - and always in front of Miss Marbar or me,’ the Dragon told her. ‘You never do it alone. We like to check girls are fit and well for the Mistress.’

Miss Marbar had turned on the taps of the bath and, perhaps because of this, Emma was soon able to overcome her shyness and perform to the satisfaction of the Dragon who then called in the other girls.

Each took off her long caftan and fetched a bowl. Each was made to perform just as Emma had. Emma had noticed before that they were naked under their caftans. She

was astonished to see that they all wore a chastity belt identical to her own and which was also fitted with the artificial beauty lips that gave Ursula so much pleasure, whilst ensuring that the girl received none.

‘You too!’ said the dark-haired French girl with a laugh as she climbed into the bath with Emma. ‘They’re so terribly frustrating. Ursula only introduced them into her harem here a few months ago. But it feels like years.’

The other girls now climbed into the bath, all naked except for their chastity belts. Under the watchful eyes of the two women, the girls began to soap and wash each other.

‘It’s all so frustrating for us girls, having to do this,’ whispered the young Irish girl as she soaped Emma. She washed the plastic body lips on Emma’s chastity belt, but of course Emma could feel nothing. Nor did the Irish girl, whose name, Emma learnt, was Mary, feel anything when Emma washed her.

Emma saw the Dragon smile contentedly to the Negress. It was a smile that reminded her of that of Ursula’s housekeeper back in London when she checked that the belt was properly on and that not even the tip of a little finger could reach her real body lips and her little source of pleasure. Somehow it seemed even crueller here, in this modern harem of girls, to be kept completely frustrated.

Emma was longing to ask the other girls a whole string of questions. How long had they been kept here? Who were they? How were they treated? Could they escape? And above all, when would she see Ursula again?

But the two women, the Dragon and Miss Marbar, whom the girls addressed in very respectful tones, did not give her a chance to ask any questions - not even when she saw a cane hanging on the wall and wanted to ask about it. She remembered Karen being given four black marks and then fearfully saying that she was going to be beaten. Beaten by whom, Emma wondered, and with what - that cane? How awful for a grown up woman. She was well aware of Ursula’s enjoyment in caning a girl – or in watching her being caned.

The women brusquely ordered the girls out of the bath. Each girl started to make up and paint her face - and her body. Emma learned that when Ursula was in the palace they all had to paint their nipples scarlet - and their artificial body lips. Clearly each girl was painting herself so as to try and attract Ursula’s attention.

‘Oh God, I hope she chooses me and lets me take off this damn chastity belt.’ It was said in an educated voice, one that she had noticed earlier: the educated voice of the pretty young blonde girl. Her name was Daphne and the French girl was Monique.

She wondered how each of them had landed up here - in Ursula’s secret harem. But there was no opportunity to chat. Each girl was frantically busy getting herself ready for Ursula’s forthcoming inspection of her harem.

Emma, shocked as she was by the way that Ursula had tricked her, found herself also caught up in the general excitement. These girls, she realised, may resent being kept by Ursula in her harem, but they were genuinely desperate to catch her eye. Evidently being chosen by Ursula for her pleasure was the only way their chastity belts might be taken off - and so their only chance of earning a little relief for themselves

### **3 – A TOUCH OF HAREM DISCIPLINE**

There was something vaguely familiar about the girls, Emma was thinking. But it was only when the Dragon opened a cupboard containing a row of beautiful bright Moorish dresses that she suddenly realised that they had appeared in many of Ursula’s

paintings - those of half-naked white women wearing eastern clothes that sold so well in London.

Ursula used her girls not only for her pleasure, but also as models. No wonder they had seemed so lifelike. They were of white girls genuinely kept in a real harem - her own secret harem.

But to Emma's disappointment they were told that their Mistress wished to inspect them, on this occasion, dressed in their long transparent caftans. Emma found herself wearing one too.

She looked in the mirror. With her long blonde hair hanging down over her back, her gorgeously painted eyes and the scarlet paint on her nipples and artificial body lips showing through the muslin-like material, she looked just like the other girls. She remembered the Dragon remarking that the Mistress liked to see all the girls identically dressed.

Looking in the mirror again, she had to admit that she looked exceptionally attractive - just like the other girls. Perhaps it was because of the feeling of competitiveness amongst the girls, she thought, with each one driven by the frustration caused by her chastity belt and by her natural female jealousy to make herself look more beautiful than the others. What a clever idea it was from the Mistress's point of view!

For the next two hours the girls impatiently awaited Ursula's next move. She would, Emma learnt, be bathing and resting in what was formerly the Caid's own quarters in the palace. These were alongside the harem and Emma saw the little trap door which a summoned girl, or girls, had to crawl through naked into the Caid's sumptuous bedroom - now Ursula's.

To prevent the harem women from trying to escape through the trap door when the Caid was not in his bedroom, it was a double door which could only be operated from the outside. The Caid, in his bedroom, would look through the grille onto the harem without being seen, and choose which girl or girls he wanted.

He would then order his black eunuchs to prepare and strip the chosen girls. His pageboy would raise the trap door so that the chosen girls could crawl through it. They would find themselves kneeling in a little cage hanging in their Master's bedroom - from which they would be taken out, one at a time or all together, according to the whim of the Caid - when he was ready for them.

In the course of the night or afternoon a girl might have found herself being taken out of the cage and replaced in it several times, whilst she jealously watched her companions performing. It was apparently a custom that Ursula followed avidly - one that her girls found both humiliating and degrading.

No one knew whether, on this occasion, Ursula would do as the Caid did and simply inspect the girls from outside the harem, through a grille as they paraded in front of it. Alternatively she might prefer to come into the harem and have the girls paraded by the Dragon for her closer inspection.

The suspense amongst the frustrated girls was tremendous and even Emma, who had only been separated from Ursula for a couple of hours, instead of a couple of weeks like the other girls, found herself more and more caught up in the excitement and feeling of sensual arousal.

The atmosphere was made all the more tense by no talking being allowed as they waited, meekly sitting on large leather cushions in the cool and airy main harem room under the constantly watching eye of either the Dragon, or her black assistant. Their role was similar to that of the eunuchs whom the Caid had employed both to keep order in his harem, or to keep the girls fit and eager for his attentions and, in particular,

to prevent the girls from playing with themselves, or with each other – a task that was made very much easier in Ursula's harem by the use of chastity belts.

Ursula, with her hatred of anything male, preferred to use women for this task. She found that the strict and burly German woman, backed up by the similarly strict Miss Marbar, was just as effective as the eunuchs the Caid had employed. They were also easier for her to recruit since officially, to the outside world, it was not a harem of women that they were in charge of but a nursery of young orphan girls.

This distinction was important to prevent any problems with the authorities or local Moslem fundamentalists. Lesbianism is, of course, not allowed by the Koran and is considered in the Moslem world to be an affront to men, but a blind eye is traditionally turned to what goes on in the privacy of a private house.

Emma also learnt from the Dragon that Ursula would be attended in her quarters by Arab maidservants who looked down on the European girls in the harem as mere sluts.

It was now evening and the Dragon motioned the girls to go up into the staircase onto the roof of the harem to enjoy a little fresh air and the view across the countryside after being cooped up in the harem all day. Emma eagerly wondered, as she followed Mary up the little steps, whether this might be a way of escaping from the harem. She was very disappointed to find that the steps came out into a large cage, built on the roof in the form of another pretty aviary with plants and even a swing. There were also canaries and parakeets fluttering about, sharing their imprisonment in the aviary with the girls.

Clearly the Caid had built the aviary like a cage, not only to prevent the little birds from flying away, but also to prevent his women from getting similar ideas. Emma looked despondently at the very solid bars.

'There's no escape,' murmured Daphne giving Emma's hand a little sympathetic squeeze. 'And anyway where could we go if we did get out? The police would be ready to arrest us if they found us or if we tried to leave the country and then return us to Ursula after first giving us a thrashing. Can you imagine what it would be like being caned by Arab policemen? And you can imagine what Ursula would tell the Dragon to do to us as well.'

'Yes, there's no escape,' she sighed. Emma realised that she was a highly intelligent girl and wondered how she came to be in this harem.

Then Daphne went on more cheerfully. 'The view is lovely here in the cool evening. But don't think you'll ever see a man. I haven't seen or spoken to one for months. It's just not allowed. I don't think any of the girls here are natural lesbians and that's why not letting us see any men makes it all the more exciting for Ursula – just as it must be for the Master of a real harem. And in a funny way it is exciting for us, too. That, and the very sensual and feminine atmosphere here, seems to make us all obsessed with Ursula and to accept the cruel way she and her harem mistresses treat us.'

Emma nodded, she could understand only too well what Daphne was saying, even from her very limited experience of the harem so far.

'It's very strange, but I must admit that, except perhaps for Karen, most of the time we're all quite happy being kept locked up here, with no contact with the outside world or knowledge of what's going on there, just thinking about Ursula. It all seems to be part of the age-old harem system – a system which she has adopted for her own use.'

Indeed, Emma saw through the bars of the cage only the distant mountains and the view of the sea that she had noticed earlier whilst being taken to the harem. It made her feel very much like a caged bird - a feeling that was probably just what the cruel Caid, and now the equally cruel Ursula, liked their young concubines to feel.

The realisation that Ursula now had her locked up in her harem with these other

girls both scared and excited Emma. What an extraordinary woman her Mistress was! To have a real harem of young European girls kept locked up in a real former harem! And subject to the strict discipline of a black the Dragon and her black assistant.

It was unbelievable. It just could not be true. But the bars of the roof cage and across the top of the patio, the special lock on the door and the horrible little trapdoor that led to what had been the Caid's bedroom, now Ursula's, all drove home the truth.

Suddenly it was sunset. Emma heard from a loudspeaker on the top of a nearby minaret something which she was soon going to recognise as the sunset call to prayer. Here in Ursula's harem it was also the call for punishment - the punishment of any of the girls who had been awarded black marks by the Dragon or her assistant during the day.

Without any further orders having to be given, the girls followed the Dragon down the stairs and back into the big harem room. Miss Marbar followed behind to make sure that none of them remained sulking in the cage on the roof - for all the girls had to witness any punishments. It made for better discipline.

Emma saw that prominently in the centre of the room was a punishment stocks and that Karen, despite being the oldest of the girls, was near to tears. She was biting her lips and trembling. Emma remembered her bitterness at earning a beating on the very day that their Mistress returned.

'Fetch the cane, Karen,' ordered the Dragon.

Looking very frightened, Karen ran off to where the long whippy cane hung on the wall. Doubtless, thought Emma, it was kept there on view, like the punishment stocks, to help coerce the girls and make them more obedient.

She saw a look of cunning cross Karen's face as she ran back to Miss Marbar with the cane in her hands.

'Oh please, Madam,' she begged, 'can't I be beaten in front of our Mistress? Please, I'm sure she'd like that.'

And be more likely to choose Karen for her pleasure, thought Emma with a silent little laugh. How many times had she herself been naughty and thereby earned a beating, merely to excite Ursula so that she would take her to bed! Clearly Karen was up to the same trick. But the Dragon was far too experienced in dealing with white women to fall for Karen's attempt to turn her punishment to her advantage.

'No, you get all four strokes for four black marks now,' she growled. 'Maybe, if you lucky, Mistress may be excited to see the marks on your bottom and may choose you - but I think she prefers nice, soft, unmarked bottoms! Bend over and you girls line up behind her.'

She nodded to the Negress, who raised the top half of the stocks that would hold Karen's neck and wrists whilst keeping her neatly bent over.

Emma saw that the girls again lined up in order of height, with the English upper class girl, Daphne, at the end, then the French girl, Monique, then Mary the red-headed Irish girl and then herself as the most petite of them all.

They all had their backs to poor Karen. Hearing, but not seeing, Karen's punishment would make it all the more of a frightening lesson for them all - in not showing what the Dragon called "lack of respect" and "impertinence". The girls clasped their hands behind their necks and stood quite still, their eyes fixed straight ahead. Nervously Emma followed suit.

'Say it aloud,' Emma heard the Dragon say to Karen.

'Please beat me hard,' sobbed Karen as if repeating a well learned lesson, 'for I have been a naughty girl and deserve to be well punished.'

'Good,' grunted the Dragon. She turned to the line of watching girls.

‘now you lot, say it!’

‘Please thrash our sister hard,’ Emma heard them chorus in perfect time. ‘She has been a naughty girl and deserves to be well punished.’

Emma did not dare to look round. But out of the corner of her eye, she saw the Dragon raise the cane. Miss Marbar had slipped Karen's caftan up round her waist, leaving her soft white bottom quite naked, except for the curved rear bar of her chastity belt which pressed up tightly between her buttocks. There was an expectant hush.

The Dragon slowly lowered the cane and touched Karen's bottom with the tip, as if to warn her to expect the first stroke. Then suddenly she brought it down hard across the girl's cheeks. There was a little cry from Karen and the noise of all the other girls sucking in their breath in horror.

‘Say it!’ ordered the Dragon again. Once more the wretched Karen had to beg to be beaten hard and the other girls had to chorus their desire to see their companion being well and truly thrashed - even though each was feeling that there, but for the grace of God, she herself might be bent over to receive a caning from the burly Dragon.

At last the caning was over and the tearful Karen was released. The line of horrified girls was dismissed. Emma saw the Dragon look up, smiling, at a wooden lattice grille that looked down into the harem room from the former private apartments of the Caid.

Emma thought she saw a shadow move behind it. Had Ursula been comfortably seated behind it, secretly getting herself aroused by watching a girl being caned, before choosing which girl's were to please her that night?

The girls were then left to sit round, in silence, in the big harem room. Emma saw that it was beautifully decorated in a traditional Moorish style with big brass trays on little curved tables, huge Turkish carpets, elaborately patterned tiles on the walls and high but curved ceilings. All the windows, heavily barred, looked out onto the patio. From the harem there was no view of the outside world.

In an adjoining room was a huge bed, in which all the girls slept together - their chastity belts being considered sufficient to prevent any misbehaviour. They might rub their nipples against each other as they sought to ease their frustration but frustrated they would remain.

Time dragged past.

The Dragon and her black assistant were summoned to the internal telephone and Emma thought she heard Ursula's harsh tones giving orders. She saw the Dragon exchange smiles with Miss Marbar then looking at the girls as if they knew something which the girls did not.

Emma wondered what form Ursula's inspections of her harem took. Would they have to undress or line up in front of her? Would they have to crawl to her feet?

Her mind was full of such questions when the Negress put down the phone and ordered that all the girls, this time, were to crawl into their Mistress's bedroom through the little trapdoor. She could not help feeling that this sounded equally exciting.

Emma did not understand properly what was happening, but she saw that the other girls were taking off their caftans and hanging them up, brushing their hair, spraying on scent, touching up their make-up around their eyes and generally titivating themselves to look as attractive as possible. The Dragon motioned to her with a snap of her fingers to do the same.

#### **4 - EMMA'S FIRST NIGHT IN THE HAREM**

The girls were all now stark naked - except for their little chastity belts. They were

all feeling very shy and nervous. Clearly they were as mystified as Emma as to what little game their cruel Mistress was going to play with them.

Miss Marbar left the harem and the Dragon made the girls line up behind each other on all fours with Karen leading the line and Emma in the rear. The Dragon looked down the line, satisfying herself that her little charges were all looking their best. Then she picked up the internal telephone. Emma heard her speaking, but could not understand what she was saying.

A moment later the little trapdoor mysteriously opened. One by one the girls crawled through it. As Emma moved along the short passageway, she heard the little doorway shut behind her with a metallic clang. There was the sound of bolts being automatically rammed home. The Caid had certainly made sure that none of the concubines could escape to freedom.

Emma wondered, with a little shiver, whether any British girl had ever had to crawl to her Master's bedroom, just as she was now having to crawl to her Mistress's. At least, she thought, Ursula was a sophisticated European woman and not some horrible and repulsive old Moor.

At the end of the passageway Emma found herself moving into a small cage suspended several feet above the floor. As she squeezed into it, for with four other girls in it already there was little spare room, a metal barred door automatically shut behind her.

The cage was illuminated by a bright spotlight, making it difficult to see out whilst clearly showing off the girls to anyone in the room. She saw, beneath the barred floor of the cage, a sloping metal tray down which water was running.

It would, she realised with a shock, collect any liquids or solids dropping down from the cage. The water led away into a drain. The Caid must have enjoyed keeping girls in this cage for hours, if not days, on end.

Like the other girls, she blinked with the dazzlingly bright light as she tried to peer out between the bars. She had to kneel on all fours on the barred floor of the cage, for it was too low to allow the girls to stand up. As her eyes became gradually more accustomed to the light she made out a large and surprisingly high bed.

There, lying on the bed, she saw the figure of a woman dressed in a long satin negligee. It was Ursula, looking radiant.

Emma could just see another slim but younger woman kneeling by her side on the bed. Emma saw that with one hand she was caressing Ursula and then she bent down and kissed Ursula on the lips.

'Darling, darling,' she murmured.

Emma's mind was racing. There was something very familiar about the relative positions of Ursula and this strange woman, something familiar about the way the woman was using her hand and the twang of her voice.

Suddenly she realised who the woman was. She was Ursula's American friend: the tall, beautiful, grey-eyed and rich young American woman, of whom she had been so jealous.

Emma realised she must have been invited by Ursula to come and stay in North Africa and had obviously arrived quite suddenly. This was what had disrupted the programme that the Dragon had arranged to celebrate the Mistress's return. This was why, instead of the usual parades and inspections and the elaborate routine of choosing a girl for her pleasure, Ursula had unexpectedly ordered all the girls to be put naked into the little cage that hung in her bedroom.

Emma sensed the jealousy and arousal of the other women as they watched the rich young American woman bring Ursula to an ever increasing peak of excitement.



Minutes passed in a shocked silence, broken only by little cries and moans of delight from Ursula and her friend. Then her American friend spoke coaxingly.

‘Darling, can't we have your slave girls?’

Emma heard Ursula give a deep throated laugh as she sat up in bed and pressed a bell by her bedside. Miss Marbar came padding silently into the big bedroom. Emma saw that she was carrying a thick bundle of fresh twigs joined together at one end. It was a birch rod - something that Ursula had often spoken about as being the most effective weapon with which to control a girl. Emma put her hand to her mouth in fear.

‘Lie like me with your legs apart and hanging down over the side of the bed,’ Ursula told the American woman. ‘We'll each have a girl standing between our legs and rubbing the beauty lips of her chastity belt against us to give us pleasure, whilst Miss Marbar uses her birch rod to keep them quivering and wriggling.’

‘But that'll get the girls excited too,’ objected the American woman. ‘I don't want that! They're just sluts.’

‘Don't worry, darling,’ laughed Ursula, ‘they won't feel a thing under their chastity belts. And when I flick my fingers, they'll kneel down and use their tongues.’

‘Oh yes, yes!’ cried the American.

‘There are five of them in the cage,’ continued Ursula in her slow cool voice. ‘We'll both try each of them out and we'll mark each girl out of five marks and tell Miss Marbar to keep the score. Up to five marks for the pleasure each girl gives us and five marks for her tongue. Then the bottom girl will get ten strokes of the cane. That'll make them all keen to please us!’

‘And then,’ continued the American eagerly, ‘Miss Marbar can remove their chastity belts and we'll mark them again out of five for the pleasure they give us with their real body lips as they stand between our legs!’

‘Exactly,’ cried Ursula, ‘and if a girl climaxes or touches herself without permission, then she'll also get five strokes of the cane! Come on, Miss Marbar; let's have the first two girls out of the cage.’

The black woman went to the cage and unlocked the little barred sliding door in the front. She pulled out two girls by their hair: Mary and Monique. They climbed down the little ladder that led down to the floor and then they were led, crawling, to the bed.

Monique stood between Ursula's legs and Mary between those of the American woman. Their quite remarkably realistic rubber artificial body lips were touching the women's real ones. Miss Marbar gave each girl a sharp stroke with the birch. Immediately they began thrusting and wriggling as if their lives depended on it.

‘You'll like Mary,’ said Ursula to her friend as they lay back on the bed side by side, enjoying the intense pleasure the two standing girls were giving them. ‘She was a virgin when I got her from a convent in Ireland a year ago when she was sixteen. Even now she's never seen a man's manhood. She doesn't even know what it is! Do you, little Mary?’

Mystified, the young Irish girl shook her head.

‘I brought her here,’ went on Ursula with a laugh, ‘into my part of the villa for a little honeymoon on her own. She had no idea what went on in here, on the other side of the big harem door. On the second night I took her virginity with my dildo and the next day I took her through the door. She's been in the harem here ever since, haven't you, my girl?’

‘Yes, Madam,’ replied Mary, blushing with shame.

‘Well, mind you give plenty of pleasure to my American friend, you pretty little colleen!’

‘Oh yes, Madam, I will, I will,’ she replied in her strong brogue.

‘Half the pleasure from these girls comes from the knowledge that none of them are natural lesbians,’ Ursula explained to her friend as Mary and Monique, under the stimulus of Miss Marbar's birch rod, wiggled and writhed to give the women pleasure. ‘They have to be beaten into giving us pleasure! The other half comes from knowing that they themselves can feel nothing - thanks to their chastity belts.’

A few minutes later it was Emma's turn to first stand and then kneel between the thighs of each of the women in turn. How she hated having to please the American woman! But the pain of the strokes of the birch wielded by Miss Marbar and the threat of twelve strokes of the cane, kept her straining hard to please.

It was of course a deeply humiliating experience for all the girls, all of whom would have been far happier between the thighs of a strong man, even Mary - had she known what she was missing!

Finally Daphne was announced as the loser of the competition.

‘Choose another girl to kneel between your knees as you watch that stuck-up slut getting her ten strokes. I'm going to have one between mine! And I'm going to have the strokes given very slowly as the girl gets me more and more excited with her tongue, to match the visual excitement. It's a wonderful feeling!’

To Emma's dismay the American woman chose her. Her obvious repulsion would make it all the more pleasurable, she heard the woman telling Ursula.

‘If you move your head away just as I am climaxing, Emma,’ she warned, ‘I'll ask your Mistress for you to have another dozen strokes of the cane.’

This terrifying threat was enough to ensure that Emma bent her head down and kept it there, her tongue dutifully applied, throughout the long drawn out beating of Daphne. Behind her Emma could hear Daphne's cries of pain mixing with Ursula's cries of pleasure as she reached her climax with Karen kneeling between her thighs. Moments later the American woman also reached hers, reaching down to hold Emma's face pressed against her.

The girls were put back into the cage whilst the two now satiated women slept for a while.

Later, one by one, the girls had their chastity belts removed and had to give more pleasure to the two women, standing between their thighs but now with their real body lips rubbing against those of the women, whilst Miss Marbar with her birch drove each girl to wriggle more and more tantalizing.

Emma noticed that the other girls had all had their body hair removed like herself - and unlike, of course, Ursula and her American friend.

‘I like them to look like little girls down there,’ she had heard Ursula telling her friend, ‘but you'll also find that it makes them feel much more exciting for us.’

By the time it was Emma's turn to stand between Ursula's thighs to give her pleasure, both women were again in a high state of arousal - as indeed too was Emma, who remembered what Ursula had said earlier and was terrified lest she might herself climax without permission - as had already, in fact, happened to young Mary.

However just as she felt she could no longer stop herself, Ursula suddenly kicked her away and seized her friend.

The girls were put back into their cage, except for Mary who was to be beaten for disobedience. Soon ecstatic cries of ‘Darling, darling!’ from Ursula were mixed with similarly rapturous cries from the American, until they both fell back exhausted and slept in each other's arms.

Meanwhile the aroused but frustrated girls were made to put their hands through the bars where they were handcuffed so that they could not touch themselves.

Several times that night one or more of the girls were taken out of the cage to give

pleasure to Ursula or her friend. As a special reward, Monique was even allowed by Ursula to reach a climax herself as the other girls watched, mad with jealousy, from behind the bars. Each was then desperately hoping that she too might be allowed this privilege before the night was over.

Their hopes were gradually increased when Ursula told her friend to chose a girl and make her climax in her hand. The girls all held their breath, each hoping desperately that she would be chosen. But it was Mary who, standing humiliatingly by the bedside, legs parted and hands clasped behind her neck, was brought to a sudden climax by the woman's touch.

At last whilst the two slept late, the girls were quietly taken back into the harem and their chastity belts replaced, before they too were allowed to sleep late into the morning.

Several times Emma awoke in the big communal bed in which the girls all slept - watched over by the horrible Miss Marbar.

Did she never sleep, Emma wondered, as the black woman firmly put Emma's hands back on top of the bedclothes again - for the girls all had to sleep on their backs with their hands innocently on display above the bedclothes so that the harem mistresses could see that they were not getting up to any naughtiness with each other or themselves.

'You keep hands where I can see them,' Miss Marbar whispered. 'You put below sheets again and you get caned!'

Aroused and left frustrated by the recent scenes in Ursula's bedroom, Emma found it difficult to sleep. She was, in any case, too overcome with the shock of finding herself locked up on Ursula's secret harem. Was this, she wondered, Ursula's ultimate revenge for her former escapades with Henry, her lover?

Even keeping Emma in her chastity belt had not given Ursula a complete feeling of security that Emma would not secretly meet him again. It would certainly prevent her from getting from getting any pleasure herself and, of course, would prevent her from being penetrated in the normal way and probably put anyone off from taking her from behind.

Henry, of course, had always had a predilection for asserting his control over Emma and his masculine superiority by penetrating in this way. It was something that Emma had hated, but had to submit to from Henry. It had made her feel he really was a brute, a wonderful dominating brute.

Moreover, as Ursula knew, even her chastity belt would not prevent Emma offering to use her mouth and tongue to give the brute pleasure - and this was something to which he was also very partial.

But here locked up in her harem, Emma realised, Ursula would have no fear that she might deceive her. No, her control over Emma would be complete and unchallenged.

She remembered what the French girl had said about Ursula only introducing the chastity belts into her harem a few months ago. That was when she came back from North Africa and locked her up in a chastity belt. So she must have had had the belts made especially for her here in North Africa.

## **PART II**

### **WOMEN'S CONCUBINES**

#### **5 - KAREN'S STORY**

Three days had passed and, much to Emma's relief, the American woman had left.

They had been three days in which Emma had begun to settle down to life as one of Ursula's pet concubines. Three days of submitting to the close supervision of the Dragon and Miss Marbar. Three days of being completely cut off from the outside world - no radio, no television and not even a newspaper. Just as the old Caid had kept his girls in this harem ignorant of the outside world so that they would concentrate their thoughts all the more on him, so too Ursula liked her girls, like real little girls, to be similarly ignorant.

They had also been three days of not seeing even a photograph of a man, or hearing a man's voice, even on a recording, for Ursula had given strict instructions that, like girls in the Caid's old harem, her girls were not to see or hear any male.

But whereas the Caid, like other elderly male owners of harems, enforced this rule so as to make sure that his girls were not excited by the sight of younger men, Ursula enforced it so as to eliminate any males whatsoever from the lives and thoughts of her girls.

Accordingly, the girls were only allowed children's books, magazines, games and videos and recordings of children's radio and television programmes. Even so, the Dragon very carefully vetted them all beforehand to make sure that they contained nothing masculine.

Emma already knew that Ursula, of course, got her kicks from completely controlling the sexuality of young women. By keeping them in a real harem, under the supervision of the strict German woman, Ursula must have reached the very apogee of sexual control of her girls. And, of course, keeping them locked up in their highly effective chastity belts and preventing them from seeing even a photograph of a man or hearing a man's voice on a recording, must make it all even more exciting for Ursula, she thought ruefully.

'Missing the company of admiring males?' Karen said to Emma one day as they lazed, naked except for their chastity belts, by the side of the swimming pool in the patio, exchanging commiserations on being kept so frustrated by Ursula.

'Well, don't get caught trying to send a letter to a boyfriend or caught mooning over the photograph of some pop star,' she laughed. Emma did not understand what she meant.

'Don't you see?' whispered Karen, looking round anxiously to see that they were alone. 'I wrote letters once to my boyfriend saying where I was and that I still loved him, despite the awful letter that Ursula had made me write to him saying I never wanted to see him again. I had thought that one of Ursula's maids had taken pity on me and was posting them. How wrong I was! One day I was led by the Dragon up in front of Ursula. She was looking furious. I saw that she had a pile of letters in front of her: my letters to my boyfriend.'

'“As you seem so keen to be unfaithful to me, your Mistress, I shall send you to a little private prison for adulterous wives and concubines,”’ she said.”

'A private prison?' repeated Emma, aghast at the thought.

'Yes, in the Moslem world, the official punishment laid down in the Koran for

unfaithful wives or concubines is death by stoning. Several Moslem countries have brought back the law. Here, however, the religious fundamentalists have simply set up a corrective establishment for women. Any man can send his erring wife or concubine to be judged by the Mullahs and, if they are found guilty, then the Mullahs will send them to their own special establishment for punishment.' She paused, obviously remembering something awful. 'And that's just what happened to me.'

Karen went on to describe how, dressed like an Arab woman, heavily veiled with her wrist chained to the Dragon's, she was driven off to the private women's prison. There was a sort of court. The judges were stern-looking Mullahs. She saw them wave her letters angrily in the air, as they spoke to each other in Arabic. She did not understand what was being said.

She just stood there in the dock, like a prisoner. She was not given the chance to say anything. Apparently errant women are not allowed to speak. The presiding Mullah banged his hammer and said something. She was told that she had been found guilty of adulterous behaviour and that she was to be punished by being kept there in their special women's corrective private prison. She tried to cry out in protest under her veil, but was ignored and led away.

There she was stripped by black guards. She felt so ashamed at being naked in front of these big black men – and frightened. She was given a simple cotton shift to wear and put into a cell with a dozen other young women. They were all Arab women, mostly rather young and pretty. They had been caught seeing or writing to young men – what was regarded as being unfaithful to their older husbands or Masters. They all bore the marks of recent beatings.

One of them spoke a few words of English and told Karen that she was one of the concubines of a cruel old man. His black eunuchs had caught her merely writing a letter to a young man. That was enough for her Master send her here for few months' severe punishment.

'Conditions in this private woman's prison were terrible,' Karen went on. 'The women had to sleep naked on the floor. To prevent them from misbehaving we had to sleep head to tail like sardines with the feet of the two naked girls on either side of you level with your head and a light burning all night so that the Negro guards could see that we were lying still. At dawn the Negroes would hose down the women and the floor of the cell.

'Still naked, we were taken out into the passage to be fed. We had to kneel in front of a trough of nasty looking gruel. When the Negro in charge rang a bell, we had to start licking up the food, keeping our hands flat on the floor. Any hesitation and my face was thrust down into the gruel and kept there until I felt as if I was drowning. When the bell rang again, I had to kneel up, even if I was still hungry.

'Then, wearing our cotton tunics, we were taken out in the prison yard. All day we had to work in the hot sun chipping little paving stones until they were exactly square. When we had a load of these stones we had to run across the yard, carrying them in a basket on our heads, to a fat Negro sitting comfortably in the shade, for the stones to be weighed and examined.

'Then we had to run back across the yard and lay them down in a pattern like paving stones in a real road. The road was curved and so was never finished. As some girls would be laying stones at one end, other girls would be picking them up and loading them into lorries to be taken to real roads outside the prison.

'Although the road in the yard was only a temporary one, the Negro supervising the work by the women was very strict. The stones had to be laid in an exact pattern. The slightest mistake and he would kick them aside, making you start all over again. This

would be fatal, for each girl had to chip and lay a certain weight of stones by the end of the day. At the end of the day we had to line up whilst they checked whether we had met our quota or not. Any girl who was under her quota was called forward, stripped and caned there and then across the back and bottom.

‘It was almost impossible to meet these quotas, though you would be trying desperately all day to do so. The Negro guards clearly enjoyed humiliating the Arab women and, so as to make sure that the prettiest ones were beaten, would trip them up whilst they were running with a load of stones. Or to humiliate the slightly older women, they would talk idly to each other as they were anxiously waiting for a load to be inspected or weighed.

‘Another trick would be to show off what they felt about white women, like me, by angrily rejecting as not properly shaped, or as badly laid, all the stones I had spent hours beautifully shaping with her chipping hammer, or carefully laying.

‘There was a little viewing gallery for visitors - the husbands or owners of the women used to come and see us being made to work under the whips of the Negro overseers. Punishment time in the evening was a particularly popular time. Several times I saw Ursula come to watch me being flogged.

‘It was the most awful period of my life. But at last my three months was up. I was collected by the Dragon and brought back into the harem. I can tell you straight away, I’ll never dare to try and contact my boyfriend again. I may hate Ursula for what she has done to me, but I’m now far too scared not to be her obedient slave.’

‘But if you’ve got a boyfriend how did you ever end up in Ursula’s harem,’ asked Emma.

‘Well, it all began when I was working as a very successful model in London, earning a jolly good screw. I’ve always been attracted by men and I had a series of affairs with some quite well known men. I’ve always been repelled by the very idea of lesbianism. I met Ursula several times at parties and I could see that she was very attracted to me.

‘However, I got rather fed up with the passes she kept making at me and one day at a smart party where she had once again propositioned me, I flung a glass of wine in her face, ruining her dress and making her look an awful fool in public. She swore she would get her revenge, but stupidly I did not take her seriously.

‘I was then madly in love with a young man, Phillip, whom I had hoped to marry. Ursula learned that we were planning to go to North Africa for a holiday together. She arranged for my boyfriend to be sent a telegram just as we arrived, calling him back to his office for a few days. Naturally I said I would stay on until he could rejoin me. It seemed the obvious thing to do.

‘Ursula then had me drugged and brought here to her harem. She told me to write a letter to Phillip saying that I had met a man who had offered me a new job in Paris and that I never wanted to see him again. Of course I refused. So Ursula handed me over to the tender mercies of those swine, the Dragon and Miss Marbar.

‘I shall never forget it. Never! Every four hours for a whole day, even during the night, they tied me down and beat me. Four strokes of the cane and eight from a stiff leather paddle. The Four Hour Treatment they called it. I’d been beaten before by my boyfriends - and had even quite enjoyed it. But this was different. It really hurt. There’s a world of difference from being beaten by a randy handsome man who can’t wait to take you and being beaten repeatedly by a couple of huge ugly women. The worst part about it was knowing that no matter what I said or promised, I’d still get the next beating in four hours’ time - for Ursula had said she would not see me for twenty four hours - until I had been beaten six times.

‘The next day, sore and stiff from all the beatings, they took me in front of Ursula again. I had to stand to attention in front of her desk. She asked me whether I was now ready to write that letter. She had even typed it all out ready for my signature. I hesitated. I loved Phillip and wanted to marry him. I wanted to have children by him.

‘That hesitation was enough for Ursula.

‘“Take her away,” she said coldly. “Double the number of strokes and bring her back to me in two days’ time. Meanwhile I’ll forge her signature and send off the letter anyway - and leave a copy in her hotel, in case her precious boyfriend returns before he gets the original letter in London. If he does, then the hotel will simply say that she left, taking a taxi for the airport - which is all they know.”

‘The next two days were sheer hell. They made me stretch out across a table and beat the living daylight out of me with their canes every four hours. It was quite ghastly. I was screaming that I would do what Ursula wanted and begged them to take me to her. But they paid no attention and just went on, beating me every four hours. The Arabs say that the cane will make a woman do anything. How right they are.

‘When at last they took me before Ursula again, I begged and begged for mercy and said that I would do anything not to be beaten again. But this time, the bitch said that I was not fervent enough and that I did not seem to mean it. Anyway, she added, Phillip had returned, had been given the letter and had left for England. You can imagine how dispirited this news made me. She told the women to carry on the good work and bring me back again in another two days’ time.

‘I almost had to be carried in to Ursula’s study, two days later. I was desperate this time to show her that I loved her and her alone, that I would happily be her slave and that I would write any letter she wanted to Phillip. Thank God, she did not send me back for another dose of the Four Hour Treatment. I just couldn’t have stood any more.

‘Then Ursula set about making me one of her most loving and attentive concubines. The slightest hesitation on my part would result in the threat of another bout of the Four Hour Treatment. I can assure you that I became a most accomplished lesbian lover.

‘The rest of the story you know,’ Karen sighed. ‘Ursula made me write another letter to Phillip confirming that I never wanted to see, or hear from him again.’

‘Goodness, how sad,’ said Emma with feeling. She was, of course, thinking back to her own rather similar escapade with Henry and how Ursula had very effectively put paid to that with the cane - just as she had stopped Karen from marrying her boyfriend. What a determined woman Ursula is, she thought, half admiringly and half feeling rather jealous that she should have taken so much trouble to get Karen into her clutches.

‘It was even sadder,’ said Karen, ‘when, a few months later, Ursula gleefully showed me a cutting from the ‘Times’ announcing Phillip’s forthcoming marriage to another girl. I could do nothing about it and anyway did not dare - for Ursula said that if I tried to contact him again, even to wish him well, she would send me back to that terrible women’s prison. I just couldn’t face running the risk of being caught again.’

‘What will you do now?’ asked Emma, rather naively.

‘There’s nothing I can do,’ replied Karen bitterly. ‘Ursula has said that she will never let me go now - and if she does tire of me, then she’ll sell me to a brothel here. She says there are several brothels catering to rich Arabs which are staffed only by European women. She says the women are treated as complete slaves and when they are worn out, they are shot to prevent them from telling anyone what happened to them. So, she repeatedly tells me that I’d better just go on doing my best to please her!’

‘How awful!’ said Emma sympathetically. ‘And do you still love Phillip?’

‘Yes, of course,’ whispered Karen conspiratorially. ‘But you must not mention his name here in the harem or I’ll get into serious trouble again. I’m supposed to hate him now. Ursula made me record a tape saying that I hate him and made me play it over and over again.’

Just like she did with me over Henry, thought Emma.

‘Of course it’s all the more exciting for her, knowing that I still like men and that I secretly hate having to please her. She knows that I’m terrified of being given more of the dreadful Four Hour Treatment, or being sent back to the awful women’s prison, if I don’t do my utmost to give her complete satisfaction whenever she summons me to please her. This makes it all the more thrilling for her. She really enjoys having a girl who isn’t a natural lesbian.’

Yes, thought Emma, that was why Ursula had been attracted to her in the first place and why she had enjoyed binding to her subsequently.

‘She really enjoys having complete power over a girl,’ Karen went on, ‘and is utterly ruthless in how she establishes it.’

Yes, indeed, again thought Emma. It was that power and ruthlessness that had attracted her to Ursula, and which made her the most exciting person she had ever met.

But nevertheless Emma had been horrified by Karen’s story. It made her feel that she had got off very lightly after Ursula had found out about her meetings with Henry. She had thought that the beatings and the brain-washing had been terrible. But they were nothing compared to what Ursula had put Karen through. And all she had done was to write letters secretly to a man.

Emma, however, had actually made love to a man behind Ursula’s back! She shivered at the thought of what might have happened to her if she had met Henry here in North Africa, where Ursula seemed to have almost the power of life and death over the girls in her harem.

Indeed, Karen’s terrible story dominated Emma’s thoughts for several days - just as, doubtless, Ursula knew and had intended it would. Emma resolved she would do anything rather than risk being punished by being sent to the women’s prison, or by being given the Four Hour Treatment, or by being disposed of to an Arab brothel.

## **6 - DAPHNE**

How long had Emma been in Ursula’s harem?

Was it a couple of weeks or was it a month? Emma wasn’t sure.

There were no calendars in the harem. The Dragon kept a record of each girl’s monthly cycle but did not allow the girls to see it. They had no idea if they were late or early and questions on the subject were brushed aside by the Dragon patting the girl’s head and saying: ‘Don’t you worry your head about that, little girl, just leave it all to me.’

However oppressive the atmosphere might have been in the Caid’s old harem, Ursula clearly wanted the atmosphere in her harem to be that of a nursery of pretty little girls without a care in the world.

Once a week the Dragon had told Emma that she must write a letter to John, saying how happy she was and how wonderful Ursula was. It was the innocuous letter of a schoolgirl writing home and, before being posted, it was shown to Ursula for her comments. This was, of course, intended to make Emma feel even more under the complete control of Ursula. She could not even write a letter to her husband without it being vetted first.



Life in the harem, thought Emma, seemed surprisingly busy. Early every morning the girls were woken up by Miss Marbar.

‘Come on, little girls, up you get!’ she would cry.

Several times during the night she or the Dragon would have come quietly into the night nursery, as the former harem dormitory was now called, to make sure that the girls all had their hands above the bedclothes and were lying on their backs.

Despite the security that the chastity belts gave Ursula security against any attempt by her girls at misbehaviour, she still insisted on them sleeping on their backs with the right ankle of each girl being fastened to the left ankle of the girl on her right and her left ankle being fastened to the right ankle of the girl on her left. This kept their legs wide apart and so made sure that each girl lay chastely on her back - and woe betide any girl who was caught with her hands under the bedclothes.

Sometimes Ursula might keep one of the girls in her bed or in the cage in her bedroom all night, but more often she would kick them out through the trapdoor back into the harem. The girls would then be taken by the Dragon, or Miss Marbar, to the bathroom to wash - and to perform under their supervision with the results of each girl's performances being carefully noted down ...

Ursula liked to keep her girls on a light diet. Breakfast, and indeed the other meals, consisted usually of fruit and fruit juices with yogurt.

The mornings were very busy. First came the girls' dancing and singing classes with a well-known Arab entertainer. She was delighted to find an apt pupil in Emma. Ursula liked to have her girls taught to belly dance and to do the dance of the seven veils - an erotic form of striptease. She also liked them to be taught to sing in the rather high-pitched and girlish Arab fashion.

Not only did she enjoy being entertained in these ways by her girls, but she also liked to produce them as an after-dinner entertainment for her dinner parties. She was delighted when the Arab dancing mistress reported that Emma had the makings of an excellent dancing girl.

The dancing mistress had the right to award any of the girls black marks for laziness or inattention, but usually preferred to use the riding whip which she carried and used as part of her instruction.

When she had left, the girls were taken back to the bathroom again for a shower and then it was the turn of Mademoiselle, the French governess. She gave the girls lessons in deportment - carry a heavy book on their heads as they walked elegantly round the room. She also gave them lessons in maths and copybook writing and made them read out aloud from a variety of children's books and they had to write little fairy stories.

The fact that Daphne was a very clever girl who had passed all her examinations to go to university with flying colours, or that Monique was also well educated, did not affect Mademoiselle's regime. She treated them all as little girls who had to be taught the basics of education: reading, writing and long division.

Ursula had considered at one time of putting Mademoiselle in charge of the harem. She was a tall thin-lipped woman who stood no nonsense from any of the girls. Indeed, they were all scared of her. She kept a tawse in her desk in the little school-room and was not slow in using it on the hands of any girl who she felt was slacking. Ursula liked her and applauded her strictness. Finally, however, she felt that a German woman would maintain even better discipline.

By the time the lessons with Mademoiselle were over, Ursula had dressed and was demanding one or more of the girls to pose for her in her studio, dressed in voluptuous harem clothes: transparent silks, heavy brocades, open fringed boleros, and little Turkish caps and slippers. They would have to keep quite still whilst Ursula painted

and, to make sure they did so, Miss Marbar was usually also present, her cane or riding whip in her hand.

Ursula's like-minded women friends would often look in whilst she was painting. This was partly to gossip and partly to have a look at Ursula's latest girls - and to compare them with their own. Whilst Emma was posing for her half naked, Ursula would toss the latest letter from her husband John to her guests.

'Do you think we should let her read it all?' she would ask them. The women would laugh and giggle over what had been written as a private letter between husband and wife - a letter which Emma was longing to read herself. John might be a rather disappointing lover when he came back to England, but absence made him both fonder and more randy. His letters were full of both endearments and erotic suggestions - much to Ursula's amusement, now that she had his wife firmly under her own control.

'Oh, I don't think you should allow her to read this part,' one woman would say with a giggle.

'Oh, I think she's too young to be allowed to read this bit,' another woman would say, crossing it out.

It was therefore a heavily censored version of John's letter that Emma would eventually be allowed to see momentarily before it was torn up in front of her.

Emma was being painted kneeling up on a couch with Daphne. The girls were both dressed as harem concubines wearing gauzy lace transparent harem trousers, through which the outlines of their legs and bottoms were clearly visible and little heavy brocade boleros which scarcely covered their breasts and which left their bellies quite bare.

The girls were facing each other. Daphne had to look tenderly at Emma with one hand on her shoulder and the other stretching down towards Emma's belly. Emma had to be looking over her shoulder as if making sure no one in authority could see them. Ursula said the painting would be called 'A stolen moment of pleasure'. It was typical of the paintings of harem scenes that she found sold so well.

It was a position that both girls found hard to maintain for long. Indeed only the presence of the ever-watching Miss Marbar, her riding whip ready, made them remain still.

Having to pose with Daphne for hours on end gave Emma the chance, whenever they were left alone for a few minutes, to learn how she came to be in Ursula's harem.

Daphne was twenty, an English girl of good family, whose parents had been killed in a car crash when she was a teenager. She had decided to take a year off before going on to university and had accepted the job of looking after the teenage daughter of a Saudi Princess. She had imagined that she would be a sort of governess, but found in fact that she was merely the girl's servant. On holiday in the South of France, for instance, she had been forbidden to wear a bathing suit on the beach, unlike her so-called charge, for fear of exciting the male Arab servants. Nor had she been allowed to water-ski, or even to talk to any man.

Once, when the young girl she was supposedly in charge of, found her mildly flirting with a young Frenchman, she had told her that either she would report her to her mother who would sack her, or she could accept six strokes of the cane from her. She had accepted the latter but from then on had been completely under the girl's thumb - fetching and carrying for her like a slave.

Back in North Africa where the Princess lived, separated from her husband, the girl had demanded that Daphne should please her sexually, on pain of being reported to the Morals Police for stealing a diamond ring which she had 'discovered' in Daphne's belongings. The Morals Police, the girl told her had a standard punishment of two

hundred strokes of the cane, spread out over three months, for foreign women who stole from their mistresses. Terrified, Daphne had agreed to the girl's demands, despite her deep-felt repugnance.

However, her degradation at the hands of this young girl was not over. Arab girls get married very young and this young girl, having become engaged to be married to a rich Moor, announced, without bothering to consult Daphne first, that she would be accompanying her to her new home as a wet nurse for her first child.

Horried, Daphne learned that this meant that the girl had arranged to have her mated shortly to one of the Negro servants of her mother, the Princess. In this way she would be well and truly in milk by the time the girl herself could give birth to her own first child.

Even worse was when the girl offered Daphne's virginity to her younger brother as a birthday present, saying that it should not be wasted on the Negro with whom she was soon to be mated.

Strapped down on the watching girl's bed, Daphne had been quite powerless to prevent the boy from having his way with her. But she had then gone to the Princess and told her all that had happened.

Scared lest the story would bring dishonour onto her family when Daphne returned to England, the Princess had consulted her friend Ursula. When Ursula saw how pretty Daphne was, how obedient and docile she was after her experiences in the Princess's household, she offered to keep Daphne locked up in her harem for several years, by which time her story would be too old to be of interest to the Press. Meanwhile Daphne, an orphan, had no family anxious to know what had happened to her.

Daphne was a willowy blonde girl. She was grateful to Ursula for, apparently, getting her out of the clutches of the Princess and her family. However, although the girl had forced her to please her, she was not a natural lesbian - something which made her of greater interest to Ursula. Indeed Daphne badly missed all the male company she had enjoyed in England.

In Ursula's harem she found herself deprived any contact with men and being driven half-mad with frustration by the chastity belt that Ursula made her wear. She found herself living only for the occasional relief that Ursula deigned to allow her as a special treat when she had performed exceptionally well in her bed. Like all the other girls in the harem, she felt that she both loved Ursula and yet also hated her.

'Just like me!' Emma had whispered, thinking back on how she had hated Ursula for stopping her seeing Henry and for tricking her into being shut up in her Moorish harem whilst John was away.

At least, she reflected, Daphne's virginity had been taken by a male, even if he was only a boy, for Ursula, of course, really enjoyed taking a girl's virginity herself - and then making sure that the girl had no contact with a man. Poor Mary's virginity, for instance, had been taken by Ursula with her dildo and she boasted that Mary had never seen a man's penis - and never would as long as she remained the girl's Mistress!

Emma wondered what it would be like to have to submit to a young boy. Not that it seemed likely that she would have to do so in the foreseeable future!

'But what about you,' Daphne had asked. 'Surely you are not in Ursula's harem of your own free will?'

Emma told Daphne the whole story of her original meeting with Ursula in London, of all that had happened subsequently and, finally, about Henry - all about Henry.

'Of course, it was Henry and the fact that you were still attracted to men that settled your fate and made it inevitable that you would end up here, when your husband is away on one of his long trips,' said Daphne wistfully.

Emma knew that she was an intelligent girl and valued her opinion. 'She knows that she can't trust you completely. She knows that, given the opportunity, you would be off with another man. It's the same with me and Karen and Monique, of course. That's what particularly excites Ursula – or having in her power a girl totally innocent of any contact with the male sex, like poor little Mary.'

She looked at Emma with something approaching sympathy.

'You see, Ursula enjoys keeping us here completely under her control and deprived of the sight of men so that we are driven, whether we like it or not, into longing for her hands, longing to be chosen for her bed, and madly jealous of each other. It's just like being an educated European woman incarcerated in the harem of a fat old repulsive Sheikh. If he's the only man a woman is allowed to see, then she will end up adoring him no matter how much she may also hate him and resent being his prisoner.'

She laughed.

'With us it's even worse, we don't even have a Master we can see, just a very cruel and ruthless Mistress who I can't get out of my mind and who I can't help loving, and hating, with equal passion.'

'Just like me,' murmured Emma unhappily.

## **7 - URSULA'S WOMEN FRIENDS**

When Ursula's friends came in to see her in the mornings whilst she was painting, she would often invite them to stay on for what she would call a Women's Gossipy Lunch. This was not entirely what it sounded and it was noticeable that the women all wore either wide skirts or dresses that buttoned right down the front. Under these they would be naked.

Ursula appreciated intelligent discussions with other clever and well informed women, feeling that good conversation was enhanced by good food and wine. She also felt that it was greatly enhanced by the silent and pleasurable attentions of a girl - and if one of her guests had not brought a girl with her then she was only too pleased to oblige with one of hers.

Thus Emma frequently found herself kneeling, with other girls, on all fours, hidden under the tablecloth of Ursula's round dining table, as they waited silently for Ursula and her women guests to finish their pre-lunch drinks. Each girl would have been allocated to a particular chair. They would also have been fitted with a dog collar and lead by the Dragon, with the end of the lead coiled neatly by the side of each woman's plate.

When the women came over to the table for lunch, Ursula would seat each of them in accordance with a little seating plan. All that the hidden girls would see of the guests would be the sight of their legs as the women thrust aside the tablecloth with their knees as they sat down, discreetly spreading their dresses or unbuttoning their skirts as they did so.

Then, kneeling on all fours in the half dark they would silently wait, often for quite long periods, before their particular guest, or Ursula herself, felt she needed the extra stimulus of a girl's tongue to make her conversation even more amusing, or the food more invigorating. She would then indicate this by a surreptitious little jerk on the girl's lead, without in any way interrupting either her meal or her conversation – except that she might occasionally lean back to allow her girl's tongue to have better access to her beauty bud.

Emma, like the other girls, found this all highly degrading, but also rather exciting.

They were being brought down to the level of playthings, which was, of course, why Ursula enjoyed offering this service to her guests. The girls could hear what interesting things their mistresses were saying and could smell the delicious food that was being served to them. But they knew that they would not be allowed to participate in either.

Their role as they huddled naked and silently under the table was merely to wait until the unknown woman, at whose feet each knelt, gave the signal, whereupon the girl would have to very carefully slide under the woman's dress and tantalizingly apply her tongue between the woman's outstretched legs, until she was roughly thrust away, only to be pulled back again later by her lead – in time for the next course.

The Dragon would warn the girls who were used for this duty that she would be asking each woman as she left whether she was entirely satisfied with the service provided and woe betide any girl on whom a guest gave even a moderately critical report ...

After some very painful appearances at the daily punishment parade after the Moslem evening prayers, Emma soon learned to apply herself very diligently to please whatever woman she was allocated. Some, she learned, liked to be merely slightly aroused, others liked to be kept at a high level of arousal throughout the meal, whilst others quietly enjoyed reaching a climax as they delicately raised a forkful of lobster or *pâté de foie gras* to their lips. Others waited for the coffee. It was all very shame-making.

It was in this way, crawling in the half-light under the table cloth, that Emma got to know by sight several of the girls brought by other women as their personal attendants. Some, like herself, it seemed were part of a harem of girls. Others were merely treated as European servant girls, registered with the Moorish authorities as such, just as she was.

All these other girls had had their body hair removed, just like Ursula's girls, but one rich Italian woman friend of Ursula had the heads of all her girls made bald and smooth as well.

'A smooth shiny bald head is so much more fun between your thighs, my dear, and gives so much pleasure,' she would constantly tell Ursula, adding, much to the dismay of any of Ursula's girls who might be listening, 'you really should try it. And I think it improves the appearance of these little sluts. Of course they hate it, but that's half the fun!' She laughed.

'You can always have the girl's number written by with a marker pen on her cranium, or even permanently tattooed there, to help you remember just which girl it is you have kneeling between your thighs. I always have the girl's number also written on her belly, so that I can also be reminded which girl's juices I'm sucking. When the girl is kneeling over me to offer me her nectar, I can see her name just in front of my eyes without the bore of having to remember a lot of girls' silly names. I find it all very convenient.'

Indeed Emma had been terrified to see that her girls had a large number tattooed onto the tops of their hairless heads and the same one on their tummies. To their Mistress, she realised, they were just numbered slavegirls. At least Ursula allowed each girl to keep her name and a little individuality.

But even more unexpected was one of Ursula's French friends, an amusing woman in her fifties who clearly enjoyed the good things in life. There seemed something a little odd about the tall and strangely attractive, but small breasted, young blonde girl who attended assiduously on her. Emma was surprised to hear that Ursula giving the Dragon orders to keep Mary locked up in the harem whenever her French friend brought that girl and not to allow her to come to her studio.

‘Yes, I got him from a dealer,’ Emma was later astonished to hear the French woman say. The woman spoke slowly and Emma's French was getting better - thanks to her daily lessons with Mademoiselle.

‘There's a big demand for these pretty creatures from the rich Arabs,’ she continued. ‘Of course you have to catch them when they're still young and their skin is still soft like a boy's and they have not yet had to start shaving seriously. But their little manhoods must be capable of having a nice big erection. Have the boy cut then and you will keep him just like that for the rest of his life.’

‘But why bother,’ said Ursula, ‘when you can still get a real girl?’ Emma was listening to the conversation open mouthed.

‘Because, *ma cherie*, with plenty of injections of female hormones he soon becomes a slim-waisted girl with a well rounded bottom and pretty little breasts - but with still with his manhood! Of course I know that doesn't interest you, Ursula, with your hatred of everything male, but it certainly does interest me! I call him my living dildo. And what's more, since he has been cut he can keep an erection for hours on end without having a climax.’

‘Aha,’ cried several of Ursula's other guests.

‘Think of all the secret pleasure that a woman can have from a creature like this,’ the Frenchwoman went on. ‘To the outside world she's just a pretty girl. But underneath her dress, she still has that manhood - and moreover one that can remain erect for almost as long as you like and which won't make you pregnant - since he's been cut. That's why the age at which these boys are gelded is so important - and why it's best to buy from a good dealer who knows what he is doing.’

‘But can the dealers get their hands on suitable European boys?’ asked Ursula.

‘It seems so,’ said the woman. ‘The boy must be small boned like a girl, of course, which eliminates many Northerners, but they still seem to bring a steady stream of boys to Africa to be cut. Money talks and the Arabs, with all their unusual sexual desires, have it these days.’

This conversation had been a little over Emma's head until she saw the naked boy-girl under the dining room table. The French woman was right. The figure, the breasts, the waist, the bottom and soft skin were those of a teenage girl. But there dangling between the legs was a boy's manhood which was already showing signs of reacting to the presence of the half naked Emma. No wonder Ursula had ordered the still innocent Mary to be kept away from this half girl-half boy.

When his Mistress later gave him a little pull, Emma saw that the boy had been trained to please a woman just as she herself had been trained.

## **8 – A LITTLE FORCED BREEDING**

One day one of Ursula's friends, a rich and very sophisticated Arab widow, another Saudi Princess, brought along one of her girls, completely shrouded in a burkah. She was in the charge of a grinning black eunuch.

There were gasps from Ursula's other friends when the Princess told the eunuch to slip the burkah down off her head and a lovely blond woman in her thirties was revealed. A pretty coloured leather collar was fastened round her neck.

‘This is Greta,’ said the Princess proudly. ‘She's Scandinavian and a real blond.’

She gave another order to the eunuch who then took off the burkah completely to reveal the woman wearing a beautifully embroidered, very loose caftan and snapped a lead onto her collar. The caftan, which buttoned down the front, completely hid the

outlines of her body.

Emma noticed that, like Ursula's girls, she was wearing white gloves. However, they seemed rather odd and Emma noticed that they were strapped round her wrists and the fingers were sewn together and kept rigidly straight, so that she would not be able to hold anything in her hands. Indeed the gloves seemed to immobilise her fingers completely. But before Emma could have a closer look at the gloves the eunuch had made her put them behind her neck.

There were then more gasps as the eunuch slowly undid the buttons on the front of the loose caftan and then proudly drew it back - to reveal a beautifully curved bare belly.

'Yes,' the Princess explained, 'the woman was getting rather above herself and so, to bring her to heel, I had her covered several months ago by a lovely dwarf boy, after putting her a course of fertility pills - and now she's carrying twin dwarf boys.'

'Dwarfs?' queried Ursula

'Yes, there's a good demand in this country for dwarfs to amuse the rich men and their harems - once they've been castrated of course. The Turkish Sultans used to have many dwarfs as attendants - often muted as well as castrated. They carried draw-strings and were often used by the Sultan to strangle his rivals and captured rebels, or even tiresome harem women. So there's a long history of breeding dwarfs in North Africa and the Middle East - and one I've made my hobby. Breeding them is fascinating, for dwarf women are usually too small for successful gestation so it's best to put the dwarf to a normal girl. The dwarf genes are so strong that you usually get a dwarf even from a full size girl - though you need a white one, of course, for the best dwarfs are white.'

'Goodness!' exclaimed Ursula, intrigued.

'Oh, you've no idea, Ursula,' the Princess went on, 'how fascinating it is to breed dwarfs from a formerly free white woman - and all the more so if she objects, like this one did and still does.'

'However, those special breeding gloves you saw strapped on her make sure that, hate them or love them, she can't harm the little creatures growing inside her. Indeed, the gloves make sure that she can't do anything for herself now and is utterly dependent on the eunuch in charge of her - just like a brood mare in foal has to be fed and watered by her groom.'

The other women were listening to her, fascinated, as she continued: 'Yes, breeding dwarfs has given me a new interest in life since my husband died. It's very exciting, imposing an unusual motherhood on a reluctant white girl. Moreover, you can still get just as much pleasure out of a girl when she has a nicely curved belly as when she doesn't.'

She pointed to the blushing woman

'Although Greta's not a young girl, this'll be her first maternity. She was very nervous and she's finding it all rather strange. Of course she was deliciously horrified by it all when I told her what was in store for her.'

Emma, too, had been horrified, but not deliciously, as she listened to the Princess. Poor Greta! To be used for breeding dwarfs to amuse her Mistress - at her age! Supposing Ursula was to get the same idea? But, she felt there was little chance of that. Ursula hated the entire male sex far too much to be interested in having any man, even a dwarf, mount one of her precious girls.

She felt desperately sorry for the attractive Scandinavian woman and wondered whether, like herself, she had half willingly fallen into the clutches of her rich Arab Mistress. The woman's next remarks answered her question.

‘I suppose, my dear Ursula, you wonder how I got hold of such a lovely creature as this Greta. It's easy - they come for money! I simply advertise for a governess and offer a very high salary to a well-educated young woman without ties.’

‘Rather like I do,’ laughed Ursula, ‘not that I found Emma like that. I just seduced her – didn’t I, Emma?’

Reluctantly Emma nodded, remembering what a fool she had been to allow herself to fall into the clutches of her ruthless Mistress.

‘Of course, here in North Africa, where fresh black slaves had to be marched right across the Sahara, there’s a long history of breeding them instead. They also bred Haratin or mulatto slaves - often using captured white women who were regarded as producing the best Haratins: boys for labouring on the estates of the rich landowners and pretty dark eyed girls for their harems. So there’s quite a tradition of forced breeding here – including my particular hobby: breeding dwarfs.’

This generated a burst of discussion on the joys and excitements of forced breeding.

‘Well,’ said the Princess, ‘I must remember to bring round my latest acquisition: a quite delightful Austrian divorcee and her equally pretty young daughter. And no family at all to wonder what has happened to them. This was a chance that I could not miss.’

‘A mother and daughter!’ exclaimed another of Ursula’s friends.

‘Yes, ever since the days of the Moorish Barbary Corsairs, sets of beautiful European mothers and daughters have always been sought after here for the harems of the wealthy – and now having such a set of my own, I can certainly see why.’

‘Yes,’ agreed Ursula, ‘it must be very exciting.’

‘It’s more than that: it’s thrilling having a pretty mother and daughter in your power and having them trained to give you pleasure together - even though they hate lesbianism, as these ones do.’

How awful, thought Emma, to talk about grown women in this way.

‘And it was even more exciting when, in front of the horrified mother, I took the daughter’s virginity with my dildo strapped onto my thighs. That really was quite something – with both of them screaming blue murder, to use one of your English expressions ...’

Later Emma saw what the rich Arab woman had meant by an expectant girl still giving as much pleasure to her Mistress, when she and Greta both knelt down under the overhanging table cloth of Ursula's dining room table. Greta’s hands were still in the immobilising gloves, but whilst waiting for the tug on her own collar from Ursula, she saw that Greta’s tongue was already being put to work.

## **9 – BREEDING FROM A WHITE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER**

Emma was really shaken when two days later, the Princess turned up with two figures hidden under black shrouds, guarded by the same black eunuch.

When their shroud-like burkahs were removed, two very pretty blonde haired white women were revealed: the young Austrian mother and her teenage daughter. They had been handcuffed together to prevent them from trying to escape and were also muzzled under their thick veils to prevent them from speaking to each other.

The Arab Princess was very proud of them. She patted their flat little bellies.

‘Although they don’t know it yet, they’ll soon both be due to be paid an interesting little visit by my young dwarf,’ she whispered. ‘He’ll be fascinated when he sees them



both.'

'Both together?' asked one of Ursula's other guests.

'Oh yes! My black eunuch has got their monthly cycles harmonised and they both came into season last week – so they'll very both be ready to conceive on the same day – and my little dwarf is very virile. He'll have no problem in making them both mothers-to-be within minutes of each other.'

She laughed and went on – still in a whisper so that the mother and daughter could not make out what was being said.

'And although they don't know it, my eunuch has put them on a course of fertility pills, so I hope to get valuable twin or triplet little dwarfs from each of them. Perhaps you'd like to come and watch? It's fascinating to see how such a tiny creature can mate with a reluctant and fully-grown white woman. The joys of forced breeding, as my slave owning ancestors would have said!'

Hearing this Emma gave a little shiver of apprehension. Thank Heaven that Ursula would have to return her, unharmed and certainly not carrying dwarfs, to her husband in a few months' time.

Clearly both the mother and the girl were scared stiff of their cruel Mistress, as they stood silently in front of her. They made a fine sight, side by side, a beautiful blond woman with a similarly good-looking teenage daughter.

They were equally scared of their black eunuch overseer, who stood behind them, a little riding whip in one hand, as he proudly held the two women in his other hand by a lead that split into two, with each part separately fastened to a ring on the back of one of their collars.

He took off their muzzles but kept their handcuffs on, when he stripped them to put them under the table with Emma and two more of Ursula's girls - for there were several women for lunch that day.

Emma was also fascinated to see that they had already been trained to work together and that when their Mistress gave a little tug on their lead, that both of them hastened to apply their tongues for their Mistress's greater pleasure.

A few days later the Princess invited Ursula and her friends to lunch.

'I've got something really rather special for you to watch whilst we have lunch,' she explained, 'so bring a negligee you can slip into and a girl to pleasure you.'

Ursula had decided to take Emma. She enjoyed showing off her power over a respectable young married Englishwoman.

Wearing a burkah over her transparent caftan and having to peer through the gauze over her eyes, Emma only had a quick impression of Princess's opulent palace, before being taken indoors by the Dragon.

They were met by the Princess's black eunuch who led them into the harem quarters of the palace. They were very similar to those in Ursula's villa but larger. The black eunuch took off Emma's burkah, then snapped a lead onto her collar and, with a bow, handed the end to Ursula.

Emma thought it was bad enough being controlled by Ursula's harem mistresses, but how much worse it must to have a horrible black eunuch supervising everything you do.

Emma had no racist feelings about black men as such – on the contrary she found many of them interesting and attractive. But these uneducated black eunuchs, with their arrogant air of knowing all about the little foibles and secret desires of white women, were something different and rather frightening. No wonder that for centuries oriental men had used black eunuchs to govern and control their harems.

The eunuch then showed Ursula into a room where Emma undressed her and helped her into a lovely peach coloured satin negligee.

The Princess's other lady friends had already arrived and, controlling Emma by her lead, Ursula joined them in a glass of champagne as they chattered away in their negligees – totally ignoring the girls whose leads they were holding.

Finally, the Princess showed them into what she called her Roman Dining Room. Here groups of couches had been arranged looking down into a small shallow arena, rather like an old-fashioned cock-fighting pit. In it lay something hidden under a large white silken sheet.

By each couch was a table loaded, as in the days of Rome, with delicacies: caviar, delicate vol au vents, fresh dates and figs, strawberries, little silver bowls of yoghurt and, of course, glasses of champagne and a delicious sherbet. Black servant girls were running hither and thither, topping up the dishes. It was the sort of delicious light lunch that appealed to women careful of their figures as they continued to chatter amongst themselves.

As their Mistresses lay back on their couches and delicately gently parted their negligees, their girls, kneeling by their side, gently massaged their bodies or licked their breasts. The Princess's black eunuch then went down into the little arena and bowed to her.

'Time, perhaps, ladies for a little amusement,' the Princess said, nodding to her eunuch.

This was the signal for the guests to further part their negligees and pull their girls' heads down onto their beauty lips. Many of them, including Ursula, had borrowed little whips from the Princess with which they were encouraging their girls to use their tongues properly and on the right places.

Then, with a sudden swishing movement, the black eunuch removed the silken covering.

There were gasps from the guests as two naked figures were revealed, chained down alongside each other, lying on a silk covered palliasse.

Out of the corner of her eye, Emma saw that they were the Austrian mother and daughter. They were gagged and their hands were fastened to the floor behind their heads. Their ankles were held parted with their knees raised. Their exposed beauty lips were delicately painted red and outlined in black and their smooth and hairless mounds covered with elaborately worked designs in henna.

The two chained women raised their heads and looked at the guests in horror and Emma could not help momentarily raising her head and looking down at them in horror, too.

There was sudden crack as a furious Ursula brought her riding whip down across Emma's shoulders. 'Keep your head down, girl,' she cried, 'and concentrate on your work. You're here to give me pleasure, not gaze about the place.'

Emma dutifully resumed work with her tongue. She could hear strokes being applied from other riding whips and similar admonitions from the other guests.

There was a pause and the noise of other tongues being dutifully applied again, too.

The Princess gestured to her black eunuch to remove the two women's gags.

'Mamma, what's going to happen to us,' cried the girl in English – they were not allowed to speak German.

'I don't know darling,' came the reply.

'Shall we tell them about their fate?' Emma heard the Princess ask. There was laughter and eager cries of assent. The Princess turned and looked down into the shallow pit.

‘Let me tell you,’ said the Princess, speaking slowly in English so that they clearly understand what she was saying. ‘You’re both soon ... going to become little ... future mothers.’

‘What?’ cried the daughter.

‘Oh no,’ cried the mother, struggling in vain to free herself from the chains that held her down.

‘Oh yes!’ laughed the Princess, enjoying every moment of the scene. ‘Why do you think you’ve been tied down like that?’

‘But my daughter, she’s only a young girl.’

‘She’s a young woman quite capable of having her first maternity.’

‘Oh my God,’ cried the mother.

‘And what’s more you’ll both be inseminated by the same lover.’

‘Oh no!’ again cried the horrified mother.

‘What does she mean, Mamma?’ asked the daughter.

‘But why?’ shouted the mother. ‘Why do this to us?’

‘Because I’m going to use you both ... to produce ...very special little progenies for me.’

There was a horrified silence. How awful, Emma was thinking, especially for the daughter.

‘Well, would you both like to meet your ardent lover – the father of your future little progeny?’ she heard the Princess ask with a cruel laugh.

Emma heard the Princess say something in Arabic to her black eunuch overseer. She heard him leave the room and then, moments later, there was a rattling of chains as he returned to be greeted with gasps of astonishment and then claps of applause, punctuated by screams of horror and protest from the mother and daughter.

Emma could not resist taking a quick look at what was going on. Then she, too, could hardly stifle a gasp of astonishment, for there, being led by the black eunuch, was a strange little creature, crawling on all fours.

He was naked except for a dog collar round his neck to which his lead was attached. He was a dwarf with a tiny body and a large normal size head - and the rattling noise came from manacle chains that linked his wrists and ankles.

Shaken by the sight, Emma hastily lowered her head again to resume her task before an angry Ursula started to use her whip again. But she could not help taking more quick glances to see what was happening.

Pulling on his lead like a dog in the presence of a bitch on heat, the dwarf was crawling eagerly towards the shallow arena which contained two beautiful and naked women, who were being offered to him helpless on their backs. Emma noticed that excited by this enticing sight, his small manhood was rapidly coming into erection.

The black eunuch eased the lead and the dwarf jumped down eagerly into the shallow arena, followed more decorously by the eunuch. The dwarf crawled up between the outstretched legs of the daughter. The eunuch used the lead to hold him back so that he could only reach the girl’s tantalising beauty lips with his mouth.

Emma could taste Ursula’s juices running as the dwarf began to lick the girl. Evidently the dwarf knew what he was doing for soon he had parted the girl’s beauty lips with his manacled hands to get at her beauty bud. Before long the desperately embarrassed girl was moaning with desire as he sucked and licked.

Then the eunuch pulled the dwarf back and let him repeat the process on the mother, lying, chained and helpless, by her daughter’s side. Soon she, too, to her shame found herself unable to resist the incessant tickling of the dwarf’s tongue.

‘So you both find the lover I have chosen for you to be irresistible, do you?’

laughed the Princess.

‘Take him away! Take him away!’ cried the daughter, her ardour slightly diminishing now that she was no longer being subjected to the little creature’s remarkably long tongue.

‘Well, we’ll soon see about that,’ replied the Princess. ‘Put him back to the girl,’ she ordered. Soon the daughter was again moaning and crying out in unrestrained delight.

The eunuch looked quizzically at the Princess, who nodded her approval. Yes, the girl was now sufficiently aroused for an easy penetration leading to a good conception.

The eunuch eased the dwarf’s lead and with a rush he leapt up onto her belly. It was a strange sight with the little creature’s head only reaching her breasts as his manhood began to thrust in and out of her beauty lips.

The girl’s screams mixed with those of her mother. She desperately tried in vain to shake him off as he gripped her by the hips. It soon became evident that the more she struggled the more the dwarf became excited – as did the watching guests.

Again the black eunuch looked enquiringly at the Princess. She hesitated for a moment. Yes, she thought, the girl was ready to conceive. She nodded and the eunuch relaxed his hold on the dwarf’s lead to allow a deeper penetration.

‘Now, ladies,’ announced the Princess in an excited tone of voice, ‘here comes the *moment critique*.’

Seconds later the haunches of the little dwarf began to quiver.

‘Take it!’ shouted the Princess, with a contented smile. ‘Take my dwarf’s fertilising seed.’

There was a scream from the girl as she suddenly felt the slippery seed shooting up inside her - and a desperate cry of protest from the mother. It was a sight that was bringing Ursula to a climax – as the licking Emma realised only too well.

‘Suck it, Emma!’ cried Ursula hoarsely. There were similar cries from the other guests.

‘Enjoy yourselves, ladies!’ laughed the Princess – delighted to have to have put on such a successful entertainment for her guests.

The eunuch pulled the dwarf back – his manhood now only half erect.

‘Now, girl,’ called out the Princess in a cruel tone of voice, ‘conception is taking place inside you. And as, unknown to you, you’ve been on a course of fertility pills, there’s every chance your now conceiving twin, or even triplet, pretty little dwarfs - for me.’

‘No! No!’ cried the girl.

‘No! No!’ cried her mother.

‘Oh yes!’ laughed the Princess. She turned to her guests: ‘The moment of truth – and how they hate it!’

The girl started to wriggle madly in a vain attempt to expel the dwarf’s seed. It was sight that was enough to bring Ursula over the top and her juices exploded into Emma’s mouth.

‘Well,’ went on the Princess a few moments later, ‘we’ll leave them there as conception takes place and as our very virile lover boy is made ready for a repeat performance on the girl’s mother. Meanwhile, ladies, enjoy a little more caviar – you’ll find it soon restores your libido, ready for the next act in our little show.’

Down in the shallow pit, the eunuch covered both women again with the big white silken sheet. From under it came anxious little whisperings and wriggling.

Soon the guests, their faces still flushed with excitement, were tucking into the caviar and discussing in admiring tones what they had just witnessed.

The eunuch put a bowl of a restoring liquid down in front of the little dwarf who

began to lap it up eagerly.

When he had finished, the eunuch again drew back the silken sheet. The dwarf began to look up at the inviting beauty lips of the mother. Just as the Princess had forecast, it was not long before his little manhood was again erect and ready.

Again the eunuch directed his tongue to arousing the mother. Soon she was once again writhing in her chains and crying out in a humiliating mixture of despair and desire.

‘Lick!’ ordered Ursula, giving Emma a sharp tap with her cane

Before long the little creature had mounted her, lying on her belly with his manhood thrusting in and out, in and out. Again Emma’s tongue felt her Mistress’s juices running.

Watching the performing little dwarf carefully, the eunuch suddenly brought his riding whip down across the dwarf’s buttocks. It was just what was needed. The little creature bucked and with a cry thrust deeper into the beautiful Austrian mother.

‘Take it!’ cried the Princess. ‘Take it and conceive –just as your daughter has done.’

A few days later the Princess swept proudly into another of Ursula’s lunch parties.

‘They’ve both tested positive!’ she announced. ‘My pretty European mother and daughter are both carrying the progeny of my young dwarf.’

There were eager cries of congratulation.

‘Thank you. Thank you. And before long, my eunuch will be able to use his scanner to see how many little embryos each is carrying.’

### **PART III**

#### **HAREM LIFE**

##### **10 - JEALOUSY, FRUSTRATION AND THE CANE!**

The all-female atmosphere of Ursula's harem, Emma realised, certainly brought out one feminine trait: jealousy. The harem system, of course, often resulted in encouraging frustrated young women to fall in love with their Masters - often a much older man, but the only man they were ever allowed to see and speak to.

In Ursula's harem, however, the girls did not have even one man to see, dream and fantasize about, or to please. Ursula had achieved her dream: a society in which girls did not see a single man. They dreamt and fantasized only about her, and pleased only her - and occasionally one of her women friends.

However, in Ursula’s harem the girls were as madly jealous of each other and anxious to please their owner, as were the women in a man's harem - even if none of them were naturally inclined to lesbianism or to their own sex.

In a man's harem, the women were driven towards lesbianism by the absence of more than one man - though the eunuchs would make sure that their mutual feelings were never consummated and instead sublimated into a longing for their, often elderly, Master.

Similarly, in Ursula's harem, the absence of any men at all drove, with a little assistance from the Dragon 's cane, even normal girls like Karen, Monique and Daphne, into longing for their Mistress's arms and into being even more jealous of each other.

Emma soon found that she was no exception - she too found herself becoming madly jealous of the other beautiful girls in the harem, as she competed with them daily for Ursula's favours. She had, she remembered, been jealous of Ursula's other girls back in London and of the lovely American woman. But that was nothing as compared with the continual mutual jealousy that now consumed her and her companions, as they competed to catch their Mistress's eye.

It was, moreover, a jealousy that it amused Ursula to encourage in several clever ways.

Whenever Ursula was enjoying herself with one of her girls in her bedroom, a red flashing light would show in the harem. This was the signal for all the other girls to go and lie down in the dormitory in complete silence. Inevitably, their thoughts were now dominated about thinking about what was going on in the bedroom, and wondering equally jealously if their companion had had her chastity belt taken off - and if so whether she had been allowed a little pleasure.

The Dragon kept a record in her private book of every time Ursula allowed a girl relief. She would frequently show it to Ursula and discuss with her both the sexuality of each girl and the number of orgasms each should be allowed to reach. The girls were not allowed to see it and each frustrated young woman was convinced that the other girls had been allowed to yield to their Mistress more often than she had.

It was clearly a system that worked very well from Ursula's point of view.

Emma indeed found that, like the others, she would be jealously thinking, whenever the red light was flashing, of how she could have pleased her Mistress more than the girl that had been chosen. She would be furious with herself at not having done more to try and catch her Mistress's eye. Desperate, like the other girls, to be noticed, Emma was continually trying to make herself more beautiful, more alluring and more amusing than the others.

Equally, like the other girls, she would be constantly looking in the mirror and trying out new make-up, new hairstyle, new more coquettish ways of laughing and smiling, new ways of looking, talking and behaving like a little girl, and yet also new ways of walking and moving more provocatively.

The flashing red light certainly made each girl reflect on her failure and how unfair it was that she had not been chosen. It also further aroused each girl's jealousy.

Ursula knew that when a girl returned to the harem from her bedroom, the other girls would crowd round her. Under the approving eye of the Dragon, they would listen breathlessly, as in man's harem, as the lucky girl proudly gave an often highly exaggerated account of what had happened.

She would proudly describe not only how she had brought her Mistress to what Ursula had said were new heights of exquisite delight, but also how her Mistress had also allowed her to have pleasure as well - something which the smiling Dragon knew was blatantly untrue.

Enjoying her moment of glory, the lucky girl would look in a superior way down at the other still frustrated girls. They would be listening both eagerly and jealously to what she was saying.

Indeed since any talk about men was strictly forbidden by the Dragon, the normal topic of conversation in the harem was of memories of pleasing their Mistress. Each girl would be listening carefully, thinking of how she might improve her performance when she was next summoned to Ursula.

It would, each girl realised, have been more sensible to have kept quiet and not tell the others of her own little tricks and ways of thrilling her Mistress. But, as the wise Dragon knew, the temptation amongst the girls to show off was too strong. Each girl

found herself trying to make the others accept her superiority as an accomplished concubine. Each was trying to show that she was her Mistress's favourite.

Ursula also used the cage hanging in her bedroom to heighten her girls' jealousy of each other - and hence their eagerness to please her all the more. It amused her to have one girl in the cage whilst she was being pleased by another. The girl in the cage would be driven almost out of her mind with jealousy. Of course, it also served to drive the girl in her bed to perform even better, since she knew that at any moment she might be replaced by the girl in the cage.

Sometimes it would amuse Ursula to have the curtains drawn round the cage. The girl could then hear and jealously imagine what was going on, but not see it.

Several times Emma had found herself in this situation, furiously jealous as she heard one of the girls giving Ursula pleasure. She would be longing and hoping that the other girl might annoy Ursula by slackening off at a critical moment and that she might then be taken out of the cage and given the chance of showing off her skill in bed.

But usually her mere presence was enough to drive the other girl on and on and it would be a still frustrated little Emma who would have to crawl back into the harem with her happily smiling companion and then listen to her showing off to the others.

Another little game that Ursula liked to play with her girls was to have one of them kept in the bathroom next to her bedroom. Not merely did the girl have to attend on her Mistress, or a visiting woman friend, whenever she carried out her natural functions, she also had to arouse and prepare her Mistress before she enjoyed another girl and to wash and clean her afterwards.

All this would arouse terrible feelings of jealousy, as did having to listen to their love-making through the open door. It was a task for which Emma was constantly chosen.

Another cause of jealousy, this time amongst the four older girls, was young Mary. None of the girls were naturally interested in their own sex. If they had not been incarcerated in Ursula's harem, without ever seeing any man, they would probably have paid no attention at all to the pretty little Irish girl. But kept desperately frustrated, as they were, each found the presence of the innocent young girl to be a disturbing influence.

Each girl found her own reason for regarding Mary as her special concern. Karen felt that, as the oldest girl, she was entitled to look after the young girl, whilst Emma felt that as another Irishwoman, she had prior rights. Daphne and Monique both simply found themselves desiring Mary as much as the other older girls did.

It was of course a common desire that the Dragon and the chastity belts made certain was never consummated by more than a chaste kiss or a little tweak to the young girl's nipples.

But even this was enough to ensure that each of the older girls were jealous of each other over Mary, as well as over Ursula. It also ensured that they were jealous of Ursula's exclusive use of the girl. The usual little sighs of disappointment turned to growls of jealousy whenever Mary was chosen by Ursula for her bed. To be put into the cage when Ursula was enjoying the younger girl in her bed was particularly poignant - as Ursula well knew.

Normally the girls secretly rather enjoyed it when one of their rivals was ordered to be beaten for some minor offence. But they felt quite differently when it was Mary who was going to be beaten. They all hated it and hated having to watch it. Each girl's heart went out to the pretty little thing. When it was all over, they would fight to cradle the sobbing young girl in their arms and to rub away the pain of the cane on the girl's soft little bottom - and to kiss and caress her rosy nipples.

Ursula was well aware, of course, of the feeling of her older girls towards her little Irish former virgin. Sometimes if they had annoyed her in some way, perhaps not being sufficiently submissive in front of her women friends, she would order Mary to be thrashed simply as a way of asserting her power and authority over all her girls. It was a very effective way of doing so.

On one occasion Ursula had become dissatisfied with the combined efforts of Emma and Daphne, both of whom she had taken into her bed to please her whilst she had her siesta. Instead of having them both beaten, she had lifted the phone and ordered the Dragon to bring little Mary into her bedroom to be beaten.

The poor girl's cries as she was given six strokes of the cane as a punishment for the lack of zeal of Emma and Daphne shamed these two into really applying themselves to their Mistress's pleasure. They even felt that they had deserved the six strokes that they learnt, on their return to the harem, that each was to be given that evening in the presence of Mary.

Indeed, if anyone had asked Emma for her brief over-riding impression after a month in Ursula's harem, then her reply would certainly have been: 'Jealousy, Frustration and the Cane'.

They would have been sentiments that both Ursula and the Dragon would have welcomed with delight, as proof that their system was working well.

## **11 – LIFE WITHOUT MEN**

Ursula was very busy painting every morning but Fridays, the Moslem Sabbath, was a holiday and she would go and join her friends at a swimming club at one of the big hotels, where she rented a chalet near the pool. She sometimes took one of the girls with her. This was regarded as a great treat since it was the only time that they were allowed out of the harem. None of the girls dared say so, of course, but it was also a chance to at least see a man!

Emma had been shut up in the harem for nearly a month when the Dragon told her that, for the first time, she was on the short list to accompany her Mistress the following Friday.

It had been a month of intense devotion to Ursula, driven on as she was by her desperate frustration and by the complete absence of even seeing a photograph of a man, any man, or of reading about one, never mind actually seeing one or hearing a man's voice.

She could not help thinking about Henry. He had dominated her, it was true, but only really in the bedroom and she had enjoyed that. But Ursula's control over her was something quite different, far more absolute and total.

She resented it bitterly and yet it made her regard Ursula with increasingly passionate love. Perhaps the main reason was simple: only Ursula could give permission for the removal of her hated chastity belt and thus Ursula was the only person who could permit her any sexual relief.

There was a chance that she might for a few hours actually be allowed to see something of the outside world - and, according to the other girls, the actual sight of bronzed young men in bathing trunks. She had never considered that such a prospect would really excite her - but goodness, she thought, it did now!

Traditionally, it had been the custom in North Africa for a female slave to be branded or tattooed with the mark of her owner. This was partly to ensure that if she escaped she would be returned to her rightful owner. But it was also to make the slave,



particularly young European ones, captured in the days of yore by the Barbary pirates based in the Moorish port of Sallee, to realise deep down inside her that she was now an owned slave, with the status of little more than that of an animal.

Ursula had naturally been attracted by the idea of carrying on this rule, which was still widespread in many real harems, even though slavery had officially been abolished.

For the time being, however, she had compromised by making it a strict rule that no girl was ever to leave the harem and her palace unless, as well as wearing her chastity belt, she had also been temporarily marked with the emblem of her Mistress's initials, 'U de F', in a distinctive diamond-shaped surround, together with the girl's police registration number.

This was done by putting a transfer onto the girl's right breast, above the nipple and on the back of the left hand, using a special liquid. It lasted a week to ten days.

That was long enough, Ursula reasoned, for an escaping girl to be picked up and returned to her, irrespective of what cock and bull story they might try to tell. All her girls were registered with the police as only allowed to stay in North Africa if working for her and Registered Servants were liable to be arrested if ever found out alone, or travelling, without their employer's permission - and everyone knew that a reward would be paid for their return.

So it was that one Friday morning, Emma found herself in the palace garden that she had not seen since the day of her arrival - and being hustled into the same Mercedes car.

This time, however, she was dressed as an Arab servant girl, covered from head to foot in a grey loose robe with only a lace grille in front of her face to peer through. No one would ever have guessed that underneath this voluminous shroud was a very pretty Anglo-Irish woman, stark naked, except for her cunning chastity belt.

Even Emma's hands had been gloved to prevent the sight of her hands from arousing true believers of the Moslem faith and her ankles were hidden in ugly boots. A slim chain joined her left wrist to the Dragon's right wrist.

Once again she had to sit on the little folding servant's seat whilst Ursula and the Dragon reclined in comfort. Once again therefore she could not see out properly and indeed did not dare to try to do so, keeping her eyes to the floor whilst Ursula chatted to the Dragon about the friends she was expecting to meet her and to whom she would show off her smart new swimming costumes. Emma knew that she was to remain shrouded and veiled even in the hotel, as befitted an Arab servant girl.

Not until they arrived at Ursula's little cabin with its veranda, was Emma's almost invisible little wrist chain removed. Her duties, she had been told, were to assist Ursula into her many different swimming suits; to make sure that she was properly dried after each swim; given a dry costume to change into: and to wait silently on Ursula and her guests. Under no circumstances must she open her mouth or show her face.

Poor Emma, hot and flustered under her heavy loose robe, was deeply affected by the sight of all the many gorgeous men and women whom she could see through the little lace grille, swimming in the clear cool water and parading around the large pool in fashionable swimming suits. How she longed to be allowed to join them! But there was no release.

'Hurry up, girl,' Ursula said, as Emma carefully undressed her and slipped the new swimming costume up over her slender hips and small breasts. Emma was shaking from nervousness and caught some strands of Ursula's hair in the neck strap.

'You stupid clumsy girl,' raged Ursula as she turned to the Dragon. 'Make sure this

girl gets three black marks when she gets back - for not paying proper attention when she's attending on her Mistress.'

Then she glided out majestically to greet her guests, leaving Emma almost in tears behind her veil at the thought of the painful punishment which awaited her.

But worse was to follow for, unaccustomed to her voluminous robe, she slipped and poured a glass of orange juice over the legs of one of the women guests who was reclining on a sun bed. That little episode earned her another three black marks and she now regretted ever having been chosen to accompany Ursula to this hotel pool.

When she had a few minutes to herself, she looked admiringly at the slender tanned bodies of numerous young women and with increasing interest at the many handsome young men. One of these came over to greet Ursula and was invited to sit down and have a drink.

Ursula was watching the veiled Emma carefully as she silently brought the drink on a tray to the young man. Emma was aware of Ursula's gaze and terrified lest she earn any more black marks. But she could not help her gloved hand from accidentally touching his shoulder as she served the handsome and muscular young man. It was the first time that she had been so close to a half naked man for months.

The young man suddenly gripped her arm to prevent her slipping again. It was the first time a man had touched her since being in Bruges with Henry. She caught her breath under the veil. She suddenly felt terribly excited. Overwhelmed with shame, she smelt her own arousal under her wretched chastity belt.

None of this was missed by Ursula who quietly hissed at her: 'Another six strokes!' and then turned smilingly to the young man, an Englishman and, indicating Emma, asked innocently: 'Well what do you think of our Moorish girls?'

Before he could reply she turned to Emma and speaking slowly in English, as if to a foreigner: 'Take off your gloves girl. You need not keep them on here.'

Blushing deeply under her veil, Emma reluctantly drew off the big shapeless gloves. Desperately she put her right hand over the back of her left one to hide the shame-making mark of Ursula's initials and her police registration number from the eyes of the young man. She was not particularly worried about Ursula's women friends. They all knew or guessed her identity. But not the young man!

Maliciously Ursula told her to pick up a towel lying in front of him. He could not have helped seeing Ursula's well-known mark on the back of her hand. He turned away – uninterested in an evident Moorish servant girl. It was a moment of bitter degradation for Emma. She felt almost worse about that than about the caning she knew awaited her on her return to the harem.

How could she have allowed herself to be so stupid? She had behaved like an alley-cat - and right in front of Ursula! She remembered the punishment and brain-washing that had followed her meetings with Henry in London.

She also remembered, with a shiver, what had happened after an incident with a young man in Bournemouth and her terrifying ordeal after Ursula had beaten the truth out of her about meeting Henry in Bruges - a meeting that had lead to her even more terrifying ordeal at the so-called finishing school in France.

Yet despite all these past efforts by Ursula to put her completely off men, she had been unable to prevent her body from reacting with lust at the mere touch of this young man.

Not surprisingly, Emma had a feeling of dread later that afternoon when the heavy big harem door closed again behind her. The Dragon unlocked her wrist chain, took off her shroud and led her into the bathroom.

The Dragon always made the girls wash their mouths out with soap if she ever caught them saying even the name of a man. She grimly took off Emma's chastity belt and told Miss Marbar to douche with nasty burning Lysol that part of her body that had behaved so badly in the presence of the young man.

It was indeed a very frightened and contrite Emma who then, dressed as a little girl, joined the other girls for their afternoon dolls tea party. At least, she thought, as she dressed her pretty little doll in its prettiest frock, this would all take her mind off her forthcoming caning.

However the news that Emma had actually seen and touched a man and was going to be punished for disgracing herself in front of Ursula, had spread like wildfire in the harem.

'What was he like?' they whispered as they poured cups of tea for their dolls and pretended to compare their dresses. 'Was he good looking? Was he big and strong? Had he only been wearing bathing trunks? And if so had she seen how big his ...'

They were the questions of healthy young women deprived of the company of young men. But they had then stopped abruptly when Mary, the young Irish girl, arrived. Having been kept in her convent since she had been a child, she had only the vaguest idea of the facts of life and Ursula wanted her kept that way. Woe betide any of the girls who ever told her about men's revolting manhoods.

'But I don't understand, why should he have such a big bulge in the front of his trunks,' she asked innocently. 'We don't have one, do we?'

Remembering Ursula's warning, the other girls changed the subject quickly.

'It must have been terrible for you being so near to this handsome young man in front of Ursula,' Monique murmured sympathetically. 'And now you're going to be caned this evening in front of us. Poor you! I'm sure I would have reacted just like you did.'

'So you still like men?' whispered Emma. She looked around to make sure they were out of earshot of the Dragon.

'Oh, yes,' Monique whispered back, 'I still like men all right. I have to love Ursula, but I still prefer men! You see, I was a beauty consultant in Paris and I had lots of boyfriends. I wasn't the least bit interested in women. But Ursula had seen me at several parties and seemed very interested in me. I was trying to get over an unhappy love affair, when Ursula suggested that I should come and stay with her here. She said it would be much easier if officially I was working for her - then I could stay on if I wanted to. Like a fool I believed her.'

'Not until I got here did I learn, like you, that having a work permit meant that you can't leave the country without the permission of your employer. So here I am a prisoner in Ursula's harem and even if I escape I can't leave the country and I am liable to be arrested by the police and returned to Ursula. Yes, it's certainly the nearest thing to slavery.'

Just then Ursula came into the harem. It often amused her to see her concubines dressed like little girls and having to play with their dolls under the watchful eye of the Dragon. She would stand discussing the girls with her and then go and sit on her special chair. There, she would call the girls over one by one to come and sit on her lap and show off the dresses that they had made for their little dolls, lisping like real little girls as they did so.

It was a worrying experience for the girls as they wriggled on Ursula's lap, for the failure to lisp and act the part of a little girl would result in black marks being awarded. But it was also a chance for each girl to look as appealing and winsome as possible, so as to try and attract Ursula's attention and hopefully be chosen for her bed that night.

When it was Emma's turn to sit on her lap, Ursula patted her hair and said: 'I hear you've been a naughty little girl, Emma! I'm going to enjoy coming to watch you being caned.'

'Oh please, Madam, please don't have me beaten,' she lisped desperately. 'I didn't mean to be naughty. I do love you - and only you.'

'Yes, little Emma, I'm sure you do,' said Ursula with a cruel little smile, 'but you'll love your Mistress even more after you've had a good thrashing.'

How true that was, thought Emma bitterly a few hours later as she crawled to Ursula's feet, her soft bottom still on fire from the caning that the Dragon had given her and pressed her lips to Ursula's foot. Thrilled, she felt her Mistress stroke her hair.

'Let this little creature crawl through the trap door into the cage in my bedroom,' Emma heard Ursula say to the Dragon. 'I'm going out to a big dinner party tonight and I want her ready and keyed up. I shall enjoy the party all the more knowing what is waiting for me on my return - and knowing that it is in my little cage with a well striped little bottom.'

With a strange mixture of cruelty and affection, Ursula went on stroking Emma's hair and then abruptly kicked her away.

'Go on, crawl into the cage, little bitch - and get ready to please your Mistress as you've never pleased her before.'

Driven on by fear of the cane and genuine adoration for her Mistress, Emma did please Ursula that night.

But Ursula would have been most concerned during the subsequent days and nights if she had known what Emma was thinking about the whole time as she lay frustrated under her chastity belt by the side of the pool, or as she lay equally frustrated on her back in bed at night.

She was not day-dreaming about her beloved Mistress and her tall slim body. Nor was she day-dreaming about her beautiful companions who lay alongside her by the pool or in the big harem dormitory bed.

No, she was thinking, over and over again, about that handsome muscular young man at Ursula's cabin by the hotel swimming pool and in particular about the big prominent bulge in the front of his swimming trunks. When she fell asleep, she dreamt of what lay beneath the trunks and would wake up feeling more frustrated than ever.

In London she had served Ursula largely as a maid servant. This did at least allow her to see and occasionally talk to men - quite apart from the escapades with Henry.

But here she had been denied any sight or contact with a man, any photograph of a man, any description in a book or magazine of a man, any sight of a man on the television, and not even allowed to hear a man's voice on the radio or on a recording.

At least in a real harem, the girls were saw their Master. In Ursula's harem they did not even enjoy that. Ursula was the Master!

No wonder the sight of the handsome young man in his bulging trunks had made such an impression.

But it was not a sight that Ursula had been happy about, even if she did enjoy occasionally teasing her frustrated girls with the distant view of handsome young men from her chalet near the hotel swimming pool. The visit of the young man to the chalet itself had been unexpected and unintentional. Ursula had determined not to allow it to happen again when she had one of her girls with her!

## 12 – ENTER THE CAID

Emma's prowess as an Arab dancing girl was coming on fast. Her childhood ballet training helped enormously in giving her the grace and suppleness that forms such an inherent part of oriental dancing.

The hours that she had been forced to spend rubbing her belly against the oily post in the French training school had also developed her stomach muscles considerably. This had been intended, of course, to enable her to give a woman greater pleasure whilst writhing under her, but it now also enabled her to put on a very fair impression of an Eastern belly dancer.

She had also developed a good girlish Arab singing voice - though she had no idea of the meaning of the, often lewd, words she had been taught to sing in both Arabic and French.

Her chastity belt removed, she was fast becoming the star of the little after dinner entertainments with which Ursula liked to amuse her guests. In particular, her dance of the seven veils, in which she ended up stark naked and yet still had to go on dancing, was very popular.

Emma hated this dance and its long drawn out finale in which, she had to mime reaching a climax with her glistening sex lips showing her genuine state of arousal. However she knew that the slightest failure to please would result in the application of the Dragon's cane to her backside - often in front of the guests.

Another favourite dance she had to perform was one in which she was dressed only in a ring of long ribbons which were clipped onto a ring fastened round her neck, with the ends flowing down over her shoulders, breasts, bottom and thighs down to the ground.

As the taped Arabic music progressed she would have to unfasten the ribbons, one by one and drop them on the floor whilst thrusting her hips backwards and forwards - again in a mime of sexual love - until the last ribbon fell to the ground. Once again, she had then to continue her lewd dance, stark naked, for several moments more whilst the sweat ran down her back and between her shoulders.

It was not only Arab dancing that she was made to perform, however, but also, since she had been ballet trained, a simple ballet dance. For this she was dressed only in a white tutu and ballet shoes - and nothing else - so that once again her little bare and now well powdered body lips were constantly on display, as well as her breasts, as she pirouetted, posed and spun round and round.

It was one such dinner party that one of Ursula's women friends, unexpectedly brought along as her guest, not another woman with the same tastes as them all, but a Moorish Caïd, the Governor of a province and a man of great influence.

Dressed in a spotless white *gandoora* that reached to the ground and with a hood that covered the top of his head, he looked the very image of what he was: a tribal chieftain, who by a mixture of cunning, cruelty and ruthlessness had reached the very top.

He was a man of about fifty with a small black beard, a hooked nose and expressionless eyes. He was indeed a repulsive and frightening figure, particularly to a European woman - and yet his cruel and expressionless face made him somehow attractive in a perverse sort of way.

'Why have you brought this man?' hissed Ursula when she saw him arrive with her friend.

'He simply insisted on coming when he heard you lived in this palace,' explained

the friend hastily. 'Apparently he knew it well formerly and said that he was eager to see what changes you had made. He's a terribly important person and has had foreigners who offended him jailed and thrown out of the country. So I did not dare to refuse to bring him along. Keep him sweet - if you want to go on living here! He'll probably leave before dinner.'

But the Caid, whilst complimenting Ursula on the way she had modernised the palace, showed no sign of wanting to leave. Indeed he clearly enjoyed being the only man present.

'I wonder what you have done with the former harem quarters?' he asked in good French. 'They should be filled with pretty girls.'

'Perhaps they are,' laughed Ursula, wondering how much he knew. She remembered her friend's whispered warning of the man's importance. She did not dare offend him now by cancelling the dances. 'Would you like them to dance for you after dinner? I had arranged for them to do so before I knew you were coming.'

'That would be very satisfactory,' the Caid answered gravely. 'Please do not change your plans on my account.'

So it was that Emma, performing her little ballet, naked except for her tutu, was horrified to see that, as well as Ursula's usual coterie of like-minded women, a frightening-looking Moorish man was watching her closely with a lustful expression on his bearded face.

However, deprived as she had been of the sight of men, she could not help also feeling rather excited at having to dance almost naked in front of one. Moreover, he was clearly fascinated by the sight of a European girl dancing on her toes - and by her bare breasts and the glimpses from under the tutu of her equally naked little bottom and body lips.

As she finally lowered herself gracefully to the floor in a gesture of humility and submissiveness, he applauded loudly. He beckoned her to come and sit at his feet.

Emma, taken aback and terrified of infuriating her Mistress yet again with a man, looked at Ursula imploringly, as if asking what to do. To her great surprise Ursula gave a little gesture of acquiescence.

It was, indeed, very difficult for Ursula to have done anything else without insulting this very influential man. However, she bit her lips in inward rage as Emma dutifully sat at the Caid's feet, looking up at him with carefully concealed repugnance.

As the Caid watched the other girls perform, he absent-mindedly stroked one of Emma's breasts, whilst talking to his hostess about Moorish politics and the importance of foreign residents not offending the regime in any way. As Emma felt herself becoming excited by the Caid's hands, he continued to talk to the increasingly concerned Ursula.

He spoke of the growing fundamentalist movement and the strict curbs it was placing on women. To Ursula's alarm he even mentioned how lesbianism was against the tenets of the Moslem faith, whilst also saying that no one minded, of course, what went on inside a private house - provided the fundamentalists did not get to hear about it.

He told Ursula of how two foreign women, notorious lesbians who had paraded their affection for each other in public, had been seized by the fundamentalists and publicly thrashed. Ursula gave a little shudder of fear on hearing this story.

'But, Mademoiselle,' he reassured the worried Ursula, 'you need not worry - whilst you are under the protection of people like me. I shall speak to the police to ensure that you and your friends are properly protected.'

Ursula, greatly relieved, was expressing her gratitude to this important man, when

the Dragon came to take Emma away so that she could get ready for her next dance. She was to perform her full repertoire that evening. Indeed as the evening went on the Caid became more and more taken by Emma. When finally, after her ribbon dance, she had crawled to his feet, he had turned to Ursula.

‘I want this girl in my harem. I am returning to my estates tomorrow, my black eunuchs will collect her in the morning,’ he said in an offhand tone.

Ursula could not believe the man's insolence. The situation was incredible! She was completely taken aback and also shocked at her own stupidity at allowing her girls to dance for this awful, but important man. She felt helpless. What could she do to prevent him from taking Emma?

‘But, Your Excellency,’ she stammered anxious not to offend him. ‘She is a married woman, an English girl who is staying with me for a year, whilst her husband is abroad.’

‘A year,’ repeated the Caid his eyes gleaming – a lot could happen to a woman in a year.

‘So,’ he went on, ‘she has a husband too! In Moorish eyes that makes her all the more interesting. Taking a woman for your harem, whilst keeping her husband in your dungeons and only feeding him after his wife has performed well in your bed, is an old Moorish custom. A pity he is not here to taste the sordid delights and darkness of my dungeons.’

‘No, no, you can't have her,’ gasped Ursula.

‘Or perhaps in this case,’ went on the Caid imperturbably, ‘it might be more suitable to have you in the dungeon. Have you ever seen a dungeon in a Moorish castle? The rats have to be seen to be believed, and as for the scorpions and visiting snakes ...’

‘No! No!’ cried Ursula in genuine terror.

‘Perhaps we could do a deal,’ smiled the Caid cruelly. ‘I will keep the girl and return her to you in time to be restored to her husband. There! That seems a very generous compromise by me. For understand, one thing, Mademoiselle,’ said the Caid in a harsh voice, ‘I want that girl and if I don't get her then I shall denounce you to the fundamentalists who will undoubtedly have you flogged.’

‘Oh!’ cried Ursula, not knowing what to say.

‘So that's settled,’ said the Caid getting up to leave. ‘Have the girl ready tomorrow morning. She will not need any luggage! I promise I will return her to you. And in exchange you will have my protection.’

Ursula did not know whether to be relieved or furious, but the next morning she had a tearful farewell with the incredulous Emma as she explained that she was going to the Caid's harem –hopefully only for a few weeks.

‘But I love you,’ Emma had cried piteously.

‘Yes, I know, little Emma, and you'll soon be back with me. But, meanwhile, there's just no alternative.’ ...

**CONTINUED IN BOOK TWO –  
IN THE POWER OF THE CAID**