



His Harem

Part 1

An Erotic Mini Series

Amelia Stark



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His Harem: Part One.

An Erotic Mini-Series – The Concubine.

By Amelia Stark

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One ~ Departure.

The Emirates' first-class departure lounge was an amazing experience in comparison to the uncomfortable hours I spent at Heathrow in the past. My journey started when a chauffeur driven Mercedes collected me from my flat in Oxford and brought me to the airport. So, on arrival, I was overwhelmed by the trouble my prospective employer had gone to, just to get me to the airport; and I hadn't even taken off for Dubai.

An hour sitting in the soft leather rear seat, was a heady experience and gave me time to reflect on whether I was making a mistake by going to Dubai. My attitude was, why not? I had nothing else to do, except keep searching for a job in England. Some friends who were frustrated in their search for a well-paid position had the cheek to warn me about Arab sheiks!

I wasn't the most travelled person on the planet, so I was determined to at least see what was involved in the vacancy. An eight-and-a-half-hour journey awaited me, then four nights in luxury accommodation, before I returned to England, or not, as the case may be. Everything hinged on an interview with Sheik Salim Husni, an oil rich businessman who had a vacancy for an assistant linguist/interpreter.

Of course, I wasn't expecting to meet the man himself, but I hoped I would, after looking him up on the internet. Only 42, he was, in my opinion, an incredibly handsome man and although he was married – he had three wives – he had a reputation for stepping off the sidewalk (One of my father's favourite sayings).

I had just graduated from Oxford with a linguistic BA Honour Degree. I had also taken an Asian studies course, specializing in economic and trade relations. The job offer came out of the blue when I was struggling to find a position in my chosen field.

I was contacted through one of the professors at the university. When I followed it up and attended the first interview, I was amazed at how relaxed the questioning was. It helped that the panel consisted of three women, one of whom was a wife of Sheik Husni's.

I was even more surprised to get a letter telling me I had passed and Husni Oil wanted me to attend a final interview in Dubai. The entire trip was all expenses paid and included £500 spending money. Even if I didn't get the job – nothing was guaranteed – I would treat the short visit as a learning experience and enjoy myself knowing that the multinational company had paid for the trip.

I had additional qualifications which impressed the panel in London. I'm fluent in Chinese and Japanese, due to my unusual parentage. My Japanese father was married to my English mother until I was six. He then married my stepmother who is Chinese. I've lived in the UK all my life – 23 years – but my parents went to live in Japan after I had spent a year at university.

The tannoy announced that Flight EK5 was ready for boarding, so I quickly drank what was left of my gin and tonic, picked up my bags and headed for the exit. The first-class departure lounge had its own private gate. A young woman in a classy uniform examined my ticket and gave me a smile.

"Have an enjoyable flight, Miss Hattori."

"Thanks..." I looked around and only spotted one other passenger approaching, a blonde-haired young woman wheeling a small bag like mine. "Um, this is a lot different from what I'm used to. Where are all the passengers?"

“Not many passengers get tickets for a special flight like this one, Miss.”

The approaching young woman stopped beside me and held her ticket out. The attentive attendant took it and studied the strip of card.

“I didn’t know this was a special flight,” I continued.

“Yes, it’s very special. The plane bears the name of our airline, ‘Emirates’, but it belongs to Sheik Husni.” She handed the boarding pass back to the other girl.
“Thank you, Miss Cooper.”

I walked away slowly so the young woman could catch up with me. “Er, sorry, I didn’t catch your name,” she asked as she came alongside me.

“It’s Gina, and yours?”

“My name’s Toni...”

The covered walkway led to a door at the front of the plane. A smart female air hostess was standing just inside the aircraft. She glanced at our tickets.
“Welcome ladies to flight EK5. My name is Jata. Please follow me.”

We looked at each other, then followed the attendant along a corridor that ran

down the side of the aircraft. On our right were the small aircraft windows and, on our left, a wall clad in dark mahogany panels and doors. We had passed four doors when the attendant stopped by a closed door in the side of the aircraft and a short corridor leading across to a similar door on the other side.

“This is a Boeing triple seven. The interior has been designed so Sheik Husni can conduct his business between destinations. We’ve passed the conference and reception rooms and now we’re entering the accommodation section. All the cabins aboard the aircraft are doubles so you will be sharing.” Jata set off again. “Miss Hattori, Miss Cooper, your cabin is number twenty.”

The narrow corridor was just wide enough for two people to walk side by side or pass each other. Each step of the journey was providing surprise after surprise and I couldn’t wait to see the cabin we would be travelling in. The attendant stopped at number 20 and opened the door.

“Wow, it’s like a hotel,” I gasped, before our guide could say anything.

“Yes, it is. Each cabin has a toilet and shower room. Make yourself comfortable, ladies and I’ll return as soon as I’ve seen the rest of our guests to their cabins. Both seats have their own entertainment selections and there’s a tutorial running on a loop. Take your headphones out of one armrest and relax with the remote in the other armrest. I’ll answer your questions when I return.” She backed away and closed the door.

We were both speechless, standing in the small lobby between the toilet and shower room. Toni broke the awkward moment. “Is this for real?”

I pinched myself. “Yup. Looks like we’re being spoilt rotten.”

“I’m not complaining,” Toni retorted as we walked through to the main cabin. Facing us, on the far side of the cabin, about ten feet away, were four windows looking out onto the wing and airport. The cabin was about ten feet square. On one side was a desk and a dressing table, while on the other, a bar and narrow table with a selection of fruit and snacks in fixed crystal glass containers.

In the centre stood two massive leather chairs, side by side, the far one being next to the windows. The seats were facing in opposite directions so the occupants could watch cinema screens high on the walls either side.

“Which one do you want, Gina?” Toni asked.

After agreeing that Toni would have the window seat, we sat and watched the video that explained all the facilities and treats contained within the room. I was overwhelmed for the most part and staggered to think that a tiny minority of people lived in such luxurious surroundings all their lives.

The screens kept updating, telling us how much time there was left before take-off, which was scheduled for 3.25 PM. We had time to use the toilet and freshen our make-up before the air hostess returned to see how we were getting on. We were both in our seats, with a drink in our hands when she entered.

“Are you comfortable, ladies?”

I grinned at her. “Yes. As comfortable as I’ve ever been,”

“These seats are so big and soft,” Toni added, prodding the tan leather.

“Do you have any questions? Do you need anything?” she asked.

We were both overwhelmed by the experience so much, we couldn’t ask for anything more. We had discovered a narrow wardrobe for our jackets, the TV had hundreds of selections, a cupboard on the back of each seat contained all the bedding we could possibly need...

“I think we have everything. Thanks.”

“Good...” She pointed at a sign that had popped up on the screen. “...we’ll be taking off in twenty minutes. If you need anything just push the button.”

Once she had left the room, I finally started to relax. Seeing the seconds tick down on the clock, brought it home to me that the flight was going to happen and I would soon be on my way to Dubai. I had to metaphorically pinch myself because I could hardly believe it wasn’t a dream.

Toni broke my train of thought. “Is this your first trip to Dubai?”

“I’ve changed aircraft there, but never visited the country.”

“Actually, it’s not a country, it’s a city state of the UAE. I looked it up on the internet,” she added hastily with a chuckle, to make light of her superior knowledge.

Toni had a more confident personality and I guessed she came from a more affluent background than mine. I could tell from the way she spoke that she was highly intelligent and was my competition for the job at Husni Oil. Toni was about my age and had a similar figure to mine. I was fit and proud of my body shape and I guessed she was too.

Toni’s black pleated skirt was shorter than my blue pencil skirt and her white blouse was thinner than mine, enabling me to see her pink bra. She wasn’t wearing tights while I was. My make-up was understated and Toni’s, I judged, was excessive. Her styled shoulder length blonde hair contrasted with my slightly longer self-cut, jet black hair.

The competition was red hot and I was going to have to pull out my ‘A’ game to stand a chance of getting the job!

Two ~ The concubine.

There was a request in the letter not to discuss the job offer with any other party, so why were they putting temptation in my way? I wondered. I casually looked around the cabin and wondered if we were being watched or listened to. I resolved to stay off the subject and directed the conversation onto holidays.

We were talking about Tokyo, when the aircraft started to taxi. It took some time for the plane to get into position before the engines fired up and propelled us down the runway and into the air. It was as smooth a take-off as I had ever experienced, but I still gripped the armrests until the plane reached a cruising height, information I gleaned from the large screen mounted on the wall in front of me.

“Phew, that’s a relief,” I said. “I hate the take-off most.”

Toni looked sideways at me with a nonplussed expression on her face. “I’m more nervous when we land...”

We were interrupted by a knock on the door. It was Jata and another young woman dressed in what could only be described as an Arabian Nights fantasy outfit. The pair stood together where the cabin broadened out, while we gawked at the pretty young woman, dressed in a semi-transparent, gauze outfit.

The attendant placed a large bag on the floor and glanced at her companion. The pretty youngster put her hands together between her jutting breasts, which we could easily make out through the red gauze cardigan-styled top, then bowed. Her dark areolas and nipples pushed against the material, while red teardrop gems were visibly trapped between the material and the youngster’s breasts.

The girl's face was cosmetically stunning, as though she was about to go on a film set. A gold one-inch high collar graced her slim neck and when the material slid down her forearms, matching golden wrist cuffs became visible. Ominously, rings dangled from the front of the collar and cuffs, suggesting she spent some time in chains.

"Ladies, let me introduce you to Nazira. She is Salim Husni's senior concubine..."

"Concubine?" I blurted out.

My eyes dropped to the youngster's gauze pantaloons. Beneath them she was wearing a pair of flimsy bikini panties made from the same diaphanous red material. The front barely covered her denuded mons and peeping pudendal cleft. The glint of a gold ring and sparkle of a gem suggested her clitoral ridge had been pierced.

The fact that she was hairless made the spectacle more pleasing, among other women; but knowing she wore the outfit for the pleasure of men, shocked me to the core.

"Yes, Nazira will explain everything to you and also escort you to dinner, which will be ready in about an hour and a half."

"Oh, won't we be eating in our cabin?" Toni asked.

“No, you will be dining with Sheik Salim Husni.”

I caught my breath. “He’s on the plane?”

The pretty Arab youngster spoke for the first time. “My Master is definitely on the plane, Gina.” Her voice was sugary sweet and mischievous.

“Oh. You know my name...”

She smiled. “Of course, Gina. I need to know the name of everyone who meets my Master.”

Jata placed her hand on the concubine’s back. “Ladies, I’ll leave you with Nazira and see you later.”

The young woman waited until they were alone, then picked up the bag and brought it to the side of my seat. “So, Gina, Toni, welcome to the Husni business flight. I’m sure you have some questions about the journey.”

We both unbuckled our belts and I slipped to the edge of my seat so I could face the young woman. “Um, do you normally wear those clothes?”

Nazira looked down over her breasts at her gauze outfit with a surprised

expression on her face. The top was held together by three gold ribbons, tied in bows. The red gauze material was trimmed with gold edging tape at the sleeves, ankles, neckline and hem.

The pants were loose and baggie, which helped to disguise the fact that her clothes were almost transparent. The red fabric shimmered and changed shade depending on the angle of the light.

“Yes, when I’m in the presence of my Master, which is most of the time. I have other outfits, but they are all similar to this one.” She sounded proud of her status and saw nothing wrong with showing her body to strangers.

“You’re a concubine. What does that mean in practice, Nazira?” Toni asked.

I was too shy to ask such a bold question, but I was desperate to know the answer. “Well, I’ll explain, but first let me ask you both a question. Have either of you fantasized that you were a member of a rich sheik’s harem? Toni?”

I turned to watch the young woman’s reaction. Still sitting back in her seat, the pretty youngster nodded. “Sure, but it’s only a fantasy, like in the movies.”

“What about you, Gina?” I couldn’t tell them that when I peeked at Salim Husni on the internet, I imagined myself naked at his feet. I was even more ashamed when the fantasy popped into my head again. “You have, haven’t you?” she urged me to reply.

I nodded. “Yes, I have occasionally.”

She stepped back, held her arms up and slowly turned through 360 degrees. She had a delightful figure and a cute ass. It was highlighted by the low pantie line and her dark ass cleft, which contrasted with her manuka honey skin tone. However, there were marks – red tramlines, some recent, some faint, no doubt evidence of several beatings.

“Well, Gina and Toni, today, you have the chance to fulfil your fantasy. I have clothes for both of you.”

“What? You’re asking us to change into an outfit like that one?” I gasped.

“I am, if you’d like to dine with Sheik Husni.”

“What if we don’t want to wear those clothes?” Toni sounded as shocked as I felt.

“First, it’s not just an outfit. These are similar to the clothes I wear all the time. I never wear western clothes because my Master desires to see me like this.”

“Are you a slave, Nazira?” Toni asked.

“No, because I’m happy serving the man I love and admire. I crave his attention and desire his touch.”

“The collar and cuffs suggest you’re a prisoner,” Toni opined.

“Well, I’m happy to know that my Master owns me, but I’ve never thought of myself as being a prisoner.”

“Does he beat you?” I asked in a quiet voice.

“You noticed the marks on my ass cheeks... He beats me when I deserve it, which is not very often.”

“Do you belong to him?”

She lifted the hem of her top and pushed the elasticated waist down. ‘Sheik Salim Husni’ was tattooed across her belly in fancy blue writing. “I will always belong to my Master, Gina. Now to get back to your dinner invite, I have an outfit for each of you. Who wants to change first?”

I turned to Toni. “Is this really happening?”

“I was wondering the same thing.” She leant sideways to see Nazira. “Are you saying that we can only meet Sheik Husni if we’re dressed like concubines?”

“I am, for tonight’s dinner, but there’s no pressure. You can eat your meals here

and the rest of your four-day trip will continue as if I'd never visited your cabin."

"Are the outfits you've brought, the same as what you're wearing?" I asked.

"Yes, but different colours..." She bent down and pulled out a cellophane wrapped package. "This one is sky blue and the other is pink."

"It looks spectacular on your beautiful body, but on mine...?"

Nazira raised her hands and bowed. "Thank you for the complement, Gina, but my body is no more attractive than yours. Believe me, you wouldn't be here if the Master didn't find you attractive."

That statement left me speechless and trembling from the implications. However, it spurred Toni into action. She jumped to her feet. "Okay, I'll do it. Give me the package. I'll get changed first."

I was shocked by her bold move and it caught me completely by surprise. Where did that leave me? Out in the cold, if I didn't buck my ideas up and transform myself into a temporary concubine...

Three ~ Almost naked.

Nazira handed the cellophane package over to Toni. “I have some depilatory cream if you need it, Toni.” The concubine reached into the bag, withdrew a tube and handed it to her.

She looked surprised. “Have I got time for this?”

“Sure. It only takes five minutes to dissolve, then shower it off. Remember, it’s part of our culture for a concubine to be denuded.”

“Oh, okay, I’ll take a shower...”

I sat numb, listening to the conversation, dreading having to follow in Toni’s footsteps. Nazira waited for the shower room door to close then came around and sat in the seat beside me.

“I’m sorry, if our lifestyle makes you feel uneasy, Gina...”

“No, it’s not that... I’m not uneasy about your lifestyle, I’m...” I paused and studied the girl. “...I’ve never exposed my body in front of a stranger...”

“I can’t imagine how you feel, because I come from a different world to yours. I can only say that my Master is like no other man alive. He adores the female form. He admires the female mind. He studies us and only employs the finest examples of intelligent femininity. He employs very few men and much prefers our company to other males. He claims that his search for the perfect woman,

whether it be for a brilliant student or a stunningly attractive girl, will continue for ever. I know you fit into both categories and stand a very good chance of joining the Husni organization.”

“How do you know that?”

“I can see your beauty with my own eyes. The thing is though, you need to want to be with him as much as he wants to employ you. He’ll give you an opportunity tonight to get a feel for his world.”

“Slavery, concubines and beatings. I didn’t realize that such things still existed.”

“Well, they do. However, I can assure you that Sheik Husni is one of the most fair-minded masters of those that I have met. I do admit though, that there is cruelty in the UAE beyond my Master’s sphere of influence.

“How long have you been in his harem?”

“Three years, since I turned eighteen. My master bought me five years ago and educated me until I was old enough to be by his side.”

“Bought you? That’s awful, Nazira.”

She shook her head. “I was born to be a slave. I’ve never met my parents. I worked for a family that bred slaves, like your farmers breed cattle; and I was

probably treated worse!”

“That’s awful,” I repeated. “What were the conditions like?”

“You don’t want to know. My life changed completely after the Master bought me at an auction in Al Buraimi. I’m an Omani, from Muscat – well that’s where I was brought up...”

We chatted about Sheik Husni’s palace and the massive international organization he headed. We also touched on my linguistical skills but had to break off when Toni returned to the cabin. The blonde-haired girl dropped her clothes on the narrow desk and placed her hands on her hips.

Once again, I was gobsmacked to see another girl – a westerner, this time, dressed as a concubine. The light blue gauze outfit shimmered in the light and transformed her image completely.

“What do you think?” Toni asked, holding her arms out.

“Wow, you look stunning,” I gasped.

Her tits were larger than the Omani youngster’s and mine, so her nipples were forcing the blue material out of shape. My eyes dropped to her smooth mons. The double layer of material, where it bunched, hid her cleft so there wasn’t really anything to see.

The pressure was on. Could I summon up the nerve to follow suit.

My reasoning came down to opportunity. I suspected I wouldn't get the job if I turned down the chance to dress like a concubine. The sheik would be much more inclined to employ someone who was broadminded and confident in her own skin.

I held out my trembling hand. "Okay. It's my turn."

Once Nazira had handed me the package and tube of cream, I went straight to the shower room and closed the door. The tiny room was about six feet long and four feet wide; and remarkably dry. The showerhead was to my left, while above my head, to the right, was a rack with fluffy white towels, along with an empty rack for my clothes.

I placed the package on the floor, quickly undressed, then folded my clothes and placed them on the rack. I was facing a full-length mirror so watched myself disrobe until I was naked. I kept the hairs on my muff short, but they were black and very visible. I was dubious that the cream would completely remove them, so I smeared a lot on to give it a chance.

I spent the five minutes waiting time, reading the instructions for the modern cubicle. It was fully automatic so all I had to do was step under the head. There were also small drawers containing a selection of cosmetics, including false eyelashes and other items, which I didn't need. After playing with the cosmetics, I had a puggle with a finger to check if the cream had worked and was pleasantly surprised to find it had.

The moment I stepped on the pressure pad, hot water cascaded onto my head. I had armed myself with hair shampoo as per instructions and quickly went through the job of washing myself from head to toe. A faint buzzer sounded, which signalled the rinse and when the water stopped, I was bombarded with hot air from all directions. It was an incredible experience and a thoroughly efficient one.

Dry and reinvigorated, I returned to stand in front of the mirror. I finished combing my hair, then opened the packet and withdrew the panties. Made from light pink mesh tulle, the garment was missing a reinforced gusset and was trimmed with rose satin at the legs and waist. It was a similar quality to items at specialist lingerie houses I had looked at on the internet, where a pair of panties could cost two hundred pounds.

I slipped them on and examined my reflexion. The baby pink item was stunning and accentuated my femininity. My pudendal dimple and about an inch of my cleft were more visible than I hoped. Feeling lightheaded, I pulled on the pantaloons and the blouse. The material was so light it felt as though I was almost naked. It was an unnerving sensation that filled me with dread, knowing that I was about to dine with Sheik Husni.

The final item was a pair of expensive pink satin slippers. The contrast of the pretty pink outfit and my black hair was startling. The clothes, my fair skin and dark brown Japanese eyes, created an exciting oriental image that was so sexy I was afraid to leave the shower room.

Unfortunately, because of my very fair skin, my areolas, nipples and slit were more visible though the almost transparent material. The sheik was going to see all my girlish charms and there wasn't a thing I could do about it!

After tying the three bows on the blouse, I gathered my clothes together and left the cubicle. I stepped forward and froze. Nazira was just placing a gold cuff around Toni's left wrist. She had already fitted the cuff on the other wrist and the collar around her neck. I was shocked and frozen into indecision. The gold restraints were one step too far, surely??

Four ~ The adornments.

I placed my clothes beside Toni's and turned to face the pretty Arab concubine. "Surely we don't have to wear those..."

"They're only temporary, Gina, not like mine." Nazira lifted a cuff to show me that it was seamless. "These can't easily be removed."

I went closer and watched her close the hinged cuff on Toni's right wrist. A bayonet fitting on one side fitted into the other. There was a series of clicks and it was closed.

"How do you get it off?" I asked, while Toni examined it.

"There!" she pointed at a small hole. "I push the key in there and it'll come apart. The outfit wouldn't be complete without the gold restraints and adornments."

"Adornments...?" I lowered my eyes to Toni's tits. She was wearing blue pendants, similar in shape to the ones Nazira was wearing.

"Look, Gina." Toni had fastened one bow, which she untied, then pulled her blouse apart. "Real zircon, worth tens of thousands of pounds."

I didn't know whether to look at the gems or the grips digging into her areolas at the base of her nipples. "Do the clasps hurt?"

“A little, but aren’t they fabulous?”

I examined one. “Yes, I’ve never touched a zircon before.”

“We must move on, Gina. Let me fit your collar and cuffs, then I’ll do your adornments.”

I was extremely anxious about wearing temporary restraints. The collar hinged at the front and closed at the back. The inside was covered with a black material, apart from two circular discs either side. It was the same mechanism as the cuffs and felt tight when Nazira closed it with a series of clicks.

I gripped it and tried to push my finger inside, but there wasn’t enough room. “It feels too tight,” I complained.

“It has to be snug to stop chaffing, Gina. Don’t worry, you’ll soon get used to it. I don’t think about mine anymore.”

“Nazira, I don’t want to get used to it...” I glanced at Toni who had returned to her seat.

She didn’t look very happy, but she shrugged as if to say ‘what the hell?’.

“Let me fit the pendants on your nubs.”

I undid the bows and pulled the sides of the blouse apart. I wasn't exactly coy in the presence of girls my age. However, I felt uneasy about going to such lengths, for what could only be a couple of hours in the presence of a billionaire sheik. When she returned, she placed the pendants and a metal key on the desk surface.

“Gina, I need to liven your nipples before I fasten the pendants. Do I have your permission?”

I shrugged. “Okay, if you have to...”

“You have lovely breasts,” the youngster said as she started to massage my left breast.

“Thank you, Nazira. So, do you.”

She released my tit, stepped back, then after placing her hands together between her peaks, she bowed. “Thank you for the complement.”

I was getting a better understanding of how concubines behave. She returned to gently massaging my ‘B’ cup. She had a delightful technique and I would have been happy if she continued for a few minutes more, but she changed her grip and homed in on my nipple.

“That’s nice,” I sighed as she expertly twisted and turned it until it was as hard as a bullet.

Then and only then, did she attach the gold clasp that was connected to the stunning teardrop gems. She used the key to close and tighten the pincer clasp with its twin crocodile teeth.

“Owww,” I complained.

“Gina, you don’t want them falling off, do you? These are rare pink sapphires and have been in the Husni family for two hundred years.”

Toni left her seat and came over to look at the gemstones. “Wow. I thought mine were sensational. Pink sapphires!”

Once again, I felt dizzy. The outfit was getting more and more valuable and I was beginning to feel the evening was getting out of hand. After another session of fondling my other tit, Nazira attached the second pendant, leaving me with stiff, throbbing nipples.

“One more item, Gina, then I can give you both some coaching on etiquette when in our Master’s company.”

“You say, ‘Our Master’s’. Are you expecting us to act like concubines?”

“Yes, for this evening you must pretend you belong to Sheik Husni. He for his part will treat you like real concubines.”

A shiver went down my spine as I looked for Toni’s reaction. She was quiet, possibly mulling over the rapidly developing situation. “You said there was one more item...”

“Yes, go and sit in your seat. I’ll bring the grip over and fit it while you’re sitting down.”

Toni had a blank expression on her face as she excused herself on the way to the toilet. When I sank into the leather, it felt as though I was wearing a flimsy pyjama set, gifted me by a rich admirer. That fantasy disappeared when Nazira approached, holding what she referred to as a grip. I had a sudden premonition that the adornment was for my pussy.

“Please tell me that you’re not planning...”

She held it up. “We call it a clit clamp, Gina.”

“No, I don’t want to wear that. I... I have never... I don’t want it. It’ll be painful.”

“Gina, please recline the seat and listen to what I have to say.”

Everything that had happened thus far had been barely acceptable. I had ploughed into the unknown and she wanted me to go further. “Did Toni let you fit one of those grips?”

“She did, after I explained its purpose and significance.”

Nazira was an incredible salesgirl. She had successfully gotten them undressed and into the outfits, then persuaded them to have nipple adornments that caused sharp pains as the material nudged the pendants. But, she wanted to go further and add a clamp to the most intimate part of my body.

I took a deep breath. “Tell me why.”

“Men like Sheik Husni dominate our culture. They consider the ridge of clitoral flesh we were born with, including the organ itself, an aberration and an unhealthy distraction. For centuries, in Africa, girls had it removed so they would concentrate on pleasuring their Masters and not themselves. That practice has almost been stamped out in the twenty-first century, thank god. Instead, we have to wear what our Masters call an inhibitor.” She held up the two-inch-long clamp. The pink gems sparkled but couldn’t disguise its purpose. “Every girl who attends our Master has to wear one...”

“Are you wearing one?”

“No, I was trimmed by my previous owner when I was young. I have an adornment that matches the ones hanging from my nipples. Let me show you...”

“Oh, no that’s not ness...” Standing at the side of the seat, she pushed her pants down and then her panties. She lifted a slippered foot onto the corner of the seat and bent her other knee, then gently flipped the gem forward. “You see? My Master has gifted me rubies that belonged to his mother’s family. He is a very generous man.”

Nazira had been pierced at the top of her cleft and had a thick gold ring inserted. The red teardrop ruby dangled on a single chain link. Her lips behind the pendant were smooth and tight. Her cleft looked like a lot of girls’ who possessed modest amounts of clitoral flesh.

“I want you to touch my sex, Gina...”

I was embarrassed. “Um, why...?”

“In our culture, a girl’s sex is considered a thing of beauty by our Masters and their wives. We are taught to discard coyness and timidity and, in their place, feel proud of our bodies and our femininity. I like to be examined and touched...”

I was curious and wanted to touch her smooth labia, so I raised my hand and stroked her warm, dry lips. They were silky smooth but extremely firm.

She pushed her body forward, so my fingers nudged her fleshy entrance. It was soft and dry. Did she want me to penetrate her? I wondered, but then she swayed back slightly.

“What do you think?”

“I think your sex is beautiful.” The ruby rubbed on the palm of my hand as I stoked her neutered sex.

She raised her hands and bowed. “Thank you, Gina. Will you now raise your legs into the air so I can fit the clamp?”

I had been checkmated! I could hardly refuse after Toni had accepted the clamp and I had stroked the young woman’s sex. I couldn’t explain my change of heart, but it might have been something to do with Nazira’s mysterious Arabic world and a desire to be part of it.

Five ~ Intimate contact.

I lifted my legs and waited while she pulled her panties back into place, ensuring the gem was positioned in her cleft. Once she had pulled her pantaloons up and leant over my posterior, she reached out and eased mine down. I had to squirm twice, so she could bare my smooth sex. It was more comfortable to pull my knees back onto my chest, then I parted them to see what she was doing.

I blushed furiously while she studied my thrusting sex. I had never used depilatory cream and never fully shaved, so my lips and mons hadn't been smooth since I was half my age. My labia was porcelain white, while my line of clitoral flesh was salmon pink. It was a beautiful thing and Nazira wanted to trap and hide it in a jewel encrusted prison.

She stroked my major lips gently. "Gina, just like your nipples, I'm going to have to excite your labia before I fit the clamp. Close your eyes and enjoy."

My eyes popped when she placed an arm across the back of my thighs and leant forward. Her head dropped until her mouth docked with my convex lips and clitoral flesh.

"Nazira!" I gasped. "Wha... Please... Oh, Nazira, that's... ahhhh..."

I gave up my protestations and closed my eyes. The sensation her oral attentions generated were like nothing I had experienced before. She was leaning over from the side, so her tongue movement, at right angles to my labia, aped the way I excited myself. She lapped and probed, and even penetrated my succulent entrance briefly.

She delved deeper and deeper as I became more and more excited. I sighed and squirmed throughout a ferocious climax that completely overwhelmed my fragile senses. The mixed emotions of the journey, before and after taking off, contributed to the mother of all orgasms and left me gasping for more.

I was still trembling though the thrilling aftermath when Nazira lifted her head and started to fit the clamp. She used tissues to dry my excited clitoral flesh, which had gained in volume and become more prominent. Spreading my labia lips with the fingers of her left hand, she gently closed the clam-like device on my proud ridge.

It was slightly curved and made from a fine golden mesh. Tiny pink gems were fastened to both sides and looked like they matched the pendants hanging from my tits. Once Nazira had squeezed the clam-like device closed, she used the same key to tighten the device so the serrated edges gripped the base of my ridge.

“No, that’s definitely too tight,” I complained when a dull ache shot through my nether region.

She placed a hand on my smooth mons and flashed her gorgeous brown eyes at me. “No, it’s not. I’ve fitted many and believe me, within an hour you will forget it’s there.”

“I... I can’t believe that. It’s actually hurting me...”

“You’re more sensitive than others, but it has to be closed so it won’t damage the flesh. Trust me, Gina, you don’t want it loose.”

There was that sales technique again. Her soft lyrical voice was very reasonable and persuasive. I stared at the twin line of gemstones sparkling between my lips and had to admit that it looked beautiful. It's purpose though wasn't so great. Castrating girls because they pleased themselves was a barbaric practice, whether it was done with surgery or the forceable wearing of a clamp.

The point of fitting the device was lost on me, because there was no way I was going to show it to the sheik. Just thinking about meeting him, dressed like a concubine and wearing body adornments made me feel dizzy again. I looked down at hands which were shaking, possible because the image of Salim Husni I had seen on the internet, popped into my head again. "I need a drink," I said, after dropping my legs and sitting forward.

"Good idea..."

The toilet door opened and Toni returned to the room. She looked in my direction. "All done?"

"Huh, if you mean the clamp. It hurts like hell."

"So, does mine. I just took a look at it because its driving me crazy."

"Toni, have some patience. Your body will adjust..." Nazira reassured her.
"Would you like a drink?"

“Bacardi and coke, please.

“Gina?”

“Gin and tonic, please.”

There was a surreal atmosphere in the small cabin. Among luxurious surrounding, typical of wealth I could only dream about, I felt like a fish out of water. Instead of having a relaxing flight, millionaire style, I was being led along a harrowing path toward a terrifying rendezvous.

Toni studied me. “Gina, that outfit suits you. “Are you Japanese?”

I nodded, grateful to be thinking about another subject. “On my father’s side. My birth mother was English.”

Nazira returned with our drinks and handed them to us. “Let’s sit on the floor and I’ll explain a few of the finer points of harem etiquette.”

The young concubine gracefully descended into a cross-legged seated posture. I glanced at Toni then down at Nazira. “You want us to sit like that?”

“Yes, there’s just room. Come, the carpet is comfortable.”

“But...”

“Girls, I’m not asking you to have sex. Please sit and I can prepare you for an audience with our Master.”

Toni acquiesced first and rather inelegantly dropped to the floor, then scrambled her legs into position. I, on the other hand, was able to lower myself, like Nazira had and adopt a cross legged position. The space was so small we ended up sitting in a triangle with our knees almost touching. I placed my drink on the floor, then dropped my hands to cover my crotch.

Toni followed suit, but Nazira, who didn’t have a drink, placed her hands on her knees, allowing us to see her splayed pussy and its sparkling adornment. “Girls, this is how we sit while we are listening to our Master or waiting for instruction.”

“You can’t be serious, Nazira,” Toni exclaimed

“We’ll be exposing ourselves...,” I muttered

“Girls, this is the crux of the matter. When the Master looks down on us, he only sees beautiful girls. His eyes may rove over our intimate parts, but they are a small part of our attractiveness. What’s important is that we show we have nothing to hide and that we are modest and without shame.”

I put my hands on my knees and looked down. “Nazira, this position exposes

everything..." I had stopped worrying about my tits. It was the inefficiency of the double layer of tulle at the apex of my thighs that really concerned me. The clamp with its line of pink gems, peeping out from between my smooth lips would surely draw an observer's eye to that intimate part of my body.

"Gina, you and Toni are so striking, our Master will be studying your face and not the parts of your body that disconcert you. I want you to both relax for a moment. Drink and tell me one thing you know about our Master."

The crafty concubine was trying to put us at our ease. She didn't have long to work on us, for the minutes were ticking away; but I had to grudgingly admit I was more relaxed sitting, sipping my drink. The question was, could I relax in the company of Sheik Salim Husni while dressed in a semi-transparent concubine outfit?

Six ~ The meeting.

When I thought about it, I realized I didn't know much about the man. Toni jumped in first. "I know Sheik Husni has three wives. When does he have time for the girls in his harem?"

I nearly choked on my drink, but Nazira was unfazed. "I'm used to that question, Toni. Two of his wives were promoted from the harem and all three have strong sapphic desires. We are as much their concubines as we are our Master's." Nazira turned to me. "What do you know about Sheik Husni, Gina?"

An image of five or six squirming naked girls sprang into my mind. The concubines and wives were having an orgy. When they parted, Sheik Husni lay beneath them, exhausted after shafting all six girls. My focus lay elsewhere though.

"I know that he's a billionaire and owns Husni oil. I also know that he's invested heavily in Mexican cobalt."

"Our Master will be impressed that you have done your research, Gina. Mexico is indeed one of the countries that encourages his activities in many fields. I'm sure you'll visit the country if you are chosen for the vacancy on his staff."

Spanish was another of the languages I was fluent in, which was why I was interested in the Sheik's activities there. "Have you been to Mexico with him?"

"Yes, I have, several times. He visits regularly every month. Now to return to etiquette. The first rule is always to show respect to the Sheik, his wives and his

guests by raising your hands between your breasts and bowing. Do it when you meet an important person and when someone pays you a compliment. Secondly, remain silent until you're asked a question or told to do something."

"Should we raise our hand like in school?" Toni asked with a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

Nazira turned to Toni. "I'm asking you to show respect and stay silent. Our Master will ask you questions and for your opinion, so there's no need to raise your hand. It's important you listen and have your question ready when he gives you the opportunity."

The young concubine was basically telling them to only speak when spoken to. In his world, the sheik was one step down from royalty but wanted to be treated like a king or prince. I could do that provided he didn't treat me like a piece of dirt.

"Okay, I think you're both ready. Stay close to me and do as I do. Remember, according to the wise one, silence is a thrall's greatest virtue."

"Thrall? Is that what you call slave-girls?"

"Yes, it's a common term our Master uses all the time."

The youngster rose and we followed suit. "Let me brush your hair, girls, then we'll go to dinner."

She fussed about for five minutes with our hair. Mine was longer than Toni's and Nazira's. My fellow interviewee was the odd one out because she had blonde hair and the Omani and I had jet black hair. Once we were ready, we ventured out into the passageway and headed toward the front of the plane.

Strong food smells wafted toward us as we passed the cross corridor. We stopped at the door marked 'Conference 4' and Nazira knocked gently.

"Enter," came the deep response in perfect English.

Nazira opened the door and waved us in. The well-lit room was larger than I expected. The line of aircraft windows along the far curved wall was a reminder we were on a plane, but every other aspect of the room resembled a lavish Arabic reception room.

There was no furniture in the centre, only large flat cushions scattered around the floor. The thick carpet and upholstered cushions were covered with a heavy blue and red design that looked middle eastern in its origin. There was a mahogany wooden panel in the centre, level with the plush carpet.

On our right was a line of six empty airline seats, presumably there in case the aircraft hit turbulence in mid-flight. On the left, at the far end of the room, stood a wide mahogany desk pushed against the bulkhead. A large brown leather seat stood with its back to us, while the traditional red check keffiyeh headress of the occupant was just visible above the top edge.

“This way...,” Nazira whispered. “... and remember to bow.”

She led us through the cushions to the area behind the chair, then steered us into a line. I felt foolish, for I guessed the whole thing was stage managed to overegg his importance and make us feel like inferior slaves. I heard the scratch of a pen on paper, then a pen dropping. The chair slowly turned to reveal the suave billionaire, Sheik Salim Husni.

I didn't realize I was holding my breath, like an anxious virgin, until I released it. I was expecting a serious expression and stern body language, but instead the man had a broad smile on his handsome face, and he looked cool and relaxed. I blinked in surprise as his eyes locked on mine and held my stare. I was virtually naked and the billionaire was studying my face!

THE END of Part One

Watch out for the second episode, in which Gina's adventure with the handsome billionaire, Sheik Salim Husni, continues.

Extract of – His Harem: Part Two

I suddenly realized that the other two had raised their hands and started to bow. I was a millisecond beside them, but I quickly completed the ritual, then once again stood in line.

“Nazira, introduce me to the new thralls.” The deep tone of his voice was at odds with his youthful appearance. I was in awe of the young man because despite his age he looked and behaved like a wealthy prince.

The Omani concubine turned the other way. “This is Toni Cooper. She is twenty-four and lives in London.”

Salim Husni rose from his seat and moved to within a foot of the young woman. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Toni, and thank you for applying for the vacancy on my staff.” He raised his hand, lifted her chin and smiled. “Intelligent, beautiful and confident. We will chat about the job tomorrow afternoon at my palace. Thank you for coming.”

I thought Toni was going to drop in a swoon when the sheik removed his fingers from under her chin. The girl’s eyes had lost focus and taken on a dreamy appearance, but she had the wherewithal to raise her hands into the praying position and bow.

“Thank you for the compliment, Master.”

I saw from the look in his eyes, that her words and actions pleased him greatly. It was clear that the man had an ego the size of his bank balance, but when you had

the looks to back it up, the money hardly mattered. When he turned his attention to me, my knees weakened and my nerves started to jangle.

He once again locked his dazzling blue eyes onto mine and strode the three paces to face me. His long white thawb was completely plain, but it only accentuated the man's handsome countenance.

His dark hair was neatly cut while his richly tanned face was shaved smooth. His skin was blemish free, which was unusual for a man, I thought. He walked with a heavy limp, so the outward look of perfection was slightly awry.

"This is Gina Hattori, Master. She is twenty-three and from Oxford in England."

"Another English beauty!"

"Thank you, Master," I responded quickly, with praying hands and a bow.

"Thank you for applying for the vacancy, Gina. I'm sure your journey won't be wasted. Your interview will be tomorrow evening. I want you to meet my wife, Masumi, who like you has family in Japan."

I wasn't sure if I should reply, but I did anyway. "Thank you, Master. I look forward to meeting your wife."

He reached out and placed his fingers under my chin. "Gina, your stunning eyes

betray your inner thoughts.”

I was shocked. The sheik hadn't taken his eyes off mine. I sincerely hoped he couldn't read my thoughts, because he might send me packing. Or, he might kiss me... The aura of raw power and sexiness that exuded from the handsome man made me feel dizzy and weak kneed. The dull ache in my pussy became a powerful throb, signalling my libido was about to explode.

“Oh, yes, er, thank you, Master.” I bowed, grateful I could hide my hot blush.

When I lifted my head, he had taken a step back and to the left, to face the real concubine. “Thank you, Nazira. Please prepare the table and fetch the dinner. Then we'll eat.”

End of Extract.

I hope you enjoyed the first part of this story and continue to

follow Gina's adventures in Salim Husni's Harem. Thanks. A.S.

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