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His Harem

Part 3

**An Erotic
Mini Series**

Amelia Stark

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His Harem: Part Three.

An Erotic Mini-Series – The Concubine.

By Amelia Stark

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First Smashwords Edition 06-12-2019

Published by Amelia Stark

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Amelia Stark books available on Smashwords.

One ~ The Arabic proverb.

I stood beside my master on one side and Abra stood the other. Sitting on a 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 it.

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 the unpleasantness, I began to feel comfortable 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 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 Chinamen

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 collar 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 the 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 billionaire 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 his side. As I approached Salim, he watched 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. The surface was cold against my butt cheeks when I manoeuvred 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 so that 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 there were enough holes in it.”

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 I 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 Arabic 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, remove your tunic...” I must have looked like a scared rabbit in the

headlights, because he backtracked. “I haven’t got time to punish and penetrate you three times this evening, but I want to see you naked.”

“Oh, all right... Yes, Master.” I undid the knot on the rope belt, then carefully lifted the flimsy tunic off, over my head.

I laid the tulle frock on the table, behind me, then sat up and placed my hands behind my head. I was proud of my body and was a keen exerciser. I enjoyed bi-weekly visits to the local gym in Oxford, where I was a member of a lady’s fitness club.

This was in stark contrast to my life at home where most of my time was taken up with studying. As a result, with my head buried in books or taking courses on the internet, I had little time for a social life. Becoming fluent in six languages was a time absorbing pastime and one that I thoroughly enjoyed.

Salim studied my upper body for a minute, then slowly rose from his cushion. “Gina, I want you on all fours...”

Salim had watched me crawl to the door while I had a naked ass, so, I truly had nothing else to hide. However, I felt a hot flush spreading across my face as I scrambled around and assumed the position that Abra had when she cleaned the table. I was facing Salim, but he wasn’t happy.

Salim stubbed out his cigarette and moved the items off the table. “Turn through ninety degrees, Gina, I want to examine your musculature.” I shuffled around until I was standing side-on to him, He laid his right hand on my back. “Arms straight, Gina, head high and knees six inches apart.”

Having adopted the required pose, the sheik proceeded to examine virtually every part of my body. He began by stroking my shoulders and arms, then my back, where he made a point of feeling my backbone all the way down to the coccyx. His large manly hand could reach across the entire width of my waist but moved slowly as if he was afraid to miss an square inch of my flesh. Arriving at my ass, he cupped one buttock then the other.

“Relax, Gina. Don’t tense your muscles. Enjoy being examined for you have one of the loveliest female bodies I have ever seen.”

“Surely...” Slap!

The hard slap on my ass stung, showing he was taking the examination seriously. “Silence, while I discover if my first impressions were accurate.”

A girl should be delighted to be told her body is almost perfect, especially by a man who has a harem full of girls and three wives. However, I couldn’t stop myself trembling with embarrassment, having been plunged into such an uncompromising and unexpected situation. When his right hand slipped down the back of my thighs, he placed his left in the centre of my back, presumably to calm me.

“I repeat, Gina. Relax. It is crucial, if you are to join my staff, that you are capable of two things. The first is to be comfortable in your own skin and the second is to enjoy your Master’s touch. Do you understand the importance of those ideals, Gina?”

His hand slipped up the inside of my left thigh and nudged the clamp. “Ahhh, I... I do, Master. I will try my best...”

His thumb teased my perineum while his fingers played with the lips of my spongy labia. I desperately needed the clamp removed, because contact with the device caused an ache instead of a thrill.

With the state I was in, my senses were screaming for a session of masturbation. Salim could have had me rocking through an orgasm in seconds, but he seemed intent on driving me crazy first.

Two ~ Testing my limits.

Salim removed his hand from my back and lifted my chin, before gently cupping it. His other hand remained resolutely between my upper thighs, almost gripping my sex. “Gina, every girl in my employ, and I include those in my harem, passed the two tests I mentioned, from day one. I have no intention of hiring someone who is a bag of nerves in my company. Do you understand?”

He could feel me trembling. Holding me like a pet owner holds his puppy at a dog show, hardly allowed me to relax. “Master, I’m trying to relax, but it’s difficult...”

“Yes, of course it is. Many of the girls I employ have had previous Masters. They come to me for a fee which I pay gladly if they pass the two tests I mentioned. If you were being offered to me in an auction or by another Sheik and I felt you were revulsed by my touch, I would pass up the opportunity to own you...”

“M... Master, I want to...”

“Yes, Gina, what do you want?”

“I want to be by your side.”

“Good, then I have to be confident you understand what you’re committing to when you sign the contract tomorrow. I mentioned I normally pay a fee, so I have used our time together to decide the size of your signing on fee. After I’ve discussed it with my wife, it will be written into your contract.”

I wasn't expecting a fee, but I was hoping for a good salary and perks. With Salim's fingers stroking my labia I was certainly getting perks, but not the kind I had in mind!

The other thing that concerned me was my status. By paying me a fee, would Salim expect to own me, like the other girls in his harem? Would I have to wear a permanent collar and cuffs and have his name tattooed across my belly? I didn't want to be someone's possession, but what if that was the only option open to me?

I had to respond. "Thank you, Master, I didn't expect a fee..."

"That's for tomorrow, Gina. First though, in order to judge your suitability as a companion, I'm going to measure your arousal limits. I don't want you to orgasm. I want you to control the urge for as long as you can until I penetrate you."

My heart started to race in anticipation of Salim once again shafting my hungry quim. Having his hands rubbing and examining my body, while I posed naked on the table, was heightening the tension and making me more anxious. The remedy was definitely penetration and the longer he delayed, the more anxious I became.

The thumb that had been stroking my perineum moved lower and started to rub my fleshy entrance. Without consciously deciding to move, I found myself wiggling my ass and pushing back. Slap!

“Stay still, Gina. Relax your muscles otherwise you can’t control your urges.”

Easier said than done when the sensation he was generating with his thumb was driving me crazy. I held my breath until the digit returned, then I forced myself to relax my muscles and still my body. Once he was stimulating my pussy again, he moved to a two-pronged attack. Salim removed his hand from my chin and dropped it to my hanging left breast, which neatly fitted in the palm of his hand.

He fondled and teased my nipple mercilessly, while continuing to swirl his thumb, around what had become a whirlpool of molten flesh. I closed my eyes and tried to blank out the breath-taking sensations gripping my body. An orgasm was approaching, but it never arrived, because there was a knock on the door.

My muscles tensed, but Salim gripped my ass and tit. “Stay still, Gina, while I see who that is.”

He slowly removed his hands as though he didn’t trust me to stay still, then limped the six paces past the table to the door. I was terrified that the person knocking was a man and that he’d let him in, but the moment he opened the door, I twigged that it was a woman.

“Rasha, you’re awake...” Salim exclaimed. “I’m examining the applicant for the linguist position.”

As he spoke, Rasha his wife, walked past him with a swish of her satin robe, so she could see what was happening. Ominously, she was carrying a crop in her hand. I gulped because the subject of punishments was very much on my mind.

“Salim, are you okay?” She looked concerned for him. Was it something to do with his limp? I wondered.

“Yes, Rasha. Don’t worry about me. You know fussing drives me crazy.

“Faraji brought me up to speed on your dinner guests. I assume you’ve sent Nazira back to her cabin?”

“Yes, Dear.”

Rasha stared at me but spoke to her husband. “Salim, you need your rest. There’s only four hours to go before we land...”

What would a wife normally think if she walked into a room and found her husband with a naked girl posing on the coffee table like a puppy dog, I wondered. In Salim’s world, judging by Rasha’s reaction, it was all perfectly normal.

“Okay darling. I planned to spend another five minutes here, then retire to my cabin.”

“I’m worried about you, darling. The late meeting in London, rushing to catch the flight and the meeting with our Chinese friends. It’s too much in one day.”

I met Rasha at the interview in London and she struck me as a very pleasant and caring person. Her reaction at the door only confirmed that. I relaxed, despite her carrying a weapon.

“I won’t be long, dear. I’ve nearly finished.”

Without asking for permission she set off and approached the table. “I’ll wait here, because I’d like a chat with Gina when you’ve finished. Don’t mind me. I’m pleased to see that she’s here and hasn’t returned to her cabin.”

“No, she’s keen to learn the harem lifestyle, aren’t you, Gina?”

My mind was befuddled. To be naked and the subject of a conversation between two incredibly wealthy people, blew my mind. “Um, yes, Master.”

Rasha tapped me on the shoulder with the leather tip of the crop. “You don’t sound too sure, Gina. We had one hundred and fifty applications for the vacancy and we honed it down to you. Are you sure you want the job and a place in Salim’s harem?”

“Yes, Ma’am.” I tried to sound eager.

“Good. I think you’ll like the contract we’re preparing for you.”

We were meeting again under vastly different circumstance. In London we were both wearing skirt suits. Mine was grey and Rasha's was blue. 72 hours later, I was naked, bar the gold collar and cuffs, and Rasha was wearing a long, flowing purple silk robe. Our black hair lengths and styles were strikingly similar, but her darker skin and stunning Arab countenance, made me look and feel pale and anaemic.

With her satin robe cinched at the waist with a gold chain, Salim's wife looked like a billion dollars, while I felt like a billionaire's slave girl.

She was still standing over me, staring down into my upturned face. "Salim, did I disturb you in the middle of..."

The handsome sheik, having returned to the table, shook his head and folded his arms. He seemed slightly peeved that his wife had shown up. The back of his red check keffiyeh headdress, perched on his head, flapped from side to side. "Not really, we had a session earlier..."

If someone had said before I arrived in Dubai, that I'd be naked on a table and minutes away from a sheik shafting me, while his wife watched, I'd tell them to stop taking drugs.

"Feraji was telling me that she forgot to douche after you infused her..." She waved the crop. "...so, I brought this along. Look darling, carry on and I'll take a seat. After you've finished, Gina and I will have a chat."

The elegant young Arab descended into a cross-legged stance on the cushion facing me. The sides of her robe fell away, revealing her long shapely legs and loose legged satin shorts. The centre section of the garment failed to hide most of her smooth labia and a sparkling diamond adornment.

I could also see another gemstone in her navel that matched the ones hanging from her ears and in the side of her nose. Those stones paled into insignificance compared to the rock she was wearing on her wedding finger. I felt a pang of envy for the girl who could have anything and probably did! She was definitely younger than me but exuded confidence, something I sadly lacked.

Salim moved behind me and laid his hands on my ass. “Interruptions like this one are quite commonplace in our world, Gina. I was very impressed...”

Rasha held her hand up. “Sorry, Salim, I feel overdressed...” She elegantly rose, stepped behind the cushion. Then, after releasing the catch on the chain belt, pulled the robe apart and slipped it off her square shoulders.

I caught my breath, surprised by the sight of such a beautiful woman undressing in front of me. She was wearing nothing on her top; and why would she when she had such a beautiful pair of breasts? Perfectly formed and uplifting, her tits had dark, standout areolas and large pointy nipples. The gold ring piercings were adorned with triple hanging gems that matched her diamond ring.

She returned to the cushion and placed her hands on her knees as though she was one of Salim’s concubines. Something strange was happening and I couldn’t put my finger on it.

“Sorry, Salim. Carry on.”

“Rasha, I’m delighted that you’re here to give Gina a further insight into our world and lifestyle.” His comment was laced with sarcasm.

Salim’s hands had been active during his wife’s brief performance, but I sensed he was keen to bring the proceedings to an end. Standing foursquare behind me, he lifted his thawb and steered the end of his cock to my succulent entrance. There was a brief prod and because I was hot and juicy, there was little resistance.

Salim, despite his wife’s presence, wasn’t going to be denied!

Three ~ Reality check.

Salim slid his impressive cock in a couple of inches before my vaginal muscles slowed its progress. Then, as it started to stretch my tender walls, he had to work a little harder to achieve his aim.

Just as I felt the intruder nudge my extremity, Rasha put her hand up again.

“What is it dear?” Salim enquired. There was an edge to his voice that hadn’t been there before.

“I was wondering if you had considered using a different hole this time. There’s less risk of leakage and her getting into trouble again.”

Salim started a slow thrusting motion. “I have every intention of varying this session. I’ve already warned her about punishments and that I’m going to penetrate her three times.”

“Excellent. Are you happy, Gina?” she asked.

Salim picked up speed which should have triggered an orgasm, but Rasha’s interruptions threw cold water on it. I stared at the stunning young woman and once again imagined myself in her shoes. The wealth and position... Wasn’t it what every girl wanted? I decided that I’d be happy with a well-paid job if I could work alongside the suave billionaire.

“Yes, Maaaaaa’am,” I sighed, trying to display desire and enjoyment.

“Your frame of mind is important to us, Isn’t it, Salim?”

“Yes, dear.” Salim suddenly slowed and eased out of my quim.

Then, while he pulled my cheeks and pucker apart, he steered his slippery dick against my tighter orifice. The obstinate muscle tried to halt the intruder’s progress, but the thrust behind the rock-hard shaft was enough to breach my defences and drive on into my rectum.

I creased my face and closed my eyes. “Uhhhhhh.” I groaned, trying to absorb the dull sensation as Salim picked up speed. After a minute, my eyes shot open when fingertips stroked my forehead. It was Rasha. She had slipped off the cushion and was kneeling before me.

“Pain is an important part of our life, Gina. Is this the first time you’ve had anal sex?”

“Yesssss, uhhhh, Ma’am,” I responded, despite the sheik continuing to thud into my upturned posterior. I nodded and tried to smile.

Then unexpectedly, she leant forward. “Let me make your virginal experience an enjoyable one, Gina.” She closed the distance and pressed her lips against mine.

Our mouths opened and so began one of the most sensual kisses I had ever experienced. On top of that, she reached between my arms, clasped my tits and began to fondle them as only another woman can – with extreme sensitivity and care. Small fingers clasped my nipples and twisted them gently.

Behind me, Salim was becoming more aggressive. Thankfully, he had moved his hands to my waist so he could keep me still and utilise his bodyweight to increase the power in his thrusts. He had strong forearms and his huge hands almost encircled my waist. Meanwhile, Rasha's tongue darted in and out of my mouth almost in time with Salim's pistoning cock.

The conflicting sensations were undoubtedly responsible for the unexpected arrival of an orgasm that had been simmering ever since I climbed onto the table. I thought I had missed the opportunity when Rasha disturbed Salim's lesson in control. I certainly didn't expect anal sex to provide such a thrill, but it did and the climax was like no other I had ever experienced.

Rasha broke the kiss. "I think our Master has finished, Gina. Turn and we'll clean his cock together."

Salim's ejaculation had hardly registered with me, but he started to withdraw, confirming he had finished. I gaped into Rasha's smiling face and saw from her stunning eyes that she was serious and the suggestion was in fact an instruction. Feeling hot and all aquiver, I shuffled around and as I did, Rasha climbed on the table and came alongside me.

Moments later, we were leaning forward together, like two puppies, licking Salim's cock, as though we were fighting for the same bone. I ran my tongue up and down one side of his stout shaft and Rasha lapped the other side. When I arrived at the end, I wrapped my lips around his crown, then backed away to let

his wife have a suck.

Salim waited a good while before patting our heads. “Rasha, I think I’ll take your advice and get some rest.”

His young wife retreated and patted my ass. “Sit back, Gina. I think we have tired our Master.” I joined Rasha and sat back on my heels.

Naked, I placed my hands on my knees which were together, like Rasha’s. Salim’s thawb had fallen neatly in place and the billionaire looked as pleased as punch. “I don’t want to leave the company of two such beautiful women, but I must do as I’m advised...”

Rasha sat still and made no comment while Salim took a step back and then limped to the door. He gave us another glance and then left the room.

The stunning young woman put a hand on my back as though she was going to cuddle me. “Come, let’s get comfortable and we can have a chat. Put your tunic on and we’ll sit over there.”

I grabbed my frock from the surface and slid off the table. It was such a relief to drop the tunic over my head and cover my nakedness. Rasha though, didn’t collect her robe and instead went and sat down on the carpet. I hurriedly tied the rope belt and went to where she was sitting.

“Come here and turn around for a second,” she ordered in a serious tone. As

soon as I stood beside her, she reached up and gently rubbed my ass cheeks. “I see Salim has already punished you.”

She placed her other hand on the outside of my thigh and then used both hands to feel my quadriceps. She squeezed them like my fitness trainer had on several occasions.

“Sit down, Gina.”

She waited until I was seated, cross-legged. I placed my hands on my knees and didn’t feel embarrassed at all, despite my companion’s bold examination of my body and face. Close up, Rasha’s beauty was even more captivating and with the addition of so many diamond adornments, she looked like a royal princess.

“You mentioned in your interview that you attended fitness classes. Were you a runner, or some other kind of athlete?”

I shook my head. “I wish I had become an athlete, but I never made it. I’m a reasonable tennis player though.”

She seemed impressed. I was bursting to ask the pretty Arab some questions, but they could wait.

“One of the requirements for the position is that you pass a fitness test. It’s tough but I don’t think you’ll have any problem passing it. As Salim has already mentioned, another requirement is that you spend a month in his harem. You’ve

met Nazira and Abra. They are two of the seven girls who all compete for our Master's attention. You will be the eighth so I expect Salim will discard one of them in a day or two."

"Discard? What will happen to her?"

"That depends. The house manager may have a vacancy, or she could spend some time in the stables. If Salim decides to sell her, then she'll be put in one of the auctions that proliferate the region."

"That would be a shame."

"Gina, you're entering a completely different culture from the cosy one you're used to. All the girls in the Harem have been purchased from other owners and at some time in their lives have been treated cruelly. Your circumstances are different, but if you sign the contract you will become a thrall and be treated the same as the others."

"And after the month?"

"Provided Salim and I are satisfied you are ready, you will be given a higher status and your own room. Instead of remaining silent in meetings you will be given a voice. You will accompany our Master to all corners of the globe, first as a concubine, then as his assistant. It is how you behave in his company abroad that will probably decide your future in the Husni organization."

It sounded very daunting. “You chose me, why?”

She looked at me sternly. “Before we go any further, you have three Mistresses. Me, Masumi and Ismah. From this point onward you will use our titles like the other concubines.”

I lifted my hands and bowed my head. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Better. The answer to your question is threefold. First you speak the languages we need and that is rare in one so young. Second you are as beautiful as any of Salim’s concubines...” I bowed to acknowledge the compliment. “...You see, in some circumstances, after the training, you will have to pose as a concubine and the only way to be able to do that is if you have lived like one. Your knowledge, background and ability will remain a secret beyond our close circle. Nazira, for now, is the only person we trust, so don’t tell anyone else about your linguistic skills or that you were a free person before boarding the plane.”

“What should I say about my past?”

“Tell anyone that asks that you are an orphan and belonged to a Mexican landowner after you were kidnapped while on holiday, four years ago. Salim has many interests in Mexico and has purchased thralls there before, so the story will be believed.”

“Oh... Um, I see...” The past was important when I mixed with the concubines who would become my friends. I was going to have to lie so I had to make up a good story. “So, I would lead a double life?”

“Yes, you could look on the position like that, but there’ll be other times when you’ll accompany Salim as his personal assistant. You’ll be treated like one of his wives and enjoy all the pomp and ceremony that goes with him. Of course, this all depends on whether you sign the contract.”

I nodded slowly. “Of course...”

“I’m explaining all this because I won’t be seeing you tomorrow. I’m going to Australia and I’ll be there by tomorrow evening.”

“The Master mentioned that I would meet Mistress Masumi tomorrow.”

“And, Mistress Ismah. You will hear a lot of stories from the other concubines, so I will give you the lowdown on the roles that we three wives carry out in the Master’s household...”

I was intrigued and couldn’t wait to hear how Salim coped with three wives and what part they played in his life.

Four ~ Oral Worship.

Rasha's shoulder length dark hair nicely framed her oval, richly coloured blemish-free face. Her narrow nose and sensual mouth were classic, soft Arabic features. However, in contrast, the gaze of her intelligent hazel eyes was hard and intense. They demanded attention and she had mine.

"Gina, I'm his first wife. That means the buck stops with me. I'm Salim's business partner and not his sexual partner. It's rare for my tongue to touch any part of the male anatomy, let alone my husband's penis."

I was shocked by her admission. "Oh, but..."

She shook her head slowly. "Tonight, I made an exception. You might not have noticed it, but I gain great enjoyment from flouting my femininity when in Salim's company. I'm a lesbian and Salim respects that more than you might imagine. I'm not repulsed by men and their macho appendage; I just prefer beautiful female bodies. We married to bring the Bazzi and Husni families and businesses together. End of story. You look surprised..."

"I am, because I'm a romantic."

"Mmm, I thought so. Well, you'll have a field day in the coming weeks, if you stay with us. Ismah, Salim's second wife, runs his stables and is extremely ambitious. She enjoys the trappings and authority, so watch out for her. Masumi... Well, Masumi is unique, not too dissimilar to you. She's head over heels in love with Salim. I think it's fair to say we all love Masumi. Have you any questions?"

“When I asked you why you chose me, you said there were three reasons. What was the third?”

“During the interview I was very impressed with you Gina. By the end I was imagining you by my side, in bed. If I was having those thoughts, then I knew Salim would too.” Her gaze never faltered.

“Oh, I see...”

“Gina, part of your duties, once you have joined us, will be to serve your mistresses and cater for our needs. All three of us like the attentions of Salim’s pretty concubines and we’ll keep you busy when Salim is away. Gina, if I told you that you’ll spend as much time in my bed as Salim’s, would that shock you?”

“No...” I responded immediately. “...It’s just that sex hasn’t played a major part of my life so far...”

“Well, if you sign the contract, it will become your life. Gina, I want to know if there are any other aspects of our life that will make you hesitate when you come to sign the contract tomorrow.”

Should I complain about the punishments? I wondered, then decided to tackle the sheik about the subject, later. “I’m grateful that you’ve been frank with me, Mistress. You’ve given me loads to consider tonight and I’ll think it through before I decide to sign.”

“Good...” She leant back and supported herself with her arms behind her.
“Before I punish you, or simply take you to your cabin...” She unravelled her legs and parted them with her knees up and her heels pressed against her ass. “... I’d like a sapphic kiss, or two...”

She laid back, then hooked her thumbs in the sides of the purple satin shorts. After raising her ass slightly, the waistband slid down as she pushed the garment. I had to think quickly because I was way out of my comfort zone. She was giving me a clear option. Impress her sexually or take the punishment that I was due for wearing soiled knickers. Ominously, the crop lay on the carpet a yard from where her black hair was scattered around her head.

I unfolded my legs and pulled them to one side, then climbed onto my hands and knees. I only had to move three feet before my head was almost between her knees.

“Gina, take your time. No one is going to disturb us.”

I was beginning to suspect that the beautiful naked woman lying on her back before me was the real power in the Husni household. The buck stops with her, she said, and I believed her. Reaching out, I clasped the sides of the shorts, pulled them up to her knees and then down and off. Rasha immediately drew her knees onto her chest and parted them so she could observe my actions.

I placed my hands on the insides of her thighs and leant closer to the apex where her pretty sex lay splayed and defenceless. She was lucky that her only adornments were two gold rings pierced through her ridge and a pendant diamond that lay to one side. I was silly to think she might have to wear a clamp. She wasn’t a concubine; she was my mistress!

Rasha, like me, had an athletic frame. Her shoulders, arms and waist were elegantly slim, but her hips were wide and her legs strong. I started to kiss her left inner thigh and she responded by relaxing her muscles and opening her thighs even wider, until her knees were almost touching the carpet.

Hunkering down, I continued kissing her skin until I arrived at her sex, which I lavished with my tongue for a few seconds before moving up her other thigh. I performed the movement three times, including kissing her mons and belly, until I returned to her sex for a fourth time. Then, I concentrated on the very heart of her labia, the line of sensuous pink clitoral flesh. Rasha slid her fingers into my hair and began to gently massage my head.

She was well-endowed and her hood was well defined. Her nub wasn't hard to locate, so I had an easy task to excite the young Arab and soon had her writhing and moaning beneath me. I lapped and sucked, probed and pulled her tender folds, all the actions I dreamt of receiving from men, in my dreams.

Feeling a woman spasming and quivering through an orgasm was a special experience and helped me warm to my task. My only regret was that I was wearing a clamp and if I decided to take the job, I'd have to wait a month to experience something similar.

All good things come to an end. "Enough, Gina," Rasha said softly. I backed away and sat back on my heels. My mistress sat up and then slowly got to her feet, before picking up the crop.

She stood close and looked down on my upturned face. "Gina, your performance was adequate. You started well, but you lacked imagination and aggression in the

final hurdle. Next time, I expect more effort.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress, I’ll try harder next time.”

“Yes, you will, or you will be punished...” A thrill ran my body. I couldn’t explain it but hearing the threat from such a beautiful woman excited me intensely. “Speaking of punishments, wearing soiled panties while serving food is a five-stroke punishment. That would be one on your breast and four on your posterior or labia lips, depending on who was administering the punishment.”

I gasped. “My labia...?”

“Silence when your Mistress is speaking.”

“Sorry, Mistress.”

“I prefer not to bruise a thrall’s skin if I can help it, whereas your Master and the mangers like to see evidence of their chastisement. Having taken your oral efforts into account, I’ve decided to reduce your punishment to two strokes. Hunker down and make yourself as small as possible.”

I understood what she wanted but I was shocked that she intended to strike my sex lips. She noticed my hesitation.

“Gena, hesitation will earn you another strike.”

I immediately leant forward and hunkered down, tucking my arms in, arching my back and lowering my head.

“Good, now lift your buttocks and part your knees a few inches.” I shuffled into position. “Gina, stay still and don’t make a sound. I give thralls that make a fuss, extra strokes. When the punishment is over, I will apply some cream, so stay still.”

She straddled my body, facing my ass and prepared to deliver the strokes. I felt the flapper rest on the left-hand side of my ass crack, just above my convex-like labia lips. Although It was dark with my hands covering my face, I squeezed my eyes shut. Thwatt! ‘Uhhhhh.’

I groaned as softly as I could manage when the impact caused a flash of pain as intense as I had ever felt in my life. Rasha had delivered the blow violently and had unerringly landed the flapper directly on its elongated target. And, as a bonus, the braided leather shaft struck the wall of my ass valley. It was a double whammy, but I had only seconds to react. Thwatt!

“Uhhhhhh.” My reaction was louder and the pain more intense.

I could feel tears welling in my eyes and sobs rise in my chest. The only pain I could compare it with were the blows Salim administered earlier. Those strokes were tame compared to the ones on my sensitive ass valley and labia lips. I heard footsteps retreating across the carpet, a drawer opening, then the footsteps returning.

Rasha knelt by my side and lifted the hem of my tunic back. Then, using two fingers, she smeared cold ointment along the stinging flesh and over my smarting lips. After the hot pain, the soothing cream felt heavenly.

“Is that better, Gina?”

“Yes, Mistress.” My response was muffled but it was a satisfactory response, for she continued to massage my labia, perineum and anal area.

I stayed perfectly still while she investigated my exposed nether region. I held my breath, hoping the slippery digits would slip into my quim and work their way deeper and deeper.

“I believe Pain should always be followed by pleasure, Gina...” As Rasha spoke my name, she plunged two fingers into my succulent entrance.

“Ahhhhhh,” I sighed heavily. “That feels wonderfuuuuul...”

Within seconds a thrill welled up in my groin, then raced around my nervous system and culminated in an explosive climax. Rasha stroked my back and frigged my quim for another minute, then withdrew her fingers and patted my ass.

“The fun is over, girl. Help me with my robe and I’ll take you back to your

cabin.”

My nerves were still jangling when I raised my head and lifted my shoulders. I had been chastised then treated to a heart-stopping reward by a woman who openly admitted she imagined me in her bed. So much had happened in such a short space of time, I needed a breather, or my mind was going to fragment into small pieces.

Thankfully, Rasha had her own agenda, so after I helped her on with her shorts and robe, she took me back to Nazira’s cabin. She stayed at the door as I stepped inside. “I’m only in Australia for 48 hours so I’ll see you again in three days, on Monday evening. Hopefully by then you’ll have started your training. Oh, and get a couple of hours sleep before we land, it’ll help with the jetlag.”

I thanked her, then turned to find Nazira was sitting up in her seat. Sleep was delayed because my new friend wanted the lowdown on what had happened after she left the room. Salim and Rasha trusted the beautiful concubine, so I gave her an edited blow by blow account of both orgasmic experiences. Nazira was delighted and after giving me a pair of satin panties we continued our conversation after returning to our seats.

I’m not sure who fell asleep first but when I woke up, the plane had landed. Having survived the traumatic overnight flight, I wondered what the new day had in store for me.

Five ~ Naked and hidden.

Movement in the cabin woke me. It was Nazira rummaging around in a cupboard beneath the desk. The young Arab was naked bar a pair of red satin panties. I watched her tidying up for a few minutes and thought about what had happened to me and how the sheik had woken my hibernating libido.

I was definitely attracted to the billionaire, and wanted to work for him, that was a given; but what I hadn't expected was to find I had sapphic feelings too. I found both Arab girls, Nazira and Rasha, sexually attractive and exciting to be with. It was clear that if I stayed in Dubai I was submitting to being dominated by both sexes for a least a month, if not longer.

When I shifted position, Nazira, who was sitting on her heels, turned toward me "Oh, I was just about to wake you, Gina. Its time to get up. You've got fifteen minutes to shower..."

I opened the seatbelt and sat forward. "Fifteen minutes! You should have woken me earlier." I glanced out of the window to see misty daylight. "I need time to do my face."

"No, Gina. Shower and toilet, then we leave. It's seven in the morning and we can do our make-up when we get to the palace."

It was then that I spotted she was holding two cellophane packages containing black material. "What are they for, Nazira?"

"These are our boshiyas. You probably call them burkas." She placed them on

the surface of the desk, then stood up.

“Burkas! Surely...”

Nazira held her hand up. “We wear boshiyas when travelling in the UAE. We have to go through customs this morning, so we’ll change into our normal clothes when we arrive at our destination, now go and shower. Bashar Sarraf will be here soon and we mustn’t anger him.”

I recognized that I had to get a move on, so I hurried to the shower room, removed my tunic and panties, then had an express shower. It was the same style of automatic cubicle as in the other cabin, so apart from applying the soap, I stood and let it wash and dry me. The fallout from my encounter with the crop was sore labia lips, both were tingling incessantly and had turned a darker colour than they usually were.

When I emerged, hot and naked, I found Nazira had removed her panties. I felt the urge to embrace her and feel our nipples and mons rubbing together. She was slightly taller than me and more dominant, so I would have gladly submitted to any demand she might have made. However, it looked as though the last thing on her mind was sapphic bonding.

I looked around the cabin. “Where are our clothes?”

“I told you, we wear a boshiya. Open your pack and put it on.”

“But... What about my things... Er, clothes and my stuff?” She was expecting me to travel naked and without any possessions on me! I was used to looking after myself and not have to rely on anyone to take care of me, so I railed against imposed restrictions.

It was difficult to accept what I was being told to do, but I had to leave with Nazira, so I started to rip the packet open. The long black garment was made from a soft jersey material that felt comfortable against my skin. I had just gathered it up in readiness to drop it over my head when there was a knock on the door.

“Oh!” I cried when the door swung open. Nazira continued and let her boshiya fall into place, covering her from head to toe, while I held the garment to my body to hide my tits and mons.

“Nazira, why isn’t this girl ready?” the Arab man asked.

“Sorry, Sir, she won’t be a minute.”

He stepped into the cabin and let the door shut. “Gina, isn’t it?” His eyes narrowed. “Answer me girl.”

I cursed under my breath. “Yes, Sir. Gina Hattori.”

The tall Arab was dressed in a fawn linen suit and his lilac silk shirt was open at the neck. His neat black hair and closely trimmed, full beard, coupled with his

dark Arab features, gave him a powerful air of authority. His dominant attitude took the wind from my sails and stopped me from complaining about his intrusion.

He raised his hands and clasped the black garment. “Let me help you with that, girl.”

Before I knew what was happening, he had pulled the boshiya from my grasp and started to gather it in readiness to drop it over my head. His assertiveness trumped my submissiveness and I found myself standing like a kid, waiting to be dressed.

“Arms out, girl.” I lifted my arms to offer my hands to sleeve holes, but he paused as if he had just noticed I was naked. “My name is Basher Sarraf and I’m Sheik Husni’s house manager.” His dark brown eyes roved over my body.

I wanted to cover myself with my hands, but I also wanted to put the boshiya on. “H... Hello, Sir.”

“While you are travelling from the airport or living in Sheik Husni’s palace, I am in charge of you. If you don’t respond instantly to my commands, you will be punished. Do you understand, girl?”

He held the boshiya still. “Yes, Sir, I understand.”

“Good.” He allowed me to push my arms into the sleeves and then helped me on

with the garment.

The shock of having a complete stranger see me naked passed but left me angry and resentful. The overall effect of being totally enclosed in black material was also quite shocking. The slot to look through was about an inch high and four inches wide, so my peripheral vision was fine. It was the contrast between being virtually naked one minute and wrapped in a shroud the next, that disturbed me.

However, I was going to have to adapt to Arabic values and practices if I wanted the job and work alongside Salim Husni. It was mostly a male dominated society where they took it for granted that a girl, or in my case, a thrall, would accept their low status without a word of complaint.

“Slip your shoes on, girls. Time is of the essence.” He removed a remote from his pocket and aimed it at me. “Gina, your collar is armed so stay silent until I switch it off.”

Aggrieved and uncomfortable, I followed the tall manager down the corridor, alongside Nazira, to the front of the plane. Another figure, dressed in a burka was waiting beside the air hostess, Jata. I assumed it was Abra because as far as I knew she was the only other concubine aboard.

The hostess gave the manager a smile. “Will I see you tomorrow, Bashar? I have to fly Monday.”

He approached her and accepted the book she handed to him. “I’ll ring you later...” They briefly kissed, then Bashar turned his attention to his three charges. “Come on girls. Custom checks first, then home.”

The blast of hot dry air that hit me as I stepped out of the plane, onto the mobile steps, nearly knocked me over. It felt as though the temperature had jumped 50 degrees from the air-conditioned interior of the plane! It suddenly made sense to wear as little as possible in Dubai, but to be naked under the burka was taking it to far.

Abra grabbed my hand and together we descended the steps until we arrived on the concrete apron. Bashar and Nazira led the way to a large bus that could carry many times the size of our tiny party. The doors were open and closed automatically the moment we were inside. We held onto the poles while the bus wove its way through a gap between two aircraft and stopped outside a double story building.

The door opened and Bashar led the way into the building. He seemed to know where he was going, for the guard on the front desk waved him through. We entered a corridor and stopped at a door marked 'Private', which Bashar knocked on. A middle-aged Arab, wearing a blue uniform, opened the door and immediately recognized Salim's house manager.

"Bashar..."

"Good morning, lieutenant."

The officer's eyes lit up when he spotted Bashar was accompanied by three cloaked figures. He opened the door wide. "What have you got for me today, Bashar?"

“Three concubines...” The officer backed away, allowing Basher to lead us into the room. “...just flown in from London. All three are residing at Sheik Husni’s palace. One is entering for the first time so needs a tag.”

I didn’t like the look of the room and was anxious about its use. Boxes of medical items were stacked on shelves similar to what I’d seen in my local pharmacy. Bashar handed over the booklet, then turned to us. He pointed to a pair of horizontal stainless-steel rails on the other side of the room. The far one was much lower than the nearer one.

“Ladies stand against the rail and get into position. I want Gina on the left. Lieutenant Wasem will carry out a brief inspection, tag Gina and then we’ll be on our way.”

Tag? What the hell was he talking about? Yes, it was the first time I had entered Dubai, but my passport should have been enough to see me through immigration. I was expecting to go through normal channels, but I was beginning to learn that nothing was normal in the lives of an Arabic concubine.

Six ~ Tagged.

Nazira led the way to the bar, which she stood against, then leant forward and grabbed the lower bar. It was an incredibly unlady-like position, but Salim's chief concubine didn't hesitate to adopt it.

She turned her head to look at me. "The inspection won't take a minute, Gina. It's something we have to put up with when we enter and leave the country." The young Arab said softly.

I was on her left and Abra on her right. The collar I was wearing suddenly felt much tighter and threatening. Nazira was lucky to be able to speak. I desperately wanted to protest about being tagged but was completely stymied.

The other two pushed their hips against the bar, leant forward, then took hold of the lower pole to support themselves. I felt trapped and was slower to get into position. Bashar stayed close to me and leant over so he could speak close to my ear.

"Gina, that's twice you've been slow to respond. The first is one strike, the second two strikes and if there's a third you'll receive another three. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied with a shaky voice, realizing I was close to the dreaded five.

The manager then lifted the hem of my boshiya and used a metal clip to hold the material clear of my jutting posterior. He then moved down the line, lifting and fastening Nazira and Abra's burkas clear of their naked asses. I was mortified

that Basher had exposed my ass and sex but the other two looked relaxed and appeared to take the liberty in their strides.

The house manager left us to talk to the officer, so I looked sideways to catch Nazira's attention. Her eyes were clearly visible and seemed to read the question in mine.

"It's one sharp prick and then it's all over, kid, don't worry."

I was raging inside because my human rights were being violated. I couldn't speak and deny permission, and if I stood up, the powerful pair of Arabs would probably hold me while the officer examined and tagged me. Another shiver ran through my body when I heard one of the men pulling on a pair of surgical gloves.

Stuck in the bent position, I felt latex covered fingers pinch the flesh on my narrow perineum. Then a metal instrument gripped it.

"Stay still, girl," the guard growled. Crack!

"Fuuuuuu... "Uhhhhhh," I groaned when the collar delivered painful jolts either side of my neck.

My body went stiff for a couple of painful seconds, then my muscles started spasming. I continued to grip the lower bar and kick out behind me until the awful sensations died down until I was limp. The bar had served its purpose by

saving me from falling to the floor but with my legs flailing behind me I provided a grossly lewd show for the pair of unsympathetic Arabs watching my distress.

I tried not to think about my exposed sex as I caught my breath and recovered from the awful shock. I was still in a state of flux when the officer pushed a boot between my ankles and nudged them apart.

“Wider... Good girl,” he muttered, before smearing lotion on the spot that had just been injected. When he removed his fingers, I was left with a sharp insistent pain. “That’s sorted, girl. Now I’m going to search your holes as part of the immigration check.”

With my upper body and head wrapped in black, cloying material, and my ass completely bare, he had me exactly where he wanted – defenceless and open. I was horrified when he slid two slippery fingers into my quim. He had a brief puggle, then moved up to my anus and penetrated that too.

I had travelled enough to know that I might have to submit to a full body and cavity search at an airport, but I suspected the sly Arab was going beyond his normal remit. That became obvious when with two fingers searching my rectum, he slipped his thumb into my vagina and began teasing both orifices simultaneously.

I was in a state, for although I had recovered from the jolts in my neck, the guard’s probing digits sparked a familiar sensation in the pit of my stomach. I became confused when I heard the sound of frantic rubbing.

It wasn't long before the guard started grunting and a warm glob of liquid splattered against my ass, then another and a third. The man was whacking off with one hand while frigging me with the other! I was appalled.

I went to lift my head, only to feel a hand push down on my shoulders. "Stay, still, Gina, the officer has finished his inspection, haven't you, lieutenant?"

"All, done, Bashar. I'll just check the other two, then I'll take you through."

While the office checked out Nazira and Abra, Basha started wiping my butt cheeks with a wad of tissue. He tried his best, but his efforts were inadequate. After removing the clip and pulling the hem down he helped me to my feet.

"Gina, the officer is doing us a favour by fast-tracking you through immigration, so show some gratitude when he's finished." I was in a foul mood, so it was probably a good thing that he couldn't see my face. I felt for Abra and had to look away as the pervert's latex clad fingers slipped in and out of her anus.

Five minutes later, after bowing in front of the lieutenant, Bashar led the way through the immigration department and out onto a parking area, where a minivan was waiting. The door slid aside and after climbing up into the Mercedes we were able to sink into comfortable seats and leave behind us the traumatic journey through immigration.

I had a window seat in the back row and Nazira sat beside me. Abra was next, leaving the seat by the far window and the seats facing us vacant. Bashar Sarraf had chosen to sit beside the driver up front and ignore us. The luxury interior of the Mercedes people carrier was something to behold, but I suspected that the

contents of the walnut drink's cabinet weren't shared by Salim Husni's concubines.

We had just left the airport area and were driving along a wide highway, through the largest skyscrapers I had ever seen, when Bashar looked over his shoulder at us. "Nazira, on the way, we're stopping at Sheik Halabi's palace. Salim is hosting a meeting of league stakeholders at midday and Halabi's son will be attending." He turned his attention back to the road.

I touched Nazira's hand then pointed at my collar. She couldn't see it because of the burka, but she knew what I wanted. "I can't ask for a restriction to be lifted," she whispered. "It would sound like I was questioning an order."

'God!' I thought. 'That's so unfair!' I hadn't really recovered from having my neck zapped and could still feel a tingling sensation under the collar. It was a more brutal punishment than I feared so I planned to avoid at all costs setting it off again.

Nazira leant a little closer. "Tagging us is a relatively new regulation. We had ours done about six weeks ago. It means we can bypass the immigration at all the airports in the UAE. The officer just needs to wave a handheld wand near our bodies to give us the all-clear. They also use the system at the auctions, so every thrall has to be tagged."

It seemed such an inhuman thing to do and Nazira would never convince me otherwise. The pain had dissipated, leaving me with an annoying itch. That was also true of my labia, but I could no longer feel the marks on my ass, left after the first punishment I received. Bashar could change that if he went through with his punishment.

The minibus left the tall buildings behind and we entered an area where the roads were lined with huge colourful houses that vaguely resembled castles or palaces. The vehicle slowed, turned into a drive and pulled up at a set of huge black gates. With high walls topped with spikes and a pair of uniformed guards standing beyond the gate, the property looked more like a prison than a millionaire's residence.

The gates opened smoothly and the men stood aside to allow us to enter. The guards wore well-equipped utility belts and looked well prepared if an intruder should cause any trouble. The driver stopped for a minute to chat with one of the guards, then pulled away and slowly steered the van up the twisting gravel drive. When the house came into view I was impressed. Painted white, the three-story palace was fit for any billionaire to live in.

After parking at the front of the building, Bashar climbed out of the vehicle and went to greet a middle-aged Arab standing on the top step, in front of a set of huge double wooden doors. Both men were wearing smart lightweight suits and seemed very friendly. They turned to look at the minivan and after a few more words, Basher trotted down the steps and approached the side door.

The house manager pulled it open, allowing a blast of hot, arid air in. "Come on, out. We're early so we've been invited to breakfast with Sheik Halabi."

I could feel panic rising in my chest. We were naked under the boshiyas and I would die of embarrassment if we were told to take them off, when we entered the palace. And, to make matters worse, my ass cheeks were probably soiled from the guy jacking off over me.

I was nearest the door, so I was first out onto the gravel parking lot. There were two cars parked between us and the entrance steps – a red Ferrari and a silver Aston Martin. I was dreading entering the palace, where we were bound to be in the company of more wealthy Arab men. However, I was also curious to see the interior of the billionaire's house and find out how the other half live.

Curiosity was one of my weaknesses and one of the reasons I jumped at the chance to fly to Dubai. I wasn't regretting my decision yet, but I was having serious doubts and feared that the situation could get uglier before it improved.

Seven ~ Caught in the act.

When we arrived in the huge vaulted hall, the Arab man I had seen with Bashar was standing with a pretty dark-haired concubine. She stepped forward and approached Nazira, who was still holding my hand.

“Nazira?” the girl asked.

“Hello Zee, you look stunning.”

The girl bowed slightly then reached out for her hand. “Come, I’ll find you some tunics and then we can have something to eat.”

Nazira wasn’t exaggerating. Zee was very attractive and because her blue tunic was almost transparent, I was able to see that she had a fabulously sleek body. Slimmer and taller than me, she held her head high and looked extremely elegant. Her Arabic features were understated while her skin was lighter than Nazira’s. The most surprising feature was a tattoo on her mons in the shape of the letter ‘H’.

“Girls, I’m switching your collars off until the meal, which will be in half an hour.” Bashar pointed the remote at us, then put it in his pocket.

It was a relief to be able to talk again. I walked along the corridor beside Abra while Nazira chatted with Zee ahead of us.

“That moron in immigration had a wank while he checked out my holes.” I tried to sound disgusted to put my point across.”

“Gina, believe me, that guy was one of the more pleasant officers. They’re allowed to put cameras in us if they suspect drugs are involved. We were lucky Bashar was with us. Immigration officers are powerful and have to be bought to avoid awkward questions. Luckily Salim is one of the richest men in the world.”

The girl was deflecting my concerns, so I dropped the subject. “Have you been in this palace before?”

“Many times, Gina. Sheik Halabi and his son are close friends of our Master’s.”

“Who was that man with Bashar?”

“His name is Damien Halabi, the sheik’s cousin and manages his household. He’s handsome, but his appearance is misleading, so watch out for him. He’ll dish out a punishment if you sneeze. The sheik’s son, Mohamed though, is a different matter...”

I kept my voice low. “Abra, I can’t cope with this. No one warned me about any of the shit that’s happened to me...”

“Shhhh, if anyone hears you swear, you’ll be thrashed on the spot.”

I had to take a deep breath because the youngster didn't know my background. "Abra, I'm only a temporary concubine. None of this should be happening to me."

"Huh! There's no such thing as a temporary concubine. You're either one or you aren't. Where did Salim buy you anyway?"

I sighed and knew I couldn't reveal why I turned up on the flight to Dubai. "It's a long story, but basically I was kidnapped in Mexico four years ago. Salim bought me at an auction... What's going to happen now?"

"I don't know. Just remember we're in the Halabi household and we have to abide by their rules."

We passed through an arched opening and emerged into a beautiful courtyard. On the far side was a tall three-story tower rising from the single-story building. From the top of the tower rose a slim minaret which was topped with a gold bulbous dome. The sun, which was about 30 degrees in the sky, lit up the scene with a brilliance that took my breath away.

"Oh, wow!" I exclaimed. "It's like walking onto the film set of 'Lawrence of Arabia'."

Zee heard my comment and turned. Her royal-blue diaphanous tunic fluttered and glittered in the dazzling sunshine. "Is this your first visit to my Master's home?"

“Yes,” Nazira interrupted. “Gina is a new addition to the Husni harem.”

“That building looks very old,” I said.

“Gina, it was built two centuries ago. Come let me show you around.”

We walked around the small lawn that was encircled with a well-stocked and colourful border. The door was open and the main room wasn’t air-conditioned. However, there were at least six fans strategically placed, circulating the air, among the dozens of cushions littering the floor. One corner was clear because a floor level toilet and open shower were situated there.

A section of the circular tower was visible in one corner of the room; and it was to the door in the curved wall that Zee led them. “Our bedrooms are on two floors...”

They passed through into a large circular room that contained three beds and dressing tables, which took up about three-quarters of the room. The other quarter was occupied by a stone staircase rising into the tower above.

“Take off your boshiya. I’ll find you something to wear. Taslima and Safiya are with the Master in the pool, so you can use their tables.”

The other two were scrambling out of their burkas and I quickly followed suit. “I need the toilet, Zee...” I said as soon as I was naked.

“Yes, did you see it as we came in?”

I nodded and decided to quickly take a pee and wash my ass while I was naked. I left the circular room and crossed to the corner where I picked up the showerhead and turned the water on. I had only been in the blistering heat for ten or fifteen minutes, but I was already sweating.

I sprayed the cold water over my shoulders and washed the hardened jiz off my ass cheeks. Satisfied I was clean, I switched the water off and squatted over the toilet. Looking down between my feet to see if I was in the right position, I didn't hear someone enter the room.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, having looked up and discovered Damian Halabi bearing down on me. He had entered the room silently and was weaving his way between the cushions. I closed my thighs and bent forward to hide my tits, which turned out to be a stupid mistake.

“Girl, why are you hiding your body from me?”

Red faced and horrified, I looked up into his angry face. “Oh, er, um, I don't know, Sir.”

Bashar was a couple of paces back. He came and stood beside Damien. “What's going on?”

“This thrall appears to be ashamed of her body.”

“It’s the new girl. Gina, haven’t you been taught how to sit?”

“Yes, Sir,” I admitted miserably.

What could I do with two managers towering over me? I was desperate for a pee, so I was left with no alternative but to shame myself. I parted my thighs, placed my hands on my knees and lifted my head and shoulders. The pair gazed toward the apex of my thighs until a jet of piss shot through the gauze ridge of the clamp and into the pan.

Damien lifted my chin. “This girl is a good find, but she needs training. She’s far too frigid.”

“Salim will sort her out. A couple of days in tack will put her on the right track.”

“Never fails.”

I had never been so mortified in my life. I hardly heard their comments because I was consumed by my shameful situation. It took all my willpower not to burst into tears. When the last drops slowed, Bashar handed me the shower head. “Here, give it a douse and go and get yourself dressed.”

Working on autopilot, I went through the motions of spraying my pussy while the men watched, then stood up and hurried away to the bedroom. I could feel eyes examining my naked ass as they followed me a few paces back.

“Ah, there you are,” Nazira exclaimed handing me a yellow gauze tunic.

I dropped it over my head and hurriedly pulled the plain garment into place. It was light and flouncy and extremely short – shorter than the other three girls’ dresses. I had drawn the short straw and was once again in for an embarrassing time.

The other girls were combing their hair, so I sat down beside Abra and picked up a comb. “How long have you been in the Husni Harem?” I asked the youngster.

I guessed Abra had European parents, possibly from one of the eastern states. She had natural blonde hair and fair skin like mine, but her most attractive feature was her large sparkling grey/blue eyes.

“A long time, since I was eighteen.”

Hearing footsteps behind me, I looked over my shoulder. It was Damien Halabi, on his own, approaching. He clapped his hands. “Zee, the Master would like to see the Husni concubines. He’s still in the pool.”

“Yes, Sir,” she replied instantly “We’ve finished here.”

We got to our feet and filed out of the room with Zee leading the way. I wasn't used to high temperatures and being naked, for that was how I felt wearing the lightweight tunic. Damien followed us out into the brilliant sunshine but headed in the opposite direction. I sighed with relief and walked a bit quicker to catch Abra.

"Damien approached me when I was doing my toilet. Is that normal for someone else to order us around?"

"I told you, when visiting another Sheik's estate, we abide by the house rules. It's as though we are their concubines and not Salim's."

"So, they can punish us?"

"Yes, absolutely. It's as though we are part of Sheik Halabi's harem while we are here. If Salim or one of his wives was with us though, the Halabi staff would be less strict, but the house rules would still apply."

It sounded to me as though each sheik made up his own rules depending on how strict they were. I had entered an uncertain world where I might be expected to perform any task at any moment of the day. In reality, the words 'concubine' and 'thrall' were PC terms for slave-girls and I had to decide whether I wanted to be one for a month.

Having skirted the courtyard, we retraced our steps and turned into a corridor which led to a large utility room filled with cupboards and white appliances. The

outside door was open and led to a wide, stone-slab patio. The rectangular pool was over to the left, on the edge of the patio. It was surrounded by a ten-foot-wide stone slab terrace, where sunbeds had been positioned against a low wall.

A single naked male bather was reclining on one of the beds reading a book. As we approached, he put his book down and looked in our direction. I blushed at the sight of his hairless limp cock laying across the top of his thigh. The man didn't have a care in the world and was obviously proud of his muscular body.

After meeting Salim Husni, I realized I was attracted to Arab men, possibly because he was a fine example of his race. Men like Damien turned me off, but the sun bather was in the Salim mould – young, handsome and extremely sexy.

Abra touched my arm. "Don't look now. Mohamed is checking us out!"

He was indeed, but Zee was leading them around the opposite side of the pool. I had to turn my head to see what he was doing. My heart jumped when the Adonis-like figure climbed to his feet. I looked away when a commotion in the pool caught my attention.

An older man was splashing a couple of naked Arab girls at the far end of the pool. As we filed along the edge and approached the corner where they were fooling around, the balding man stopped and swam to the edge.

"Zee!" he called out. "Bring them along..."

Zee walked past him and stopped so we could take up positions on the edge above him. He was looking straight up at us and had a clear view of our pussies. Both Nazira and Abra had adopted an open leg stance, so I was compelled to copy them to avoid being told off again.

I cringed because the Sheik's eyes roved along the line of four pouting labia, clearly comparing one with another. The pair of pretty Arab concubines, treading water, moved by his side and looked up at us.

"Nazira, you're looking lovely today. You too, Abra..." Both girls lifted their hands together and bowed.

"Thank you, Sheik Halabi," they chorused.

"And, who is this blossoming beauty you've brought with you?"

Nazira clasped my arm and squeezed. "Thank you for the compliment, Sheik Halabi," I said, adding a bow. "My name is Gina and I joined Sheik Husni's harem yesterday..."

Movement across the pool caught my eye. The sheik's son walked to the edge, still naked, and dived in. It was a perfect dive and he disappeared under the water, only to surface just ten feet away.

The sheik returned his attention to me. "Salim has a knack of finding talent wherever he goes. Your accent is English, Yes?"

A head surfaced beside one of the girls. Mohamed nudged her out of the way so he could grab the side near his father.

“Yes, Sir, I’m originally from Oxford,” I replied while staring directly at his son.

“I didn’t catch your name, girl,” the young man said, flicking the water off his dark hair.

His manner was abrupt and demanding, but I wasn’t fazed. “Gina, Sir. My name is Gina.” I had been told that if you want someone to remember your name, say it twice and I did.

He was dark skinned, had jet black hair, like mine, and was clean shaven. His wide smile and lively brown eyes counteracted his cold, no-nonsense attitude. “Gina from London, take your tunic off and dive in...” He looked at the others. “Nazira, Abra, you too. Get in here!”

The cool, lapping water was too inviting to consider refusing, even if I could. I grabbed the hem of the frock and lifted. As soon as it was clear of my head, I looked down to see both men watching my every move. Embarrassed by my nakedness, I went to the side...

“The first thrall I catch will be dunked upside down!” Mohamed exclaimed.

...and dived in. I was a good swimmer and set off for the far end of the pool. It was a strange design with the shallow water along one side, instead of being at one end, so I was able to swim in deep water to the other end. However, I didn't get there because a powerful hand grabbed my ankle and stopped me in mid-stroke.

"Got you," he declared like a kid would. He started to haul me in, so I tried to grab the side rail. "There's no getting away, girl..."

I flailed my other leg and thrashed about with my arms to make the most of the encounter, but he hauled me closer after catching my right wrist.

"Gotya!" he cried. He had his back to the side while his head bobbed in the choppy water.

"That wasn't fair, Sir. You didn't count to ten."

"That's a kid's game. Besides, I like to cheat."

I bet he did every time he broke a woman's heart. And, studying his movie-star looks, I was willing to bet there had been a few.

I put my hand on his chest to maintain the distance. I couldn't resist acting as though I had been a concubine for some time. "Sir, I want to thank you for inviting me into the pool, but I must remind you I belong to Sheik Salim Husni."

Still holding my left wrist, he touched me on the nose. “Girl, when in my house, you have to respect my wishes.”

“What are your wishes, Sir?”

He snaked an arm around my waist and drew me to him, trapping his rock-hard cock between our bellies. Once again, my clit, trapped in its metal prison, began to throb.

“Look up and tell me what you see.”

I raised my eyes above the edge of the pool. The top of the tower and minaret were visible above a single-story extension on the back of the palace.

“I see the tower and minaret, Sir.”

“Gina, tell me what the minaret reminds you of?” He remembered my name!

I thought for a moment and saw what he was implying, but I wasn’t going to make it easy for him. The other thralls and the sheik were all at the other end of the pool, so we had a couple of minutes to ourselves. However, his cock was still trapped between us; and, for the time being, I was happy for it to stay where it was.

“Um, I think it looks like a rocket, Sir.”

He grinned and shook his head. “My word, if you weren’t Salim’s thrall, I’d think you were a virgin.” His hand slipped down to my ass and started to squeeze my cheeks. A stray finger pushed deeper, into my thigh tunnel, looking for my soft entrance.

“I don’t know what you mean, Sir. It’s pointing upwards at the sky like a rocket.”

He grabbed my right wrist with his free hand and pushed my hand down between us. “Here, grab this. It’ll give you a clue.”

“Oh!” I gasped in mock surprise as my fingers wrapped around the top couple of inches of his massive cock. “Yes, I get it now. It looks like an enormous courgette!”

“Huh! I like you, girl. Are you a vegetarian?”

“Oh, no Sir, I often eat meat on the bone.”

The grin broadened. “Have you been up the tower and taken a look at the minaret?”

“No, Sir. We came straight here from the bedroom.” The moment his finger slipped inside me I squeezed both his digit and his cock as hard as I could.

“Well, Gina, I’m impressed with your grip. Can I impress you with a guided tour of the tower so I can show you the full length, step by step?”

My clit felt as if it was about to explode. “Sir, the moment I saw it, I wanted the full experience, so yes, I’d like you to impress me.”

Something strange was happening to me and it had something to do with becoming a concubine. In Mohamed’s eyes I was a slave-girl who would do as he commanded, but he was charming me in a way that tugged my heartstrings.

I had never allowed a man to dominate me so easily as I had since I boarded the plane to Dubai. First Salim, then Mohamed. Were my experiences with them a glimpse of my future, living the life of a slave-girl and providing sex on demand? I wasn’t sure, but in the coming weeks I was probably going to find out...

The End of Part Three.

In Part four, Gina finds out if Mohamed Halabi has no interest in giving her a tour of the tower, but wants something else, before they join the rest of the party for breakfast. Then, just when she is about to sit down with the group, she is assigned a task that will plunge her into yet another embarrassing and degrading

situation.

Will Gina eventually go to Sheik Husni's palace and get a chance to read the contract. And, if so, will she choose the life of a concubine, at the beck and call of a string of handsome young billionaires; or will she board the plane back to London and look for another job. All will be revealed in the continuing story of Gina Hattori, the reluctant concubine.

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

follow Gina's attempt to get in Salim Husni's Harem. Thanks. A.S.

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