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# **His Harem**

## **Part 2**

### **An Erotic Mini Series**

*Amelia Stark*

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# **His Harem**

**Part 2**

**An Erotic  
Mini Series**

*Amelia Stark*

# **His Harem: Part Two.**

**An Erotic Mini-Series – The Concubine.**

**By Amelia Stark**

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**One ~ The meeting.**

Nazira 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!

I suddenly realized that the other two had raised their hands and started to bow. I was a millisecond behind 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 to direct the focus on the other girl. "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. 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.”

“Yes, Master.” She bowed and then signalled to me to follow her.

The young Arab led the way into the centre of the room and started to rearrange the cushions. "Move them away from the table, girls, then I can raise it.

I bent forward to drag a cushion and was surprised at how heavy it was. I looked over my shoulder to see Salim Husni watching me, and in particular, my posterior, which was in the air. I quickly bent my knees and completed the task; but I had unwittingly given him a good look at my divided sex, thrusting against the translucent material of my panties.

Nazira had a remote in her hand and triggered a mechanism that raised the table by a foot. I realized how careless I had been when Toni bent forward to push a cushion back. I was aghast at how visible and lewd her sex appeared in its tight, transparent prison. However, the strong ache in my clamped clit and the slight thrill in the pit of my stomach was evidence of my excited state.

Another glance and I was disappointed to see that Sheik Husni had returned to his chair and turned away from us.

Having positioned one of the large cushions beside each side of the square table, Toni and I followed Nazira out of the cabin and down the passageway to the galley. I was flabbergasted by the size of the plane's kitchen. They obviously needed to cater for large parties during Sheik Husni's business trips and it looked as though they cooked everything aboard.

Fully loaded trays were waiting for us, so all we had to do was grab one and set off on the return journey. There was no sign of the airhostess, but the male kitchen staff took an interest in the three of us in our semi-transparent garb. Blushing furiously, I couldn't decide whether I was more embarrassed walking

in or leaving with my almost naked ass on display.

When we entered the cabin, I was surprised to see Sheik Husni smoking. It was his plane, so he could do what he liked, but I thought he ought to set an example to us and everyone else aboard. A pack of cigarettes, an ashtray and a lighter sat on the table, signifying it wasn't an isolated incident.

He was fiddling with the remote, switching on the TV – a large screen, inset into the wall, the room shared with the corridor. When it came alive, he switched the sound to mute.

He was standing on the far side of the table behind the largest cushion, which was obviously his. He pointed with the remote. "I want Toni on my left and Gina on my right."

"Yes, Master," Nazira responded.

I was extremely anxious about sitting cross-legged on the cushions, but on the upside, I wasn't sitting opposite him! While we placed the trays on the low surface, I was unable to avoid him studying my posterior from the side. For some reason, I didn't feel as uncomfortable the second time, possibly because I was at right angles to him.

After we had unloaded the trays, Nazira indicated she wanted Toni and me to sit. She waited until we had adopted the lewd posture, then collected the trays together. "I'll get the drinks, Master."

“Thank you, Nazira...” Salim Husni remained standing and continued to stare at the text on the TV screen. He had two new, semi-naked girls to look at and he was more interested in the news!

He was watching an item on Sky News about the riots in Hong Kong. I too was interested in the protests, so I watched the report for a minute.

“Gina?” I turned my head to find Sheik Husni was sitting on his cushion and staring at me.

“Sorry, Master.” In a very short space of time I had fallen into the parlance.

“Ignoring your Master is a punishable offence, Gina. I assume you understand that having joined me this evening for dinner, as a concubine, you agreed to abide by the common harem laws of the UAE?”

“Oh, I didn’t, er...” I stammered, then tried again. “Nazira explained about harems, Master, but...”

“Good, then we’ll discuss the punishment after we’ve eaten.”

The talk of harems and punishments caused me to forget that I was sitting within inches of a man who could see my breasts, nipples and labia, if he cared to look. The surprising thing was that, as far as I had seen, he didn’t lower his eyes once.

**Two ~ Baring all.**

Across from me, Toni looked a little pensive and pale. The last thing either of us expected was to be threatened with a punishment. Of course, Toni was paying attention and avoided the sanction but how long would that last when the sheik was behaving so intolerantly?

No sooner had he finished talking to me, he returned his attention to the screen. Toni and I sat still, hands on our knees, staring at his handsome face. Nazira broke the silence when she entered with a tray of drinks. A young Arab man accompanied her with another tray that carried finger bowls, small towels and four large plates. Once he had emptied his tray, he left the cabin.

“Toni, hand the plates out, and Gina, serve our Master,” Nazira ordered.

“Oh, yes, er, Master. What would you like to eat?”

Salim Husni chose shish taouk and rice and I also filled a small dip dish for him. Once he was satisfied, the rest of us were allowed to help ourselves. There was a strange atmosphere as we ate and drank in silence. The wine was delicious so I had a refill when offered by Nazira.

The food was excellent and I ate a lot more than Salim did. Toni and Nazira also tucked in, while our Master gazed either at the TV screen or at his three concubines. I finally spotted him examining my tits and their adornments. My blouse wasn't tight, so when I leant forward, the hanging teardrop gems tugged on my nipples as they swayed from side to side.

By the time I had been sitting at the table for half an hour, my body was trembling like a live tuning fork. I had been wearing the adornments for an hour and my labia, which according to Nazira would settle down, was throbbing and desperate for relief.

On top of that, my stiff nipples were aching from the constant pull of the grips; and the tulle rubbing against their tips. And, finally, to make matters worse, Salim Husni was threatening to punish me.

I had come to accept, for the next nerve-racking hour or so, that I had no option but to continue in my concubine role, then hopefully, I'd be allowed to return to my room.

The sheik finished his food first and didn't hurry us along. Instead he watched the news and waited until we had finished. Nazira knew the right protocol and was the first to speak since I served Salim Husni his desert.

"Master, have you finished?"

"Yes, I have, Nazira."

"Shall I clear away the dishes?"

"Yes. Clear the table and take Toni back to her room. When you return, I will punish you and Gina."



The pretty Arab stood and bowed. “Thank you, Master.”

She signalled to Toni and together they collected the empty dishes on two trays, then left the room.

“Gina...,” the sheik began. “...our meeting tonight wasn’t planned. I had a spare hour and decided to start the interview sequence early. What is happening, should have started tomorrow afternoon. As it is, I’m pleased with the progress you have made. Tell me, how do you feel and what would you like to know about the process?”

His dazzling blue eyes seemed to bore into my brain. He claimed that my eyes betrayed my inner thoughts, which was ridiculous – I hoped!

“Um, so, was pretending to be a concubine going to be part of the interview process?”

“Yes. It’s the best way for you to learn our customs. Obviously, Nazira, would have had more time tomorrow to explain the process in more detail, but I thought that this extra experience would give you more time to decide if you want to stay on and sign the contract.”

“What if I had refused to be a concubine for an evening?”

“Actually, the minimum time is four days, which is why the trip is five days long.”

“Four days...?”

“Yes. The plan was to take you to my palace tonight, then dress you in the morning. Four days later, if you turned down the contract, you’d change back and we’d put you on a plane back to London. This is the process we use for all applicants applying for positions like the one we’re offering you.”

“You’re offering the job to me? Do you mean that...?”

He looked at me sternly. “Master.”

“Sorry, Master. Are you offering me the job?”

He placed his right hand on my left hand which was resting on my knee. “Gina, Everything I have seen tells me you are perfect for the job. However, there are a few steps to take before I show you the contract.”

I should have been worried about the conditions and what was happening to me, so the thrilling sensation in my chest mystified me. “Um, can you tell me, Master, what those steps involve?”

“One of them is your punishment...” He was interrupted by a knock on the door.  
“Come in!”

Nazira entered carrying a wooden tray. She closed the door, then set the tray on the floor. It was covered with a white towel, which she removed. After folding it, she laid it beside the tray, then strode over to where we were sitting. I glanced at the tray’s contents and was shocked to see there were two leather crops laying on it.

“Gina, help Nazira clear the area and then stand together ready to take your punishment.”

Part of me wanted to explore the concubine experience for a little longer, while the rest of my psyche wanted to question his actions and call a halt to the farcical proceedings. My mind was in a whirl as I helped the real concubine clear the area. A minute later, I was standing beside her with my arms by my side. This time the sheik took his time to study my body from my face to my toes.

We had the same body shape, but Nazira had larger tits and was about two inches taller. We both had dark hair, but mine was longer by a couple of inches. My skin was very fair while my Omani companion’s was the colour of manuka honey. She was extremely pretty and her slightly turned-up nose gave her an impish quality that was very endearing.

“Nazira, what is the punishment for ignoring your master?”

“Three strokes with the crop, Master.”

“And what does the instructor receive?”

“Four strokes, Master.”

It dawned on me, that Nazira was also going to be punished for my failings.

“That’s not f...”

Salim Husni held up his hand. “That’s an extra stroke for impertinence.”

“Thank you, Master,” Nazira said softly.

The sheik turned his dazzling blue eyes on me. I was a coward, not because I feared the pain, but because I feared his disapproval. I had only been in his company for an hour and I already wanted to please him. Inexplicably, I opened my mouth to speak. “Thank you, Master.”

He nodded his approval. “Remove your undergarments and fetch your punishment instruments.”

The room suddenly got hotter, or was it my face? I had been fearing such a command, since he mentioned a punishment, but it still shocked me when it

came. Nazira hooked her thumbs in the elasticated waists of both garments and pushed them down off her hips and pert ass.

I had never been spanked, let alone thrashed with a crop. He was going to make me bend over, then swipe my butt! Four strokes and then it was over, I told myself. Did I deserve to be punished or was this a test of my resolve and nerve? I decided it was, so I took the bold step and aped Nazira's actions.

She was stepping out of the flimsy tulle items, while mine were on the way down. Then, just when I thought the situation couldn't get any more shameful, Nazira dropped to her hands and knees and started crawling toward the tray by the door.

The Omani youngster was exposing her pretty cunt; and a little higher, her tightly puckered anus! The red ruby hanging from her labia, danced back and forth as her ass sashayed from side to side. The colour and shape of her ass and thighs were perfection personified! What would the sheik think of mine?

I hesitated. Not for long, but long enough to receive a frown from the billionaire. I was naked below my flimsy top and he had seen my sex when I bent over. My clitoral ridge was hidden by the clamp but everything else I wanted to hide would be on show. The moment of truth had arrived and there was no turning back!

**Three ~ Under his control.**

Taking a deep breath, I dropped to my hands and knees and set off across the carpet as fast as my hands and knees would propel me. I could feel the sheik's dazzling blue eyes examining my ass and pussy, the first man to have ever done so from the rear. I passed Nazira who was gripping the crop between her teeth.

On arrival at the tray, I grabbed the other crop, bit into the braided leather stem and hurried back to the table, which Salim had lowered, almost to the level of the carpet. Nazira had climbed onto the surface and was upright on her knees. She had placed her hands behind her head and pulled her elbows back. As a result, her tits looked even larger as they fought against the stretched tulle.

Salim held his hand up. "Gina, wait your turn." I stopped and looked up into his face with its stern expression. "Sit on your heels and place your hands behind your head. Knees a foot apart."

I sat back and did as I was directed. It was like a game I used to play as a kid we called statues. Salim Husni's game though had a much more serious intent. My red face and staring eyes must have betrayed my intense embarrassment. He waited until my thighs formed a wide 'V'.

"Gina, this is your 'sit and stay' posture, whether you're waiting for a punishment or simply waiting for instruction."

His eyes roved over my body and he seemed pleased with my lewd display. Why wouldn't he be? My pussy was not only visible, my major lips had parted and the jewelled clamp was thrusting forward in all its glory. Above, the teardrop pendants swayed and pushed against flimsy fabric, tickling my thrusting tits.



“Gina, this punishment is necessary to remind you of a failing, but the ritual is just as important. Fetching the weapon yourself, is a way for you to show your submissive nature and display your femininity to those present in the room. It may seem extreme to you, but it is easy to avoid repeat performances if you focus on following the ancient rules that concubines abide by in the harem.”

He turned to the statuesque figure kneeling on the table and began to untie the three bows holding her blouse together. As soon as the girl’s breasts were uncovered, he removed the crop from her mouth.

He turned to me. “Gina, punishments with the crop are administered on your posterior, but if you have earned a fifth stroke, it will be laid across your breasts. Because of your insolence, Gina’s punishment has reached five strokes. You might be so well-behaved in the future that you never reach five but watch carefully and learn how to respond.”

I wanted to scream at him and say how unfair his instant justice system was, but I remained silent, knowing another stroke would endanger my tits. Nazira’s orbs were magnificent and didn’t need the red teardrop pendants to highlight them. Her nipples were particularly large and looked as hard as bullets, while Salim Husni arranged the sides of her blouse to make sure the garment was out of the way.

“Which breast received the stroke last time, Nazira?”

Did he strike so many girl’s tits he couldn’t remember? I wondered. “The right, Master.”

He moved to the far side, took aim, by placing the leather flapper on the top of her breast, then raised his arm. Thwatt!

“Uhhhh!” she grunted softly as he swiped the upper slope of her tit.

The flapper impacted with a loud crack, the flesh wobbled and the ruby jiggled. I flinched when the stroke landed, as though I had been struck instead of Nazira. Remarkably, she didn’t move a muscle until the sheik returned to face her.

“Thank you, Master” She bowed her head, then turned and dropped to her hands and knees, facing away from the sheik.

Maintaining a right angle between her calves and thighs, the young Omani lowered her head and shoulder, dipped her back and shuffled her knees apart by about six inches. Salim Husni mentioned submissiveness and femininity. Well, the young concubine was displaying those traits to the extreme and it wouldn’t be long before I was expected to follow suit!

The punishment wasn’t as extreme as I first feared. The sheik swatted Nazira’s breast with the folded leather tip and not the stem of the crop. It must have stung badly, for a red blotch immediately appeared, but the pain and mark would probably disappear quickly. So, as he rested the crop on the youngster’s ass, I wondered whether he would be more sadistic with the final four strokes. Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

“Ahhhhhhh,” Nazira gasped a little louder than before.

The sheik had used the stem of the crop and delivered four sharp blows, equidistant from each other, across the meat of her ass. The sound of the blows landing was far more distressing than the first slap on her tit. I squatted on my heels, teeth gripping the crop, quaking with trepidation. In minutes I would be receiving the same punishment for simply forgetting to pay attention to my Master...

Salim dropping the crop on the table was the signal for Nazira to shuffle around until she was facing the sheik. She then rose to her knees brought her praying hands up to her breasts and bowed. I expected the concubine to thank her Master and climb down, but I was in for the shock of the evening!

“Master, may I show my contriteness by pleasuring you?”

“Which hole are you offering me, Nazira?”

“My throat, Master.”

“I accept your offer.”

My eyes nearly left their sockets when he lifted his thawb to reveal his huge, erect dick. I had been wondering if he was wearing underwear while we sat eating dinner. My imagined scenario had been correct! He let the material hang on the base of his 10” shaft so he could place his hands on Nazira’s head. She cupped his balls with her left hand and gripped his cock with her right.

I stared disbelievingly when the Omani youngster pulled it down until it was almost horizontal and then wrapped her lips around his plum shaped crown. Nazira worked on it with her tongue for a minute, then started to go down and devour his shaft. I was receiving a fellatio lesson under circumstances I could never have imagined. I could do it, but nowhere near as skilfully as the Omani concubine.

Nazira was good. She took her time while Salim's attention never strayed from her upturned face. He ran his fingers through her hair and stroked her head in a tender, almost erotic manner. The concubine started to gently sway back and forth, while she languidly pistoned her throat onto his massive manhood.

Because of her awful background, I understood why Nazira loved and adored her Master. He wanted me to see her slave-like idolization, in the hope that I would be inspired to accept the lifestyle, while I worked for him. I licked my lips and wondered if he was really going to thrash me and then expect me to repeat Nazira's actions. I looked down at my aching pussy and wondered if I was going to be given a chance to choose a hole.

The Omani youngster picked up speed, but only for a minute, for Salim suddenly gripped her head to stop her in mid-flow. "Thank you, Nazira. Enough. I am on a tight schedule tonight."

Saliva was dripping from Nazira's chin as she withdrew. Salim waited until she had settled down, then lifted his thawb and let it drop back into place.

He patted her on the head. "Very satisfying. You may get dressed."

“Thank you, Master.” She dropped onto her hands and knees, placed the crop into her mouth and crawled off the table and headed toward the tray.

“You may get into position, Gina,” he said sternly.

If I was going to back out, then the moment had arrived. I was about to be thrashed by a stranger, then be expected to ask said stranger for sex. The truth of the matter was that I was acting out one of the fantasies I often conjured up when I was alone in bed. Naked and on my knees in front of a mysterious Arab billionaire!

I may never get another chance to experience such a submissive situation and might never meet such a handsome man in my life. In particular, a man who had a harem full of beautiful girls and a man who wanted me to work with him at an intimate level. However, if I had sex with him, it wouldn't be because I wanted the job, it would be because I wanted to be his submissive.

I only paused for a couple of seconds, then dropped onto my hands and crawled forward, still gripping the crop between my teeth. He took it from me, then signalled for me to turn around.

I complied knowing that the moment of truth had arrived. Salim, standing just a foot away from my ass was able to examine my girlish charms at close quarters. I had stepped across a red line, first of all, crawling like a puppy dog to get the crop, then returning to accept the harsh punishment.

How many more red lines were there going to be before I achieved the goal I had, when I set out on my journey earlier in the day?

**Four ~ Total submission.**



My muscles were slow to react when the sheik pushed the leather tip of the crop between my thighs. I witnessed Nazira's totally submissive pose, so I knew what was expected of me. The problem was that it was an awfully lewd pose for a girl, especially when a man was demanding it.

"In position," he urged. "Any more hesitations will earn you another stroke."

I instantly shuffled my knees apart, dropped my head and shoulders and dipped my back. The threat focused my mind because I didn't want a fifth stroke on my tit.

"As this is your first punishment, Gina, I'll be using the leather part of the crop and not the shaft. Next time you will receive the same punishment as your trainer."

"Thank you, Master." I called out.

I was truly grateful to be avoiding a repeat of the sadistic blows he had administered to Nazira's ass. I hardly had any time to think about it, before... Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

"Shhhhhhhhhhhhh...", I cried, almost swearing and getting myself into more trouble.

Tears rolled down my face, but I managed to hold back the sobs that would have shown what a wimp I was. The pain and shame were bearable, only because of the deeper, dull sensation in my quim. A familiar hunger pang that needed to be satisfied.

He tapped my thigh. “Turn, Gina and let me take a look at you.”

I pushed myself up and shuffled around until I faced the handsome authority figure. I didn’t know what to do with my hands, so I placed them behind my head. Nazira must have left the room while the sheik was whacking my ass. I couldn’t remember the line she used to mollify him, but the handsome Arab wasn’t ready for sex.

Salim, standing back a couple of feet, reached out and slowly untied the three bows holding my blouse together, then pulled the sides of the garment apart. Holding the crop in one hand, he lifted one of the teardrop sapphires with the other. He avoided touching my breast while he examined it.

“These gemstones belonged to my mother and her mother before her.”

“Th... they must be valuable,” I stammered.

“Priceless, Gina.” He let it drop. “They suit your porcelain skin...,” He cupped my chin. “...the slight blush on your high cheekbones and your rose petal lips. You are a very beautiful young woman, Gina.”

“Th... thank you, Master,” I whispered.

“I will have my jeweller attach them to gold rings so you can wear them in your piercings...”

“Oh...?” I was flabbergasted. “I... I don’t know what to say, Master.” He was making plans for me already.

Having slipped his hand under my left breast, he gave it a gentle squeeze “When you have breasts as firm and well-formed as yours, Gina, they should be adorned with the most beautiful gems, don’t you agree?”

He then clasped my nipple and gently squeezed it, as if the pressure would prompt a positive answer from me. “Yes... Yes, Master, but can’t I continue wearing them like this?” I wanted to avoid having my nipples pierced.

“Gina, if you’re going to join my staff, you must first spend a month in my Harem. Pierced nipples are a basic requirement.”

The fingers gently twisting my stiff nub was distracting me. “Oh, I see. A month...”

“Yes, the time will fly by. Nazira will make sure you understand all the rules and hopefully guide you along the right path. You will learn discipline and obedience. The collar and cuffs you’re wearing will stay until the month’s over. You will wear fine clothes and expensive jewellery. By the end of the month you

will be ready to accompany me around the world.”

I was overwhelmed by so much information. A month in his harem! I didn’t know what to think, but Nazira’s phrase suddenly popped into my head. “Master, may I show my contriteness by pleasuring you?”

“You may, Gina. What have you got to offer?”

“Myself, Master, er, my body...”

“A thrall has three holes, Gina.”

I wasn’t used to such blunt language, but I ploughed on and lowered my voice to a whisper. “My vagina, Master...”

He cupped my chin. “I have a new cabin for you. You could go there now or stay and consummate our future working relationship.”

He was giving me an out, but I was far too hot and hungry to retreat from the situation. “I’d like to stay, Master.”

“Assume the position then and I’ll raise the table.”

“Um, on all fours or on my back, Master?”

“You choose. I’ll get the remote.”

I preferred to be on my back because I wanted to watch him slide into me, so I laid down with my ass on the edge. I then lifted my knees up and back onto my chest. I was beginning to regret letting Nazira fit the two-inch-long clit clamp and couldn’t wait to have it removed. A habitual masturbator, I would get extremely frustrated if I couldn’t rub my clit at night.

Sheik Husni approached and triggered the lift mechanism. He waited until my ass was at the perfect height, then stilled the surface. He lifted his thawb to reveal he was still rock hard. I wasn’t as shocked to see it for a second time and felt the urge to wrap my hand around his shaft like Nazira had. His cock was only the third to penetrate me and by far the largest. He stroked my lips gently, then gave the clamp a nudge.

“Uhh, that’s sore, Master. When will Nazira remove it?”

“It’ll only be removed for cleaning...” He touched my pudendal dimple. “...and you will be pierced here.”

“I thought it was for when I was in your company, Master.”

“Gina, all the thralls in my harem are either trimmed before I buy them or wear a permanent inhibitor, like this one.” He gave it another nudge.

I was disappointed to hear that the clamp was permanent and was about to protest when I was distracted by the tip of his cock nudged my entrance. The sheik's foreplay consisted of teasing the whirlpool of flesh, until my quim was succulent and steaming hot.

"Ahhhhhhhh, Master," I cried when he suddenly powered his rock-hard shaft into my velvet tunnel.

Three firm thrusts and he was prodding my extremity! "Grip me, Gina. Let me feel your muscles working..."

"Masterrrrr," I sighed, "It's very big..."

I had never been stretched as much and penetrated to such a depth before. The sensation each time he bottomed out, was new to me. I tried to squeeze his rapid, thrusting shaft, but the orgasm that arrived like an explosion, immediately consumed my senses and overwhelmed me.

The sheik held the back of my thighs firmly, so he could hold me still while he slammed into the twin globes of my posterior. I writhed and moaned for what seemed like an hour, then, when he came, an extra surge of electricity raced around my nervous system.

We both stilled and stared into each other's eyes. Sheik Husni maintained his grip on my legs and retained his erection, despite having shot copious amounts of jiz into my darkest recesses.

When I squeezed his shaft, he smiled. “Good girl. In the harem, the girls are constantly trained in ways to please me. You will be included in the training.” Having lingered for a minute, he withdrew and let his thawb drop into place. “Nazira will be back soon. She’ll take you to your new room.”

“What about my things in the other cabin, Master?”

“The cabin staff will take care of your luggage and clothes. You won’t need a single item you boarded the plane with, so you won’t see your western clothes for a while.”

“What about my phone, Master, and my wallet...”

“Everything will be carefully packed and taken to my palace. You needn’t worry about a thing. Whether it’s a short stay of four days or a month, while you’re in my harem, we will take care of you.”

“Oh, alright...” I really wanted my phone, but if I was going to his palace, I reckoned I’d be able to claim it when I arrived.

“Nazira will take you to her cabin where she has the items you need when you eventually transfer from the plane to my palace. You can get dressed now.”

I sat up on the edge of the table and finger combed my hair back into place.



Salim Husni was heading for his desk.

“Master...”

He turned and frowned at me. “What is it, Gina?”

“I was wondering about Toni. What will happen to her?” I started to pull my panties up.

He folded his arms and studied me with a rueful smile on his face. “Toni isn’t her real name, Gina. Her name is Rasima. She’s one of my best recruitment managers and works out of our London office. Her task was to give you the confidence to complete your journey and I think we can both agree, she succeeded.”

“But...” I didn’t get any further.

A knock on the door signalled that Nazira had returned. The young Omani entered after the sheik called her in. She had changed out of the matching pantaloons and blouse into a short tunic dress of the same colour and material. The tulle garment had short puff sleeves and was cinched at the waist with a piece of gold silk rope.

The low ‘V’ neck drew the eye to her ample breasts; and the gold collar around her slim neck. She wasn’t wearing a bra but had donned a pair of tiny red satin panties that covered the lower part of her mons. Embroidered on the material of

her dress, over her left breast, were the dark purple letters ‘SH’.

Salim’s head concubine came over and stood beside me, then bowed. “Master, your guests are waiting in conference room two.”

“Thank you, Nazira. Take Gina to your room and when she has changed, report to the galley. I’d like you both to help Faraji and Abra to serve the meal to me and my guests. The food is being prepared and we’ll be drinking champagne. Gina, yours and Abra’s collars will be set to silent while you are in the conference room. Both you and Abra will stay to serve our guests during the meal. Should they speak in their native language, Chinese, listen carefully to what they have to say. We will talk after they have returned to their cabin.”

“Yes, Master.” We both lifted our hands and bowed.

He dismissed us with a wave of his hand and headed back to his desk. I accompanied Nazira out of the room, then together we headed toward the accommodation section. After everything that had happened, I was shocked to find that the collar I was wearing could somehow stop me from speaking.

Sheik Salim Husni had successfully cajoled and tricked me into becoming a concubine and joining his harem. Was I angry and did I regret what had happened after dinner? I wasn’t sure. What I was sure about was that I had fallen for the handsome billionaire and for the time being, that was all that mattered...

**Five ~ In the harem?**

Cabin number ten was larger than the one I shared with Rasima, who earlier, masqueraded as Toni. There was enough space to change in and more cupboards on either side of the cabin. I didn't have time to dwell on the way my previous companion had deceived me into thinking she was after the same job. More importantly, I had just found out that the collar I was wearing had a sinister purpose, so I needed to find out how it worked.

However, Nazira seized my attention from the moment we set foot in the room. "Tell me, Gina, what happened?" She grabbed my hand and let the door shut behind us. We stopped just shy of the seats.

"Well, um, should I say anything...?" I had no idea about how discreet concubines were, after having sex with their Master.

"Of course. You're in the harem and we concubines share everything."

"Am I really in his harem? Everything has happened so fast."

"Well, technically, you'll officially join tomorrow if you sign the contract. Look, the Master wants you by his side, I can tell..."

I wanted to think clearly and put emotions to one side for a while, but it was difficult to do that dressed in an expensive tulle concubine outfit. "Nazira, I have no idea what the sheik is going to offer me..."

“The terms are going to be so good you’d be crazy not to work for Husni Oil.” She was excited, maybe too ebullient under the circumstances.

Nazira was clearly besotted with Salim Husni, a reaction I could understand, knowing her history and having been in his company for an hour. I had to focus on what was good for me though, rather than him. “Everything is happening too fast, Nazira. I need to slow down and catch my breath.”

She suddenly clasped my upper arms. I thought she was going to kiss me, but she wanted to speak earnestly. “Life with the Master isn’t slow. I’ve seen so many girls like you grasp the chance to work for him and make a success of themselves.”

“I’m sure he’s very selective. He can choose from the most attractive young women in the world.”

“You must have come up on his radar, Gina. He has ways of finding girls who are perfect for roles in his company. Masumi is one example. She was a stable girl looking after the Master’s Ponies. After a spell in the harem, she’s now married to him and is a billionaire in her own right. We all dream of following in her footsteps.”

“Masumi? Salim said his wife wanted to meet me because she was part Japanese.”

“Yes, she has a Swedish mother and Japanese father...” Nazira gently touched my cheek. “He likes uniquely beautiful young woman, which is why he chose you. Tell me, did you make an offer?”

The question caught me on the hop, then I twigged what she was asking. “Yes, I wasn’t sure what to say so I offered him my body...”

Her eyes expanded in delight. “Your body... Wow, you’re braver than I thought.”

“He told me to choose a hole.”

“And...?”

“I offered my vagina.”

“Good for you. That means you’re one of us.” She leant in and kissed me on the lips. I returned the kiss but she drew back before I parted my lips. I was quite prepared to give her a passionate kiss so was mildly disappointed. “Abra is going to be excited when I tell her.”

“Abra? Is she a concubine in the harem?”

“Yes. You’ll meet her in a minute. First, you’ve got to change.”

“How many girls are there in Salim’s harem?”

Ignoring my question, Nazira released my arms and went to a cupboard beneath the desk. She sorted through a stack of cellophane packages and withdrew one. “Pink suits you, Gina. I’ll unpack this while you undress.”

I had spent an uncomfortable couple of hours in the outfit and was relieved to be taking it off. I could imagine wearing the items to bed but hated the idea of wearing them all the time. Could I stand a whole month dressed in semi-transparent outfits? I wondered.

My companion studied my naked body, then stroked my flat tummy. “You’re very fit, Gina.”

“I exercise regularly.” I looked down my body and when she removed her hand, I touched the top of the clamp. About an inch was visible. “Nazira, I’m worried about the clamp. It still hurts.”

“Gina, when you feel that sensation down there, I bet you are thinking of our Master and his handsome cock?”

She was right. I was imagining having sex with him again. I nodded. “Sure, but I don’t need a painful clamp to do that.”

Nazira held up the tunic to show me. It was gorgeous, but diaphanously thin. It was a replica of what Nazira was wearing. I took it and gathered it up so I could lower it over my head.

“You will get used to the sensation. It’s a small price to pay to be beside our Master. When the month is over, he’ll need your expertise all over the world.”

I kind of liked the sound of that. “Nazira, you didn’t answer my earlier question. How many concubines...”

“Oh, well, er... A couple are away working in the stables and two more are staying at the fitness centre for a couple of days, so until Monday it’ll be you, me, Abra and Emirah.”

I gasped. “Eight concubines? How does Salim cope with so many girls?”

“Easy, the man is a sex god!” She laughed at her own comment. “You’ll see, all in good time. Here, let me help you...”

It wasn’t easy to get my arms into the flimsy tunic. Nazira helped me and eased the material into place. The top was tight and showed off my cleavage in a pleasing manner. She handed me the pink satin panties which turned out to be a thong.

I pulled it on. “It doesn’t cover much...”

“Better than nothing. Gina, at the dinner, don’t worry about wandering hands...”



“Are you kidding me?”

“No, most of Salim’s guests will take liberties and it’s something we have to ignore and live with. Faraji will turn yours and Abra’s collars on, so you must remain silent. It’ll be difficult the first time, but it saves you from being punished for being insolent.”

I tugged on the collar. “That’s terrible. How does it work?”

The young Omani opened another cupboard and selected two pairs of sparkling stiletto shoes. She handed me a pink pair and started to step into her own red pair. They looked fantastic and made me feel better.

“It’s simple Gina. Make a clear sound and the collar will shock you on the sides of your neck. Stay silent and you’ll be okay.”

After fastening a golden rope belt around my waist, she kissed me lightly on the lips. “Look at us, we’re like sisters.” The Omani beauty was happy, but I was extremely anxious about what was expected of me.

I was beginning to have mixed feelings about joining Husni Oil. I didn’t think I could cope with being half naked and have strangers touching me inappropriately. I had been cajoled into becoming a concubine and as a result, had sex with Salim Husni. Did the deceit go deeper? I wondered. Was the professor who recommended the job to me, all part of a scheme to place me in Salim Husni’s Harem? If so, I had fallen for it, hook, line and sinker.

**Six – Warned and examined.**

I was worried about the sequence of events that led me to Salim's side, but there I was, preparing to play the role of a concubine and join a group of strangers in what the Arabs called a harem. At least, beneath the expensive tulle tunic, I was wearing a thong that just about covered my sex.

After we had refreshed our make-up, we examined our reflexions in the mirror. I told my companion she looked stunning and she returned the compliment. Different heights and shape, along with the contrast between our skin colours might prove that Salim Husni was interested in our personalities rather than where we came from.

If only the working conditions were like those I'd find in a London office, I thought. I would have revelled in working for the billionaire.

"Before we leave, I have to explain some of the ground rules, so let's sit down and I'll give you a few tips."

We both dropped on the carpet into a cross legged position. The Omani youngster struck me as being confident and proud of her position in Salim's harem. The triangles of satin barely covered our modesty and left nothing to the imagination. I automatically pushed the hem of my short tunic down to hide the lewd display.

Nazira leant over and lifted my hand. "That's your first mistake, Gina. During a function like the one we're about to attend, we are allowed to wear a thong or in some circumstances, panties. Hiding parts of your body with your hands suggests you are ashamed of that which you are hiding, instead of being proud of it. Showing embarrassment is a sign of weakness in our society and if the Master

thinks you are weak, he will arrange some intensive training.”

“That’s ridiculous, Nazira. Every girl I know would be horrified to flash their panties or their nipples in front of strangers. I thought the men in Arabic countries suppressed women’s desires to flaunt themselves.”

“It’s different in the UAE. When we are in public, we must cover-up, but when we are in our Master’s company or at his palace, we must reflect his wealth and status. A sheik’s standing and respect in the Arab community can come down to who his wives are and the size of his harem and stables. Appearance and attractiveness are everything to the wealthy elite.”

It was pointless arguing with the youngster, for she and her Master were locked into their cultural way of life. Once the contract was in front of me, I would decide whether to join Husni Oil or return home. “So, who is Faraji and what does he do?”

“He is Salim’s travel manager and has an office at the Dubai International Airport. He doesn’t live at the palace, but he often visits. He arranges all of Sheik Husni’s air, sea and road travel. He’s a new appointment and keen to impress the Master, so follow his orders to the letter. He is one of three managers, who have authority over us and remember, if you earn a punishment, I’ll get one too.”

“He can punish us?”

“Yes. He’s red-hot on thralls responding instantly. He hates hesitation, especially when we are in Salim’s company. His assistant, Hamid, bosses us around but can

only report us to Faraji if he catches us breaking a rule.”

Will they be helping us serve the dinner?”

“No, but they will help us deliver it to the room. One more thing, Salim’s guests, whether male or female will be watching us carefully. Hold your tray so they can see your tits; and bend at the waist to show your butt. Believe me, you have a spectacular ass and you should be proud of it.”

I despaired at having to act like a floozy in front of a group of foreign men. It wasn’t in my makeup to behave in such a manner. We finished our chat and set off for the galley.

Walking side by side, my companion gave me a final piece of advice. “Respond to Feraji like you would Salim, but only use ‘Sir’ when you bow. He doesn’t know anything about you or why you’re joining Husni Oil, nor does he want to know. All he’s worried about is your appearance and that you won’t fuck up while he’s doing his duties. He will make sure you know that he’s the boss.”

With that warning ringing in my ears, we entered the galley. The kitchen area was a hive of activity. It was easy to see, looking around at the expensive equipment, where a fair chunk of the billionaire’s money had gone. I immediately spotted the other concubine, Abra. Blonde and pretty, I guessed she was European or American. She was dressed in a yellow version of my outfit and was drying fluted crystal glasses and placing them on a tray.

“Girls, over here,” a man called.

I turned and followed Nazira to a space in the corner of the galley where two men were sitting on stools, sipping coffee. We were surrounded by stainless steel cabinets and worktops, but there was room to bow.

“Faraji, Sir, this is Gina,” Nazira announced as soon as we lifted our heads and straightened our backs. “She’s from London and joined the Master’s staff today.”

Unlike Salim’s languid examination, both men’s eyes roved over my body in a show of undisguised lecherousness. Both men were young Arabs in their twenties but were dressed differently. The chef was in his white overalls, while the travel manager was wearing a thawb and headdress, like Salim’s. For some reason I felt ten times more uncomfortable standing just a yard away from the pair while they examined me, than I did in Salim’s company.

Faraji placed his cup on the countertop, then turned his dark hooded eyes on me. The young man’s face was pitted and scarred, suggesting he had suffered a serious illness in the past. His dark skin and full, neatly trimmed beard went some way to disguise the marks, but I found his overall appearance unsettling.

“Gina, from London, I’m sure Nazira has warned you against sloppiness, but let me reiterate the point. If you cock anything up, I’ll come down on you like a shitstorm. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir, I understand.”

“Okay. When serving the Master’s guests, take care and take your time. Have

you washed your hands?”

“Yes, Sir, before I left the cabin.”

“Show me.”

I held my hands out, palms up. He took hold of one and smelt it. “Mmm. They don’t smell soapy. Are you lying?”

“No, Sir.”

“What about your holes? Are they clean?”

He was determined to embarrass me in front of the chef and Nazira. I hadn’t washed since I had sex with the sheik, but he wasn’t to know that. “Yes, Sir.”

“Bend over and let me smell your breath.” A nasty sensation was welling in my chest as I lent over and opened my mouth.

He sniffed when I breathed out. “Okay. Turn around and put your hands on your knees.”

“W... why?”

The manager turned to Nazira. “Is this thrall questioning my order, Nazira?”

“No, Sir...” She said uncertainly, then glared at me.

The heat and humidity in the galley were fogging my brain. The delay in turning was brief, but distinct. I bent forward and clasped my knees, aware that my bare ass was in Faraji’s face. “I see you’ve already been punished?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“After dinner, I’ll be adding to these marks.” Fingers traced a line across my right cheek from one mark to the other.

My embarrassment worsened when he drew the waistband of the thong down my cheeks to unveil my anus. He stuck his nose between my cheeks and sniffed.

“Mmmm, number two clean. What about this...?”

The pull on the elastic dragged the triangle of satin off my labia. “Oh!” I exclaimed when I felt a finger prod my vaginal entrance.

“What’s this, chef?” Through my legs I was able to see Faraji show his finger to



the other Arab.

“I’d say, the Master has been in there and this thrall hasn’t cleansed her hole.”

“I agree...” He turned back and pulled the thong down to my ankles. “Step out of it, Gina.” Once I had freed my feet, he slapped my ass.” Up!” I went to pick up the garment.” No leave it there. It’s soiled. You can’t serve the Master’s guests while wearing soiled panties.” He pointed to the door of the bathroom. “Go have a douche and wash your hands, then we can get some work done.”

Minus my thong and thoroughly mortified, I hurried away to the rest room. I didn’t even glance at Nazira for her reaction. There were two stalls which were luckily equipped with a hand spray. Red faced and trembling, I made sure my vagina was jiz free, then left the stall to wash my hands. I was dreading returning to the galley, but if I didn’t, my nightmare would only get worse.

When I emerged, I found Nazira waiting for me with a concerned look on her face. “I should have anticipated that...”

I looked over her shoulder to see Faraji standing with Abra, while she bent down beside a stainless-steel cabinet. “What’s he doing?”

“Taking her panties. He won’t allow a mismatch in our uniforms, so we must all remove them.

“Oh, shit!”

She looked at me disapprovingly. “Gina, behave or we’re both going to be thrashed later. We can still get in his good books if the Master is happy with our service.”

My head was in a spin. “I... I...” The surly manager was approaching so I fell silent.

He pointed at us. “You two, come and grab a tray.” I followed Nazira over to where Abra was standing. She didn’t look too concerned and gave me a smile. The manager pointed at a line of five trays. “Gina, I’m switching your collar on, so remain silent during the meal. Hamid will lead the way. Abra, take the drinks, and Gina, the plates and cutlery. Nazira and I will follow with the hors d’Oeuvres. If the party are not ready to eat, you three thralls will wait until the Master gives the command to lay the table. Then, after the hors d’oeuvres, clear the table and return to the galley for the main course.”

I waited for Abra to pick up her tray, then I collected the second and set off behind her. Hamid, who was wearing grey slacks and white shirt, held the door open and we filed out. I was on my way to attend to a group of men while in a state of undress. I was terrified when there was only one man in the room, how was I going to get on with a group of men?

## **Seven – Acute embarrassment.**

I tried to concentrate on the task and follow in Abra's footsteps. The three-inch heels on my shoes boosted my height but made it more difficult to keep the heavy tray steady. The conference room was not far and within thirty seconds we were filing in and approaching the table. Having conjured up an image of a large gathering, I was surprised to find the small group of five were sitting at a low table on cushions.

The room was the same size as the previous room I dined in, but the table was longer and there were two rows of airline seats at the end, facing the back of the aircraft. The table, which I guessed was designed to seat 8, was surrounded by six cushions. Salim sat at the far end while his four middle-aged Chinese guests were sitting two either side. The cushion at the end nearest to the door was unoccupied.

A sideboard was standing against the long wall and it was to this that Nazira took her tray of champagne. I placed mine next to hers and was joined by the others until all five trays were in a line. We turned and waited for a command while the two young men left the room.

Salim and his guests were quite animated and were all talking in English. The subject was a merger with a company based in the Guangxi province. Apparently, the sheik had recently bought a tyre manufacturing company and was hoping to do a deal with his guests to link their businesses. The five men behaved as though they weren't aware of three scantily clothed girls waiting patiently to serve them with their meal.

Finally, after about ten minutes, Salim brought the conversation to an end. He raised his hand and clicked his fingers, which was the signal to lay the table. As soon as we turned, Nazira gave the orders.

“Gina, take the cutlery, Abra, the plates and I’ll bring the champagne.”

So, started one of the longest hours of my life. The table was only 18” off the ground, so I had to do a deep bow every time I placed an item on the surface. I had to bend and lift so many times I eventually began to feel dizzy. The Chinese men watched us intently as we moved around the table preparing it for the meal.

I spotted all four men leaning back on their cushions to take a look at our peeping labia, several times. As the meal wore on, they grew tired of twisting their necks, but there was another embarrassing aspect that didn’t affect the other concubines.

Salim had asked me to listen when the men spoke their native tongue. They clearly weren’t aware that I could speak their language because both pairs discussed our state of undress. The man Salim called Hua, said some rude things about me to the guy sitting next to him. I was shocked by the level of crudeness and wasn’t sure if I should repeat them to Salim if he asked me what Hua said.

The offensive remarks were personal. Roughly translated he said that out of the three concubines, only my pussy looked excited. He wanted to taste it and even said that my vaginal entrance had winked at him! I was already deeply embarrassed, so when the remarks increased my shame, the room temperature seemed to climb rapidly.

Between courses we retreated from the room. I was massively relieved to get a breather and out of the spotlight. I couldn’t see why that particular guest should single me out, because the other two concubines were just as attractive and looked several years younger than I did. Thankfully, the men restricted

themselves to rude comments in Chinese and avoided touching us. But, because we were working in close proximity, the entire experience was constantly nerve-racking and demeaning.

By the time we were clearing the desert dishes away, I had become used to working with a bare ass. The rude comments in Chinese didn't stop, but I eventually forced myself to ignore them. Salim relied on Nazira to issue instructions to me and Abra and didn't appear to notice our bare asses.

I had to confess, I was slightly disappointed by his lack of interest, after all, we were part of his harem. I took the last dishes to the sideboard and handed them to Nazira, who rearranged the tray. I looked at her for guidance because she was the only one who could speak.

She saw my inquiring expression. "I'll take the tray back. You and Abra stay and serve the drinks. I'll be back in a minute to see how you're getting on."

I would rather have left the room with her, but because the dinner was over, I didn't think we would have much to do. An opened bottle of champagne was sitting in a stainless-steel ice bucket, but we weren't called on for five minutes.

We were standing with our backs to the sideboard, watching the men chat, when Salim clicked his fingers. We walked over to his side and bowed. "Abra, I want the table wiped clean. Gina, fill our glasses."

While my fellow concubine delved into the sideboard for a cloth, I brought the bottle back to the table and with a shaking hand, topped up all five glasses. I left Salim to last and just before I straightened, he laid a warm hand on my ass. I

froze, believing that's what he wanted. A thrilling tingle radiated out from where his hand rested on my firm flesh.

Four sets of hungry eyes were glued to my tits, which bulged impressively from the low 'V' neck of my diaphanous tunic dress. I could smell raw lust permeating the still air above the table. If Salim wasn't there, the suited businessmen would most likely drag me onto the table and... I shook the uncharacteristic thought from my head.

"Return the bottle, then come and stand by my side, Gina." His hand slipped down to the top of my thigh, enabling his thumb to stroke my right labia lip. Touching me there, I felt, was a signal he wanted to have sex with me again. When he withdrew his hand, I stood upright.

I was about to set off when Abra arrived at the far end of the table. I gawped as, minus her shoes, she knelt on the far end, then crawled up to the end where Salim was seated. She started wiping the table, then backed away toward the edge where she started.

While they held their glasses up, the Chinese men got an eyeful of Abra's pretty cunt as she went about her cleaning task. She rubbed away, while turning her body to ensure that all four men had a closeup of her sex and shapely ass.

It was a task that the youngster had probably carried out many times and I guessed it was a way for Salim to please his guests after a working business meal. I was grateful that he had asked Abra to clean the table, for I think I would have fainted with shame crawling back and forth like a puppy dog.

What other tasks were the concubines trained to do? I wondered.

A slap on the ass spurred me into returning the bottle to the tray. I passed Abra on the way back and was surprised to see her wink at me. She had clearly enjoyed her performance or was her reaction the result of having pleased Salim? In any case, his guests were happy as they sipped their champagne and watched the show.

I stood beside my master on one side and Abra stood the other. Sitting on the fat cushion, Salim shared a joke with his guests and joined in the laughter. They were talking about breathable rubber and the uses it could be put to. Hua turned to his companion, and in Chinese, said that he thought I'd look good in black latex so long as there were plenty of holes in the suit.

The remark was rude, while the intent was beneath such a powerful businessman. I disliked the man, not just for his ribald remarks about me, but because I felt he was disrespecting the sheik. Despite those feelings, I began to relax standing beside Salim and when he lifted his right hand and gently stroked my calf, a thrill ran the entire length of my body.

Sheik Husni was a very rich man and obviously had enormous influence around the world. I was jumping the gun imagining he owned me, like the other concubines. However, I was wearing a controlling shock collar and an expensive tunic, like the other girls, so he obviously had plans to own me. I hadn't even signed the contract, but I couldn't deny that I was beginning to feel as though I belonged to him...

## **The End of Part Two**



### **Extract of Part Three.**

The jovial discussion was interrupted when Nazira returned. Salim put his glass down and watched the girl approach. “Nazira, my guests are ready to return to their cabins. I will bring Gina to your cabin when we’re finished here.”

She bowed. “Thank you, Master.”

The Chinese businessmen looked disappointed to a man but accepted their host’s decision with grace. All 5 men got to their feet and gathered at the far end of the table. There was a lot of hand shaking and patting of backs, before the Chinese were led away by Nazira.

Salim approached Abra. “Collect the glasses, Abra, and return them to the galley. Tell, Faraji that I want yours and Gina’s collars switched off, then you may retire to my cabin.”

She bowed and went to fetch the tray. Lucky girl, I thought, as she placed the glasses on a tray and left the room.

Salim turned to me. “Help me onto the cushion, Gina.”

I noticed his limp earlier but didn’t realize it affected his mobility. I went to take his arm, but instead he held mine while he lowered himself onto the cushion. The fact that the powerful millionaire had a weakness, endeared him to me, to an even greater degree than before.

Once he was comfortable, he pointed at the sideboard. “In the top drawer you’ll find my cigarettes, a lighter and an ashtray. Fetch them for me.”

I hurried across the room, retrieved the items from the drawer and returned to the table. Salim was watching me intently as though he was trying to read my mood.

“I want you to sit on the end of the table facing me, Gina.”

Knowing full well what was involved, I slipped my shoes off, placed his cigarettes, lighter and ashtray in front of him, then climbed onto the table. I noticed the surface was cold against my butt cheeks as I manoeuvred myself into a cross-legged position, facing him.

The handsome sheik examined my face, then slowly dropped his eyes to my tits, before finally gazing at my sex. With my thighs widely parted, my labia was stretched wide, meaning every detail of my most precious spot was on show. I rested my trembling hands on my knees and waited for the command to lay back so he could fuck me again.

He picked up the pack, retrieved a cigarette and lit it. “Your collar will be switched off by now, Gina. I’d like to know what Hua said to Chen just before Nazira returned.”

“Um, it was about the latex, Master.”

He puffed on his cigarette, creating a small cloud of menthol vapour, but it was

his sparkling blue eyes that captivated my attention. “What about the latex? Be more specific. I noticed he was looking at you when he spoke.”

Salim wanted to know everything. “He was being rude, Master. He wanted to see me in black latex, provided it had enough holes.”

Salim threw his head back and laughed. “Ha! What an old dog!”

“Master, he made several rude comments about me during the dinner and his tone was derogatory. I wouldn’t trust that man, if I was you...” Salim blinked and then frowned, maybe a sign that I had said too much.

“Gina, I wouldn’t normally allow one of my personal assistants to make a comment like that, let alone a concubine. I want answers to my questions, not reckless observations.”

I lifted my hands and bowed. “I’m sorry, Master.”

“I’ll overlook your impertinence this once and I’ll file your comment away for later reference. Tell me another thing Hua said that upset you.”

I gripped my knees to calm my shaking hands, for his reprimand made me feel half my age. I wanted to impress him and get in his good books. “Master, Hua made a very personal comment about my pussy. He said that mine was the only one of the three that was wet with desire.”

Salim stared at my gaping sex and nodded. “I think he was right and had a point. His observation reminds me of an old Arab proverb. ‘When a thrall is wilfully disobedient and begins to exude cunt juice, she should be stripped naked, punished and penetrated thrice.’”

“Oh! Do you mean...?”

“Yes Gina, I want you to remove your tunic...”

### **The End of this Extract.**

I hope you enjoyed the second part of this story and continue to follow Gina’s attempts to join Salim Husni’s Harem. Thanks. A.S.

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**The End**