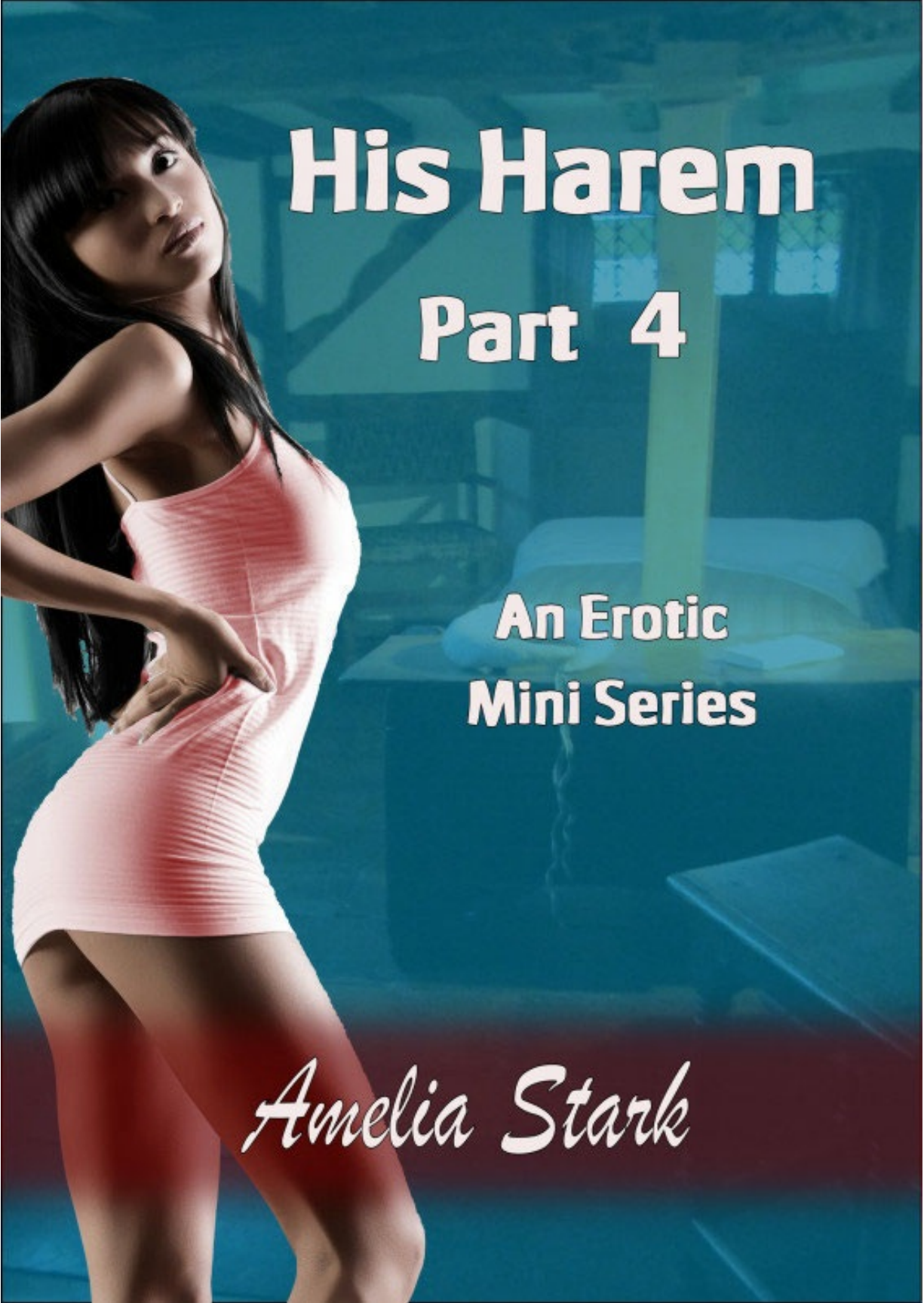
A woman with long dark hair, wearing a pink, form-fitting, ribbed dress, is posing against a blue background. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a desk and a lamp. The text "His Harem" and "Part 4" is overlaid in white, bold, sans-serif font. Below that, "An Erotic Mini Series" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom, the name "Amelia Stark" is written in a white, cursive font.

His Harem

Part 4

An Erotic
Mini Series

Amelia Stark

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His Harem

Part 4

An Erotic
Mini Series

Amelia Stark

His Harem: Part Four.

An Erotic Mini-Series – The Concubine.

By Amelia Stark

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One ~ Step by step.

I could tell from the look in Mohamed's eyes that he wanted to fuck me, right there in the pool. I knew I couldn't avoid having sex with him, but I didn't want to do it with everybody looking on. After a swim, I wanted to have a tour of the tower, then have sex with him, like normal lovers. I wasn't holding my breath though, for he was a man who was used to getting what he wanted and probably didn't ask permission before he took it.

It was his suggestion that I dive in the pool with Nazira and Abra, but he wasn't interested in chasing concubines he knew, he wanted me, a new girl on the scene. Then, when he caught me, he played the dashing prince and suggested he take me up the phallus-like tower and show me the minaret with its gold bulbous roof.

It was a moment of normality after a torrid flight to Dubai on Sheik Salim Husni's private business jet. Stopping by the Halabi palace was unexpected and another situation where I had to dress in the skimpiest of outfits. In fact, all I was given to wear was a short tunic made from the flimsiest gauze material that was virtually transparent.

It was only 9 AM on a Saturday morning. The temperature was already in the 90's and I was struggling to cope with the oven-like conditions. So, when I was ordered by Mohamed Halabi, the sheik's son, to remove my tunic, I was relieved and eager to dive into the water. The short swim, before Mohamed caught me, was exhilarating and refreshed me after the long, eventful flight.

So, as we faced each other, bobbing in the water, I was about to find out if he was interested in me as a woman and not a sex object. His huge left hand was still gripping my ass, while his middle finger teased my soft entrance. I clung onto his cock with my right hand and attempted to create a gap between us by pushing against his muscular shoulder with my free hand.

He tried to lift my ass in readiness to lower me onto his throbbing dick, but I wasn't playing ball. "Girl, don't fight me..." he muttered.

I turned my head and was pleased to see Nazira looking in our direction. "Sir, we are being watched. You promised me a tour of the tower..."

He frowned, probably because I wasn't behaving like one of his father's concubines. "You'll get your tour, girl, lift your knees and guide my cock into this hole..." He pushed his finger a little deeper. "...I don't want to have to punish you in front of the others."

He wanted hors d'oeuvres in the pool and the main course up the tower. I could see it in his demanding eyes – the eyes of a man who never took no for an answer. I relaxed my arm, raised my knees to his hips and as he pulled me to him, I lined his rigid shaft up with subterranean entrance. The muscular Arab then grabbed my hips to take control of my bobbing body.

"Ahhhh," I gasped softly as the blunt knob atop his long shaft stretched my young vagina.

Even under normal circumstances, foreplay would be difficult with the 2" metal clamp gripping my clitoral ridge. The point of making me wear the painful device was to restrict self-gratification and ensure I concentrated on my master's pleasure and not my own. The result of the sheik's cruel policy was that I was dry, so Mohamed had to work hard to fully impale me.

“Girl, tight holes are hard to find these days. Where did Salim find you?” He lifted me and then pushed me down with some force.

“Uhhh,” I moaned when the stout intruder butted against my extremity. “Mexico, Sir,” I replied when he stilled.

“How did you stay so white in such a godforsaken country?” The next lift was the start of a slow pistoning motion.

It was an unexpected question and made me realize I had to be careful not to say too much. “I was a housemaid, Sir.” Thankfully, he wasn’t really interested in my history, once my juices began to flow.

Having never had sex in a pool, I was amazed at how easy it was for Mohamed to control my body. I was 8 stone, but he bounced me on his cock as though I was as light as a feather. I didn’t enjoy the first couple of minutes but having lifted my knees even further and helped him get into a rapid rhythm, a thrill began to build in the pit of my stomach.

“Uhh, uh, uh,” I grunted softly with each deep, powerful thrust.

With my hands on his shoulders and his hands gripping my hips, the rapid movement of my body began to whip up the water and attract attention. I leant closer and waited for him to reciprocate and kiss me, but he didn’t respond. His eyes seemed far away as though he wasn’t seeing me at all.

“Oh, Sirrrrr,” I sighed when I reached the point of no return.

The sex was animalistic and void of any passion, but I couldn’t resist kissing his face. I had to steady myself in the turbulent water by gripping his manly shoulders, but he didn’t respond while allowing me to kiss him several times.

“Girl, ride me hard...” he said in a low guttural voice, just before his cock started to twitch and subsequently shoot copious amounts of jiz into the depths of my bruised cervix.

I had never had passionless, face to face sex with a man before and once his limp cock had slipped from my quim I was left with a deeply disappointed feeling. Basically, as far as he was concerned, I was just another thrall to add to his tally of conquests.

He was almost too handsome and superbly fit, so definitely fitted the spec for my dream guy. Was he a hopeless case or would a trip up the tower spark some interest in me? I wondered. I was out of my depth trying to work out what was going on in his chauvinistic brain, so I gave up.

He ducked his head under the water, so I backed off a yard. He then surfaced close to my body and flicked the water out of his hair. “Gina, go fetch your tunic. Bring it over to my lounge and you can use one of my towels to dry yourself.” The original fun and charming manner had been replaced with a serious and commanding tone.

“Yes, Sir...” He placed his hand on my naked ass and propelled me in the direction of his father and the concubines, who were messing around together at

the far end of the pool.

Nazira detached herself from the group and met me near the steps. “Mohamed is a fast worker...” she said cheerfully.

“Huh, not half. He couldn’t wait to hump me...” I grabbed the rail on the side of the chrome steps. “...The man is a cold fish though.”

She edged closer until our tits were rubbing together. “It’s not him, it’s you, kid.”

“What? I kissed him. All he was interested in was drilling for oil...”

She laughed. “Good one. Look, these wealthy Arab men want lots of attention. They expect us to fawn over them and throw ourselves into their arms. Did you tell him what a magnificent cock he had?”

I pulled a face and shook my head. “We have to massage their egos as well as providing sex on demand?”

“Sure. Massage their egos and their cocks. I know your background kid, but if you want to work with Salim Husni, from within his Harem, you’ve got to be able to convince men like Mohamed and his father that you’re the real deal.”

I could see her point, but I was afraid of turning into a sex slave before I got the

chance to work with the handsome billionaire. Having sex with Mohamed was bearable because I fancied the guy; that was until he turned cold on me.

I stepped onto the ladder. “I’m trying my best Nazira, I really am, but your lifestyle is foreign to me.”

“Gina, once you’ve settled in, the Master will train you on how to behave. Faraji has already mentioned your hesitancy to Salim. Mohamed is at the lunchtime meeting and Salim may ask him for details about your behaviour.”

I was appalled. “They might discuss me?”

“Sure, you know what men are like. Arabs are worse. They thrive on conquests. You saw how he made a beeline for you.”

“Conquests? Is that all we are?”

“Kid, wake up. If you want to work for the billionaires in the UAE, and possibly marry one, you’d have to sign a contract where you’re the slave and they’re the Master. End of.”

“What about love?”

“They love power, money, sex and gambling. When one of these men barter for

a thrall at an auction, they get to enjoy all four of their pleasures, before, during and after they've bought the girl. It's harder for you to grasp the concept, but if you don't understand what motivates these men, then you'd best run back to England and join a library."

It was a stark warning and one I had to consider carefully. "Is Mohamed married?"

She smirked knowingly. "Not yet, but he will marry into money. then maybe take a second wife like Salim did."

"Mmmm. Mohamed wants me to go over to his lounge..."

"Get going then. He's got a thing for white thralls. Rumour has it that his father tried to buy Abra off Salim to give to Mohamed for his 21st birthday. You've got another chance to impress one of Salim's best friends so who knows...?"

As I climbed out of the pool and recovered my tunic from the bench, I tried to decide on my best tactics. Nazira and Abra were proud of their bodies and had a deep desire to please Salim. The problem was, I hadn't seen how they behaved with other Arabic men, so I was in the dark. I wondered what kind of behaviour would impress a man who had concubines swooning over him morning, noon and night?

I had already had sex with him, so I decided on a more submissive attitude and see if that excited his interest... After all, what did I have to lose?

Two ~ Doubling up.

I set off, holding the tunic against my body, but on remembering the rebuke from Salim, I lowered my hand and walked the rest of the way with my whole body visible. It was a step change in my attitude, for I had never been naked outdoors in my life. Not because I was ashamed of my body – I was proud of my figure and was always being complimented by both sexes. It was because I had never had the opportunity before.

Mohamed was sitting on the edge of his lounge and as I approached, he blatantly studied my trim figure. My decent size tits were self-supporting and didn't sag, while I had a flat stomach and firm buttocks. I appreciated his undoubted interest in my body but wished he would soften his chauvinistic attitude.

He pointed at the ground between his feet. "Stand there, girl, so I can check you out." He took the tunic from my hand, dropped it on the ground, then reached up and stroked my mons. "No ownership tattoo... turn around..." I turned my back to him. "No brands..." His hands roved over my ass, feeling the musculature and springiness. "Spread your feet wider and touch your toes."

He couldn't have asked me to do anything more embarrassing and I couldn't help hesitating. Slap! The stinging blow stirred me into action, but I hated doing it.

"Girl, hesitation earns you one strike with the cane."

"Sorry, Sir."

He grasped my cheeks and pulled them apart before kneading and rubbing them for a few seconds. I had a good view between my legs of the young man studying my ass and sex and was surprised to see his interest. Pushing his hand between my thighs, he stroked my mons and used his thumb to rub my labia lips and plough my furrows, nudging the side of the clamp in the process.

“Ahhhhh, the clamp hurts when you do that, Sir.”

“That’s a second strike for complaining.”

“Sorry, Sir.”

“Girl, I’m your Master, not a manager. This estate belongs to me and my father, so when you’re here, I’m your Master.”

“Yes... Sorry Master.”

“Be quiet and let me get some lubrication.”

His thumb moved from my furrows to my succulent entrance and began teasing it to a depth of about two inches. Then, he moved up to my anus and penetrated it with his slippery thumb. The first violation caused a dull ache but after gathering more cream, the foreign sensation became more bearable. He was going to the trouble to prepare it, so had he shelved the idea of taking me up the tower? I wondered.

“Better...” He patted my ass. “How long have you been with Salim?”

I was beginning to feel dizzy from the bent position; and the acute embarrassment of having a stranger examine and play with my tender folds didn't help. “Just a day, Sir...” I replied with a shaky voice.

“You said he bought you in Mexico.” Slap! “Stand up and talk to me.”

I was relieved to straighten and turn around, but how should I answer his question? I was cursing my luck and for half a dollar I'd tell him the truth, but that would have been stupid and probably anger Salim.

“I thought you meant in Dubai, Master.” It was a lame answer but sufficed because he wasn't really interested in my history.

“Girl, you're poorly trained and obfuscate when asked questions. What have you got to say for yourself?”

I wrung my hands together and tried to look contrite. My eyes dropped to his cock, which I noticed had stiffened while he played with my sex. I dropped to my knees, onto the hot stone slabs and took hold of his impressive shaft. He was sitting on the edge of the wide lounge so his huge nads dangled below his vertical rocket-like erection.

“Master, let me shower your magnificent cock with kisses and prove I want to pleasure you.” It was the crassest thing I had ever said in my life, but that was what he expected to hear from the thrall kneeling before him.

He placed his right hand on my damp hair and lifted my chin with the other. “Girl, you have the appearance of a valuable thrall and I can see why Salim opened his wallet to buy you, but you lack the attributes and demeanour of the other girls in his harem.” He pushed his thumb in my mouth, so I began sucking it. “You have a pretty mouth. Show me what you can do with it.”

When he removed his hand, I pulled his foreskin back and wrapped my lips around his plum coloured crown. He sighed when I started to suck and lick it, then shouted across the pool. “Abra, come over here.”

I couldn’t see what was happening, so I continued with my task and acted as though I was sucking a lollypop. I dropped my left hand to his hairless balls and gently massaged them to compliment my eager and intense oral efforts.

After lavishing his crown with my twisting tongue, I used my lips to ape a tight entrance, rapidly forcing his knob back and forth through them. Only then did I tease his crown against my soft palate and take him into my throat.

I had swallowed about half his cock, when Abra jumped on the sun lounger beside Mohamed. After wrapping her arms around his shoulders, she eagerly kissed him on the side of the face. “Master, we don’t come and see you enough. Your palace is in a beautiful location and I love your pool,” she gushed, rubbing her tits against the young man’s arm.

“Huh, I can’t remember the last time Salim visited my father’s estate. I must invite him when I see him later and make sure he brings you back.”

Abra glanced down at me. “You are too kind, Master. Look, your cock is so huge, Gina is struggling to swallow it...”

I wanted to roll my eyes, but Mohamed was frowning at me. “You manage without any difficulty. This girl isn’t trying hard enough.”

“Master, she is learning and has probably never sucked such a magnificent cock before.”

“Mmmm.” He turned his attention back to the eastern European girl. “Abra, you always look lovely, especially your tits and ass...” He removed his hand from my head and fondled the girl’s breast. “My father agrees with me that you are an asset worth having and Salim is a lucky man.”

She knelt on the lounge and cuddled him as though she belonged to him and not Salim.

“You are always so kind to me, Master.” He wrapped an arm around her naked body and cupped her ass cheeks, while she rubbed her hand across his broad chest. Although it was clear he liked Abra, he was deliberately acting as though I didn’t exist. Unknowingly or knowingly, he was giving me my first lesson on how to behave when visiting one of Salim’s friends.

“When I come across a thrall like this girl...” He placed a hand on my head to encourage me to go deeper. “...I appreciate one like you even more.”

“You are too kind, and very wise, Master...” She laid her head on his shoulder and wiggled her ass while he investigated her nether region out of sight from my kneeling position. I wondered if Abra wanted to be bought by the Halabi family, and if so, why?

I swallowed more cock, while above my head, Abra raised her hand to Mohamed’s face and kissed him again. Sitting in the blazing sunshine, he muttered and sighed while soaking up the adulation from two white concubines, one of whom was more eager than the other.

I managed to devour about 8” of solid dick and then began to thrust my throat rapidly, while gripping the shaft firmly at its base. I lowered my eyes to concentrate on my task because I was determined to impress the guy and didn’t want to be distracted.

Then, to my surprise, he gripped my hair and pulled me up. “Wait a minute, girl, while I get comfortable.” While Abra knelt at the side of the lounge, Mohamed laid back and swung his legs up. I found myself kneeling beside the pretty eastern European thrall.

She looked at me and winked. “Go and sit on him, I’ll guide his manhood in for you.”

I understood what was expected of me. Mohamed had lubricated my anus and the time had arrived to let him use it. Feeling anxious, I climbed up, threw a leg

over his body, steered my knees either side of his hips, then rested my mons on his belly. He immediately reached out, grabbed my tits and pulled me closer. The moment I lifted my ass, Abra's nimble hands grabbed my cheeks.

"Up! Keep it up, Gina..." she commanded.

I felt compelled to show the man some affection, so I dropped my shoulders and kissed his face in a much more sensual manner than before. Little wet kisses on his chin and cheeks and even on his lips. He suddenly grabbed the back of my neck and held me for a deep intimate kiss. His tongue invaded my mouth and dominated me for several minutes.

My heart raced from the unexpected passion and almost stopped when Abra pressed her face between my cheeks and started lapping my anal whorl. My body wanted to react against what was happening at one end, while my head was thrilled by the attentions my mouth was receiving from the aggressive Arab beneath me.

Forced to absorb Abra's sudden attack, I eventually relaxed when I realized the sensations her tongue was creating were highly pleasurable.

Mohamed broke off unexpectedly, but I was grateful, because it allowed me to catch my breath. There was an amused expression on his face and his eyes showed more interest. "Finally, I can see the thrall in you, girl..."

"Thank you, Master. You are a wonderful kisser."

“Damn right I am, girl. Abra! Get on with it.”

Sure enough, as expected, I felt the crown of his cock being steered into my tightest orifice. I placed my hands on his chest and while Abra held his shaft rigid, I slowly impaled myself on his generously sized dick.

I had to sit almost upright so I could slowly bounce my hips and ass until my anus had become accustomed to the intruder travelling in both directions. I then slowly build up a head of steam.

Mohamed placed his hands behind his head and watched my tits and their pink adornments bounce with my rapid movements. I eagerly pounded my back passage on his granite-like shaft, once the pain was replaced with unexpected dark pleasure. His eyes began to lose focus and seconds later a soft growl from his larynx signalled his cock was spurting jiz for the second time that morning.

I tried to keep a neutral expression on my face to hide the fact that I could feel an orgasm approaching, However, he shot his load before mine arrived, disappointing me.

I eased off his flaccid member, only to feel a tap on the ass. “Go that side and we’ll clean it together.” I scrambled off and knelt as directed.

Then, together, we lavished his cock with our lapping tongues and kissing lips, until we were interrupted by one of the Arab concubines belonging to Sheik Halabi.

The pretty dark-skinned Arabic girl was naked and wet, because she had just climbed out of the pool. She looked from me to Abra and didn't seem surprised to see us with our tongues hanging out, having paused in our oral duties.

She placed her hands between her breasts and bowed. "Master, your father says he wants breakfast in twenty minutes."

"Good, I'm hungry. Thank you, Safiya, I'll go and get ready."

When the youngster turned, I gasped because her buttocks and the top of her thighs were covered in colourful bruises, some old and some the result of a very recent punishment. The pretty Arab seemed happy enough and hurried away.

Mohamed sat up, swung his legs around and clicked his fingers. "You two can help me get dressed..." He climbed to his feet. "...Come on. You know the way, Abra."

It was a welcome change to leave the roasting patio and enter the cool palace, but what further embarrassments awaited me within? I wondered...

Three ~ On the dais.

We both grabbed out tunics, but because Abra set off without donning hers, I didn't put mine on either. The corridors were open air in the part of the building that led to Mohamed's apartment. The palace was a huge sprawling complex and I was sure I'd get lost if I wasn't with Abra and Mohamed.

We passed a young man wearing a thawb carrying a huge jug. He tried to keep his eyes off us but didn't succeed very well. Two girls wearing very short, blue cotton tunics fell silent as they emerged from a doorway and bowed to their Master as we passed. From the reaction of the girls, I got the sense I was in the company of a member of a royal family and not just the son of an Arabic sheik.

Then, when we entered another corridor, I got the biggest shock of my trip. We approached two naked girls crawling on the floor, cleaning and polishing the ceramic tile floor. Having to do the task naked was bad enough, but the girls had been fitted with a device to keep their legs folded and ensure they remained working on their hands and knees.

A short metal rod about 10" long, connected their ankle cuffs together. One end of a short cable was clipped to the centre of the rod and the other end, to the back of their collars. They were both wearing knee pads, but only one girl wore gloves that had polishing discs attached. the other girl had the use of her hands to wash the floor.

They were clearly suffering, as beads of sweat were visible all over their richly coloured bodies. There were also fresh vertical red lines glowing on their asses and the side of their thighs. Their priority was to avoid any more punishments and not to worry about the lewd display they presented to someone approaching from behind. I cringed and felt sympathy for the girls as we edged past them and continued along the corridor.

Mohamed's bedroom was as big as the last house I lived in! It was an open plan apartment, where the man could live in the lap of sumptuous luxury with as many concubines his bed could hold. If he wanted, when he rolled off the huge four poster bed, he could either jump into a massive sunken bath, step under a shower, lounge in front of a TV screen the size of a ping-pong table, or walk over to a pool table and play to his heart's content.

And, that wasn't all. In one alcove that sported a huge pair of patio doors with an arched window above them, sat half a dozen fitness machines. In another was a punchbag and more exercise equipment. The man didn't need to visit a gym, he had one in his room!

He stopped as we neared the open shower that had been installed in one corner of the room. "Abra, help Gina get on a plinth. I'm going to administer her stokes before we jump in the bath."

"Oh, yes, Master." She took my hand and led me across the room toward the bed. "What did you do to earn a punishment?" she asked me in a loud whisper.

We skirted the bed and stopped at one of three solid plinths lined up, about four feet away from the bed. The top surfaces were padded and topped with red velour material.

"Not responding to his orders." I replied while examining the two feet high stool-like plinth. Each one had a broad leather strap hanging at the sides, three inch raised edges and a moulded cup at the rear. "Have I got to get on there...?"

“Yes, hunker down with your toes here and your chin in the cup.”

“So, my ass will be pointing at the bed?”

“Exactly. Mohamed is into bondage and gadgets, and is a soft sadist, but I’ve never heard the girls complain. I hear he’s turned on by the sight of well-whipped asses and girls in cages.”

“I noticed Safiya’s ass,” I muttered.

I was going off the guy rapidly and I wondered if most Arab men had the same tastes and practiced similar bondage games. I didn’t want to mount the small platform, but if I was going to get two strokes on my ass, I wanted it to be in private and out of the way before joining the others.

“Are you going to strap me down, Abra?”

“Yes, but it’ll be over in seconds.” I reluctantly knelt on the platform and climbed on.

“Put your toes tight against the end wall and hold your elbows, then hunker down.” My elbows just fitted between the side walls.

As soon as I was in position with my chin in the raised cup, I was snug,

crouching on the padded surface. Abra lifted both ends of the strap, fastened the buckle, then tightened it. It crossed my body just below my shoulders and was comfortable, but Abra hadn't finished. She went to a shelf by the fitness machines and returned with a stainless-steel gadget in the shape of a 'T'.

"Gina, you probably didn't notice the socket on the surface..." She showed me the item she was holding. "This short piece fits in it and the main part goes between your calves and thighs."

"What's it for?"

She disappeared behind me. "Raise your ass so I can fit it..." I complied and heard a click when she pushed it into the socket. "Right, relax for a minute. Mohamed has the remote. Just the gag to fit and he'll take over."

"Gag? No surely..." She was on her way to fetch it and quickly returned with the red rubber ball gag. "Please..." With my chin resting in the shaped cup and the strap over my shoulders, I was unable to move my arms or upper body. So, I couldn't stop Abra forcing the ball into my mouth and fastening the strap behind my head.

"The bath is nearly ready, Gina." She fussed with my hair to get it out of my eyes. "Mohamed wouldn't normally go this far when he's in a hurry, so I reckon he's desperate to see what you look like strapped to one of his contraptions. Tough it out and see what happens. I've been where you are while he beat and fucked me in all three holes..." She fell silent and gave me a broad smile.

The plinths suddenly made sense. With three girls strapped down, Mohamed

could invite some of his pals around and offer them the use of nine holes while they played with his toys. And, when everything was boiled down, that's what Abra and I were, a couple of boy's toys!

Four ~ Pain and pleasure.

Mohamed appeared beside the pretty concubine. He was holding a long cane and looked pleased with himself. “Gina, I’m going to raise the bar under the back of your thighs. The device will push your ass upward into an uncomfortable position. I expect you to stay silent and take your punishment. Do you understand?”

“Uhhhhh,” I groaned.

I couldn’t nod or shake my head, but he seemed satisfied with my reply. Both he and Abra left me staring at the exercise equipment while they moved to my rear end. Suddenly the bar started to push at an angle against the back of my thighs. “Urrrr,” I moaned softly as the bar efficiently lifted my ass into the air.

The comfortable strap, holding my upper body down, became tighter, as my back arched, and my sex became lewder and more exposed.

“There, I think that’s high enough,” Mohamed said, then there was silence apart from the water running into the bath.

Switt! “Urrrrrrrr!” Switt! “Urrrrrrrrrr!” Two white hot lines seared across the centre of my upturned cheeks. “Urrrrr...” I howled uncontrollably.

If I hadn’t been strapped down, I would have leapt into the air or rolled onto the floor. As it was, I bit on the rubber ball and silently screamed to cope with the pain. Through tearful eyes, I watched Mohamed wander around me, stroking my head, my back and finally my raised butt cheeks. He had a huge hardon, so I

wasn't surprised when he gripped my left cheek and steered his cock into my succulent entrance with his free hand.

"Uhhhhhh," I groaned softly, when he impaled me to the hilt with one hard thrust.

Somehow, my tight quim had devoured all 10 inches! The circumstances were so different from when he speared me in the pool. Underwater and without stimulation, I was dry and unprepared. Strapped to the dais and having received two sadistic strokes of the cane, my quim had become molten and hungry.

"Gina, you needed that thrashing to wake your body up..."

I gasped from the intense sensations created by the deep, violent thrusts Mohamed was delivering. The dais was solid and I was held firm by the strap, so he was able to thud into me with as much power as his muscular body could deliver.

"Uh, uh, uh," I exclaimed softly while all the time absorbed in an intense thrilling ride through the longest orgasm I had ever experienced.

Once he had finally jacked his load, he took his time to withdraw, knowing that his hands massaging my lower back and the upper slopes of my cheeks, prolonged the delectable sensations swirling around my body.

Slap! "That's it, Abra, release Gina and come and join me in the bath."

The pretty youngster came around to face me so she could remove the gag. She pulled a cheeky expression. "Pretty awesome, Heh?"

I was still catching my breath. Red face and trembling, I let Abra help me down. We stood facing each other, nipples hovering within an inch of touching. "I don't know why I enjoyed that so much..."

Abra grinned. "I do. We're submissives and the more we're dominated, the more we enjoy the experience. Come on, I need a hot bath."

Was my pretty friend right and was I really craving to be bound and gagged while a powerful stud fucked me hard in my rear orifices? I was beginning to accept there was some truth in her hypothesis.

Mohamed was sitting on the far side of the bath, under water up to his neck. He held his hand up. "Girls stand on the step and kiss. You know what I like, Abra..."

The youngster took hold of my arm and pulled me into an embrace, then passionately kissed me. I responded eagerly and found myself getting carried away. We squirmed, rubbed our nubile bodies together and felt each other's asses while fighting tongues aggressively. Abra raised her knee to my hip, inviting me to play with her labia and push my fingers into her quim.

I had just penetrated her, when unexpectedly, Abra pulled me over and we fell into the sunken bath with a huge splash. I floundered for a second and then

righted myself and knelt in the deep water with my head and shoulders above the surface. I had never been in such a huge bath before and marveled at the way it filled with water so quickly.

“Huh, you didn’t expect that!” Mohamed exclaimed excitedly.

The young Arab was acting like a teenager at a birthday party. He splashed us and we splashed back. The ceramic tile floor, surrounding the bath, was soon covered in water, but he wasn’t bothered, for he probably had an army of servants available to clean the mess up.

After Nazira’s comment about his father buying Abra for Mohamed’s 21st birthday, I had to face facts that I was the oldest one there by a couple of years. I should have known better, but I enjoyed the five minutes of frolicking around and was disappointed when we had to get out and get dressed.

We dried our young Master first and played with his rejuvenated cock, but his desire to have breakfast trumped his desire to spear either one of us again. However, Mohamed was in a good mood and continued to fool around with us until he was dry and ready to get dressed.

While our young Master donned a white thawb, we slipped our diaphanous tunics on. For the first time, I was cool about being naked under my single item of clothing. I was getting used to the heat, and the exhibitionist lifestyle; and yes, I was getting used to the sex and the punishments!

Five ~ Serving girls.

Abra and I, holding hands, skipped along behind the long striding youthful Arab. Our faces were make-up free and our hair was combed straight. In just a few hours I had bonded with the pretty youngster, even though I didn't know the first thing about her.

Although we were both Caucasians, Abra had a deep tan, almost as dark as Nazira's skin. The contrast with her fair blonde hair was stark and eye-catching in the extreme. I on the other hand was light skinned and had black hair, so the same could be said for me. I also had a trace of my father's Japanese features which Nazira suggested reminded her of Salim's wife, Masumi.

The Halabi household organized breakfast in a similar fashion to the meal I ate on the plane with Salim, except the food was being served on a terrace, in the open air. Huge cushions were scattered around a large free-standing marble table that was only a foot high. We were late arriving, so all the food was already laid out on the surface. Sheik Halabi was seated on the largest cushion that was connected to smaller ones either side for his concubines.

Leaning over the table, both girls were busy selecting food for themselves. Their tunics were short, like mine, so they couldn't help flashing their cute naked asses as they moved around the table. Both girls were wearing eye-catching clitoral clamps similar to the two inch one I was wearing. Just seeing the cruel restraints triggered the dull ache that sporadically returned in my labia.

Bashar Sarraf, dressed in his neat lightweight suit was sitting alone, eating rice and omelette from a plate, while his counterpart, Damien, sat at one end with Nazira, who was kneeling beside him. The pair of thralls I had seen earlier were wearing yellow gauze tunics, identical to mine and were standing behind the sheik. He looked up and spotted his son had stepped out onto the covered terrace.

“Ah, Mohamed, I see you have Salim’s new thrall with you. She’s suitably dressed to help Layal wake Sheik Mukhtar and inform him that breakfast is being served.” He clapped his hands. “Layal, take the new thrall and a tray of coffee and tell our guest that it’s past ten o’clock and we seek the pleasure of his company.”

She bowed. “Yes, Master.”

I was slightly bemused until Layal looked in my direction and nodded her head in the direction of the door. Twiggling she wanted me to follow, I bowed, then crossed the room to join her. The wide-eyed thrall immediately set off in a different direction. As soon as we were off the terrace and out of earshot, she stopped and turned.

“What’s your name?” she asked politely.

The pretty Arab’s hair was cut short, making her look more like a servant girl than the others. Her gold collar and cuffs were the permanent type and she was also wearing matching cuffs on her ankles.

Like me, she wore no make-up, but she had lovely, sensual lips that I couldn’t help watching as she spoke. We were the same height and build, but she had smaller tits than me. She also had a scar on the side of her neck from being branded with what looked like the letter ‘R’.

“My name is Gina, Layal. I like your name. Where are you from?”

“Um, the Master bought me in Oman, but I have Saudi Arabian blood. Are you really in Sheik Husni’s Harem?”

“Yes, I joined it a couple of days ago. That mark on your neck, was it put there by Sheik Halabi?”

She blushed with embarrassment and shook her head. “No, I did something stupid when I was with my previous owner. Have you never seen the running ‘R’ before?”

“No, what does it mean?”

She sighed as though she was tired of explaining its meaning. “Come, I’ll tell you on the way to the kitchen...” We set off along an open-air corridor, flanked by a stone wall on one side and a rose garden on the other. “When I was eighteen, I tried to escape from my Master’s estate. Any thrall that tries to escape is branded here...” She touched her neck and stopped. “...and here...”

She lifted her knee and swung it sideways to show me the inside of her thigh. Sure enough, a couple of inches below her sex was another two-inch-high ‘R’ scar. I was also able to see that her stretched labia was devoid of any clitoral flesh. I felt for the youngster. She had obviously had a terrible life, and yet there she was smiling and working on the Halabi Estate.

We set off again. “That’s a strange place to put it.”

“It’s so I feel it when I walk and remember what I did. It has made me a better thrall and I am honoured to work in my new Master’s household.” She touched the scar on her neck. “I have to keep my hair short, so everyone knows about my mistake. I can never be in a harem like you and I can never wear adornments that would give a false impression of my character.”

I felt for the youngster who looked a year or two younger than me. One mistake and she was consigned to be a serving girl for the rest of her life. I didn’t know the details of her case, but it was another factor I had to take into consideration when I came to sign the contract. Of course, my situation would never be like Layal’s, but did I want to work in a society that treated girls like life-long criminals?

We arrived at the doorway into the kitchen. Wonderful smells made my mouth salivate and I wondered when I would get something to eat and drink. It was a huge kitchen but not very busy, probably because the breakfast dishes had been cooked and served. I counted three lads, two of whom were cleaning stainless-steel surfaces.

“Layal!” The third lad called from the far side of the kitchen. The tall young man was standing by the coffee percolator. “Anything wrong?” I identified him as the lad I had seen carrying a large jug earlier.

She shook her head. “No, Sir, We’ve got to take coffee to Sheik Mukhtar and wake him.”

He looked me up and down as we approached. “Who’s this helping you?” He stepped forward and grabbed my chin.

I tried to shake his hand off, but he tightened his grip. I then raised my hands and grabbed his wrist. Layal intervened by also grabbing his arm.

“Fahid, her name is Gina. Let us do our Master’s bidding or we will all be in trouble.”

“Don’t speak like that to me, you worthless piece of shit. Get your hands off me.” She withdrew her hands and looked repentant. “Who does this thrall belong to? I saw her with Abra earlier. Is she one of Sheik Husni’s?”

“That’s right, they’ll be leaving with Master Mohamed after breakfast.”

He released me. “Then I’d, better inspect you and send you on your way with the tray.”

“Oh, for goodness sake, you’ve already done it once this morning.”

He glared at her. “You cannot serve a guest in bed if your holes smell. You know the rules and the consequences. One complaint to the department of labour and we’ll have inspectors crawling all over us.”

I had been through the same rigmarole on the plane, but the young man didn’t look as though he had the authority to do such an inspection. “Shouldn’t the chef do inspections?” I asked gently.

His face creased up. “Girl, when the chef is away, I AM THE CHEF!”

I leant back when he shouted in my face. “S... sorry, Fahid, Sir,” I gasped.

“Both of you, bend over!”

Layal rolled her eyes at me and turned, then leant forward and put her hands on her knees. The poor girl’s ass and thighs were covered in bruises and lines; and because her tunic had fallen to her shoulders, more scars became visible over the whole length of her back.

I moved beside her, copied her stance and waited for the young man to check our nether regions for smells. I was confident that my holes were pristine clean, for I had been in the bath after Mohamed had speared me on the dais. He did Layal first then squatted behind me.

I heard him sniffing my pussy, but he didn’t touch me. “Pull your cheeks apart, girl,” he ordered.

I reached back and had to suffer the ignominy of having a lad, younger than me, sniffing my anus. He stood up and clapped his hands. “Okay, get on with your task. The coffee is ready to pour.”

Layal pointed at a pile of wooden trays stacked in a corner. “Gina, fetch one of

those.”

When I returned with the tray, she had poured the coffee into a thermal jug and gathered bowls of sugar and cream, plus a dozen packets of biscuits and a small vase filled with flowers.

She loaded the tray and handed it to me. “Follow me and I’ll do the talking.”

Once we were out in the corridor, I stopped Layal. “Do you have to put up with him abusing you all the time?”

“Gina, he is temporarily in charge and what you saw was mild. Because you were there as a witness, he toned it down, even after I stepped out of line by putting my hand on him...”

“But he called you a worthless piece of shit!”

“It’s true. I am.” Her expression told me she was serious.

I nodded toward her scar. “Because of that?”

“Yes. I’m worthless. My Master traded me for two donkeys...”

I was dumbfounded. “Layal, you are a beautiful young woman and don’t accept what they say.” I would have kissed her, but she was standing beyond the tray.

However, she was clearly happy with her lot. I was fearful though, that as soon as I had left, the lad would punish her in some way or another. She wasn’t in chains, but she clearly felt an invisible tether to her new Master and his minions and would follow any instruction without hesitation.

The journey was a short one. Once again, we took an open-air route through a different part of the palace. As a visitor, I wondered what happened when it rained, or if it ever rained in Dubai. The temperature was in the 90s and there wasn’t a cloud in the sky. I found the country, its buildings and the climate, so attractive, I would be more than happy to live in Dubai. It was just a question of whether I could get beyond the initial month living as a thrall in Sheik Husni’s harem.

When we arrived at the door, Layal opened it and looked around the door before entering. She put her finger to her lips to tell me to be quiet. Then, after pushing the door wider, she signalled for me to follow her in. Two semi-naked girls entering a sheik’s bedroom... Was I being naïve hoping we’d wake him, serve the coffee and leave? I took a deep breath and followed across the threshold...

Six ~ The sleeping guest.

The room was similar to Mohamed's in size, but it was furnished like a hotel room. The centre piece was a massive bed with a curved end. Lying on the covers was a young, naked Arabic man and an Arab girl who had been bound in what looked like a hogtie. She had her back to us, so I could see a star with four short chains had been connected to all four of her cuffs behind her back.

Layal leant closer to me. "Put the tray on the table over there and take your tunic off," she whispered, then pointed at a table near the bed.

I did as I was told. placed my tunic beside the tray, then moved to the side of the enormous bed to examine the occupants. Having removed her tunic, I was able to see Layal's mons was tattooed with a six-digit number/letter combination, and below that, a fancy crest. Smaller versions of the same number and crest were also tattooed on her upper arms.

The poor girl had been stripped of her human rights and turned into a commodity with little or no resale value. I found her incredibly attractive and couldn't help wondering what it would be like, living in her skin, knowing I would be a thrall for the rest of my life. A chill swept down my back, or was it a thrill?

The girl on the bed was awake and watched me, wide-eyed, while Layal unfastened the chains securing her cuffs together. The silent performance played out as though it was rehearsed, for as soon as the naked girl was free, Layal helped her off the bed.

The pretty thrall, whose belly, mons and thighs were splattered with dry jiz, walked stiffly, but managed to slip her tunic on and scamper out of the room. She too was marked with the similar numbers and crests to Layal's. More

worryingly though, the girl's ass was also in a dreadful state. She had been beaten so many times, her pert cheeks looked like an angry hashtag! She was wearing stainless steel rings from her nipple piercings and pudendal dimple, as well as a clit clamp made from the same material.

I turned my attention to the young man. We stood on opposite sides of the bed, admiring his athletic form. I had been expecting a middle-aged or older man, but instead we were delivering coffee to a young Adonis-like figure, probably in his mid-twenties. I was worried that I was going to be attracted to every man I met in Dubai if I wasn't careful. Having thought that, there was no doubt that the sleeping Arab, lying sprawled before me, was an extremely attractive young man.

First, there was Salim, then Mohamed, both of whom had expected me to have sex with them. I was confused because Sheik Mukhtar appeared even more handsome than the other two; and I was already imagining sitting on his belly while Layal steered his cock into my salivating quim. It was a dreadful thing to admit, but it was true.

Layal pointed at his limp cock, which was lolling to one side, and spread her hands apart to indicate it was going to get a lot bigger. She was such a likable character and obviously wasn't averse to taking risks, regardless of the consequences. I nodded and then pointed at the coffee to spur her on to wake the guy.

She raised her eyebrows, pulled a cheeky expression, then carefully climbed on the bed and shook his arm. He opened his eyes and looked up into Layal's smiling face. "It's you... What's the time?"

"A quarter past Ten, Sir, and breakfast is being served on the south terrace."

He waved his hand, dismissing the notion. “I’m not hungry...” He rubbed his tummy, then turned his head and looked at me with bleary eyes. “Who... What’s your name girl?”

I stood at the side of the bed with my legs slightly parted and my hands by my side. “Sir, my name is Gina and I belong to Sheik Salim Husni.”

He roused himself, pushed his upper body up and shuffled back so his shoulders were against the pillows. His intelligent brown eyes focused and slowly examined my body. Back in England, I would have died if a man had looked at me in the same fashion, while I was dressed in a bathing costume. I was naked for god’s sake and hadn’t fainted with shame!

He turned his attention on the pretty Arab thrall who was standing on the covers, on all fours like a puppy dog. I swear she was gagging to pick his limp cock up in her mouth and suck it until it was as hard as a bone.

“So, Layal, you’ve brought me coffee and one of Sheik Husni’s thralls...” He turned his head and examined me again. “I’m impressed. Layal, pour me a cup of coffee, while Gina warms my cock up.” He parted his legs to make room for me.

Layal looked disappointed, but she backed away from his side and slipped off the bed. Here we go again, I thought, as I climbed on the covers and crawled to his side, whereupon I clambered over his leg and hunkered down.

His dick was already solidifying by the time I picked it up. I wrapped my hands around it in two places and squeezed, while holding it erect. Then, while meeting his gazing eyes with mine, I flicked my tongue out and began licking his crown.

“I’ve never seen you at Salim’s palace, girl. Are you house staff, or in his harem?”

His dick was as hard as rock when I answered. “In his Harem, Sir.”

“Do you want cream and sugar, Sir?” Layal asked holding the small white jug in the air.

He continued to stare at me while I ran my tongue around the ridge of his helmet. “Have you got more cream than this thrall, Layal?”

We looked at each other. “Sir, I don’t know...”

“Then we must find out, mustn’t we?”

“Yes, Sir. Shall I put some in your coffee?”

“No, I take it black with one sugar.”

I continued my oral examination of the top couple of inches of his cock while he sipped his coffee and Layal looked on with a disappointed expression on her face. I was just preparing to go further when the sheik handed the cup and saucer back.

“I want you two on your hands and knees beside each other, facing that way.” He pointed to the bottom of the bed.

I released his cock and turned through 180 degrees. Layal joined me on the bed and came alongside. The bed moved as he got into position with one knee between mine and one between Layal’s legs. He placed his hands on our lower backs and stroked us.

“Puppy-girls, heads up and push your asses back.”

“Ahh,” I exclaimed in surprise when he slid his hand down the centre of my cheeks and stroked my thrusting labia and clit clamp. He backed up a little, located my soft entrance and slid a couple of manly fingers inside my quim.

“Mmmm. You’re both hot and dry. I can’t tell which one of you is creamier, so we’ll have a little competition. I want you to bark when you cum. The slowest will be spanked.”

The moment his fingers stilled, Layal began rocking back and forth. I cottoned on and copied what she was doing. He was a strong guy, with powerful arms, so was able to limit his efforts and make us do most of the work. At first, I thought I needed something longer inside me, but as I increased my efforts and slammed my ass harder onto his hand, I began to feel a thrilling sensation spreading across

my groin.

What was driving my libido into a frenzy, was being treated like a puppy dog by a complete stranger. Naked and vulnerable, I was revelling in the absurdity of the situation. The fact that I was doing something foreign to my nature was immaterial in those dark, exciting moments. I was enjoying the race to frig myself on his fingers and I wanted to win.

The trouble was, I needed cock. His fingers weren't large enough. "Urrr, ruff!" Layal barked loudly, startling me, and then continued to rock back and forth, while sating her carnal desire for satisfaction.

"Come on, bitch," growled the owner of the fingers I was sliding back and forth on.

His digits had become saturated with pussy slime, so I was able to increase my efforts.

"Ruuuu, ruff, ruff," I barked when the orgasm finally arrived with a jarring crash of sizzling sensations. I was allowed to continue for a few more seconds, then he slapped my ass again, signalling the fun was over.

He then moved sideways so he was foursquare behind me. "Girl, you lost the race, but you're the bitch with the cream." I whimpered with expectation and then caught my breath when the emptiness was filled with the crown of his stout cock. "Is that, better, bitch?" I had dutifully sucked it and now my quim was salivating on its dome-shaped contours.

While he drove it in, slowly to the hilt, I went with the doggy theme. “Ruff, ruff!”

He stroked my back. “Good girl, I’m impressed. Feel free to howl like a bitch when your Master gives you your reward.”

Beside me, Layal stayed still while the young man gripped my hips and thudded into my firm butt cheeks. Below, his balls slammed against my mons with each powerslam of his stout cock. The slapping, squishing of juices and my own grunts, when added together, created a cacophony of soft, animalistic sounds. And, then, gratefully, I returned to the orgasm that fizzled out when he withdrew his fingers.

“Ruffffffff!” I cried in sheer ecstatic joy as I reached a more intense level than before. “Rufffff!”

“Good girrrrrrrrrr...” It was the sound of a man reaching a satisfying completion, and I was happy for him, even though my quim was feeling battered and sore.

He slapped my ass again. “Thank you, girls. You can take the tray back and get on with your work.”

We both crawled to the edge and slipped off the bed. It didn’t take us long to don our tunics, grab the tray and politely bow before leaving.

Layal stopped me in the corridor. “He’s okay, don’t you think?”

“He was cruel to that girl on the bed.”

“Huh? Tamara spent a night in bed with him and was fucked in every hole and then some.” She seemed reticent. “He chose her over me last night...”

“He treated you the same as me, Layal, just now. You really are a beautiful girl.”

She placed her hands over mine at the side of the tray. “Gina, he’s one of the nice ones and he still couldn’t bring himself to fuck me when he had a choice.”

“Layal, I was creamier. That’s why he chose me.”

“I won the race... Never mind. We’d better get this tray back and see if Master Mohamed is ready to go to the Husni Palace.

When we arrived in the kitchen, the work surfaces were covered with half empty dishes. “Oh, it looks like they’ve cleared the breakfast dishes,” Layal commented.

Fahid heard us talking and waved to us. ‘Layal, Gina, get over here!’ I set the

tray down and followed my new friend across the kitchen. The tall young Arab wiped his hands on a cloth. “Master Mohamed has left with Bashar Sarraf, Nazira and Abra. Apparently, they are going to send a car later.”

“Gone, without me?” I gasped. “They’ve left me on my own?”

He stepped closer to me. “Girl, shut your trap. Something came up and they had to leave in a hurry. Yours and my Master knows best, so if I hear you question their judgement again, you will be punished.”

I was absolutely devastated. There was no reason that I could think of for leaving me in the Halabi household and delay my arrival at Sheik Husni’s palace. It was yet another blow to my fragile and diminishing morale.

Seven ~ Victorian conditions.

The young, acting chef, who was dressed in white overalls, stared at me for a moment. He seemed to be challenging me to say something stupid so he could dish out a punishment. He had already examined and sniffed my naked ass, so swiping it with a cane was next on his agenda, I guessed. I wasn't about to give him that pleasure, so I buttoned my lip.

He frowned at me. "Damien has added you to the household staff for now, which means I am in charge of your duties." He pointed toward the door where we entered the kitchen. "Go and take a plate of food for your breakfast and change into house tunics ..." He looked up at the clock which read 10.55. "I want you standing here..." He pointed at the floor. "...at eleven thirty, ready for work. You know the rules, Layal. For every minute you're late, you'll get a stroke on your asses. Oh, and Layal, tell Tamara and Yamina to report to me at the same time."

We raised our hands and bowed, then made our way over to the food. There was plenty left under the stainless-steel covers, so after finding clean dishes, we filled them with a varied selection and hurried out of the kitchen.

"Where are we going, Layal?" I asked as soon as we were in the corridor.

"The female servant accommodation. It's where we eat and sleep." We had to leave the building and follow a path across a small lawn to one of two square white buildings topped with orange roof tiles. The buildings were divided by a small fenced off area where I could see washing hanging on several lines.

The door was open and Layal led the way in. The shutters had been closed on the windows so the only light in the room was cast from two open doorways. The vast single room was open plan and filled with shadows.

Layal waved her arm in a circle. “This is where I sleep and eat.”

I nodded. “This room is nice.” I was being generous, for the room resembled the conditions I’d seen depicted in books of Victorian times - like something out of an Emily Bronte inspired movie.

However, I was impressed by the fresh smell and tidiness of the interior. There was a long narrow wooden table, which had low benches either side. The table was remarkably clear and looked as if it had just been scrubbed clean. We placed our food on the end and sat down facing each other. Layal started eating with her fingers and I followed suit.

I looked over toward the far wall and counted eight narrow beds in a line. I could see one naked girl lying on a bed and another sitting facing us. She stood up and threaded her way between an area of large slumber cushions toward where we were sitting. It was the girl we found hogtied on the bed.

Her shoulder length black hair was cut with a fringe and framed her pretty Asian features to good effect. She lifted a foot onto the bench and leant her arms on her knee. “Who’s the new girl, Layal?”

My new friend swallowed her food and pointed a chicken drumstick at me. “Gina. She’s been dumped on the Master by the Husni mob. She’s with us until they come back for her.”

The girl watched me eating for about 30 seconds before speaking again. “Where

are you from, Gina?”

I wasn't sure if Tamara was oblivious to the fact she was revealing her splayed sex, with her open-legged stance; or was she deliberately showing her pussy off? The girl had a cocky attitude, similar to Layal's, which I thought was endearing.

She was wearing a plain stainless-steel clit clamp, similar in size to the one I was wearing. Her adornments were identical to Layal's. A stainless-steel ring hung from her pudendal dimple below her tattoos, and matching rings dangled from her nipples and earlobes. All were an inch in diameter and chunkier than the gold ones Nazira was wearing. All the collars and cuffs I had seen were gold, but there were several different designs.

“I'm originally from England but Sheik Husni bought me in Mexico.” Both girls looked nonplussed.

“Where's Mexico?” Layal asked.

“It's between the USA and Central America.”

Still blank expressions. I glanced around the room. “Do you have a television?” They shook their heads. “Computers, mobile phones?” They shook their heads again.

“So, you've met Sheik Husni?” Tamara asked.

“Yes, on the journey over here.”

Tamara’s eyes lit up. “They say his cock is a foot long and too fat to swallow.”

“It’s not that long, but it is impressive.”

Both girls looked at me disbelievingly. “He speared you?” Layal asked.

I nodded and smiled at the pair. “He is quite something.” It was an English saying and confused them. I wanted to change the subject. “Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure, what do you want to know?”

I nodded toward her mons. “Those tattoos. What do they mean?”

She ran a finger along the series of numbers and letters, UG5281. “That’s my registration number. It means my Master legally owns me and can sell me if he wants...” She touched the crest. “...This is the government.”

“They send officials around checking that we’re registered and tagged,” added Layal. “There’s little point in trying to run away from our Master now they can

track us down so easily.”

“We don’t want to run away,” Tamara added hastily.

“No, of course not.” Layal turned to Tamara. “That knobhead, Fahid, wants all four of us in the kitchen at eleven thirty.”

“Shit, I’ve been working all night,” Tamara moaned.

“Being boned by the sheik doesn’t count,” Layal said with a chuckle. “Could you get us a couple of tunics, Tam?”

“What did your last slave die of?” the girl responded.

Tamara dropped her foot down and crossed the room to the beds, where she sat down beside the other girl.

Layal finished her food first and didn’t wait for me. Instead, she left the room via the second door and returned a couple of minutes later with a bunch of Light blue tunics over her arm. She handed out a couple to the girls chatting on the bed and then came over to where I was sitting.

“Put that on when you’ve finished.”

“So, the yellow frocks are for best. Is that right?” I asked.

Layal dropped the simple tunic over her head and pulled it down into place. It was really a long t-shirt and only just covered her ass and mons. It was made from a denser material, so our bodies weren’t visible under normal circumstances. I was okay with the policy of making sure the concubines were the focus of attention and the domestic staff stayed in the background. It would have been nice though, to have had something prettier to wear.

“Yes, when we’re serving the Master, his son, or his guests, we get the chance to wear the yellow tunics. The rest of the time, we have to wear these.” She pulled a face.

“Do you ever wear panties?”

“Sometimes when we have to leave the estate, or an important guest is coming.”

I finished my food, stood up and donned the tunic. The other two were ready, so Layal and I picked up our bowls and set off for the kitchen. Tamara and Yamina tagged along behind, laughing and joking as if they didn’t have a care in the world. They seemed like a pair for they had the same severe hairstyle and stayed close together.

For girls who were forced to work all day and be beaten for the slightest reason, they were all remarkably resilient characters.

“When will the chef be back, Layal?” I asked my companion.

“He’s on a buying trip and I hope he never comes back.”

“Why do you say that?”

“He’s a mean bastard and will swipe your butt if you as much as sneeze in his kitchen. Fahid isn’t so strict. I could never have spoken to chef like I did with Fahid.”

“How does this estate compare with the Husni Estate?”

She turned and stopped the other two. “Yamina, you’ve been to the Husni estate. How does it compare with ours?”

“Salim Husni is one of the richest men in the UAE and a god among the sheiks,” the pretty Arab replied. “I haven’t seen them, but they say his three wives are the most beautiful women in the world. Our Master is small fry and so is this estate. Husni has ten times more staff than us and has two stables, a racing track and a fitness centre. The place is awesome.”

The other two listened intently as though they thought the edge of the world was just beyond the walls of the Halabi estate. We continued our journey and arrived with two minutes to spare. We passed two Arabic girls in light blue tunics and an

Arab lad in a white thawb, all of whom were busy washing the breakfast dishes.

They were working under the watchful eye of not one but two men. Not only was the assistant chef waiting for us, but Damian Halabi, the house manager was standing by his side. We lined up in front of the pair to find out what we'd be doing for the rest of the morning.

Neither looked particularly kind on us, so I hoped and prayed that the car would return to pick me up before I was plunged into another shocking situation.

Eight. ~ Slave duties.

Damien Halabi was darker skinned than Mohamed and if I was to guess, I'd presume he had a darker nature. Holding a rattan cane in his right hand, he gently tapped his leg while studying our faces. His dark, hooded eyes settled on me. If they were armed with laser beams, they would have burned holes through my eyes and out the back of my head. I had to look away so I could release my breath.

"Thanks to the new addition to our staff..." he began. "...we are about to be honoured with a visit from Sheik Husni's wife, Sheikah Masumi Husni. The lady will be here at two o'clock. You four will serve dinner to the lady and your Master in the rose dining room. First though, the room needs to be thoroughly cleaned and we only have two and a half hours to complete the task. Follow me."

Once again, we set off along the corridor and were led into a room fit for royalty. A beautiful, rosewood dining table and chairs for twelve people sat in the centre, on top of a red and blue Persian rug. Gold chandeliers and side lights, along with ornate figurines on marble shelves glittered and sparkled in the brilliant sunshine, streaming through the tall, arched windows along one side of the room.

One feature stood out more than any other though – the rose-coloured marble floor that surrounded the rug. My heart sank when I spotted the metal tether devices, I had seen used on the girls cleaning the corridor floor earlier in the day. One set had leather cuffs and seeing as I was the only one without cuffs on my ankles, I guessed Damien planned to make me clean the floor.

He pointed at them with his cane. "Layal and Gina. You're both on buffing duties. I want to be able to see my face in this marble floor!" He tapped the floor with his cane. "Tamara, you do the windows, mirrors and picture frames.

Yamina, the table, shelves and vacuum the floor. I will look in at fifteen minute intervals and anyone slacking will be beaten.”

Layal took my arm and led me over to the equipment. “It’s a bum job but the only way to handle it is to get on with it.”

“I shouldn’t be here, Layal.”

The youngster studied me with her big brown eyes. “Gina, we have a chance to impress our Master and a very important guest. For now, you belong here, by my side...” She gave me a smile. “...and remember, Damien is watching. Be in no doubt that he will thrash you once you’re in the gear, if you hesitate any longer.”

She lifted her top off and handed it to Tamara who had come over to help us. Damian was indeed watching what I was doing and must have seen me dithering. I lifted my tunic off and as Layal dropped to her knees, I reluctantly followed.

Tamara buckled the knee pads below and above my knees, then she untangled the worst piece of equipment, showing that the leather cuffs were indeed for my ankles. The ten-inch stainless-steel bar was already attached to the cuffs, so all Tamara had to do was buckle the cuffs around my ankles.

Then, as I lifted my feet, she connected the strong wire to the back of my collar. The restraint consigned me to a crawling position until someone released the tether. For the second time that morning I found myself on my hands and knees with my sex lewdly exposed. The embarrassing posture focused my mind on my clamped nipples, tugged by the pendants; and my aching clitoral flesh, clamped

into submission.

The leather gloves, which buckled at the wrists, had metal flanges sewn on them so various attachments could be added. Tamara selected one with fine bristles and screwed it to my left hand; then, she chose a furry one which she attached to my right.

“The bristles will loosen the dirt and then the fluffy one polishes the marble. Yamina will vacuum after you, to pick up any dust left by your pads. You start at the far end on this side and Layal will start at this end and do the other side. One more thing...” She pushed a couple of fingers into my succulent quim, felt around, then withdrew them. “...always clean your pussy after you’ve had sex...” She showed me her slimy fingers. “This would have gotten you three strikes.”

I cringed. “Thanks, Tamara.” I had forgotten about being speared from behind by the sheik in the guest room.

“We look out for each other, cos Damien or the Masters could pick on anyone of us. Go and work hard.”

As I crawled to the far end, I felt like a Puppy dog, complete with cushioned paws. It really was the most bizarre sensation I had ever experienced, even stranger than crawling to fetch a cane on Sheik Husni’s plane.

I went to the doorway, turned and was surprised to see the house manager bearing down on me. With my ass and knees in the corridor, I immediately started to buff the rose-coloured marble tiles just inside the dining room. It was

probably a mistake, but to impress him and avoid a strike, I went at it with unbridled gusto.

He nudged me with his foot. “Girl, left hand first, then buff!” He spoke aggressively and tapped the floor with the cane.

I scrubbed an area about a square yard with the brush, then buffed it as energetically as I could manage. Then, after a few minutes flogging my guts out, I had to move sideways onto the tiles in the corner. It was an opportunity for Damien to step beside me and have a clear view of my bobbing ass.

The end of the room looked a mile away while the house manager continued to stand over me. I had only just started and was beginning to sweat, not just from the energy I was expending, but also from the grossly shameful exhibition I was providing the moody Arab behind me.

He flicked the side of my thigh. “This room is fifty feet long, so pace yourself girl.”

“Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir.”

“I’ll return in fifteen minutes. You should be a quarter of the way through the task.” After a painful flick on the top of my ass, he strode across the room to check up on what the others were doing.

I felt anger well in my chest when he started shouting at Layal. I could see her

working hard through the legs of the table and chairs, so there was no reason to pick on her. He raised his arm. Switt! The youngster's face screwed up, but she didn't pause her polishing for one second.

Thankfully, the house manager then left us to get on with our work. I followed his advice and paced myself. It was just after Damien's second inspection that a lad wandered into the dining room with a tray of cutlery. Yamina had finished polishing the table so it was ready to lay. He went to the other side first to lay out the cutlery, then came and stood beside me.

"What's your name, girl?"

I was hot and sweaty, while my hair was damp and dishevelled – not an attractive look, I would have thought. I looked up into his serious face, only for the lad to slowly lift the front of his white thawb until his erect cock was revealed. He was well-endowed and clearly turned on by naked perspiring thralls. He had his back to the others so only I could see what he was doing.

"My name is Gina, Sir." I thought I ought to be polite because he might be a relation of the Halabi family.

He shuffled around so he was facing me, then squatted, taking care to keep his cock and balls in full view of my staring eyes. "Where are you from?"

"I belong to Sheik Husni, Sir. I will be going to his palace this afternoon."

“Huh! Well thrall, his wife is coming here. Is that something to do with you?”

“Yes, Sir. I think it is. Sheik Husni said I would be meeting his wife.”

“A smelly thrall like you! I think you’re lying. I think my Master is in the process of buying you and Husni’s wife is coming here to sign your papers over.”

I shook my head. “I promise you, Sir, Sheik Husni isn’t planning to sell me.” I stopped short of arguing any further because there was a panic rising in my chest.

He seemed disappointed. “I think you’re full of bullshit. My name is Dawid. I’m the senior house servant...” He lifted my chin with his left hand and gripped his cock with his right. “Seeing as you can’t hold my cock, I’m going to have to steer it into your mouth. Let me see your tongue.”

“Sir, I need to get on with my worrrrr...”

He gripped my chin tighter and fell forward onto his knees, simultaneously pushing his cock into my mouth. “Suck it girl, so you remember who the boss is around here.”

I couldn’t avoid sucking his dome-shaped crown, or stop him from rocking his hips back and forth, to simulate sex, but he only managed a few lunges...

“Dawid...” Tamara’s head appeared above the lad’s. “...If we don’t finish in time, I’ll report your actions to Master Mohamed.”

He withdrew his cock and slowly stood up. He balled his fists and leant over her. He was six feet plus, while she was about five feet five, but she didn’t cower. “Tamara, you’ve got a fucking nerve interrupting me. I was just getting to know the new thrall!”

“Let us work, for fuck’s sake, Dawid. You’ve already delayed Gina. She’s bound to be punished when Damian gets back. Do you want him angry for the rest of the day?”

He looked down at me. “Serves her fucking right for giving me a load of bullshit. ‘Sheik Husni isn’t planning to sell me’,” he parroted. He glared at Tamara again and stalked off, holding his tray under his arm.

“Thanks Tamara,” I said in a slightly wavering voice.

“We stick together, kid. I heard what you said. Is there any truth in what he said?”

I shook my head slowly. “No, I don’t think so...” My face probably reflected my doubts.

“You’d better get on...” She went back to her duties and left me to continue scrubbing the grime off the marble tiles.

The lad’s words had sown seeds of doubt in my mind. It was very strange, everyone leaving without me. That was indeed odd, but Salim didn’t own me, so he wouldn’t be able to sell me to Sheik Halabi, could he???

I wasn’t sure if I had reached the three-quarter point when Damian returned. Unfortunately, he was sure I hadn’t. “Slacking, girl? There’s one thing we don’t accept in the Halabi household and that’s slovenly work!” Switt! Switt!

The cane had whipped in from the side, while I was frantically buffing the marble tiles, and landed on the upper slopes of my ass, above my feet. “Neiiiiiiii!” I cried when first one, then a second line of white-hot fire tore into my defenceless buttock flesh. The pain was indescribable and didn’t diminish for several tearful minutes.

Hot heavy tears dripped onto the tiles, making my job doubly difficult. Damian stood over me, cane tip resting on the floor while I increased my efforts to try and make up for lost time. I wanted to protest about the sadistic punishment but knew I’d only end up in deeper water.

Crazily, I found myself trying to impress the man who was driving me on and punishing me! The old Gina Hitori had almost disappeared and been replaced by a new version – a submissive slave with the same name but an entirely different character.

When any of the men looked down at me, that’s what they saw; and when I

looked up into their angry eyes, that's what I felt I had become – Gina the submissive slave girl...

The End of Part four.

In part five, Gina discovers why she was dropped off at the Halabi estate. She also gets to meet Sheik Husni's third wife, Masumi, who like Gina was once a thrall and was sold at an auction. The reality of the situation begins to unravel, as Gina finds there are many hurdles to jump before she can enter Salim's harem and finally work alongside the billionaire. The question is, has Gina's character changed enough for her to cope with the lifestyle being offered her?

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

Gina's attempts to establish herself in Salim Husni's Harem.

Thanks. A.S.

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